ANUARY • 35 CENTS

Redbook

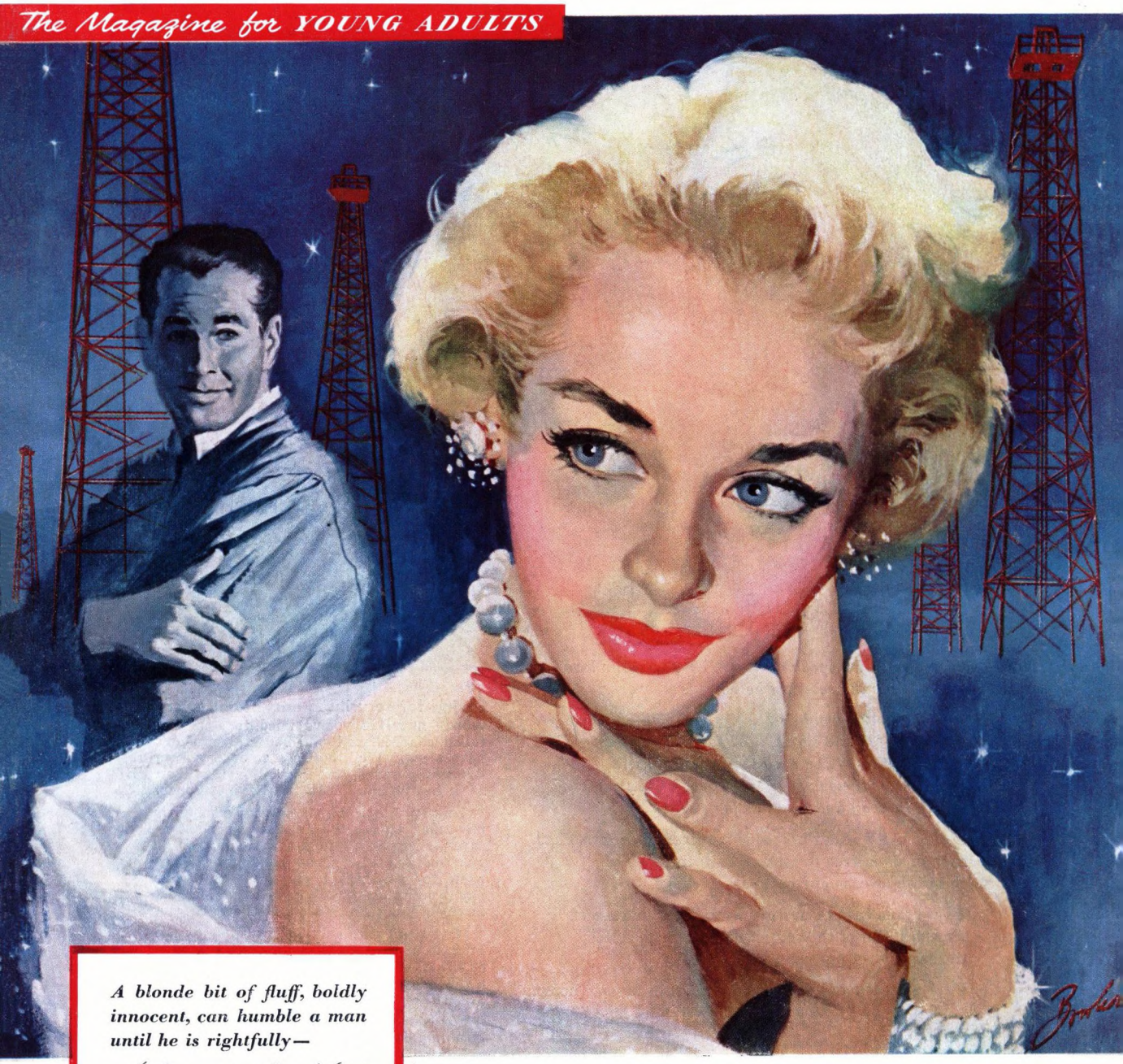
The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

Three for Jamie Dawn

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY JOHN KLEMPNER

AUTHOR OF

"LETTER TO THREE WIVES"



A blonde bit of fluff, boldly innocent, can humble a man until he is rightfully—

King of the Hill

BY VERA HYCZ

A DOCTOR TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT

MERCY KILLING

No words needed...

Before ever he speaks a word, he asks your love. In it begins the security he will need forever.

The whimper when he's hungry, the sigh of peace when he's fed and warm, the cuddle of his sleepy body—all these tell a need that never ends. The need that none of us outgrows: to be safe and secure in body and heart as long as we live.

The security of our homes is a universal dream. That each of us is free to make secure the lives of those we love, is our peculiar privilege.

As we take care of our own, we also take care of America. Out of the security of each home rises the security of our country.

Your security and your country's begin in *your* home.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series E Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today?

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Trushay's own special oil supplements your skin's natural lubricants—quickly smooths rough elbows, knees, heels—soothes and restores chapped skin. And you'll find Trushay makes a flattering powder base.

Trushay is so rich you can even use it BEFORE washing chores to guard your hands from the drying damage of hot, sudsy water! So try Trushay—the lotion that's *rich in beauty oil!*

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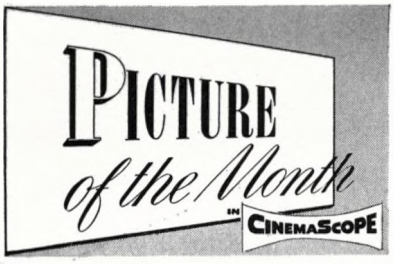
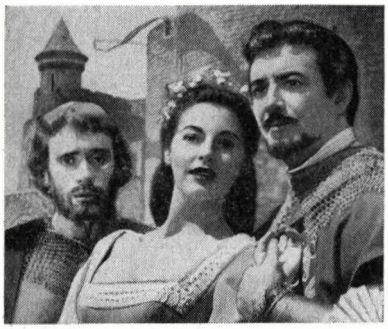
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



The most important news of the month—M-G-M's first production in CinemaScope! Even *without* CinemaScope, M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table", filmed in glorious color, would be a romance without any rival. *With* CinemaScope, there is a splendid bigness about it that overwhelms. Now it may be said truly that the new era of entertainment has begun!



M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table" was made by the producer and director of "Ivanhoe", with their noted flair for huge, on-the-scene filmings. And this special experience in recreating the Age of Chivalry and Splendor surely served them well in painting and peopling the much vaster, more vibrant canvas of this story.

For the result is the ultimate in pageantry and adventure...actually and spectacularly filmed on the storied site in England. Here are those two noble warrior friends, King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, come with Might and Right in their mailed fists—and the fabled face of the same lovely princess, Guinevere, in their hearts.

Truthfully, Robert Taylor's feats and fights and all-round performance as Lancelot excited us even more than his fabulous exploits as Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Ava Gardner is infinitely bewitching and sensitive, Guinevere to the life. And "perfect" is the perfect word for Mel Ferrer's superb portrayal of King Arthur.

Exactly as set down for the ages in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory's immortal *Le Morte d'Arthur*, we meet again all those legendary personages: Merlin the Wizard, the sensual temptress Morgan Le Fay, the evil Sir Modred, the brigand Agravaine!

Imagine, in vivid color, rose-strewn, blood-stained Camelot Castle and its coronation splendors... the King's dragoons storming moat, crag and moor... fierce tourneys...the black clouds of arrows... the massing of armies at the Ring of Stones ...the mighty Battle of the Knights!

Imagine all this—and *you* moving amid it through the magic of CinemaScope—and you'll know that the New Year marks a New Era in motion picture magnificence!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", In Color, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, AVA GARDNER and MEL FERRER with Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley. Based on Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur". Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

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Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

COVER PAINTING BY JOE BOWLER

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

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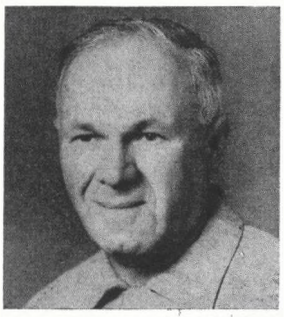
Ruth Fairchild Pomeroy

BETWEEN THE LINES

The young woman at the top of the page is someone you'll be pleased to know. She's Ruth Fairchild Pomeroy, our Food and Home Equipment Editor. Mrs. Pomeroy has joined the staff to supervise our expanding coverage of a basic aspect of your lives—homemaking (see page 54). "What I'd like most to accomplish," she says, "is to help REDBOOK's Young Adults to an understanding that homemaking, for them today, can be more fun than work. It's a business of knowing the right way, which is usually the easiest way—and the reward in good, consistently happy home life is enormous." A graduate in home economics, Mrs. Pomeroy has had years of experience in her field as a publicist and editor.

Vera Hycz, working

"I confess to being romantic about the search for oil," the author of "King of the Hill" wrote and, clinching the point, enclosed the picture *(left)* of herself characteristically soaking up atmosphere on the floor of an oil derrick. Vera Hycz went to California when oil fever was high and many of her friends and relatives were running temperatures. "Nearly all my stories have an oil field background," she says. "I don't know why that is, exactly. It just is." Read the story on page 22 and you'll see it's because she has a "feel" for it.



John Klempner

John Klempner, author of "Three for Jamie Dawn," the exciting novel on page 97, has finally given up his business connections after having five novels published while a busy executive in New York. "Now that I can devote all my time to writing," he told us, "my literary output naturally drops. I keep busy with my gardening, short-story and movie writing, polishing my floors and the second act of a new play. I manage to crowd everything in by not watching TV, a wonderful time-saver if you put your mind to it."

Ernest Leiser

Love-for-sale chippies, leeching around our military establishments, are a menace not only to servicemen but also to their future wives. That's one aspect of the appalling situation which Ernest Leiser surveys on page 28 in "Sex Traps for Young Servicemen." Another is the fact that vice caterers to the boys in uniform are more rampant today than at the height of World War II. A former foreign correspondent, Mr. Leiser said, "Coming back fairly recently from Europe, where attitudes toward prostitution, particularly among troops, are a lot less strict than here, I didn't expect to be shocked by anything I found on this REDBOOK assignment—but I was, particularly by the cynical attitude of some law-enforcement agencies and civic groups toward a problem which indirectly affects their own kids."

NEXT MONTH—"Portrait of a Family"—an exultant story of human courage by Lillian Smith

A Self-Check:

HOW MANY OF THESE NEW BOOKS HAVE YOU BEEN "MEANING TO READ" AND HAVE FAILED TO?

- ☐ TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY *by Winston Churchill*
- ☐ FIRE IN THE ASHES *by Theodore H. White*
- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS *by Charles A. Lindbergh*
- ☐ VERMONT TRADITION *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher*
- ☐ TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE *by Alan Paton*
- ☐ THE SILENT WORLD *by Capt. J. Y. Cousteau*
- ☐ THE ENCHANTED CUP *by Dorothy James Roberts*
- ☐ THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH *by Saul Bellow*
- ☐ LADY WITH A SPEAR *by Eugenie Clark*
- ☐ ICEBOUND SUMMER *by Sally Carrighar*
- ☐ THE AGE OF THE MOGULS *by Stewart H. Holbrook*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA *by Ernest Hemingway*
- ☐ ANNAPURNA *by Maurice Herzog*
- ☐ THE COURSE OF EMPIRE *by Bernard DeVoto*
- ☐ THE CAINE MUTINY *by Herman Wouk*
- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY *by Ernest K. Gann*
- ☐ THE COMPLETE OGDEN NASH *In five volumes*
- ☐ THE SILVER CHALICE *by Thomas B. Costain*
- ☐ YOU SHALL KNOW THEM *by Vercors*
- ☐ KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE *by Rumer Godden*
- ☐ ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS *by Carl Sandburg*
- ☐ THE CRUEL SEA *by Nicholas Monsarrat*
- ☐ BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS *by William O. Douglas*
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US *by Rachel L. Carson*
- ☐ WITNESS *by Whittaker Chambers*
- ☐ GIANT *by Edna Ferber*
- ☐ THE HOUR AWAITS *by March Cost*
- ☐ THE MATURE MIND *by H. A. Overstreet*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:

"No, I haven't read it, I've been meaning to!"

MEMBERSHIP IN THE Book-of-the-Month Club WILL REALLY KEEP YOU FROM MISSING THE NEW BOOKS YOU ARE EAGER TO READ

THE SELF-CHECK you have made at the left may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read. There is a simple way to break this bad habit, and many hundred thousand perspicacious readers over the country—like yourself—will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation as a member, under the special offer below, *is to buy six books during your first year of membership*—and after your first year as a member you need buy only four such books a year. Every month the Club's distinguished Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely discussed books. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication.* If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS: When you do buy the Club selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. Last year the average was 27% less! But there is a still greater saving: *After your sixth purchase under this special offer, for every two Club selections or Special Editions you buy, you receive, free, a valuable Book-Dividend from the Club.*

THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM... WHAT IT IS: This unique system is member profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is set aside in a Book-Dividend Fund, which is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given without charge to members.

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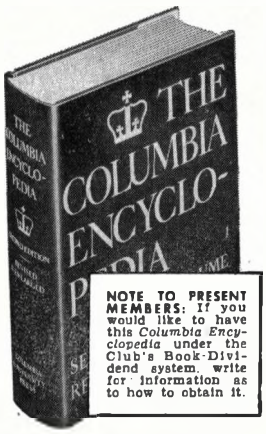

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Capt. Roper (William Holden) takes *Carla* (Eleanor Parker) shopping, unaware that she is in love with one of his prisoners of war or that *Carla* and the shopkeeper are making plans to help the Southern prisoners escape and rejoin their comrades.

"Escape from Fort Bravo"

The films which drew the largest crowds of young people to the box offices last year were those which had a good story to tell, such as "Shane," "From Here to Eternity," "The Robe" and "Roman Holiday." Now MGM has released "Escape from Fort Bravo," a colorful picture with an unusual historical background and a stunning Western setting. Played by an excellent cast which includes William Holden, Eleanor Parker, John Forsythe and William Demarest, this film is a fascinating mixture of romance, intrigue and adventure which will please both men and women.

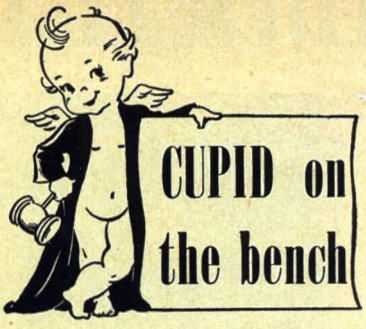
The story has a Civil War background and is concerned with activities at Fort Bravo in the Arizona Territory, where Union forces are holding a number of Confederate soldiers captive. The prisoners would like to escape and rejoin their comrades in battle, but they know that if they survived the heat of the desert, the chances are that they would lose their lives to the unfriendly tribes of Indians in the Territory. As the picture opens, they have just seen the inhuman treatment meted out to one of their fellow men who tried to escape and was recaptured by *Capt. Roper* (William Holden). A severe disciplinarian who holds to the letter of the law, *Roper* is despised by most of his men and understood by no one.

The first time that *Roper* shows signs of being human is when *Carla* (Eleanor Parker) arrives at the fort to take part in the wedding of the commanding officer's daughter. *Carla* is attractive enough to cause any soldier's heart to flutter, and *Roper* is interested in her. He doesn't know that she is an old friend of *Capt. Marsh* (John Forsythe), head of the Southern troops, and has come to help him escape.

With some comrades, they make their escape during the excitement of the wedding, and *Roper* goes after them. He does find them, but they are attacked by Indians on their return journey. It is when the small party is pinned down on the scorching desert that the film reaches its exciting climax. The characters of the group emerge as they are caught in a seemingly hopeless trap. The Indians' strategy of bracketing them with flights of arrows is as effective as any modern artillery fire. Great suspense develops as the audience waits to see who will be saved and who will get *Carla*.

William Holden does a fine job in making a difficult role believable, and the rest of the cast gives him excellent support. As interesting as the acting is the color photography of Death Valley, where the film was made.

REDBOOK'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH—SELECTED BY FLORENCE SOMERS



By José Schorr

Is an uneducated wife less likely to be offended by coarse language than a girl from the more cultured classes?

No, because "moral sensibility is not measured by education. On the contrary, the more learned the parties, the more coarse is likely to be their talk," said the Iowa Supreme Court.

■

Does it hurt a husband less than a wife to be unjustly accused of infidelity?

Yes, because the effects of such a false charge on a man are trivial compared with the results they may cause a woman, said the Indiana Appellate Court.

■

If a husband hears that his wife is flirting with strange men, is it wrong for him to have her watched?

No, because "nothing is more calculated to exasperate a sensitive husband than to have his wife talked about," said the Oregon Supreme Court.

■

Must a wife stick by a husband who can leave his liquor alone but doesn't?

No, because "no man has the right to subject his wife to the mortification and annoyance caused by his habitual intoxication or fail to give her that support which she is entitled to have from him," ruled the Maryland Court of Appeals.

■

Should a bride leave her groom if he doesn't turn out to be all she thought he was?

No; if she discovers that she has married the wrong man, she should try to change him into the right one because "marriage is not a mere temporary agreement to dwell together for a time for the gratification of desires. It is entered into with a view to its continuance through life requiring the parties to submit to the ordinary consequences of human infirmities, unwise selections and belated realizations that they could have done better," said the Michigan Supreme Court.

THREE OTHER FINE

"GILBERT AND SULLIVAN"

IT'S A PRETTY safe bet that most high-school graduates have at least sung in the chorus of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta before getting their diplomas. The catchy music is as popular as when it was first introduced in England, and this film, based on the lives of the great team, should be a world-wide success. Maurice Evans, one of today's best actors, plays Arthur Sullivan, whose ambition was to compose more serious music than the light-operetta tunes. Robert Morley is delightful as he romps through the part of Gilbert, who wrote the lyrics which twist every singer's tongue.

The plot of the film concerns the tempestuous association of these two men with each other and their producer, Richard D'Oyly Carte. Woven into the story are enough scenes and songs from "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "H.M.S. Pinafore" and their other musicals to please the most avid Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts. And, since they are performed by members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, this film is a rich treat. *(Lopert)*

"THE GILDED COACH"

THERE ARE MANY who claim that the finest actress today is Italy's Anna Magnani, best known for her prize-winning performance in "Open City." She has never played an English-speaking role until "The Gilded Coach," always appearing before in Italian films with English subtitles. She's an extremely beautiful woman, with an exciting personality which illumines any film in which she plays.

This picture is a satire of life in a Spanish colony in 18th-Century South America. On a ship bringing *Camilla* (Anna Magnani) and a troupe of players to the colony, there is also a gold coach for the Viceroy. When *Camilla* is not too well received in the colony, she sets out to get the gold coach, and becomes involved in three love affairs while doing so. Once she has acquired the coach, she gives it to the bishop and returns to the stage.

Jean Renoir, son of the famous painter, has not only directed this film with finesse, but has made it a thing of great beauty through his intelligent use of color. *(IFE)*

JANUARY BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

All the Brothers Were Valiant—Good rousing adventure story of sailing ship days with Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Ann Blyth.

The Big Heat—Gloria Grahame as a gangster's girl who goes straight and saves a cop. Glenn Ford. * December

Calamity Jane—Pert Doris Day and pretty Allyn McLerie make this a lively, rootin', tootin' musical comedy.

The Captain's Paradise—A delightful marital comedy expertly played by Alec Guinness, Celia Johnson. * December

Decameron Nights—Some of Boccaccio's famous tales in a colorful film with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan. Photographed in Spain. * December

Genevieve—A subtle British comedy about old car lovers which will please anyone who enjoyed "Tight Little Island" or "Passport to Pimlico."

Give a Girl a Break—Gay, frothy musical about show business with fine dancing by the Champions, Debbie Reynolds.

FILMS

"HERE COME THE GIRLS"

NOT ONLY IS *Stanley Snodgrass* (Bob Hope) the world's oldest chorus boy, but he is the most hopeless one, too. He can be counted on to foul up any number he is in, and the only one who has any faith in him is *Daisy* (Rosemary Clooney), a chorus girl whose devotion to *Stanley* proves that love must be blind. Fired by the play producer, *Stanley* is about to give up the stage and join the family coal business when he is recalled to the theater and given the leading role.

This could only happen in a Bob Hope movie, and it occurs because a jealous killer has attempted to kill the leading man (Tony Martin), who is in love with *Irene* (Arlene Dahl), the star. By spreading a rumor that *Stanley* is really Irene's lover, the producer hopes the killer will wipe out *Stanley* before *Stanley's* miserable performances wipe out the play's profits. No one else but Hope could cope with such a situation but, with the help of songs, dances, some funny scenes and the other stars, he makes this film entertaining. *(Paramount)*

The Joe Louis Story—The life story of the famous fighter with boxer Coley Wallace playing the lead. Film clips of Louis' actual fights are included.

Kiss Me Kate—A stunning, exciting musical made from the Broadway hit, with Cole Porter's lovely score. Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller and Keenan Wynn. * December

The Robe—Lloyd Douglas' famous novel brought to the screen in CinemaScope. Richard Burton, Jean Simmons and Victor Mature. * October

Walking My Baby Back Home—Music, dancing and Donald O'Connor with vivacious Janet Leigh.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it *fast* or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

SO THEY SAY

A Tulane University psychologist: "Experiments with rats indicate that laziness is hereditary."

■

Psychologist Dr. Murray Banks: "It's all right to talk to yourself—as long as you don't listen."

■

Mrs. Helen Exner, of the University of British Columbia School of Social Work: "Solitary drinking should be frowned on at all times. A mother can warp her child's personality by propping the baby bottle and leaving the infant to gulp by himself."

■

A Hollywood psychiatrist: "If you prefer cats, you're self-reliant; dogs, you are insecure and need devotion and flattery."

■

Dr. F. J. Lehner: "A survey of mine shows that if women were given an opportunity to return to earth in a nonhuman form, the majority would prefer to be cats."

■

A California University pathologist: "Sick plants run temperatures from .1 degree to two degrees centigrade higher than healthy ones."

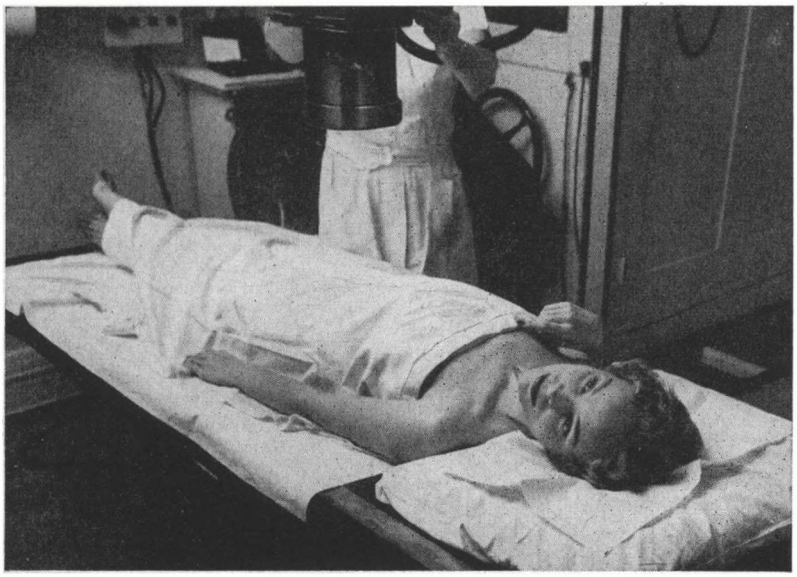
■

A London obstetrician: "Peach is the best color for babies to see when they first open their eyes."

—FRANK F. LOCHNER

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE



Since X-rays can be harmful, women should learn how to avoid risking the life of an unborn baby.

PREGNANCY AND X-RAY

The AMA *Journal* recommends that women try to avoid X-ray examinations or X-ray treatments of the uterus or womb except during the first two weeks after a monthly period.

Those weeks are a time when women are not likely to be pregnant. The recommendation is based upon scientific findings that X-rays can harm the embryo or unborn baby in the early weeks or months of life. The time of greatest susceptibility to damage appears to be between the second and sixth week after conception, when few women are aware or are sure that they are pregnant.

SEAFOOD AND FERTILITY

A husband who had been judged to have low fertility took an iodine preparation as a general tonic. Two months later his wife became pregnant.

A medical expert said that fertility is sometimes restored by thyroid-gland treatments. Iodine is an essential part of the thyroid hormone, thyroxin.

It's very interesting, the expert writes in the AMA *Journal*, that primitive people often believed that seafood assured fertility. High in the Andes Mountains of Peru, marriageable girls and pregnant women were fed fish eggs, obtained by special expeditions to the ocean. The fish eggs were rich in vitamins and iodine.

"These mountain people had learned through the centuries that seafood contains some element necessary to conception and to the maintenance of pregnancy."

ALL-PURPOSE DROPS

Used as spray or nose drops, a new drug kills at least 11 different kinds of germs involved in sinus conditions and colds. The drug, Biomydrin, contains an antibiotic, an antihistamine, a drug to constrict blood vessels and an antibacterial chemical which also has a spreading action to make the drug reach into nasal passages.

It helped more than 90 per cent of 124 patients suffering from nose and throat infections, a scientific team reports in *Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat Monthly.*

THINKERS' HEADACHES

Thinkers are more likely to develop recurrent headaches than are dumbbells, headache experts told the International College of Surgeons. Thinking itself doesn't cause any wear or tear on the brain cells. The headaches result from the thinkers' activities—using their eyes more, tensing neck or other muscles, being more aware of anxiety-creating situations. As Dr. Arnold P. Friedman of Montefiore Hospital, New York, expressed it, "thinkers take in more wavelengths" from the world about us, and have more chance of developing unconscious anxieties.

FIGHTS FUNGUS INFECTIONS

Stubborn fungus infections sometimes get a foothold in the body after prolonged use of antibiotics. The drugs kill off bacteria, and fungi already present presumably have more freedom to grow. An answer to this problem could be to combine a fungus-fighter with the antibiotic. Chemicals known as parabens might do this, Dr. M. Siegel reports in *Antibiotics & Chemotherapy*. The parabens stop the growth of fungi, aren't harmful, and don't interfere with the antibiotic action of aureomycin, penicillin and neomycin, the doctor's tests show.

LONG LIFE

Like to live, like Methuselah, to be 900 years old?

It would be possible if the body could keep "the same ability to resist disease that it has at age 10," says Dr. Edward L. Bortz of Philadelphia, a former president of the American Medical Association.

But science is not likely to find the secret of how to maintain that resistance, Doctor Bortz told the Gerontological Society of America, because "the cussedness of human nature is a persistent trait and seems able to withstand attempts for self-betterment."

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Deaths from essential hypertension —high blood pressure of unknown origin —are greatest among young people, and the chances of dying from it decrease with age. So find Drs. Robert S. Palmer and Hugo Meunch of Boston in a 10-year follow-up study of 646 patients. The death risk is definitely less among women than men, they write in the AMA *Journal*.

HEALTH GUIDELINES

"Haunted House" is the title of a booklet using clever cartoons to remind us we can spend too much time worrying over mistakes gone by, fretting over troubles that really don't exist, or being fearful about tomorrow.

You can obtain a free copy by writing to the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, Albany, New York.

Many women ask their doctors for female sex hormones to increase the size of their breasts. But hormones won't do it, except in the rare case where a woman lacks normal amounts of sex hormone.—Editorial in Modern Medicine *Magazine.*

Inability to watch 3-D movies comfortably, or to see the three dimensions if other people can see them, may be a warning of unsuspected eye disease, faulty depth perception, or other eye trouble.—Better Vision Institute.

Cancer operations once classed as miracles are becoming everyday occurrences. Reasons include greater surgical skills, use of blood, antibiotics and other drugs, better and more powerful ways of hitting cancers with X-rays, and greater public awareness of cancer danger signals so that more people seek early treatment.—Dr. Frank R. Smith, Cornell University Medical School, at International College of Surgeons.

A REPORT TO DOCTORS - PUBLISHED IN LEADING MEDICAL JOURNALS

A Report on the Double-Filtering Action of King-Size, Filter-Tip VICEROY

VICEROY Now Combines the Advantages of Both King-Size and Filter Tip Cigarettes

Now for the first time, smokers can have the advantages of the double-filtering action of king-size and filter tip.

The New Viceroy Cigarette is king-size—21% longer than ordinary cigarettes. As smoke passes through, this extra length helps filter out nicotine and tars.

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When a filter tip cigarette is desired, VICEROY'S double-filtering action can be counted upon for a significant reduction in nicotine and tars. At the same time, however, the comforts of full smoking satisfaction can still be enjoyed.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

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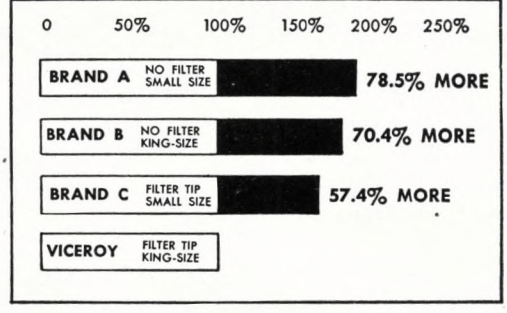
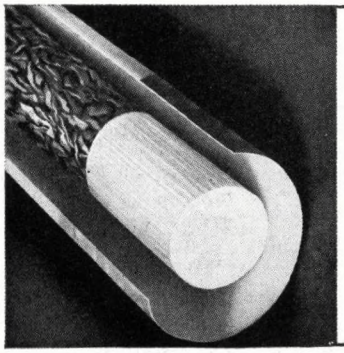
As Proved by Testing Methods Acceptable to the United States Government

A Quantitative Comparison of Nicotine and Tars Measured in the Smoke of Leading Cigarette Brands



Source: Comparative smoking tests of the leading selling brand in each category: small size, king-size and filter tip.

(Note: As VICEROY is by far the leading selling filter tip cigarette, the second-place filter tip brand was used for comparison.)



The VICEROY Filter

This new-type cellulose-acetate filter, exclusive with VICEROY Cigarettes, represents the latest development in 20 years of Brown & Williamson filter research. A completely new type of construction permits maximum filtering action; yet smoke is drawn through easily, and flavor is not affected.

★

Only a penny or two more than brands without filters.

When your child draws on the wall with crayons, what punishment do you give?

SPARE THE ROD

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Every now and then someone sounds off on the virtues of the good old strap. Usually he implies that using it would eliminate many of our modern troubles.

While an occasional swat never crippled any child emotionally, the constant use of physical punishment as a method of child rearing is about as discredited as human sacrifice, and for two of the the same reasons:

1. It never worked.

2: It was stupid and primitive and cruel.

Furthermore, it was based upon a social philosophy that permitted Papa to be a household emperor if that was his inclination.

The child who is regularly spanked is likely to develop into one of two extremes—both undesirable.

First, there is the hell-raiser who develops such callousness to spankings that it takes more and harder beatings to impress him at all. This type of child is likely to develop such a thoroughgoing resentment of his parents (and of all authority) that he is pushed into further acts of defiance.

Then there is the child who is so terrified of physical punishment that he knuckles under completely, in abject fear.

When you give up physical punishment, that does not mean you abandon all discipline. Far from it. Your children want to know what is expected of them. They are happier if your home has simple, straightforward rules.

Friendly and sympathetic discipline is not merely negative. It is a positive help to learning acceptable ways of behaving. It is perfectly possible for you to help your child see a direct connection between undesirable actions and their results.

When your child crayons on the wall of his room, for instance, you may want to take his crayons away until he has learned to use them where they belong.

When your three-year-old pushes away a friend to grab an undeserved turn at the swing, you will feel perfectly justified in detaching him from the swing until his rightful turn comes around.

When you use physical punishment regularly, you overlook one of the most important incentives to learning—your child's wish to please and to be like someone he loves, meaning, of course, you, his parent. Basically this is a far more important factor than fear in teaching him to conform to the social customs around him.

If you are fair and understanding, even when you're punishing him for some minor infraction of the rules, you will have a far more co-operative child than the parent who resorts to physical attack to enforce good behavior.

And you'll have more fun, too.

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN

With her recording of "C'est Si Bon" and an RCA Victor album containing this and seven other songs in French, Spanish, Turkish, Swahili and English, Eartha Kitt has become the most popular new singer on records in a short six months. Miss Kitt maintains that everyone understands her songs "because I always sing the language of love—a special, sultry sort of love." Certainly her sexiness is an element of her appeal, but an equally important one, which has been generally overlooked in her press notices, is her humor.

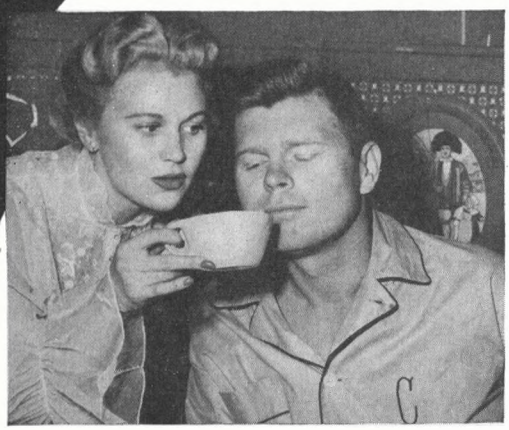
The sly lyrics of "C'est Si Bon," which were written especially for her, are as much concerned with the pursuit of loot as of love, and she repeats the gold-digging theme, with seasonal application, in her latest release, "Santa Baby." Her satirical approach is also evident in her mocking delivery of the old sob ballad "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More," and in many other touches such as her parody of Johnny Ray's "Cry" or "I Wanna Be Evil."

When Eartha sings of love in earnest, as she does on about half of her recordings, she shows the influence of the melodramatic French *chanteuses* whose style she was exposed to during her residence in Paris. Her knowledge of French and Spanish is genuine, but her renditions of the Turkish folk song "Uska Dara" and the Swahili words to "African Lullaby" are purely phonetic.

Born 25 years ago on a Carolina farm, Eartha was named for the earth that yielded her parents a good harvest that year. A self-taught singer and dancer, she joined Katherine Dunham's troupe at 16, went to Europe with it, and left it to win great acclaim on her own in Paris, London, Turkey, Greece and Egypt. She recently made the movie version of her hit role in the Broadway review "New Faces," and a new album of her songs is scheduled for release at about the time this appears. This new album is sure to be filled with the passion, the humor and the intense vitality that have brought Eartha so far so fast.

EARTHA KITT

He's My Favorite Husband, but . . .



Liz (Joan Caulfield) calls *George* (Barry Nelson) "My Favorite Husband" (on the CBS-TV show of the same name), but she's still infuriated when he goes back to sleep after the alarm rings, or eats the pastries she bought for her club.

There are days when George Cooper is just about as aggravating as a young husband can be. And there are other moments when George feels that what his pretty wife, Liz, needs most is a good spanking. But most of the time the Coopers are a very amusing, happy young married couple—not too sweet, not too sophisticated, but not too bored. Just the sort of people you'd like for friends. And this is why their CBS-TV show, "My Favorite Husband," with Joan Caulfield and Barry Nelson as the Coopers, is so entertaining.

It's a completely natural show. One opening shot showed George blanketed by the morning newspaper at breakfast. Liz was prepared for this situation, which almost every wife faces. She cut a hole through the page, reached through for the sugar bowl and made a face at her somewhat startled spouse.

The dilemmas which confront the Coopers are those common to young marriages. But George and Liz have original and unorthodox ways of dealing with crises, and their methods are amusing. When a teen-age boy fell in love with Liz and demanded that she choose between him and George, Liz dealt with the youth diplomatically. Then when she began upbraiding George for being a Milquetoast about the whole thing, he asserted his masculinity and completely disarmed her.

If George appears with a hammer in his hand and an "I'll-fix-it-myself" look in his eyes, Liz immediately reaches for the nearest bandaid. And when he gets inspired to build something around the house, Liz alerts the police and fire departments to the probability of impending disaster. She's not always the one that comes out on top, though. George had her pretty worried once when he told her he dreamed about the new girl in town.

Joan Caulfield and Barry Nelson, both of whom started their careers on the stage before tackling movies, radio and television, are perfectly cast in this half-hour show. They treat it lightheartedly and act as if they are thoroughly enjoying themselves. And they are given good material to work with.

"My Favorite Husband" was originally a radio show with Lucille Ball making such a hit as the wife that "I Love Lucy" was developed as a show for her.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How long can a man go on supporting his ex-wife—and still remain happily married?

WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO?

When my husband divorced his first wife, he agreed to pay her $90 a month. He wasn't legally compelled to support her, but he told me: "I didn't think I would ever marry again, and I felt that I owed it to her."

But he *did* marry again, and we have been struggling ever since to live on his salary. We have barely enough to get along on, but my husband says he won't go back on his word and stop paying his ex-wife. I just can't understand his attitude, and we get into continual arguments about it.

NAME WITHHELD

■ *Is it fair for this husband to keep paying his ex-wife? What do you think? ED.*

HOSPITAL BATTLEGROUND

John Kord Lagemann's article "Must Our Hospitals Terrify Children?" (October) really hit home to a group of mothers in this town. We have a new, modern hospital—with medieval rules for handling children.

When my young son was scheduled for a tonsillectomy, I was told I would be allowed to stay with him if I took a private room. But when we reached the hospital, my boy was grabbed forcibly and dragged down the corridor. I was told: "We'll give him a couple of needles and let him cry for a while to exercise his lungs."

A few hours later, I found him in the children's ward—crying hysterically in a blood-soaked crib. I took him from the crib to a private room, where I stayed with him all night. We were disturbed only by the screaming of other children in the building.

Is this necessary? Can't hospitals (which do such a wonderful job in every other way) replace "rules" with compassion and sympathy for children?

NAME WITHHELD

"Must Our Hospitals Terrify Children?" is so true. At the age of three, my daughter had a tonsillectomy. She was held down by force as they put on her hospital gown, and again when they rolled her to the operating room. I will never forget the terrified look in her eyes.

The operating room was in use, and she was kept waiting in the hall for 45 minutes. I was one floor below, but I could hear her screaming.

Three years later, she had to have her adenoids out again. I took her to another hospital, where she was treated like a "queen for a day." My daughter, as a result of this second experience, is now less afraid of nurses.

MRS. JULIA MYERS
Hialeah, Fla.

The average modern hospital is understanding children more and more. A great number of the nurses working today are married and have children. I think Mr. Lagemann's article would terrify parents into not giving children proper medical care.

MRS. DOROTHY BAUER, R.N.
Shawnee, Kan.

■ *Our intention, and Mr. Lagemann's, was to bring this situation to the attention of both parents and medical administrators in the hope that they will work together to improve hospital conditions for children. ED.*

PRAYER FOR THE UN

Thank you for publishing "Answers to the Eight Biggest Lies about the United Nations" (October). Having lived through the period when we rejected the League of Nations, I have hoped and prayed that no unhealthy reaction would make us betray the UN. Nevertheless, I have watched national officers of "patriotic" and "service" groups become lukewarm, if not openly hostile, to the UN. It has seemed, at times, that only our churches have remained constant to the ideals intended to preserve peace.

HENRY M. COX
Lincoln, Neb.

SHE LOVES HER WORK

Your October editorial, "A Lesson for Teachers," intrigued me because it said what I have felt for so long. When you honestly love children, they return that love a hundredfold and make each day worth while. That's why I love being a teacher.

I see no reason for a teacher to feel "put upon." To watch a shy child begin to unfold, to see a fat girl beam when you convince one of the boys to invite her to a dance, to have the boys drop by at night to show off their girls, to have your own daughter say, "Mommie, I wish you taught me"—all these experiences and many more make a teacher's life wonderful.

MRS. W. N. REYNOLDS
Winston-Salem, N. C.

DOUBLE-BOILING

I have read your article on "Double Boilers" (October) and thought you might be interested in the way I use my double boiler. I cook two things at a time—potatoes on the bottom and squash or another vegetable on top. Why waste the hot water in the bottom compartment?

RITA R. ROURKE
Old Greenwich, Conn.

AGELESS WISDOM

The column of "Childish Questions" in your October issue is one of the cutest things I have read in some time. The wisdom of our young ones is so often overlooked by so-called mature adults who can't see straight.

MRS. EVELYN W. WARREN
Washington, D. C.

DRESS-ALIKES

I was surprised and amused at the coincidence of the chimp, Mr. Muggs, in the October issue being dressed like my son, David, in the enclosed photograph.

MRS. ALBERT INNERBICHLER
New Ulm, Minn.

SOUTHERN COOKING

■ *In October a reader complained about his wife's Southern cooking. Here's what other readers have to say on the subject:*

I married a Southern girl and gained 15 pounds. Southern gals and their cooking agree with this Pennsylvania Yankee.

W. E. GALBREATH JR.
Union Grove, N. C.

My opinion of Southern cooking: Greens, Grits and Grease!

RUTH LEHMAN
South Bend, Ind.

Have you ever seen a sign on any highway advertising *Northern* fried chicken?

NAME WITHHELD

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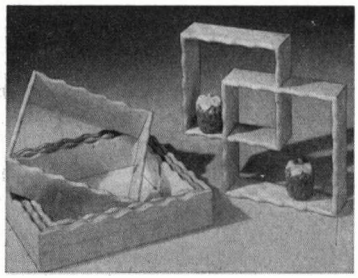

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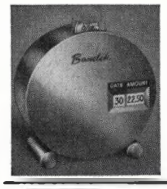

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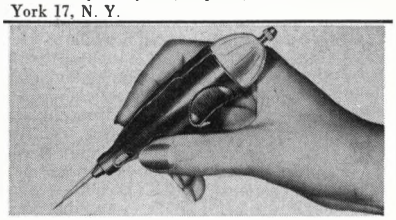

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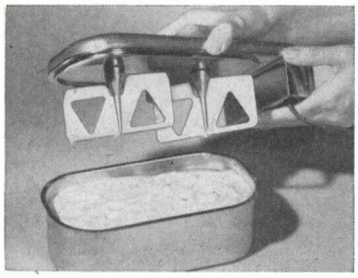
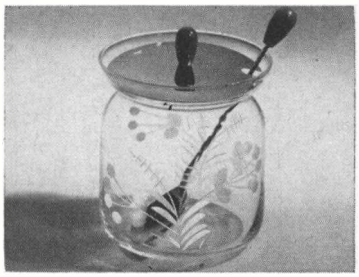
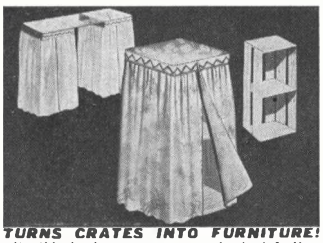


Treat yourself to an automatic ice-cream freezer with your Christmas money. For 1½ quarts of firm, smooth ice cream, place machine in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Electric-powered paddles do all the work and in just 35 to 45 minutes will stop at the right consistency. $19.95 ppd. Selectric, Dept. RB, Lynwood, Calif.



Imported jam jar adds a touch of elegance to even the most hurried breakfast. 3½" tall, crystal glass is hand-cut in a dainty flower pattern. Chrome-plated cover and stainless-steel spoon are tipped with red knobs. Set, only $1.49 ppd., makes an ideal bridge prize. Agnestrong, Dept. R, 39 W. 8th St., New York 11, N. Y.

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



TURNS CRATES INTO FURNITURE!

Just slip this lovely cover over any standard fruit or egg crate and presto! . . . It's transformed into an attractive utility or dressing table, shoe rack, book shelf, etc. Also use in child's room for toys, comics and coloring books. Of quality, floral patterned vinyl plastic in solid color, with matching quilted banding. Flap opens for easy access to shelf. Choice of Green, Blue or Rose. Each **$1.00**

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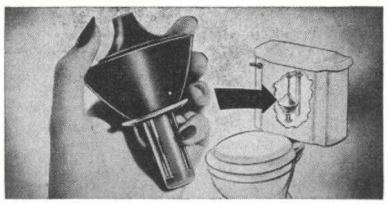
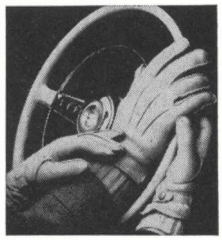
WALK ON AIR—For quick relief from calluses, blisters, general foot fatigue, place Albin Air Cush'n Innersoles in your shoes. Air moves thru small channel, gently massaging feet. Odorless, non-absorbent. Order by men's or women's shoe size. $2.95 a pair. No COD's please Guaranteed to please. Albin of California. Room 10A, 1401-47 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.



Stop Leaky Toilets—$1

Now, stop leaky water tank noises with **JOHNNY-HUSH.** Easy to install in seconds . . . no tools needed! Fits all tanks . . . costs only $1, postage paid. No more jiggling of the lever after flushing. Ends water waste. Simply replace rubber tank ball with **JOHNNY-HUSH.** New plumbing invention works perfectly every time. No more annoying noises to keep you awake nights. *Guaranteed to do the job or your money back!* Order **JOHNNY-HUSH** direct by mail from Sunset House, 252 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



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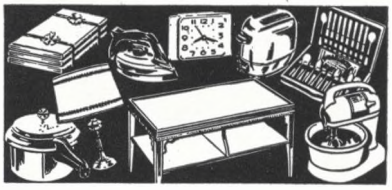

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

"How Can A Dust Cloth Cost $2?"

The lady is talking about *us*. We're the pirates who've put a two-dollar price on an ordinary-looking dust cloth, just 12 x 18 inches in size.

But our conscience is perfectly clear! We sleep well at night. When you have put into a dust cloth what we have, you can ask twice $2. When you've saved a housewife hours of cleaning time every week of her life (and when your product contains high-cost ingredients!) then you can practically name your own price. Our price is $2.

KEEPS DIRT FROM CLINGING

This Conniver Cloth of ours—and we are the only ones in the world who sell it—is *guaranteed to keep dust and dirt from clinging, for days at a time, to any surface it touches!* You simply touch it on woodwork, furniture, venetian blinds, —*any* surface of wood, metal, paint, enamel, glass or porcelain. It applies a tough but invisible film that just won't tolerate dust, dirt or grime. This glass-like film is transparent. You can't see it or feel it. It doesn't hide, discolor or change the appearance of the finish it covers. Instead, it brings out and enhances the original beauty and lustre.

The secret that makes our Conniver Cloth behave as it does is something science calls "Silicone." Our Conniver is permanently impregnated with the stuff. Silicone is the 20th century scientific wonder child. Reader's Digest has raved about it. Big industry has used it to save hundreds of thousands of dollars in cleaning bills—and enough man hours to make a union delegate wince!

WASH IT LIKE A PAIR OF NYLONS

You'll use Conniver a dozen times each day, on all sorts of surfaces. And so it will become soiled and discolored. Don't give it a thought! The miracle Silicone stays right in, keeps right on working for you—it's there for keeps! And if you want to wash Conniver, just dunk it in a detergent solution as you would a pair of nylons. It will come up smiling.

KEEP IT AWAY FROM YOUR HUSBAND

Just a word of warning. Don't let your husband get hold of Conniver. He will instantly carry it off for use on the car—and you'll probably never see it again! It will, of course, keep road dirt from sticking and cut down on his car washing. And probably make him even lazier than he is now, for he'll wash the car with just a wipe! He may even steal Conniver to use on his guns or golf clubs. Because using it steadily will prevent rust—and make it lots easier to remove grass stains, powder deposits and such.

PEOPLE SEEM TO LIKE IT

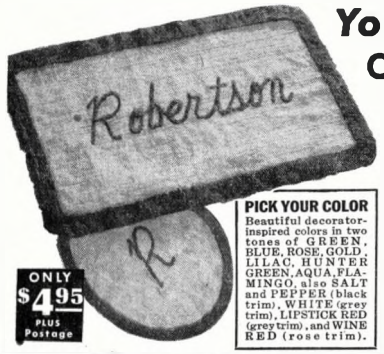
We've talked about Conniver all over. In magazines like House Beautiful, House and Garden, American Home and such. And in newspapers. We've sold Conniver to folks in every state. They like it. Lots of them have written to tell us so. They even say that they wouldn't ever want to be without it again, now that they've seen how much easier it makes all sorts of work.

WE AREN'T AFRAID TO GUARANTEE IT UP TO THE HILT

To show you that we respect two dollars just as much as you do, we make this offer—IF Conniver doesn't do everything we said it would, you keep it at no cost to you! We'll send your two dollars back whenever you write us and ask us to. And this Guarantee doesn't have strings attached—we're willing to let *you* be the judge!

You'd better order Conniver Cloth today. The price is $2 each. And we have a Special Offer price of 3 Conniver for $5. We ship postpaid, but can't accept C.O.D. orders. Send your order, right now, to:

Madison House, 61 Madison Bldg., 40 Fargo St., Boston 10, Mass.



Your Name Woven in Colorful *CHENILLE*

BATH MAT with INITIALED SEAT COVER

It's new, different! Custom-made 20" x 36" Bath Mat in beautiful decorator colors with family name woven in harmonizing color. Initialed seat cover to match. Finest quality, deep-tufted. Guaranteed vat-dyed, boil-fast colors. Skid-proof latex back.

ORDER TODAY at only $4.95 per set, plus 35c for postage and handling. No C. O. D. please. Give name to be woven in and color desired. 2 weeks delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BARTON-ROGERS 173 West Madison Street Dept. E-14, Chicago 2, Ill.

DOGWOOD AND PUSSYWILLOW

Hooked Chair Seat • Chair Back • or Foot Stool Cover

• KIT includes design in black outline on heavy burlap. • Wool swatches in shaded colors for making flowers, leaves. Hook and instructions. $3.95 ppd. Also available, matching RUG pattern, 36" x 60". $5.00 ppd.

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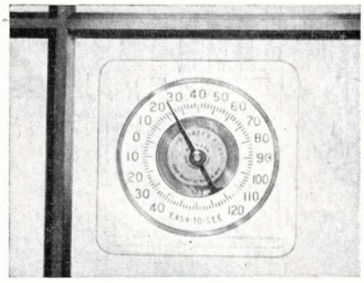
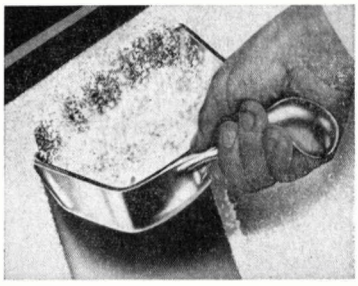
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



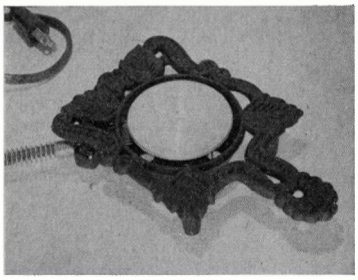
Easy-to-see transparent plastic windowpane thermometer can be mounted anywhere on the *outside* of a window. No screws, brackets or glue needed—just peel plastic covering and press against glass. Weather-proof self-sticking rim holds it securely in place. $2 ppd. Brad Lee Gifts, Dept. R, Bedford St., Waltham 54, Mass.



Defrost your deep freeze the efficient and easy way. Cast-aluminum scoop spoons up ice and frost for quick disposal. Stainless-steel cutting edge scrapes away frozen crust, yet can't scratch freezer walls. Puts an end to messy soakings and wet, icy hands. $2.98 ppd. Elron, 219-R W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

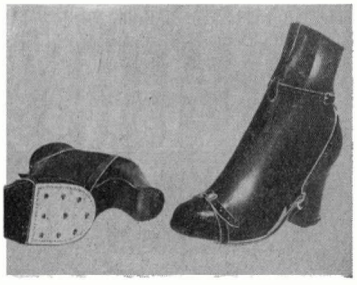
House blessing of burnished brass makes a significant wall plaque in these troubled days. *Bless this house, O Lord, we pray, and make it safe by night and day.* Imported from England, 8" x 11" embossed plaque is a comforting and attractive wall decoration. $3.95 ppd. Religious Art Guild, 125-R Herold St., Peoria, Ill.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS



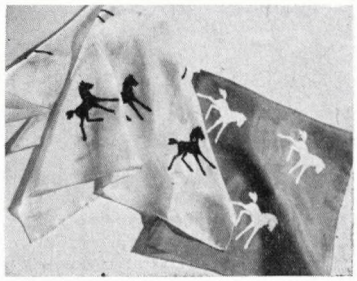
Here's a trivet with a built-in electric unit to keep foods piping hot. Colonial leaf pattern in black cast iron contrasts with shiny brass heating element. Handle and raised feet stay cool when trivet is in use. 120 volts; AC or DC with 6 foot cord. Only $4.95 ppd. Barton-Rogers Co., 173-R W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

If you knit, crochet or sew, you'll want to add a personalized label to your finished handiwork. Lustrous heavy satin labels are woven in red and brown on an ivory background. Your name, in 20 letters or less, is hand-embossed on each one. 12 for $1.50; 20, $2; 40, $3 ppd. Designs, Dept. R, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.

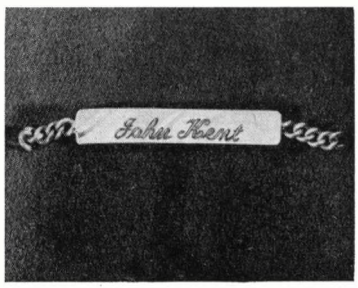


For safety's sake wear a pair of Ice-Grippers on mean winter days. Non-skid soles studded with metal cleats give you sure-footed protection against painful falls on ice or snow. Adjustable straps fit over any shoe, boot or rubber. Women's, $2.95 a pair; men's, $3.95 ppd. M. C. Flynn, 43-R E. 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Match this if you can—a handsome black cast-iron match holder with a Cupid-and-Venus design on the lid. Virginia Metalcrafters reproduced this Early American piece with great care. Decorative and useful on the fireplace wall or in the kitchen. $2.50 ppd. Wits' End, Dept. R, 221 Bellevue Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J.



A dozen frisky colts frolic merrily on a hand-rolled scarf of pure silk. Washable 18-inch square will lift your wardrobe out of its midwinter doldrums. Tiny velvet horses in black on aqua, pink or red, or in white on navy, blue or green. $1.50 each, 2 for $2.50 ppd. From "little joe" Wiesenfeld, Dept. H-52, Baltimore 1, Md.



Personalized coat hanger helps identify a man's overcoat as his very own. Of sterling silver, his name is engraved on one side, his city and state on the back. A few stitches on each end of the chain secure it to collar of jacket or coat. $3.60 including tax and postage. Frederick's, Dept. R, Highland Terrace, York, Pa.

REDBOOK'S editorial page has never been devoted to any argument serving the magazine's own interests—and that is a proud half-century record. This month, however, the editors risk seeming to do just that, because the issue at hand transcends appearances. For postal rates, while perhaps affecting periodicals most directly, are in actuality a basis of every citizen's access to knowledge; of his very right to know. —THE EDITORS

Your Right to Know

Should the Postal Service be self-supporting—pay its own way, or most of it? Should balancing the account books be more important than providing inexpensive service?

"No," has *always* been the answer of the American people, who have rejected this concept every time it has been pushed.

"Yes," seems to be the answer of the new Postmaster General, Arthur Summerfield. Flying straight in the face of long and repeatedly affirmed precedent, he is asking Congress to approve a bill which would try to put the Post Office Department on a break-even basis.

He would increase postal revenue $240,000,000 a year by raising rates on every type of mail.

Newspapers and magazines comprise second-class mail. They are carried by the Post Office at second-class rates because, from the beginning of the Republic, the idea has prevailed that the people must be kept informed if the nation is to remain unified and free. In 1879 Congress enacted this principle into law, giving official recognition to the educational value of periodicals.

Now, the Postmaster General's bill proposes to raise second-class postage rates—for the fourth time in three years. (Other increases were 10 per cent in 1952, 10 per cent in 1953, and another 10 per cent which goes into effect in April of this year.) The requested increase, if added to the others, would force publishers to pay 67 per cent more in mailing charges. No low-profit business, which the magazine industry is, can bear such extra costs. (Publishers would pay a minimum of 20 million dollars more per year.) To ask it is unrealistic—for in effect the public would have to accept fewer and smaller periodicals, or pay a great deal more money to get what they have now.

All of this is being advocated at a time when the Senate Post Office Committee, under Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, is making a broad study of the postal service and preparing to redefine our Government's philosophy regarding postal rates. This committee, whose study was authorized by the last session of Congress, should be given a chance to report.

One open question involves the relationship between second-class service and first-class service. The United States Postal Service was established primarily for the collection and delivery of first-class letter mail, and this is still its main function. First-class mail comes first, gets the fastest and safest handling at every stage, and determines the sizes and locations of post offices and routes. Second-class mail, by its very name, gets handling which is secondary to letter mail.

No question surrounds this fact: The Post Office Department has *always* operated at a loss (except in wartime)—because at the outset our forefathers recognized that easy, low-cost communication was a public necessity. That this service would cost the Government money was accepted as obvious. In 1866 Postmaster General Randall declared, "It has always been an erroneous theory in the history of the postal service that it was established or sustained on the principle that it should be self-supporting."

Our present Postmaster General, however, refuses to recognize this fact, and constantly refers to the Post Office Department "deficit." It is curious for the Post Office Department, whose activities go straight home to every person in the country, to be thought of as a "business operation," while the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, for example—each of which works for limited groups and has much larger "deficits"—are thought of as "services" to be financed by Congressional appropriation!

Not for many years has anyone seriously challenged the historic philosophy of a postal system based on service rather than cost. This magazine believes that, before upsetting a system which has proved to be so successful for so long, the people and their representatives should wait for the Carlson Committee's report and then consider it carefully.

Let us not hastily cast away the greatest information exchange the world has ever known!

"I pay all my people good wages," he said. "But," she said, "you don't know anything about me. Why, you don't even know my name."

Only Laurie, gravely candid but provocatively wise, could captivate a guy like Walt and challenge his right to be

King of the Hill

BY VERA HYCZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Once upon a time there was a king. An oil king. He believed only in the power of money. Then one day a little blonde walked into his office to get out of the rain. . . .

She was gone now. But surely she'd think it over and come back. She was fond of him. And he'd give her anything in the world.

He had watched her gay green coat disappear down the street. Now he turned from the entrance doorway and the darkening skies to his empty offices. He felt like an ox hit on the head with a sledge hammer.

He looked at her desk. She'd forgotten her book. Maybe she'd come back for that. Maybe that would provide a pretext for a meeting, so he could talk her out of her foolishness. But . . . just let her come back.

He took her book in his big, well-cared-for hands. "Tennyson's Poems." Oh, yes, his mind said dully, she liked this old, outdated bunk. She was so hell-bent romantic! She had fastened down a page with a paper clip. The book fell open at "Idylls of the King."

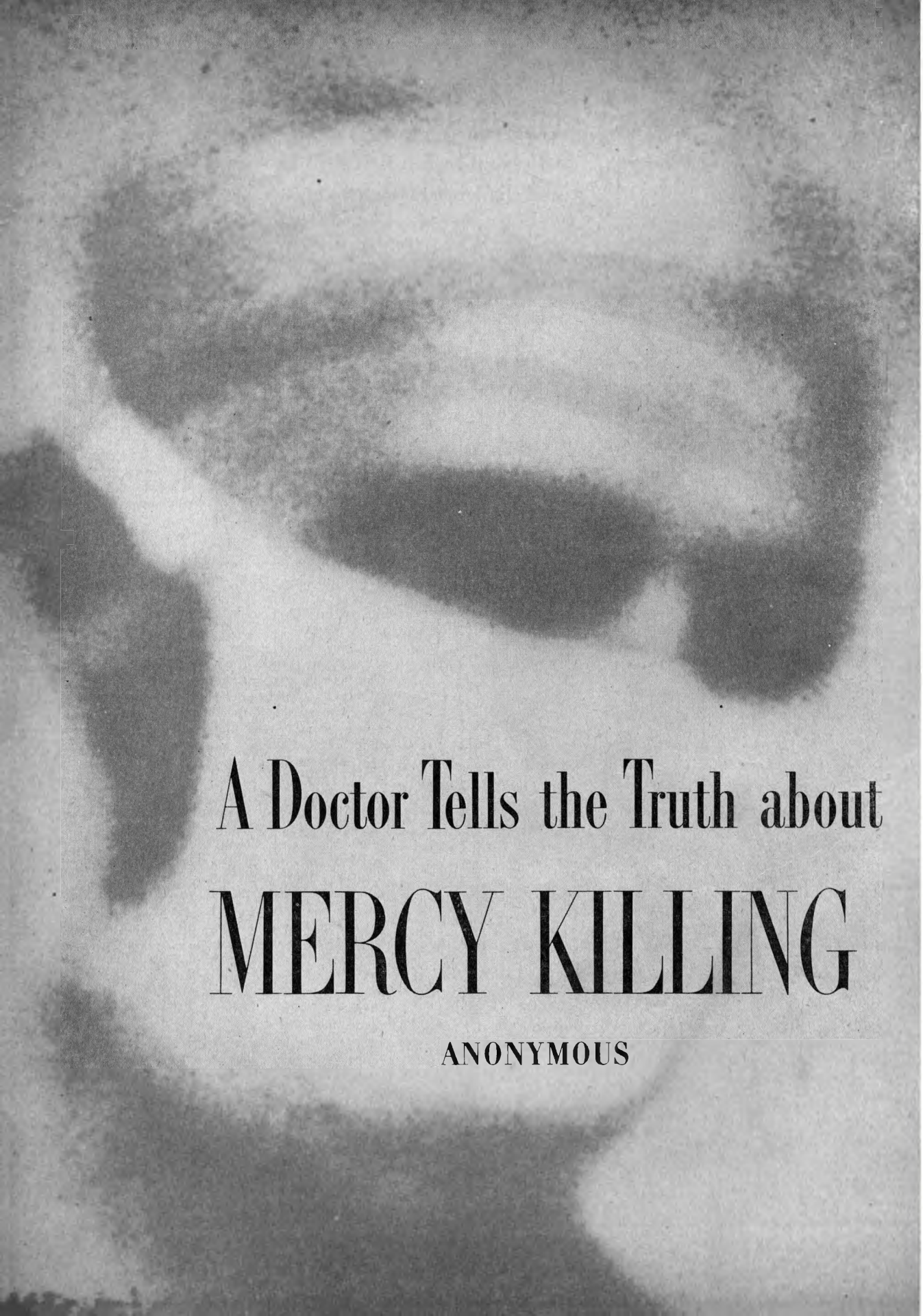
While the office grew dim with late afternoon light, and rain beat on the windows, a procession passed before him. The armored knights and their ladies. King Arthur. The vague, mythical search for the Holy Grail.

You had to be so noble before you were allowed to join in that search. It was just like Laurie to stuff her yellow-gold head with this nonsense; to get the oil business mixed up with something like the Holy Grail.

He dropped the book as though it had burned him. He went into the bigger office and sat down at his own desk. He heard the rain . . . and Laurie's voice:

"My father would have been ashamed to haul your oil in his ships. Ashamed!"

"All right, all right," he said. The words echoed harsh and raw *(Continued on page 89)*



A Doctor Tells the Truth about MERCY KILLING

ANONYMOUS

You can find here the frank story of one doctor's experience facing an important problem. This article is not an argument, however, for or against mercy killing. Unknown to his patients, this problem tortures almost every doctor at crucial moments of decision. The editors of Redbook *feel that this important story will contribute to your understanding of a vital moral question. For obvious reasons, the author must remain anonymous. However, he is a respected doctor, a specialist in internal medicine, with a large practice in a medium-sized American city.*

This is one of the most difficult things I have ever attempted—to talk about mercy killing as I have seen it in my years as a medical student and physician. For while a doctor's work often brings him in close touch with death, his mission is life.

The very word "killing" is alien to the doctor's vocabulary. For the physician's task is to cure, to heal or at the very least to enable his patients to live as comfortably and usefully as they can. But there comes a time in every doctor's practice when there is no cure, when healing is no longer possible and when preservation is almost meaningless—when it would seem to serve no purpose but to prolong the suffering of either the patient, his family, or both. It is at times like these that the idea of mercy killing comes to a doctor.

Two of the occasions on which mercy killing is likely to be considered—even if not performed—almost inevitably involve young people. The birth of an abnormal infant is one of these. The incurable illness of an aged and suffering parent is the other. To many people—some of them doctors—whose religious principles preclude mercy killing, these will not be occasions of doubt. But others may know the nagging indecision and terrible responsibility that come with the thought of mercy killing.

There is good reason for a doctor to tell what he knows about mercy killing; to report factually, as I am trying to do, about what he has seen. Aside from the rarely disputed idea that the public is entitled to know the facts—whatever they may be—there is a record of long public argument over the possible wisdom of legalizing mercy killing, or euthanasia. Let me say at once that *I am opposed to any such attempt.*

Let me say, too, that I am aware of the deep religious implications of this problem. While some clergymen have publicly stated that legalizing voluntary euthanasia is compatible with religious principles, most churchmen are opposed to mercy killing under any conditions. They feel that the injunction "Thou shalt not kill" does not allow for any exceptions.

As religious men, many doctors are keenly aware of this feeling. And that is why the question of mercy killing, which they must face in the course of their practice, becomes such a deeply troubling one.

My own first experience with mercy killing occurred when I was still a medical student—one of a team of four who were allowed to participate in the delivery of babies as part of our training. The four of us already had performed a number of deliveries at the hospital connected with our medical school. We worked, of course, under the close supervision of a resident physician, a doctor who was always ready to take over the delivery if the situation warranted.

The expectant mother was a young woman, already the mother of five children. The child that my three fellow students and I were to deliver would probably be her last. She and her husband had little money; her baby was to be born in the free clinic of the hospital. Besides the four medical students and the resident, the delivery-room staff that day included an experienced nurse and three student nurses.

The birth itself was normal. The baby was not. One look was enough for all of us to know immediately that this child, if it survived, would never be normal and could never develop any intelligence. No good purpose would be served by describing the infant in detail. It is enough to say that the boy was monstrously malformed. This was no marginal case, or one in which there was any possibility of mistake.

There was no doubt in any of our minds that the child would be a horrible drag—mentally and financially—on an already large and nearly destitute family. Wealthy or well-to-do parents could perhaps have supported the child in a private institution until it died a natural death. Because the state in which the parents lived had no provisions for caring for such a child, the parents would have to take it home with them.

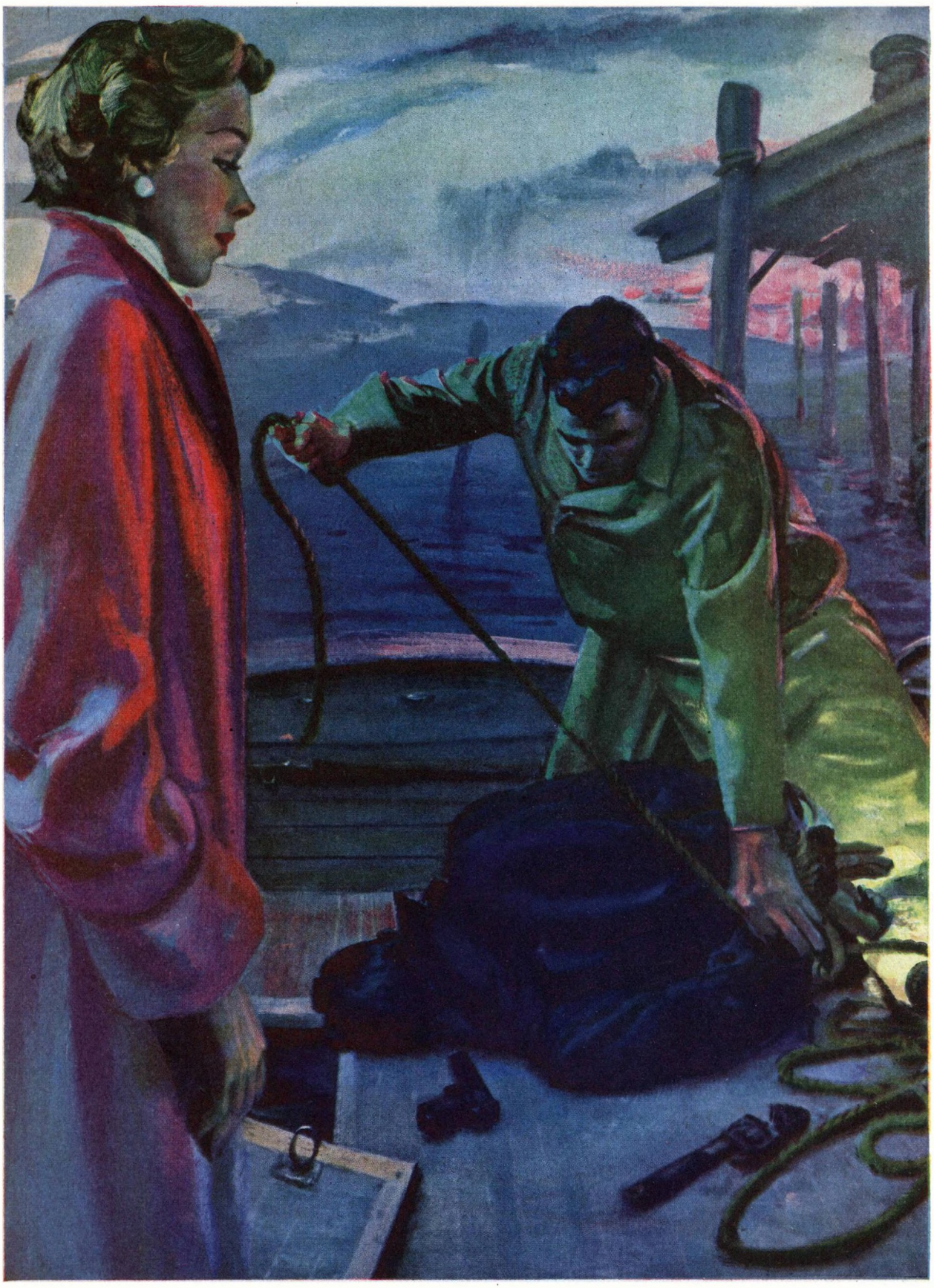
I wish I could describe the almost overwhelming impulse the sight of that child gave me—an impulse to destroy something which never should have been. And yet there was in that impulse no hate or fear or any of the other emotions so frequently associated with the desire to kill; my feeling was more like one of duty. There was no question that it affected all of us in the same way, though none of us dared to put our emotions into words.

The baby was born with a slightly bluish skin, a condition that is fairly common and means that the lungs are not fully expanded and the airways not completely clear. Normally, an infant in this condition would be given oxygen and stimulants; the airways would be cleared with suction devices. This child was immediately placed in the birth crib. Nothing else was done for it.

All attention was focused on the mother, though she was in no danger whatever. As if by an immediate, unspoken understanding among us, the baby was completely ignored. I know that it was the fervent hope of everyone in the room—except, of course, the mother, who was still under the effects of anesthesia—that the baby would not live.

The mother was returned to her bed in the ward. The infant remained in the delivery room. We went about our duties, prolonging the work, postponing the moment when we would have to send the child to the nursery. After a time that seemed interminably longer than it actually was, the baby was dead.

The mother was told that her baby had been born alive, that it had been deformed, and that it had died shortly after birth. Offsetting the sorrow we knew such a message would bring was the picture of what might have happened had the child lived. We saw the fantastic burden of that child on its *(Continued on page 74)*



Max took over. He bound the man hand and foot, while the girl, still with her expression of sad resignation, stood watching.

ON A DARK NIGHT

He resented his wife's delight in the spellbinding deeds of his friend. Then he was caught in one of Max's hair-raising adventures . . . .

BY JAMES HENSEL
ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

When the phone rang that drizzly Sunday afternoon last November, I'd been contentedly sipping a beer, listening to the symphony on the radio, and reflecting on how pretty Mary looked. She was sitting across the room on the sofa, her knitting in her fingers, her legs tucked cozily under her, and from the frown of totally absorbed concentration she wore, I knew she must be counting stitches.

If the world were to end, I reflected as I got up and turned down the radio, if the last trump were to sound, Mary would count on to the end of her row. Then, with that abstracted, vaguely uncertain air, still not positive that her count was correct, still wishing there were time to count over again, on judgment day Mary would gently put down her knitting and calmly walk through the holocaust to meet her Maker!

"Hello," I said into the phone, trying not to give audible evidence of the annoyance I felt.

"Hey there, Professor!"

Oh, *Lord!* I thought, but said, "Why, Max, you old so and so! When did you get back?"

Not that I don't *like* Max, old friend of my undergraduate days, etc.; it was merely that I wasn't in the humor for more dubious tales of his hair-raising exploits—not that day, certainly. I mean, a rainy Sunday afternoon in November is one of the nicest times to be alone in your house with your pretty wife.

But it *had* been almost a year since last we'd seen him, and I suppose I was relieved that at least he was still about. Not that Max didn't always, and invariably at the last minute, manage to extricate himself, and usually some lovely girl, from the most inextricable predicaments—according to Max, at any rate! *(Continued on page 64)*

REDBOOK INVESTIGATES:

SEX TRAPS FOR

One out of every four cities near military camps is infested with prostitutes. This is a first-hand report on how some citizens are driving them out—and others are not

The young draftee—your brother or the boy who used to live across the street—is facing a vicious enemy that few civilians know much about. The enemy is organized vice, which is thriving in *one city out of every four* around military camps in the United States. The dangers have been doubled, because today's soldier is much younger than the average World War II draftee and, as a result, a much easier victim for prostitutes and panderers.

To find out how bad the situation really is and what can be done about it, REDBOOK sent me on a six-state investigation through the southeastern United States. I interviewed public officials as well as Army, Navy and Air Force officers. I visited military and naval installations and talked frankly to young draftees. And I spent night after night investigating near-by centers of vice—honky-tonks that have convenient arrangements with adjacent "tourist cabins," ramshackle hotels where desk clerks rent rooms by the hour, high-priced "respectable" hotels in which bellhops eagerly furnish call girls, "locker clubs"

YOUNG SERVICEMEN

BY ERNEST LEISER
PHOTOS BY JACK MANNING

where servicemen can change to civilian clothes to avoid military police and shore patrols, smoky dives where overpainted trollops tug at the sleeves of young soldiers fuzzy with drink that never should have been sold to them.

It's an ugly picture. But what I found in these six states can be duplicated in almost any part of the country.

Last year, undercover agents of the American Social Hygiene Association, a nonprofit foundation which works closely with the armed forces, surveyed vice conditions in 343 cities. *No less than 86 of them* rated "poor" or "bad" in their efforts to control vice. And the most flagrantly "bad" cities ranged the length and breadth of the land from Helena, Montana, to Miami, Florida.

The situation I found was, in too many places, a

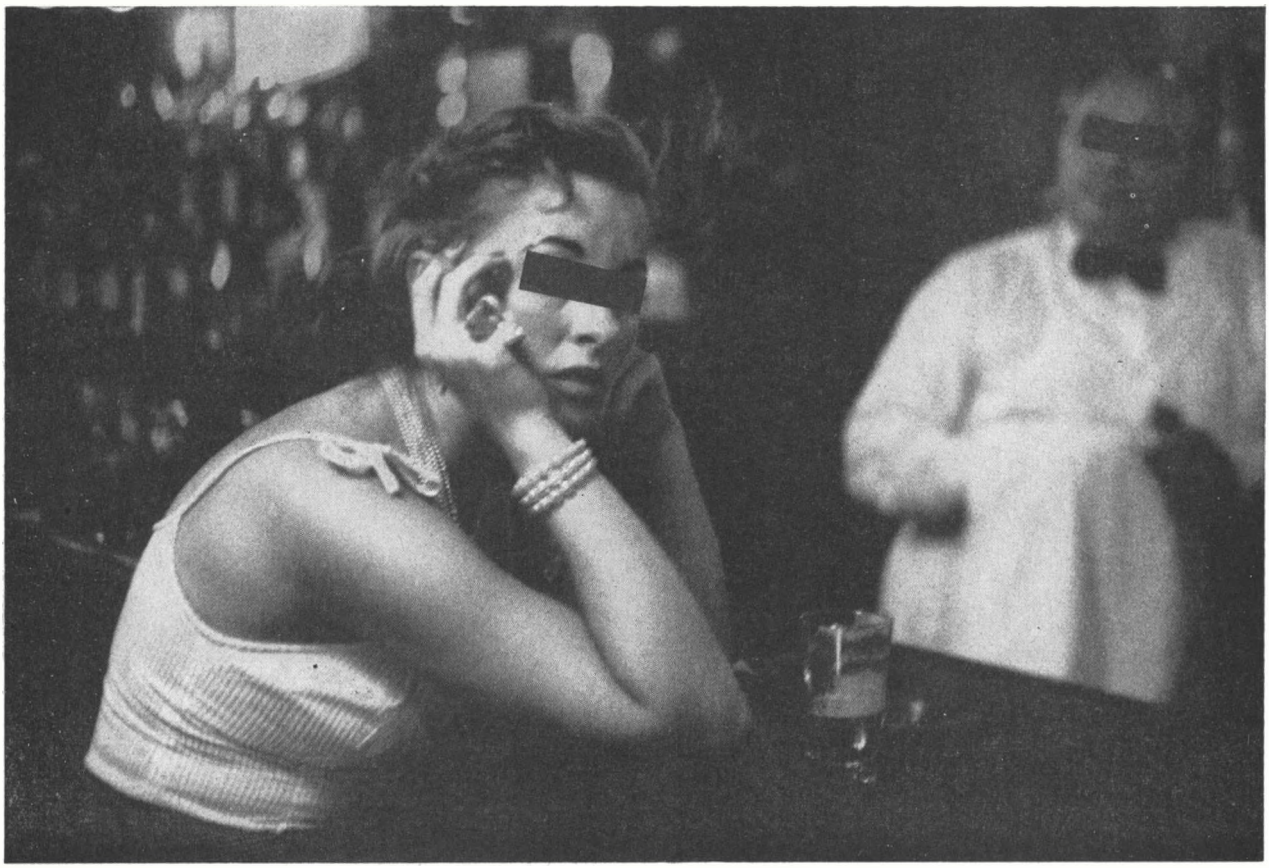
VICE CONTROL RATINGS

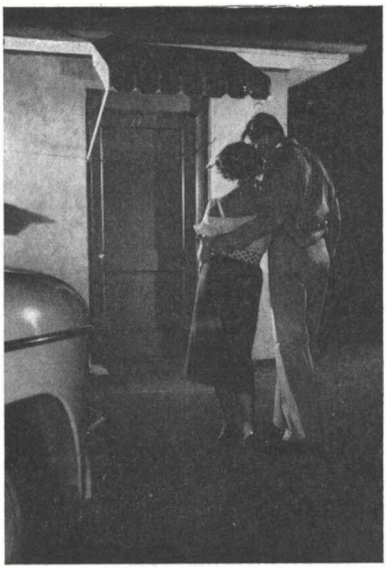
Prostitution around military camps affects communities in all parts of the country. Here, from reports of anti-vice organizations and REDBOOK'S own investigation, are five cities notoriously bad in their control of organized vice and five others which have earned good ratings:

Five of the worst: **Laramie, Wyo.; Savannah, Ga.; New Orleans, La.; Lafayette, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.**

Five of the best: **Raleigh, N. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Detroit, Mich.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**

THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICTS ARE CLOSED. BUT BARS AND HOTELS HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACE





"She was sitting at the bar, tossing off drinks and smearing her eye-paint as she drank and cried and drank. 'I ruined myself,' she kept repeating, 'and now I'm ruining all these kids.'"

"The procession of soldiers between the bar and the dingy 'tourist court' near by was a steady one. I saw one girl disappear with four different soldiers within an hour and a half."

shocking one. I saw cities in which local citizens complacently ignored the vice-racketeers, panderers and harlots in their midst. But I also visited towns in which the citizens —not the armed forces, not the politicians but the ordinary citizens—had driven the prostitutes out and kept them out.

In fact, I came rapidly to the conclusion that this was a critical problem that could really be solved only by the communities themselves. The Army, Navy and Air Force could exert some pressure—and in most cases were doing their best. But the real cleanup had to start from within.

Many thoughtless or callous citizens are too ready to blame the growth of prostitution on the servicemen themselves. This is, of course, sheer nonsense. I talked to dozens of soldiers, sailors and airmen, and most were clean-cut youngsters. They were your friends and fiancés, perhaps, and by no stretch of the imagination hardened young delinquents—although pompous city fathers too often treat them as such.

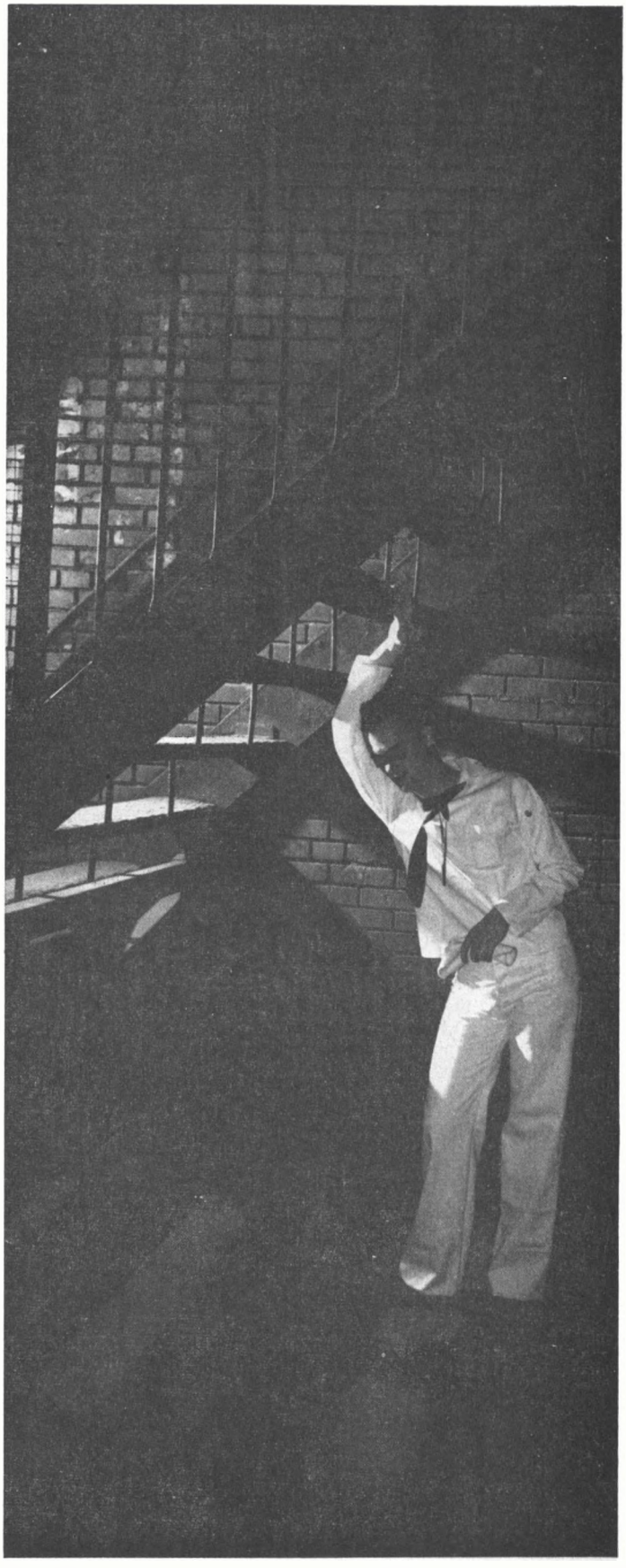
In the communities that have clamped down on prostitution and its allied vices, young servicemen are by and large sober and well-behaved. But in towns where the lid is off, the youngsters, unrestrained by normal bonds of friends and family, are apt to accept what they are too immature to resist.

I talked to an 18-year-old soldier who had been picked up by MPs in an off-limits bordello down on Savannah, Georgia's, tawdry Indian Street. "No," he said, "I don't suppose I'd ever have been in a place like that back home. First of all, our town's been cleaned up for years. Second place, my folks kept a pretty close eye on me. Down here, though, things seemed different. Some of the other guys talk you into it, and most of the towns around here are wide open."

Although the community must take most of the blame, both the community *and* the servicemen pay the price for this degradation. The community suffers in lawlessness and corruption, because vice invariably breeds other crimes. The armed forces pay a heavy price in the loss of millions of man-hours and the considerable expense of treating VD. In the U. S. Third Army Area, where I made my investigation, 36 soldiers out of every 1,000 required treatment for VD last year. And their infection inevitably had consequences for the health of the community as a whole.

But crime and disease are not the only evil effects of commercial vice. Marriage counselors, psychiatrists and sociologists are coming to realize the serious and lasting effects which sex-for-a-fee can have on the impressionable youngster in uniform—and also on the girl he later marries.

Dr. Maurice J. Karpf, of Beverly Hills, California, a distinguished consultant on family problems, recently presented a thoughtful study of "The Effects of Prostitution on Marital Sex Adjustment" *(Continued on page 87)*

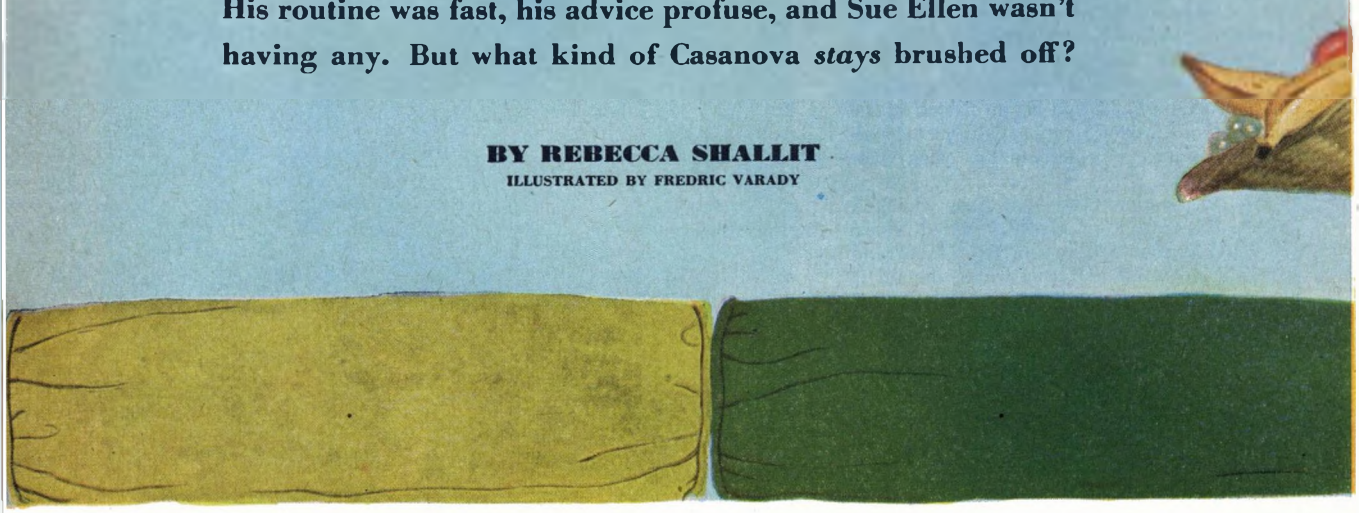


"I saw the sailor outside, trying hard to keep from collapsing. 'She rolled me,' he said thickly. 'She took me up to the hotel room, and afterward, she took every cent I had.'"

WOLF AT HER DOOR

His routine was fast, his advice profuse, and Sue Ellen wasn't having any. But what kind of Casanova *stays* brushed off?

BY REBECCA SHALLIT
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



The taxi man carried Sue Ellen's suitcases in for her and departed—and Sue Ellen was on her own in New York. To be exact, she was in a one-room-and-kitchenette apartment in the Village that she had found all by herself through an ad in the morning *Times*, with a secretarial job starting tomorrow that she had found ditto.

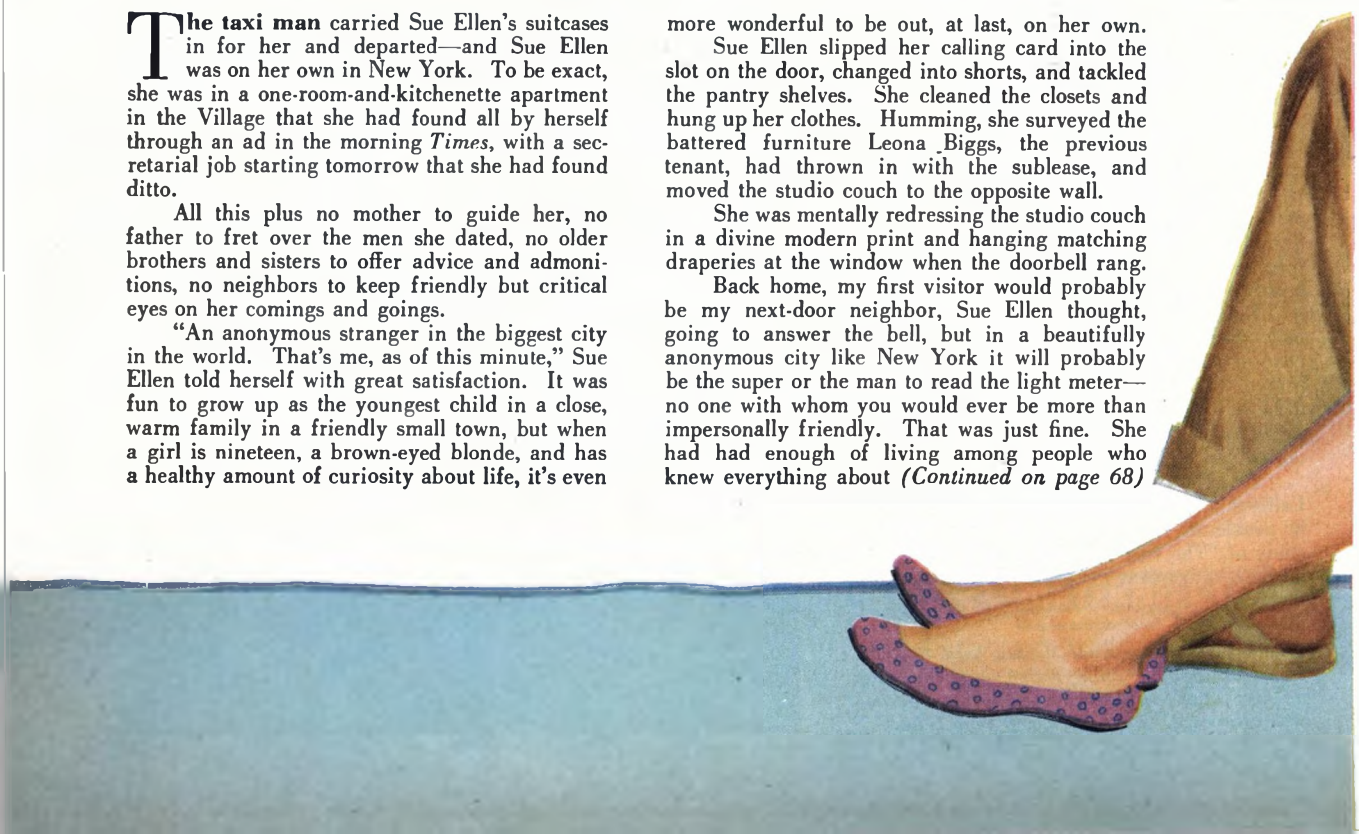
All this plus no mother to guide her, no father to fret over the men she dated, no older brothers and sisters to offer advice and admonitions, no neighbors to keep friendly but critical eyes on her comings and goings.

"An anonymous stranger in the biggest city in the world. That's me, as of this minute," Sue Ellen told herself with great satisfaction. It was fun to grow up as the youngest child in a close, warm family in a friendly small town, but when a girl is nineteen, a brown-eyed blonde, and has a healthy amount of curiosity about life, it's even more wonderful to be out, at last, on her own.

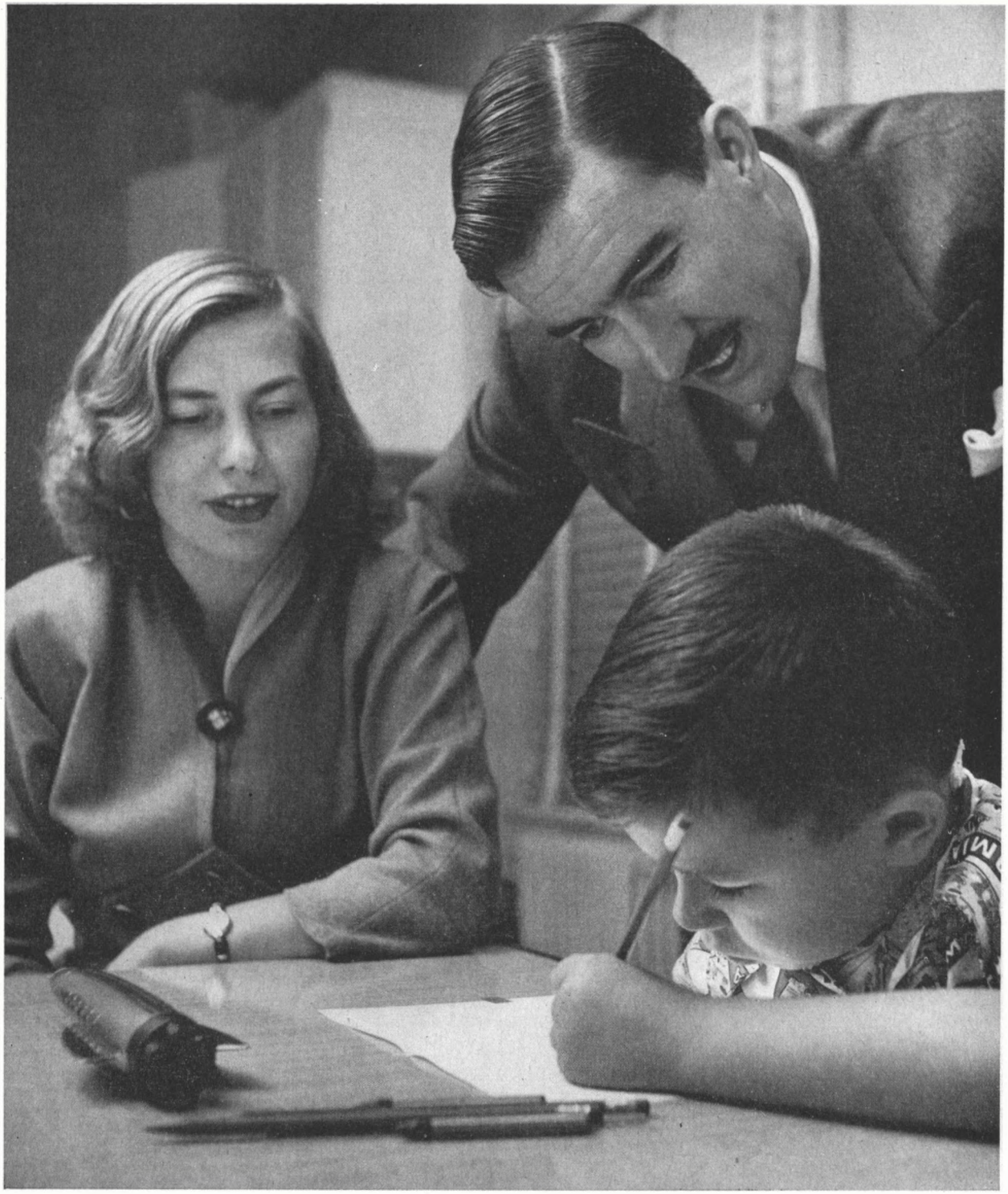
Sue Ellen slipped her calling card into the slot on the door, changed into shorts, and tackled the pantry shelves. She cleaned the closets and hung up her clothes. Humming, she surveyed the battered furniture Leona Biggs, the previous tenant, had thrown in with the sublease, and moved the studio couch to the opposite wall.

She was mentally redressing the studio couch in a divine modern print and hanging matching draperies at the window when the doorbell rang.

Back home, my first visitor would probably be my next-door neighbor, Sue Ellen thought, going to answer the bell, but in a beautifully anonymous city like New York it will probably be the super or the man to read the light meter—no one with whom you would ever be more than impersonally friendly. That was just fine. She had had enough of living among people who knew everything about *(Continued on page 68)*



"I am Ken McKendrick, your next-door neighbor. The fruit is a modest good-will offering."



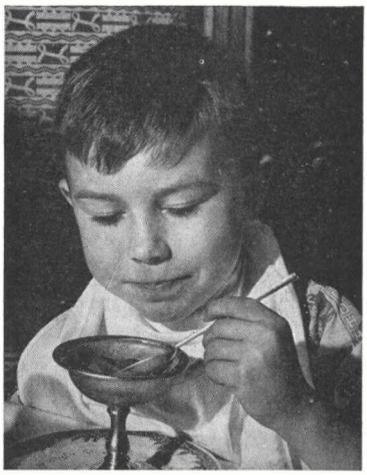
"Suddenly We Were *FREE*"

The Hall family goes shopping in New York. Klara, shown looking at dresses in "Design House," replenished wardrobe with hats, shoes, slips, stockings and a fur jacket.

Their American visit gave the Halls an opportunity to explore such native institutions as the supermarket *(above)*. Nicky, aged six and a half, discovered soda pop, bananas and American ice cream. He also discovered another common practice of American boys: bicycles and how to fall off them and break your arm.

Two young people meet in Moscow. They fall in love, they marry—and begin a terrifying ordeal that lasts for seven years

BY WILLIAM PETERS
PHOTOS BY IKE VERN



EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this article is written, other Soviet wives of British citizens remain in Moscow, waiting, as Klara Hall waited, for the Soviet Government to allow them to join their husbands. And Klara's mother still lives there, too. Unhappy as the Halls were over their long and unjust separation, both are determined not to say anything which might jeopardize the chances of these other women or endanger the security of Klara's mother. Therefore, their story is a strictly personal one which makes no attempt to comment on politics inside Russia.*

It was hot and bright at the airport in Montreal, Canada, as the big transatlantic airliner rolled to a stop and the portable steps were wheeled into place. From a crowd of reporters and photographers, a tall, dark, good-looking young man appeared, walking quickly to the foot of the steps. His name was Alfred C. Hall, and he had come to meet his wife and son.

He shifted a bouquet of white carnations and bouvardia from hand to hand as he waited impatiently for the door of the plane to open. He paced nervously back and forth, trying vainly to see through the row of windows into the plane. And then the door was opened, and at the top of the steps was the woman he had waited more than seven years to see—Klara Georgievna Strunina Hall, his wife. At her side was a stocky, well-built little boy of six and a half—Nicholas John Hall, the son Alfred had never seen.

Racing up the steps, Alfred was met halfway by Nicky. The boy threw his arms around his father and hugged him with complete abandon. "Daddy!" he cried. The word went straight to Alfred's heart.

Then Klara was in his arms, and his mind struggled to reach across the years, the hundreds of letters, the agonies of uncertainty, the aching pain of separation for words which would bring them close together again. "Darling . . ." he said.

Unmindful of the *(Continued on page 78)*

"Bring Us Prince Charles!"

BY ROBERT MUSEL

DECORATIONS BY AURELIUS BATTAGLIA

LONDON

On a sandpile in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, a small boy plays he is climbing Mt. Everest. Occasionally he wonders if other little boys have footmen and bodyguards. As he stands astride the miniature peak, imagining the whole world spread out before him, he sometimes is snapped back from his reverie by vague feelings that his playmates never climb as high or see as far as he.

And his playmates never have and never will, for the small boy is Prince Charles of England, future monarch of Great Britain and the Dominions across the seas, an empire on which the sun still hasn't set.

For the first time Charles knows that somehow he is different from other little boys. He had thought for a while that friendly people waved at all little boys when they went for a drive. Now he knows they wave at him because he is some kind of a special little boy. He knows now, too, that every mother is not a queen, although he is still a little hazy about what a queen does. He has an indistinct idea that she is very important, but he knows he does not have to bow to her before being kissed as he used to do to Grandpa—the late George VI—who was King.

It will be hard to keep from him much longer that "Prince Charles" is not simply a name like that of Andrew Hay, a playmate. He will learn soon that he is the Duke of Cornwall, the Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron Renfrew and the Lord of the Isles. The first of the tutors who will increasingly surround him during the long years of preparation for the throne are beginning to take over his education.

Childhood has always been part of the price demanded by the crown, but Queen Elizabeth and her handsome blond husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, are doing everything they can to delay what they must know is inevitable.

Already this natural love of parents for a son has led to ugly rumors that he is the pawn

How does it feel to be a prince? How does the royal family manage their son who some day will rule England? Read this story of a little boy trying to find fun in a big palace

in a move for power. Shortly after King George VI died, in the winter of 1952, the new Queen made it known she would like the Regency Act changed so that if anything happened to her before Charles was 21, he would come under the guidance of his father. Under the Regency Act as approved in 1936, the Prince would be placed in the custody of his aunt, Princess Margaret, the next adult in succession to the throne. But when the bill authorizing the change was introduced, there was gossip that it was another move by the Mountbatten family to maintain its position.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a nephew of Earl Mountbatten, and there are quite a few in Britain jealous of the brilliant admiral and his Countess. Some newspapers even expressed editorial uneasiness about taking the heir to the throne out of the control of the next adult in succession.

The Queen was not upset by the reports. Britain clings frantically to tradition, and some opposition was expected. Besides, she was busy preparing an elaborate plan to avoid the heartbreak she tried so unsuccessfully to hide when she and the Duke returned from their visit to Canada in November, 1951. Charles was then three years old.

After five weeks overseas, Elizabeth and her Duke returned home to a nation eager for a welcoming celebration. Flags waved, bands played, a guard of honor stood stiffly erect at the station. Prince Charles was there with Queen Mother Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Elizabeth, despite her schooling, could not conceal her emotion. She bent down to kiss Charles, but he drew back as though from a stranger—and newsreel cameras caught the awful moment. There was not a mother in the land who would have changed places with Elizabeth then. The Duke quickly noted what had happened and contented himself with merely touching his son's head.

It was no surprise *(Continued on page 50)*

When a woman loves and misses her husband, loneliness is a terrifying abyss—if she fears to trust herself with other men!

BY RUTH TEMPEST

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Whenever she told it, Anne Carpenter laughed.

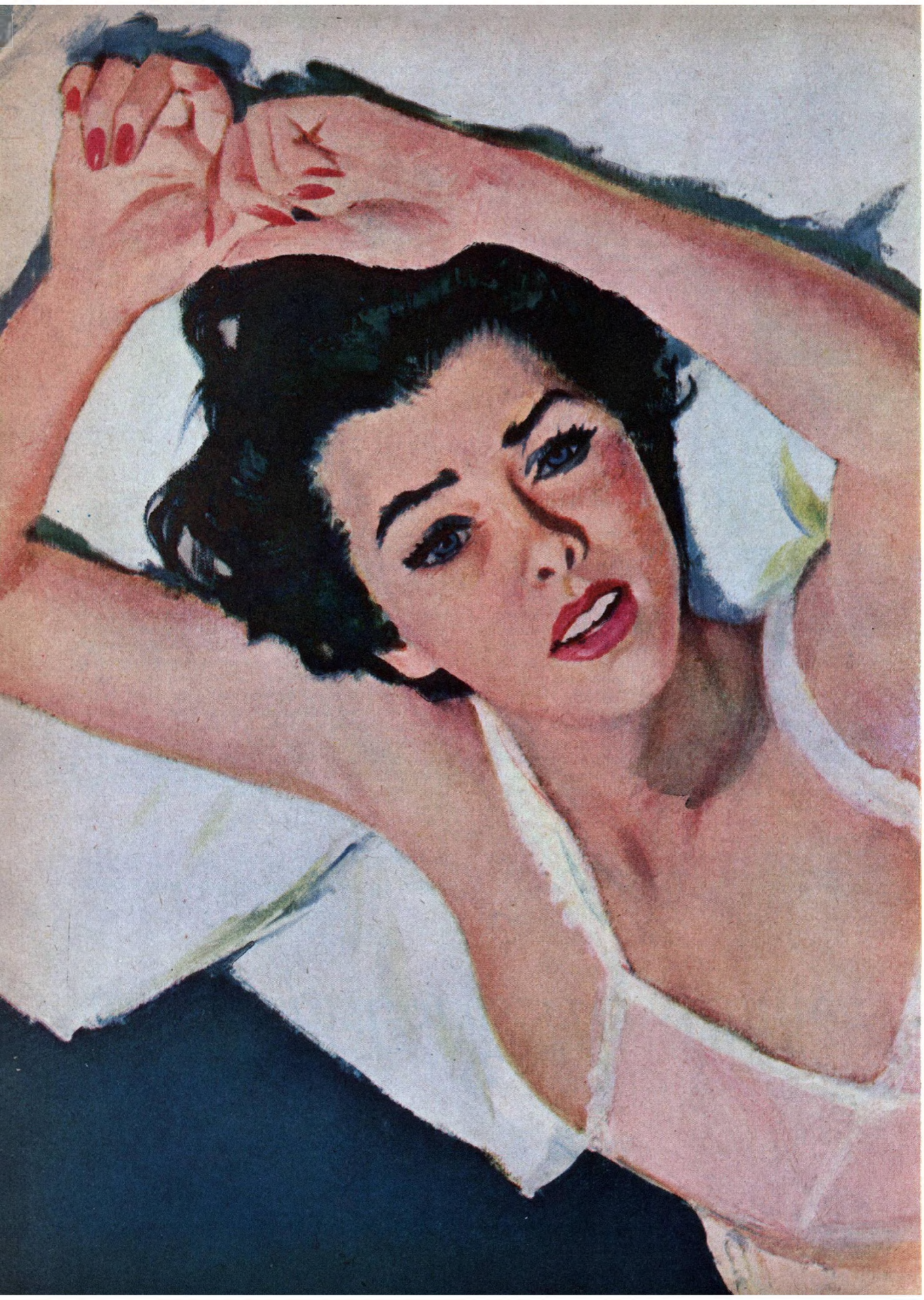
"I've got a date for the Civic Club dance—do you think everyone will be scandalized? After all—an old married woman like me!"

It was natural to laugh, describing herself that way. She was 28 and looked younger and was happily married and had been for nearly eight years. But there seemed to her friends something a bit frantic in her laughter, queerly insistent in the way she reiterated her mock alarm. They excused her tension, however, by noting that, after all, her husband, Gary, had been overseas almost four months now, the guns were then still firing in Korea, and she must be worried. . . .

And, of course, she did worry. Not just every time the doorbell rang unexpectedly, or when the mail was late, or when she saw the week's war-plane losses totaled in the Saturday papers. But constantly, wordlessly, physically, with a tenseness of the throat, a dryness of the mouth, an ache of longing at the sight of a uniform.

An ache of longing . . . this was the great factor in her turmoil: A factor she would admit, to herself as well as to others, only by indirect, too-casual references to "scandal."

Actually, Anne Carpenter knew perfectly well that nobody could find any source of gossip in the fact that Martin Morley had asked her to the Civic Club dance. He was a business associate of Gary's. *(Continued on page 81)*



"My Wife Loves Her Mother

How can Don handle this problem? He found that he has to compete with his mother-in-law

One thing I never expected to worry about is mother-in-law trouble, because, from the first time I met her, I genuinely liked my wife's mother. She's not nosy, dictatorial or sugary-sweet. She's a genial woman with a big heart and the talent to mother the whole world. People spill their troubles to her and always say of her, "She's so real," or "She's a swell person." And it's true, she is, but in the past year I've begun to wonder if it's possible to be too swell.

She and Sally, my wife, are such close pals that Sally doesn't make other friends, and even our marriage takes second place.

When we had some people from my office to dinner a couple of weeks ago, Sally's folks were there, too. That happens most of the time.

"I invite them because they're the best fun of anybody I know," Sally has explained on several occasions. "When Mom's here I know the party will be a success."

I must admit she doesn't dampen anybody's spirits. Her name is Helen, and mostly I call her that—sometimes Mom. We all live in a metropolitan part of southern California, in different suburban towns, but actually we're only two miles apart. Sally and Helen phone each other every day and see each other at least three times a week. Usually they have lunch together and then go shopping or marketing, drive out to the country for tree-ripened oranges, take the kids to the beach. Sally never goes to the supermarket alone; she says it's much easier for two of them to keep an eye on the kids, and I suppose that's so. Still it bothers me.

I met Sally in 1946 when I was still in the Army, stationed just outside Los Angeles. She's got four brothers and sisters and they practically made me one of the family. Compared to Army life, it seemed like heaven. I proposed to Sally on our second date, but we didn't get married until I was discharged nearly a year later.

We had a honeymoon in Palm Springs on the last of my military pay, and when Sally phoned her mother every day, I teased her.

"Tell her I'm beating you," I'd whisper, nibbling on her ear while she talked.

"Don!" she'd laugh. "Now, stop distracting me."

"What do you think you're doing to me?"

Dr. Emily Mudd shows how to find more happiness in family living

Dr. Mudd is president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, and Director, Marriage Council of Philadelphia

It's a lot easier for a man to say to himself, "My wife loves her mother too much," than to say, "I'm disappointed in the girl I married." Yet this is Don's essential trouble—*not his mother-in-law.*

If Sally's mother were to die tomorrow this young couple wouldn't find their problem solved immediately. Sally would still have trouble making new friends, sharing Don's interests, finding stimulation in new experiences and new people. She has remained a limited person, and any change in her would take time. Right now Don is the one who will have to do something about it, since he is the one who is aware of being unhappy.

Sally needs to grow up, I know, but Don will get nowhere by just resenting her behavior. She needs his help.

He might begin by talking frankly to his mother-in-law—telling her how he feels. It's possible she's aware of the situation but hasn't found a way to do anything

Too Much"

A YOUNG HUSBAND'S STORY AS TOLD TO MICHAEL DRURY

Once I took the phone out of her hand and said into it, "G'by, Mom," firmly, and hung up. Sally wasn't amused. She called right back to be sure Helen wasn't annoyed—which she wasn't at all.

Then, a real rebellion

Two weeks later, we headed for the University of Missouri, but not before Sally staged a minor rebellion. I had about two more years of study before I'd get my degree. Many times we'd talked about going back to school, but when it came right down to leaving, Sally balked.

She dreamed up all kinds of seemingly logical reasons why we shouldn't go: I was 25 and too old for school; she would feel out of place among college students; I should get a job because we needed the money; she wanted to have a baby.

Sally was nice about it—never pulled any dramatic emotional outbursts—but I finally became upset and a little mad. "Doesn't my job future mean anything to you? Don't you want to go where your husband has to go? Are you sorry you married me?"

She threw her arms around me. "Oh, darling, don't say that. It's just that I—well, I've never lived anywhere but California. My family and all my friends are here."

I laughed. "Is that all? You had me scared for a minute. Honey, you'll love Missouri. Wait'll you see snow—and the leaves in the fall are something you won't believe."

"I've seen snow. I've been to Lake Arrowhead lots of times. It's pretty, but I wouldn't want to live in it."

"Honey," I persisted, "you've been reading California travel ads. This is a big country. Once you get out in it, you'll love it."

Well, I was wrong.

We went to Missouri all right, and our marriage worked out fine, but Sally never learned to love any place except California. Our love for each other grew with every anniversary—we were still counting them by the month at that point—but in a hundred small ways I knew Sally missed her family, especially her mother. They exchanged letters about twice a week. If Helen missed a week she'd write special delivery so Sally wouldn't worry.

We rented the top floor of an old three-story house, and Sally put a lot of effort into fixing it up. She's good at that sort of thing. Then she spent hours drawing a floor plan and taking photographs to send to Helen. Nothing seemed to have com- *(Continued on page 76)*

about it. Maybe she's even wise enough to realize it's Don's business and Sally's, not hers. And in any event, she's not a mind-reader.

I know one young man who was having trouble with his mother-in-law because she interfered in raising his children. His wife constantly deferred to her mother, and the young father felt pushed aside, cut off from his own children. He was angry at his wife and still more angry at her mother—but he said nothing.

His disturbed feelings came out in his relationships with his boss, his fellow workers, and finally began to affect his job. When a counselor pointed out that he had every right and need to tell the older woman politely but firmly how he felt, he waited till the next time they argued over discipline and then said:

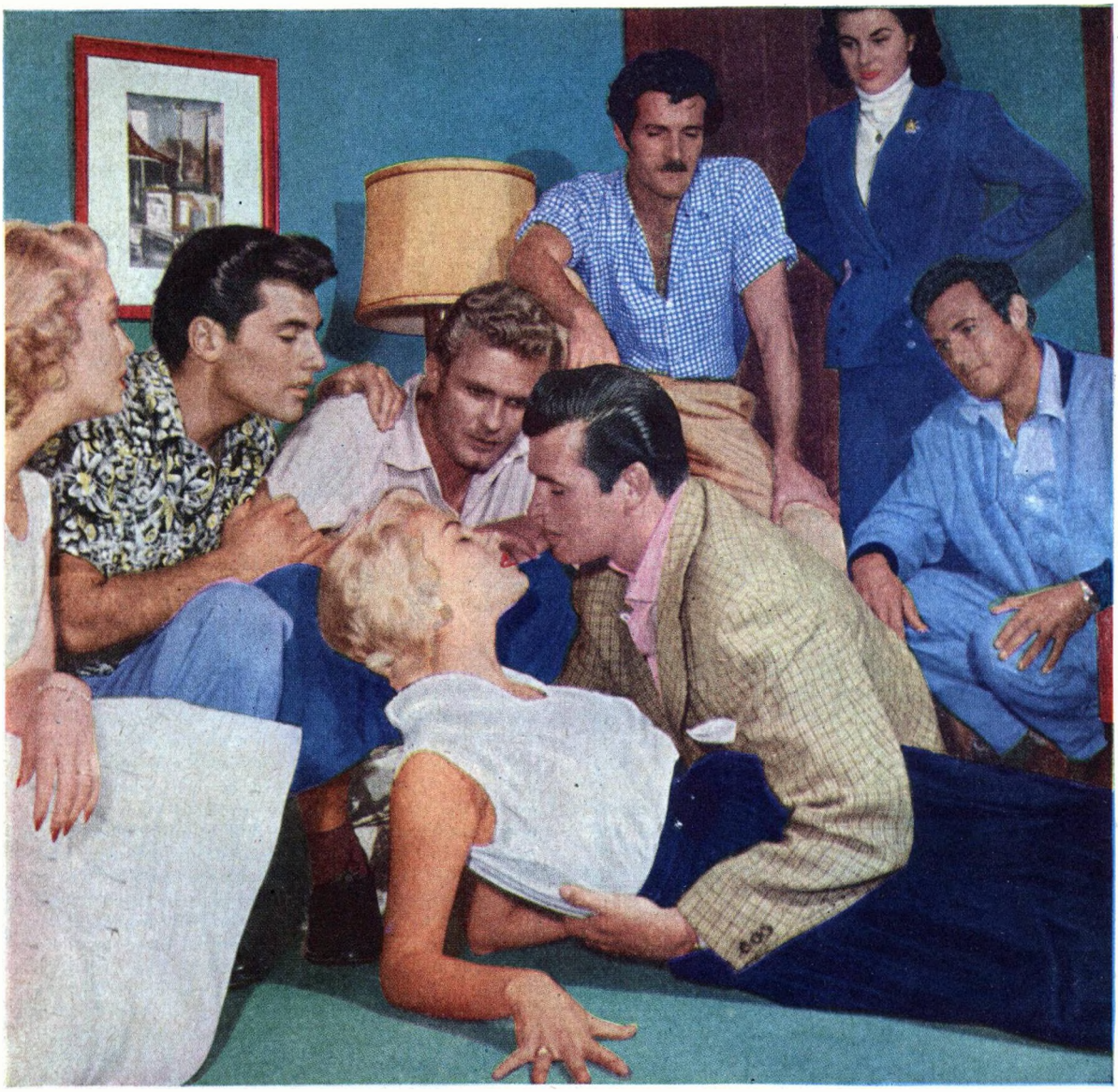
"Mother. you are the children's grandmother. We love you, and you fill a place in their lives nobody else can touch. I'm glad they have you. But we are their parents, and how they are brought up is strictly up to us."

Jean's mother took this a little hard at first, but later she confessed, "Do you know, I like being a grandmother now that I've learned how? Why, I can relax. I don't have to go through all the problems of child-rearing again."

Often the conflicts involving in-laws in a marriage are a matter of getting each person's role straight. A wife is no longer a little girl. Whether Sally likes it or not, she has moved into a new role now, where more is required of her, but also where the rewards are greater. It's not exactly, as Don claims, a business of "forsaking" one's parents—that's pretty drastic. It means putting first things first. Sally hasn't stopped being a daughter, but she has become a wife and mother *first.*

The same thing is true of Helen, Sally's mother. She has now moved into the grandmother department.

This is a special place for *(Continued on page 72)*



Eager to learn, students watch closely as Kathleen Hughes and Gregg Palmer demonstrate a vital acting technique.

HOLLYWOOD'S 3 Rs

Reading, Romance and Rhythm are the basic subjects taught in a unique school that gives talented youngsters their chance at stardom

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER
PHOTOS BY WILLIAM WALLING—ROBERT INGLES

"**Why do you leave me alone** *every* night?" the young woman wailed.

"I don't leave you alone every night. I just want to go out once with the gang."

"I stay at home and *stare* at the walls while you're having fun. My mother *told* me it would be like this!"

"*Your* mother is lucky your old man hasn't slugged her."

There was a sharp crack of a slap.

"Hey!" cried a startled, bushy-haired youth named Hugh O'Brian. "This is supposed to be *acting!*"

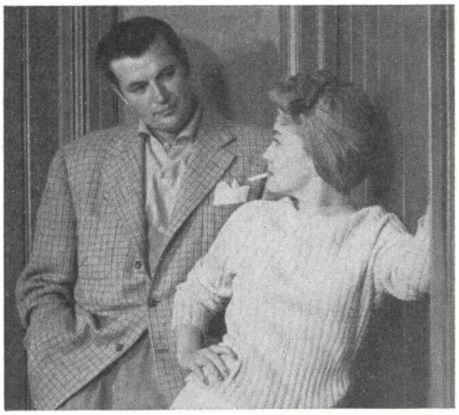
His "wife," a charming youngster named Lisa Gaye, blushed.

The delighted audience broke into loud applause. There were a dozen young men and women in the cozy office of Estelle K. Harman, drama coach for Universal-International, and each one represented a minimum investment of $27,000 in that movie studio's unique Development Program.

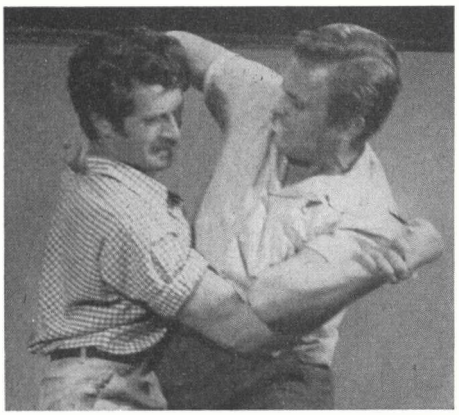
Such dramatic exercises—improvising dialogue on a situation—are part of the intensive schedule for 37 stars

FUTURE STARS NEED MANNERISMS AND MUSCLES

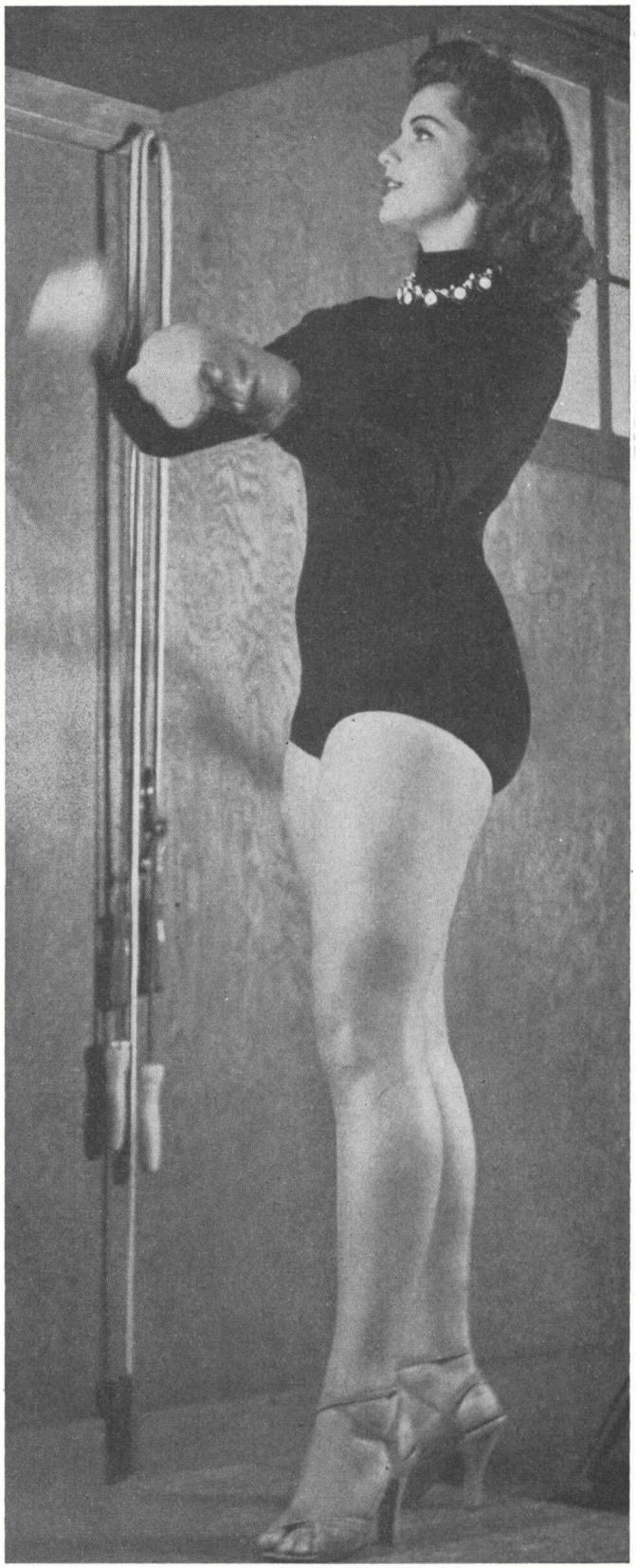
"Open-eyed smile" is the lesson for the day as drama coach Estelle Harman *(left)* gives Kathleen Hughes some special tutoring.



Class assignment in improvising character calls for Lori Nelson and Gregg Palmer to act out a hard-boiled street-corner scene.

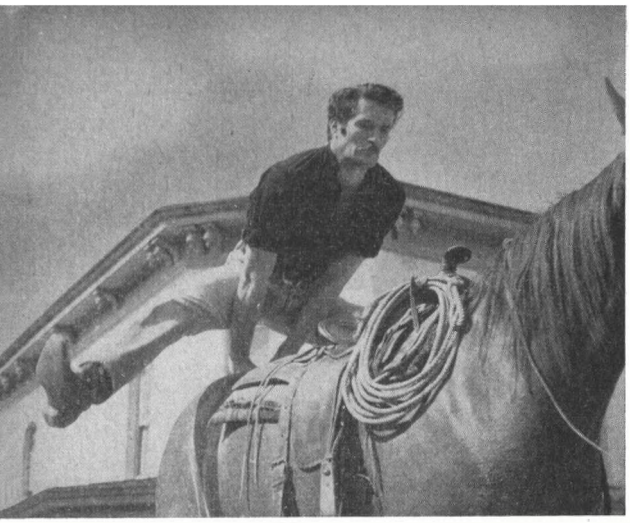


Hand-to-hand fighting is a "must" for movie heroes. Hugh O'Brian *(left)* and Bill Leslie practice the grapple, groan and grimace.

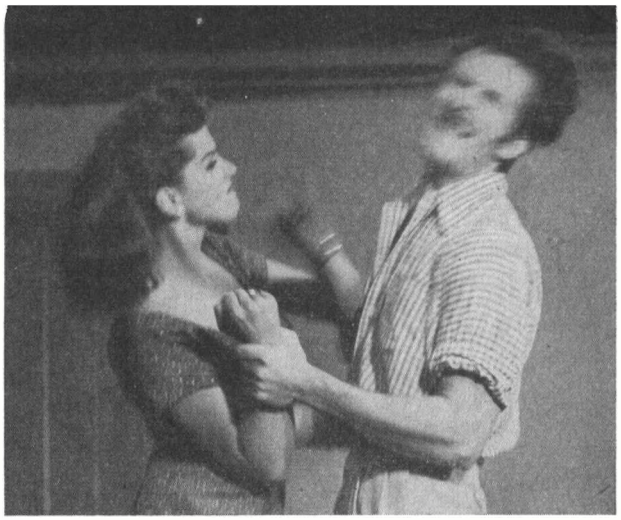


Lovely Lisa Gaye does her body-building exercises in the gym.

For more pictures of the schooling of young stars, please turn the page



For Westerns, which are a Universal-International specialty, actors like Hugh O'Brian are trained to do a good deal of their emoting on horseback.



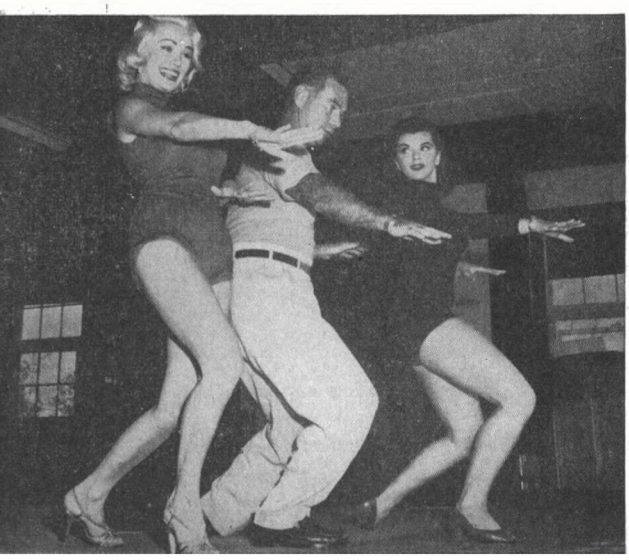
After learning how to ride and wrestle (see the picture at the left and the one at the bottom of the previous page), Hugh O'Brian practices another crucial lesson: taking slap from Lisa Gaye.

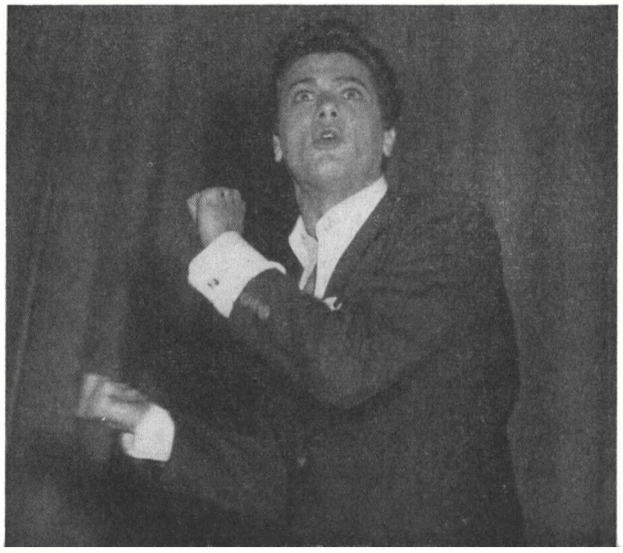
Drama coach Harman instructs Bart Roberts in proper way to weave for a drunk scene. Roberts put the instruction to good use in a recently completed picture.

Another kind of walking is Susan Cabot's assignment for the day. Mrs. Harman teaches her how to make a graceful descent toward her escort, waiting at the foot of the stairs.

Dance director Kenny Williams puts Mamie Van Doren *(left)* and Lisa Gaye through a rehearsal for their parts in the Universal-International talent show.

Tony Curtis, one of the most successful alumni of the U-I school, "graduated" at the talent show with a rendition of "All You Need Is One Good Break." He got one—and became a star.





and starlets set up by U-I at a cost of almost $1,000,000 a year. "We tell them this is a working studio, not the old swimming hole," explains Robert Palmer, the casting director who is cosupervisor of the program. "If these kids are not interested in their careers, they can't expect us to be."

U-I is possibly the only studio in Hollywood which is still fulfilling the old dream of motion pictures—the opportunity for glamour and fortune which once kept hopeful young people streaming to California. Here, a youngster with no more than looks and personality—sometimes, to the casual observer, without either—may work toward the highest success that Hollywood can offer.

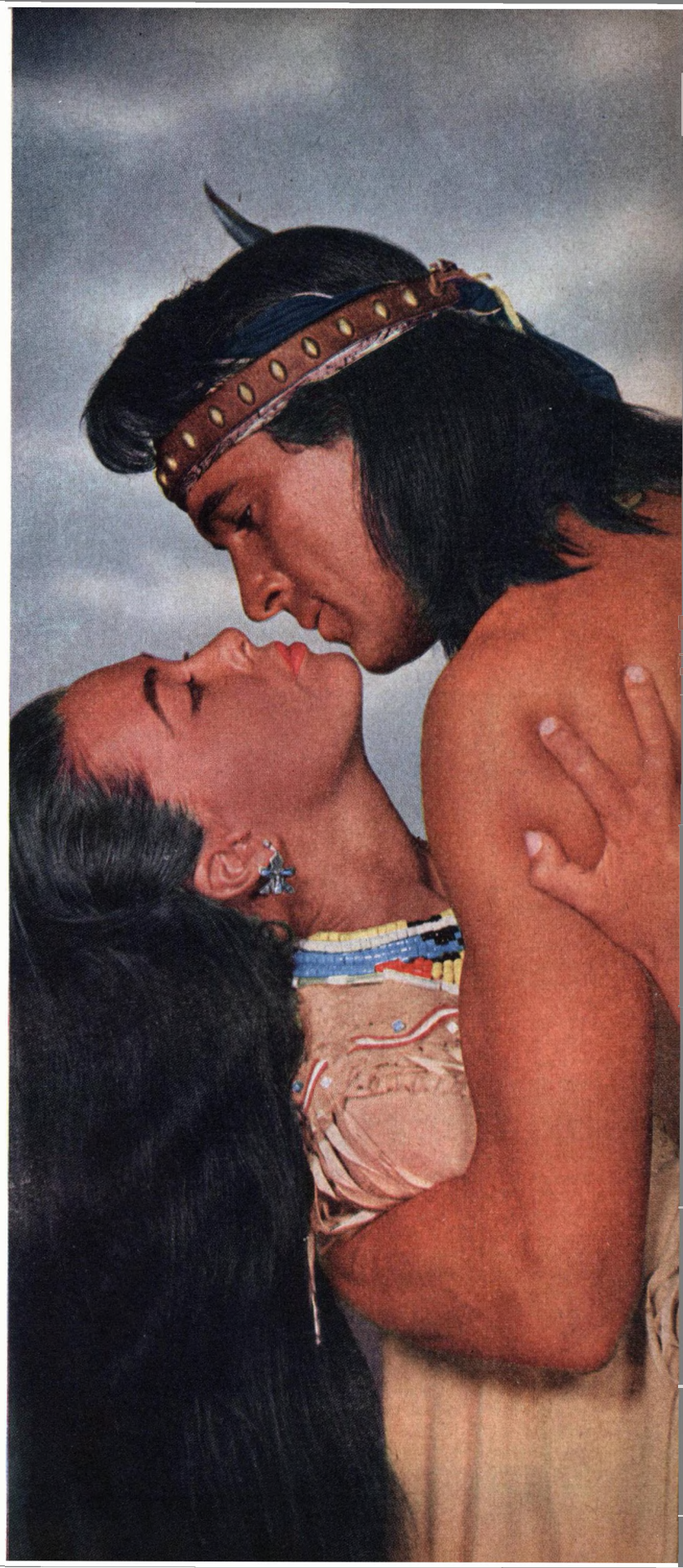
In the last few years, facing the ogre of television and enduring such innovations as wide-screen and 3-D, U-I has been the only studio to pin its faith on creating youthful stars by the dozen.

"Giving young people a break is more than just altruism," says Edward Muhl, vice-president in charge of production. "Kids like Deanna Durbin singlehandedly saved Universal from bankruptcy in the old days. Youngsters with fresh faces and new energy and talent brought the company to its peak today. We want them to make their money and reputation with us—and we'll do all right as a corporation."

U-I interviews about 60 hopefuls every month, auditions 10, and screen-tests an average of less than one. This investment in youth and talent has paid off. At a time when most Hollywood studios are languishing on the box-office vine, U-I is bursting with new faces and profits. Thirteen of the studio's roster of 22 stars are home-grown—Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Marcia Henderson, Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Tony Curtis, Audie Murphy, Mari Blanshard, Suzan Ball, Peggy Dow, Susan Cabot, Kathleen Hughes and Barbara Rush. Their training, including salary, has so far cost an average of more than $75,000 each, but the returns on their pictures have paid off 500 per cent.

From modest beginnings five years ago, the U-I "emoting university" has grown to include a half-dozen other activities: a health emporium, operated by Frankie Van, an ex-boxer; a riding academy, run by Jimmie Phillips, an ex-Nevada wrangler; dancing classes with Kenny Williams, who has spent 10 years originating major studio dance routines; the "High-C-House," singing classes conducted by John Scott, a teaching veteran of 14 years. There are diction lessons, fencing sessions, and—if necessary—outside tutoring.

Every 60 days, Mrs. Harman submits a written report on each student. Ten



Two star pupils, Barbara Rush and Rock Hudson, show results of their schooling in "Taza, Son of Cochise" in 3-D.

copies go to production executives and directors. Those whose reports are bad are given personal talks by Mrs. Harman, casting director Palmer, by Jim Pratt, the studio manager, and finally by Muhl.

No decision is made until all departments have reported. Susan Cabot, on the verge of having her option dropped, went to a top executive and complained she was not getting a chance to demonstrate her abilities. She got a thorough talent review—and a starring role in the studio's next production.

The young player is either culled out or carried along at option time—every six months at first, then yearly. If his pay (starting as low as $75 a week) is raised or a new contract written—some have had three new contracts in 14 months, each doubling their salary—this is a sign as definite as the first bud of spring. The student is on his way toward the Big Buildup—the currying and grooming which precede the gallop to star billing.

One student, an exhotrodder named Race Gentry, played the son of Rock Hudson in a Western, "The Lawless Breed." His four-minute portrayal brought such a rash of fan mail that the studio is now plumping him into star parts.

Instruction in drama takes up between 10 and 12 hours a week, exclusive of private tutoring or rush jobs to "give a girl a gimmick"—an acting trick such as a gesture or intonation—for a picture which may begin shooting the next week. Lessons include interpretation, improvisation, rehearsals, "read-backs" (individual voice film recordings heard and criticized by the whole class), and finally each year a $7000 "Inside U-I" revue, in which most of the young players participate. The show is not open to the public. It is chiefly to impress producers and directors on the U-I lot with the talent they already have under contract—oddly enough, a hard thing to do in Hollywood.

Works from William Saroyan to William Shakespeare are included in the drama classes. All contractees of less than star status are ordered to participate. At one point, this included Buddy Hackett, a chubby young comedian. Hackett, whose drama had been largely confined to the witticisms of New York's East Side, got interested in the Bard. Flippant at first, increasingly serious, he finally did a reading as the tormented king in "Richard III." It was so moving that Tony Curtis, another member of the class, gulped with genuine emotion, "Buddy, you nearly made me cry!"

Occasionally producers like Aaron Rosenberg, directors like Budd Boettscher, or visiting stars will drop into the informal school sessions. Edward G. Robinson came and delivered an hour's talk on acting. "Try to find out what you are inside," he said. "I know there's some of Little Caesar and some of Jesus Christ in every one of us—it's the actor's job to decide what kind of a mixture he needs for each part."

Mrs. Harman deals constantly with romantic feuds and attachments between her students; with mail from crackpots or cranks who are trying to make capital out of youthful success by claiming to be relatives; with hangovers after parties, or resentments over failures to get sought-after parts. One actor, worrying over a role, came to her and asked for the address of a good psychiatrist. She gave it to him, and he turned in an excellent screen portrayal. A pouting actress asked, "Why do I have to wear a false rubber bosom?" Mrs. Harman hastily answered, "Studio policy, my dear."

When U-I students had a recent rash of two sprained ankles, a broken back, torn shoulder, broken foot and bad knee, not one went on layoff. One actor did no work for eight months, but his $200 weekly pay check came in regularly. Mrs. Harman and the studio have been able to find homes for members of her class, get them out of legal scrapes, and counsel them on such essentials as plastic surgery, dentistry and wardrobes.

All but a few of the girls and boys in the school are single, and most of them live alone. One of the few married couples in the class have seen each other for only four months in three years of marriage—because of personal-appearance tours and location trips.

To find young contract players, U-I for the last two years has been the major sponsor of a beauty contest to end all beauty contests: the "Miss Universe" competition at Long Beach, California. The show is useful not only as a publicity stunt, but also as a talent sieve. Most of the contestants who are signed up (80 per cent are dropped within six months) turn out to be linguistic headaches. Erika Norden, Miss Germany of 1952, could not speak a word of English. When she finally did learn, the words came out oddly, such as "I must learn to keep my head cold," when she wanted to say that she must keep cool. In 1953 U-I also put Miss Japan and Miss France under contract. Williams, in teaching Miss France to dance, was bumped by a soft shoulder. "Did I overcome you?" she asked. "I am sweetly sorry, no?" Williams cried gallantly, "No, no! But *squattez* for a while, if you please, ma'm'selle!"

Films are studied on Wednesday of every week—not only U-I's but those of rival studios as well. Marilyn Monroe's exaggerated hip-swinging draws hoots instead of whistles, but performances by such actors as Robert Donat get applause. A typical comment on Jimmy Stewart's work in a Western: "He made a stereotyped plot look very fluid." Asked to translate, the student said, "He was real gone with Stanislavsky."

Next to Mrs. Harman's anteroom, the most popular lounging place is Frankie Van's gymnasium. The tanned, bouncy ex-pug supervises $40,000 worth of rubbing rooms, gym, machinery, showers and dressing cubicles. He guarantees to change the whole appearance of any human being—"except the head, of course"—within six weeks. He does it by massage, exercise and diet.

"I took three inches off Yvonne de Carlo's hips when she was at U-I," says Van. "I put it back on her bust, by exercising her deltoids and latissimuses. Marilyn Maxwell used to be afraid to show her legs until I got hold of them. Ella Raines refused to do cheesecake until I slimmed her up." Nor does Van confine himself to the female figure. He works out such stars as Jimmy Stewart, Jeff Chandler and Tyrone Power until the hardwood floor is littered with poundage dropped from exactly the right places.

Next door to Van's flesh-killer is Williams' rehearsal hall, where the 44-year-old dance director rasps at young actors eight hours a day, four days a week. He marches them around, poking at the slouching spots with a pole. He puts them through the routines of the one-step, foxtrot, two-step and waltz, as well as the more intricate schottische and polka. Catching an extra wiggle in a hula, he is likely to leap over and hold the offending hips, crying, "None of this ad-libbing!"

John Scott, the singing teacher, not only improves student voices but works up stage routines for personal appearances, which are an important part of U-I's program to build their youngsters. He was so successful with Jeff Chandler—who had previously done little but hairy-chest roles—that Chandler is now perfecting a night-club act and will soon sing on records for Decca.

The original idea of developing actors in what amounts to a movie experimental lab was not greeted with wild acclaim. When it was suggested to one prominent U-I producer—no longer with *(Continued on page 73)*

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 42

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

1. Myra was an only child whose parents were devoted to each other. After Myra's father died, her mother tried to make up the loss by giving the little girl much extra care, often remarking that she didn't want any harm to come to the youngster.

2. Sensing her mother's loss, Myra became troubled. She wanted to play, but this seemed wrong when her mother was so sad. At times Myra did go out to play, but it wasn't much fun because she worried that something might happen to her mother.

3. Myra was dating Ed when her mother had a heart attack and had to be confined to her room. After that, Myra and Ed slipped out for dates at night when her mother was in bed. But Myra hated to go home—fearing her mother might be worse.

4. While working to support her mother, Myra became more and more nervous. When Ed took her to a psychologist she explained, "Mother irritates me, but I'm sorry for her and want to help. I can't stop worrying that something will happen to her."

Myra wants to get married. But why can't she stop worrying that something may happen to her mother?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Myra shows** the confusion to be expected from the tired and distraught mind of a devoted and conscientious girl. ☐

2. **Myra has** deep-seated guilt feelings because she secretly wishes something would happen to her mother so she can marry. ☐

3. **Myra, still** very dependent upon her mother, is afraid that something will happen to her and she will have to marry Ed. ☐

Turn to page 84 for Dr. Martin's analysis

John says. . . .

BY ANN HEAD

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

Thursday

Darling Mumsy and Dad:

Here I sit surrounded by cartons of unpacked wedding presents and trunks of unpacked clothes, but I couldn't wait to write to you another minute. I *wanted* to write from Bermuda, but I was afraid it wasn't the sort of thing one did on a honeymoon.

We had a marvelous time in Bermuda. It is a marvelous place. We went sight-seeing the last day, and John took pictures which we'll send you so you can see for yourself how marvelous it is.

I was so *sure* there would be a letter from you this morning that I waylaid the postman and told him my name and that we were new here, but *no* letter. And I'm so *famished* for news. Did Janey get asked to the Carruthers dance? Have you seen any of *my* friends since the wedding? Does Tabbycat miss me? I wish I had him here now for company. John went off to work this morning, and all of a sudden the place seems terribly empty and I don't feel at all *married*.

I just know there'll be a letter from you tomorrow. There has *got* to be.

DEBORAH

Friday

Dearest Mums:

Your letter came while John and I were having breakfast. As soon as he was gone, I poured another cup of coffee and sat down for a visit with you.

I'm so glad Janey got to the dance. What did she wear? Who did she dance with? She's just got to write me all about it. I practically cried over your description of Sunday breakfast. It sounded so like *home*.

After supper last night (beans, green salad and chops), John took me to a movie. It was nice getting out into the world again and seemed funny to be coming back to our own apartment—funny and kind of wonderful.

Must stop now and make like a housewife. Later I may go for a walk. But it isn't much fun by yourself, especially with nowhere special to walk to. It's awful not knowing anybody.

DEBORAH

P.S. John says he might be able to get off a few days at Christmas, and we could come home. Hallelujah! Only two more months and eight days. John is *wonderful*, and I'm *terribly* happy.

Saturday

Dearest Mums:

Thank Beulah for her roll recipe. I tried it for supper last night (rolls, green salad, beets and chops). Afterward, I got all slicked in the pink cashmere, and we went to call on one of the men (Larry Barnes) in John's office and his wife (Peg). They have an *adorable* house and two *adorable* children and reminded me of you and Dad—at least of how you probably *were*. I liked Peg *very* much, and she promised to call me, but John says I musn't count on it as she is doing all her own work and civic work besides and raising cocker spaniels.

John left the car for me today, but I don't know what to do with it. There's a Van Johnson movie playing, but John might want to see it tonight. Maybe I'll go downtown and look at curtain material. John says no one buys them ready-made any more, but can you imagine *me* making *curtains?* But I suppose if he (John) can make bookcases, I can at least try.

DEBORAH

P.S. When you send the box of winter clothes, please, if there's room, tuck in my memory book and photograph album—the green one with all the pictures I took of the house and graduation.

Monday

Dearest Family:

Yesterday was Sunday, and John was home *all* day long. Our *first* day together in our new home. We had a late breakfast (Beulah's muffins, scrambled eggs and chops). We went to church because John said he thought we should, and afterward I was glad we did. The minister preached about courage, and I felt he was talking right to me. He said most people think of courage as bravery in the face of danger, but courage is also overcoming daily problems. Afterward we met him and his wife, and she asked me to join the woman's auxiliary and I said I would. Can you imagine *me* a church worker?

John took me out to dinner (fried chicken, rice and gravy, peas, biscuits, fruit salad and apple pie), because he said he thought I'd earned a vacation from the kitchen. Then we went for a ride. Then home to work on bookcases and curtains (I got some scrumptious material—chintz with big yellow flowers). We got to bed early (because John has to get up so early) and had no sooner turned the lights off than the doorbell rang. We cowered in the dark, whispering about what we should do. Finally John peeked out the living-room window and saw it was the *Barnes* car! So we scrambled into some clothes and caught them just as they were driving away. They stayed until *midnight*. But we had a wonderful time, and Peg has asked me to bring my curtains around to sew on her machine.

Must stop now and do the breakfast dishes. Also, John says the floors need polishing (however do you do that?), and the minister's wife just called to ask me if I'd help with the Thanksgiving bazaar, and they're meeting this afternoon at two.

I love you every one,

DEBORAH

P.S. John has got four days off at Christmas! Isn't that

wonderful??? I can *hardly* wait.... Later. At the bazaar meeting I was assigned four dozen sugar cookies! I've never made *one*. Please tell Beulah to send me her recipe. I better start practicing.

November 2

Mother dear:

I'm *terribly* sorry it's been so long between letters. Tell Janey I'll really try to write to her this week, but in the meantime tell her to go easy with the Carruthers boy. He's the type that likes a girl he can be *pals* with. Also thank Beulah for the cooky recipe and tell her if she'll try adding just a pinch of cinnamon next time she makes them, it does something.

The curtains, with Peg's help, turned out beautifully. And John has finished the bookcases all except painting them, and I'm going to do that today and surprise him. Besides, we're having the minister and his wife to supper (dinner) tomorrow night (green salad, Beulah's rolls, beans and broiled lambchops), and I do want everything *finished*. Sooo I better stop now and get to work.

DEBORAH

December 3

Dear Mother:

You are sweet to *say* you understand about my not writing, but I know how it must make you *feel*, because I know how I used to feel when I didn't hear from you. BUT John has bought me a sewing machine. AND I'm trying to make him a shirt for Christmas, and I have to work on it while he's out of the house. Goodness, but being married really keeps one *jumping*, but then of course you know all about *that*.

Must dash. Peg is blowing for me to go to market.

Much, much love, to everyone.
Hugs and kisses,

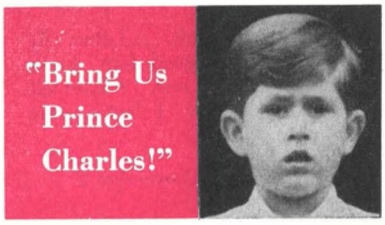
DEBORAH

P.S. Sad news. John can't get but three days off for Christmas. Not really enough time to make a trip home worth it. I hope you and Dad won't be too disappointed. As John says, it isn't as though this is our last Christmas on earth.

Actually, it's our first—I means *ours*.

More love,
D. ... THE END

Illustrated by Milton Wolsky



(Continued from page 37)

to her intimates when Elizabeth arranged her schedule for the next month so she could spend almost all her time winning back her son's heart.

They love each other, and while there is no chance Charles will forget her again, since he is past five, Elizabeth arranged that he follow her recent Commonwealth tour by newsreels, by television, by her daily letters—and even by telephone calls. Whatever title history eventually confers on Charles, the Queen is determined that it shall also say, "the loving son of Queen Elizabeth II."

A member of the palace staff told me once that it is almost impossible to combine the jobs of Queen and mother.

Elizabeth found this to be only too true. But she has managed, by working harder, to make more time for her children.

After breakfast, about 9 or 9:15 A.M., they race down to the Queen's sitting room for an hour. Both the Queen and the Duke are usually there, but one or the other might be away on unavoidable official business. They all play together for a while; then the children go off with Nannie, Helen Lightbody. From 5 P.M. to 6:30 P.M. they play in the corridors under the eyes of the Queen and the Duke, sometimes with them. About 6:30 is bedtime, when the Queen and her husband take the children up to their bedrooms and help them undress and wash.

This is varied only one day a week when the royal family is in London. On Tuesday the Queen must receive the Prime Minister at the children's bedtime hour to hear his report on the Government. Philip alone puts the family to bed that night. On other nights they each read to one of the children—fairy stories are favorites, and cowboy and Indian books brought back from the Canadian tour.

The Queen's working day starts at 8:30 A.M., when she has breakfast with the Duke and scans the newspapers. But she has been known to start earlier so she can finish by 11:30 A.M. instead of noon, and spend the extra time talking with Nannie about the children. It was tactfully suggested to her once that she ought to let others select clothing, shoes, nursery books, but the Queen would not hear of it. She picks out everything the children wear or have read to them, and sometimes she even does the actual shopping.

The Duke insists on treating his children as an ordinary father might, forgetting that the precious succession to the throne is involved. He takes Charles and Anne away for hours, bringing them back dirty, and sometimes drenched but always happy. Sometimes he takes Charles and Anne fishing—he got them small fishing rods modeled after his own—and often he will bundle them into the back of a station wagon for a fast ride around the countryside.

The Duke had an austere upbringing at Gordonstoun School in Scotland, where emphasis is placed on self-reliance, and he has no intention of rearing namby-pambies. Prince Charles is particularly insistent on imitating his father. He not only has a fishing rod, but he also acquired a toy gun, and when the Duke came off the moors near Balmoral during the summer pheasant season he found his son waiting to meet him, in high boots and a green velvet deerstalker hat, his gun ready at his shoulder.

The young prince scowled at the empty air, took steady aim and shouted, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" Three brace of pheasants figuratively hit the moor, to the feigned amazement of the Duke, who uttered an admiring "Well done" before he kissed his son.

Charles celebrated his fifth birthday November 14, and is already one of the richest little boys in the world. By a charter of 1337, the first-born of the sovereign becomes Duke of Cornwall at birth and heir to the revenues of that rich Duchy, at present about $290,000 a year. Prince Charles' own pocket money is only a shilling or two (14 to 28 cents) a week, but $10,000 a year has been set aside from the Duchy's revenues for his upbringing until he is 18. Then he will receive $84,000 a year until he is 21, when he inherits the whole amount.

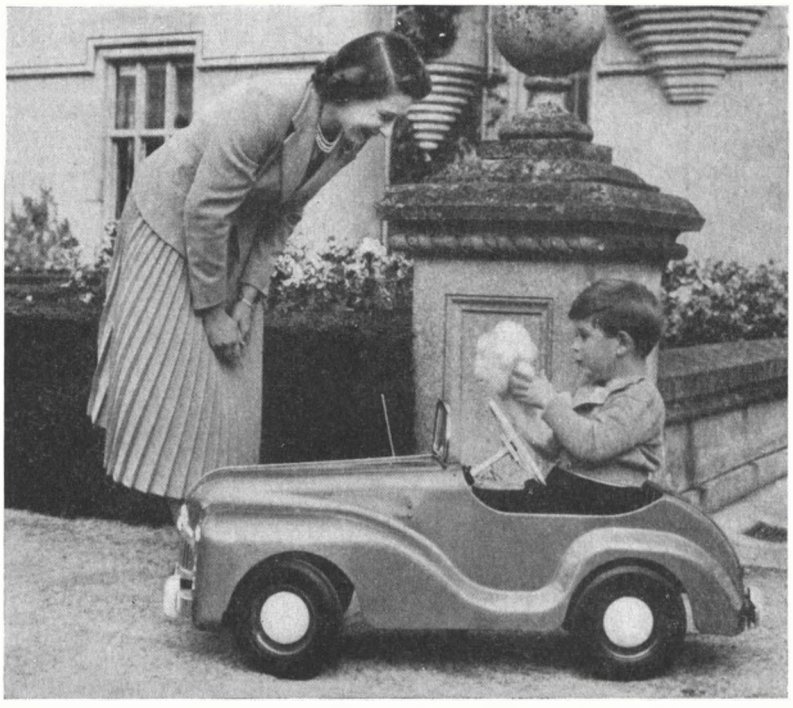
Many people—millions of Welsh, in fact—have expected that Charles would soon be Prince of Wales. But they did not count on Elizabeth's opposition. When she visited the principality in July, crowds shouted, "Bring us Prince Charles!" It took iron will to stand against the overwhelming desire of the Welsh to have their own Prince of Wales again—the Duke of Windsor was the last. But this would entail a ceremony of great solemnity, like a coronation, within the ruined walls of Caernarvon Castle.

"He is only a child," said the Queen. "We must wait until he is old enough to understand it." She gave the same gentle rejection to an appeal by the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry, which wanted to present to him personally a silver model of a soldier commemorating the unit's 250th anniversary. "He is too young for public engagements," said the Queen. And the soldiers left the model at the palace.

When a public house—a tavern—wanted to call itself "Prince Charles," the Queen objected, and the name was dropped. Some commentators said it was a small matter to object to—that pubs generally took the names of the famous. But the Queen made it clear that she did not want her family immortalized in that way.

Prince Charles' picture and name are already familiar to millions of people around the globe. The idea is to keep Britain and the world constantly aware of the little fellow who in the not too distant future will be Britain's good-will ambassador, because in the nature of things he might not ascend to the throne until he is well past 50 years old. Elizabeth comes from the long-lived and rugged distaff side of the family, as witness Queen Victoria, 82, and Queen Mary, who died last spring just short of 86.

Charles at five is a healthy, intelligent, nice-looking boy of average size and



In this birthday present, given him November 14, 1952, Prince Charles likes to ride around historic Balmoral Castle while his mother watches.

weight, with candid blue eyes and light brown hair. He bears a remarkable resemblance to his fun-loving great-great-grandfather, King Edward VII. He is well advanced at talking, with a good vocabulary and good manners. He seems to have inherited the sympathetic outlook for which his mother is so beloved by her staff.

At a palace presentation of boys from Eton, he saw one boy standing shyly apart. He went over and touched the shy boy's hand. "Is anything the matter?" he asked.

This sympathy spills over into a deep affection for his pets—especially his Ermine Rex rabbit, Harvey, whose hutch is in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. One afternoon Tommy, the gardener, found a serious young visitor at his cottage. "I'm afraid Harvey is lonely," said Prince Charles, "and I think he ought to have a wife." Tommy gravely agreed. "But he isn't very pretty, really," Prince Charles continued, "and maybe his wife won't like him. So I've brought these." He displayed three small brushes. "Now with this one," he told Tommy, handing him a hard brush, "you brush his fur. Then you do it with this soft brush to make it shiny. And with this"—he handed Tommy a tooth brush—"I want you to brush his teeth morning and evening, just as I clean mine."

It is no use, however, pretending Charles is an ordinary child, and the nation is watching with intense fascination his developing awareness of his position. One day not long ago he was prowling through the corridors of the Palace, looking into offices and asking one question after another, when he saw an equerry sorting papers.

"What are you doing?" demanded the young heir to the throne (Britain does not like the title Crown Prince).

"I am preparing papers to be sent to the Queen, Charles."

"Who is the Queen?"

"Your mother," said the equerry.

"Is she?" said Charles, now deep in thought. "Tell me," he said, "what does a queen do?"

Until that incident Charles apparently believed "queen" was synonymous with "mother."

Visitors to the Palace are always in hopes of running across Charles and Anne, who was three years old on August 15. When they do, the little man's firm challenge is: "What are YOU doing here?" In this way he probably has spoken unintroduced to more strangers than any heir to the British throne. The Palace staff understandably cherishes him, and members will relate anecdotes by the hour. One aide said he was scanning a newspaper when the door opened slowly and a small, bright face poked around it.

"Everybody is working," said Charles. "I'm glad you're not working."

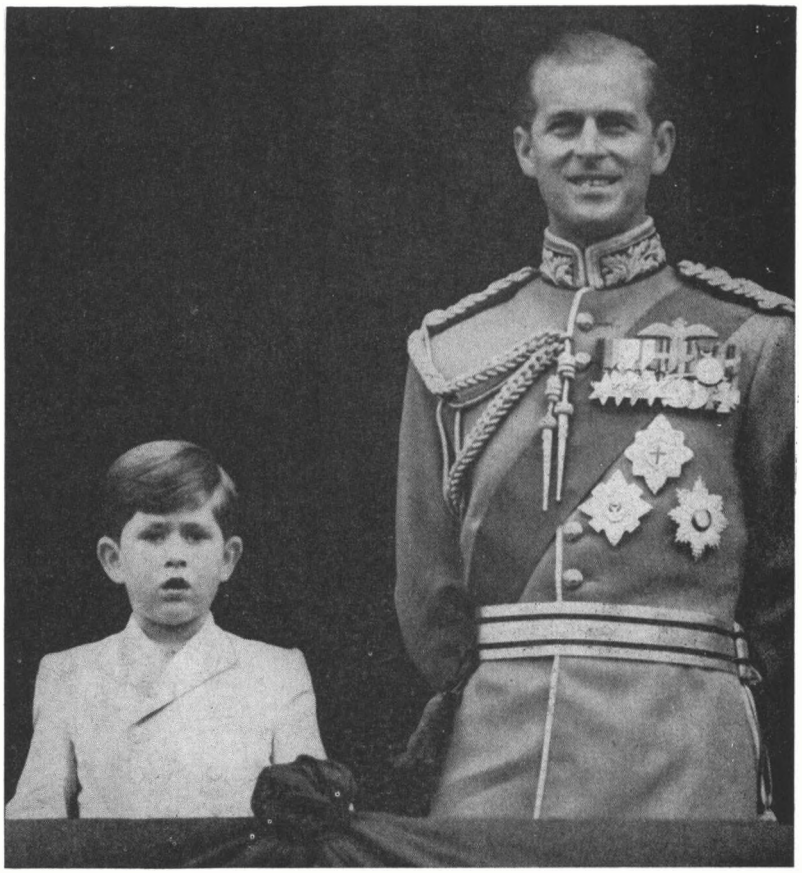
"Well, I am working, you know," said the aide.

"But you're reading stories in the paper?"

"That's part of my work."

Charles mulled this thought.

"Shouldn't you be with Nannie?" asked the aide.



Crowds stood in the rain to acclaim Prince Charles and his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, after an official ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

"Oh, yes," said Charles, "but I ran away so she could get a rest."

When Charles and Anne are not playing in the corridors, they are in the Buckingham Palace gardens with their 'gang'—a group of rough-and-ready playmates several of whom will some day be able to claim they knocked down (and got knocked down by) a future king of England.

Charles' first love was little Julie Parker, daughter of Prince Philip's equerry, Commander Michael Parker. Until Julie came along, Charles treated all his playmates the same way. There must have been romance in the scented air of the palace gardens that day when Julie first fixed Charles with enormous eyes and said, "You have a very nice automobile."

Charles had been given a miniature model of a British automobile, pedal-driven, to replace the less elaborate blue roadster he had bequeathed to his sister. He guarded the car jealously. None of his other playmates had ever ridden in it, and they were allowed to examine it only with Charles intently watching every move.

"I'll take you for a ride," said Charles. This invitation almost broke up the palace gang. But everyone eventually was mollified, especially when Charles provided whipped-cream cake and several kinds of soft drinks at his birthday party. Even here he showed marked favoritism. "Julie likes black-currant juice to drink," he whispered to his nannie. "Can we have that, too?"

Children always prefer the straight and narrow path—across your lawn.

—O. A. Battista

Charles went to his mother's coronation at Westminster Abbey and was deeply impressed, but even there he retained his sense of curiosity. He asked questions all through the ceremony. At one point the Queen Mother, in diamond tiara and dazzling robes, bent down and appeared to be sniffing Charles' head.

It turned out that was exactly what she was doing. Charles had brilliantine on his hair for the first time, and during the ceremony turned to his grandmother and said, "Does it smell nice, Nanna? Smell it." She did. He also wore his first long pants for the event, and for days rushed about the palace asking the staff, "Have you seen my trousers?"

Prince Charles' remembrance of the great ritual in which he himself will some day play the leading role is remarkably vivid. He returned from the coronation eager to tell Julie and Anne all about it. Eventually he worked out a game, "Coro-

nation," which he still plays with his sister. They dress up and pretend to be lords and ladies in the Abbey, or the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Queen. Solemnly Anne is seated, and Charles brings her various toys which he announces as the scepter and the sword he saw handed to his mother.

Charles' relations with his sister, Anne, are the usual brother-and-sister medley of affection and quarrels. He is usually quite proud of the little golden-haired sprite, however, and will admonish visitors: "*Do* look at her." He introduces her to new friends like this: "This is my sister. Say 'how do you do,' Anne."

Brother and sister are quite unlike each other. Charles' main characteristic is his curiosity, Anne's her determination. Despite their occasional arguments, they always band together in battle against other members of the junior palace clique. Anne is always ready for any game Charles suggests, including "Mt. Everest," which he initiated after the visit to the Palace of Sir Edmund Hillary and the Sherpa, Ten Sing, who conquered the peak. The Duke carefully explained to his son who they were and what they had done. Mt. Everest, he assured the awed heir to the throne, was even higher than the hills around Balmoral Castle in Scotland.

Both Charles and Anne love dressing up and playing "Visitor." They wear scarves, berets or cowboy or Indian costumes and pay stiffly courteous visits to each other's "homes." They both have a passion for highland reels and the music of the bagpipes—a good thing, because as King Charles he will be piped to breakfast every morning.

One of their favorite pastimes is dancing to the music of reels on the phonograph. Charles has already learned the "Gay Gordons" reel in the salon of Miss Marguerite Vacani, who taught the Queen and Princess Margaret. It took Charles about ten minutes of scowling indecision to decide that he liked dancing. Anne liked it immediately, like her Aunt Margaret.

Both have learned to ride ponies, but Anne will develop into the better rider. "I'll do it myself," is her frequent expression. One day at Sandringham when her pet pony refused to cross a bridge she spent all morning, pinkfaced with exertion, coaxing him over.

The children's windows look out the front of Buckingham Palace, and tourists have learned to watch for two small figures always intent on the Changing of the Guard. They salute the anthem and the flag—Charles Army-style with the palm forward as taught him by his mother, Anne Navy-style as instructed by her seafaring father.

Anne is learning a good deal by imitating her brother, who takes a condescending air about it at times. He told a friend one day that he said his prayers every night "so sister has to say them, too."

"But of course," he added, "she says a shorter prayer because she's only a little girl."

They pretend to read to each other by the hour, turning the pages as the story, incomprehensible to any one else, unfolds. Charles likes seeing pictures of his pretty sister. He is not permitted moving pictures or television often, but he was shown a newsreel of Anne's christening. He exclaimed as he recognized his parents, his grandparents and his great-grandmother, Queen Mary. But he was unable to identify a small boy in the group—himself!

Charles can count, and is learning to write under the tutelage of his mother and grandmother. One of his first written efforts was an unsteady array of capitals spelling "Charles" for the autograph book of artist Margaret Lindsay Williams, who painted his portrait. Last August 4th he presented to the Queen Mother a birthday card written by himself. He hopes to "write" his parents frequently during their Commonwealth tour. He practices by spelling out street signs—"bus" and "bus stop" and "steep hill." Then he asks what they mean.

Washday Wail

Soap and your dirty shirt have met;
I've scrubbed and rinsed,
wrung out the wet;
The bleach has worked,
the starch has set;
It's clean and white for you, my pet.
Now pick up the iron,
plug in the socket,
And what do I find
in each front pocket?
The sodden shreds of a cigarette.

—Rhoda R. Curtiss

Charles is enthralled by his father's necktie collection and inspects the array of ties almost daily. He likes his father best in full Naval uniform because it includes a sword. He loves to see his mother dressed up. "Have you a new dress today?" he asks.

Nannie Lightbody spends a lot of her time keeping Charles from the palace internal telephone system, but occasionally he is allowed to talk on it. Another of her problems was in persuading Charles that church is a solemn matter. On his first visit last year, he chattered so excitedly during the service that he had to be taken out. A crowd of hundreds watched that first devotion of the boy who will some day be head of the Church of England.

Charles can swim a few strokes in his big bathtub and has no fear of the palace swimming pool. "Jump in," says the Duke, and Charles jumps instantly. But Nannie Lightbody, who stands for no nonsense from her royal charges, only infrequently allows him to indulge his whims.

On one notable occasion he was at the railroad station to see a royal party off. As the train prepared to leave, he noticed the railway guard take up flag and whistle in readiness to clear the train from the station. "Let me do it," Charles pleaded. Nannie looked at the Queen, who smiled back. And the 11:23-A.M. train to Sandringham pulled out to the whistle and flag wave of the heir to the throne.

Charles was born to be a king. His blood line is the most extraordinary in the world. On his father's side he descends from Charlemagne. On his mother's, from King Brian Boru of Ireland, King Robert the Bruce of Scotland, William the Conqueror of England, Alfred the Great, Richard the Lion Hearted. and so on past the glittering milestones of history.

At his early age he can, if he wishes, sit in the House of Lords. He can sit at his mother's right hand at all functions. He takes precedence over his father in all public matters. His picture is on the national savings stamps. Anything he wears is apt to set a style—his bow ties, his built-in belt, his deerstalker hat. He has exhibited cattle in his own name and won prizes.

Charles has enough toys to fill a small warehouse, and they pour in constantly from all over the world—an African drum from Uganda, a length of tweed woven on a 200-year-old spinning wheel by members of the Women's Institute of Kent, a foot-long Arabian dagger studded with ruby, emerald and diamond, presented by four-year-old Prince Hassan of Jordan.

Charles' present tastes are still those of the average small boy. He would like more candy. He likes to feed his rabbit and his mother's two Welsh Corgi dogs, Susan and Sugar. He takes lumps of sugar to his pony at Windsor and seed for the aviary of budgerigars (parakeets) there. He tills a little garden, and was thrilled this year when a chestnut he planted, sprouted.

He likes to pretend he is the man of the family. When the royal party left for Scotland in August, the Duke of Edinburgh was at Cowes racing his yacht. Charles stepped from the royal limousine, gravely shook hands with the stationmaster at Kings Cross Station, and announced, "My Daddy is away sailing boats."

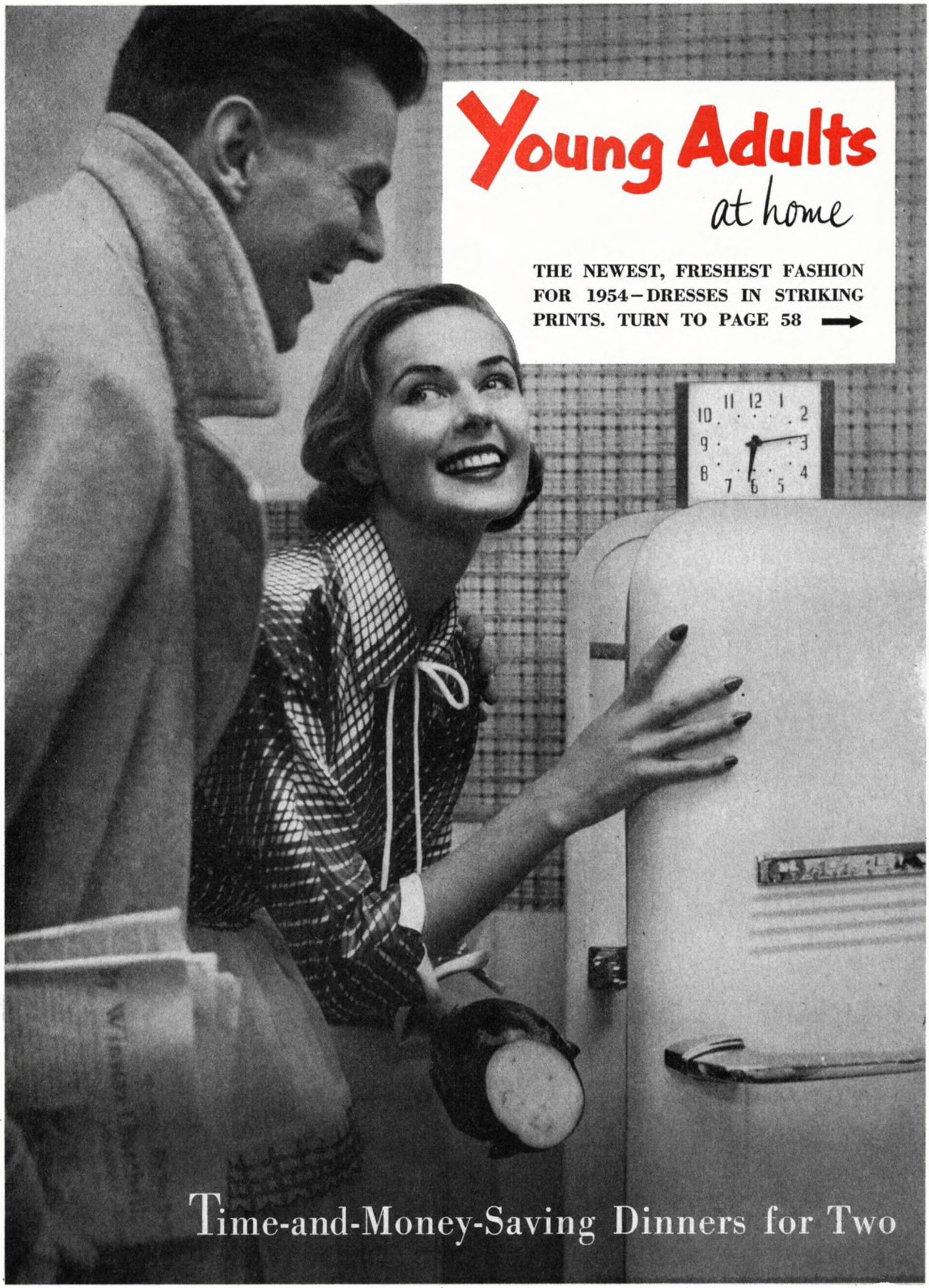
The French language is the first subject in which Charles will be tutored. At 10 or 11 he will begin the specialized studies which will finally set his feet directly on the path to the throne. He will study, in addition to many other subjects, constitutional history and the history of the dominions, for he will be King of several of these. Then he may go to Gordonstoun, like his father, and possibly to Dartmouth Naval College.

Meanwhile, a nation watches his every move with affection and interest.

And every new story about him is told and retold.

One of the latest: When Charles was posing for a photograph to be put on the stamps of New Zealand, he became interested in the camera and kept shifting about. To keep him quiet the photographer offered to change places for a moment. Charles looked through the camera at the photographer, who appeared to be upside down on the plate. When they resumed their former places, the photographer looked up to see Charles trying to stand on his head.

"Now," said the next King of Britain, "I'll be right side up." ... THE END


Young Adults
at home
THE NEWEST, FRESHEST FASHION FOR 1954—DRESSES IN STRIKING PRINTS. TURN TO PAGE 58
Time-and-Money-Saving Dinners for Two

under 1 hour

under 1 dollar

Dinners for 2

by Ruth Fairchild Pomeroy

Budget dishes for two—tasty and different. To serve four, double the cost and quantity. It won't take a minute longer

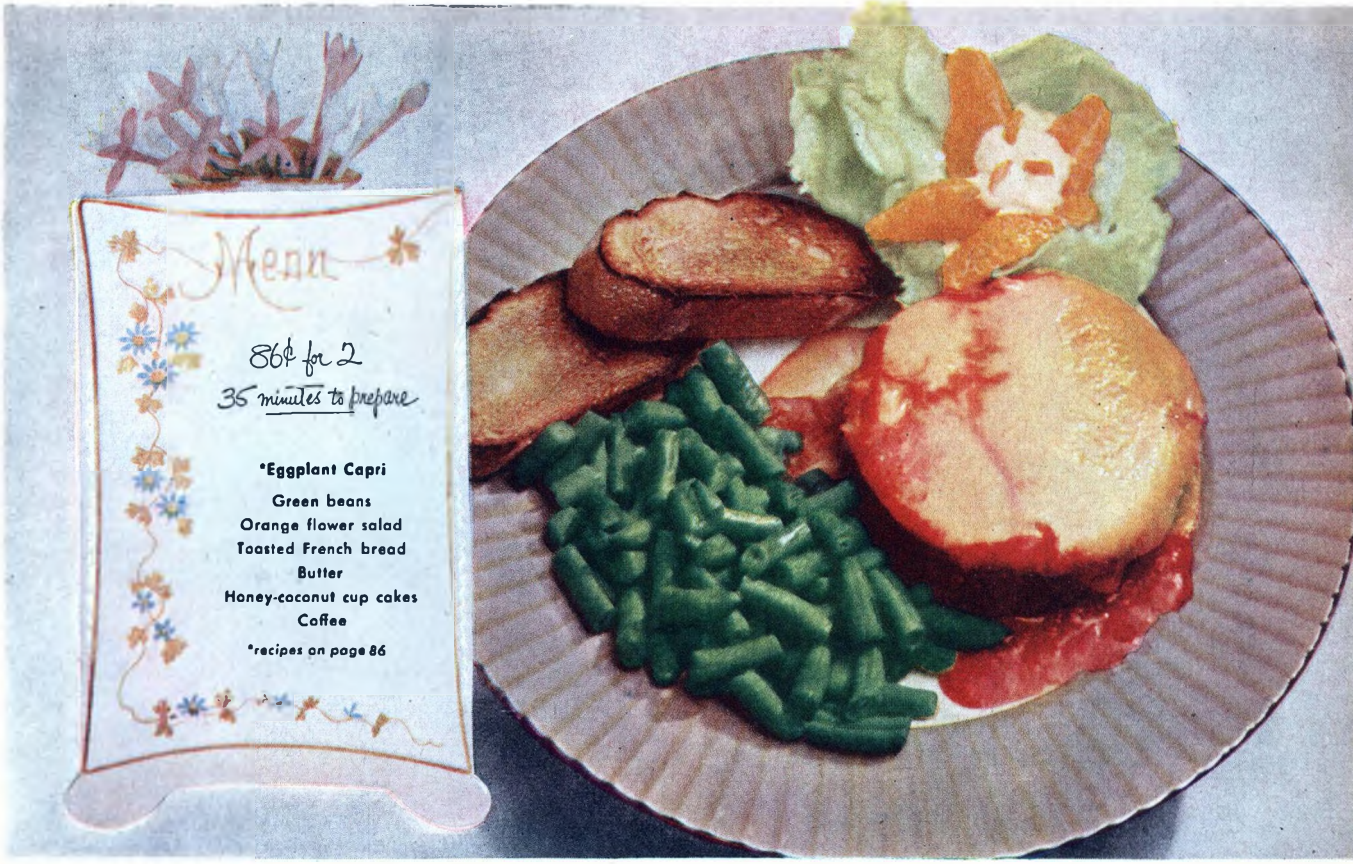
As surely as Christmas has come and gone, your budget this month is still feeling the effects of holiday overspending. For just this reason, we've worked out for you six under-a-dollar dinners that look and taste far better than their penny-wise cost suggests. In each of the six main-dishes you'll find the fun of adding a good cook's flavor to everyday foods with spices, herbs, wines or a fine sauce.

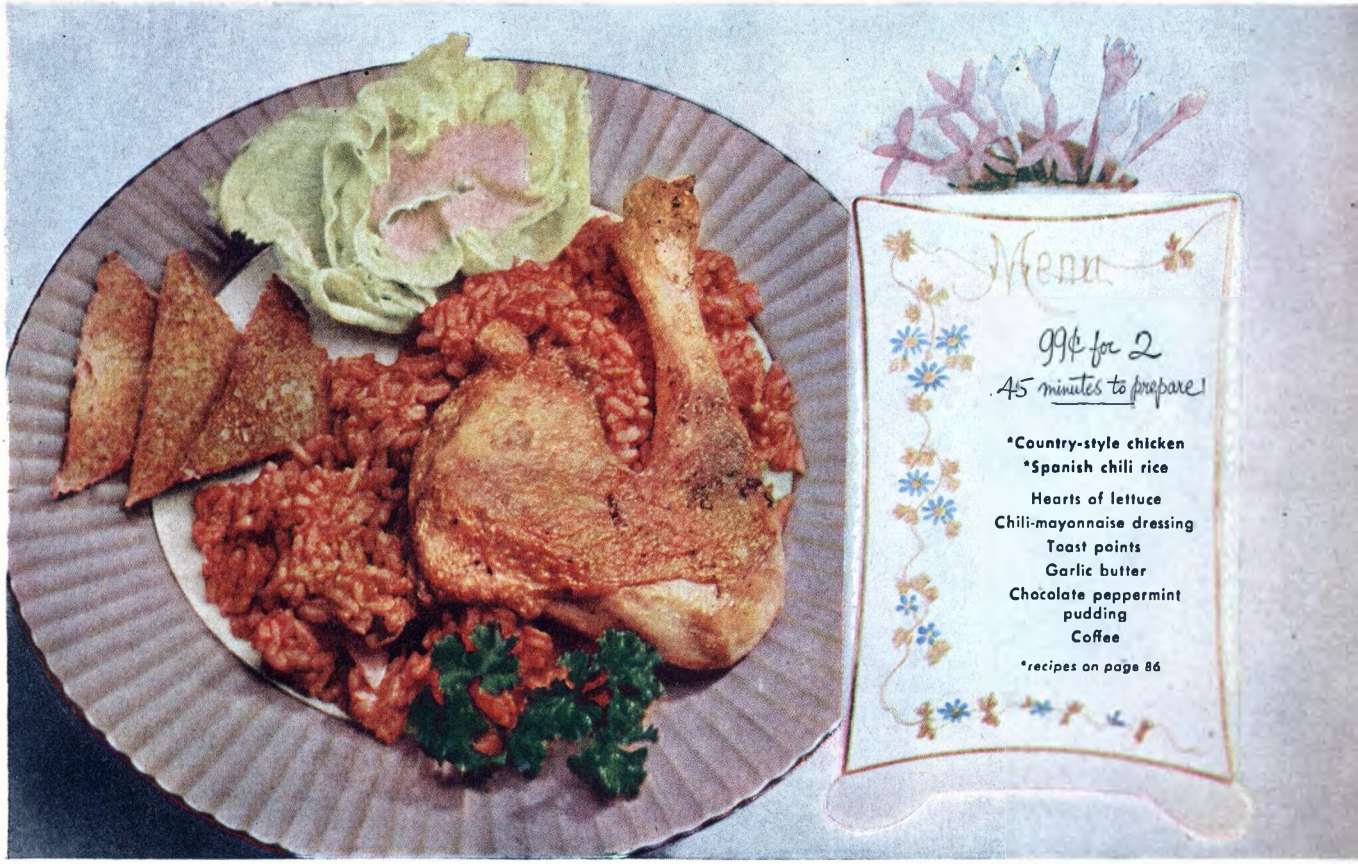
In figuring the cost of these dinners, at National Market averages, we charged only for the specific amounts of packaged foods used. If you're cooking for two, you'll plan to use the remaining half-packages or cans of food in the week's menus—you won't waste them.

Time-savers, as well as dollar-savers, these menus take less than an hour in the kitchen from start to finish. And, as you know, timing a meal is mostly planning it—especially if everything's to be ready to serve at once.

On page 57 you'll find how to make all six dollar dinners in less than an hour

Photos by H. I. Williams
Plates: Flintridge's "Cocoa Flutes" from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.


Menu
86¢ for 2
35 minutes to prepare
*Eggplant Capri
Green beans
Orange flower salad
Toasted French bread
Butter
Honey-coconut cup cakes
Coffee
*recipes on page 86


Menu
99¢ for 2
45 minutes to prepare
*Country-style chicken
*Spanish chili rice
Hearts of lettuce
Chili-mayonnaise dressing
Toast points
Garlic butter
Chocolate peppermint pudding
Coffee
*recipes on page 86

Young Adults food

Dinner plates: Ludlow pattern by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons

TO MAKE BAKED CHEESE FONDUE DINNER

Prepare the fondue casserole (recipe p. 86). While it is baking, cook one-half package of mixed dried fruit according to package directions. When cool, spoon into serving glasses and chill. Simmer two large stalks of celery, cut into chunks, in a tablespoon of salad oil for 10 minutes. Add a cup of canned tomatoes and simmer 5 minutes. Heat canned green peas. Prepare coffee and make bacon curls.

TO MAKE EGGPLANT CAPRI DINNER

Bake eggplant (recipe p. 86). Peel and section a large orange; arrange sections on lettuce and chill. Heat canned beans. Make coffee. Butter French bread slices to broil alongside eggplant. Add cheese and meat sauce to eggplant and broil. For dessert, mix two tablespoons of honey with two tablespoons of shredded coconut. Spread over bakers' cup cakes and broil until coconut is brown.

TO MAKE COUNTRY-STYLE CHICKEN DINNER

Make chocolate pudding as package directs. Cool; stir in three drops of peppermint flavoring. Spoon into serving dishes and chill. Prepare chicken and rice according to the recipe on p. 86. While chicken is baking, wash and dry lettuce. Make salad dressing by combining a tablespoon of chili sauce with two tablespoons of mayonnaise. Make coffee. Just before serving time, melt two tablespoons of butter with a cut clove of garlic. Brush butter on toast.

Main-dish recipes for all dollar dinners on page 86

TO MAKE BEEF BURGUNDY DINNER

Prepare polenta and beef Burgundy (recipe p. 86). While they are cooking, chop cabbage, carrots and radishes for vegetable slaw; chill. Slice one firm, unpeeled banana through lengthwise. Place, cut side up, in a shallow baking dish. Drizzle a tablespoon of maple syrup over each half; sprinkle with chopped walnuts. (Let stand till dessert time; broil 4-5 minutes. Serve hot.) Make coffee. Butter French bread slices; sprinkle with celery seed. Toast in oven 5-7 minutes. Add mayonnaise to vegetables.

TO MAKE ROLLED FISH FILLETS DINNER

Peel six small potatoes; put them on to boil. Clean carrots and celery; cut into strips and put in a bowl of iced water to crisp. To make dessert, beat two egg whites stiff. Fold into them a tablespoon confectioners' sugar and four tablespoons mashed cranberry sauce. Put in sherbet glasses; top with grated orange rind; chill. Prepare fish, spinach and sauce (recipe on p. 86). Make coffee. Brown potatoes in two tablespoons of salad oil while fish is cooking.

TO MAKE LONDON BROIL DINNER

Mix and bake ½ package each of chocolate cake and corn bread. (To use a half-package of mix, pour mix into a large bowl, stir lightly with a fork. Measure half back into package and close tightly.) Wash and dry salad greens. Prepare London broil and noodles according to recipe on p. 86. While steak is broiling, make coffee; toss salad greens with dressing. Toast corn bread squares in broiler.

Young Adults fashions

1. Neatly printed silk two-piece dress. The jacket accented with black velvet; the skirt, slim as a tightly rolled umbrella. Sizes 10 to 20. About $40. By Abe Schrader. Sally-V hat. Umbrella by Lusterman Seldis. Handbag by Greta Originals

2. Oriental print, delicately etched in black, on a colorful surah dress that's just right for so many occasions. The fluid skirt has soft, unpressed pleats and pockets. In sizes 10 to 20. About $40. By International Dress Co.

3. A marble print in a sheer wool dress, sculptured and molded to the figure above the waist. Becoming wide scooped neckline and gently belled skirt. In sizes 10 to 18. About $40. By Abe Schrader. The blue velveteen clutch bag by Mel-Ton

At: Lord & Taylor, New York
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago
I. Magnin, California and Seattle

See it in Print

2

3

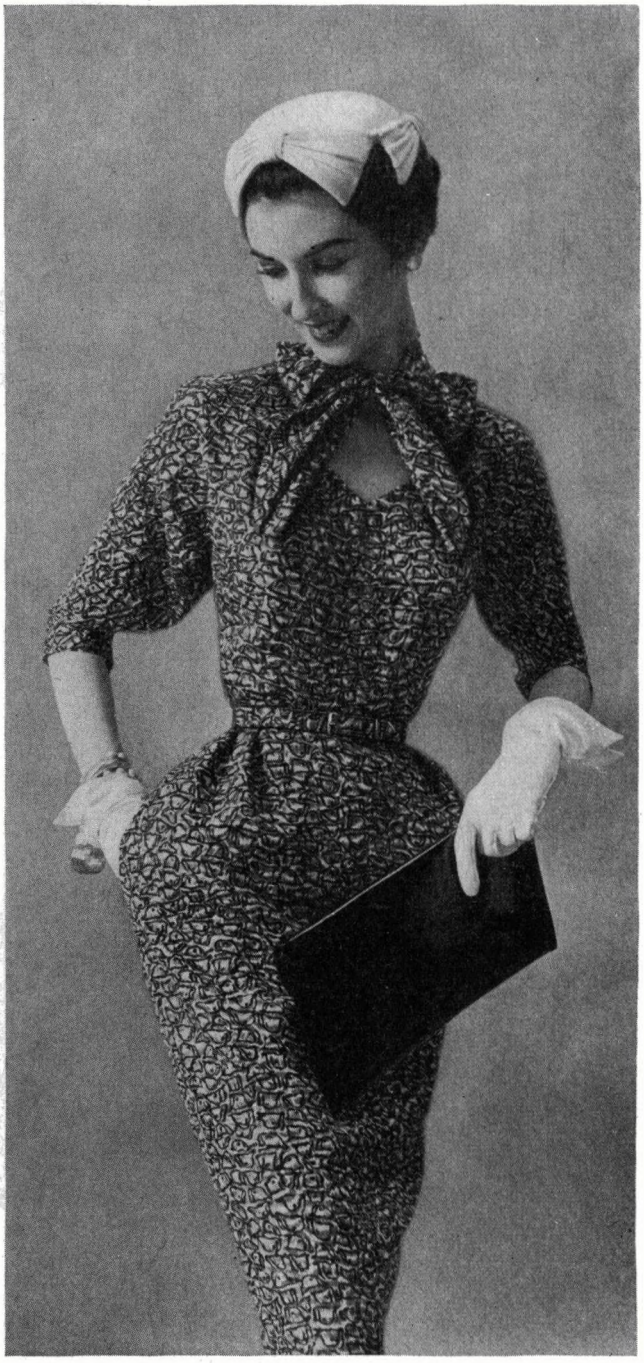
Nail polish—Cutex "Chip-Pruf" • Lipstick—Cutex "Stay-Fast" • All jewelry by Castlecliff • All gloves by Wear-Right

Headlined for spring—the great importance of prints in the fashion story. In dresses for daytime and date-time, in luxurious silk and sheerest wool. Designed to wear right now and through spring and summer

BY RUTH DRAKE
PHOTOS BY ELEANOR MURRAY

Prints are pretty and practical. They add zest to your winter wardrobe and can be worn straight through spring and summer

Two-toned plaid print dress in gray and white silk—white satin highlights the collar, little tie and cuffs. By Robert Leonard. Sizes 10 to 20. About $30.



An all-over print silk dress in black, white and gray. A bow-tied keyhole neck, dolman sleeves and sheath skirt. By Robert Leonard. Sizes 10 to 20. About $30.

Both hats by Walter Marks • All dresses available in other colors

Tiny flower print with a hand-painted effect, in a pretty, easy-to-wear silk chemise dress that buttons down the front. By Rembrandt. Sizes 10 to 16. About $40.

A striking rose printed silk dress, daytime length. New princess line, defined with black velvet ribbon. By Rembrandt. Sizes 10 to 16. About $40. Volupte case.

At: Lord & Taylor, N. Y. • Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago • I. Magnin, Calif. and Seattle

Young Adults gardening

Easy ways to BETTER

Trial gardens at twenty different locations in the United States are developing new flowers and vegetables. Expert judges make their selections from the new plantings. They base their selections on distinctiveness, general usefulness, adaptability and uniformity. This work is a public service by an organization called All-America Selections. To be selected, a plant can't be just as good as those already existing. It must show superior characteristics. You'll see many of these choices in the seed catalogues. Watch for them.

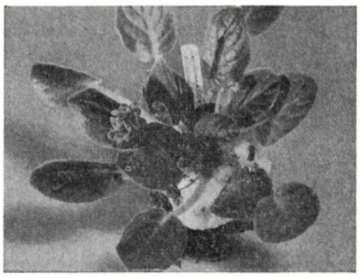
There are no new vegetable selections scheduled for 1954, but there is one flower—a zinnia called BLAZE. It is a strong growing plant 2½ to 3 feet tall. It has brilliant mandarin-red flowers, and, as they attain size, they change to a fiery orange scarlet. The blooms are double, with fluffy, quilled petals, growing to as large as five inches. The stems are long, easy to cut and bring into the house.

Consider seriously the two flower winners of the past year. COMANCHE petunia is the finest, most brilliant red we have ever seen. It is an outstanding plant. The flowers are single, profuse, non-fading, with a compact bedding type of growth. The other winner was the rich purple alyssum ROYAL CARPET. This is a fragrant, dwarf edging plant, easily grown by sowing the seed directly in your flower borders when danger of frost is past. You'll have a band of color from early summer until frost.

All-America vegetable selections of the past twenty years include the following: Lettuce, GREAT LAKES. This is a large and vigorous iceberg type that's best for hot weather. Be sure to keep the plants at least 14 inches apart . . . For bush lima beans there is FORDHOOK 242, always good when freshly picked and right for canning and freezing. . . . TOP-CROP is a winner in stringless bush beans. . . . The best yellow variety of squash is EARLY PROLIFIC STRAIGHTNECK. . . . The spinach AMERICA is a Savoy type. tops for home use. It will stand hot weather and is a good one for freezing.

Other all-America winners include IOCHIEF, a vigorous sweet corn. and CHIEFTAIN for an all-around cabbage. . . . The most popular carrot is the long, smooth and slender IMPERATOR. This is a strong grower. So work the soil deep to give the plants a chance to develop. . . . The cucumber recommendation is MARKETER. a good green slicing type. . . In beets: DETROIT PERFECTED. Next month we will tell about the new roses.

Rid-O-Sno clears snow from your walks and driveways the easy way, without taxing your heart or straining your back. Solid, sturdy blade 30 inches wide, all steel, adjusts to push snow left or right. Time-saver for homes, schools, apartments. $13.95 ppd. add $1 West of Miss. V. C. Co., Box RB-23, Tri-boro Station, New York, N. Y.

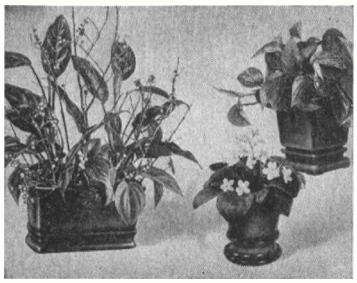


"Inspiring with love" or Inamorata, new large, double white variety African violet with tint of orchid in center pistil. Also, Los Angeles, with large, double orchid flowers and quilted leaves. Quality plants, well packed to assure safe arrival. Only $2.50 each ppd. Cecil Houdyshel, Dept. RB, La Verne, Cal.

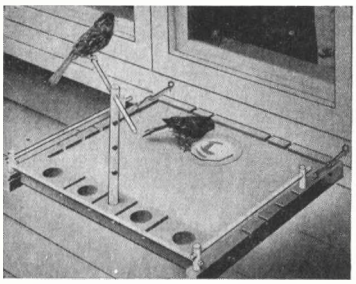
Pasteur didn't have this in mind—but here it is—sterilized potting soil. Pot up ivies, African violets, begonias. Besides three kinds of soil, set includes tools necessary for flowerpot gardening. Base of box is plastic. $3.50 postpaid. Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., Dept. 701-R, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

GARDENING

BY ISABEL AND WELLINGTON KENNEDY



Plant sitters with glass wicks to draw water from concealed reservoir in detachable base. Supplies moisture as plants need it. Round (4" wide x 4½" tall), $2; Square (4½" wide x 5½" tall), $4; Oblong (9¼" long x 5" tall), $5.60 each, ppd. Dark green glass. Alethea Hamilton, Dept. RB. 910 Stuart Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.



Watch, study, enjoy wild bird life right from your own window. This feeding station can be attached to any window sill without tools. There are four seed wells, removable feeding stick, drinking cup and perch rails. Green enamel, white trim. Audubon approved. $4.95 ppd. From Duncraft, Dept. RB, Penacook, N. H.

Those flame violets we photographed last year for this page are in rampant growth in our office. With just a little north light they keep growing, and we continue to give away "runners" so that there will be room for both the plants and us.

This is the time of year to get those garden tools in order. We always seem to put off this job, and then we get caught in the rush of spring work and it never gets done. While you're fixing things, don't forget to get some birdhouses ready for spring occupancy. Don't forget to feed the birds that are with us all winter.

When you get a pruning saw, get the single-edged kind. Those double-edged ones will damage the bark of your trees and shrubs.

Most of the house plants like high humidity, especially African violets. Trays and pans of water with coarse gravel to keep the pots above the water will help. Maybe you can get one of these new humidifiers. Artificial heat makes most houses too dry in winter for both humans and plants.

Did you mound up the soil around your roses? Make it 12 inches high. Prevent your climbers from being whipped about by winter winds by keeping them tied securely. Used, insulated telephone wire makes good tying material.

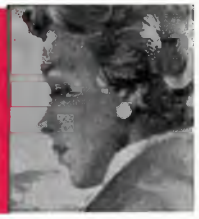
If you're growing plants in water, add a few pieces of charcoal to keep the water clean and sweet.

Start bringing in branches of forsythia, flowering quince and cherries to "force" into flower. Start them by putting in deep containers of water in a cool room until the buds start swelling. Then you can bring them into a sunny warm spot, and you'll have the first taste of spring.

Keep your watering can full in order that the water can be warmed to room temperature. House plants do not like icy showers.

A good hosing down of the foliage of your ferns, ivy and other leafy plants will keep them in a healthier condition. This is especially helpful to city plants.

On a Dark Night



(Continued from page 27)

At the resonant, hearty laugh—the laugh only of a big man—I saw in my mind his six-foot-six hulk, the huge barrel chest, the massive shoulders, the square, somewhat puggish face with its jutting chin, the eyes, one quick and twinkling in warmhearted mockery, the other staring straight, sightless, blankly blue. You couldn't help but like him, of course, no matter what you thought of his stories.

"—just got back this morning, old chap," he was saying. "And how's our little Mary?"

"Never better," I told him. I was watching her as I listened and spoke; she'd put down her knitting and was now standing before the mantelpiece mirror, touching at her brown hair in a thoughtful way.

"Is he coming over?" she asked in the small, tossed-off tone intended to indicate no more than casual interest.

I nodded that he was, having just heard him say he'd like to, and watched Mary, apparently dissatisfied with the resources available in the living room, but still with her air of nothing-unusual-at-all, as she walked slowly toward the door. She'd be back, I'd have bet a dollar, with hair fixed, fresh make-up, and, in all likelihood, a fancier dress.

The primitive appeal of the man-of-action, I thought, and felt, as ever, the twinge of— Well, that it might be jealousy I hate to admit, even to myself.

"What can I bring?" he was asking. "Liquors, rare cheeses, a pheasant suitable for cooking under glass?"

"Just yourself," I told him, and said I'd meet the next train down, which would be in about three quarters of an hour. After he'd hung up, I sat for a moment, listening to the last strains of the symphony coming just audibly from the turned-down radio. He'd bring his stories, I mused, and very likely the usual "little something I picked up for Mary. Nothing much, of course—there wasn't time! But, as we were getting away, I happened to see this,"—presenting it to Mary—"and I thought instantly of you, m'deah." One time it had been a silver bracelet, "from the mountains of Peru!" Or was it, I'd secretly wondered, from one of those Mexican art shops in the Village? Another time it had been a green stone frog which *could* have come from China—or from Chinatown, or from the dime store.

But I never said anything to Mary about my doubts, because it would seem mean to spoil her obvious pleasure in receiving these purportedly romantic gifts. Holding the little pin, or bracelet, or box, or whatever, Mary would listen in rapt admiration as Max vividly described his escape with the Indian princess from the temple just as the priest was about to bring down the sacrificial knife. Or, just as the guards were closing in on him, how he saved the beautiful English girl from a fate in the Pasha's harem. And, so far as our Sunday alone together was concerned, while Max was holding forth, I might as well be in the mountains of Tibet myself!

He *does* tell his stories well, though; in that earnest, almost convincing tone, with his accent which smacks faintly—and unaccountably!—of Oxford. He's been at it, to my knowledge, ever since our undergraduate days, when a bunch of us would listen—with surreptitious winks and significant nods—to the astounding things that had befallen him during his last week-end in New York, or the last summer holiday, which he'd spent, according to him, on a Chinese river boat. Max is a born raconteur, no question of that, with the true story-teller's gifts for timing, for suspense, and for vivid portrayal of action in words. I've come across others of the type, of course, in college and especially when I was in the Navy, but never one with even a part of Max's skill.

Still, I reflected as I ambled toward the bedroom, there was no more real reason to doubt Max's stories than to believe them; after all, we had only his word for what he did in the long intervals between times when he was with us.

In our bedroom, Mary had her new cocktail-type number half on over her head, in place of the sweater and jumper she'd been wearing when the phone rang. Also high heels instead of the comfy slippers on her feet. Also perfume, I sniffed. And, much as I like Max, I couldn't help but think—as I had on similar occasions before—how different things might be if all of his stories were proven, once and for all, made-up.

I **remembered** the one about the lovely little French girl he'd discovered alone and shivering with fright on the beach of a tiny Pacific atoll. As the story went, the girl's mother had died, leaving her alone with her father, an island planter, who'd brought her up in fear and dread of all men of any color. Then one day the planter had dropped dead on his horse in his fields, and the girl, terrified, had run off to live like a little animal in the jungle and on remote beaches. She'd been sleeping on the sand where Max—according to Max—had rowed ashore from his schooner for the purpose of shooting a rare and delicious species of turtle which he would later cook into a stew. The bulk of the narrative detailed how, against her wildly desperate struggles, he'd taken the girl aboard the schooner, finally obtained her trust, and ultimately, sorely tempted though he'd been at least to kiss her—and though she'd frequently thrown her lovely arms about his neck in gratitude—delivered her intact to an aunt in Marseilles.

Now, Mary is quite a sophisticated person; which was why her following remark had amazed me far more than Max's tale. "How wonderful," she'd said dreamily, "that the girl could trust him through all those days at sea—and with that awful crew he had and all! And how like Max, don't you think?"

"Well—" I'd answered. "I suppose there *are* those remote plantations on tiny Pacific islands. And I suppose such an old planter, especially a French one, *would* put the fear of God into his lovely daughter about men. And, naturally, the planter could have a stroke, as could anybody—"

"You mean—" Mary'd said incredulously. "You mean, you don't think it's *true!*"

"Well—" I'd smiled.

"Oh!" she'd said. "I think that's *awful* of you! Golly, if I thought Max was nothing but a *fake!*—nothing but a *phony* who made up all that stuff—Well, *I* just wouldn't want to have him around!"

Mary now had her dress on, and, hunched over before her dressing-table mirror, she was applying her lip brush with the meticulous care of a miniature painter. Ordinarily a few quick strokes with the lipstick were fine! I gave her a kiss on the head and told her not to worry if we were a little late coming back. The rain might freeze, I explained, and the ride to and from the station might take longer than usual.

"Be careful, darling," she called as I went out.

On the way to the station, what I'd feared happened: as dark came on, the falling drizzle began to freeze on the road. Max had been waiting for quite a while when I finally got there; but, cheerful as ever, he didn't complain.

This time he'd been to Alaska, I learned as we started slowly homeward on the slippery pavement. Something about being snowbound, and the dog team being dog-tired, and Max making the final trek alone on snowshoes with the thermometer at forty-five below. And then I noticed the flashlight waving over on the right-hand side of the road. "Somebody's had a flat or run out of gas," Max said. "Beastly night; ought to give them a hand."

I wasn't for it; after all, the longer we were delayed, the more Mary would worry. But Max was right; if *I'd* run out of gas on such a night, I'd certainly hope for a helping hand. So I pulled over behind the stopped car.

"Anything we can do to help?" Max called out of the window on his side.

The man who came up to him was quite tall; he wore a long, dark overcoat, and a hat pulled down so that, in the dim light, it was impossible to see his features at all. He mumbled something to Max which I couldn't hear, and then Max said to me, "Engine trouble. Chap asks us to give him a lift to the next garage."

"Sure," I said, relieved to be getting off so easily. "Hop in."

The man called something toward his car, and presently a girl got out and came toward us. She was tall, wore no hat, and even in the dimness I caught the glint of her blonde hair. In the instant that she crossed the beam of our headlights, I could see that she was young and quite startlingly beautiful. Without a word, the two of them climbed into the rear seat of our car, and I edged back out into the traffic again.

I'd driven on for perhaps a quarter of a mile—the first lighted sign proclaiming GAS had just appeared around the

bend in front of us—when I felt something cold poking into my neck.

Nobody said anything; but when I slowed down for the gas station, the poke became more insistent, so I speeded up again.

I remember that, at the realization of what the thing poking into me could only be, I smiled to myself. It just didn't seem real! I'd driven this same road Lord knows how many times without having a gun thrust into my neck, and the idea that merely because I was with Max, all the stock characters of his tales of adventure should show up on it, simply didn't make sense!

I was positive that when the man spoke, he would do so with an accent. Which was just what he did, mumbling some cliché about driving straight on and not making any attempt to attract attention to the car.

It even crossed my mind that Max might be resorting to some kind of complicated practical joke. But Max had never to my knowledge indulged in practical jokes. I wondered if, sitting beside me, watching the road ahead, he realized what was going on. "Max," I said, in case he didn't realize, "would you pass me a cigarette? They're in the glove compartment."

"No," the man behind me muttered. "Just drive."

Even when, a few minutes later, the man told me that there was a road to the right about a half a mile ahead, and that I should turn off on that road, please, I wasn't scared. I was familiar with the road he meant. It was tar for a little way; then it became dirt, and ended up finally where some dingy summer cottages huddled along the shore of a small inlet. At this time of the year the cottages would, of course, be closed up. The place would be deserted. I began to consider Max-type plots. Not far beyond the inlet was Long Island Sound, and of course the wide blue sea. There was the possibility that we'd all be shanghaied to work on some nefarious ship. But more than likely, we were simply being used as transportation. Probably the man was abducting the girl; and, once we'd served our purpose, he might leave us bound and gagged in the woods; or, of course, he might kill us. If he planned to kill us, the best way would be to take us out in a boat, tie us up, tie something heavy to us, and drop us overboard. That way there'd be a minimum chance of our bodies' being discovered. It was the sort of thing the villains did in Max's tales, at any rate.

As I turned off the highway and started down the directed road to the shore, I began casting about for the best method Max might use to foil the man, save the lovely girl, and thus give himself one more fantastic tale to tell.

I looked at him, carefully out of the corner of my eye so that I needn't turn my head. He was staring straight in front of him, I made out, but I couldn't read whatever expression might be on his face.

And then we were at the deserted shore. The water looked extremely cold.

The man had me park the car under some trees, and, when we'd all gotten out, directed us with motions of his gun toward a ramshackle dock, at the end of which I could see, moving gently against the piles, a small launch. I could make out no one in it, though. We were marched out on the dock single-file, Max in front, then myself, then the girl, the man coming along behind us.

In the same order, we climbed down a rickety ladder and boarded the launch; the man joined us and had us stand in a row across the stern. Then, still holding the gun on us with one hand, with his other he removed the hatch which covered the engine. So far he'd given not the vaguest hint of where we were bound, or with what purpose.

While he tinkered with the engine, I had a chance at least to turn my head and regard my fellow passengers. The girl, standing between Max and me, was wearing only a light topcoat against the damp, penetrating breeze which came at us from across the water. I thought she must be frozen to her very bones, though her beautiful face showed an expression of only sorrowful resignation.

As for Max, to say that he appeared calm would be to understate it! Leaning nonchalantly against the stern of the boat, he was watching the man with exactly the shade of benign interest you might expect if we were all setting out for a fishing trip on a pleasant summer day, and our host were having a little engine trouble!

And to think that I'd doubted him! To think that I, in my smug way, never having been any place, never having done anything, had doubted my friend Max! I thought of Mary, then, and for the first time really understood her feeling about him. Mary—any woman—would naturally admire a man like Max whom she felt she could depend on to protect her. It's part of a woman's instinct, part of her role in life, to seek out and attract a mate on whom she can count to do battle with the marauder while she cares for the children and the home-fire. Hence her instinct to appeal to him in a primitive way—physically, with a cocktail dress, with perfume. And therefore, if Max were only an impostor in the role of protector and defender, incapable of acting when the moment for action came, to any woman he'd be intolerable! But Max, I knew at last, was no impostor.

Thinking about it, I must have been running my hands along the bit of stern deck behind me, because suddenly I touched something which lay there; and, feeling it investigatingly with my fingers, I discovered it to be a good-sized pipe wrench. If Max had this, I started to plan— If I were to shove it slowly, carefully, silently behind the girl's back until it was where he could grasp it, good old Max would know exactly what to do with it, and exactly when would be the propitious moment.

And then, again, I found myself thinking of Mary: Mary with her cocktail dress half on over her head in place of the plain sweater and jumper she'd been wearing before she knew Max was coming; Mary with high heels instead of comfy slippers; Mary wearing perfume. And I felt a sting of resentment for this great man of action with his primitive appeal. If, in addition to all of his other heroic exploits, he were also to have saved *my* life—!

Well, in the tight spots at home there would be forever comparisons between him and me—life in our pleasant

little suburban world could become pretty intolerable—I could say things for which I'd be sorry, such as: "*For Pete's sake, why don't you* marry *the guy*—" Put to it, Mary just might, and—

At which point the foolish meanderings of my mind were cut short by the sound of the launch engine, catching, sputtering, catching again—finally running sure and smooth.

I threw the wrench.

It clunked softly into the side of his head, and he toppled over.

It had been an easy throw: he'd been bent over scarcely four feet from me.

And I must—though I didn't realize it till later—have chosen exactly precisely the right psychological moment: while trying to start the engine, the man had been able to give us some of his attention; once the launch was under way, he'd have been able to give us all of his attention. But just as the motor turned over, carried away by the fact that it *had* started, I'd had the fellow!

Max—with his vast experience!—took over immediately. He bound the man hand and foot with rope we found in the boat; while the girl, still without a word, still with her expression of sad resignation, shivering only slightly, stood watching our work in progress. Together Max and I lugged the unconscious form up onto the dock, over to the car, and dumped him into the back seat. Then, with the girl grimly silent between us in front, we drove over to the state police barracks. The man was just beginning to regain consciousness—muttering something in Russian or Polish, it sounded like—when we delivered him for the authorities to dispose of.

As it happened, we never did learn the beautiful girl's name. Out of courtesy, I suppose, she was the first of us to be called into the police lieutenant's private office for questioning, and that was the last we were to see of her.

I was next, and told my story just as it happened. Max was last, and came out with the lieutenant, who explained that it was pretty clearly a problem for the FBI; that there would be technicalities and formalities, of course; but that, since our statements agreed in most respects, if we'd come around tomorrow when the stenographer was there, and make and sign formal depositions, he didn't see why we should have too much further bother. He then walked with us as far as the car, mentioning in an offhand way that we were to be congratulated for courage and for quick thinking, and, very possibly, for being of some service to our country.

Max and I were both in the car, and I'd even started the motor; but the lieutenant remained standing just outside the open window on my side. At last, with the hesitant air of a man who's been considering doing something and still isn't quite positive that he should, he spoke as follows: "I'll tell you what—it might be a good idea if you decided which one of you chucked the wrench." He paused, smiling wryly in at me. "I'm not *supposed* to put you on to stuff like this, but— Well, sooner or later you'll have to get your facts straight, anyhow."

I thanked the lieutenant for his excellent advice, put the car into gear, and away we went. I didn't say anything to Max, and I wasn't angry at the louey; after all, Max certainly *looked* a lot more the part than I did.

After a little while, Max said, "Incidentally, old boy, I *could* use a drink. Mightn't we stop at one of these roadside places? I mean, you could give little Mary a reassuring buzz and so forth."

The old bluffing manner! But I caught the nervousness in his tone which showed that he suspected he'd at last let the cat out of the bag. I agreed noncommittally that his suggestion was a good one, and we pulled in at the next roadhouse. Even in the red neon glare, I could see that his face was very pale indeed.

I phoned Mary, who *was* worried, told her that we'd been delayed by a little car trouble, promised that we'd be along in fifteen or twenty minutes. I wanted to save the true facts till I could tell them to her face to face. I really looked forward to her reaction when I dropped my bombshell about Max. Mean? Maybe, but suppose I'd waited for *him* to throw the wrench—the faker!

Back at the bar, I saw that Max had already had his drink; in fact, had two, since the barman was picking up two shot glasses and setting down two more as I joined Max. We sipped in silence for a moment; then Max said, "I suppose you're wondering why I took credit for the skillful wrench toss, aren't you, old boy?"

"Well—" I said, allowing myself the luxury of a sly smile. "When you have so *many* glories to your credit—old boy—it does seem—"

"A bit hoggish, you mean," he finished for me.

I didn't deny it.

It was his turn to smile—sheepishly. "Of course you know now, don't you?" he asked.

To have him at least admit it made some of my old feeling for him return. And after all, if I hadn't thought he was the genuine article, if I hadn't been certain he'd get us out of the pickle, I don't think *I'd* ever have acted. I'd have been too scared! He was therefore at least due credit for his aplomb in the tight spot.

"Dammit, Max," I said with a laugh. "Why didn't you tell the louey what really happened? If you had, I'd have believed every whopper you ever got off in the past!"

He didn't answer for a while; then, his jaw set, looking down at the bar top, he said. "It was the one time—the one time in my life that anything's ever really happened to me. The one time I've ever had a chance to be the person I've always wanted to be—" he gave a dry laugh—"that I'd almost convinced myself I *was!*"

I waited while he drained his glass at a gulp, shoved it toward the bartender, and morosely watched it get filled again. Then he turned to me with a peculiar twisted smile which I'd never seen before. "Not supposed to imbibe like this, you know." He tapped his chest. "Poor plumbing here. Valves not hitched up right. Docs gave me five years at the most when I was—oh, no more than eight or ten, I guess."

Nonetheless, he drained his glass again, but held on to it this trip, turning it over and over as he spoke. "Used to read all the time as a kid," he said. "Still do, in fact. Stories of adventure, marvelous escapes, heroes singlehandedly overcoming every obstacle. But daydreaming about that sort of thing wasn't fun for me the way it must be for other kids. They can see themselves doing it all—I knew I never could."

I saw what he meant, of course. "Because of your heart condition," I said, "you never could."

He nodded. "I think the first time I told—well, told a whopper, as you say, must have been when I was about sixteen. I was big for my age, and I guess I *looked* pretty rugged and athletic. It was about hunting with my father in Canada, and, it seems, something had happened to the car, and he'd gone on down this lonely road in search of help, taking his gun with him. I didn't have a gun, you see, because he considered me too young to have one of my own till I'd had more experience in the woods—said he was afraid he might get shot. Well, all of a sudden out of the depths of the woods appeared this bear, a huge grizzly, a good seven feet high—or maybe it was a snarling timber wolf; I don't just remember. So I took my hunting knife—"

He **smiled** at me. "I don't know if the other kids believed it or not," he said. "But *I* did."

I felt genuinely sorry for him. What he'd done was compulsively build for himself, through his stories of himself, the character he wished so desperately and futilely to be. But, in a peculiar way, I also admired him. After all, he'd come through life jovial and fun to be with, his head held high where another man might have given up long ago. Also, for whatever reasons, the thing he'd shown out there on the boat was something very akin to bravery. Wasn't it therefore entirely possible that, under different circumstances, he might have been at least something near the hero he made himself out to be?

I put my hand on his arm. "Max," I said softly. "The only person there besides us was the girl—she might easily be confused about what she saw."

He frowned, not yet seeing what I meant.

"You threw that wrench, Max," I went on. "You saved our lives. It was the truth you told the copper, and that's what I'm going to tell them, and what I'm going to stick to."

He shook his head. "No," he said. "It's all up now. All over. Probably for the best, too." He made a helpless gesture. "I was bound to be found out someday, anyhow. From here on we'll stick to facts."

This time he thrust both our glasses toward the barkeep. When they were filled, he said. "Fact number one. I live in Brooklyn. Furnished room. Not so bad, really. Lonely times. I generally call up people—people who like to listen."

"Like Mary," I prompted.

"Like little Mary," he said. "She

listens, and I feel a whole lot better about life."

I nodded, thinking how wonderful a thing in poor Max's life a lovely girl like Mary must be—to have her listen, to have her believe, to have her think him a great guy.

"Rest of the time," he was going on, "I read, see movies, and work in the pop-bottling plant. Bookkeeper of the bottles. Very *un*exciting work." He drained his last glass. "So you see, never been any place, never done anything. Until tonight, of course." The twisted smile again. "Excuse me, old boy—tonight it was *you* did it. Not me. I keep forgetting."

It was only then that I caught the familiar mocking twinkle in his one good eye, and realized that I'd just been completely sucked in on the most absurdly fantastic yarn of all! I actually shook him as I said, "Dammit to hell, Max, are you lying again?"

My shaking his arm was as a mouse tugging at a lion's paw; he was smiling broadly down at me now. "Of course, old boy," he said. "But hadn't we better be on our way? Mary'll be worried all over again."

At home, grimly, I let Max tell what had happened in the boat; and, of course, he made it a lot more vivid to Mary than ever I could. When he reached the part about throwing the wrench, though, I was alert to leap in and protest if he didn't stick to facts. But he told it just as it happened, exaggerating only the distance of my throw.

Mary was appropriately astounded, gave us each a kiss of thankfulness for bringing ourselves back to her: we all had supper and several more drinks, and then Mary and I drove Max to the station, this time without mishap, and put him on an early morning train for town.

On the way back home again, we didn't say much. I supposed that Mary must be asleep on the seat beside me; *I* was certainly worn out. Then, apropos of nothing at all, she said, "That Max is a cutie, isn't he?"

"Hm?" I asked. "How do you mean?"

"Oh," she said, "giving you credit for throwing the wrench. I thought that was awfully sweet."

"Well!" I said. "I don't quite see how *sweet!* After all I *did* chuck the damn thing! In fact—"

I was on the point of telling her how he'd lied about it to the lieutenant, but she interrupted by saying, "Of *course* you did, darling!" and kissing my ear.

So I let it go.

We haven't seen Max again since. But we undoubtedly will before long. And Mary will get herself all dolled up for the occasion; and he'll have more of his stories, which Mary will swallow whole. And I— Well, if Max were to start telling how, on the way back from the railroad station one icy night last November, he ran into a member of the Polish secret police on the point of abducting a counterspy—a beautiful young girl, as it happened—and then, at the last minute, when it looked as if all were surely lost . . .

Dammit, I'm not certain I'd even believe *that!* . . . THE END

The Munkits

BY DR. SEUSS

In the midst of the dusty, hot Desert of Dreer
Stand a couple tall rocks. One is There. One is Here.
And
One day, two Munkits just happened to stop
By the rock that was Here. It looked fine up on top.
It looked like such sport and such wonderful fun
That the Munkits climbed up to the top of that one.

Then one of them noticed the rock over *There.*
"Say!" he said, pointing far off in the air.
"This isn't much fun over *Here* where we are.
"I'll bet it's more fun over *There,* where it's Far!"

So the Munkits climbed down off of *Here,* to the heat
Of the simmering desert which blistered their feet,
And they hiked many miles in the broiling hot sun,
And they climbed to the top of the far-distant one.
But when they got up on the rock that was Far,
Then one of them said, "Say! This rock where we are . . .
"It used to be THERE. Why this really is queer!
"It's no longer THERE because now it is HERE!
"So this far-away rock isn't FAR! It is NEAR!
"If we want to have fun on a rock, I declare,
"*We'll have to go straight back to HERE, which is THERE!*"

So the Munkits slid down off of THERE (which was *Here),*
And they raced to the rock that was FAR (which was *Near),*
And those Munkits are *still* racing round there, I fear,
Between those two rocks on the Desert of Dreer.
And they never enjoy *either* rock where they are
'Cause there's always more fun on the rock that is far.

(Continued from page 32)

her, from her fondness for pizza pie to the fact that one front tooth was a little crooked because it had almost been knocked out in a fight with Jimmy Jones when she was nine years old.

The man at the door was tall and lanky, with crew-cut brown hair. He was wearing a striped T shirt and old Army tans that could have stood a good washing, and he was carrying a basket of fruit.

"Hi," he said. "And welcome to our city."

Sue Ellen gave him a friendly, impersonal smile. "You've made a mistake. I didn't order anything."

"Smite my brow!" He smote his brow. "She mistakes a Harvard grad for a delivery boy! No mistake. You are"—he squinted at the card on the door—"Sue Ellen Andrews. And I am Ken McKendrick, your next-door neighbor, personal Welcome Wagon and future helping hand and guide to the big city. Rumor had it that Leona had sublet to a pretty blonde from out of town. Rumor failed to state, however, that said stranger to our city had gingerbread eyes and taffy hair and is altogether a delectable treat. The fruit—" he waved his hand—"a modest good-will offering. Apples, bananas, an orange or two. Nothing ornate. Compliments of me, via Harry's fruit stand down on the corner. Best fruit stand in town, by the way, whenever you feel the yen to stick your teeth into a pineapple or persimmon or whatnot. Any other advice or information you need, just call on me. After all, what are neighbors for?"

"Uh-huh. And New York is just a big small town after all," Sue Ellen said, smiling. She took the fruit. "Thanks. But if you'll excuse me now, I've just moved in and have loads of things to do—"

He looked as if he might be fun, but Sue Ellen wanted to discover her own tradesmen and choose her own friends. In a place like New York a girl could probably meet all kinds of fascinating people. And since there are only a limited number of sexes, some of the people she met eventually were bound to be men—exciting men—not in the least like the college boys she had dated back home. When a girl was on the threshold of adventure, there was no point in getting tied up, right at the beginning, with the boy next door.

"Precisely. You have loads of things to do," Ken McKendrick said. "And here I am, panting to lend a helping hand. As a start—" he looked around—"obviously you don't want the studio couch against that wall. Allow me." He took the basket of fruit and placed it on the coffee table. He started to move the studio couch.

"Just a minute!" Sue Ellen said, hurrying over. "As it happens, that's exactly where I do want it!"

"Uh-uh." He shook his head. "The outlet plug's over on the other wall. If you want to put an end table on either side of the couch, with lamps on them, you've got no place to connect them."

Sue Ellen put her hands on her hips. "If you come from a small town yourself originally—as I suspect you do from that Welcome Wagon routine—perhaps you will recall that the advice helpful neighbors give is usually sound, but dull. As it happens, I don't intend to have two stupid, conventional end tables with lamps on either side. I'm going to have one of those dreamy modern overhead thingamajigs that comes down from the ceiling—"

"In the small town I hail from, we called those modern thingamajigs old-fashioned chandeliers," Ken said, grinning. "Anyway, you can't; no overhead wiring. And the landlord won't let you. Look over your sublease. Or I'll be glad to look it over for you, gratis. For your information, I'm a lawyer, full-fledged as of last June, though the excellent but overconservative law firm which has the good luck to employ my stellar abilities—at a mere pittance—still seems to regard me as a glorified office boy. Would you like to see my diploma, by the way? We could amble over to my apartment—"

"**You could,** you mean," Sue Ellen said. A girl came to New York to meet interesting people, and right out of the bag she drew a guy like this—just out of college, brimming with vim, vigor and misdirected vitality. A nice enough guy, probably, once you put him in his place. But that place, Sue Ellen decided, was not her apartment. "In fact, you not only *could* amble back to your own apartment, but you'd be doing me a favor if you *would*. I'd like to get this place dusted off."

"Trying to dust me off? Tut tut. Is that neighborly?" Ken said. He stretched out on the couch. "Relax. There's no use cleaning a New York apartment; it gets dirty again before you can turn around. Have an apple." He tossed her one. "What happened to your front tooth, by the way?"

"A fight with the boy down the block when I was nine years old," Sue Ellen said. She stopped. *In another minute we'll be exchanging the stories of our lives,* she thought. *In half an hour he'll be telling me he knows a good place to have dinner inexpensively, and then he'll decide to take me there himself, to make sure I eat all my spinach. By the end of the week he'll be monopolizing all my free time, just because I'm reasonably cute and happen to live next door. And boing!—there'd go all the fun of being on my own in New York. I might as well have stayed home and gone on dating the local boys.*

"Well?" Ken said, biting into his apple. "Give with the gory details. Did he whop you or did you whop him?"

Sue Ellen drew a deep breath. "There aren't going to be any details, gory or otherwise. Do you mind if I'm perfectly frank with you? I didn't come to New York to get palsy-walsy with my neighbors. I had enough of that back home. And I'm definitely not in need of a helping hand. Ever since I took my first tottering footsteps," Sue Ellen said, grimly, "some one or other has been extending a helping hand. I'd like to stand on my own two feet for a change. So if you don't mind—"

"There goes the most ingenious line a guy ever thought up!" Ken said, throwing his apple core into the wastebasket. He looked at her. "You interest me. Do you know that you're the first really attractive stranger to our city on whom that Welcome Wagon routine hasn't made a dent? Since frankness seems to be your forte, I might as well admit that by this point in my operational procedure, the girls are usually leaning against my shoulder, asking for further guidance in the ways of the big city."

Sue Ellen laughed. She couldn't help it. "Okay, Casanova. I'm sure there are plenty of girls around who would welcome your little red wagon—so why don't you run along, like a good boy, and play with them?"

"In other words, I'm not the type?" Ken said. He walked over to her and looked down at her, grinning. "Honey, I bet you wouldn't recognize a wolf if he were standing right beside you, ready to gobble you up in one bite!"

"Don't be silly," Sue Ellen said. She patted his arm. "Look—it's been fun meeting you, and we'll probably be seeing each other around, but I really do have a million things to do, so—"

"Hoist by my own petard!" Ken said. He sounded dazed. "My disguise was so perfect that when I finally do bare a fang she only smiles and pats my arm and says, 'Nice doggie.'" He shook his head. "Of course you realize that you've given my ego quite a blow? It might take months for me to bounce back again. Do you like pizza pie, by the way?"

Sue Ellen crossed her arms. "And I suppose if I say yes, I'll find myself having dinner with you and then I'll never be able to wash you out of my hair. And if I say no, you'll try to convince me I've never tasted real pizza pie and then I'll find myself having dinner with you, et cetera."

"Good. You like pizza pie," Ken said. "People who don't always admit it. Belligerently. Now, as I was saying, there's a place three doors down the block that serves the most wonderful pizza you ever tasted. While we are replenishing the inner man, you can explain to me in detail exactly what it is about the outer man that made you take one look and decide I'm not your type. Frankly, you have no idea how helpful that would be to me for future reference. Even if I don't appeal to you otherwise, surely your maternal instinct will force you to take pity on a guy whose whole future dealings with your sex may be blighted by being dismissed from your premises with such a casual wave of the hand?"

"Sorry," Sue Ellen said, smiling. "I'm saving my maternal instincts for my future family."

"She means it," Ken said. "You know, I bet it will be my tough luck to get you on my first jury." He shrugged. "Okay. Case dismissed. No more will

my countenance darken your door. A guy can take a hint. But I ought to warn you that you're missing out on a wonderful pizza pie."

After he had gone, Sue Ellen tackled the apartment again, smiling. He really was quite cute, in a brash, ridiculous sort of way. She wondered what stunt he'd think up next. But the mention of pizza pie had made her hungry. She locked her apartment, patted her key before she put in into her purse, and sallied forth to explore the Village. She had intended to find her own eating place—but when she reached the restaurant Ken had mentioned, she yielded to her weakness for pizza pie.

The restaurant had sawdust on the floor and murals of vineyards on the walls. It also had Ken McKendrick, sitting in a booth by himself. He saw her and looked smug, as if he'd been more or less expecting her.

"Welcome and sit down," he said. "Regale yourself with breadsticks until I can summon a waiter. In the meantime—" He drew out a small black notebook. "A man must make hay, when it's a question of technique. Did my fatal charm finally penetrate your austere defenses? Or was it my appeal to your maternal instinct that made you relent?"

"A far baser instinct brought me here. Hunger," Sue Ellen said. She twiddled her fingers at him and walked on to a further booth, but not before she caught a glimpse of his face. He looked, Sue Ellen thought, like a small boy whose hand had been slapped just as he reached for the cooky jar.

The pizza was remarkable, but Sue Ellen didn't enjoy it as much as she expected. She shouldn't really have snubbed him quite that hard, she decided. After all, he was a neighbor, even if he was just hamming up the neighborly approach. And it would have been fun to celebrate with somebody her first evening in New York. Also, it bothered her that he considered her austere. She looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't *look* austere. Not when she dimpled, anyway. Dimpling, she picked up her coffee cup and walked back to his table. He was gone.

"Were you looking for somebody, miss?" the waiter said.

"Well, I was—and I wasn't," Sue Ellen said.

After all, it was probably just as well she hadn't yielded to the impulse, Sue Ellen decided, when she was back in her own apartment. She sat down on the studio couch and kicked off her shoes. The couch was still against the wall where Ken had placed it, but she felt too tired to shove it back tonight. Anyway, it probably was more practical to leave it there. She rubbed her aching feet. She had wandered around after dinner, all by herself, exploring the crooked streets with their art shops and bookstalls and displays of handcrafted jewelry. She had seen quite a few interesting and fascinating people around, but of course she didn't know any of them. Yet. Ken probably did—she had a hunch a guy like that would know quite a lot of people. But if you once let somebody like that get a foot in your doorway, he'd be taking over your life before you knew it.

She peeled an orange, ate it, and went glumly to bed.

They met at the elevator the next morning, just as Sue Ellen was on her way to her first day at the new job. Sue Ellen was conscious of looking particularly delectable that morning, in a new green suit and a perky green hat. Ken McKendrick had discarded the striped T shirt and Army tans for a very smooth gray flannel. He had a brief case under his arm. Looking at him out of the corner of her eye, Sue Ellen decided that if she had happened to encounter him looking like this the first time, she might have decided that he was a cosmopolitan man of the world.

"Hi," she said. After all, even in an impersonal city like New York, if you met a neighbor who was waiting for the elevator, too, the least you could do was to say hello. She kept her voice impersonal, but nobody could have called her smile austere.

"Oh. Hi there," Ken said. He kept his own voice impersonal, and while nobody could have called his smile unfriendly, it was more the smile a man bestows on his mother's friends than on a very pretty girl.

They rode down together in the elevator. In silence.

The male ego, Sue Ellen thought bitterly. A man rang your doorbell and strode into your life without a by-your-leave, brash and gay and bantering. He encountered rebuff—and bingo, you'd bruised and dented his precious male ego and he had to salvage it by deciding you weren't worth bothering about in the first place.

Sue Ellen shrugged. That, obviously, was that.

By the end of the month, she had discovered—all by herself—a French bakery which had the most wonderful *croissants* in the world. And a Japanese restaurant that served the most delicious *sukiyaki* ever served anywhere. She had explored Fifth Avenue—all by herself—from the Village to Central Park. She was gradually fixing up her apartment the way she wanted it, with no advice or interference from any one. She liked her job. She even liked her boss. She made friends with one or two girls in the office, and she had a few dates with men she met through them—but none of them was what Sue Ellen had in mind when she thought of the unusual cosmopolitans she had expected to meet.

What's more, there were seven evenings in every week—and when a girl had always been part of a close, warm family in a friendly small town, the evenings in a place like New York could get pretty lonely. To make matters worse, it seemed to her that every time she went to a movie, all by herself—because, after all, a girl had to do something to fill up the evenings—she came back to find a gay party going on next door, with all kinds of interesting people going in and out of Ken McKendrick's apartment. One man in particular she noticed quite often. He was about thirty, tall and dark-haired, with a fascinating

scar across one cheekbone and the look of a man who has explored the seven seas and shrugged them all off as interesting little ditches. He was exactly the kind of man Sue Ellen had always wanted to meet.

Of course, she was always seeing Ken McKendrick in the hall or in the elevator. He always said "Hi." in a friendly, impersonal manner. It was galling to realize that if she hadn't snubbed Ken so casually, he would certainly have invited her to his parties—and by now she would have known the dark-haired man.

Eating alone was the worst part of all. Sue Ellen decided on a drizzly evening after work when she was lugging home a heavy paper bag full of groceries. Even if a girl liked to cook, she wanted some one around to show appreciation of her cooking. Eating out, with a book propped in front of her plate, was even worse. Besides, Ken had rumed for her the restaurant that served the wonderful pizza. The best pizza pie in the world is apt to taste dry in your mouth after your next-door neighbor, whom you had dismissed with a casual twiddle of your fingers, walked in one night with a devastating brunette who looked like a model, and the next evening with a blonde who belonged on television. Not that Sue Ellen cared whom Ken McKendrick dated. But it was certainly proof—if she still needed proof—that he knew loads of interesting people.

She stopped at Harry's fruit stand for some breakfast oranges—Ken had been right; it *was* the best fruit stand in the Village—and added them to the top of her shopping bag. She was half a block from her apartment when the drizzle changed to a downpour. Sue Ellen started to run. The paper bag, drenched, decided, in the way of paper bags, to part company with itself. Sue Ellen stopped and picked up the can of peas which had made its exit through the soggy hole in the bottom of the bag—and the oranges at the top rolled merrily down the street. Sue Ellen looked at her groceries sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. She looked at the anonymous strangers hurrying past, without a second glance, to get out of the downpour. It was a terrible thing to find herself utterly alone in the world. Sue Ellen started to bawl.

"Hey!" a voice said. "And hi. And ho-de-ho, what have we here—a damsel in distress?" It was Ken. He picked up the oranges and tucked them into his raincoat pockets. He tucked the can of peas into hers. He folded the bottom of the paper bag to hold it in place and reinserted her groceries. "Come on now. A good run in the rain never hurt anybody. Okay. On your mark, get set, let's go!"

Sue Ellen found herself laughing for what seemed the first time in months and years, as they ran to the entrance of the apartment house. Ken brought her groceries up and carried them into the kitchen for her.

"I—I can't begin to thank you," she said, pushing her streaming hair back from her face.

"Think nothing of it." Ken said, his voice once more as casual as if he were addressing a maiden aunt. "Call it my boy-scout deed for the day." He turned to go.

Sue Ellen bit her lip. "You're soaked to the skin," she said desperately. "Won't you—won't you let me offer you something hot to drink?"

"Thanks, but I've got some people coming in this evening, so I'd better run along." Ken said. "Well, be seeing you around."

"Oh!" Sue Ellen said. She stamped her foot. "You and your darn male ego! Just because a girl doesn't fall all over you any time you decide to yodel a mating call! Anyway, I did come back to your booth to say I was sorry if I'd been rude—but you had to get your feelings hurt and rush off before I had a chance to say anything!"

"You and your female ego." Ken said, grinning. "As a matter of fact, I suddenly remembered a date I'd made with a girl ages ago, so what was a gallant guy to do?" He helped her off with her raincoat and hung it over a kitchen chair. "Anyway, you made it pretty clear you weren't having any. For which, frankly, I don't blame you. A guy sees that a pretty girl has moved in next door; he decides it might be fun to be—ah—neighborly; he makes a try. No harm done, no hard feelings on either side if it doesn't work out. Right?"

"I—I guess so," Sue Ellen said, wiping the tears and the rain from her cheeks.

"Sure," Ken said. He patted her shoulder. "A girl alone in a strange city—you were absolutely right to tell me to run along with my little red wagon. It's precisely the course of action I would have advised my sister to take—if I had a sister."

"Uh-huh," Sue Ellen said, sniffling. "And you respect me all the more for it. And it's precisely the advice my older brother would have given me—I have two older brothers, as a matter of fact. And an older sister. And a mother and a father. And there isn't one of them that wouldn't have advised me I was doing precisely the right thing—" she began to bawl harder than ever—"and I'm so darn lonesome I'd sooner be dead. Or even back home again." She wailed. "I feel so—so—anonymous!"

"Hey!" Ken said. He sounded alarmed. "You know, you're a pushover for trouble, the mood you're in."

"So what?" Sue Ellen said, rubbing her eyes with her hand. "What do you care? Oh, run along to your party and all your fascinating friends! Stop worrying about me. I'll make out. You don't have to bother. In a big city somebody who just happens to live next door to somebody isn't expected to bother, so run along!"

"Now, now," Ken said. He put his arm around her. In a big-brotherly next-door-neighborly way. "Look. I don't like the idea of leaving you to sit here glooming all by yourself. How about getting out of those wet duds and into something cute, and then come a-knocking on my door and join the festivities? A party might do you good, as a matter of fact."

"A party," Sue Ellen said, her eyes shining, "would do me a lot of good. Who—who's coming?"

Ken shrugged. "Just the usual assortment. Some guys I knew in law school, with their wives. It's a strange thing, but most of the guys I knew in law school seem to be married now and living up in Connecticut or out on Long Island, but they like to get down to the Village once in a while for a party. And there'll probably be a writer or two around, and a few guys and gals from television—"

"By any chance, would a guy be coming who has dark hair and a scar across one cheekbone and—and the look of a man who has explored the seven seas and shrugged them off as interesting little ditches?"

"Gunnar Ballew?" Ken said, grinning. "An apt description. Sure, he'll probably show up."

"**And has** he?" Sue Ellen said. "Really been all over and all that?"

"He has," Ken said. "He's written several books about all over and will probably give autographed copies of them to a gal with gingerbread eyes and taffy hair." He sighed. "You know, you're still not doing my ego any good. But since you've made it perfectly clear that you view me only in a neighborly, big-brotherly role—well, never let it be said that Ken McKendrick is not adaptable. It will be a new role for me, but I shall attempt to take it in my stride."

"I'm sure you'll manage fine," Sue Ellen said, dimpling. "Particularly with that blonde and brunette I've seen you around with, to comfort any bruises to your ego."

It was a wonderful party. Ken introduced her to everybody, and everybody (except the blonde, who really was in television) made the kind of fuss over her that people back home made over an attractive stranger. Gunnar Ballew not only lived up to expectations; he exceeded them. Sue Ellen sat with her hands around her knees before Ken's fireplace, while Gunnar Ballew sat at her feet and gazed into her eyes, fingering the scar on his cheek—made by a Malay kris during a little trouble he ran into there. He showed her the ancient, intricately carved ring on his little finger, given to him by a grateful East Indian potentate for services rendered, and talked, in his resonant and beautifully disillusioned voice, of the beauty of the sunrise over the African hills. He also promised her an autographed copy of his latest book.

Ken, busy with hosting, winked and made a circle with his thumb and forefinger at Sue Ellen, and Sue Ellen smiled and winked back. He really was a darling, she thought happily.

By the end of six months Sue Ellen owned a complete set of Gunnar Ballew's books, all personally autographed, of course. She knew loads of fascinating people and was always hurrying home from work to give a dinner party for a few of them—they all seemed to like her cooking. On the nights when she wasn't having a regular party, she usually invited Gunnar over anyway, along with Ken and his girl of the moment. Except of course on the nights when Ken himself was giving a party—then she and Gunnar would usually drift over to his apartment for a while, or they'd all four go out on the town together. Sometimes

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

I read REDBOOK regularly and always look for "We Are Proud to Announce." So, as my baby's arrival drew near, I was trying to think of an original theme for a birth announcement. Because our last name is often confused with my husband's rank — he is a sergeant — we decided that this was the idea we were looking for.

MRS. LOYD SARGENT
Camp Rucker, Alabama

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

Gunnar had some particular place in mind he wanted to take her himself, or Ken and his girl were busy with their own plans. The blonde had drifted out of the picture by now, but Ken was still dating the brunette—when he wasn't dating a gorgeous redhead who had just come to New York from Texas.

By now, Sue Ellen knew the Village like the back of her hand. Her clothes had lost any small-town look they had ever possessed. She had learned to make daring sorties into the dim, snooty interiors of the swank decorator shops on Fifty-seventh Street to get ideas for fixing up her apartment, and then to poke around among the secondhand stores on Third Avenue until she found the right picture here, the right accent touch there, with which to carry out her decorating scheme.

But the metamorphosis had happened so gradually that it wasn't until one wintry February evening that Sue Ellen discovered that she herself had become a cosmopolitan instead of a stranger to the city. Gunnar had met her after work, and they were having cocktails together in a charming little place that was Gunnar's latest discovery. Sue Ellen was twirling the stem of her glass and leaning her head on the palm of her hand, because she'd had a headache all day. Her throat hurt, too, and she had a feeling she was coming down with a virus. At that moment she happened to glance across the room, and saw a blonde in a smart black dress, with the poised, blasé look of a typical cosmopolitan. The blonde was leaning her head on the palm of her hand and twirling the stem of her glass as she looked up into the eyes of a dark-haired man with a fascinating scar on one cheekbone and the look of one who has explored the seven seas—

"Oh!" Sue Ellen said. "Well, for goodness' sake! I'm sorry, Gunnar, but I was looking across the room and I saw those two interesting-looking, cosmopolitan people, and then I realized they were just us. In a mirror." She sighed. "I didn't mean to interrupt, Gunnar dear. Let's see—you were telling me about that perfectly fascinating encounter you had in Tibet—"

"That was ten minutes ago," Gunnar said, huffily. "Since that time I've been trying to say to you—well, let's put it this way, Sue Ellen. There comes a time in every man's life when he views his life, sees it's a barren plain—he's been everywhere and seen everything—and, well, he realizes that it's time to settle down. In Connecticut, say—or would you prefer Long Island, Sue Ellen?"

"Gunnar dear," Sue Ellen said desperately, "I've got the most frightful splitting headache; I can hardly hear a word you say—"

She was sitting on the renovated studio couch, holding her head in her hands, when Ken poked his head in the door.

"I saw the light," he said. "Where's Gunnar, by the way? I thought you two had a date this evening?"

"We did," Sue Ellen said. "I asked him to bring me home. I had a frightful headache. And I don't know where he is now." She thought about it. "Probably on his way to Timbuctoo. I have a feeling he proposed to me, and that I turned him down." She looked at Ken. "I finally discovered that poor Gunnar bored me to tears."

Ken nodded. "A perspicacious observation. A sweet guy, Gunnar, but a frightful bore. His best stories are all in his books, anyway. But bear the burden not too heavily upon your conscience, sweet lady. Poor Gunnar's got an almost undentable ego. Besides, he was about due for a book on Timbuctoo, anyway. Have you got any coffee? I seem to have run out."

"Look in the top cupboard on the left-hand side of the pantry," Sue Ellen said. "I'd find it for you, but my head seems to be floating away. I think I'm coming down with a virus or something."

Ken put his hand on her forehead. "Coming down with it? Honey, you're it! Holy smoke!" He vanished from her throbbing gaze and reappeared with a thermometer. He stuck it in her mouth, took it out, and shook his head. "The national debt was never this far in the red," he said. "Listen. I think I ought to ask Doc Vade to come up. He's just down the block, and—"

"I know." Sue Ellen nodded dreamily. "Best doctor you've ever seen anywhere—"

Just about then her head floated completely away. At intervals thereafter, when it seemed to be fastened back on for a moment, she thought she recognized Ken bending over her, and once in a while somebody who probably was Doc Vade. She even had a weird impression that her mother was sitting by her bedside, smoothing her forehead and muttering soothing words, the way she had done when Sue Ellen was little. That hallucination refused to go away even on the morning when Sue Ellen opened her eyes to a sunshiny day, shook her head, and discovered that it was screwed back again where it belonged. She looked around and saw her mother sitting beside her bed, knitting. Sue Ellen put out an experimental hand. The wool felt real. The afghan looked like the one her mother had been working on before Sue Ellen left home.

"Hi," Sue Ellen said shakily. "What are you doing here?"

"Where did you think I'd be, when that nice young man next door phoned long-distance to say you were down with virus pneumonia?" her mother said, knitting placidly. "I must say I would never have dreamed New Yorkers were so neighborly. He's been doing my shopping for me and spelling me in sitting with you in the evenings." She looked up. "Good morning, Kenneth. Well, our patient seems to be on the road to recovery. For goodness' sake, what have you got there?"

"Balloons," Ken said. "Hi." he said to Sue Ellen. "I remembered last night that you once expressed a yen for a chandelier-type decoration hanging from the ceiling." He got up on a chair and Scotch-taped the strings of the balloons to the ceiling. "There. Gaze upon the first mobile. Well, I'll see you both tonight."

"Such a nice young man," her mother said, smiling, when Ken left. She picked up her knitting again. "So much fun—and I declare, he's been just as much my right hand through all this as either of your brothers would have been, if they'd been here. Though I must ad-

mit when I first came I was—well—just a bit worried. I mean, you here in this apartment and a young man next door—"

"You needn't have worried," Sue Ellen said. "I took care of that angle of it, but good, the very first time we met." She turned her face to the wall, and wept.

But even the most virulent virus wends its way out of the system eventually. There came a day when Sue Ellen's mother, after trying vainly to persuade Sue Ellen to reconsider and go home for a little more rest, packed her bag and went home alone. Sue Ellen called her boss and announced she was ready to report back to work on Monday. She was sitting on the sofa, reading, with the afghan her mother had finally finished around her. It was a Saturday. Ken had been over, earlier in the afternoon, to see if there was anything she needed, and had informed her, in his usual casual, big-brotherly, neighborly way that he'd be puttering around in his own apartment all afternoon, in case anything came up with which she needed a helping hand.

The doorbell rang. Sue Ellen went to answer it.

"Hello," the girl at the door said. "Remember me? I'm Leona Biggs, the previous tenant. I'm married now and living in Montclair, but I was in the neighborhood, so I thought I'd drop by for a minute. I've had you on my conscience ever since I rented the place to you."

"For goodness' sakes, why?" Sue Ellen said.

"Well—" Leona Biggs said. She sat down on the renovated studio couch, lit a cigarette, and looked around. "My—you've certainly done wonders to this place! Well, I suppose it was silly of me, but after I'd left it occurred to me that you looked so—well, so obviously from out of town, if you know what I mean. And I felt that I really should have warned you we had a wolf at our door. You know—Love-'Em-and-Leave-'Em McKendrick. I suppose you've met by now, and as I kept telling myself, either you put him in his place at the beginning or it was too late to mend now, anyway—"

"It is never too late to mend," Sue Ellen said, grimly. "Excuse me," she said to Leona Biggs. She walked out of the apartment. All of a sudden, for no reason at all, she was boiling mad.

She burst in on Ken without even bothering to knock. He was sitting in front of his fireplace, smoking a pipe and glancing through a law brief. "Hi," he said. "What's up?"

"I am," Sue Ellen said. "I'm up in arms!" Her eyes flashed. She walked over to him and started flailing him with her fists. "You—you Casanova! You—you heartbreaker! I—I whopped Jimmy Jones for doing far less than you did!"

Ken grabbed her arms. "For Pete's sake, what's eating you? What have I done?"

"That's just it!" Sue Ellen told him. She went on trying to pound his chest. "You haven't done one darn thing! A—a fine Casanova you are, running the first time a girl says boo to you! Jimmy Jones, at least, *tried* to kiss me!"

Ken grinned. "Oh, well. If you insist."

So he kissed her.

"Well?" he said, smiling, when he finally let her go.

"Oh," Sue Ellen said. Her eyes grew enormous.

Ken grinned and knuckled her chin. "As I recall the story, you almost lost a front tooth to Jimmy Jones. So where does that leave us?"

"I—I don't know," Sue Ellen said. She looked just a little scared. But her dimple flashed.

"I do, unfortunately," Ken said. He looked a little scared, too. "Probably, eventually, in a Cape Cod in Connecticut or a ranch house on Long Island. Oh, well, a man has to know when he's licked." He shrugged and drew out his little black notebook. He tossed it into the fire. "I have a hunch I'm not going to have any further use for it, anyway," he said.

Sue Ellen put her arms around his neck. "I have a hunch you *definitely* will have no further use for it," she told him. Kindly but firmly. . . . THE END

How to Find More Happiness

(Continued from page 41)

her—it's her own—but it may not yet have dawned on her that it's not the same position she has occupied for the past twenty-odd years.

Don can at least give her an even break by explaining what troubles him about her close ties to Sally.

If he doesn't want to do that, he ought at least to talk to his wife. He will have to be very skillful and avoid all mention of her mother, since this would only turn his wife against him. But he can and should talk with her in terms of their own marriage.

He might say, "Sweetheart, I love you more than anyone on earth, but I don't know you well enough. We ought to do more things together. Can't we work out some ways to do this that might help?"

He could also tell her that *he* feels ingrown—instead of accusing her of it—and ask for help in breaking out of the pattern.

He could try surprising Sally by paying in advance for the week-end rental of a cabin at Lake Arrowhead or some other resort she likes—with or without the children. He might arrange some evenings out together, like his proposed New Year's party, by phoning Sally from outside the house and making it sound more like a date. He can even order a small corsage sent around to the house during the day, with a little card asking her for a New Year's date. I doubt very much that she would let him down.

Don can also come off his high horse and try sharing some of Sally's interests instead of demanding that she move into all of his. What's wrong with his going to a movie première? After all, radio is a dramatic medium, too, and there ought to be something in films to interest him. Possibly, at the movie, he would even get an idea for a new radio program that would merit a raise. At least he could try and his very willingness to go, his demonstrated interest in being with Sally in something *she* enjoys, will almost certainly make an impression on her.

It's virtually impossible to change people by insisting that they come over to our point of view; we have to begin, anyway, by going where they are.

I once met a couple whose hobby together was weaving. I expressed some surprise at this, and the husband laughed. "I know what you mean, but a lot of men are weavers. I began because it seemed to me my wife was always at her loom and I couldn't get her out of the house. She told me to try it and then I'd understand. Well, I got so fascinated I had to get a loom of my own, and I was so ashamed of it I hid the fact from my friends for two years.

"Then I met an admiral whose hobby was weaving, and I got a little bolder. I entered some of my work and my wife's in an exhibition; then we joined a local weaving club, and by golly, we've both got what we wanted. I got Mary out of the house and meeting more people, and she got me into a hobby I'll have all my life."

I **know** a young professional ballplayer who broke his leg. He was such a terror around the house while he was recuperating that his wife taught him to knit just to give him something to do. He mastered it quickly, and his friends began to receive gifts of magnificent hand-knit cable-stitched sweaters. He and his wife still knit on an occasional evening and on long train trips. It's not *what* couples do, but togetherness that counts.

On the other hand, Don hasn't so far given Sally a real chance to take part in his hobbies. She can scarcely be blamed for not showing an interest in anything as technical as ham radio if she's never seen it work. Instead of selling his equipment, Don can work at his hobby without waiting for Sally to join him, and she may be attracted to it. Sooner or later the children will become curious—he can pretty well count on that—and if Sally's only contribution is to bring him coffee and sandwiches before bedtime, that will be some progress. There is no pleasanter fun than sharing a snack at the end of a long day.

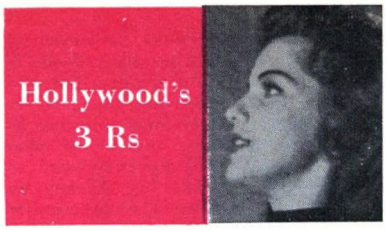
It seems to me there are two problems here, slightly under the surface. One is Sally's need for security. While she and her mother do have many common interests as married women, Sally may be getting from her support as a person rather than mere companionship. Sally's desire for her mother's backing at parties is one indication of this. A husband can give his wife the kind of standing in her own eyes that nobody else on earth can.

He can tell her she's an excellent hostess, that he's proud to bring people home, that she's gracious with people.

At their next party he might say, "Look—I love your family and like to be with them, but let's have this party for just our own age group. I wish you'd make one of your casseroles with the olives in it and that special cheesecake you do so well." If he will help Sally take pride in being his wife and help her find satisfaction in that role, he'll discover she can grow out of her narrow groove.

The other problem under the surface is Don's own lack of direction. Possibly he's blaming Sally and her tie to her family for his vagueness about his own life and work. Don still likes radio, but he is uncertain where he belongs in it. A man in this position often feels himself drifting toward middle age without "getting anywhere," and he quite naturally looks around for some circumstance to blame. Also, Don liked Sally's close family life before he was married, and it was welcome relief from his barracks existence. It's just possible he married Sally as a symbol of all he was missing in the Army, and not for herself as an individual.

None of this needs to be fatal, however, if Sally and Don will get down to the business of marriage *as a couple*. Like so many young people, they have let their problems pile up by just drifting along with them. They need to *begin*, and the best beginning I know is to talk to each other. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 46)

the studio—he snorted, "We can't afford it! We make enough mistakes as it is!" But U-I was desperate in 1948. It was losing more than $3,000,000 a year with established stars. The radical solution was new faces and old plots. A front-office order declared:

1. Build cheap unknowns into expensive stars.
2. Make color films consisting almost exclusively of Westerns and desert sagas.
3. Do trick pictures such as the Francis and Bonzo mule-and-monkey series.

The mood of the lot itself helped establish such a program. It is known as the most amiable in Hollywood. The attitude of the workers is: "If you're a star, I keep my job." Each one tries to help the newcomer, from the cooks in the commissary that have made it the best and cheapest in the business to the stage electrician who lights away the shadow of a youthful double chin.

It is U-I's policy to use young actors as soon as possible. An Arabian picture, with its harem scenes, is always good for the girls; a Western is excellent for the boys, with its masses of cavalry, pioneers and Indians. Few heavies train in the U-I school; the studio concentrates on the more remunerative "hero personalities."

The roster of the Development Program shows a wide diversity of background in the pupils. Suzan Ball came from Santa Maria, California; her mother was a licensed pilot for multiengined aircraft. A former band singer, Suzan's chief problem in the school has been "learning how to get inside a character that is only typewriting on a piece of paper." Susan Cabot, an exotic-looking Massachusetts girl, had difficulties of another sort. Her first roles were those of a Samoan girl, a Sioux squaw, a gypsy dancer, an Apache woman and a Persian houri. "All I did was say *ugh* for weeks," she complained. "It almost got to be habit-forming."

Tony Curtis, who makes no bones about coming from a tenement in New York, was one of the hardest-working members of the group, though he had gone through more dramatic experience than most—in Greenwich Village, New Jersey and the Catskill "borscht circuit." In his first appearance, he got less than 100 feet of film and a check for the week which, with deductions, totaled $17.08. A freshet of a few hundred letters came in, most of them addressed to "that cute fellow who danced with the leading lady"

—and Curtis was on his way to graduation.

Tony had come to Hollywood via a performance in a Greenwich Village play and is now considered even more of a success than his great-grandfather, a Hungarian circus strong man who stood seven feet eight inches in his socks. But the ebullience which makes him an audience favorite does not always endear him with fellow actors. One veteran, watching Tony perform, remarked, "They're always cute at that age, aren't they?"

Rock Hudson, one of the most famous results of the U-I program, used to be the boy-with-a-grin. "When he started training," says one director, "he was just a big kick-the-dirt lover. Now he knows when to turn the charm on and off." Hudson was a Hollywood truck driver who delivered sacks of dried beans to stores and gawked at the studio gates when he passed them. He spent his last 20 dollars on pictures of himself and sent them to an agent. The agent was impressed, sold Hudson to a studio, and got him transferred to U-I where—after two years of training in the school—he worked for five months without a day off.

Julia Adams, a backwoods girl from Little Rock, Arkansas, yearned to get into movies for more than 24 years—"ever since I was three and I used to watch the roustabouts unload the circus and I was the lead in the third-grade production of 'Hansel and Gretel.'" She sold hats and did secretarial work until she got across the country to Hollywood. There she took drama lessons and lost her hillbilly accent—then had to reacquire it for a TV role. She finally helped out in a U-I test in 1950 and was selected for a major part in "Bright Victory" after getting considerable experience as a heroine in a series of Western quickies.

During their schooling in the U-I program, the youngsters can be dropped or starred at a moment's notice. Kathleen Hughes, a 24-year-old college art student who keeps a pet duck to give her blonde hair daily duck-egg shampoos (and provide publicity stories), got a bit in a picture where she walked across a room in a tight skirt. She was on for exactly 112 seconds and had four short speeches. But she caused such a furore among audience males that she was hastily shoved into starring roles. On the other hand, 18-year-old Lisa Gaye had to go through four color tests costing $3500 before she was given a major role.

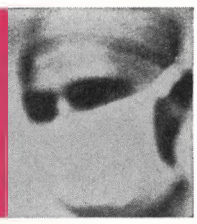
As you might expect in such an explosive group of talented young men and women, problems are plentiful. Mamie Van Doren, one of the more unrestrained lasses, is a "problem in cleavage." Once, posing a picture, she kept throwing her shoulders back and the remainder out. The publicity chaperon nixed her. She did it again and was again reproved; on the third take, upon being reprimanded, she pouted, "Oh, you're *always* peeking!"

Each student has quirks which must be analyzed and overcome: the belligerently ambitious one, the painfully shy, the one who declares, "Well, I don't believe in marriage anyway" (which is death in the public prints), the mercurial girl who wears black for days if she is disappointed in a date, the ex-usher who is all hands and feet and becomes debonair to the point of forgetting how to play awkward roles, the clown who thinks his emergency appendectomy so funny that he breaks his stitches by laughing, the girl who is so unnaturally cool that when she drops her petticoat at a premiere she merely picks it up and stuffs it in her purse. Or the boy who tenderly nurtures his own fan clubs; he edits their magazines personally, complete with pictures and adoring letters to himself.

"Nearly all the students are either over- or underinhibited," says Mrs. Harman. "Sometimes we long for the completely normal."

But when, once in a long time, the normal person does turn up in the U-I Development Program, he is, unhappily, a very bad actor. . . . THE END

A Doctor Tells about Mercy Killing



(Continued from page 25)

family, the effect it would have on the five normal children. And we knew that the mother and father, like so many parents before them, would have made every conceivable effort—with no chance of success—to have something done for the child.

Not long ago, a patient of mine told me the story of her baby, a child that was as abnormal and hopeless as the one my three fellow students and I had delivered. Both she and her husband had wanted the child, their third. They had a good income and lived in a comfortable home, and she was cared for by the finest obstetrician in the area.

When the child was born, every conceivable medical technique was used to keep it alive. And the child survived. The mother and father were told that their child, while robust and healthy, was mentally deficient. Their doctor advised them against keeping the child in their home, where she would undoubtedly have an undesirable effect on their two older children. After a great deal of struggling with their natural emotions, they reluctantly took that advice.

The child is eight years old now and has been cared for all these years by a private institution. She may live to be 10 or 30 or 50, completely helpless, completely unable to achieve the mentality of a one-year-old normal child. And for the rest of her life, the child will have to be supported in that institution by her family.

The mother finished her story. She turned then, and asked me, "Why couldn't they have *done* something? Why did the doctor let it live?"

These are questions which many doctors face again and again. There is a feeling among many people that they are questions which must never be discussed with doctors, that most doctors would be horrified at the implied suggestion. That idea is false. The probability is that the same thoughts have occurred to the doctor long before. Far from being shocked at such feelings, doctors often wonder that the relatives of incurably ill patients, patients who are in severe pain and are a tremendous financial and emotional burden to their families, sometimes seem to want to prolong the patient's existence to the last possible second.

It is time that people recognized the position of the doctor in such cases. It is time that people understood the dilemma of the doctor—condemned by law if he acts, condemned by many patients and their relatives if he doesn't. The doctor sometimes finds himself between two tremendous emotional forces: the force that threatens his life, his profession and his honor if he performs a mercy killing, and the force, often partly within himself, that brands him as needlessly cruel if he prolongs the patient's life by using all his skill.

I **would** not venture to say that all, or even most, doctors have performed a mercy killing. Many doctors never see a case in which it would be possible. But many doctors do. There are no statistics. Doctors who have performed such acts rarely talk about them. Usually they are careful to do them in such a way that even the relatives who may have urged it can never be sure. Usually they do them alone.

The case of the abnormal baby was my introduction to euthanasia, though I doubt if I even knew the meaning of that word at the time. But make no mistake about it—mercy killing, under any name, is a subject that is unofficially debated and discussed in every medical school. It is a subject of tremendous emotional importance to many doctors. It is a subject which many doctors eventually have to face, one way or another.

During the last two years of medical training, the student makes the rounds of a hospital with a resident physician, talks to patients, examines them, and discusses with the doctor their treatment and care. It was at this point in my own training that the subject of mercy killing became a personal and emotional problem.

Day after day, I saw a patient in almost intolerable pain. I knew—from my own studies and from what the resident told me—that the case was hopeless; that there was no possibility of a cure or even of arresting the disease. And I knew, too, that if the patient were given the best of medical attention, he might survive for months.

Facing that kind of suffering day after day has its effect. You want to do something. The first and most natural thought, of course, is to save the patient. Knowing that is impossible, the next thought is to end such needless suffering. And any alert young medical

student knows that it can be done, knows how to do it—and could, in fact, do it himself. What I am trying to explain is that the impulse to end such suffering is a perfectly normal human impulse. It is something almost all of us would feel in one degree or another.

In many of the public debates about mercy killing, the point is made that there is always hope of the discovery of a new treatment for what has been an incurable disease. That in itself is perfectly true, but it does not go far enough. When a patient's vital organs have been all but destroyed by disease or accident, no new cure or treatment could ever reconstruct them. When I speak of "hopeless" cases, I mean just that: patients who are doomed to die regardless of whatever advance medical science may make tomorrow or the day after.

I remember coming away from those rounds of the hospital, feeling sick at what I had seen: sick with nausea at the condition of some of the patients, but even worse, sick with despair at their suffering. And I was not by any means alone in these feelings. There were plenty of discussions with other students. Someone would return from making rounds and say, "Wouldn't you think someone would do something for that patient?" and the debate would begin.

I remember one of my instructors in the medical wards of the hospital where I received my training. We had examined a patient who had Hodgkin's disease, which can proceed as long as 20 years but which is invariably fatal. The patient, a man in his thirties, had been in and out of hospitals for years. His disease was now nearing its final stages, although he didn't know it. Nor did he know how painful and difficult those last months would be.

He was no longer responding to radiation, the treatment which had helped him before. There was no doubt that he was nearing the end. His liver and spleen had been invaded by the disease. Discussing the case privately, the instructor remarked that it was too bad something couldn't be done. "There is a man who is happy and could easily die happy," he said. "He could easily be spared the months of suffering ahead of him. Now would be the time for someone to make a mistake. But of course," he added hastily, "it would be worse than foolish to try. It just can't be done."

Often the desire to end a patient's life mercifully is caused both by the suffering of the patient himself and by the tremendous financial and emotional burden on the family. One can be as compelling as the other. I have seen whole families bled dry by a long illness which could have only one end. It is hard enough to watch when the patient has a chance. To see small children deprived of future educations and present needs, to see families gradually go under financially to prolong a suffering life is a heartbreaking experience.

Another argument—which to me has no validity—is that patients should be kept alive as long as possible, if only to be studied. Much of my medical experience has been in big city hospitals where there is never any lack of patients to be studied. And it is rare that anything useful can be learned from observing the terminal stages of a well-known disease.

One of the large city hospitals in which I worked for a time was a tuberculosis hospital. At that time tuberculosis was incurable. In its last stages, there was nothing for the patient but bed-rest in a hospital. It was at this hospital that I saw literally hundreds of patients in the terminal stages of the disease.

Having served previously in a general hospital where all kinds of cases were treated and where death is relatively infrequent, it was a shock to find that in a tuberculosis hospital a death was usually regarded as a blessing to the patient. It wasn't long before I understood why. Tuberculosis patients in the terminal stages of the disease are practically helpless. Often they are in pain, completely disoriented, subject to high fever. It is not a pleasant thing to see.

When a patient reached this stage, he was often a problem to the other patients in the ward. He would be placed in a single or double room so as not to disturb the others. Had he been given the best medical treatment known at that time, he would probably have lived for three or four months. Actually, once the patient was removed from the ward, he was literally allowed to die as painlessly as possible.

There was solid agreement among the doctors and nurses at that hospital that what they were doing was right. It is possible that consciences were salved by the thought that the patients were more or less passively allowed to die rather than destroyed. But there is no escaping the fact that what was being practiced in that hospital—routinely, daily—was mercy killing.

A **doctor** I know well—one of the few with whom I feel perfectly safe in discussing actual cases of mercy killing—told me about his practice of obstetrics in a large, modern hospital in a medium-sized town. Occasionally, as all obstetricians do, he delivers an abnormal infant.

Long ago, he told me, he had made up his mind on this subject. And today he invariably follows the practice of leaving the delivery room to speak to the father of the abnormal child. As gently as he can, he explains that the child is abnormal, that it will never be normal. He asks the father what he wants him to do.

"In ninety-five per cent of the cases," my friend told me, "the father asks if there is something that can be done so that the baby won't live. Sometimes it is just the mildest of hints. Other times it is a frank plea to destroy the child. When I know that the father agrees to that course, I return to the delivery room and carry it out."

I myself have seen hundreds of patients who almost pleaded for a merciful death. If there had been a legal and thoroughly approved method of administering it, I know that I would not have hesitated on moral grounds. And yet I consider myself a highly moral man. One of the reasons I decided to become a

doctor was a moral one: I felt deeply the need to enter a profession in which my primary usefulness would be to people who needed help. I had a strong desire to serve. I still do.

But there is, of course, no legal and thoroughly approved means of mercy killing. Should there be? I can answer that question without hesitation. There should not and there could not. To legalize mercy killing, as has often been proposed, would be not only dangerous but impossible. No one man, no group of men, could ever draw up the criteria for determining when a patient is a candidate. And even if they could, no doctor or group of doctors could ever agree on their interpretation. In addition, the criteria would constantly have to change as new treatments and new operations are devised.

The danger in legalized mercy killing lies in the powerful weapon that it would put into the hands of one group—the medical profession. Doctors are too often thought of as a class apart. But they are, first and foremost, men and women. Among their ranks there are inevitably some who could hardly be trusted with so potent a weapon as legalized killing. A doctor can be tempted to commit murder, as can any man.

But what about the mercy killing that goes on now, against the law? Let me tell you of another case.

The woman was in her late fifties, and she came to the gynecologist on the recommendation of her family doctor. The gynecologist was a close friend of mine, and he told me about it one night when we left the hospital together to have a cup of coffee on our way home.

"It's already too late to help her," he said. "She has cancer of the cervix. If she had come to me a year ago, I could have done something. Two years ago, I could have cured her. But she put off going to her own doctor until a week ago. Out of fear, I think. And now there's nothing that can be done."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll do everything I can, of course," he said. "I'll give her as much X-ray treatment as she can safely have. But surgery is impossible. There's nothing left to remove. She hasn't a chance."

Months later, he told me what had happened. He had done all he could for her. And then she stayed in the hospital, waiting for the end. In her case it was obvious that the end would be slow in coming. Three times she had asked him to "put her to sleep," and each time he had done what he could to buoy up her courage. Then her relatives had taken him aside. They pointed to the fact that she had no desire to live. They told him of the staggering financial burden of maintaining her in the hospital. Couldn't something be done?

The doctor put her on heavy sedation, though she was in no great pain. After several days, the resident and one of the nurses asked if the dosage couldn't be reduced because the patient had lost all interest in eating. The doctor told them to keep the dosage at the same level. In a few more days, the patient died. She had quite literally starved to death, though neither my friend nor I used that term in discussing it. There were no indications that he was anything but relieved by the course he had taken. He seemed to have a deep conviction that what he had done was right.

Where do mercy killings most often occur? I have mentioned abnormal births, cancer and tuberculosis. The last is less frequent today because of the recent advances in early treatment. But I am sure that mercy killing must be a factor in deaths from such diseases as severe polio, crippling arthritis, Hodgkin's disease, cerebral palsy and in relatively aged patients confined to bed by strokes. Incurable mental diseases and severely crippled accident cases probably add their toll as well.

But in any attempt to list the diseases and conditions in which a doctor might contemplate a mercy killing, one runs into exactly the same difficulty that would confront a group of physicians who tried to draw up a list of cases in which the act might be made legal. It is impossible to generalize.

I think that mercy killing undoubtedly goes on more frequently than many of us would believe. I feel certain that in its present status as an illegal act and one which carries criminal punishment if discovered, it is rarely abused; that is, it is rarely performed for any reason other than to grant a suffering patient and suffering relatives a merciful end to their misery. To many people, probably, that in itself is an abuse. To some, it is murder, whatever the circumstances.

And murder, we know, is wrong. Yet how do we classify the killing that is done in wartime? Self-preservation, perhaps. What of the killing that is done in the states where capital punishment is used? Necessary to deter men from crime, it is said. My point is not to raise doubts about these kinds of legal killing, but to show that where killing has seemed to perform a useful social purpose, it has not only been condoned, but sometimes—as in the case of the soldier—even glorified.

Mercy killings will go on, whatever we try to do about it. Wherever there are doctors with feelings, some of them will see it as their duty to risk everything to end some lives short of the suffering that lies ahead. Whether or not it is morally defensible can only be answered in the mind and heart of the doctor who contemplates it.

Of one thing I am sure: No doctor would ever attempt to destroy a patient who wanted to live. And no doctor would ever attempt to destroy a patient whose family insisted that everything be done to prolong his life. . . . THE END

"My Wife Loves Her Mother Too Much"

(Continued from page 41)

plete meaning for her unless she could somehow share it with her mother. That used to irk me some, but I figured it was normal in a new bride, that she'd get over it.

In that small Missouri town there were plenty of college girls about Sally's age, but she said she wasn't comfortable with them. The nearest thing she had to a woman friend was our landlady, with whom she swapped cookie recipes.

The following year our first baby was born, and all through the pregnancy Sally was vitally alive, cheerful and happy. Everything seemed to go right for her. I thought maybe being a mother herself would cure her of preoccupation with Helen.

But the night we drove to the hospital she began to cry—I guess the pains were getting bad—and she sobbed for her mother. I put an arm around her, but she asked me to send for Helen. Of course there wasn't time for that. She was only 21, and I felt like a heel for keeping her so far away from her folks, though I was hurt not to be the one she wanted.

The next day she was all starry-eyed over our daughter and seemed to have forgotten the rest, so I tried to skip it. I figured my vanity could stand it and why stir up trouble?

When our second little girl came, sixteen months later, the same thing happened. In the interim I had learned not to care, I think. One of my professors told me lots of women want their mothers when they're in childbirth, like soldiers in battle, so maybe Sally wasn't so strange.

My chosen field was radio—I'd been crazy about it ever since I was a kid, and a cousin of mine built his own set. But radio had done a lot of expanding since then, and I couldn't embrace the whole darned business. I was still undecided whether to write, act, announce, produce, direct or what, when I graduated. A job was offered me at a small radio station right there in Missouri, in a town of 35,000 population, and it seemed ideal to me. I'd get to do a little bit of everything from script-writing to news-broadcasting to being a disk jockey. I could learn the business inside out and specialize later.

I talked it over with Sally.

"It won't be forever, I promise. I don't want to get stuck in a small town the rest of my life, but careerwise, this would be a smart move for me. I'll only stay long enough to pick up the experience I need."

She smiled her disappointment away. "Then that's what we'd better do."

So we moved to another Missouri town, and that winter Sally learned how to bank a furnace fire so it wouldn't go out at night—and had the second baby. I worked my head off and got two raises quite soon. I liked the town and—to be frank—it liked me. In a mild way I was a prominent citizen. I made speeches at luncheon clubs, emceed at community functions, helped the newspaper editor agitate for a new school. I began to wonder if big-city life was what I really wanted, but I didn't say that to Sally.

She's not a nagging person, but her conversation was sprinkled with remarks like "When we get back to the Coast . . ." and "I can hardly wait till Mom sees the children." Sometimes she'd ask me point-blank, "How much longer do you think it might be?"

Then suddenly, a little more than a year ago, I was offered a job in Oklahoma City which tempted me a lot. My boss matched the offer, so I had to decide. I talked to Sally about it. Oklahoma City was a nice compromise, I thought, between big-city and small-town living.

Sally looked defeated. "You mean," she asked, "never go back home?"

"Well, 'never' is a strong word, honey. It's just something we have to consider."

"I've always dreamed and planned I'd live near Mom, where my children could have a grandmother. You said—"

I knew what I'd said, and to return to the Coast only meant going back to my original plan, which I hadn't wholly abandoned in my own mind, anyway.

I was able to get a network job in Hollywood without too much trouble, in the sales division, which isn't exactly my cherished idea of radio, but I make a lot more money and my wife is a changed woman. Yet I can't help feeling our marriage had more substance when we were living in Missouri. It almost seems as though marriage is important to Sally only because it gives her one more bond in common with her mother.

I've asked myself a thousand times if I'm just jealous in a routine way, but I don't think so. I have no cause to be, because the tie between Sally and Helen isn't primarily emotional. Sally never quotes her at me saying, "Mom says we should do this," or "Mom thinks so-and-so."

I don't think they ever get very intimate in their discussions. It's more a matter of friendship, woman-to-woman stuff, cooking, knitting, shopping, clothing, child-raising and, above all, decorating. Both of them are demon furniture-movers. All of this goes on while I'm at work, and most of it wouldn't interest me, anyhow. And I'm usually glad to duck their infrequent evenings out, which they might spend standing in a crowd at a movie première for a glimpse of Gregory Peck or somebody getting out of a car.

Somehow it seems to me there's too close an association between mother and daughter. I don't like to see Sally confining herself to trivialities. If Sally had some other women friends it stands to reason a few of them would have hobbies and interests apart from houses and children. All this hobnobbing with her mother tends to fix Sally in a domestic pigeonhole that was fine a generation ago but just doesn't meet today's needs.

A man wants a wife with whom he can talk and share something besides the daily grind. Sally has such a full social outlet with Helen that all the activities I hoped we'd share just go by the board. I used to be an amateur radio fan, and I figured maybe it was something we could do as a family—that was before both our children turned out to be girls, but even now it could be fun. Gradually I've sold all my equipment. Also, I like boats. I've never owned one, though I dreamed that Sally and I might get one some day. But the idea of cooking in a two-by-four galley appalls her; she's got to have a kitchen as full of apparatus as a surgery.

The other night we had a fight about this. We don't fight very often, and when we do it shocks both of us—for different reasons. It shocks me because I halfway enjoy it; I find myself thinking anything is all right that breaks the humdrum calm of our life. It shocks Sally for just the opposite reason. She thinks I shouldn't disturb or ruffle her. Her idea of a good marriage seems to be one with a *Do Not Disturb* sign on it—which of course is exactly what her folks have. Helen and Pop have occupied separate bedrooms as long as I've known them, and that scares me. Helen's not a heavy-handed mother-in-law, yet Sally's with her so much that they get more alike all the time.

This year I had ideas of taking Sally dinner dancing on New Year's Eve. Maybe I'm an incurable romantic, but I thought girls liked that kind of thing. Not Sally.

"But we always go to Mom's," she protested, "always" meaning that we've done it the last two years. "After all, they came here for Christmas"—because I put my foot down and refused to budge—"and Mom would feel terrible not to repay us."

The thing that baffles me about all this is that Sally comes from a big family. I thought people with a flock of brothers and sisters were supposed to be more independent, yet I'm an only child and my folks began loosening their grasp on me when I was fifteen.

I've discussed all this with Sally, not enough, maybe, because she gets so worked up about it. I keep telling myself that one's childhood family means a lot more to women, so maybe I can't understand. Once I told her "forsaking all others" in the marriage service meant forsaking your parents, too—and she was frantic.

"What's the point in having children if you can't enjoy them as people after they grow up?" she asked.

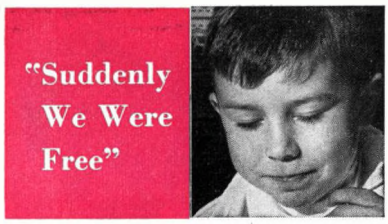
I had no answer.

Another time, I pointed out that Helen would die some day and then where would Sally be? She was angered that I could bring up the subject and wouldn't speak to me for the rest of the day.

Sally even goes to church with her mother. I wouldn't mind that if I thought it was religion she was after, but she never set foot in a church all the time we were in Missouri.

I know she loves me, and I feel guilty to want to take her away from her family, but this is my marriage, too. I keep wondering if we shouldn't have stuck it out in the Midwest just a little longer—then I remember the look on her face when she said we'd never go back home—and I don't know, I just don't know.

How can Don and Sally handle their problems? For Dr. Emily Mudd's suggestions, turn back to page 40



(Continued from page 35)

clicking cameras, Alfred kissed his wife. They were together again—to see and touch and hear each other after the long, cruel torture of waiting. It was an overwhelming and unbelievable moment to both of them, and it held just the slightest strangeness, too. For Klara was much prettier than Alfred remembered, her hair more fair than it appeared in the snapshots she had sent him from Russia. And Alfred, Klara saw, was seven years older and no longer had the thick, black mustache he had worn when they were married in Moscow. (Later, at Klara's request, he agreed to grow it again.)

The trip from Moscow to Minsk to Warsaw to Berlin to London to Iceland to Newfoundland to Montreal is more than 5,000 miles. It took Klara and Nicky three days, stopping overnight in Berlin and London. The ride from the center of Moscow to Vnukovo Airport is a matter of a few miles. That trip took more than seven years.

Together today, Klara and Alfred Hall find it hard to talk about those years without reliving some of the anguish that went with them. "I often wondered," Klara said recently, "if I would be able to forget it all, to blank those years from my mind when they were past and done. I've found that I can—almost. But it is worth talking about them again if our experience can help any young married couple realize the incomparable gift of just being together."

Alfred was a secretary attached to the British Embassy in Moscow when he met Klara in 1945. Leaving the Bolshoi Theater after a performance one October night, he accidentally bumped against her and mumbled his apologies in English. To his surprise, she answered softly in English, and they began talking. Later, he asked to see her again, and she accepted.

Moscow in 1945 was unlike Moscow in any other year, before or since. The Allies had just won the war against Germany, and British, American and Russian citizens mingled freely and professed undying friendship for each other.

"VE-Day in Moscow," Klara recalls, "was wonderful. Great crowds of Russians gathered outside the American Embassy, cheering and singing. When an American came out, he was seized by the crowd and tossed into the air. When he came down, he was kissed and embraced and cheered."

It was in the afterglow of this feeling that Alfred and Klara began to see each other regularly. They took long walks about the city, had dinner in quiet restaurants, danced in the large dance hall of the Stalin Factory, just outside Moscow, went to the opera and the ballet. Before long, they had discovered their love for each other and began to talk about marriage.

For Alfred, marriage to a Russian had serious implications. He knew that the Foreign Office did not look with favor on such alliances, and that he could expect to be transferred back to London. A diplomat with a Russian wife in Moscow was a potential security risk. But for two young people in love (Alfred was 28, Klara, 21), it was not important. And in Klara's case, the Russians showed no special interest in her marrying a British subject. They were married by the simple act of registering at the Bureau of Civil Acts in Moscow on February 24, 1946. It was the way most Russians married.

Because Alfred is a Roman Catholic, they were married again in the Church of St. Louis of the Angels on March 5. "We had a gay reception in Klara's mother's flat," Alfred said, "and we were both enormously happy. I knew by then that I was to leave for London in a few days—transferred, as I had expected to be—but we had been assured by Soviet officials at Ovir, the Moscow Registration Visa Department, that Klara would follow as soon as her passport and visa were ready. Since a large group of Soviet wives of British citizens had left Russia only a short time before, we had no reason to doubt them."

Those last few days together were filled with plans for their future, for the London flat that Alfred would somehow find and have waiting for Klara's arrival. "We spent our honeymoon at my flat at the Embassy," Alfred said. "There was nowhere else to go, but it didn't matter. And Klara came out to Vnukovo Airport with me when I left. She was very brave; there were no tears. We knew we would soon be together in London."

Back in London, Alfred quickly found a flat, and he wrote Klara that it had a room which would make an ideal nursery. For having a baby was one of the more important plans they had discussed in their pitifully short time together. Klara, living with her mother and hurrying to get her things ready to leave, answered that the flat sounded lovely. "I'll be seeing you soon, darling," she wrote.

The next few weeks went quickly by, and Klara discovered to her joy that she was pregnant. "Alfred was delighted when I wrote him," she said. "It seemed as though we were to have everything we could have wished for." But more weeks went by, and there was no word about her visa. Klara inquired at Ovir and was told simply that they had no information. She should be patient, the officials told her. Time went more slowly—a month, two, three—and gradually the happiness and expectation that had filled the letters they wrote each other began to give way to an anxious wonder. What could be wrong? Soon it was obvious that the baby would be born in Moscow.

The trouble with opportunity is that it generally comes disguised as hard work.

—Anon.

Klara herself had been born in Moscow in 1924. Her father, Georgi Ivanovich Strunin, was a lecturer in biology at Moscow University, and for years the family lived on the university grounds. Later, in 1939, they moved to a flat half an hour by streetcar from the center of the city, the flat Klara's mother still occupies. Klara's mother, Dora Dmitrievna, worked as a librarian at the Law Institute. There was a son, Sergei Georgeivich, four years older than Klara.

"We were comfortably off, as Russian families go," Klara said. "We always had plenty of food, a comfortable home and nice clothes to wear."

Klara grew up in a warm and loving family. A particular favorite of her father, she took long walks with him in the woods and hills outside Moscow, where he went to collect specimens for his biology classes. He took her to the children's theater and the ballet, and spent a good deal of time with her. But Klara's father was a member of the Communist Party and was rigid about the things the party considered right and wrong. "Being a party member," Klara said, "Papa had no church, no religion."

But Klara is convinced that her mother was religious. "Deep in her heart, I know she believed in God," Klara said, "though with Papa a member of the party, she naturally had to keep her beliefs to herself. She never went to church. It was my grandmother—Papa's mother—who took me off as an infant to be baptized in the Russian Orthodox Church. She took great care that Papa never found out."

What would have happened to her father if it had been known that his wife was a religious woman? Klara didn't answer that question. It was obvious that with her mother still in Russia there were some things which she would not discuss. The politics and purges, trials and famines of Soviet Russia drew no comment from her. And understandably so.

World War II cut deeply into Klara's life. Her father and Sergei went into the Russian Army, her father volunteering when Russian scientists were declared exempt from military service. Alone with her mother in the sixth-floor flat—now shared with two other families—Klara found life harder than she had ever known it. Food and clothing became desperately scarce. Central heating in the apartment building was shut off completely to conserve fuel, and the winters were bitterly cold. German planes bombed Moscow, sometimes eight and ten times a day, and each air raid meant carrying food, water and clothing down six flights of stairs to the shelter.

When Moscow itself was threatened by advancing German troops, the Law Institute was evacuated to the south, and Klara's mother gave up her job to stay with Klara in Moscow. In that year, 1942, Clara was ready for the university. Before starting, she worked for three months in a Moscow war plant.

And then came crushing news: her father was killed in action on the Northern Front, where he had been serving as

a political commissar. "A few months later," Klara said quietly, "Sergei, serving with a cavalry regiment on the Eastern Front, was also killed in action." With the life she had known crumbling around her, Klara began her work at the University, learning the English which was responsible for her meeting Alfred three years later.

In 1945, Alfred had completed a tour of duty as a secretary with the British Embassy in Persia and was transferred to Moscow. He arrived at his new post just after VE-Day, moving into a two-room flat at the Embassy, the former palace of a prerevolutionary Russian sugar magnate. His job as a secretary included coding and decoding secret messages, and he often found himself working late at night in the massive old building on the Moskva River facing the Kremlin. But he had enough time to himself to see something of the city and its theaters. And, of course, it was his interest in the theater which led to his meeting Klara.

"Mamma liked Alfred very much," Klara said, "and when we decided to marry, she approved, though she knew it would take me from Russia." Alfred, in his turn, grew very fond of Klara's mother, and in the days before the wedding the three of them spent much time together. Prices had risen steeply that winter, and he and Klara didn't go out much the last few weeks that Alfred was in Moscow. "Almost the minute we decided to marry," Alfred said with a smile, "Klara began thinking about saving money. Later, when we were separated, we both saved for telephone calls to each other."

> **Talk is cheap . . . and some women are always looking for a bargain.** —*Kay Ingram*

Klara and Alfred were bitterly disappointed not to be together when the baby came. Klara went to Klara Zadkin Hospital. "There is none of the fuss about having a baby in Russia that there is in America," she said. "No drugs or sedatives or what you call 'natural childbirth.' I had never heard of that before I came here. The doctor just delivers your baby." Nicky was born November 19, 1946, weighing nine pounds.

Klara stayed in a private room at the hospital for two weeks, and Nicky, cared-for in the nursery, was brought to her at feeding time. "Bottle-feeding is very rare in Russia," she said. "Unless the mother is sick, she almost always nurses her baby." The doctor kept Klara in bed for a week and then allowed her to get up a little more each day during the second week. (The newer American idea of having mothers begin to walk as early as the first day after delivery is not practiced in Moscow.)

"When I took Nicky home, things suddenly seemed terribly black," Klara said. "I had my baby, and he was fine and healthy, but Alfred had been gone more than eight months and there was no word about my visa. And the day I came home from the hospital, I found Mamma sick. The doctor said she had typhus and must go to the hospital. But Mamma was sure the doctor was wrong and refused to leave the flat. I was terrified, both for Nicky's safety and for Mamma, who could have had trouble with the authorities for refusing to obey the doctor's orders. Fortunately, Mamma was right. She was well again the next day."

But now Klara was more and more plagued by the awareness—no longer to be put off—that the delay in getting her visa must be more than just a delay. She began to fear that she would never see her husband again. Repeatedly, she went to Ovir for information, to make out new applications; always the answer was the same: no information—yet. Never any more than that. It was just enough to keep them both hoping, to keep them from giving up. And as she went again and again to Ovir, Klara began to wonder if her persistence might not endanger her cause. But try as she would, she was unable to stay away.

Alfred, in London, began to bombard the Soviet Union with letters, telegrams, petitions, requests and pleas for his wife's exit visa. Frantically, he wrote to Stalin, Molotov, Vishinsky and other top-ranking Soviet officials; none of his letters were even acknowledged. "It was like wrestling with the fog," he said. "I couldn't believe they wouldn't let Klara and Nicky go. What reason could they have?" Joining with two other Englishmen in the same fix, he took his problem to Parliament, where it was debated. The Foreign Office protested to Moscow. Nothing happened.

When Nicky was three months old, Klara took a job at the British Embassy as a switchboard operator. She had no difficulty being cleared for the job by the Russian agency which supplies all Soviet citizens who work for foreigners in Moscow. Her idea was to remain in as close touch as possible with the people who could probably help her most—the British—an idea in which Alfred wholeheartedly concurred. Working three and a half hours every other day, she still had plenty of time to be with Nicky, who stayed with her mother while Klara worked. As time went by, she found herself growing more and more discouraged about getting her visa. "I never quite gave up hoping," she said, "but at times it was only the thought of Alfred waiting for us that kept me going. I just couldn't let myself give up."

Alfred himself became desperate as first the months and then the years dragged by. Once, he actually began to plan a nightmare scheme for snatching Klara and Nicky from Moscow in the best Errol Flynn tradition. "I bought a map of Finland," he said, "and studied it carefully. Then I spent days working out a plan to fly a small plane from a point near the Finnish border to an open field outside of Moscow where Klara and Nicky would be waiting." He shrugged and grinned sheepishly. "It was a wild idea," he admitted. "I don't even know how to fly. I should have had to learn that first."

"Such a thing would have been ut-

terly impossible," Klara said emphatically. "There was no way for me to leave Russia without a visa. Even if I could have made my way to within 20 miles of the border, I would have been instantly recognized as a stranger."

As Nicky grew older, he began to miss having a father. The children of the families sharing the flat all had fathers. and sometimes Nicky came to Klara with tears in his eyes, complaining that "Daddy doesn't love us. He never comes to see us."

"Always I tried very hard to keep Nicky aware of his father," Klara said, "but it was difficult to know whether or not he really understood. I showed him pictures that Alfred sent, and told him his father loved him very much and wanted to come and take us with him. Twice Nicky talked to him over the telephone. And Alfred was always sending him something from England and, later when his job took him there, from Canada. Nicky was probably the only little boy in all Russia with a Hopalong Cassidy suit."

"And I," Alfred said, "was a very unhappy father when I learned that his Russian playmates were making him unhappy by calling him an American whenever he wore it! I finally stopped sending things like that."

Klara worried incessantly about Nicky's future if anything should happen to her. The thought led in endless circles of torment, and she tried in vain to banish it from her mind. But it returned again and again to haunt her, and never was there any answer.

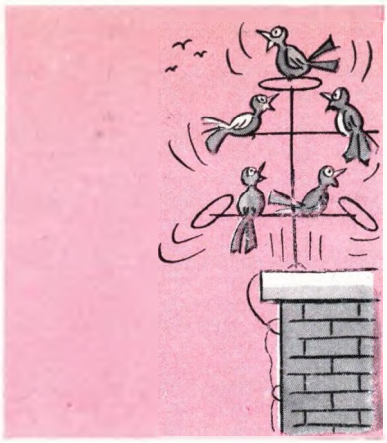
By 1949, Klara had been separated from her husband almost four years. During those years, other Englishmen had married Russian women, and the problem of the Russian wives had grown. And it was that year that the Soviet Government began first to suggest, then to urge, that these Russian wives give up their ideas of leaving Russia and divorce their husbands. Klara refused.

"I can't tell you exactly when I first became worried about myself," Klara said frowning. "But gradually I began to wonder what would happen to me if I continued to hold out. And when some of the others did divorce their husbands and still others just dropped out of sight, I wrote Alfred."

"We decided," Alfred said, "that Klara would be safer living at the Embassy itself. She had become a British citizen when she married me, and she was entitled to protection." So Klara and Nicky moved to a two-room flat at the Embassy. Klara's mother still took Nicky while Klara worked, and in the summers, she often took the little boy to the country with her. Klara, herself, rarely left the Embassy once she moved there. When she did, it was always with one of the secretaries in an official car.

She saw little of her mother after that, though they tried to make up for it by talking frequently on the telephone. "I knew when I moved to the Embassy I had made a big decision," Klara said, "one I could not likely change. Now, cut off from my mother, the waiting became almost unbearable."

When he was five, Nicky attended a school at the Moscow Children's Center,



an institution for foreign children run by an American marine officer. He loved school and almost immediately showed a talent for drawing. He was also fascinated by Russian television, which, for children, is restricted to a three-hour program Sunday afternoons featuring children's theater, ballet and puppets.

People have asked Klara if many Russians listen to the Voice of America broadcasts. "A good number of Russians do," she said, "particularly the young people who love American jazz and have no other chance to hear it."

In the summer of 1952, Nicky suddenly took sick. When his illness was diagnosed as scarlet fever, Klara was terrified. "He was only five and a half," she said, "and he had never known a father. Now he was taken from me to a Moscow hospital. And worst of all, I didn't dare leave the Embassy to visit him."

It was six weeks—weeks of silent terror for Klara—before Nicky was back with her, well again. "I think it was the worst time of all," Klara said.

Life at the Embassy dragged on. "The Embassy people were extremely kind to me," Klara said. "I had many friends among them. I was invited to their parties and treated as one of them. But it was useless to try to pretend that my life was anything more than just waiting. And I had waited six years—years of fear and terrible loneliness. Six years, and I was still waiting."

The death of Stalin brought momentary hope to Alfred that somehow this might mean that Klara would finally be granted her visa. But Alfred's hopes for an end to his waiting were soon shattered, for the British Ambassador, Sir Alvary Gascoigne, told Klara of a conversation with Molotov. For the first time, she had official word that her application had been refused.

Klara and Alfred were plunged into despair. "That was our lowest point," Alfred said. "For the first time, I felt it was the end. I began to believe I had lost Klara and Nicky forever."

When it finally came, the word that Klara could leave Russia left her empty and unable to comprehend. It was an anticlimax after the terrible years of waiting. Called into Sir Alvary's office, she heard his words but was unable to believe them—the words she had waited seven years to hear. It was a quiet and somber Klara who was driven in an Embassy car to Ovir. There the familiar officials repeated the familiar words: no information—yet. The next day, she was asked to fill out a sheaf of papers. A few days later, she returned to complete more forms. After seven years, there were still delays.

Alfred, working as assistant to British novelist Nicholas Monsarrat in the United Kingdom Information Office in Ottawa, Canada, was told by Foreign Office officials that there was a chance that Klara might soon receive her visa. When he heard a few days later that arrangements were being made for her to leave on the same plane as the ambassador, Alfred was sure that the years of waiting were almost over.

Klara's papers were not ready for her to leave with Sir Alvary, but on the morning of August 29, 1953, the very day after her papers were received at the Embassy, she and Nicky were driven to Vnukovo Airport and ushered aboard an American-built DC-3. The plane stopped briefly at Minsk and Warsaw, and then landed in East Berlin. Klara and Nicky were driven by car to West Berlin. "It wasn't until we passed into West Berlin," Klara said, "that I could believe it had happened. I had steeled myself against a failure, against being turned back. But now there was no one who could turn us back. I had the most wonderful feeling of freedom—complete freedom. The weight that had been on my heart for years was gone in an instant. I wanted to sing. I wanted to hug Nicky. We were free!"

Klara and Nicky spent the night at the home of a British official in West Berlin and went on by plane to London the next day. The British Government paid for their passage as far as London, because she was the wife of a diplomat returning home. Alfred had arranged for them to come on to Canada. At Northolt Airport in London, they were met by Alfred's sister and mother, delegations from both the Foreign office and the Commonwealth Office, Alfred's new department, and numerous people Klara had met in Moscow, as well as reporters and

photographers. "I can't tell you how confusing it was," Klara said. "And how wonderful!"

That afternoon, Klara shopped. She thought the English women looked lovely—even better dressed than the German women whose clothes had impressed her in Berlin. "As for myself," she said, "well, I looked dreadful. Yet in Moscow, I was always considered well-dressed."

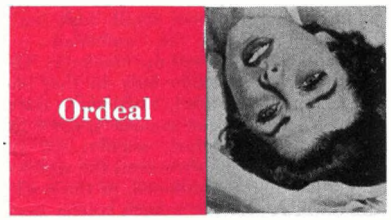
Next morning, they were off on the last leg of their long journey. Alfred's tour of duty in Canada was ending just as his wife and son arrived. But he had insisted that they come on, so that the three of them could see something of America before settling down in London, where Alfred will work for the next two years. After two weeks in Ottawa, they drove to Washington, D. C. They saw Williamsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and, finally, New York, where Klara, who left Moscow with only one suitcase, bought dresses and hats, shoes and slips, stockings and a fur jacket. "Washington was wonderful," she said, "but I don't think I like New York as well. The buildings are so tall they make the people seem small and insignificant."

Within a few weeks of his arrival in America, Nicky displayed a passionate love of Cokes (which he had never tasted before), bananas (which Klara could rarely afford in Moscow) and American children's records (which helped him with his English). In New York, he performed the typically American boy's feat of breaking his arm in a fall from a borrowed bicycle.

As for Klara, the world outside Russia is still too new and unexplored for her to make any permanent judgments. "The biggest difference," she said, "is the way I feel inside. The bruises and the dull pain of those awful years are over. My fears are past and finished. But most important of all," she said, taking Alfred's hand, "we are together."

"For good," Alfred said firmly. "I will never leave Klara and Nicky again, even for a week's business trip." But Klara's happiness and new-found feeling of freedom are not entirely without limits. For in leaving Russia, she left her mother, alone now, after the deaths of her husband and son. And it is hard to imagine Alfred and Klara, after their experience, going back to Moscow, even for a visit—even if they were assured they could get out.

On the surface it would seem that Alfred and Klara face many problems in adjusting to a quiet family life together after their torturous years apart. But Klara shakes her head at this idea. "What might be problems for others will not be problems for us. When you have lived through an experience like ours, there can be nothing ahead to fear. Being together is everything." THE END



(Continued from page 38)

The people there would be neighbors and business friends, who knew that she and Gary had never missed attending the annual affair. Gary, she was sure, would be glad she could go, even without him.

But still she persisted: "I haven't been so excited since my first senior prom!"

She knew that "excited" was not the word. A little thread of alarm was weaving in and out of her subconscious; not excitement. But it was only as she was actually getting ready, the night of the dance, that Anne Carpenter finally admitted her dread, examined it.

It was not, she told herself, that she did not trust Martin. Or, should he surprise her, that she could not settle that sheep in wolf's clothing, if she desired.

That was it: *If she desired!*

The thought hit Anne so hard that she actually staggered. She had just got out of her bath, and she had been wandering rather nervously about the bedroom of her little apartment. She had laid out her dress and then moved from bed to dressing table, fingering the make-up jars, turning with an instantaneous warming of her heart to glance at her picture of Gary in his new uniform with the last war's ribbons on it.

She was completely nude, with the lack of self-consciousness that indicates absolute femininity in a woman. Anne was proud of her body—not flagrantly, but in a quiet, grateful way, as a mother admires her perfect baby. She was deeply tanned, with only brief white strips to indicate she had obeyed the law in sunbathing. The mirror on the bathroom door she had noticed, showed her as if she were wearing little white shorts and bra, and the thought amused her.

She had thought this image of her would amuse Gary, too, and without self-love, but with a great wistfulness for his laugh, his hands, his voice, she had put both hands upon her hips and caressed gently, as he had liked to do. She could hear what he would say:

"You're so soft. Kitten soft. . . ."

Anne then had closed her eyes in a mist of memory and desire. She could remember the hard muscles of Gary's shoulders, the lean, strong forearms with the fine hairs that had tickled her palms, the fleshless hips and flat young waist. She could remember putting her arms around him and laying her head upon his chest and hugging him until it felt as if her arms would break, just to relish the solid wall of him. What had become, she thought now, of that cool, watchful, detached mind of hers? There was only the desire to hold him, closer, tighter, harder, almost weeping with love and joy.

And it was then, in answer to that question, that Anne Carpenter finally faced what she had been trying to ignore these last weeks: *I can't go out with Martin. I can't go out with any man. I'm not cold and mocking any more. I don't trust myself!*

She was appalled at this self-knowledge. Not even to be sure of herself with Martin!

He was in his early thirties, Martin

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Morley, and had a rather futureless job in the same office from which Gary had been recalled to active duty in the Air Force. Martin had been devoted to his mother. After she had died, a few years ago, he had sought halfheartedly for someone to replace her in his life, but there was no one he found comparable. There were some who were interested, and let him know it, but then he would panic.

Anne was ruefully sure it had never occurred to him, when he had asked her to the Civic Club dance, that *she* might be a problem for him, too! He had asked her in fullest confidence that she truly loved and cherished her husband and had no thought in mind other than him. Also, he thought she was a very lovely young woman. Martin and Anne had known each other since they were teen-agers, but he had never considered her a beauty until after her marriage. As cool as he was, he did not realize that this bloom might have come, not just with the years, but directly because of her marriage.

Anne had never been a great belle, but she had not been a wallflower, either. Men she had thought of collectively, as like a huddle of romping, rolling, puffing puppies. She had treated them casually, with a "Down, Rover!" technique. Until, finally, she had met Gary Carpenter. And then there was only Gary, immediately, warmly, and in a lovely blur of time and place. Anne went smiling and vague through their engagement and equally vaguely through their wedding.

All she had realized was that she was happy. She was deeply loved, and she loved deeply in return. Others told her she had changed, but it was only that night—preparing to go out with Martin—that Anne Carpenter really accepted this in full comprehension.

I'm no high-school girl going to a prom in a pink tulle dress. No long-bobbed jitterbug whirling around the USO dance floors another war ago. How much of me changed when I changed my name? Others have guessed, but I know, I KNOW!

Anne recalled, like a prosecutor summarizing his evidence, the nights since Gary had left when she had lain awake, struggling for sleep, and had lost. When it had seemed as if she could turn and, by sheer force of love and need, find Gary there beside her. This was the one thing she had not expected when she had known he must leave. To miss him, yes; to find life savorless, a killing of time only until he returned, yes—of these she had been forewarned.

She had wondered, as most married people do, about the intimate lives of the couples who were close to her and Gary; after he left, her thoughts began to center upon the few widows or divorcees she knew. She had even tried, hesitantly, to mention it once to her mother:

"I didn't sleep too well last night."

"Oh, that's unfortunate, darling. You're not letting yourself worry about Gary? Worry never helped anyone. . . ."

"No, I wasn't worried about anything. Not exactly. Just—restless. It happens to everyone, I guess. *La nuit blanche*, the French call it, I think. They *would* have an expression for it, wouldn't they?"

Her mother's look of horror and confusion and disgust had ended the conversation there. She had been widowed for several years. She had never talked much intimately with her daughter, but Anne had always considered that perhaps due to her own inarticulate ways. Her father, she had noticed, while not a boisterously happy man, had never seemed either restless or morbid, either. And so she had hoped . . . but no matter. . . .

It was not the sort of problem anyone else could solve for her, anyway. It had no intellectual answer; only the words *Thou shalt not*—that burned in her brain.

At last she said aloud, there alone in her apartment, "I'll have to call Martin and tell him I've a headache and can't go."

But immediately Anne realized more sensibly that a plea of sickness would only postpone the issue. She would, temporarily, be getting rid of Martin. But there would be long months ahead when situations like this would have to come up again.

So when Martin arrived, she was dressed and waiting for him. He asked dutifully about Gary as they went out to his car. Anne sat stiffly against the door on her side, but Martin seemed unaware. He drove well and talked lightly, asking her about her job. When Gary had been called back to duty, Anne had returned to her old job. She worked in a small dress shop and did everything from planning the window to sweeping floors and making change. She liked it. She was almost entirely surrounded by women.

Anne stared ahead into the oncoming headlights as they talked. There had been times, as she well remembered, when she had glanced over at Gary as he drove and had suddenly, just because of the straightness of his nose, the firmness of his jaw, the clean line of his profile, been impelled to go to him, to assert to herself that he was real, to snuggle against the tweed tobacconess of him, while he grinned and drove stubbornly two-handed.

Like a general going into battle, she mentally checked over her planned fortifications. The ride home, she had realized when she had made up her mind to go ahead to the party, would be more likely the difficult time if Martin should feel experimental. What she had decided, as she had dressed, was this: She would not let herself be detached from the crowd while at the dance. She would never be alone with any man. She would not put temptation behind her—instead, she would avoid even the possibility of being tempted. And then, before the dance ended, she would try to arrange to come home with Marge and Joe Humphries, who lived near her, instead of with Martin. They were newly-married and both younger than she and at the age where a few years difference were important.

But as soon as they arrived at the hotel where the party was held each year, Anne realized her plans would have to be changed. Joe Humphries was there, but Marge was not. Marge, he said, had had to fly home because her mother was sick. He seemed delighted to see Anne and attached himself at once to her and Martin.

The dance this year had a Mardi Gras theme. Most of the couples they knew best had gathered at a large table at the far end of the ballroom, opposite by the length of the room from the orchestra. They sat there, two by two, watching like bright-eyed birds as the crowd began to arrive in force.

Anne suddenly recalled a wallpaper she had once admired in the Governor's Palace in Williamsburg. She thought it had been known as the Lonesome Owl wallpaper. Softly done in glowing pastels, it showed pairs of birds, always the male and female, in elegant, fantastic boughs and flowers. Only one bird, far up in one corner, sat alone, mateless, the lonesome owl.

Now the crimson beaks were opening, the shrill bird-voices piping. "Here she comes—the girl who's afraid we're all going to talk about her!"

"And look, everybody: get the tongues wagging. Not just one bachelor, but already, just inside the door—two!"

Anne stood there, smiling, silent. She had nothing to say, but her quietness was always deceiving. It gave her an air of sureness and confidence she did not really possess. Most of the people at the tables she knew; their faces barely rippled into her consciousness. She noticed several strangers, particularly at her own table one brown, stern man in a Navy lieutenant commander's uniform, and also an anonymous small, dark, highly-painted woman, so animated she seemed like a dressed-up monkey. The latter was memorable only in that she gave Anne a curious, unfriendly stare.

This is the look women reserve for female poachers; not, usually, for the unwed, but for the divorcees, the widows, the unhappy or abandoned, or those who collect men as some women collect cashmeres: Those who have had their cake and developed a sweet tooth.

The Navy officer was named Ronson. He studied Anne quite deliberately, then returned to casual conversation with someone beside him. Anne found herself, though, as she sipped her first drink, feeling a stir of interest in him. Just his being in uniform, even if another service branch than Gary's, gave him an appeal. His voice was grave and courteous; it would be fun to hear him sing with a crowd around a campfire. Gary liked to sing in a group, or in the shower . . . no effeminate tenor, no bearlike rumble; just a nice, happy male voice.

"What?" Anne said, startled.

"I said, beautiful dreamer—shall we dance?" Martin said.

It was nice to dance again. It had been a long time. Anne realized she was a little tense; she had to concentrate on following. She had grown so used to dancing only with Gary.

"You're looking very lovely tonight," Martin said.

"Thank you."

"Just a wee shade sad, which is only fitting, and, I might say, very becoming in some women, you being one."

Like a dutiful child, Anne said politely, "It was very thoughtful of you to bring me, Martin."

After a moment, when he did not produce one of his smooth, pat remarks,

she looked up curiously. He was staring down at her. He said in a brooding tone, "I've known you half your life, Anne. I used to take you to dancing class. I look around tonight; a hundred women here that I've taken out, and now they're married, and you're married. . . ." His lost voice trailed off into her hair.

Nervously she stiffened away from him. But she couldn't think of the right thing to say, and, after a few silent steps and glides, he said, "You're so calm and restful, Anne. Serenity is a lost quality in most women today. You remember my mother, don't you? She had such a fine quality of calm, I think."

"Yes, oh, yes, she did, Martin," Anne said, looking around a bit desperately. What had happened to his usual light banter? Back at their table the Navy officer, Ronson, was sitting alone, watching. Anne tried to relax and smile in an appropriately serene way. Finally, someone cut in and rescued her.

When the music began again, she found that she and the commander were alone at the table. And it would be far too conspicuous, she realized, if she tried to escape. He ordered her another drink and said, with no stereotyped preliminaries, "Will your husband be home soon?"

"No, not soon. They have to fly a lot of missions."

"And you're all alone, Peg just told me."

So he had been asking about her. She tried to assure herself she was surprised. She murmured, "Yes. I've got a job. It helps, in the daytimes, to keep busy." She looked at him, liking his mouth, the sun wrinkles, like Gary's, around his eyes. "We don't have any children."

To that, he made no comment. Anne had no intention of telling some stranger that she had, once, indeed, borne a child, a son, for Gary. The baby had died before it was twenty-four hours old. It was several months before the doctors felt she was strong enough to learn that she could not bear another. The Carpenters' application to adopt a baby had now been pending several years; in fact, Anne believed, if Gary had not been called back to duty, the baby might already be theirs. Now, they must wait until he returned. But, she thought, it was none of Ronson's business, and perhaps Peg had told him all about that, too, for all she knew.

He lighted a cigarette and then said, apparently idly, "And in the evenings—do you keep busy with parties, then?"

Anne said, laughing, "I stay home and write to my husband." And then, in a burst of confidence, "You rather remind me of him, you know."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I'm sure that's a compliment."

"Tonight is my first real party since he left. I feel as if I were starting in a strange school. One big grin stuck on my face and hurting like it was adhesive-taped. And still—withal, as the saying is—a Lonesome Owl."

Ronson looked at her, puzzled for a minute, and then smiled. "Williamsburg?"

"Yes!" Anne cried, delighted.

"I went up from Newport News not long ago. I had to be there for a while."

"Gary was stationed at Langley Field, TDY, and I followed him. We went up often."

This ridiculous bond made them feel curiously intimate. She heard herself asking, "And you, Commander? Are you married?"

He put out his cigarette, watching the operation carefully. "I'm not married—now. I was gone six months last year. The first three, my wife stayed home and wrote letters at night, too. Then she seemed to find it easier to get another man."

If he had not said "too," she might have murmured a conventional regret. But she considered his whole statement inexcusable, anyway—crude and self-pitying. She assumed he must have been drinking more than he showed. She felt a bitter wave of disappointment, because he had, in looks and voice and trade, reminded her of Gary.

Anne realized her judgment was severe, but something about Ronson made her sense she would have no passive feelings about him. She found a certain relief, almost escape, in this rush of distaste. And when she saw Joe Humphries coming toward her, making elaborate motions of head and embracing arms and deep waist bows in pantomime invitation, she moved gratefully toward him and the dance floor without even a word to the officer.

It was distressing to Anne that her instinct had been to defend the errant Mrs. Ronson. To ask the even more inexcusable question, of this utter stranger: "And you—were you faithful to her?"

It's silly, she told herself. *The battle of the double standard was fought to a standstill forty years ago.*

The orchestra was playing "Sentimental Journey." It had been popular when Anne and Gary were on their honeymoon. She gave young Joe a misty smile, and he clutched her hand tighter.

In her mind she saw, not this glittering big room high above the city, with the sweetly wailing orchestra, but instead a little place with four booths and a dozen counter seats and a dirty wooden floor. Sugar jars with chrome tops and bottles of ketchup on every table. Smells and clashes coming from an adjoining kitchen with a sign above its open door: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE. They had sat in one of the booths, she and Gary, and his warm, dry fingers—not cold and damp like those clutching hers now—had gently stroked down the back of her hand and then tugged at each finger, separately, urgently, until she had looked over at him and smiled. They had been married, then, less than twenty-four hours, and were driving south and had stopped for lunch more from habit than desire.

There had been a jukebox in the corner, all cream and scarlet, and it suddenly burst out, as if impelled magically, with "Sentimental Journey." They were too worldly, even in love, to murmur "our song," but they rose instead and began to dance dreamily among the cigarette butts and the crumpled paper napkins and the chewed straws.

Anne had suddenly felt the intense desire to try to tell Gary that he was the first and only love in her life. And she could still remember how Gary had smiled back at her and murmured secretly against her temple, "You're the only one for me, too; the only one."

Later, of course, when she could be more matter-of-fact about this miracle of theirs, Anne had persisted (already knowing, but somehow wanting reassurance), "Of course, for you, there *were* others."

Calmly, with male reasonableness, he had replied, "Of course—but not like this, like us. Not at all."

"How do you mean?" The classic wifely question, half prepared for titillated outrage, half fearful of some personal ignorant failure or inadequacy.

"Oh, hell, I can't explain. I was in the service . . . lonely . . . scared, maybe. And now—see, I *love* you, Anne. You *are* the only one, and always will be."

Fully aware with one part of her mind that young Humphries was attempting to maneuver her toward the terrace doors, Anne belatedly wondered. *Would he have been as placidly acceptant as I was, if I had been the one to say, "Of course there were others, but I have not loved as I now do, as I love you?"* Gary had taught her the meaning of love. *Could I ever look back and say—"Yes, there was Gary, but that's over and done, and it was never like THIS"?*

This? . . . There was a slight breeze on the terrace, cooling after the heat of music and bodies indoors. Beneath the balustrade the city stretched out its lights; the sounds of horns and a whistle and a faint shouting voice drifted up to mock the music within. Overhead a plane growled steadily, its red and green lights winking. Anne looked up at it, thinking of Gary.

Strange, the ways you can miss a man—not just the barren bed, the single place at the dinner table; but in the sound of a plane in the night, the scent of pipe tobacco in an empty corridor, a bathroom mirror that never gets splashed; not having his clean socks or handkerchiefs to put away each week. . . .

Young Humphries kissed her on her upturned lips.

You fool, Anne thought. *With all your great resolutions. Coming out here alone with him. Standing here with the wind in your hair and your heart in your eyes. . . .*

She had a friend once with a parakeet that would "kiss" you gently on the lips. Anne reflected that her emotional response then was about on par with that to this infant's effort.

"Planes always make me think of Gary," she said calmly. "We'd better go in; it's getting cold. I used to love to see planes at night, but not now. . . ."

After a few moments of injured silence, he said reluctantly, following her, "I suppose you get very lonely."

The words carried an implication,

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 47

The seeds of Myra's conflict were planted in her when she was very young. Her mother tried to make up to Myra the loss of her father. Actually, the mother was feeling the loss more than Myra was, and was filling her own need for affection.

Like most youngsters, Myra was sensitive to the true situation. Toward her mother she began to feel a responsibility so strong that it interfered with her ability to enjoy herself at play. It was natural for her to want to play. It was natural for her to want to rid herself of anything that interfered with her having a good time. She repressed and put out of her mind her secret wish that her mother were out of the way.

When Myra was older, she wanted to be free to go and come as she pleased. But her mother's heart condition tied her down, reviving and increasing her early frustration. She again repressed her wish not to be hemmed in by her mother. She began to feel guilty about her perfectly normal desire to have dates with Ed, and hated to return home after the dates for fear her wish about her mother might actually have come true. Her nervousness grew out of this repressed conflict within her. Diagnosis No. 2 is correct. Myra feels deeply guilty because she wishes something would happen to her mother so she can marry Ed.

All normal people experience conflicts, because they are not always able to satisfy their personal needs and desires. We get into adjustment difficulties when we repress or deny the existence of those conflicts. There is always a way either to get around the conditions which thwart our desires or to substitute other satisfactions. We can do this only when we are able to face realistically the conditions of our lives. As the psychologist helps Myra do this, she will work out the solution to her problem and find happiness with Ed.

PERSONALITY POINTERS:

1. Do you have a recurring worry?

2. Are you fearful that something will happen to a loved one?

3. Are your good times spoiled by thoughts of those not so fortunate?

If your answers are "yes," you may be repressing a conflict which is not evident to you. A psychologist or psychiatrist will help you understand and overcome your problem.

an insinuation that she heard then, over and over, in other voices:

"Anne, dear, don't you get terribly —lonely?"

"How long has Gary been gone now? How do you stand being so— lonely?"

The voices went on and on. She danced with the tall and the short and the bald and the crew-cut. They all asked it, each in his way. Anne began to wonder. *How many inflections can the word "lonely" get?*

"Annie, m'girl, you must get lonli-'s'hell. I get lonesome, too. Cynthia, well, Cynthia's—"

"Shame, pretty girl like you, sitting home alone. If you get lonely, give me a ring. Strictly on the up-and-up—you know how I love Gary like a brother—"

At last, when she and Martin were on the way home, Anne began to laugh. "It's funny, Martin," she said, "how different it is to be an eligible woman and an extra woman."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, half the men I danced with tonight seemed to think they would be satisfactory answers to prayers I must undoubtedly be making, and the other half seemed scared to death the entire time that I'd suddenly—seduce them!"

Martin said primly, "You're too lovely even to have such thoughts, Anne, let alone express them."

Recklessly, she said, "You'd be surprised at the thoughts I have." Then, softening the words, she added, "I suppose that all of us have."

"Oh, all of us," he admitted, somberly.

At that, recalling the odd way he had talked when they first danced, she sought to change the subject. Unwittingly she blurted, "That Commander Ronson. Is he just visiting in town?"

"No, I think he's to be stationed here for a while. What did you think of him?"

"I—don't—know," Anne said carefully. "Something about him reminded me of Gary."

Martin parked the car in front of her apartment and helped her out. He said with a queer, dark face, almost as if he were jealous, "He never took his eyes from you all night."

"Who?" she said, pretending innocence, putting her key in the lock.

"That Ronson."

Anne almost said, "I know it." She shook her head a little impatiently and turned to tell Martin good night. Then she saw, with amused concern, that he was resolving himself to come in with her.

Blandly she gave him her hand and then, with the deadliest condescending rejection, kissed him lightly on the cheek and said, "A fun evening, Martin. Thank you for—substituting for Gary." For a moment he hesitated, then looked almost relieved.

"Not at all, Anne; we'll do it again soon."

Anne closed the door and leaned against it like the heroine of a B picture. She was laughing a little, with release of tension, and fatigue, and the whole baselessness of her fears. *You dope, worried about men, and you—and then all you had to contend with were a few mice!*

She went into her bedroom and switched on the lamp, kicked off her shoes, took off her stockings and girdle, sighed luxuriously. She threw her dress on a chair and went over and stood looking at Gary's picture. She smiled, started to speak to him, and then heard a gentle knock on the front door.

If it had been the doorbell, Anne might have been alarmed. But instead she pulled a robe around her, muttering, "That Martin. I thought I got rid of him so smoothly. Well, I can get tough if I—"

The man at the door was Commander Ronson.

Anne blurted, "How did you know where I lived?"

"There are such things as telephone books," he said, smiling faintly.

"What do you want?"

"Oh, don't get panicky," he said, making her feel instantly like an hysterical child. "I really felt I should apologize. I'm afraid you misinterpreted what I said tonight—"

"Commander," Anne said. "There are such things as *telephones*, also. You call me tomorrow. It's late, and I will not ask you in."

He simply stood, looking at her, still smiling a little. She stared back, breathing fast and lightly, seeing in a queer blur the smile crinkles like Gary's, the tanned, lean face with the familiar hairline, the height of him, knowing how it would feel to be crushed against the buttons of his uniform.

"**I'm not** even dressed," she said helplessly.

"I know," he said, and in a gesture her husband had made a thousand times, he put both his hands upon her shoulders, and as her face lifted automatically to his, he kissed her, first softly, just brushing her lips so that little shivers of anticipation tingled through her before the arms tightened around her and his mouth was hard and seeking.

Her slap left her hand stinging and put a livid mark on his cheek, which turned fiery red as he drew back and the rest of his face whitened with fury. For an instant she thought he was going to hit her. Instead, his hands dropped to his sides, and he said, low and accusing, "You liked that; go ahead, admit it— you *liked* it!"

"I loved it," Anne Carpenter said. "I *loved* slapping you, Commander."

"That's not what I meant—"

"It's what *I* meant," she said, and shut the door and locked it.

She went slowly back to the bedroom. Her lips burned and trembled uncontrollably. Absently, she pulled the spread back from their over-scaled bed. The pillows stared up at her like two great white owl eyes.

Anne picked up Gary's picture and carried it to the bedside table. She sat on the bed and stared at him and said solemnly, "And now I understand. It's not like us; it wouldn't be, no matter . . . And you were right, as usual. You had to search for love; but love came to me, the real thing, you. There couldn't be a substitute. I've been in a dither for nothing."

And then the ridiculousness of talking aloud to a piece of paper in a leather frame, while the two white lonely pillows watched owl-eyed, overwhelmed her. She began to laugh, switching off the light, throwing herself down upon the bed, hair unbrushed, lipstick smeared, knowing their thousands of miles apart would be spanned in an instant, when sleep brought dreams. . . . THE END

"Dinners for 2" Recipes

(For menus on pages 54-57)

BAKED CHEESE FONDUE

6 slices enriched bread
2 tablespoons soft butter
6 slices process American cheese
2 eggs
½ cup beer
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ pound bacon (4 to 6 slices)

Set oven at 350°F (moderate). Remove crusts from bread; spread with softened butter. Arrange bread and cheese slices in layers in a 1-quart casserole. (To make individual casseroles, quarter the bread and cheese slices for easy arrangement.) Beat eggs well with a rotary beater. Stir beer, milk and seasonings into the eggs. Pour over bread and cheese. Bake for 40 minutes or till well-browned. While fondue is baking, fry slices of bacon slowly. Roll hot cooked bacon slices into curls. Serve on top of finished fondue. Makes two portions.

EGGPLANT CAPRI

2 thick slices (1½ inch) unpeeled eggplant
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 slice bacon, cut into bits
¼ cup water
1 8-ounce can spaghetti sauce with meat
2 slices process American cheese

Set oven at 400°F (moderately hot). Place eggplant slices in a shallow baking dish or pie pan. Sprinkle salt and pepper, then bacon bits, over eggplant. Add water to pan. Bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes till eggplant is just softened. Pour meat sauce over eggplant slices and top each with a slice of cheese. Continue to bake until cheese melts and sauce is hot, about 8 minutes. Makes two serving portions.

COUNTRY-STYLE CHICKEN DINNER

SPANISH CHILI RICE:

¾ cup uncooked white rice
1 8-ounce can spaghetti sauce with mushrooms
1¼ cups boiling water
1 teaspoon onion salt
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon chili powder

CHICKEN:

2 whole small chicken legs
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup water

Combine rice, spaghetti sauce, water, onion salt, salt, pepper and chili powder in a saucepan. Simmer over low heat for 15 minutes (rice will be about half-done).
Meanwhile, set oven at 375°F (moderately hot). In a medium skillet, sauté chicken legs in salad oil until lightly browned. Sprinkle chicken with salt; add water to skillet. Turn heat low; simmer uncovered for 10 minutes.
Pour rice mixture into a 1-quart greased casserole. Arrange chicken on top of rice. Pour any drippings from the skillet over the chicken. Cover casserole and bake 20-25 minutes until rice is done and moisture absorbed Serves two.

BEEF BURGUNDY with PARMESAN POLENTA

POLENTA:

¾ cup yellow corn meal
¾ cup cold water
¾ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

BEEF SAUCE:

½ pound ground beef
1 small onion, chopped
1 small clove garlic, chopped
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 cup canned tomatoes
4 tablespoons canned tomato sauce
¼ cup Burgundy wine
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon rosemary
¼ teaspoon *orégano*

Combine corn meal and cold water in top of a double boiler. Add salt and boiling water. Cook mixture over direct heat till it boils and thickens. Place over hot water; cover and cook 50 minutes. While corn meal is cooking, sauté beef, onion and garlic in oil in a large skillet. Stir beef mixture with a fork to break meat into small pieces; cook until meat is no longer red. Add all remaining beef-sauce ingredients; cover and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, stir cheese into the cooked corn meal. Spoon corn meal into ring shapes on heated serving plates. Pour beef sauce in center and over ring. Sprinkle with additional grated cheese if desired. Makes two hearty portions.

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 10, You and Your Health—Jacob Lofman-Pix; Page 14, Letters to the Editor—Bob Schwalberg-Pix; Pages 16-20, Tops In the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Pages 24 & 25, A Doctor Tells the Truth About Mercy Killing—Henry Haberman; Pages 36 & 37, "Bring Us Prince Charles!"—British Information Services, Combine; Pages 40 & 41, "My Wife Loves Her Mother Too Much"—George Heyer-Pix; Page 53, Young Adults at Home (title page)—Henry Haberman; Pages 62 & 63, Easy Ways to Better Gardening—Binder & Duffy; Page 71, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 47, Psychologist's Casebook No. 42—Illustrations by Don Neiser; Page 53, Young Adults at Home (title page)—Kitchen by Kelvinator, Apron by Gingham Girl.

ROLLED FISH FILLETS with SPINACH AND SOUR CREAM SAUCE

FISH FILLETS AND SAUCE:

½ pound cod fillets (2 fillets)
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup water
2 large slices onion
2 tablespoons sherry
1 cup thick sour cream

SPINACH:

1 package frozen spinach
water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Sprinkle cod fillets with salt and pepper. Cut each fillet in half and roll up each half securely. Fasten with toothpicks or tie with string. Place fish rolls in a small skillet along with the ¼ cup water and onion slices. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. While fish is simmering, cook spinach in water according to the package directions. When it is cooked, drain well and arrange on a piepan or heat-resistant platter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.
Turn on broiler to preheat.
Arrange cooked fish rolls on top of spinach; remove toothpicks or string. Liquid in pan with onions should have almost disappeared; if not, simmer until it has. Add sherry and sour cream; stir to blend. Pour sauce over fillets and place under broiler until sauce bubbles and browns. Makes two ample servings.

LONDON BROIL with CARAWAY NOODLES

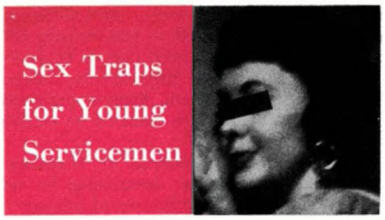
NOODLES:

2 cups medium noodles
salt
water
2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons flour
1 teaspoon caraway seeds

LONDON BROIL:

½ pound flank steak
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Turn on the broiler to preheat for the flank steak.
Cook noodles in salted water according to the package directions. While they are cooking, brown butter in a small saucepan. Stir flour into browned butter to make a thin sauce. When noodles are cooked, drain them well and toss with caraway seeds and brown butter sauce. Brush steak with oil; sprinkle with salt and pepper. For medium-rare steak, broil about 5 minutes on each side, 5 inches from source of heat. Slice steak diagonally in very thin slices and arrange over noodles. Spoon steak drippings over meat. Makes two servings.



(Continued from page 31)

in the *Journal* of the National Council on Family Relations.

"Prostitution uses a woman purely selfishly, and the attitude is gradually developed that women are here to serve the sex needs of the male whenever the fancy strikes him." Dr. Karpf explains. "This attitude is frequently carried over into marriage with disastrous consequences."

The American Social Hygiene Association, which has dealt first-hand with the problem as it affects young men in uniform, has reached a similar conclusion. Commercialized prostitution around Army camps, says the ASHA, strikes directly at the home and family. It "breeds deceit and disloyalty, degrades the marriage relation, and undermines the character and self-control of both men and women." A leading official of the ASHA told me bluntly, "Our investigations show that it encourages, where it does not actually cause, the worst kinds of perversion."

These are the long-term, lasting effects—and certainly they are important. Yet anyone who surveys the problem for himself, as I did, can see the immediate effects in city after city.

Any one of a number of cities I investigated could be held up as a shocking example—Savannah, Miami, Macon, Birmingham. But let's look at a typical one—Jacksonville, the "Gateway to Florida" and also the gateway to the seamy side of life for a good many of the 12,000 sailors at the near-by U. S. Naval Air Station.

Jacksonville's Bay Street was the scene of an incident which is still sharply etched on my memory. There was nothing much to it, really—just a drunken sailor who got what he asked for. But it seemed to sum up the whole callous, cruel business.

I first noticed the sailor, a kid of about 19, in the worst of the Bay Street dives. I was surprised to see him there, because he was in uniform and the place was off limits. In his Navy whites, he was just asking for the shore patrol to pick him up. I was surprised, also, because he was a particularly pleasant-looking youngster with a shy, sensitive face.

He had obviously had too much to drink, and one of the prettier of the overpainted chippies who crowded the bar was working on him. She was meeting sales resistance, however; it was plain he was not used to this sort of thing. But she persisted, holding his hand and stroking his cheek, talking softly to him. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but I could guess. Finally, looking uncertain and unsteady, he nodded, and the two went out together, her arm tight around his waist.

It was a half-hour later when I left the place. I saw him almost as soon as I got out of the door. He was bracing himself against the building, trying hard to keep from collapsing. His face was sick-white and broken out with sweat. "She rolled me," he said thickly. "She took me to the hotel room, and afterward she took every cent I had. I didn't even know what was happening. My whole pay." And then he moaned to nobody in particular, "I wanna go home."

Another night in Jacksonville, I was sitting in a joint on the New Kings Road, at the outskirts of town in Duval County. It was one of the places which conveniently combines a bar at which the sailor can find a professional lady friend with rooms upstairs to which he can take her. On a near-by bar stool, a stringy-haired bottle-blonde was tossing off straight ryes and smearing her eye-paint with tears as she drank and cried and drank. "I ruined myself and now I'm ruining all these kids," she kept repeating. The bartender saw that I was watching, and he came up to me apologetically. "Don't mind her," he said. "She gets like that—a little edgy—every once in a while."

There are others in Jacksonville, however, who don't get edgy even once in a while about the fact that they may be ruining youthful servicemen as well as their city's fair name. In May of this year, 21 joints had been placed off limits in and around Jacksonville by the Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board—twice as many as six months previously—and my own brief tour indicated the figure could have been higher by far. The records of the local VD Prevention and Control Center showed that bar after bar and hotel after hotel had served as the place of venereal contact between sailors and prostitutes.

A local U. S. Public Health Officer told me, "This means that all these kids will need basic reindoctrination when they get back home. In a place like Jacksonville, they form rotten habits—as far as both liquor and women are concerned."

Navy officials have been fighting the situation as well as they can. At one time it was hinted to the city fathers that a proposed $14,000,000 expansion of Navy facilities in the area would be canceled unless Jacksonville were made fit for sailors to visit. The city was cleaned up—temporarily. After the funds were approved, Jacksonville began to backslide.

In fairness, it should be noted that there *has* been some slight permanent improvement. The Navy reports a decline in venereal disease and has noted a more co-operative attitude on the part of city officials. The once-notorious Ward Street brothels have been boarded up.

Unfortunately, local vice investigators discovered, when Ward Street's bordellos were closed, the girls merely scattered to bars and call-houses elsewhere in town. This was a pattern I found in many other cities. The red-light district, which was too flagrant even for the easygoing, had given way to the bar or cheap hotel with girls-on-call.

When I arrived in Jacksonville, one local observer told me the "lid was on" during the state legislature's session. But if he was right, it was one of the loosest lids ever to cover the fleshpots. The

joints operating on Bay Street, North Main Street, Ocean Street and the highways near town were still packing them in. Bellhops in many hotels offered call-girls in addition to other modern conveniences. The proprietor of several dives had recently thrown four shore patrolmen contemptuously out of one bar and beaten another sailor up. He was still operating at the same old stands.

Phenix City, Alabama, was no better. Eight miles from the great infantry center at Fort Benning, Georgia, Phenix City has a population of about 30,000—and as high a concentration of bars and taverns and honky-tonks as I have ever seen. Back in World War II it had earned the reputation of "the most sinful town in America," and when I was there, it seemed to be doing its level worst to retain that title.

There was the "club" out on the lonely road to Montgomery where soldiers could use private rooms furnished with tables—and mattresses to fit the tables. For those who had not brought their own girls, the "waitresses" were always willing to render services beyond the call of their official duties.

Out on the Opelika road, there was another "club." I watched soldiers pour into the place to drink and dance—and pick up the frowzy prostitutes who swarmed there. This dive was conveniently next to a "tourist court," and the procession of soldiers and girls between the bar and the dingy "tourist" rooms was a steady one. I saw one girl disappear with four different GIs within an hour and a half.

I watched, too, as young soldiers—well below the age at which they could legally be served liquor—staggered in and out of bars on Phenix City's main street. I was not the only one who watched: A prowl-car full of police sat by, surveying the scene with complete indifference.

I checked my own observations with Army officers at near-by Fort Benning. They told me about one of their raids on a back-road bordello in Phenix City. It was a small, ramshackle place, with only six bedrooms. But in that single raid, MPs had flushed out 75 soldiers, virtually all of them under 21!

The picture is ugly, but not hopeless. The percentage of cities which the ASHA was forced to classify as "poor" and "bad" was higher last year than it was during certain periods of World War II. But even this depressing total represents an improvement over some recent years. The slight change for the better shows that determined public pressure *can* effect cleanups—and has done so in such communities as San Antonio, Texas; Norfolk, Virginia, and Indianapolis, Indiana.

On my trip through the Southeast, I was able to see a dramatic example of what can be done—in Charleston, South Carolina.

As recently as 1951, Charleston was considered a "wide-open town." Reports told of booming business in brothels, of disreputable "locker clubs," of cab drivers doubling as panderers.

Less than two years later, I was able to see that a citizens' committee, the Navy and local religious leaders had changed the situation drastically. Charleston is now rated "good" by the ASHA, and it deserves the rating.

On my way into town from the airport, I casually sounded out the driver of my cab about vice in Charleston. I had found taxi drivers in other cities mines of information on the hows and wheres of local sin. The reply was quick and emphatic.

"Friend," he said. "You came to the wrong town if that's what you're lookin' for. There ain't no more of that stuff here in Charleston. We been closed up tight more'n a year."

What did the sailors do, then, for a "good time"? I asked. "Don't rightly know," he replied, "but they don't do it here."

I discovered that my driver had only slightly overstated the case. Charleston's West Street had been the site of a whole group of brothels a few years back—but not one was open now. And, unlike Jacksonville, the inmates had not spread out through town; they had *left* town. Famous old Market Street once had a reputation as one of the chief streets of sin along the East Coast. Back in 1949, a 22-year-old sailor was killed in one of the Market Street joints. But now, even on a Saturday night after a Navy payday, the prostitutes were not around.

Market Street is still not exactly sedate. It is a violation of South Carolina law to sell hard liquor over bars—and, almost without exception, every bar in Charleston flouted this law. I saw a good many youthful sailors tacking an unsteady course along the streets. And, not surprisingly, I found many in the company of local girls they had picked up. But the professionals were not to be found anywhere in Charleston.

The reform had taken persistence and continued pressure on City Hall by the local citizens. One, the Rev. A. McKay Brabham, had received a threat of violence unless he "laid off." It had taken the diligence of a top-notch shore-patrol officer and the full, tough backing of his commander. It had taken bad publicity which citizens of Charleston found most distasteful. But it had worked.

The armed forces have played a considerable role in almost every community that has cleaned up vice. But, unfortunately, there are still a few crusty old professional soldiers who choose to minimize the problem of prostitution. They still look with favor on Army-supervised brothels such as there used to be in the old days.

One two-star general in Washington spent some time describing to me in nostalgic terms the houses of tolerance in Honolulu when *he* was a "young buck." By and large, however, the Pentagon has viewed the problem with concern and taken action wherever possible.

The Army has organized "character-guidance" classes, which stress the moral and social aspects of the temptations young recruits face. Up to seven hours of a GI's training time each week are devoted to these classes, which are conducted in the main by chaplains.

"Disciplinary Control Boards" were set up in 1950 as liaison between the services and the various communities on vice-control. These boards, which include Army, Navy and Air Force officers, have as guests at their monthly meetings mayors, police officials, public-health officers, brewers' and tavern-owners' representatives and hotelkeepers. The hint that military funds may be withheld from an area, it has been learned, frequently brings useful results at these meetings.

But no weapon that the military has is as effective as the threat to put a place "off limits." Last May the Southeastern Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board, which supervises all the other Boards in the area I investigated, listed 248 establishments in seven states as out-of-bounds, and, although the list should have been even greater, there is no doubt that these listings helped cut down vice operations.

But the armed forces can not do the job by themselves. The real responsibility for vice-control rests with the citizens of each community. It is to such communities that young GIs ultimately return—to be husbands, heads of families, and citizens. If they have been made unfit to be any or all of these, it is the communities that suffer.

A speech by Frank H. Fairchild of Indianapolis, Indiana, sums up the situation.

Fairchild was the prosecuting attorney of Marion County during the years in which Indianapolis—which once had as flagrant a red-light district as any in the entire country—closed up every single house of prostitution.

"Public apathy," he said caustically, "is greatly responsible for an increase in prostitution and gambling in the last few years in many parts of the country.

"If your communities still have organized prostitution, then your law-enforcement officials are either ignorant, lazy or crooked, and probably all three. And if your law-enforcement officers are crooked, then a great part of the fault is with the citizens themselves. You won't have dishonest officials if you take the time to nominate and elect decent ones. And if your law-enforcement officers are permitting organized prostitution and allied vice to flourish, don't pass the buck.

"Let's put the blame right where it belongs—in your lap and in my lap as citizens because we haven't shown them firmly and sincerely that we *want* them to enforce the law." . . . THE END

King of the Hill

(Continued from page 23)

in the emptiness. "Let her stick to her senseless, impractical ideas, principles, whatever she wants to call 'em. Let her go."

Let her go. He wouldn't operate like a softie for a little bit of fluff who didn't have sense enough to—stay in; to stay in out of the rain. But no wonder he'd been afraid of her. Even that first afternoon. . . .

He'd never liked rain. That afternoon it was draggy autumn rain with clouds like soiled cotton waste hanging over the oil derricks at the top of Crescent Hill. And here on Orange Avenue, Supply Row had a gray, jaded look, like a shacky boom town, gone stale.

Damnation. He made a restless movement, and a quarter-inch of fine ash fell from his cigar to the spread of papers on his scarred oak desk. This was practically his street, his row. It wasn't stale. And he was O'Kane, King of the Hill. Everyone called him that—most of them in wry or bitter jest.

And he'd got ahead of the pack again. Plenty of them were running in circles, their oil leases worthless because they couldn't get their wells drilled. Drilling rigs were scarce as the devil. He, on the other hand, had five, each worth a fair-sized fortune, running day and night, bringing returns in oil or cash. And he'd used a little legal blackmail to get a priority on a new portable outfit that would be delivered in six weeks. He read over the official notice. Humbolt Oil had already put in a big bid for that rig. Yes, O'Kane had all that—and in addition he could lay his hands on a million hard-won bucks. There weren't many men who could do that, at his age, a little over thirty. He ought to be feeling—uh—kingly. He didn't.

"Hello there, Mister Gloom. Does the rain put that dark scowl on your face?"

Why, nothing real ever sounded like that! Like springtime. Like laughter.

Cautiously, as at the ring of a false coin, he looked up.

She was standing under the dripping eaves of the entrance doorway. Small, smiling, the hood of her leaf-green raincoat falling back from her rain-wet yellow hair. She looked exactly like a daffodil.

It was out of season for spring flowers. Daffodils didn't happen along Supply Row. But earthquakes did. And it seemed to O'Kane that under his feet there was a faint but definite shifting of the solid, familiar ground.

"Am I interrupting something important?"

He shook his big, dazed head. "I—is there something I can do for you?"

"Oh, no, thank you. Except not to mind if I stand here a few moments. It's simply pouring."

Generally, the bookkeeper, who worked in the outer office, kept unimportant people away from the boss himself. But today he had been sent to the warehouse to check an inventory list, and told to leave the entrance door aswing, since rain made O'Kane's office stuffy.

"But, here—come on in," O'Kane was saying. "Sit down. There—that leather chair. Those, uh, those rainboots don't keep your feet dry, do they? Want to take them off and—"

"Oh, they're all right. It's the same old name, though. Galoshes. It is a squashy, slushy word, isn't it?"

"They look like folded green leaves," he said, to his own dizzy surprise.

She looked down at them. They matched her raincoat, and buckled at her ankles with their tops folded over.

"Why, they do!" She raised her blue eyes with open delight. "They *do* look like leaves! You're very romantic, aren't you?"

He choked on a mouthful of cigar smoke. "Oh, yeah," he said. "Very. That's what they say about me. That I'm romantic."

"They say it about me, too," she said, kindly. "You mustn't mind. Just think of it as complimentary."

He got himself somewhat in hand. "Where you headed for on a day like this?"

"Just walking, for fun."

"Live near by, do you?"

"Yes. We have an apartment on Gaviota."

She'd brought in a fragrance with her. Clean, soapy, young.

"We?" he asked.

"Martha and me. I met her when I first came to town, two weeks ago. She's trying to get me on in her department, accounting, at Lenlo Aircraft. I wasn't very good at business school," she said, cheerfully, "and Martha says I won't get by if I don't apply myself. And then, blondes have a strike against them, anyway, when it comes to jobs. Men always think they don't have a lick of sense."

He heard, with astonishment, his hearty laugh. "Martha doesn't have *all* the answers, does she?"

"You mean that about blondes? You learn that when the boys start calling you a dumb blonde. But I don't think it's the answer to anything. It's—a statement of a condition."

He looked through the smoke of his cigar at her bright, untroubled face. "Have you—uh—set out to change this condition?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dare. Anyway, I don't expect to need a job very long. I suppose I'll get married."

"Someone got an option on you?"

The blue eyes twinkled. "Not yet. But when I find him, I'll give him an option. For free."

He was amused. He pressed the button that switched his phone calls to the warehouse. "It won't matter whether your husband thinks you have a lick of sense?"

"Oh, I don't think husbands care. Do you?"

"I'm not a husband. Now that I give the subject some thought—" He coughed. What the devil was that funny feeling in the pit of his stomach? "So-called clever women bore the tar out of me, any time. Especially if they think they're clever in business."

"Is that you, out there on the sign? O'Kane Drilling and Supply?"

"That's most of me." He grinned. "I don't suppose you work on oil wells."

"Not any more. There's plenty of complications in the supply game. I haven't touched the controls of a drilling rig in years."

"My father was chief engineer on Navy tankers even before Pearl Harbor," she said. "We lived in Wayne, Nebraska, Mother and I. But I was here with her once, when Dad's ship was in port. Maybe you brought the very oil out of the ground that Dad hauled in his ships!" At that thought, her sparkle brightened the whole room.

"Tankers have always taken on crude oil here," he said, absently. "I don't know much about the Navy. Army, either. Lucky that way. Flat feet."

"Oil is dangerous, though. In lots of ways." She was grave. "I saw an oil-well fire the other night. The paper said no one was hurt."

"You remembered to look in the paper?"

She was shocked. "Why, of course."

"People around here get used to such things. Oh, they'll run to watch a fire, any time." He didn't know that his eyes had gone bleak and empty.

He heard the gentleness in her voice. "You must be feeling blue this afternoon, Mr. O'Kane. And tired." She stood up. "Thank you for letting me visit."

Hastily, he got to his feet. He put a hand on his desk as though to balance himself. "Nothing sure about that job at Lenlo, is there?"

"Why, no. But don't look so concerned, Mr. O'Kane. I'll get a job."

"How'd you like to work for me?" Damnation. Why was he doing this? But he went on. "Been thinking for some time," he lied, "I'd put a girl out there at that other desk. To answer the phone and, uh—do light secretarial work."

Her blue gaze widened. "But—wouldn't I have to learn some of those complications you spoke of?"

"No, no. Not at any time. I'd much prefer you wouldn't give them a thought. And you'll get sixty a week."

"That's more than Martha makes," she said, slowly. Was that pity in her eyes? If so, why?

"I pay all my people good wages."

Her dark-gold brows were drawn together with thought. "You don't know anything about me. Why, you don't even know my name!"

He looked down at her with a sudden surge of fear. Just a yellow-headed little bit of fluff, but he might be falling off a derrick with no safety line to grab. And, in his short, blunt, everyday voice he said, "We'll step in and give your name to the timekeeper. . . ."

He called her "kid." A few times

out came an unwary "Laurie, girl," after which he'd he gruff with her for an hour or so. She took the gruffness smiling and unafraid.

She'd lost her father in the Korean trouble. And her mother. soon afterward. of pneumonia. But she seemed to think her parents were together now, in heaven or some such place.

There'd been insurance. But Laurie had barely managed to get through business school and land here with fifty-seven dollars. He knew her wages slipped through her fingers. too. like water spilled on sand. Not for Laurie was the plain blouse, the girl's business suit. . . . Her clothes weren't gaudy, but had a look of light, color, cheer.

Before long he noticed she had a new little swagger in her step. "O'Kane Drilling and Supply," she'd say into the phone. dignified. gracious as a first lady. He got a bang out of it. A pleasant, indulgent amusement.

He didn't know that some men went out of his presence these days thinking that maybe they could like Walter O'Kane after all. Some wondered at his absent-minded manner. But most were sure. believe it or not. that he'd fallen hook. line and sinker for that cute little blonde.

Walt didn't want any of the guys getting a notion they could hang around her desk. He started leaving the door to the outer office open. He discovered Laurie nicely discouraged hanging around. Still. he didn't close the door again.

In the following days he became restless, bored with oil. He liked to look out there and see Laurie. The curve of her cheek. The sun on her hair. Sometimes she'd have an apple in one hand. a book in the other. oblivious of the office, all wrapped up in something that. naturally. would be hell-bent romantic.

Now and then. extremely casually, he drove her home. Twice, they had lunch together. Then. when she had been in the office almost six weeks. he had a late conference. "I'll stay," she insisted. "You might need me."

After the men had gone, he said he'd take her to dinner—if she wanted to go.

"Oh, I thought you'd never—" She stopped and blushed to her brows. "Could we go up to the Star Dust Café? It's a lovely night. We could see the lights on the ships and the city and the oil wells. And I've got a new dress that just matches the Star—"

"Been up there, have you?" He growled it. The place was nice. Patronized by oil people. Yet he felt sick. Whom had she gone with? Someone he knew? She'd have dates. naturally. And it was none of his business. None.

"I was there with Martha and a boy friend of hers," she explained with warmth. even eagerness. "They take me around. That's all."

She knew he was crazy about her. He had to admit it. And he'd given himself away. "We'll go anywhere you say. kid," he muttered. "Tonight. Anywhere you say."

As he waited in the tiny living room. Martha came home. They introduced themselves to each other. Martha was grave. dark-haired. older than Laurie—and she did not like him. He never expected people to like him. But Laurie had a great affection for this girl.

"Is Coral Beach your home?" he asked.

"Yes. My father worked in the fields for years."

"Oh. Did I know him?"

"He knew of you." Martha was cool, courteous. "You took an oil well away from a man he worked for."

He was half-angry that he had bothered to be pleasant. "I'm sure I had sufficient cause."

"Legal cause." she said, quietly. "The *just* cause, they say, is generally doubtful."

He became annoyed then, as at the buzz of a fly. He kept his smile polite. but it was thin. "I'm in the game to make money. And for no other reason."

Long ago there might have been other reasons. Long ago he might have wanted to give the other guy a break. . . .

He had hit California at fourteen, gawky, overgrown. not afraid of work. One rainy week. a man hired him to clean up around an oil lease and paid him off with some rusted-up valves. Small pay. but he didn't complain. He cleaned, painted the valves, and took them to a run-down supply house.

He put the heavy burlap bag on the counter.

"Hello. bub." The fine, big smile. "What you got this time?"

"Eight four-inch valves. Good shape. You're kind of up against it, same as me. You paid me fair for that catline. You can have these valves for fifty cents apiece."

"Hmm. Hot. are they?"

"Hot? . . . I don't steal."

"Aw. come off it. Your friend. ain't I?"

"I'm not a thief."

"Maybe you ain't hungry enough yet, bub."

"Maybe." He started to shoulder the bag.

"Here. Let me take a look. Okay, fifty cents apiece."

Still wearing his smile, the man dumped the valves out on the counter. Then, his back to Walt. he stacked them on a shelf. He turned. "What you waitin' for, bub?"

"Four bucks."

"Four bucks? This ain't no loan office."

"You—hand over my valves!"

"Got a list of numbers? Then how you gonna prove some o' them's your valves? See any difference in 'em. Tell you what. I know where's a bunch of loose gear on a rig. Bring me some of that gear and we'll do real business. Then I'll toss in that four bucks you—"

Walt started over the counter, but the heavy hand caught him. He fell backward. into the muddy street and the rain, with blood on his face and a few teeth loosened. He came out of that encounter knowing he would never take another whipping. He had sworn then that as long as he lived, he would hold the whip hand.

And now. "No one doubts it," he heard Martha say quietly. "No one, except Laurie."

He looked at her blankly, "Sorry. I—oh. that I'm in the game to make money? Why on earth should Laurie doubt it?"

"She wears rose-colored glasses. I tried to explain why they call you the King of the Hill. But she'd formed her own opinion. She's very proud to be working for you. I'd hate to see her hurt."

"Laurie doesn't know any more about oil than a bird flying over a sump hole." he said. "Even if she did. there's nothing to hurt her."

Laurie came in then. Silver slippers. Silver on her strapless dance dress. Stars sprinkled on the veil she wore across her silky young shoulders.

At the Star Dust. he drank water and coffee. He had no use for liquor. Laurie had a champagne cocktail. "May I call you 'Walter'?" she asked. She was all flushed and happy-looking. "Outside office hours. I mean?"

Laurie could dance. He was one hell of a dancer. He was in agony that he would step on her feet. in torment at her nearness. She became anxious about him. "Let's drive to town and walk down Pine Avenue."

There, as they were passing a jewelry store. he noticed how her eyes were drawn to the glitter of diamonds. He sighed. then tucked her hand through his arm. And as they went on. he felt that positive little swagger come again into her walk. He gave her a sideways glance. Thinks she's catching herself a big fish, all right. Is she going to catch him? Is she? She's fond of me. There's no use to expect any more.

He took her home. And did not. as he so wanted. take her in his arms. as he knew he could.

Then. through the night. he paced the deep-piled rug of his living room. smoking one cigar after another. Until now. the women in his life had been the kind for whom he could not possibly care. When you cared—

He could see the fine. rich farm his easygoing father had inherited. The smart. dainty, cruel woman who had demanded to be called "Pauline," never "Mother." The riding crop that dangled gracefully from her wrist. that she knew how to handle well. His father growing lost. helpless. a bottle or a glass at his elbow. Until on a night dark with winter rain. Walt. nearing fourteen. had run away from the ruin of his father and the malignancy of his stepmother. and had never gone back.

It wasn't that Laurie was after his money, as Pauline had been after the farm. But Laurie was . . . well—impressed.

Damnation. A million dollars was enough to impress any man. any woman. He viewed his fortune with the utmost respect himself. didn't he? He wouldn't even like himself without his—fancy tin crown. How could he expect Laurie to like him without it?

He didn't. Still. he loved her too much. With every instinct. he sensed danger in it. but could not fight it any longer. He went to bed and slept a little.

It was two P.M. when he got out to

the office, in his pocket the finest square-cut diamond he could find. What stopped him from offering it to Laurie at once was the man who waited for him.

"Oh, Dave." Walt was surprised. "I'm getting out of here pretty quick. Don't stay glued to that chair. Uh—cigar?"

"You know cigars give me a headache," Dave said, and added with a faint grin, "So do you, as a rule."

"What do you think you give me? A tune-up job?"

They eyed each other with grim understanding.

Walt had an odd, reluctant liking for Dave Bellows. A fine driller, smart if he'd use his brains. In the past, he'd saved Walt money on a well or two. But he had quit O'Kane Drilling to work for Acme. "Why?" Walt had asked. "I pay more than they ever will."

"I don't go for the way you operate."

"The hell you don't. What's it got to do with you? You're in the labor department."

"Just kind of particular about my labor, Walt. That's all."

"Then *be* particular. And stay right where you'll always be—on a derrick floor."

"Heard you quit Acme the other day," Walt said, now. "Disagree with the office about their business methods?"

"Nope. Square as a die, Acme. I've got me a drill-site, Walt. The Johnson property. I've got some backing. But I have to spud in there Monday. A week from today."

Walt hardly heard Dave. Laurie was typing addresses on envelopes. Sun touched her hair. Her ring was burning his pocket, and—what had Dave said?

"Ah, you have to spud in next Monday? When'd you get hold of that lease?"

"A month ago."

"Well, if you've put in the contract that you'd start drilling operations in that length of time, you know how to make it legal. Burn the weeds. Turn over a shovelful of earth. Stick a pup tent on the lot and a guy in it and let him pack a two-by-four around."

"In my book that's not drilling operations, Walt. I can hold the lease indefinitely after I do spud in. But there's no provision in the contract for deferment. Those folks leased once before and got shoved around by provisions. I put myself over a barrel, but I figured to give them a break."

"An eighth royalty's enough break for any property owner. An operator can't afford all that damned concern."

Walt's impatience grew fast. "And right now, when there's not a rig available on Crescent—" He gave Dave a sudden aware look. "You didn't come to me for a *rig?* Minor supplies, maybe. Or a gamble on pipe rental. But not a *rig*, Dave."

"I had a dicker on for a portable. But—"

"But something happened," Walt said, sardonically. "It always does, when a man won't keep his eye trained on his own interest."

"Well, a driller twisted off. No telling how long that rig'll be held up. But you've got a brand-new portable due in here from International tomorrow."

"Humbolt is getting that rig," Walt said, flatly.

"I talked to a super from there. He said you hadn't signed it over."

"A better deal could always come along. But Humbolt will be here in the morning, ready to sign."

"Listen, Walt. I won't make much off that well, myself. I'll do most of the drilling, and you know I'll get it down quick and clean. You can have the lion's share of percentage. As usual. Make the deal the way you—"

"I don't want the lousy deal. Humbolt will give me a spot-cash bonus of five thousand dollars, plus monthly rental

(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 91)

and percentage in acreage drilling for the use of that rig!" Walt's voice rose. "And you come in here with a town lot and a shoestring and—"

"Humbolt could wait a while and not lose a thing. And you'll have another rig or two free before long."

"Then I wouldn't get the bonus and—damnation, Dave! You must think I've lost my mind."

"No," Dave said, quietly. He stood up. "Just had a kind of hope you were turning into a regular guy. Times I've seen you lately, you had a different look."

A different look. *A different look.* What the devil was Dave getting at? O'Kane wasn't like his father, going soft and helpless because of a woman. There was a swift rush of blood to his face. He mashed his cigar in the tray. "Take yourself and your bright-eyed promotional ideas out of here," he said, thickly. "And, by God, keep them out."

"Okay, O'Kane." Dave's mouth twisted a little. "See you around the kingdom." He stepped through the open door.

Walt's clenched hands had gone into his pockets, and now one of them gripped something so tightly the edges of it cut hard into his palm. What?—Laurie's ring. *Laurie was Laurie.*

What was he worrying about? Dave hadn't got the portable. The tension went out of him. He smiled and hurried in to where Laurie sat so quietly, her yellow head bent.

"Why—Laurie, girl," he said. "What's wrong, kid? What are you crying about?"

"Martha tried to tell me how you were," she said, on a long, sobbing breath. "I—I wouldn't pay any attention."

"Martha—what?" His hand, lowered to touch her hair, poised, motionless. "Now, just what is this, Laurie?"

She stood up and faced him, her shoulders squared, her small, compact body rigid. "You don't care about anyone on Crescent Hill but yourself. You don't care what happens to Mr. Bellows. And I—"

"Now look here, Laurie," he said, sternly. "This is all darned nonsense." Then his voice went deep and tender. "You mustn't bother about such things. Laurie, girl, I love you. It's all right, isn't it? I planned we'd go to Las Vegas this afternoon and—listen; I bought you a ring." Hurriedly, he took it out of the box. "Like it, sweetheart?" He stepped close and put one arm around her. "Here; let's see if it—"

She pulled away and stood with her hands holding to the edge of her desk. "All I thought about all the time I've been here, was when you'd tell me what you're telling me now." Through her tears, her blue eyes looked stunned. "Now, it's no use."

"I don't get this," he said, out of a vast, angry confusion. "I don't understand you, Laurie."

"I thought you were good and kind to other people. Like you've been to me. I thought—"

"This is no playground, Laurie—no kindergarten. This is the oil game. Where dog eats dog. In six weeks, Lau-

rie, you might have got an inkling of that."

"I don't believe you," she said. "They're not all like you say—all the oil men." Her voice strengthened. "Mr. Bellows thinks of other—"

"To hell with Mr. Bellows!" he shouted. "Has he got a fine beach home to offer you? Can he meet a payroll like mine twice a month? Do you think he could afford to buy you a ring like—and don't tell me, Laurie," he said, in an evener tone, "that these trifling things have no weight with you."

"Why, they weighed a whole lot," she said. "But I thought you deserved them all. I—felt so proud of myself for—" She swallowed, dabbed once at her eyes, and turned away.

She was taking things out of her desk. A powder puff in a sheer plastic cover. A pair of fingernail scissors. A file. She dropped a big red apple, one bite gone out of it, into the wastebasket. She put a shabby, brown-backed book on the desk.

"Laurie," he said. "Laurie, girl. You don't know what you're doing."

"I can hardly bear to hurt you. But my father . . ." She turned at the door. "My father would have been ashamed to haul your oil in his ships. *Ashamed.*" All her sparkle had gone. And then, in a moment, she was gone. Staring after her, dazed with unbelief, he saw that the sky had darkened.

Now, in the night-dark office, he turned on his desk lamp. He heard the slow, tired rain. Laurie wasn't coming back. And she'd forget him. She was so much younger. She'd get over her foolishness about oil, too. Murder, looted banks, warring countries on the trail of oil, and she thought you could get by if you were "good and kind."

Those noble guys had a little trouble over that Holy Grail, too, he remembered drearily. Men were killed. Castles fell. They'd thought it would perform miracles, hadn't they? But wasn't all that just legend? He didn't know. But oil *did* perform miracles. Oil . . . was the lifeblood of the world. He was sure of that.

It made a man think; he was realistic about it. But if Laurie had to keep oil so blasted romantic in everyday living, she'd fall for some oil man who couldn't buy a bowl of soup for a mosquito. What could he do about that? Try to watch out for her and the guy she might . . . love? Oh, yes. Some sunny day he'd have to see her, with a man she really loved. He put his face in his hands. His Laurie. His kid.

He hadn't heard the door open. But he heard her voice.

"I'm getting all w-w-wet. Walter, I—"

He picked her up, wet green raincoat and all. He held her in his arms, her hair at his lips; held her and walked up and down, knowing nothing of his wild, tormented, triumphant words. "My precious, foolish little—you've put me through hell, sweetheart—hell. But I don't care now, darling. Just say one thing. One thing, Laurie, girl. Say you'll never leave me."

"I'll never leave you. But you're

squashing me a little, Walter, dear."

"Oh. what a dumb, clumsy fool I am! And you're shivering. Let's take off this wet coat. Thin as paper." He wrapped his own coat around her, put her in the chair. He unbuckled the galoshes, like green leaves, and removed her frail strapped slippers. He held her two small, damp feet in his big, unsteady hands, warming them.

"Laurie. You'll never know how much I love you."

"But I've always known. And it's almost as much as I love you."

"Why, kid. You don't know what you're saying."

"Of course you think I don't. But I have to go along with you, Walter. Right or wrong." She leaned her face against the leather of the chair like a tired child.

Something was mighty off-center here. Laurie wasn't very pretty right now. Just a little blonde with tired blue eyes, all droopy, in his big, droopy coat. She—the kid looked whipped. That was it. She looked as though someone had taken a—

And who had done that? Ask yourself, guy with the whip hand. Ask Walter O'Kane, victim and disciple of Pauline.

Yes, he had hurt Laurie terribly. She had run away. And come back for further punishment. But she "had to go along with him, right or wrong." Because she was—fond of him? Oh, no. It must be that she—why, Laurie *loved* him!

It brought him, dazed, to his feet, to the window. He had questioned it all. He had doubted her, doubted his own reasons for wanting her, distrusted their future together. She had sensed that. It was a part of her hurt. But he hadn't dared to hope for anything like this. Why, the all-important thing was for Laurie to love him.

Now he could see the rain out there, the lights on the rigs. His street, his row. King of the Hill. Some king he was! He deserved a crown, didn't he, when, right at this moment, he was breaking Laurie's heart?

He picked up the phone and dialed. Waiting, confusion crowded him. The years and the pack and the hard core of his own snarling defiance. "Dave? Walt. That rig's going down to your lease in the morning."

He heard Dave go cold with suspicion. Had Humbolt backed out, then? Some official question about that rig, was there? Then he didn't get the angle.

"There's no angle, you blockheaded Irish—do you want the rig, or don't you?"

A silence. Then, "I—say, this is okay!" Dave's voice lifted, friendly, excited. "I'm damned grateful to you, Walt. And the deal—"

"Make the lousy—the deal to suit yourself. Oh, shut up," Walt ended on a hotly embarrassed note. "Go have a beer on me." He turned to his girl.

Her mouth, pale without lipstick, was roundly open. His coat had fallen away. Her dress was wrinkled. Her hair was a tangled yellow mop. Now, an untidy small girl, she scrambled up, her stockinged feet scattering to the winds the neat pile he'd made of her footwear. She ran to him. And if it could be said, she swaggered—

She met his arms with a rush, with so much sparkle that it nearly blinded him. "Now, look here," he said, gruffly over the tightness in his throat, "this kind of thing is no cinch for me, kid. I'm bound to slip up. You'll have to give me a hand now and then, in the game."

"Oh, no, Walter. I don't know how. I wouldn't dare."

He smiled and kissed her. This bit of fluff would dare anything. She had just kicked a great big dent in his fancy tin crown. But you'd think, from her eyes, that he had it on and there was a star or two set square in the middle of it. And the fact was, he could say that, for the first time in his life, he *felt* a little like a king. . . . THE END

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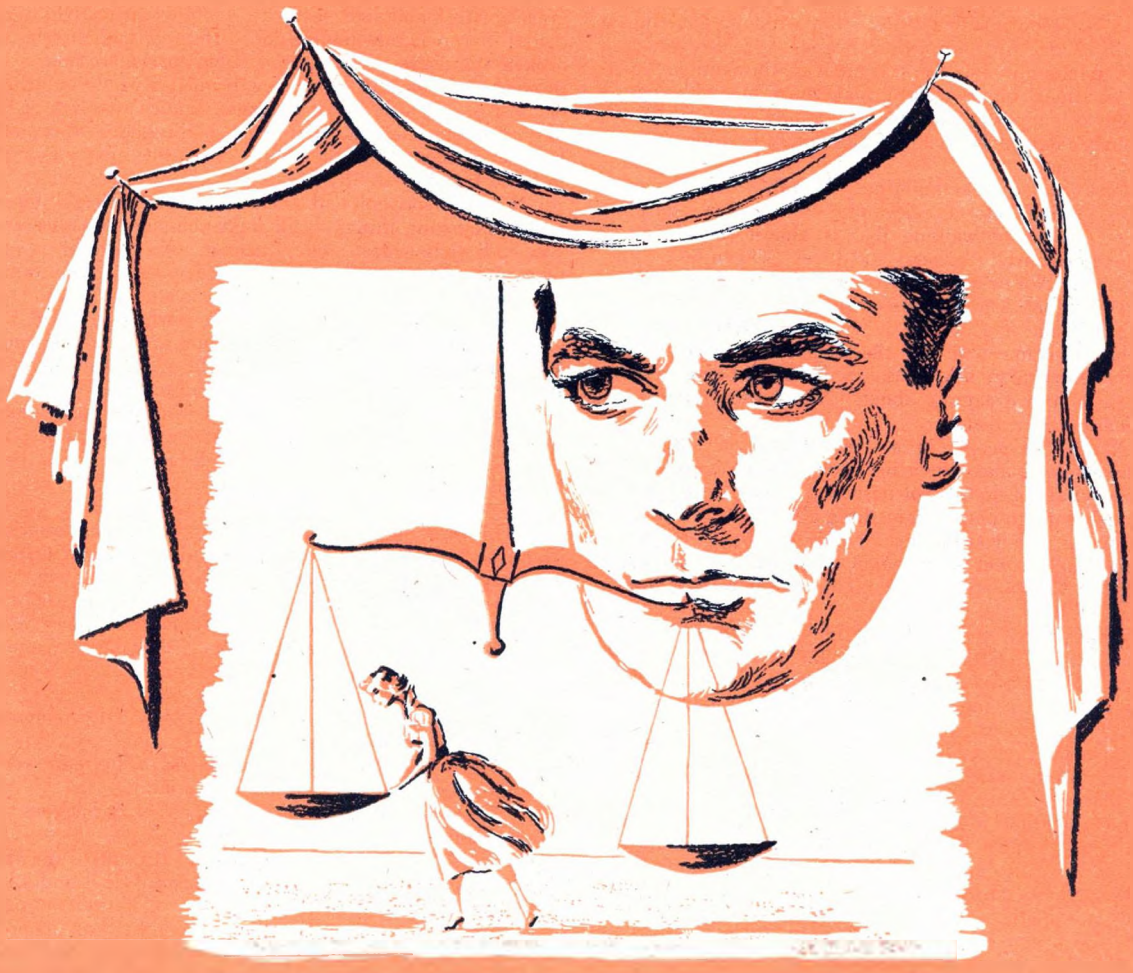

BY JOHN KLEMPNER

Author of "A Letter to Three Wives"

A bribe? Of course you would refuse, even if you forfeited your dearest wish. But if you were a young father, harried by debt; or a woman, yearning for one chance at stardom; or a husband, torn by his wife's entreaties to find her lost child, how noble would you be?

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE JANUARY 1954 NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

Chapter 1

Take a group of ordinary people, a cross section of a large and bustling city. Stand, let's say, on a busy corner and notice every fiftieth passer-by; or reach into homes here and there and pick out individuals at random. You'd have some rich, some poor, some young, some old. Some would be smiling, some serious; some rushing madly through their duties, others dawdling through their day.

Let's try a crowded street. There's a young man who stops for a moment at a shiny store window, glancing at the stiff models in their lovely dresses. He frowns, then moves impatiently on. He's Tom Gray, an average American, an eager, intense young man burdened with today's problem of supporting an average family on a pay check that makes only a halfhearted attempt at keeping up with today's prices.

Peek into an office building. There's a striking young woman getting into an elevator. She has a charming manner, a way of walking that is almost regal. That's Lorrie Delacourt. Actress, she'd say if you asked her profession. Not *ex*-actress, because there's no such thing—not even to one who has passed her thirty-fourth birthday and hasn't had a good role in years. Now she has a job that has no connection with the theater, but of course that is only temporary; next season will surely bring her that part she's been dreaming about. Next season, or at worst the season after that.

Notice the people in a bus. There's a tall, distinguished-looking man fingering an expensive cigarette case. He has an air of dignity, of position. Name, Justin Karek, obviously foreign-born. Something about his clothes, about his bearing, tells you that even before you hear the perfect, clipped English that is the stamp of the educated foreigner. Definitely Continental, Karek is, like the hero of a foreign film.

That's three you've spotted in your little tour. Tom Gray, Lorrie Delacourt, and Karek. Let's try for a few more. There's a secretary stopping to primp in the mirror of a convenient gum machine; an elderly man, moving slowly, letting the eager crowds flow past him; a brisk man, obviously professional, sporting the conventional brief case; two cheerful housewives free for the moment of their chores and their children; a businesswoman, smartly dressed, lost in thoughts that mill behind tortoise-shell glasses. Add them up. You've singled out nine. Here's another—a worker, probably an electrician or a mechanic, and then another housewife. Then, last, a burly, good-natured man in his late thirties. That's Dave Robbins, a self-made man, well-to-do owner of a large automobile agency.

There's your group, heterogeneous, dissimilar, each with his own worries or his own diversions, each completely unaware of the existence of the others. And still one day they will be enmeshed in a common problem, and how they act and what they do will determine the fate—the life or the death—of another person wholly unknown to them at the moment.

A person wholly unknown to them. That would be Jamie Dawn. Jamie was in her late twenties—an arrogant, spoiled young woman whose escapades had begun to try the patience of even the sensational papers. At one time they'd kept a standing headline for Jamie, because her father was T. Wayne Harrison and they said that he had more money than Fort Knox. Jamie managed to get herself into scrapes with a regularity that was more annoying than amusing, and each time she did, her doting father found some way of bailing her out. Jamie had been in and out of three marriages, had been involved in a series of drunk-driving arrests, and had brushed off a few messy law suits and night-club brawls. Whenever the law had the effrontery to break in on her diversions, she waved interference aside with an impatient gesture and the remark that had become her trade-mark: "Don't get yourselves worked up, boys. Everything will be all right. Just get me my father. . . ."

Jamie had the heritage. Her father had inherited his great fortune and had spent most of his formative years trying to run it into the ground. He, too, had a series of broken marriages, followed by some torrid episodes that brought neat annuities for a few brunettes whose only previous assets had been God-given. Jamie was Harrison's only child, and he'd never stopped spoiling her. Why not? Let the youngster have her fun. There was money enough to buy her out of anything.

The newspapers had tired of Jamie. They'd found more interesting things to fill their columns—weather and war and what women were wearing. No more of Jamie, then, the editors said, short of murder. And then Jamie obliged them with exactly that.

One fine day, piqued by a lover who'd tired of her charms, she'd emptied her revolver into his departing back. When the police brought her in, she was more annoyed than frightened. She remained sullen for a while, then lost interest. They expected her stock answer, and they weren't disappointed. "Don't get yourself in a lather," she said. "And don't waste time trying to make me talk. Just be a sweet and get me Father."

This was one time when there was no easy solution. Harrison talked to his lawyer, then to Jamie, and then to his lawyer again. "This one is really serious, Wayne," the lawyer said. "No use pulling out your checkbook. They're calling it murder, and they could make it stick—"

"Ridiculous," Harrison snapped. "He had it coming to him."

"That doesn't make a case."

"We'll *make* it a case. Leave it to me. How much do you suppose the D.A. would want?"

"Marshall? Just don't try, Wayne. The more you'd offer him the faster he'd throw you into jail."

"What are we supposed to do, then? Sit back and let them crucify the poor kid?"

"We'll do what we can, Wayne. It's out of my line. You get the best criminal lawyer you can. He'll find a line of defense."

"And then?"

The lawyer shrugged. "Then it'll be up to the jury."

Harrison pounded his desk angrily. "I'm not throwing my girl's life into the hands of twelve nitwits. We'll have to do better than that."

"Meaning?"

"I hear lots about Marve Random. More of a magician than a lawyer. How about him?"

"He's your man, Wayne. 'Magician' is right."

"Get him, then."

"Right. You can be sure he'll do everything possible—"

"That's not enough. I want him to do a few things that are impossible."

The lawyer nodded slowly. "Random's your man," he said.

Marve Random was a little man only if you counted inches. In his profession he was considered gigantic. He didn't mingle with the underworld; there were plenty of clients in the Blue Book who found use for his special talents.

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When Harrison's lawyer phoned, Random was ready and willing to listen. After all, he knew Harrison's rating. "When can you make it?" the lawyer asked. "Mr. Harrison wants you as soon as possible."

"I'll be here tomorrow morning. *Here.*" That was Random. He wouldn't go a step out of his way for anybody.

And Harrison was there, bright and early. They skipped the preliminaries. "All right," Random said. "You're in a jam. You got all the money in the world and you're in a jam. That's when they come to Random."

"You know my daughter—"

"Don't I, though! Quite a gal, your Jamie."

"I want you to take her case."

Random shook his head. "Too tough, Harrison—"

"You've handled tough cases before."

"Maybe. But I'm no magician. Your little darling shoots a man in the back—five shots, no less—and you want me to get her off scot-free. What a deal!"

"You've done it before."

"Maybe I was lucky."

Harrison's eyes narrowed. "They say you can work wonders with a jury."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning whatever you want it to mean. Listen to me. I'm a man of few words. You take this case, handle it any way you see fit. But you have to win. The day Jamie goes free I'll pay you a quarter of a million dollars. And costs. Is it a deal?"

Random let a long, thin cloud of smoke drift toward the ceiling, watching it as if it controlled some part of his destiny. "You talk a lovely language, Harrison," he said, after a while. "Maybe we can work something out of this mess after all."

The newspapers had decided that Jamie Dawn was good copy, after all, and their articles and feature stories had the public all agog by the time the trial opened. The first day found the courtroom packed, with crowds milling in the corridor, all anxious to be part of what promised to be a spicy event. After a while only those who could show legitimate reasons for being there—reporters, witnesses, relatives, the large jury panel—were admitted.

The judge, as always, managed to be good and late, so that by the time he arrived the courtroom was buzzing impatiently. Finally there was the expectant hush that preceded his entrance, the rising and solemn attention as he took his place, then the long wait while he fussed interminably with a mass of boring papers. Then he turned to the bailiff and nodded briefly. The bailiff, in the limelight for the moment, lifted his hand for silence. "Next case," he announced importantly, "State versus Jamie Dawn."

Selection of the jury turned out to be a long, slow process. Random, of course, was a master at picking the type of jury he wanted. He had a feeling, an instinct, about each one; sometimes a single word or phrase turned him against a prospect. Throughout the first day he and the District Attorney sparred interminably, wasting long minutes on seemingly unimportant points.

One of those awaiting call was Justin Karek. He sat there, tapping his cigarette case with long nervous fingers, leaning forward eagerly to catch every word of discussion. Justin was a handsome, dignified man in his late thirties. He had been attached to the Czechoslovakian Legation before the war, and when his country had been overrun by the German armies he had stayed on in the United States, proud of the opportunity of becoming a citizen of a great country. The greatest, he was sure, in all the world. And in the years that followed he had adjusted himself to his new home, always eager to do what he could to make himself a better citizen.

The notice to serve on a jury had come as a pleasant surprise, as a symbol of acceptance by his chosen land. It was typical of Justin that he was one of the first to reach the courtroom that morning. Every part of the proceedings was interesting, exciting.

The interrogation dragged on and on, and when court adjourned for the day not a single juror had been chosen. Justin left the courtroom with the others, walking thoughtfully toward the bus that took him to the neat, attractive apartment house in the quiet section of the city where he lived. His wife must have recognized his quick steps in the hall, for she had the door open as he reached it, and she stood there, waiting for him. "Hello, my dear," he said. He had adopted many American expressions but *my dear* still had a real and deep meaning to him—far more than the casual *darlings* and *sweets* tossed off so easily by so many Americans.

"How are you?" They kissed, fondly. His arm went around her as they went into the apartment. "I'm so excited," she said. Julia Karek spoke with a pronounced accent. She had come to the United States only five years ago, a victim of the Russian domination of her country. She was married then, with a son of ten, but she and her husband had fought relentlessly for their country's freedom, and that had put their lives in jeopardy. Friends managed to smuggle her out of the country, with her husband and boy scheduled to follow. But the iron ring was tightening around Czechoslovakia; escape became virtually impossible. It was months later when she received the news of her husband's death. Then the new search, Justin helping in every way possible, for her son. The boy had escaped with friends in the underground, but where, where? Finding him seemed a hopeless task.

Two years ago Julia and Justin had married, a wonderfully happy marriage marred only by her inability to obtain news about her son. All the funds they could scrape together were devoted to this one cause: to find the boy, to bring him to her.

"What is it?" Justin asked. "News? Good news?"

"Possibly. Another group that helps displaced persons. A woman gave me the name—"

"Another hope?"

"We must keep hoping, darling. I'm to see their director tomorrow. I spoke to him on the telephone. He was so friendly—so courteous—" She stopped, changing her thought abruptly. "I haven't even asked you—were you chosen for the jury?"

"Not yet. No one has been chosen. They should reach my name tomorrow."

"You will make a fine juror. One they can be proud of."

He smiled. "We're all about the same. Just citizens—eager to do a job—"

"It's more than that, with us. It's—it's belonging. Being part of a great country. Something we can be proud to tell our boy—" her voice dropped—"tell him—some day, I mean."

The next day, the questioning of the jury panel continued. Some seemed on the verge of being accepted, then were suddenly, abruptly, excused. After a while it was Justin Karek's turn. He felt strangely nervous as he approached the stand, and his voice was unsteady as he took the routine vow. Suddenly it became important to be part of this great event. He answered the first questions slowly, carefully, afraid that some slip might turn them against him.

Would they accept a foreigner? He was a citizen, of course, but they might think him unaccustomed to American ways. The District Attorney seemed ready and willing to accept him; it was Random who was hesitant, but after a series of questions he turned suddenly and nodded to the

judge. "All right with me," he said. The judge looked toward the District Attorney, who nodded, too.

And that was it. A juror finally chosen. Justin took his place in the jury box, sat proudly in the first seat and thus became foreman of the jury. A warm and happy feeling went through him. Not a great honor, perhaps, but a symbol of something. Of belonging, as Julia said. How proud she would be! Justin Karek, foreman of the jury....

Once the ice was broken, things moved more quickly, both sides more willing to accept types that had met with their earlier disapproval. A housewife, gentle, smiling, and then a trim young businesswoman, smart and assured, and after her a man who did some mechanical work for the telephone company. Two men, two women; four chosen when the court recessed for lunch.

The other waiting jurors rose, some walking leisurely toward the exit, others hurrying to tasks that would fill their lunch hour. An anxious young man moved quickly through the milling crowd, hurrying down the long stone steps and dashing for a waiting bus just before its doors slammed shut. He found a seat in the rear of the bus and sat back, warm and uncomfortable. Stupid, he thought, rushing back to his job that way when he could have relaxed through a leisurely lunch hour instead.

But that was Tom Gray, always worried, always jittery. Suppose something went wrong while he was out of the office, some order mishandled or some account lost. Mr. Finley would look at him coldly and say, "Sorry, Tom—it was your job to get it straight." Not that Mr. Finley had ever been unfair or harsh. But if you're a worrier you're a worrier. He got up suddenly. Daydreaming, almost riding past his stop. He hurried into the elevator, fretting because the operator waited a moment before starting.

And then, in the office, everything was fine. Mr. Finley came over to him, surprised that he had taken the trouble to come in. "You don't have to break your neck, Tom. Everything's going all right."

"I know. But—I thought—I like to make sure—"

"What's the news? Are you on the jury?"

Tom shook his head. "Haven't reached me. Everything just crawls. A whole morning, and they've chosen only four. I sure hope they don't take me—"

"Why? It would be like a vacation—"

"No. Not me. I'm too jittery—all this work piling up—"

"Good Lord. Will you stop worrying? I swear, I never saw a man fret so. Something always bothering you. Maybe everything will come out all right. It does, sometimes, you know."

"Sure. I know." Tom forced a smile. Sometimes, he added to himself. But—not to me. He turned to his desk. Papers. Letters. So many things to take care of. And Mr. Finley would be gentle and kind and decent until something went wrong, and then he'd explode in a great burst of fury and when it was all over Tom Gray would be hunting for another job. Just because of that damned jury duty. God, he thought, I hope they skip me. I hope they fill the panel before they ever reach my name.

The afternoon session was a slow one, but toward the end of the day they'd chosen three more jurors—a young, pretty secretary; a brisk, precise accountant—and Tom.

When court adjourned for the day, a good-looking woman, trim and stately, rose and stretched wearily. This was really tiring—more so than many of the days she'd spent at agents' offices waiting for the call that every actress knows she will get some day. Lorrie Delacourt had been part of the theater for a good many years—you start as a kid, get good parts here and good notices there, and the years slip along and you realize that in another year you'll be thirty-five. Thirty-five! A landmark, because you'd decided long ago that if you hadn't hit stardom by thirty-five you never would.

She let her eyes rove over the many reporters and feature writers at the trial, hoping that someone would recognize her. Perhaps they'd give her a little notice: FAMOUS ACTRESS AWAITS JURY CALL; something like that. But of course she wasn't famous; she'd had her ups and downs, but she'd never been a star. "This season, sure," she'd told her agent. "It *has* to be this one, Steve."

"Sure, Lorrie, sure." But his tone wasn't convincing. "You've got greatness—it has to pop out—soon as we get the right part—"

The last few seasons had been bad ones, her small savings dwindling with frightening speed. This fall she just had to get something. "It's not funny any more," she told her agent. "Steve, I'm getting—scared—"

"Don't worry, honey. We'll get something. Something sure." But the way he said it had her more worried than ever.

Nothing materialized. Not a thing. One part would have been perfect for her, and she'd set her heart on it. A long wait—hope—it narrowed down to two, and Lorrie was

one of them—more waiting—then the dismal phone call. "Garret got it." Steve said, anguish in his voice. "I'm sorry, honey—I'm just broken up—"

That day she scanned the Help Wanted section of the morning paper. How long can you go on being proud? And she found something with surprising speed. A doctor in the downtown section of the city needed a receptionist. *No experience necessary.* Those words made so great an impression that she scarcely noticed the other words: *Moderate salary.*

Moderate salary. What of it? All she needed was enough to get by on. Because, no matter what, this was temporary. The theater was first in her heart, always first. How could it be any other way?

When his day in court had ended, Tom Gray did not head for home. There was always work to be done at the office, and Tom had to do his share. Too much depended on his hanging on to that precious job. Too many important lives.

Up to a few years ago Tom's home life had been as placid and happy as any man could expect. Sue was a fine, devoted wife, and those two little girls were real treasures. Sure it was something of a struggle, getting along on a moderate salary, but they managed. They paid their bills, a little late at times, but they did pay them. And they looked forward to that happy day when he'd get a nice raise and prices wouldn't skyrocket so and perhaps they could have a little left over for some nice clothes for Sue and a vacation for all of them. Some day.

That was a little over two years ago. And then misfortune struck. Dorothy, the younger child (they called her Dumpling), picked up some rare germ that had the doctors puzzled—something that sapped her vitality, left her weak and pale—and from that point on everything hit them in a heap. X-rays, treatments, pills, special care for the child, just about eating up every cent they could scrape together. And it went on, and on. Tom went into debt then. "What of it?" he told Sue, trying hard to be brave. "No better use we could find for money."

"If it would only *help*," she said, despairing. "If she would only perk up—just a little—"

"She will! She has to. How tough can a germ be?"

Tough enough. Two years later she was still under doctor's care. Better than she had been—much better; but those pills, those vitamins, that constant steady flow of expense! The debt Tom owed grew instead of dwindling. Luckily it was to his firm, and his boss was swell about it. But he'd have to pay it back, sooner or later.

And other things piled up. Sue was ill for a while; then there was special dental care for the older girl, then an inescapable repair job on the ancient plumbing in their house. Things like that. Always something, so that even relatively small items, like a rip in his good suit, or an unexpected property-tax bill, loomed as major tragedies.

When you're that far behind you don't let work at the office pile up, no matter how good your reasons are. You stick around and get it done. You don't give them the shadow of an excuse to criticize what you're doing. What difference can a few hours more or less make?

After a while Tom rubbed his eyes wearily. Nine o'clock. What a day! Might as well get on home. The children would be asleep. They always tried to wait for their dad's good-night kiss, but sometimes they couldn't keep their eyes open. Poor kids, he thought, as he hurried for the bus.

When he got home, Sue hadn't eaten yet. "I wasn't hungry," she said. "Anyhow, I hate eating alone."

"Thanks, sweet. I sure make a day of it for you."

"You didn't have a picnic, I'll bet." She looked at him anxiously. "Tom. You're not overdoing it? You look so tired—"

"Me?" He tapped his chest in mock heroism. "The Iron Man. Hey—I didn't even tell you. I'm on the jury. Guess they know a good man when they see one."

"Why, that's wonderful," she said. "Or is it? I mean, it won't hurt your job, will it, being away so much?"

"No, silly. It's a civic duty. And stop worrying. Mr. Finley told me that I'd get paid for every day I miss. Is that bad?"

"I was wondering."

"Sure. And I get the jury money besides. Do you know what? With the jury money we buy you a mink coat. How about that?"

She tried to smile. "Good," she said. "Then I can throw out my old mink. It must be almost a year old."

"A whole year? Holy cats, how can you face the neighbors?"

"Oh, brave little me. Chin up and all that sort of nonsense. In a pinch I'd even wear last year's diamonds. Only in a pinch." Then suddenly her smile faded and her lips started to quiver.

"What is it, sweet?" he asked, anxiously. "What happened?"

"Tom, I hate to bother you. It's so much fun, being with you and all,"—her voice started to crack—"but Dr. Smith—you know—he's been real sweet about waiting. . . . But his nurse keeps calling—says he just *has* to have a *little* something on account."

The doctor Lorrie worked for had his office in the slum section of the city. His name was Vandemeer, and right from the start, she thought he was one of the finest persons she had ever met. He put his whole heart into his work, never greatly concerned about reward. Sometimes his patients paid him; more often they didn't. "What of it?" he'd say. "I'll get it, some day. Or maybe I won't. I get along."

After court Lorrie had hurried to his office, eager to help if she could. "Hi," he called, when he heard her come in. "Bring any business with you? We could use a patient or two."

"I tried," she said. "No luck. Even tried to drag a horse in, but he was too smart for me."

"That shouldn't have been too difficult." He looked her up and down. "Didn't really expect you back today, Lorrie. Thought they'd have you locked up with eleven handsome men by this time."

She shook her head. "No. I told them you couldn't get along without me. Told them you'd have the kids swallowing all our good thermometers. You haven't, have you?"

"No. Just the cheap ones." He kept looking at her as if he hadn't seen her for a long time. "Funny, how I kept missing you. Kept calling to you during the day. Are they taking you on the jury?"

"I don't know. I hope not. They'll probably reach my name tomorrow. What shall I say? That I'm indispensable to a rather muddled doctor?" She straightened things as she talked. "Look at this place. It's a mess. I'll bring them down here, show them—"

"While they're here I could give them a checkup. Heart, blood pressure, maybe a high colonic here and there—make a buck—"

"You're just the one. Did you see that Jamie's picture in the papers? She's not so good-looking. All you have to do is to kill somebody and the headlines call you a beauty. 'Dark-eyed beauty on trial.' Phooey."

"No prejudice, Lorrie, or you'll never make the jury. I don't suppose they'll take you, in any case. They don't take actresses, do they?"

"Actress? Just now I'm receptionist, porter, plumber, dishwasher and general handy man for a somewhat absent-minded doctor."

"Hey," he said, thoughtfully, "I'll have to give you a raise. I swear I never knew you were a plumber."

You get so that your work is your life and your life is your work, and sometimes you wonder why. Your father was a doctor in the same slum area, and you grew up admiring him and trying to muster the fortitude to follow in his footsteps. And you did, and then meanwhile other doctors who had interned with you were nicely settled in fancy offices and rode around in expensive cars. And you were stuck. You doled out pills and prescriptions to dirty kids and hungry mothers, and you hadn't the heart to charge them. How could you, when you knew they hadn't enough to eat? But there were times when you couldn't help wondering: Who appointed *you* the Noble One? Why shouldn't *you* live like other men; earn what you could, sock it away; live in the splendor to which you were definitely not accustomed? Or think of marriage. Marriage to someone lovely, like Lorrie. "I have to keep prodding myself," he told her, later. "Have to pounce on my wild dreams and keep them nicely in place, like my shiny instruments. They *are* shiny, aren't they?"

"Everything about you shines," she said, seriously.

"Undoubtedly. I often sit around admiring myself." He paused, sighing, "Say it again, Lorrie. Say it loud and clear. My ego is down somewhere below sea level. I sure get low late in the day. Mornings are better. But not mornings without you."

She moved away and busied herself with some odds and ends. "I mean it, Van. What you're doing is the finest work I've ever seen. And—it fits. I couldn't imagine you with a bedside manner. You do what's in you—"

"That," he said, "will end the sermon for today. You put plenty into this job yourself. Who told you to come down here after a tough day in court? You could have gone home, relaxed, read *Variety*—"

"I wanted to see you," she said, simply. "I wanted to help you, if I could."

"Thanks. I need something like that, to sustain me." He reached over the table where she was working and put his hand on hers. "Lorrie."

She pulled her hand away. "Please, Van."

He smiled his slow smile. "Every time a romantic urge hits me you start polishing instruments, or discovering you're hungry. Why can't you stand still, look me in the eye and tell me to go to hell?"

"No. I like being near you. You ought to know that by now. But—the other—the hands—I don't know—"

"You know, when you first came here for a job I had the quick notion of throwing you out? A real lady, I thought, too pretty to bother with menial duties. And then you pitched in and worked like a longshoreman. But—I suppose—you *are* a lady, after all."

She had to smile. "And I thought I'd strayed into a wolf's lair. But—here I am, and what can I do?"

"Run," he said, "or fight. Or—don't." He came close to her again. "One of us has to change. Immovable Object and Irresistible Force." She didn't move, and he could feel her trembling. "Is it all right if I kiss you?"

She turned her face slowly toward his. "I think so." His lips pressed against hers, and he kept them there for a long time. Then she pushed him gently away. "Do you know," she said, "I think I'm getting hungry."

Chapter 2

Marve Random had the reputation of leaving little to chance. With a fortune at stake, he had to be sure that all preliminaries in the Jamie Dawn case were smoothly and efficiently handled. What T. Wayne Harrison had intimated wasn't too far from the truth. Juries had been approached, but it was a ticklish undertaking—one that had to be handled with finesse and skill. Not a whole jury, of course. Just a few on his side, Random felt, would be enough to insure victory. The evening after Tom Gray had been chosen, Random had a long session with Murph, an experienced investigator who had dug up valuable information for him in the past. "All right," Random said in his terse, quick way. "So we got seven lined up. How do they look to you, Murph?"

"Not much to go on yet, Mr. Random. We'll have to do some looking."

"Let's have your impressions, so far. How about that last one? Gray?"

Murph nodded. "Good prospect. Notice his suit? Thin, shiny. Says he owns his own home, has a wife and two kids. He could use a buck."

"Just what I thought. How'd you like that Czech? I must admit I gambled on him. Looks like a man of mystery. What do you think?"

"Can't say, exactly. Ladies' man, you think?"

"Could be. Or something. Some skulduggery. You find out."

"I wasn't too sold on the dames," Murph said. "But we'll see—"

"They're what I want, Murph. The other men, too. Followers. Know what I mean? They read the same stuff, listen to the same programs, do what the folks next door do. I got four like that so far—maybe I'll get a couple more—then a few weak ones—all I want on *my* side is four—four sewed up good and tight. The others'll fall in line."

"Right. You want me to check on all of 'em, though?"

Random nodded. "Never know what might turn up. Everybody has something he wants, Murph, or something he wants to hide. Those are for us. Get it?"

"I get it. Anything else?"

"No. Just dig. Dig deep. And fast. I'll drag things out, but you have to keep moving." He scratched his chin. "Good judge, we got. Lucky break, there."

"Can't touch him?"

"No. Not in a million years. But—he's getting on—likes to take things easy. Like not having alternate jurors. They could turn out to be a damned nuisance. And he lets his juries go home nights. Good, good. Gives us elbow room. Know what I mean?"

"I'll get rolling in the morning."

"This Gray. Get the works. What he earns, what he owes. And his wife. What she does, how she takes care of the kids, how she spends her spare time. Find out if she loves him."

Murph looked at him quizzically. "A pleasure."

"Our best bet, Murph, this Gray. Don't fumble it."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Random. I'll wrap him in a neat bundle and drop him right in your lap. Hold on to your hat, Gray. Here we come."

Here we come. . . . The next morning, an engaging young man, posing as a door-to-door salesman, stopped at the homes of several neighbors of Sue Gray, chatting in his friendly way, picking up what bits of gossip he could. He had a sure-fire trick: give them something, free, and you have them eating out of your hand. He gleaned many items of no particular interest, but he did get some information about the Grays, and that was what he was after.

When he thought he had enough, he stopped at the Gray house. "Sorry," Sue said, pleasantly. "Whatever it is, I'm not buying."

"That's all right. Just—let's call it missionary work. I have to get people interested in this gimmick so maybe they'll buy it some day when a thirty-to-one shot comes in."

"I can look. What is it?"

He opened his large sample case. "Mixing machine. Good one, too. New model. I won't tell you the price.

Don't want you to fall over. But it *is* good." He went on, explaining the virtues of his product. "Thanks for smiling," he said. "I thought you'd be throwing me out by now. You up to your ears in work—"

"Just about." She backed away. "Nice machine. Well. Some other time, maybe. When that horse comes in."

"Sure." He started to put the machine away, then stopped. "Hey. Wait a second. I'm supposed to give one of these gadgets away, free, on every hundredth call. You're—let's see—fifty-nine—"

She had to smile. "Wouldn't you know! Missed by a mile."

"Look," he said. "I never was much good at counting. Maybe a hundred comes after fifty-eight. How would I know?"

"Oh, come *on*," Sue said.

"I mean, I'd rather give it to somebody pleasant—friendly—what difference does it make to me? Nothing out of my pocket."

She looked at him suspiciously. "You sure I won't have to buy anything? Because I won't—not even if it costs a dime—"

"Honest. You don't even have to sign for this. Just take it. Tell your neighbors about it if you like it. That's all."

Her eyes went wide. "You mean I really get it? I can't believe it—"

"It's yours, all right. Here you are. And don't worry about not being able to buy anything. You know, last year this time I was so broke I couldn't raise a thin dime. My boy got sick—ruptured appendix—for a whole week they didn't know if he'd live or die. God, what a time—"

That started it. Once you talk about children's ailments, you've established a bond. Soon Sue was telling about her little girl's illness. The salesman was a sympathetic soul, and it wasn't long before she'd poured out most of her troubles. Why not? There was nothing about their life, her life or Tom's, that was supposed to be secret.

After a while he decided he'd heard enough. "Well, got to be on my way." He held up the machine and polished it with a soft cloth. "Nice? Everybody likes 'em. Specially those hundredth ones."

"Do you know," she said, "I figured there was a catch somewhere—"

"Nope. She's all yours." He put it into her hands. "Well, see you. Hope that little one of yours keeps up the good work."

"Thanks. Thanks a million." She pressed the machine to her as if it were a living thing. "'By now." She closed the door as if in a dream. Imagine, a lovely thing like that, free. She'd never won anything before—never. Maybe it was like a symbol. Maybe their luck was turning, after all.

Next stop for Murph's young representative was at the Kareks'. This was in a nicer part of the city, and he thought he would find the going more difficult. But it turned out to be a relatively easy assignment. Everyone in the neighborhood seemed to know Julia Karek and her problem. Julia had spread it far and wide, never knowing who might be able to help. If telling ten people about her boy might bring it to the attention of someone important, then telling it to a hundred might increase that chance tenfold.

This time the salesman pretended that he'd lost an address, asked the various shopkeepers if they knew a Justin or a Julia Karek. Yes, they knew them—knew a lot about them. "You checking on her boy?" one shopkeeper asked.

"Yes. But—I'm not supposed to tell—"

"It's all right. Everybody knows. She never stops talking about that boy of hers."

"Nice boy, from what I hear."

"A fine boy. He's her life—her whole life."

They chatted some more, and then he was on his way. What a lead! A woman groping desperately for news of her son. After a few more visits he felt that he had what he wanted.

"Good lead, chief," he said, when he returned to his office. "This Czecho."

"What did you get? See him, or her?"

"Nope. Neither one. Talked to friends, neighbors." He told about Julia and her all-consuming desire. "It's terrific," he said. "She'd do anything to get that boy back. And I mean anything."

"Think she can throw any weight with her husband?"

"I think so, from what I heard. He's crazy about her."

Murph nodded. "Good deal. We'll take it from there."

"This could be our best prospect. If we work it right."

"Don't you worry about that," Murph said. "We'll work it right."

The next juror chosen was a cheerful, buxom housewife—homemaker, she called herself—and then they came to Dave Robbins. Robbins was in his late thirties, burly, good-looking, confident. Too positive, Random thought. The District Attorney seemed to like him, which was reason enough for a Random rejection. But some hunch kept prodding Random, and he couldn't bring himself to turn the man down. He was prosperous, obviously. A self-made man—"You say you've had this auto agency since Nineteen Forty-five. What did you do before that?"

"Marines," Robbins said, simply. "Captain, Twenty-seventh Division."

Challenge him, Random thought. The man's too sure of himself. There'll be others—others easier to handle. But Random was never one to disregard a hunch. "How long have you been married?"

"Seventeen years."

Seventeen years. That was it. A handsome, rough-and-tough character, but his hair was slick and his nails were manicured. You don't doll up that way for a wife—not one you've had for seventeen years. You could bet there was a girl-friend in the picture somewhere. That would do it. Random glanced at the judge and nodded. "All right with me."

The District Attorney nodded, too, and Dave Robbins took his seat in the box, the ninth juror to be chosen.

After that, they accepted an elderly man who'd been in the school system, and then another housewife, and that made eleven. They'd practically settled on the twelfth and last one, neither the District Attorney nor the defense finding any great fault with him. Lorrie Delacourt sighed in relief. The jury complete and she hadn't even been called. Good. Now she could get back to her work.

Then, for no particular reason, the District Attorney used one of his last peremptory challenges, and the man was motioned from the stand. Oh, well, they'd probably take the next one and then she could be on her way.

"Lorrie Delacourt," the clerk called.

She started. All through the process of picking she'd been momentarily expecting her name, and now when it came it was a complete surprise. She hurriedly picked up her bag and went to the stand.

The questions were more or less routine—occupation and residence, and had she formed any opinion about the case? When Random asked her occupation, she lifted her head and said, "Actress."

"Oh, yes," he said, as if he'd known all about her. He had a few more questions, and all the while he was studying her, looking her over carefully, as if he were going to buy her. Nice clothes, but worn. Good shoes, but repaired. Random noticed everything. Here was a lady if

ever you saw one—refined, educated, proper. But down-and-out, probably—an actress still clinging desperately to a profession that was bent on ignoring her. A good bet. He nodded acceptance, and the District Attorney nodded, too.

That made twelve. The buzzing in the courtroom grew, an excited sound rising in volume, as Lorrie took her seat in the jury box. The trial, State versus Jamie Dawn, was ready to roll.

It was late in the day, and so court was adjourned until the following morning. Random had arranged to meet Murph at his office to review their prospects.

"Let's see," Murph said. "We've worked on your first seven. Only two that look hopeful."

"Two," Random said, thoughtfully. "All right. Two isn't bad. I don't want more than four. Too many on your team, and they'll mess up the plays. I got four good followers—and three or four easygoing slobs. Those I can work on. How about that career dame?"

"Nothing yet," Murph said. "We'll keep digging."

"Be nice if she has a fine respectable boy-friend—married—a minister or teacher or something—"

"If she has, we'll find him."

"You're pretty sure of the Czech and the Gray fellow?"

"Pretty sure. I mean, something to work on. This Karek dame—well, you know the way a woman feels about her son—"

"She thinks he's alive?"

Murph nodded. "She'd feel it—in here—if he wasn't. You know."

"Uh-huh." Random scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Maybe we could do something. Do a good deed, even if it didn't help us. We go round doing good deeds, don't we, Murph?"

"We don't hurt anybody, that's for sure."

"Right. Maybe we can help Gray, too. There's a boy needs help."

"Haven't checked on your last four yet. I wasn't too sold on that fellow with the auto agency."

"Robbins? I took a long chance, Murph. There's a positive fellow—one who could swing a group his way. But it has to be our way. Tell you what I think. If this bird doesn't have a girl-friend stashed away I'll eat all my psychology books. He's the type. Broadway. You know. And still—married a long time. Probably a happy marriage. A boy in high school. Something he wouldn't want broken up. You find the dame, as the French say, and I think we can work it from there."

"Will do."

"Okay. Now. That actress—"

"She hasn't done much acting; not for years—"

"Just what I thought. Notice her clothes, her shoes? A good prospect, Murph."

"She could use a few bucks—"

"Not that! There isn't money enough to buy her."

"Then what?"

"Glory. The chance to act. The chance to be a star."

The trial started in dull, routine manner—police officers identifying people and things, the medical examiner giving his long technical report. Nobody understood much of it; nobody seemed to care. Jamie Dawn had certainly put a mess of bullets into her ex-lover, and the victim had certainly died of the multiple wounds inflicted. And still Marve Random questioned each witness carefully. Any conflict in statements, any answer that might indicate doubt of any sort, became important. Later, when it really mattered, he could show that even experts differed in their versions of what happened.

And of course Random had another motive: Drag it out so that Murph would have plenty of time to investigate the jury. Once Murph was ready, Random would step up the tempo. He was an artist, timing every move perfectly, executing every detail with precision.

Sue Gray's whole life was wrapped up in her husband and in her two little girls. They'd been through a lot, but they'd always managed to get by. If only Dumpling would stay well! If only nothing would happen to Tom. For the rest, there was nothing that was so terrible. After all, they had their own home—the part of it, anyhow, that wasn't weighed down by the mortgage; they had clothes and food, and they lived from day to day. Luxuries weren't important.

She had to tell herself that, over and over, and sometimes it wasn't easy. Every time she made a shopping list she could feel her heart sink. There was so much that they needed, and the prices you had to pay these days. You tried to pick bargains, the daily specials; you skimped and you saved, but somehow you didn't quite manage. But, good Lord, the kids had to eat. "Come on, Dumpling," she said. "We'll blow ourselves to a big shopping spree. Might even wind up with a soda if things go right."

"Oh, boy," Dumpling said. "Strawberry?"

"Could be."

They walked up and down the aisles of the bright supermarket, Dumpling proudly pushing the cart before her. Sue had to concentrate; every item added to her mental total. That was the way it was when you have just so much to spend. Put in this and leave out that and try to figure what's more important than the next thing.

The cart looked sadly empty when she reached the checking-out counter. What can you do? You have to have eggs and bread and milk and stuff for the kids. You have to have coffee and cheese and soap and oranges and lettuce and things like that. Nothing that wasn't a necessity. And still you stand there, heart pounding while the cheery girl rings up the items on the register. And then it's what you feared: You'd made a mistake somewhere along the line, and the total is more than you have in your purse.

Sue stood there, red creeping up her face. "It's—oh, my goodness—I didn't mean to put that coffee in there—and the cheese—I've got more than I need at home—do you mind—"

"Not a bit. Take out anything you want."

Of course the girl understood. What of it? It's no crime to be short of funds, and still she was as embarrassed as if she'd been caught with her hand in the till. She put a few packages back on the shelves, paid the revised check, and walked out, her face still red. "Funny the way I took stuff first that I didn't need," she said to her daughter.

"Do we get our sodas now?"

"Oh." She'd completely forgotten. She opened her purse and counted the coins. Thirty-two cents. Enough for Dumpling's soda, anyhow. "You have one, darling. I'm not thirsty." She took Dumpling's hand and led her to the shiny ice-cream parlor. "You get yourself a big, gooey one. It's good for you. Helps you grow."

She put her bundles down on the floor opposite Dumpling's stool and stood behind the child as she toyed with her drink. She didn't really want a soda for herself. The thought of the sweet stuff sickened her. But she did want to be able to buy one, to splurge and peck at it and waste most of it and put her coins down on the counter with a light heart, as if she had unlimited funds cached away somewhere. But if you're poor you're poor, and it's no disgrace but it's damned uncomfortable.

Some day their troubles would be over; Dumpling would be well and they'd have money in the bank and Tom wouldn't go around with that worried look in his eyes. Some day. Not right now. She caught the misery of her reflection in the mirror behind the counter and bit her lip

to keep from bursting into tears. Good Lord, you can't let Dumpling see you crying. Not now, with the child sloshing her gooey drink around in the glass as if she'd found the greatest treasure in all the world.

Julia Karek had her appointment with the man to whom she'd spoken on the phone—the man who was part of that wonderful group that had helped locate displaced persons in the past. Every hope to Julia was bright and new; you run into a long line of heartbreak and disappointment, but it must come out right in the end.

The man at the desk looked weary and not too hopeful. But that might be for a number of reasons that had nothing to do with her. After all, he hadn't even heard her story. She introduced herself. "Oh, yes," he said. Then a long pause. "First," he said, "let's not be too hopeful about anything. This job is becoming more and more difficult."

"But—surely—there must be a way," she said, fighting the letdown that she knew was coming. "Otherwise—how can one go on—"

"I know," he said. "It's terribly disheartening. But—" He reached for his pad and pen. "Let's have the details. Give me everything—every name or place or fact that might help."

"It was in Czechoslovakia, you know. A wonderful country, then. A real democracy. We were proud to fight for our freedom—my husband—my son—and I. It's horrible when that makes you a criminal—when you must hide, run, always running." She went on, telling him about their happy life in a little village before the war. Then their country overrun by the Germans, dominated by German power, sold out by the countries that were supposed to be their friends. But they lived for the day of liberation. How high their hopes were, with Germany defeated. And then the Russian ring, stronger, more inexorable, more hopeless than before.

"We had to fight it. How else could we go on living?" The underground was strong, clever, shifty. They were at it, everlastingly, through burdens seemingly too great to bear. But once Julia's little group was unearthed, they knew it meant death if they could not escape. Friends worked feverishly, finally managing to get Julia out of the country, her husband and son to follow. "But"—her head went down—"he—he—my husband—"

"I know," the man said, his voice low.

"But—my boy—Jan, his name is—here it would be John—a lovely boy—he is with friends—somewhere—"

"It won't be easy. We've had some success, in other countries. But here—we can't get through—everyone is afraid—"

"Ten years old, he was, then. Five years ago! Five long years. How can I go on? We'll give everything we have—work for the rest of our lives to pay off—"

"It isn't only money. It's this mask of silence. At one time we had contacts, people who put their whole hearts into helping. Now—most of them are gone—dead—in jail—"

"But—" She could feel something inside of her crumbling. Those hopes; those high hopes. "You mean—there's nothing—nothing—"

"We'll try. Believe me we will—"

She tried to stop the tears that were forming. Try. Try. But she'd heard that so often before. "Fifteen years old," she said, wearily. "He'd be a big boy now. And fair, like a peasant. A nice boy." She rose and put out her hand. "Thank you. I'm sure you will do what you can."

He took her hand, and she turned and went out, head high. You have to go on, and on. Hoping, when hope is gone. Praying, when prayers are ignored. She started as a lithe young boy hurried past her, down the hall on

some urgent errand. Like my Jan, she thought. Only maybe a little taller. These American boys grow so tall, so tall.

Doctor Vandemeer's day was a long and lonely one without Lorrie. Strange how a stranger can walk into your life and in a short time become part of it. A lovely person, Lorrie—sincere, warm, friendly. Wonderful having her work for you, because then you're sure of seeing her every day. The days that she has lunch or dinner with you are that much gained. But of course her jury duty put a big crimp in your relationship.

Almost every patient asked for her. She was "Lorrie" to them, not "Miss Delacourt." *Where's Lorrie?—What's happened to Lorrie?—Lorrie not sick, is she?* Nice that none of them considered for a moment that she might have left him. "Don't tell me you missed her name in the papers," he explained. "She's on that jury—you know; the Jamie Dawn trial."

"*Your* Lorrie on the jury!" one woman exclaimed. "Well, now."

Your Lorrie. He liked the sound of that. "Hope it doesn't take too long. We need her around here."

"You can say that again." The patient assumed a knowing look. "They tell me she was on the stage. An actress—"

Vandemeer smiled. "Yes. A fine actress."

"Think she'll be going back to it?"

"I don't know," he said, slowly. "I can only say I hope she doesn't."

"You and me both, Doc. We'd sure miss her."

"It's nice to know that people miss her. Like her. She's really a fine person."

"That she is." The woman hesitated. "She'll be back, won't she? I mean after this jury business is over?"

"If she isn't, we close up shop."

"You're fooling, aren't you, Doc?"

He nodded, slowly. "Sure I am. We go on here, no matter what. But—she'll be back. She'd better be."

"Don't know how you'd get along without her."

He nodded in slow agreement. "You can say that again," he said.

T. Wayne Harrison had done little to preserve or protect the great fortune he'd inherited, and still it hadn't dwindled—not through all his marriages and divorces and incidental affairs. Not even through Jamie's difficulties. And that must have convinced him that his powers of administration were at least adequate. Somehow he'd always managed to get things done. And now he was facing the most important crisis of his life, and he didn't like the way things were being handled.

Random was clever, Random was probably a genius in his field, Random was this and Random was that, but if he didn't get Jamie out of her jam then what good were all his wonderful notices? Random wouldn't even allow you the courtesy of a decent interview, wouldn't seek you out to let you know how things were progressing. What am I, Harrison thought—an office boy or something around here? Who in hell is paying the bills?

He burst into Random's office (why couldn't the man visit *you*?) and let off steam as soon as he saw the wiry little man behind his enormous desk. "It there any sense," he stormed, "in making me chase you halfway around the city? Can't you stop for a moment, after court—"

"I've never kept office hours at street corners," Random said, coldly. "If you want me you know where to find me."

"All right. I've found you. Now if you'll be good enough to let me know what's going on—"

"You've been in court. You've heard everything that I've heard."

"I can't say I've been greatly impressed. Are you moving or standing still? Up to now it looks more like the D.A.'s show than yours."

"First days are unimportant. I'll be there, or thereabouts, at the finish."

"I want to know what you've done."

Random shrugged. "Got myself a jury."

"So I see. And what's so special about that?"

"Nothing. One of the papers called it a typical Random jury."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning I got what I went after."

"Do you have to speak in riddles? Would a few words of explanation be out of order?"

"Look, Harrison—I don't have to go around explaining where or how or why I do things. I do them my way. Sometimes it comes out all right."

"And other times?"

"I've been lucky. There weren't many other times."

"You'll need plenty of luck this time."

Random smiled. "I'll have it. With—your help, when required."

"You know I'm ready to do whatever's necessary."

"That's what I thought. How'd you like to go into show business?"

"Are you crazy?"

"That's beside the point. Right now we need a show. One that could use a fading star."

"Oh. That Delacourt woman?"

"Right. She tried out for a part this fall. Didn't make it. Show opened out of town, closed for repairs. Short of cash. I think a reasonable offer would get it. We put a new star in it and maybe you could make yourself a buck—"

"I'm not interested in profits—"

"This kind of profit you'll be interested in. *If* it works, and I think it will."

"Wouldn't it be too brazen, my buying a show and putting her into it?"

"You don't do a thing, Harrison, except sign a check. I have someone to do the buying, the managing, the producing. You and I stay far out in left field. Okay?"

"You know it is."

"Just wanted your say-so. You want to know what's going on, what we're doing. All right. Things like this. We get special bits of information, Harrison, and we use them the best way we can. We've never walked up to a man and waved a checkbook at him. You have to be more subtle than that."

"Like buying a show."

"Like buying a show. Or a railroad, or a soul. Whatever's for sale. That's the way we operate. Neat?"

Harrison nodded slowly, thoughtfully. "Very neat," he said. "Very, very neat."

Chapter 3

Julia Karek wasn't one who could hide her emotions. Justin could sense her despondency as soon as he entered his home. "Hello, my dear," he said, after the customary kiss. "How are you?" But he could have answered that himself.

"Fine," she said, trying to hide her misery. "How are you? Still jurying?"

He stood back and studied her face. "Still at it. What's happened, my dear? Bad news?"

"No." She tried to smile. "How can you tell?"

"Your face doesn't hide much. About Jan?"

"Not bad news, really. Just—well, no encouragement. After I'd built my hopes so high."

"You saw that man?"

She nodded dolefully. "If only I wouldn't let myself be lifted so. One hopeful word and off I go. Here I was, figuring how we'd fix over this apartment, where he'd go to school—just as if—as if—" She tried to blink back her tears. "Why do I let myself go this way—stupid, empty dreams—"

"It was such a slight hope," he said. "Almost none. And still I hated to tell you—"

"I know. I keep clutching at straws. But there might be a time—a next time—"

"What did that man say?"

"They'll do what they can. Meaning—nothing. It's so—so hopeless, so empty—"

He put his arm around her shoulder. "Never hopeless, my sweet. Just—difficult, let's say. Things change. And so—we keep our courage up—keep hoping, praying—"

She let her body lean against his. "Thank you, my darling. I'd be so lost, without you. This I know—with you I can accept whatever it is that I must accept. But I must never let myself be lifted again." She lifted her face to his. "I can do better things with my life. I could be devoting it to you—to making you happy—"

"You've made me happy, darling." His arms tightened around her. "Happier than I've ever been."

"Oh, thank you, my darling," she said, trying to get the lump out of her throat. "Just knowing that—makes everything still worth while."

Every day while school was in session, Sue Gray walked with her older daughter, Caroline, to the crossing where the special policeman helped the children cross the street. Caroline was eight, and certainly could be trusted, but Sue felt better once she knew the child was safely on her way. How else can you get through a long day? Then, school over, she walked toward the same crossing and picked her up on the way home.

Sometimes she's late, and then you worry. Did she get to school all right in the first place? Perhaps you should have taken her right to the door. But then, there's Dumpling at home and you don't like to leave her alone for too long. Always something to keep you worried. That was the way it was.

This time she waited with Dumpling, and Caroline was certainly late. Other children kept streaming by, and then the crowd thinned out, leaving only a few stragglers. And no Caroline. What do you do? "Where can she be?" she asked Dumpling for the tenth time. "It's fifteen minutes now." What could have happened? Every little girl that she saw far up the street was Caroline, and then the person would come closer and it was someone else, someone not the least bit like Caroline, and then Sue would bite her lip and start watching eagerly for the next one.

"There she is!" Dumpling exclaimed suddenly, but no, that one was coming along without a coat. It was a raw, blustery day, and of course Caroline had taken her coat in the morning.

And then it turned out to be Caroline, after all. "Darling," Sue called, as she ran toward her. "What's happened? Where's your coat?"

The child's face was streaked with tears. "I lost it," she said, desperately. "We looked everywhere—"

"Here. Take mine." In a second Sue had her coat off and was wrapping it hungrily around the child. "You couldn't have *lost* it, Caroline—"

"Somebody swiped it. The teacher and the principal and other kids looked and looked, and we asked everybody." The tears rushed to her eyes again. "We just couldn't find it anywhere!"

"Oh, *no*," Sue said, miserably. "That coat was almost new."

"I couldn't help it, Mommy. We looked everywhere."

But it was wrong, scolding the child. It wasn't her fault. "Don't worry, pet. We'll find it. Or—get another one—"

Get another one. Where? Sure, Caroline, don't be upset; we'll buy you a nice new coat with shiny red buttons. But when, and how, and with what?

Figure it out some way. Once home, she went into her room, closed the door, and went through the things in her closet. There must be something of hers that could be made over. There were two possibilities—a navy-blue topper and a plaid bathrobe. Cut this one here—or trim that one there—oh, Lord, it looked horrible—how can you do that to a child—she has to look right—you can't let her schoolmates see her in an old rag of her mother's— She fingered the topper, examined it this way and that; then suddenly the frustration of it all overwhelmed her, and she flung it angrily to the floor. Then she sat down on the bed and wondered how long she'd be able to hold back her tears.

The trial went on in its stolid way, the jurors listening attentively, the audience bored and restless. When court adjourned for the day, the jurors were warned not to discuss the case, and they were excused until the following morning. Lorrie Delacourt hurried to a near-by bus, anxious to reach the doctor's office as soon as she could. This would be one of his fuller days, the waiting room probably crowded with patients.

It was a busy day, all right. Doctor Vandemeer had special days for office visits—days of turmoil from morning to night. What a time to have to get along without her. The waiting room was still crowded when she got there, and she plunged right into her work, not even taking time to peer into his office to greet him. Cards, records, notations, words of advice or cheer to some of the patients, special admonitions to others.

"Sorry you had to wait so long. It's one of those days," she said to one of the women.

"The doctor was telling us how you're on that jury," the woman said. "That lousy little killer—"

Lorrie shook her head. "I mustn't discuss it, Mrs. Water. But—it's wrong to call her anything like that—there may be more to it than you know—"

"Sure. Maybe. But when I know all I should know, I'll still call her a lousy little killer. Just because her old man has all the money in the world—"

Lorrie saw that she had to change the subject. "How's your boy? His pains any better?"

"Much better. Tell her, Robert." The boy squirmed uneasily. "He sleeps now. Like a new boy. That doctor of yours is right out of heaven."

She liked to hear that. "He's plain wonderful," she said. A sudden thought struck her, and she opened the little cashbox in her desk. It wasn't locked, of course. He'd never think of locking it, even with his office full of strangers. That was the way he was. There were just a few crumpled bills in the drawer—not twenty dollars in all. And that on one of his busiest days.

"A great man," the woman was saying. "Lorrie." She dropped her voice. "Could you wait another week till I pay? I was putting something aside—if anybody got paid this week I wanted it to be the doc—but—I don't know—so many other things—"

"You know it's all right. Whenever you can spare it."

"I knew he would say okay. He's—you know, he's like a god—"

And so he was, in so many ways. But a simple god—a kind and friendly god. After the last of the patients had gone, he came into the waiting room and sank into a chair, exhausted. "Thanks, sweet. You sure came in the nick of time. Like Roy Rogers on his horse, Trigger—"

"Sorry I couldn't make it sooner. The way they drag things out at the trial. I told the judge—I spoke right up to him—'Judgie,' I said, 'that doctor of mine can't boil water straight unless I'm there to help him.'"

"And the judge said?"

"The judge said, 'Lorrie, old girl, you tell that doctor to go climb a Chinese flagpole at midnight.'"

"He said that?"

"Those were his exact words. I made a note of them."

"Outside of that, did he indicate when this travesty on justice will reach its conclusion? I need you here."

"It's going to be days, Van. More than a week, probably. Nobody seems to be in a hurry. That counsel for defense—they say he's a wonderful lawyer—he certainly likes to hear himself talk. Over and over on trifling details—" She stopped, abruptly. "Sorry. We're not supposed to discuss it. Discussion closed." She pointed to the desk drawer. "Not that I want to appear mercenary, but shouldn't somebody pay, some time? Do you know how much you collected today?"

He shrugged. "Ten bucks. Five. I don't know. I do know I missed you. I swear I called to you twenty times—and cursed you for not coming running. It's not your work—I could always get five or six strong men to do that—"

"Don't exaggerate. Three would be enough—"

"But—I need you around here. To pick me up—God, I feel low today—tell me, are you taking me to dinner?"

"Why not? I still have a few dollars left out of my salary."

"Thanks." He leaned toward her. "I want to talk to you. Something special—"

"No, Van." She could feel her insides churning. "Not now. Not today. We've had so much—"

"Why don't we get married? Now."

"No, Van." Her uneasy feeling was turning to panic. "No, please—"

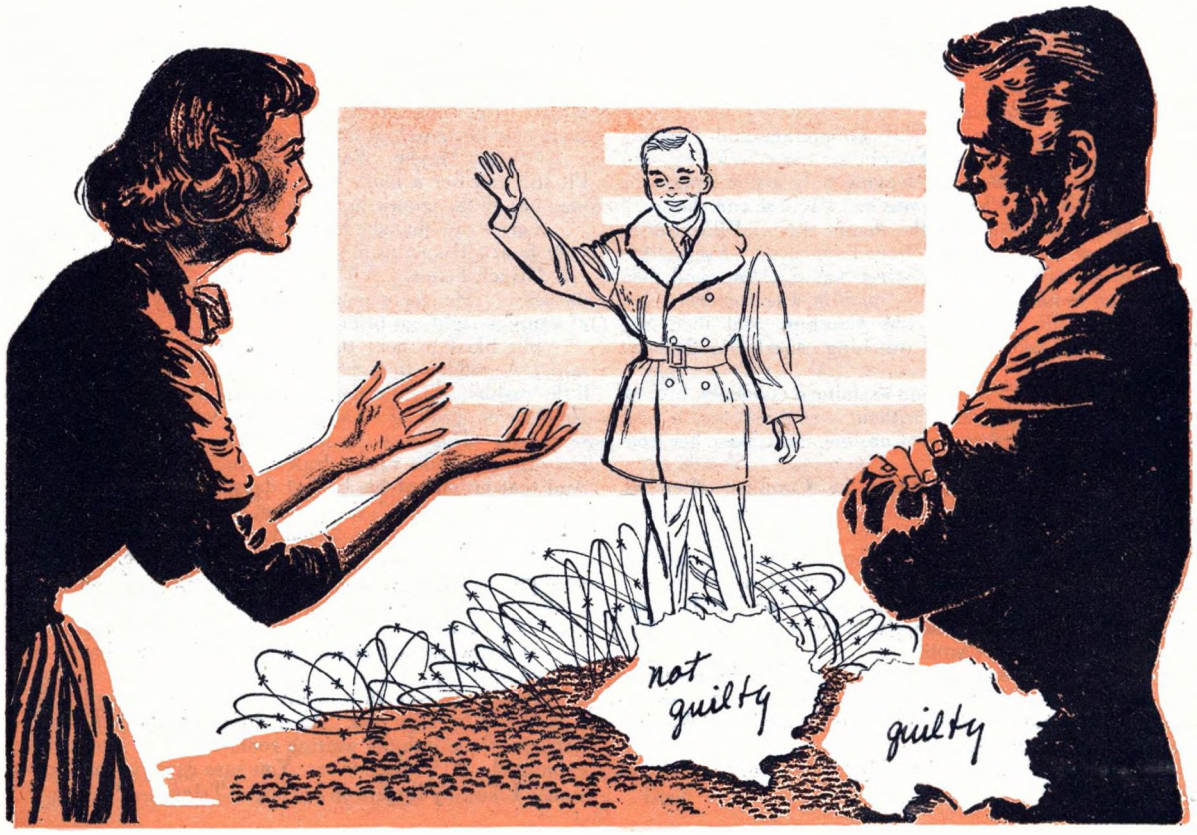
"What are we waiting for? Look at me. I'm no child. When I think of all the years I've wasted—years that could have been with you—I used to fight the thought of marriage—I was too busy, or too broke, or too damned clever—and all the while it was only this: I hadn't met the right one. Not till now. I knew it the minute you walked in here and asked for a job. You were wearing that silly hat—blue flowers and a windmill—looking so woebegone I wanted to put my arms around you, there and then—"

"I may say that, up to now, you haven't stopped trying."

"No. And I don't expect to. I want to hear you say Yes, sweet. Say it loud and clear. Say Maybe, or say Sure, it's what you've been waiting for. We'll hit it off, Lorrie. You must know that. We click, talk the same language, think the same thoughts—"

She turned away, biting her lip. "Van, I think you're wonderful, really the finest person I've ever met. But—I can't—I can't now. Something keeps tugging at me, some dream that won't let go. I'm still part of the theater, heart and soul. I can't tear myself away from it, just like that. Once I marry I'm through, for good, and I can't bring myself to face that. If I settle down as a good little wife I'll never get back to it, never. I've had my ups and downs, my good parts and bad, but the most important thing in an actress's life has never hit me. To be a star. Why hasn't it happened to me? Why haven't I had that one tremendous break? I need it, Van; my whole soul is crying for it. Give me a chance—wait—a few more months—one more season, let's say—"

"Lorrie, you should know me well enough to know that I'd never keep you from going back to the theater—after—if—we marry—"



She shook her head. "I'd never get away from here. I'd have a new life, new duties, new worries. I'd be rooted here, fretting with you about Mr. Casale's lump or little Paddy's club foot. Almost the way I am now. I can't take it, Van. I could, I know, after I've had that one last chance —that one great part."

He slumped in his seat. "That's what I was afraid of," he said, resignation showing in his voice. "But—I had to know—before I told you—"

"Told me what?"

"I have a message for you. A wild, exciting message—"

"What, Van? What?"

"Your agent's been trying to get you all afternoon. Big news—"

"Steve?" She could feel her heart start thumping. Good news. Big news. Then it must be a part. She reached for the phone with nervous fingers. "It—it can't— Oh, tell me, Van."

"He has a part for you," he said, trying to keep his voice even. "A big, fat, luscious part—"

Her fingers were spinning the dial. "You're not—you wouldn't—fool about a thing like that? Oh, Van!" Then she heard the voice at the other end. "Steve! Van's been telling me . . . Oh, Steve, but that's so wonderful! . . . Too good to be true. . . . You're *sure*, Steve?"

Doctor Vandemeer got up slowly and went into his examining room. The place was a mess. He picked up a few odds and ends, halfheartedly, and tried to put them into place. It wouldn't be easy, trying to get along without Lorrie. He could hear her excited voice, on and on. Everything was wonderful, marvelous, too good to be true. He'd have to make the best of it, go on working, go on living. He shook his head, wondering about the empty feeling that seemed to be going through him; then he gathered up his instruments and put them into the sterilizer to boil. Might as well get the place ready for tomorrow.

Marve Random, wizard at organization, seldom waited for things to happen. He made them happen. He found characters to fit his parts, coached them, arranged every last little detail. And so it was not by accident that a middle-aged woman with a foreign accent chatted excitedly at the supermarket where Julia Karek did her shopping. The woman's voice was amazingly clear, so that even her moderate tones carried.

"It was all so wonderful," the woman said, sure that Julia was within earshot. "So—how shall I say—unforeseen. They had been telling me that it was impossible—that no one could be reached in Poland. We'd given up all hope—and then—"

Out of the corner of her eye she could see Julia perk up, could see her take a step nearer the shelves that separated them. "To have her back with us," the woman went on. "Gaining weight now, looking better—"

The foreign woman's companion moved into the act. "It's hard to believe—like a fairy story—"

"Exactly." Once she was sure Julia had heard, she shifted to other topics. "I must get some of this marmalade. Mother still has that sweet tooth." She moved slowly down the aisle, sure that Julia would not let her out of sight.

Sure enough, at the end of the row of shelves she saw Julia hurrying toward her. "Oh. I beg your pardon." The foreign woman stepped aside.

"No," Julia said. "I wanted to talk to you. I—I couldn't help overhearing—you mentioned getting a relative out of Poland—"

"No." The woman turned cold. "You must be mistaken. I know nothing of the sort." She turned to her companion. "Well. I must be on my way—"

"Please," Julia begged. "I need help, so badly. Let me talk to you—just for a moment—"

"I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry—"

"Let me walk along with you. If I may—"

The woman turned to her companion. "I don't know—"

"Why not?" the companion said. "After all, just talking—"

"Well. Not here, though. I'd rather others didn't hear."

Julia touched her arm. "I'll finish my shopping some other time. Won't you come home with me?"

"I can't. But—we can walk—and talk—"

Gradually, as they walked, the woman unbent. They'd left the companion at the market, and, alone with Julia, she finally told her story. Her mother had lived in Poland, and, with all the misery following the war, the daughter had tried in every way to get her to the United States. But the Russian occupation made it a difficult operation. "They trust no one. The officials are even suspicious of each other. It was all so hopeless. And then—by sheer luck—" She went on to tell about a group whose sole purpose was to help the poor souls displaced by the war. "It's amazing what they can do. And they take no fee. You say you have a son there?"

"In Czechoslovakia. A fine boy—he'll be fifteen years old now—"

"You poor dear. How terrible—families broken up that way—I feel so sorry for you—"

"Then you'll help me? Just give me their name—please—"

"But—they want no more cases now. They're overcrowded as it is—"

"Please. Just give me their name. I won't say who sent me. I'll be so grateful—I'll return the favor some day —believe me I will—"

"I don't want anything. I'd be happy just helping." Finally, reluctantly, she gave Julia the name and address of the group. Then, at a street corner, she stopped. "I'll have to leave now. Good luck to you."

Julia took the woman's hands and pressed them fervently. "God bless you," she said. "I'll never forget what you've done for me. Never."

Each day, when court adjourned, Tom Gray hurried to his office. What else can you do? Let some other fellow take care of things? Sure, but then Mr. Finley might notice that things went smoothly enough without you around, and next thing you knew you'd be out of a job! No, that wasn't it. It was your damned conscience—something you were never quite able to shove into the background. You had work to be done, and you were going to do it. Hours weren't too important, except that they kept you away from Sue and the kids.

By the time he reached home he was weary and dispirited. The hunger that had seemed so great a short while ago had dwindled now, and he pecked at his food with little appetite.

"Tom." Sue always had that anxious look about her, as if all hell were going to break loose at any moment.

"Hi, Sugar."

"You're not eating."

"I had a candy bar on the way to the office."

"I think you're working too hard."

"Work? You mean sitting around on my fanny all day listening to those jerks? If that's work I'd hate to think of loafing."

"I mean, dashing to the office that way, after a long day in court. It's too much—"

"I feel fine. Strong as a horse. And just about as smart. Don't you worry about the old man."

"How's the trial going?"

"Slow. Boy, how slow. That Random sure likes to dig. He mocked the attorney's voice. "And why, Mr. Pet-

tingill, did you shave the left side of your face before you brushed your teeth?"

"I object," Sue said. "That's irrelevant, immaterial, and highly detergent."

"Hey. I never knew you studied law. That's good."

"Oh, just something I picked up at Harvard."

"Nice going. I'll hire you every time I get a divorce."

"Oh, no. This dame you don't divorce. You're stuck, and for life."

"Okay. Just thought I'd like to help you earn a fee. One thing we could use right now is a fee." He smiled wryly. "*Couldn't* we, though! Do you know, I'm absolutely broke. You wouldn't have a couple of extra bucks, would you?"

"I thought—you had enough for this week—"

"That watch repair. Do you know what it cost? Five bucks. Everything costs five bucks these days—there's no such thing as a dollar any more—"

She could feel her spirits drop. "Tom. I haven't a cent. I—I was going to ask if you could help me out—"

"I don't see where you—" he started, critically. Then he saw her face and stopped. "Sorry," he said.

"I know. I'm a bum manager. I never seem to get through a week. But everything costs so much. What do you suppose I spend on luxuries? Nothing. Not a cent. I get in a hole at the start of every week—those pills for Dumpling—then I skimp on food, and there's never enough of anything in the house—and then the extras—school stuff for Caroline—I try to put a dollar aside so I'll have it when the kids need shoes, and next thing I know we're out of oranges and milk and God knows what. I don't waste it, Tom; I never spend a cent on myself. Do you know, I haven't seen the inside of a beauty parlor for months—years—"

"Not much a beauty parlor could do for you—"

"Sure it could. It could lift my morale. I haven't bought a stitch for myself—not even a girdle, and Lord knows I need one—not since Dumpling got sick—"

"Sorry, darling," he said, upset. "I know it's tough. I didn't mean to criticize—"

"Sure you did. You were going to say you didn't see where my money went. I'll jot it down—every penny. I'm not wasting it—I'm *not*—"

"I know, darling. You don't have to tell me. You're one swell dame." He went around the table and stood close to her, then put his arms around her and held her tenderly. "We'll snap out of it. One of these days."

"Sure we will. But I don't want you to worry. I didn't mean to complain. I'm not sorry for myself, ever. I just don't want anything to happen to you."

"What we got is worth millions," he said. "Two wonderful kids, and the best wife in the world, not to mention a slightly shopworn husband you could sell for ten bucks in a pinch—"

"Ten bucks?" she said, trying to smile. "I couldn't stick anybody like that."

"No. Guess not. You'll have to hang on to him."

"Might as well. Fatten him up." She turned her head so that her lips met his. "Mm. Maybe he's worth ten dollars, after all."

"I can borrow a few bucks from one of the boys at the office," Tom said, as if it had been on his mind right along. "That'll get us through the rest of the week, anyhow."

"Then we start next week in a hole."

"Next week, through some freak in the calendar, doesn't arrive until next week. Maybe things'll be different by then."

"This is today. Isn't there a song like that?"

"If there isn't there ought to be." His hands moved across her body. "Do you know what? We're going to put an end to all this damned worrying. Aren't we?"

"Sure, Tom. I want to."

"Nothing's going to happen to us. Not to you or to me or to us. Understand? Not while we have each other."

"Good. Now will you finish your dinner? Everything's getting cold—"

He kept holding her. "Not you."

She tried to pull away. "What's that old expression? Why talk of love when there's work to be done?"

"The hell with work," he said. His arms gripped her firmly, and his lips pressed against hers. Gently, at first. But only at first.

Sometimes, Lorrie thought, dreams come true. Sometimes all logic, all thoughts and plans, aren't worth a dime. For no reason at all Dame Fortune decides to smile, and she happens to be looking in your direction. The lead in a play! "But it's too, too wonderful," she told her agent for the tenth time. "I still can't see how it happened."

"It's this Oily Dixon. Ever work for him?"

"No. I've heard his reputation isn't too good—"

"He'd steal his mother's false teeth. But—he has the backing, and he has the play. And, what's most important, he wants you."

"I don't understand it, Steve. I scarcely know him—"

"He's seen you work. He knows his stuff, Lorrie. That part's made for you. It doesn't take genius to see that."

"Thanks, Steve. You are sweet. Probably hundreds—but—I do love it—it's so—so down to earth—and not skittish—I'd hate to have to try to do something too young."

"I want to tell you, Lorrie, you'll make that show. Lift it out of the doldrums, make it shine. We'll have Hollywood hollering for you. And we'll listen—if they holler loud enough—"

"I just can't believe it." She looked at him anxiously. "This—my being on the jury—won't hurt my chances? They're dragging it out so—I wish it were over—"

"A week or so won't hurt. Think it might take longer than that?"

"I wouldn't imagine so. I can be studying the part, meanwhile, so there really won't be much time lost—"

"Dixon wants you to keep in touch with him. Wants you to phone him every day, after court. Says there may not be anything to discuss but—well, maybe he just likes talking to you."

"I'll call him. Every day. I'm not going to let anything slip—"

"I keep thinking how wonderful you'll be. A shining star—and the critics wondering why they never realized it before—"

"Oh, Steve, I'm so happy! I feel like singing, like dancing on desk tops." She smiled ruefully. "Me at my age—"

"You're young," he said. "Young and beautiful. And when a crabby old agent says that, you can believe him No ulterior motives." He was silent for a moment, lost in thought. "How will Van take it?"

"I was wondering if you'd ask that. He'll get along. Steve. He's upset—I am, too, about that—but—I'm not wrong in taking this job, am I? It's so terribly important—even if it hurts him—"

"It's your life, isn't it? You dream and hope for years, and then this comes along. Nothing must stand in your way, Lorrie. Nothing."

"I know. It's too, too wonderful."

Chapter 4

All night Sue Gray tossed restlessly. Not that she had ever been a good sleeper, but this night was worse than most. A remembered trifle kept running through her mind. A sign she'd seen in a store window. SALESGIRL WANTED—PART TIME. Where? Somewhere in

the neighborhood. She must have passed it one day while shopping. But that was days ago. Even if she found it, the position would be filled by now. Don't let it be taken, she thought. It means so much—perhaps the solution to our immediate problems.

Tom would be furious if he knew. He'd told her that, time and again. "You got a full-time job with the kids," he'd said. "Who'd take care of Dumpling? And Caroline, after school? Just get those fool ideas out of your head. The kids are more important than a few extra dollars." And she had to agree, then. But part-time work. Perhaps she could fit it in so that he wouldn't know. Why not?

The next day after Caroline left for school, she parked Dumpling with a neighbor and started a systematic search of the near-by streets. It couldn't be too far. Up one street and down the next. It must be somewhere near by. Unless, of course, they'd hired somebody and taken the sign away.

And then she spotted it. She could feel her heart jump. SALESGIRL WANTED—PART TIME. It was a small department store, one of those neighborhood specialty shops. She opened the door, hesitantly, then gathered courage and stepped into the store. The owner came toward her, bowing slightly. "Yes, ma'am?"

"That—that sign," she said, breathlessly. "The part-time work."

"Oh. Oh, yes." He looked her over carefully. "I was hoping—we could get somebody in the neighborhood—some housewife, maybe, who has spare time—"

She nodded eagerly. "I could. What would the hours be?"

He smiled. "I always expect the question—what will the pay be? Because—we cannot pay too much—it's to help my wife—she needs some time for her home—we could arrange the hours—"

They were both eager to close the deal. They worked out hours that suited them both—she could get there just after lunch and stay until late afternoon. "Give my wife a chance to do some cooking," the owner said. "It always upset her that she didn't have much time for cooking."

"I'll have to get someone to take care of my youngster. As soon as I do, I can start."

"Fine. Fine. Today, maybe?"

"I'll try. Or tomorrow, at the latest. And—thanks—"

He shook his head. "No. Thank *you*. I'm sure it will work out fine."

So that was it. She went out, cheeks flushed. She could get Mrs. Flannery down the street to take care of the children. She'd done it for other working mothers and was glad to help out for a small fee. Dumpling could be there at noon, and Caroline right after school. Then Sue would pick them up in the late afternoon and hurry home before Tom arrived. A busy day, but she could make it.

She stopped at the home of the neighbor who was minding Dumpling, then went to Mrs. Flannery. Yes, she'd take care of the children. "Love to," she said. "That little one is just an angel."

"She's a good little girl."

"That she is."

They completed their arrangements; then Sue went home again to finish her chores. Might as well start work that very day. "Don't tell Dad," she warned Dumpling. "This is going to be our big secret."

What a day! Rushing from one moment to the next. Stopping at school to tell Caroline about the new arrangement. Preparing most of the evening meal so that she wouldn't have too much to do after work. Doing some last-minute shopping. Straightening up the house. That's the way it was going to be. Busy days, from now on. But she was going to get twenty-five dollars a week, and at that moment twenty-five dollars looked like all the money in the world.

Julia Karek had scribbled the name and address that the foreign woman had given her, and she'd looked at the paper a hundred times to make sure that she had the right place. There was no sign to indicate that they handled matters of that nature. It was an ordinary-looking office in a large building, the door listing a number of names of individuals. She'd been told to ask for a Mr. Andrews, and his name wasn't even one of those listed.

She opened the door timidly. A pleasant-looking girl was at the desk. "Is there a Mr. Andrews here?"

"Yes, indeed. Would you like to see him?"

"Please." The girl stepped into one of the other offices. That was nice, not asking her business or taking her apart before letting her in. It must be a fine place.

The girl came out, smiling, and pointed to a door. "Right in there."

"Thank you." A large man at the desk rose as she entered. "Mr. Andrews?" she asked.

"Right. And you're—"

"My name is Julia Karek. I—I came to see if you could help me."

"Won't you sit down?"

It was so different from what she had expected. Everybody so nice, so polite. You'd think she was doing a favor for them. "Thank you." How do you start? She'd gone over her opening statement a dozen times, and now suddenly her words seemed to fail her. "I—I got your name—some woman was kind enough—"

"Displaced person?"

She nodded. "My son. Five years, now—five long years—"

"What country?"

"Czechoslovakia."

He shook his head. "Bad. That's bad. The Russian-dominated countries give us the most trouble—"

"But—you could help? You would try? Please—"

He shook his head. "I don't know where you heard of us. Not that our work is secret, but—we're just overburdened—more cases than we can possibly handle—"

"But—you must—we'll pay every cent we have—all we can borrow—"

"No. We don't need money. We're fortunate in having almost unlimited backing. We've never taken a cent from anyone—and never will. The man behind this feels that he has a mission. He was close to some of this heartache—felt that there wasn't a better use to which he could put his money."

"How wonderful," she breathed. "To help people."

"To help people. But—we can't help them all. Sorry. Some other time, perhaps—"

"Oh, please!" Just when the interview seemed to be going so well. "Please, Mr. Andrews. How can a person go on, waiting, suffering, year after year? Without hope? I can't—can't bear it. You'd know, if you have children—"

"I have. Two." He paused, and she felt he was relenting.

"I'd do anything," she said, fervently. "Pay you back in some way. Please."

"I don't know," he said, slowly. "I can't stand seeing all this heartache—"

"Then you will?"

"It happens we have a connection in Czechoslovakia." He paused, lost in thought. "Perhaps we could try—"

She could feel her heart leap. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she said, fervently.

"Suppose you give me the story? Everything. Then—we'll see—" He jotted down pertinent facts as she talked. "Right," he said, when she'd finished. "I'll get right at it. But—don't be too hopeful. At best it's a long chance. These things always are. But—we'll try." He rose, ending the interview, and she rose with him. "Good-by. I'll be in touch with you."

"Good-by. God bless you, Mr. Andrews."

"Now, now. We haven't done anything yet. Not a thing—"

"But you will. I know you will. I have a feeling. Here, in my heart. I know; I just know." She went out, walking on air. This was really it. Unconsciously she was humming a little Czechoslovakian air. Oh, my boy, my darling boy, my darling boy.

Marve Random's day in court was only a small part of his job. The real work came later. Each day he met Murph at his office to review progress. Timing was important; a move prematurely made could ruin their plans. Hit them when they're hot, Random used to say.

Murph was waiting when Random got there, but they'd scarcely started their discussion when Harrison burst in. "I might have known," Random said, not trying to hide his displeasure. "One gripe coming up. Okay, okay. What is it this time?"

"Is it all right if I sit down?" Harrison asked, coldly.

"Sit. Stand. Only let's get on with it. We have work to do."

"I want to know what's going on."

"We're in there punching. Don't you worry about us."

"Will you stop using trite phrases and tell me just where we stand?"

"Now he doesn't like my English. I talk a certain language, Harrison. The jurors understand me."

Harrison fidgeted uneasily. "I want to know about the jurors."

Random turned to Murph. "All right. Anything you got to tell me you can say in front of Mr. Harrison."

"Well," Murph said, "you know about Gray. Nothing more to do there. Not till we're ready, I mean—"

"You're pretty sure about him?" Harrison interrupted.

"Best bet," Murph said. "He's our boy."

"How—how do you go about—well, approaching him?"

Random smiled. "You leave that to us, Harrison. We don't hit anybody over the head." He turned to Murph. "How's that Robbins fellow? We need him—"

"Not a thing, Mr. Random. We sure tried to dig. Thought we'd have something on those used-car deals during the war. Seems he wasn't in it then. Now he's running a nice legitimate business—"

"I don't give a damn about his business. You know what I told you to look for. He's got a girl—somewhere—"

"Maybe. But—we couldn't find her—"

"Couldn't find her," Random mimicked. "What'd you do—ask him? Surely you have a girl-friend, Mr. Robbins; would you be good enough to give us her phone number?" He slammed his hand down sharply on his desk. "Find her. Do you hear? Find her."

"I don't like it," Harrison interposed. "Picking a man on the off chance—"

"*You* don't like it! Well, now, that's too damned bad. Did I ask you if you liked it? Who's doing this, anyhow?"

"I'm vitally concerned here, Mr. Random—"

"Sure. And we're just sitting around playing marbles. You leave it to me, do you hear? Or get yourself another boy."

Harrison's fingers twitched nervously. After a moment he said, "I want you to handle it. But I want to be advised. How do you know I can't help?"

"You can help. Right now. This Czecho pair. We have to feed 'em—give 'em a taste of what they might expect. Do you have connections in Czechoslovakia?"

Harrison nodded. "I have connections of some sort everywhere."

"All right. We'll need you on this deal. That Karek woman would do anything to get her son back. And—am I right, Murph?—the husband would do anything for his wife—"

"That's the way it looks, Mr. Random."

"If we could make a quick showing—something dramatic—your boy Andrews has the story—get word about her son—find out where he is—if we can't get something we'll dream it up, but it has to sound good—get that and we'll have our best juror—foreman of the jury—right in our laps—"

"I'll get right at it," Harrison said. "I'll have things moving by morning."

"Good. Good. All right. Now you want to know where we stand. Here it is. I think we can count on Karek. Gray we got for sure. And the actress. That's three. I want just one more. That Robbins. That's all. Too many'll clog up the works. There's nobody on that jury with guts enough to buck four determined jurors. See the way I operate, Harrison? But—you must understand—what we're doing is a pretty serious thing—"

"I want to get Jamie off." Harrison said, his voice strained. "Nothing else matters. Nothing. I'll pay what I have to pay, face what I have to face. The important thing—the only thing—is to have her freed."

As Tom Gray left the courtroom, glad of the opportunity of getting a few extra hours in at the office, a nicely-dressed, dapper young man fell into step beside him. Tom tried not to notice him for a moment, then realized that the man was purposely staying at his side. He stopped and turned to him. "Something?"

"Got a match?"

Tom felt in his pocket. "After the match—anything?"

"Sure. I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead."

"My name's Durkin. Represent the Globe News Service. We're running a syndicated series of articles on this Jamie Dawn case. Boss asked me to get one of the jurors to write up his impressions of the case. I've been looking them over and figured you could do the best job—"

"Sorry," Tom said. "I'm no writer. And besides, we were told not to discuss the case."

"It's good pay," Durkin said. "Much more than you'd expect. And your name doesn't have to show. We could have one of our staff writers sign it. You know—'How I Would Feel if on the Jury, by Joe Doaks.' You just furnish background materials. No one would have to know you had any part in it."

"No." Tom hesitated for a moment. "It's not my dish. Sorry."

"Look," Durkin said. "I got lots of leeway on this case. We want it right, and I figure you're the one to do it right. Might as well be you as the next fellow—"

Tom smiled. "Nope. Let it be the next fellow. Not that I couldn't use a few bucks—"

"We don't fool around with a few bucks. What we do, we do big." He watched Tom carefully. "Our minimum figure on this job is two thousand dollars—"

"What!"

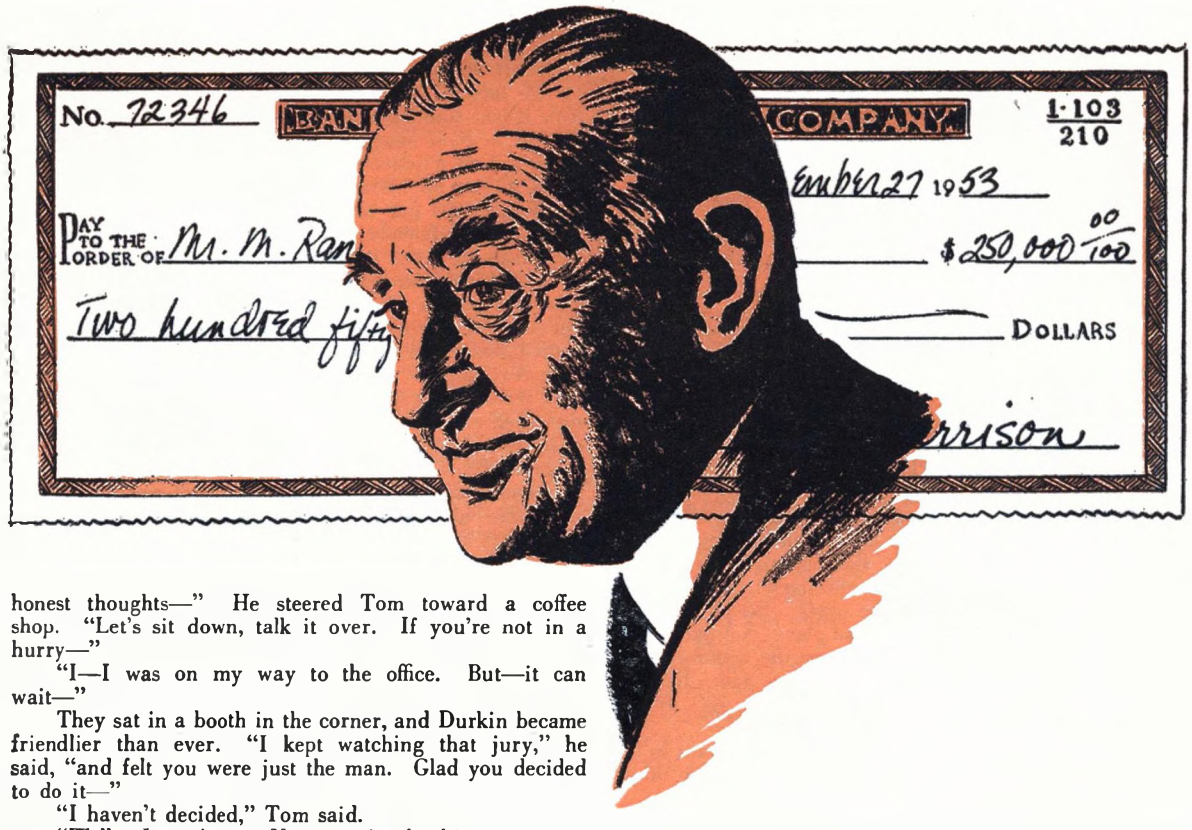
"You heard me. Two thousand dollars. And maybe more. How about it, Gray?"

Tom wet his lips. "It's a lot of money."

"Not to us. We're big operators. Syndicate our stuff all over the world. We're going to town on this Jamie thing. Want it to be right. We're getting different slants—lawyers, witnesses, cops—jurors. Be quite a thing. The way I figure it, the juror's story will be most important. We get our money back fifty times over."

"I—I wouldn't know how to do it—how to start—"

"Nothing to it. You just give me thoughts and impressions. We'll fix it up—make it right. Just your



honest thoughts—" He steered Tom toward a coffee shop. "Let's sit down, talk it over. If you're not in a hurry—"

"I—I was on my way to the office. But—it can wait—"

They sat in a booth in the corner, and Durkin became friendlier than ever. "I kept watching that jury," he said, "and felt you were just the man. Glad you decided to do it—"

"I haven't decided," Tom said.

"Well. Just about. No sense in chucking away two thousand bucks." A thought seemed to hit him. "Maybe I ought to give you something on account."

Tom flushed. "No," he said. "Not till—I make up my mind—"

"Whatever you say." He put the wallet back in his pocket. "Just want you to know we mean business. I'll give you half in advance, when you say the word—balance when you finish the job. That sound okay?"

"I'll let you know," Tom said, uneasily.

"You just line up your thoughts and impressions. I could meet you every day, after court. You tell me what you think, what you feel. That's all."

"I want to think about it."

"Okay. Okay. Don't want to wait too long, though. We got to get this series started. Tomorrow, then?"

Tom nodded slowly. "Tomorrow."

Durkin got up and waved a cheery farewell. "Got to rush, now. Hope we get ourselves lined up on this. See you, Tom."

"See you." He sat there, waiting for Durkin to get out of the place. Somehow he didn't want to be with him. But what an offer! Two thousand bucks for almost nothing! He got up, warm and uncomfortable, and walked slowly toward the exit. "Boy, oh, boy," he said to the surprised cashier, "one of these days I'm really going to start believing in fairies."

Justin Karek couldn't accept Julia's good fortune as readily as she did. "The more I think about it the stranger it sounds. You meet a woman in a market, you overhear a conversation not intended for your ears, and suddenly a new hope appears—a hope brighter than any thus far—" He shook his head. "It just doesn't happen that way, Julia."

"Silly," she said, gaily, "that's just the way it *does* happen. You go through a long lifetime working and groping and hoping for something, and then one day you find it in your back yard—"

"But—a group so altruistic—so kind—I can't believe it—"

"This is a strange and wonderful country, Justin. You know the way a family down to its last dollar suddenly wins a fortune in a radio quiz. The way a waitress one day is a movie star the next—"

"I know. But—"

"There are organizations whose only purpose is to help, aren't there? Red Cross, Salvation Army—so many others. Why not this?"

"Perhaps," he said. "Let's hope so. But—my dear—don't—please don't—let your hopes go sky-high. The let-down afterward is too great to bear—"

"I know. But—I must," she said, desperately. "I must continue hoping, even after—if—hope is gone. If not, how could I go on?" Then her head went up. "But—of course I could. With you, darling, I could, if I had to."

Lorrie Delacourt had been asked to keep in constant touch with her producer, and so she dutifully phoned Oily Dixon when court was over. "We stopped a little earlier than usual today," she said. "Would you like me to come down?"

"Good," he said. "I was hoping you could. Right away?"

"Right away." She took a cab to his office, excited as she always was when something was in the offing. No bad news, surely. His tone of voice was too cheerful for that. Perhaps he'd be getting rehearsals under way soon. If only this trial would end.

After the first cheery greetings, Dixon actually had little to discuss. Nothing about rehearsals or anything like that. Just generalities, and then he switched to the trial. "Almost over?"

"No. Not quite. It moves so slowly."

"How does it look?"

"What do you mean?"

"This dame. She guilty?"

She smiled. "We're not supposed to discuss it."

"Sure. But—just curiosity—"

"It's too early to tell. We've heard only the State so far. The defense will probably start in a day or so."

"You formed an opinion?"

"Of course not. Not yet—"

"Want to know what I think? I think there's something smelly about the whole deal."

"I don't understand—"

"It's all too pat. Just when the big boys are out to get Harrison—you know he's been riding the crooks in this administration ragged—"

"I—I didn't know—"

"Well, he has. And they told him to lay off or else. This is it. The or else."

She moved uneasily. "I imagine it will all come out—at the trial, I mean—"

"Plenty that'll never come out. When these operators start operating, they do it right. Scare the hell out of anybody who might try to help the opposition. Don't I know." He stopped, chewing reflectively. "Well. No concern of mine, one way or the other. So you want to know about the play. It's not a bad play. Not bad. And with you in it it'll be good. Might be the making of us, Lorrie. Like Laurette Taylor a few years ago. Remember? What a performance. You can do it, too. How'll it be to have your name up in lights again?"

"Too wonderful, Mr. Dixon." She didn't want to tell him that it hadn't been up in lights, ever. "I keep thinking about it all the time."

"You deserve it, Lorrie. You're a good girl. And a good actress. After this play they'll be calling you great. How about that?"

"It's too much," she said, feeling like crying. "I almost feel that I can't take it. And thanks—for having confidence in me—I needed something like that—something to give me a lift—"

"Forget it. Maybe I'll be thanking you for the rest of my life. Well. Guess that's about it for today. Call me tomorrow, will you?"

She nodded, then on impulse put out her hand. He took it, shook it warmly. "'By now," she said. "And—thanks again—"

She went out, warm with excitement. Lorrie Delacourt in lights. The dream of a lifetime. You can't go on wishing, hoping, forever. At least once the big event has to hit you. That must have been why she couldn't give up the theater. That missing thrill. To be a star, to have her name in lights. And here it was. She'd make that part live, make the critics sit forward on the edge of their seats, have them groping for superlatives. Lorrie Delacourt, an actress for the ages. How can you keep all that happiness in your heart?

She glanced at her watch as she reached the street. Still early. Still time to help Doctor Vandemeer for an hour or so.

Chapter 5

The State had just about finished its case, and the evidence appeared incontrovertible. Even Random's sharp cross-examination did little to obscure the main issue. Jamie Dawn, spoiled, arrogant, willful, had culminated a series of unpleasant episodes by the wanton shooting of a lover who'd decided to leave her. There it was. Stark, cruel, cold-blooded murder, the prosecutor said.

After the last witness, the District Attorney held a brief whispered conference with his staff, then he faced the court and announced, simply, "The State rests."

A buzz of excitement went through the courtroom. Now it was Random's turn, and every one knew he would put on a good show. They weren't disappointed. He asked for an adjournment for the balance of that day, in order to line up his witnesses, and the next morning the Random circus got under way. It was mild at first—a procession of friends and acquaintances of Jamie's who were ready to swear to her sweet and gentle nature. Some had touching stories to support their claim: The woman who sold papers on the corner blessed Jamie for helping her sick boy; the elderly gentleman who solicited charitable contributions praised her never-ending generosity. And then several who came closer to the meat of the matter, who revealed the quick temper and ugly disposition of the deceased. "Tell me," Random said, to one of them, "the exact conversation, as you heard it, that day."

"Well." The woman drew a deep breath. "I must of missed most of the argument—I can't say what it was all about—all I know is when I got to the house he was screaming at her—"

"What was the purpose of your visit?"

"I do heavy cleaning and stuff like that, and Mrs. Dawn said she wanted me some day that week—"

"Proceed."

"So when I got there she was crying, and he said, 'You try that again and I'll kill you,' and she said—"

"You're sure those were his words?"

"Exactly. 'You try that again,' he said, 'and I'll kill you.'" She went on, and on, interrupted every now and then by frantic objections of the prosecution but on the whole getting her story in pretty well.

The District Attorney had a difficult time on cross-examination. Each witness was too smooth, too well-coached, to be trapped. A smart lawyer could see through it all too quickly, but to the untrained jurors it might have appeared that the stories of the defense witnesses were straighter, more lucid, and more like the truth than the sometimes rambling accounts given by the witnesses for the State.

Things were beginning to look up for the Grays. Sue had been at her job two days now, and everything had gone smoothly. The children were sweet and co-operative, and were wonderful at keeping a secret. The work wasn't difficult, and even though she was pretty tired at the end of the day, it was a pleasant sort of tiredness. And her boss had advanced ten dollars against her first week's salary (his own suggestion!), so that she'd been able to make a down payment on a coat for Caroline. Honestly, it takes so little to turn real misery into happiness.

Dumpling was a good girl about going to Mrs. Flannery's. "Bet you like it better than home," Sue said.

"No. Not better. But they have a dog!"

"Hm. And we have only Daddy. Well, might as well make the best of what we have." Leaving the child was always difficult. But she'd get along all right. "See you later, darling. Have a nice time." A tremendous hug, as if she were going to be gone for a long time, then a series of hand-wavings until she was out of sight.

Taking care of Dumpling was more of a lark for Mrs. Flannery than a chore. She was an obedient child, gentle and quiet. Most of the day she found little things to amuse her, either in the house or in the large yard. Mrs. Flannery could leave her alone for long stretches, sure that she would not get into mischief. In the midafternoon she gave the child some milk and cookies, then went into the house to attend to her many duties.

After a while, bored at being left alone, Dumpling opened the gate and strolled toward the corner. There

the sights were more interesting by far. Down the street she heard the music of a street merry-go-round, and she hurried toward it. It was a small horse-drawn affair, and she stood off to one side, watching it with eager fascination. When the carousel moved on, she followed it. After that had happened a few times she decided that it was time to return, but the new streets confused her and she took a wrong turn. Then she trudged along, tired but still cheerful, blissfully unaware that she was getting farther and farther from home.

It must have been only half an hour or so later that Mrs. Flannery went out to the yard to see how her charge was getting along. "Dumpling," she called, upset at not seeing the child. "Dumpling. Where are you, dear?" She must be somewhere around, probably playing some sort of hiding game. "Dumpling!" Flustered now, she went back into the house, going from room to room, hunting, calling. Where in the world could she be? "Dumpling!" Then she started searching in unusual places, under beds and in closets. But no sign of her anywhere.

She might have gone to one of the neighbors' homes. Perhaps some other child had called to her. Mrs. Flannery hurried up and down the street, asking every one. Others helped her, and soon most of the neighborhood had been alerted. Every nook and corner, every possible spot where a child could have hidden, was gone over carefully. After a while Mrs. Flannery could stand it no longer, and got Sue on the phone. "I'm sure she's around somewhere," she said, tears in her voice. "But I thought I ought to let you know."

"I'll be right home," Sue said. "Oh, God."

Sue hurried along the streets, peering everywhere, in alleys and in doorways, as she ran. She arrived, breathless, and saw from the faces of the little group gathered there that they hadn't found her. Mrs. Flannery came hurrying toward her. "Not—not yet—she must be—she couldn't have gone far—"

"What shall we do? You haven't called the police?"

"Not yet. I was sure we'd find her. Didn't want to start a fuss—"

Sue hurried to the phone. What sense in waiting? They'd searched and searched and come up with nothing. Dumpling lost. Oh, God.

The police were wonderful. Inside of a few minutes a squad car pulled up to the house, and after some fruitless questioning they phoned for a few other cars. They were really going to search. It wasn't long before the whole neighborhood was in an uproar, police, neighbors, friends, everybody joining the search. And Sue, frantic now, dashing helplessly around, calling, begging. "Dumpling. Dumpling. . . . Come on out, sweet. . . . It's Mommy. . . . Dumpling. . . ."

It went on that way until darkness gathered. Then the searchers found lights of all sorts, flashlights, lanterns, spreading their radius, hunting everywhere. Sue wouldn't sit down, wouldn't be comforted. Suppose someone had taken her? Some fiend? The sort of thing you read about every day. If it were anything else they would surely have heard by now. If she were just lost—even if she'd been run over—some police station somewhere would know—the detectives searching were in constant touch with headquarters—someone would know—it was bad—terrible. Oh, Dumpling, darling, darling—

And through it all—through the hours that just seemed to melt—she hadn't realized that it wouldn't be long before Tom got home. And then she saw him, curious, puzzled, not aware of what was going on. "Hey. What is it? Somebody lost or something?"

She leaned against him for support. "Oh, Tom! It's Dumpling—she's lost—we've been searching for hours—oh, darling—" She couldn't control her trembling. "I'm so—so frightened—"

Dumpling lost. Tom could feel his insides go cold. Dumpling lost. Fighting to hold himself together, he joined in the search, talking to the detectives, hurrying to every nook that occurred to him as a possibility, calling, praying, trying desperately to get rid of that ugly feeling that kept growing, growing—the feeling that they would never see their child again.

How long can you go on? How long can you bear the strain, the suspense? Ten o'clock, and no sign of the child, no word that had even the slightest sign of hope. And then, suddenly, one of the detectives came running toward them, shouting. "We found her. Alive and well."

It was almost too much to bear. They were lying; they were letting them down easily. They'd found her, dead, mutilated. "Where is she? What happened?"

"Some woman just phoned headquarters. Went to get her car, and there she finds her fast asleep in the back seat. Four miles from here. Can you imagine? Nobody touched her. I mean, she's fine—just wandered off by herself—they'll have her here any minute now—"

Sue sat down on the curb, suddenly weak, and just cried and cried. Tom stood over her, patting her shoulder, crying, too. "It's all right, sweet," he said, brokenly. "Nothing to cry about. She's all right. She's all right now."

It was after the ordeal was over, the searchers gone and Dumpling safely in bed, the police gone and the place quiet, that the reaction really hit Tom, the terror of those frantic hours coming over him like a wave. "God. When I think of what might have happened—"

"Don't, darling," Sue said. "It's too—too horrible—but she's back—thank God—"

"She's back." He sat there, slumped in his chair, too weary to think. "Thank God. Sometimes I think"—his head was low—"we don't pray enough—not till something happens—" He was quiet for a while, then realized something was tugging at his consciousness, some unexpressed thought or emotion. Sure, that was it. "What was she doing at Mrs. Flannery's?" he asked, suddenly.

Sue pressed her fingers together until they hurt. "I—I had to leave her—had to go somewhere—"

"Where?" he demanded.

"Shopping," she said, lamely.

"Shopping? Seems to me you always take her with you."

"She was tired. Oh, Tom, what difference does it make? She's home, safe—let's not talk about it—"

"Wait a minute, now. If she wasn't up to going with you, you didn't have to go. Nothing that's so damned important about shopping." He kept his eyes on her face. "You're not a good liar, you know—"

"All right," she burst out. "So I'm not a good liar. Maybe there are things I don't want to tell you—"

He grabbed her wrist. "Tell me."

She pulled her hand away. "Stop. You're hurting me."

"Tell me."

"All right. I'll tell you. I got a job. I didn't want you to know. I got a job."

"A job?" His defenses crumbled. "But—we agreed—we'd talked about it—you know I don't have any silly pride—just that—it was more important for you to stay home—take care of the kids—"

"I had seven cents in my purse," she said, her voice rising. "Seven big cents, and Caroline comes home without her coat. What am I supposed to do—go crying on your shoulder every time I need a dollar? I can't do it, Tom. I can't. I worry enough about you as it is. I'm not blaming you—you know that—why can't I do something to help out—who would have thought it would end up like this—"

"Darling," he said, "it's swell of you. Honestly. I think you're—you're tops—but—we can't—we just can't—

you have to be with the kids—especially Dumpling, now that she's on the upgrade—we can't take a chance of a setback—" His head was low. "It's my fault—I'm sorry I shouted at you—"

"It's not your fault. I should have told you—should have discussed it with you—I was going to solve all our problems. Oh, Tom—"

"What a difference a few dollars can make. If we had five hundred dollars in the bank—even a hundred—" He stopped abruptly, struck by a sudden thought. "Now how about that? Maybe our troubles will be over soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a pipe dream. Only—sometimes the craziest dreams come true. Sometimes."

Julia Karek lived for the day when the welcome news would hit her. It would be by telephone. She would let the phone ring, once, twice, in lovely anticipation; then she would pick it up, and the voice at the other end would say, *We've found him; we've found him; he's on his way now,* and she would say, *I knew; I knew. . . .* Up to now the calls had turned out to be ordinary ones—a friend with idle time for chatting, or the laundry man to say that he'd be a day late. But there was always next time, the glorious hope of next time.

And then it happened. She recognized Mr. Andrews' voice at once, even before he mentioned his name. "Good news, Mrs. Karek," he said, excitement showing in his voice. "Faster than we'd ever hoped—"

"What is it?" she said, her heart pounding. "What did you learn?"

"We have a beginning. What amazing luck! Our man spoke to someone who'd seen your boy—about four months ago—"

"Then"—she found it difficult to talk—"he is—alive?"

"He was, then. Alive and well. But—in hiding—it won't be easy to follow the trail—but—it's a beginning—"

"Thank God," she breathed. "Thank God. How did you learn—so quickly?"

"Just one of those things. We had a man in that area—on other business. We got through to him, in a roundabout way. I can't tell you our methods—we have strange connections and we've done some amazing things—"

"This is one of them. Oh, bless you, Mr. Andrews—"

"Now, now. There's still a long way to go. But—I did want to pass the news on to you—"

"Is there more? Can you tell me? I'm so excited I can't talk straight—"

"He's with friends—old friends of yours. No one would mention names—"

"I know," she said, breathless. "There are many people—wonderful people—"

"I'll try to learn more, next time. There's still so much to be done. Don't be too hopeful. Just—keep your spirits up—keep praying—"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Andrews. I'm just—overflowing—crying like a baby—" She kept thanking him and blessing him, and finally she hung up and sat there, unable to move; just sat there as if she were frozen. Jan alive. Oh, thank Thee, Lord. Bless Thee, oh, Lord.

They'd fix over the room she used for sewing, make a boy's room of it. He'd have to have friends—must spread beyond his family—they'd be so happy, so wonderfully happy.

Silly, crying when your heart is as full of joy as that.

Each day saw Random's plan of defense move a step closer to completion. Jamie's witnesses had told their stories and told them well, and, more important, had stood up under grueling cross-examination. That was what would do it. Get a clash of testimony—someone obviously lying—then try to convince the jury that the State had ulterior motives for sending this girl to jail. Or, at worst, inject enough doubt in their minds so that the judge's last instructions—*give the defendant the benefit of any reasonable doubt*—would be enough to swing the verdict her way.

Random was nearing the end of his string of witnesses, and he'd still given no indication of whether he would place Jamie on the stand or not. Most of the reporters thought he'd be afraid—that the District Attorney would tear her apart. But Random was one for surprises. After his parade of well-coached witnesses he stepped forward and faced the court. There was an expectant hush. "Jamie Dawn," he said, with measured emphasis.

Jamie rose slowly and stepped toward the stand. She was dressed for the part. Leave that to Random. The simple black dress, the little white collar. Scarcely any makeup. Miss Innocence herself. She answered all questions in a nicely modulated voice, remembered to say "sir" after each yes or no, and on the whole conducted herself well. Random led her through a sympathetic story, and they managed to make it hold together. The deceased was painted as the blackest of monsters, a man determined to kill poor Jamie at his earliest opportunity. He'd beaten her many times, threatened her many more. Yes, it was her gun (might as well admit what the prosecution had proven), but she'd bought it only as a means of protection. A neat story, one that the reporters had heard many times before, and still they had to admire the smooth way Random worked. He almost had *them* believing it.

While he was going well, Random saw no point in stopping. Let Jamie build up a good impression, and let the jurors sleep on it. He kept one eye on the clock, timing it perfectly. He would stop when it was just too late for cross-examination to begin. Then Jamie would be fresh for the next day's ordeal. And meanwhile the jurors' last thoughts, for one night at least, would revolve around a sweet, mistreated, oppressed girl who'd taken the only way out.

But of course that was only on direct examination. Cross-examination would be another story.

"How does it look?" Random asked Murph at his office that evening.

"Good enough. Your Jamie did all right for herself."

"Sure. It always looks good till the opposition takes over. Think she'll hold up tomorrow?"

"He'll give her the works—you can bet on that."

"She's a tough baby. I think she can make it. Well. This is it. You all set?"

"Ready when you say the word."

"It should go to the jury day after tomorrow. That's it, then. Tomorrow's your day." He paused, frowning. "What's with this Robbins? You got to get something, Murph. We might need him."

"Not a thing, Mr. Random. He's clean. Not ever a parking ticket. And we sure tried."

Random made a motion of disgust. "Tried. You were fast asleep. There must be something. You still got somebody on it?"

"Every minute. He goes straight home. Only phone calls he's made were to his office."

"I don't like the look on his face. As if he's laughing, inside. Keep after him, Murph. You think the others are in?"

"Sure thing. All three. In the bag."

"Three for Jamie Dawn." Random said, reflectively, "and to hell with the rest of the world. Okay, Murph. Tomorrow does it."

The next day was the bad one for Jamie. Cross-examination. She looked nice enough, rested, as if she'd had a good night's sleep. Random chatted briefly with her before she took the stand, then pressed her hand. "Chin up," he said. "You'll make it."

She nodded, smiled confidently, then waited for the ordeal to start. "Here we go," Random whispered to his associate. "Stay with it, Jamie, old girl."

The District Attorney started in a calm, friendly way, almost as if he sympathized with her plight. He led her on, bringing home his points subtly rather than by force. Once he had what he wanted, he would start throwing the punches. Random knew the technique, but there was nothing he could do to stop it.

The questions were becoming sharper, grimmer. Random could see Jamie's confidence slipping, but she managed to stick to her story. Good girl. The District Attorney was trying to rattle her, ramming home testimony that conflicted with that of other witnesses, or with her own earlier statements. When Random saw that she was flustered, when she needed a moment to pull herself together, he would step in with a well-placed objection. He was always suave, always polite, so that the Court or the jury could take no issue with his interruption. And by the time the item was discussed, whether his objection was sustained or overruled, Jamie had regained her poise. It was all very neat.

Jamie held up remarkably well. A real trouper, Random thought, as she dropped her head, pained, or managed to bring out a few timely tears. What a girl. What a girl.

After a while the District Attorney started repeating himself, bringing home the same points over and over. Good. If he had nothing new to offer, they were in. At a certain point Random could rise, wearily, and beg the Court to put a stop to this incessant repetition. If my learned opponent has no additional evidence, why not end this ordeal? Something like that, and the jury would nod in approval.

Shortly after the lunch recess Random's eyes met Murph's, and Murph lifted his fingers in a circle of ap-

proval. Good, good. Everything going smoothly. They were really rolling now.

Chapter 6

It was midafternoon when Julia Karek got the call from Mr. Andrews—an urgent call asking her to be sure to get to his office at once. Something must have gone wrong. Just now, when everything appeared so hopeful. "What is it, Mr. Andrews?" she asked, nervously. "It's not—not good news—I can tell—"

"I didn't say that." His tone was impatient. "I just said that I have to see you—at once—"

"I'll be right down. I'll leave right now." Oh, God, she kept thinking, don't snatch my hopes from me now. I've done no wrong; I deserve no punishment. She hurried through her preparations, her heart pounding. How can they lift you so and then let you down in that sickening way?

She reached the office and was shown right in. Mr. Andrews seemed friendly enough. Then perhaps it wasn't bad news, after all. "Sorry to make you rush so," Andrews said. "Just that—well—something came up—something I felt I had to discuss with you."

"It's not"—she kept fighting a fear that would not down—"that Jan—that he—" She couldn't bring herself to say it. That he might be dead. No, no.

"No, nothing about Jan. Not a word since I talked to you. It looked hopeful then, and there's no reason to feel that we won't continue to make progress. Of course, it was a lucky break that gave us our start, but—our luck could hold." He hesitated, drumming his desk with his fingers. "No, this is about our sponsor—about the man behind all this work."

"Tell me," she breathed. "He must be a wonderful person."

"He is. He gets nothing out of all this, you know—nothing but the satisfaction of bringing hope to people who would be hopeless without him. It makes him feel that his wealth is worth while—almost as if he were helping God—"

"I know. I understand."

"It's clear, isn't it, that what he is doing is for humanity? Not for glory, not for publicity, not even for thanks. Just his bit to make the world a more livable place—"

"It's not a bit. It's a great thing, a tremendous thing."

"All right." He brought his hand down sharply on his desk. "What would you say if the world turned on him, tried to crucify him?"

"No. It isn't possible."

He smiled grimly. "It's possible. It's happening, this very minute. He's been fighting the corruption of this administration for a long time, and they've let him know that they're out to get him. Now they've done it—cooked up a murder charge against the person he loves most in all the world—"

"I can't believe it," she said, her voice wavering. "No one would do that—"

"Let's not be naïve, Mrs. Karek. They're doing it, believe me. And if they go through with it—if they get away with it—he'll give up every philanthropic project he's ever touched—"

"No," she said. "Not this. Not helping—displaced persons—my Jan—no—"

"Why not?" the lawyer demanded angrily. "Why should he go on, devoting his life to others? What do others do for him? What would *you* do?"

"Anything," she breathed. "Anything at all."

"All right." He kept tapping his pencil on his desk. "We'll see. There's a girl who's been involved in a few trifling escapades. Now the law sees a chance to pounce on her, to throw a murder charge at her. They've cooked up the crookedest evidence possible, and they're trying to make it stick. Unfortunately there are people who may be influenced by a prosecutor's oratory—"

She waited a long while, aware that his eyes were on her. "And—" she said, finally, "the girl's name?"

"I imagine you know. Jamie Dawn."

She sat there, breathing heavily. "So that's it. I can see now why you came to me in the first place."

He shook his head. "Let's get this straight. I didn't come to you. You came to me. Remember? I didn't want to take your case. You begged me, practically got down on your knees. And my—our—sponsor—doesn't know that your husband is on the jury. It happens that *I* know. He hasn't the faintest notion that I'm discussing this with you. He'd be furious if he knew. I'm taking this on myself—there's a horrible injustice in the making, and I want to do what I can to prevent it. Do you see anything wrong in that?"

"No," she said, hesitantly.

"We're not bribing anybody. You must understand that. We don't go in for that sort of thing. I'm confident that your husband has the intelligence to see through this chicanery. I'm sure he'll put his whole heart into freeing that girl. But—if he doesn't—if she's sent to jail—I want you to know what will happen. And it will. Believe me."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, distraught.

He lifted his hands and let them drop. "How can I say? I'm not making suggestions of any sort. I do know that I'd hate to drop your case when we're making such wonderful progress. You don't know how happy I was when I got news about your son. I become as emotionally involved as the ones I'm trying to help. Every lost soul becomes real to me—I stay awake nights worrying about them. Your Jan—" he hesitated, his eyes on her face—"a fine boy, I'm sure—I keep thinking about him—"

"He's a lovely boy. So gentle—so sweet—a lovely boy—"

"It was exciting, learning that he was alive—I thought it would take months, as it does, sometimes. God willing, we may have him with you—soon—*if* we stay with it—"

"You must," she said, passionately. "You can't drop it now. You can't."

"You must see our position—"

"I'll talk to my husband. He'll understand—"

"Do what you think best." He rose. "And—no tears. I have a feeling that it's going to work out."

She rose, too, extending her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Andrews, for what you've done. For all—you're going to do. Because—I know you will—"

He clasped her hand warmly. "Good luck to you, Mrs. Karek."

"And good luck to you. God be with you." She turned, trying to blink away the tears that wouldn't stop coming. At the doorway she stopped and faced him, head up. "One thing you must know, Mr. Andrews. I'll do everything I can. That you can surely count on."

The dapper young man who represented the writing syndicate followed Tom as he left the courtroom, waiting until he'd gone a block or two before joining him. "Hi," he said, cheerfully. "How're they going?"

Tom turned to him, annoyed. "Oh. It's you. I was wondering what'd happened to you."

"I've been around. I said I'd be in touch with you."

"All right. Just get yourself out of touch with me. I'm not interested."

"No? I think you are. You were jumping out of your shoes the other day. Why the change?"

"I looked your company up in our rating books. There's no such outfit. You're not even listed in the phone book. How about that?"

The young man wasn't at all perturbed. "So we're not in the rating books. I wouldn't worry about that. What we got, we got. In cash. You come along with us and you won't even have to take a check. I'll hand you five thousand dollars, in small bills—"

"It was two thousand the other day."

"The price went up."

"Oh. The price went up. Go ahead. What's the gimmick?"

"No gimmick. We need a story. We have to be sure we get it and get it right. You're the fellow can give it to us. What's wrong about that?"

"Any story you need you can cook up without me. Thoughts and impressions of a juror. What a laugh."

The young man put his hand on Tom's arm. "Look, friend, let's not get technical about things. This is an important deal, for us. And for you. I'm assuming you can use five thousand dollars—"

"Sure I can use it. Who couldn't? But—"

"Forget the buts. Here it is, straight. We've sunk over fifty grand in this thing—articles, pictures, stuff that will be syndicated all over the world. Now we need the finishing touch—the angle of a juror who is going to vote—*Not Guilty*—"

"How's that again?"

"You heard me. We need the story of a man who's voting Not Guilty—"

"I never said—" Tom broke off and took a long breath. "So that's it."

"That's it. That we need, and that we pay for. Not that we're trying to influence your decision—"

"No. Not a bit—"

"Just that—well, the boss is convinced that this dame is innocent—he can smell a frame a mile away—and he's set up this series on that basis—it would ruin the deal if she's convicted—but—I don't suppose she will be—"

"She sure won't. Not if you go around offering five grand to each of the jurors—"

"Don't you worry. We're not. It's you, or nobody. Look, Gray. Be sensible. Chances are you'll free her, in any case. I've been listening to the testimony, and that's the way it hits me. All right. While you're doing your duty as an honorable citizen you pick up a little loose change—"

"Five thousand dollars' worth."

"Sounds good to me. Five grand. You could do yourself a lot of good with that in the old sock. Think of the things you need—things for the wife, for the kids—"

"Let's hear it in plain English. If I vote Not Guilty I get the five grand. If—if not—it's nothing; not a red cent. That's it, isn't it?"

"It just so happens that a story built around her being guilty isn't worth anything to us."

"Okay. I'm not dumb. Let's just forget all about it. You go get yourself another boy."

"Don't kick it away," the man said, smoothly. "It's a lot of money. Where else would you get anything like it? Listen to me, Tom. I know what it means to get in a hole and try to pull yourself out. The more you dig the deeper you get. You need something, like winning a lottery, only you never win one. So you go on struggling. How long are you going to skimp and save and try to put a great big dollar aside? How long do you think your wife can hold out? These are tough times, friend, prices going up while you look at them. You got two kids who could use a lot of care—"

"You dug deep, didn't you? Tell me what I had for dinner yesterday—"

"Maybe I could, at that. Sure we dug deep. It's that important to us. One thing ought to hit you, Tom. If you'd had a little money in the bank your kid would never have got lost. That adds up, doesn't it? Good Lord, are those kids important to you or aren't they? What you're doing you're doing for them. Don't be a fool—"

Tom's fingers were working nervously. Five thousand dollars. More than he'd ever had in his life. More than he could ever hope to have. "How do I know I'll get the money?" he asked, abruptly.

"I could have it for you tomorrow—"

"I won't have a chance to see you; not if they give it to the jury tomorrow—"

"I'll get you the word of a man who has a reputation for paying off, for never welshing on a debt. You can check it any way you want. When he says you'll get it, it's better than a bond."

"Sure. Only you won't name names."

"Sure I will. Why not? It's Harrison—nobody else. T. Wayne Harrison."

There was a long pause. Tom could hear his breath coming quickly. "That's what I thought," he said, after a while.

"That's what I thought you thought. All right. Now you know. Then—it's a deal?"

"I—I don't know. I have to think about it."

"Think. Think hard. But think straight. It comes down to this: Nobody outside of you and your family gives a damn about what happens to you. People want to know—have you got it? They never ask—where did it come from? Once you got it you're in. Without it you're sunk. Am I right?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Just one person you have to consider. A fellow by the name of Gray."

When Lorrie phoned Oily Dixon, she could tell that something was wrong. That customary smoothness, that affected affability, was gone, all gone. "Come on down," he said, curtly. "We got things to discuss."

She could feel her heart sink. "What happened? Did—did anything go wrong?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."

She sat back in the cab, full of fear and apprehension. What could have happened? Not anything that would hurt her chances. Oh, Lord, no. Dixon had told her over and over that he wanted her for the part. Nobody but you, Lorrie, he'd said. He wouldn't change now. Then what could it be? When she reached Dixon's office, she could feel her breath coming quickly. Easy, now. Control yourself. You're an actress, not a frightened child. Nothing has happened, nothing that you know.

She adjusted her suit, lifted her head, and went into his office. Dixon half rose from his seat in greeting, then settled back and motioned her to a chair. "Hi, Lorrie. Glad you got here. Hell's-a-popping—"

That sinking feeling hit her again. "What happened?"

"One of those things. Just when everything's going good. Wouldn't you just know. I swear I felt this play was going to make us—you and me both—"

"It will. I'm sure it will."

"Sure. Only—well, you might as well have it straight. Our backer's acting up."

"But—why? We haven't even started—"

"Maybe we never will get started." He watched her closely. "I never told you who our backer is, did I?"

"No. You seemed rather secretive about it."

"No secret. Maybe I just never happened to mention it." He paused for a long moment. "You might as well know. It's T. Wayne Harrison."

"Harrison! You mean—Jamie Dawn's father?"

He nodded. "Nobody else."

The uneasy feeling inside of her kept growing. Jamie's father the backer of their play! But that was fantastic. "Even if he is, I can't see—" Then she stopped as it hit her. "Oh. I—I see." She could feel her lips trembling. "I see—now—"

"Meaning?"

"You know what I mean," she said, indignantly. "This wonderful part being handed to me on a silver platter. Oh, it's horrible, horrible—"

"Wait, now, Lorrie. I'm not saying there's a connection. How would I know? Harrison came to me and talked about getting into show business. That was long ago. So—when I saw this play ready to fold—I told him—said I could get it real cheap. That's the way it was, honey, honest—"

"Who suggested me for the part?" she demanded.

"I did," he said, smoothly. "I wanted you, Lorrie. Nobody but you."

"You never wanted me for a part before."

"Never had a part that fit you like this one."

"You knew I was on the Jamie Dawn jury—"

"Never gave it a thought. Didn't even know you were on it when I phoned your agent."

She knew he was lying. "All right. I might as well hear the rest of it. What's bothering Harrison now?"

"You know. The way they're trying to railroad his Jamie to jail."

"They're trying her for murder," she said. "It sounds like a fair, impartial trial to me."

"Sure it does. They know their stuff, these D.A.s. They could make any story sound good. There's lots'll never come out at that trial, Lorrie. The way Harrison's been fighting the crooks in the administration. The way they're out to get him. They've been threatening him for years, if he wouldn't let up. Now they got their chance. It's pretty low, picking on a kid—"

"She must have shot him," she burst out. "She did admit that—to the police—"

"If you knew the whole story you'd have a different slant—"

"If there's anything we ought to know it will surely come out at the trial—"

"Will it? And will you believe it if it does? Don't let those smooth talkers sway you, Lorrie. I know them. I've been around them for a long time."

"Just what does Harrison want? What does he expect?"

"I'll give it to you just the way I got it. If Jamie is convicted he closes the show. That's it, Lorrie."

There it was, as blunt as that. "In other words," she said, evenly, "I'm to vote for acquittal if I want to keep my job."

"I never put it that way, honey. Nobody's asking you to do anything. All I want you to know is what'll happen. It wouldn't be fair to you if I didn't tell you."

"It wouldn't be, would it? All right, Mr. Dixon." She rose and faced him squarely. "I don't know how I'm going to vote. I wouldn't tell you if I did know. But—this you must know—not all the plays you or Harrison or anyone could control would make me change my mind. I vote the way I vote, the way I feel I should. I don't go around trading this for that, and you can tell your backer that. I—" she could feel her voice cracking—"I don't care—any more—"

"Sure, honey, sure," he said, soothingly. "You do what you feel you got to do. Nobody's telling you different. Only—" he paused and looked away— "when I think of you doing that school scene—it's out of this world—nobody could do it the way you'd do it—"

"It's a wonderful scene—"

"What're we being so damned noble about?" he demanded, his voice up. "Who was ever noble to you? Who ever helped you, all these years? You think there's a good chance this girl is innocent, don't you?"

"I didn't say that—"

"All right. So you didn't say it. Only I know. So you free her. What of it? Who gets hurt? Anybody? Don't be a damned fool, Lorrie. I want this play to go on. I don't blame Harrison for doing anything he can to get his daughter out of a jam. Why not? I'd do it, and so would you. Who are we to stick our noses in the air and say it has a funny smell? He's fighting a bunch of crooks, and he has to use some of their tricks." He was standing now, his face close to hers. "Let me tell you something. I wouldn't set a murderer free. Not for anything. But this is different. A girl who's had a few little scrapes—never anything serious—now she gets herself all tied up in a mess because some louse in the administration sees a chance to hang one on her old man. That I wouldn't go for, no matter what. Be smart, Lorrie. Even if it didn't mean your whole future—"

"I can't let one thing tie in with the other—"

"No? Why not? You do what's right, that's all, and if it works out to your advantage, so much the better. Anything wrong with that? You're just letting that damned nobility walk all over you—"

"No. I'm not. What happens to me isn't important." She tried to control the trembling of her knees. "I want to do what's right. No matter what."

"Sure, honey." His voice was softer now. "You do just that. But—think straight—it's mighty important—"

"I know." They said their good-bys, and she managed to remain fairly calm until she got out of the office. Then that empty feeling kept growing until she thought she might faint. No. Courage, Lorrie. It's bound to work out right. It has to. You can't have that dream come so close to realization and then see it crumble around you. No, no. This just has to work out right.

Chapter 7

After Tom Gray got that tremendous offer, he debated about going on to his office or starting for home. So much to discuss with Sue—that wonderful prospect—an end to worry, an end to care, a new life opening up for both of them. What a chance! Doctor bills paid, some decent clothes for Sue. Debts finally cleared, something that looked pretty hopeless just a few short hours ago. How often does a break like that hit you? Once in a lifetime. Sometimes not even once. That fellow had said something about winning a lottery. Sure, that's your hope, and then you realize that you never even bought a ticket. What chance do you have, then? None, ever. Not till a thing like this comes along.

Unconsciously he found himself headed for his office. That was the way it was. Just a slave. Work, work, work, always in fear. Fear of rubbing the boss the wrong way. Fear of a slump in business, with the resultant cutting down on office help. Fear of that damned buzzer that summoned you to Mr. Finley's office. Every trip like that was a mile long and full of apprehension, because some day Mr. Finley would say, Sorry, Tom, not that we don't like you and all.

Five thousand dollars! You get yourself off to a good start and you can go places. Read about all these self-made men—bet every one of them got a lucky break somewhere. That's what you need. How else can you take a chance on anything—even changing your job—you with your debts, obligations, fears? This would do it. Five thousand bucks.

His mind wasn't on his work, and suddenly he put his books and papers aside and started for home. By the time he got there it was late, the children asleep. "They tried to wait up for you, darling, but their eyes kept closing." Sue was sweet. Always gentle, always devoted. And uncomplaining. She sure deserved a better break. "Tired?" she asked. "What a question! You must be all in."

"No. Not exactly." He put his lips against her cheek. "Hungry, though."

"Me, too. Thought I'd wait for you."

They chatted about the events of the day as they ate their late dinner, about the jury and the children and all the trifling things that go to make up a day, and all the while his mind kept going back to that one thing. Five thousand dollars. He'd tell Sue. Why not? She was part of all this, as big a part as he was. But he kept putting it off, not knowing exactly why. Then, when they were doing the dishes, he blurted it out. "Remember what I said, about our troubles being over?"

"Did you? Are they?"

"You remember. The other day. When Dumpling was lost."

"Oh. So you did. Something like that."

"Well. Maybe I was telling the truth."

"Oh?"

"Somebody offered me a big chunk of money today."

"How nice. They keep coming around here, practically throwing it at me. I have to shoo them away—"

"I mean it," he said.

"Oh, come on, Tom. What would anybody be offering you money for?"

"It's some news syndicate. They want a series of articles—jury impressions of this case. Stuff like that. This fellow said he thought I could do it."

"But how wonderful! Of course you could do it. How much will they pay?"

He looked at her for a while before answering. "Five thousand dollars," he said, slowly.

"Five—what?"

"That's right. Five thousand dollars."

"Oh *no*, Tom. They wouldn't. I thought you were going to say fifty bucks or so. Nobody would give you five thousand dollars."

"Somebody would. Somebody will. If—I say the word—"

She could see something was wrong. Just the way he said it. "Tom. There's something funny about it. Something—not right—"

"No. Not a thing. Just that they want the thoughts and impressions—that's the 'way the fellow put it—of a juror—" he hesitated— "who finds Jamie Dawn—*not guilty*—"

"But—suppose she is—I mean—" Then she understood, and her face went red. "Oh. A bribe. Why didn't you say so?"

"It's no bribe. It's for writing—"

"You'd write just as good a story if you found her guilty, wouldn't you?"

"That kind of a story they can't use. They've worked up this series of articles—going to syndicate it all over the world—pictures, everything—all based on her being freed —that's why the story has to be that way—"

She took her hands out of the soapy water and rubbed them on her apron. "Look at me, Tom. Do you really believe that?" He turned away, suddenly busy with an important dish. "Maybe," he said.

"I don't think you do. Jamie Dawn. Her father has all the money in the world, so he's willing to hand over five thousand dollars to keep her out of jail. You wouldn't fall for that, Tom."

"I'm not falling for anything," he said, evenly. "I know what I'm doing."

"You wouldn't take it. I hope I know you well enough to know that."

"Suppose I felt, deep down, that she was innocent?"

"Do you?"

"I—I don't know. I haven't decided. But—there's a chance she could be."

"Tom. If she's guilty you're going to find her guilty. I don't care what anybody offers you. We can get along without that kind of money."

"Can we? I don't think we're doing so well. Owing everybody—skipping Dumpling's pills some weeks—rubbing one penny against the other—I'm not too happy about it, believe me—"

"We'll manage, Tom. We have, up to now—"

"You listen to me. Sit down. Let's go over this calmly. Don't get excited. I've been thinking and thinking—can't get it out of my mind for a second. It's too big to toss away, just like that." He could feel the seething inside of him, growing, growing. "Here's the way I look at it. We struggle along—gain an inch today and lose a foot tomorrow. Things happen to us—sickness and death and kids losing their coats. Does anybody ever come up to us and say, Sorry old fellow, hard luck and all that sort of thing, or offer us a ten-dollar bill? No, and we wouldn't want it. We want to live, want to get along. Here we are, a stinking little dot on the great big world. There are always bigger things, earthquakes and train wrecks and tidal waves, only right here Dumpling has a belly-ache and to us that's more important than all the calamities in all the world." He stopped and tried to get rid of the catch in his throat. "Look what might have happened the day Dumpling got lost. It could have been—horrible—I mean, the things you read about—perverts and all—just dumb luck that we got her back—safe. But you have to think—what made it happen in the first place? That day, between us, we didn't have a buck in the world. And who cared? Nobody."

"*We* care," she said. "You—and I—"

"Sure. We care. That's it. Then why don't we look out for us? We take this money—even if the series is a phony—who are we to judge—let's believe it's on the level—nobody is going to ask—or know—ever—"

"We'll know. You and I. We'll know that it isn't right—"

"Who's deciding what's right and what's wrong? How many of our big shots—pillars of society—pulling stunts worse than this every day—"

"We're not basing our lives on what other people do. Please, Tom—"

"Look," he said. "I'm not saying this girl is guilty. But suppose she is. Thousands of worse criminals walking the streets, right now, and nobody bothers them, nobody cares. So we add one more to a long list. Who gets hurt? No, you want me to hold my head in the air, tell people what a fine fellow I am. Then next week we get another doctor's bill and another dentist's bill, and we count our pennies and we say, Sorry, Dumpling, no pills this week. Sure we know it's bad for you, but what of it? Your Daddy is a hero. Go eat that."

"We'll get along," Sue said, pleading. "We always have, one way or another. We're here, alive, in love. Maybe other things aren't too important. Maybe this will be our turning point. You'll get a raise, and Dumpling will be over her illness, and we'll look back on today and laugh at whatever it was that seemed so important. But—you take this, Tom, and it will stay with us. For always."

"Sure. A turning point. Every turn we've had has been for the worse. The one way it'll get better is to give ourselves a chance. This is it. Five grand can do it. I don't know what else can."

"It's not that important—"

"Sure it's important." His voice was up. "It's important to me. I'm the failure around here—a man who can't manage to support his wife and kids. Every time I run up against a blank wall I tell myself that—you, Tom Gray, you, the bright boy at school, the one they thought would make good—you can't buy your wife a decent dress—"

"No, Tom. No. You've been wonderful—"

"Sure. A great big lousy failure. It's going to be different from now on. An end to worry—"

"More likely it'll be the end of us. We have to go on living with ourselves for a long time. I'm not sure that we can make it."

"We'll make it, all right. With five grand in back of us it'll be a cinch. I'm taking that money." He waited, but she didn't answer. "Do you hear?"

"I heard you. I don't want you to do it. What else can I say? I'd rather struggle for the rest of our lives."

He went into the other room and picked up a newspaper. "Struggle, hell. I'm through with struggling. I'm going to live for a while." He scanned the headlines of the paper, but his thoughts were elsewhere. "That's it, then." He watched her through the open door, but she was just standing there, staring into space, looking off into the distance as if she were no longer part of his life.

It was a great comfort to Lorrie Delacourt to know that she could always bring her problems to Doctor Vandemeer. He was calm, cool, level-headed; he didn't allow himself to be carried away by silly emotions. If he thought she was wrong, he would be the first to say so. Go ahead, Van. Talk me out of it. It's low, stupid, even to consider it. What difference does a part in a play make? There are bigger things to consider. You have a conscience, dammit. You're not going to let yourself be railroaded into something you don't want to do. But—there was always that but—why give up something so dear to your heart? Why, why? Tell me, Van—tell me what to do.

His day's work was over when she reached his office, and almost at once she poured out her heart to him. He listened, quiet, sympathetic, without interruption, so that she couldn't quite tell what he thought. When she'd finished she sat there, breathing hard. Waiting. Wondering. It seemed a long while before he spoke. "Quite a problem, Lorrie. Quite a problem."

"I feel so low about it. He's practically forcing me to find her guilty. Because—if I don't—I'll probably have a guilty feeling myself for the rest of my life. And still—I don't know—right now I honestly don't know—"

"You feel sure that they cooked up this play just to use it as a club—to get you to vote the way they wanted?"

"What else could it be? I'm no fool. I know no one was frantic to get me for a leading role before—Lord knows I've been trying long enough. Now suddenly this pops up—no one but Lorrie Delacourt—*after* I'd been taken on the jury—"

"You do think that he'll go through with the play—if you find her not guilty—"

"I'm sure he will. For many reasons. Sort of a debt of honor—that's funny—honor!—but Harrison has that sort of reputation—of paying off. Besides, he wouldn't want repercussions—I mean, wouldn't want anyone to talk—afterward—you understand—"

"I imagine, then, that he must have approached other jurors in a similar vein—"

"Probably. It's horrible, isn't it—to think that he can buy special favors that way—"

He smiled. "The rich can buy lots of things that others can't. Why not this?"

"Then you agree—I can't do it—not for anything?"

"I haven't said that."

She looked at him, surprised. "But—Van—surely you don't—you can't—"

"That was my first reaction. You can't. And then I kept thinking while you were talking. What would *I* do? Not for money. For something terribly dear to me. For some serum, let's say—something that would cure polio. How noble would I be? I'll tell you. I'd say, this stupid girl and her freedom or guilt mean nothing to me—nothing to the world. Bigger things come first. If what I gain, or the world gains, is more important. I'd free her in a minute. So it all becomes a matter of degree. How much value do you put on what you gain, or on what you give up? You put that question to anyone. Anyone. First they'd throw up their hands in horror and put on a How-dare-you-insinuate air. You know—all decent and virtuous. And then you say, Suppose it meant the life of your baby, or something like that, and the person who'd just denounced you would say, Well, now, *that's* another story."

"I—I just didn't expect you to be on that side—I'm so—so upset—so bewildered, now—"

"I imagine I'm more or less surprised myself. I might be leaning too heavily in the wrong direction. One thing you must understand is that I want you, more than anything, to give up any thought of appearing in this play. I've made that clear—the fear that I'll lose you once you go back to the theater—"

"No, Van, it isn't so—"

"You say that, and you think you mean it. But—I know that's the way it'll work out—you'll never be able to bring yourself back to a dingy office—to a life of struggle—to a doctor who's going nowhere in particular—"

"I've never been happier—than here—"

"And still—once you're part of that glamorous life—and it is—you won't be able to step down to this. That I know, Lorrie—"

"You can't blame me for wanting the part, Van. It's my life, my whole life. All my dreams. You don't know what it is to wait, year after year, to find yourself growing older, to find hope slipping, slipping—to dream, and pray—to have a part come along that seems the answer to all your dreams and then to have to sit by and watch someone else get it. There are times, Van, when you want to die, want to do nothing but drop off to sleep and never awaken, never be tortured again—"

He turned away and fussed with some instruments. "I understand. Don't think I don't. Perhaps that's why I say, take this little salve and let the damned girl go free. I wonder what I'd do—if the decision were mine—if freeing her meant that I would get you. I don't even wonder. I know. I'd let her go. My life—our lives—are more important; she's nothing, not even a symbol, just a worthless girl who's always managed to buy what she wants and who has just now completed one more purchase."

"I—I understand—I think I do—"

"Remember one thing. Only this, Lorrie. To thine own self be true."

"I know." A strange mixture of emotions kept going through her. She reached across the desk and touched his fingers. "Thanks, Van. You're still the finest person in all the world. I swear I don't know what I'd do without you."

Julia Karek kept pacing the floor, counting the minutes until Justin would arrive. How can you go about your ordinary tasks, preparing dinner and straightening up the house and things like that, with that cold dread clutching at your heart? How can they do that to you—build your hopes sky-high and then dash them at your feet? He's my boy, mine, mine; no one can take him from me—no grim, despotic government or wavering philanthropist. Only God—if it be His will—no one else. But surely God must be on the side of the oppressed. Then he will be mine again—somehow, some day. And Justin will help.

When she heard her husband's steps in the corridor she hurried to the door, greeting him as if he'd been gone for a long time. "How are you, my dear?" she asked, kissing him affectionately.

He put his arms around her. "Good to be with you again, my dear. Long days when I can't even telephone you."

"It does make the days much longer. Is it tiring—this jury duty—is it wearing you down?"

"No. Not at all. More exhilarating than tiring, I'd say. But—it's nearing the end. Tomorrow, I imagine, will be the last day."

"Tomorrow?" Somehow the nearness of it frightened her. "Then—if it goes to the jury—you won't be home?"

"Not till we reach a decision."

She nodded. "I see." Then it would have to be settled tonight. And it wasn't the sort of thing that she wanted to rush into. "Are you hungry? Everything's ready."

"I'll wash." He went into the bathroom, and she started putting things on the table. She would wait before telling him, wait until they'd finished eating. But when they sat down she found that she could only peck at her food.

He watched her, puzzled. "Anything wrong?"

"No. Nothing. Why?"

He moved his chair closer to hers. "You know I can read every mood, every change of mood. There *is* something bothering you—"

"Let it wait, Justin. Till after dinner."

"I've had enough. What is it, sweet?"

Hesitantly she started telling him of the events of the afternoon, of her disquieting discussion with Mr. Andrews. As she talked, the pain under her heart kept growing. "They lift you so—lift your hopes—oh, darling, I can't stand it—can't have them take that away from me now—it's such bad luck—this trial coming up just at this time—just when everything appeared so hopeful—"

"You still think that it's all a coincidence—that the trial had nothing to do with your good fortune?"

"I do, darling. I do. Nobody came to me. I heard about this man by sheer accident—he didn't want to take my case—I had to beg, plead—"

"Hm." He didn't say anything for a while. Then, "Do you believe what he says? That this so-called philanthropist will drop all this work—"

"He made it clear enough. I can see why—if they are really framing this girl—"

"That's up to us to decide," he said, coldly. "That's what a jury is for."

"But—they're all so clever—these politicians—they could distort the evidence—it's been done—Justin—we know it was done—over there—"

"I like to think that this country is different."

"It is—it must be—in so many ways; and still, we read of crookedness in politics, often—"

"I know." His fingers kept moving uneasily. "Tell me what you think—what it is you want me to do."

She lifted her eyes to his. "I must know—first—how much I really mean to you—"

He put his hand on hers. "Do I have to tell you? You know it's everything; all my life; all I've ever wanted. I think if any one has found perfect love, we have—"

"Aren't you," she asked, hesitantly, "ever jealous of Jan? Of my feeling for him? Does it ever upset you? Or—do you resent—ever—all we put into this—the time—the worry—all our funds—tell me, darling—"

"Don't be absurd, darling. He means almost as much to me as he does to you. I've grown to want him—aside from my wanting you to be happy. I know I'd find it hard to accept knowing—that we might lose him. You can believe me, darling—"

"I do. I do. And thanks; thanks so much." She tried to clear the lump from her throat. "This—this Mr. Andrews. I believe him. I think he has put his whole heart into finding Jan. He was so elated at his early success, so upset when it seemed that there might be difficulties. He has logic on his side, Justin; you must admit that. If—if it is true that they are railroading this girl to jail—even if the sponsor *thinks* it true—you can see justification for his actions. Why should he help others when he thinks they are turning on him, crucifying him? That makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes. That I admit. But—it all seems to lead to something, and I'm not sure that I like it. But—go ahead."

"There's nothing else to say."

"Except what we started to say. Tell me what you want me to do."

"There can't be any question, can there? Do you honestly feel that that girl is guilty?"

"I haven't said. I haven't decided. Even if I had, I wouldn't say—now—"

"Then there's a chance that she's innocent—that she'll be set free in any case?"

"I don't know," he said, firmly. "How would I know?"

"As long as there's doubt—" She stopped and looked at him long and hard. "Justin. I want my boy back. Just now that's all I want in life. I want you, of course—but aside from that, nothing but my boy. I imagine this will show what I mean to you, how much you would do for me. I've asked you, at times, and you've said you would do anything, anything in all the world. All right. I'm asking this of you, then: Help me get my boy back. Nothing else. How can there be anything else?"

He moved uneasily, then walked slowly across the room to the opposite wall. He stood there before a framed copy of the Constitution of the United States, studying it as if it had acquired new meaning to him. Then he said, thoughtfully, "Of course, there *is* something else. There must be. Perhaps you won't understand. Not now. Perhaps it's childish. I don't know. But—I've grown to think of myself as part of a great country. We managed to escape from the horrors of our own country, from the tyranny, the persecution, things we hoped never to encounter here. Now, being called to jury duty—" he turned to face her— "it's an honor, a great trust. I don't want to let any pressure influence that trust. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I understand one thing only," she said, her voice tense. "You're being very fine, very virtuous, but somehow that isn't what I want at the moment. I want my boy back. I know if I had to do anything for you—if I had to suffer, or die, or kill—I'd do it. You'd come first. I wouldn't—drown you in fancy words." Then suddenly her poise deserted her, and she fell to her knees at his side. "Oh, darling, darling, please." Her hands groped for him. "Please. I'm not asking. I'm begging, praying." Tears were streaming down her face. "I've gone through too much—I won't want to live—not if you let me down now. What difference does anything make?—only our love—you say you want me to be happy. Do this for me, darling. I'll never ask for anything again, ever. Only this. Please."

He squirmed in her embrace.

"I—I'm not alone in this, Julia. After all, it's a jury—twelve of us—"

"You can convince them. You must, darling. How can anything else matter? What else counts? You can't say no—you can't. Oh, darling, say you'll do it—say you will—"

"Stop," he said, upset. "I can't have you begging—praying to me—I can't bear to see you crying—"

"How can I help it? It's my life—my whole life—" Suddenly her body went limp, and she crumpled at his side.

He bent over her, holding her tenderly. "Julia. Julia, my sweet—"

"I—I'm all right—just—just dizzy. I shouldn't be crying this way. I'm sorry, darling—do what you think best—"

He looked away, trying to get the lump out of his throat. "I—I'll do what I can—"

"It's all right," she said, weakly. "And—thanks—no matter what—"

"Get up, my sweet." He helped her to her feet, then let her down in the big easy chair. "There. We'll work it out some way. Don't cry, darling. Everything will be all right."

She tried to talk, but the tears kept coming. Finally she managed to get her voice under control. "I've ruined your dinner," she said, miserably. "I haven't even let you finish eating."

Chapter 8

The prosecution had finished its cross-examination. The defense had run through its long list of witnesses. Almost reluctantly, as if he hated to end a good show, Random announced. "Defense rests." Then that was it. No more testimony, no more questions, no more bickering. The District Attorney went through his long address to the jury, starting calmly and growing more and more passionate. He minced no words about perjured testimony. That, he assured the jury, would be taken care of later on. Meanwhile facts were facts, and putting them carefully together could leave no alternative. Jamie Dawn had wantonly taken a life, and Jamie must pay for her crime. He did not ask the death penalty—premeditation had not been clearly proven—but he did insist that, in the interest of justice, the jury bring in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree.

Marve Random's reputation for swaying a jury was well-known and well-earned. He was a real artist, a spell-binder. He had the right touch, the right phrase, never too pedantic, never too erudite. He was one of the jurors, talking their language, thinking their thoughts. He answered their questions before they asked them. And when he really got going, he had a flair for the dramatic that was hard to resist. Jamie Dawn was the poor, oppressed girl, the pawn in a bitter quarrel between right (her father) and wrong (his political opponents). Random played it up for all it was worth, never hesitating to be corny when a corny phrase seemed to fill the bill.

When he finished he had them almost ready to applaud. *One of his finest performances*, one of the reporters scribbled on his pad.

There was a long pause as Random, spent, went wearily back to his seat. The judge looked at his watch, twisted his mouth in deep thought, then decided to give the case to the jury that same day. He went through his instructions in a fair, impartial way, reviewing the evidence, stressing always that the question of truth lay with the jury, that the defendant must be given the benefit of any and all reasonable doubt. He outlined the various verdicts that the jury might bring in, ranging from acquittal to murder in the second degree. And when he finished, the jury filed solemnly out of the courtroom, aware of the tremendous responsibility that they were now carrying. A life in their hands. Six men and six women who had never seen each other before now banded together to decide the fate of a person wholly unknown to them just a short week ago.

Harrison waited for Marve Random at the steps of the courthouse. "What do you think?" he asked, nervously.

Random lifted his hands and let them drop. "Think? I'm too tired to think. Let's go somewhere, get ourselves good and drunk—"

"I want to know," Harrison said, testily. "You've been through these things before. What are her chances?"

"We can't talk here. You got your car?"

"Right over there." Harrison indicated a parking lot near the court.

"You driving?"

"Why not?"

"No reason. Thought you might have a chauffeur."

"I like to drive. Is that all right with you?"

"Fine. Fine." He sat forward in his seat as they crawled through the heavy traffic. After a while he took a flask from his pocket and looked at it tenderly. "Ah. This is what I need. Drink?"

"No," Harrison snapped. "And I can't say I approve of your drinking during the trial—"

"Trial's over," Random said. "Never touch a drop while a trial is on. But once it's in the lap of the Gods—"

He took a long swig. "Ah. That does it. Fuels up the old tank. Sure you won't have some?"

"I asked you a question."

"You did?"

"You know damned well I did. What are our chances?"

"Oh. That. I'd say they were pretty good. Were you watching that jury? Two dames crying. That's par for a Random jury. Couple of more ready to wipe their eyes. Sympathy stuff. Harrison. Make Jamie the heroine of their little soap opera, and they can't bear to have her come to a bad end. Know what I mean? They're on *her* side—she's the suffering damosel they see every day in their television dramas. They'd go to pieces if anything happened to their little girl. Yes, Harrison, we'll be all right—"

"What about your jurors? *Your* jurors?"

"Let's call that insurance. Nice insurance, knowing that you've got three of them nicely lined up."

"You never did get that Robbins?"

"No. Never did. I'll still bet I'm right—I'd get something if I had the time—but—three should do it—worst you could get would be a hung jury." He took another long drink. "Not bad."

"I don't want a hung jury," Harrison said, fiercely. "I want her free, do you hear—free. I'm not going to have her go through that again—"

"Well now," Random said, sarcastically, "that would be rough. Poor little Jamie. All she did was shoot a man full of holes, and here people are lifting their nasty voices to her—"

"I hired you to get her off. I'm not interested in your opinions."

"Look, Harrison—my opinions go with the job. You like them or you lump them, but you get them. Your little darling wasn't on that stand for throwing spitballs. She's a killer—a plain, ordinary killer. If her name was Mary Jones and she didn't have a dime, they'd lock her up and throw away the key. All your millions don't make Jamie one bit better than she is. They just make it easy for her to get away with murder. Frankly, Harrison, I don't like your Jamie. And while I'm being frank, I don't like you, either. Not, I must admit, that I think a hell of a lot of myself. Fine bunch we are, crooked, depraved, arrogant, and some day somebody is going to take us apart. One day all our fine tricks are going to explode right in our faces. And do you know what I'll say then?" He lifted the flask to his lips. "I'll say Hallelujah! Do you hear, Harrison? Hallelujah!"

The jurors found seats in the jury room and sat around nervously, not quite sure how to start. Justin Karek, however, had read up on jury procedure and in a short time had things nicely under way. As in every jury, a few were willing to sit by and listen, not venturing opinions, waiting to see how the evidence had impressed the others. Of those that spoke, Dave Robbins seemed to be the strongest, and he made his position clear right from the start. Jamie Dawn was obviously guilty. No two ways about it.

"We must not act hastily," Justin said. "We must give the defendant every consideration."

"Like the consideration she gave the boy-friend," Robbins said. "Five bullets in his back."

"Would you care to hear the opinions of some of the others, Mr. Robbins?"

"Sure. I just want to hear who can dig up something on *her* side." He sat back, ready to be amused.

There were things to be said on Jamie's side. Some of the jurors had been impressed by the defense's implication that the State was out to get Jamie because her father had opposed the party in power. "Look," Robbins said, impatiently. "All we know about that is what her lawyer told us. Show me where he *proved* anything like that."

"I don't know," Tom Gray said, quietly. "Maybe I'm not quick to catch on. What her lawyer said made sense to me."

Robbins snorted. "Sense? Holy cow!"

"Please, Mr. Robbins," Justin interposed.

A few of the others expressed opinions. Lorrie Delacourt was one of the listeners, drinking in every word. Then there *were* two sides to the case. That was what she wanted to know. It wasn't cut and dried at all. If these jurors, and they seemed an intelligent lot, could find merit to Jamie's defense, perhaps there was something to it after all. And the judge had cautioned them about benefit of doubt.

The discussion went on for some time, and then some one suggested a vote. "Might as well," Robbins said. "See how we stand."

Justin asked for a show of hands. "Guilty?" Five hands went up. "Not guilty?" Five hands again. "No opinion as yet?" The other two hands. Justin smiled. "Exactly even. Further discussion seems to be in order."

Outside, in the courtroom, a few stragglers stayed around, on the off chance of a quick verdict. But the evening wore on with no sign of a decision, and finally word came through that the jury would be locked up for the night.

The newspapers had played up the case in sensational style, and the radio announcers had reveled in their blow-by-blow accounts of the trial. Now they had the wonderful suspense that goes with waiting for a verdict, and they made the most of it. Listeners everywhere were at their radios, anxious for the final word. "No news at the moment. But—it may come soon. Keep tuned to this station. . . ." Sue Gray listened anxiously; Julia Karek kept pacing her room, her radio blaring away; Doctor Vandemeer, annoyed by the incessant commercials, kept turning his set on and off. Each of them was nervous, jittery, each impatient with other news that interfered with the news they were waiting to hear. And finally the newscaster let them off the hook with the terse announcement: *The Jamie Dawn jury, after deliberating for five hours, had arrived at no decision and has now retired for the night.*

The next morning, the jury picked up where they'd left off. A night of rest hadn't helped much. Soon the arguments were heated again, voices louder and tempers frayed. The strain was definitely beginning to tell. Lorrie took little part in the arguments, and at times the fury of the debate surprised her. Somehow she had expected a friendly discussion ending in easy agreement. "I can't understand why they get so worked up about it," she said, to one of the women.

"Why not? It's serious enough, isn't it? A person's whole future at stake?"

"Miss Delacourt?" Justin said. "Did you want to say something?"

"No—not now—"

"We haven't heard from you. I imagine you must have formed an opinion by now."

"Well—I have, in a negative way. I don't pretend to know much about law or evidence. I'm upset at not being able to say that I'm sure she's guilty or innocent. But—this strikes me—we've had three votes up to now, and they've been close to even every time. I was one of those that hadn't decided. Now I feel that I'm going to shift. I say if it's as close as that we have no right to send her to jail. That's all."

"Wonderful reasoning," Robbins said. "Female logic."

"I don't say I'm right, Mr. Robbins. I don't even say I'm logical. I'm just telling you how I feel."

"This Random is quite a lawyer," Robbins said. "A smart cookie. He is stuck with a bum case, so he builds up

doubt, throws in a mess of ifs and buts and maybes, and when you add it all up he hasn't a fact to his name. And you call that doubt—"

"Funny, I heard facts," Tom said. "Lots of it sounded like evidence to me. Why couldn't the D.A. pick it apart? He tried, sure. He ridiculed what those witnesses said. But he didn't break down their stories. They sounded pretty straight to me—"

"Holy cats. A bunch of ham actors. Every word rehearsed—"

"Go ahead. Call everything that upsets your arguments perjury—"

"I can tell when a man's lying—"

"How about that cop? He didn't even have the time of day right—"

And so it went. After a while they were split into two factions, Robbins strong for conviction and Tom Gray working for acquittal. The jurors switched in sentiment, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

At one point Robbins pointed an accusing finger at Tom. "That was your kid got lost the other day, wasn't it?"

"What of it?"

"Ever think how lucky you were to get her home safe?"

"All right. So I was. I don't see—"

"I got a wife and a boy. I want to protect them. I don't like criminals running around loose. I don't like killers on the streets, and I don't like jurors who set them free, send them out to kill again—to kill your kids—or mine—"

"You're getting awfully cheap, Robbins. Why don't you just stick to facts—"

Robbins turned an angry red. "I want you to know—all of you—that I have only one interest in this case. I want to see justice done. That's all." He sat back, grim. "Go ahead. I'll listen for a while. If it's right and just to free this girl, I'll be the first one ready to be convinced."

It was the biggest step toward acquittal that they'd had yet.

Julia Karek went through her tasks in a mechanical way, always close enough to the radio to get the latest news flashes. Surely they'd announce it as soon as they got word. Jamie Dawn acquitted. Jamie Dawn freed. But no, no definite word. Every now and then the announcer reviewed the case, told the same story over and over, but always he returned to the same unsatisfactory conclusion: *No word yet; jury still out.* How long could it go on? How much was there to discuss? Why hadn't Justin convinced them by this time? He was so strong, so fine a leader. But perhaps he had to do it diplomatically, slowly and carefully, so that no ulterior motive could be detected.

"Latest on the Jamie Dawn case," the newscaster said, and she hurried toward the radio. "Jury has returned from lunch. Still no word on a decision. Looks like a long-drawn affair."

After a while she could stand it no longer. At least, if she were close by, she might get bits of news more quickly. How can you wait, wait, when your whole future, all your happiness, depends on how one little group decides to act? Of course they would come up with the right decision. Justin would see to that. But—this waiting. Suddenly she put on her hat and coat and hurried downstairs. She flagged a taxi and directed the driver to the courthouse. "And keep the radio going," she said. "The news broadcasts."

No news, nothing definite, while they were riding. At the courthouse she paid the driver and hurried inside. "Any—any decision—" she tried to stop her panting as she addressed a bailiff— "on—the Jamie Dawn case?"

"Not a nibble. Jury still out."

"Do you—do they—think it will be long?"

He smiled as he shrugged. "Who knows? Might go over till tomorrow. Maybe longer."

"How long do they usually take?"

"Some go fast, some slow. Saw one last week come back in twenty minutes. You can't tell. Once they start dragging it out, you never know."

"Is it all right if I wait in here?"

"Sure thing. Make yourself comfortable."

The courtroom was almost empty. There were a few stragglers there—a few newspapermen—no one seemed to act as if a decision were impending. She approached one of the men, timidly. "Is this—this where they'll announce—the Jamie Dawn decision?"

"Right here. That's what we're waiting for."

"Have you heard anything? Any news?"

He looked at her curiously. "Tell you the last guess I sent my paper. Even Stephen. Six for, six against."

She nodded. "Thank you. Thank you very much." She went to a far corner of the courtroom and took a seat. There she stayed, counting the minutes. Six for, six against. She should have asked him at what time that had been. But of course that was only one man's guess. They had no official reports. Perhaps it was closer than that. Eight to four, or nine to three, or even right at the point of complete agreement. That was the way it went, sometimes—a seemingly hopeless deadlock broken suddenly by some trifling event. By one statement, one little shred of evidence that some of the jurors might have overlooked.

Justin would see to it that it came out right. He had to. He would—he surely would. She started as she heard a door open somewhere. But it was nothing; nothing of importance. And so she sat there, almost motionless, dreaming, hoping, staring into space.

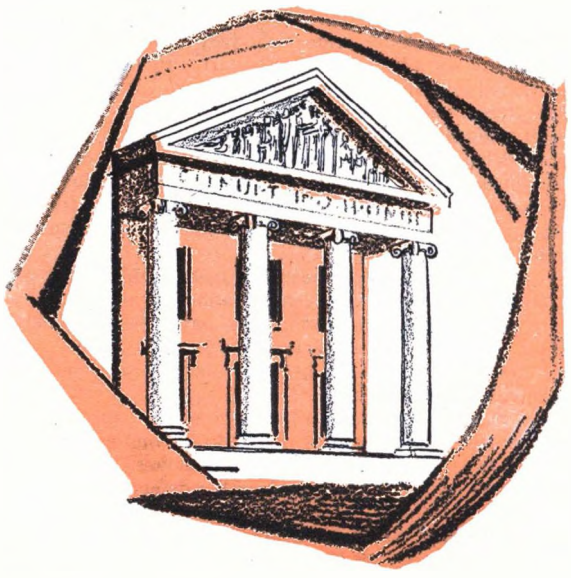
By midafternoon the jurors had repeated the same arguments, over and over, until most of them were weary and ill-tempered. "Can't we get together on something?" one woman asked. "It's ridiculous—twelve supposedly intelligent people not able to see eye to eye."

One of the housewives sighed. "I want to get home," she said. "I never expected it to take as long as this."

"You want to get home," Robbins said sarcastically. "That's mighty important. This life we're kicking around doesn't amount to much. You got a week's washing that has to get done."

"Now really, Mr. Robbins—"

"All right," he said, apologetically. "Sorry. Guess I'm getting on everybody's nerves." Robbins was obvious-



ly losing support. The jurors didn't like his brusque, impatient way. Tom Gray had a nicer approach, gentler, more merciful. And as the minutes crept by it was more and more obvious that sentiment was veering toward acquittal.

"Shall we take a vote?" Justin asked. They were writing their votes now, the feeling that a touch of secrecy in the balloting might help them get together. He passed out little slips of paper, then collected them and ran through them quickly. "Nine for acquittal," he announced. "Two guilty, one still undecided." He glanced at the group. "Would any of the three—I don't know who they are—care to go along with the majority?"

There was a long pause. Finally the trim-looking businesswoman said. "I'm trying—trying desperately—to see this from the point of view of the others. Frankly, I don't feel the way they do. But—there must be a point there—if nine of you think she's not guilty—I wouldn't want it on my conscience to be the one that sent her to jail—" She glanced over at Robbins. "If—if the other two say yes—I'll go along with them—"

Robbins took a long breath. "I suppose it all comes down to this," he said, evenly. "At what point does a fellow abandon his principles?"

They weren't ready for another vote. Not yet. But they'd take one soon, and that would be that. Maybe the next ballot; maybe the one after that. Five thousand bucks, Tom Gray thought. The easiest five grand he'd ever make. Now that he'd almost won his fight, he could feel himself losing some of his earlier poise. Why? It's over, fool—almost over—there's nothing more to discuss—we've said all we can say, and now it's the same words over and over. He could feel his eyes half-close, and he blinked rapidly to bring himself back to the present. What he was doing was right. Right for the Grays. What else mattered? But an ugly thought kept whirling through his mind—his little Dumpling walking the streets, alone—an ugly hand reaching for her—a voice—Robbins' voice?—"It's a murderer—a killer *you* set free—" No, he wanted to shout. No, no. Not me, not me alone. There's twelve of us—twelve—a unanimous vote—it's not wrong—then Sue's voice, pleading. "We'll manage, Tom; we have, up to now—" Sure. Manage. Manage to starve. Caroline going to school without a coat, or wearing some old thing of Sue's. How can you take it? Your family growing up to hate you. You, the provider. Fine provider. Dumpling skipping her pills for a week. No, no. This is my family, my life. I don't want anything for myself. It's for them. For Sue, for the kids. It's the only way. The only way.

Justin Karek ran a weary hand across his forehead. Then it was nearing the end. What an ordeal. They dump things on you—responsibility—duty—you'll do what you can, as a citizen—you'll do what's right. And then—grim thoughts—Julia on her knees, begging, praying. Praying, to him. Why didn't they let him alone? He was no God, no one to decide on a life. But the decision had to be made. Go ahead, justify it. How much do you owe to your wife? What would you do for her? Anything, you would have said, just a few days ago. Anything in your power. And then she asks a favor of you. The most important thing in her life. How can you refuse? But there is such a thing as right and wrong. What had Robbins said? At what point does one abandon his principles? Well, here is the answer. Right here and now. But he'd seen so much of the wrongs of the world—a decent, peaceful country in rack and ruin because of a new concept of right and wrong. So he'd found a new country, new freedom, and here he was, abandoning that freedom, destroying it, the first chance he got. No. He couldn't. He could change now, tell the others that for the first time he really saw the light. This girl was guilty, and they must find her guilty.

But then there was the other picture—Julia on her knees, Julia with tears streaming down her cheeks. Julia praying. How can you let her down? You can't; you can't. Then that was that. Forgive me, oh, Lord.

Lorrie Delacourt sat quietly, biting her lips. If it hadn't been for Robbins it would all be over. They'd have brought in their verdict—Not Guilty—and they'd be on their way. Why did he have to drag it out that way? What could make one man so stubborn? What difference did it make to him? Are we all so anxious for revenge? Let the stupid girl go. Some day she may kill again. But—we'll be miles or years away, and it won't touch us. Just now we have more important things on our minds. A new day starting for Lorrie Delacourt. Lorrie Delacourt in pictures, on television. All the glory that should have been hers long years ago.

How would Doctor Vandemeer take it? He was wonderful about advising her, not letting his own wishes influence him, thinking only of her happiness. He didn't want her to go back to the theater. Oh, Van, if all these absurd dreams do come true there will be just that one flaw, the constant fear of how it will hit you. I want you to be happy, too. If any one deserves it, you do. A man who can put his whole heart into his work, with never a thought of reward. Where do you find a person like that? And when you do, how can you let him get away? It might all work out, Van, one way or another. Let's hope it does. Let's pray that it does.

What had Van said? If it had been up to him? I'd let her go, he'd said, if it meant getting something I wanted very much. Do it then, and don't worry so. Except—there were his other words—"To thine own self be true—" Old words, oft-repeated, but they kept going through her mind, louder now so that the drone of voices of the jurors was almost lost. . . . To thine own self be true.

It was early evening when the word came through that the jury was ready to bring in its verdict. Suddenly people started appearing from everywhere; spectators, friends, reporters, people pushing through the corridor, hurrying toward seats, everyone excited, breathless.

After a while Marve Random arrived, his face flushed, and a few minutes later Wayne Harrison slipped into a seat beside him. "What do you think?" Harrison asked, his voice low.

Random nodded as if reassuring himself. "Should be okay. I figured it would come through tonight. These jurors don't mind staying over one night, but they sure do hate the second one. So—they kick it around all day, and for a while it looks like a sure deadlock—then one switches—then another, and first thing you know it's like a landslide—everyone tumbling over the other one to vote the same way—it's like mass hysteria, or mass laughter or tears—sometimes a swing from guilty to acquittal—sometimes the other way—"

"But now—now—what do you think?"

"Stop worrying. We're in."

"When will the judge get here?"

"Any minute now."

Harrison's fingers twitched. "I—I wouldn't have thought I'd be this nervous. I've been in predicaments before—this hits me harder. I get a sick feeling down through my insides—Lord, what your emotions can do to you—"

"You and me both, Harrison." He glanced around the courtroom. "Everybody here except the judge. Well—it won't be long now."

Over in the corner of the courtroom Julia Karek sat, still as death, scarcely aware of the bustling around her. Every now and then she lifted her head, glanced around, her mouth twitching as in pain. Then her head went down again, and her lips moved in silent prayer.

The buzz grew, expanded, reached a pitch as the bailiff rose and lifted his hand for silence. Then, gradually, the noise subsided, and when it reached a level that satisfied

the bailiff, he thrust himself into his small moment of glory and announced in pompous tones the arrival of the judge.

From that point on, things moved swiftly. In a few minutes the whole setting was almost exactly as it was when the trial first got under way: the judge, solemn, serious; the District Attorney, studying the faces of the jurors as they took their seats; the defendant, leaning forward anxiously; each in his place, each awaiting the important words to come.

The judge nodded, a little nod, and the clerk of the court cleared his throat. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

Justin Karek rose and stood at attention, his fingers moving nervously. "We have."

"And how do you find?"

A short, tense pause, everyone nervous, expectant. Then Justin's words, firm and clear: "We find the defendant—guilty"—the hubbub grew before he could finish his sentence—"of murder in the second degree."

There was a sudden shriek—"No! No!"—then more excitement as Jamie slumped over in a dead faint. The judge kept banging his gavel in a futile attempt to restore order, and the bailiff kept shouting, "*Silence! Silence!*" But the tumult kept growing in a steady roar.

And that was that. There was the anticlimactic wind-up—the polling of the jury, the legal verbiage, the thanking and dismissal of the jury, the sobbing of the prisoner as she was led away. And then, gradually, the noise died down and the courtroom crowd thinned out, spectators gone, participants, reporters, all gone.

Julia Karek hadn't moved from her seat. She heard the verdict, heard the bustle and excitement that followed it, and still she sat there, struggling with her emotions. Finally she rose, unsteadily, and moved slowly toward the exit. Halfway down the corridor she saw Justin coming toward her. "Justin," she called, her voice quivering. "Justin."

He came close to her. "Julia. I didn't know you were here."

"I had to come. I—I couldn't wait—oh, darling—" She leaned against him.

"I'm sorry, my darling," he said.

"No. No. You did what you had to do."

"It was the only way."

"You're—not angry?"

Her hand sought his. "No. Never." They moved toward the long row of steps that led to the street. "It—it makes us—part of this—this freedom. Darling—I'm proud of you—truly proud—"

"We'll solve the other—some other way—there must be a way—"

"I know. A better way. This"—the sweep of her hand indicated the blinking lights in the distance—"is bigger—something we're still part of—"

"Thanks, darling," he said, through the catch in his throat. Still holding hands, as if firm against all dangers, all evil, they walked slowly down the steps toward the great city that stretched before them.

Lorrie found a phone booth in the corridor and slipped into it, waiting until the turbulent feeling inside her subsided before making her call. It was over, then; all over. Those hopes. Her name in lights. A wave of resentment went through her. People trying to buy and sell lives as if they owned them. Well, they hadn't bought hers. She'd done what was right, made the decision she must have known she would make right from the start. There were some things you could do and some you couldn't, and the course you chose might snatch away your moment of glory, but at least it left you with a glow that wouldn't rub off.

What would Van think? Fingers trembling, she dialed his number. When she heard his voice, she said, "Van. It's over—"

"I know," he said. "Just got it over the radio. How are you?"

"Miserable," she said, in a little voice. "I mean—the play—the end of the play—oh, Van—"

"You'll be all right, sweet," he said soothingly. "Do you want to come down here or shall I meet you some place?"

There was a long pause. Then she said, "Wait for me, darling. I'm—I'm coming home."

Lorrie almost bumped into Tom Gray as she neared the steps. "Oh. I'm sorry, Mr. Gray—"

"My fault. Guess we're all in more or less of a daze."

She let her eyes meet his. "We did what was right."

"We sure did. And still—" he hesitated—"I can't help wondering what hit us—what made us change—"

"We must have realized that there was no other way."

"Guess that was it."

"Well." She put out her hand. "Nice knowing you, Mr. Gray."

He shook her hand warmly. "I'll be watching for you in your next play. Good luck."

Her next play. She smiled wryly. "Why—thanks. And—good luck to you."

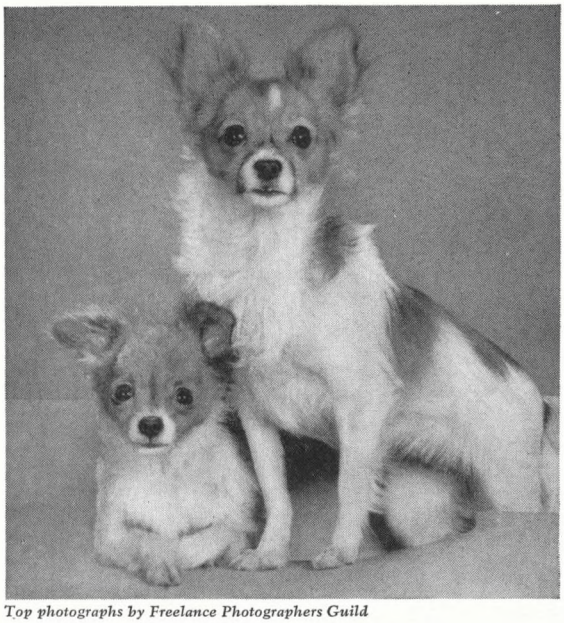
He watched her go down the steps, her head still high. There was a lady for you. Like a queen. Strange, the way she'd held out for acquittal. Right up to the moment when Tom had changed his vote. He couldn't help wondering if that phony writing syndicate had been after her, too. No, not a chance. Or was there? A sudden rush of anger at the whole Jamie crowd went through him. Clever, the way they'd operated, leaving no evidence, no proof. He'd have a tough time even finding the fellow who'd made that fantastic offer, and there wasn't a way in the world that he'd ever be able to implicate either Harrison or his lawyer. Neat, very neat. The hell with them, then.

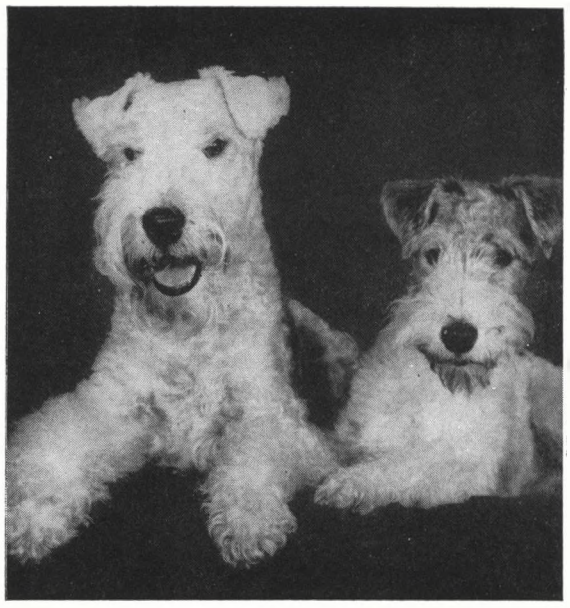
Suddenly he felt like crying. Five thousand dollars up the flue. For what? Lord knows. You work, struggle, fret, strain, waiting for that one chance in a lifetime. And then it comes along and you chuck it, just like that. He shook his head. How close they'd come to setting that girl free! But he'd switched first—Tom Gray—and the other jurors had rushed to follow. What could have hit him? Conscience? How do you know? At least he had the satisfaction of knowing that he'd shown the other jurors the way. Yes, he was the one. The hero. Nuts. He'd acted on impulse, that was all.

Somehow his depression seemed to leave him. His head went up, the way Miss Delacourt's had, and he went down the steps, almost jaunty. Sue was right. You have to live with yourself for a long time.

He took long, deep breaths of the fresh night air. So you've lost yourself five thousand bucks. But you've gained something—something you can't put your finger on. A feeling of cleanliness, perhaps, that goes clear through your insides. What the hell. It was probably all worth while.

. . . THE END





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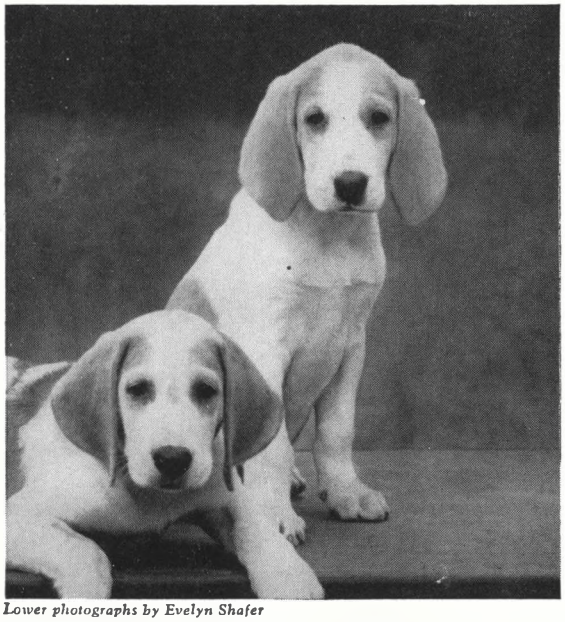

Lower photographs by Evelyn Shafer

Can you name these well-known breeds?

PUPPIES can fool you. They all start out cute and cuddly—but from then on, anything can happen!

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When Helen Cadmus disappears, Mason isn't sure it's murder. But when he discovers a CORPSE—he knows *this is murder!* But Mason may never LIVE to solve it! For he suddenly finds himself face to face with a monstrous gorilla—*with a long carving knife in his hairy hand!*

4 The Case of The MOTH-EATEN MINK

Mason rushes over to a hotel and finds the beautiful girl the police have been looking for. "There's a man in room 851," she sobs. "Wants to KILL me!" Just then the police burst into the room. "Don't move!" they order. "A man has been killed in room 851—*you're both wanted for MURDER!*"

5 The Case of The ANGRY MOURNER

A silence hangs over the courtroom. Belle Adrian, Mason's client, is pale as a ghost. A witness SWEARS he saw Belle at the scene of the murder. Exhibit "A" is Belle's compact with the missing mirror—AND the shattered mirror fragments near the corpse. And Exhibit "B"—the *murder* weapon—is Belle's OWN GUN!

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