Redbook

July 35 Cents ★ The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

The Shocking Facts About the Fruits and Vegetables You Eat

A Novel of a Girl's Fight for Her Stolen Baby

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!

New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin-Blessed!

ANITA EKBERG, glamorous Hollywood star, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme! Shouldn't you use it, too?

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

At this mid-year point, we state that not only is "Gigi" our "Picture of the Month"—it will doubtless be our "Picture of the Year" as well. And, unless something even more wonderful appears on the horizon, it's our candidate for the Academy Award.

The reason is that this Metrocolor and CinemaScope production with the first Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe score since "My Fair Lady" is simply wonderful.

The selection of the stars Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan is a triumph of true-to-life casting. As for the Lerner-Loewe love songs, which we've all been hearing on the air, well no wonder 17 record albums (including the original sound track album by M-G-M) and scores of single discs have already been made.

So brightly integrated are the songs that they suggest "Gigi's" story:

The city is Paris, the season is Spring, and the reason is "Gigi" . . . when silver-haired boulevardier M'sieur Lachaille sings . . . *Thank Heaven For Little Girls.*

But his handsome young nephew is bored with amour, suspecting that his current flame, the glamorous Liane, is faithless . . . *She Is Not Thinking Of Me.*

Nephew Gaston finds more charm in the company of "Gigi", a teen-age gamin who thinks romance is just silly enough to be left to . . . *The Parisians.*

However, the day comes when Gaston suddenly discovers that the real love of his life is grown-up, bewitching and . . . "*Gigi*".

Exercising a woman's privilege to change her heart, "Gigi" rejects Gaston. That seasoned lover, M'sieur Lachaille commiserates . . *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore.*

But then comes a night of gaiety and love for "Gigi" and Gaston, it is . . . *The Night They Invented Champagne.*

Space prevents listing other songs, but you'll love 'em all!

Producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli last teamed for the Academy Award Winner "An American In Paris". Their new production—elegantly designed and costumed by Cecil Beaton—has even more continental charm. Our tributes also to: Alan Jay Lerner's script from the Colette novel and to Frederick Loewe's music. And to supporting stars Hermione Gingold, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac and Isabel Jeans. Do *see* "Gigi"!

P.S. The Broadway reserved-seat presentation of "Gigi" at the Royale Theatre, scene of many stage successes, is an added distinction for this enchanting production.

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Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,600,000

THE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

SHORT STORIES

ARTICLES

YOUNG ADULTS AT HOME

DEPARTMENTS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

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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Printed in U.S.A.

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Wait till you're breezing along with the rapid response of a Turbo-Thrust V8* under your toe and you feel Chevy's easy, accurate steering and Full Coil smoothness. You can't help but get that Chevy feeling! This is the kind of spirit that's catching. It comes over you the moment your hands curve around that slim steering wheel, and it just keeps mounting every mile you drive.

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Bill Davidson

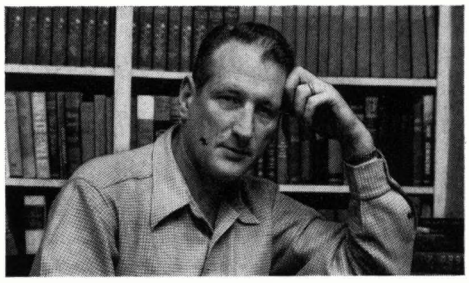
BETWEEN THE LINES

Bill Davidson, who wrote the exposé on Page 21 — "The Shocking Facts About the Fruits and Vegetables You Eat" — prides himself on being an old-fashioned reporter who uses his wits to dig out the facts even when formidable defenses are thrown against him. When he went after our story, city officials made every attempt to clean up their markets before he arrived. He foiled this by returning in the middle of the night for surprise visits. In one city he was driven to the airport by an official, and actually got on a plane. But he got off before take-off and went back to see the market at 5:00 A.M. the next day. As he suspected, the market was far filthier than it had been on his escorted tour the morning before.

Mr. Davidson, a magazine writer for nearly twenty years, has been a war correspondent, science and medicine writer, political writer, chronicler of Arctic explorations, profiler of movie stars, writer of sociological articles and a specialist in exposés. He has won every award for magazine reporting, including two Sigma Delta Chi awards, a Lasker Award, and most recently a Benjamin Franklin award.

"We Can Do Anything" on Page 42 is Keith W. Jennison's first published story and we think you'll find it rewarding. He's written nine books, however — including novels and poetry — and he has had a long career as an editor in various leading publishing houses. Recently he became Assistant Director of New York University's Graduate Institute of Book Publishing. This is the first school of its kind in America.

W.B.H.



Keith W. Jennison

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HOW BUILDERS SWINDLE HOUSE BUYERS
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COPPERTONE® is available everywhere ... in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray; also new Coppertone Shade for children and all others who need *extra* protection against the sun.

Also available in Canada

"Gigi"

The same composers who excited the world with "My Fair Lady" now bring a gay romance with musical overtones to the screen

Nothing is more fascinating than watching a young romance develop, especially one created in France, where love is more important than politics. Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into the fascinatingly beautiful "My Fair Lady," have made another charming musical out of Colette's "Gigi." Arthur Freed and Vincente Minnelli, who produced and directed the prize-winning "An American in Paris," persuaded Cecil Beaton to design the handsome costumes and scenery, and then they chose a brilliant cast which includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold and Louis Jourdan. And to make it completely authentic, they shot most of the film in Paris.

The story is the simple one of Gigi *(Leslie Caron)*, a teen-age girl who is being given a very thorough training in the wiles of love by her grandmother *(Miss Gingold)* and an aunt. She is taught every trick which will intrigue a man, and she catches Gaston *(Louis Jourdan)*, a handsome, wealthy, extremely bored young man who knew Gigi as a child and who suddenly finds she's grown up. She has learned how to enter a room, how to serve tea, how to pick the right cigar and what jewels are most valuable. Most of all, she's learned how to please a man. Masterminding the whole affair is Honore *(Maurice Chevalier)*, a debonair, beguiling gentleman of many affairs.

The Gay Nineties have never seemed more enchanting than they do in this film where you feel you are surrounded by glamorous women at Maxim's, or riding in elegance through the Bois de Boulogne.

The score, which you've probably heard, is gay and lilting, and if it seems reminiscent of "My Fair Lady" and other Lerner-Loewe hits, who has a better right to borrow from them? The duet, "I Remember It Well," sung by Miss Gingold and Chevalier, is a nostalgic delight. "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and "Gigi" will send you humming from the theater. "Gigi" is full of fun, charm and beauty—a film you'll remember for many a day. *(M-G-M)*

Honore* (Maurice Chevalier) *and Mme. Alvarez* (Hermione Gingold, both above), *who were once deeply in love, show Gaston* (Louis Jourdan, left below) *and Gigi* (Leslie Caron) *what romance is about.

Redbook's Picture of the Month

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Selected by Florence Somers

brighter, "happier" haircolor...

ROUX®

Sparkling, exciting new haircolor — to brighten your hair and your outlook!

Color to lighten, or to darken, or to match your natural shade . . .

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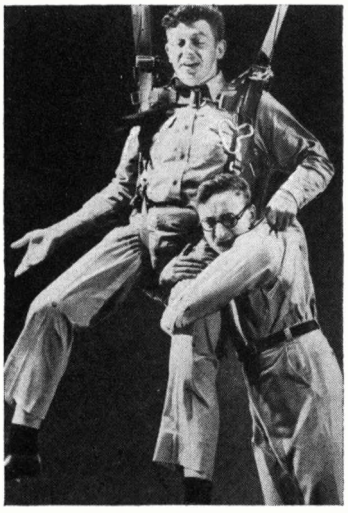
CREME HAIR LIGHTENER
RAPID HAIR LIGHTENER
CREME COLORTONER

AND FOR YOUR HAIR CARE
CREME SHAMPOO
CREME RINSE
CREME HAIRDRESSING

3 Other Fine Films



"No Time for Sergeants"

The Air Force never knew what trouble was until they encountered Will Stockdale *(Andy Griffith)*. Will is a naïve, lovable mountain oaf who had hardly worn shoes when the draft caught him. In his well-meaning way, he causes more confusion than a subway rush in Times Square.

He leaves psychiatrists shaking their heads. When he's made Permanent Latrine Orderly as punishment, he thinks it's a great honor. And he reorganizes the job in an astounding fashion. What happens when he is sent on a bombing mission is too complicated to attempt to describe. The one who suffers most because of Stockdale is Sergeant King *(Myron McCormick)* who had been leading a leisurely, well-ordered life until the hillbilly was put in his barracks. Even when Will wins a transfer to the infantry, King is sent along with him.

Andy Griffith became an overnight hit when he made his stage debut in New York in "No Time for Sergeants." He and Mr. McCormick are the perfect pair to bring out all the fun in this hilarious comedy. *(Warner Brothers)*

"A Time to Love And a Time to Die"

Erich Maria Remarque, the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," a famous novel about World War I. not only wrote the story on which this film is based but also plays the part of Professor Pohlmann in the picture. It is the dramatization of how the German people lived in the desperate final months of World War II.

The plot centers around Ernst Graeber *(John Gavin)*, a German soldier from the Russian front who is trying to find his parents, and Elizabeth Kruse *(Lilo Pulver)*, the daughter of their family physician. Ernst's search through a ruined city brings him to Elizabeth, whose father is in a concentration camp. In their endeavors to locate their parents, they have to deal with the arrogant Nazis as well as the brave people who try to live decently. Ernst and Elizabeth fall in love and marry, only to become the victims of the time.

John Gavin and Lilo Pulver are a most attractive couple who play their roles with restraint and understanding, making this an effective, interesting picture for a young adult audience.

(Universal-International)

"The Proud Rebel"

Young adults and their children undergo similar experiences in any age or era. This film takes place at the end of the Civil War and has the same wonderful family feeling that "Family Persuasion" had. There is the emotional impact of a father protecting his son, a boy's love for his dog, and a single woman's fight for the ownership of her farm.

The war has left Confederate John Chandler *(Alan Ladd)* a widower with a son, David *(David Ladd)*, who is mute from the shock of seeing his mother killed. Their most valuable asset is David's dog, a sheep herder. In his attempts to find someone who can cure his son, Chandler encounters some schemers who try to get the dog, and a most understanding woman, Linnett Moore *(Olivia de Havilland)* who is trying to save her farm from the same scoundrels. By helping each other, the Chandlers and Linnett develop a fine relationship which brings happiness to all.

The film has a great deal of realism and humor in it which makes it fine family entertainment. *(Buena Vista)*

July Best Bets In Your Neighborhood

Kathy O — Interesting story of the life of a child movie star. Patty McCormack, Jan Sterling, Dan Duryea.

St. Louis Blues — The life and music of the great blues composer, W. C. Handy. Nat "King" Cole, Pearl Bailey. * June

The Sheepman — Glenn Ford and Shirley MacLaine have a hilarious time in this comic Western, and you will too.

South Pacific — Not as good as the stage production, but well worth seeing. Mitzi Gaynor, Rossano Brazzi. * June

Stage Struck — Susan Strasberg as a young actress who conquers Broadway on her opening night. Henry Fonda.

Ten North Frederick — Gary Cooper in one of his best performances as a tragic, lonely, hero. Diane Varsi. * June

This Angry Age — A slow story filmed against an authentic Far East background. Tony Perkins, Silvano Mangano.

This Happy Feeling — This comedy has some of the funniest lines and situations of the year. Debbie Reynolds.

Too Much, Too Soon — Dorothy Malone in the sordid but true story of Diana Barrymore. Errol Flynn is her father.

Uncle Vanya — The film version of the successful off-Broadway production of Chekhov's classic. Franchot Tone.

Vertigo — One of Hitchcock's lesser efforts. Jimmy Stewart, Kim Novak.

The Vikings — Beautiful scenery and careful depiction of life in the times of the Vikings make this an unusual film. Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

"Here's the key to the car, Son . . . but don't forget, responsibilities go with it."

"As a new driver, remember you have some mighty important obligations. Your own safety—the security of others—your family's peace of mind—all of these depend on your care, your caution, your courtesy when behind the wheel."

MOST parents spend some anxious hours when their teen-agers first begin to drive—and with very good reason.

For statistics tell us that it is in the 15-to-19 age group—the ages at which most young people usually start driving—that accident fatalities are at their peak.

One of the first things that should be impressed on young people is the power and speed of today's cars.

If this power is misused—if the driver "steps on it" for a thrill—he is asking for an accident. But if he learns to respect power and the necessity for keeping it under control, he will be a safer, more skillful motorist.

In addition, young drivers need to become thoroughly familiar with the rules of the road, and learn the importance of constant attention to driving. The driver whose attention is diverted can lose control of his car before he realizes it.

Young drivers—especially those who take courses offered in many high schools—make far better drivers than others taught by less competent teachers. If your school does not give safe driving courses, ask your police department where to get competent instruction.

Young drivers gain a lot from parents who set good examples of safety. Parents who strictly observe speed and all other traffic regulations can be far surer that their teen-agers will do likewise when trusted with the family car.

Last year thirty-eight thousand Americans died in traffic accidents and well over a million were injured. We can reduce this toll if all drivers—*young and old*—will drive at all times with care, caution, and courtesy.

To increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, write for Metropolitan's *Guide to Good Driving*. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

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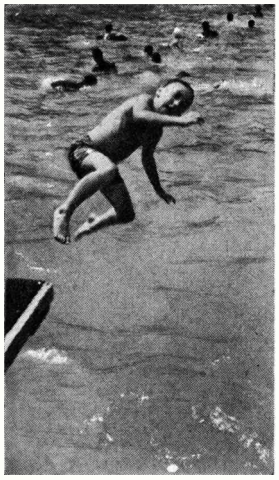
Should You Swim When You Have a Cold?



During the hottest summer months, ear, nose and throat specialists see many patients with acute and chronic infections that could have been easily avoided. Many of them are suffering because they didn't follow a simple health precaution: *Don't swim when you have a cold or other kind of upper respiratory infection.* Failure to follow this rule invites trouble either by lowering resistance or by, literally, driving infection into the middle ear or sinuses.

Sinus Trouble

The sinuses are hollow spaces in the bony structure of the face which are located on each side of the nose and above the eyes. They connect with the nasal passages by tiny openings. No one is quite sure of the function of sinuses. although it is thought that they may have something to do with providing resonance for the voice.

Normally the sinuses are filled with air and are germ-free, but if the delicate mucous membranes lining the sinuses are irritated or infected, the spaces fill up with mucus or pus. Most of the time this kind of trouble occurs when the defense agents in the nose are impaired in some way and germs or other irritating substances are able to travel up into the sinuses. The tiny hairs, or cilia, in the nose offer one kind of protection by trapping dust and pollens and other relatively large irritants; germs are trapped by mucous secretions. Both of these defense agents can be overwhelmed by swimming, diving and becoming chilled in the water.

Normally it is fairly difficult for water, or any other subtance, to pass from the nostrils into the sinuses. If you have ever tried to sink a narrow-necked bottle you will understand why this is so. Even when you force the bottle under water it is difficult to replace the air in the bottle with water. The same thing happens in your sinuses. The air in them acts as a protection against invasion by water or by germs. But these substances can be forced up into the sinuses by changes in pressure brought about by diving, jumping up and down in the water or swimming in breakers.

When water is forced into your sinuses it carries along with it the germs that are always present in the nose. Doctors disagree about the amount of danger this causes. Many believe that there is no harmful effect if you are in good health (unless the water itself is contaminated). Others believe it is always risky—some even insist that anyone who plans to swim with his head under water ought to wear a nose clip.

There is no argument about the dangers that follow if water is carried into your sinuses when you have a cold. Under these circumstances, a large dose of germs is carried in, too. At best this may mean a mild sinus infection—at worst an acute inflammation that affects bone tissue; before antibiotics, this sometimes resulted in death. Doctors agree that it is too great a risk to take at any time.

If the weather is very hot and sticky and your cold is very slight, the temptation to take a quick plunge may be almost irresistible. Under these special circumstances you can chance a swim without too much danger—provided you *keep your head above water* and take only *a very quick dip* (getting out long before you begin to feel chilled).

Although there is no conclusive proof, most doctors believe that chilling contributes to lowered resistance against infection. They believe that it in some way alters the normal balance of bacteria in the body. Since the human body has a number of defenses against germs. chilling alone will probably not cause trouble. But if you are already suffering from a cold, or if some of the other normal defenses are weakened (if the protective mucus is washed out of your nose, for instance) a chill may be followed by illness.

Ear Trouble

Most of the ear trouble connected with swimming has nothing to do with water's getting into your outer ear. The ear is protected from invasion by water in much the same way as the sinuses are—by a column of air. Even if this air is replaced by water (the familiar "water in the ear" that is relieved by tilting the head to the affected side) infection is very unlikely. The water gets only as far as the eardrum, which is normally an impenetrable barrier.

Most serious ear infections develop in the middle ear, which is on the other side of the drum. Sometimes they occur when, through illness or accident, the eardrum is perforated, permitting infection to come in from the outside. (If you have a perforated eardrum your doctor will advise you about the special precautions you should take before swimming.) More often middle-ear infection spreads from the nose. Like the sinuses, the ears are connected to the nose by tiny passages (called Eustachian tubes). Infectious material is forced up these tubes and into the middle ear under the same circumstances and in the same way as it is forced up into the sinuses. Since ear infections usually come from inside rather than outside, earplugs are probably of no help in preventing middle-ear trouble.

Some people contract skin infections in the outer ear from bacteria or, more often, funguses in the water. Fungus growths—athlete's foot is a common fungus ailment—thrive in warm, moist places such as the canal of the outer ear. There they cause itching and "weeping" sores. These infections, like any ear trouble, are difficult to clear up and should get immediate treatment from a doctor.

for those who like it HOTTER

Snider's chili-pepper flavor gives food a bright new lift. It heightens your enjoyment but never bites your tongue. Whatever tastes good with catsup tastes better with Snider's, the Hotter Catsup

Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

When Your Baby Cries

Like most parents, you are probably somewhat uneasy when your baby cries. You may be confused as well, because there have been many conflicting theories about how to handle crying.

Some experts have advised letting the baby "cry it out," while others have implied that you are some kind of monster if you do not rush to his crib at the first yell.

In recent years, however, there has been considerable agreement that either extreme is unwise. Psychiatrists and psychologists remind parents that babies cry in an effort to communicate. It is the only language they have. Your job is to learn the meaning of your baby's cries and to help or comfort him when you think he needs it.

It doesn't take long to identify different types of crying—the shrill scream of pain or fright, the angry protest which may be loud and lusty but which has no hysterical quality, the plaintive wail of restlessness or boredom.

Here is an example of crying as infant "language." A ten-month-old baby girl and her mother went to visit in a home where there was a gentle cat. The baby was fascinated by the cat and reached toward it. Her mother put her on the floor so that she could be close to it. Immediately the child burst into yells of fear. The mother knelt beside her baby and put her arm around her. Very soon the baby stopped crying and reached out to touch the cat. All she had wanted was the reassurance of her mother's closeness; she had told her mother that by her frightened cry.

No baby should scream in pain or fright for prolonged periods (and remember that hunger can be literally painful to a young baby). But if your baby cries in protest when you put him in his crib, for instance, it won't hurt him to let him cry for a short time.

If you invariably rush to him at the first sound, you are teaching him that one yip brings instant attention. He may grow to demand more than is good for him or convenient for you.

But don't let him cry himself into a half-hysterical state where he feels frightened or abandoned. If his wails of protest reach this point, a soothing pat or a drink of water may reassure him. And don't hesitate to talk to him quietly. He won't understand the words, but he will be comforted by your voice.

One mother told her crying eight-month-old baby. "It's bedtime, and you're going to sleep. I'll be right in the next room." She said this calmly and firmly. The baby stopped crying to listen, and fell asleep in minutes.

One doctor who is both pediatrician and psychoanalyst, Dr. D. W. Winnicott, says that babies really benefit from certain kinds of crying. In his book, *Mother and Child*, Dr. Winnicott says that crying is a way by which a baby comes to feel and to know himself as a person. He may be better off expressing rage or sadness than by being always tickled or jollied into a smile.

Of course he does not suggest that you make any attempt to provoke your baby into such crying! Every baby has enough frustration in the normal day to make him cry in anger or fretfulness.

Mrs. Black is on the faculty of the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children.

Redbook's

Family Scrapbook

Our new duck Daffy and our eleven-year-old Sandy are as congenial as Siamese twins. Everywhere Sandy goes the patter of Daffy's two yellow feet is heard close behind. One day Daffy followed Sandy into the house and led us a merry chase around the living room, kitchen and bedrooms. Resigned now to outdoor living, Daffy waits patiently for her best friend to come out of the house to play.

MRS. BEVERLY ROBINSON
Key Biscayne, Florida

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

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

HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE . . .

bringing up baby®

SUMMER COOLING SYSTEMS

You can't beat the heat completely, but there are things you can do to keep baby cooler. As the days get hotter, dress baby and/or toddler for comfort, not looks. On most warm days your cherub will be most comfortable with diaper or sunsuit only. If it's really a sizzler, he'll feel better with a cotton shirt to soak up perspiration. Ditto for toddlers who run in the sun. Keep baby shirted when you feed him so his back won't stick to your arm. Same goes for a toddler so he won't stick to the high chair. Added thought: When you bring baby from outdoors to an air-conditioned or cool room, slip on a shirt to spare him a chill.

SPUR TO A SUMMER APPETITE

Almost everyone seems to want more fruit in summer—babies and toddlers are no exception. And listless appetites really get a lift when you serve Gerber Strained and Junior Fruits. They're especially tempting because they have *naturally* good flavors, appealing colors—are luscious to the tongue and light on the tummy. 9 Strained Fruits for babies. 7 Junior Fruits for toddlers. New for toddlers: Gerber Junior Bananas with Pineapple—a delightfully balanced blend of these two favorites.

SANDMAN STRATEGY

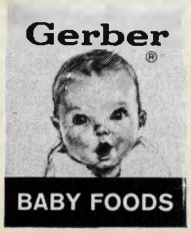
Adaptable toddlers may be less reluctant to welcome the sandman these hot nights if you shift the sleeping schedule. A slightly later bedtime gives baby the benefit of evening coolness—gives you the pleasure of a later morning wake-up hour. Also gives your sociable little fellow extra romp-time with his hero, Daddy.

FEATURE OF THE MONTH (A NEW HIGH MEAT DINNER)

Because Gerber's High Meat Dinners have proved so popular with both babies and toddlers, a new variety has been added: Gerber's Strained and Junior Turkey with Vegetables. Like all Gerber's High Meat Dinners, this new variety has 3 times as much meat, and therefore much more protein than regular vegetable and meat combinations. The extra turkey is combined with flavor-fresh vegetables and cereal for extra-savory flavor and a generous assortment of nutrients, including high vitamin-A value and important B-vitamins.

SUMMER DIP TIP

If you're not near (or can't get to) a beach, let that toddler do his swimming at home. Plenty of dips do wonders for the disposition in hot weather. For added gaiety, add a sprinkling of bubble bath. P.S. Don't be tempted to use cold water. Tepid water will leave baby much more refreshed.



FREMONT, MICHIGAN

BABIES ARE OUR BUSINESS... OUR ONLY BUSINESS!

5 Cereals • Over 80 Strained & Junior Foods, Including Meats.

NUTRITION NOTE FROM DAN GERBER

"Hello! I'd like to tell you about some of the things we do to bring your baby quality foods. Gerber Products don't just happen . . . they're the result of months of laboratory testing for nutritive value—and nursery testing for baby appeal. In the case of Gerber Teething Biscuits, 97 different formulas were tried before our experts were satisfied. Then, after testing various sizes, shapes and flavors with 1,000 mothers and babies, the winning biscuit was put on the market."

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS • BY CARLTON BROWN

Summertime Music

If you are looking for some new records to dance to of a summer evening, to beam out the window at a barbecue party, or for lazy listening along with a cool drink, there's plenty to choose from among the most recent releases.

"The Fabulous Dorseys in Hi-Fi," a two-disk Columbia set, is made up of twenty-four of the last recordings of the famous brothers with Tommy's big band. Half of the tunes, including "Yesterdays," and "I Dream of You," and "There Are Such Things," are romantic ballads of the sort, and in the style, long favored by Tommy's ballroom audiences. The rest are divided between spirituals, in dance arrangements, and original swing numbers. There are many fine choruses throughout by Tommy on trombone, Jimmy on clarinet and alto sax, and Charlie Shavers and Lee Castle on trumpet, all of them integral parts of the big orchestral pattern that T. D. was so skilled at organizing.

A worthy disciple of the big-band swing tradition, particularly as it was developed by the late Glenn Miller, is represented on an RCA-Victor LP, "Ralph Flanagan in Hi-Fi." The set is made up of a dozen of the tunes, such as "Hot Toddy" and "Joshua," which have made Flanagan's one of the most popular of the newer dance bands. The arrangements don't differ much from the highly stylized originals, but new recording techniques enhance the band's propulsive rhythms and showy instrumentation. .

Another of the younger leaders in the big-band field, Ray Anthony, is on hand with a new Capitol collection, "The Dream Girl," made up of twelve popular favorites, including "Bewitched," "The Nearness of You," and "Darn that Dream." Anthony's trumpet, reminiscent of the lyrical side of Harry James, takes the lead in the performances, which are smooth, richly orchestrated, and danceable, though all at the same moderate tempo.

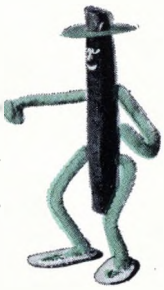
Ted Straeter and His Orchestra, in the Columbia album "Come Dance with Me," alternates between languid and bouncy rhythms in medleys of twenty pop standards, among them "Shall We Dance," "There's a Small Hotel," and "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." His treatment, however, is an invariably easy-going one—bright and enthusiastic, but intended to be reliable for dancers rather than exciting for listeners.

For ten years Ernie Heckscher and his band have been drawing crowds to San Francisco's Hotel Fairmont. Verve has brought out an LP of the thirty-four tunes, ranging from "The Blue Danube" to "Bill Bailey" and "Around the World in 80 Days," most popular with Ernie's fans. His arrangements make them perfect for dancing or nostalgic listening.

Les Baxter, on the other hand, is one of those big-band conductors who aims to dazzle listeners with startling instrumentation and exotic rhythmic and harmonic effects. His "South Pacific" set for Capitol treats the beautiful Rodgers-and-Hammerstein score to the most deliberately gorgeous orchestral workout it has had to date. His abundant use of brilliant percussion, and the wide range of flawlessly recorded sounds, will recommend the set to hi-fi devotees.

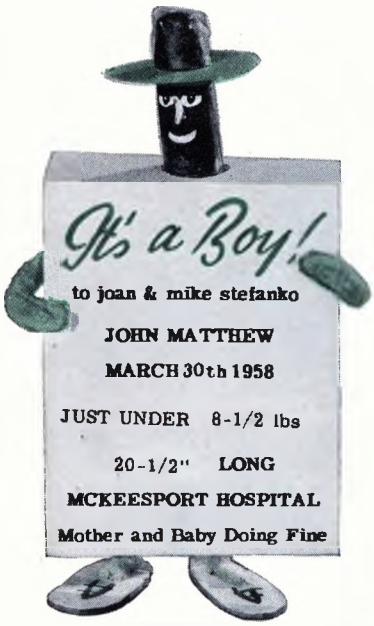
An instrumental experiment with a more modest aim, Joe Bushkin's "Night-sounds," on Capitol, results in a lovely sort of gentle jazz, rewarding to listen to attentively or nice to have going in the background. Bushkin meant his piano solos, interplaying with woodwinds and rhythm section, to have the reflective, fugitive quality of private performances, overheard from a cabaret by a late passerby. They capture that quality with engaging originality, in improvisations on a dozen popular tunes within a well-arranged framework.

We are Proud to Announce



Shortly before our baby was born we spent several enjoyable evenings assembling an army of these "sandwich men." Since I am employed in the advertising field, we decided to let our friends know about the baby by combining the "ad-man" gimmick with the traditional cigar.

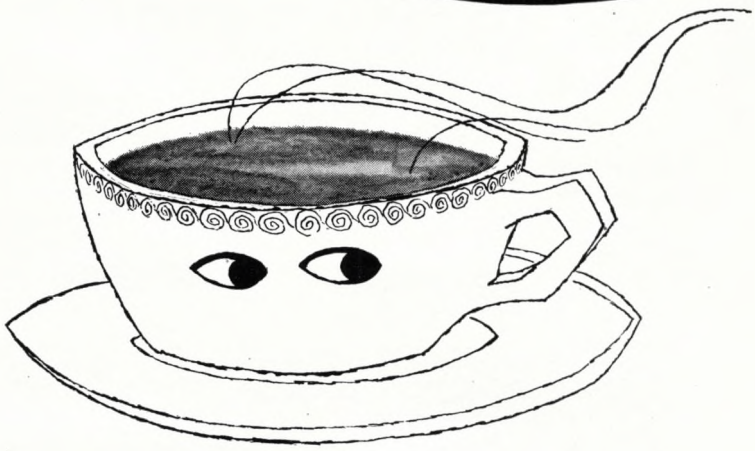
MR. M. STEFANKO, JR.
Elizabeth, Pa.



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

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

NEW HORIZONS
a suggestion we hope proves helpful



a morning coffee

A Morning Coffee is such a chatty kind of party and is so informal in dress and methods of serving, everyone loves it. It is entertaining with least amount of effort and cost. For, food needn't be elaborate and preparations can be reduced to the very minimum.

Besides, A Morning Coffee is doubly popular with busy mothers because shorter than most parties—usually lasting only from about 10:30 to 11:30 or 12:00.

A Coffee provides pleasant way to introduce your mother, sister or other house guest to friends. It is also a gracious but simple way to welcome new neighbors and say good-bye to old ones.

Here is also a hospitable way in which to start or conclude PTA or committee meeting. It is all so sociable and friendly.

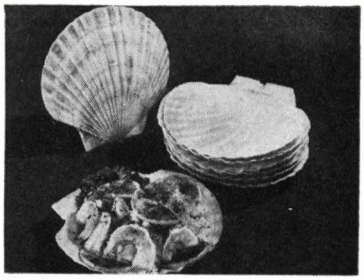
From RUTH BRENT'S *home party book* TIME FOR A PARTY . . *invitations, games, recipes . . coffees, showers, buffets, etc . . for adults, teens, children. At your book store.* McGRAW-HILL, *publishers.*

Instead of a more elaborate luncheon or tea to shower a bride or expectant mother, many hostesses prefer to give an informal Coffee. It's especially practical in summer time.

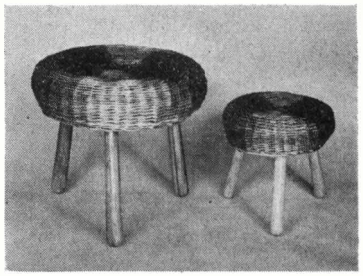
Greeting card companies are getting out Coffee invitations—if you're lucky in finding. One had a grinning coffee pot. You might sketch cup like one above on a regular postcard.

Pottery or earthenware is okay. Use cup only—on dessert plate. Use linen or paper napkins. A pretty effect can be had from using paper napkins, all the colors of the rainbow.

Tops in the

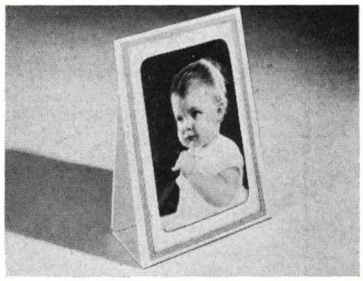


Shell-fishly speaking. we have used these with enormous success for deviled crabmeat and curried shrimp. White sea shells from the blue Pacific make superb baking dishes, summer ashtrays or, as a brilliant hostess touch, salad plates! A set of 8 is $1.98 plus 25¢ postage. Helen Gallagher, 413 So. Fulton, Peoria, Ill.



Mushroom stools are the most practical of all "extra" seats—for indoors and out. They're sturdy, handwoven reed with legs that unscrew and fit inside for storing! The larger size is 16" high, 16" wide; $4.95. Small-fry companion stool is 11" high. $2.95. Ppd. Gotham Gifts, Dept. R, Exeter St., Forest Hills 75, New York.

Straw strollers, for the tall gals who live in flats, are wonderful with pastels and prints, chemises and sheaths. Pert, multicolored straws have tiny oval cork heels and gay boy and girl straw dolls on the front. Fashionable foot notes for $15.45 ppd. In sizes 8-12, AAAAA to C. Shoecraft, Inc., 603 Fifth Ave., Dept. R, N. Y.

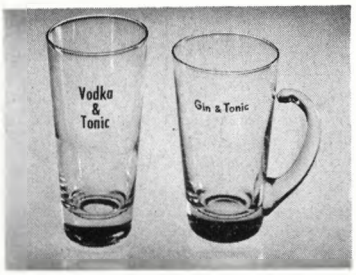


Prints charming. With every order for ten (10) color prints made from Kodacolor negatives (not slides) you get a free frame with an easel-type back. All your prints have round corners, white borders and are dated, and the frame can sit on a desk or bureau. $1.98 plus 15¢ postage. Mail-N-Save, Dept. 42, Quincy 69, Mass.

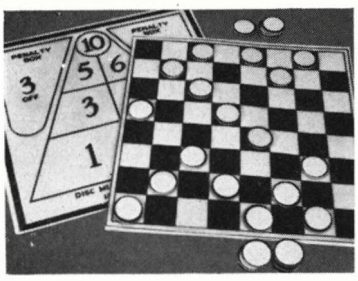
• We've had fun shopping for you! Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money

shops

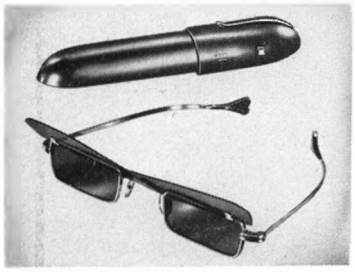
Carolyn Kelly SHOPPING EDITOR



In a glass by themselves! Fire-red letters announce Gin and Tonic or Vodka and Tonic on these very handsome 10½-ounce glasses, and you'll use them all summer on the porch! 4 tall Vodka and Tonics are $2.50: four Gin and Tonic mugs with handles are $4.95 ppd. Glasscraft Mfg. Co., 920-R Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.



Sun fun! This terrific game for beach or lawn is foam sponge plastic, so after a day on the sand, you can clean it in the ocean! One side is a giant (18") checker board, the other side is a toss-game. 2" markers (in 2 colors) used for both games. Great for $1.98! Ppd. Merrill Ann Creations, 3601-R Kingsbridge Ave., N. Y. C. 63.



Shady story. Slim, imported sunglasses have precision-ground convex lenses, adjustable visor, fold into fountain-pen-style case that clips to pocket or purse. Chrome or gold-plated frames: tortoise-shell nose- and temple-guards: styled for men or women (specify). $2.95 ppd. Zenith Gifts, 78-R Post Office Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.

Storm warning? Be prepared for any change in the weather with this purse-size, gold mesh bag. It holds one of those great-all-time-invention plastic rain hoods (in its own case) and a pair of heel-less latex stretch rubbers to fit any size shoes! $2 postpaid. From R. Peters Assoc., 19 West 34th St., Dept. R, New York 1, N. Y.

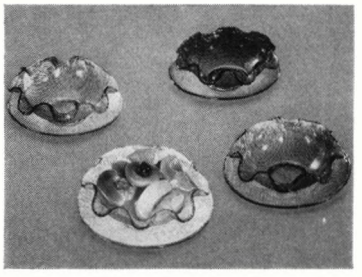
order. (No c.o.d.'s, please.) Unless personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund.

Tops in the shops

Terry puff, with a drawstring to tie it into any shape or length, is a gem for the beach or backyard! It goes over a wet bathing suit, tennis shorts or lounging leotards! In white only, it's the cutest of the new fashions and flatters every figure! In small (8-10), medium (12-14), or large (16-18). $3.98 plus 25¢ post. Penny Wise, 95-R Fifth Ave., New York 3.

Slack season is the time for busy girls to work in the garden, pack picnic lunches, enjoy a few minutes of sun on the patio! These trim, man-tailored polished cotton slacks are washable and have leather piping on the pockets. Tan, black, light blue or silvery grey in sizes 22 to 32 (odd and even). $7.95 ppd. Beckwith's of Boston, 37 Essex St., Boston 11, Mass.

Their just desserts. In jewel tones of ruby, amber, aquamarine and amethyst, these imported glass dishes will be elegant servers for sherbet, ice cream, puddings, fresh fruit, salad or cereal. With 6" underplates, a set of 4 (1 of each color) is wonderfully priced at $3.50 postpaid. The Added Touch, Dept. R, Wynnewood, Pa.

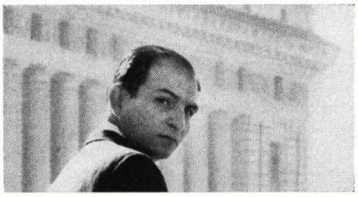


To market, to market with this wonderful Mexican straw tote! You can carry towels and suits to the beach, bring cut flowers indoors from the garden, haul laundry to the basement, or use it as a catchall on automobile trips. With leather handles and thongs, it's only $1.95 ppd. Susan Smith, Dept. R, Carpentersville, Ill.

Just like Mommie's are play shoes for little "dress-ups." Instead of stumbling about in Mom's good shoes, little girls have their very own 1" heels. Colorful plastic shoes secure to wobbly feet with elastic. $1 pair, ppd. Sizes: Sm. (3-7 yrs.), lg. (8-10 yrs.). Spencer Gifts, 826 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

A stay-at-home summer? Then get a Wiffle Golf game for the whole family to enjoy. Backyard set has tapered, wood-shaft clubs (35" long overall, with grips) that are equivalent to a #3 wood, #8 iron and putter, 3 cups, 2 plastic balls, tees and instructions. $6.98 ppd. Medford Products, Inc., Box 39, Bethpage, New York.

Letters to the Editor



TRIAL—AND ERROR

After reading the story in the April REDBOOK, "A Man's Fight for His Reputation," dealing with the unfair treatment of the former P.O.W. Joseph Hammond by the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission, I can honestly say that I am boiling mad. In the article it states that under the rules of the F.C.S.C., a P.O.W. denied compensation, although he is permitted a hearing, must prove that charges laid down against him are not true. Since when has it been the accused's place to prove he is innocent? In America, a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

I am sorely ashamed of our government for allowing such complete and utter abuse of American rights.

DANA WANDA BALKE
Port Hueneme, Calif.

It's too bad that Mr. Hammond was allowed to come home. He is, in essence, in that same prison camp. There he wasn't asked to defend himself when human rights were denied him; they were just denied him. But does it make a difference *how* you are denied something? In truth, don't a loaded gun and short-sighted public officials with closed minds and deaf ears amount to the same thing?

One freedom is still self-evident. That is the right for conscientious publishers who believe in our basic freedoms to present the facts to their readers. For this we thank you and hope that it will continue.

MR. AND MRS. EUGENE CHMIELEWSKI
East Providence, R. I.

I would not attempt to judge Joseph Hammond, but I do believe he has endured enough punishment for ten men. We Americans who stayed home during the Korean war owe him this much—to give him the benefit of the doubt, to hear his story.

Criminals—even murderers—go before our courts and plead insanity of the moment. It works wonderfully well for them. Where is the thin line between sanity and insanity? How easy it would be—half-clothed, half-starved, worried about people back home, hated, hating—to slip past the line of reasoning. It could easily happen to you—or me. Those who would judge should weigh every fact carefully before they take away a man's name.

ESTELLE D. TAYLOR
Cross Plains, Tenn.

(Continued on Page 20)

Letters to the Editor

(continued)

The mere fact that Joe Hammond's story has now been told should cause every American to indicate, in one way or another, his or her complete disgust at the antics of the F.C.S.C. Is there any way I can help in protesting this type of treatment—not only to assure Joe Hammond that his efforts are appreciated, but to make sure such gross injustice will not occur again?

FRANK ENDERSBE
Fairmont, Minn.

The best—in fact, the only—step for individuals to take at this time is to write to their own Congressman, urging his support of Representative Thomas Ashley's efforts to have the P.O.W. war claims law amended to provide for more equitable hearings on cases before the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission. As part of his effort, Representative Ashley read REDBOOK's *article into the Congressional Record in April.* ED.

HIGH HOSPITAL BILLS

Your April issue has scored a big hit in this Oklahoma area with the timely article by Ruth and Edward Brecher, "Why Your Hospital Bills Are Too High." I hope REDBOOK will continue to expose health insurance abuse. Too few people realize that they, not the insurance companies, pay the bill.

MARCEL LEFEBVRE
Okmulgee, Okla.

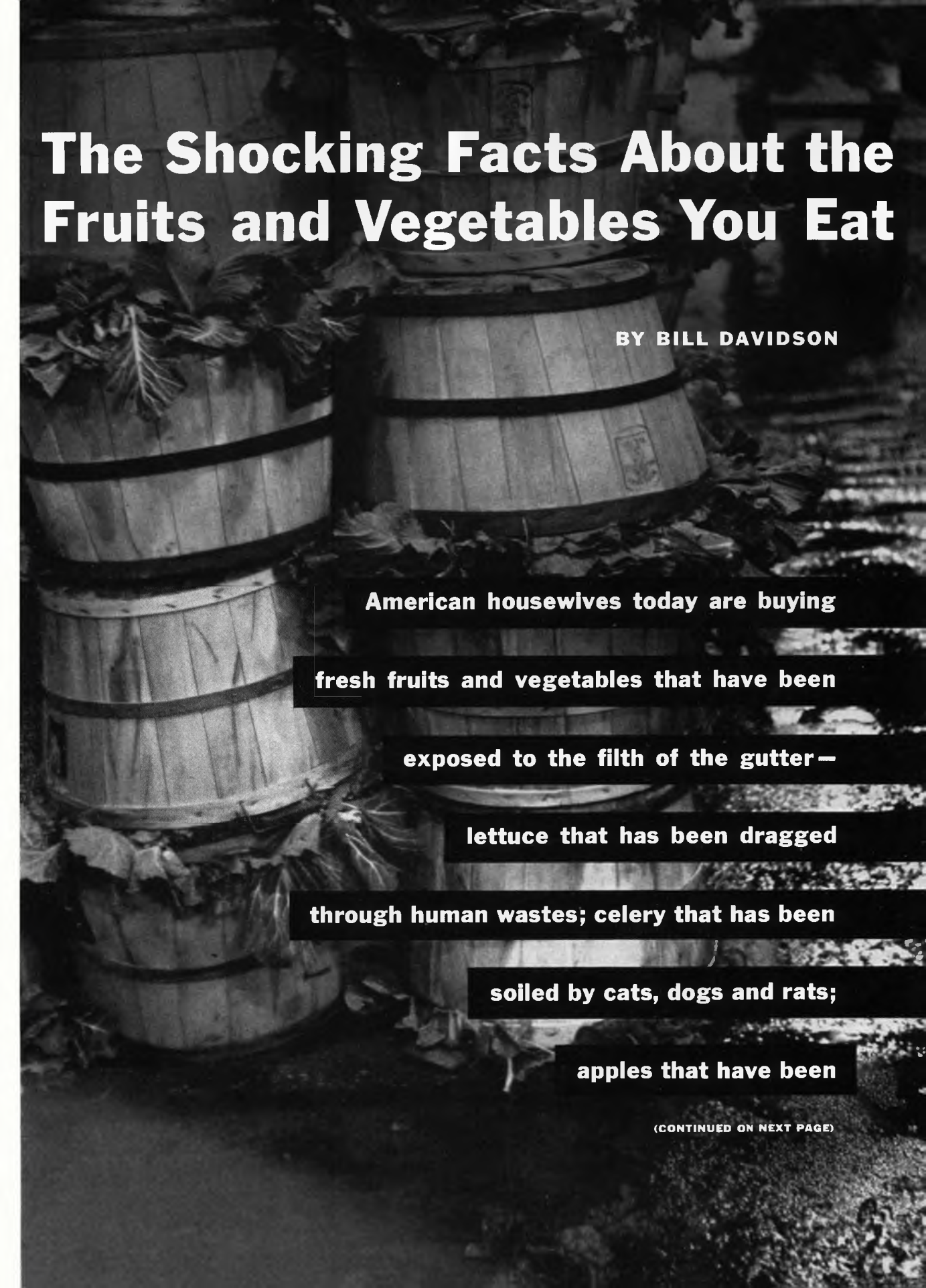
One point I believe the Brechers missed is that a hospital *has* to watch costs. If all patients carried Blue Cross it could be as you say, and the cost could be passed on to Blue Cross. But all hospitals are faced with a percentage of charity work. The lower the cost of operation, the less the loss will be on charity cases and "no pays."

As to people who carry more than one insurance policy, this is a calculated risk taken by any insurance company. The average commercial policyholder is merely protecting himself against long-term or costly illness by having more than one policy. He pays for it; he deserves a just return.

Hospitalization cannot be compared to a cost-of-living index. The public *demands* the best in a hospital, where they would settle for last year's washing machine to get the discount. A hospital must have facilities to meet any type of emergency. Some of this expensive equipment may not be used more than a few times during a year, but it must be on hand to save a life when needed. The cost must be spread among all patients. They are paying for availability rather than use.

DONALD M. FIFIELD, Administrator
Lower Valley Hospital
Fruita, Colo.

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



The Shocking Facts About the Fruits and Vegetables You Eat

BY BILL DAVIDSON

American housewives today are buying fresh fruits and vegetables that have been exposed to the filth of the gutter—lettuce that has been dragged through human wastes; celery that has been soiled by cats, dogs and rats; apples that have been

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

In New York's Washington Street Market, fruits and vegetables are left unprotected from insects, animals and passing traffic.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED FEINGERSH-PIX

(Continued from preceding page) contaminated with sputum. This is happening under cover of predawn darkness in squalid wholesale produce markets of which the retail customer is only dimly aware. In many of these markets, careless handling and storage of food are endangering the health of millions, and through spoilage and waste are adding dollars to every family's annual food bill.

The most flagrant offenses are committed in the wholesale markets of centrally located cities. Rated by the Federal Food and Drug Administration as having some of the worst produce markets in the nation are New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Detroit, Tampa, Boston, Norfolk, El Paso, Pittsburgh, Tulsa, Grand Rapids and Little Rock.

Fruits and vegetables from the markets in these cities go out to vast surrounding areas, to communities of all sizes within a radius of several hundred miles. As a result, there is scarcely a person in the United States who doesn't at some time come into contact with foods that have passed through unsanitary markets.

Several months ago, Congressman Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, visited New York City's Washington Street wholesale produce market. "Markets like these," he stated, "are obsolete, antiquated ratholes which are run just as they were in the horse-and-buggy days. It's a disgrace to the city and to the nation."

Why should the Federal Government be interested in a private, local facility like the Washington Market? An Agriculture Department survey shows that Washington Street's produce is distributed to 14,000,000 people in the New York metropolitan area and to hundreds of towns in New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and upstate New York. In addition, produce from thirty-seven foreign countries funnels through Washington Market and then is reshipped to the other big-city markets.

Chairman Cooley says, "Food from forty-six states passes through Washington Street, and its prices set the standard for fruit and vegetable prices all over the country. When the cost of living of 170,000,000 Americans is affected by the filth and inefficiency in one place, I think the Federal Government has a right to act to protect them."

It is exactly six years since REDBOOK first exposed these shameful conditions "hidden like dirt beneath a city's carpet" *(Filth in Our Food—May, June, July 1952)*. In some of the cities mentioned in those articles, aroused citizens and public officials have prompted action to clean up food jungles; in too many others—as the House Agriculture Committee points out—the same filth and waste persist.

A third group of cities is in transition between

Food from filthy markets is sold all over the United States

the old and the new. One such city is Houston, Texas. There, almost side by side, you can see the filth of the old markets and the sanitary efficiency of the new.

First, let's look at the old.

It was six A.M. when I arrived at the area around Houston's City Farmers Market, which is about all that's left of the recently demolished Produce Row on Commerce Street. Only a few wholesalers and speculators still operate in this ancient marketing district along the banks of the muddy Buffalo Bayou just three blocks from the heart of the city. However, the small area has all the repulsive characteristics of the enormous food slums of cities like New York and Philadelphia.

I had read an article in the *Houston Chronicle* by reporter Mel Young, who wrote that the place "smelled like a pigsty," that "spoiled cantaloupes and other produce" were dumped around the area, and that he saw "elderly derelicts picking through the stinking refuse, scattering it on the ground." As I approached from Smith and Preston Streets, my nose picked up the odor of decomposing vegetable matter, plus another, more sickening smell—that of human waste. I soon saw the reason why. Lying on the pavement in their own filth were the derelicts who congregate at every old produce market. They eat the refuse and help load trucks for small tips, with which they buy wine and cheap whisky. I saw workers walk past the derelicts, tracking urine into the marketing areas on the soles of their shoes.

Inside there was chaos. Crates of lettuce, cabbage, beets and spinach were piled up directly on the wet floor, the leaves trailing in the slime. There was constant traffic from a ramshackle men's room, where the floor was soiled by careless use of the facilities. Workers used the men's room and returned to handle the vegetables and fruits without bothering to wash their hands.

A few feet from the fruit and vegetable areas, there were coops of chickens and ducks, whose droppings spilled out onto the floor. These, too, were tracked onto the wet floors of the produce stalls on the soles of shoes and came into direct contact with crates of leafy vegetables set on the floor. Overhead, dozens of pigeons roosted on a network of pipes and their droppings sometimes fell on the open crates and baskets of produce. Rotting refuse was piled up around overflowing garbage cans and at the mouth of an open garbage chute. Big green flies buzzed around the waste.

The dealers made an honest attempt to sweep up, but it was a treadmill task. I was told by several of them that after the market closed, vagrants slept on the tables where the vegetables were displayed, and rats swarmed up from the bayou to eat bits of refuse and leave their droppings on and around the tables. "So what's the use?" one of the dealers shrugged. . . .

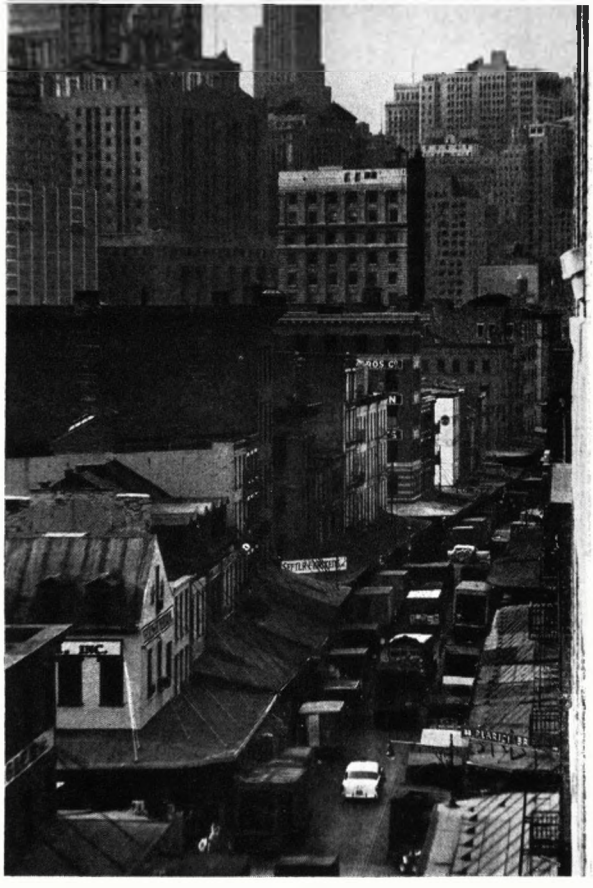
The next morning I entered a completely different world. I drove out along the six-lane Galveston-Houston Freeway, and about ten minutes southwest of downtown Houston I came upon the three-year-old Houston Produce Terminal, looking like a spacious park set in a sunlit open area. It was hard for me to believe that this center had any relation to what I had seen just twenty-four hours before.

Surrounding the fifty-two acres of the new market is an eight-foot cyclone fence topped with barbed wire, to keep the drifters out. The only entrance is through a gate manned by a uniformed guard. Inside, I saw long, roomy buildings separated by 200 feet of roadway to allow space for parking and unloading the largest trucks. There were no traffic jams. Attendants were sweeping the streets with mechanized brooms and making ready for their twice-weekly procedure of washing down the entire area with high-pressure fire hoses.

I arrived unannounced, but I did not see a single scrap of garbage anywhere in the market. There was no smell. Every building is elevated above street level so that there can be no contamination from the roadways. At the rear of every produce stall, the loading platform is at boxcar-floor height. There are two railroad tracks behind each building, and I saw fruits and vegetables being rolled from boxcars directly into the

Houston's old Farmers Market is no longer in general use; it has been replaced with a modern food terminal.

Housewives pay higher prices because there is so much waste and spoilage



Trucks loaded with perishable foods wait in line for hours, trying to get through congested New York streets.

wholesalers' establishments without once touching the ground. Similarly, the platform at the front of each stall is at the exact height of the tailgate of a truck, and reloading was also proceeding with a minimum of manpower and no contact with the street.

Inside the stalls and refrigerator rooms, I did not see a single container of produce resting on the spotless floors. Everything was on "flats"—little portable platforms that elevate the crates eight inches above the floor. So quickly was the produce being unloaded and reloaded—by means of mechanical fork lifts—that there was no time for spoilage and waste.

In the fireproof concrete construction of the buildings there were no nesting places for rats. I saw no traces of roaches or other insects. Live poultry is not allowed anywhere in the area. There are immaculate washrooms in every stall and public toilets for truckers and visitors. Woody Fife, Jr., Director of Sanitation in the Houston Health Department, later told me, "To my knowledge, there are no health violations out there." So impressive is the sanitation and efficiency of the new market that groups of schoolchildren tour it with their teachers nearly every day, and it is always included in the itinerary of visiting agricultural students from South America.

The managing director of the market, a private-enterprise project built for the wholesalers by the Santa Fe and Burlington Railroads, is John L. Gavrel, who used to be a city health inspector. Gavrel insists on the highest standards of the sanitation officer and has the power to enforce compliance. He told me, "Nearly all of the city's wholesalers have moved out here from the old market. Seventy percent of Houston's retailers now buy their produce here, compared with only fifteen percent three years ago. One hundred of our hundred and eight stalls are rented out."

Gavrel urged me to speak to the wholesalers themselves to find out why they had moved to the new market. John Madero told me, "We were in a rathole in the old Produce Row. If we got a truck in, it would back up traffic for two blocks. We couldn't keep anything clean. We had no space, and everything cost us more. Now we can use one machine to do the work of six men."

Sig Frucht said, "The difference between this and the old market is like daylight and darkness. In the old market we spent most of our time fighting rats. I haven't seen a single rat since I've been out here. We used to have to pay six cents to truckers for every sack of potatoes which they hauled from the railroad, six blocks away. We had to pay through the nose for every little package of tomatoes delivered by handcart from the railroad. This extra haulage cost us as much as three thousand a week, and fruits and vegetables often got spoiled while the trucks waited to fight their way into the market. Here we have no spoilage because we unload and load so fast, right here in our own stores. It costs us fifty percent less to handle the stuff."

How this saving is passed on to the housewife is illustrated by what onion dealer Roy White told me. "In the old market," he said, "the onions got tromped on and messed up. When I was there I had to throw a lot away. Out here, one man can do the work of six. I know for a fact that the housewife is paying two to three cents a pound less for my onions than she used to."

With such modern methods proved to be both possible and profitable—not only in Houston but in such cities as Buffalo, St. Louis, Cleveland, San Antonio and Birmingham as well—it's difficult to understand how the old-style, filthy markets can be permitted to exist. But they do exist.

Since the first REDBOOK articles were published, the Federal Government's Food and Drug Administration has made a concentrated survey of the old markets in fifty major American cities. Following are the exact words of some excerpts from their most recent official reports.

Boston: "Horse-drawn vehicles are common. Manure is spread by foot and vehicle traffic and when

There's no waiting at the new Produce Terminal near Houston, Texas, where broad streets and giant parking areas provide ample space for even the largest trucks to load and unload conveniently, and to drive in and out freely.

dry may be spread upon the produce. Horse urine will course in the gutters and thus contaminate bottom layers of piled crates, baskets and other containers of produce. Baskets of tomatoes stacked in street. Along the gutters one basket in contact with the filthy gutter water. Baskets of spinach stacked so that leaves are in direct contact with the street. Deposit of horse manure noted in street about twenty to twenty-five feet from bushel baskets of uncovered green beans where wind-blown contamination readily possible."

San Francisco: "Human scavengers noted salvaging from the refuse and people sleeping in the storage areas after the market was closed. Evidence of the use of the streets as latrines was also noted."

New Orleans: "No toilets in one area, so they use the streets. In another area, a poultry dealer is next to the produce market and coops of live chickens are stored on the sidewalks alongside sacks of onions, potatoes, etc. Sidewalk littered with chicken manure, which was tracked up and down the street. Cats clawing on produce, employees spitting on floors and docks."

St. Louis (in a market subsequently closed and replaced by a new sanitary facility): "The market is in a rodent-infested area near the river. The produce is frequently stacked in the street for display and loading. Garbage and trash scattered profusely throughout the market area, offering breeding places for flies and vermin. Workmen sit and rest on crates and continually brush against the produce with dirty clothing while passing up and down the street. During a rain, puddles of water in the street which were splashed on the produce by passing trucks. Dogs and cats are maintained as ratters. Cats were noted to be sleeping on stacks of produce and sharpening their claws thereon. Dogs were noted to urinate on crates of produce and onto the canopy posts next to crates of produce. A dog was observed to lick apricots in one open crate. Some baskets of grapes teeming with vinegar gnats."

These reports were shown to me by Shelbey T. Grey, Director of the Bureau of Program Planning and Appraisal in the Federal Food and Drug Administration. When I expressed shock he said, "If you don't believe it, go to visit the Washington Street Market in New York and the Dock Street Market in Philadelphia. Almost word for word, the St. Louis report could be applied to them *this very day*."

He was right.

I made two visits to the Washington Market, unannounced and unescorted, and once I accompanied New York City Health Inspector Seymour Schneider on his rounds. The market runs for about ten blocks along Washington Street, near the southern tip of Manhattan. It is in the oldest, most congested part of the city, and traffic jams are monumental as trucks fight to get into the narrow streets in the early-morning hours. The buildings are ramshackle structures, none of which was built later than the Civil War. The upper floors of these buildings are rarely used because most of them have been condemned as unsafe, yet the owners rent out the lower floors to the produce wholesalers for as much as $1,000 a month or more. There is no room for properly storing or displaying the produce—*no less than one-tenth of all the fruits and vegetables sold in the entire United States*—and it spills out all over the sidewalks and the streets.

Just as Shelbey Grey *(Continued on Page 76)*

Treasure Each Day

Fran felt trapped, cut off from life—
until, with shattering insight,
she vowed to keep a brave woman's secret. . . .

BY JEAN C. CLARK
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

The five-thousand-dollar check had come on a Saturday early in April, and all during the long, rainy Sunday that followed, Nick had paced the apartment with a strange, secret look on his face.

Fran sat cross-legged on the huge, modern divan that made her look even smaller than she was, her dark eyes following her husband's nervous pacing. Had the money, she wondered, given him a sudden sense of responsibility? Or couldn't he figure out how best to spend it?

She, with the help of the Sunday *Times* and *Tribune*, had already spent it ten times over, even though it was not hers to spend. She had already, today, without leaving their New York apartment, flown around the world, cruised to several West Indian islands, bought new furniture and a mink coat. She had even idly considered a split-level out on Long Island. After all, people had to settle down some time. Nick was thirty and, while she was only twenty-four, she had lately become aware that a gamin face and junior-size figure cannot be exploited indefinitely. Fashion photographers like new faces and, especially for small sizes, young faces.

Nick told her, finally, late in the day. "I've decided what I want to do with Uncle Joe's money," he said. "I want to buy a year."

"Buy a year?"

"Yes." He lifted one knee and clasped his hands around it. "In a way it would be like a memorial to Uncle Joe. He always wanted to take a year off for living. Just living. He kept on working, kept putting it off. And for what? So that six thoughtless nephews and nieces could have five thousand dollars apiece to squander. It doesn't seem fair." *(Continued on Page 88)*

I feel as if I were in prison, she thought. I'd like to walk in a crowd, go to a musical, go to a big noisy party!

In learning to cope with Bing's varied moods and interests during a hectic four-year courtship and an eventful first year of marriage, Kathryn Crosby has shown patience and understanding beyond her years. Here are some clues to the remarkable personality of

BING CROSBY'S YOUNG WIFE

BY CARL SCHROEDER

On December 18, 1952, in Beverly Hills, California, Miss Kathryn Grandstaff, nineteen years of age, purchased a round-trip ticket for a Christmas visit to her parents in West Columbia, Texas. She paid for it with a check for $196.52, thereby reducing her checking account balance to $25.30.

Miss Grandstaff was not disturbed by her financial circumstances. She knew how to live on a small income. As a starlet under contract to Paramount studios at $100 a week, which brought her a net of $59.60 after various deductions, she had managed to pay her rent, keep up her wardrobe and even give one dollar a week to charity without going into debt.

Miss Grandstaff, who later changed her name to Kathryn Grant, was then, as she is now, a confident, poised young lady with certain very precise goals in life. The only important difference is that she is now Mrs. Bing Crosby, and her bank account may well be a thousand times larger than it was at Christmastime in 1952.

But she is not overwhelmed by the change. Shortly after the Crosbys returned from their honeymoon, Kathryn was due back at Columbia studios, where she was finishing scenes for *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. As she started to drive to work in her 1950 convertible, Bing stopped her.

"That wreck has eighty-six thousand miles on it, sweetheart," Bing said. "The brakes are shot and the carburetor is close to a breakdown. Why not let Leo (Bing's right-hand man for twenty-five years) drive you to the studio and pick you up tonight?"

"Oh, cut it out, Bing," Kathryn replied. "I've driven Topsy for years without an accident. Besides, if I wheeled through the gates in that block-long car of yours, they'd laugh me right off the lot."

Kathryn drove Topsy, but the next day Bing had the last word. Early in the morning he had a new Thunderbird delivered to Kathryn and announced that he'd given the old car away.

Five years before, Bing Crosby's domestic problems were of a far more serious nature. On that same December day when Kathryn Grandstaff was happily planning her Christmas trip home, Bing, whom she had yet to meet, was living on his 25,000-acre ranch near Elko, Nevada—in mourning for his wife, Dixie Lee, who had died of cancer a month before.

Bing's four sons could provide little solace. Their childhood had been spent largely in the company of their mother while their father was pursuing the demands of his career and his widespread business interests. Bing had frequently seemed remote to his boys. Now he was more withdrawn than ever.

As Bing slowly put aside his grief, he concentrated on developing companionship with his sons, taking increased interest in all their activities and seeming to draw strength from their youth. After a time, he began to have dates—some of them with considerably younger women. One of Bing's friends, commenting on those dates, declared, "Bing has everything but youth, and if that makes him happy, why not?"

But no one close to Bing Crosby thought that these friendships were a prelude to his marrying a woman thirty years younger than himself. The marriage, on October 24, 1957, and the subsequent announcement that the Crosbys were expecting a baby, was a surprise to everyone.

Most of Bing's close friends and family seem to be quite pleased. Bob Crosby, for instance, who has openly feuded with his older brother for many years, is en-

Kathryn's

Kathryn was a golf champion in high school — but she says she's not good enough yet to play with Bing.

The oldest of Bing's four sons, Gary, 25, co-stars in new film, "Mardi Gras."

thusiastic. "What difference does it make," he says, "in what span of a man's life a woman makes him happy? I know dozens of men who have contented marriages with very young wives. People have been very unfair to Kathryn. In my opinion she's the best thing that could have happened to Bing.

"When it comes to how ancient my brother is supposed to be—I've got news. Bing is like our mother, Kate. When someone suggested that she must be at least eighty, she answered, 'Don't be ridiculous—I'm much younger than most girls my age.' The same is true of Bing. Since he married this girl, he looks and acts like my kid brother. More power to them both."

One of Kathryn's friends, a young medical student whom she once seriously considered marrying, echoed these sentiments when he said, "I felt at the beginning that they were right for each other."

Actually, it took four years for Bing and Kathryn to be sure. During that time—and since the marriage, too—many people have wondered how much of Kathryn's feeling for Bing was based on love, and how much on the obvious social and career advantages that would accrue to Mrs. Bing Crosby.

Many of these questions about her motives go back to her first meeting with Bing. It occurred in November, 1953, on the set of *White Christmas*. Kathryn, a former high-school journalist, had volunteered to write a series of articles on Hollywood stars for several Texas newspapers. Her interview with Bing was accompanied by the usual backstage kidding.

"What do you think of Mr. Crosby?" a studio worker asked.

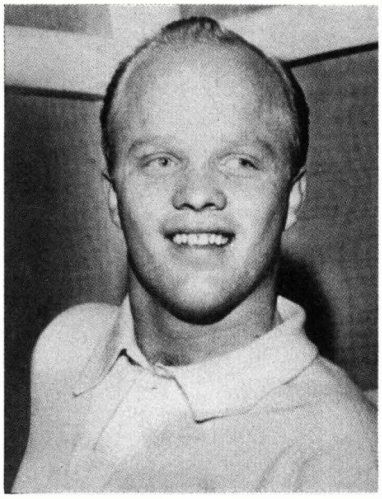
"He's wonderful," Kathryn replied, and added jokingly, "I think I may marry him some day."

Later, when Bing began to take her out on dates, she was referred to—and not in a kindly way—as "the girl who thinks she's going to marry Crosby."

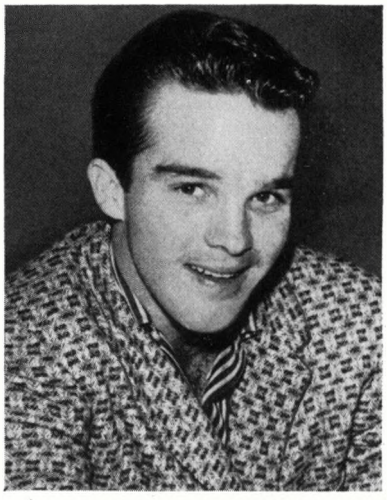
Criticism was expressed in different ways. When Kathryn quietly began to take instruction in Catholicism two years ago, a story coincidentally circulated that she had already ordered her wedding dress. Indeed speculation about Kathryn's and Bing's plans became such public property that one brazen female columnist felt impelled to burst into Kathryn's dressing room to ask, "If you marry Bing, has it ever occurred to you that you might some day become a very young widow?"

Kathryn has shown remarkable forbearance in graciously handling situations that might have tried the patience of a much older and more experienced person. On a national television show with Bing as his guest star,

problem: four stepsons her own age



Like brother Gary, twins Philip* (left) *and Dennis, 23, served with the Army in Germany. In May, Dennis was married to dancer Pat Sheehan, 26, in Las Vegas.



Lindsay, 20, has sung professionally. After Army duty he will finish college.

Bob Hope explained his friend's long-delayed marriage by wise-cracking, "It took that long to sign all the papers" —an intimation that Kathryn had to make a premarital agreement concerning Bing's wealth. Bing seemed to enjoy every moment of the broad kidding, including a line of dialogue in which Bob exclaimed, "Imagine Bing being a father at his age—I wouldn't believe it until I read it in a medical journal."

Kathryn's deft handling of such potentially embarrassing situations was well demonstrated during the Crosby family's annual Christmas party last year. Bob Crosby's son Steve eyed his new aunt speculatively, then during a lull in the conversation impulsively asked, "Say, how old *are* you, anyway?"

"I'll tell you my age, Stevie, if you'll tell me yours."

"I'm eleven."

"My." Aunt Kathryn exclaimed, "all of us Crosbys are young, aren't we?"

Candid humor—even at her own expense—is characteristic of Kathryn. During her senior year in high school, where she was considered to be a man's woman, she was voted the most beautiful—not the most popular—member of her class. "I never lost a boy friend," says Kathryn, "but I can't say the same about the girls."

Actually, Kathryn has many devoted admirers among women. One of these is Nancy Quinn, her close friend, secretary, stand-in and stunt girl. "She has the greatest intellectual curiosity of any girl I ever knew," says Nancy. "I don't enjoy the company of most girls, but I do Kathryn's. Where others are petty and preoccupied with feminine trivialities, Kathryn finds excitement and challenge in every moment of her life. She has no sympathy for people who just sit around and let things happen to them, and has no tolerance for people who won't stand on their own feet."

Nancy's observations of Kathryn are not to be taken lightly. As Kathryn's constant companion, she has seen her not only in Hollywood but in such unusual places as Korea.

During the Christmas holidays in 1956 Nancy and Kathryn joined a troupe of Korean-bound entertainers. There Kathryn quickly made herself unpopular with a number of officers. Instead of attending V.I.P. parties, she spent her time with the enlisted men. "They told us," she declared, "that we were being sent to entertain troops —and I'd decided that's exactly what we were going to do!"

Although Nancy was with Kathryn all during the years of her off-again-on-again *(Continued on Page 72)*

"My Husband

Fred Miller works sixty-two and some luxuries. Is he

After bolting his dinner on the two evenings a week he eats at home, Fred rushes right off to his second job.

Never Learned to Relax"

hours a week to provide his family with security giving his wife and children too much or too little?

BY JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

PHOTOGRAPH BY TED RUSSELL

One man in every twenty today holds down two or more jobs. The total number of "moonlighters" is now 3,500,000, the great majority of whom are married and the fathers of young children.

What impels a man to take a second or even a third job? Frequently, of course, he simply needs the money. Schoolteachers, postmen, policemen, some farmers and even ministers are doubling at other jobs because they don't earn enough at their regular occupations to keep their families decently housed and clothed. Some workers, unemployed in the current recession, are working at low-salaried double jobs in order to equal the wages of the old jobs they have lost.

But there is another sizable group of men who do not seem to "need" more money. These men earn $6000 or more a year at a main job—enough in most parts of the country to support a wife and children in comfort. These families are in the top twenty percent income bracket. Why then are so many of these husbands holding down two jobs at once?

In our search for clues to their motivations, we recently spent several weekends talking to Fred and Jean Miller—those are not their real names—of Philadelphia. Fred has a good job with an established wholesale drug company. He works forty hours a week, for which he's paid about $160. Four weekday nights and all day Saturday—a total of twenty-two additional hours—he works as a men's clothing salesman at a cut-rate "pipe rack" store. This brings in an additional $50 a week. His annual pay before taxes is $10,200. Without his second job it would be $2400 less.

Fred explains his second job the way most moonlighters do: "I need the extra money for my family."

An industrial psychologist who has done extensive research on moonlighters for many large corporations told us, "Fred Miller's kind is a new American phenomenon. They and their families are hungry for the good things that money will buy. At first glance they may even seem greedy. But there is a lot more to it than that. Many just have too much energy and ambition for one job. To really understand such a man, you have to know all about him. But he rarely understands himself."

We told Fred Miller that we had talked to many moonlighters like himself and that we were not convinced that he had taken his second job out of necessity. We pointed out that when a man with his income takes an extra job it means extra expenses—carfare or gasoline, cups of coffee and tips, clean shirts and phone calls, to say nothing of income tax. We said we were skeptical about whether his second job means any substantial upgrading of his standard of living. In addition, we pointed out, the double wage-earner is risking his own health and mental balance through overwork. He is depriving his wife and children of his companionship and guidance. We wondered whether Fred Miller and his family and the thousands of others like them are not paying too high a price for their shiny new household gadgets and a little additional prosperity. . . .

Fred shook his head impatiently. "We've been through all that, Jean and I," he said. "We know what we're doing."

Work is a lifetime story for Fred Miller. He took his first full-time job at the age of twelve, soon after his father had been killed in an automobile accident.

"When we got home from the funeral," Fred recalls, "Mom told us that Pop had left only a thousand dollars in insurance. We owed most of it to the hospital. We were broke. Next day I got a job at a fruit and vegetable stand down the street. I worked from after school until nine-thirty or ten at night, and all day Saturdays. I guess it was illegal. I didn't ask. I earned twelve dollars a week. My mother got a job housekeeping for a lawyer and she did sewing and some laundry. Somehow, we made out. We had enough to eat and shoes and clothes when we needed them. The rent got paid. The difference was that our family life was over. We never went anywhere—not even to the places that were free. We never had guests. I didn't have time to make friends.

"My sisters got married as soon as they could. The men they married were good joes. One was a grocery checker. One was an elevator starter in a big office building. Soon after, I was drafted into the Army. What concerned me then was how my mother would make out alone. But I hadn't even finished basic training *(Continued on Page 78)*

I like love. I love it. I wanted Bea and Arthur to have it too. That, so help me, was why I started

OPERATION SNOWBALL

I still think of it as That Horrible Mess with Bea and Arthur. The whole thing was my own fault. I had the best intentions. I did it mostly for Joe, and partly for Bea and Arthur, and partly for myself. Once I'd started I couldn't stop. It was like going downhill on a sled. All I could do was hang on and hope we wouldn't all crash into the trees at the bottom.

One day last fall I dropped into my husband's office to see if I could lure him out for a cup of coffee. (Joe and I'd been married for only six months, and he was still quite easy to lure.) Joe wasn't there, and neither was his partner, Arthur MacDonald, so I asked their secretary, whose name was Bea Lindergreen, if *she*'d like some coffee if I'd go and get it, and she said yes, so I did.

Joe and Arthur sold farm equipment, and Bea had been with them ever since they'd gone into business the previous spring. They both thought she was grand.

Bea was a sturdy-looking girl with short red hair and large hazel eyes and a lot of color in her face. Her manner was brisk and no-nonsense; it made her seem less pretty than she really was.

Bea and I had a hard time eking out a conversation. We didn't know each other very well, and although I rather liked her I could tell that she, like nearly everyone else in town, didn't approve of me.

You see, everybody thought I'd married Joe Nelson for his money. I have to admit that's how it looked. It's hard to say without sounding awful, but the truth is, I was born poor but pretty, and Joe was born homely but rich. Well, you'd see us together and what would you think?

I had my father's black hair and my mother's green eyes and a figure inherited from my maternal grandmother, who was irresistible and had sixteen children to prove it.

But I was poor. My father never had a steady job. We were always moving around. We hit *(Continued on Page 94)*

BY HARRIETT PRATT
ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Little League baseball, children's football and other grown-up games are pushing too many youngsters onto the sidelines, and injuring the bodies, minds and morals of many others

How High-Pressure Sports Can Hurt

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

In Maryland not long ago a father dragged his eleven-year-old son off the baseball diamond by the scruff of the neck while the boy's mother shouted threats of the licking that was in store for him when he got home. The scene was a hotly contested Little League tournament game with hundreds of cheering and booing spectators. The boy had let a grounder go through his knees in center field.

In Allentown, Pennsylvania, two twelve-year-old Little Leaguers failed to come home for supper one evening. When they finally returned to their anxious parents at ten P.M.—in a taxi—they explained that they had kept a secret appointment with the manager of a rival baseball league. He had bribed the boys to switch teams with an offer of colorful jackets, taxi rides to every game and future trips to New York.

A Connecticut mother told me that her twelve-year-old son came home after his team had lost an important game in the National Pop Warner Midget Football Conference with the announcement: "None of us is ever going to pray again." This was his reaction to the failure of the "huddle prayer" which players recite before hushed crowds in every big "bowl" game. "The prayer didn't work at all," he explained.

In New Jersey, I met a handsome eleven-year-old boy who will always walk with a limp as a result of an injury he received playing "varsity-type" football against a rival school team.

"I get too many of these school cases," the doctor who treated him told me. "When kids are left to themselves, they do a lot of roughhousing, yet they seldom get hurt unless one of them is a bully. But organize them into teams, indoctrinate the old fighting spirit, tell them they're defending the honor of dear old Siwash, and you turn them into bullies. It's like war."

These cases are a fairly mild sampling of what can happen when parents allow their preadolescent children to take part in highly organized league or varsity athletic programs before they are emotionally or physically mature enough to withstand the many demands and severe strains imposed by adult-type competition.

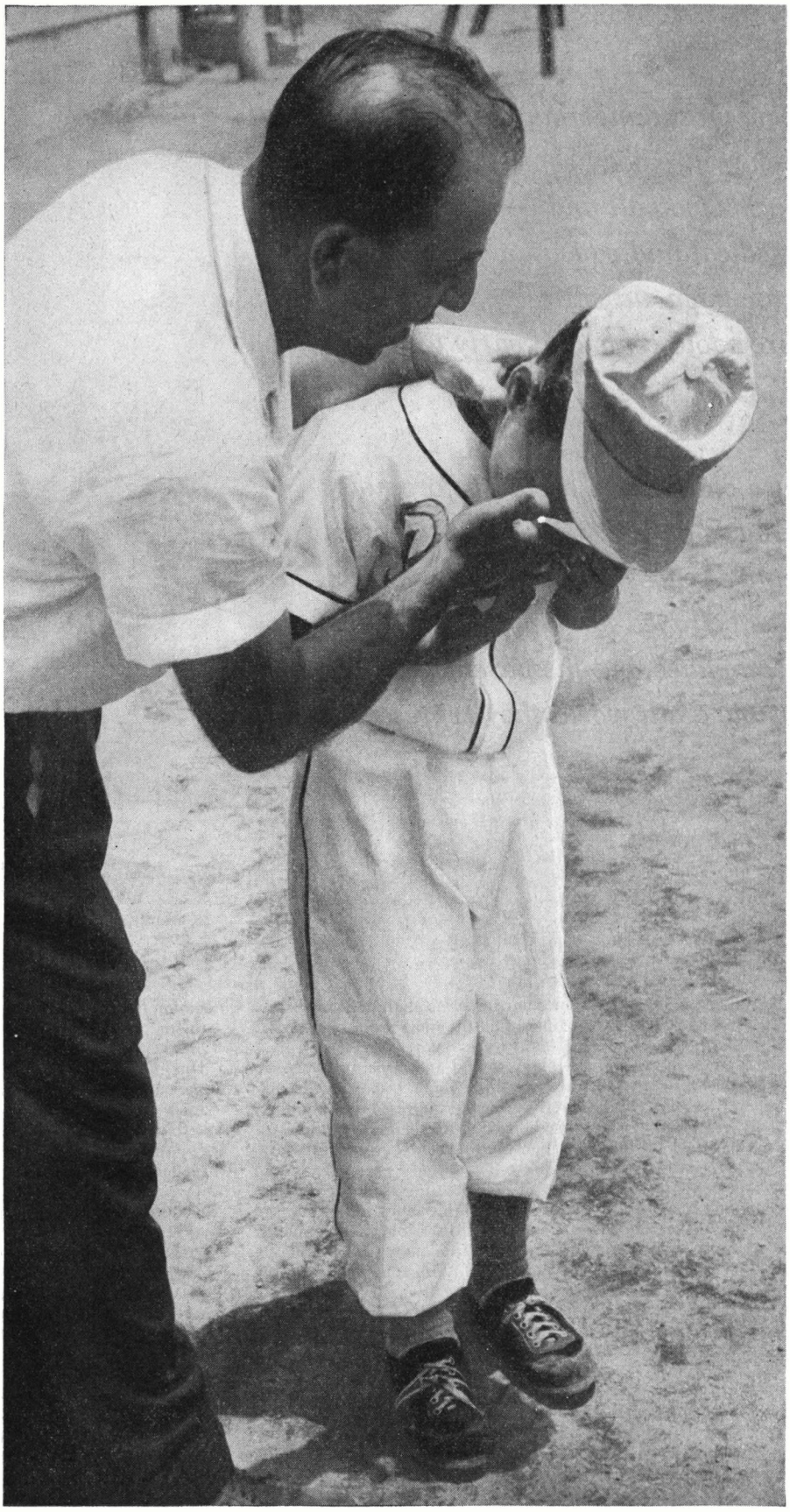
High-pressure sports, once restricted to high schools and colleges, are now being introduced at grade-school level. Little League baseball, Pop Warner Conference football, Biddy and even Iddy Biddy basketball have enrolled over a million youngsters in contests which reach a climax in regional or national tournaments. These are played in large arenas before thousands of paying spectators. The midget sports craze has even been extended to boxing, hockey and sports-car racing.

Physicians and educators who have seen the results think it is time that parents take a sober second look at the sports programs offered by their local school and community, and decide which are likely to benefit and which are likely to hurt children under the age of sixteen.

"Adolescent and preadolescent children are in a vulnerable age," Chicago pediatrician John L. Reichert told the American Medical Association at its annual meeting last year. "The child is particularly susceptible to dislocation of joints and bone injuries. Violent and sustained exercise and the bruising and fatiguing activities of strenuous competition are believed by many authorities to throw a damaging overload on the immature heart, lungs or kidneys. Often the damage is not evident at the time but appears weeks or even years later. The dangers are not limited to physical injury alone. Strong emotional reactions, too often engendered by intercommunity or interscholastic competition, can have a profound effect on a child's emotional development and his social adjustment."

Dr. Reichert was reporting on the findings of most medical authorities who have investigated the effects of highly organized competitive sports on children under twelve. These doctors, many of whom I have interviewed during the past few months, are not opposed to athletics or to competition as such. Indeed, they feel strongly that American children

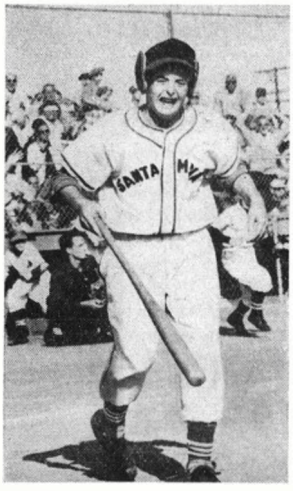
Your Child



The boy for whom winning is all-important may suffer intensely when he loses.

"The most dangerous sources of physical injury are body contact sports—tackle-football and boxing. Virtually all medical and educational authorities rule them out entirely for pre-adolescents and early teen-agers"

"If a child muffs a play before noisy crowds on a team that represents an entire school or community, he feels he has betrayed not only his teammates, but his parents and the whole adult world they represent"



need more active sports participation than most of them are getting. But they insist that the sport should be fitted to the child, not the child to the sport. Merely cutting down the size of the playing field and revising some of the rules do not achieve this highly important goal.

Your child may give you the impression of boundless energy. But his body requires eighty to ninety percent of his total energy to carry on the growth process. The remaining ten to twenty percent has to carry him through his schoolwork, his social activities and his play. This reserve is too precious to be squandered on any activity which requires long and regular hours of practice. When children under twelve play just for fun they can always yell "Time out!" or simply quit when they tire. Adult-managed varsity or league-type competition does not provide this safety factor. Indeed, the child is under constant pressure to strain himself past the safety point—and thus endanger his growth and general well-being.

During the growing spurt that takes place between the ages of eight and sixteen, your child is especially vulnerable to numerous, and potentially serious, injuries. "Any untoward blow, twist, wrench or dislocation can produce an inflammation which stops bone growth," says Dr. Wilton M. Krogman, director of the Philadelphia Center for Research in Child Growth. "The end result is interference with normal joint function and perhaps one limb shorter than another—which is rather a high price to pay for an ill-timed exercise."

Another type of physical damage is more subtle. "In developing skill in a particular sport the child develops some sets of muscles more than others," Dr. Reichert points out. This causes poor posture and may result in a skeletally malaligned individual.

The greatest danger of permanent deformity comes from the sports injury which is concealed because the child is afraid of being called a sissy by his coach and his fellow players. The more important it is to win, the greater the child's reluctance to admit he is hurt. Dr. Reichert reports such a case from his own practice.

Billy C., age twelve, bumped heads violently with another player in the tryouts for a junior-high football team. For two weeks he continued to play on the team, telling no one of his painful neck. Six weeks later he had another collision. Despite continuing

pain, he went on playing for another week before admitting the injury to his parents. An X-ray examination revealed that Billy had a dislocation of the first cervical vertebra and an older, partially healed fracture of the seventh cervical vertebra. "In this type of injury there is a definite possibility of paralysis or death," says Dr. Reichert. (Fortunately Billy made a complete recovery—but only after six weeks in traction.)

The most dangerous sources of physical injury are the body contact sports—tackle-football and boxing. The American Medical Association, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the National Educational Association and virtually all other medical and educational authorities *rule them out entirely for preadolescents and early teen-agers.* Many doctors would put the age limit much higher. Yet their warnings continue to be ignored by thousands of schools which sponsor varsity football. Outside of school, the National Pop Warner Football Conference has enrolled eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in 258 communities.

Promoters of midget football point out that children naturally play rough and that it's good for them to be put under adult supervision and made to obey the rules of the game. "It's true," answers Dr. Reichert, "that there's plenty of body contact when children roughhouse. Their 'wrastling' and mauling expresses the normal surge of energy seen in all growing animals. It stops the moment it has accomplished this purpose." But the natural restraints of play are lost when children are organized into teams, drilled in tactics and strategy, and sent out to do combat before a gallery of rooters.

There are no statistics on injuries inflicted when boys get together to play sandlot football. But in high-school football, one out of five players gets hurt, according to an investigation made in Colorado. Of the injured, one out of five suffers a fractured bone. Dr. Mal Stevens of Yale University, a physician as well as a coach, says that high-school children are ten times more prone to injuries than college boys, because of their immaturity. The vulnerability of grade-school players is even greater.

While the players in our overorganized sports are in danger of physical injury, nonplayers are hurt in other ways—and when it comes to league and varsity sports, where the main object is to win, most children are nonplayers. A few outstanding boys are chosen for intensive training, while the rest are dumped into "second" or "third" or "farm" teams, or simply ignored. Many schools start this weeding-out process in the second and third grades. In Little League baseball, Pop Warner football and Biddy basketball, it begins at age eight. The result: All of our organized leagues for sports competition offer participation for less than ten percent of our youth—and only a fraction of these get on the first team.

In the light of this situation, it should have been no surprise to hear some months ago the findings of a muscular fitness test given to hundreds of thousands of American and European schoolchildren: Only nine percent of the European children failed to pass the test as compared to sixty percent of the American children. Muscle-testing is by no means an adequate measure of physical well-being, but these figures jarred competition-conscious America. President Eisenhower was so alarmed that he appointed a Council on Physical Fitness, headed by Vice President Nixon, to look into the matter. But while the Council seeks means of encouraging the nation's young people to engage in healthful activities, our emphasis on highly competitive sports continues to leave far too many of our children on the sidelines.

For every boy who wins a school letter, or the publicity, prizes and free trips that are given to league stars, there are hundreds who experience only humiliation and defeat. In many places gymnasiums and playing fields are monopolized by the few who need them least. The others are expected to be "good sports" about it and prove their loyalty by cheering the favored few who have deprived them of a chance to play. The various face-saving devices adopted by some leagues fool nobody. In one California city the Little League gives the poorer players cards which entitle them to use school and neighborhood playgrounds. As one observer pointed out, "The cards say in effect that the bearer just isn't good enough, so please take care of him. Imagine the feelings of a boy who receives such a slip." League and varsity coaches are accustomed to receiving calls like this one from the mother of a ten-year-old boy: "My child has been up all night crying because he didn't make the team."

Why Winning Is So Important

"All children need a sense of belonging," says the American Academy of Pediatrics. "Their acceptance by their playmates or adults should not depend on success in competitive athletics." Being relegated to a second- or third-string team or to the sidelines may be more disturbing to your child than he lets you know. Six to twelve is the gang age, and physical prowess is the major standard by which boys judge themselves as fit to belong. Other accomplishments such as scholarship or artistic ability are considered incidental.

A child's doubts and anxieties about his stamina and courage are the source of all kinds of adult personality quirks. That is why it is important that your son have some sport in which he can hold his own with the others. Unless he is physically developed beyond his years, he will probably not be able to do this in varsity or league competition. He can't rationalize defeat like a grown-up. His reaction is likely to be: "What's the use of living if I can't belong." He may get over it and try again. But each defeat detracts from his confidence and his chances of succeeding.

The effect of a series of defeats can be particularly harmful for the "awkward" child or one who is slow in developing.

As Yale University psychiatrist Lawrence Kubie points out, "If adults make the child feel ashamed, if they fail to buffer him against the physical rivalry which leads only to defeat, the child can become defensive, hostile and seclusive, retreating into daydreams to avoid physical activity and developing anxieties, phobias and fears of any kind of physical activity."

The "lucky" boys who do get into the game are also subject to emotional injury. The American Academy of Pediatrics emphasizes that "the competitive drive must be allowed to develop normally, *not overstimulated or suppressed*, so that as the child matures, competition and cooperation will be balanced forces in his personality."

It is one thing for boys to choose sides among classmates and play with no spectators to exert pressure, no hard feelings if *(Continued on Page 52)*

Miss Charles began to saunter away. "Don't worry about Don, angel," she said to Addie. "He's in good hands."

Bride In a Hurry

Emergencies were Addie's job . . . even if she had to stand up the man she loved, while a predatory blonde took over

BY BERNARD GLEMSER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX FULIN

If you missed Addie Penn last month, meet her now in the Bridal Department

It was strange. As Addie sat reading the letter she felt excited, and proud, and just a little bit frightened—like a twelve-year-old about to dive off the high springboard for the first time. But she was not twelve years old. She was twenty-four, slim, tall, outwardly mature; and she had just been promoted, so the letter informed her, to a junior executive.

The letter itself was not a surprise. She had been told by Mrs. Hartley, the department buyer, that it was coming. It was typed on crisp, handmade paper with the name of the store, *McClintock's, Fifth Avenue,* embossed in one corner.

"Dear Miss Penn," it began: "I am delighted to confirm your appointment as Assistant Buyer in Bridal Department . . ." and it went on to thank her for her splendid work during the past two years, to express every confidence in the future, and to inform her, in conclusion, that her salary had been raised. It was signed with a flourish by Mr. Thorne, Executive Vice President of McClintock's.

A charming letter. A wonderful, exciting letter. Addie would not have dreamed, only a few weeks ago, that she would ever sit in this office, at this desk, reading it. For the last fifteen years *(Continued on Page 85)*

We Can Do Anything

BY KEITH W. JENNISON
ILLUSTRATED BY SANFORD KOSSIN

Late in the afternoon of the day he had been looking forward to for so long, Jerry looked through the storm door at the falling snow. His mother came and stood beside him. "Where are you going?" she asked him, tugging his knit cap farther down over his ears.

"Just out."

She buttoned the top button of his Mackinaw. "Don't worry, dear—we'll have a nice birthday party. You'll see."

"Will we?" He didn't look at her.

"Of course we will. We always do." Her voice didn't sound very certain. "When your father gets home we'll open the presents. There'll be a big one for you and, let's see . . . this year there'll be eight little ones for me." She turned his face up to hers. "Then we'll sing and have the cake. It'll be lots of fun."

"Okay," Jerry said, and opened the door.

"Don't stay out too long," his mother said.

He walked out into the snow without answering. That was the whole thing: "When your father gets home." Since his father had hurt himself at the plant it wasn't fun to have him come home any more, and the way he had been acting made Jerry sure he wouldn't get the puppy. His mother probably wasn't going to get anything she really wanted, either.

As he walked, he realized he was on the road to the station, and he thought of all the times the three of them had made the trip in the car. They would go to the train together in the morning, and at night Jerry and his mother would drive back, making sure they got there early so his father could get off and see them waiting. But lately his father had gone off alone in the morning and come back alone at night.

When Jerry reached Mr. Ogilvy's farm he stopped and looked at the white, flat field in front of the cow barn. Only last spring his father had spent afternoons there teaching him how to throw a baseball.

He walked on, thinking of the time they had gathered ferns in the moonlight. His father had smiled mysteriously and had refused to explain when, at home, he had shredded them and put them in a bowl of water. The next morning he'd brought them along on the ride to the station. Instead of driving past the Ogilvy farm, his father had stopped. Jerry's mother had laughed and asked what they were going to do. His father had said, "Pick ferns in the full of the moon, steep them in water overnight, and sprinkle them over cows. It keeps them from getting bewitched."

"Oh, Sam," his mother had said. "you'll miss your train, you idiot."

"I'll get the next train." His father had grinned. "Mr. Ogilvy is a nice man. You wouldn't want his cows to get all bewitched, would you? Besides, we can't have Jerry growing up not knowing about important things like this, can we?"

That was the way his father had been before the accident. But when he came home from the hospital he had steel clamps where his right hand had been. He didn't smile much, and he never made any jokes at all. Jerry didn't know much about the new job, but it wasn't as good as the old one. He drove the car differently too. Instead of going along relaxed and easy, he hooked the wheel hard with his claw and went fast.

His father didn't seem to care about anything any more. His mother had tried to make him feel like his old self but it hadn't done any good. Now she was sort of sad and quiet, as though she were waiting, and Jerry didn't know what for. Maybe they hadn't tried hard enough, Jerry thought. Maybe it would make his father feel better if somebody was there at the station to meet him tonight. If he hurried he could just about make it on time.

It was hard to go fast on the slippery road, and even though he ran the last few hundred yards the train was pulling out of the station when he got there. There were a lot of people piling into cars and taxis, but he didn't see his father. He found their car where his father had parked it that morning, and got in.

"He even missed the train," Jerry said aloud. He knew he should telephone his mother, but he didn't have a dime. And besides, he was sure there was another train in a little while. He got the blanket from the back seat and covered himself up. In only a few minutes he was asleep.

He was awakened when his father opened the door and got in. He wasn't carrying anything at all. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I walked over to meet you," Jerry said.

His father started the car. "Does your mother know where you are?"

"No."

"I don't think that's very bright," his father said. "She'll be worried about you. And I'm later than usual too."

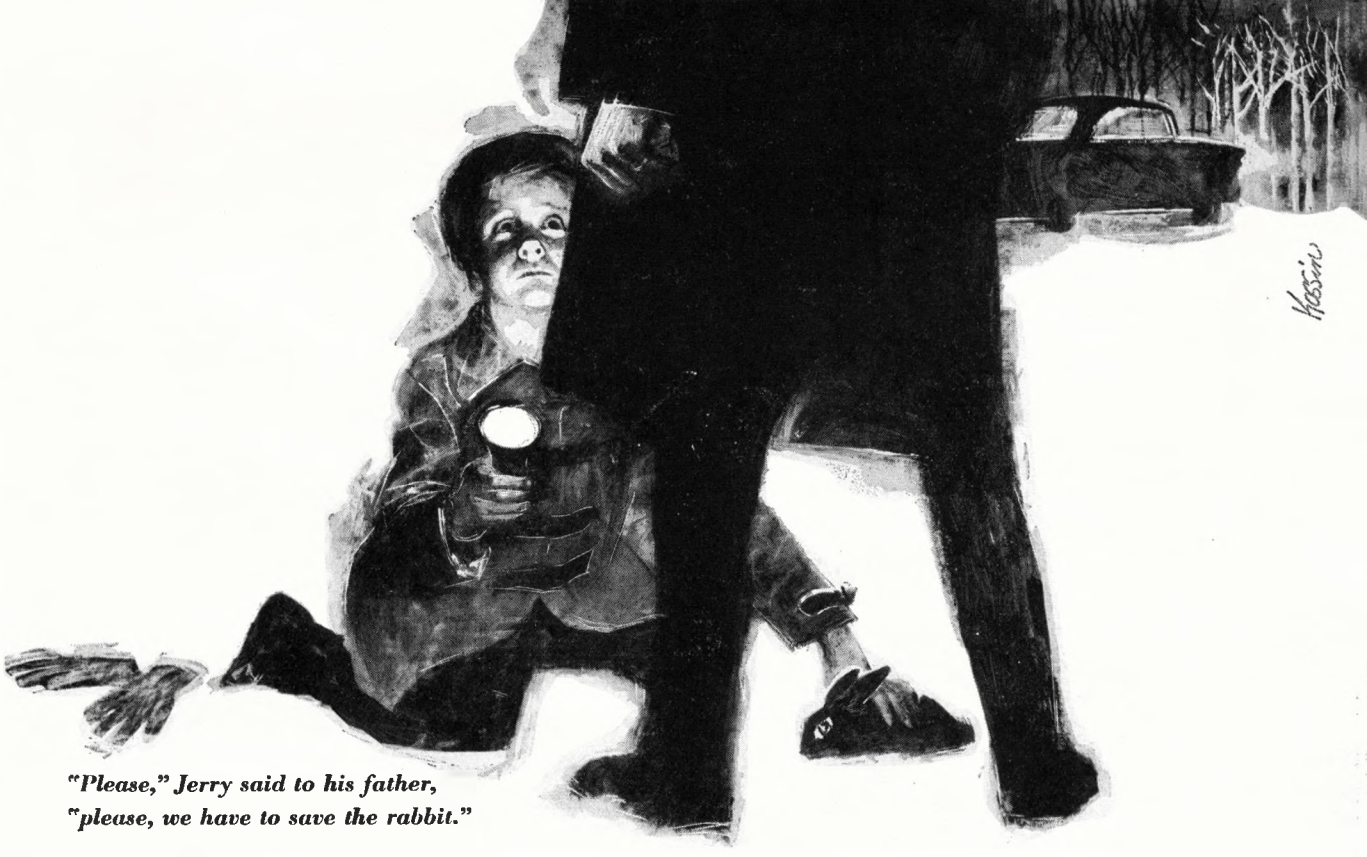
They drove along the curving road without speaking. As they came into a straight stretch, Jerry saw a brown rabbit jump from the bushes. The rabbit started to turn back, but when they got close he tried to cross the road. There was a thud against the front of the car, but Jerry's father didn't slow up.

Suddenly Jerry grabbed the handle of the door and opened it. "Let me out. Let me out!" His voice broke.

His father put on the brakes, shouting, "Close the door, you little fool."

But before the car had stopped, Jerry was out and running back, flashing his light along the side of the road until he found the rabbit. The rabbit's eyes were half open and dull-looking, and one of the big hind legs stuck out at a funny angle. Jerry came closer. The leg was broken and cut and bloody.

His father came down the road from the car, looked



"Please," Jerry said to his father, "please, we have to save the rabbit."

at the rabbit and then turned quickly away. "There's nothing you can do for him, Jerry. Hurt like that, he isn't worth bothering about. I know."

Jerry tried to stroke the rabbit's ears. "We've got to do something," he said. "He'll die."

"Come on, Jerry," his father said. "A crippled rabbit isn't a rabbit at all. Go back to the car. I'll take care of him. It's for the best." Jerry saw the fingers of his father's left hand gripping a jagged piece of stone.

"It isn't," Jerry said, trying to keep his voice steady. "We've got to try and save him. We've *got* to." He bent closer. "If we could stop the bleeding, we could put a splint on . . ."

"No," his father said. "I tell you, there's nothing to do. Go back to the car."

Jerry shone the light up to his father's face. He had never seen it look so white and strange. "Please," he said, "please. We have to save him. You used to say there was nothing people couldn't do if they really wanted to." He shone the light back on the rabbit, put his hand up under the rabbit's forelegs and held him still. "See? If I hold him like this with one hand and the flashlight with the other, you can do something. I know you can."

It was so quiet Jerry could hear his father breathing short and fast. Then he heard the stone crashing into the woods and his father sank to his knees beside the rabbit. Very delicately he took the hurt leg between the steel fingers of the claw. He separated the edges of the cut with his left hand.

"It's not too deep, at that. Maybe if we put some pressure above it we could get him home." He took his tie off and looped it around the leg above the cut. "I'll make a four-in-hand," he said. "It'll look silly but it's easier." He made a tight and dressy knot and wrapped his handkerchief around the cut. "There," said his father. "That ought to hold him."

"Just like you told me," Jerry said. "We can do anything."

As they drove the last mile the rabbit became quiet in Jerry's arms. He was looking across at his father when his father said, "Thanks, Jerry. The rabbit and I both needed you tonight."

They pulled up in the driveway of their house. The kitchen door was open before they got out of the car. "Is it both of you?" Jerry's mother called. "Is it both, and are you all right?"

"Yes, darling," Jerry's father said. "We're all right but we've got a disabled rabbit here who needs some help."

She spread a clean cloth on the kitchen table and watched as they cleaned and disinfected the cut and put a splint on the broken leg. When the bandaging was finished she put a folded blanket in a carton and they laid the rabbit on it. They tucked an old sweater of Jerry's around the rabbit, leaving only the head and ears uncovered.

Jerry's father looked up from the box. "I'll tell you what," he said. "Tomorrow we'll get some bark from the dogwood tree and grate it to a powder. Then we'll sprinkle it on the rabbit. You know what will probably happen?"

"Sure," Jerry said. "He'll get well."

"Not only that," his father said. "He'll turn into a puppy."

They went into the living room and Jerry's father said, "I'm sorry I forgot about the presents."

Jerry's mother put her arms around her husband. "We've got our present," she said. . . . THE END

The "Missing Heir" Racket

Beware of the smooth-talking "investigator" who promises to help you collect an inheritance. His scheme may cost you thousands of dollars

BY FLORENCE K. PALMER

"You may be an heir," the young man who identified himself as the representative of a Los Angeles investigation bureau told me when I opened our front door.

This was my introduction to one of the most heartless and least publicized of shady operations—one that deprives large numbers of unsuspecting and frequently needy people of money that already belongs to them—rightfully and legally.

The well-dressed, personable young man seated himself in our living room and opened his briefcase.

"We've gone to considerable trouble and expense to find you on the gamble it's possible to establish your claim in probate court. Unless we can, of course, it won't cost you a dime, and then only a reasonable percentage of the recovery."

My husband, an attorney, looked at him with suspicion, but I was so excited I hardly noticed the reaction. Instead, I reached for the official looking card that identified the young man as a private detective, licensed by the state of California.

"Whose estate is it?" I remember asking breathlessly. "How large is it?"

The detective seemed absolutely frank and straightforward as he explained that, in order to protect their out-of-pocket expenses, it was necessary to withhold full information until after I'd retained his firm in writing. He made it clear that, without his research bureau's help, my inheritance could be lost to me. Perhaps he didn't say it in so many words, but I had the distinct impression the estate was many years old, very obscure and on the verge of going into the state treasury because no heirs had made claim during the statutory number of years.

"We're out quite a bit of money already," he repeated. "Signing this contract is merely a formality to protect our expenditures if the estate pays you."

Satisfied, I reached for his ready pen just as my husband spoke up.

"Sorry," he said flatly. "We'll have to think about it first."

This may sound like slamming the door on opportunity, yet just a few days later I received notification of the death of my father (from whom I had been separated as a child) and the filing of his will for probate in Los Angeles. That's how much of a missing heir I was.

"They couldn't get away with that sort of thing very often, though, without the public's getting wise," I reasoned.

"Well, let's take a look at the books," my husband suggested. "You come down to the law library with me, and we can see if it's a large-scale racket, or not."

The first few volumes we pulled off the shelf proved to me that the phrase "*missing heir*" means treasure trove to the average person, who instantly throws caution to the wind when approached by someone claiming to have information about an unclaimed inheritance. That's what the heir chaser relies on—that and speed. Speed in communicating with the beneficiary and speed in getting his signature to a tightly-drawn agreement are vital.

Once he has signed, the heir is likely to find that the only thing missing is a large slice of an inheritance he would have received anyway. He learns too late that he's only one of countless "tricked," rather than "missing" heirs.

Across the nation, court dockets record the same kind of story.

"He told me it was an obscure estate I couldn't

possibly get information about without his help," victim after victim testifies. "I agreed to pay 40 percent, but he didn't once say it was Aunt Minnie's estate until after I had signed."

The names, the degree of kinship, the location change, but the pattern seldom varies. For years this sort of heir hunting has been a flourishing undercover business in America. From New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and other metropolitan centers, self-styled "tracers" reach into every state of the Union.

The method of operation is simple. Searchers are employed in heavily populated areas to check death certificates as soon as they are filed, to note the survivors listed in funeral announcements and to follow probate recordings daily for the names and addresses of next of kin and legatees. Obviously, the preference is for those living in another state, or even a foreign country, because the extra distance is likely to allow more time between the date of death and notification of beneficiaries.

Competition is keen among the heir chasers. It's not unusual for as many as seven or eight different "agencies" to canvass the same friends, neighbors and business associates of the deceased for whatever scraps of information they can gather. One particularly callous Los Angeles operator even went so far as to attend the funeral and buttonhole pallbearers.

When the rightful heirs have been sufficiently identified, a "representative" in their locality, acting on telegraphed data, calls on each one, soliciting him to retain the research bureau at a rate of compensation that may range from 10 to 50 percent of the inheritance. The amount and the name of the estate, of course, is always carefully concealed until after the contract is signed and a power of attorney obtained.

Thereupon, an assignment of the distributive share is promptly filed with the probate clerk, and unless the beneficiary later protests such final distribution, the heir racketeer is set for his rake-off. He collects the heir's full share, deducts the agreed percentage plus expenses and forwards whatever is left over to his client. In some instances, expenses and costs have been padded up to 66 percent of the heir's rightful legacy, and often the depleted balance is either delayed in transmittal or embezzled in its entirety.

How they can get away with those tactics may seem a mystery; most people aren't that stupid or gullible. When I asked my husband, he quoted a maxim familiar in law, "Fraud is often charged and seldom proved." As he pointed out, you may know you've been defrauded by the heir hunter, but can you prove it in court?

The researcher who called on me *implied* the estate was many years old, *implied* there was no will or, at least, none in which I was named a beneficiary and also *implied* the estate was too obscure to be located without his professional services. Not once was any of this said right out in plain words.

Suppose you do sign the agreement authorizing a research bureau to handle details of claiming your inheritance and to arrange for attorneys to represent your interests. On the surface it's a legal contract to pay for services on your behalf.

In the normal course of business many such contracts are made and performed. A common one occurs when you list a piece of property for sale. You sign an agreement with the salesman to pay a real-estate commission for finding a buyer. The heir chaser argues that he renders a similar service and that you voluntarily agreed in advance on the rate of his commission. What's more, he has a complete and detailed document to prove it.

Why Victims Don't Sue

Whether the percentage is unreasonably large or the service too slight is up to the court to determine, and its decision is based on proved fact.

And that puts us back where we started. Can you prove fraud?

It's a difficult question to answer. That's why, since litigation is bound to cost money, the heirs to a small estate are hesitant to use it up in drawn-out court battles when the verdict may just as readily go against them as in their favor. Usually, therefore, they decide to settle out of court and not take a chance.

This caution only leaves the operator free to search for other heirs. There's no damaging publicity to expose the cheating or inform the public.

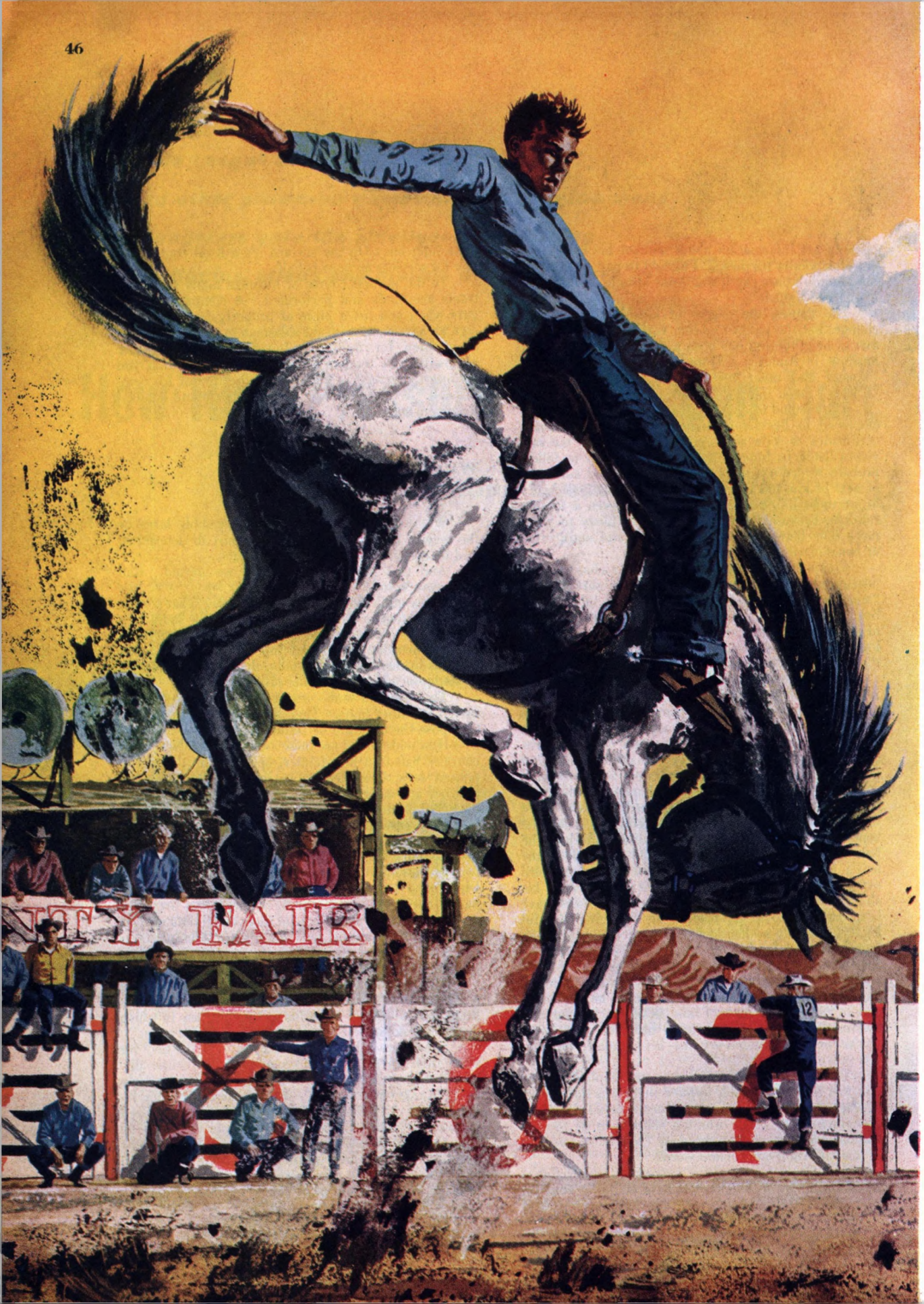
How widespread are these activities? A New York court revealed an heir hunter, operating in the metropolitan area, had filed approximately 400 powers of attorney and assignments of distributive shares, in more than 300 estates. A competitor of his boasted 110.

Each case brought to the attention of the courts is similar to every other case. In one, the British Consul in New York City had to intervene for the widow and two small children of an Englishman who had died while on a business trip to this country. In another part of the United States, an aged couple was prevailed on to sign away a percentage of their daughter's meager estate although at the time the Public Administrator had knowledge of their whereabouts and notification of their lawful interest was already in the mail to them.

The heir hunter plays no favorites. An estate of a few hundred dollars or of several thousand rates the same action. Either one adds up to a business in which death is a commodity and compassion a detriment.

Sometimes a hasty signature can cost the heir far more than an exorbitant commission. A clause disinheriting any legatee who contested the terms nearly lost a Kansas woman her entire bequest from her father's will. At the time of his death, the old man lived in another state with a married couple to whom he willed several thousand dollars. In view of the father's advanced age and because the friends were not related to him by blood, the heir racketeer saw an opportunity to make something out of it. He knew that, if a strong enough case could be

(Continued on Page 100)


NTY FAIR
12

THE OUTCASTS

He had always run away when people scorned him.

Then he met a killer horse that hated all men impartially

Three of them jumped him. They leaped off the fairground fence and landed on his back. He carried them a dozen feet, trying to shake them off, but finally they dragged him down.

He lay still under them. He couldn't remember the exact words that had started the fight. One of them had made a crack about his face and it had been the third time that day. First the brakeman on the freight train. Then the owner of the restaurant down the highway where he'd tried to work out a meal. They hadn't said anything about his face—they'd just stared at him unbelievingly, which was as bad. This last time had been one time too many.

Jimmy waited for the beating he knew was coming. But before it really got started, a man's voice spoke sharply. "That's enough. Get up, all of you."

There was authority in the voice, and after a moment Jimmy felt others getting off him one by one. He kept his face in the dust, cupping his hands on either side of it. Not to hide it from them—they'd all had a good look at it already—but to shut in the bitterness that suddenly threatened to strangle him.

A hand touched his shoulder. When he didn't move it tried to roll him over.

"Take it easy, son." The voice was kind. "It don't do no good to fight the whole world." The voice paused, and then added softly, "Though I reckon maybe I know how you feel."

The hand pressed his shoulder insistently and Jimmy rolled slowly over onto his side. He looked up at the dozen or so men and boys standing around him. Then he looked at the man kneeling beside him. Grey hair showed beneath his pushed-back Stetson, and his weathered, tanned face was lined; yet he didn't look old—his eyes were too alive. He was kneeling on his right knee with his left leg extended in front of him, stiff as a pole from hip to ankle. He was wearing brown work pants and plain cowhide boots.

He heaved himself to his feet and reached down. "Come on," he said. "Get up."

Jimmy took the proffered hand and rose warily.

"All of you, beat it!" The old man's voice was commanding again, and the men and boys reluctantly *(Continued on Page 82)*

BY EDWARD S. FOX
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

Slow Down for fun in the

GREAT SMOKIES

You can do so much in these easy-to-reach mountains where wild woods and modern luxury are minutes apart—hunt gems, fish fast streams, shop for handicrafts

"Hurry back—and fix to tarry," said the tall old mountain man. He'd come smiling to his fence of split chestnut rails when I stopped far up a back road to ask for directions to the mine where tourists can dig for emeralds.

"You burn the wind," he added, "you miss a rimption."

There's the best advice anyone can hear about a vacation in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. For rimption, in mountain talk, is the opposite of smidgeon: It means a whole lot.

I'd burned the wind on earlier visits, like many another holiday traveler, driving *through* the Smokies—from Chicago to Florida, Washington to California, New York to New Orleans. I'd seen these highest mountains east of the Mississippi in spring—when azalea and rhododendron wash down the great slopes in a tumbling flood of pink, flame, white and pale purple. I had seen them in summer when wildflowers mass so thickly in the high meadows they smother the grass. And in autumn, in Ranger-led auto caravans, when every mile seems dressed for a festival with tossing plumes of scarlet, vermilion, coral, chrome and singing yellow, doubly brilliant in contrast to the peaks that ring the horizon under the smoky blue haze that gives the beautiful area its name.

I'd seen all this—the sights for which the Smokies are famous. But until I stopped over to sample the fine resort hotels here, to check on talk of fragrant sourwood honey, mountain handcraft and gem stone diggings, I was like the man who asked, "Why stop? All they have in these mountains is mountains."

I'd missed a rimption—and that's a pure fact.

The land of the Smokies runs 170 miles from Blowing Rock on the north to the huge TVA lake and Fontana Dam on the south. In width, from Asheville, N.C., to Gatlinburg, Tenn., there're only eighty miles. Yet within these forested miles is one of the few large wilderness areas in the eastern half of the United States, a dramatic region where trails hacked by pre-Revolutionary pioneers carry hikers, riders and fishermen swiftly from modern comforts deep into a lush tangle of ancient, virgin forest.

Bordering it is the Cherokee Indian Reservation, one of the few Eastern sanctuaries where the ancient customs and activities of the American Indian are kept alive with pride and dignity. Another unique region is known as the Gem Showcase of America, a source of precious and semiprecious stones for those who care to go "rock-hounding." From any one of a score of delightful resort towns, a few hours' driving on well-maintained roads will carry you to high mountain overlooks and little wooded coves shading a lazy, murmurous stream—to great lakes with every facility for fishing or boating or to waterfalls like Bridal Veil, which leaps clear across the road scattering diamond-bright drops. Drive on to magnificent

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

Wildflowers color high meadows in the blue-hazed Smoky Mountains of western North Carolina—seen above from Roan Mountain. Smart lodges in this virgin forest land are bases for varied vacations—offering everything from fishing, at Indian Creek Falls (below), *to Indian rituals like Eagle Dance at Cherokee.*

outdoor pageants and mountain singing—to craft studios, pioneer relics and the wonderful mountain way with words that is fast disappearing.

"Old-time talk ain't much common no more," a shy mountain girl told me. "But tarry for a settin' spell with my granny yander, if you've a mind, and you'll hear a lavish of it."

This was deep in the hills where the descendants of English frontier families still speak a language akin to pure Elizabethan. You don't have to hunt far to hear phrases good Queen Bess might have used.

A mountain wife, peddling wild honey along the highway, told me to park "antisigodlin' "—or slanting. "Come next week," said another, "huckleberries is going to be plumb bodacious," meaning "spectacularly good." Some boys who brought a dulcimer, fiddles and a guitar to play for square dancing at a big lodge spoke of the dusk as "daydown" or "pink of the evenin'," of fireflies as "night twinklers." Though tourists are "foreigners" or "outlanders," they're not unwelcome—even here, where moonshining and family feuds are recent memories—if they'll give these proud, self-sufficient people the respect they deserve. If they don't . . . well, there was one wise guy who lost his temper with an old gentleman from the hills. "How," he asked scornfully, "did you ever collect so many dumb characters in one place?"

"Easy," said the mountain man with the sureness of a bear trap. "Yawl jest keep drappin' in all summer on the way thoo."

If you are coming from the north, as I was, mostly on but often off the Blue Ridge Parkway, circle Blowing Rock on the map for first stop. The town gets its name from a mammoth outcropping of grey stone above a yawning gorge. Toss over a handkerchief, and the wind will take it for a sail and then fling it back to you.

Be sure to see the weavers at the Goodwin Guild tapping the time-polished treadles of looms as they fashion featherweight wool bedspreads in a rare ninety-inch width, in patterns that settlers brought in hundreds of years ago—Young Man's Fancy, Cat Tracks and Morning Star. A conversation piece at any price, they're a tempting bargain at thirty dollars.

Handcrafts are one of the truly exciting things about the Smokies. "You'll want to fetch home more'n you can tote," I was warned—and it's a fact. In one of the Southern Highlander Handicraft Guild shops in Asheville I saw a visitor heaping four handsome big Indian baskets with hand-spun towels, table mats, lacy stoles, hand-thrown pottery, large leaf-shaped black walnut bowls and charming cornhusk and rag dolls.

"Everything's so pretty, so different—and at least a third cheaper than at home," she explained happily. "Can't believe it, but I've got all my Christmas shopping done this afternoon!"

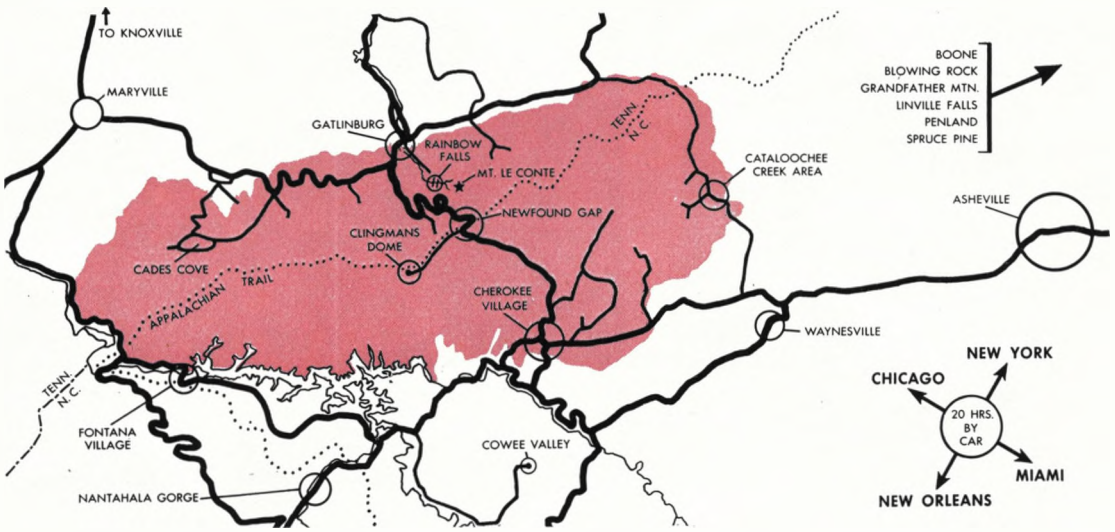
While you're still at Blowing Rock, aim to ride Tweetsie—a little old narrow-gauge train, so named because her whistle is so high and sweet. For years, Tweetsie was the only link for many remote communities to the world beyond the mountains. Then the roads came, and Tweetsie's whistle was heard no more. The train was sold to Gene Autry to work in cowboy movies.

At that, one of her old passengers told me, "Folks went into a pure swivvet." A delegation promised to find Mr. Autry another train if he would turn Tweetsie free. He agreed, and Tweetsie came home. Now she puffs around the crown of Flat Top Mountain, sounding her whistle, sweet and high.

"Turn your tongue around country ham once, and you'll hanker for it the rest of your born days" was a true promise, I found. It isn't smoked; it's cured in brown sugar, salt, red and black pepper. I liked it sweet, served in a thick, succulent slice floating in red-eye gravy. Others go into raptures over the briny kind that comes off the stove in thin, well-done sheets.

Sourwood honey is another Smokies product so much in demand that there is never enough to ship out of the state. The bees get it from the creamy clusters of bell-shaped blossoms on the sourwood tree. It is very pale and delicately perfumed. And try, if you can find them. "leather-britches," string beans dried in the sun and then boiled with side meat.

It's an easy run after dinner at Blowing Rock to nearby Boone for a performance of *Horn in the West*, played under the stars in a forest-circled bowl. One of several historical dramas in the Smokies, this one tells the story of the pioneer settlements and the leadership of Daniel Boone. The story is broken up by old moun-



Two-thirds of U.S. population is within easy reach of Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Mountain folk's vivid, archaic words invite you to share their square dances and ballads, country ham or wild honey, original handicrafts. Granny Donaldsen's famed homespun "cow blankets" (right) and other original, inexpensive gifts are on sale at Southern Highland craft shops around state.

tain ballads and gay folk dances, and makes a wonderful evening.

Next day, I drove the few miles—the last three spiraling almost straight up—to Grandfather Mountain's mile-high swinging bridge, for a view that seems to go on forever. If you care to say good-by to a golf ball, you can drive off Billy Joe's tee and see it sail a thousand feet down and, with the wind behind it, five miles out. That, at least, was the awe-struck claim of the man who preceded me at the tee.

A few miles to the south are Linville Caverns where, deep in tortuously winding stalactite-hung passages that sheltered guerrillas during the War Between the States, I was shown sheets of carnelian glowing brownish-red under veils of water. (Incidentally, you can buy earrings, cuff links and bracelets set with the semiprecious stones for one dollar to five dollars and up.)

This part of the state is rich in emeralds, garnets, rubies, smoky topaz, amethysts, aquamarines, sapphires, tourmalines and very large rose quartz crystals. You can hunt for them yourself—if you've the time and inclination. All the know-how you'll need is available at the recently opened Museum of North Carolina Minerals at the Spruce Pine turnoff of the Blue Ridge Parkway. It is well worth a stop here—to see the display of gems and fluorescent rocks glowing with an eerily quiet luminescence under the black light.

Two young wives were in Linton Greene's Mineral Shop at Spruce Pine when I went in. While their husbands were fishing, they were going off gem hunting. They'd just bought a prospector's pick and a map of an emerald mine, once operated commercially, which still yields an occasional "find."

"Last year a visitor found a five-thousand-dollar ruby in the gravel at Cowee Valley," one of them told me. "Of course, most people get just little chips. But it's a lot more exciting than tagging along with the boys after those old rainbow trout."

The most famous lapidary in the Smokies is Roby Buchanan, who finds his own gem stones, polishes them and sets them in handwrought silver. His ornaments sell for a fraction of what they would bring at a city jeweler's. Roby's shop is seven miles up a dirt road beyond Hawk—but 2,000 people found their way there last year. You can spend $1,500 for a mammoth topaz, but for twenty dollars I bought an inch-and-a-half rose quartz set in a braid of silver as a brooch.

Asheville is your point of arrival in the Smokies if you go by train or plane. Seventy years ago, George W. Vanderbilt announced that he was going to find the most beautiful location in the whole world for his home. He chose Asheville, and *(Continued on Page 73)*

High-Pressure Sports

(Continued from Page 39)

a player makes a mistake. It's quite a different thing to play before noisy crowds on a team that represents an entire school or community. In some communities, businessmen add to the child's responsibility by requiring him to wear advertising on the back of his uniform—in return for the firm's contribution to community youth. With so much at stake it's not surprising if a child feels he must win at any cost. If he muffs a play he feels he has betrayed not only his teammates, but his parents and the whole adult world they represent. Even hardened professional ballplayers break down when the crowds turn against them. How then does an eight-year-old boy feel when he's razzed by the audience?

Instead of discouraging the partisanship which burdens children with so much responsibility, the promoters of some league tournaments and some public-school varsity sports use every means of increasing it. Victory in the souped-up competitions means prizes, parades, television interviews and front-page publicity, even testimonial banquets at which the stars hear themselves praised as heroes.

"It is very disturbing to observe seemingly normal youngsters turned into braggarts and swell-heads because they have participated in the World Series Little League Championship," says Ben Solomon, editor of the *Youth Leader's Digest.* "Can anyone seriously argue that it helps a boy to ballyhoo him up to national stardom and then on his thirteenth birthday, when he becomes ineligible to play, forget and ignore him?"

As a Washington pediatrician told me, "It doesn't take much of a psychologist to see that the real and perhaps unconscious purpose of the adults who glorify kid athletes is not so much to help the kids as to use them for their own adult ends: parents to enjoy vicariously the glory they could never achieve on their own; league officials to get community prestige; merchants to advertise the town."

Doesn't the competitive spirit in varsity and midget league sports stimulate a child to develop his capacities to the fullest?

A California test of the effects of competition on exercise by seventh- and eighth-grade boys provides a revealing answer to this question. Competition spurred one group of boys to work harder, but they performed no better than boys who exercised under noncompetitive conditions. The competitive group recovered more slowly from heart and blood vessel strain. More than a third of them developed nausea, either during the exercise or afterward. There was only one case of nausea in the noncompetitive group.

A study of junior-high-school boys in Cleveland showed that those who went in for interschool athletics failed to gain as much in height, weight and lung capacity as a group of comparable boys in a good program of noncompetitive physical education and intramural athletics.

Promoters of the various midget leagues say they build character and promote good sportsmanship. The more violent the sport, the more apt it is to be promoted as an agency for preventing delinquency. This is particularly true of midget boxing tournaments which are often sponsored by the local police force. But fight crowds tend to be the same everywhere, and grown men who find pleasure in watching young boys battle are seldom the big-brother type. The locker-room atmosphere of a bantam boxing meet exposes a boy to greater moral hazards than he is likely to find in a street gang of boys his own age.

"Careful studies have shown that delinquents are generally more interested and skillful in games and sports than nondelinquents," states a recent report of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency. "Delinquents have been shown to have more club affiliations, even in alleged character-building agencies, and they are more adept at leadership in their group affiliations. In fact it is partly through their group interests that they get into trouble in the first place."

Children don't learn sportsmanship merely by taking part in sports. They learn it by watching and imitating the behavior of parents, coaches, spectators and the adult stars of the game. What sort of example is being set for them?

"Don't fraternize with your opponents," is one of the training rules for nine- to twelve-year-olds in one community league team. The simple purpose of the rule is to prevent friendly, sportsmanlike feelings which might detract from the team's "fighting spirit." "Bullies on the field, gentlemen off it!" is the unrealistic slogan of one high-school coach who has been praised in his community for "making good citizens of the players."

"What's in it for us?" one Little League team wired back recently when National Headquarters requested them to send photographs for publicity and promotion. The team was promptly suspended for poor sportsmanship. But it is not hard to follow the children's reasoning. If the games provide entertainment for spectators, vicarious triumphs for parents, advertising for the community merchants and a profitable business for the manufacturers of uniforms and equipment, why shouldn't the players get their cut, too?

Before you allow your child to enter an organized sports program of any kind, it is only common sense to find out if the adult in charge is qualified to handle young children. He ought to have at least elementary training in health, physical education and child growth and development. School coaches, who work with educational authorities, are likely to be better qualified than the volunteers who promote the nonschool midget leagues. Unfortunately, the only way a coach can hold his job and build his reputation in many schools is by producing winning teams, not healthy children. At assemblies he may talk a great deal about character building. But, as one coach remarked, "When I've got good material, I win games. When I've got poor material, I build character."

When a coach has to produce winning teams, he can't pause to consider the individual needs of the children who try out and give them all a chance to play. He must consider only one thing—the boy's usefulness in winning games. It's strictly a matter of dividing the sheep from the goats. Last fall, *New York Times* sports reporter Howard M. Tuckner sat with a school coach and jotted down the coach's spot judgment of junior-high-school boys trying out for football: "A weak sister . . . meek as a lamb . . . a beautiful body gone to waste . . . a blank . . . this one plays the violin . . . not a killer." Crude judgments like these are likely to get back to the boys who are rejected. Older boys and adults can discount such remarks. A small boy can't.

Everybody agrees that most American children need more exercise than they are getting. But the problem for parents is not merely to provide a certain amount of exercise but the *kind* of exercise suited to their individual children at different stages of their development. What younger children need is not overspecialization in one sport, but a wide variety of athletic experience. They need games in which most children can participate—not a rigidly organized team sport which excludes the majority and takes all of the spare time and energy of a chosen few.

In sections where the Little League has not yet reorganized baseball according to professional patterns, there are still weekend softball games in which players range in age from eight to sixty and in team size from five or six to twelve and fifteen. Instead of watching from the sidelines, grown-ups actually play with the children, more in a spirit of companionship than of competition.

Football, too, is a fine game for children—when tackling is eliminated. Early in World War II, tackle football claimed so many casualties among servicemen that even the Armed Forces substituted touch football. This game provides an opportunity for a lot of running, an exercise children love and need.

In a wisely supervised intramural or community sports program, children are divided into teams which contain an equal proportion of good and poor athletes. No player is expected to give more than he's got. No player is criticized as long as he tries his best.

To sum up, with the exception of tackle football and boxing, all of the popular sports are fine for young children—provided they are played at their own speed, with no adult pressure to win, and as part of an over-all program which includes many other athletic experiences.

The greatest value of play is relief from tension. Any sport that creates tension for a child under twelve is wrong for him. The simplest test of the value and safety of any sport for your child is to ask: "Can he laugh while he plays?" If he can, don't worry. . . . THE END

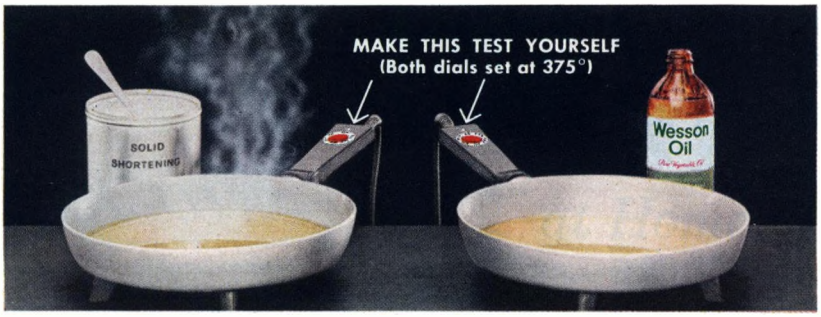
Young Adults

at home

Features especially designed to increase the enjoyment of your leisure hours this summer

Photo by Howell Conant • Clothing cue by Klein-ert's

Wesson Oil
takes the smoke out of frying!



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

WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE BECAUSE it is vegetable oil in its purest form—nothing added. So clear and delicate, you never taste it. No other oil as fresh, as pure and as light —or more highly rated for good nutrition.

Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor
Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled
Thrifty, too—you can use Wesson again and again
For good nutrition—Wesson is America's most readily available source of pure vegetable oil—unsaturated and unhydrogenated.

New Frying Idea—Wesson Cheeseburger Steak

Heat Wesson Oil in heavy skillet. Start browning onion rings. When almost done, brown minute steaks. Season with salt and pepper. Top with strips of process American cheese. Luscious on toasted buns.

FREE BOOKLET "FACTS AND THEORIES ABOUT FATS AND OILS IN THE DIET". Write Wesson Oil People, Box 106, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Extra Value in Fresh, New Cottons

When you add to your summer wardrobe now, invest in the new cottons that are designed to be worn into early autumn too. Their radiant fall colors will give you the look you want in the months ahead. Best of all, you won't have to search for them — they are in the stores this month. ——————→

Party dress, bright as a firecracker in vividly striped Dacron and cotton, prettily flounced. By Eloise Curtis. In 5 to 15. About $40. Monet jewelry. Capezio shoes.

1

2

4

5

3

6

1. *Roman stripe Thomas cotton coat in red, black, grey and gold combination. Unlined, it can be worn as a dress too. By Mr. Mort Sportswear. In 7 to 15, 8 to 16. About $40.*

2. *Black cotton chemise dress with Roman stripe sash—a handsome costume with its coordinating coat, in picture 1. By Mr. Mort Sportswear. In 7 to 15, 8 to 16. About $23.*

3. *Brilliant blue, violet and green woven cotton chemise dress with a bloused back. By Eloise Curtis. In 5 to 15. About $35. Hat by Mr. John Jr. Bag by Park Lane.*

4. *Red-and-gold cotton knit in a handsome Persian design makes this jacket, about $23, and skirt, about $12. Gold cotton knit blouse, about $10. By Mr. Mort Sportswear.*

5. *Slim cotton knit slacks that match the jacket in picture 4, about $16. Gold cotton knit blouse about $10. Jacket, skirt, blouse, slacks by Mr. Mort Sportswear. In 7 to 15, 8 to 16.*

6. *Burnt orange cotton piqué dress in the new trapeze silhouette. Also available in black. By Toni Owen. In 7 to 15, 8 to 16. About $23. Hat by Mr. John Jr. Floral print bag by Ingber.*

Photography by Carmen Schiavone

These fashions in junior sizes at B. Altman, New York.
For other stores see page 92.

Sports for Fun and Your Figure

Sports and dancing are the favorite means of American recreation. They are the best means to improve your figure, and your health, through exercise.

This summer—vacation time is the best time—launch your own exercise program. You'll be wise to start with the guidance of a professional, available at most resorts. Being proficient at what you do will heighten the pleasure as well as improve your figure and grace.

We asked four "pros" to let us in on the pluses their sports will perform for a woman's figure.

Swimming

Pete Desjardins, twice Olympic champion, and swimming pro at the Kenilworth Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, says, "Swimming is the finest exercise anyone can take—from the wading and dunking stage right up to competitive racing. A good swimmer and diver develops coordination, strength and muscle tone. Swimming does a lot for a woman. If she has a tendency to gain weight around the hips, it will help to reduce her proportions and will also firm her chest muscles. Look at any swimming champ and you will see what this sport does for the figure. And it's the best way I know to relieve tension."

Golfing

"Exercise? You get a lot more than you think when you're playing golf," said Sam Snead, one of the country's outstanding golfers and pro at the Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. "Walking is a fine conditioner and you get plenty on the golf course. Your body pivots, your arms and shoulders swing with your club and you bend down many times during the game. You know, if you walked miles and did these exercises *without* the golf club, you'd be played out but, playing the game, you really enjoy the exercise you're getting. You burn up calories too. Golf is invigorating, relaxing and healthful."

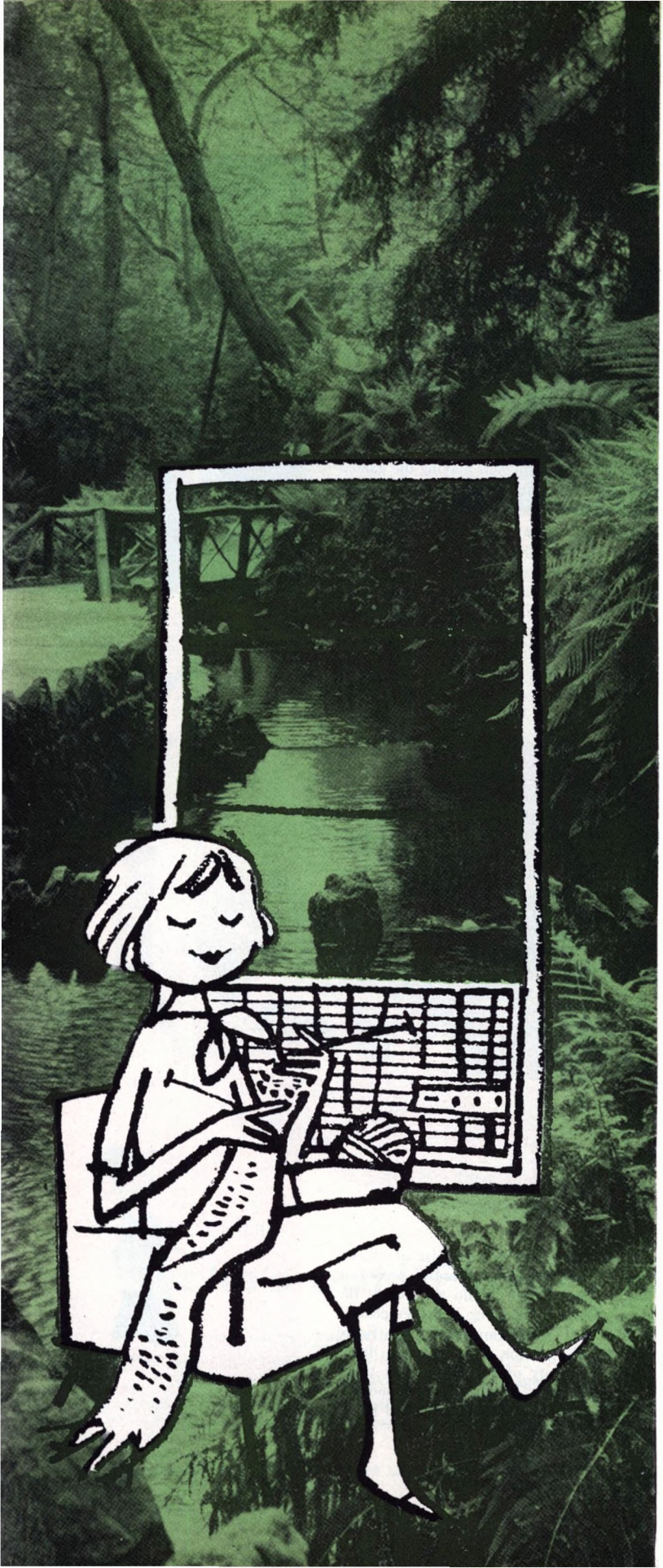
Tennis

David Gillam, famous tennis pro at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, California, thinks all young adults should play tennis—not only for fun but to keep in shape. "Tennis," says Dave, "makes you lithe and nimble. The action—running, reaching, stretching—firms your legs, thighs and arms. Extending yourself makes you limber. Swinging the racquet keeps your shoulders fat-free. You quicken your movements and step up your agility." Dave also believes the amount of water you drink, and the perspiration you lose, tone up the system. "There's nothing so good for you as a daily workout on the court."

Dancing

"Social dancing is the most enjoyable exercise of all, especially if you know *how* to do the newest dances," according to Verne Cass of the Fred Astaire Dance Studio and pro at the Samoset Hotel in Rockland, Maine. "Dancing improves posture and good posture helps distribute weight and makes the figure better proportioned." Vern told us the most popular dance this summer, which gives you plenty of action with its triple rhythm, is the Cha Cha Cha. "The Mambo, Samba and the Merengue, in fact all dances, develop grace, balance and poise. Rhythm comes naturally to good dancers."

Photography by Howell Conant • Leotard and playshoes by Capezio.



Live in a Perfect Climate at Home

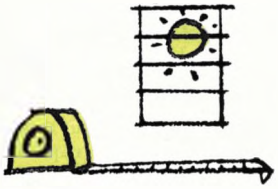
Summer days may be a poet's dream for barefoot boys in the country, but they can be more of a nightmare to a young homemaker in a home without air conditioning. Investment in one or more air conditioners can make a vast improvement in the well-being of all the family. When people are comfortable they are more pleasant than when they are suffering from heat and humidity. They eat better-balanced meals and have the energy to carry on normal activities. Since air conditioning not only cools, but dehumidifies and filters the air, you'll live in a clean atmosphere of the optimum temperature and humidity. The house won't get dirty so fast, and you'll save on the cost of cleaning carpets and draperies.

Drawings by Denny Hampson • Photo by Linton-F.P.G.

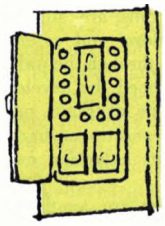
Before You Buy A Room Air Conditioner

Assemble the information about your home that will help the dealer guide you to a wise choice

Sketch a floor plan of your house, indicating windows, doors and stairways. Indicate the placement of furniture, especially anything that would tend to obstruct the circulation of air. If it's necessary to place the air conditioner toward the side of the room, directional air vents become an important feature. Indicate the type of windows, conventional double-hung or casement. It may be possible, depending on the layout of your house, to cool more than one room with the room air conditioner if it's correctly sized and fans are strategically placed.



Measure the room to be air-conditioned. The volume of the room is the first guide to the size of air conditioner that is needed. The proportions of the room may affect your choice of model, too. A long narrow room may need a more powerful fan to throw cool air the length of it than would be necessary for another room of the same volume. As a rule, there's an increase in the noise level as air is moved faster or farther, so there are rooms in which you won't want the fan too powerful. Note the dimensions of windows, doors and other openings which would affect the amount of cooling needed.



Check the wiring in your house. You'll want to know what current is available: 220-, 208- or 110-volt. Is the power supply adequate to handle an air conditioner besides your other appliances? It's generally wise to put an air conditioner on a separate appliance circuit, and many city codes require it. It may be well worth while to have some rewiring done to use a unit that draws more current because the cooling job would be greater. Note also the location of electric outlets that might be used for the air conditioner.

Observe other conditions that will affect the cooling problem, such as the exposure of the house to sunlight. Shade trees, awnings, and insulation all affect the amount of heat the house absorbs from out-of-doors. The number of people in the room and the use to which the room is put also affect the performance of the air conditioner. Naturally, a kitchen in which there is heat and moisture in the air from cooking would require more of a room unit than a bedroom of the same size. Heat from lights is another factor to be considered.

For more about room air conditioners, turn the page ⟶

When You Buy a Room Air Conditioner

Shop for the model with the features that best meet your needs at the price you can afford.

Air conditioning means more than just cooling air. It dehumidifies, filters, exhausts, heats, ventilates and circulates air. A room air conditioner is a self-contained unit, usually installed in a window or through an outside wall, that does at least the four basics of cooling, dehumidifying. purifying and circulating the air. Some models also will heat the air before circulating it to take the chill off the room on a cool day. Most of them can be adjusted to exhaust unwanted air and to bring in outside air.

Your choice of a room air conditioner will have three limitations imposed by the room—size, wiring and type of window or wall. After that, it's a matter of choosing the extra features you'd like to have.

Size of room air conditioners is designated in three ways. Until recently it was generally given in terms of the horsepower of their compressor motors, ranging from one-third to two horsepower. Another measurement was in terms of tons. The terms "horsepower" and "ton" in air conditioning came to be erroneously used interchangeably; that is, a one-ton unit was spoken of as a one-horsepower unit.

With changes in the design of air conditioners the old terms of horsepower and ton became less and less meaningful to describe cooling capacity. Manufacturers therefore set up standards for testing and rating the units in terms of British thermal units, Btu's, per hour. Most manufacturers now include the Btu rating on the descriptive leaflets for the units.

Since a Btu is a measure of heat, the rating lets you compare how much heat different models are able to remove from a room in a given time. You'll find room models varying from 4,000 Btu's per hour (the old ½-ton size) to around 24,000 Btu's.

To help you know how many Btu's of cooling you need for the space you wish to air-condition, your dealer will have a table (cooling load estimate form) that takes into consideration not only room size, but the other factors that might contribute to the amount of heat to be eliminated. If you give your dealer the information described on page 61, it is easy for him to determine the size air conditioner you need to do an effective job of cooling and dehumidifying that room.

A word of caution—if you buy an air conditioner that's too small to do the job, you'll never be satisfied with it. There's a limit to what each unit can do, so get one that is big enough.

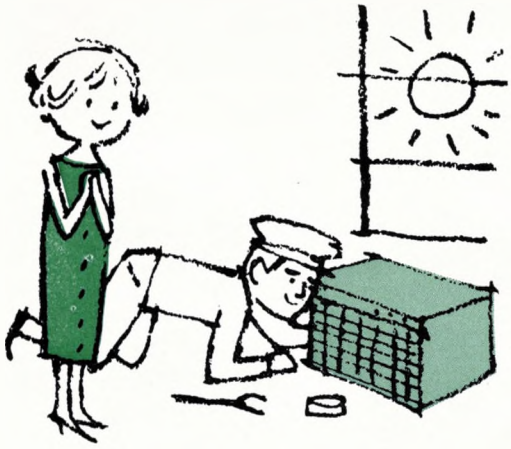
The wiring in your home, especially if it's an old house, should be checked by an electrician or a man from your power company. Until recently, all the models of room air conditioners of more than ½-ton capacity required a 220-volt circuit. There are now some larger units that will operate on 110-volt current.

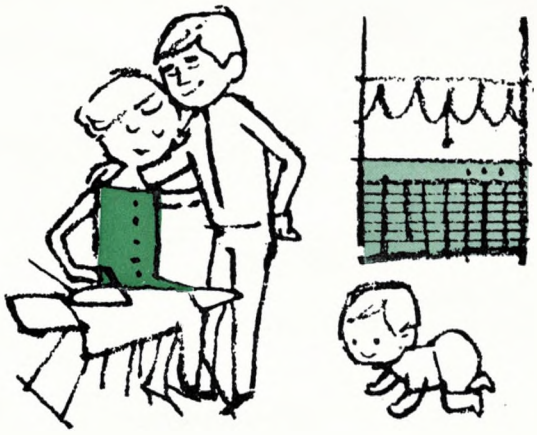
Models have been put on the market recently that draw less current than the traditional units of the same horsepower rating. It's still a good idea to put them on separate circuits, and some communities require it. Check the Btu rating of models that draw less electricity because they have less cooling capacity than traditional units of the same horsepower.

Room air conditioners are more flexible in their installation than formerly. Models are still made for conventional double-hung windows and casement windows. They are also made for through-the-wall installation. One great advance has been the development of thin units that have little or no overhang outside the window. Before buying an air conditioner, find out what local codes, if any, regulate its extension outside the window.

"Portable" air conditioners are another new development. Their advantage is that a customer can take one home and install it himself without waiting for service. Some portables are mounted on frames that can be wheeled from one room to another—handy for cooling a living area during the day and a bedroom at night. Again, check the Btu rating; it's lower.

Extra features are available with air conditioners. A reverse-cycle or heat-pump feature will take heat from the outside air and transfer it to the room, a good means of heating when the outside temperature is not too low. Electrostatic filters remove pollen from the air, important for the hay fever sufferers. Ventilation and exhaust features, two-speed fans and, of course, styling are other available features you may look for.





After You Buy a Room Air Conditioner

You can add to its efficiency and effectiveness by the way in which you use it.

Service is important. Except for some do-it-yourself models now on the market, your room air conditioner should be installed by a competent service man.

Read the instruction book. An air conditioner can't function satisfactorily with dirty filters; clean or replace them periodically. Follow the manufacturer's instructions about oiling the machine.

Air conditioning service is a seasonal business. It's to your advantage to beat the crowd and have your air conditioner installed and serviced before the hot weather starts, when you might have to wait for days.

Keep operating costs down. It's the compressor, not the fan, that accounts for the major cost of operating a room air conditioner. Since the compressor works to cool the room, you'll save money if you eliminate unnecessary sources of heat.

Keep the windows closed, and do not hold the doors open longer than necessary. Cold air drops to the floor, so you could lose a lot of it if there is a wide gap under the door.

Shade the windows that get direct sunlight, particularly those with western exposure. If the air conditioner itself is placed where it's in the sun for very many hours of the day, you might put up an awning to shade it.

Since most compressors work on thermostats, leave the air conditioner turned on when you are to be away for a few hours in hot weather, rather than let the heat and humidity build up in the room. The compressor will work only intermittently, just enough to hold the temperature down to the desired point. If you turn the air conditioner off on a hot day while you go to work or go shopping, the compressor will have to work continuously for a long time to bring the temperature and humidity down when you return. Besides that, you have to suffer the too-warm room during the cooling process instead of enjoying cool comfort on your return.

Use only limited amounts of outside air during the hot part of the day. If you recirculate and recool the room air, it's easier to keep the temperature down. You can ventilate the room with fresh air at night or in the early morning hours when the outside air is cooler.

Keep the comfort level high. You should not be aware of cold blasts of air in a properly air-conditioned room. In fact, you should not be conscious of the air conditioning. You should be just comfortable in a room at the right temperature and humidity.

Unless there's a particular reason for directing the air differently, turn the vents of the air conditioner so the cold air is blown upward. It will then move gently downward, and people will not have streams of cold air right on them.

If you expect to have more people than usual in the room, cool the room down more ahead of time. Each person gives off considerable heat. An air conditioner that's the right size for ordinary use in that room might not be able to do the job for a crowd.

Your air conditioner may have more than one fan speed. On high speed the temperature of the room can be lowered more rapidly, but there is a higher noise factor. You might use the high speed to cool a bedroom before bedtime, then turn it to low for less noise when you're sleeping.

You can remove more moisture from the air with the fan on low speed. The more slowly the air moves over the coils, the more moisture is taken from it. Therefore, on a day with high humidity, you'll be more comfortable with the fan on "low."

Just as you avoid activities that create extra heat on especially hot days, avoid those that throw more moisture into the air on the sticky, high-humidity days. Washing the floor, hanging up wet clothes indoors, prolonged showers and uncovered boiling water are sources of extra humidity.

Use your air conditioner all year. The air conditioners with a heat pump or "reverse cycle" feature are, of course, meant to be used for heating in the cool months. Other air conditioners without that feature are still usable all year for ventilating.

A well-designed air conditioner, properly installed, need not be covered during the winter. Take advantage of its filter all year to bring in fresh, filtered air. It will keep the room cleaner than if you open the windows. You'll wish to use the exhaust fan from time to time to clear the room of tobacco smoke, too.

Backyard Barbecues

A Terrace Buffet
(photographed above)

A Children's Backyard Picnic

A Family Cook-Out

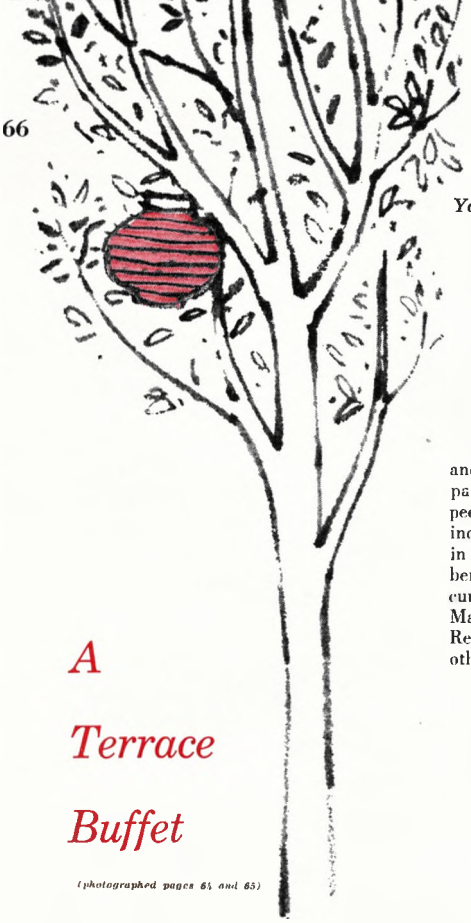
A Stag Supper

A Sunday Brunch

A Neighborhood Barbecue

Take your dinner outdoors, invite the neighbors, the children, let everyone share in the fun of fixing and eating. Make your own choice of the many types of equipment; you can have delicious charcoal-broiled meats with a small, inexpensive grill or a super-model barbecue. Let Dad take over the broiling department; Mother does the extras, the casserole, the salad—and don't forget the dessert! We give you a selection of ideas to choose from, some plain, some fancy. Above all, relax in the cool shade of your own backyard and have fun, everyone.

Photography by George Lazarnick • All table accessories courtesy of Bloomingdale's, New York City.



A Terrace Buffet

(photographed pages 64 and 65)

**Cheese appetizer*
**Grilled short ribs of beef*
**Grilled corn in foil*
**Sesame seed bread*
**Noodle casserole*
**Relish and salad tray*
**Fresh fruit platter*
Iced tea

**Recipes at right*

CHEESE APPETIZER

1 cup cream-style cottage cheese
1 2¼-ounce can deviled ham
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon grated onion
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
1 large cucumber

Combine cheese, ham, Worcestershire and onion. Beat until smooth. Stir in parsley. Place in a small bowl. Cut unpeeled cucumber in diagonal slices, ¼ inch thick. Place bowl of cheese mixture in center of a small plate, arrange cucumber slices around edge of plate. Dip cucumber slices in cheese mixture to eat. Makes about 1¼ cups cheese dip. See Redbook Recommends, page 94, for another easy appetizer suggestion.

GRILLED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

5 to 6 pounds short ribs of beef, cut in 3-inch pieces
1½ cups salad oil
½ cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon sugar
1 clove garlic, crushed

Lay short ribs close together in a flat baking pan. Combine salad oil, soy sauce, sugar and garlic. Pour mixture over meat; turn meat to coat evenly. Cover and let stand in refrigerator 24 to 48 hours. Turn meat several times. When ready to cook, drain meat; reserve marinade. Place meat on grill over hot coals and cook slowly on both sides until browned and tender when pierced with a fork, about 40 to 50 minutes in all. Baste occasionally with some of the marinade. Serves 8.

Grilled Corn in Foil: Husk *fresh corn (or use defrosted frozen ears).* Brush corn with *melted butter,* season with *salt* and *pepper.* Wrap each ear in a dampened paper towel; place in the center of a square of heavy-duty foil. Bring up sides of foil and fold down onto corn in a tight double fold. Twist ends securely. Place on grill over medium-hot coals. Cook 20 to 25 minutes, turning frequently. Open foil; fold back to form holder for corn.

Sesame Seed Bread: Spread ½ *cup sesame seeds* in a flat pan. Toast in a low oven *(300° F.)* about 5 minutes until golden brown. Cut a long loaf of *French bread* in slices almost through to the bottom. Spread cut surfaces with ½ *cup softened butter* or *margarine.* Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Wrap bread loosely in foil and heat on back of grill.

NOODLE CASSEROLE

8 ounces medium-wide noodles
Boiling salted water
1 cup large-curd cottage cheese
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 tablespoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
½ cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Cook noodles in boiling salted water as package directs. Drain. Combine noodles, cottage cheese, Worcestershire, salt, sour cream, onion, Tabasco, pimiento and green pepper. Turn into a buttered 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle top with cheese. Bake 25 to 30 minutes, until thoroughly heated and top is brown. Serves 8.

RELISH AND SALAD TRAY

In the center of a large tray arrange *radish roses, crisp stalks of endive* and *water cress.* Place 2 small bowls on each side. Fill with *tomato wedges, green bean relish, marinated mushrooms* and *tomato mayonnaise (see recipes below).*

Green Bean Relish: Cook and drain *1 package frozen cut green beans.* Combine with ½ *cup tiny raw cauliflower pieces.* Add *2 tablespoons French dressing.* Chill several hours.

MARINATED MUSHROOMS

2 4-ounce cans mushroom buttons
½ cup dry white table wine
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 tablespoon dried tarragon

Drain mushrooms; place in small saucepan. Add wine, oil and tarragon. Simmer over low heat 5 minutes. Chill overnight to blend flavors.

Tomato Mayonnaise: Beat together *1 cup mayonnaise* and ½ *cup tomato juice.*

Fresh Fruit Platter: Cut a *large ripe pineapple* in halves lengthwise. Cut each half into four wedges. With a sharp knife cut in slices about ½ inch thick down to rind. Cut along bottom to free pieces. Arrange on a large platter with washed and chilled *whole strawberries.* Serve with *confectioners' sugar* for dipping.

Turn to page 68 for more backyard barbecue menus →

Make salad dressings to your own taste better, easier, with golden light Mazola corn oil

The touch of genius to any salad is your own homemade dressing—what a wonderful variety of dressings you can make with golden light Mazola Corn Oil! Naturally lighter, sparklingly fresh, more delicate in flavor, Mazola blends better with all your zesty flavorings.

And—made-with-Mazola dressings stay pourable when chilled. Your crisp, cold salads will *stay* crisp and cold. Try the recipes shown here and discover how wonderful a salad can taste!

CORN OIL HAS A PLACE IN WELL-BALANCED MEALS

Everybody needs fats in their daily diet—and the *kind* you eat is important. Many well-known nutritional authorities recommend that from one-third to one-half of all the fats we eat should be the "unsaturated" kind such as corn oil. And Mazola is *natural* corn oil, made from good golden corn. You don't have to change your family's eating habits, just use Mazola Corn Oil in your everyday cooking—for frying, salads and baking.

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CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO

FAVORITE SALAD DRESSINGS

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING — Measure into bottle or jar 1 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Cover tightly; shake well. Chill. Shake before serving. Makes 1⅓ cups.

Variations: *Zesty Dressing:* Add 1 teaspoon minced onion, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire to Basic French.

Roquefort Dressing: Add 4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort or Blue Cheese to Basic French.

CELERY SEED DRESSING — Place in bowl 1 teaspoon each salt, dry mustard, paprika and celery seed. Add ½ cup KARO® Syrup, Red Label, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil and 1 tablespoon grated onion. Beat with rotary beater until blended and thickened. Chill. Shake before serving. Makes 1¾ cups. Poppy may replace celery seed, if desired.

A Children's Picnic

A Family Cook-Out

A Children's Picnic

**Franks with apple stuffing*
**Macaroni-and-cheese salad Rolls*
Tomato wedges
**Peppermint frosted brownies*
Popcorn Milk

**Recipes below and at right*

FRANKS WITH APPLE STUFFING

1 cup soft bread crumbs
3 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 cup canned apple sauce
8 frankfurters (about 1 pound)
8 bacon slices

Combine bread crumbs, butter and poultry seasoning. Cook apple sauce over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, about 7 minutes or until most of the moisture is evaporated. Add crumb mixture. Split frankfurters lengthwise almost through; fill with apple sauce mixture. Wrap a slice of bacon around each and secure with toothpicks. Cook over hot coals, turning frequently, about 8 minutes. Serves 8.

MACARONI-AND-CHEESE SALAD

8 ounces elbow macaroni
Boiling salted water
1 cup finely diced sharp cheddar cheese
½ cup finely diced carrot
¼ cup finely diced celery
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon grated onion
⅔ cup mayonnaise
1 green pepper, cut in thin rings

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water as directed on package. Drain and rinse thoroughly with cold water. Combine macaroni, cheese, carrot, celery, pimiento and onion. Add mayonnaise and blend. Chill. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with pepper rings. Serves 6 to 8.

PEPPERMINT FROSTED BROWNIES

1 16-ounce package brownie mix
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ pound thin chocolate mints

Prepare batter for brownies, stir in nuts and bake as directed on package. Remove from oven and immediately arrange chocolate mints in rows over top to cover completely. Return to oven for 1 minute to melt candy topping. Cool and cut into small squares.

A Family Cook-Out

**Grilled chicken*
**Foil-baked potatoes Chive butter*
Soft rolls Butter
**Peas and mushrooms*
Carrots, celery, olives
**Hot strawberry sundae shortcake*
Milk Iced coffee

**Recipes below and at right*

GRILLED CHICKEN

2 broiling chickens, not over 2½ pounds each, ready-to-cook weight
¼ cup melted butter *or* margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons paprika *or* curry *or* chili powder (choose the seasoning to suit your family's taste)
Salt and pepper

Have the butcher split and clean the chickens and remove the backbone and neck. The halves will then lie flat and cook more evenly. Combine melted butter, lemon juice and *one* of the seasonings. Sprinkle the chicken with salt and pepper. Brush pieces with butter mixture. Place on grill with bone side or inside nearest the hot coals. When inside is well browned, turn and brown skin side. Continue to cook, turning and basting with sauce frequently. Allow about 45 minutes in all. To test for doneness, cut into thick part of drumstick. If it cuts easily and no pink is visible, chicken is done. Brush pieces with sauce before serving. Serves 4.

Foil-Baked Potatoes: Wash and dry *4 baking potatoes*. Rub skins with a little *oil*. Wrap each in a square of heavy-duty foil. Twist ends securely. Place on grill or right on top of the coals. Bake, turning occasionally, about 1 hour, or until soft. Open foil and cut a crisscross in top of each potato. Push up center. Top with *softened butter* mixed with *snipped chives*. Serves 4.

PEAS AND MUSHROOMS

1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms, drained
3 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
2 pounds fresh peas, shelled

Heat mushrooms in butter. Cook peas in a small amount of boiling salted water. Drain and add to mushrooms and butter. Place in a small heat-proof casserole; cover and keep warm on grill. Serves 4.

HOT STRAWBERRY SUNDAE SHORTCAKE

1 10-ounce package frozen sliced strawberries, thawed
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Few grains salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ cup toasted sliced almonds
1 package sponge cups
1 pint vanilla ice cream

Drain strawberries and measure juice; add water to make ¾ cup. Stir a little of the juice into the cornstarch. Add rest of juice and cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Remove from heat and stir in salt, lemon juice and drained berries. Add sliced almonds and keep warm. Arrange sponge cups on plates; fill with ice cream; top with hot sauce. Serves 4.

Illustrations by Denny Hampson

A Stag Supper

**Doubledeck beefburgers*
French bread Hot garlic butter
Skillet fried potatoes
**Caesar salad*
Apple pie Assorted cheese
Beer Coffee

**Recipes below*

DOUBLEDECK BEEFBURGERS

4 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
1½ cups thinly sliced onions
3 tablespoons chili sauce
3 ounces blue cheese, mashed
3 pounds ground chuck steak
Salt and pepper

Melt butter in a skillet, add onions and cook over moderate heat until golden brown. Add chili sauce and cheese. Keep hot. Divide meat into 12 portions. Shape each into a flat patty about 5 inches in diameter. Place in a basket broiler or wire toaster. Place over hot coals and grill on both sides. To serve: spoon onion sauce over one patty, top with a second one. Makes 6 servings.

CAESAR SALAD

1 cup ½-inch bread cubes
2 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine
1 clove garlic
½ cup salad oil
1 small head romaine lettuce
½ head curly endive
3 tomatoes, cut in wedges
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Several hours before serving, toss together bread cubes and melted butter. Spread in a flat baking dish and toast in a moderately low oven *(300° F.)*, until golden brown. Mash garlic, add to salad oil; let stand at room temperature. Wash greens, dry thoroughly. Tear greens into small pieces and chill. Just before serving, add tomatoes to greens. Strain oil to remove garlic. Pour over greens and toss. Combine egg, cheese, lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt and pepper. Add to greens and toss to coat evenly. Add toasted bread cubes and toss again. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

A Sunday Brunch

Cranberry-apple juice cocktail
**Swiss scrambled eggs Grilled tomatoes*
**Browned cereal slices Syrup*
**Orange coffee ring Coffee*

**Recipes below and at right*

SWISS SCRAMBLED EGGS

1 2½-ounce jar dried beef, shredded
Boiling water
2 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
6 eggs
6 tablespoons light cream *or* milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ pound Swiss cheese, cut in ¼-inch strips

Cover shredded dried beef with boiling water; let stand 1 minute. Drain. Heat butter in a large skillet over moderately hot coals. Beat together eggs, cream, salt and pepper. Pour egg mixture into skillet. Cook and stir gently with a fork until eggs are almost set. Add beef and cheese. Cover; set skillet at back of grill and let stand about 2 minutes until cheese begins to melt and eggs are set. Serve at once. Serves 6.

BROWNED CEREAL SLICES

6 cups boiling water
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup farina
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup milk
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
Fat or cooking oil

Combine water and salt. Add cereal and cook 3 minutes. Turn hot cereal into a small greased loaf pan. Cover and chill overnight. Turn cereal mold out of pan and slice in ½-inch slices, crosswise. Combine egg and milk. Dip slices in egg mixture, then in bread crumbs. Heat fat in a heavy skillet over moderately hot coals. Add cereal slices; brown both sides. Serve with syrup. Serves 6 to 8.

ORANGE COFFEE RING

¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
2 cans refrigerated biscuits
¼ cup melted butter *or* margarine
1 ounce (⅓ of 3-ounce package) cream cheese
¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon orange juice
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ cup flaked coconut

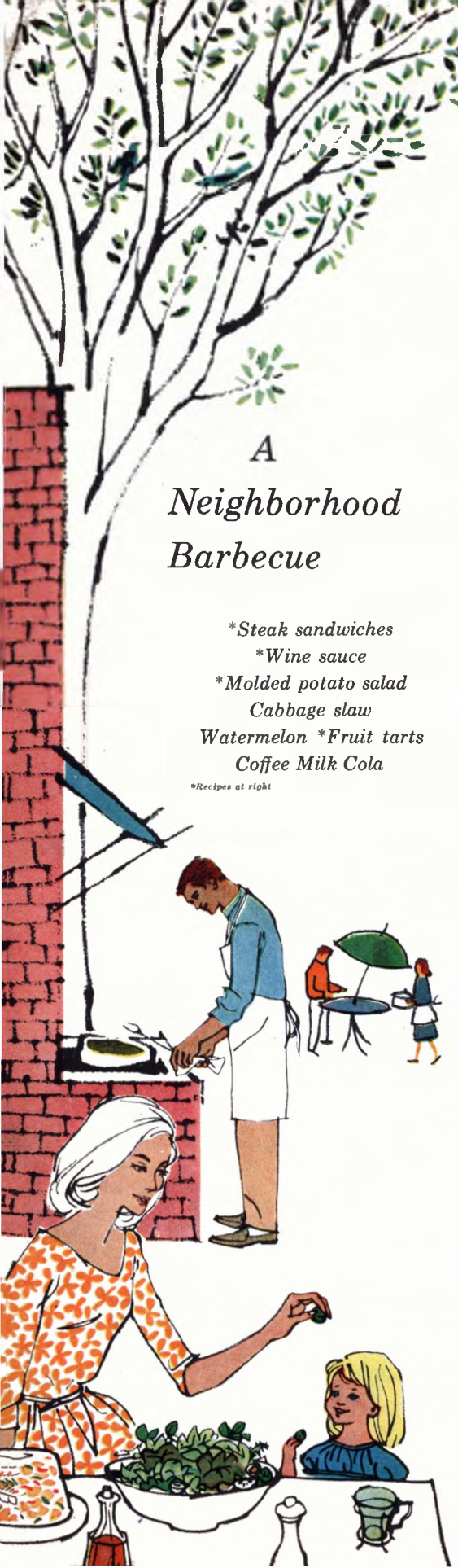
Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot)*.

Combine sugar and grated orange rind. Remove biscuits from cans and dip each biscuit in melted butter and then in sugar mixture. Arrange in an overlapping circle in a greased 9-inch round cake pan. Bake 15 to 20 minutes until golden brown. Cream together cheese, confectioners' sugar, orange juice and vanilla. While coffee ring is still warm, spread frosting over top and sprinkle with coconut. If made ahead, coffee ring may be reheated by loosely wrapping in aluminum foil and placing on back of grill. Serves 8.

Turn the page for another backyard barbecue menu →

A Stag Supper

A Sunday Brunch



A Neighborhood Barbecue

**Steak sandwiches*
**Wine sauce*
**Molded potato salad*
Cabbage slaw
*Watermelon *Fruit tarts*
Coffee Milk Cola

**Recipes at right*

STEAK SANDWICHES

5 to 6 pounds round steak, cut 2 inches thick
3 teaspoons seasoned meat tenderizer
Melted butter *or* margarine
Toasted buns

Slash the fat around edges of steak. Sprinkle both sides of steak evenly with meat tenderizer. Pierce meat deeply with a two-tined fork at 1-inch intervals. Let meat stand at room temperature 1 hour, or overnight in refrigerator. Brush grill with cooking oil. Arrange steak on grill about 4 inches above hot coals. Cook 10 to 12 minutes on each side; brush meat occasionally with melted butter. When meat is done, remove to a cutting board; slice diagonally across grain. Serve on toasted buns. Spoon Wine Sauce *(see recipe below)* over meat. Serves 8 generously.

WINE SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter *or* margarine
1 tablespoon snipped chives
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup dry red table wine
1 can beef consommé
5 whole peppercorns
2 whole cloves
Pinch of allspice
1 small clove garlic, crushed
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add chives. Cook over very low heat 2 minutes. Stir in flour; continue to cook and stir until flour is golden brown. Add wine, consommé, pepper corns, whole cloves, allspice and garlic. Bring to a boil; lower heat and simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain through a fine sieve into another saucepan. Add parsley and lemon juice. Reheat. Makes 1½ cups.

MOLDED POTATO SALAD

6 or 7 large potatoes, cooked, peeled and diced (about 2 quarts)
¾ cup chopped sweet pickle
½ cup chopped green onions with tops
¾ cup sliced radishes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1¼ cups mayonnaise *or* salad dressing
3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

In a large bowl combine potatoes with all the remaining ingredients except eggs. Toss together lightly. Fold in egg slices. Coat the inside of an 8-inch angel food cake pan thoroughly with mayonnaise. Pack salad mixture firmly into pan. Cover with waxed paper and chill at least 2 hours. To serve, run a broad spatula around sides to loosen salad. Turn out on a large flat platter or tray. Garnish with watercress or other greens. Serves 6 to 8.

Fruit Tarts

PASTRY FOR TARTS

1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
2½ tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Add half the shortening. With a pastry blender or two knives, cut in shortening until mixture looks like coarse meal. Cut in rest of shortening until the size of small peas. Sprinkle water over mixture. Mix with a fork until particles cling together. Pick up in hands; shape into a ball. Roll out ⅛ inch thick on a lightly floured pastry cloth or board. Cut into 12 3½-inch circles with a cookie cutter. Use as directed in recipes below.

APPLE TURNOVERS

12 3½-inch pastry circles
¾ cup sweetened apple sauce
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg

Heat oven to 450° F. *(very hot)*.

Place pastry circles on a cookie sheet. Combine apple sauce and nutmeg; put 2 teaspoons on one side of each pastry circle. Moisten edge of pastry. Fold pastry over apple sauce. Press firmly together with the tines of a fork. Bake 14 to 16 minutes until golden brown. Makes 12.

PEACH CIRCLES

24 3½-inch pastry circles (double recipe)
1 10-ounce package frozen sliced peaches, slightly defrosted
2 teaspoons flour

Heat oven to 450° F. *(very hot)*.

Place 12 pastry circles on a cookie sheet. Cut out centers of remaining 12 circles with a 1¼-inch cookie cutter. Cut block of frozen peaches into small pieces. Add flour and toss together. Put 1 heaping tablespoon of peaches in the center of each circle. Moisten edges. Fit the pastry rings over peaches and press edges together to seal. Crimp edge. Bake 14 to 16 minutes. Makes 12 tarts.

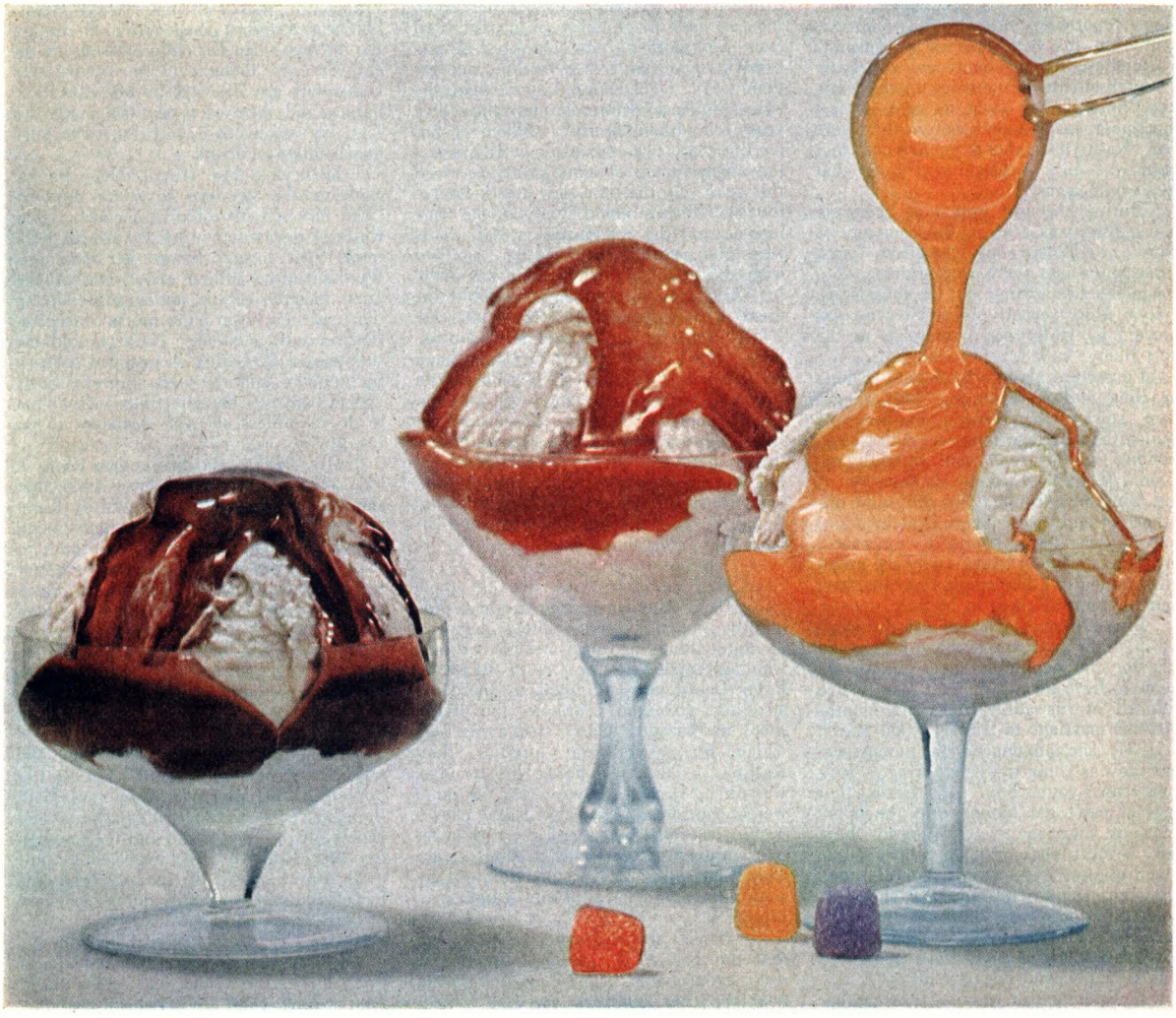
Instant Ice Cream Sauces

with flavor you can't buy "ready-made"!

Blend Jell-O Instant Pudding with Pet Milk. No cooking!

These melt-in-the-mouth sauces just stir into rich satiny smoothness. Delicious dress-ups for ice cream, cake or fruit—easy on the food budget!

One more reason for keeping Jell-O Instant Pudding, the "Busy-Day" Dessert, on hand always.



CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Mix until smooth
1 package JELL-O Chocolate Instant Pudding
⅔ cup Light or Dark Corn Syrup
Stir in gradually
¾ cup PET Evaporated Milk
1 teaspoon Vanilla

Sauce thickens on standing about 10 minutes. Cover and keep in refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups of sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Mix until smooth
1 package JELL-O Butterscotch Instant Pudding
⅔ cup Dark Corn Syrup
Stir in gradually
¾ cup PET Evaporated Milk

Sauce thickens on standing about 10 minutes. Cover and keep in refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups of sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix until smooth
1 package JELL-O Vanilla Instant Pudding
⅔ cup Light Corn Syrup
¼ cup undiluted Frozen Orange Juice Concentrate
Stir in gradually
⅔ cup PET Evaporated Milk

Sauce thickens on standing about 10 minutes. Cover and keep in refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups of sauce.

Bing Crosby's Young Wife

(Continued from Page 31)

romance with Bing she is unwilling to comment on it. Nor will Kathryn—except for admitting that they had one of the longest engagements on record in show business.

As far back as three years ago Bing and Kathryn were close to marriage. Again, a year later, in September of 1956, Bing reportedly asked St. Patrick's Church in his home parish at Tacoma, Washington, for his baptismal certificate—a prerequisite to marriage in the Catholic Church. But even as late as last September, just a month before they were wed, Kathryn confided to friends that there was only a fifty-fifty chance that they would marry.

During the low points of their romance Bing was seen in the company of many of Hollywood's loveliest girls. Three years ago there were rumors of a romance between Bing and the then Grace Kelly. More recently Inger Stevens was selected by Hollywood columnists as the most likely "new Mrs. Crosby."

Conjecture about why it took so long for Bing and Kathryn to marry ranges from stories that Bing's mother was against the marriage (she was not) to suggestions that his sons were violently opposed. The most likely explanation is that Bing was troubled by the wide difference in their ages. There is no evidence that Kathryn was similarly concerned, but there are many reasons why she might have wanted to allow ample time and freedom for both of them to be sure.

Bing is a man of sudden dark moods in which he appears to have little concern for the people he loves best. He seems to have been a difficult man to live with all of his adult life. Six months after his marriage to Dixie Lee on March 5, 1931, she announced to newspapers that she was going to divorce Bing. "He's a very nice young boy," said Dixie, "but we just can't get along." In the many years of marriage that followed there were several occasions on which Dixie talked to attorneys—with divorce in mind. Although close friends say that these explosive periods were brought about as much by Dixie as by Bing, it is likely that this experience may have influenced Bing's long second engagement.

A difference in religion was another problem during the early days of Bing's and Kathy's romance. Bing is a Catholic and his religious convictions run deep. He has had an unwavering devotion to his church, quietly demonstrated ever since he signed his first big contract and shortly thereafter presented a new pipe organ to the parish near his home. Over the years he has made large gifts to many Catholic institutions.

Bing's beliefs were, of course, an important influence in Kathryn's decision to become a Catholic, but neither he nor any of Kathryn's numerous Catholic friends suggested her conversion. In answer to the question of why she changed her religion, Kathryn replied, "Such a decision is not reached easily. I found I had great need of the Catholic faith."

Bing's sons were another potential problem. Kathryn may have unwittingly contributed to the difficulty. Knowing that very few young men react well to a stepmother—particularly one of their own age—she seems to have made the mistake of trying too hard to be friendly. Friends of Gary's, for instance, report that at their first meeting he took offense when Kathryn playfully rumpled his hair.

The boys' reactions will undoubtedly be softened eventually by Kathy's natural charm and by certain important statistics. Gary Crosby, who celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on June 28th, will now come into one-half his interest in a trust fund from his mother's net estate of $550,616.93. Kathryn is five months younger than Gary, eight months older than the twins, Philip and Dennis, and almost five years older than Lindsay. When the latter three are twenty-five they will receive the same amount of money Gary received this year. By the time they are thirty-five they will receive equal shares of the trust income and the remaining capital. This wise planning by their mother, coupled with additional provisions Bing has made for the boys, will make it possible for them to be independent young men.

Kathryn is not intimidated by problems. She is credited with having insisted on the long "cooling off" period before the final decision to marry (a decision which, incidentally, was announced to Bing's mother and Kathy's parents before the couple took off for the ceremony in Las Vegas, Nevada). "Sure our romance was broken off," said Bing, right after the wedding, "but that was so we could sit back and think things over."

Since their marriage Kathryn has quietly and intelligently fitted her way of doing things to Bing's needs. Friends who are invited to the Crosby house in Palm Desert are delighted to see Bing strolling contentedly around the living room in Bermuda shorts, displaying legs which he insists are "prettier than Kathy's." They also notice his trimmer waistline. It comes from eating the same weight-control breakfast that Kathy eats—a glass of orange juice with the yolk of an egg whipped into it, and a small steak. This nourishing breakfast is followed by soup and salad for lunch and a light evening meal.

Friends are surprised, too, to find that the new Mrs. Crosby is frequently away from home. The more observing note that her absences are well timed. Bing likes to be alone for considerable periods of time. While Kathy gives the picture of being the constant companion and perfect hostess at such events as the annual Bing Crosby Tournament at the Pebble Beach Golf Course or at parties Bing gives for friends, she wisely absents herself at intervals to pursue her independent interests.

As Bing's mother, Kate Crosby, puts it, "I get along with my kids because I don't lean on them. My daughter-in-law figures it the same way."

During the first few months of their marriage Kathryn was regularly away from home twice a week. With Bing's approval she registered for a nursing course at Queen of the Angels Hospital in Los Angeles. To get there she commuted by plane from the Crosby's "Silver Spur Ranch" in Palm Desert, fourteen miles south of Palm Springs. She'd arrive in Los Angeles in time for dinner with Bing's mother; then, after an early bedtime, she would be up at five-thirty the next morning. At the hospital Kathryn was a "scrub-up" girl. She carried towels, helped sterilize surgical instruments and performed any other assigned chores.

That she did her work satisfactorily is attested to by an offer recently made to Kathryn by the hospital's obstetrical supervisor, Sister Mary Clement of the Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She was asked if she wanted to occupy the nursery when her child arrived. Mothers who are thought to be particularly competent are allowed to be with their babies and take care of them from the first day on, instead of seeing them only at scheduled intervals.

Kathryn's close friend, Mary Banks, explains the decision to study nursing. "The fact is," Mrs. Banks declares, "that Kathryn decided to work toward an R.N. more than a year before her marriage. We had often talked about one of the great hazards of the acting profession—the tendency toward too much concentration on self. One day Kathryn told me that she realized that she needed to grow in humility and the best way she knew was to become a nurse. I advised her not to do it—unless she was prepared to do it well."

Mrs. Banks, who has known Kathryn well since her college days, adds that she has "always been impressed by Kathryn's sincere interest in self-improvement. It is a normal desire—not just an attempt to secure a veneer, but to become a better human being. Kathryn is a strong character. Once she gets an idea into her head there is no such word as *quit*."

Anyone who knew Kathryn while she was growing up would have clues to her independence and self-reliance. Kathryn learned to stand on her own feet at an early age.

None of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Emery Grandstaff of West Columbia, Texas, was ever pampered. Both their parents were schoolteachers and Emery, Jr., Frances Ruth and their younger sister Kathryn were expected to pull their own weight. By the time she was five, Kathryn was already doing her share of daily household chores.

Mrs. Grandstaff insists that Kathryn's recollection that she was spanked almost every day is farfetched, but family policy required any child who misbehaved badly to cut his own switch off the backyard pecan tree. Less serious offenses were greeted with a tablespoonful of castor oil and an announcement from Father Grandstaff, "If you're bad, you certainly must be sick, so take this and get well."

Mr. Grandstaff seldom administered spankings, but Kathryn remembers clearly what happened the time she ran away to her grandmother's, two and a half miles down the highway. "When I came home," Kathryn recalls, "he took off his belt, picked me up, hugged and kissed me.

then took down my panties and spanked me until I cried louder than mother, who was completely stricken. Sometimes I think I was naughty just to absorb some of the extra love which always accompanied the punishment."

When Kathryn was of high-school age, the West Columbia School burned down. Kathryn was sent to Robstown, Texas, to live with her aunt, Frances Sullivan, and complete her schooling. The close friendship between them has continued to this day. Kathryn's first really expensive splurge since her marriage, for instance, was to bring Aunt Frances to California for a visit.

Aunt Frances was an early and ardent booster of the new Mrs. Bing Crosby. A letter she wrote to Art Rush, Kathryn's first show-business agent, on May 3, 1950, offers clear testimony:

"Dear Mr. Rush: For a quick resumé of Kathryn's personal life—she is a sixteen-year-old senior of Robstown, Texas, High School . . . her I.Q. is rated as very superior. She recently took the California Test and was rated equal to a senior in college. She was given a place in the High School Register for Outstanding Students in the entire South. She was elected to Quill and Scroll for outstanding work in journalism and won a medal for four years of winning a letter on the school tennis team. She was cheerleader this year, is editor of the school yearbook, layout editor of the high-school paper, a member of the school choir and one of the leads in the senior play.

"Kathryn has a Five average grade for four high-school years, grades running from low One to high Five. She is at present Worthy Advisor of the Rainbow Girls of Robstown Chapter of the Junior Order of Eastern Star. She has studied piano for five years, ballet and toe dancing for the same period. . . . You, of course, already know of the many beauty and personality contests she has won. Beyond this I can only say that she comes from a splendid family, and is as fine a human being as God ever created."

Mr. Rush had indeed observed Kathryn's qualifications. Along with his client, Roy Rogers, he was one of the judges who, in February 1950, selected her as Queen of the annual Houston Fat Stock Show and Rodeo.

"I was impressed with her sense of showmanship," said Art Rush. "However, when I learned that she was only sixteen years old, I suggested that she go on to college and, frankly, I never expected to hear from her again."

Kathryn enrolled at the University of Texas, where she became one of the best-liked girls on campus, and added "Golden Girl of the Texas League" and "Queen of the Texas Lions" to her beauty crowns. In the summer of 1952, when she and her parents went to California for a vacation, she called Art Rush. Rush arranged for a Paramount screen test and, on August 13, 1952, Kathryn Grandstaff was signed to a seven-year contract—beginning at $100 a week for forty weeks a year with periodic six-month options.

During her first months in Hollywood Kathryn steered clear of the usual starlet success pattern. Instead of going to night-clubs and hiring a press agent to invent romantic news, she enrolled as a fine-arts major at UCLA. "A few months later," she declares, "Paramount said I was up for an important part. I ditched the play in which I was rehearsing, someone else got the screen role, and I was stranded with a series of walk-ons. I realized then that success in movies was extremely difficult to achieve."

Late in 1953 Paramount dropped Kathryn's contract, and the Art Rush office, which had collected no agent's fees for its services and was increasingly occupied with Roy Rogers' activities, suggested that she find another agent. Her new agent, Melville Shauer, signed her with Columbia Pictures at $125 a week, with options which gradually increased her pay to more than $750 weekly. Although she has appeared in fourteen pictures, agent Shauer feels that she never has had a role in line with her capabilities.

But he is sure this will soon change. "It is only natural," states Shauer, "that her present position will give her opportunities previously denied her because she wasn't a big name. I feel that she can handle anything she is given to do and should become one of our foremost stars."

While Kathryn has yet to prove herself as a great actress, she has already made good on the golf course. One day she showed up at the swank Lakeside Country Club at which Bing has won three championships. She was carrying a battered canvas bag containing a driver, a seven iron and a putter. On the first green she sank a ten-foot putt.

"The girl's a real pro," Bing remarked.

"Not quite," Kathryn explained. "I won a tournament when I was fifteen, but that was only because the most I could afford was one golf ball. I spent so much time looking for it that my opponent drove five balls out of bounds in disgust. That gave me the match."

Since her marriage, Kathryn has been taking lessons. "I don't intend to play regularly with my husband and his friends," she says, "until I've improved enough so I won't hold up the game."

It may take Kathryn a little longer than she had anticipated to become good enough to play with Bing's friends. Her golf game, her acting and her nursing course are all being curtailed by her pregnancy. She and Bing are expecting their first child this summer. They both want it to be a girl. "But," says Kathryn, "if we have a boy that's what we'll want most, too."

When Kathryn talks about what she wants for her baby she sums up, better than anyone else can, those values which have been and still are most important in her own life.

"I have a special prayer for my baby," says Mrs. Crosby. "I want her to know love—the sort of love I've had from my parents for as long as I can remember. I want her to know need, too—not for money or position, but for learning, accomplishment and the joy in achieving respect of and for other people. And it also goes without saying that I know she'll need the love and companionship of her father as much as I do." . . . THE END

The Great Smokies

(Continued from Page 51)

built a French château which is said to be the most magnificent private residence in the United States. Biltmore House is open for a fee—also on the magnificent side: $2.40 for adults, $1.40 for children. It is a staggering experience, though, to drive through miles of manicured gardens to the enormous house which is decorated and furnished with a fabulous opulence.

For contrast, visit Thomas Wolfe's home, the boardinghouse he wrote about so bitterly in *Look Homeward, Angel.* It may be seen furnished just as it was when run by his mother—who never realized his genius, and said, "You're my only child who makes a living without working."

The most expensive hotel in Asheville is Grove Park Inn, built of gigantic native stones—and a stay there is an experience in itself. Its fireplaces are so vast that a man can walk in, upright, behind andirons weighing 500 pounds each. And the elevators are housed within the chimneys! There's nothing like it.

Next door is Biltmore Industries, where I went completely out of my head over homespun varying from ten-ounce suitings to stout, thick topcoat material. A guide takes you through to watch the wool dyed, carded, spun, woven, washed and then dried in the old-fashioned way, in the sun on long fences. It is sold nowhere else. The price: $5.95 a yard!

Sunset is the time to visit Mount Mitchell, highest in the East, an hour away from Asheville. You'll never forget the view from the top—the color of range behind range of mountains rising below you: green, then blue-green, dimmer blue, violet and lavender against clouds stained with pink in a cobalt sky.

The national park area of the Smokies is only fifty-four miles long by nine to nineteen wide, but it includes over 500 miles of foot trails and horse trails, and 650 miles of trout streams. Only one motor road cuts through it and some areas are so densely overgrown that no man is known to have penetrated them.

"There are rhododendron in there twenty-five feet high, intertwined so thick a man can walk on top easier than crawl under," a Ranger told me. "People around here call such thickets 'hells,' because that's just what they were—no way out—to the early folks trying to find a pass to the West."

You can drive across the park in an hour—but you'd be missing a rimption to burn the wind that way. At Newfound Gap, 6000 feet up in the sunlit haze, for example, there is a spur road leading to Clingmans Dome, from which the view keeps you mesmerized for an hour.

There are other overlooks and entic-

ing spur roads—and then, if you run into a bear jam, more time will fly. Bear jams happen when one of them lumbers out of the forest to scrounge for cookies, and traffic slows to a trickle as delighted drivers stop to take pictures.

These sociable 600-pound moochers are friendly, but need to be treated with respect. You are entirely safe in your car. Still, Rangers keep a close eye on them, and when one gets too bold they haul him far away in a jeep, and dump him out the far side of a rhododendron hell to regret his greed in exile.

At the eastern entrance of the park is the Cherokee Indian reservation—and on it the stockaded showplace village of Oconaluftee. Here, Cherokee actors live out the daily life of their forebears in dwellings of woven river cane thickly wattled with pink clay.

Here, as I wandered through, was a lithe young brave, brown body bare to the waist, hacking out a canoe with firebrand and stone ax. Others nearby were chipping arrowheads, fashioning spears or drums—men's work. Further off was a mother, papoose on her back, grinding maize in a stone mortar. Other women were cooking, finger-weaving, making pottery or bead belts. (You can also buy striking wood sculpture.)

In the long mountain twilight, I made my way through a tree-shadowed aisle to the amphitheater roofed by a starry sky, walled by murmuring forest. As dusk deepens, lightning bugs glow in counterpoint. Whippoorwills add their regretful refrain to the cheerful call of katydids and the soft music of the orchestra that washes up on the light wind. These very hills seem to speak the play's opening words: "In the beginning was the land . . ." Lights come up on a stage that houses an Indian village of 400 years ago. There a chief in imperial cape of eagle feathers greets Hernando de Soto, arrogant in steel breastplate and helmet.

Two hours later you remember yourself again. The impact of seeing history come alive in the very hills where it took place is tremendous. The audience sits silent under its spell for a long moment when the drama is over. Then thunderous applause sets the leaves shivering. Speaking of shivering, even after the warmest days, a light wrap is needed after dark. Blankets are standard equipment on beds—and there are no mosquitoes.

Gatlinburg is just across the mountains, in Tennessee—a small town of summer hotels and gift shops. This is a good place to watch satiny furniture of black walnut being turned, and chair seats being woven of honey-blond cornhusk ropes, just as they were in pioneer days. I asked the owner of The Wood Whittlers, a fourth-generation craftsman, how he learned his trade. "I just come up between two rocks and was on my way."

Homespun Valley here is a three-acre reproduction of an early village. It is busy with blacksmiths, weavers, gristmillers—even moonshiners—at work. You can buy waterground cornmeal, two pounds for thirty-five cents, but no mountain dew. Gatlinburg is dry.

Gatlinburg's many resorts are by no means the only ones in the area. LeConte Lodge offers the only overnight accommodation actually in the park, with a superb "grandstand" view. It can be reached only on foot or by horseback. Fare and accommodation are woodsy, and there are lots of bear and deer around. Accessible by car—and a major point of departure for pack trips into the park—is Cataloochee Ranch. Both a working and a dude ranch, it goes in for home-grown food served at community tables.

When I came out in blue jeans and sneakers here—and looked with some alarm at the spirited horses cavorting around the corral—I was immediately reassured that "old Spot here's for you. He's like a rocking chair." Six hours later, Spot seemed like a very hard rocking chair—but ambling through high meadows with him was plumb bodacious.

There are countless lodges in the Smokies where leisured luxury is the keynote—places like High Hampton, built with the spaciousness of prewar days. Here you dress in your prettiest light silks for dinner after a day of riding, hiking, fishing, motoring or golfing. All of these mountain links are a challenge, slung like plush green hammocks down the creases of steep valleys. And, according to a fellow guest, "It helps to be a good pool player if you want to crack par."

If you want muskellunge, bass, perch, sunfish, trout or a 110-pound catfish—stop over at Fontana Village. Make the trip anyway, for a look at Fontana Dam and a speedboat run on the big lake it leashes. A sizable resort community of picturesque, very well-furnished and unusually inexpensive individual cottages. Fontana Village is a great place for children—and for honeymooners, since the cottages wander up the sides of a wooded cove, well separated but not isolated. Stores, restaurants, swimming pool, tennis courts and churches have been built for summer use. Movies and horses are available, and a TV room, a card room and square dancing, with classes in pottery making, weaving and wood carving.

For unique wood sculpture, don't miss a visit to the John C. Campbell Folk School near Brasstown. It was started many years ago—to help isolated mountain folk add to slender cash income. Today, still, native craftsmen bring in such enchanting things as a St. Francis, carved from white holly, with a sassy squirrel skittering up his robe and a loving deer under his blessing hand. You can even stay there and take lessons in carving for only $52.50 a week, room, meals and square dancing included.

Hendersonville, though, is known as "the dancingest town." Every night, over 1500 people turn out for lively rounds on the paved tennis courts bordering Main Street. Circles of as many as 400 whirl expertly—skirts, curls and shirttails flying, as a high mountain voice cries such old calls as, "Crow hop out. Crow hop in. Swing that gal with a gret big grin." Purely bodacious—to watch or to join.

The Smokies will leave you with a world of memories—avenues of paulownia trees in the Nantahala Gorge dripping great clusters of wisteria . . . bamboo thickets thirty feet high around the swinging footbridges over tumbling streams.

Now that I've tarried in the Smokies, give me my druthers and, come summer, I'll be burning the wind right back!

. . . The End

Before you go, write for detailed information to the N.C. Travel Bureau, Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N.C., and to Superintendant, Great Smoky Mountains National Park Headquarters, Gatlinburg, Tenn. For prompt service, mark these and letters to other sources "RB."

Go there in 20 hours by car to Asheville from New York or Chicago. (Drive at least part way from New York on the Blue Ridge Parkway: information from Parkway Headquarters, Roanoke, Va.) By air, it's about $30 to Asheville from Washington, about $13 by train from Cincinnati. (Capital Airlines, National Airport, Washington, D.C.; Southern Railway, McPherson Sq., 920 15 St. N.W., Washington 5, D.C.)

Allow a week to ten days at least for craft shopping (at six centers of Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, 930 Tunnel Road, Asheville; other crafters at Penland, Brasstown and Cherokee) and gem hunting (Museum of North Carolina Minerals, Spruce Pine), for fishing (all year except trout April-September; no permit needed at "public access areas") or open-air pageants (at Cherokee, Boone and Gatlinburg, Tenn.) and concerts (Brevard, weekends, June-August).

Budget at least $200 per couple—depending on whether you stay at resorts like Bent Creek Lodge (Asheville), High Hampton Inn (Cashiers), Eseeola Lodge (Linville), Mountain View Hotel (Gatlinburg) at $20 a day and up for two, with meals; at cottage colonies like Fontana Village or Nantahala Inn (Bryson City) for $7 double and up, without meals; at motels like Boundary Tree (Cherokee), The Ranch (Blowing Rock) for $6 up per person; and at ranches like Cataloochee (Waynesville) for $140 a week double, with meals.

Go there in April for dogwood, in May for mountain laurel, in June for rhododendron and "Singing on the Mountain" at Linville; in July for the Craftsmen's Fair at Asheville; in August for the Mountain Dance and Folk Festival at Asheville; in September for mountain ash laden with orange berries, and the North Carolina Apple Festival at Hendersonville; in October for vivid fall foliage and the Cherokee Indian Fair at Cherokee. From May through October naturalist-guided field and auto trips free from Park Headquarters; tobacco auctions start in the mountain towns in August, end in the plains around Thanksgiving.

For more ideas on places to go, see ***Checked For Travel on Page 93.***

Sauce-pot Meat Balls

All in one pot, and such fun to fix . . . with Hunt's Tomato Sauce and onion-soup mix!

Get the pot of sauce bubbling, drop in the herb-seasoned meat balls, and let them soak up wonderful flavor—*while they cook!*

That's how easy it is—with Hunt's Tomato Sauce and onion soup mix to give you a head start. You save time, you save pots and pans. And out come the tastiest meat balls you ever ate, with plenty of savory sauce to pour over potatoes, rice or noodles.

In this dish, the flavor of the sauce really counts. And that's where Hunt's Tomato Sauce makes the big difference! *Because Hunt's has more flavor to start with.*

Hunt's Tomato Sauce is *all tomato.* No fillers. We add just the right spices and seasonings to bring out its goodness.

Then it's kettle-simmered until it's rich, thick, and *ready to use.* Which is why you have such fun cooking with Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Try it soon. With old favorites like pot roast and meat loaf, or with this *new* favorite, Sauce-pot Meat Balls.

1 package dry onion soup mix
1¼ cups water
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 lb. ground beef
½ teasp. garlic salt
½ teasp. thyme ¼ teasp. pepper
1 tablesp. chopped parsley

In deep, thick saucepan, bring to a boil quickly onion soup mix, water and 1½ cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Mix ground beef, seasonings, parsley and remaining Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Shape into 16 meat balls and place them in sauce. Simmer gently, uncovered, for 25 minutes, turning occasionally. Serve over hot noodles, spaghetti or rice. Makes about 4 servings.

Hunt for the best

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Shocking Facts About Fruits and Vegetables

(Continued from Page 25)

had warned, I saw every possible form of contamination. With a few exceptions—such as the well-run Krisp-Pak Company and the Yeckes-Eichenbaum Company—the produce was stacked flush on the sidewalks in direct contact with the filth. Regulation Fourteen of the City Sanitary Code plainly states that "food should not be subjected to unsanitary human handling and should be kept covered so as to be adequately protected from dirt, dust, flies, insects, rodents, vermin, foreign material or other contamination. No food intended for human consumption shall be deposited or allowed to remain within two feet of the surface of any sidewalk, street, alley or other public place, or the floor of any building where exhibited, unless the same shall be contained in boxes or other receptacles, so as to be protected from dogs and other animals and their excretions."

In only two establishments did I see any attempt to raise the produce on eight-inch "skid" platforms above the sidewalk, and even this was a far cry from the two-foot elevation required by law. When I asked Inspector Schneider about this, he shrugged helplessly. "Look," he said. "I'm the only inspector assigned to this market, and there are about three hundred and fifty dealers. I'm outnumbered."

As I walked through the market on my three nocturnal visits, I saw derelicts clustered about ashcan fires and relieving themselves in the produce-jammed streets. I saw dogs urinating on the produce and birds roosting above it. There was garbage everywhere, and one rainy night the fruits and vegetables were bathed in gutter torrents of indescribable filth.

Outside one establishment, the foreman spat on the sidewalk as he talked with Inspector Schneider. While the health officer remonstrated with him, a crate of tomatoes was dragged directly over the spot where the sputum lay. In the basement of another wholesaler, we found dozens of crates of oranges that were to be delivered to a school the next day. All around the crates were little mounds of cat excreta. We also saw rat droppings. Schneider groaned as he wrote out a complaint. He said, "They put those oranges right on top of that filth." All night long, Schneider struggled valiantly, writing out complaints, but from one A.M. to six A.M. we had been able to visit only six establishments.

As we left that night, one wholesaler, who thought I was a health inspector, turned to me and said plaintively, "Do you think the market will ever move out of this hole? Or will we have to stay here the rest of our lives?" For the next two days I could think of nothing but the diseases that could be transmitted in food as a result of the disgraceful conditions I had seen. Then I spoke with Leonard Kanter, the editor of *Food Topics*—an authoritative spokesman for the food industry—and he apparently had the same thing on his mind. "It's a miracle," he said, "that New York hasn't had a series of major epidemics because of what goes on in Washington Street."

It was the same in Philadelphia's Dock Street Market. Here, too, I made an unescorted visit to the area, where the buildings are even older and more rickety than those in New York. Once I was accompanied by Dr. M. A. Shiffman of the Philadelphia Health Department. Dr. Shiffman said, "The only solution, as I see it, is to move the whole market out of here. Otherwise, it's like trying to stop the tide with a bucket." I saw all the conditions I had observed in New York—the derelicts, the produce trailing in filth—except that in one respect Philadelphia was even worse. In Dock Street, *everyone* was using the gutter as a latrine.

I **discussed** this with Robert Stanfill, district chief of the Federal Food and Drug Administration in Philadelphia. He said, "There just aren't enough toilets in those old buildings. A couple of years ago, I conducted an experiment with Dr. Milton Werrin of the Philadelphia Health Department. We used ultraviolet light, which causes urine stains to glow when the light is turned on them. We found urine on the produce crates, on the streets, on the sidewalks and on the walls of the buildings. There was scarcely an inch of the places we examined that didn't light up like a neon sign.

"Dr. Werrin then officially proclaimed the entire market a polluted area. He closed it down and sent the Sanitation Department in to scrub the district with sprayers and brooms. He did that two or three times. There was an improvement for about six months, but there has been some retrogression. It's physically impossible and economically unfeasible to keep it as ideal there as we'd like to have it."

In Philadelphia, the traffic jams were even worse than those I had seen in New York. Stanfill told me, "During our survey, we sent in a car and driver to collect samples. It took him exactly two and a half hours to move exactly two and a half blocks."

Curiously, it was this constant traffic jam, more than anything else, which finally brought action in Philadelphia. In less than a year, the Dock Street Market will be gone. How is this miracle being accomplished? The same way that it already has been done in Houston, St. Louis, Birmingham, Hartford and a dozen other cities—by direct action of aroused citizens working with public and private agencies. The principal weapon they used was not the health hazard, but economics—the traffic jam and congestion that drain off millions of dollars a year in business.

The Philadelphia experience is a striking example. For thirty years there had been attempts to close down the Dock Street Market and move the fruit and vegetable wholesalers into a modern new facility. But the wholesalers, who are among the most rugged of American rugged individualists, had never been able to get together on any plan.

Then in 1952 came the REDBOOK exposé and the Food and Drug Administration survey, both of which labeled the Dock Street area as one of the filthiest produce markets in the country. The business and industrial leaders of Philadelphia were outraged. They were already banded together in a community betterment organization called the Greater Philadelphia Movement, and they decided to do something drastic to clean up the old city, with Dock Street as their principal target. Their officers included such dignitaries as Gaylord P. Harnwell, president of the University of Pennsylvania; Henderson Supplee, Jr., president of the Atlantic Refining Company; and Malcolm Adam, president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

One of their first official acts was to call in William C. Crow, a dedicated man who has been the chief market expert for the U.S. Department of Agriculture for many years. It was he who had patiently worked out recommendations for the modern new markets in Houston, St. Louis and elsewhere. Crow and his staff surveyed the Philadelphia situation and soon he came up with a set of facts which convinced even the most hard-boiled of the wholesalers.

Crow reported that the congestion in the Dock Street area was reducing the produce market's trade to such an extent that the dealers might soon go out of business altogether. As in most other cities, the big chain stores had become disgusted with the traffic jams, the waste and the filth. They had withdrawn their patronage from the market completely and had set up their own distribution centers in outlying areas. In addition, more and more retailers in the suburbs were refusing to buy in the market and were making their purchases elsewhere, with the result that the trading perimeter around Philadelphia was shrinking every year. In 1953, the number of carlots of produce received in the Dock Street Market was only eighty-eight percent of the carlots shipped to the market in 1933—although there had been a large increase in population and the standard of living.

What was the solution? "The only answer," Crow said, "is a brand-new Food City, away from the center of town, with built-in sanitation features, off-the-street loading platforms, rat-proof construction, wide roadways to eliminate traffic jams, plenty of public toilet facilities. And while you're at it, why not move the sea food, poultry, meat, dairy, grocery and frozen food wholesale markets out there, as well?"

The Greater Philadelphia Movement seized on the suggestion and Crow built them a forty-foot scale model of a proposed "Food Distribution Center," which he displayed at a public meeting. Along with it, the Greater Philadelphia Movement showed photographs of the Dock Street Market—the traffic jams, the derelicts, the produce piled up in the filth of the streets.

This shock therapy worked. The City of Philadelphia agreed to condemn a 388-acre tract of land—then mostly a city dump—near the Delaware River and alongside the Municipal Stadium. The site is less than three miles south of the center of the city and it has direct access to all the railroads and most of the high-

speed highways entering Philadelphia.

Next, a group of Philadelphia financial institutions and life insurance companies agreed to lend $3,640,000 of the total of $6,100,000 needed to construct the new market—with the city itself financing the rest.

After that, a former U.S. Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Vernon D. Northrop, was hired as executive vice president of the new Food Distribution Center.

The project was under way.

Today, the land has been graded and construction has begun. The new produce market will open for business early next year. It will have 290-foot-wide streets and built-in sanitation controls—all the features recommended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The buildings are leased to the Philadelphia Fresh Food Terminal Corporation, which is made up of the old Dock Street wholesalers. They will pay off the cost of the new market, in rent, over a twenty-year period. Their rent will be $350 a month per store, which is about half what many of them were paying on Dock Street. The rent will decrease as the market building costs are paid off. Soon after they move to the new Food City, Dock Street will be condemned and razed by the City of Philadelphia. Modern apartment houses are planned for the site.

The Philadelphia project has encouraged other cities. In San Francisco, Mayor George Christopher has ordered produce wholesalers evicted from their filthy old market and has asked William C. Crow to help the city plan a new food center, like Philadelphia's. In Atlanta, a new market is being built by the State of Georgia, and in Baltimore a site has been turned over by the city to a Market Authority created by the state legislature.

In Congress, the House Committee on Agriculture has reported out the Cooley Bill, which will enable the Federal Government to make self-liquidating loans to help construct new produce markets in cities that need them.

And yet it's a long, slow fight in many cities. I spoke with New York City's Commissioner of Markets, Anthony Masciarelli, and he told me that the situation in Washington Street is becoming increasingly serious. "It costs an extra hundred or hundred and twenty-five dollars to handle every carload of produce there," he said, "and that price is being passed on to the consumer—at the rate of nine million dollars a year. They've already lost the chain stores. When the new Philadelphia market is opened, it will be quicker and cheaper for many retailers to drive ninety miles down the express highways to buy their produce in Philadelphia, rather than fight their way into Washington Street. I see New York City losing the entire industry if something isn't done."

Masciarelli is desperately trying to get something done. A survey was made by William C. Crow's staff at the U.S. Agriculture Department and they recommended plans for three possible sites for a modern new produce market. Of the three locations, the Washington Street wholesalers favor one in the Bronx, just across the Harlem River from Manhattan. Masciarelli has proposed that the city build the market, with the cost to be paid off in rents by the wholesalers themselves, as in the Philadelphia plan.

But even if the issue were decided tomorrow, it would take at least two years for the new market to go into operation. As one New York City official told me, "The only thing that could speed up the process is for the public to express its outrage at paying ridiculously high prices for filthy fruits and vegetables."

And that's the part you can play—if you live in a city where the wholesale produce market still is run in primitive squalor. Visit the market. Protest to your mayor, to your congressman and to your health department. These markets can continue to survive only as long as the consuming public does not know or care about them.

As Crow put it, "Every housewife in these cities has to peel off and throw away the outer leaves of lettuce and cabbage because of bruises due to handling, rehandling and mishandling, under dirty, inefficient market conditions. She pays the labor charge for the extra handling and she pays for the produce the dealers must throw away. She is the ultimate victim of the old wholesale markets, but she doesn't know it. If she actually *saw* the conditions in those markets, she'd rise up in wrath, organize the community and bring improvement in a hurry."

To which Shelbey T. Grey of the Federal Food and Drug Administration adds, "And she might end up preserving the health of her family as well."

... THE END

"My Husband Never Relaxes"

(Continued from Page 33)

when I got the shock of my life—my mother remarried. She married the corner druggist, a very nice fellow whose wife had died a few years before."

Fred Miller was suddenly free, for the first time in his life, of feeling responsible for other people. His Army service lasted only six months. He came down with diphtheria after a training march, was hospitalized for several weeks, and then discharged. The doctors told him his heart was probably permanently damaged and he would have to be careful. He drifted down to New Orleans and got a job in a boatyard.

"I should have been on top of the world," he reflects. "Other guys were overseas getting killed. I was pulling down big money and had no one to spend it on but myself. But I couldn't enjoy life. I drank more than was good for me. I met a lot of girls but they all seemed cheap and opportunistic. I was very bored. The thing I was most grateful for was our overtime schedule. The yard was working everyone on a sixty-hour week or more. When I wasn't working, I slept."

After the war, Fred returned to Philadelphia and took a job with a wholesale drug company, in the traffic department. "The receptionist was a slender, pretty blonde named Jean Marshall. She was from Virginia. She had real class. I rushed her off her feet. We were married three months after we met."

Jean Miller is now in her early thirties and the mother of three children. She is still pretty, blonde and shapely. "To tell you the truth," she says, "my family was disappointed when I married Fred. They like him and can see that he's a fine man and takes good care of me, but they hoped I would marry a professional man—someone with more standing. They've never met Fred's family. I wouldn't dare. Fred's sister is married to an elevator operator. They are wonderful, salt-of-the-earth kind of people—but Mama would never understand."

When Jean and Fred were married, Fred was earning $50 a week, and Jean agreed to keep her job. "We felt we had no financial worries," Fred told us. "We went to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon. I know it sounds corny, but we had a wonderful time. It was expensive; what with souvenirs and all, we spent more than three times the amount we had set aside for it. We felt it was worth it, to have something to remember. I knew Jean was used to nice things."

The Millers set up housekeeping in a small furnished apartment. "It was all we could get," Jean explains. "Do you remember the apartment shortage? The furniture was simply awful—bargain basement maple and all scarred. It was very depressing. How I longed to fix the place up with things that were our own."

One rainy Saturday Fred persuaded Jean to go to a movie. In her absence, a vanload of the furniture she had admired in a store window was delivered. Another van took their landlord's furniture to a warehouse.

"It's all exactly what I wanted!" Jean cried happily when she returned, but she was also concerned. "So much money!" she exclaimed. "All your savings must be gone. What if some emergency arises?"

Fred had not only spent all his cash savings and turned in three war bonds; he had bought some of the furniture on time. But he didn't tell Jean.

"I didn't want to spoil her pleasure in all that new stuff," he says. "Eventually, of course, she found out, but by then it was too late to do anything. She wasn't very mad. I told her how I felt. I knew I was going to get ahead, and I needed this kind of spur to make me put some zing into my work. I was right, too. In a couple of weeks I got a raise."

The raise, however, was not enough to take care of two emergencies that occurred within the year. First, Fred's mother came to him and asked to borrow $600; her new husband had suffered a heart attack and doctors advised a convalescence in Florida. Fred borrowed the money for his mother from a bank.

"Now, for the first time," he told us,

"we were really strapped. Every paycheck was spent ahead of time. We had very little cash to operate on. Once we even had to take some soda bottles down to the corner store for refunds before we had enough money to get to work."

"That's the kind of shape we were in when I discovered that I was pregnant," Jean recalls. "I cried bitterly. Fred was impatient. He said, 'For pity's sake, a person would think you weren't married or something!'

"To tell you the truth, I felt as though I wasn't. When you're going to have a baby, you want to feel that somebody is taking care of you. All I could see was that when I had to quit my job, we'd be out on the street. I had a girl friend at the office I used to confide in. She said she thought it was a terrible mistake to bring a baby into a situation like that. She said we ought to wait until we got our finances straightened out. 'Why don't you do something about it?' she suggested, and scribbled an address on a scrap of paper.

"I went home and talked to Fred. He got terribly angry. I thought he was going to hit me. He told me I was never to speak to that girl again. The next day Fred left for the office early and said he'd be late for dinner. He came home about eight o'clock. He looked very pleased with himself."

"You can quit your job tomorrow and start knitting bootees or whatever you're supposed to be doing," he told his wife. "I've just taken another job."

"You mean you're working somewhere else?" Jean asked.

"No, I've got *two* jobs," he said. "My regular one at Richardson's—and then three nights a week and Saturdays at Grimes' Clothes. I'm selling suits. I get twenty dollars a week plus commission."

Jean was upset by the news. "You'll be exhausted," she said. "You'll get sick —and I'll never see you."

At his wife's insistence Fred went to a doctor and had a physical checkup. His heart was in good shape, and he started work at the clothing store. The additional income provided by the extra job helped them to pay off their debts.

When the baby was born Fred insisted that Jean have a private room at the hospital. "Jean is a shy girl," he explains. "She isn't comfortable with strangers. I wanted her to enjoy her first baby. I felt very guilty over the misery she'd suffered when she first found out she was pregnant. And I guess, honestly, I felt triumphant. She had doubted my ability to provide for her. Now, when her friends came to visit, they'd see that I could afford a fine, private room for my wife."

Eight days in a private room overlooking the park came to $220. "I didn't care," Fred said. "When I went to the hospital to take Jean and the baby home, I stepped up to that front desk and wrote out a check with a big flourish. Because we were in the pavilion for private patients, Jean got the royal treatment. One nurse carried the baby. Another walked beside Jean. It made me feel good."

In the next day's mail was a bill from the obstetrician. It amounted to almost twice the sum they thought they had agreed upon. When Fred called to protest, the doctor explained that his original fee was based on the assumption that Jean

would be in a four-bed ward. "A private patient pays a private-scale fee," he said pleasantly.

"So there we were," Fred shrugs, "back in the economic soup."

Fred had expected to quit his extra job as a clothing salesman so that he could be home at night to help Jean with the baby or household chores. But expenses mounted faster than they had thought possible. The baby needed more and more clothing and equipment. So Fred kept both jobs.

"I was terribly proud of Bobby," he says. "I carried the usual stack of snapshots and showed them around. But unlike the other young fathers in our office, I couldn't talk very intelligently about him. I couldn't tell funny stories about feeding him or changing him. I never stirred up a formula or gave him a bath. I didn't even help Jean worry about him.

"I used to get home from my regular job about six-thirty. Jean would usually have a hot meal waiting for me. One evening I came home to find her crying and the baby wailing. 'I just gave him his first solid food and he spit it all up,' she said. It didn't seem like the end of the world to me. I said, 'Well, give it to him again. And how about feeding me?' I had just half an hour to eat before I rushed off to my second job at the clothing store.

"The next day in the office I told another young father about it. He looked very serious. He said, 'Gosh, how terrible! Maybe you should change doctors. Was it cereal or egg?' I didn't know."

"Before our children grew old enough to keep me company, my evenings were lonely," Jean recalls. "I did the ironing at night. That kept me busy. Fred would come home at ten-thirty, drink a beer and fall asleep listening to the radio. On Saturdays, I used to walk the baby in the park by myself. Other couples would be out together."

Fred and Jean always spoke of "needing more money" rather than "wanting more things." Yet the truth is that they had no more real financial emergencies. They were, quite simply, ambitious to provide the best in material comforts for their growing family. Their ideas of what was best grew larger as the years passed.

"Our first experience in parenthood left me kind of punchdrunk with success," Jean says. "I decided to have another child right away." Their second boy was born thirteen months after the first.

"We'd often talked about when I was going to quit my extra job," Fred remembers. "But now, although I'd had a raise and a promotion at the drug firm, it was out of the question. Even after the new baby started sleeping through the night, with little Bobby at the running stage, my wife was having a hard time. She simply had to have help with the housework. We agreed to hire a cleaning woman twice weekly."

"Things would be so much easier," Jean began to sigh, "if we had a house with a little yard. I could just open the door and shoo Bobby outside. And I could sit on the steps and get some sunshine and maybe grow some flowers, as we did at home."

"We bought a G.I. special," Fred says. "No down payment, but a monthly overhead that would stagger Rockefeller. I had discovered, however, that new responsibilities made me work harder than ever. I hurled those suits off the racks. And at my regular job, I got still another raise."

The pharmaceutical distributor who is Fred's regular employer didn't know for a number of years that Fred was holding down another, part-time job. Fred says he knows now but he has never discussed it with him. "I give him a full measure of work," Fred insists, "and he knows darn well I do. If I didn't, he wouldn't keep praising me and promoting me."

Fred discovered that a number of the other salesmen who worked with him at the cut-rate clothing store were on double jobs—like the young law clerk, a state civil service employee who was not supposed to have a second job at all and who lived in terror of discovery.

The Millers bought their first house in a trim new suburb. Some of the women there regarded Jean with sympathy. "It's a shame your husband has to work so hard," one woman said patronizingly. "Why, you scarcely see him!"

"By then I was expecting my third baby," Jean relates, "so I thought her remark was very amusing. I just glanced over at the sandpile where my two boys, aged nineteen months and six months, were sitting, and I said demurely, 'Oh, we manage to see each other.'"

Some of the men in the neighborhood, burdened on Saturdays with children and fix-it tasks, regarded Fred with outright envy.

"You've got the right idea," he was often told. "Every man to his own trade. It's more sensible for a businessman to earn the money to patch the roof than to crawl up there and hammer the nails in crooked. Me, I'm tired of playing carpenter but I can't afford to hire one."

Fred could afford it. During the next few years, with the help of time payments, he also afforded wall-to-wall broadloom carpeting, a second car, a twenty-one-inch TV set and, one memorable Christmas, a beaver coat for his wife. Jean was very pleased, but suddenly she realized that there was one thing wrong—she never went anywhere to show it off.

"A change was coming over my life. We'd more or less decided that our family was big enough. The two older children were in school and pretty well off my

Redbook recommends

Insulated carriers for food-on-the-go

Insulated chests and bags to keep hot foods hot and cold foods cold make it possible to have molded salads, crisp greens or hot casseroles at picnics away from home as easily as in the backyard.

Keeping perishables either hot or well chilled is important for safety as well as for palatability. Remember it's the in-between temperatures that increase the danger of food spoilage.

Ice chests of aluminum or steel, heavily insulated and well built, can hold food in ice for long periods of time. They're good for camping trips, as well as for shorter jaunts.

Metal coolers that are smaller and more easily portable are also insulated and do a good job of food preservation for shorter periods of time. They're handy, too, for chilling beverages in ice and water at the picnic site.

Insulated bags of canvas or nylon that have washable plastic linings come with zipper, drawstring or snap-open tops. They're lightweight and compact, easy to handle in the auto or at the beach. For best results chill the bag, if possible. Then pack the cold food in it with a liberal supply of one of the canned or packaged re-usable refrigerants that's been frozen beforehand.

Insulated bags and chests can carry hot foods, too. You may need to put casseroles in the bags sideways. To carry the bag upright, you might transfer the hot food to canning jars.

Illustrations by Jerry McDaniel

hands. Now, I found myself with time to do things to my face and hair, a little money to buy clothes, able to take an interest in making friends and having fun. I wanted to join the young married set. But not Fred—he was either busy working or too tired to move. I decided that the time had come for him to quit that second job."

But Fred kept putting it off. He said it was unfair to leave his boss until he could get a replacement. "It wasn't that I didn't want to spend more time with Jean and the kids—although she insisted on putting it that way. Jean said she wanted a social life and she wanted me to take more responsibility in family life. The truth was I didn't know how to do either one. She was managing fine with the children. They were smart in school, did chores at home, spoke politely to everyone. Where was I needed? As to stepping out, I'd never done that. I'd been working full-time—often over-time—since I was twelve."

A month later, Fred received another promotion, this time to the post of assistant traffic manager at the drug firm. With it went a substantial raise in salary. He was now earning at his regular job as much as he had formerly earned at both jobs. Under the circumstances he could think of no further arguments. He left the clothing store.

"We went out to dinner to celebrate," Jean recalls. "It was only the third time we'd been to a restaurant in our whole married life. I picked a place that had French cooking, a wine list as long as your arm, waiters in real dinner jackets and a twelve-piece dance band. The four-course dinner was elegantly served. I felt as if I were floating right into heaven. Fred doesn't dance, but I had a wonderful time nibbling all the food, listening to the music and looking at all the smart clothes."

When they reached home Fred said shortly, "Well, we'll know better than to go there again."

"Why?" Jean asked in astonishment.

"I've never in all my life seen such stupid inefficiency," her husband replied. "It nearly drove me batty. How can anyone make a living and move so slowly?"

On Jean's urging that he develop a hobby, Fred bought two expensive fishing rods—only to discover that fishing bored him. "Sitting still or standing still and waiting for some fish to come up and maybe decide to take the hook!" he protested. "It's crazy. Maybe I'd like skin-diving, where you at least get to chase the fish."

Fred, in his middle thirties, had never held a tennis racket, taken a swimming lesson or lifted a golf club. At Jean's insistence he tried all three, but was unenthusiastic. "I just can't get worked up over these gentlemanly games where you have to pretend you don't care if you lose."

Companionship with the children failed to mean very much to Fred. "I was amazed to discover that children squabble and scream," he reports. "I didn't like it. Their constant demands annoyed me. Jean seemed to feel I ought to spend all my time playing baseball or organizing hikes. To be perfectly honest, I liked it better in the old days when everyone was very considerate of me because I had two jobs and I was allowed to watch TV and then fall asleep."

"I nearly went out of my mind trying to think of some way for Fred to use his excess energy," says Jean. "He tried gardening, woodworking, birdwatching, but nothing interested him for very long. All along I knew what he really wanted was to go into business for himself. But we had no capital."

Fred was also bored by the neighbors Jean wanted him to meet. They quarreled about it. When she accused him of not being able to talk about anything but business, he agreed that it was true. "Business is my hobby," he defended himself. "What's wrong with that?"

"The only time I ever saw him enjoy himself at a party," recalls Jean, "was when he had a two-hour conversation with a local real estate man. The very next day Fred put our house on the market. He sold it in less than a month and made a $4000 profit. He was very pleased with himself."

Their new home was twenty years older, had four bedrooms and a den, was located in a more exclusive neighborhood—and cost $7000 more. With another large mortgage they were just able to swing it.

"I tried not to buy anything," Jean says, "but you always need curtains and rugs in a new house. The kitchen stove needed replacing—or at least it would have very soon."

Two months after the Millers moved into their new home, the old furnace ceased to function. A new one cost $800. A week later Jean, driving their second car, missed a turn on a slippery curve and smashed into a tree. Repairs to the automobile totaled $200. As if on cue, Fred's former employer called to say that he was opening a clothing store branch in their neighborhood. Could Fred take a job as night manager?

With a sigh of relief, Fred Miller went back to being a moonlighter.

Today, Fred joins his family for dinner only two nights during the week. In the busy season, Jean packs a substantial supper for him to eat at his desk in the new branch store.

Both of Fred's employers use the same words to describe him—"a real hustler." The manager of the wholesale drug firm feels that it is a shame he has not been able to obtain a better education. "I know he's got a part-time job," he told us. "He'd have been better off going to night school and getting a college degree. I suggested that once, but he said he couldn't afford it. He's not a scholar. He likes to get things done. He's not afraid of hard work. We think a lot of him."

Fred's wife comments wryly: "I needed twelve years to learn that I couldn't change him. Of course I'd like him to spend more time at home. And perhaps I wish he'd develop a little more culture and social grace. But not at the price of making him unhappy. I'm grateful to him for the lovely home he provides and the luxuries we have. I know we don't really need them. If something happened and we couldn't have them, I don't think we'd fall apart or be miserable. But I like having a fur coat and driving my own car. Suppose we do buy a lot of things on time—our credit is A-1. That's

something that a lot of people can't say."

Fred is sensitive to the charge that he is neglecting his children: "A neighbor had to teach Bobby to ice skate. When a call for a Scout leader went out in our neighborhood, I couldn't volunteer. Jean had to do our share. I rarely gather the kids around the fire and read them stories. I can't take them on weekend camping trips. One of our boys was in a school play one evening last week. I tried to get there, but the store was too busy. I couldn't leave. I was sorry, of course, but I don't think it'll ruin the boy's life.

"I'm often criticized because I sleep late and lounge around the house on Sunday morning instead of going along to church with my family. But I notice that many fathers who are able to do these things duck out of them whenever they can.

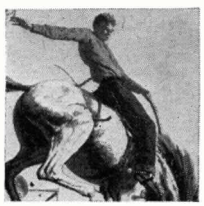
"The fact is I wasn't cut out to be a teacher, a psychologist or a disciplinarian. When I do get together with my children, I just want to enjoy them. I like to see everybody happy. It seems to me that a man has got to be a father the best way he can. My way is to work to give my family everything they need in the way of a good standard of living. Bobby is going to camp this summer. A good camp—it'll cost $500. We've been told that our daughter is musical. We're about to buy a piano. I don't spend much time in my home, but it gives me a great deal of satisfaction to walk into a lovely place full of beautiful things and to know that it belongs to me and mine."

Fred and Jean no longer talk about some time in the future when Fred may quit his evening job. As a matter of fact, he has found a new reason for being a moonlighter.

"People are talking about a recession now," he points out. "But we're not going to worry. With my extra job, I can pile up savings. That ought to see us through. I don't know why there's all this fuss about moonlighters. Some men like to bowl or play golf. Me, I like to work."

. . . THE END

The Outcasts



(Continued from Page 47)

turned and walked away. He turned back to Jimmy. "I'm Pop Randall," he said. "What's your name, son?"

Jimmy searched Randall's face. There wasn't any laughter or ridicule in it, and he answered, "Jimmy Dunne."

Randall nodded toward a Negro youth who was standing by the fence, watching silently. "This here's Eben. Works for me as wrangler."

The Negro came forward. He was about Jimmy's age, but bigger, with muscular arms and shoulders. He held out his hand. "Hiya," he said.

Jimmy ignored him. Randall watched for a moment and then broke the silence. "Me'n Eben been working the circuit together since he was no bigger'n a grasshopper," he said. "We sorta adopted each other when his folks died and I had my trouble."

Jimmy glanced at Randall's stiff leg and suddenly felt a kind of kinship for the old man and the Negro.

"You on the circuit?" Eben asked.

Jimmy looked out over the fence at the grandstands. Workmen were decorating it with flags and bunting, and concessionaires were setting up their booths in preparation for the opening of the rodeo tomorrow. There was the sound of hammers, a voice blared briefly over a loudspeaker, and from the corrals and stables beyond the chutes came the bawling of cattle and the occasional sharp whinny of a horse. He shook his head.

"Let's find us a piece of shade—" Randall was regarding him speculatively—"and talk a bit."

He led the way to the first stable and a bench along the wall. Jimmy and Eben sank down beside him. Randall stretched his leg out in front of him and massaged his knee.

"Ten years ago a bronc fell on me and made kindling out of this fool thing," he explained. "They tried putting the splinters together, but it didn't take. That ended my bronc riding."

Randall paused and then continued: "I'd been riding the rodeo circuits since I was your age." A vein had begun pulsating in his forehead. "Bronc-riding to me was like booze to some men. I couldn't stay off the critters. I was pretty good, too. I was right up there at the top—once. Now I'm Pop Randall, stable boy for Jack Pardee, who runs this show." His voice was bitter.

"You ain't no stable boy," Eben said quickly. He looked at Jimmy. "Without him there wouldn't be no show."

"I'd give my life to be able to ride again," Randall said flatly.

Jimmy stared at the ground between his feet. He knew how Randall felt and all at once he wanted to talk about himself. He wanted to tell about his face. "It was in a fire," he said abruptly. "Our house caught in the night when everyone was asleep. I remember waking up and trying to get out, but the smoke made me sick. The last thing I knew a beam fell on me. A neighbor dragged me out."

"What about your folks?" Randall asked.

Jimmy shook his head.

Randall was silent a moment. "How old're you, son?"

"Seventeen."

"What do you do?"

"Odd jobs."

"Just drifting?"

Jimmy shrugged.

"Why?" The speculative look was in the old man's eyes again.

Jimmy looked up and he couldn't keep the bitterness from his voice. "You got eyes."

"So what?"

Jimmy turned toward Randall, showing the side of his face that had been burned. "That," he said bitterly. He pointed to the scar cutting across his mouth from nose to chin. "And that." He turned the other side of his face so Randall could see it. "And that."

Randall pursed his lips. "Maybe a lot of it's first in your head."

Jimmy didn't answer.

Randall frowned, and then he said, "How would you like a job during the rodeo? Maybe longer. Me and Eben could use some help," he explained. "You know anything about horses?"

"My folks were farmers," Jimmy answered. "We had a few."

"You ever ride a bronc?"

"No."

"You got the build. You got more. You got the legs."

Eben nodded. "He's got 'em," he said.

"Back there you had three men on your back and you'd have walked away with them if you hadn't been tripped. They must have weighed one-fifty, one-sixty apiece." Randall's brows knitted. "Where'd you get such legs?"

Jimmy grinned in spite of himself. "Walking behind a plow, I guess," he said.

"A rider needs balance and timing, but if he's got strong legs, really strong, a bronc's going to have a tough time throwing him. I'd like to see you make a ride, boy."

Jimmy shrugged.

"How about it—want a job?"

This was different. He had to eat. "Okay," he said.

"Good." Randall heaved himself to his feet. "Come on. We'll show you around."

He turned into the stable and Jimmy and Eben followed. The stable was just two rows of stalls with a connecting tin roof and in silence they walked down the dusty straw-strewn space between the rows. Flies buzzed around Jimmy's head and he slapped them away. The smell of horses was strong and pungent.

A dozen or so horses were watching them over the tops of their stalls. "These first five here are our broncs," Randall explained. "Pretty good buckers, all of 'em." He stopped in front of a stall halfway down the line, and his mouth tightened. "This one's El Diablo Blanco," he said. "He's the only animal I know of that's never been rid the limit."

The horse in the stall was all white, from nose to tail. His rump was toward them, but he turned his head and two pink eyes glared at them balefully.

"Meanest bronc on any circuit," Randall said grimly. "Killed a man last season. Threw him and then stomped him before the pickup riders could drive him off."

The white horse lifted his head high and his nostrils flared. His haunches gleamed with sweat and his powerful shoulders twitched nervously. For no apparent reason his hind feet lashed out, kicking air in savage fury. A little shiver ran up Jimmy's back.

Randall continued down the line of stalls and stopped in front of one. "This bronc's not too mean." He looked back expectantly. "Let's saddle him up and give him a try."

Taking a hackamore off a peg, he stepped into the stall. When he came out he was leading a tough, wiry little roan.

He took him into the ring, put him in the first chute, and Eben threw on a saddle. Randall motioned to Jimmy.

Jimmy climbed the outside of the chute and straddled the roan. Eben adjusted the stirrups, and then looked up and smiled encouragingly. "Use them legs, man," he said. "Squeeze the livin' wind right out of him."

There was a moment of uneasiness in Jimmy, a tightening of his chest as he eased down into the saddle. The animal under him quivered. Then the chute gate slammed open and the roan leaped into the open, head down, bucking stiff-legged. The shock jarred Jimmy's spine; his head snapped back; sky and ground spun in a crazy arc. He let go of the hackamore and threw both hands into the air for balance. He kicked his feet from the stirrups and gripped with his heels. It wasn't so bad that way.

He didn't know how long his ride lasted, but shortly he felt a strong arm go around his waist and lift him clear of the saddle. His horse charged off, bucking across the ring, and the pickup man released his hold and Jimmy slid to the ground. The man looked down at him briefly, nodded, wheeled and cantered away.

Randall hobbled into the ring to meet him. "I was right!" He gripped Jimmy's arm exultantly. "You got the legs for it!"

They walked back to the chutes. Eben was grinning, "Man, you looked like you was glued to that saddle."

There was a warm feeling inside Jimmy. A rider came up with the roan, spent and docile, and Eben led him back into the stable and put him into his stall.

"A little more practice and you'll be okay," Randall said. "You got to learn to keep your feet in the stirrups and use your spurs. And don't let go of the hackamore. Do that and you can ride in any rodeo."

Eben rejoined them.

"How about this rodeo?" Randall asked. "How about riding in it tomorrow?"

Jimmy hesitated.

"A man's a born rider or he's not. You *are*." Randall was looking at him expectantly. His voice grew serious. "Being a bronc rider's better than just drifting."

Jimmy caught some of the old man's eagerness. "Okay," he agreed.

"Good." Randall patted his shoulder. "I'll go enter you now, so there won't be no slip-up."

He left, hobbling away on his stiff leg. Jimmy drew a deep breath. He had a job, he was going to ride in a rodeo, and he'd made two friends. He felt good.

"Come on," Eben said. "We got some waterin' and feedin' to do."

He led the way into the stable. He gave Jimmy a bucket and a pitchfork and together they started carrying water and forking hay into the mangers in each stall. Jimmy fed and watered the white stallion and once more, when he looked into those pink eyes, he was aware of the shiver running up his back.

He was just finishing when two men came by. They were walking through to the corrals in back, but at sight of Jimmy they stopped short. "That's the kid." The low words reached Jimmy. "And damned if he *ain't* ugly!"

The men went on, but Jimmy didn't move. "Don't bother about them guys," Eben said.

Jimmy started away, but Eben grabbed his arm. "Listen, man," he said, "you can't keep runnin'. That's what you been doin'. Not driftin'. *Runnin'*."

Jimmy tried to pull away, but Eben hung onto his arm. "You know what for?" Eben asked.

"You got eyes," Jimmy said.

Eben frowned. "Plenty folks got scars."

Jimmy felt all the bitterness of the past three years well up in him and he turned his face away.

"Some got worse than others," Eben continued, "but they don't run."

"Nobody ever gave me a steady job," Jimmy said. "I *had* to keep on the move."

"You ever stick long enough to know?"

Jimmy didn't answer.

"Somebody say somethin' and you go." Eben's hands fell to his sides. "You all ready to leave now."

"I don't have to stay and listen to you, or anybody," Jimmy said bitterly.

"You couldn't help what happened to you." Eben sounded impatient. "And there's nothin' you can do about it now. So stop fussin'."

Jimmy's hands clenched.

"You got to learn to pay no mind." The Negro boy's eyes darkened. "Lots of folks got to learn to do that. You're not the only one gets treated like an outcast from the human race."

Jimmy stared at him silently. Yeah, he thought, he must get it, too.

Just then Pop Randall came into the stable. "It's all set," he said. "The drawing's tomorrow morning and you'll know then what horse you're going to ride." He was enthusiastic. "Right now let's go over some of the things you got to do."

Jimmy exchanged another glance with Eben over Randall's shoulder. A moment ago the Negro's face had seemed tired and old. Now he was grinning again.

"Just three things to remember when you come out of the chute on that bronc," Randall said. "One: Don't pull leather; don't touch the saddle horn. Two: Use your spurs. Rowel that horse and keep roweling him every second of your ride. That's a rodeo rule. Three: Keep your feet in the stirrups. Think you can do it?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Those legs of yours'll do the rest." Randall added with a trace of envy, "I'll bet they could bust a barrel to splinters."

Next day Jimmy rode his first bronco in a rodeo. He didn't finish in the money—he forgot Randall's instructions to keep roweling the horse—but he didn't get thrown, either.

They moved on to another town and another rodeo. Under Randall's expert guidance Jimmy was learning the tricks of riding broncs. He practiced every afternoon, helped Eben with the work around the horses, and slept on a cot in the stable at night. He got thrown once and was so crushed by humiliation that he wanted to run away again. But Randall and Eben

treated him as though nothing at all had happened and didn't let him get out of their sight, so he had no chance to run.

After three weeks he began to feel he belonged. One night he and Eben had been sitting outside the stable in the darkness talking, when Eben stood up and stretched. "Guess I'll hit the sack," he said. He looked at Jimmy and a thoughtful expression came into his eyes. He started to speak, hesitated, and then said abruptly: "Good night—Ugly," and turned and walked off.

Stunned, Jimmy stared after him. He felt as though he had been kicked in the stomach by one of Randall's horses. "Ugly!" Eben had called him. "Ugly!"

His bitterness was strangling him, and for a moment he thought he was going to be sick. He stepped into the storeroom and, throwing himself on the cot, buried his face in the mattress. All this time he'd thought Eben and Randall were friends. They hadn't seemed to notice his face, or cared what he looked like. But they were just like all the others.

Jimmy rolled over and stared at the ceiling above the cot. He rose and turned out the light and then lay back on the cot again. He had an impulse to get up and leave, to get as far away as a freight could take him, but he fought it down. It wasn't until hours later that he dozed.

At daylight he got up and bathed his face at the watering trough. He was drying it on the sleeve of his shirt when Eben appeared at his side. Eben had a pitchfork in each hand. He held out one. "Time for feedin'." He was grinning as though nothing had happened.

Jimmy took the pitchfork, fresh resentment rising in him. In silence he helped the other boy feed and water the horses.

The sun was high and the fairgrounds had come alive with the kind of activity that was already becoming familiar to Jimmy. Rodeo time was at noon, but concessionaires and ticket sellers were opening their booths. A trick rider was practicing in the ring, and beside the chutes some men were twirling ropes. Then the loudspeaker called the bronc riders to assemble in front of the grandstand. Jimmy walked over with Randall. An official appeared with a hatful of paper slips, and Jimmy drew one. He looked at the number printed on it. It didn't mean anything to him.

But when he handed it to Randall the older man swore under his breath. "That's the stallion!"

Jimmy felt a crawling sensation at the base of his neck.

"Well," Randall said, "you can't ride him, that's all. You're too green. He'll kill you."

"I drew him," Jimmy answered.

"You can refuse him. You can withdraw. You've got to."

"No," Jimmy said. "I'm riding him."

Randall started to argue; then he looked at Jimmy closely for a moment and kept still. They returned to the stable. When Randall told Eben what had happened, Eben's mouth opened in alarm. "You can't—" he started.

"Yes, he can," Randall said firmly. "Come on, let's get busy. And not think about it."

He led the way to the truck parked behind the stable and, lifting out a saddle, slung it over a nearby fence. He went over it carefully, wiping it off with a rag and then testing the cinches and adjusting the stirrups to the length of Jimmy's legs.

Almost at once, it was noon. Jimmy and Randall stood by the fence near the chutes. The grandstand was packed, and cars were parked all around the ring. The calf-roping came first and Jimmy watched without interest. When the bronc-riding was announced, he and Randall and Eben went to work automatically. They led the first horse from his stall and put him in his chute. A saddling crew took over there. They brought out a second horse and put him in the next chute. The first man was just finishing his ride to the applause of the crowd. Jimmy and Randall brought out two more as Eben returned the ridden horse.

Finally Randall said, "You're next, Jimmy."

The white stallion had to be roped and his head dragged down to get the hackamore on. It took both Eben and Randall, hanging onto rope and hackamore, to get him out of his stall and to the chutes. He fought them savagely, bucking and kicking all the way. There was a delay while they forced him into the chute. Dimly, far away, Jimmy heard a voice announcing his ride. He heard his name mentioned, and the words, "El Diablo Blanco." He looked up at a row of men sitting on the fence. They were watching him intently.

His glance met Eben's. The Negro boy was standing by the chute gate, his gaze level and appraising—doubting, it seemed. Then Randall was calling him, and Jimmy climbed the outside of the chute.

The stallion was saddled. Jimmy straddled him and eased down slowly onto his back. The big animal reared and Jimmy was hurled back against the gate. Randall held his arm and he tried again. This time the stallion stood frozen, quivering, and Jimmy settled in the saddle. Through the bars, hurried hands slid his feet into the stirrups.

The chute gate opened and the white stallion catapulted into the ring. Then he shot straight up again and came down ten feet away.

A third time the horse bucked. Five tremendous, surging leaps carried him halfway into the ring. There, for a split second, he seemed to pause in surprise that his first furious attack had failed to throw the man on his back.

With a scream of fury he spun in a complete circle, his hind legs thrashing out right and left in wild spasms. Jimmy fought to keep his seat. His left hand clutched the hackamore rope; his right was flung over his head. He gripped with his knees, gripped with all the strength there was in his legs. The stallion's first leap had jarred the wind out of him. He could taste blood in his mouth, and his neck and back felt as though they were broken.

With another scream of fury the stallion sunfished, twisting, jackknifing, spinning in a tight circle. Two pickup men trying to close in told Jimmy he had ridden nearly his full time. He waved them away.

Suddenly he hated the stallion. All the anger and resentment and bitterness he'd felt since the fire were focused at that moment on the demon under him. The horse seemed to represent all the evil Jimmy had known. He was the jeers and the laughter and the ridicule. He was the fire that had made Jimmy a freak. He was the broken nose, the burned mouth, the scarred cheek.

"Hy-ah!"

It burst from his lips in a wild, uncontrolled yell. He raked the stallion's sides with his spurs and with a snort the big animal charged the fence across the ring. He raced down it in an effort to scrape Jimmy off against the rough boards. With his fist Jimmy smashed the stallion on the head—smashed him repeatedly—at the same time wrenching on the hackamore until he managed to turn the horse away.

The stallion reared and plunged forward, reared and plunged again. The third time he reversed himself in midair. Twisting his head, he tried to bite Jimmy. Foam was dripping from his mouth and nostrils. Screaming his fury and hate, he bucked, sunfished, reared, whirled.

Jimmy fought the horse with every nerve and muscle. Back and forth across the ring the battle raged. He didn't know how long it lasted.

And then, abruptly, it ended. The stallion stopped still in the center of the ring. When he didn't move, Jimmy drew a deep, shuddering breath. His whole body ached and his head was throbbing. He felt spent.

And in the same breath he became aware of something else—the consuming, overpowering rage of a few moments ago was gone: he felt calm. It was as though he had beaten more than a horse. It was as though somehow the last few minutes had washed away all the bitterness he'd held inside himself for years.

He saw the pickup men closing in on him. The rider on his left lifted him from the saddle; the other leaned down and caught the stallion's hackamore.

It was only then that Jimmy became aware of the applause rolling in from the grandstand. For a brief moment it didn't mean anything. Then, slowly, he realized it was for *him*, realized that thousands of people in the grandstand were cheering *his* name.

The pickup man cantered up to the chutes, and Jimmy slid to the ground.

Pop Randall was waiting. He threw his arms around Jimmy and hugged him. "I was with you every jump of the way, boy," Randall said, and his voice shook. "It was almost like I was riding again myself."

Eben stood behind Randall. His eyes were alight, but his face was expressionless. He hesitated, and then he said quietly, "Nice ride, Ugly."

For one horrible moment the hurt Jimmy had felt the night before returned sickeningly. Then he grinned at Eben. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks—Dinge."

Eben jerked at him and anger flared in his eyes. Then slowly it died and he grinned back.

Jimmy looked at Randall. The old man winked at him. For the first time in three years he felt really good. As good as the next man. . . . THE END

Bride In a Hurry

(Continued from Page 41)

Miss Graham had sat here, running the department with unfailing efficiency; Addie had been her personal assistant. Then, about a month ago, Miss Graham had been sent to take charge of the Brides' Shop in a McClintock's branch store, and in her place had come an outsider, Miss Charles. It was an error of judgment on somebody's part. Helen Charles was chic, beautiful, and totally incompetent. In an incredibly short space of time, Bridal Department seemed to begin to fall apart, as if the central pillar that supported it had been pried loose. Hurriedly, Miss Charles had been transferred to Publicity; now it was Addie's turn at the job.

"Of course you can do it," Mrs. Hartley had said calmly. Mr. Thorne, in his letter, said more or less the same: . . . *I am sure you will fill your new position with great success.* It was too bad, in a way, that Addie did not feel such absolute confidence. She was elated, but she had never before held a position of such responsibility, and she could not help that icy sensation in the pit of her stomach.

Fortunately, there was no time to sit and brood. It was ten-thirty, McClintock's had been open for an hour, and the big, elegant store was buzzing with activity—except Bridal Department, which never buzzed, no matter what happened. Bridal Department was always quiet and outwardly decorous, even though behind the scenes there was a frenzy of activity. The big Brides' Lounge, with its two huge crystal chandeliers and its handsome bowls of flowers, was as cool and hushed as a cathedral. The nine fitting rooms in the corridor outside Addie's office were like small sanctuaries set apart from the rest of the world. The bridal consultants were gentle and soft-spoken. Brides-to-be were special people; McClintock's had learned to treat them in a special way.

So Addie put the wonderful letter away in her desk and resumed her work. There was a vast amount to be done: checking incoming deliveries with the receiving room in the sub-basement of the store, calling manufacturers about gowns that had not arrived, keeping the stock list up to date, sending out completed orders, calling the post office about mislaid packages—an endless process. The telephones on her desk rang constantly; the consultants came running in with queries every few minutes. And, in addition, there was the matter of straightening out the chaos that Miss Charles had left behind her. Records had been neglected, invoices had been stuck haphazardly in filing cabinets instead of being sent to Accounts, and so on, and so on. It would take months, Addie figured, to get everything shipshape again.

And then, soon after eleven o'clock, Donald Verney arrived with a container of coffee for her. Don worked in Publicity, on the ninth floor, and every morning he found some good reason to confer with Addie. It was an irony Addie found hard to bear that beautiful Miss Charles had been transferred, not to Outer Mongolia, but to Don's office.

"Hi," Don said, putting the container in front of her. "I thought you might be in need of a little refreshment."

Her heart beat faster at the sight of him. He was not only tall and good to look at, but he had a kind of wisdom and understanding that, in a mysterious way, sometimes melted her heart. It was just like him to guess that she was dying for a cup of coffee.

She said, "Don, you're wonderful. Thank you."

He stood beside her desk, looking down at her. "Working hard?" he asked.

"Fairly hard. People insist on getting married."

"Anything new that Publicity should know about?"

Yes, she wanted to say, there's plenty Publicity should know. I don't believe I can handle this job, Don—I think it's too much for me. I'm too inexperienced. I feel like a twelve-year-old kid . . . She said, instead, "I had a nice letter from Mr. Thorne, confirming my appointment."

"Swell!" Don said warmly. "That's something to celebrate. Have lunch with me, and I'll buy you a bottle of champagne."

She laughed. "Champagne at lunch? Do you want to get me fired?"

"Okay," he said. "We'll celebrate in sober fashion. Meet me at one o'clock?"

She nodded.

"I'll be waiting at the Fifth Avenue entrance," he said. "And, darling—try to be on time?"

"I'll try," she said.

He turned to go, and as he reached the door he said in a casual way, "Incidentally, you don't have to worry about this job. As soon as you're settled in, you're going to be a smash hit."

"Don!" she cried. How did he know what was in her mind?

He looked at her gravely, and then smiled and left her.

She worked steadily until five minutes to one, when she put on her coat and hurried out to meet him. She needed to be with him very much. She needed the warmth he always gave her, and his sturdy encouragement.

She walked quickly along the narrow corridor that led to the outside world, past the nine dressing rooms and through the quiet, thick-carpeted Brides' Lounge; and just as she reached the reception desk, Mrs. Gordon, one of the bridal consultants, came running over to her and said breathlessly, "Oh, Miss Penn, could you please spare just *one* moment?"

"I'm on my way to lunch, Mrs. Gordon."

"Truly," Mrs. Gordon cried, "it's a *desperate* emergency."

"I'm sorry," Addie said. "There's somebody waiting for me." But then she sighed and said, "What's the trouble?" She was Assistant Buyer, and this, after all, was her responsibility.

Mrs. Gordon said, "I have a perfectly

darling girl who's getting married in four days' time—" She stopped.

"Yes?"

Mrs. Gordon clasped her hands together helplessly. "The poor child doesn't have a thing. No bridal gown, no headpiece, nothing at all. Not even a church."

"But that's ridiculous," Addie said.

"She's in despair," Mrs. Gordon continued. "If we don't help her, she may never get married. Won't you come and speak to her for just a second?"

Be on time? Don had said; and Addie had assured him, I'll try. She sighed again and said to Mrs. Gordon, "Very well. I'll speak to her for just a second."

Mrs. Gordon led the way across the lounge to a settee where two girls were sitting. They were twins, Addie saw: blue-eyed, golden-haired, as pretty as a picture and about twenty years old. One was alert and lively; the other was pale and disconsolate and had obviously been crying.

Mrs. Gordon introduced them to Addie. The alert twin was Peggy Lawton; the pale one was Rosemary.

Peggy said at once, "It's really an awful situation. Shall I explain to Miss Penn, or will you, Rosemary?"

"I—" Rosemary began, and gulped. She was too unhappy to speak.

"I'll explain it, then," Peggy said. "You see, about six months ago Rosemary fell in love with a boy named Bob Talmadge, and they got engaged. They planned to get married next April, which is quite a while from now."

Addie glanced at her watch. This story was clearly going to take more than a second or two.

"Well," Peggy went on, "Bob is a wonderful guy and just right for Rosemary; and he has a good job with the Andrews-Dunham Corporation, which makes agricultural equipment—you know, tractors and cultivators. . . ."

"Yes," Addie said, and thought: Poor Don. Poor darling, waiting downstairs.

"Last night," Peggy said, "Bob came over to our house looking as pale as a ghost. The company is sending him out to India. It seems the Indians need tractors and things, and it's a big promotion for Bob to be put in charge of the Bombay office. But—imagine!—he'll be gone two years!"

Rosemary began to cry.

"He's flying to Bombay on Friday morning," Peggy said, "which leaves us exactly four days. If he and Rosemary can get married by that time, fine. Otherwise, Bob says, the wedding will have to wait until he comes back. So now you can understand, Miss Penn, why Rosemary is in this state of rigor mortis."

Addie prepared to leave. This crisis was easily solved. "There really isn't any problem," she said. "It will have to be a civil ceremony. All you have to do is go down to City Hall—"

"Oh, *no*!" Rosemary cried. "Oh, *no*!"

"Her heart is set on a big, formal church wedding," Peggy said.

"I've dreamed about it for so long," Rosemary wept. "I wouldn't feel properly married otherwise, and Bob feels exactly the same way."

Addie said, "But don't you see? That's utterly impossible. You haven't ordered your bridal outfit, you haven't made any of the necessary arrangements . . ."

Rosemary gazed up at her miserably. "Until last night, I thought we had plenty of time."

Addie explained gently, "All our gowns have to be specially ordered. The minimum period for these special orders is six weeks."

"Please, oh, please," Rosemary begged. "He'll be gone for two years. Anything can happen in two years. We might never get married. Please, please help me." Tears ran down her cheeks.

Addie felt a strong compassion for the girl. She sat down on the settee beside Rosemary and said, "All right. Let's try to figure this out rationally," as if anything in this situation could be rational.

Peggy said brightly, "If it's of any interest, we both happen to be a perfect Size Twelve."

Tender Journey

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

What would you do if you knew who had stolen your baby — but you had no proof? See Page 101

"That's a good start," Addie said. All sample gowns in Bridal Department were Size 12. She thought for a moment, visualizing all the stock she had checked in the course of the morning. Then she turned to Mrs. Gordon and said, "There are two Bianchi gowns in the stockroom, almost identical. One is white lace with a square neck; the other is ivory with a V neck. Would you bring them in for Rosemary to see?"

Mrs. Gordon said in astonishment, "But we can't sell our samples, Miss Penn."

"This is an emergency," Addie said. "We can reorder the models, if necessary. Let's see how Rosemary likes them, first of all. . . Peggy come along with me, please."

She led Peggy along the narrow corridor to her office, and closed the door. "Now," she said, "this part is up to you. Call your minister and explain the situation to him. Tell him exactly what has happened, and see if he can arrange to marry Bob and Rosemary before Friday."

Peggy took a deep breath and sat down at Addie's desk. She smiled up at Addie and said, "You're being awfully kind to us. Poor Rosemary was just ready to curl up and die."

"This is my job," Addie smiled. A new thought occurred to her. "Incidentally, have Bob and Rosemary had their blood tests yet?"

Peggy shook her head.

"You'd better call your doctor, too," Addie said. "Arrange for the blood tests to be taken tonight."

Peggy laughed. "I never imagined there were so many complications to getting married."

"We're only just starting," Addie said. She left Peggy and went hurrying to the sewing room. One of the fitters was there, working on a gown. Addie said, "Miss Glamis, drop whatever you're doing, please, and come with me."

Miss Glamis was short, plump, and inclined to be irascible. She looked at Addie and bridled. "But—"

"We have an emergency on our hands," Addie said, and firmly escorted her to the fitting room where Mrs. Gordon was showing Rosemary the two Bianchi gowns.

"Do you like either of them?" Addie asked.

"The white looks *beautiful*," Rosemary said faintly.

"Miss Glamis and Mrs. Gordon will help you try it on," Addie said.

There were still more wheels to be set in motion. She called downstairs for a fitter to come post-haste; Miss Glamis called Lingerie for the appropriate petticoats and crinolines; and Mrs. Gordon called Ladies' Footwear for shoes. Addie began to think of a suitable headpiece and veil; and then, almost unconsciously, she glanced at her watch again.

She could hardly believe her eyes. The time was half-past one.

"Don!" she said aloud, and to everybody's astonishment she went darting through the Brides' Lounge to the elevators.

There was no Don waiting at the Fifth Avenue entrance. She searched the sidewalks, and then inside the store, but there was no sign of him. For a few moments she stood in the massive doorway feeling as if she had lost everything in life that was worth having. I'll call him, she thought, as soon as he gets back from lunch. I'll explain how I was trapped. He'll understand.

Or, she wondered in panic, will he?

She returned to Bridal Department. Peggy Lawton was waiting outside the fitting room, and Addie saw at once from her expression that Peggy's mission had failed.

"The minister was terribly nice," Peggy said sadly, "but the only time the church is available is Friday afternoon."

"When does Bob's plane leave?"

"Friday morning, at ten o'clock."

Everything is going wrong, Addie thought. The happiness of two young

people—perhaps their lifelong happiness—was being jeopardized by a matter of a few hours.

It would have been easy to give up at this point. But suddenly, hardly aware of what was taking place, she was in a race with herself, an odd race between an unsure twelve-year-old child and a mature woman of twenty-four who had been given a position of responsibility. I can't let it happen, she said to herself.

She said coolly to Peggy, "There's only one solution. If the wedding is Friday afternoon, we'll have to delay Bob's flight."

"I don't see how we can," Peggy wailed.

"We'll think of a way," Addie said.

She glanced into the fitting room. It was crowded with the fitters from the various departments, and Rosemary looked as if she were lost in clouds of glory. Once again, Addie led Peggy back to her office.

She asked, "Do you know which airline Bob is flying on?"

"Transoceanic," Peggy answered. "He told us last night."

Addie said, "Call them and find out the time of the next flight *after* the one on Friday morning. Ask them to reserve two seats for a honeymoon couple. Tell them you'll confirm the reservations later today."

"But what will Bob's company say?" Peggy wailed.

"One thing at a time," Addie said. . . .

Fifteen minutes later, when Rosemary was struggling into the white Bianchi gown, Peggy peeped through the curtains of the fitting room and beckoned to Addie. Addie went out into the corridor, and Peggy said breathlessly, "It's all arranged. The airline told me that Bob can catch the nine o'clock flight on Friday evening, make a connection in London, and arrive in Bombay only about eleven hours late. And they were tickled pink when I asked them to reserve seats for a honeymoon couple."

"Everything's falling into place," Addie said. "Now you have plenty of time for a reception after the wedding."

Peggy laughed. Then she said doubtfully, "But the company still expects Bob to go Friday morning."

"That's easy. Call Bob and get him to talk to his boss."

"That's impossible," Peggy cried. "You don't know Bob. He's the devoted-to-duty type. Honestly!"

"In that case, you'll just have to grasp the bull by the horns and call Bob's boss yourself."

Peggy flinched. "Mr. Andrews? Oh, no. Bob says Mr. Andrews is so tough that butter won't melt in his mouth."

"Come now," Addie said. "Mr. Andrews can't be that tough. He'll probably help in any way he can. After all, if Bob is going out to India for two years, arriving a few hours late isn't going to make such a big difference."

She led Peggy back to her office, looked up the number in the telephone book, and dialed it. A crisp voice said, "Andrews-Dunham Corporation," and Addie asked for Mr. Andrews. Then she turned around and held the telephone out to Peggy.

Peggy became pale. "I couldn't speak to him—I wouldn't know what to say."

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" Addie said. She put the receiver back to her ear. A woman's voice said, "Mr. Andrews' office," and in a sudden flare of determination Addie said, "I wish to speak to Mr. Andrews, please. This is Miss Penn, of the Bridal Department of McClintock's, Fifth Avenue."

Mr. Andrews' secretary sounded astonished. "Bridal Department? McClintock's? Could you tell me the—uh—nature of your call?"

"It's a matter of life or death," Addie said. "I have to speak to him immediately."

A few seconds later a man's voice snapped, "Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Andrews, this is Miss Penn, of the Bridal Department of McClintock's—"

"So I understand," Mr. Andrews growled. "What is it you want to sell me? I'm not in the market for a bridal outfit. I've been married for twenty-five years, and I'm not planning to change my status. Furthermore, I happen to be very busy, young lady."

"Sir," Addie said desperately, "this concerns one of your employees—Mr. Talmadge."

"What about Talmadge?" Mr. Andrews asked suspiciously. "What's he been up to?"

Addie suddenly felt herself bursting with emotion. She was proving something to herself, something of vital importance, and she had to see this through. She began to talk, earnestly and eloquently; and it did not matter in the least whether the heavens fell in on her.

When she finished, Mr. Andrews said unexpectedly, "Miss Penn, are you by any chance related to Bob Talmadge, or his fiancée?"

"No, sir."

"In that case, why are you going to all this trouble?"

She answered in a weak voice, "It's part of my job, sir, to see that our brides are fully satisfied with our service."

"Is that so?" he said, and chuckled. Then he said slowly, "There's no reason why Bob shouldn't take the later flight. In fact, now that I think about it, there's no reason why he should start his new job in Bombay for a couple of weeks." He lowered his voice. "Do you think Bob and his young lady might be interested in spending those two weeks in Paris as a sort of honeymoon?"

"Oh, Mr. Andrews!" Addie cried. "You're an angel!"

He sounded embarrassed. "Bob is a splendid young fellow. Glad to show my appreciation of his work. Thank you for bringing this matter to my attention, Miss Penn. I'll look after the details."

Addie put the receiver down, trembling slightly.

"What happened?" Peggy asked.

Addie told her.

Peggy gave a faint shriek. "Let's go and tell Rosemary. She'll be *delirious*."

But just as they reached the fitting room an amused voice said, "Can I have a word with you, angel?" and Addie found herself looking into Helen Charles' smiling face.

"I'll be with you in a minute," Addie said to Peggy.

Miss Charles was a blonde, and more

beautiful than any girl deserved to be. She was looking like a dream in a soft, honey-colored cashmere dress that must have cost a fortune. "Busy?" she asked Addie, still smiling.

"Very busy," Addie said. Her heart almost stopped, thinking of this gorgeous creature working with Don.

"I found it a nightmare," Miss Charles said pleasantly. "All these horrible girls getting married every minute of the day. It was the happiest moment of my life when Mrs. Hartley told me you were taking over my job. You're enjoying it, aren't you?"

"Yes," Addie said.

"It's an ill wind," Miss Charles said, "that blows nobody any good. I'm enjoying Publicity, too. Such fun. And Donald Verney is such a pet. Except—"

"What?" Addie asked in alarm.

There was a note of amused malice in Miss Charles' voice. "I guess it's nothing serious," she said. "Just that the poor dear came back from lunch looking like thunder. Usually he's so good-natured and amusing. I can't imagine what upset him. Do you think it could be something he ate?"

Addie was unable to reply.

"My project for this afternoon is to restore him to his normal cheerful self," Miss Charles continued.

Addie said, "I'm sorry, I have a customer waiting. I don't really have time to talk now."

Miss Charles gave a tinkly laugh. "I'm happy for you. This is what you always wanted, isn't it? I'm sure you'll be a wonderful Assistant Buyer." She began to saunter away, and then turned to call over her shoulder, "Don't worry about Don. He's in good hands, angel."

Addie waited several seconds to regain control of herself, and then went into the fitting room.

All young brides look radiant in their wedding gowns, but Rosemary Lawton was looking particularly radiant. She seemed to glow. Her eyes were bright,

not only with joy but with tears of joy; and when Addie entered she hurried over and, in a quick gesture, kissed Addie on the cheek. "You're wonderful," she whispered. "How can I ever thank you?"

Peggy was smiling, Mrs. Gordon was smiling, even dour Miss Glamis was smiling. This was the special reward of working in Bridal Department. Girls came in here unsure of themselves, sometimes confused; and you helped to resolve their doubts, you helped to reinstate them on Cloud Seven, you helped them to look their most beautiful for the most important event of their lives. The reward was a smile, a whisper of thanks. It was very satisfying.

"Will you come to my wedding on Friday?" Rosemary asked. "I wish you would." The tears in her eyes welled up. "After all, without you there wouldn't be any wedding."

"I'd love to," Addie answered, "but I'm afraid it's impossible for me to get away."

"I'll be thinking of you," Rosemary said.

After a few minutes Addie left her. She glanced into the Brides' Lounge: everything was calm, everything seemed to be proceeding satisfactorily. She returned to her office, sat down at her desk, and then automatically took out the letter from Mr. Thorne and read it through again. This morning, when it arrived, she had felt panicky and incompetent. Now she felt different. Something of vital importance had happened in the last few hours, and she felt reassured. I can do this job, she thought. I'm sure I can do it.

As she sat there, Don came into the office. His face was grim. He said at once, "You broke your date with me."

"I'm terribly sorry, Don," she said. "I couldn't help it."

"Why?" he demanded.

"There was an emergency," she said. "I had to see it through. And I had to prove something to myself."

"Oh," he said. He stood looking at her, trying to understand the meaning of what she had said. He asked quietly, "*Did* you prove it?"

"I believe so."

"Something worth while?"

"Yes," she said. "It was very worth while."

She waited. This was a test of their relationship. He would understand her and trust her, or he would fail to understand, and there would always be a lack of trust between them.

And then, to her delight, he smiled. The anger left his eyes. "Fine," he said warmly. "Now we have another reason to celebrate. Have dinner with me tonight, and I'll buy you champagne."

"Miss Charles—" she began.

"Don't mention that dame to me!" he said. "I'll be waiting downstairs at five-thirty, when the store closes. And, darling—try to be on time?" He grinned.

"Yes, darling," she said. "I'll really try." . . . THE END

Another Addie Penn story in August.

Treasure Each Day

(Continued from Page 27)

Fran's mind was racing. "We could go to Europe," she said.

"No!" the one short word was explosive.

"Okay," she said calmly, "so it isn't Europe. Where do you want to go?"

He tossed the *Times* classified to her. Half a dozen ads were circled in red. "Any one of these might do."

Fran read one, listed under Connecticut, for rent by season or year. "Cabin in the pines, high on hill overlooking river. Winterized. Secluded. Ideal for artist or writer." She looked up. "Do you fancy yourself an artist or writer?" Surely, surely, he was joking.

But his face was serious. "I don't fancy myself anything in particular. That's one of the reasons I want to get away. There's something wrong here. I don't know whether it's the city, or the frantic life we lead, or—me."

"Oh. You want to search for the real you."

Nick's voice was distant, his eyes cool. "I was afraid I wouldn't get through to you."

He had never looked at her this way before, and Fran felt a flicker of fear. It was, she thought, the way you look at a stranger who has jostled you. Nick was a salesman—good-natured, outgoing, garrulous. This Nick with the cool gaze, this Nick who wanted to live a quiet, secluded life for a year was not the Nick she knew at all.

She smiled at him, the wistful, gamin smile that never failed to move him. "What if I'd like to do something more frivolous?"

"I'll be fair. I'll split the money with you." His face, which normally mirrored every joy, every tension, was like a rock.

It's this dreadful rainy day, Fran thought. Even Nick, usually so full of gaiety, could hardly be expected to come up with anything but a dreary idea on such a dreary day. Probably by tomorrow he'd have changed his mind. Or, if not, he'd change it quickly enough after two or three dull weeks in his secluded retreat.

Reassured, she said: "I'd like to buy in on your year."

He gave her a piercing look. "You're sure?"

She nodded. "It might be fun. Different, anyway!"

His eyes warmed. He was hers again. It gave her the courage to add: "The only thing is—our work. I was doing so well. I was hoping that in the next year . . ."

"When you come back you'll be an overnight sensation—a new face. As for me, I can always go back into selling."

He moved close to her then and began to talk seriously of his feeling that life might suddenly slip away before he had discovered what it was all about. He spoke of things he had wanted to do and had put off, always thinking there was plenty of time.

"Like making one of those ships in a

bottle," he said. "Sounds crazy but I've always wanted to do one. And I'd like to read *War and Peace* and all the other books I always said I'd read if I ever had the time. I'd like to—oh, chop wood, fish, walk in the wood, sit on a rock and dream."

While he talked on, Fran listened—half-listened, actually—with a tender, amused smile on her face, sure that in another day or so Nick too would look back on this talk and be amused.

But the days passed and Nick's resolve remained firm, and the smile on Fran's face became a little fixed as she found herself being hurtled along in the activities of preparation. They gave up their work, sublet their apartment. Nick made a quick trip to Connecticut and leased the cabin in the pines for a year.

"We won't be completely isolated," he told Fran on his return. "A couple named Murchison have a place a few hundred yards from ours, and they'll be there all next winter too. He's a professor of English, on sabbatical this year."

An English professor did not sound like the gayest kind of company. "What's his wife like?" Fran asked.

"Thirtyish. Her husband claims she's an artist."

That sounded better. "What does she look like?"

Nick frowned. "I really don't remember. But I liked her." He gave her an exuberant hug. "Oh, Fran, you're going to love the place. You've never seen such pines."

"I'm sure," Fran murmured. With drooping shoulders, she began packing her things.

The Murchisons called on them briefly their first night there. Fran was secretly relieved when, upon leaving, the Murchisons assured them they would not intrude on their seclusion, for she thought them the most colorless couple she had ever met.

Sara Murchison, thin and pale, wearing a denim dress that was a size too large for her, did not look at all like an artist to Fran. Only her eyes had any vividness. They were brown, wide-spaced and perceptive. More than once, Fran was aware of the clear-eyed gaze measuring her face, and it made her oddly uncomfortable.

In an attempt to counter this, Fran looked at Sara in that same measuring way, but if Sara was aware of her lack of attractiveness it apparently did not bother her. Perhaps it was because her husband so clearly adored her.

David Murchison was a prototype: an English professor with sandy hair, tweeds and pipe. But he did not act like a man relaxed by the knowledge of a refreshing year ahead of him. His speech was quick and nervous, and he rarely spoke without glancing toward his wife for approval or reassurance.

After they had left, Fran said: "Odd couple, don't you think?"

Nick grinned. "They're probably saying the same thing about us."

Fran moved to a mirror and patted her feathery dark hair into place. "She wouldn't be bad-looking if she fixed up a little. If she's supposed to be an artist . . ."

Now Nick's voice was vague. "Maybe it just isn't important to her."

The June evening was cool and Nick lighted a fire. They lay on a blanket in front of the fireplace and listened to the sweeping sound of the wind-stirred pines. "Happy?" asked Nick.

"Mmmmm." She looked around the large, comfortably furnished room. "I was thinking—what a wonderful place for a real bang-up weekend party. With the two couches in here and the one on the porch, we could sleep at least—"

She stopped, for a stillness had come over his face. "So you still don't understand," he said.

Fran swallowed, not quite daring to speak.

"I didn't want this to be merely an extension of our old life," he said. "The way we lived before, all we did was hurry life along. I can't quite explain what I feel, but if you don't understand—well, then . . ."

She turned away from him, her heart beating fast. "Well, then—what?"

"Well, then, we'll pull out of here and do what you want to do."

She turned back to him, her heart swelling at his generous gesture. "Silly. I merely said this would be a good place for a party. I didn't mean I actually wanted to *give* a party. I know we're going to have a wonderful year."

He looked at her for a moment. She could see how much he wanted to believe her. Then, believing her, he smiled and drew her into his arms. And, knowing she had made him happy, she felt happy too. It *will* be a wonderful year, she said to herself.

Their closeness that first night set the pattern for the next few weeks. Together they splashed in the river, explored the woods and lay in the sun and dreamed. Fran enjoyed those weeks. It was pleasant to do nothing, to have no responsibilities.

Gradually, though, the days began to have an air of sameness, except that each seemed longer than the day before. She watched for signs that Nick's enjoyment was waning. But, perversely, Nick's exuberance seemed to grow almost daily, especially after he began some of his projects. He made a trip into town one day to the hardware store and the library and came home loaded with tools, lumber and books.

Fran watched him as he studied plans for a cobbler's bench, marked and cut the lumber. "You know," she said, "you can buy one of those cobbler's benches. They're not very expensive."

"Hmmmm?" He stopped sawing.

"I said, if you want one of those benches so badly, why don't you buy one? They're not very expensive."

"But it isn't that I really *want* one. I just want to *make* one. See if I can." He picked up a board, turned it over and studied it. "Isn't there something you'd like to do?"

Millions of things, she thought, suppressing a hysterical desire to laugh. I'd like to walk in a crowd, go to a musical, go to a big noisy party. But she didn't say anything. She merely lifted one shoulder in a listless shrug.

"If you'd like to sew, or something like that," he said, "I'll buy you a machine. You could make yourself something nice to wear."

"To wear where?"

"Well, next year, after we go back to the city . . ."

"Anything I make now would be completely out of style next year in the city."

"Well—" he said vaguely, and began sawing again, so absorbed that he did not notice when she walked away.

One evening while Nick was immersed in *War and Peace*, Fran, feeling shut out, turned on the radio. Dance music from a New York hotel floated into the room. Fran closed her eyes, first lost in memory, then suddenly seized by an almost unbearable longing. If only Nick would say: Honey, hearing that music gives me an idea. How about getting in the car and—

"Honey," Nick said.

Fran opened her eyes.

He smiled. "Would you mind turning that down a little? I'm having quite a time getting all these Russians straightened out."

"Not at all," she said stiffly. She snapped it off.

"You didn't have to—"

She smiled valiantly. "It's all right."

She went to bed and cried silently while Nick slowly turned the pages of his book. Nick wanted to take a year off just for living. Did he think this was living? She didn't feel she was living; she was only marking time until she could live again.

During these weeks, they had not seen the Murchisons again. Then one day when Nick was fishing and Fran was walking restlessly by the river, she came upon them, sitting on an overturned boat. She sat down near them.

After some polite conversation, Fran said to Sara, "Nick tells me you're an artist. I'd love to see some of your work."

"I'm sorry, but I don't have anything here."

"Well, may I peek over your shoulder some day when you're painting?"

Sara's eyes were remote. "I'm not doing much with my painting these days."

It seemed to Fran that Sara acted strangely, almost as if she were trying to hide something. She turned to Dave and asked him what he was doing while he was on sabbatical. Writing a book, perhaps?

Dave shook his head. "No. Neither of us is doing much of anything." He smiled an oddly charming smile and reached out and clasped his wife's hand. "We're doing about what you're doing—just enjoying life." Then he glanced quickly at Sara as if to ask: Did I say the right thing?

Out of a city full of people, Fran would never have chosen Sara as a friend, but now she began seeing her several times a week. At first, she had to resist the impulse to get Sara to do something about her hair and clothes. But Sara accepted herself with such graciousness that soon Fran found herself accepting her in the same spirit. She found herself liking her, even admiring her, though she was not sure why.

Sometimes, she caught Sara looking at her with that measuring look. It wasn't critical but it wasn't admiring, either, and Fran found herself wistfully wishing she could uncover something good in herself and display it for Sara to admire.

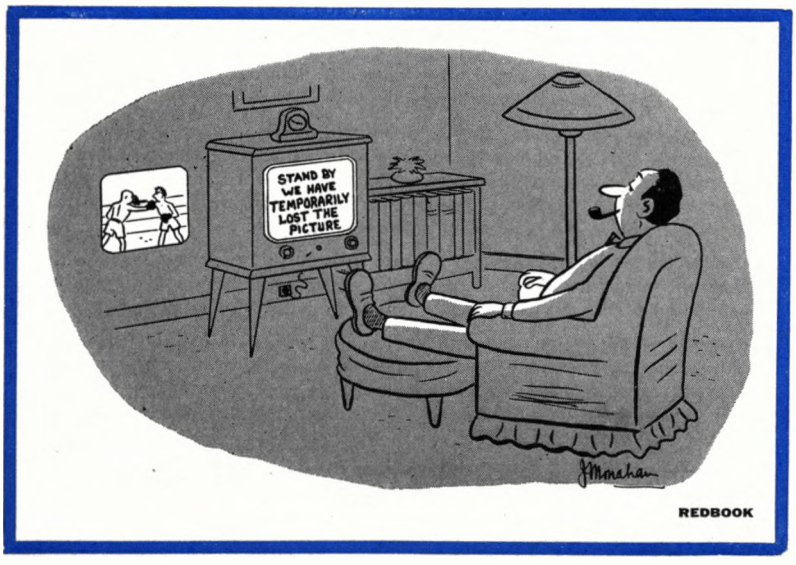
She told Sara one day about her frustration at having to wait out the year in this quiet place.

"It might help," Sara said kindly, "if you became absorbed in something. It might make the time go by faster." She paused. "If that's what you want to do."

"Maybe I could paint," Fran said. "Would you help me?" She watched carefully for the strange remoteness that always came upon Sara whenever painting was mentioned.

Sara hesitated, looked away, bit her lip. But at last she said, "All right. I'll help you."

Sara said that she would work with her two afternoons a week, whenever the weather was right, and on one such sunny afternoon late in the summer, Fran went to the Murchisons armed with her meager painting outfit of basic colors.



Dave was alone on the porch. "Hi," Fran said. "Where's Sara?"

"Upstairs."

Fran glanced upward. Upstairs consisted of one room that jutted like an afterthought out of the pointed roof. "Oh. May I go up?"

Dave frowned slightly. "Why don't you wait here? I'm sure she'll be down soon."

Fran sat on the steps, feeling like a child who had been tactfully reprimanded. "Is she resting?"

"I'm not sure. I never disturb her when she's up there." He smiled weakly. "I haven't even been inside that room since she fixed it up early this summer."

Well, thought Fran, he *is* a Milquetoast. She studied him as he bent to light his pipe. Away from his wife, his insignificance was even more noticeable. It was as if Sara had personality enough for both of them.

Conversation with Dave was not easy, and Fran was grateful to hear Sara coming down the stairs. Instead of coming out, however, she went through the house and out the back door. In a few minutes a curl of smoke appeared from the trash barrel behind the house.

Sara came around to the front. Her eyes were deeply shadowed, her lips colorless. But there was, in the brightness of her eyes and the warmth of her smile, a sort of quiet radiance. She looked, it seemed to Fran, like someone who had just been through a battle, and won.

"What, you here already?" Sara said to Fran. She looked at her watch. "Oh, it's later than I thought. Shall we go down by the river?"

But Fran was looking at Sara's hands. "You've been painting," she said, and it was almost like an accusation. "I thought you said you didn't paint any more."

"Just once in a while," Sara said quietly.

"May I see what you did?"

"I'm afraid not," Sara said, and once again Fran felt that she was being mildly rebuked. . . .

Later, when Fran was telling Nick about it, she said: "You know what I think? I think she's a has-been and she doesn't want me to know it."

Nick was splitting wood, stacking it neatly.

"Either that," Fran went on, "or she never had it. The real artist's touch, I mean."

Nick placed the last piece of wood on the pile and regarded his accomplishment with masculine pride.

"I finished a painting today," Fran said. "Would you like to see it?"

Nick took it from her. "It's good," he said. "Looks just like the river down there. What does Sara think of it?"

"Not too much, I guess. She says I have an eye for color and a fair sense of perspective, but she says I paint only what I see, not what I feel. She says I should think about how the river has been cutting its way through the mountains for centuries, about what a dangerous force it is at flood stage and how peaceful it is now, and then try to get something of that into the painting." She stopped, aware of a rising sense of irritation. Everyone

seemed to expect her to feel things she couldn't feel, didn't even want to feel. "Sometimes," she said, "Sara just bores me to tears."

Nick handed the picture back to her. "Sometimes this whole experiment just bores you to tears. Doesn't it?"

Fran looked steadily at him. She had made up her mind she would not say a word unless, or until, she reached a point where she could not stand it a moment longer. It would be so much better if Nick were the one to call a halt to this nonsense—if, for the rest of their lives, he could always remember that it was he and not she who had said: "I've had enough."

She stood on tiptoe, smiled her appealing, gamin smile and kissed the end of his nose. "Don't be silly."

Actually, some days were not so bad. There were sparkling days in the fall when leaves drifted down and Fran walked with Sara on a red-and-gold carpet. But on such days, though she was aware of the beauty around her, she was aware even more of the shortness of the season and the length of the winter ahead. And winter here would mean even less activity.

As the weeks went by, it became harder and harder to hide her feelings from Nick. She had not thought it possible that she could hold a pose so long or so well: pretending, smiling, swallowing the taste of bitterness before it could mingle with her words. But, though tension grew inside her, she managed—until a morning in December after three long days of snow.

On this day, Fran found herself pacing the small house while Nick looked up now and then with mild irritation from his nearly completed ship-in-a-bottle. She paused at the window. The snow had stopped falling early the previous evening, but it surrounded the house like the barbed wire of a concentration camp.

A small cry broke from her lips. She was hardly aware of it, it was so like the cry that had been within her for so long.

"Something wrong, Fran?"

"Something wrong? *Wrong?*" She wheeled around. "It's this snow. This awful, horrible, damnable snow."

"It won't last long." He got up and came to her side. "It's rather pretty, I think. Look at the way it's piled on those pine boughs. You ought to paint that."

"I could," Fran said in a tight voice. "And I think Sara would approve of the picture. Because I know just how those trees feel, weighted down under all that cold, more dead than alive." She pressed her hands against her face. "I can't stand it any more, Nick. I can't stand this business of just existing. I feel as if I were in prison."

"And I'm your jailer?"

"Yes, you're my jailer."

She looked up then at his hurt, shocked face and would have given anything to be able to take back the deadly words. But they hung in the air between them as palpably real as if they were printed on placards: *You're my jailer!*

He turned away. "If you had been honest with me a little sooner, I would have done something—I don't know exactly what—but something to see that you were happy." He shrugged. "Well . . . I'll call someone to plow the driveway. Then I'll go to the bank and get some money for you. There's a train around the middle of the afternoon."

She watched him as he leafed through the telephone book, and suddenly things seemed to be moving too fast for her, moving in the wrong direction. She was free now to live as gaily as she wanted to, but how could she be happy anywhere without Nick?

She put her hand on his arm, smiled wistfully. "Nick, I don't want to leave you like this. Honestly . . ."

"Yes," he said crisply, "by all means let us always be honest with each other." He dialed a number.

For a moment she listened helplessly; then she put on a jacket and boots and went outside. The path that led toward Sara's was not visible. There was only an opening through the pines and she followed that, hanging onto the branches. As she approached the house, Fran was surprised to see tire tracks, the bite of chains in the Murchison driveway.

Puzzled, she went to the door and knocked. No one came. She turned the handle, opened the door slightly and called Sara. There was no answer. Something made Fran shiver. She was not sure whether it was the coldness of the day or the emptiness of the house, but quickly she closed the door and went back and sat on the steps.

She went over what she was going to tell Sara, justifying what had happened —trying, at the same time, to stifle the feeling of desolation that threatened to engulf her. Then she heard the car.

The car stopped in front of the house. Dave was in it alone. Not seeing Fran, he put his face down on the steering wheel. Fran went quickly to the car. "Are you all right, Dave?"

He looked up, looked at her blankly.

"Where's Sara?" she asked.

"I—took her to the hospital last night."

"Oh. What's wrong?"

Moving ponderously, he got out of the car. "She died an hour ago."

Fran could feel her face breaking up with shock. "Oh, Dave. How awful. How terrible for you. Happening so suddenly like this, how can you—"

"It wasn't sudden, Fran." He looked steadily at her. "She knew. We've both known . . . for nearly a year."

"Oh, Dave." Her feeling of shock increased. She began crying, hating herself for such a display in the face of his deeper, contained grief. "Dave, if I knew something like that, I just couldn't stand it. I'd die!" Then the horror of her words struck her and she turned away.

He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around, and on his face she saw a faint but compassionate smile. "She faced it," he said. "She wasn't afraid. Ever."

There was no weakness in his face now. It was as if Sara had passed her strength along to him.

He moved away, but she could not let him go. "May I have something of hers? Just anything to—to keep."

With a look of irritation, he turned. And she wondered if he were thinking: Why are you alive, you little gamin-faced,

junior-sized bit of nothingness—when Sara, who was everything admirable, is dead? But after a moment his face cleared. Again came the look of compassion and strength. "Would you like her painting things?"

"Oh, yes, I—but do you think—"

"She wanted you to have them." He held the door open for her. "They're upstairs in her room."

Fran went up the steep, narrow stairway, her heart pounding. I could never be like her, she thought. No wonder she couldn't find anything about me to admire. There isn't anything. I couldn't even say the right thing to Dave.

Almost furtively, she entered the forbidden room. It was cluttered with canvases, paints, water glasses filled with paintbrushes, jars of turpentine, jars of oil and paint-encrusted saucers. Many of the brushes had not been cleaned. There was evidence that Sara had painted a great deal here, had often stopped abruptly without bothering to clean up. Yet there were no paintings.

On one table there was an empty wooden box. Moving swiftly, wanting to leave this room that was Sara's and yet did not bear her stamp, Fran gathered up the best tubes of paint, the cleanest brushes, and put them in the box.

Once more, before leaving, her puzzled gaze swept the room. It was then that she saw the wastebasket and the one crumpled sheet of drawing paper in it.

Curiosity compelled her to pick up the paper, smoothe out the wrinkles and spread it out on the easel. She stared at it, a great, silent scream crowding her throat.

It was done in charcoal, in uncompromising black and white. It was the face of a woman—a woman who was completely owned by fear. The head was thrown back, the eyes nearly closed. The lips were drawn back from the teeth in a silent cry of agony. Every stroke made with the piece of charcoal was a harsh, angry stroke; every line in the face showed despair.

The face would have been evocative no matter whose it had been. But this was Sara's face. Sara's face as no one, not even her husband, had ever seen it.

It did not seem strange to Fran, now, that Sara had destroyed all her recent work—not if it was all like this. Nor was there any question in her mind whether or not Sara had truly been an artist. Sara had told her one day that true art embodies the communication of a deep feeling. And, looking at this charcoal drawing, Fran had been stirred as never before.

Sara had been afraid. Fran knew now just how afraid. She, herself, as she stared at the drawing, could feel the shadowy imminence of death, the cold, hollow fear, the denial of it, and the terrible, intense desire to live. Just to live. Not to want anything special out of life, but just to want life itself. To treasure each day.

And suddenly Fran understood how Nick felt, how he, more imaginative, more percipient than she, had been startled by his uncle's death into the realization that he was frittering away, wishing away, the most important gift of all: the gift of life.

She stood very still, her heart beating very fast. Downstairs she could hear Dave moving about. She remembered the look of acceptance on his face when he had said: "She wasn't afraid. Ever." His belief in Sara's fearlessness was his security, his strength.

Though she had not been able to find the right thing to say to him then, there was one thing she could do for him now. She did it quickly. She crumpled the drawing into a tiny ball and put it into her pocket.

Again she shivered. Sara must have been working on a picture like this on that day when she had come downstairs looking so exhausted . . . and so radiant. Radiant, Fran remembered now, like a woman who had fought a battle and won.

So Sara's fear had not been a continuing thing. When fear came, or pain came, she retreated to this room. This room had been her Gethsemane. Here she fought alone, with great courage.

Quickly, now, Fran hurried down the stairs. Dave was sitting in a chair, waiting, a suitcase by his side. "You found the paints all right?"

"Yes. Will you be coming back, Dave?"

"I don't think so. I'd rather not. For a while."

"I'll feed her birds," Fran said.

"Thank you. She'd appreciate that."

"And, Dave . . ." She felt the sting of tears in her eyes, but now even the sting of tears seemed like a precious part of life. "Being up there in her room, I felt so close to her. You were right to believe in her courage. I know it."

He nodded gratefully.

Fran went outside and started up the path. A breeze had come up, stirring the pines, relieving them of their burden of snow, releasing their fragrance. At the end of the path she saw the cabin, snug and sheltered. In the doorway Nick stood watching her.

She smiled at him, not knowing that her smile revealed a new depth of honesty and feeling. She was as yet unaware that on this day her face had become the face of a woman. . . . THE END

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTO CREDITS:

Pages 16-18, Tops in the Shops — Binder and Duffy; Pages 19-20, Letters to the Editor — Don Ornitz; Pages 21-25, The Shocking Facts About the Fruits and Vegetables You Eat, Page 23—Houston Chamber of Commerce; Pages 28-31, Bing Crosby's Young Wife, Page 29 — United Press, Page 30 — United Press, Wide World, Page 31 — Wide World; Pages 36-39, How High-Pressure Sports Can Hurt Your Child, Page 37—INP, Page 38 (top and middle) — United Press, (bottom) — Wide World; Pages 48-51, Great Smokies, Page 49 (top and lower left) — North Carolina News Bureau, (lower right) —Ewart Ball of Cherokee Historical Assoc., Page 51 (right) — N. C. News Bureau, (upper and lower left) —Lou Harshaw.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 10, Your Health — George Zimbel; Page 12, Your Child — Susan Perl; Page 14, Records — Denny Hampson; Pages 19-20, Letters to the Editor — Denny Hampson; Page 44, The Missing Heir Racket — Herb Saslow.

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✔ **Ancient art** of ritual sandpainting is rarely seen by tourists—except at Gallup, N. M., Inter-Tribal Ceremonial in August. Then, Navajo medicine men color the sacred patterns—while other tribes put on rodeo events, handcraft demonstrations, singing and dancing in vivid war dress. Gallup is close to three great Southwestern lures—Canyon de Chelly, Painted Desert, mesa-top pueblo of Acoma; Taos and Santa Fe are not far off; Grand Canyon and Mexican border are only a good day's drive. (New Mexico State Tourist Bureau, H-4, State Capitol Bldg., Santa Fe.)

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✔ **Fall is fine** in Europe—when the opera's a-glittering and leaves are turning along the Rhine. Very complete fall tour will take you—limp, but sated—through 11 countries, including Spain and Portugal, in a month. Cost is about $1,100 by air from New York, October 8. (Bingler-Cassler Tours, H-7, 203 W. 41 St., N. Y.)

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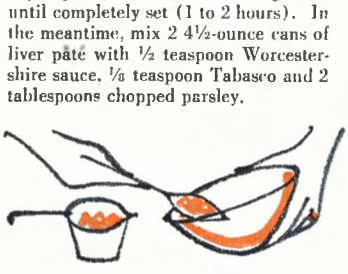
✔ **Tip in time:** Take it easy and stop for the night just before your destination. It'll be cheaper than the prime tourist area—which you'll see next day as you continue your trip.

Redbook recommends

Easy Jellied Pâté—an elegant appetizer to prepare ahead of time, serve later, for summer entertaining

Next to its taste, the nicest thing about this pâté is that it eliminates the last-minute confusion of making appetizers. Put it in an accessible spot and your hungry guests can help themselves while the barbecue fire burns to the "just right" stage.

Pour 1 10½-ounce can of beef consommé *(undiluted)* into a small saucepan. Sprinkle 1 envelope of unflavored gelatine over the top of the consommé to soften. Then place the saucepan over low heat and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Pour into a small bowl (2-cup capacity) and chill in refrigerator until completely set (1 to 2 hours). In the meantime, mix 2 4½-ounce cans of liver pâté with ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.



When the consommé is completely set, remove bowl from refrigerator. With a spoon scoop out the center portion of the jelly into a saucepan. Leave a lining about ½ inch thick on bottom and sides of bowl.

Pack the pâté mixture carefully into the bowl and smooth the top. Then melt the consommé which you scooped out over low heat and pour over top of pâté. Chill again until completely firm. Set the bowl briefly in *warm* water to loosen jelly. Invert a plate over the top of bowl, then invert the bowl. Garnish with olives, water cress and radish roses; serve with interesting crackers.

Illustrations by Howard Low

Operation Snowball

(Continued from Page 35)

Webster, Illinois, when I was a senior in high school. The next year my parents decided to move on, but I stayed in Webster. I worked my way through secretarial school and got a job with Joseph Nelson, Senior, who was a lawyer and the richest man in town. Joe Junior, *my* Joe, was warmhearted, unpredictable and totally fascinating, and he was the only man I would ever love. But he *was* homely. At twenty-nine, he was rather fat, and quite bald, and he wore heavy glasses on his formidable nose. Of course, Joe and I knew that if we woke up one morning and found me ugly and him broke, it wouldn't matter. But who'd believe that? Nobody. Nobody, including Bea Lindergreen, who sat that day drinking her coffee and regarding me with a polite, suspicious eye.

Most of the time I didn't care what people thought, but it struck me then that I would give almost anything to be able to tell just one person—Bea, maybe—how much I loved Joe, and have that one person believe me.

In ten minutes or so Arthur MacDonald arrived. Arthur was a tall, grave and courtly young bachelor. He helped himself to the coffee.

"Joe has this idea of giving away a crystal chandelier with every cream separator," he said thoughtfully. "I think I've talked him out of it. I'm not sure our customers really *need* chandeliers. And anyway, we can't afford it."

I suppressed a smile. Crystal chandeliers with every separator sounded just like Joe. He and Arthur were ideal partners. Joe had the imagination and the drive, and Arthur was the one who put on the brakes and mentioned things like taxes and prices and margins of profit.

I happened to glance at Bea. Arthur was bent over his coffee and she was looking at him, and her whole expression had changed. Her eyes were soft, and her mouth was soft and gentle, and she was smiling just a little. She looked positively beautiful.

Why, she's in love with him! I thought. I couldn't imagine why I hadn't realized it before. And then Arthur looked up, and Bea's face congealed, and I saw how it was. She was that inevitable combination, proud and shy, and she'd rather walk a mile in a sandstorm than admit that she liked, much less loved, anybody.

My mind began to clatter like a Geiger counter in a uranium mine. Bea and Arthur, I thought. Arthur and Bea.

It was, for reasons I'll explain later, of the utmost importance to me to get Arthur married. I had introduced him to half a dozen unattached girls, but so far none of them had clicked. Retiring girls didn't appeal to Arthur, and the flashy ones thought him stuffy. Bea, though—Bea was different. He already liked her, and the fact that she loved him would give her the incentive to stay with it even if, at first, Arthur seemed unresponsive. Arthur was the type who had to be absolutely sure he was wanted.

"Say, Bea," I said, "we're having a little party on Saturday night. If you aren't busy, why don't you drop by?"

"Well—" Bea said, flustered.

"Please come," I said, figuring if I talked fast enough I'd get everybody off guard. "Arthur, you're coming, aren't you? Why don't you pick Bea up? About eighty-thirty. Okay?"

"Fine," Arthur said, slightly stunned but aways a gentleman.

He was writing down Bea's address when Joe breezed in. Joe kissed my cheek and gave me a you're-for-me look that would warm my bones on a polar night.

"Bea's coming to our party on Saturday," I said. "Isn't that nice?"

"What party?" Joe said.

"On Saturday!" I said. "You haven't *forgotten!*"

"Oh. Oh, you mean *Saturday!*" Joe boomed. "Oh, sure! The *party!*"

I decided I'd better get out before he really overdid it. Besides, I had to get home and scrape up enough people for Saturday night to make it convincing. . . .

That evening I explained to Joe about Bea and Arthur. He was highly amused. "What is it with you women?" he said. "The minute you get married, the sight of a bachelor sends you into fits. You've been peppering poor Arthur with girls. Why?"

I couldn't tell him the real reason—not yet, anyway. So I said, "Maybe I want everyone to be as happy as we are."

"How could anyone be as happy as we are?" said Joe. For that I kissed him.

"You know what gets us about matchmaking?" I said. "It's—it's creative. It's like a garden. Only you try to get people, instead of flowers, to blossom."

Joe laughed. "If you can get Arthur to blossom, you've got a green thumb."

"Watch me," I said. "We plow the ground with this party."

"What're we going to serve?" Joe said blandly. "Dry toast and tea?" That was his way of mentioning the budget.

"Spaghetti," I said, "and no meat balls."

Because we *were* on a budget. Or at least, we were trying to be. We lived in a tiny house with bargain-basement furniture. But money is tricky. When you've always had a lot of it, I guess it's hard to get the feel of small amounts. We'd eat hamburger and stew for a month, and then Joe would present me with an antique bracelet or an alligator purse, to celebrate our conquest of the budget. I couldn't say no to his gifts. I ended up with a gorgeous wardrobe, which didn't exactly diminish my reputation as a gold digger.

The reason for our stab at economizing was that Joe didn't have a lot of money. His father had it—a million dollars with a string around every bill. Joe's grandfather had been a lawyer, and his father was a lawyer, and it had been inevitable that Joe had to be a lawyer too. When I worked in the Nelson office I could tell that Joe wasn't a very good lawyer, but I didn't know why until he explained to me that what he really liked was machinery—especially farm equip-

ment. Joe was the only son, and of course he had a responsibility to his father, but he also had to be responsible to himself.

Then everything happened at once. Joe inherited some money from a great-uncle, and just after that a local farm-equipment place went up for sale. Joe kicked over the traces. He married me, left his father's office, and wrote to Arthur MacDonald, an ex-Army buddy, to come and be his business partner. Arthur didn't have any money to invest, but he had something better—experience. He had grown up on a farm, and since the Army he had been an accountant with a big farm-equipment outfit in Omaha.

After they opened shop, about three times a week Joe would say, "I don't know where I'd be without Arthur." Joe was learning. He was a marvelous salesman, but he was short on patience. He wanted to have the biggest business in the territory, right away. "If it weren't for Arthur," he admitted, "I'm afraid I'd overextend myself right out of business and wake up back in my father's office."

I knew how Joe would hate that. And I wanted to help any way I could. It seemed to me that one thing I could do was to go to work on the irreplaceable Arthur MacDonald. He was a stranger in Webster, and I figured if he had a good time and learned to like the town he'd be more certain to stay. So I had him over for dinner several times a week and tried to make him feel at home. It wasn't hard to do—Joe and I both liked Arthur.

Arthur arrived in Webster in April. It wasn't until August that I realized, to my horror, that I had overshot the mark. Arthur wasn't getting to like Webster. He was getting to like *me*. I was sure he wasn't really falling in love with me. He was just reacting to the concentrated dose of attention I'd been giving him. But to Arthur it might *seem* like love.

Arthur was high-minded and incapable of guile. If it ever struck him (as it very well might) that he was falling for me, I knew exactly what he would do. He'd tell Joe all about it and then leave Webster forever. This would be rough on Arthur, and what it would do to Joe and the business I didn't dare even guess. Since I had got us into the fix, I decided it was up to me to get us out.

As I saw it, I had just one chance to avert catastrophe, and that was to find the right girl for Arthur, and to do it fast.

It was funny, but I had a feeling that Bea was right. I believe that even without my immediate reason for wanting Arthur married, I'd have had to make a try at getting him to discover Bea, just out of loyalty to matchmaking and romance.

Anyway, Saturday rolled around and the party was only a moderate success. Arthur kept gravitating toward me, and then Bea would gravitate toward Arthur, and there we would be, the three of us, in a solemn little lump. Bea's expression was remote, as if she were doing a mental problem in long division. I wanted to shake her. I wanted to say, *Smile. Look* at him. Let him *see* you. Try to warm his poor cold hungry heart. But she wouldn't—or maybe couldn't. I could see that this project would take some doing.

That night I asked Bea and Arthur to come back the next day for leftovers. There they both were—they had to say yes. For the next two weeks I kept it up. I'd get them both to go out to lunch with me, and I asked them over for last-minute bridge—things like that. The third week I had a triumph. I had raved about a new movie and Arthur actually asked Bea to go, and took her, all alone.

A few days later I said to him, very casually, "How're you and Bea hitting it off?"

"Oh, fine," he said. "It's funny, when you see someone in the office you don't really *see* her. Bea's a wonderful girl. Of course, she's pretty wrapped up in her career."

I translated this as meaning first—he hadn't noticed Bea before; second—she was turning out to be fun; but third—she didn't seem seriously interested, and

so I spent the next two days trying to think of a delicate way to tell Bea to get with it. On the third day, the problem solved itself. Bea called and invited me to lunch.

When I met her at the hotel coffee shop, I could see at once that I was still not on her popularity list. We were very formal until the dessert arrived. Bea picked at her sherbet, obviously working up her nerve. Then she gave me a long, level look. "Moira," she said, "I just want you to know that I've finally figured out what you're up to."

"You have?" I said carefully.

"You can't blame me for wondering," she said. "You've gone to a lot of trouble. I could understand your doing it for Arthur, but why me? You're awfully clever, Moira. But I want you to know it won't work."

"It won't?" I said.

She shook her head. "You'll have to find a replacement. I'm not dating Arthur again."

I couldn't believe it. Had I been *that* wrong? "But I thought . . ." I mumbled. "I was so sure you—you—"

"Loved him?" Her eyes grew shiny with tears. "I do. Me, Bea Lindergreen, in love with the handsomest, most wonderful man in Webster."

It seemed to me she was overrating Arthur by a few points, but I let it pass.

"I never dreamed he'd ask me out," she said, "and then he *did*. Oh, you asked him for me, but I was too dazed to make distinctions. He could be dating somebody really glamorous, I thought, and here he was with *me*."

This was ridiculous. Arthur *was* attractive, but so was Bea. Apparently, though, she had a roaring inferiority complex, and trying to talk someone out of one of those is like trying to take a bone from a tiger. So I was silent.

"Finally it hit me," Bea said. "He was with me all the time because you put him there. You didn't *want* him to date anyone who was a real threat."

"Why not?" I said, fascinated.

"You know perfectly well why not," Bea said, getting really teary. "You can't stand having any competition. Everybody knows why you married Joe, and that's your business. But you should stick to your bargain. And you should let Arthur go!"

She broke down at this point and had to stop to blow her nose.

I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry right along with her. I tried to see myself as Bea saw me, a sort of black widow spider, luring men into my web. Then I saw myself as *I* saw me, and I came up with a matchmaker's master stroke. I had the intentions of a friendly grandmother and the body of a *femme fatale*. If anybody could put a bomb under Bea, I could.

I raised an eyebrow. "Arthur's amusing," I said. "I like to have him around. But it looks better with a fourth."

"I *knew* it!" Bea cried. "Oh, Moira, you'll break his heart!"

"I want him around," I said. "If you're so—*fond* of him, why don't you try to save him from his horrible fate?"

There was a long silence while Bea's spine straightened. "I might just do that."

I gave what I hoped was a jaded little laugh. "*That'll* be the day," I said.

That did it. Bea seemed to grow taller. Her eyes turned fiery, she lifted her chin, and her nostrils quivered. She stopped looking cool and shy. She looked like a heroine, acquainted with passion, ready to live or die for love.

"You think because you're beautiful that's all that matters," she flared. "You think you own the world, Moira Nelson. Well, there's a lot more to being a woman than a slick hairdo and a mink stole. I thought I wasn't good enough for Arthur, and maybe I'm not, but I'm a darn sight better than you, you—*sorceress!*"

I looked solemn until Bea had swept out through the door. Then I ordered another cup of coffee and sat there and smiled and smiled. I knew that now things would really begin to happen.

They did, too. Bea changed. The busy little lines in her forehead smoothed away. Her rough edges and angles began to vanish. Her nervous giggle turned into a laugh. She stopped looking through Arthur and looked *at* him, and when she did she revealed the gentle expression that I had caught by accident that day in the office. She had stopped worrying about herself. She thought about nothing but Arthur, and it showed.

Even Joe noticed the difference. "What's with Bea?" he said.

"Oh, love, the transformer," I said.

After a few weeks of the emerging Bea, Arthur began to react. Bea and I had had our coffee-shop scene early in November. Along about Thanksgiving, Arthur said, "You know, Bea's a lot of fun when you get to know her."

In the middle of December, he said, "Did you know Bea's a wonderful cook?"

At Christmastime he said, "I've never known anybody like Bea. On the surface she seems so . . . but she isn't. She's really so . . . Moira, does it seem to you Bea's changed?"

"I think you're good for her," I said.

"You do?" Arthur looked immoderately pleased. "I hope that's it," he said. "I think she has terrific possibilities. She just needs someone who *realizes* . . ."

On New Year's day, Arthur said solemnly, "Moira, I was looking at Bea last night and it struck me that she's actually, well—beautiful." After that, I figured it was only a matter of time.

Then, one afternoon in January, something happened that made me forget all about Bea and Arthur. I discovered that I was going to have a baby.

I rushed straight from the doctor's over to Joe's office. I was dizzy with excitement, and maybe a little just plain dizzy, besides. I seemed to have morning sickness any old time of the day.

Joe wasn't there. I was so disappointed I nearly cried, and I was so crazy to tell someone that I think if Arthur had been around he'd have been the first to know. But he was out too.

(Continued on Page 98)

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Rufus Ragin, Jr., of Washington, D.C., has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the February, 1958 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him. —THE EDITORS.

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(Continued from Page 96)

"When'll Joe be back?" I asked Bea.

"Not until late," she said. "He's out in the country."

She acted nervous, and I realized that this was the first time we'd been alone together since that eventful luncheon. It was odd, but that seemed to me to have happened a million years ago. The news about the baby had catapulted me into a whole new world. I loved everybody, and I had the conviction that everybody, even Bea, must love me, because I was going to be a mother, and everybody knows that everybody loves a mother.

I took a deep breath, and I was about to say, Bea, I have something to tell you, when Bea, who had probably taken her own deep breath, said, "Moira, I have something to tell you. Arthur's asked me to marry him."

"Wonderful!" I cried. Dancing in the streets, I thought. Happy ending. Universal joy.

"And I said yes," Bea went on. "But I've been thinking about it, and I'm going to say yes on one condition—that we go to some other town to live."

"You *what?*" I said.

"I'm not jealous," Bea said. "And I'm not mad at you, Moira. You can't help being the way you are. But I just can't see you and Joe and Arthur and me, being thrown together for the rest of our lives and pretending to be friends, when all the time you know and I know what really happened." She shook her head. "The sad thing is, if I didn't know how you'd—*used* Arthur, I think the four of us might have had a lot of fun together."

"But, Bea," I said, "the business—"

"Arthur can always get a job. And you certainly aren't worried about *Joe*!"

"But Bea—" I began, when her face broke into a smile and she said, rather loudly, "Hello, Arthur."

Arthur was standing in the doorway, beaming. "Bea tell you the great news?" he said.

I said she certainly had, and congratulated him. He and Bea looked so gloriously happy that I decided it had been worth it, no matter what happened. . . .

When I got home, Bea telephoned with a message from Joe. He had a hot combine prospect and wouldn't be home until after dinner.

I tried to eat alone, but I couldn't. Tonight, Bea would ask Arthur to quit the business, and he was so much in love that he'd probably do it. And then Joe would forge on alone, and push too hard, and maybe lose money, and lose confidence, and there was his father, waiting to gobble Joe up the minute he got soft enough to chew. And there would be Joe, a lawyer again, doing something he hated, and it would be all my fault.

I threw on a coat and drove over to Bea's apartment.

Bea was getting ready for her big date with Arthur. "Bea," I said in a loud voice, "you've worked in that office and you know Joe needs Arthur. Joe hasn't had time to learn. You *know* if Arthur leaves, Joe'll have to go back to his father."

Bea stood with her mouth opened in surprise. "Maybe so," she said. "Yes, I guess that's right. But that's not exactly driving him out into a snowstorm. If he goes back to his father he'll make about ten times the money he's—" She backed up and stared in horror, as if I had suddenly turned into a cobra.

"No," she said softly. "No, even you wouldn't do that. Would you? You didn't plan this whole thing just to drive Joe back to his father. I mean, I know you like money and nice things, but you wouldn't go *that* far."

Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer. I burst into tears. I don't often cry, but when I do it's monumental. I wheezed and choked and gasped, and paced up and down the room, blowing my nose and crying and talking.

"I'd do anything for Joe," I shouted. "I'd rather die than hurt him. He's the most wonderful man in the world. I don't care what you think about me, but don't you *dare* do anything to Joe. . . ."

And so on and so on. Finally I realized that, except for me, the room was terribly quiet. I looked at Bea.

"Why, Moira," she said, sounding as if she had just discovered America. "Why, Moira, you *love* Joe!"

The miracle had happened. Bea believed me. I sank down on the sofa, still sniffling. "I'm absolutely wild about him," I said. "Oh, Bea, I'm sorry I made such a scene. But it's been such a day, and Joe's gone, and I just found out I'm going to have a baby, and—"

"A *baby?*" Bea cried. "Moira! Good heavens! Put your feet up. Here. Here's a pillow. Are you all right? Do you feel sick? Don't you worry—everything's going to be fine."

"You mean," I said, "you won't ask Arthur to leave?"

"Of course not," Bea said. "Not now. He probably wouldn't have done it anyway. He has better sense. I thought Arthur was so perfect that you *must* want him. I was an idiot." She stopped. "Wait a minute," she said. "I wasn't either an idiot. You let me think you wanted Arthur. You even *told* me you did."

I felt my face getting red. "It seemed like a good idea at the time," I mumbled.

"Good *idea!*" Bea said.

"Well, I wanted to shake things up."

"Oh," Bea said. She thought it over. "Shake *me* up, you mean. Well, I guess you did. But you took an awful chance."

"I'll never do it again," I said fervently. "Not to anyone. I promise."

I could see Bea deciding to forgive me. "You know," she said, "even if you had told me you didn't want Arthur, I'd never have believed you. It's the way you *look*. You look so dangerous. If only you were fat, or something."

"Well, in a few months I will be."

And then we both began to laugh.

Later that night, when Joe and I had celebrated the baby with a glass of champagne—it was domestic champagne; oh, Joe was learning—I told him about Bea and Arthur.

"That's great," Joe said. "By golly, I have to hand it to you as a matchmaker, Moira. Who's the next project?"

"I'm going to retire," I said promptly.

"What'll you do with your spare time?" Joe said.

"Oh, something like this," I said, and gave him a long kiss.

He kissed me back. "What a marvelous hobby," said Joe. . . . THE END

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Missing Heirs

(Continued from Page 45)

developed to suggest that the couple exerted undue influence over the old man, the couple's legacy was likely to be voided. That, of course, would leave the daughter sole heir and proportionately increase his percentage.

Although he himself stood to lose out completely if the contest failed and his client thereby forfeited her share in the estate, he still felt it was worth the gamble. Since he had a binding power of attorney to act for her, he was free to ignore her wishes and go ahead with the suit.

If a lawyer friend hadn't stepped in and blocked such a contest of the will's validity, this woman might have lost her entire inheritance without a chance to use her own judgment in the matter.

What sort of men are these so-called research experts? One court dubbed them "disappointed lawyers," although as a rule they're not actually attorneys. Some are men who for one reason or another are refused admission to the state bar associations. Others are private investigators with a legal bent. All have an urge for the fast dollar.

One of these operators, whose name a few years ago appeared regularly in the surrogate court records of New York, had been suspended from the practice of law in Oregon and subsequently was denied admission on four different applications to the New York State Bar. His company, incorporated ostensibly to handle the property and investments for estates, operated over a period of ten years in New York, until it was forced to dissolve.

In some states the very laws enacted to control licensing of private detectives also afford a veneer of respectability to unprincipled heir chasers. That's because an official identification card, duly signed and impressively stamped with the state seal, goes along with a license. Presented as a credential, too often it lulls the heir into a false sense of security.

There are, of course, many reputable agencies engaged in the searching out of missing persons. These, along with accredited genealogical societies, perform a valuable service to both the heir and the court-appointed representatives of an estate. They trace exhaustively, searching for relatives of the deceased who can't be identified by ordinary means.

But—and this is important—they never solicit the beneficiaries. The tracers are hired by attorneys for estates, usually, and their fees paid as part of the cost of administration, not directly by the heir.

Furthermore, the legitimate tracer of lost heirs is never in a hurry. He's fully aware that, the more obscure or involved an estate, the greater the need for considered investigation and study. His chief aim is to prevent later litigation.

Bar associations, recognizing the evils in the heir chasing racket, say it amounts to commercial exploitation of the legal profession and is contrary to public policy, or in other words, harmful to you and me. Trying to protect us against sharp operators, certain states have enacted remedial legislation giving probate courts a measure of control over inheritance agreements.

Under such statutes the court may inquire into the value of services rendered to see if *fees, charges, or considerations paid, or agreed to be paid* are unreasonable. The probate judge is also authorized to examine the circumstances surrounding any assignment by an heir, to determine if it was *obtained by duress, fraud, or undue influence.*

There are plenty of loopholes in these laws, but this is about as far as can be gone without trespassing on an individual's constitutional rights.

The only sure protection we have, after all, is to think twice when a fast-talking, high-pressure expert dangles that mysterious estate just out of reach and says, "You may have a claim on it. You're the missing heir!" . . . THE END

Tender Journey

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

COVER DESIGN BY HERB SASLOW

REDBOOK'S

COMPLETE JULY 1958

NOVEL

Tender Journey

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

When Norma woke that fateful morning, her baby was gone—stolen by a couple she had trusted. And so began her long, lonely search for the child, and for proof that it was hers!

Norma Madison was baffled when she first awakened in the strange room. This wasn't the quiet, comfortable adobe house with big cottonwoods outside the bedroom window. For a moment she didn't know where she was. Then she saw her striped blue-and-white dress, her slip, her blue cardigan on the wing chair, and memory came. It was the room they had come to last night, the hotel room, the smaller room of the suite. Kitty and Bart were in the other room, with her baby—the room just beyond the bathroom.

She glanced at her wrist watch. Twenty after eleven. She had slept almost twelve hours. When they had got here, after the long night drive, Kitty had said, "You're bushed, darling. You've got to sleep and rest. Take this." And Kitty had given her two capsules, saying, "I'll take the baby tonight." Norma had objected, but she was so tired she couldn't insist. "She'll be right in the next room, with us," Kitty had said.

So Norma had slept, and now she had awakened. It was long past time for the baby's feeding. She pushed back the covers and sat up. Her head throbbed and there was a roaring in her ears, but she had to get the baby, see that she was fed. Her baby, her three-weeks-old Joyce. So she got up and found her pink robe in the bag on the luggage rack at the foot of the bed. She was a tall girl, and very slim, with a long oval face, blue eyes, reddish-blonde hair. It was her eyes that denied she was still a girl just out of her teens, eyes that had years of life, more living than a girl of twenty-two should know, living that had included love and motherhood and widowhood, and hurt and fear and brief relief.

She put on the robe and went into the bathroom and tapped on the door beyond, the door to the other room. There was no answer. She tapped again, waited, and when there was still no answer she opened the door a crack. The beds were empty. Startled, she opened the door wide. The room was empty. The beds had been turned down but not slept in. Nobody was there—Kitty, Bart or the baby. "No!" she cried. "Oh, no!"

Her knees almost gave way. She held to the door until she had the strength to go on in and look carefully. The only sign she found that the room had been occupied was two cigarette butts in the ash tray on the dresser. Both were stained with lipstick. They were Kitty's brand and the lipstick was Kitty's color. The cigarettes and a faint odor of Kitty's perfume were the only signs.

She went back to the bathroom, ran a glass of water, tried to drink it and spilled most of it on her robe and gown. Then she went back to her own bed and sat down and picked up the phone.

"Yes," a disinterested masculine voice said.

"This is Mrs. Madison. Where are Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett?"

"What's that?"

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett? They were in the other room of this suite."

"What's your room number, Miss?"

"I don't know! All I want to know—"

"The room number is right on your phone, Miss."

"Oh. It's 334-B."

"And who did you want to speak to?"

"I want to know where Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett are. They were in the other room of this suite, and—"

"Just a minute, Miss." There was a pause, then the desk clerk was back on the line. "I'm afraid you're mistaken. Suite 334 is occupied by a Miss Jane Collins. And there's nobody here named Bartlett."

This novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, *is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.*

"But there must be! We all came in last night, and—they aren't there now!"

"I'm sorry, Miss. They don't seem to have registered, nobody named Bartlett. And you must be wrong about your room number."

"But I'm not! It says right here on the phone, 334-B!"

"You'd better come down to the desk."

"But I—"

The desk clerk had hung up.

Norma's head was throbbing again as she put the phone back in its cradle. Something was wrong, very wrong.

She went to the bathroom and washed her face in cold water. She quickly ran a comb through her hair. She dressed in the blue-and-white stripes, picked up her brown leather handbag from the dresser and went out to the elevator.

Norma wasn't a person given to panic, but she was very near panic now. She rang half a dozen times before the elevator came, and she had to hold to the hand rail as the car slid down the shaft to the lobby. Outside, the late morning traffic was busy in the street but she didn't notice. She hurried to the desk.

The clerk was a wiry little man with graying temples and a harried look in his eyes. He turned to her and she said, "I am Mrs. William Madison, from 334-B. Are you the man I just talked to on the phone?"

"I guess I am, Miss. Let's see your key."

She handed him the door key. He glanced at it and took a card from the register. He held out the card to her. "See the name? Jane Collins, Denver."

She stared at it. The clerk was right. According to the records, Suite 334, two rooms and connecting bath, was occupied by Jane Collins. "But I just came down from 334!" she exclaimed. "There's the key! And I am Norma Madison! And the Bartletts were there in the other room of the suite, with my baby! But they aren't there now!"

"Sorry, Miss. All I know is what it says here. And there isn't anybody named Bartlett registered. For that matter," he added, "if your name is Madison, you aren't registered either."

Norma stared at him, uncomprehending. "But I am! I am Mrs. William Madison. I came here last night with these friends, the Bartletts, and we registered here at the desk, and—"

The man was shaking his head. "If you registered into 334 you registered under another name. Is that your signature?"

"No. I didn't register. Kitty—Mrs. Bartlett—registered for me."

The man looked at her with the cold, suspicious smile of disbelief. "Maybe," he said, "you were a little under the weather."

"If you mean I'd been drinking, no!"

The man shrugged. "Some do, I've heard." He sighed. "Well, are you checking out? Is that what you want now?"

"I want to find my baby!"

"So now it's a baby you're looking for."

"Yes! My baby!"

"Lady, do you know where you are? This is a hotel, not a hospital or a foundling home. It's the Mesa Hotel in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Does that help any?" He said it with an ironic smile, just a small flicker on his lips.

"I'm not drunk, and I'm not dreaming things! I came here last night with my baby and the Bartletts, and they aren't here now."

"And you registered in as Jane Collins, and now you say your name is something else."

"I am Norma Madison," she said firmly. And she opened her handbag and drew out her wallet to prove it. She opened the wallet and found in it only two ten-dollar bills, nothing else. The lapsed California driver's license was not there. The social security card was not there. Only those two ten-dollar bills.

She stared at the empty wallet, then searched in her handbag, finally emptied it on the desk. In it were her compact, her dime-store lipstick, a pair of worn white string gloves, and a neatly folded wad of paper money. That wasn't there last night, the money. She knew it wasn't.

She unfolded it and found six ten-dollar bills and two twenties. An even hundred dollars.

"This," she said, "isn't mine."

The clerk was smiling at her now, the patronizing smile.

She looked in the wallet again. "And—and everything else is gone!"

"So you don't know who you are?" The clerk almost seemed to relish it.

"Of course I do, but—"

"But what?"

"Where is my baby? What could have happened to them?"

"Lady, I couldn't say." He shrugged. "Look, Miss, your room is paid and you don't have to check out till three o'clock. Why don't you get some black coffee and something to eat and go back to your room? Maybe things will straighten out for you."

"My baby—"

"I don't know a thing about your baby, Miss. Please go up to your room and I'll send Room Service up with coffee and something to eat. How about ham and eggs? Or French toast?"

"Anything." She was reeling inside. She closed her eyes to stop the panic and she turned away from the desk. The clerk signaled an elevator boy who came and took her elbow, helped her into the car. He got her key from the clerk, took her to the third floor, opened the door for her and left.

She flung herself on the bed and painstakingly tried to sort out the pieces and put them together, the pieces of yesterday and last night and the weeks and months since Bill climbed into his plane with his prospector passenger and headed out for the Panamints and then never came back.

Ten minutes later there was a tap at the door. She didn't answer, but the waiter came with a tray and put it on the side table and left. She smelled the coffee, got up and poured a cup and drank it. But she couldn't face the ham and eggs. Ham and eggs took her back to Pat's Diner, and Pat's place was a part of the nightmare she was just getting over.

Pat Gordon was a fat, improvident, big-hearted short-order cook who ran a shack of a diner on the Barstow road. She and Bill occasionally had coffee at Pat's place because it was close to the field where Bill kept his plane. When Bill vanished, Pat heard of it and sent word to Norma that she could eat at his place till Bill showed up. Maybe Pat knew she had only two cans of beans in the house and no money.

Anyway, Norma ate there for a week, then began waiting table to pay her way. It was the first paying job she ever had in her life, a dollar a day and keep, plus what few tips there were. But the money didn't seem to matter, especially after the state trooper came that day, just four weeks after Bill had left, and said they'd found the wreckage of the plane, and Bill's body and the prospector's, out in the desert.

And Norma realized she was a widow. A widow five months pregnant.

Pat let her cry on his ample shoulder, and he said, "It's rough, kid. Damned rough. But you're young, and you've got looks. You'll make out."

Two months later it was Pat's turn to cry on her shoul-

der. Not really cry. He came back from a trip to town and he looked at her with his sad-spaniel eyes and said, "I got to close the joint. I'm broke again. So broke they won't even let me have another pound of hamburger." Then he told her about the job. He'd gone to the big diner on the other side of Barstow and found a job for her. She helped him put his fry pans in the trunk of his old car and he took her to the other diner, said good-by and left.

The smell of ham and eggs brought it all back, the stale ham-and-grease smell of the ramshackle old diner, the morning sickness, the nausea that sometimes lasted till noon. But if it hadn't been for Pat Gordon she wouldn't have been at the Desert Diner the day Kitty and Bart came in.

She saw them drive up and park that day, and she looked twice at the yellow Caddy hardtop. She stared shamelessly at Kitty when they came in. Kitty looked vaguely familiar, and she seemed to have everything—clothes, looks, a handsome man. Bart was one of those big men conscious of his good looks, but when you saw him close up you noticed the petulant, hard-lined mouth and the arrogant look of a man who has to act bigger than he really is. If he and Kitty hadn't been quarreling, they were about to quarrel.

They took one of her tables, and when she filled the water glasses and waited for them to order she saw that Kitty was older than she'd thought, older and not at all happy. Kitty gave her one glance and looked back at the menu, frowning. Bart gave her a grin, a quick summary glance, and then looked again and saw her pregnancy. After all, you can't hide seven months even in a smock and apron. Bart looked again and there was an appraising look in his eyes that Norma couldn't understand.

They talked and watched her while she waited at the counter for their hamburgers and French fries, and when she served them she saw the same appraising look in Kitty's eyes. Kitty wanted to talk, said Norma shouldn't be working, certainly not in a job where she had to be on her feet all day. Norma wasn't looking for sympathy. "Maybe you know a way to live without working," she said, "but I don't." Defensive.

Kitty asked, "Haven't you got a husband? Is he sick, or what?"

"He's dead," Norma said, and she walked away.

They finished the hamburgers and Kitty signaled her. They wanted dessert. She brought it, and Kitty had more questions. Where did she live? When was the baby due? Hadn't she any relatives? Norma was polite but reserved. She lived in a room in Barstow. The baby was due in March. She had no close relatives.

Kitty asked her name and then said, "Maybe we'll see you again." When they left, Bart gave her a five-dollar tip. An hour after they had gone, Norma knew why Kitty looked familiar. She had seen her, or her double, in a movie a year or so ago. They were Hollywood. That explained everything.

They came back three days later and Kitty said, "I'm glad to see you're still here. We'd have looked you up if you'd left."

"That's nice of you," Norma said.

"Because," Kitty said, "we've decided to help you."

Norma didn't know what to say. She wasn't used to having strangers step into her life like that. But she had wondered what she could do, where she could turn, in another few weeks. Her father had been dead for years, her mother had died only a few months ago, of cancer, in a state hospital back home. There wasn't a place to turn. Bill had no family left either.

"I have been ordered to take a rest," Kitty was saying. "We're on our way now to find a place. I'll want a companion, and I love babies. And you remind me of my sister. Please come."

It was like the answer to a prayer; and yet it was so sudden, so unexpected, that Norma couldn't answer. "I—I don't know," she said. "Don't you want to order?"

"Oh, yes," Kitty said, laughing. "We *did* stop for a bite, too." And they ordered.

Norma was in a daze. It was just too good to be true. It was all a dream. But when she went back to their table with their order and Kitty said, "You'll be doing me a favor if you come," there seemed to be nothing else to say, so Norma said, "I'll come."

"Oh," Kitty exclaimed, "that's just perfect! Isn't it, Ba—Bart?"

"Absolutely perfect," Bart said. "We'll find the place, and we'll stop on the way back. You'll be here?"

"I'll be here," Norma said.

Two days later they stopped again, this time coming in from the east. They obviously had driven a long way, but Kitty was full of talk. They'd found a quiet village, a comfortable house, a good servant. Everything was set up. "We'll be back day after tomorrow," Bart said, "and pick you up."

Day after tomorrow was Thursday. Norma didn't believe they would come. She was sure she would wake up before then, find that it all had been a dream. But, just to be sure, she took her suitcase to work with her, everything she owned packed in it. And they came, just as they had said they would. They came and got her, stowed her bag in the trunk, made her comfortable in the back seat of the yellow Caddy, and drove away. East. They drove all day, and they came to the little village of adobe houses beside the river. They went to the big house with the cottonwoods around it and Maria, a Spanish-American girl no more than eighteen, was there. To cook for them, to clean, to care for Norma and Kitty. If it was a dream, she didn't want ever to wake up.

She and Kitty settled in. Bart left them there, and he came to see them only two or three times. Old Juana, a midwife, took care of Norma and delivered the baby, and Kitty was as pleased as if it had been her own child. Norma named the baby Joyce, and Maria said she was the picture of Norma. She wasn't. She looked like Bill. Every baby looks like its father to a mother who loves her husband, Norma thought. Kitty didn't say whom Joyce looked like, but she was exultant that the child was so blonde, maybe because Kitty herself had blonde hair and blue eyes too.

Several times Kitty asked Norma if she wouldn't let her adopt the baby. That was when they were alone—with Maria, the servant girl, nowhere around; to Maria, Kitty had said she and Norma were sisters. Norma shook her head to the question. Joyce was *her* baby! Let Kitty adopt her? Let *anyone* adopt her? Never! And Kitty laughed and said, "Of course you love her. She's a doll. But one of these days you'll have to leave her, you know."

"No!"

And Kitty said, "All right, darling. Have it your way. We'll just love her and take care of her, both of us, and things will work out."

For three weeks Norma felt secure, content, though she was still weak from the confinement. Too weak to walk far, Kitty insisted, too weak to walk anywhere alone. So together they walked along the riverbank back of the house, and Norma slowly regained her strength.

Then Bart arrived. He drove up in mid-afternoon, and he and Kitty had a long talk alone. Afterward, Kitty came to Norma and said, "We're going to take Joyce to Albuquerque to a doctor."

"To a doctor? Why?"

"Don't be alarmed, darling. Just for a check-up. We'll only be gone overnight."

"But—but there's nothing wrong with her! Is there?"

"No, darling. She's a wonderful baby. Perfect. It's just that she should be checked over by a pediatrician. After all, old Juana is just a midwife, not a doctor." And Kitty began packing the baby's things.

"When are we going?" Norma asked.

"Now, darling, you aren't going," Kitty said. "Bart

and I will take her. You stay here and rest. We'll be back tomorrow."

"No! If she has to go anywhere, I'm going along."

Kitty looked at her, exasperated, but held her tongue. She left the room, and a little later she came back. "It's really very foolish of you, Norma, but if you insist you can go along. It would be much better if you would stay here. After all, I can look after her just as well as you can."

"You're not her mother," Norma said.

Kitty patted her hand. "All right, darling, all right. You'll go along."

And that's the way it was. Norma went along.

They didn't leave the village till almost nine o'clock that evening. The baby was asleep, and Norma was tired. She stayed awake till they had gone through the town of Socorro, awake and holding the baby. Then the baby began to fret. Kitty had a bottle for her. Kitty took her in the front seat and gave her the bottle and Norma, exhausted, slept for a time. She wakened and wanted the baby, and they stopped at an all-night drive-in place for coffee. Norma thought her coffee tasted strange and said so, and Bart, who had brought it out for all of them, laughed and said, "Maybe I put too much sugar in it."

Kitty said, "Sugar?" And they both laughed.

After that Norma slept soundly. She wasn't really awake when they got to the hotel, but she was able to get out of the car and go in with them, Bart holding her arm. She remembered now that Bart had taken only her own overnight bag when they went in, and that Kitty had only the bottle bag and the diapers for the baby.

Kitty registered for them and they went right upstairs to the rooms, and Kitty helped Norma undress and get into her gown and put her to bed. Norma wanted the baby with her; she remembered that. She kept insisting. Kitty gave her two capsules and told her to swallow them. "I'll take the baby tonight," Kitty said.

Norma still protested, but the bed was so comfortable and she was so sleepy that she didn't seem able to protest enough. That was the last she remembered.

Until now. Until she wakened and went to the door to the other room and found nobody there. Nobody.

Her head had stopped reeling. She got up and poured another cup of coffee from the cold pot. She drank it and ate half a slice of cold toast.

Those were the pieces of the puzzle. That was the pattern of what happened. She should have known. And yet, what could she have done?

Oh, there were many things she could have done! But what could she do now?

She got her handbag, went through it once more. Not one scrap of identification. They had taken everything. And left her that hundred dollars.

Kitty had wanted to adopt the baby. She and Bart had wanted to take the child to the doctor alone. Why, that in itself should have been warning enough! But it wasn't.

So what do you do now? Go to the police? And tell them—what? Tell them you had a baby and friends of yours stole it. And they say: *Who are you?* You say: I am Norma Madison, Mrs. William Madison. *Have you any identification?* No. Not one scrap. *Who was your husband?* A flier, a barnstormer. He died in a crack-up out in the Panamints. *How old is your baby?* Three weeks and two days. *Where was it born?* In the village. A little adobe village somewhere—somewhere—I don't know where! *Who was the doctor who delivered her?* There wasn't any doctor. There was a midwife. *What was her name?* Juana. *Juana who?* I don't know.

The frowns. The covert smiles and the cautious words. *You were at the Mesa Hotel?* Yes. *What name did you register under?* I didn't register. Kitty registered for me. *And the room clerk says your room was registered in the name of Jane Collins. How do you explain that?* I can't explain it. *He says you had every sign of a big hangover this morning.* I didn't have a hangover. I don't drink. They gave me something, some kind of capsules. *Who gave them to you?* Kitty. Mrs. Bartlett. *Who is Mrs. Bartlett? Where does she live?* I don't know where she lives. Hollywood, I think, or Beverly Hills. I don't know. *Where did you meet her?* In a diner near Barstow, California. She and her husband took me to this village where my baby was born. *When was this?* Two months ago, I think. I can't tell you the exact date.

The frowns again, the wary smiles. The heads slowly shaking.

You went with strangers, people who just picked you up in a diner, people you never saw before? I was desperate. *You went with them to a place you don't know the name of?* Yes. *And you had a baby there, you say?* Yes, a baby girl, a darling baby who looks just like her father except she is blonde. *And you came with these people, these strangers, to Albuquerque and registered under another name at a hotel?*

Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I don't know!

But I do know. I know in my own heart, and I can never tell it to anyone the way it happened, because they won't believe me. And now I must find her. All by myself. Somehow. Somewhere.

I'm confused, she thought. I'm numb from shock.

She went to the bathroom and washed her face again and combed her hair, and she packed her overnight bag. She had a hundred dollars. A hundred and twenty dollars, to be exact.

One thing was reassuring: Joyce was safe. Norma didn't know why they wanted her, but she knew that they would take care of her. Give her the best of everything. That was something to hold onto. Would they love her? Kitty was wilful and selfish, and Bart was arrogant and overbearing. If they could love any child, though, they would love Joyce. At least be fond of her. That, too, was something to hold onto.

She put on her cardigan, picked up the overnight bag and went to the elevator. The elevator boy was a different one, not the one who brought her up here two hours ago. But he looked at her with a glance that said he, too, knew. Knew that she was a crackpot or a lush.

In the lobby she left the key at the desk. The clerk gave her the condescending smile, asked, "Feel better?"

"I'm all right," she said. "Where is the bus station?"

He told her. She went out onto the street and turned west, as the clerk had directed. To go to the bus station, to take the next bus to Los Angeles. To start the search, which was to lead on and on and on, for more than two years. Lead eventually to Gilead, two-thirds of the way across the continent. The search for Kitty and Bart Bartlett, who might not be named Bartlett at all, and who might not be from Hollywood, but whom she must find, eventually. The search for Kitty, Bart, and Joyce, the baby she had borne in that nameless village in New Mexico.

CHAPTER 2

Chris Mallory had been writing the "No Place Like Home" show for a month, but until today he had never been to the Bartram place. He had come out here now from Gilead only because George Mitchell, the producer, had phoned and said for Chris to drive out and talk

to Barry and Kay about next week's script. "Barry," Mitch had said, "doesn't like your story line."

"Barry Bartram," Chris had said, "doesn't like any story line that hasn't been used at least seventeen times."

"Let's not go into that, pal," Mitch had said. "It's our job to keep everybody happy. Barry is unhappy. Go see him."

"Nuts!" Chris had said. "Why can't Barry use the phone, like humans do?"

"He phoned me," Mitch had said. "Be there at eleven o'clock. You know how to get there? It's east of Gilead, ten miles out the Mohegan Road, then a mile and a half south. Big white house with gateposts." And Mitch had hung up.

So here was Chris, turning in at the massive stone gateway and going up the winding white-stone drive to "Barkay." The lawn was big as a cow pasture. The whole layout was a picture place—manicured grass, sculptured shrubbery, and a white clapboard house as big as a hotel, set in a grove of maples and exotic pines.

As Chris approached the house a big red rubber ball bounced around one wing and rolled toward the driveway. It was followed by a honey-haired little girl in a white dress, and the little girl was followed by a hurrying nursemaid in a light-blue uniform. The little girl saw Chris's car and stopped. The dumpy nursemaid swept her up in her arms and glared at Chris as though he had tried to run her down. The little girl laughed, the maid set her down, and the child retrieved the ball and ran back around the house.

Chris decided she must be Joy Bartram—"darling little Joy," in the program's cliché, who had to be mentioned in every script but never could be shown on the screen. From the fact-sheet about the Bartrams, his guide in scripting, he knew that Joy was two and a half years old. He had wondered if she was kept off the screen because she was a two-headed little monster. Now he knew that she was a doll, a perfect doll.

He drove into the circle in front of the house and parked his four-year-old Chevy behind the maroon Jaguar with Barry's initials on it. In the big garage across the way he saw a yellow convertible and a station wagon.

A butler who obviously was also a bodyguard answered his ring, asked his name and escorted him to the library. "Mr. Bartram," the butler said, "will be right with you."

The library had a good collection of books, but when Chris took down three volumes of classics, one after another, he found the pages uncut. He glanced into the big living room beyond and saw that it was one of those decorator rooms without a trace of personality, certainly no trace of what he thought was either Kay's or Barry's taste.

Then he heard someone behind him and turned and there was Barry Bartram, tall, broad-shouldered, handsome and arrogant despite his smile. "Hello, Chris," he said. "I told Mitch to send you out because you're off on the wrong foot and we've got to get this thing right." It was the Barry Bartram approach: You're wrong, I'm right, and you'll do it my way or else. "Sit down. Kay will be along. What'll you have?" He opened a liquor cabinet beneath the bookshelves.

Chris asked for bourbon and water, light. Barry poured himself a heavy drink on the rocks. As he handed the glass to Chris he said, "I realize you're new to the program and don't know your way around. But we've all got to work together, and I won't have anybody botching things up. Writers are a dime a dozen." He rattled the ice in his glass, took a long drink. "Kay and I built this program from scratch. In two years—well, you know our rating. This year we're going over the top. Understand? Even if I have to write script myself!"

"Umm," Chris murmured.

"And if anybody thinks I can't write script—" Barry laughed. "Why, I've torn up more scripts than you'll write in the next ten years." He laughed again. "Now, look, I'm not going over that script of yours line by line. You've got a few good lines in it. But the story line—look, you're not married, are you?"

"No."

"You haven't any wife and little kiddies."

"No, but I've got a sister with two kids."

Barry smiled indulgently. "Our audience is husbands and wives and their kiddies. They live in cottages, and they worry over the rent and the installments on the car and the furniture. They're just folks, Chris! Just folks. You've got to see life from their viewpoint."

"I take it that means—"

"That means," Barry interrupted, "that your script for next week stinks. Who the hell cares whether I go to a college class reunion or not?"

"Nobody," Chris said with a wry smile, "except folks who went to school. I thought of your audience as literate. Most folks are."

"I doubt it! But—"

Kay arrived. Kay was almost petite. Her hair was a warm blonde, her eyes deep blue, her nose good and her mouth just a trace too wide. On the set she was a somewhat dizzy blonde, babbling non sequiturs, twisting metaphors. But when she was off the air she was mature, poised and all business, shrewd and knowing. Today, here at home, she was in a deceptively simple rose-colored dress with a wide white collar, her hair slicked back, and she had an air of quiet tension and reserve. Chris was sure she could talk sense and not grate at his sensibilities as Barry always did.

She came into the library and smiled and said, "Hello, Chris," and took a chair across from him. She had good legs, and she didn't look a day older than the twenty-five the fact-sheet gave her, though Chris wouldn't bet on it. She could have been his sister Ellen's age, twenty-seven, but not much more, he decided.

Barry offered her a drink and she said, "Ginger ale." As Barry got it he poured himself another drink, and when he handed her the glass he said, "I've been telling Chris that script is way out of line."

She turned to Chris. "It's a good script," she said, "but not for us." Her smile said: We can talk the same language, can't we? And Chris wished they had a chance, wished the two of them could go over not only this script but the whole series he had in mind.

Barry said, "I told him he had some good lines, but . . ."

Kay's glance made Barry leave the sentence dangling. "Barry," she said to Chris, "is not the class-reunion type. At least he thinks he's not. Why not make it a football game?"

"That might be done," Chris conceded. "But I was hoping to build toward later programs."

"Just take them one at a time," Barry said, prowling the room restlessly. "If you can't get this one right . . ." He wheeled and faced Chris. "Everybody goes to football games. And everybody has trouble getting a baby sitter. Now there's your whole story line, ready made." He nodded and exclaimed, "Good Lord, do I have to dream up the story line for you every time?"

Kay glanced at Chris and their eyes met. Kay was saying: Humor him. It was my idea, but so what? But she didn't say a word.

Chris said, "By the way, I saw Joy when I drove in."

"Where did you see her?" Barry demanded. He turned to Kay. "I thought Gerda was looking after her."

"The nurse was with her," Chris said. "Her ball rolled around the house and she ran after it. She's a sweetheart. Why can't we put her on the air?"

"No!" Kay said. Her mouth tightened. Then she said, "Maybe we'll use her, just one short sequence, in March, on her third birthday."

Barry glanced at her and shook his head. "We'll use

a double." It seemed to be an old dispute between them. Barry dismissed the matter, turned back to Chris. "About that script. It's a football game, not a class reunion. Get it? And there's this baby-sitter problem. Follow me? Tell Mitch I said that. And be here at three o'clock tomorrow with a new script." He dismissed Chris, said to Kay, "I'm going to find Gerda and—"

There was the sound of argument at the doorway. The butler's firm voice, "I'm sorry, but you can't see Mrs. Bartram." A woman's voice: "Then *Mr.* Bartram!" The butler again: "You can't see him either. They're in a script conference." The woman's voice, desperate: "But I've got to see them! I've got to!"

Barry looked at Kay. There was anger and surprise in her face. Barry was frowning—a baffled, surprised frown—and seemed to be looking to Kay for some cue. Kay whispered, "Oh, no!" Then she was on her feet.

The woman at the doorway cried, "Where's my baby?" There was desperation in her voice.

Barry let out his breath and his face turned grim. His fists tightened and he started toward the doorway. Kay caught his arm. "Bring her in," she ordered. Then she added, "Let's see who it is." She turned to Chris. "I'm sorry, but—but these things happen." She obviously had been shaken, but she recovered her poise.

Barry went to the front door and came back leading a blonde young woman by the arm. Her hair was almost the color of Kay's, and Chris thought he saw a faint resemblance between them, though the strange girl was younger than Kay and not quite so pretty. She wore a white blouse and a blue denim skirt and clutched a worn handbag. Her nails were short, the hands of a girl who worked. Her face was full of hurt and pleading.

She saw Kay and exclaimed, "Kitty! It *is* you!"

Kay's mouth was a hard, thin line. "Who are you?" she asked coldly.

"I'm Norma Madison. Why—why, you know me!"

Barry was still holding her arm. She glanced up at him. "And you are Bart! Of course you are!"

Barry thrust her into a chair. "What is this," he demanded, "blackmail?"

Kay said, "I've never seen you before. My name is Kay, not Kitty. Kay Bartram. This is my husband, Barry Bartram." She drew a deep breath, gave Chris a quick glance and then said, "You seem confused."

The girl said, "It's taken a long time, over two years, but I finally found you. And I want my baby."

"My dear girl," Kay said, "you are cruelly mistaken. Shall I call a doctor for you?"

"Or the police?" Barry said, though he made no move toward the phone.

"No," Kay said to Barry. "She's just confused."

The girl looked at Chris. "Please help me. These people stole my baby!"

Chris glanced at Kay, who was watching him, tense. He turned back to the girl. "I wish I could help you," he said carefully, "but I—I'm a kind of stranger here myself. These people, though, are the Bartrams, and we're all in television." It seemed pitifully inadequate, but what more was there to say? He said to Kay, "I'd better run along."

"No," Kay said firmly. "Stay. This poor girl doesn't know what she's saying. It happens, you know." She turned back to Norma. "Really, my dear, you are terribly mistaken. You'd better go."

"Look," Barry said, "we don't know who you are, but when you come barging in and making wild statements—" He turned to Chris. "These nuts are on you all the time. They say you stole their ideas, or their wives, or—or their kids. That's why we moved out here, to get away from the screwballs." He turned back to Norma. "Now run along. Scram." The butler had moved into the room.

Norma looked around at them, one after another, bafflement in her eyes, and Kay said sharply, "Go, now. Go away from here and leave us alone."

Norma got to her feet, clutching her worn handbag, fighting the tears. "Please," she asked, "please let me see her! Let me know she's all right!"

"I am sure your baby, wherever she is," Kay said, "is all right. We too have a baby, and we love her dearly . . . Jackson!"

The butler took the girl's arm and turned her toward the doorway. She was crying silently, but she went without protest.

"Take her as far as the gate," Kay ordered. "And see that she doesn't come back."

They left the room. Through the window Chris saw them walk down the driveway toward the road.

"Barry," Kay said, and her voice was almost harsh, "go see where Gerda and the baby are. Tell Gerda I'll skin her alive if she lets Joy out of her sight."

Barry went toward the back of the house. Kay walked about the library, watching the drive from time to time, her face a mask of tight-lipped anger and determination. At last she said to Chris, "You never know when it's going to strike, or where. You live in constant fear. Of the fanatics, the screwballs. But I *won't* let them stop me! I *won't*! I've worked and built and got up where I wanted to go and—"

She stopped. "I'm sorry, Chris. I'm sorry it had to happen while you were here. But they're all trying to tear us down, take it away from us. I won't let them!"

Barry came back. "They're all right," he reported. "Gerda's feeding Joy. They didn't even see her come."

"Good," Kay said. "You didn't tell her what happened?"

"No." Barry was pouring himself another stiff drink.

Kay went to the door with Chris, went out to the edge of the drive with him. Jackson, the butler, had returned from the gate and gone inside. "You know what to do with the script?" Kay asked Chris. "You've got it all straight?"

Chris had forgotten all about the script. All he could think of was the haunted look in that girl's eyes. But he said, "Yes. Yes, I'll fix it up."

"It's got to be right," Kay said. She looked at him and her eyes were almost like cat eyes, narrowed and glittery. "We didn't get where we are," she said, and the words had a bite, "to have *anybody* foul things up now!"

Chris didn't answer. He started across to his car.

"Three o'clock tomorrow," she called after him.

"Three o'clock," he said, and he got in his car and drove around the circle and toward the road. When he looked back, from halfway down the drive, Kay was still there, stiff, demanding, almost defying the world to disobey her orders. As he drove toward the Mohegan highway, Chris kept watching for the girl. He saw no sign of her and decided she must have gone the other way, toward the Alton crossroad half a mile north, where the bus from Johnsville to Gilead stopped on signal.

It had been a fantastic scene, one that Mitch would have turned down, out of hand, if Chris had written it for the air. But everyone had played it to perfection. Everyone except Chris—who, if he had any lines at all, had muffed them and ad-libbed miserably. From the very start it had seemed like a scene that had been rehearsed: the distraught girl's arriving; her argument with the butler in the entryway; Barry's alarm, then his anger; Kay's startled look, then her firm control of the whole situation.

On the other hand, why had they talked to the girl at all? Why hadn't they let Jackson handle it, get rid of her? They wouldn't play a scene like that just for Chris's benefit. Could it be that they recognized the girl's voice, knew they had to face her down? Now just suppose Barry had had an affair with a girl, and there was a baby, and Kay took it in. Now there would be a situation for you!

Chris had to laugh at himself. Overdramatizing, squeezing the last drop of melodrama out of it. This girl probably was a crackpot, lacked a button or two, might be

psychotic. Maybe she'd had a baby and lost it, and went around trying to find it in every baby carriage she saw. She did have the same coloring as Joy Bartram, the same reddish-honey hair and fair skin. But so did Kay. There were thousands of blondes, millions. For that matter, Chris's own sister, Ellen, was a blonde and could, by a slight stretch of the imagination, be taken for the baby's mother.

Thinking of Ellen, Chris decided to phone her and invite himself for dinner tomorrow night. Have another look at a sane, normal American family in its native habitat. Ellen and Tom and their two kids. He had a standing invitation out there. Ellen didn't think much of Chris's writing, but she agreed that he had a right to do what he wanted to and she had told him, when Chris and his father had come to the parting of the ways, that he could come out to her house for a meal whenever he was down to his last hamburger and his last bean. "Not," Ellen had said, "that I want you as a regular boarder. But I won't let my own brother starve to death in his pursuit of his own destiny. Whatever *that* is!" Then Ellen had added, "You know as well as I do that the Mallory men have a wacky streak. Daddy, fortunately, is wacky in a nice, profitable way. So was Grandfather Mallory. I *do* hope you're not a throwback, Chris."

The reference, which both Ellen and her father made when they were specially annoyed with Chris, was to his great-great grandfather, who had been an actor and playwright of dubious fame and was saved from a pauper's death by taking, as his third wife, the daughter of a pioneer steelmaker. Through her, the Mallorys had inherited, and enhanced, a competence in steel money. Chris had been expected, as the only son in this generation—he was christened Chauncey Christopher III—to carry on with the family steel business. And, until he went to Mohegan College, he followed the family tradition to the letter. But at Mohegan he joined the Thespis Club.

Chan Mallory, his father, smiled indulgently at that and growled, "All right, get that bug out of you now. You'll settle down. I'll settle you down." Which, knowing old Chan Mallory, would have seemed to finish matters.

But Chris wrote two college plays that won high praise, and in his senior year he wrote three short television plays, sold them, and barely passed enough courses to get his degree.

Chris was graduated, and his father ordered him into the office, gave him a job and a desk, told him that playtime was over. Chris tried to settle in, but the steel business didn't interest him. Within a month he was sitting at his desk writing and letting his secretary do most of his office work.

Chan watched him with growing annoyance for six months, warned him twice, then called him into the big office. "Chris," Chan said with a glint in his eyes, "I've told you twice that I can't have anybody, not even you, squandering company time. You're fired."

Chris said, "Thank you, sir."

"Shut up!" Chan snapped. He reached for a folder of documents, jammed his spectacles up on his nose, glared at the top paper, and said, "I find it impossible to alter the terms of your grandmother's trust, which gives you a thousand dollars a year, the same as Ellen gets. But I am glad to find that your grandfather's trust, which doesn't pay you one red cent until you reach the age of thirty, can't be altered either. By you *or* me. So, unless you decide to work for a living, you can starve on a thousand dollars a year. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Old Chan thrust the folder aside. "Go draw your pay and get out," he ordered.

"Excuse me, sir," Chris said, with mingled feelings of triumph and chagrin, "but I believe I have severance pay coming, too."

"Severance pay be damned!" his father roared. "You've been on the payroll only six months and I **am** firing you for cause!"

So Chris got out. Ellen called him a fool and his mother begged him to apologize to his father and go back to the office. Instead, Chris rented a cheap apartment, and went on writing.

For six months he lived mostly on beans and spaghetti. Then he sold an off-beat script, and George Mitchell called him and said Chris had a talent and that he'd like to see more of Chris's work. Mitch bought two more of Chris's scripts in the next few months.

Over the next year Chris sold enough scripts to live comfortably, and he began to add technique to his natural sense of comic drama. He had one show on the national network, and toward the end of the season Mitch called him in to help on a secondary serial show for about six weeks. Then it was the end of the season. Mitch took a vacation, and Chris didn't earn a dollar for almost three months.

He was down to his last hundred dollars and it was six weeks until his grandmother's annual trust fund check was due. Then Mitch came back from his vacation, full of energy and satiric humor, and phoned him. "How hungry are you?" Mitch asked.

Chris played it cautious. "I had a wonderful summer," he said.

Mitch laughed. "Want a job?"

Chris was still cautious. "What is it?"

"Barry Bartram," Mitch said, "just fired his latest writer. He wants fresh blood. I suggested you."

Chris didn't miss the reference. Barry Bartram was notorious for making his writers sweat blood. But Chris needed the job. He hesitated, and Mitch said, "Barry likes the idea. Are you hungry enough?"

Chris waited just long enough to make it sound decent. Then he said, "Yes."

Mitch said, "God have mercy on our mercenary souls. Come see me. Three-thirty this afternoon."

In Mitch's office that afternoon Chris dropped all pretense. "I don't know what this is all about, Mitch. I can do the show, but—"

"But what?"

"What's the gimmick?"

"No gimmick. You've seen Kay and Barry around." Mitch grinned innocently. "Charming couple, the family next door. Love and kisses in a vine-covered cottage, with overtones of childish laughter. Situation comedy. Your meat."

"Okay, pal. Level me on it. I'm out of rompers."

"Barely," Mitch said. He sat back and folded a stick of gum into his mouth. Mitch was trying to cut down to two packs of cigarettes a day. "Papa will now tell you a few of the facts of life. It's time you learned. Time you stopped slumming and either took this business seriously or went back to the family fold."

Chris didn't answer and Mitch settled deeper into his chair. "You," he said, "have a talent. You're no genius, but you've got an instinct that we can use in this mass medium. You rather like people, are curious about what makes them tick. Sometimes you write well, and sometimes you are a soft-headed sophomore bleating into the blue. You've begun to absorb a little technique. Maybe in another five years you will write something worth looking at. If you are willing to work. I mean work, sweat, wrench your guts out, care! You don't give a damn about people yet. You're just curious about them, now. Some day you may care."

"So," Chris said, "you give me the Bartrams to care about. I'm to wrench my guts out for them?"

"That's up to you." Mitch reached for a cigarette, sighed, put it back on the desk. "You probably won't last three months. That's par for the course. Barry is, shall we say, difficult? Kay—well, Kay is nobody's fool. She was a Corn Belt high-school queen. Went to Hollywood, did a few B pictures, messed around, and married a night-

club jerk from East Chicago, or somewhere. That's Barry. He flopped in pictures, too."

Mitch took the chewing gum from his mouth, scowled at it, tossed it into the wastebasket. "They're making mint cigarettes," he growled. "Why can't they make nicotine chewing gum? . . . Jake Nickleby—he's an agent out on the Coast, a very smooth operator—Jake told me that Kay and Barry went to him three years or so ago and begged him to handle a lousy little TV act they had. To get rid of them, Jake told them to go patch up their marriage, have a baby, and he'd find a domestic-comedy spot for them. This was a laugh, Jake figured—Kay wouldn't have risked her figure to have a baby, not in a million years, and no agency would have let them adopt one, not with their marriage and financial record. But damned if Jake wasn't wrong. They came back in ten months with a kid of their own! And Jake came through. He put a show together, got them on a local station out there, and it went over. Then he got them on the network. Last year they bought up their contract with Jake and moved in on us."

Mitch sighed. "Maybe they're not your kind of people. But every business has its handful of crawling creatures. They can handle lines, but somebody's got to write those lines." He grinned. "The job pays well."

"I don't want charity," Chris said. "If you think—"

Mitch raised his hand. "The Bartrams are not noted for philanthropy. Neither is George Mitchell. I think you can do the job. For a while. And learn something from it, maybe. I'll admit I have selfish motives, too. If you get too hungry and go back to the steel business, you'll never even try to write the show that you *may* write some day. Not for posterity. For me. If I live long enough." He reached for the cigarette again, this time picked it up, coughed twice, lit it and puffed hungrily. "And," he added, "if *you* live long enough."

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchell," Chris said ironically. "Any more advice?"

"Since you asked for it, yes. Forget that you are Chauncey Christopher Mallory the Third. In my book you are just another guy pecking away at the typewriter, presumably trying to translate people into words for me to translate into pictures. You happen to be a bright-eyed young bush-tail. But people are just bugs on a pin to you. So far. Up to now there's nobody you'd give your last dime to, is there? Nobody you'd risk your neck for. Some day you may achieve the higher humanity. Meanwhile, you can write an acceptable fairy tale with the required grins and even a belly laugh or two."

Mitch swiveled his chair and pointed to a pile of dog-eared scripts on the table behind him. "There's a file of the last quarter's Bartram shows. Take them home and read them. When your genteel viscera stop heaving, recognize them for what they are—examples of good craftsmanship, well-knit fairy tales of the kind you do rather well." He swung back to his desk and picked up his spectacles. "Have your first script ready a week from tomorrow." He picked up a letter and began to read. Chris was dismissed.

Chris read the file of Bartram shows, still smarting under Mitch's words. Half a dozen times he wanted to phone Mitch and tell him to hell with it all. Each time he had to admit that Mitch was right, so right it hurt. His pride kept him from calling. And at last he buckled down and wrote the first script. He rewrote it three times and turned it in. Mitch said it was passable. Barry said it would do, though the story line was weak. The next two scripts also passed without too much complaint. Then he wrote this fourth one, which Chris had thought was a cut better than the others. And now Barry had demanded that he do it all over again, build a whole new story line. By three o'clock tomorrow.

Chris parked his car and went up to his apartment, hating Barry Bartram, hating Mitch, most of all hating himself. He heated the leftover morning coffee, drank a cup, and phoned Ellen, telling her he would be out to dinner tomorrow evening. She said he could come tonight, but he said he had to work. She laughed, and he hung up, hating Ellen too.

He went to his typewriter and rolled fresh paper into place. And sat glaring at it.

That was the way it had been with every Bartram script. Half an hour of gripes, tapering off to half an hour of talking dialogue to himself, then settling down to work. To write another fairy tale about two imaginary people living in a mythical vine-covered cottage roofed with an imaginary mortgage, furnished with love and kisses, echoing with the melody of childish laughter.

CHAPTER 3

At two-fifteen the next afternoon Chris thrust his fresh manuscript into a large manila envelope, shrugged into his old gray tweed jacket and left his apartment. He drove out to the edge of town, to a diner that served a steak dinner for two dollars. He hoped Ellen would have steak or a roast for dinner tonight, but he wasn't betting on it. Anyway, he had burned up lots of energy on that script. And he knew he would burn up lots more in the next hour or two. He ate the steak, a double order of French fries, pie à la mode, and felt almost equal to the ordeal ahead. Then he headed for the Bartram estate.

At three o'clock, Gerda Olsen, the Bartram nursemaid, lifted Joy Bartram into the front seat of the big blue station wagon at the Bartram place, got behind the wheel and drove down the winding driveway. She turned down the road toward the highway and the suburban shopping center twelve miles away, at the edge of town.

Gerda was grumbling to herself. She had planned to go alone to the shopping center. Not for anything special—just to see the crowds of shoppers and to get away from That Man. After the scolding he had given her yesterday Gerda was almost ready to quit. She had tried to muster the words, to say, "Give me my money. I quit." But all that would come out was, "Yes, Mr. Bartram. Yes, Mr. Bartram. Yes, yes, yes."

And today, when Mrs. Bartram was too busy to see her and Gerda had to ask him if she might go to the shopping center, and he gave her another long scolding, she wanted to quit. But she couldn't quit then, either. She listened to the scolding, aware of the tone but ignoring most of the words. And at last he said, "All right, Gerda, you can go." She heard those words and smiled. And she heard him say, "But take the baby. We've got a story conference. Take the baby. And if you let her out of your sight for one minute I'll not give you a day off for the next month. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartram. Yes, yes, yes."

"And be back here by . . . Let's see. By four o'clock."

And now she was going, Joy in the seat beside her, the baby's long blonde hair brushed silky, her pink dress immaculate, her white shoes fresh. Gerda glanced at her, pleased as always, warm inside. Gerda was a competent nursemaid, competent beyond criticism in any ordinary circumstances. And she adored the child.

She drove the car carefully, competently, out the drive, down the side road, along the highway to the suburban shopping center. She had to drive twice around the park-

ing lot to find a space. She found one and carefully, competently backed into it, deposited her nickel in the meter, opened the door and said, "Come." She helped the baby out, took her hand, and they walked up the street.

The little girl was fascinated by the crowd, just as Gerda was. And by the shop windows. When they came to a windowful of small china figurines she tugged at Gerda's hand. led her to the window and exclaimed, "Doggie!" Gerda searched and finally saw the little china dog in a corner beside a green-and-white pagoda. "Yes, Joy," she said, "a nice doggie. Come." They went on to the five-and-dime at the corner.

The store was crowded. Gerda saw but paid no attention to a young woman in a white blouse and a blue denim skirt buying a lipstick at the cosmetics counter. The young woman was as blonde as Kay Bartram and, except for the haunted look in her eyes, might have been any young housewife. She saw the nursemaid and the child, caught her breath. bit her lip, and watched them go to the notions counter. She paid for her lipstick and followed.

Gerda bought a card of bobby pins. Then she saw a new kind of hair curler. She asked the salesgirl about it. The salesgirl said it was very good, they sold lots of them. Gerda asked if she had used them. The girl said no, but her girl friend had.

An insistent customer across the counter demanded the salesgirl's attention and Gerda waited, a packet of the curlers in one hand. her money in the other, intent on her purchase. Two minutes later the salesgirl came back to her, rang up the sale, put the curlers in a bag, handed it to Gerda. Gerda turned away. She reached for Joy's hand, looked, gasped. exclaimed, "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" the salesgirl asked.

"She's gone!" Gerda cried. "She's gone! Joy, where are you?" She looked frantically.

The salesgirl smiled. "Your little girl? Oh, they get lost all the time. Probably at the candy counter."

Gerda hurried away, searching. She thought she saw Joy's pink dress two counters away. But it was another little blonde girl. She pushed her way to the candy counter. Joy wasn't there.

Panicky now, Gerda dashed toward the back of the store. elbowing indignant women aside. An assistant manager stopped her, caught her arm. "What's wrong?" he demanded.

"My baby, she is lost!" Gerda exclaimed. breathless.

"Another lost child," the man said wearily. "All right. go up to the front of the store and wait by the door. How old is she? What is she wearing?"

Gerda was so upset she was almost incoherent, but at last she managed to say that the baby was two and a half and she had on a pink dress. The man took her by the arm and led her to the front of the store. "Oh," Gerda was moaning, "they'll kill me. They'll kill me."

The man grimly sat her down in a chair and went back to look for the child. Five minutes later he returned. "No sign of her," he said. "Maybe she went out on the street. Why don't you look out there?" Anything to get her out of the store. Some of these nursemaids went into hysterics.

Dazed, Gerda went out into the street. She looked both ways, desperate, then ran down the street to the parking lot. Still no sign of Joy.

A policeman inspecting parking meters came along. "What's the matter. lady?" he asked.

"My little girl," Gerda gasped. "I lost her!"

"Lost child," the policeman said. An old story. "She's probably down at the station. Somebody probably took her to the station. Stop there and ask. It's two blocks down, on the left."

Gerda shook her head. Police stations were strange, fearsome places. She thought of the china dog. She hurried to the store with the figurines in the window. Joy wasn't at the window. Gerda went inside, looking desperately for the blonde little girl in the fresh pink dress.

While Gerda was in the store with the china dog in the window, the young woman in the blue denim skirt boarded a bus at the next corner. With her was the little girl in the expensive pink dress and the clean white shoes. The bus started down the street. The woman sat down with the little girl beside her. Suddenly the little girl turned, wide-eyed, and said, "Doggie!" and pointed to a store window.

"You like doggies, don't you. darling," the young woman said, hugging the child to her.

"Joy likes doggies," the little girl whispered shyly as she settled in comfortably against the woman. A moment later she asked, "Where Gerda?"

The young woman frowned, then hugged her again. "You are with Mommie now, darling. Safe with Mommie." And there were tears in her eyes.

Half an hour later Gerda got into the station wagon, started the motor and pulled out of the parking place. She had looked and looked. She had walked the street until her bunions ached. She had even mustered the courage to go past the police station and peer inside, but hadn't the courage to go in. Besides, she had lost Joy at the five-and-dime, not at the police station.

She pulled out of the parking lot, still so upset that she paid no attention to the traffic. She almost rammed another car, jammed on the brakes, narrowly avoided the smash, and moaned, "Oh, if I got a ticket, too! Oh, oh. they'll kill me." But she could think of only one thing to do. Get back to the house.

She went around the block and drove cautiously down the avenue, toward the highway, toward the Bartram estate.

At the Bartram house, Chris Mallory was going over the new script, line by line, with Barry and Kay. Barry was being more than usually difficult. Finally Barry exclaimed, "You've gone egghead on me!"

"Egghead?" Chris asked.

"Yes, by God. egghead!" Barry began prowling the room. waving his copy of the script. He turned and shook an angry finger. "All I told you to do was take out the college reunion and put in the football game!"

"That's substantially what I did," Chris said wearily.

"Don't 'substantially' me!" Barry snorted. "I've got the script right here in front of me!"

Kay pointed to a line in the copy Chris was holding. "Make it, 'We're having a ball.'" she said, "instead of. 'Isn't this a felicitous occasion?'"

"That," Chris said. "was supposed to be humor. Irony."

"Barry would make a line like that ridiculous, not funny," Kay said. And Chris knew she was right. Furthermore, Barry must not be made to seem ridiculous, no matter how ridiculous he really was. Chris made a note and said, "Okay."

Barry came back and sat down and they went on with the line-by-line examination. Two speeches later Barry snorted again. "Kill that. Kill that line!"

Kay said. "Barry, that's a tag-line we used four times last year. Every time, the studio audience loved it."

"I still don't get it," Barry said.

"You don't have to get it," Kay told him. "All you have to do is speak it. It cues me in for a bit of business." She turned to Chris. "Leave it." They went on, Barry grumbling, growling, objecting, now and then shouting, and Chris fighting back. though he knew it was eventually a losing battle. And Kay letting them fight it out, now and then seeming almost to egg them on.

But with each new challenge Chris grew more and more bitter. Barry was a bullying sadist. Kay, when she intervened, was reasonable and sensible. Kay had a shrewd instinct. But Chris knew that most of Barry's objections were made only to force him to squirm and crawl, to feed the insatiable Barry Bartram ego.

Chris looked ahead, to weeks and months of bickering and badgering. Not even Kay's attitude could make up for that. Chris, in time, might toughen himself to the ordeal. But in time he, too, would become a tough-skinned bickerer, just another hack who made token defense of good lines and always backed away at the brink of an actual showdown. A hack with no more pride in his work, no integrity of self. Without pride in his work, what was there? A pay check. Nothing else. If a pay check was all he was working for. Chris could go back to the steel business.

Barry objected to two more lines. Kay suggested minor changes and Chris accepted them, almost automatically. He wasn't thinking about this script now. He was thinking about scripts he had hoped to write, wanted to write, but knew he wasn't yet ready to write. Fables, maybe, but fables with a few grains of truth in them. Dreams, perhaps, but honest dreams reaching for beauty. And he knew it wasn't just the writing. What it came down to, in the end, was that a man had to live with himself, face what he knew himself to be underneath the mask he wore in public.

He remembered something Mitch had said, something about doing something worth while in another five years. Maybe. Then he remembered, clear and biting, Mitch's exact words: "If you are willing to work, sweat, wrench your guts out, care."

Barry was ranting again, this time about a whole scene. "Why, in the name of Heaven," Barry shouted, "did you take out all the good lines and keep all the bad ones?"

Chris looked at him, not caring at all about Barry Bartram or anything in that script. What had Mitch said about working on the Bartram show? "Three months is par for the course." That's what Mitch said. And Chris thought wryly: I'm a high-handicap man. Par doesn't mean a thing to me. He smiled.

Barry saw the smile and shouted, "This script stinks worse than the other one!" He tore his copy of the script in half and flung it across the room.

Chris got to his feet and started to the door.

"Where are you going?" Barry demanded.

"Home," Chris said quietly.

"Come back here!" Barry ordered.

Chris shook his head. "No, Barry. I'm through. All through. I'm quitting."

"Why, you—" Barry started toward him, fist cocked.

"Barry!" Kay snapped. Barry stopped.

"I can take care of this with Chris." Kay said. "Get out! Go pick a daisy!" Her voice was a whiplash. "Don't come back till I call you."

Barry hesitated a moment, and then left them.

Kay watched him go and then turned to Chris and said with a smile, "Come over here and sit down." She patted the couch beside her. There was an undertone of amusement in her voice, but she was giving an order.

Chris walked over and stood in front of her.

"Sit down," she repeated. "You've blown your top. Now get that great big chip off your shoulder."

"I said I'm all through," Chris told her.

She reached for his hand. "All right, so you've quit. You got that out of your system." She drew him down beside her. Chris drew his hand away and folded the script he was still holding and thrust it into his pocket.

"You're awfully touchy, aren't you?" Kay said. Then she laughed. "Oh, I know Barry is difficult. But he can be handled. Mitch handles him. I've handled him for quite a while, now. You know why, don't you? Because he has an uncanny sense of timing and feeds me my lines just the way I want them." She glanced at the doorway, then back at Chris. "I knew you and he would fight like dogs. But I wanted to know you. You're going to do big things."

Chris felt a faint stirring of uneasiness.

"That script—" she tapped the script in his pocket—"is ninety percent right. If I say we'll use it, we will."

"Then why," Chris demanded, "did you—"

"Why did I let you two fight over it?" She laughed. "Because once in a while Barry has a good idea. And because you are very appealing, Chris, when you get that fighting look on your face!" She laughed again and Chris knew he was blushing.

Chris knew he wasn't angry at her, really. It was Barry. Kay was invitingly feminine. She was promise. As his anger eased away he felt the pulse begin to throb in his temples.

"Chris," she said, and her voice was low and intimate, "some day you're going to write a show just for me. There are other things in life besides 'No Place Like Home.' But," she said, "you haven't had much experience with life, have you?"

Chris didn't answer. His pulse was throbbing louder. Maybe, he thought, he was being a spoiled brat to walk out. Maybe . . .

Kay felt the change in him. "After all," she said, "this is just another job, Chris. You can do it with your left hand, and you know it. The story line doesn't matter too much. *I* carry the program. I always have. Without me, Barry would be nobody. I can carry any program. But I'm not going to let this one go to pieces yet. It was my idea, and I've worked like a dog to get it where it is!"

Then she checked herself. "Chris," she said, "you and I can—"

She stopped and listened, alert. A car had come whirling into the driveway. It came to a stop with a rattle of gravel. Kay turned to look out the window. Chris looked and saw the blue station wagon, heard the door slam, saw Gerda get out and hurry away.

Kay ran to the doorway. "Gerda!" she called.

Gerda, on her way to the back door, turned and reluctantly came toward Kay. Kay stared at the station wagon, then at Gerda, and demanded, "Where's Joy?"

Gerda began to sob helplessly. Kay caught her by the arm, drew her into the entryway. Barry came charging from the back of the house, alarmed by Kay's voice. "What's going on?" he demanded.

Kay was shaking Gerda by the shoulders. "Where is the baby?" Kay insisted.

"Gone," Gerda said.

"What do you mean?" Kay cried. "Where is she? You took her with you, didn't you?"

"I lost her," Gerda sobbed. "In the five-and-dime. I have her by the hand, and I stop to buy curlers for my hair, and I talk to the girl at the counter, and she say—"

"Where is the kid?" Barry roared.

"I tell you," Gerda insisted. "She is gone. I tell the man in the five-and-dime, and he say she is at the candy counter, but that is another little girl. And I wait and wait, and I look and look—"

"You mean," Barry said, "the baby is gone? You took her to town and you lost her?"

"Yes," Gerda sobbed.

Barry slapped her, a fierce slap that left the mark of his fingers on her cheek. Gerda put her arm over her face and stumbled against the doorway, almost fell. Kay caught her, and Kay said, "Barry!" Her voice was icy. She led Gerda into the library, sat her down in a chair.

Gerda sobbed, "I knew you would kill me. I knew you would."

"Nobody's going to hurt you." Kay tried to soothe her. "I just want to know exactly what happened." She motioned to Barry to leave them, but Barry strode about the room, waving his arms and cursing.

"You were at the five-and-ten," Kay said. "At the shopping center on Elm Street?"

"Yes."

"The baby was with you, not in the car? You didn't leave her all by herself in the car?"

"No, no, no! She was with me. I had her by the hand, and I buy these hair curlers, and the girl behind the counter—"

"And somebody took the baby?"

"No, no, no! She just gone. I look around and she not there!"

"Then what did you do?"

"I look everywhere. The man in the store, he look everywhere. He tell me she is out in the street."

"Did you look?"

"I look everywhere. Everywhere!"

"Then what did you do?"

"I come home. I have to tell you what happen."

Kay looked at Barry. "You fool!" she said. "You big, stupid fool!" Her words were full of venom. "You let her take the baby to town."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Barry said. "All right, *I'll* go find her. She's probably right there in the five-and-ten where that damned thickhead left her!"

Gerda said, "I quit," and started to get up.

Kay pressed her back into the chair. "No," Kay said. "You're going to stay right here. You're not going to leave this house until we have the baby back. Barry, go look in that ten-cent store. And don't make any fuss about it. Understand?"

Chris spoke up for the first time. "Better check with the police, too. There's a station not far from there."

"No!" Kay exclaimed. "We'll handle this. Don't you realize what it would do to the program if word of this got out?" She flashed a look at Chris. "And don't you say anything, not even to Mitch!"

"But the police—"

"We'll take care of the police at the proper time," Kay snapped. "Go on, Barry, go find her. And you, Gerda, go to your room. I'll talk with you later."

Gerda left them. Barry hurried out to his maroon Jaguar and went roaring down the driveway. Chris turned to leave. "The baby," he said to Kay, since it seemed that something should be said, "is probably right there in the store, wondering where Gerda went. Gerda seems to have been pretty panicky."

"She certainly panicked," Kay said, her voice bitter. And Chris knew that Kay, steel-hard, tough and selfish, would not easily panic at anything.

Kay put her hand on his arm, went with him to the doorway and out to the edge of the drive. She looked up at him with the same intimate smile she had before Gerda arrived with her dismaying news. "Remember what I said, Chris?" she asked.

"I remember," he said, and he felt the distaste rising in his throat. He didn't like this woman. He didn't like anything about her. She seemed to represent too many things he had shrugged aside for too long. Bart was bluster and bluff, inflated by self-importance. But Kay was shrewd and scheming. Kay was insidious.

"Well?" she asked.

"You're wasting your time," Chris said. And he knew that he had been wasting his time, too. Wasting his life and his talent, whatever talent he had. The distaste was almost as much for himself as for her. It hadn't been femininity he had seen in her. It had been calculation—heartless, ruthless calculation. Kay would promise anything, use anyone, for her own purposes. She had made a pass at using him, and he had almost fallen for it.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I told you," he said, "that I am all through."

"You fool!" Her voice was low and venomous. "Oh, you fool!"

Chris crossed the drive and got into his car. He sped down the driveway, turned onto the road and headed for the highway.

He was a mile and a half from the house before he could dismiss Kay and think again of Gerda and the baby, that whole encounter. The more he thought of it, the more he felt that something didn't track. He didn't know what, but something just didn't add up.

Then he told himself: It's all theirs. I'm all through with the Bartrams.

It was a good feeling, for he knew that he was turning his back on the fraud of cheap emotions they represented. Emotions that could be turned on and off at will and didn't seem to be real even when their baby was involved.

He was going to have dinner with Ellen and Tom tonight. Tomorrow he would go away somewhere, take a trip. Take a few weeks and regain his perspective. Decide who he really was and where he was going.

Ellen and Tom lived in a six-room house in one of the newer suburbs fifteen miles west of town, a development with winding streets, a central park and playground, and houses decently separated. It had cost them close to thirty thousand dollars, and although Tom had a good job—he was a packaging designer and consultant with an advertising agency—Ellen was always worrying about finances. "This house," she kept saying, "just eats it up. I'm sure the fuel tank leaks—it *can't* take that much oil to heat this place!—and taxes take forty cents out of every dollar." Tom would smile when she went on such a rant and say quietly, "You girls wanted better streets and bigger schools. Somebody has to pay for them—taxpayers. You agitate for bigger budgets and lower taxes. More power to you, but it's a losing cause." Ellen was a crusader.

Chris arrived just before five-thirty, parked in the driveway, crossed the moth-eaten lawn littered with children's toys and rang the doorbell. There was a loud clattering inside, but no answer. He rang again and the banging stopped. The door opened and there was four-year-old Tommy Junior, who was known as The Menace. The Menace was wearing blue shorts, no shirt, cowboy boots and a battered, mouse-colored cowboy hat. He was aiming a big cap pistol directly at Chris's stomach. As Chris entered, Tommy fired the pistol and yelled. "You're dead!" He jumped up and down with a clatter like a team of skittish mules on the bare hall floor. His three-year-old sister, Emmy-Lou, better known as Piggy, shrieked with delight.

"Where," Chris asked, maneuvering inside and closing the door, "is your mother?"

"In the bathtub!" The Menace shouted. "I shot her dead. I always hide the bodies in the bathtub!" He watched Chris hang his hat in the hall closet and asked. "Where's the presents?"

"Your birthday again?" Chris asked, fishing in his pocket for a roll of mints. "You just had a birthday last month."

"It's always my birthday!" The Menace declared, taking the mints.

"Give some to Piggy," Chris ordered.

In the momentary silence Chris heard Ellen's voice from the bathroom beyond her bedroom. "Chris! You're early. Turn on the oven, will you? To three-fifty."

Chris made his way among the toys on the floor to the kitchen and turned on the oven. Piggy—the nickname came from her pigtails—followed him. She was dressed like The Menace except for boots and hat; she wore only

a pair of blue shorts. She beamed up at Chris and said, "I love you, Unx. I want to kiss you."

Chris leaned down and accepted her wet, minty kiss. He took her in his arms and returned to a chair in the living room. Her white T-shirt was in the chair. Chris put it on her, not without some difficulty because Piggy was ticklish. Five minutes later Ellen came from the bathroom, in a print skirt, a blouse, bare legs and sandals. She was a tall girl who had to watch her diet. Her red hair was naturally wavy, but it was plastered down now from the shower. She leaned over and kissed Chris, and Piggy demanded a kiss too. Ellen kissed her and said, "Not that you deserve it. You've been impossible all day. Both of them, Chris."

"I thought," Chris said, "you were raising them by the book. The book specifies tender loving care, doesn't it? Didn't I hear you say that once?"

"The book," Ellen said, giving Chris a scornful look, "was written by a grandfather. Grandfathers always dote. And they don't have to live with kids. Ooooh, could *I* write a book! Menace, get those toys. Clear the deck."

The Menace took careful aim, fired a resounding cap, and shouted, "You're dead!" He grabbed Ellen's hand, tried to lead her toward the bathroom.

Ellen drew her hand away. "Thomas," she said, warning in her voice, "pick up those toys. Right now."

The Menace knew the tone. He began picking up.

Ellen sighed. "If you'll keep Piggy out of mischief," she said to Chris, "I'll get dinner started. Tom should be here in another five minutes. He'll fix you a drink and we'll feed the children and get them out of our hair. And have a nice, quiet evening." She laughed. "If you can call it quiet with those two tearing their room apart, board by board."

"Tough day?" Chris asked, with a grin.

"Oh, no! No! Just a nice, average day. Ha, ha, ha."

Ellen went into the kitchen. Piggy insisted that Unx —it was her abbreviation for Uncle Chris—read to her. She brought a tattered picture book and Chris spelled out, "This is a cat," and "This is a dog," for her. Piggy jabbed a pudgy finger at the pictures and said, "This is a kitty-cat! This is a bow-wow!"

Tom arrived, hot and beaten, and The Menace went through the cap-pistol routine. He shouted, "You're dead!" and Tom obligingly sagged his knees and staggered while The Menace whooped, and then let himself be led to the bathroom. A few minutes later he reappeared, washed, brushed, coatless, and looking as fresh as a weary man could. The Menace clambered at his leg. Tom spatted his bottom and said, "Now run away and lose yourself, brat." Tom went to the kitchen, kissed Ellen, and began making drinks. He opened closet doors, searched shelves, finally said, "No soda?"

"The Menace emptied the opened bottle in the sink," Ellen said. "Isn't there another one?"

There wasn't. Chris called, "On the rocks is fine for me." And he thought for an instant of the Bartram house, home of television's happy, happy family. He wondered if the Bartrams didn't ever run out of soda and made a mental note for plot incident. Then remembered that he wasn't writing that show any more.

Tom came in with the drinks and sat down. Ellen appeared and said, "It's liver and onions and scalloped potatoes tonight. But anybody who doesn't like liver can have either Pablum or strained bananas and peas."

"Make mine liver," Chris said. "What happened to the steak? I thought Grandma's Check Night was always steak night." He had received his annual thousand-dollar check in the afternoon mail.

Ellen laughed flatly. "Not this year. Steak should be on you, Golden Boy. You with a fat job, a fabulous income, no taxes, no house falling down around your ears, no kids."

Chris grinned at her. "Two hits, three errors, kid. No house, no kids. But plenty taxes, no fabulous income, no job. I quit."

"What!" Ellen exclaimed. Tom looked at him in mild surprise.

"I quit the Bartram show. This afternoon."

"You mean I can stop hiding in shame every Wednesday night?" Ellen asked. "I can stop pretending that I'm no relation at all to the person who writes those awful programs?"

"Yes. You can come out in the open again."

"Well, thank you, Grandma!" Ellen said. "Can I count on the annual subsidy to bring you to your senses once a year?"

"No," Chris said, "I wouldn't go that far. I'll probably be back on the air in a few weeks. I hope."

"But not writing that—that trash! Please! When there are so many respectable things you could do."

"Name three," Chris urged with a grin.

"Oh, you know what I mean! You're just playing, using that as an excuse for not going back into the business. I know you detest business, but—well, you could be doing something constructive."

"Oh, lay off," Chris said, forcing a laugh. Her thrust had hit where it hurt, where he was still sore from his own probing. Then he said, "I don't detest business. I'll even say that business is exciting and important. But only because it's people in action. It just happens that I'm not a businessman."

"That," Ellen said, "is obvious."

"Meaning that if I were I wouldn't have quit the Bartram show?" Chris asked with a smile. "Cut off my own salary?"

"You know I didn't mean that at all!" Ellen said.

Tom laughed. "You're just bandying words, both of you. Chris is in business, even more fundamentally than I am. He's producing a product out of raw materials, and he's selling it."

"Sometimes," Chris amended.

"All I'm doing," Tom went on, "is designing pretty boxes to catch the housewife's eye and snare her dimes."

"Dollars," Ellen said. "Even dime-store items cost a dollar now."

Tom laughed again, but refused to be diverted. "Pretty boxes with dotted lines and 'Open here' or 'Press here.' Just so you gals who buy them can stab them at random or wrench the tops off with your bare hands and spill the contents all over the floor. As I was saying, Chris is a manufacturer, a salesman, even a miner of his raw materials. A businessman in every sense."

"Thank you, Tom," Chris said. "Now I can go to Bermuda with a clear conscience. It'll even be a business trip, because I'll be looking for raw material! Suppose the revenue boys will let me write it off?"

"If they do," Ellen said, "I'll scream. I've wanted to go to Bermuda for ages, ever since Tom and I went there on our honeymoon. When are you going?"

"Tomorrow. The next day. As soon as I can get a seat on a plane."

Ellen looked at him with a sudden flash of suspicion. "This isn't *your* honeymoon, is it? You aren't pulling a fast one on us, are you?"

"Honeymoon?" Chris laughed at her. "I haven't had a date in the past two weeks! Why should I get married? And who to?"

"Well, it's an old tribal custom," she said. "There was that buck-toothed one from Bryn Mawr. She wanted to marry you. There was that redhead from Smith. Whatever happened to her?" She didn't expect an answer. She said, "Piggy, come get your bib on. Menace, go wash your hands. You're eating early."

"I don't want to eat early!" The Menace shouted.

"Go wash your hands," Tom ordered, and Thomas Junior went.

"See what you're missing?" Ellen said. She went to

the kitchen, fried Tommy's hamburger patty, warmed Emmy Lou's vegetables.

She fed the children at the dining table while Tom and Chris talked, about Bermuda, about the last stages of the pennant race, about the advertising business, about television. The Menace finished his hamburger, eating with the fork in his left hand, his cap pistol in his right, and decided he didn't want any applesauce. He wanted an ice cream cone.

Ellen tried to reason with him. The Menace fired two shots at her. Neither had any marked effect. He decided he could do better if he stood up in his chair. He stood up, started to aim, and lost his balance. The chair went over with a crash. Tom leaped to catch it, and missed. The Menace hit the floor with a thump that sounded like the fall of half the roof. He howled, one of those awful cries of the hurt child.

How she got there Chris didn't know, but Ellen was around the table and on her knees holding Tommy in her arms before Chris could get out of his chair. She hugged him, the little boy sobbing against her, and she said, "Tom! Tom, get a doctor, quick!"

"Which doctor?" Tom asked. "Tommy, Tommy kid, are you all right?"

Tommy wailed even louder.

"Any doctor!" Ellen cried. "Get *someone!* Oh, my poor, poor baby!"

Chris put his fingers to Tommy's bruised cheek. The skin was barely broken. He had struck on his face, with the cap pistol underneath. A big welt was rising just beneath the eye. But it was only a bruise and a small cut.

"He's not badly hurt," Chris said.

"How do you know?" Ellen demanded. "He's bleeding! And he may have a concussion!"

"It's just a bruise," Chris said.

"He might have put out his eye!" Ellen cried. "Or broken his neck!"

Tommy's sobs were subsiding. He clung to his mother. She kissed the back of his neck, examined the small cut, patted him, soothed him. She stood up with him in her arms.

"Still want a doctor?" Tom asked.

Ellen inspected the bruise. "I guess not. Get a Band-aid. It's almost stopped bleeding. Tommy, darling, can you move your head?"

Tommy shook his head. He felt of the lump beneath his eye. "It hurts," he said.

"Of course it does." Ellen sat him in one of the upholstered chairs. Tom brought a Band-aid and a dish towel with a handful of ice cubes in it. He applied the bandage and held the improvised ice pack to Tommy's cheek.

Tommy said, "Where's my gun?"

Ellen sighed with relief. She handed him the gun. He lay back in the chair, holding the gun, content to rest quietly while his father held the towel with the ice against his cheek.

"Lord, the things that happen to them!" Ellen said to Chris. "And every time, I get clutched. So many things can happen to a child."

Looking at her, seeing her eyes, hearing the tones in her voice, Chris had a flash of Kay Bartram that afternoon when Gerda came back and said she'd lost the baby. Kay had been angry, furious, but she had showed almost no trace of the hurt or worry Ellen had shown just now. Every instinct in Ellen was a mother-reflex. Where were the mother-reflexes and instincts in Kay? Or the father instincts in Barry, for that matter? Though Barry Bartram couldn't be expected to have much fatherly love in him.

"Off to bed you go," Ellen was saying. She picked up Tommy and carried him to his room. Tom brought a washcloth and washed Emmy-Lou's face. He took off her bib, helped her down from her chair, and took her to the room where Ellen was getting Tommy into his pajamas.

Alone, Chris tried to find the answer to the Bartram puzzle. The Bartrams didn't mean a thing to him, but they were people, and he wondered what made them tick the way they did. A minor accident to their child, and Tom and Ellen were knocked for a loop. A major crisis—what looked like one to Chris, anyway—and Barry abused the nursemaid and Kay ranted about the damage to their program. There didn't seem to be much worry about the missing child. Chris couldn't figure it. It still didn't add up.

Then Tom and Ellen came back. Ellen sat down for a minute, lay back in her chair, closed her eyes. Then she straightened up, shook her head and said, "I get so fed up I think I'd be glad to be rid of them, both of them. I'd give anything in the world if Tom and I could get away, to Bermuda or anywhere, just out of sight of those kids for a week. Then something like this happens, and—" she smiled—"my heart just stops. I know I couldn't bear to have them out of my sight for one night."

Tom smiled at her. "Softy," he said.

"You're the same way, and you know it!" Ellen smiled at him, and there was the warmth of love in her eyes. She turned back to Chris. "Tomorrow Tommy'll have a gruesome black eye. And I'll be so sorry for him I'll let him tear the house down. Just thankful he's here and not really hurt. . . . Well, this doesn't cook the liver and onions and get dinner on the table. The potatoes will be ruined, but who cares?" She went to the kitchen.

It was almost ten o'clock when Chris left. At the door Ellen said, "Have a good time in Bermuda, and get some tan for me. We won't get there again till both kids are in college."

"Oh, sure you will," Chris said. "Next year, maybe."

"Send us a post card," Ellen said.

"I'll do that. A nice view of a beach. And—" Chris stumbled over Tommy's tricycle on the front walk, recovered himself, and set the tricycle aside on the grass.

Tom shouted, "There's probably an express wagon out there somewhere. And a pair of roller skates."

Chris dodged the wagon and didn't encounter the skates. He got into his car and headed back toward town. thinking that some day he was going to write some really wonderful domestic comedies. But not for the Bartrams. And he told himself that he wasn't going to do a lick of work for at least two weeks.

He was just a mile from Ellen's house when lights flashed behind him and a car roared past, doing close to seventy. In his own lights Chris saw a flash of maroon, knew it was a Jaguar, and thought he recognized Barry Bartram's bare head. He wondered what Barry was doing out on this road at this time of night.

Then he decided it wasn't Barry at all. There were other maroon Jags. Not many, but a few. He drove on two miles and came to a roadside diner just as a man who was unmistakably Barry hurried from the diner, got into his Jaguar and roared on down the road.

Barry, Chris thought, had made a quick stop, drunk a fast cup of coffee.

Less than a mile farther on there was another diner. As Chris came to it he saw Barry standing beside his car watching the people inside the diner. As Chris passed, Barry got in his car again, came around him, and turned north on the crossroad just beyond.

It was still early. Chris had nothing pressing to do. Out of curiosity he followed the crossroad, wondering if Barry was making the rounds, taking a census of diners or something. Chris knew there was another roadside place three miles up this crossroad.

Sure enough, Barry's car was there. Chris drew up in the shadows at the far end of the row of parking spaces. He could see inside the diner. Barry was setting down a mug of coffee. He went to the cashier, paid, hurried out and went roaring off again.

For a moment Chris was tempted to turn back and go home. This was a silly game he was playing, a kind of

follow-the-leader that led nowhere. If Barry Bartram liked to prowl the countryside and sample diner coffee, of what importance was that to Chris Mallory? And if—

Then the thought struck him. Was Barry looking for someone? For the baby? No! You don't find lost babies in diners miles from where they were lost. But for someone, maybe someone connected with the baby's being lost?

Chris followed Barry once more, now caught in his own imagining. He went almost four miles and came to the next place again just as Barry was leaving. And at last, in the outer reaches of Gilead's suburbs, he came to a diner where Barry was still at the counter, saying something to the waitress. She was a blonde, and she was either angry or frightened. She answered him and turned away, and Barry got up, paid his check and came out. He slammed the Jag into gear, lunged it onto the pavement, missed a crash with an oncoming car by inches, and shot down the road. Inside, the blonde waitress was standing at the counter, hands clenched, pale as a ghost, staring at the slot where Barry's car had been.

Chris parked and went inside. The girl, as he had thought from outside, was the same girl he had seen at the Bartram house. The girl who had called Kay "Kitty" and Barry "Bart" and insisted they had her baby.

A white-haired man with thick glasses was at the cash register. It was a slack time and two other waitresses were kidding with a trucker at the other end of the counter. This girl—her name was Norma, wasn't it?—picked up Barry's half-empty coffee cup and swabbed at the counter with a towel. Chris slid onto the stool where Barry had been. She saw him, and he was sure there was panic in her eyes. She turned away, bumped the shelf behind the counter, and dropped the coffee mug. One of the other girls, the one with a tiny red bow in her black hair, exclaimed, "Norma! For Pete's sake, take it easy!"

Norma sopped up the coffee and set the mug on the shelf behind the counter. Her hand trembled as she handed Chris a menu.

"Just coffee," he said. "Make it black."

She drew a cup, automatically added cream, and set it in front of him. He looked at it, then at her. "Hello, Norma," he said. She stared at him for a moment, and then turned and hurried into the kitchen.

Chris sipped at his coffee, waiting for her to come back. He didn't know what he would say when she did come back, but he wanted to talk to her.

But she didn't come back.

Chris drank half his coffee, told the old man at the register he'd had only the one cup, paid for it, got in his car and started home, wondering why he did impulsive things like that.

He had gone less than a mile when a state trooper's car bore down on him, red light weaving a pattern and siren wailing. It flashed past and Chris thought: Barry hailed a trooper and sent him to nab the girl! My instinct was right, after all!

Obeying the impulse he had renounced only a few minutes before, he swung his car around and headed back toward the diner to see what happened. But when he reached the rise just above the diner he saw the trooper's car still highballing it nearly half a mile beyond.

That, Chris told himself, was another hunch that led nowhere. But, since he was back here at the diner, he would try again to talk to her. And maybe make up for his lame words of yesterday. Have another look, anyway, see if her eyes were still as haunted as he remembered.

He let the car roll on down the slope and pulled in at the diner again. As he did so, a bus stopped across the road, picked up one passenger, and went on.

Chris went to the same stool as before. This time the dark-haired girl with the tiny bow in her hair came to take his order.

"Where's Norma?" he asked.

"Norma? Norma just left. She's gone home."

"She's left?" Chris hadn't been gone ten minutes.

"She was sick." The girl hesitated, smiled. "You have a date with her?"

"I—I've got a message for her."

"She left, on the bus."

"Where does she live?" He was trying to remember her last name. Murphy, or Miner, or. . . .

The girl turned to the other girl down the counter. "Marge, where does Norma live?" She turned back to Chris. "She's only been here two weeks."

The other girl said, "In Calvert." Calvert was the village just beyond. "She said something about Ma Wilson's place, or Williams, or something like that."

"And she just left?" Chris said.

The girl nodded. "On the bus."

Chris went back to his car, hoping to catch the bus. Now he knew he had to talk to Norma. What was her last name? Morris? No. Madison! That was it, Norma Madison. She couldn't be very sick if she went on the bus. She was frightened, and Barry Bartram had something to do with it. She was scared stiff.

Calvert was only three miles away. He couldn't catch the bus. It was gone when he got there. He cruised the streets for ten minutes, hoping to see her. Then he stopped at a filling station.

The attendant shook his head at the name Ma Williams, or Wilson. "I just work here, Mack. I live in Gilead." Chris drove away. He tried three stations before he found a grizzled old man who said, "There's a Mrs. Willibert runs a rooming house over on Elm Street, corner of Twelfth. Maybe that's her."

Chris found Elm Street, drove out Elm to Twelfth. The house on the corner was one of those old arks, three stories, brown shingles, scrollwork all over the broad porch. In a front window was a lighted sign: Rooms. Chris parked and went to the door and rang the bell.

A large, motherly, white-haired woman answered Chris's ring. She looked him over, head to foot. The landlady. She didn't say a word.

"Mrs. Willibert?" Chris asked.

"Yes. But I haven't any more rooms."

"I'm not looking for a room. I want to see Norma Madison."

"Mrs. Madison?" She looked him over again. "You're not her husband, are you?"

"No."

"If you are, she don't want to see you."

"I'm a cousin. I just missed her at the diner."

"What's your name?"

"Mallory. Chris Mallory."

"I'll go tell her. Step in."

Chris went into the broad, sparsely furnished hallway. Mrs. Willibert left him there and climbed the creaking stairs to the second floor. She was gone a long time. He heard doors opening and closing, and he heard someone going down a back stairway. At last Norma Madison, still in her white uniform, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Yes?" she said. Her voice was tense.

"I have a message for you," Chris told her.

She hesitated, then said, "Come on up."

He climbed the stairway. Even in the dim light of a

shaded small bulb he could see the tension in her, the way she was braced for some emergency. He wished he could say something that would put her at ease at once. But she didn't want to talk in the hallway. She led him to the far end of the hall, opened a door, motioned him in. She followed him in, closed the door and stood with her back to it, as though ready to face anything. She looked, somehow, tall and slim, though she wasn't above medium height. Her face was so pale her lipstick was like a livid scar, and her eyes were lit with defiance.

"What's your message?" she demanded. "Why did they send you here?"

"Nobody sent me," Chris said. "I just came. Because I wanted to talk to you. Don't you remember me?"

"Yes," she said, without giving an inch. And he knew she needed help, reassurance. She wasn't sick. She was frightened, desperate. Ready to fight the whole world. Yesterday, at the Bartram place, she had been pleading. Now she was defying. And yet she was appealing, in some odd way, a girl in deepest need of help.

"I don't know what Barry said to you back there at the diner," Chris said, "but I wanted to tell you not to be afraid of him. I know that guy pretty well. I worked for him and Kay, until I had a run-in and quit this afternoon."

"I knew," Norma said, "that they sent you."

"They didn't!" he insisted. "I came because I saw how rough they were with you yesterday, and when I saw him trying to put the heat on you again tonight. . . . Look, I've been writing their TV show. I got fed up and fired myself." He caught his breath, and he said, "Of course, I could be completely out of order now. If I am, just tell me to scram."

"You said you had a message for me."

"I did. I've given it to you. Nobody has to be afraid of Barry Bartram. Kay's something else again. But Barry's just a . . ." He hesitated. "Or maybe you know him better than I thought you did."

"I know him," she said slowly. "I know both of them. I've been trying for two and a half years to find them and talk with them." Suddenly she was on the verge of tears. "Joyce is my baby!" she exclaimed, and she sank into a chair and began to cry, her face in her hands.

Chris put the pieces together. They fell right into place. His hunch yesterday had been right. He wanted to say: All right, kid, all right. So she's your baby. Yours and Barry's. Kay took her and bought you off, or something. I knew there was something wrong in that setup. I knew Kay wasn't the baby's own mother. But now there's not a damn thing you can do about it. Not one thing. You've tried, and Barry's trying to scare hell out of you, to shut you up.

He looked at her and wished he hadn't come. He wished he'd skipped it all, because it wasn't any of his business, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I'm just a guy who blew in out of the dark. Apparently there's nothing I can tell you about those two that you don't already know. Skip it, kid. Forget I ever came. I'll run along."

But when she looked up at him he knew he couldn't just back out the door and pretend it hadn't happened. This girl was all bottled up with hurt and misery and fear. She wasn't a crackpot. If his own sister got into a spot like this, whatever it was, and needed help the way this kid did, he'd thank anybody for sticking around a little while, till she got hold of herself.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked.

Suddenly she flared, "Go on! Go tell them where you found me! And tell them, while you're about it, that I won't be here when they come!"

Deliberately he sat down in a chair across the room from her. "I told you I'm not from the Bartrams," he said. "Why should I tell them I've found you? What's it to me?" He took out his pack of cigarettes, offered her one. She shook her head. He lit one and returned to his chair.

"Then you're from the police," she said.

"Wrong again."

"I haven't got anything to hide," she said. "I've tried again and again to *tell* the police, and they just laugh at me. Because I haven't any proof."

"Proof of what?"

"That they stole her from me! They did! They stole her, and they lied to me!"

"I can believe that."

"You can?"

"Look, Norma, I know those two. But they've got you in a spot, apparently. My advice is to forget it. If you try to put the heat on them it looks like blackmail. They just might be able to make a blackmail charge stick. That would mean that they'd either lock you up or send you away as a psycho. Then where would you be? I say skip it, write it off."

She smiled at him, a wry smile. "It's not that simple, now. I have to go away, now, go back and prove that she's mine."

"Go back where?"

"Back where she was born. To New Mexico."

"If I were you," Chris said, "I'd skip the whole thing. You can't spend your life trying to get even with those two, just because of something that happened and is all over with. That kind of thing, hate like that, can eat you up. I don't know what happened, but forget it. You're young and attractive. You'll get married to some guy who thinks you're wonderful, and you'll have a family, another baby or two of your own—"

Something in her eyes made him stop. He didn't know whether it was wry amusement or annoyance. She had stopped crying, seemed to get hold of herself.

Somewhere downstairs he heard a small child laughing. It wouldn't have meant a thing to him if Norma hadn't stiffened, half turned, listened. Then she turned back to him, tense again.

A wild thought flashed at him. Then he thought that a girl in her spot would be specially sensitive to the sound of any baby. He decided it was no use staying. He'd said his piece.

He stood up, about to leave. Norma sprang to her feet, as though to bar the doorway. "You do believe me, don't you?" she demanded.

"Of course I do, but—"

"She *is* my baby!" she cried. "And I'll never, never let them—" She stopped.

That wild flash struck him again. "You took her?" he asked. "You're the one who took her there in the dime store this afternoon?" He was almost afraid to say it.

"What do you think?" And from the tone of her voice, the triumphant look in her eyes, he knew it was true.

The discovery staggered him. It was unbelievable, yet it was so plausible, so inevitable, that he wondered why he had been blind to it this long.

"Barry knows it?" he asked.

"He's just guessing," she said. And suddenly she exclaimed, "He'll never find her. Not until I have proof she's mine, until the police *have* to believe me. And if I can't ever prove it, they won't find either of us."

"Don't think things like that," Chris said sharply.

She smiled. "Other people have vanished. Just dropped out of sight, gone somewhere and changed their names." Then she said, "Don't worry. The Bartrams, as they call themselves now, won't ever find me."

Chris was relieved, but he still had visions of the police closing in on her, this girl so obviously defenseless. She was driven by only the one thought, to get her baby. But if the Bartrams had things sewed up the way they probably did, she wouldn't have a chance.

The picture began to come clear. Just as he had thought, she had had Barry's baby. Kay found out, bought

her off, took the baby. That explained everything. Why Kay lacked that mother instinct, that impulsive caring. Why the program came first with her. Why she didn't want the baby to appear, not yet, anyway, on the program. It even explained why neither Kay nor Barry wanted to call in the police. That might open up the whole scandal. Barry, of course, had a hunch. He had found Norma, tried to put the fear of God in her, make her tell him where the baby was.

And Norma was the baby's mother. He hadn't any doubt of that now. She was the mother, this girl who dismissed all danger to herself so glibly, this lost and lonely girl so full of pent-up hurt and desolation. A mother who would do anything, face any consequences, to have her own child. Who had, somehow, taken Joy this afternoon and now was so triumphant she could admit it to Chris.

"Tell me," he said, "just what kind of a deal did they make with you in the first place?" Maybe there was an out somewhere. "How did they buy you off?"

"Buy me off?" Norma was baffled. "What do you mean? There wasn't any deal."

"There must have been. Barry got you in trouble, and Kay agreed to take the baby, and—"

"No!" Then Norma demanded, "Are you saying he—he was her *father*?"

"Well—" Chris was embarrassed by her indignation.

"Do you think I'd ever—Oh, no! That man? I loathe him! I didn't like him from the very first time I saw him. But I was desperate, and she offered me a job, and—" She stopped.

Chris had to revise again. Now he was completely baffled. If Barry wasn't the baby's father . . .

"Kitty offered me a job," Norma was saying. "She was Kitty, then. She said she'd been ordered to take a long rest, and she wanted me as a companion, even if I was awfully pregnant."

"Where was this?"

"In Barstow, California. I was working in a diner near Barstow." And she told him how they came in, saw her, talked to her; how they came back a few days later, and how they took her to the village in New Mexico.

Once she began telling the story she had to go on and on, as though she must get it all out, as though it had been bottled up in her so long that now she must spill it, every detail, in one telling. Right through to the hotel suite, when she wakened and they were gone.

The bars between them came down completely. Norma Madison and Chris Mallory were no longer strangers.

"How long had you been married to Bill Madison?" Chris finally asked.

"Not quite two years."

"I'd have thought you would have gone home after Bill was killed, back home to your own family."

"I hadn't any family left. Mother died of cancer, back home in Pine Bluffs, just a few months before it happened. Dad has been dead ten years."

"Pine Bluffs?"

"You never heard of it," she said with a smile. "Pine Bluffs, Wyoming."

"I've been there," Chris said. "It's a little town about thirty miles east of Cheyenne."

"Yes!"

"The summer I was sixteen I spent in Colorado. We drove through Pine Bluffs on a trip to the Black Hills."

"Bill and I were both from there. We went to the same high school, but he was five years ahead of me, five years older. He went into the Air Force and I went to Laramie."

"To the university?"

She nodded. "I had two years there, on a scholarship. Then Bill got out of the service and came back. I was at Cheyenne for Frontier Days, and Bill was there, in the calf-roping. That evening he met me on the street and said, 'Aren't you Norma Rogers?' I laughed at him, because a calf had kicked him in the face and he had the blackest eye you ever saw. He took me to the Trail Shop for dinner. We got married three weeks later, to the day."

She was smiling to herself, reaching back.

"Bill's father had left him a little money," she went on. "He spent it for a plane. Bill was one of those who have to fly. He started a flying service to Casper, but it didn't pan out. So we went to Utah and he flew uranium prospectors in from Monticello. One of his customers paid him in shares in a mine he discovered, and Bill was sure he was going to make a million. But when they began to develop it this man turned out to be a crook. Bill didn't get a cent. So we went to California, to fly prospectors into Death Valley."

"And you worked as a waitress."

"I'd never earned a nickel till after Bill was killed. Then I had to find a job. I didn't have any money and the baby was coming. You can see why I was desperate, can't you? So when Kitty and Bart came along. . . ."

Chris saw. He understood the whole situation for the first time. Almost all the pieces of the puzzle were in place.

"There's just one thing I can't figure," he said. "When they walked out on you, there at the hotel, why didn't you go to the police?"

"Oh, I did. Well, not right away. I was so sick and so shocked I didn't know what to do. They'd taken every scrap of identification I had. I almost doubted who I was. It all seemed like a ghastly nightmare. All I could think of was that I had to find them. I remembered things Kitty had said that seemed to imply that they were from Los Angeles or Hollywood. So I got on the bus and went to L.A. It was months before I knew they were on the air. I saw them, just by accident, on the TV in a place where I was working. Then I tried to get in touch with them. Once I got Bart on the phone, but as soon as he recognized my voice he hung up. That was when I went to the police."

"Yes?"

"They were nice enough, I guess. But they said they needed some proof that she was my baby. And I hadn't any proof that I'd ever had a baby, *any* baby. When I kept after them, the police finally said that if I didn't have any proof, and if I kept saying the things I did, they would have to arrest me as a crazy person." She shook her head. "It's—it's frightening to hear that."

Chris had smoked half a pack of cigarettes. "So," he said, "you trailed them here."

"Last spring. Then they were off the air all summer. It wasn't till August that I found out where they lived. I didn't get the job in the diner where you found me till two weeks ago."

"Why these diner jobs?" Chris asked.

"You can move on easily. You hear news and gossip from salesmen and truckers. And diners always need night waitresses. I wanted my days free. You'd be surprised how many times I walked down that road past the Bartram place, hoping to see Joyce. It wasn't till just a few days ago that I got a good look at her and that nursemaid. Then I just *had* to force my way in and talk to them. It was silly of me, I suppose. But I had to do it."

"It doesn't matter now," Chris said. He sat thinking for a long moment. "You're really in a fix now. I hope you know that. You've got the baby. You can't prove that she's yours. And Barry knows where you are."

She didn't answer. Chris went on, thinking aloud. "He hasn't anything yet but a hunch. They don't want to go to the police and bust this thing wide open, not even to get the baby back. That's one break in your favor. They're afraid of what any publicity about this would do to the program." He looked at her. "You can't stay here any longer, you know. Does this Mrs. Willibert know anything at all about this?"

"No. She thinks I'm divorced and the baby has been

staying with my sister and I just got her back. Mrs. Willibert is taking care of Joyce. Oh, she's such a darling! And so friendly to everyone. Joyce, I mean. Her name is really Joyce, not Joy. That's what I named her."

"What did Barry say to you in the diner tonight?"

"He said, 'I'll give you just twenty-four hours.' That's all he said, and he sat there glaring at me. I was so surprised, just seeing him, that all I could say was, 'I don't know what you mean.' Then he got up and went out. And right after that you came in."

"You thought I was stooging for Barry."

"Of course."

"Still think so?"

"No. You—you seemed to believe me. You're the first person who has believed me. I—I had to tell someone."

"Good girl!" Chris wanted to put his arms around her and say: Look, I'll straighten this out. I'll see to it that those two never get their hands on that baby again. You've been through hell and it's time you had a breather. It's going to be all right, Norma.

He wanted to say it, and he couldn't. He couldn't make any promises like that. Then he thought: Maybe I can. Try, at least. Do something. I've quit the job. I told them off, and I told Mitch I'm through for a while, going away. I even told Tom and Ellen. They all think I'm off for Bermuda tomorrow.

He said to Norma, "You want to go to New Mexico, don't you? Run this thing down, get your proof."

"Yes."

"Suppose I took you out there."

"Would you?" She was as calm as though he had suggested they go down to the corner and have coffee.

He took a deep breath and jabbed out his last cigarette in the overflowing ash tray. "I'll take you," he said. "I'll pick you up here at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I'll be ready," she said, still without batting an eye. Without one question, not one.

"And don't tell anybody where you're going. Mrs. Willibert, anybody."

"I won't. My week's up today, so she won't ask. She'll think I'm going to my sister's."

"Which sister?"

She laughed. "The one I said was taking care of Joyce. I really haven't any sister. I thought I told you."

"Okay." Chris took her hand for a moment, looked into her deep blue eyes, and had the last bit of reassurance he needed. This girl was no crackpot. And, at last, she was no longer frightened. Of him, of the Bartrams, of anything. That alone made up for his coming here, and for the promise he had just made.

She opened the door and he went back down the hallway, down the stairs and out into the night. He got in his car and drove back to his apartment.

He packed a bag and set the alarm for five o'clock. He went to bed and his mind began to whirl.

What kind of a screwball was he, getting mixed up in a thing like this? He was going off to New Mexico tomorrow. To help a total stranger, a girl he'd never seen until yesterday, to prove that she was the mother of a baby. The baby known as Joy Bartram.

He had gone to dinner at his sister's house, started home like any normal person, seen Barry Bartram making a tour of the diners, and trailed him. And look what he had got himself into.

Then he thought: This is real. This isn't just a story line. There isn't a story line, because life doesn't shape things neatly.

You get into something, he thought, you try to help someone who needs help, and things happen. Not the way you figured them. He had this one figured, neat as could be, several times. And every time he was wrong. Because these were people, not just characters. Because this was life, not make-believe with a manufactured plot.

He'd cashed his grandmother's check this afternoon and tucked it all into his wallet, figuring that he would spend it all on the vacation trip and have to buckle down to work when he got back. So in one sense, at least, this trip with Norma would be like a Bartram script—no money problems. Kay and Barry could squabble over any inconsequential matter on the air, but quarrels over money were out, because money was vulgar, or something.

Words came back to him: "You happen to be a bright-eyed young bush-tail who doesn't give a damn about people. Yet. To you they are just bugs on a pin." Mitch's words. "You're just curious about people. Some day you may care."

Am I just curious? he thought. Or do I care about this? And the answer came: If you don't care, my lad, why are you doing it?

CHAPTER 6

It had seemed impossible to Norma that she could sleep that night, though she knew she must. Joyce was asleep when Norma went downstairs to get her after Chris had left, and she only half wakened when Norma put her to bed. Mrs. Willibert had given the child a battered doll that had belonged to one of her own children, and Joyce hugged it ardently until Norma lay down beside her. Then she snuggled into Norma's arms and went back to sleep. Norma hesitated to get up and undress herself, fearful that she would disturb the child. She thought that she should pack, be ready to go in the morning, and then decided that could wait. She had so little packing to do, and she had packed so often. At last she got up, undressed, set the alarm, and went back to bed—to feel the warm closeness of her baby, the reality of the dream that for so long had been a nightmare haunting her sleep.

Half a dozen times she awakened, panicky with the thought that it was another visitation of the nightmare, the baby voice, the reaching arms, the baby that never was there. And each time she felt the reality, the warm presence, and slept again. Ten minutes before time for the alarm she wakened and got up and stood beside the bed, still not quite believing, having to reach out and touch the silky baby hair on the pillow.

She packed her things in the worn suitcase and the old tote bag. She dressed. She set out the milk, the dry cereal, made coffee. She had no appetite, but she ate and sipped at the coffee. And remembered, persuading herself that Chris, too, had been reality, not a dream. There was the chair where he had sat, the throw rug he had scuffed, the ash tray heaped with his cigarette butts. Chris Mallory, who had come out of the night and talked, listened, believed. After all this time of searching, this eternity. And soon now, in less than another hour, he would come again, to get them, take them away, make reality complete.

"Thank you, God, thank you."

She poured another cup of coffee, and the months of the past swirled through her memory.

The first misty months, the months before the shock wore off. The shabby rooming house in Los Angeles, the all-night drive-ins, the maze of faces, the babel of voices. And the watching, the listening, the wondering hope. Midnight. The yellow car drove in, parked. The girl was honey-blonde, the man tall and dark and lean. Norma caught her breath, wondered what to say, how to make her

demand. She crossed the parking yard toward them, and she heard the girl laugh. And knew it wasn't Kitty. Or Bart. Just another blonde girl, another dark, handsome man. And disappointment twisted at her heart.

Early afternoon. She was on a strange street, Los Angeles, Glendale, Hollywood, anywhere. The thousandth street she had walked, searching. The baby in the carriage was five months old, maybe six, had honey hair. Her heart leaped, as always. Maybe now, maybe this time. Then she went closer, saw that the baby's eyes were hazel, not blue. Not Joyce. Her heart sank. And she went on to the end of the street, looking, looking, and went over a block and down the next street to its end, and went back to her room.

Early morning, dawn. In Needles, in Flagstaff, in Denver. She had slept two hours. She wakened with her baby's voice in her ears, her baby's arms reaching out to her. Wakened alone in the drab, silent room. To know that it was the dream, the nightmare. Wakened to cry in loneliness again.

Late afternoon. In Omaha, in Des Moines, in Peoria. Time to dress and go to work. The shouts, the laughter of children in the street outside her window, children who had mothers, who were loved and cherished. And the knife twisting in her heart. She deafened her ears, and thought: Must I go on this way forever? Can I never say, never believe, that she is well and happy and loved and cared for? Isn't that enough? And the answer: No, that is not enough. She dressed and got on the bus and went to work, to her night job in a diner where transients came with their talk, their gossip, their exchange of news. Waiting, hoping, searching. . . .

She sipped at her coffee, now, and she watched the slow, peaceful breathing of Joyce there in the bed. Only yesterday—could it have been only yesterday?—she had wakened to the nightmare again, the voice, the reaching arms. And known at last where she was, where they were, all three of them. Known that Kitty was Kay, Barry was Bart, and Joy was Joyce. Knowing that she had done it all wrong, in confronting them, but knowing they were there. And not knowing what to do next.

Not knowing, but so driven by habit that she dressed and took the bus to the local shopping center. To a place where people gathered, where she could watch, listen, search. The daily habit of so many months, the way of life, the pattern. She went to the shopping center and she ate a bite of lunch, watching, listening. And knew that it was all meaningless now, needless. She had found them. The search was ended.

Then she remembered that she needed a new lipstick. One of the girls at the diner last night had said, "Norma, you're pale as a ghost. Go put on some lipstick. Fix yourself up." The girl didn't know why she was so pale, didn't know she had gone to the Bartram house only a few hours before, made her fruitless plea. Norma went to the rest room and was so nervous that after she had used her lipstick she dropped it down the toilet.

So she went to the ten-cent store to buy a new one. And there they were, the dumpy nurse and the baby. Joyce. She hadn't expected to see them. But here they were. Without any plan at all she followed them to the notions counter. Just to be near her baby, the baby who had been in her dreams all those long, lonely nights.

The nurse was busy, talking to the sales girl. Joyce looked up, saw Norma, smiled. As though she knew. As though she, too, knew of the looking, listening, searching. Norma reached out and took Joyce's small warm hand. And they walked away together. Out the door, onto the street, like any mother and her child.

They walked to the bus stop, waited with the crowd, and Norma leaned down and kissed Joyce's cheek, the kiss that had waited so long. She touched the silken hair.

They got on the bus, found a seat, and the bus rolled down the busy street. Once Joyce asked for Gerda. Once she said. "Where are we going?" Norma said, "We're going to our house, darling. To Mommie's house." Joyce watched the street, spoke shyly once of a mongrel dog, and again of a group of children playing. And she smoothed her crisp pink dress and rubbed at a smudge on one white shoe and whispered, "Joy mustn't soil her pretty dress."

Then they were in Calvert and off the bus. They went down the street and up the walk and into the house, and Norma told Mrs. Willibert. "This is my little girl, Joyce."

Mrs. Willibert said, "The minute I saw you coming I knew she was yours. Oh, isn't she pretty? How old is she?"

"Going on three. She'll be three next March. She's been with my sister."

"And now you're going to have her for a few days. . . . How would you like a cookie, dear?"

They went to Mrs. Willibert's kitchen and the woman gave Joyce a sugar cookie. Norma said, "My husband and I aren't living together, and—"

"I understand," Mrs. Willibert said. "One of my girls got a divorce. It's hard. She had two children. But she's married to a good man now."

"I'll have to go to work tonight," Norma said. "I'll have to make arrangements. . . ." She hesitated. Arrangements, plans. She must have time, time!

Mrs. Willibert said, "Of course. I'll take care of her. I'd love to. You'll stay with Granny Willibert, won't you, dear? While Mother goes to work?"

Joyce looked from one to the other of them, bewildered, and Norma saw in her face both the questions and the wish to please. Still not understanding. Joyce nodded solemnly and said, "Yes."

And that was settled, so simply, so easily.

She brought Joyce up here, to the room. In privacy at last, alone with her. Norma took her into her lap, held her close, said over and over, "My baby, my baby, my baby." And Joyce snuggled against her, warm and soft and belonging there. Snuggled and sighed as in contentment, as though she had never known loving arms around her, had hungered for them.

And Norma knew that she had been right: care and comfort were not enough; mother love was needed too. Joyce had had everything but love from the Bartrams.

There was so much to say, and there were so few words with which to say it. She said, "Joyce, dear, I'm your Mommie. Your own Mommie. Say it, darling—say 'Mommie.'"

"Mommie," Joyce said obediently.

"You are going to be with me now. With your own Mommie. You'll like that, won't you, Joyce?"

The solemn, questioning look. The tentative smile, the nod, the quiet, obedient, "Yes."

"We'll have fun, lots of fun."

The baffled look, and then the expected, "Yes."

Norma sensed the whole story, in that one look, and she ached for the child. Joyce wanted so desperately to please, to do what was wanted. Like a bewildered puppy. Oh, my darling, my darling, she thought. You've been told, "Do this, do that, be a good girl, don't soil your pretty dress." By nursemaids hired to look after you. You've never had a mother, until now. . . .

It was a quarter after five. Norma finished her coffee and rinsed the cup. She set out a bowl of cereal and a glass of milk. And at last she wakened the baby.

Joyce opened her eyes, looked around the room bewildered, and sat up in bed. Norma was sitting on the bed beside her. "Good morning, darling," Norma said. "You don't know where you are, do you? You're with Mommie. Remember?"

Joyce yawned, closed her eyes tight, rubbed a fist in one eye. She murmured, "Gerda."

"No, Joyce. Mommie. Put your head up and give your Mommie a wake-up kiss."

Joyce held up her face, kissed Norma as she had been told to.

"And a wake-up hug."

Joyce hugged her, a token hug.

"Oh, a real hug! Like this." Norma held her to her, hugged her close. Joyce looked up and laughed, the first real laugh Norma had heard from her.

"There!" Norma said. "Every day there's a wake-up kiss and a wake-up hug. And every night there's a go-to-sleep hug and kiss. And in between—" she kissed both cheeks and the sweet, soft nape of Joyce's neck—"lots of hugs and kisses!"

Joyce giggled and lay back and kicked the bed covers. Then she stopped and bit her lip and shook her head. "Mustn't kick the covers," she said.

Norma reached down and took one chubby foot in her hand. "Kick the covers all you want to," she said. "Mommie doesn't mind."

Joyce's eyes opened wide with wonder. She kicked once, twice, then thrashed her feet. Suddenly doubtful again, she stopped and looked at Norma for a moment and whispered, half to herself, tentatively, tasting the word, "Mommie, Mommie, Mommie."

"Now," Norma said, "a bath, get dressed, eat breakfast, and get ready to go. We're going on a trip, darling. A long, long trip in a car."

She dressed the child and sat her at the table and urged her to eat. Joyce drank the milk but only played with the cereal. Norma finally got a few spoonfuls down her and decided it was too early, too long before her usual breakfast time. Besides, she probably had been stuffed with cookies by Mrs. Willibert last night.

It must have been a thoroughly mixed-up evening for Joyce. Norma had left at four-thirty to go to work and had come back unexpectedly early. She told Mrs. Willibert she'd got off early to be with Joyce, and brought the child upstairs. She hadn't much more than tucked Joyce in bed when Mrs. Willibert came up and said, "There's a man downstairs to see you, Mrs. Madison. He says he's your cousin and has a message for you."

Norma's impulse was to cry, "No, no! It's Barry Bartram, and he's come to take her away from me!" But she downed the panic and asked, "What sort of man? What does he look like?"

"He's a rather nice-looking man," Mrs. Willibert said. "Young, and medium-dark. I asked was he your husband, but he said no."

Norma had the presence to say, "No. No, he's not Bill. Is he tall and surly-looking?"

"Well, not overly tall. And he has a nice smile."

"I'd better see him." Get it over with, face the worst. "Would you—would you mind taking Joyce down with you while I talk to him?"

"Not at all, dearie."

"And could you go down the back stairs?"

"Of course." Mrs. Willibert took Joyce in her arms.

When they were gone, Joyce safely out of sight, Norma went quietly down the hallway to the head of the stairs. And saw Chris, waiting. A stranger, vaguely familiar but still a stranger. And she thought: I can't. Then told herself: I must. Get it over and done with, whoever he is.

Chris came upstairs. And listened. And believed. And left, having given her the first hope, the first friendly understanding she had known.

Then she went downstairs, her story now easy to tell to Mrs. Willibert. It had been her cousin. She and Joyce were going away with him tomorrow morning.

Mrs. Willibert had questions, harmless questions; but Norma said she was too excited to talk about it now. She was going back to her family? Yes. Going back home? Yes. Mrs. Willibert said, "Bless you, dear. I know it will all work out for the best." And kissed her cheek and kissed the sleeping Joyce and said good-by. . . .

It was twenty of six, now. Norma washed Joyce's face and looked around the room. It was like dozens of other rooms she had known, lived in for a few days, a few weeks. Impersonal as a bus station. A stopping place, a perch for a homeless bird.

Someday, she thought, we'll have a home. Now that I've found her. Now that we're together. Someday.

She had never before been able to plan, to think of having a home. Now she could think of it without really planning. A home, security, peace.

She walked about the room, making sure she hadn't forgotten anything. She set her bags beside the door, ready. Then she sat down and took Joyce in her lap. Before Chris arrived, she had to know about Joyce and the Bartrams, what names she called them, and how much she would miss them.

"Darling," she said, "do you know your name? Tell me what your name is."

Joyce frowned, puzzling. Then she looked up, smiled, and said, "Joy."

"Joyce, darling. Say 'Joyce.'"

"Joysss." It was unfamiliar, hard to say.

"And your other name?"

Joyce was baffled. She didn't understand.

Norma sighed with relief. "Madison," she said. "Your name is Joyce Madison. Say it."

"Joy-sss Mad-sss-on."

Norma hugged her happily. "Now," she said, "what is Mommie's name?"

Again the bewilderment, the bafflement.

"Do you know any other name for Mommie?"

Still no answer.

"Who took care of you, darling, before you were with Mommie?"

"Gerda," Joyce said solemnly.

"Gerda," Norma told her, "has gone away."

"Gerda says no, no, no!"

Norma smiled. "And Mommie says yes, yes, yes! Doesn't she?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Mommie lets you kick the covers."

Joyce laughed delightedly.

"Who is Kay?" Norma asked, carefully.

"Motherkay." Joyce said it automatically, making it all one word. There was no emotion in it, none.

"Barry?" Norma asked.

Joyce frowned, tightened her lips and slowly shook her head. She wouldn't say the name in any combination.

Norma kissed her, thankfully, and she said, "Maybe you can learn to say Chris. Can you say, 'Chris'? Chris is coming soon to get us and take us on a long trip in the car. Say 'Chris.'"

Joyce tried, managed only a complex hiss. Norma laughed at her and Joyce laughed back.

Norma picked up a magazine, opened to an advertisement showing a man. "Who is that?" she asked.

Joyce studied it for a moment, then said, "Daddy-man."

"No, Joyce. Just a man." She turned to another page with a picture of another man.

Joyce stabbed at it with a chubby finger. "Daddy-man."

"Man," Norma corrected her.

"Man," Joyce said. But under her breath she said, "Daddy-man."

Norma gave up. She had learned what she wanted to know. Kay Bartram meant almost nothing to Joyce, nothing but a name, "Motherkay," with no meaning whatever. And she wouldn't even speak Barry's name. Gerda obviously had been the one who cared for her, gave her any mothering she'd had. Gerda, who said, "No, no, no."

And Norma knew that no matter what happened now, it was going to be all right. It was as it should be. She had Joyce. Joyce at last had a mother.

She started to get up, to take the bags and go downstairs and wait at the door for Chris Mallory. And suddenly Joyce leaned against her, hugged her, and said, "Mommie, Mommie, Mommie." And all the doubts, all the wonders, all the hurts of two and a half years of searching went out of Norma Madison.

CHAPTER 7

Chris was sure he hadn't been asleep more than an hour when the alarm went off, but he turned on the light just to check. It was after five. He groaned and sat up. At first he didn't know why he had set the alarm for that hour. Then he remembered. Or thought he did. Just to prove it, though, he looked for his bag, found it packed, and set coffee to perk while he dressed. At five-thirty, fortified but not really alerted by two cups of black coffee, he locked his apartment, got his car and headed for the village of Calvert. To pick up Norma.

He was almost there and the sun was half an hour high before he rallied his senses and memories, saw that the mist was beginning to lift from the river, that there were virtually no cars on the road, and that it was going to be a nice day. Then he was in the village. Nobody seemed to be up except a few night workers returning home. He turned down Twelfth Street to Elm.

Norma was waiting at the door. She came out, waved to him, and set her suitcase on the porch. He went to get it and she went back inside. A few minutes later she returned carrying a tote bag and a little blonde girl in a pink dress. Chris gasped. In all his plans he had completely skipped over the baby.

As Norma came down the walk he barely noticed that she was wearing a tan tweed suit and had a blue silk scarf over her hair. Or that she was smiling, happy as a young wife off on a surprise vacation. All Chris could think of was a trip he had made with Ellen and Tom and Tommy to Greenwood Lake when Tommy was a small baby. A fantastic trip—milk bottles, soggy zwieback, wet diapers, and a stop at every other filling station.

"Good morning!" Norma said, her voice lilting. Chris automatically got out and opened the door, helped her in. She settled herself, the baby in her lap, and Chris got behind the wheel. The baby stared at him and then smiled happily and said, "Daddy-man!" and buried her face against Norma's shoulder.

"No, darling," Norma said. "This is Chris."

"*Uncle* Chris," he said, "if you don't mind."

"Apparently," Norma said, "she calls all men 'Daddy-man.'"

"I'm still Uncle Chris," he said. "Unx, if that's any easier."

"I'll do my best," Norma said.

Chris drove to the next corner and turned right, back toward the main highway. Then he made a quick change in plans. Until they were well out of the area he had better keep to back streets and side roads. Barry Bartram might still be wandering around. Or he might have called in the police, despite what Kay had said.

He turned down a side street and cut through a residential area. Off here somewhere was a back road that paralleled the highway. Eventually he would have to cross the river, and there was no way across except the toll bridge. But he would face that when the time came.

Norma said, "I'll have to stop somewhere and get a few things for Joyce. Later. Overalls and T-shirts and a sweater, and pajamas. And we'll have to get milk somewhere. She wouldn't eat much breakfast."

Joyce was standing on the seat between them. Chris glanced at her. Her face, even in its baby contours, was vaguely like Norma's. The first time he'd seen her, out at Barkay, he'd thought she looked like Kay. Then he noticed the shoulder-length hair, honey-blonde, silk-fine, straight. Norma had tied a small pink bow in it.

That hair, he thought, would be a dead giveaway if an alarm went out. Anyone could see that long, blonde hair from a block away.

"Have you got a pair of scissors?" he asked Norma.

"In my suitcase. Why?"

Luckily, he had tossed her bag onto the back seat instead of putting it in the trunk with his. "Get them," he ordered.

"What for?"

"You're going to cut her hair."

"No!" Norma was aghast. "Her hair is lovely! I like it long."

Chris was still smarting from his own surprise at having the baby along. He knew he was being brusque, but he also knew that hair had to be cut. "Get the scissors."

"She's my baby!" Norma was a mother assailed. She wasn't having anyone tell her what to do with Joyce.

There had to be a showdown. Chris was in the mood to force it. Besides, he knew that his demand made sense, whether Norma thought it was reasonable or not.

"Get those scissors!" he ordered sharply. "If the Bartrams called in the cops, they gave them her description. She's going to get a Dutch bob, right now. It will change her whole appearance."

Pale with anger, Norma knelt on the seat, reached into the back, opened her suitcase and finally found the scissors.

"Square it off right below the ears."

"But—"

Chris slowed the car almost to a stop. "Are you going to cut her hair, or am I going to have to do it?"

"Don't you touch her!"

"Cut!"

Norma took a deep breath. What he was saying made sense, and she knew it. But to cut Joyce's hair, to change her in any way—Oh, that lovely long, silky hair! The way it lay on the pillow this morning. The way it shone when she brushed it. It set off her face, made her sweet and darling. She wanted to cry: She's *my* child! I'll do what I please with her! You aren't the one who cried for her night after night!

And she knew Chris was right. And still it hurt. She snipped the first lock.

"And scatter the trimmings," Chris said. "Let the wind blow them away, so they won't all be in one place."

After the first snip it wasn't really so hard.

They were out of the village. Norma snipped and tossed the fine golden hair out the car window, lock by lock, still as reluctant as though she were wrenching each hair out by the roots.

Halfway through, Norma was almost crying. She stopped. "Keep going," Chris ordered. "Cut it off."

"But—"

He slowed the car, reached for the scissors.

Thin-lipped with anger, Norma snipped again. At last she had it all cut the same length. "She looks terrible!" she said.

"Now cut bangs," Chris ordered. "Straight across her forehead."

Norma cut the bangs. "Now," she exclaimed, "she looks just like any nondescript little girl!"

"That," Chris said, "is exactly what I wanted." He saw that the child's whole appearance had changed. Her cheeks looked fuller, her eyes wider apart. She didn't look like Joy Bartram. That was the important thing.

Joyce stood up in the seat again and shook her head to feel the swish of the short hair at her ears. "Tick-les!" she said, and she laughed.

Norma put the scissors away in hurt silence. Finally she said, "You make me feel like a criminal, or something. Like a—a fugitive."

Chris didn't make the obvious answer. He was watching the mirror and he was watching the road ahead. They had met only two cars, and no cars had passed them from behind. But Chris was wary, almost jumpy. Even on the back road he was driving with meticulous caution, careful to observe the speed limit.

They drove for an hour and then they had to cross the river. There was no way around the toll bridge. Chris turned onto the highway half a mile from the bridge, and he held his breath as they approached the toll booth. The man there yawned as he took the fare and didn't even glance at Norma or the baby. Then they were heading west toward the state line fifty miles away. The first big hurdle was over.

Chris's stomach began to growl. Maybe Norma had had breakfast, but he hadn't. He watched for an obscure, backwater place to stop, some place where there would be no other customers.

It was twenty miles before he found a diner shabby enough to suit him. Nobody else was there. He pulled in and parked. Norma looked at him, questioning, and he said, "I haven't had any breakfast."

Norma shrugged, still annoyed. "I have."

"Then you'd rather stay in the car?"

"Yes."

So he went in alone and ordered ham and eggs. The pudgy, sad-eyed cook, the only person in the place, stood picking his teeth and staring out the windows while Chris ate.

Chris had almost finished when Norma and Joyce came in and went to the ladies' room. The cook eyed Norma and asked, "Your wife?"

"My sister."

"She don't eat breakfast?"

"No."

"Like my wife," the man said, reaching for a fresh toothpick. "Dieting, see? So she don't eat breakfast. So about ten o'clock she starts nibbling. Dieting, see? She eats a snack, then a bite, then another snack. Till noon. Then she has a cup of tea. Her dinner. And by two o'clock she's back at the snacks. Snack, snack, snack all afternoon. No breakfast, see? A cup of tea for dinner. She drives me nuts!"

Norma and Joyce came back, started for the door. Joyce turned, pointed to Chris and said, "Daddy-man!"

The cook looked at him. Chris blushed. He paid his check and hurried out to the car.

Joyce was demanding milk, and Norma said, "We'd better get it now." So Chris gritted his teeth and went back and bought a carton of milk. The man handed him two paper cups. "Tell your sister," he said, "the cups is on the house." He made "sister" a nasty word, and his grin was a leer.

Driving on, Chris turned to Norma. "Never do that again."

"Do what?"

"Come in a place and let her call me 'Daddy.' I'd just told him you were my sister. If you're going to stay in the car, stay in the car."

"You're giving orders?" Norma asked angrily.

"Yes, I'm giving orders. From here on we'll stop at gas stations. And we'll eat at roadside places at odd hours."

"Really," Norma said, "you didn't have to lie about me, did you? You didn't have to say I was your sister."

"No? You're just a friend I happened to pick up. And then you come in and she calls me Daddy!"

Norma didn't answer. It all seemed so unreasonable! And Chris wasn't at all like he had been last night. Then he had been understanding, had known how she felt. This morning he had been out of sorts from the start, as though he regretted saying he would come. As though he didn't want to come, didn't want to bring her.

Then she thought: Maybe he's changed his mind. Maybe he will leave me at the next gas station or roadside diner. And she thought: I had to get away. I had to go somewhere. I couldn't stay there. And he has taken me away, brought me this far. I should be grateful for that. I am grateful.

She sat in silence, going over and over it. Last night he had made the plans. Now she made plans alone, planned what she would do when Chris Mallory decided he wouldn't take her any farther, when he sent her into some diner or filling station and drove away as soon as she was out of sight. But, she decided, until that happened she would be thankful for this much. And she would not quarrel.

They drove until nine o'clock without a word between them. Then Chris turned on the radio and searched for a news program. He found one. It started off with an item about a minor strike in Cleveland. Chris listened to the next item and then turned off the radio, relieved.

Joyce was talking to Norma, pointing out cows and chickens on the farms along the way. The child talked a good deal, had a fair vocabulary. Chris couldn't make out some of the words, but Norma seemed to understand. Maybe, he thought, because mothers instinctively know what their babies are trying to say.

Chris glanced at the speedometer. They were making good time, had come more than a hundred miles. If he didn't have to make too many stops he would put four hundred miles behind them today. A hundred miles this early in the day meant—

Then he realized that they had crossed the state line. Forty miles back. It hit him like a blow.

They had crossed a state line. Transporting a child that was technically—Oh, good Lord! If the Bartrams did call in the police, they would call it kidnaping. The police would call in the FBI. It automatically became a federal crime after twenty-four hours. Or if the abducted person was transported across a state line. And the penalty for kidnaping was death.

There was a knot in his belly as big as his fist. Nausea crept through him. He was lightheaded. His eyes began to blur. Kidnaping. And, no matter how you tried to rationalize it, he was a party to it. A principal. If it *was* kidnaping.

"What's the matter?" Norma asked. It was the first thing she had said to him in an hour.

Chris shook his head. He couldn't answer. He slowed down and his eyes began to clear. The nausea eased and only the knot in his belly remained.

"What is the matter?" Norma asked again. "You're awfully pale. Are you sick?"

"I'll be all right." He opened his window wide and gulped the fresh, cool air. Now he had begun to sweat.

If he had believed her enough last night to propose this trip, he told himself, he had to believe her now. Last night, though, he hadn't thought about the baby. That changed things.

Or did it, really? Norma was either telling the truth or she was lying in her teeth. Was he an utter fool, completely taken in? Had he followed an impulse again and jumped right into the middle of something? Something bigger, far worse, than he had even imagined?

Maybe. And yet, he still believed her. It added up, no matter how you looked at it. It made sense, in some fantastic way. Then he told himself that truth is one thing, but proof of truth is something else again.

But there wasn't any way out, now. He was in this right up to his ears, in just as deep as Norma because he was an accessory. He was the one who had transported the child across the state line. He was even the one who'd suggested their coming on the trip together.

Then it struck him. There *was* a way out. Very simple. He could make a big circle, go back. Get back across the state line. Stop somewhere for lunch. Send Norma and the baby in. Get them out of the car. Then run. Run like hell. And head for Bermuda. Just as he'd told Ellen and Tom he was going to do. The perfect alibi.

And he knew he could never do that. He knew he had to keep going, get Norma to New Mexico. He had believed in her. He still believed. A man lives by his beliefs. This wasn't a manufactured story line, a make-believe drama. That was it. He was a man, or he wasn't. Simple as that.

The belly cramps were easing. He had stopped sweating. He stepped up the speed and turned to Norma and said again, "I'm all right. Just a little dizzy spell. That was a pretty lousy breakfast place I picked."

Norma watched him for a moment and then turned back to Joyce, who was getting restless. Norma showed her how to make a church and steeple with her chubby fingers. "Open the doors and see all the people!"

Joyce shouted with delighted laughter. "Do it again. Mommie!" she cried. "Do it again!"

Chris didn't stop for lunch until one-thirty. He chose a roadside place with only two cars in front of it, and he sent Norma and Joyce in alone. He was starving, but he said he had to study a map, plan their route. The truth was that he couldn't face even a harried waitress.

He watched every car that went past, and when Norma came back, bringing an egg-salad sandwich and a carton of coffee for him, he couldn't eat. He drank the coffee and drove on, nibbling at the sandwich for a little while and then tossing it out.

Norma got in the back seat to put Joyce to sleep.

Mid-afternoon they came to a larger town. The highway went down the main street, and Norma saw a children's shop and said, "Please stop. I've simply got to get her something to wear."

Chris's impulse was to say no. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was stop here in town, be inspected by every passer-by on the street. Then he thought of Joyce in the pink dress, the dress that would be described in every alarm that went out if the police were notified. She would be much less conspicuous in overalls. He half gave in, but he said, "Are you going to wake her up? She'll cry and make a scene."

"I don't have to wake her," Norma said. "I know her size, near enough. Please, Chris."

"Toss your jacket over her," Chris ordered. And he drove around the block, went back past the store. There wasn't a parking place in sight. He went around the block again, almost headed the wrong way into a one-way street, and at last found an open slot on the main street a block from the store. He parked and Norma got out and hurried away.

For five minutes Chris sat at the wheel—tense, wary of every passing eye. He wondered what was taking Norma so long. The wild thought came that maybe *she* was running out on *him*. That she had made a break for it, left the baby.

Then he knew she wouldn't do that. Not if she had risked her neck to get the baby in the first place.

He looked at his watch. She had been gone ten minutes. He turned and watched for her in the sidewalk crowd. Not a sign of her. And Joyce was getting to her knees, rubbing her eyes.

A voice said, "Hey, Mack!" A gruff voice.

Chris knew even before he turned that it was a policeman. Some sixth sense. He turned slowly, saw the uniform, held his breath. The policeman said, "How about the meter? Want a parking ticket?"

Chris was so relieved that he almost laughed. He'd forgotten all about the parking meter. He jerked the door open, stepped into the path of an oncoming car, dodged aside, and slid past the car ahead to the meter. He thrust a nickel in the slot, turned the handle and went back to the car. Joyce was eyeing the policeman sleepily and the policeman was grinning at her, winking, making funny faces. She saw Chris and cried, "Daddy-man!" and held out her arms. The policeman went on up the street.

Chris got behind the wheel, dazed. Joyce was bouncing on the back seat, chanting, "Mommie, mommie! Daddy, daddy!" Chris turned and lifted her into the front seat beside him. She watched him for a moment with a shy smile, then edged toward him, snuggled against him. And every ounce of anger, annoyance, even of worry, drained out of him.

She looked up at him and put her hands up and tried to make a church and steeple of her fingers. The fingers wouldn't go together right, but she made two chubby fists and opened them and said softly, "See all the people."

Chris put an arm around her and hugged her to him and kissed the top of her head.

When Norma finally returned, two bundles under her arm, she found Chris twining his fingers into a church and steeple and Joyce happily shouting, "See all the mommies and daddies and little boys and little girls!"

But the delight couldn't last. Joyce was tired, she was frustrated by the confinement of the car, and she wanted milk again within another half an hour. Norma tested the milk Chris had bought at the diner that morning and found it was sour, probably old milk to start with. She asked him to stop at the next place.

But the next place was crowded. Chris took one look and drove on. He drove ten miles and passed two more places, and Norma finally said, "I suppose you're still angry with me about this morning. And about having to stop and get clothes for her. But do you have to take it out on her?" Chris didn't answer. It was another ten miles before he found another roadside place. Norma, herself tired and angry by then, went in and bought milk, and they went on. But now Joyce didn't want milk.

Sunset, and they had come almost four hundred miles. But Chris kept on driving. Norma asked, and he said he wasn't stopping till after dark. His eyes burned, his arms ached, and he had that pain between the shoulder blades that comes from long tension at the wheel. Joyce had cried herself out and drunk the milk and gone to sleep again. Norma was sagging with weariness.

At a quarter of eight Chris pulled up at a crossroad with two small motels. The better-looking of the two was all full. At the desk of the other one a suspicious-looking woman said she had only one unit left, a two-room suite with connecting bath. Chris said that was just what he was looking for. She seemed even more suspicious, but she let him have it.

The rooms were plain but clean. Chris lay on the bed in his room and tried to relax while Norma freshened herself and Joyce. Then they went down the road half a mile to the only restaurant in the area.

Joyce was so tired that she fell asleep even before they ordered. Norma laid her on the booth seat, and they ate cold, overcooked vegetables and something listed on the menu as pot roast. Ate in silence. And went back to the motel.

Chris carried Joyce in and put her on Norma's bed. As he turned to leave, Norma said, "I'm sorry, Chris, that I got so mad about her hair."

Chris had forgotten the haircut. It seemed weeks ago, and it was minor, so unimportant now. "Forget it," he said wearily. "Tomorrow's another day. Good night."

He returned to his room and fell into bed, almost too tired to sleep. He had just drifted off when there was a knock at the door. He leaped from bed, bumped into the big armchair, grabbed his robe, stood for a moment wondering how the police had caught up so quickly, in this remote spot.

He went to the door and opened it, wondering what the first question would be.

A woman was there, the woman from the office. She

had a bundle in her arms. "I'm sorry," she said. "I hoped you wouldn't be in bed yet." She thrust the bundle at him. "I just remembered there wasn't any blanket in your room. You'll likely need one."

He scarcely heard her, but he took the blanket. He felt that she was peering past him, trying to look into the room. Then she was gone.

He spread the blanket and got back into bed, thinking that he should have turned on the light so she could see that he was alone in the room. Then he remembered that he had registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Bates and baby. And he began to laugh.

A few minutes later he got up, took the blanket off his bed, folded it and went into the bathroom. He tapped on Norma's door. When she answered he said, "The woman from the office brought a blanket for you. I'll leave it here." And he went back and pulled the chenille cover up over his sheets and went back to bed and to sleep.

CHAPTER 8

It was evening of the second day. Chris had been at the wheel almost fourteen hours, and he still had put only about three hundred and fifty more miles behind them. He had lost almost an hour on a confusing detour, had stopped three times to buy vitamins, fruit juice and milk for Joyce, and one tire had blown out and had to be replaced. They had eaten nothing but sandwiches and coffee all day. Chris was dog-tired, and when oncoming headlights began to blind him completely he found a wide shoulder and drew off the road and parked the car.

"What's the matter?" Norma asked.

"I'm beat," Chris said, shutting off the engine and dimming the lights. "I've got to rest my eyes."

"I began to think you were going to drive all night," she said. It was almost eight-thirty.

"I may," Chris said. He put his head down on his arms across the wheel.

Later, how much later he didn't know, a heavy hand on his shoulder wakened him. A voice demanded, "Let's see your license."

Chris straightened up, wondering where he was. Just then the lights of an oncoming car gave him a quick look at the state trooper's uniform.

Chris reached for his wallet, fumbled in it for his driver's license and car registration. Full consciousness returned, and for an instant he hoped the chase was over with. Anything to be through with this nightmare.

The trooper waited. At last Chris found the registration. The trooper took it, went to the front of the car to compare numbers. And Chris felt the tension in Norma, beside him. It was almost like a hand gripping his arm with desperate fingers, though she hadn't said a word or made a move.

The trooper returned to the window and Chris handed him his driver's license. He examined it in the beam of his flashlight, handed both cards back to Chris. Then he flipped the flashlight beam into the back seat where Joyce was asleep, hunched face down, knees under her, Norma's jacket covering all but one cheek and a tousel of golden hair.

The trooper snapped off his light. "Finish your nap," he said, his voice casual and friendly. "I don't want to find you in the ditch down the road somewhere."

But Chris was fully awake now. When the trooper had left he drove on. He drove eight miles and found a motel with a vacancy and checked in for the night.

The next morning when he tapped on her door to waken her, Norma came to the door fully dressed. "If you want to call it quits," she said, "just say so."

Chris blinked, trying to take in her words.

"After yesterday . . ." She hesitated.

Chris closed the door without a word, shaved, dressed, packed his bag and put it in the car. Then he went in for Norma. She was sitting in the big chair, Joyce in her lap.

"Well?" he said.

"If you want to go back alone," she said, "go on."

"Have I said anything about going back?"

"No, but . . ."

He took Joyce in one arm, picked up Norma's bag and went out to the car. Norma followed him.

It was mid-afternoon of the third day and they were fifty miles southwest of St. Louis on Route 66. Ever since they had stopped for lunch Norma had been thinking about Chris, thinking she had never known anyone as unselfish as he was. She had meant every word of it when she had suggested that he go back alone. For his sake. She hadn't wanted him to go. She had been both relieved and disturbed when he hadn't gone. But she had to suggest it, because it was incredible that he should continue this search with its unresolved questions and persisting dangers. She could go on alone. For more than two years she had gone alone. But since he had come that night, the loneliness was receding. It was a strange feeling, a new feeling. Something she hadn't known in a long time.

Chris turned on the radio for a news report. She listened, feeling his tenseness. There were two items out of Washington. Then the announcer said, "Police are looking for a two-tone blue Chevrolet sedan—"

She saw Chris stiffen, heard him catch his breath, and she said over and over to herself, No, no, not now! Please, God, not now.

"—headed west," the radio voice went on, "either on Route 66 or Route 50. The driver—"

She saw Chris's eyes go to the mirror. She glanced around, saw a black car closing in from behind. Dear God, she prayed, what shall I say? How can I say it? How can I tell them that Chris hadn't any part in it, that he just—

The black car honked imperiously. She felt Chris touch the brake. The other car drew alongside, seemed to hesitate an instant. Then she saw that the driver was a girl. A blackhaired girl wearing sunglasses. She was alone in the black car, and she shot ahead, swept skillfully back into the right-hand lane and went on, at all of seventy miles an hour.

"—may be dangerous," the radio voice was saying. "He is about forty-five years old, swarthy complexion, dark mustache. Car carries Illinois license tags, number—"

Chris flipped off the radio. Norma knew she was crying, sitting there with tears running down her cheeks, not sobbing, not making a sound, just hugging Joyce and thanking God.

"All over," Chris said. "False alarm."

She nodded. He held out a hand and she gripped his fingers. He didn't say a word, but he must have known that the tension had finally broken. The tension that had been building up in her ever since the trooper wakened Chris in the darkness at the roadside.

She asked him to stop while she put Joyce in the back seat for her nap. Joyce settled down comfortably and Norma got back in front with Chris, and he drove on.

After a while she said, "Chris, it's too much to ask."

He made no answer.

"I knew it last night," she went on. "Even before the trooper came. While you were asleep. I knew I shouldn't have let you come. I shouldn't have used you."

"You—you *used* me?" His voice had amazement,

and when he turned to look at her there was swelling anger in his eyes.

"Of course I used you! I had to get away!" Then the words spilled out, to stem his anger. "Oh, Chris, I didn't *want* to use you! But I didn't know where to turn. And when you said you would bring me . . ."

"So," he said slowly, "you dreamed up a story. Just to help you get away." His voice was bitter.

The bitterness was like a knife in her. "No, Chris!" she exclaimed. "No!"

"You dreamed it up," he insisted. "To get away before the Bartrams closed in. Or the police."

"No!" She couldn't let him believe that, no matter what happened now. "It's true, every word I told you is true. But I had to get away. You *told* me I had to get away! And even if you left me after a day or two . . ." She hesitated. Her voice was almost a whisper as she went on. "Oh, Chris, every night I've said to myself that if you were gone in the morning, at least you had done this much for me. Chris, every morning when you were still there I thanked God."

But Chris was still struggling with something within himself. "Norma," he said, "where was Joyce born?"

"In New Mexico."

"And she is your baby? You are her mother?"

"Chris," she said quietly, "if you don't believe me, who else is there?"

He drove in silence for some time. At last he said, "I guess you took a chance too, didn't you?"

"About what?"

"Coming with me. A complete stranger who just dropped in out of the night. You took a chance with strangers before, and . . ." He didn't finish it.

"You don't seem like a stranger," she said. "It seems as though I've always known you."

He nodded. "And I've known you," he said, "ever since—well, ever since you were a little kid in Pine Bluffs, Wyoming. That's the way it seems, anyway."

Intimacy created understanding. They both sensed that. You unburden yourself, as Norma did that night in her room, and you unconsciously create a mutual bond. You face dangers together, real dangers or potential ones, and the link strengthens. You spend unrelieved hours and days together, as in the car, and you come to know, almost without words, the essence of each other's being. You participate in each other's life as you almost never do in the glancing contacts of everyday existence.

Now the urge to share completely loosened Chris's own memories. He began to tell her about his childhood.

"They took my mother to a sanitarium with tuberculosis when I was nine years old. She was there two years." And he told Norma about his loneliness, how he turned to books. He remembered and tried to tell her about his growing sense of self, apart from his family. He told her about his school years. "That's where I first discovered drama. The great plays. A whole new world." And he told about his discovery that he could lose himself in that other world, even create it, after a fashion, in the immature plays and stories he wrote. The world of his own imagination.

A childhood so different from hers, she thought. And yet, she could understand. She too had known loneliness, the need to escape from it. She had thought she'd found another world when she married Bill Madison. A world of love and marriage. And for a time she was content. Oh, they had a good marriage. But Bill had a world of his own, and she was only an adjunct to it, the person to whom he came back from time to time.

Once Bill said, "I'm never really alive, kid, unless I'm in the air." Once he said, "Of course I love you! You're the only woman there is. But life down here has only three dimensions, and up there. . . ." He shrugged. couldn't explain it.

She'd learned to live with it, learned that while love was all of her life it was only a part of his. Maybe that's the way it was with all women, but it wasn't what she'd dreamed of. She had dreamed of a home, and of a man she could turn to and count on. Emotional security. And those things didn't seem to matter to Bill. Home was just a place to come back to between flights, a furnished room somewhere. Love was laughter and a good time and goodby and happy landings. She never could depend on him for anything except a smile, a kiss, a what-the-hell, and ninety cents out of his last dollar. And she loved him. And yet never knew the meaning of security with him, or of a world of their own making. . . .

Chris was talking about his father. "Dad and I were always at odds, it seemed. I suppose we are just fundamentally different." And he talked about his father's devotion to the steel business, his insistence that Chris become a businessman, prepare himself to take over when his father stepped down.

Chris, Norma thought, was dependable. From that very first evening she had known that she could rely on him, believe in him. That was why she had been able to talk to him, tell him her whole story. That was why she had come with him.

"So I went into the office," Chris was saying. "I tried to make a go of it, and I found that I just wasn't cut out that way." And he told her about the eventual showdown, how his father fired him. "He told me to go to work or starve on a thousand dollars a year." He smiled. "I haven't starved yet, and I guess he's deeply disappointed."

Norma had listened in silence. Now she said, "You don't make your father sound at all like a monster. Didn't you ever think he wanted you to find yourself, decide what you really wanted to do with your life?"

Chris didn't answer her. She had touched a point that was too sore to examine. Mitch had come close to it, in Mitch's sardonic way, and Chris had backed away, refused to look at it too closely. Mitch had been talking about him in terms Chris could almost accept, but not entirely. Mitch, too, had been telling him to find out who he really was, what he wanted to be. And now Norma came out with the same thing.

"You could be right," he admitted. "I guess I've just been trying to be a high-priced hack."

She said, "Not many people have the security of a family like yours, Chris. Most people have to make the most of what they have. Are you going to make peace with your father now, and go back to work for him?"

"No. I've made my peace with him, as far as that goes. I could go back to work for him tomorrow. But I'm not going back. I'm going to write."

She said nothing more, but when he glanced at her he thought he saw approval in her; and he felt pride in himself, and self-respect. Without admitting it to himself, he wanted her approval. In a way, he had been talking to himself, summing things up for his own understanding; but he had also been trying to tell her who he was, what he stood for as a human being.

And Norma, being a woman, knew that—knew it as only a woman can, a woman who senses a closeness, an understanding, something very near to love. She had seen into Chris's heart, at least a little way, and had seen there a man of whom any woman could be proud. A man of whom she could be proud even if, when this journey was ended, there was nothing more than pride and tenderness to remember.

They went through Tulsa and Oklahoma City, heading toward Amarillo. As they drove across the rolling Oklahoma plains, with the occasional broad valley and trickling stream and cottonwoods turning rusty bronze, Norma exclaimed, "This begins to look like it! A little. Except that there aren't any adobe houses or beehive ovens."

"We're getting there," Chris said.

"Can you believe it, Chris, we had electric lights, but

Maria did all the baking for us in one of those ovens out in the yard!"

"And you still can't remember the name of the village?" They had gone over this several times.

Slowly she shook her head. "I don't think it had a name. Marie just called it 'the village.' There were only about a dozen houses. Ours was the biggest one. And a grove of cottonwoods down toward the river."

"Which river?" He had asked that before, too.

"I don't know which river! Just 'the river.' That's all Maria ever called it."

"What direction was the village from Socorro?"

"What direction? I'm not sure. There was a late moon the night we left. It came up just before we got to Socorro, and it was straight ahead of the car. That would be the east."

"Then you came in from the west."

"Yes. But the road was winding. I think we went north most of the way. I remember I saw the North Star once and recognized it."

She sat thinking for a minute and then said, "I remember my room. It was at the back of the house, the east side. I used to watch the sunrise. It was lovely through the bare cottonwoods."

"Then the village must have been on the west bank of the river."

"It must have."

"What was Maria's last name?" It was a surprise question. She hadn't been able to remember the name.

"Maria—Maria Sanchez!" Norma laughed triumphantly. "I got it! Maria Sanchez! She was sweet to me, and she loved Joyce. She wasn't over eighteen. I don't think she liked Kitty. Kay."

"What was the midwife's last name?"

"Juana—Oh, dear! I don't think I ever heard it. She was just Juana. Or Señora Juana. She was there only a few times, a few days. Maria was there the whole seven or eight weeks."

"Do you remember any other names?"

Norma slowly shook her head. "Not a one. . . . Wait a minute! Maria was going to be married. She told me all about him. He was tall and slim and very handsome. And his name was Luis—Luis Garcia!"

Chris glanced at her with a smile. It seemed a shame, but he had to tell her. "Norma," he said, "it's going to be like looking for the proverbial needle. You remember three names: Marie Sanchez, Luis Garcia, and Juana. In New Mexico those names are just about as unusual as Mary Smith, John Jones, and Jane Anything-You-Want-to-Call-Her."

All the triumph went out of her. She looked stunned.

There was still more he had to say. "And the village had no name that you can recall. It was just a village, and it was about an hour from Socorro, south of there, or maybe west. Right?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't give us much to go on, does it?"

"No."

They drove in silence another few miles. Then Norma asked, "What do you want to do?"

"Do? What is there to do but keep going, get down in that area, and find it. We should be in Socorro tomorrow afternoon."

"Then I'm sure I'll know," Norma said.

"I hope so. New Mexico is a big state."

They spent the night just west of Amarillo and were on the road again at sunup. Socorro was eight hours away.

Norma was quiet at breakfast, obviously abstracted. She fed Joyce automatically and ate almost nothing herself. Chris knew she was reaching for more memories.

When they were on the road again Chris asked, "Well, did you haul out any more names? Anything that will help us? Anything at all?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not. But I did remember something that happened when he came to see us."

"Who?"

"Bart. Barry, as he calls himself now. He came only two or three times while we were there. This time was just a week or so before Joyce was born. He got there early in the evening, and after Maria had got him something to eat Kitty told her she could have the night off. said she didn't have to come in till noon the next day. Oh. I told you, didn't I. that Maria thought Kitty and I were sisters? Kitty wanted it that way. and we made a kind of game of it.

"They sent Maria away and I went to bed. and I suppose they thought I was asleep. They were in the kitchen and it was very quiet in the house. so I could hear them if they talked above a whisper. He was complaining about the expenses, and she said, 'It's an investment. and you know it. An investment in our whole future.' He kept complaining, and finally she said, 'You tell Jake that I said if he doesn't line things up the way I want them I'll get another agent.' Bart said, 'All right, Mamma,' and he laughed. Then he said, 'After all. this pregnancy of yours was his idea.' He laughed again and she shushed him. I guess he had a bottle. I heard them getting out glasses and ice.

"And a little later I heard him ask, 'What will you do if the kid is redheaded, or if it has black hair?' She said. 'After all, she's a natural blonde.' Then they got to talking about money again, and I went to sleep. Does that add up to anything?"

"Nothing," Chris said. "that we hadn't already guessed. Except that maybe they had more plans than we thought. They didn't just pack you off to that hotel and leave you there on the spur of the moment."

"Oh, I'm sure of that now. But . . ." She hesitated, then asked, "You still believe me, don't you, Chris? Even if I can't remember the name of that village?"

"Right now," Chris said, "I believe every word you say. But I'll be a lot happier when we find that village."

They passed Tucumcari, and at Santa Rosa they crossed the Pecos and took the road southwest to Vaughn. At Vaughn they took the road to Bernardo. They were only a hundred miles from Socorro.

It was two-thirty when they reached Socorro, mid-afternoon of a warm late-September day. The leaves were just beginning to shake loose in the cottonwoods along the Rio Grande and the town had a hot, drowsy air. A few sunburned men in Levis and boots clumped along the sidewalk, but most of the people on the street wore clothes like those of Chicagoans or New Yorkers. Socorro was no longer in a foreign world of *siesta* and *mañana*.

Chris found a parking place and they went to a drugstore for milk shakes and sandwiches. Joyce had been remarkably good, considering the long, hot trip and the constant confinement in the car, but in the drugstore she began "showing off," as Norma called it. She stood up in their seat in the booth, and she demanded a whole milk shake of her own. No, she didn't want plain milk. And she insisted on using a straw, which she blew through instead of sucking. Finally she forced Chris to laugh at her, and Norma said, "Now we will have to go. She's going to be a clown."

They started to leave, but Joyce saw a calico dog in a showcase of stuffed toys and shouted, "My doggie!" She insisted she wanted it. Without asking Norma, Chris bought it for her.

They went back to the car. The calico dog was a great success. Joyce got in the back to put doggie to sleep for a nap. And Chris opened a New Mexico road map and began penciling a rough circle with Socorro at the center. Inside the circle were Magdalena to the west. Brigham to the east, and the upper end of Elephant Butte Reservoir to the south. He turned to Norma. "Are you sure it was an hour from Socorro?"

"We left the village just before nine that evening," she said. "and Kitty said it was ten o'clock when we got here."

Chris shook his head and stared at the map again. Norma reconstructed the evening, reaching for every detail. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, Chris, I'm sorry! We had a flat tire. Kitty was furious. They had a dreadful quarrel and it took him a long time to change the wheel. Maybe twenty minutes."

Chris sighed and drew a smaller circle. Such a little thing, Norma thought, and yet so important.

Chris looked at his watch. "A quarter after three," he said. "We'd better get set for the night before we start scouting."

She resented the delay, but knew it made sense. So he found a motel and checked in. They freshened up and left their bags. And Chris took the road west, the Magdalena road. The map showed a stream in that area.

It was twenty-seven miles to Magdalena, and Magdalena was too big a town. It couldn't be the village Norma had known. She wanted so desperately to say that this was it, to have the search at an end. But when they had driven down one street and back another she had to say, "No, Chris. I don't think we even came through here. I don't remember it at all."

They circled Magdalena, found nothing that stirred that thinnest memory. Norma wanted to say, It's no use, Chris. Give it up. Forget me and my search, and go back to your own family, your own life. Leave me here to search alone. Give it up! But she couldn't say the words.

They turned back toward Socorro. Nearing town, Chris turned south on the Las Cruces road, down the big river, the Rio Grande.

More villages. More clusters of houses. Cottonwoods and the river, but nothing familiar. Nothing.

Dusk crept over the hills. Chris turned and drove back to Socorro.

At dinner Norma was quiet and remote, thinking that now, tonight, she must tell him to go back.

"What's wrong?" Chris finally asked.

Tell him now? No. Wait a little longer, wait till they were alone. And she said, "I'm lost, Chris. I was so sure that once I got here I would know exactly where it was. And now—Oh, Chris, I'm all confused!" Then she whispered. "It's no use, Chris. Go back. Go on back alone."

He seemed not to hear. "Are you sure it was Socorro?"

"Yes."

Chris said nothing more. Joyce was demanding attention, insisting that she must have another helping of mashed potatoes to feed her new doggie. Norma tried to reason with her and finally said, "She's so tired and sleepy she doesn't know *what* she wants."

Chris didn't hear. He was wondering what to do if Norma didn't come up with more clues. Maybe it was just a wild-goose chase after all. The poor girl had done her damnedest. She was as worried as he was. That's why she had told him to go back alone. And that was at least a part of what was the matter with Joyce. She sensed the worry in both of them.

He knew Norma's moods, could almost feel her thinking. The trip had telescoped time for both of them, intensified their closeness. Her worries were his, and there was no getting away from it.

He wondered what she would do if they couldn't find the village, couldn't come up with the proof of Joyce's birth. Norma had said, that first evening, that if she couldn't prove her story "they'll never find me." Meaning that she would simply drop out of sight, change her name, lose herself and Joyce. Vanish, as Norma Madison.

And what would he do? Go back, he supposed, and take up where he left off. Maybe go back and fly down to Bermuda for a week or so. To help cover up for Norma. And after that come back and go to work again. And be lonely as hell.

The thought jarred him. Lonely? Why?

Norma was saying, "She's just playing now. Just fighting sleep. We'd just as well go."

They drove back to the motel in silence.

They had connecting rooms with individual outside entrances. Chris carried Joyce into Norma's room and put her on the bed. She was almost asleep, but she held up her arms and said, "Kiss." He gave her a good-night kiss and then hugged her for a moment. He turned to go, and she called after him, "Kiss doggie!" So he went back and gave the new calico dog, now somewhat smudged with mashed potatoes, a token kiss. Joyce was content. Norma began undressing her and Chris went to his own room.

He sat there in the dark for some time, smoking, thinking. Thinking about Ellen and Tom. And about his own apartment. It was a drab, lonely place to think about. Just a place where he would wander around, beating his brains out for ideas, looking out the window, thinking, thinking, and remembering. Remembering this flight to nowhere in search of something that wasn't there.

He put such thoughts away. It would be good to be back, he told himself firmly. Back in the old, familiar rut, the old rat race. Not the same one, exactly. Now he began to understand what Mitch had been driving at. Maybe he didn't have anything much to say yet, but he knew there were things to be said and he was going to find some way to say them. Maybe it would take five more years. Maybe even ten. Five long, lonely years, lonely as hell. Maybe it was always the lonely way. Or maybe —well, maybe someday. . . .

He sighed. First he had to find that damned village, if it could be found. That's what he was here for.

He turned on the light and got out the map again. He didn't have a thing to go on. Not a thing. So tomorrow they would go out and prowl the roads and trails, every road and trail in that circle. Every village, every cluster of houses. And after that. . . .

He tossed the map onto the bed and went to the connecting door and tapped. "Yes?" Norma answered.

"Come in when you get her to sleep. Let's go over this map again."

"Just a few minutes."

Chris strode about the room, going over every memory she had hauled out. All they added up to was a hazy picture of what might be almost any village in New Mexico. Any village like those they had seen this afternoon. And she had said no to every one of them.

Norma came into the room quietly and closed the door behind her. She was still wearing the tan tweed skirt, but she had taken off the jacket and put on a fresh blouse. The light brought out the reddish glint in her hair, and Chris noticed that she was wearing a lipstick that seemed to accentuate it. She was tired, dog-tired, but—well, she was a beautiful girl, and that summed it up. A girl he'd be proud to introduce to Ellen or his mother or anybody he knew. Beautiful and appealing, and taut with worry.

She said, "Yes?"

He picked up the map. She sat down in the big chair beneath the reading lamp and he pulled a straight-backed chair around from the desk and sat down beside her.

"You say that you came in here from the west."

"It must have been. We were facing the moon." She sensed the tensions in him, resented them, was baffled by them. And felt her own tensions rising.

"You're sure it wasn't a street light?"

"I know a moon when I see one!"

For an instant the tensions crackled between them. Then Chris caught his breath and seemed to relax a little. "All right." He smiled. "And it took, say, forty minutes. An hour with twenty minutes out to change a flat tire."

He sat for a minute staring at the map and shaking

his head. And the tautness between them was unbearable. Norma sprang to her feet. "You don't believe me either!" she cried, having to hurt him, having to break the tension. "You're just like everybody else! You think I—"

"Norma!" He was on his feet, too. "All I want is to help you!"

"Easy words, easy words! Just like everyone else—"

Chris took her by the arms to shake her. Then he saw the desperation, the fear, the need and the loneliness in her eyes. And he saw the love that she couldn't admit.

His arms went around her. He drew her to him.

She was in his arms. He was holding her as though he would never let her go. The tautness went out of her. Her head was on his shoulder and she was clinging to him, and he was whispering words he didn't know he knew. And she was admitting that she loved him without speaking a word.

She was in his arms for a long minute, sweet and trusting and content. Then she stiffened and drew back, and they stared at each other, stunned. She turned and ran to the door. She went into her room and closed the door and turned the key in the lock. She flung herself on the bed and the tears came. Tears for a love that she hadn't wanted to admit, but that now she recognized, and he recognized. A love that couldn't be.

She faced a bitter choice, and there was no question of what the answer must be. Joyce. Dear God, she thought, why must I now choose between them?

Chris had brought her here to find the proof that Joyce was her child. To find Maria, and Juana, and the house where the baby was born. And she couldn't even find the village, had no idea where it was.

Oh, the bitterness of it! The long, long search, and at last she had found her baby. And Chris had come, like the answer to an unspoken prayer. Sweet, considerate, dependable Chris Mallory. The very embodiment of the security and love that her heart hungered for. Chris had come to help her find the proof of Joyce's birth—and the very lack of that proof must now force them apart. Love him, marry him? It was impossible! Chris Mallory married to the girl who took the child known as Joy Bartram? Oh, yes, she is really Joyce Madison. But where is the proof? Go back with Chris, and lose Joyce? No.

That was the choice, as simple as that, and there was no way around it. It was Chris or Joyce.

I didn't ask for his love! she told herself. I didn't want to fall in love with him! But she knew it was there, now, in the open.

She sat up on the bed and looked at Joyce, sleeping soundly, the calico dog tight in her chubby arms. My Joyce, she thought. The child of my heart, my soul, my own body. A part of me.

I have known from the very beginning, she told herself, that it might come to this. To the point at which she must vanish, disappear, change her name. Sever every contact with the past. "But," she whispered, "I didn't know that the past would include Chris Mallory."

He was still up, awake. She could hear him walking about his room. For a panicky moment she thought he must be packing his bag, preparing to go out to the car, get in, drive away. Then she whispered, "Go, Chris! Go away, go back! Go, and solve this problem for me!"

She listened. He had stopped walking. She waited for the sound of his door opening, the sound of the car motor being started. Instead, she heard the creak of the bed in his room.

She looked at Joyce again, wondered if she should pack her own bag, take Joyce in her arms, and go. She had gone before, so many times. She knew how to go.

And at last she said to herself, Tomorrow. After tomorrow. Joyce is too tired to go tonight. I'm too tired. And I don't even know where the bus station is. Oh, Chris, I've become so dependent on you! I can't go tonight. Tomorrow I'll go away from this place.

CHAPTER 9

Chris slept fitfully, but it was almost eight o'clock before he wakened and got up. He dressed and tapped on Norma's door.

There was no answer. He tapped again. Still no answer. He listened and didn't hear a sound. Joyce should be up, whether Norma was or not. Then it struck him. After last night, she might have just walked out. Packed her bag, taken Joyce and vanished. Walked to the bus station, got on a bus.

He banged on the door and called, "Norma!"

Still no answer.

He tried the door, found it unlocked, opened it and looked in her room. No one was there. For a moment he was frantic. Then he saw that the bed had been slept in and that her bag was still there on the luggage rack and that the tote-bag of Joyce's things was standing on the dresser.

She hadn't gone. She was still somewhere around. He let out a deep sigh of relief.

He put on his jacket and went outside. And there at the far end of the court, on the grass encircled by the driveway, Norma and Joyce were sitting on a bench sorting pebbles. He went over to them.

Norma looked up with a reserved smile. "Well, sleepyhead," she said, "we'd about given up. We were going to have breakfast just as soon as Joyce got all the white pebbles sorted out from the brown ones."

"Let's go," he said. "I'm starved."

Norma said nothing about what had happened last night. At the restaurant she said very little to Chris, in fact. She was very much the mother, attentive to Joyce. She knew what she must do. Continue the search today, and then tell Chris he had done enough. Send him away. And if he refused to go? Then she must go. So now she could be quietly calm. And she could be glad that Chris had virtually nothing to say.

They ate, and they got in the car, and Norma stood Joyce carefully on the seat between them.

"I think," Chris said, "we'd better try the river road first. Work south."

So they left the highway and wound south among the hills on dusty trails. They came to a village with a dozen houses on a single street. Strings of peppers hung from the beam-ends. Chickens wandered in the dust of the street. A woman in one dooryard was building a fire in her outdoor oven. Her neighbor was hanging out a wash-ing. The woman with the washing scowled at them as they passed, raising a cloud of fine gray dust.

They reached the end of the street and Norma said. "No."

They came to a new road that led down along the river. Half a dozen houses were crouched in the sun at a crossroad. Norma looked around and Chris stopped the car to let a small boy drive two motheaten burros across the road. Joyce pointed to the burros and said, "Doggies."

Norma said, "This feels vaguely familiar." She looked again and shook her head. "No." And they went on.

Two more clusters of houses. Nothing recognized.

It was hopeless, and she knew it. She had brought

him here for nothing, on a hopeless errand. But this was the last day. One last sweet day. One last memory.

Another little group of houses that looked just like all the rest. Not one familiar landmark. Then they were at the upper end of the reservoir. Chris took a crossroad that led back to the Socorro-Las Cruces highway. They went back to town.

Ever since they had seen the burros Joyce had been asking for her doggie. Norma had forgotten to bring the calico dog, so when they got back to Socorro Chris drove to the motel to get it. While Norma went to her room for it, Chris went to the office. He told the man at the desk that they were trying to find a girl named Maria Sanchez.

The man smiled. "There are lots of Sanchezes."

"This girl," Chris said, "may have married a man named Garcia."

"Lots of Garcias, too. One of my maids is named Garcia."

"Which one?"

The man pointed her out. She was getting fresh sheets from the cart at the other end of the court.

Chris walked over to her. "Your name is Garcia?" he asked. She was middle-aged and stout.

"Yes." The woman was polite, but reserved. She stood with a folded sheet over her arm, waiting.

"I'm looking for a Maria Sanchez who married Luis Garcia."

"My man," the woman said, "is Luis Garcia."

"Has he a cousin, or a nephew, maybe, named Luis?"

"Many cousins and nephews."

"Any named Luis?"

She shrugged. "That I do not know. My man comes from El Paso. I have never been there."

Chris turned away. He couldn't even find the haystack, let alone the needle. Norma and Joyce were in the car, Joyce hugging her doggie.

At the edge of town Chris stopped at a station for gasoline. While the man was filling the tank Chris said, "We're looking for two women who used to live somewhere in this area. A Maria Sanchez, whose married name may be Garcia. And a midwife named Juana."

The man frowned. "Lots of Sanchezes and Garcias. But not many midwives any more." He turned to the grease rack. "Pete!"

A tall black-haired youth of perhaps nineteen laid down the grease gun and came over to the car. "Your grandmother used to be a midwife," the man said. "What's her name?"

"Juana Lopez."

The man said, "That's what I thought."

Norma had been listening. It was useless. She knew that. But she had to say, "Juana was an older woman. Gray-haired."

"She is gray," the youth said. "My grandmother."

"Can we talk to her?" Chris asked. "Where does she live?"

"It's hard to direct you," Pete said. He glanced at his boss.

The boss said, "Take them over there, Pete. Manuel doesn't want that grease job till this afternoon."

Pete got in his own car and led the way across town. Norma felt the excitement mounting in Chris. She was almost afraid to hope, yet felt excitement rising in herself. They stopped at a small white house with a picket fence and chickens in the dooryard.

They waited in the car while Pete went to the door and called in Spanish. A white-haired woman came to the door. Pete talked to her in Spanish, and Norma listened and knew that it was hopeless. This wasn't the Juana she knew. She turned to Chris and whispered, "No," and winced at the look in his eyes.

Chris called to Pete. He came back to their car, the old woman still in the doorway, watching. "She's not the one," Chris said. The boy was disappointed.

"The Juana we're looking for," Chris said, "delivered this baby." He nodded to Joyce. "At a village down south of here."

"And there was a maid," Norma added, "named Maria Sanchez. She was going to marry Luis Garcia." She said it almost by rote.

"Luis Garcia I know," Pete said. "He works for the highway department. I think his wife is Maria. I think he said she was a Sanchez. From down south."

Still afraid to hope, afraid to believe, Norma said. "Maria would be twenty or twenty-one by now."

"Maybe." Pete turned and pointed. "Take this street five blocks, then turn left. . . ." He gave explicit directions. It was in the country, about ten miles out.

Chris offered him a dollar. Pete smiled and shook his head. He got in his car and drove away, back to the grease job.

Chris followed his directions down to the main highway they had already traveled half a dozen times. They drove in silence, both afraid to say much, afraid to raise hopes again.

Ten miles out, then to the left three-quarters of a mile on the dirt road. Left again, up a trail. And in a little hollow they came to a small adobe house in a barren yard. Out back, beneath a big cottonwood, were two wrecked cars. Nearby was an old truck. On the back stoop stood a gleaming white electric refrigerator. A slim, dark-haired girl was hanging out diapers.

The girl watched, two clothespins in her teeth, as they drove into the yard. She hung one more diaper, put a handful back into the wicker basket, and stood watching as Norma got out of the car.

This can't be Maria, Norma thought. And yet, something remembered made her heart leap. She said, "Maria?"

The girl said, "Yes?" and gave a shy, tentative smile.

It *was* Maria! Norma would never forget that smile. She had to pause, rally, before she could say, "Don't you remember me?"

Maria frowned and then exclaimed, "Yes, I remember!" She glanced at Chris, who was getting out of the car, coming toward them.

There was an awkward silence. Then Norma exclaimed, "Maria! We've looked and looked for you!" She was weak with relief, glad to feel Chris's arm around her.

A wail came from inside the house, a baby's wail. Maria said, "My baby. Come inside."

Norma brought Joyce and they all went inside. There were two rooms, a big kitchen-living room and a bedroom. The baby was in a playpen in the living room, a black-haired boy perhaps nine months old. He was trying to pull himself to his feet. Maria motioned Norma to the room's only upholstered chair, Chris to the battered couch. She swung a kitchen chair around from beside the coal stove, picked up her baby and sat down.

Joyce stood at Norma's knee, wide-eyed. Maria was looking at her. "Such pretty hair," Maria said. "She looks like her mother."

"We looked for the village," Norma said. "But we couldn't find it."

"It's gone," Maria said. "My Luis tore it down with his bulldozer, to make the new highway. I cried when he tore down the big house. But things change." She hesitated. "How is your sister?"

"Kay Bartram?" Norma asked.

"That was not the name," Maria said.

"What was her name?" Chris said, cutting into the conversation.

"Her name," Maria said firmly, "was Kitty Bartlett. She never paid me for the last week."

"They never paid you?" Chris exclaimed.

"No. Not for the last week." Maria's lips were tight.

"How much was it?" Chris's voice was sharp, angry. That too, he thought. They even ran out on a bill for a week's work.

"Eighteen dollars," Maria said. Then she said, "It doesn't matter. I have forgotten it."

Chris counted out eighteen dollars and handed it to her. She folded the money carefully. "So you took care of Norma," Chris said, "when she had her baby. We're here, Maria, to get a birth certificate for Joyce. We want you to come to town with us and go to the clerk's office. They need witnesses."

Maria hesitated. "There was the midwife."

"Yes," Chris said. "What was her name?"

"Juana Mendoza."

"Where is she now?"

"In town. She lives in town."

"We want to see Juana Mendoza," Chris said. "Will you show us the way?"

Maria still hesitated. She glanced at the money in her hand. She looked at Norma, and she said, "I must finish hanging my clothes and change my dress."

They went back to the car and waited. Joyce chattered about the baby. Norma sat silent, thinking. Chris said, "Of all the low-down tricks, running off and not even paying her!"

Norma didn't answer.

Maria joined them, at last, her baby in her arms. They drove back to the highway. Back to the outskirts of Socorro and down side streets till they came to a neat adobe house with a handkerchief of green lawn. Long strings of red peppers hung from the beams, and ears of corn with their husks braided together.

They went to the doorway in a group and Maria knocked. A low voice inside asked, "Who is it?"

"Maria Garcia, and others."

An old woman with gray hair and a face lined like a steel engraving came to the door. She was short and bosomy. Her eyes were sharp, alert. She said, "Yes?"

Chris was watching Norma. She stared for a moment, then exclaimed. "Juana! Don't you remember me, Juana?"

The old woman frowned, watched Norma for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I think I remember you." She wasn't positive.

Norma said, "Maria remembered me."

"Come in," the old woman said.

They went inside. After Maria's place it looked luxurious. It was filled with deep red and warm green upholstered furniture. On the walls were framed lithographs with dozens of family snapshots thrust into their edges. The floor rug was patterned in pink roses. The lace curtains at the windows were freshly laundered.

Juana motioned them to chairs. After a moment's pause, while Juana appraised Norma once more, Norma said, "You delivered my baby, Juana. Two years ago last March."

Juana made no comment. She looked at Joyce, then at Norma, glanced at Chris, then looked at Norma again and asked, "You are having another baby?"

"No! No, Juana!" Norma was blushing.

"We came," Chris said, "to see if you remembered Joyce. The baby. We want to get a birth certificate for her. A delayed certificate."

Juana nodded.

"You remember delivering her?" Chris asked. "You will witness the certificate?"

Juana frowned. "She had a baby, yes. The baby was like so—" she measured with her hands, a small baby —"when I delivered her."

"Then you did deliver her?" Chris asked.

"Yes, I delivered a baby girl for her." She nodded at Norma.

"This baby," Chris urged her on.

Juana shrugged. There was a look between her and Maria.

Chris saw the look. "Weren't you paid, Juana? Did they run out on you too?"

"They paid me," Juana said, and she looked at Maria again.

"Now I have been paid," Maria told her. "This man paid me."

Juana seemed almost satisfied, but Chris felt some hesitation still in her. "What is it, Juana?" he asked.

"The certificate," she said. "I wanted to have one when she was born, but they said wait. I have not spoken of it. There might be trouble."

"That," Chris said, "is why we are here. To make sure there is no trouble. To get the birth certificate now."

Juana nodded, satisfied at last. She looked at Joyce a long moment, then clucked to her, held out her arms.

"Go see the nice lady," Norma urged.

Joyce shyly crossed the room to Juana. Juana said something in Spanish to Maria, and Maria smiled and nodded and replied also in Spanish. Maria sat forward in her chair and lifted Joyce into her lap.

"That baby," Juana said, "was born under a good sign. The moon was in its first quarter." She took off Joyce's right shoe.

Norma's face had been tense. Now it began to light up.

"That baby," Juana said, "I do not forget." She pushed down the sock, peeled it from Joyce's foot. "The moon was on her. *La marca de la luna.*"

Juana dropped the sock to the floor and glanced at Norma. Chris held his breath. And then he saw that Norma was smiling, confident, almost exultant.

Juana lifted the bare foot. Joyce laughed, ticklish. Juana looked at the sole of the foot and then looked at Norma with a broad smile. Chris sprang from his chair and looked too. On the ball of Joyce's chubby foot was a strawberry spot, a tiny reddish crescent the size of a fingernail tip.

Juana reached for the sock, put it back on, put on the shoe. She kissed Joyce on the back of the neck, set her on her feet and said, "This is the baby."

Maria was laughing, delighted. "The little mark! I kissed that foot each time I bathed her."

Norma was crying with relief. Chris went over and put an arm around her. Juana and Maria were talking in Spanish again.

"Mommie cry," Joyce said. "Why Mommie cry?"

Norma turned and buried her face against Chris's shoulder. "Oh, Chris," she whispered, "Oh, Chris."

"It's all right, Norma," he said. "It's all right. We win."

Joyce was tugging at him. He held Norma for a moment as he kissed her and whispered, "Darling." Then Juana came over and patted Norma's arm, began talking to her.

Joyce was tugging at Chris. She caught his hand, led him to the doorway. "Doggie," she said. "Joyce get doggie!"

Chris went out to the car with her, to get her calico dog. There's the one who wins, he thought. Even more than Norma and I. Joyce. You don't know it yet, Joyce, but all three of us win, in this deal.

He opened the car door for her and she scrambled in, got the toy dog and ran back to the house.

Chris glanced at his watch. It was only a little after eleven. Time to get to the clerk's office before lunch. Get the affidavits and the delayed birth certificate. And the special affidavit from both Juana and Maria attesting that this child, Joyce, was the baby Juana delivered to Norma, the child named in the birth certificate. Sew it up tight.

This afternoon, he decided, he would send a telegram. From here in Socorro. Then go on to Albuquerque and

see what happened. See if Kay and Barry reacted the way he thought they would.

He went back to the house. Joyce was forcing the calico dog into Norma's arms, and Norma was kissing her and laughing and wiping away the persistent tears of delight. Juana was talking to Maria, apparently giving orders.

Norma came over to him. "Oh, Chris, it's wonderful! And you're happy too, aren't you? You're almost laughing!"

"I *am* laughing," he said. "It's a good world, Norma. It's all our world now."

She was radiant.

CHAPTER 10

Chris arrived at the Albuquerque airport with twelve minutes to spare, but it took him ten minutes to park his car. The loudspeaker was already announcing the plane from New York and Chicago when he reached the waiting room. He went out to the proper gate with the handful of others meeting it. The big, gleaming ship was just touching down at the end of the far runway. It made its run and turned and taxied over to the ramp.

Chris knew there was a chance they wouldn't come, but he was willing to give odds that they would. Barry would have snorted and bellowed when Chris's telegram arrived, but Kay would have said, "We've got to go. After all, the program . . ." Kay would have pointed out that, even counting the time between planes, they wouldn't have to be gone very long. Kay calculated such things right down to the minute, just as she did almost everything.

The plane's door opened. The passengers began to file down the ramp. Two men and a woman first. Two more men. Then Kay appeared, looking annoyed but eager, searching the group at the gate for Chris. Behind her, Barry paused to say something to the stewardess. He laughed, patted her arm, and then came on down the ramp, looking around as though expecting a crowd and cheers. Nobody recognized him, nobody except Chris. Kay was wearing a deep bluish-green suit and a perky hat to match. Barry, in a conservative gray plaid suit, was carrying his hat in one hand, an overnight case in the other.

Chris let them wait at the foot of the ramp for a long moment before he stepped out of the crowd. Kay saw him and called, "Chris!" and ran to him and held up her cheek for his kiss as though they were old, dear friends. He gave her the expected brushing kiss and nodded to Barry. Kay took his arm and they walked back down the runway toward the waiting room.

Kay said, "You found her!"

"Yes."

"She's all right?"

"Yes."

"She's not disfigured, or anything?"

"No. Except that her hair has been cut in a Dutch bob."

"It will grow out again." Kay hugged his arm. "Oh, Chris, you're simply marvelous!"

"Would you like to get a bite to eat first?" Chris asked.

"Eat? Of course not! I can't wait!"

"We ate on the plane," Barry said. "Let's go. We've got to get the kid and get back in a hurry."

"The car," Chris said, "is out in the parking lot. If you want to wait, I'll bring it around."

"We'll go with you," Kay said. And as they started across the parking field she asked, "How in the world did you find her?"

"I told you how," Barry said. "He had a hunch, just like I did. He had time to follow it up. We'll pay your expenses, Chris. That's only right."

"Skip it," Chris said. "Tell me, how long did you wait before you called in the police?"

"We didn't call them in," Barry said. "I knew this wasn't a ransom job. I had a hunch she would come back here. I was going to come out here this weekend and pick her up. You just beat me to it, boy!"

"Oh, be quiet!" Kay said. "You are sure Joy is all right, Chris?"

"Positive."

"Where is she?"

"In town. I've got a woman taking care of her."

They got in his car and started back to town. Barry was in the back seat. After a few minutes he said, "Look, Chris, if you want your job back . . ." He hesitated.

"That can wait," Chris said.

"We told Mitch yesterday," Kay said, "that you had the best touch with a script of anyone we've ever had."

"That's nice of you." Chris was enjoying this, watching them both crawl, for a change, watching them eat their own words. He was going to enjoy the rest of it, too, after what they'd done to Norma. He said, "I'm not sure I want to do domestic comedy again."

"Why not?" Kay asked.

Chris laughed. "I've got other things in mind."

"For me?" Kay questioned.

"Since when," Barry asked, "have you been thinking about a program for yourself?"

"I have plans," Kay said. "I'm sure Chris has too."

"Just you remember—" Barry began.

But Chris interrupted him. "I have a script in mind with roles for both of you. A big punch in it. But I'm not sure you'll like the ending."

"We can fix the ending," Kay said.

"It's a good ending, really," Chris said. "Very satisfying." They were in town, now. Chris turned down a side street and saw the hotel just ahead.

"When can I see it?" Kay asked.

"You'll see it," Chris said. "You'll have first look."

He heard Barry catch his breath and knew he had seen the hotel. Kay saw it too, gave Chris one quick glance, and then waited, stiff and tense.

Chris parked the car. They got out. Chris led the way into the lobby. Barry glanced around, frowning. Kay looked too, but her face was expressionless except that her mouth was very tight.

In the elevator Chris said, "Third floor."

Barry looked as though he wished he hadn't come. Kay was staring past the elevator boy, her hands tightly clutching her handbag.

They got out at the third floor. The elevator door closed and Barry caught Chris's shoulder and growled, "If you're pulling a fast one on us . . ."

Chris pushed his hand aside and led them down the hallway to Room 334. He opened the door. They hesitated. Barry looked inside, saw no one there, turned back to Chris.

"Come on in," Chris said.

They went in and Chris locked the door and dropped the key in his pocket.

Kay stood in the middle of the room. "Well?" she asked. She was pale and tense.

Barry stood looking around the room. He, too, was pale, and his tongue crept out and licked his lips nervously.

Chris opened the door to the other room of the suite. "Okay," he said. "The company's here. Come on in."

Joyce cried, "Daddy-man!" and ran to Chris before

she saw either Kay or Barry. Joyce was in a light-blue dress and had a matching ribbon in her blonde, Dutch-bobbed hair. She hugged Chris's legs, and then looked around and saw the others.

"Darling!" Kay exclaimed. "Joy, darling! Oh, what they did to your lovely, lovely hair!" She started toward Joyce.

Barry said, "Shut up, you damn fool!" It was a hoarse whisper. Kay glanced at him and then at the doorway to the other room. Norma was standing there, in a blue sheath just a shade darker than Joyce's dress. Norma looked beautiful and poised and lovely.

Kay stared at her and her face went gray. "I knew it!" Kay said. "I knew it!" Her voice was gall and poison. She turned to Chris and snapped, "You rat!"

Chris said, "I want you to meet my wife. Mrs. Mallory, Kay Bartram." He turned to Barry. "You too, whatever your name really is."

"Your wife?" Kay gasped.

"The former Norma Madison," Chris said. "And this is my stepdaughter, Joyce." Norma came over to him and he put an arm around her.

Chris watched Kay and Barry for a moment. They were stunned, speechless. Chris said, "Well, you might congratulate us. And wish us happiness."

Barry turned to the door. "I'm getting out of here," he said.

"There are a couple of things first," Chris told him. "Then if you don't go, I'll *throw* you out. Or call those police you don't seem to like or trust.

"First," he said, "I want you to know that we found Maria and Juana. And paid Maria for that last week, by the way, though I don't suppose that was on your conscience. Anyway, we found them, and they witnessed a delayed birth certificate for Joyce. They also signed an affidavit that Joyce is the baby Norma had out here three years ago next March. For the record, I'm telling you that we now have both a birth certificate and positive, sworn-to identification."

Kay had recovered enough self-assurance to say, "I don't see how that concerns us."

"I just thought that you should know where you stand, Kay. Where we all stand, including the baby."

"It doesn't concern me in any way," Kay said stiffly. "This isn't my child."

"No," Chris said. "She is Norma's. And now it's official."

"Oh, skip it!" Barry said. "Come on."

"I'll not skip it!" Kay brushed his hand away. "Chris is trying to force me to admit . . ." She hesitated.

"You've already admitted it," Chris said. "And that leads to the second thing I have to say. The statute of limitations does not apply in a kidnaping case. The kidnaping that occurred in this hotel two and a half years ago, right here in this suite, was never investigated. It can be reported and investigated any time Norma and I want to open it up. Today, next week, ten years from now. Any time. Just remember that."

He stepped to the door, unlocked it and swung it open.

Barry started to say something, and then thought better of it. Kay said, "Good-by!" and it was almost a curse.

Chris closed the door behind them and then turned to Norma and took her in his arms. "Well, darling," he said, "I guess that wraps it up. It's all ours from here on—the whole big, beautiful world."

Joyce suddenly cried, "Good-by!" She was looking at the door and she said it in almost exactly the same tone Kay had used.

Chris and Norma laughed. "That's exactly the way I feel," Norma said. "Oh, Chris, she's mine!" She kissed him. "We're all ours!"

Chris held her close and he said, "Norma, my dear, my love, we've got everything. Everything to build what we want. Your search for Joyce is over. My search has just begun. It's going to be our search together, really. You know that, don't you? With you, I've finally begun to know what it's all about, who I really am, what I want to be and do and say. You are married to a writer who has begun to care, Norma. And when we get back I want you to meet the man who knows what that means. A man named George Mitchell."

Chris took a deep breath. "It may take another five years, darling, to begin to do what I want to do. But I know now what it is. I've found out with you." He smiled at her. "What do you want?"

"What do I want?" She smiled. Then her lip trembled. "Oh, Chris, I've got what I want! All I want is Joyce, and you, and—and whatever you want." She hesitated, then she asked, "What will your family say?"

"About what?"

"About me. And Joyce."

"They'll love you. Both of you. Mother will think you're wonderful, and she'll do her best to spoil Joyce. Dad's just a doting old grandpa, outside the office. And Ellen—Ellen's been trying for two years to get me married! She'll bless you. Hey, we've got to go to Bermuda on our honeymoon! If I wasn't sure Kay and Barry would be on the same plane, we'd fly east this afternoon."

"This," Norma said, "is honeymoon enough."

"Oh, no it's not! We're going to Bermuda for a week or two. I promised Ellen I'd send her a post card from there. Any objections, Mrs. Mallory?"

"No, darling." She was close in his arms, and her eyes were clear and deep and happy and resolved. And Chris knew they both had come home, they both were found, at last.

. . . THE END

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