

Redbook

JUNE • 25 CENTS 35 CENTS
IN CANADA

ALL STORIES
COMPLETE
IN THIS ISSUE

"Flight from Scandal"

When gossip tears a life apart
can a woman ever again find love
and happiness? A powerful novel

BY PAUL ERNST



"CAN VETS SAVE YOUR PETS?"

The truth about the doctors
who tend your dogs and cats

BY CLIVE HOWARD



➔ Did you ever shop for dinner in Paris?

Even if you parlay-voov like a native, you get a queer, lost feeling the first time you go marketing in a foreign country.

You look at the shelves filled with strange goods, and not one of them means anything to you. And you haven't the faintest idea which are good, and which are so-so, and which won't satisfy *you* at all.

And if, by chance, you happen to see a familiar American brand among the strangers—well, take our word for it, you embrace it like an old, old friend!

There's nothing like a little travel to make you realize how our American system of brand names makes life easier and pleasanter—and safer, too.

Here at home, when a manufacturer develops a product he thinks you'll like, he puts his name on it—big and

clear and proud. You try it, and if it doesn't suit you, you know what not to get the next time. And if it does please you, you can buy it again with the certainty that it will be just as good... because the manufacturer can't afford to let his brand name down.

Brand names give you the wonderful power of taking it or leaving it alone. And that power—a force as mighty as your right to vote—is what keeps manufacturers vying with each other for your favor... making their products better and better... offering you more and more for your money.

So make use of your power of choice to get what you want. Know your brands—and study the ads on these pages. That way you will get what pleases you best—again and again and again.

*Whenever you buy—
demand the brand you want*

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What Happened, Annabelle?

by GORDON KAY

Here she was, back in her berth, hopping mad and more than a little bit puzzled.

What right had that attractive man in the Club Car to terminate so quickly a conversation that had begun so pleasantly? Who did he think he was? There was no mistaking his attitude . . . snubbing her thus deliberately . . . the brush-off complete. And, as a beauty contest winner, she wasn't used to being brushed off.

Mixed with her resentment was a feeling of regret. Annabelle was sure that he was at least a director or a writer . . . definitely someone important on his way back to Hollywood. Such contacts were valuable; a girl needed all the help she could get in screenland.

It was possible, too, that he even knew Mr. Stukas, the famous producer to whom she carried a number of priceless letters of introduction setting forth her ability.

As she began to undress, her anger cooled off and the incident lost some of its importance. After all, what did it matter? . . . He was just another guy. What *did* matter were those letters to Mr. Stukas. It was Mr. Stukas who *really* counted . . . the man she must impress . . . the man who could make or mar her career in Hollywood. Everything depended on Mr. Stukas. She would do that bit from "Interlude" for Mr. Stukas . . . she would say this and that to Mr. Stukas. Abruptly she dropped off to sleep.

She awoke happy and eager. As the train halted at Pasadena, she stepped to the station platform for a momentary walk and a breath of sweet California air. As she did so, a man moving in a sea of baggage brushed by her, avoiding her eyes. It was her acquaintance of the Club Car.

"Board! All board," cried the porter as he helped Annabelle up the steps. When the car door closed she turned to him.

"Who was that man with all the luggage?" she demanded curiously.

The porter grinned. "Honey chile, you sho do need glasses! You don't know him? He's the Big, Big Wheel in Hollywood. He's *the* Mr. Stukas!"

It could Happen to You

When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you repel the very people you want to attract. You appear at your worst when you want to be at your



Illustrated by
JACK KEAY

best. . . You've got in wrong when you want to be in right.

Don't guess! Don't take chances! Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that millions rely on.

When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

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this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

It's a starburst of Riviera nights, a sunburst of Palm Spring days, punctuated with songbursts from the man with the million-dollar voice.

★ ★ ★ ★

We refer, of course, to M-G-M's music-romance that puts Lana Turner's charms in the arms of Ezio Pinza—the Technicolor entertainment "Mr. Imperium".

★ ★ ★ ★

There's no two ways about it—the former star of "South Pacific" is terrific!—whether singing folk-songs from a donkey cart winding down a seaside trail, giving voice to cowboy ballads, or singing his songs of love to Lana.



★ ★ ★ ★

Touring Europe as a singer with an American dance band, Lana meets the fascinating and mysterious Mr. Imperium (Mr. Pinza) on the Riviera.



★ ★ ★ ★

Lana is the epitome of glamor, luxuriously gowned, a new softness and femininity-enhancing exciting beauty. Ezio Pinza, as you know, is the man

whose thrilling voice and magnetism swept him from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera into "South Pacific".

★ ★ ★ ★

Together, they set the screen to quivering in "Mr. Imperium".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a gay picture, with Marjorie Main as the unwitting Cupid of the secret meeting at Palm Springs, and Debbie Reynolds as a star-gazing teen-ager who suspects her romantic guests. Barry Sullivan and Sir Cedric Hardwicke contribute luster to the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

The screen play by Edwin H. Knopf and Don Hartman from the play by Edwin H. Knopf is deft and delightful. And the flavor was retained because Mr. Hartman directed and Mr. Knopf produced the film.

★ ★ ★ ★

There'll be cheers aplenty for "Mr. Imperium"!

—Leo



JUNE 1951

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VOL. 97 NO. 2

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COVER PHOTO BY ZOLTAN FARKAS

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

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Between the Lines



Lady & Friend

Symbolizing nearly everyone's love of animals, Model Dolores Dalzell nuzzles a beagle pup named Daffy for our cover photo by Zoltan Farkas, suggested by the article on page 34. We hope *your* pet stays well, but if illness does come, you'll be glad you read "Can Vets Save Your Pets?"



Collie Small on San Francisco Bay

Where were you on a fateful June night seven years ago? Read "This Was It!"—the story of D-Day on page 44—and you will recall vividly! Collie Small, who was in the invasion as a correspondent, takes you back to that historical moment in another in REDBOOK's "In Our Time" series.



Betty Kjelgaard

For all who've known more than one love, "Tomorrow's Bride" on page 22 will be meaningful reading. It is Betty Kjelgaard's thirtieth published story. She says her best plots are borrowed from the activities of her parents and numerous brothers with whom she lives in Athens, Pa.

The hilarious "Little Arthur" on page 32 is the first published short story of Rosemary Taylor, the famous author of "Chickens Every Sunday," which sold a million copies as a book, ran a year on Broadway as a play, and then became a popular movie. Mrs. Taylor lives in Tucson.



Rosemary Taylor

Disgraced, defamed, Jean lost her fiancé a step from the altar. How she fought her way back from disillusionment to happy maturity is told in the absorbing book-length novel—"Flight from Scandal" by Paul Ernst. This is top-grade fiction that we feel sure will hold you enthralled.

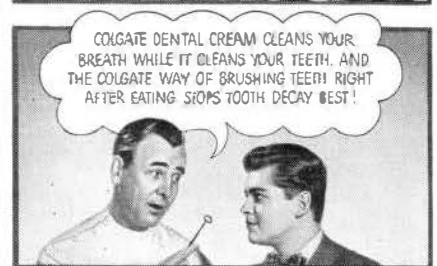


Paul Ernst

NEXT MONTH

● Can a middle-aged man keep a young wife happy? Margaret Cushman Banning looks at the rising incidence of September-May marriages—and gives some vital answers!

Sis Won't Tell Him— But I Will!



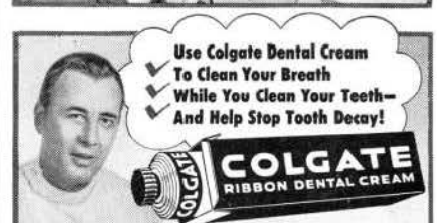
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

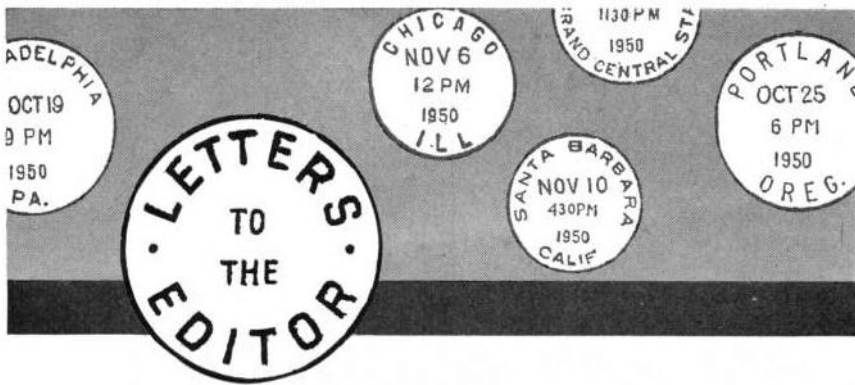
Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



WAR IS KIND . . . ?

William Lindsay Gresham, in "Cry for the Lonely Heart" (REDBOOK, March), makes a rather unqualified statement when he says "No man who has ever been in a war, on looking back on it afterward, would have wanted to miss it."

I doubt if there is "a merciful coating of remembered adventure" for veterans who are still confined to hospitals. In addition, I have not met any men who fought in World War II and returned unharmed who think of it as an adventure. I recommend Stephen Crane's book "War is Kind" for Mr. Gresham's study.

MRS. W. P. THEAD
Eatontown, N. J.

I pray that those less fortunate than I be helped as much as I was by your very interesting article "Cry for the Lonely Heart."

MRS. E. J. McDONALD
Shreveport, La.

We were very interested in the article "Cry for the Lonely Heart," in the March REDBOOK.

We would like to compliment Mr. Gresham on the splendid way he has handled this very timely problem.

I am taking the liberty of calling it to the attention of the executives of our entire department and suggesting they make copies of the article available in their reading rooms and libraries.

I certainly consider this project of real value to our work.

JOHN C. WYLIE
Armed Services Department
National Board of the Y.M.C.A.

CLOSE SHAVE

I really enjoyed "Pattern of Marriage" (REDBOOK, March), by Alec Rackowe. One question, please:

Did John, the gardener, shave the crown of his head? My dictionary gives the meaning of tonsure as "the shaven crown of the head." I don't think the author meant that.

DOROTHY FREESE
La Porte, Ind.

■ *You're right . . . on both counts.* ED.

AS A MATTER OF UTILITIES

I received quite a chuckle out of Marion Lowndes' article entitled "This Is the Life!" in the April REDBOOK.

Phyllis Anderson put in a gas stove, according to the story, but she has kept her coal stove, too.

"We may need that stove," they explain, "sometime when a storm cuts off our power."

Out here we are only able to distribute electricity over our power lines.

Does this girl have something we are all missing?

T. J. HAUPT
Prairie du Chien, Wisc.

■ *As far as we know, nothing—except an editorial error which credits her with a gas stove instead of an electric one.* ED.

ANOTHER'S TROUBLES

In the April REDBOOK, I noticed a mistake in the article "Return from Grief," about the plane crash which killed my favorite singer, Buddy Clark.



I made a collection of all news about the unfortunate accident and noticed that Mr. Henaghan said it happened September 1, 1949, although it actually happened on October 1, 1949.

I am so happy that Nedra has found someone who can help her overcome her sadness. She certainly has had some very nasty humps in life. Which proves the saying, "You think your own troubles are bad until you hear about someone else." and you just have to express your sympathy.

MARGARET KRAVETZ
Mahanoy City, Pa.

"SECOND VOTE"

Your March editorial, "The Great Giveaway," was interesting, as it showed the facts and figures of our country's sell-out of war-surplus material.

This letter is not in criticism of what you said; it is in criticism of what you did not say. You are eager to tell us what ails us, to scold us for letting things happen, but the only remedy you offer

is the idealistic statement that "Freedom is everyone's job."

You're right, of course, and millions already believe that, but no one tells us what to do about it.

Why don't you finish your editorial now with some constructive suggestions. Tell people about the tremendous power of their "second vote"; tell them to WRITE THEIR CONGRESSMEN!

MRS. BARBARA BORDEN
East Orange, N. J.

■ *We second the motion.* ED.

CHECK THOSE RECORDS

I have been reading the chart "What Will You Have to Live On?" (REDBOOK, February).

Either there is a mistake or the Army has not caught up with my husband's promotion, because I am not receiving the full amount indicated by your chart. What should I do? I have been waiting since December.

Mrs. F. S. BROKINGTON
Columbia, S. C.

■ *Write to the Class "Q" Allotments Branch, 4300 Goodfellow Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., and ask them to check the records for your allotment application and for whatever action they may have taken on it. If they have not received your application, you should ask your husband to make inquiries through his commanding officer.* ED.

SAME PAY FOR SAME DANGER

Your chart (accompanying "What Will You Have to Live On?" REDBOOK, February) states that in a hazardous area, one man's hazard is worth \$30 and the identical hazard to another man is worth \$210. I can understand such a wide disparity between the boss and the man, but not between identical hazards.

Men in the armed forces ought to receive the same pay when they face the same danger.

JOHN V. GARD
Cardena, Calif.

YOU CAN'T EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE IT TOO

ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO YOUR FULL-LENGTH NOVEL BUT HAVE TO SKIP THIS ONE (THE RETURN OF CHRISTOPHER APRIL-MAY) AS I ALWAYS REPEAT ALWAYS SKIP YOUR SERIALS STOP I CANNOT EAT MY ENTREE TODAY AND MY DESSERT NEXT MONTH STOP CONSEQUENTLY CANNOT READ BEGINNING NOW AND ENDING LATER STOP

FROSTY JAY JENNISON
LAS VEGAS, NEV.

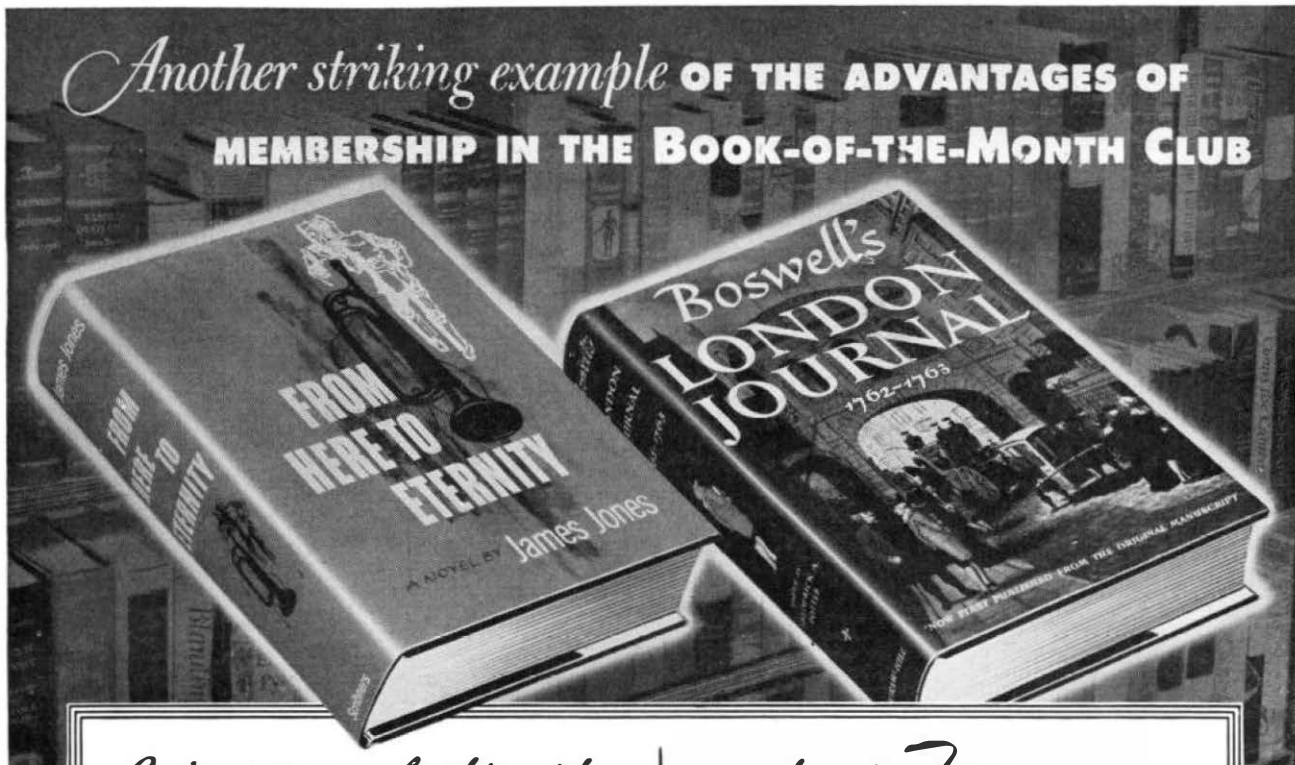
HEART-WARMING

I never write to magazines, but having just read "Rosemary's Birthday," by Dimple Fulton Dewey, in the March REDBOOK, I have to thank you for such a simple, heart-warming, real story. My eyes are not quite dry yet.

MRS. M. NELLIE MAY
Parliter, Calif.

ADDRESS:
REDBOOK, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Saturday Review of Literature



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KIDS' HAVEN

Nothing is too good for the youngsters of travel-weary parents at this Colorado oasis

Max Mosko has never forgotten what it is like to be a child. Youngsters, he knows, are storehouses of energy, and cannot be cooped up in cars on long trips without becoming restless and fidgety. The trouble is that there are few overnight stopping places where small fry can blow off steam. After traveling with his own children, Max decided he should do something about it, and built his motel for moppets three miles west of Denver on Routes 40 and 6.

The most notable feature of the Hi-Way Motel is its supersized playground with swings, a self-propelled merry-go-round and a fleet of bicycles. To the everlasting gratitude of travel-worn parents, Max has put dishwashers and washing machines in the air-conditioned living units, and added a corps of baby-sitters and a day nursery. Parents are free to go sight-seeing, a pastime children consider comparatively dull.

The motel is not Max's first project for couples with children. In 1945, irked by "No Children" signs accompanying the few apartments for rent, he built Dennis Manor. Open only to veterans with children, it is complete with washers, driers, and even safety banisters. The turnover in apartments is practically zero, of course.

Max also is an auto dealer, but his heart belongs to his projects for children.

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BRADLEY SMITH

← Mrs. William Asay assists her son Billy as the youngster, growing into the cowboy age, gets into the saddle for a playground ride.



Max and Lillian Mosko, and two adopted sons, Ivan, 6, and Dennis, 8, on a slide made from part of a B-29, characterize the motel's family nature.



Despite added attractions like this playground, with saddles and stirrups to Westernize equipment, motel prices range from \$5 to \$18 a day per family.

Diane Asay and her doll (the motel offers a doll-lending service, too) wait their turn while Mrs. Asay puts Billy to bed in a picture-trimmed bunk.





“Bullfighter and the Lady”

It's natural for people all over the world to idolize their champions. In the U. S. everyone understands the excitement created by the World Series, and no one wonders why sportsmen are fanatically devoted to the Yanks and the Dodgers. In Spanish-speaking countries, the national heroes are the bullfighters, the *toreros*. “Bullfighter and the Lady,” in a dramatic and exciting way, presents the fascination, dignity and courage connected with the bull ring.

Chuck Regan (Robert Stack), on a vacation in Mexico, admires the skill of *Manolo* (Gilbert Roland), the outstanding matador, and strikes up a friendship with him. They agree to exchange lessons in bullfighting and skeet shooting, because *Manolo* wants to retire from the ring and is anxious to develop a hobby. *Chuck* is attracted to *Anita* (Joy Page), a friend of *Manolo's*, but she does not encourage his advances. When he proves that he is sincerely interested in bullfighting, she weakens and invites him to her father's farm, where he will have his first chance to fight in a ring.

Overconfident after a few successful passes, *Chuck* gets himself in danger, and *Manolo* rushes in to save him and is killed doing so. *Anita* and the whole country turn against *Chuck*, since they feel their national hero died because an American was showing off. *Chuck* has to prove to *Anita* and the people that he is courageous and sincere, and he does it in some intensely moving and thrilling scenes.

There's added interest in the fact that the film was shot in Mexico, that Roland was born there, that his ancestors were matadors, and that Stack was a skeet champion.

Somewhere in the film *Anita* explains to *Chuck* that when Mexicans think well of a person, they say he has “stature.” “Bullfighter and the Lady” has stature, too. It is an unusual film, strikingly photographed and intelligently made. (Republic)



The thrilling climax of “Bullfighter and the Lady” finds *Chuck Regan* (Robert Stack) fighting a bull to win two things—the respect of the Mexicans and the love of a beautiful woman.

“The Great Caruso” mixes opera with romance as it dramatizes the life story of *Caruso* (Mario Lanza), who married *Dorothy Benjamin* (Ann Blyth) despite her father's wishes.



FLORENCE SOMERS



"The Great Caruso"

There probably has never been a more colorful operatic figure than Enrico Caruso. And right now there's no one more popular on the concert circuit than Mario Lanza. So it seems inevitable that "The Great Caruso," starring Lanza, will have great box-office appeal. And rightly so, because it is a good picture. Suggested by the biography written by Caruso's wife, the film is photographed in Technicolor and is notable for the excellence of its musical recordings. Dorothy Kirsten, Jarmila Novotna and Blanche Thebom, as well as Lanza, sing the immortal music of Verdi, Puccini, Rossini and the other great operatic composers.

Caruso's life was dramatic enough to make this film interesting to those who are not opera devotees. He was a poor boy in Italy who liked nothing better than to sing, but he agreed to go into business in order to win his first love's hand. Because he couldn't resist singing in a restaurant where he was making a delivery of flour, he lost his job and also his girl.

From that time on he stuck to music, and he eventually came to the Metropolitan in New York. He was not an instant success, and, once again, he fell in love with a girl, *Dorothy* (Ann Blyth), whose father did not approve of him. This time his luck changed; he became the star of the "Met," and he married *Dorothy* despite parental objections.

Mario Lanza has a voice which has won critical acclaim, and he makes a convincing *Caruso*. Ann Blyth is charming and proves she can sing, too. The operatic sequences are magnificently sung, making "The Great Caruso" one of the year's outstanding films. (MGM)

• • •

For more about movies, turn the page →

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FOUR OTHER



"ON THE RIVIERA"

For sheer relaxation on a warm summer's evening, there's nothing like sitting back and enjoying yourself. Here's something that's light, colorful and not mentally taxing. It's strictly for fun. It has Danny Kaye in not one, but two, roles. It also has such lovely-looking ladies as Gene Tierney and Corinne Calvet. Danny is, first of all, *Henri Duran*, a manufacturer of airplanes. Secondly, he's *Jack Martin*, an entertainer.

When *Henri Duran* wants to fool some rival manufacturers, he hires *Jack Martin* to impersonate him. Businesswise, it's a great idea. Romantically, it leads to a great deal of confusion. Danny, either as *Duran* or *Martin*, makes the most of the situation, leaving the lovely ladies a bit bewildered as to just who is making love to them. What matters is that Danny Kaye plays both roles in his entertaining fashion and that's enough for anyone. (20th Century-Fox)



"KON-TIKI"

The exciting story of an unusual voyage of exploration across the Pacific has made "Kon-Tiki" a best-selling book for months. Here are the actual pictures of the voyage taken by the crew members, and they are even more dramatic than the book. They present such an intimate picture of life aboard the raft that the audience feels it is part of the expedition.

The men got most of their living out of the sea; they caught dolphins, flying fish and sharks. Whales and a huge shark circled and swam under the raft, but did not attack it. By drifting with the wind and the current for 101 days, these men proved that it would have been possible for South American tribesmen to have voyaged to the Polynesian Islands hundreds of years before Columbus set sail. Their pictorial record, which is both exciting and amusing, is a priceless bit of history every member of the family will enjoy seeing. (RKO)

T H E B E S T B E T S I N

Appointment for Danger — Alan Ladd has his best film to date in this exciting drama about robbery and murder in the U. S. postal service. *May

The Brave Bulls — The film version of the noted best-seller about the courage of a man against the power of death. Mel Ferrer plays the lead.

Five — Arch Oboler's imaginative tale deals with the last five people remaining on earth after an atomic explosion.

Follow the Sun — An appealing biographical film about Ben Hogan, the golfer. Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter.

Fourteen Hours — Tense but moving story of a day in the life of a young man who wants to commit suicide. Paul Douglas, Richard Basehart and Barbara Bel Geddes. *May

Go for Broke — The Nisei-Americans who had their own battalion in our Army were the great heroes of World War II. This is their inspiring story, told with a good deal of humor. *May

God Needs Men — When some independent French peasants are deserted by their priest, they select one of their

FINE FILMS



"DEAR BRAT"

"Dear Ruth" and "Dear Wife" were very pleasant comedies which found favor with moviegoers, so Paramount has produced a third film about the Wilkins family. This one deals with some shenanigans conjured up by teen-age Miriam (Mona Freeman). She's the member of the family with a great sense of social responsibility, and this time she's whipped up a society for the rehabilitation of criminals and had her father (Edward Arnold) elected president.

She's even gone farther and hired an ex-convict. Baxter (Lyle Bettger), as the family gardener. Her father had sentenced Baxter and recognizes him, but hesitates to do anything for fear it will affect his political popularity. The plot gets much more complicated and hectic, as anything connected with teen-agers does, but the family are natural enough to make the film realistic and amusing to all audiences.



"ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE"

In his first Western film, Kirk Douglas is on the side of law and order. He is Len Merrick, a U. S. marshal, and he runs across a lynching just in time to save Pop Keith (Walter Brennan) from being hung. Keith is accused of killing a wealthy cattleman's son, as well as of rustling some cattle. Merrick's job is to deliver the prisoner to the nearest jail, where he'll await trial.

Job himself was probably not more beset by trials and tribulations than Merrick is on his unhappy assignment. He gets shot at by Pop's daughter Ann (Virginia Mayo), who turns out to be pretty attractive when she's not covered with dust. Ann joins the party and shares their hardships of skirmishes, sandstorms and thirst. After hiking through some handsome scenery, which they undoubtedly didn't appreciate, the party reaches its goal, justice triumphs and Merrick gets his gal. (Warners)

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

own men to take his place. Pierre Fresnay plays the leading role.

Goodbye My Fancy — Joan Crawford goes back to her alma mater for an honorary degree and finds romance, too. Eve Arden, Robert Young. *May

I Can Get It for You Wholesale — Susan Hayward and Dan Dailey find each other in a fashion-industry story.

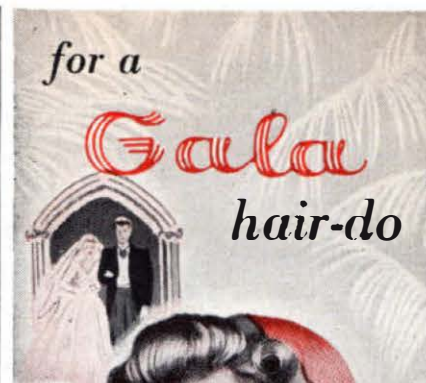
My Forbidden Past — Ava Gardner looks beautiful as the notorious member of a proud Southern family. Robert Mitchum and Melvyn Douglas.

Queen for a Day — A trio of films which are unusual, but which have little to do with the radio and television show with the same title.

Rawhide — Powerful and entertaining Western with Tyrone Power and Susan Hayward the victims of a holdup gang. Hugh Marlowe, Dean Jagger. *May

The Thing from Another World — Highly interesting science-fiction film in which something from another world attacks a scientific party. *May

*Previously reviewed in Redbook.



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all day

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with fresh whole egg right in it—
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Leaves your hair soft as a child's,
shiny clean, film-free . . .
and so *wonderfully* obedient.

Helene Curtis
foremost name in hair beauty.



Foster initiative in your small fry by arranging shoes and clothing in proper order so they can dress themselves.

Help Them to Help Themselves

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH DAUBER

Balmy weather brings blessed relief from bulky outdoor clothes, and provides an excellent opportunity for letting your small fry do some of their own dressing.

Clothes themselves have a lot to do with a youngster's ability to handle them. Slip-on shirts, panties and polo shirts, overalls with sturdy snaps are infinitely easier than clothes with fancy buckles or buttons.

Even these simple clothes need some preparation, however, before a preschool child can get them on right side out. Spread out panties and overalls on the floor. Arrange shoes so that they are wide open, with the tongues pulled up. Then give your young son or daughter a chance to go to work.

Practically all children are fascinated by the prospect of doing things for themselves. Surprisingly enough, they often lack the opportunity. Indeed, early attempts at self-help are easily confused with stubbornness or naughtiness.

When two-year-old Tony sheds his shoes in the sandbox, for example, he is more likely to be blamed than praised. But consider that he has sand in his shoes and a healthy urge to manage his own problems. Of course he can't — and you may have to remind him that shoes stay on outdoors. If you scold or slap him for these misguided efforts you may curb his undressing, but you may inadvertently check his initiative as well.

The same thing goes for self-help in eating. What looks like a perverse desire to make as big a mess as possible may actually be an awakening interest in handling that complex tool — a spoon. You may have to take the main responsibility for getting your two-year-old's dinner inside of him, but give him a small spoon of his own and let him share the job. Children of three or more can usually manage their own meals if they are hungry.

Remember that effort is as praiseworthy as accomplishment in the beginnings of self-help. When your child washes his hands without aid, praise him for trying before you comment on the dirt he missed. If his sweater lands on backward, ignore it unless he seems uncomfortable.

Encouraging independence in any of these routine performances is definitely more time-consuming than doing it yourself. But it's more important to give a child a feeling of self-reliance than to zip through dressing or washing or eating in record time.

And expect lapses. Even a youngster who is fairly capable in routine skills may suddenly demand help. That's all right, too. His switch from "big" child to helpless baby reflects his conflicting attitudes toward growing up.

There is no need to force independence — indeed, it's impossible. The best any parent can do is to work with his child's own urge to take on small everyday responsibilities.

RECORDS

BY GEORGE FRAZIER



Lee Wiley

THE EXCITING MISS WILEY

"Night in Manhattan," a new Columbia LP by the singer Lee Wiley, is a notable achievement in many ways. For one thing, it includes such memorable tunes as "I've Got a Crush on You," "Manhattan," "Sugar" and "The Ghost of a Chance." For another, it has some magnificent background work by Joe Bushkin on piano and Bobby Hackett on trumpet. Even more important, however, is the fact that it affords us a chance to hear Lee Wiley again. Miss Wiley is one of the greatest popular singers of our time, but she records far, far too rarely. It is a vast pleasure to be able to report that she is at her most exciting in "Night in Manhattan." Her performance of Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan" in this album is, by the way, probably the most magnificent treatment ever accorded the masterpiece from "The Garrick Gaities."

MORE GOOD NUMBERS

There are some other worthwhile items on hand this month, too. One is Buddy Weed's MGM of "Bridge Out, Road Closed, Detour." Besides being an abundantly talented pianist, Weed is a remarkable vocalist—no fluff, no enormous range, no ear-splitting power, just one of the most relaxed (and relaxing as well) singing styles around today.

Another vocalist who merits applause this month is Frank Sinatra. His Columbia coupling of "Hello, Young Lovers" and "We Kissed in a Shadow" (both from Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I") is far and away the best record he has made in years.

In the field of show (or, as in this case, movie) music, the major release of the month is MGM's LP of the score from "Royal Wedding," with Fred Astaire and Jane Powell participating.

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keeps your hair
so perfect...so
naturally lovely!



Just a kiss of Suave
assures day long
hair beauty

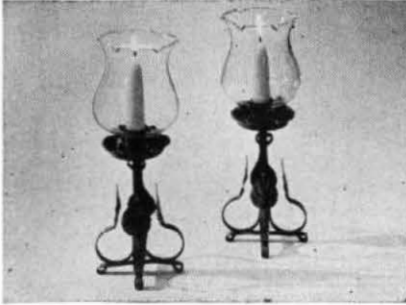
Now, arrange your hair so easily—perfectly—and keep it that way—with Suave! Just a morning kiss of Suave helps keep even "problem" hair obediently in place... wonderfully soft... alive with natural highlights. Only Suave keeps your hair so perfect—so naturally! Greaseless, contains no alcohol. Get the new cosmetic for hair, SUAVE—5 to 1 choice of smart women over ALL "hairdressings"! 50¢, 51

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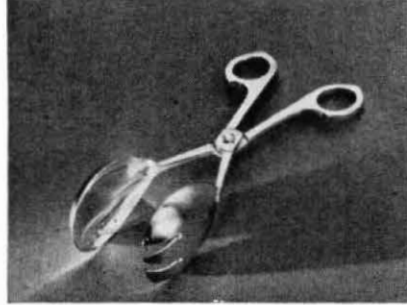
SHOPS



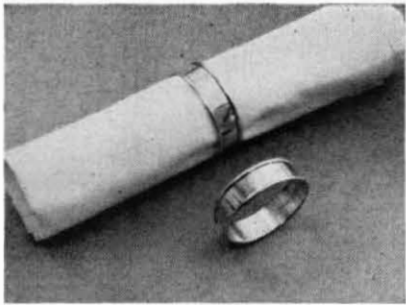
PERSONAL SHOPPER



Gracious dining—soft candlelight shed by a pair of handsome hurricane lamps. Hand-made verde green or black wrought iron bases with crimped glass chimneys and 4" ivory candles. They're 12" tall. \$4.95 a pair ppd. Six refill candles are \$1 with order to same address; otherwise 12 for \$1.85. The Josselyns, Box 147, Dedham, Mass.



Salad and vegetable server that really does an efficient job. Curved fork and spoon with scissors grip serves salad, asparagus, broccoli, grilled tomatoes, stuffed peppers, corn-on-the-cob, etc. Fork and spoon unlock for separate use. Simple, modern design in heavy silver plate. \$5.50 ppd. From Janet Forister, Dept. A-6, Bloomington, Ill.



Double-ring ceremony for the happy couple. A pair of Gorham's sterling silver wedding-band napkin rings make a seldom-thought-of but much-appreciated wedding gift. Perfect for dinners *à deux*. Nicely gift-packaged in a satin-lined box. \$4.35 a pair, including tax and postage. Nelmor, 897-901 Bergen Ave., Jersey City 6, N. J.



On the rocks—Scotch, rye or bourbon on ice is fast becoming a favorite American drink. A jailbird with pick and axe sits "on the rocks." Black decoration on clear glass with sham bottom. Set of 8 old-fashioned-size glasses is \$4.25 ppd. Set of 8 double-size, \$5.95 ppd. Hand Craft Studio, Inc., 777 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N.Y.



Copper kettle, imported from Finland, is a charming tea or coffee pot and makes a distinctive decorative piece. Beautifully made by Finnish craftsmen of gleaming solid copper with tin lining for practical use. Approximately 1-qt., \$9.95; 2-qt., \$11.95; 3-qt., \$13.95, all ppd. Finlandia House, 1027 N.E. Alberta St., Portland 11, Ore.



Jensen's acorn is one of their loveliest patterns, crafted by skilled Danish silversmiths. Choose a distinctive wedding gift—something in sterling under \$15 — a bottle opener at \$11.50 or a cheese or bar knife with stainless steel blade at \$10.25. Prices include tax, postage. Georg Jensen, Inc., Dept. RB, 667 Fifth Ave., New York 22, New York.

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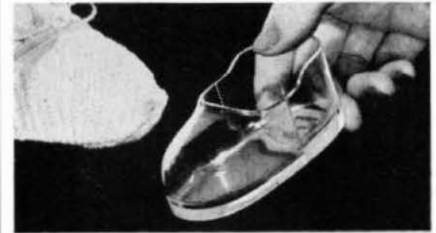
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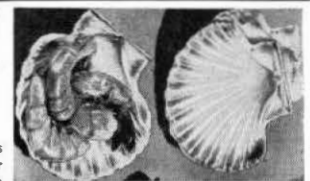
Give yourself the travel case chosen by America's lovely models. Smart, smart, narrow design, so light and easy to carry, so handy to pack, so definitely modest in price. Center compartment holds 2, 3 or more hats, 4 separate compartments hold shoes, hose, socks, handkerchiefs, cosmetics, bathing suits, sweaters—a real carry all! Take it anywhere—in auto, plane, or train—on week-ends or vacation. Sturdily constructed, 13" across, 10-1/2" high, in smart Safari Brown Simulated Alligator, with strong reinforced bindings. Order by mail. You'll be delighted or money refunded. Low cost includes tax. **\$5.95**

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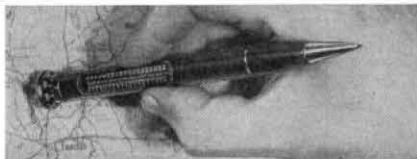
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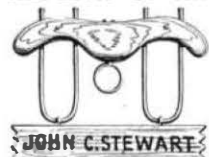
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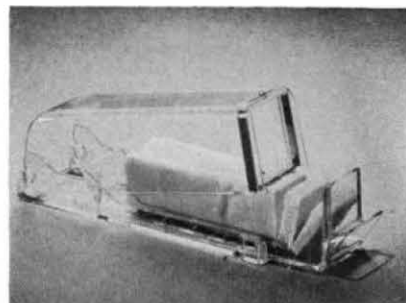
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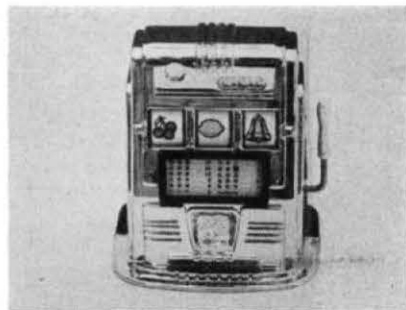
Bridal set—night-gown and negligee of filmy rayon ninon for June's prettiest bride-to-be. Negligee has little-girl collar, lace yoke, midriff, cuffs. Gown has lacy straps and midriff. Guaranteed washable. Black, pink, blue and white. Sizes 12-18. Set is \$12.99 plus 21¢ postage. **Jonas Shoppes, Dept. R-5, 62 West 14th St., New York 11, N.Y.**



Butter cutter and server for table use. Cut-a-Pat does just what its name implies. Plastic dish holds ¼ pound bar of butter and slices individual pats with its wire cutter. Tray slides out to measure off each pat. May also be used with margarine or cream cheese. \$1.25 ppd. **Greenland Studios, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.**



Studio couch cover tailored to fit like one custom-made. Dust ruffle is a colorful printed fine twill, while the scalloped coverlet comes in either green or wine. Pillow covers are print on 1 side, solid on other. Fits standard studio couch. Five-piece set, \$19.95 ppd. including 3-letter monogram. **Smart Mart, 601 W. 26 St., New York 1, N.Y.**



The Little Randit—a miniature of the real thing that will keep Father amused and out of mischief for hours. Metal slot machine measures 2½" wide by 2¾" high. No chance of winning a fortune, but it's just as much fun and just as hard to get the winning combinations. \$1.15 ppd. **Carl Duncan Company, 2423 Pine St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.**



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Sloppy moppets need soft, absorbent bibs to catch the drippings. Made of Turknit, a knitted terry cloth that stays soft after washings and won't irritate baby's skin. Decorated with darling appliqué designs in fast color and edged in pink or blue. \$1 each or 3 for \$2.75 ppd. **The Block Shop, 58 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.**

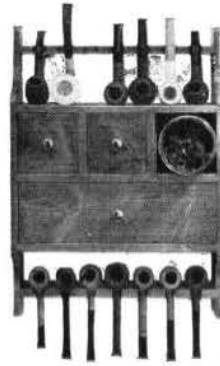
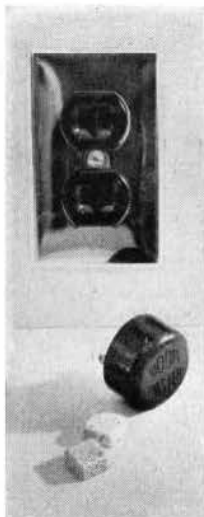


Vacuum-sealed refrigerator containers turn left-overs into economizers. A real food-saver—will keep cheese 60 days, berries 14 days, onions 20 days, etc. What a boon for the summer months and what a saving in food! Set of three—18, 32 and 48 ounce sizes — \$2.95 ppd. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 22-1 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.



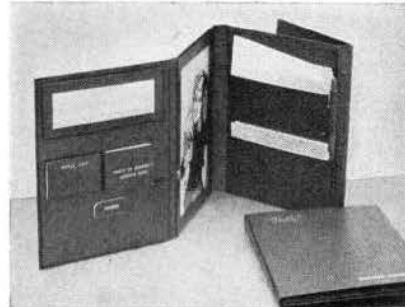
Slipcovers for flowerpots are wonderful ways to hide unsightly pots with a minimum of expense. Covers are woven straw and come in toast, red or green in two sizes. Smaller size, for a 4" pot, are 50¢ each. Larger size, for a 5" pot, are 60¢ each, ppd. covers open at bottom for drainage. Edith Chapman, 50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.

Cooking or other household odors will be eliminated, not just disguised, by this Odor Master. Works electrically, plugs into any wall outlet and, using scented wafers, really does the job. Excellent for kitchen or bathroom use. \$1.50 ppd. including 2 wafers, 1 pine, 1 floral. Refills are 50¢ a vial of 6. Neville's, 150 High St., Burlington, N. J.



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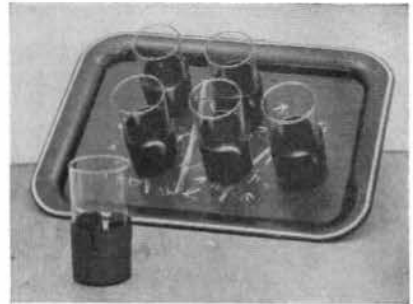
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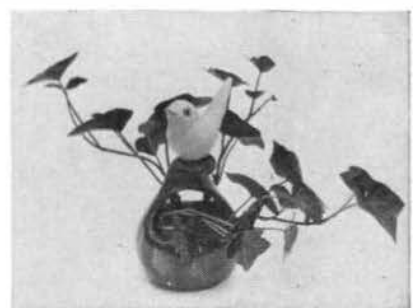
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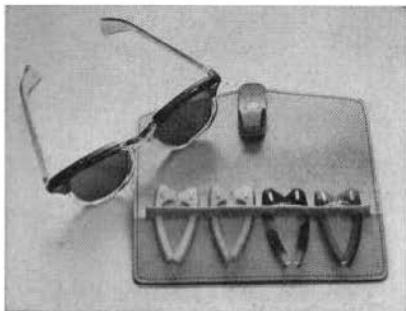
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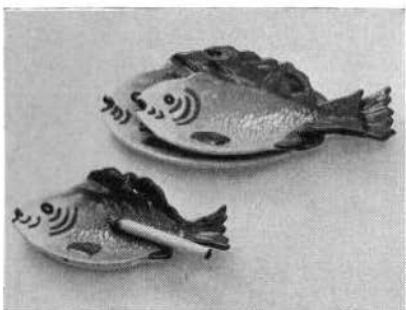
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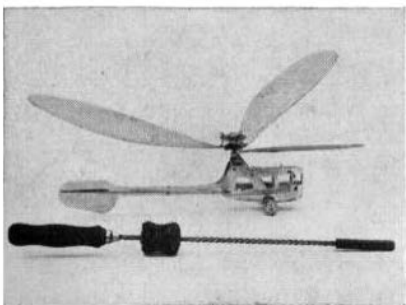
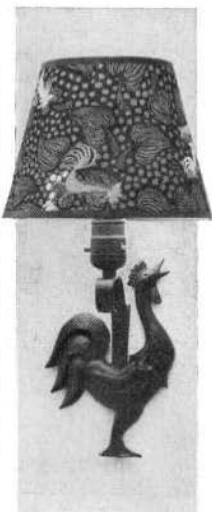


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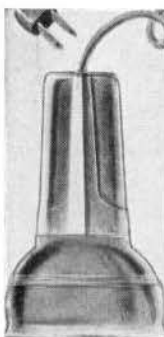
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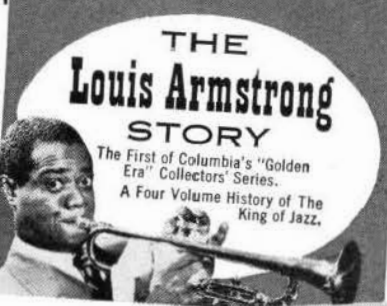
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NEWS ABOUT MEDICINE

BY EDWARD T. WILKES, M. D.

Protect your Kids in Polio Season!

Poliomyelitis outbreaks are not expected to start for another month or two, but this is a good time to report on some recent research, and list some DOs and DON'Ts for parents.

Reports this year confirm the belief that polio, particularly the severe bulbar type, is more likely to strike if a child's tonsils or adenoids are removed just before, or during, an epidemic. Research done abroad indicates vaccination against smallpox and whooping cough also may make a child more susceptible. Before the season starts, then, DON'T have your child's tonsils or adenoids removed if it can be avoided, and DON'T have your child vaccinated.

During the polio season, children need special protection. Things which might be medically safe at other times of the year may be invitations to polio. To help you protect your child, here are some brief rules to follow if polio comes to your community.

DON'T let children get overtired; don't let them get chilled in swimming.

- overlook early signs of illness such as headaches, sore throats, upset stomachs, sore muscles, extreme tiredness, difficulty in breathing or swallowing.
- keep a sick child on his feet. (Get him into bed and call a doctor immediately: early discovery is important.)

DO keep all food especially clean, and wash hands carefully before handling food or eating. After-toilet cleanliness is most important.

- keep children in their own circle of friends. Keep them away from new people as much as possible.
- remember, if polio strikes your house, that most polio patients recover completely. There is no reason to get panicky.
- contact your chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. No patient need go without care for lack of money. Your chapter will pay what you cannot afford.

Got a Toothache?

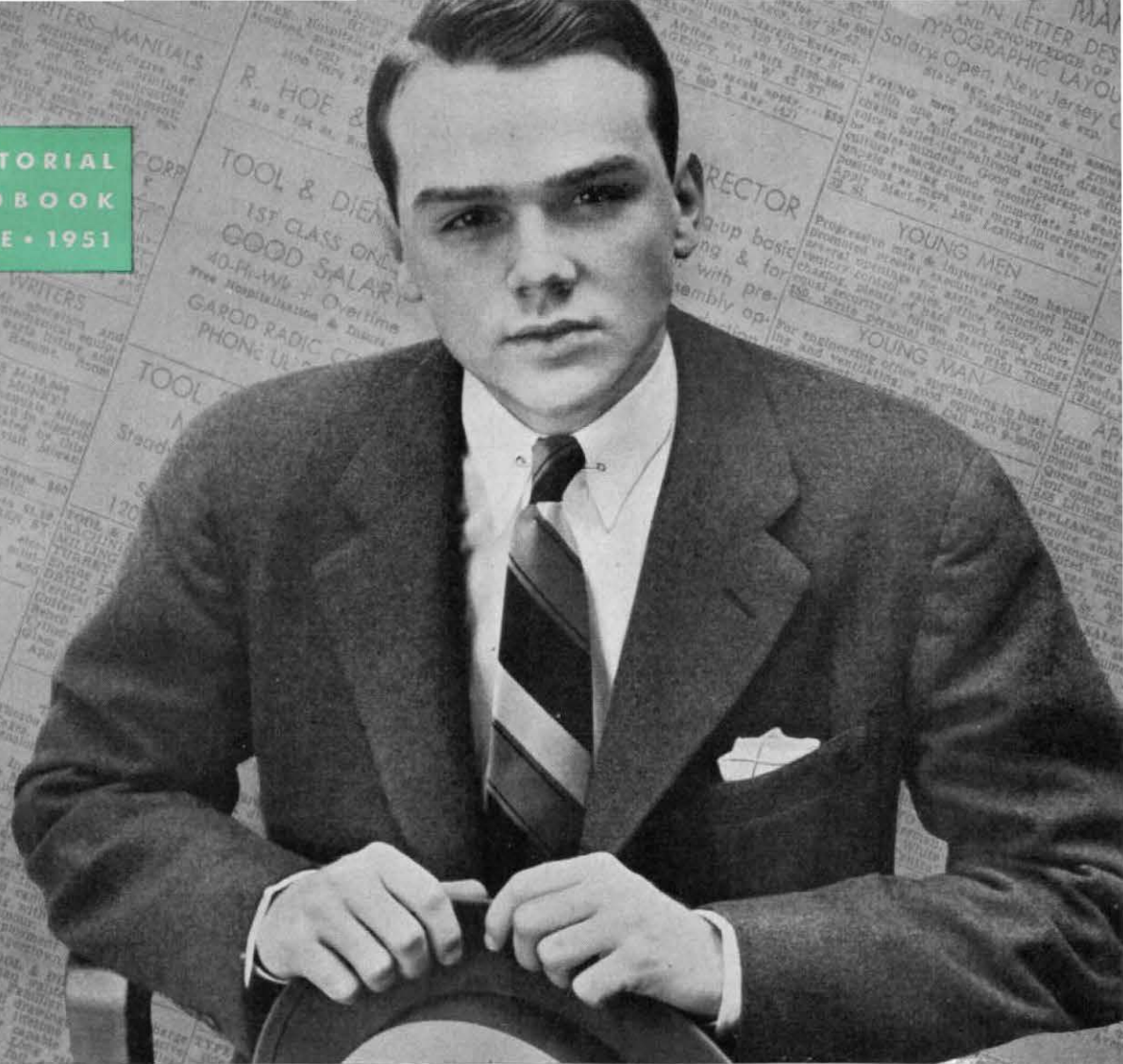
Next time you have a toothache, try placing a tablet of sweetened aspirin under your tongue and letting it dissolve. A study reported in the *Illinois Dental Journal* found this gave the fastest relief for toothaches and neuralgias. Only a dentist, of course, can give you permanent relief. The tablet contains aspirin combined with saccharin and is marketed under the name of "Theryl."

Upchuck Your Breakfast?

Morning sickness, the malady of pregnancy characterized by the swift loss of breakfast, is so common most women regard it as an unavoidable hurdle in bearing children. Now, it appears that a drug called **Dexedrine Sulphate** brings relief. At the Oklahoma Medical School, this drug was given before breakfast to 165 pregnant women. It helped 82 per cent of them.

It should be used only under a doctor's supervision.

EDITORIAL
REDBOOK
JUNE • 1951



They Can't Live on Air!

More and more, the help-wanted signs are specifying "draft-exempt" or "men over 26." This is just a polite but thinly-veiled way of saying that any young man with the bloom of health in his cheeks faces trouble in landing a job these days.

The reason is easy to see. Men under 26 make the best fighters; the armed forces want them. But the policy of treating our draftable young men as though they had leprosy is impossible to justify. It is unfair and shortsighted.

Men under 26 are perfectly well qualified for many jobs. But they are getting excuses instead of jobs today, because some employers do not want the "inconvenience" of having a new employee suddenly called away for service.

It is only fair to ask just who is being "inconvenienced" by the war in Korea—the civilian, or the young man who gives up his career, his plans, maybe his life, to fight for his country?

This "limited emergency" is everybody's business, but has too often become "limited to men under 26." The young men are being asked to carry the heaviest burden of the emergency; the least the rest of us can do is stop penalizing them for doing it. There is no question that some jobs require an older person, but if it is work for a young man he should be given the job. When and if he goes into uniform his morale is going to be a lot better. He will know what he's fighting for — a way of life that gave him a chance when he needed it, and a job to return to.

Tomorrow's





Bride

BY BETTY KJELGAARD
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

Even with dreams of tomorrow in her eyes, what girl, once jilted, can be sure her heart is free?

Owen got away from the stag dinner as soon as he decently could. He rose from his chair in the club's rathskeller about nine, quirked his brows, made a deliberately cryptic excuse, and knew it was being accepted without question. His friends accompanied him to his car, loading it down with the hilarious gifts they had given him at dinner, making loud remarks about leaving the land of the free for the home of the brave. Those were the things they said with their mouths. But their hands, gripping his, were warm with that bond that only shared years can bring, and their eyes, still liquid with the evening's laughter, said, We're so glad for you and Jen, Owen. So sure this time.

Everybody was glad. Everybody was sure. Everybody but Owen himself.

He drove down the road toward

town, past the meadow, veined with moon-glow. What will I do, he thought. Call Jen, go out to see her, tell her I'm a heel but that I can't marry her tomorrow because I discovered today I'm apparently not ready for marriage? The cruelty of this thought was a direct blow to his own manhood. She had gone through that kind of thing once, and he had always despised completely the unknown Myron who had done it to her.

What, then? Try to explain as best he could and ask her to postpone the wedding? He almost groaned. They had done the rehearsals at the little church in Haldenville so thoroughly that they were almost married now. All they needed was tomorrow and the guests and the minister's this-time-I'm-not-fooling solemnity. And Jen had had her wedding dress for weeks. Laughing, (Continued on page 60)

How Frightened Are Your Children?

In these fitful days your child may suffer from war anxieties. Daily he hears about dreaded air raids, guided missiles and atom bombs. From every side he is beset by word-symbols of an unknown terror. He needs a defense against fear—a defense you can give

BY STANLEY FRANK

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO AARONS

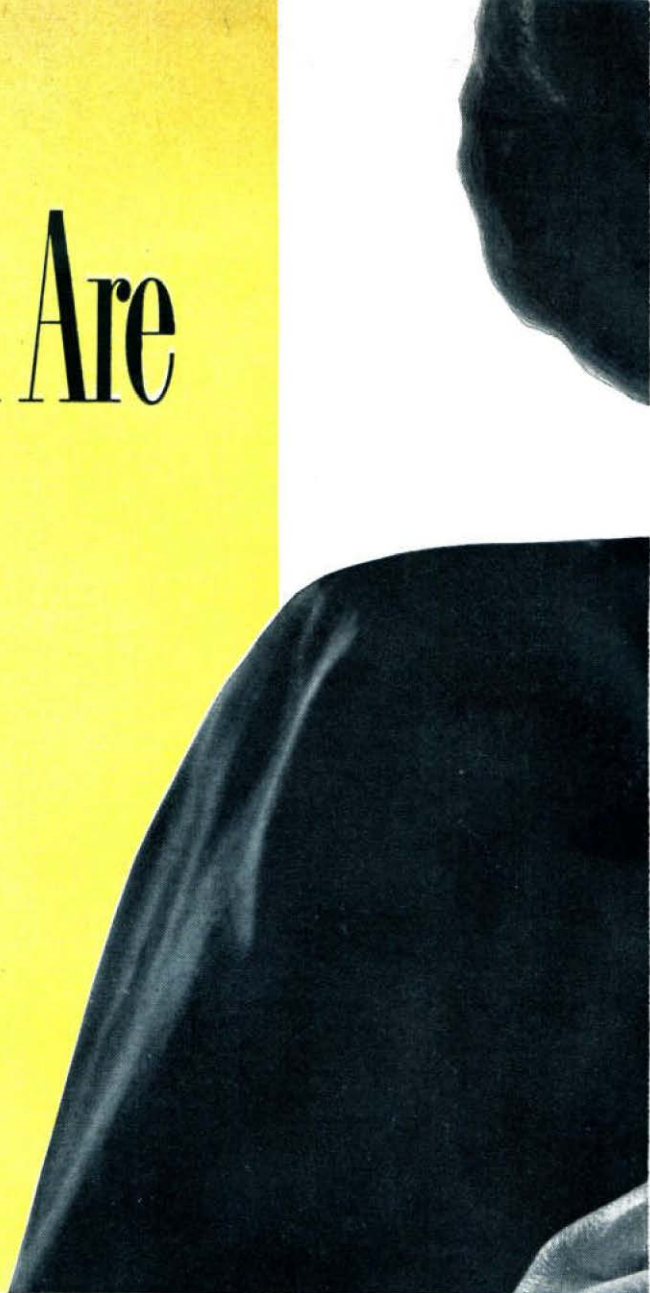
The ultimate horror of war came to Bristol, England, on a February night in 1941. German planes scored direct hits with high-explosive bombs on the Children's Hospital and fifty-four patients ranging from two months to twelve years old. Miraculously, none of the children were injured by the blast and wreckage, but the experience probably was the most terrifying to which a youngster can be subjected.

At the height of the raid, soldiers from a near-by post plunged into the rubble and carried the screaming children to trucks. Bombs were falling all around, and the only light came from fires raging in the city as the youngsters were rushed through the hostile night to another hospital.

Six months later British child psychologists, who made intensive surveys throughout the war, conducted a follow-up study to determine whether the raid had

left the victims with mental scars. Their findings are of immense importance to American parents who are vitally concerned with the impact of the current discussion of atomic bombing on their own children. Hopefully the British sound a much-needed note of reassurance.

All but three children who had been in the hospital during the raid were traced. Seven had died of the ailments for which they were admitted originally. Of the remaining forty-four, only five still had symptoms directly attributed to their ordeal. Although they had returned to homes in relatively quiet areas, the five affected children had recurring nightmares and were afraid of the dark and loud noises. The majority of parents reported, however, that their children showed signs of disturbance for a few weeks but that soon thereafter they became as calm and stable as they had been before the bombing.





The reaction of Janet, a three-year-old, was typical. Janet at first ran for shelter when she heard the air-raid siren and refused to talk of the hospital bombing with grownups. The third week, she was overheard telling her doll, "And then the bombs fell and the windows and ceiling came down and a man picked me up and took me away in a big car." That was Janet's way of getting her troubles off her little chest. Once she had done that, she was all right.

In general, the behavior of the children worked out almost exactly as you would expect. Those taking longest to recover were in the one-to-three-year-old group. From three to seven, youngsters wanted to reject or deny the experience. From seven to eleven, they tended to accept the raid as an adventure, and the older children, with more mature conduct, showed a strong sense of responsibility for younger kids. The reactions of all age groups to *(Continued on page 31)*

How to Help your Child through this War-troubled Period

- **Stay calm.** Run your household in the usual way. Don't let war scares upset you or alter your routine.
- **Don't squelch all war talk, but be careful of what you say.** Answer questions truthfully but briefly. Don't volunteer any details which might inspire fear.
- **Teach your child to beware of rumors, but don't deny the possibility of danger.** A child's confidence in his parents could be seriously impaired by an air attack which the parents had said would not happen.
- **Build your family into a tightly-knit unit.** A child feels secure in a group, and the most important group is the family. The stronger the family, the more shock the child can withstand. Give your child confidence.



Fearfully Carol waited, knowing Max was being judged as a husband as well as an artist — judged by another woman

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

At noon Carol heard the creak of the bed in the next room, heard Max's vast awakening yawn. She turned on the gas under the coffee, then stood holding the handle of the dish mop so tightly that her fingers hurt. Max had come to bed just before dawn, after a roaring shower, bringing with him the faint tart odor of the thinner he had used to clean the oil paint from his fingers.

When she had gotten up, she had looked upon his sleeping face, the face that had been for the past three weeks the face of a stranger. Three weeks; this time, the cool-eyed, quiet withdrawal had lasted longer.

Carol heard the soft *slap, slap* of his old slippers as he went down the hallway and into the studio that had been the kitchen shed until he had cut the window and skylight.

She realized that she was holding her breath, waiting, hoping for an end to the lonely weeks. The coffee began to make a whispering sound.

"Carol!" he shouted. "Carol! Come here!"

With shaking hand and with a great joy in her heart she turned the gas down and hurried to him. "I'm coming, Max," she called. It seemed an endless time since she had heard that warmth in his voice. Now the time of strangeness was over, and once again there would be laughter and love and their intense togetherness.

He stood in his shorts, his wide brown back turned toward her, his shoulders tensed, feet planted. The canvas was big, bigger than the last. He had turned it so the noon light struck it.

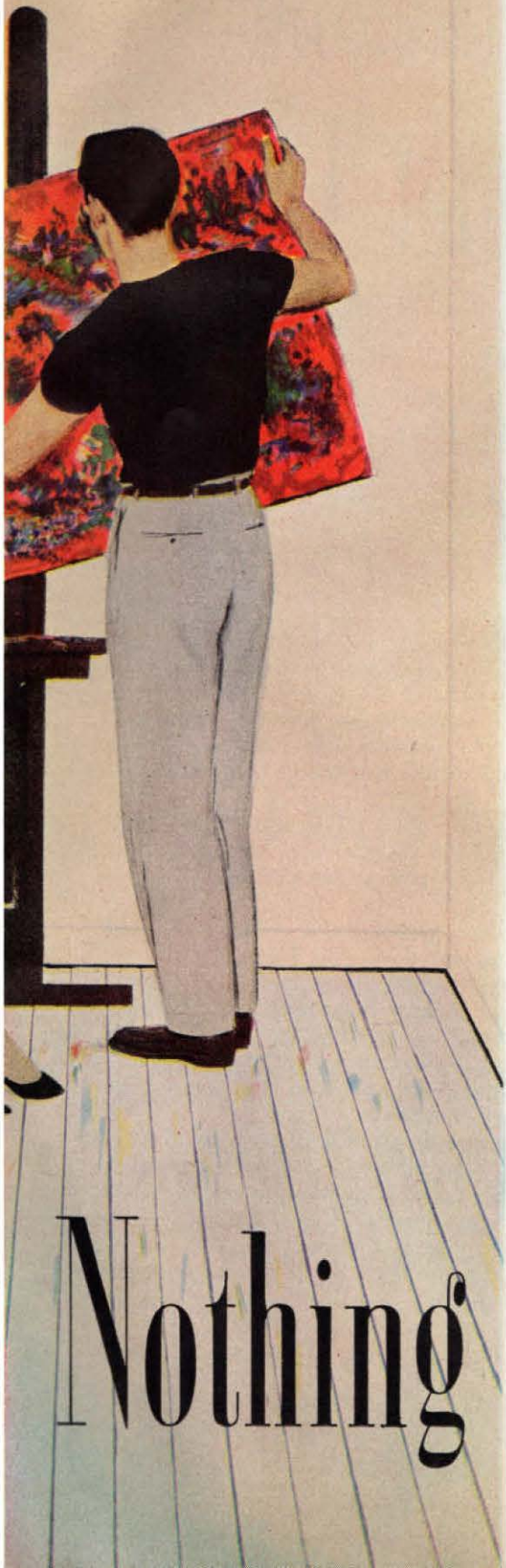
"I dreamed I did it the way I wanted to do it," he said, his voice tight in his throat, exultant. "I walked in and it was here."

She looked at it with the peculiar dismay that all his paintings gave her. If she had dared to criticize it aloud, she would say, "It's too big and bright and harsh and ugly and . . . and I don't understand it."

"It's nice," she said, in a small voice.

He turned quickly, the tooth-white grin on his tanned face, the uncombed black hair across his forehead. The grin softened, and he put his hands on her shoulders, kissed the tip of her nose. "Hello, darling," he said. *(Continued on page 90)*

Nothing Must Change





In the kitchen or at the studio, Janet Leigh is the same cheerful, exuberant person—a complete optimist. She lives with her parents in a house she bought out of her salary in pictures.



Janet's first part was with Van Johnson in "Romance of Rosy Ridge" (1947). Van changed her name from Jeanette Reames to Janet Leigh.

"Magnificent," Ezio Pinza, who played opposite her, said of Janet's performance in the Preston Sturges story "Strictly Dishonorable."



The Three Lives of Janet Leigh

Hollywood insists that here is a girl with a triple personality. But those who know Janet best say she is more like the wide-eyed blonde from next door

BY LLOYD SHEARER

A little more than four years ago, MGM signed Janet Leigh, then a pretty nineteen-year-old with no acting experience, to a contract of \$50 a week. Soon after, her agent told her triumphantly her first role would be in "Romance of Rosy Ridge," opposite Van Johnson. This, he added incidentally, would require that she be away on location for three months.

Her radiant smile faded. "But . . ." she said. "But I can't!"

Her agent stared. "What do you mean, you can't! Here they're putting you in a big A picture, first time out. With Van Johnson!"

"Oh," said Janet. "I'm terribly grateful and I know it would be a wonderful *break*, and everything. But I can't afford to stay at a hotel for three months. Golly."

"You're kidding," said the agent tentatively.

"No, I'm not," said his client, her eyes wide.

The agent closed his. "Oh, brother." Then he laughed—and gently explained to this sweetly naïve girl that, as usual, the studio would pay all location expenses.

Since then, Janet has continued to display an air of bright innocence that most of Hollywood considers as remarkable as the speed with which she has zipped to full-fledged stardom and a salary of \$850 a week plus bonuses. Van Heflin, who starred with her in her fifth film, "Act of Violence," recalls how every time she fluffed a line, she'd turn to the rest of the cast and apologize. "She said 'I'm sorry' so often it became embarrassing. Finally we got a tin can, and each time she said 'I'm sorry,' she had to drop in a coin. At the end of a week, the can was nearly full."

Concerning this amiably ingenuous manner, most of Janet's associates are of sharply divided minds. One school refuses to believe that, in a girl with two marriages and four years of





Fancy twirling and fancy figures come naturally to Janet Leigh, shown here practicing with the baton for the musical "Two Tickets to Broadway." She was a baton twirler during her grade-school days.

Hollywood behind her, it can be anything but pure affectation. Another, while admitting it to be slightly phenomenal, insists it's refreshingly sincere. A third and perhaps more penetrating opinion holds that the curious truth about Janet Leigh is that her behavior is, at one and the same time, both genuine and insincere. The key to this contradictory puzzle seems to lie in the profound effect upon her of her two unfortunate marriages.

Actually, Janet Leigh, spectacular blonde though

she is, is not unlike the girl next door. She is honest enough to admit that her Hollywood success awes her. And just as honestly she admits that she is wide-eyed about celebrities. It is as if she were the girl next door seeing the movie colony for the first time. It makes no difference to Janet that her future fame is assured; she remains as breathless about it all as any high-school girl might be.

An only child, Janet was born in Merced, California, on July 6, 1927. She was christened Jeanette Helen Morrison. Before she was out of her teens, she'd been married twice.

At fifteen, she had eloped to Reno with a youth of nineteen. "Why I did it," she says today, "I'm really not sure. It was a wild, impulsive thing. But my home life in Merced at that time wasn't very cheerful. Things were bad financially—Daddy was working as a clerk in a grocery store—my grandmother was blind . . . and I guess I was just running away from an unhappy situation."

In any event, Janet had been going around with a short, dark-haired, good-looking boy named Kenny Carlyle. He owned a Ford called Black Beauty. One night, Kenny proposed. "I've got ninety dollars saved up—let's go to Reno and get married!" Janet's answer was a long, consenting kiss.

"We drove to Reno in Black Beauty," she recalls, "and when we got there I bought a wedding dress—a blue one. It cost twelve ninety-five. Then we went to the courthouse, lied about our ages, and the judge married us right away."

Janet and her teen-age husband didn't spend their wedding night together. Happy and afraid, they raced back to Merced, where they shocked Kenny's parents with the news. Then Janet's parents arrived at the Carlyle house and took Janet home. That was the end of the marriage.

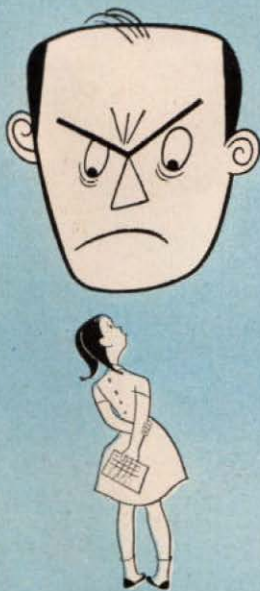
Shortly after, it was annulled, and the last time Janet saw her first husband was in the courthouse where they signed the annulment papers. "He looked at me and I looked at him . . . and that was it."

Nowadays, Kenny Carlyle is happily married, the father of two children, and few Merced townspeople know or care that he once was married to Janet Leigh, the famous movie star.

That elopement twinged Janet's conscience so painfully that she tried to block it out of her mind completely. When she returned to high school that fall, and some of her schoolmates asked her to verify rumors they'd heard, she denied them with perfect composure. "I almost convinced myself," she says, "that it never happened."

A friend of Janet's, a girl who was in school with her at the time, says, "In order to compensate for having run away and been married—something she obviously considered wicked—Janet adopted an elaborate façade of innocence. She was wide-eyed about everything—because that's how (Continued on page 22)

Let's Abolish Report Cards!



Suppose marks for parents were issued. How would you rate? Naturally the kids would compare you with other moms and dads just as you now compare them with other children

BY ARTHUR D. MORSE

Report cards should be abolished. They are a menace, supported only by the narrow-minded attitude of *one* prominent group of Americans. This group should be exposed, its members identified for what they are—*parents!*

For generations parents have wielded report cards as weapons for bribing their children and as instruments for their punishment. The craftiest tricks and the most frightening threats have been used by mothers and fathers to browbeat their youngsters into *A's* and *95's*.

Why?

So that Mommy and Daddy can keep up with, perhaps even pass, the Joneses.

When parents force their children to carry the ball for the whole family they ignore some grim facts:

Children who get poor grades are quickly convinced of their inferiority, usually without justification. Youngsters develop at different rates of speed, and the child who is a dud in the third grade may become a whiz in the sixth. But if he has that hopeless feeling, if his parents nag him for his "stupidity," then the stage is set for maladjusted adulthood.

The child with high marks often turns in one of two directions. If he has sailed through his lessons he'll show cockiness, although this is not necessarily the characteristic of a superior child. Doting parents, offering abnormal doses of praise, will heighten his obnoxiousness. Or the child may go to the other extreme and become that social misfit, the bookworm. In either case meaningless marks can have given him a false start in life.

The "nicest" youngsters from the "finest" homes can be driven to lie and cheat at school to satisfy the demands of overambitious parents.

Perhaps parents think that the widespread change from percentages to the *A, B, C* system has eliminated the harmful effects of report cards. If so, they should watch the trembling little girl who goes home clutching an *F* instead of a *60*. The damage is the same, the principle is the same, and if the degree of humiliation is slightly less, that's not much of a triumph for modern civilization.

Consider what has happened to the little girl. She has been compared to her classmates and she has been judged and labeled a *FAILURE*. So she stands before the world, worthless, a nine-year- (Continued on page 72)



Little Arthur

BY ROSEMARY TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

No one called him angelic—with his amusing and startling precocity—but where Cupid feared to tread, Arthur was undaunted

I remember the first time we saw Laura Brill and little Arthur. It was spring, and it was Saturday because I wasn't at school, and Mother had said, "June, today we'll wash out the store." So I had the hose and was squirting water on the cement, and Mother was behind me, swishing with the mop. Father was in the corner where we have the post office, and he was telling Old Man Gonzalez that it was going to cost an awful lot to send three pounds of frijole beans air-mail to Cleveland.

"When my son wants frijoles he wants them quick," the old man was saying. "I send them air-mail."

The bell over the door tinkled, and there stood this lady and this little boy. The lady was awfully pretty in a soft, plump way, with brown hair and brown eyes, and white, white skin. The boy I guessed was about six years old, and he had a funny, wrinkled-up monkey face.

"May we come in?" the lady asked.

"Why, of course," said Mother. "You look worn out. Sit down here."

The lady sat on a stool and put her head on her hand as if she were praying. The boy saw our magazine rack and walked over to it.

He picked up, not a comic book, but the *Atlantic Monthly*. "You reading this atomic-power sequence?"

"No," I answered, surprised like everything.

"It's good. But I haven't introduced myself. I'm Arthur Brill."

"I'm June Gower."

He hobbled his head at me. "It's a pleasure." And he climbed up on the window ledge and began reading.

The lady smiled up at Mother. "I'm sorry. I felt a little faint. It was so hot outside, and walking . . ."

"But where in the world did you walk from?" Mother asked. For nobody walks in Garnet Valley. Everybody rides. On a horse or in a car.

"From Rancho San Miguel."

"Oh," said Mother, and looked at Father, who had *(Continued on page 63)*

Can you depend on a veterinarian when your favorite cat or dog is sick? Or are animal doctors quacks? REDBOOK gives you the answers

BY CLIVE HOWARD



Can Vets Save Your Pets?



In New York City a woman took her sick cat to the nearest veterinarian. The veterinarian examined the cat and then told the woman, "It's just an old-fashioned case of tonsilitis—same as your child might have." Once the diseased tonsils had been removed, he assured the woman, her pet's health would quickly return.

The operation cost fifty dollars. But when the woman called for her cat a week later, the animal seemed no better. The veterinarian assured the owner this was the natural reaction to the operation. After a few days, he said, the cat would be fine again.

But the cat grew steadily worse. Finally, in desperation, the woman called in another veterinarian. Then she learned the shocking truth.

Cats don't have tonsils. They do have tiny, rudimentary swellings located where other animals and humans have tonsils. But only in the rarest of

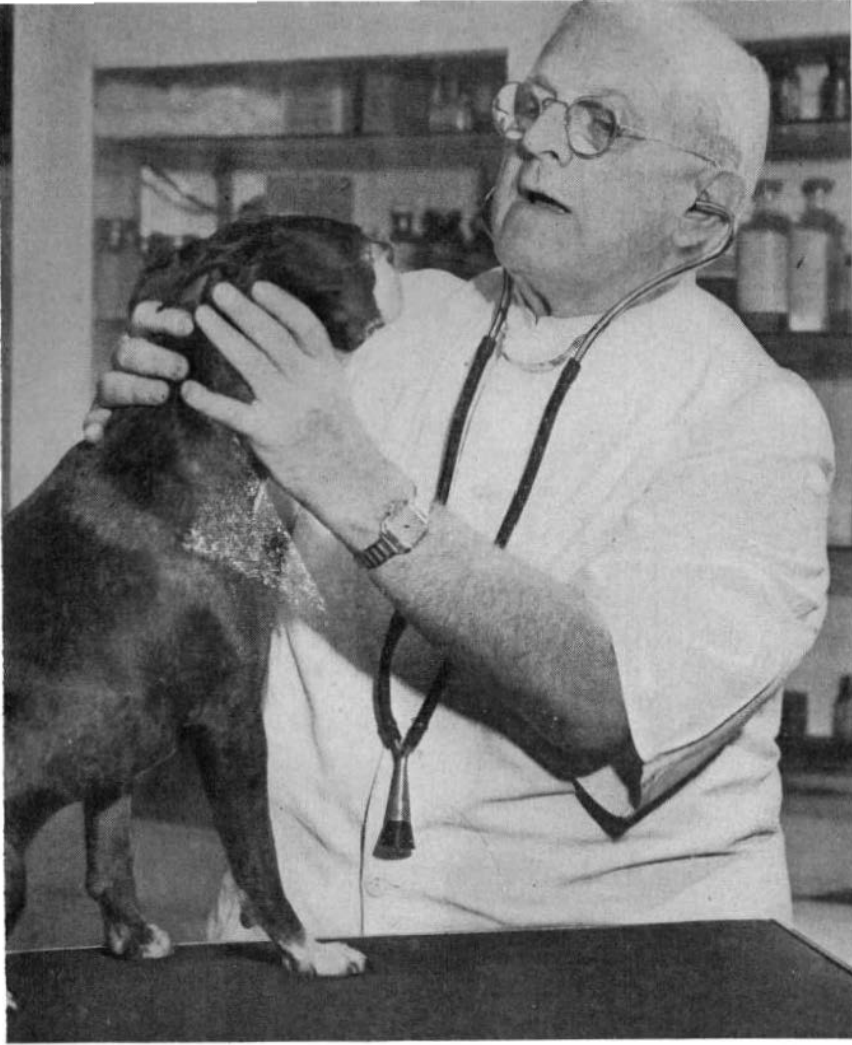
emergencies must they be removed. The woman's pet suffered a minor internal ailment, which one dose of medicine cured.

In another state, a pet collie suffering from a skin disease was taken to a veterinarian. "Your dog has an allergy," the veterinarian told the owner. "It will take time to discover what causes the allergy."

Once every week for several months the owner reported to the vet's office with his dog. He had followed instructions carefully, eliminating from the animal's diet the foods that might have caused the allergy. But the disease only grew worse. The animal was in great pain.

Like the woman who paid for a mythical operation, this man had fallen into the hands of a charlatan. The dog suffered only a skin ailment that could have been quickly cleared up by medicine. The quack veterinarian knew this.





Are *all* veterinarians quacks? Is the profession ridden with incompetents out to fleece the public? Now, as never before, the American pet-owning public is ripe for fleecing. Dog owners alone spend three hundred million dollars a year on their pets, and the amount probably goes even higher for cats. It has been estimated that pigeon fanciers spend over \$4,000,000 a year just on food for their pets, and the owners of ornamental fish are said to spend about \$15,000,000 a year.

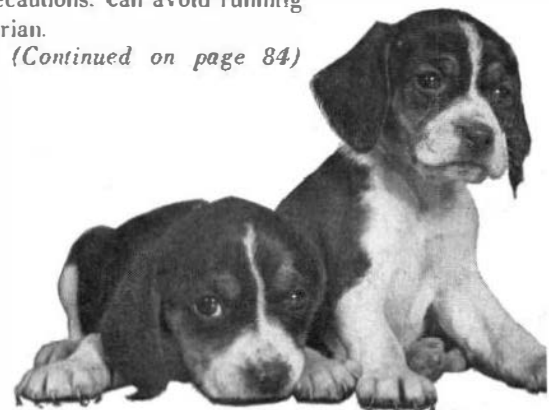
Or are most veterinarians ethical and honest and capable? Is it merely tragic coincidence that these two pet owners happened to run into quacks?

Fortunately, the answer is *yes*. The great majority are men of science, just as seriously dedicated to the care of pets as the most conscientious physician is to the care of humans. They have spent as many years as the average doctor—sometimes more—preparing for the profession. And

like physicians and dentists, they must pass state examinations to obtain a license to practice. They are bound by a code of ethics at least as rigid as the physicians'.

Out of the approximately 15,000 veterinarians in the U. S., only about 1,600 spend all or nearly all their time treating pets. The percentage of quacks among these men may actually be far smaller than any other profession. The attorney general of one state, noted for its relentless prosecution of wayward physicians, lawyers, dentists and other professional people, told me: "In the last fifteen years we haven't averaged a case a year against a veterinarian. That's a better record by far than any other profession has in this state." And, as this article will show, the pet owner, merely by observing a few precautions, can avoid running into the quack veterinarian.

There *are* quack (Continued on page 84)





"Thank you," Peg murmured. "For marrying me, all empty-handed." "Oh, my darling!" he cried. "My foolish, my beautiful!"

Second Magic

BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

To sacrifice luxury for love is an easy bargain for a girl. But only a woman knows romance must be exchanged for reality

The subway ground to a stop at Fiftieth Street, and Mrs. Joe Andrews got out. She didn't really want to, but she felt impelled to look at herself in every one of those hideously accurate mirrors stuck in the tops of the dozens of chewing-gum machines. "You look awful," she told herself.

En route to Mario's to have lunch with the girl who'd married Tim Blaine—the man she'd almost married herself—she'd have liked to be looking more prosperous and infinitely less pregnant. On two hours' notice, however, it was a miracle that she was there at all.

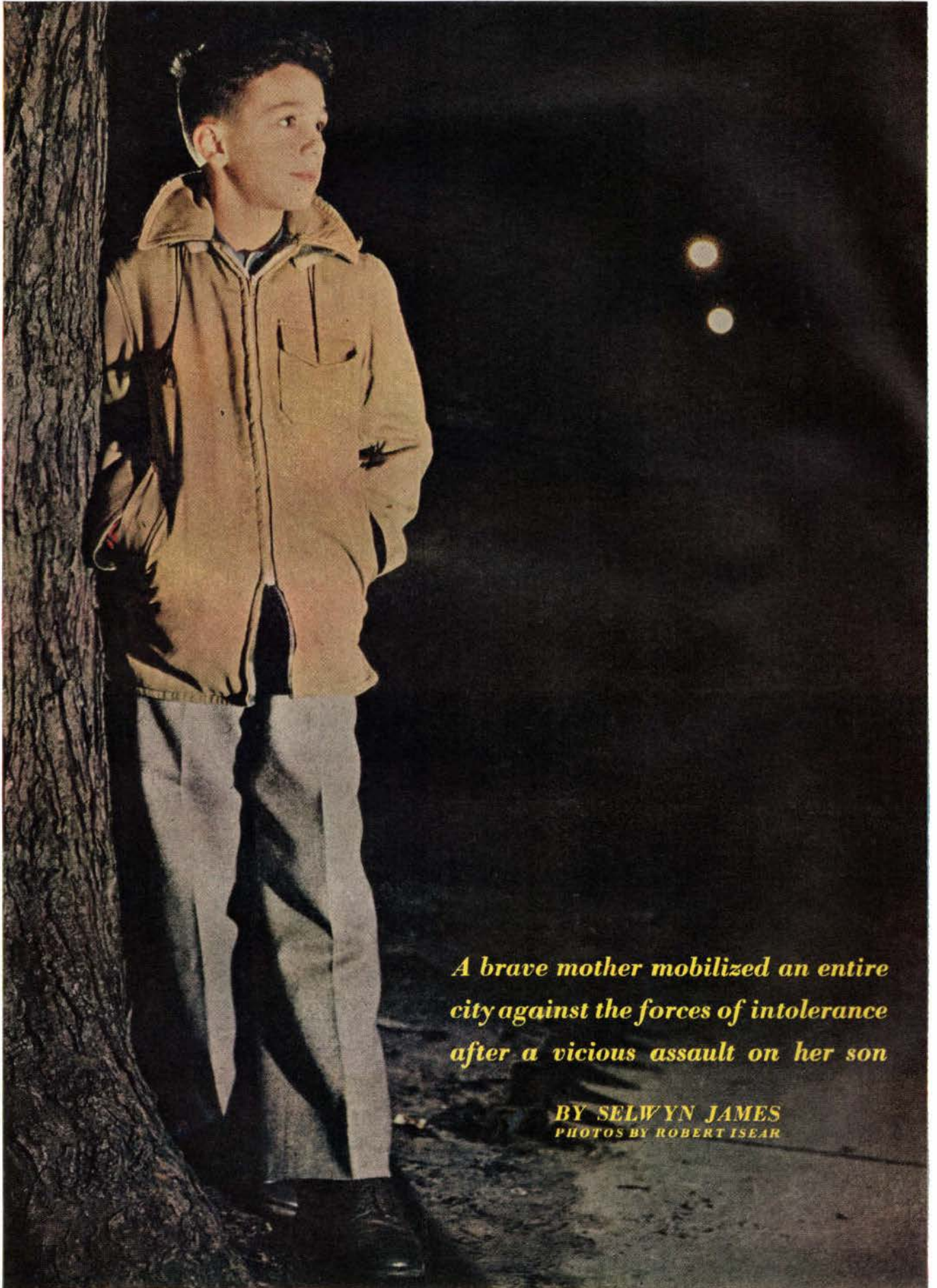
In the hard light her old black coat took on a greenish look. "It's shot," she murmured, resentment against Joe rising in her again. "Shot."

She walked slowly out into the street, the morning's exultation running from her as from an opened artery. And then in a window she saw the tangerine-colored scarf. Even knotted around the neck of a decapitated plaster model, it looked beautiful—sort of casual and quietly knowing. It cost three dollars, which would leave Peg exactly two dollars for possible emergencies. A taxi, perhaps. A tip at the restaurant. A phone call home. It was cutting it pretty fine, but she had to have that scarf.

"It does something for you," the salesgirl said, tying it around Peg's neck. And it really did. Her deep brown eyes sparkled, her skin—with its tones of coppery summer tan—glowed. Her quite ordinary dark hair gleamed blue-black. Why, Peg thought, surprised, I'd forgotten I could look like that! The girl in the plain black coat was a grim, defeated thing who could only have been married to a—oh, disloyal, never-to-be-uttered thought—a third-rate musician. *This* girl could be Mrs. Anybody. Even Mrs. Tim Blaine.

Peg sailed into the restaurant feeling lithe as a panther, beautiful as the sun. Nan Blaine had not yet arrived, and standing there, excitement pounding in her chest, Peg tried to analyze why it was that this luncheon meant so much to her.

When Nan had called that morning saying that (Continued on page 78)



A brave mother mobilized an entire city against the forces of intolerance after a vicious assault on her son

BY SELWYN JAMES
PHOTOS BY ROBERT ISEAR

THE DEVIL AND LYNN

It was on the raw, windswept night of November 9, 1949, that the city of Lynn, Massachusetts, received a visit from the Devil. With one contemptible stroke he brought shame to Lynn's 100,000 souls. He spread doubt and conflict among them, and left no mind at peace.

But (and this is the story) the Devil was overcome in the end. He was cast out by human decency and good sense. For in the months that followed, Lynn triumphed over a failing of mankind that has wrought evil since the beginning of time—the irrational fear and hatred of one kind of people for another.

The Devil brought shame to Lynn through the ordeal of a slender, brown-eyed, eleven-year-old lad named Laurence Goldstein, a Boy Scout and immensely proud of being one.

Laurence was walking home along dimly-lit streets after attending a Scout session (Lynn Troop 19) on first aid at a downtown community center. He was alone, and this made the Devil's work easier.

The route young Larry took is a fifteen-minute walk if one doesn't dawdle. But on

this evening Larry's head was full of boy-dreams, and he stopped frequently to peer into the darkened windows of radio and sporting-goods stores along Market Street. At the new town hall, Lynn's practical and impressive memorial to its World War II dead, Larry stooped to tighten a shoelace and then, heeding the lateness of the hour, started swiftly along North Common Street, which is residential and faces a parklike area of playgrounds, trees and shrubbery. It happened on the corner of North Common and Baker Streets, in the half-light of the moon at about nine-thirty. . . .

Lynn is a quiet place after nine o'clock, except for the brief flurry of noise and movement when the movies let out at eleven. In fact, by daylight or in darkness, there is nothing much to distinguish Lynn from a dozen other cities of similar size. It is an old city—a solid city—and its citizens are Protestants (of various denominations), Catholics and Jews, and they are English, Irish, Negro, Greek, Italian, Slav, Armenian and French—and mixtures of these strains, as well.

It is important to know all this, for



Larry Goldstein plays the guitar for his mother, Sylvia, widow of a war hero. After older boys beat him up he said, "Mamma, it's too hard to be a Jew."

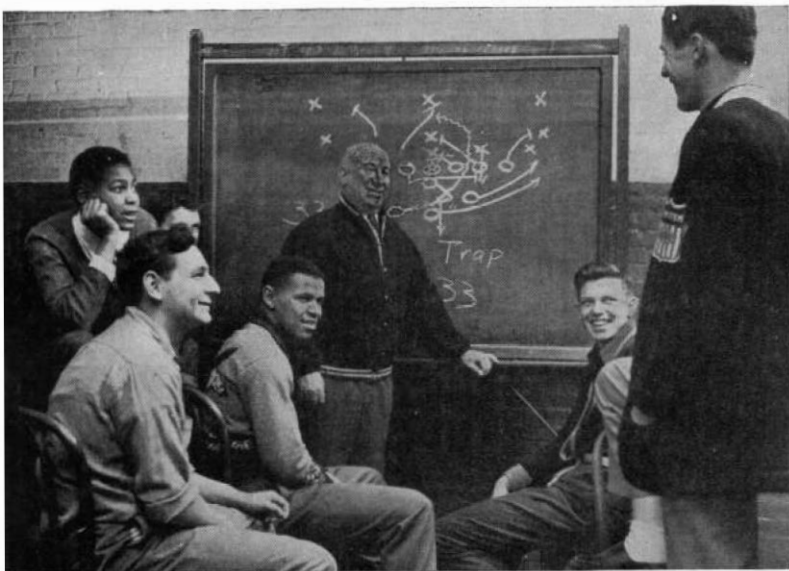


The spirit of Lynn captures man and boy. Here Mayor Stuart A. Tarr autographs a cast for Paul Sachar, who had both legs broken in a traffic accident.



With poster and book, this committee of mixed religions leads the fight against bigotry in Saugus, part of Greater Lynn.

(Continued from preceding page)



Fair play has real meaning for Coach Bill Joyce (center). His 1950 football team at Lynn Classical High School voted not to play a Southern school which barred Negro players from the field.

Lynn is so like other towns that it is unrewarding to search for any single feature that would explain the wretched thing that happened there. For what happened in Lynn might well befall the town you live in. Equally, Lynn's triumph is an American triumph. . . .

As Larry Goldstein, head down and hands deep in pockets, marched along North Common Street, he was thinking happily that there was much to look forward to. Soon it would be Saturday, which meant football in the park. It would not be long before he acquired his Second Class Scout's badge. There was a leaky faucet to fix in his mother's kitchen. A new chemistry formula was waiting to be experimented with in his bedroom. And there were simple tunes in his head with which, on Thursday, he intended to sur-

prise Miss Vivian Simmons, who taught him guitar.

These were thought-oddmoments without depth, but they gave him a warm sensation of gladness and sureness. It was a mood of contentment that had lately become a habit with him. Had Larry been older, he might have understood that he was making a satisfactory adjustment to life without a father.

Five years had passed since Private Maurice Goldstein (Company D, 41st Armored Infantry Regiment, 2d Armored Division) had been killed at the age of thirty-one in Belgium during the worst days of the Battle of the Bulge. Larry's memories of his father are dim, but he remembers that he loved him and that later he missed him. He did not know how his father had died, or exactly why. He had repeatedly asked his mother. But even she did not know the *how* of his father's death, and the *why* of it, gently explained, was never fully grasped because it dealt with intangibles and abstracts.

What Larry felt most was a resentment of the loss, as if he had been deprived of a natural right or had been the recipient of unjust punishment. Other fathers had fought in the war, and they were still alive. At first, in the small-boy agony and confusion of his bereavement, Larry often told his mother, "Daddies are more important than mommies." He would also invent games in which an adult male's participation was necessary. "You see," he would complain, "I *need* a daddy." It was a long time before he stopped saying it. . . .

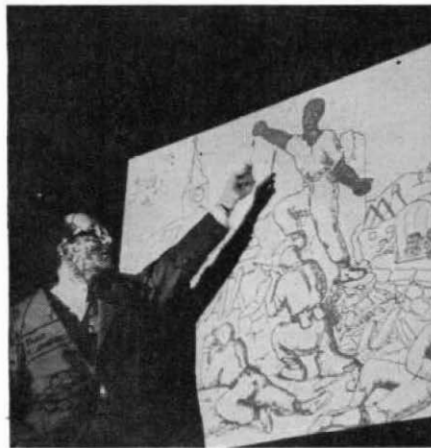
Now, on the corner of Baker Street, the new happy mood of Laurence Goldstein was shattered. He was confronted by a crisis, and he knew it would have to be met with nobility if his father's memory was not to be dishonored. Larry heard someone shout:

"Hey, Jew-boy! Jew-boy! C'mon and fight!"

To Larry, after the initial shock, the words were like a recurring dream, as if all the oppression of Jewish history, about which he had read in his Hebrew studies, was about to fall on *his* shoulders.

Sick with fear, he swung about. Six youths, all of them older and bigger (Continued on page 92)

LYNN "RUMOR CLINIC" SHOWS HOW FACTS ARE DISTORTED IN RETELLING A STORY



In one of the Lynn tests four persons are sent out of the room (left). A picture of a Negro soldier ready to throw a hand grenade across a churchyard at the enemy is shown (center) by Edward Jaffee, of the Lynn Item. Then the four persons are

called back separately, each one relaying to the next a description made of the picture by a member of the audience. How much the facts can change in gossipy repetition is evident from the last person's description: "A Negro is throwing a grenade at a church."

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 14

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?



1. Edna's mother was particularly strict with her after her father died. She took her to school and called for her in the afternoon. Edna's play was restricted to playmates her mother chose. Neighbors agreed Edna was good, but pitied her.



2. When Edna married and moved to a new home, her joy and freedom were complete. Her husband didn't earn much, but they were happy. When Edna's mother became too ill to live alone, Edna had no choice but to house her.



3. Edna took a defense job to make ends meet. She felt cheated out of happiness, but said nothing, even to her husband. Her mother hadn't changed. She was demanding. Edna seemed patient. Actually she bottled up her resentment.



4. Edna hated herself for feeling as she did toward her mother. Trying to do her job and please her mother as well made her tense, and she began having accidents at work. After a time she was ruled an accident risk and taken off the job.

Is it wrong to resent the irritating traits of loved ones? See if you can solve Edna's problem

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. Edna's unconscious guilt at hating her mother brought on the accidents at work as a kind of self-inflicted punishment.

2. Edna's early training and strict upbringing undermined her self-confidence and brought on accidents on the defense job.

3. Edna's fear of her mother was so deep-seated that it prevented her from concentrating on her job and caused the accidents.

Turn to page 62 for Dr. Martin's analysis

*Julie stood still. Paul made
no move to take the ring.
"It's up to you," he
said, head averted.*



How could he be so stubborn? Could nothing convince him that marriage is a partnership? Yes, one thing could....

BY ADELE S. OSHERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

The doorman opened the heavy plate-glass door, and Julie stepped out into the bright spring sunshine. The street was busy. Nurses wheeled bare-headed babies toward the green of Central Park. Housewives trailed wire shopping baskets to the markets on Columbus Avenue.

Julie walked down to the Drive, her heels clicking on the pavement, the sun warm at her back. Waiting at the bus stop, thinking of the quarrel last night, she wondered wretchedly if Paul was still angry. How little she knew him. How could you know anyone, really, in six months?

The lumbering two-decker bus stopped in front of her. She climbed the narrow staircase and settled herself in a seat near the front. To her right the river sparkled, and beyond it she could see the toy houses on the Jersey shore. But she had no eye for scenery today. . . . Paul was domineering. There was no other word for it. Domineering and overwhelmingly arrogant. She should have seen that the first time they met.

It was the morning after the first snowfall of the season, and she had been walking down to the subway, picking her way precariously through the icy patches. Paul had come around the corner like a horizontal avalanche, in a hurry to get to his office. He had sent her spinning into a snowbank, her scarf over her eyes, her skirts flying. Then he had laughed down at her with warm brown eyes, and for no reason at all her heart had started to hammer.

He had picked her up and set her on her feet, apologizing, brushing away the snow. "Why, you're no bigger than a minute," he had said, and for once she hadn't minded being tiny; she'd liked it. He had been so solicitous, insisting that she come into the corner drugstore for a hot chocolate, taking off her galoshes so her shoes would dry. He had asked to see her that night. Asked? He had told her! "I'll be around tonight to see how you are," he had announced. Her doorbell had rung at eight o'clock that evening and there he was, with a large box of candy under one arm.

She looked out at the snarl of traffic at the cross street. The ring on her third finger felt tight, and she twisted it nervously from side to side. . . . She had been swept away by his *(Continued on page 86)*

With this Ring....



Harry Breechen (right) won a World Series game for the St. Louis Cardinals.



Joan Fontaine got a divorce from her "perfect husband," actor Brian Aherne.



Mary Martin won audiences: starred in the hit musical "One Touch of Venus."

In Our Time

NO. 7



Pavot had the biggest winnings of any race horse in 1944 (\$179,000). But Twilight Tear was named the "horse of the year."



Frank Sinatra had the most hysterical audience of any crooner. Teen-age girls shrieked when he sang "I'll Walk Alone."



General McAuliffe said "Nuts" when Nazis asked his surrender at Bastogne.



People said "Wow" when they read Kathleen Winsor's "Forever Amber."



S. L. Avery said the U.S. couldn't run his office. He was carried to the street.



Football stars Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis teamed up for Army to give Notre Dame its most humiliating defeat, 59 to 0.



Movie stars Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby teamed up in "Going My Way," which received REDBOOK's movie award.



Golfer Byron Nelson was "athlete of the year." He won \$45,000 in war bonds.



Margaret Sullivan starred in "Voice of the Turtle," a story of youth in wartime.



Howard Lindsay was *Father* in the record-breaking play, "Life with Father."

This article on D-Day is one of a series being published by REDBOOK to bring into focus the startling and significant events that have swept across the American scene and fallen into history in our time.

Almost everyone had been saying that 1944 would be the year, and then, when it turned out that it was, and the long-awaited day finally did come, almost nobody was ready for it. Most of America was sleeping soundly when the news was flashed at 1:30 A.M., Eastern War Time. It should never have happened that way, because June 6, 1944, was touched with destiny.

While the lights were going out in an Ohio farmhouse seven years ago, the sun was coming up in Europe, and a German soldier standing watch on the French coast felt his heart stop when he looked out over the gray water and saw, under the scudding clouds, the great armada coming at him. Terror-stricken, he was suddenly sick to his stomach and wanted to run, but his fear paralyzed him. As he stood rooted there, he looked again at the swarming Channel and blinked, as though to brush the terrifying illusion off the water. It was no use. They were really coming.

In Chicago, this was about the hour that a streetcar motorman would be easing his car out of the barns for the owl run. At the same time, in a landing craft 5,000 miles to the east, a young man from San Francisco swallowed dryly and tightened his grip on his rifle. The June morning was cold and wet. It was the last moment he would be able to think clearly, and with a great effort he summoned the image of his wife. In his mind's eye he was sitting quietly with her in their living room, but although he tried desperately to make the image last, it was a fleeting visit, and in his nervousness her picture dissolved quickly in the spray from the sea. Normandy, in the first light, was a montage of grays and browns. The American soldier peered anxiously toward the shore, his eyes straining for a glimpse of the German soldier, but there was no movement. Where were they? . . .

The world in 1944 was spinning crazily, and America, in an effort to keep its balance, was going at a run. It was so caught up in the swirl of a great war that it hardly noticed there were other disasters (Continued on page 57)

This Was It!



The world held its breath as brave men hit the Normandy beaches. The wait had been long, but now the chips were down

BY COLLIE SMALL



The Bippolo

BY DR. SEUSS

*A duck gets too greedy, a cat gets too smart,
in a tale that will capture any young heart*

One bright sunny day, a young duck named McKluck
Had a wonderful, wonderful piece of good luck.
He was walking along, when he spied on the ground
A marvelous thing that is quite seldom found.
'Twas a small silver box. And it looked mighty old
And, on top of the box, it was written in gold:
*"Who finds this rare box will be lucky, indeed
For inside this box is a Bippolo Seed!
Plant it and wish! And then count up to three!
Whatever you wish for, whatever it be
Will sprout and grow out of a Bippolo Tree!"*

"Well!" thought the duck. "Well, now, what do you know!

I just have to wish, and my wishes will grow.
Now, what'll I wish for . . .? Now, what do I need . . .?
Don't need very much . . . only food for my feed.
So I wish," said the duck, as he opened his beak,
"I wish for some duck food. Enough for a week."
Then he dug a quick hole. But before he could drop
The seed in the ground, a loud voice shouted, "Stop!"
The duck looked around and he saw a big cat.
"Now why," asked the cat, "did you wish for just that?
One week's worth of duck food! Pooh! That's not enough.
Why, I'd wish for five hundred pounds of the stuff!"
"But, gosh," said the duck with the Bippolo Seed,
"Five hundred pounds is much more than I need."
"But that's just the point," said the cat. "For you see,
When you grow all that food on your Bippolo Tree,
You can go into business . . . in business with me!
We'll sell all that food. You'll be rich!" laughed the kitty.
"Why, you'll be the richest young duck in this city!"
"Hmm . . ." said the duck, and he wrinkled his brow.
"I never thought much about money 'til now.
But, golly, you're right. With some money, gee whiz,
Why, I'd be the happiest duck that there is!
I'll wish for that food." But the cat called, "Not yet!
We'll think of some *more* things to wish for, I'll bet.
Why, I know a very nice thing you could wish . . .
A tree that grows duck food could also grow fish!
Wish six hundred fish to grow out of the ground
And we'll sell those fish at a dollar a pound!
Now, a dollar a pound is a very high rate.
Say, you'll be the richest young duck in this state!"
"Why, sure!" smiled the duck. "I most certainly will!"
"But, Duck," said the cat, "you can be richer *still!*
Why wish for a little? Why not for a lot?
The bigger the wish, the more money you've got!"
"That's right!" clucked the duck, and he chuckled with glee.
"I'll wish for some oysters to grow on my tree!

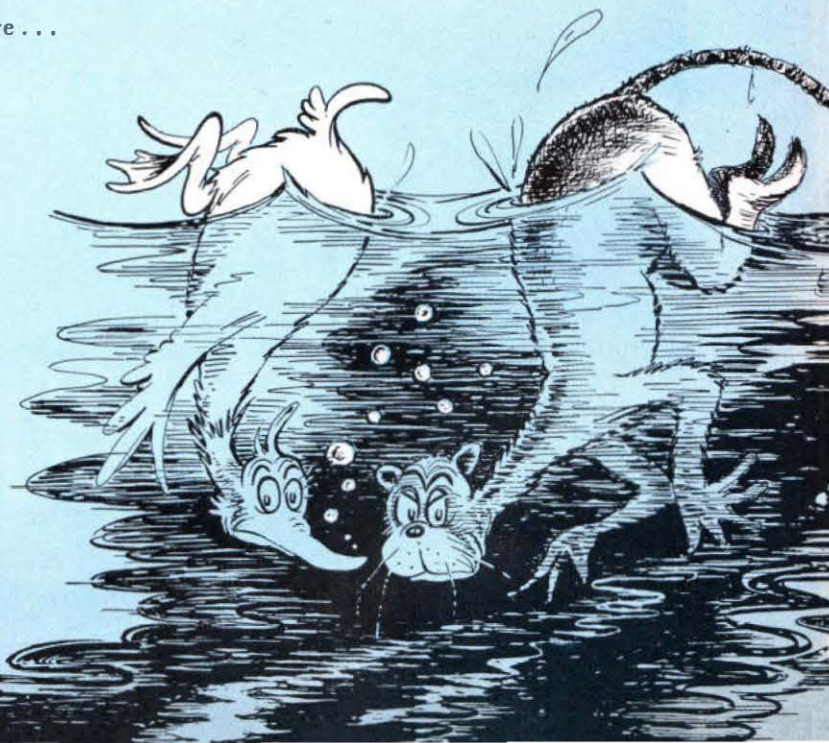


Seed



I'll wish for my tree to grow doughnuts and crullers!
 I'll wish for my tree to grow skates and umbrellas!"
 "Fine," cheered the cat. "Now you're doing just grand.
 Say! You'll be the richest young duck in this land!"
 "You wait!" bragged the duck. "I'll do better than that.
 You listen to this!" he called out to the cat.
 "I'll wish for ten bicycles made out of pearls!
 And eight hundred muff's that we'll sell to small girls!
 I'll wish for some eyeglasses! Nine hundred pair!
 And one thousand shirts made of kangaroo hair!
 A ton of stuffed olives, with cherries inside!
 And ten tons of footballs, with crocodile hide!
 We'll sell them for cash in our wonderful store
 In the Notions Department. The forty-ninth floor."
 Then he took a deep breath, and he wished for still more . . .
 "I wish," yelled the duck, and he started to scream,
 "For eight thousand buckets of purple ice cream!
 A trunk full of toothpaste! A big kitchen sink!
 And lots of brass keyholes! And gallons of ink!
 I wish for two boatloads of Baked Boston Beans!
 And, also, nine carloads of sewing machines!"
 Then his mouth started steaming, his tongue got so hot.
 But the more that he wished, the more greedy he got.
 "I wish," shrieked the duck, "for a million silk towels!
 And three million cages for very big owls!
 And forty-five thousand, two hundred and two
 Hamburger buns! And a bottle of glue!
 And four million satin-lined, red rubber boots!
 And five million banjos! And six million flutes!
 Oranges! Apples! And all kinds of fruits!
 And nine billion Hopalong Cassidy suits!
 Yes, *that's* what I wish for, by Jimminy Gee!
 And when they sprout out on my Bippolo Tree,
 Say, I'll be the richest young duck in this world!"
 And he got so excited, he whirled and he twirled!
 And that duck got so dizzy and crazy with greed

That he waved both his arms, and the Bippolo Seed
 Slipped out of his fist and flew high in the sky
 And it landed "Kerplunk!" in a river near by!
 Then it sank in the river and drifted away.
 And that cat and that duck, all the rest of that day,
 Dived deep in that river, but never did see
 A trace of the Seed of the Bippolo Tree.
 And the chances are good that this greedy pair never
 Will find such a wonderful seed again, ever.
 But *if* they should find one, that cat and that duck
 Won't wish for so much. And they'll have better luck.





Government Girls



Entertaining guests is a favorite diversion for Maureen Atkinson (seated at left) and Dorothy Ann Boulos (standing). They are two of the thousands of girls employed in United States Government offices.



Homework has to be done after office hours. Dorothy and Maureen are hard at it.

Home chores and office work are done. Maureen writes to her husband in Korea. Dorothy curls up with a book.

Senatorial courtesy is shown Dorothy Ann by her home-state senator, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. Dorothy moved to Washington from Portland, Maine, because she liked the idea of a Government job.



How do girls in Government live? What temptations do they face in our national capital? What are their dreams? This is their story

BY WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM
PHOTOS BY IKE VERN

The streets of Washington are so wide they never seem to be crowded—except at one moment of the day. Afternoon sun edges the Capitol dome with gold and slants down the broad avenue . . . 4:30 P.M. Now comes a flood, a bright tide of youth, streaming from the Government buildings, overflowing sidewalks, chattering, irrepressible, ready to burst into song at any moment. Washington's 100,000 Government girls are on their way home.

Visitors to the nation's capital sometimes react to this phenomenon with such questions as "Do we really need that many girls to handle the Government clerical work? Why do girls come to Washington, anyhow? And how do they get the jobs—do they have to be relatives of congressmen, or what?"

If we are ever tempted to doubt the importance of Government girls, let us consider a single detail of military organization.

In one pocket of a garment known in World War II as *Vest, Emergency, Sustenance, Type C-1*, there was a first-aid kit. It contained horic-acid ointment for burns, salt tablets for heat cramps, atabrine for malaria, iodine, benzedrine to combat exhaustion in emergencies, halazone to purify water, compress bandages, soap to clean wounds, sulfa tablets and a morphine syrette for cases of severe pain. The entire kit was packed in a transparent plastic box the size of a cigarette case. That tiny kit saved lives. But it was also a powerful morale weapon, reassuring our own men and, when it was found on prisoners by the enemy, telling them as no propaganda leaflets could do what they (Continued on page 68)



...When the Livin' Is Easy

Household chores almost do themselves during the summer, or in any season, if you put electric appliances to work. Another in REDBOOK'S series of articles on ways to make homework easier

A basic item in your electrical "wardrobe" is a mixer. Available in all types and speeds, a mixer can take over any number of boring kitchen chores, ranging from grinding meat to squeezing orange juice. "Portables" are fine for small families, but won't do the work of a "heavy-duty" model.

Less well known is the blender. It takes up pre-

rious little more space, but it's wonderful for salad dressings (try dropping in a chunk of Roquefort cheese), sandwich spreads, sauces, puréed vegetables for soups, milk shakes, and on the dry side, making crumbs from crackers. Warning: don't drop in whole ice cubes to make crushed ice; break up the cubes a bit first. Also, don't use a spoon to scrape down the sides of the bowl while the blender is running. Use a rubber scraper.

Don't Budge—Still air is the thing that keeps you from being comfortable on hot days. It blocks natural evaporation and radiation (yes, *you* are the radiator). Instead of moving around yourself, get a fan to stir the air for you. To get a gentle breeze, which is what you want, put the fan on the floor or window sill and



• Just Plug It In

Lazy summer living hangs by a cord—or rather by a series of cords plugging in all your electrical appliances. Plenty of well-chosen electric helpers busy on the job are the closest thing yet to that push-button housekeeping we keep hearing is just around the corner.

Especially now that days are long and warm, get that griddle down from the top shelf and that mixer out from behind the pots, and promise yourself to try something new with them every day or so.

This kind of housekeeping is quick, it's economical, and—what I like best—adds that informality to life and entertaining that summer calls for. A cool drink poured from your blender, a mixed grill done to a turn by your table broiler and a smooth sherbet served from your freezer—there's a meal fit for the gods that leaves you looking like a goddess!

let the breeze bounce off a wall. If you own a home, consider the built-in fans that run one way to drive heat and odors out, and reverse to bring in fresh air. One automatic model pulls warm air out of a bedroom until the temperature drops to a certain level, then shuts itself off.

Baby Refrigerator—If you are a camper, or travel in a boat, car or trailer, this may be just what you need—a refrigerator that adds up to just sixty pounds. This is no icebox; it's a real refrigerator that operates on AC or DC and is adapted to any voltage. To save space, just hang it on a wall. Back home it can go in a playroom, giving you a cold drink at your fingertips.

For people with freezers (or extra-big freezing

compartments in the refrigerator), another big item in a small package is a three-pint-size ice-cream freezer. You plug it in and stick it in the freezer or refrigerator compartment and close the door over the soft rubber cord. It turn-freezes a de-luxe product free of ice crystals. No more rock-salt-and-ice treatments. For the fanciest summer party, put a batch of vanilla and one of raspberry ice together for a "red and white" mold.

Waffle Ways—A New England survey shows that the waffle iron gets used on the average of twice a month. Inspired by this and by the fact that many just-marrieds start housekeeping with a waffle iron and not much else, a bright young woman worked up forty ideas for waffle baking. Chocolate and nuts, sweet potatoes, rice, cheese, ham, spices and fruit all can be used. Creamed concoctions can be served over waffles. Corn mix, for example, makes a crunchy version. Ice cream on a sweet waffle makes a dessert.

Hints: If waffles stick, add a bit more fat to the batter. And in pouring, start with a small amount and work up until they come out just the right size. It's better to fall short than waste batter, and have to clean it up.

Dollar Stretchers—If you have any waffle or pancake batter left over, put it in an ice-cube tray and freeze it. Later you can thaw it, bake it, and serve it with creamed tuna for a quickie meal.

If you have problems with appliances, don't hesitate to call on the home-service department of the electric company. They will help you figure out simpler ways of doing things, and may be able to provide recipes that will work better for you.

If you are going to buy, build or remodel, plan a wiring system capable of handling your future needs as well as your present ones. You'll save in the long run.

When you buy any electrical appliance, find the model number and write it down. If you can't find it, ask the salesman for it. You'll need this number to get replacement parts if the equipment ever breaks down. After the appliance is installed, though, you may not be able to get at the number to read it.

Everything Under Control?—One hundred and ten volts out of control is a dangerous thing. You ought to know before you buy if the appliance is safe. A good guide is an approval by Underwriters' Laboratories. Not all the products they test carry the UL label, but major appliance stores usually know—or can find out—if the equipment has been tested by UL.

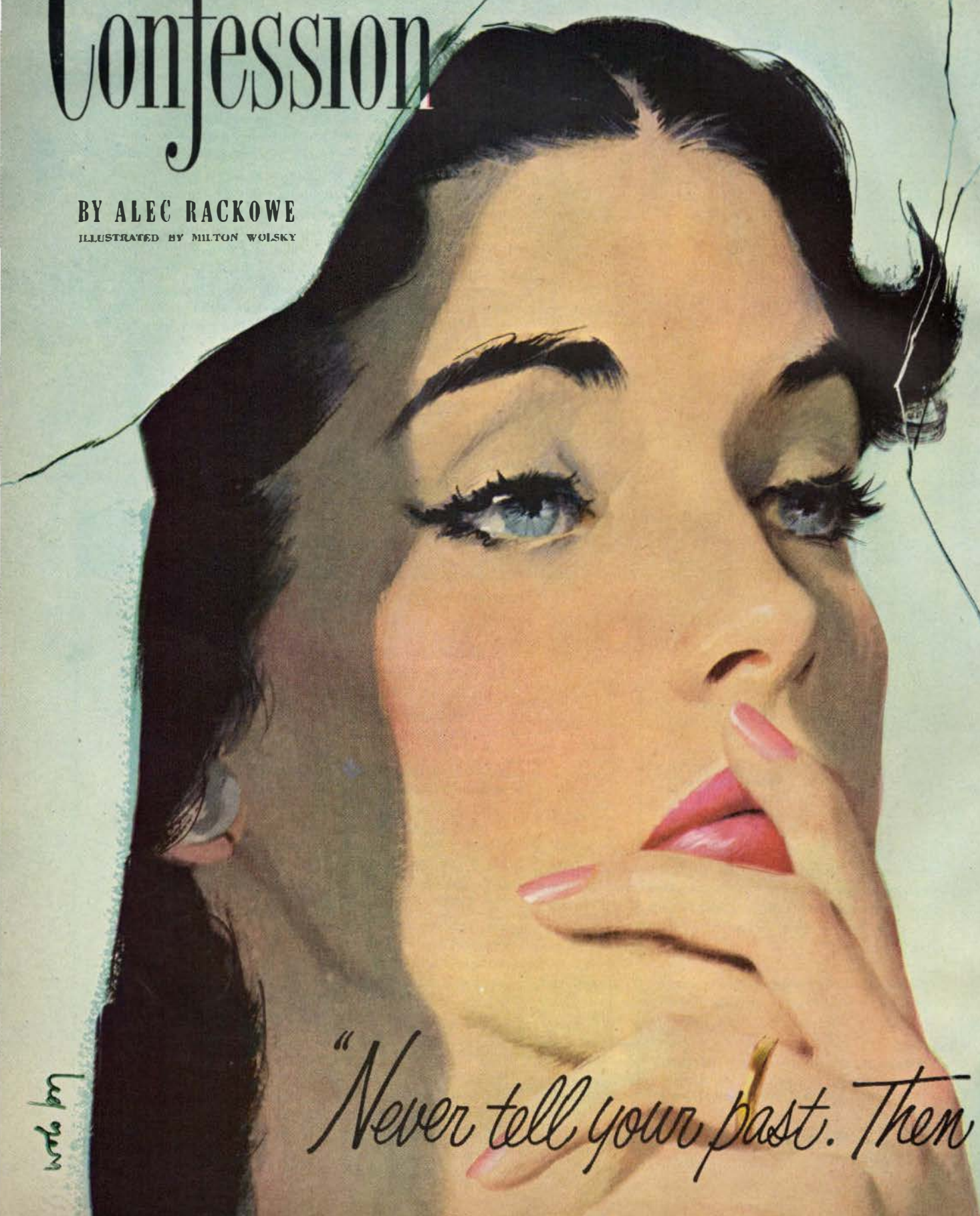
One safety device that plays a big part in our electric-sparked lives is the fuse. You should know the size and location of the ones in your house, and how to replace those that burn out. If you aren't up on these things, better get an electrician to show you what's what. Then you'll be able to get the TV set going again if a blown fuse cuts it off in the middle of your favorite program.

Fuses that blow out time and again indicate something is wrong. It may be that the appliances you use need a heavier-duty electrical system, or it may be that you just have too many appliances demanding current from one part of the system. . . . THE END

Confession

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



“Never tell your past. Then

wolfsky

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

They had just come from Johnny's room. They had left him sleeping, rosy and sweet-smelling from his bath, his beloved bunny doll in his arms. In the living room the wood fire burned, making the wet November night that slatted rain against the tight-closed windows even more intimate.

Laurel sat down on the flowered couch that flanked the fire, the jumping flames reflected against her dark hair. She looked at Walter Farnham. His gray eyes, with the laughter crinkles at the corners, were deep and quiet as he stood before her.

He said in his slow, earnest voice, "Hadn't we better talk about our plans, Laurel? I want to marry you. I want you and Johnny. Both. Ever so much."

A shiver of aching happiness went through Laurel's slim body. Walter crossed to the fire. He looked at the picture of John Ayner on the white mantel—thin and dark and so very young in his Air Force uniform. He said, "It's surprising that Johnny is so fair when you and his father are both so dark."

Laurel's breath caught. The happiness drained from her as the color left her face. The moment was here—as she had known it must come ever since she had realized she was in love with Walter.

She looked at him. She knew now, at twenty-three, that she had never been in love before. Not with John Ayner, certainly, and not with . . . with—the other one, either.

Walter was big and fair; in his late twenties. Laurel had known him six months, since he had come from Minneapolis to work in the Detroit office.

She had been shy of Walter at first. She was aware of the appeal she held for men, but she had ignored the effect of her shining hair and blue eyes, the figure that had matured late and seductively.

Walter didn't wisecrack or make passes. After a time she had let him take her to lunch, but when he had asked her to have dinner with him she had told him she could not. Because of Johnny; because she had a child to come home to evenings.

That was all he knew of her—that she was a widow with a five-year-old son. It might have discouraged some men; it only attracted Walter the more, and because she liked him so much she had asked him to dinner.

He and Johnny had met, and a warm, gay comradeship had existed at first sight. To see the two of them, blond heads bent over a toy in need of repair, made Laurel's eyes sting and shine.

Walter hadn't exactly told her he loved her; it was something that didn't need words. They had grown to take it for granted. To exist in a small, complete world that encompassed only the three of them.

Laurel had thought of telling Walter her secret. She wanted no secrets between them—but there was the remembrance of John . . . and there were her fears of losing Walter. Her experience and all the warnings she had read and heard counseled her: "Never tell about your past. Then it can't come back and hurt you." And no one knew—no one but herself, now that John was dead. She hadn't intended to tell Walter. She had convinced herself that it was best not to.

Walter's words lingered in the warm, dry air of the bright room: ". . . You and his father are both so dark."

Laurel drew a deep breath and felt a cold despair descend upon her. She was going to tell him, as she had told John. She had to, because an innate honesty was part of her. She was going to tell Walter even though she knew it would mean the end of everything.

She said, her mouth dry, "John Ayner wasn't Johnny's father." She looked down at her hands, the slim fingers intertwined in the lap of her blue wool dress.

She heard Walter say, "He what?" And then, "I'm afraid I don't understand, Laurel."

He crossed to stand before her. He looked so tall and broad that Laurel's eyes wavered. He said, "Perhaps you'd better tell me."

It was hard for her to talk. "It was in Cayuga. It's a small town upstate. I was brought up there. I was just out of High when I met this—this man. I thought he was wonderful. I thought I was in love with him. That he loved me."

There was no sound from Walter. Laurel swallowed. "I—it—it happened. When I found I was going to have a child I wasn't frightened. I was even happy. I couldn't wait to tell him. I called him. He was working for a real-estate company in town."

The remembrance made her lips quiver, made her writhe with shame. "He sounded as if I were accusing him of some crime. He said I was old enough to know what I was doing. That I should—should get it fixed."

Laurel brushed at her eyes fiercely. "I never saw him again. He must have gone away that week. I didn't know what to do. Then John Ayner came home on leave. He'd always been a little in love with me. When he asked me to marry him I told him about the baby that was coming. I felt it was only honest to tell him."

She let her breath go. "John didn't say anything. A couple of days later he said he'd still marry me if I wanted to. I knew it was only from—from a sense of chivalry that John was offering to marry me, but I was frightened. It was a way out. The only way out."

She gestured. "I told my parents I was going to New York with John; that we were going to be married there. A month after our marriage John went over with his outfit. It hadn't been a pleasant month. He—whatever love he had had for me was killed because of what I'd told him. He died in a jeep accident . . . three months before Johnny was born."

Her voice ended in a gasp. The fire in the grate settled with a rustling sound.

Walter said at last, "How awful. . ."

Laurel's heart sank, settled cold and heavy in her breast. She raised her head and looked at him with eyes that were anguished, yet resigned. She had been a fool to tell him, to sacrifice the happiness that keeping quiet could have brought her. But she knew she could not have kept such a secret. She knew, being herself, she had had to tell him.

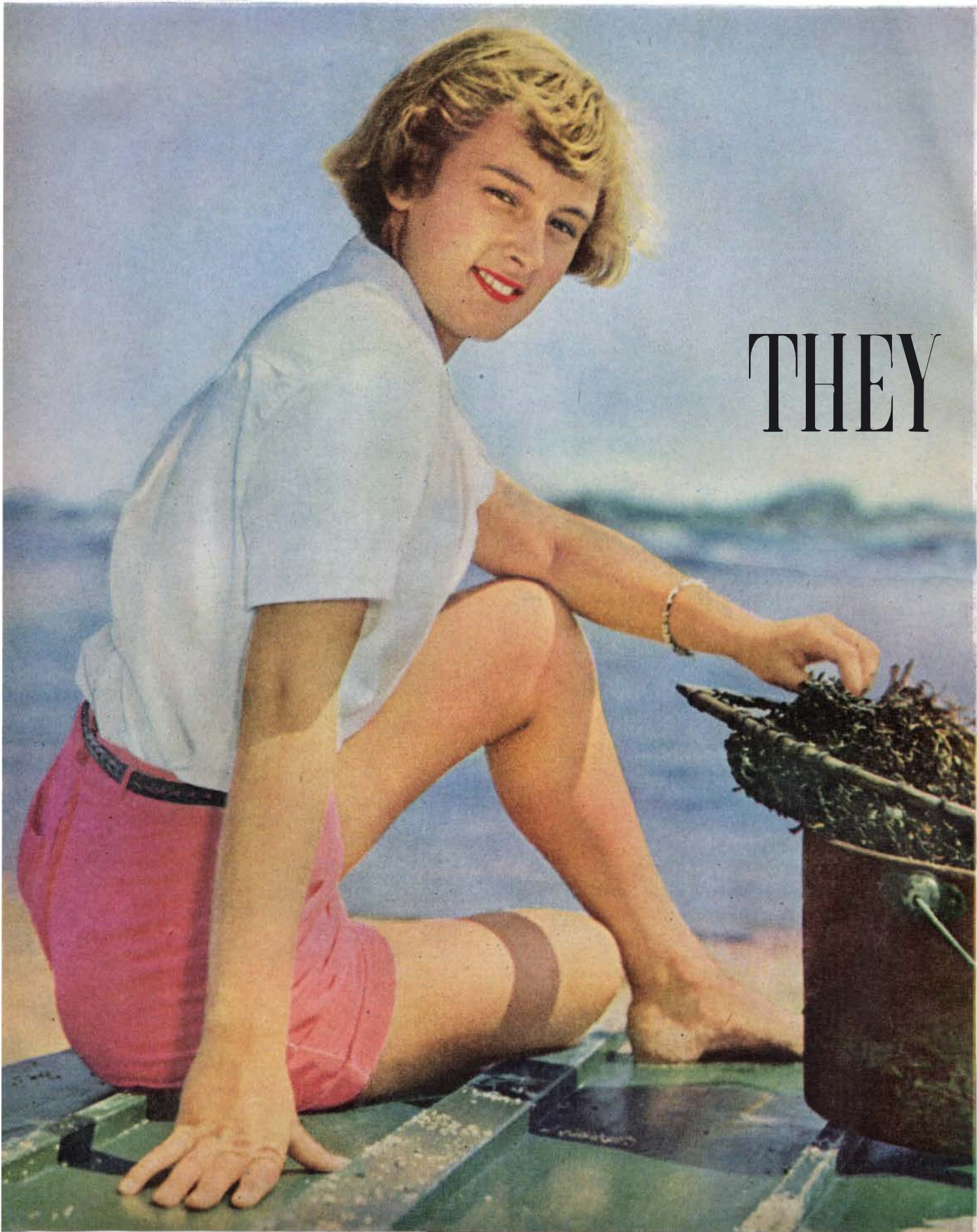
Walter lowered his big body to the couch. He said, "My poor darling." He put his warm hands against her cheeks and looked deep into her wet eyes. "My poor, sweet, honest darling. . ."

Laurel cried out, her arms going about him, her face pressing against his chest. She clung to him, her heart almost bursting with thankfulness. Once—this one time that was as dear as all of life—her honesty had not turned against her!

His lips were against her hair. She heard him say, "I can understand John Ayner's being so stupid. He was young, so young. But that other fellow—what a wretch he was. And what a fool. To have known you and let you go! To have had a son like Johnny and never to know. How I loathe the man—and yet, darling, how I pity him, too. How sorry I am for him." . . . THE END

it can't come back and hurt you...

COLOR PHOTOS BY BOB SMALLMAN



THEY



Singing Waitress (above) Jacqueline Arnoff worked at a Pottersville, New York, resort last summer. Hired to wait on table, she also sang and danced. Jackie hopes her vacation work and play will provide valuable background for the future. A junior in English at Ohio State University, she plans a career in teaching or newspaper work after graduation.



Mixing fun and work is easy for young people who get summer jobs at famous American vacation spots

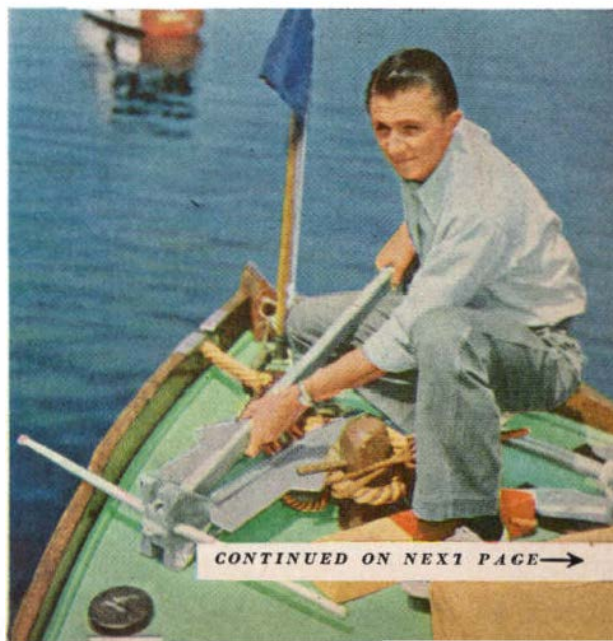
PLAY FOR PAY

Santa's Helper (upper right) was Patsy Hernigle's job last summer. Costumed as a gnome, the Ausable Forks, New York, high-school girl helped sell toys and souvenirs at the resort village called Santa's Work Shop, near Wilmington, New York. When not working in one of the shops, Patsy could swim, hike and dance. She found that her work was good experience in learning how to deal with people.

Train Dispatcher (right) for a New Hampshire railroad is what Gene Brooks, of Springfield, Vermont, becomes during vacation months. When off-duty, he likes to golf or hike in the White Mountains. For two previous summers he worked as a railroad blacksmith's assistant. Gene, a history major in his third year at Dartmouth College, thinks the vacation work gives him practical training in personal relations.



One-man Crew (lower right) Lawrence Peterson maintained and navigated a Marblehead, Massachusetts, yacht last summer. Dancing and summer theater were attractions there when he tired of seaside amusements. Lawrence, a junior majoring in English at Boston University, wants to write, but plans to go to sea first. He is an ensign in the Naval Reserve; spent the summer of 1949 on a U. S. destroyer.



← **Coed Chambermaid** (left) Muriel Fauteux made beds and waited on tables last summer at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. When not working, swimming or sailing, Muriel studied small marine life she scooped up out of the water with a net. This was directly related to her work at the University of Massachusetts, where she is a junior majoring in zoology.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE →



LEO CHOPLIN

Theater Usher (*left*) Francis Leake sometimes operated a backstage elevator at Radio City Music Hall in New York City. He thinks that summer contacts with theater management and masses of people will help in a public-relations career he plans after graduation from Lehigh University in 1953.

Car Servicer (*below*) was Navy veteran Archie Mathis' job at Yellowstone National Park last summer. At work and play (riding, hiking, dancing), he got valuable experience in meeting people. Archie graduated from Duke University in February and plans to do educational guidance.



FAT COFFEY

THEY PLAY FOR PAY

Continued

Park Ranger (*right*) Ben Beatty, a junior in forestry at Montana State University, works summers checking cars and answering questions at Glacier National Park. Off-duty he can fish, ride, go to square dances. His vacation work provides practical experience for a job in forestry.



PAT COFFEY

This
Was
It!



(Continued from page 44)

that year. Yet a million Chinese died of famine and cholera in Kwangtung Province. More than 4,000 persons died in two earthquakes in Turkey and the Andes. In Cleveland, liquid-gas-tank explosions wiped out 135. Another 322 died in a double explosion at Port Chicago, California, when two munitions ships blew up. More than 100 perished in a circus fire in Hartford, Connecticut. A hurricane swept the Atlantic Coast, killing forty and causing destruction estimated at \$100,000,000.

Much of the talk seven years ago was not so much of disasters as of rationing and shortages. On June 6, the OPA announced that Sugar Stamp 32 in War Ration Book 4 would become valid on June 16 for five pounds of sugar. Cheese and cheese products, along with chuck beefsteaks and chuck roasts, had been reduced two points. Cigarettes and nylons were especially hard to get. There was almost no solution for the cigarette shortage, outside of the black market, but younger women found an ingenious substitute for nylons. They turned quickly to "leg film," a thin coating of brown liquid which at least looked like hosiery and yielded an estimated twenty "pairs" from a dollar bottle.

There were no new cars to speak of, and frantic dealers inserted paid supplications in the newspapers for used cars, crying "We Pay Cash!" or "We Pay the Limit!"

It was a tough war. The nation's towel manufacturers were ordered to hold bath towels to forty inches and guest towels to twenty-six. At supermarket, smoked hams were thirty-two cents a pound, spareribs twenty-four cents, sliced bacon thirty-seven cents, butter forty-seven cents, and coffee two pounds for forty-one cents. But ration coupons were more valuable than money, and some meat couldn't be had even with coupons.

In June, before D-Day, England was in the full flush of spring. The island bulged with troops, arms and equipment. Thousands of trucks and half-trucks were parked in long rows near roads throughout the English countryside—stored there in the open until they were needed. Ammunition was stacked alongside roads and lanes. Americans were everywhere, and they had unique problems. The road signs had been removed back in the days when German parachutists were feared. And the language, although it was represented as English, was not always completely understandable. So, in a sense, it was hard to get around, but the Americans managed it. By 1944 they had taken over innumerable pubs, and young Englishmen were more than a little annoyed at the

fascination young Englishwomen were displaying for "the Yanks."

The year, if you remember, opened on a note of moderate optimism. On January 1, General Nikolai Vatutin's First Ukrainian Army was only twenty-seven miles from the old Polish border. The Eighth Air Force announced it had destroyed 4,100 German planes during the previous year. Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York predicted that the Nazi general staff would crumble before Easter and that Hitler would be shot before fall. The Germans were dealing more and more harshly with Frenchmen caught working for the Underground.

There was still no reason for singing in the streets, but the tunesmiths were keeping up with defense plants in the matter of production, if not in quality. By 1944, most songwriters had returned to the standard formulas and clichés after failing to produce any great war songs, and a number of bewhiskered old tunes achieved a surprising new popularity, among them Irving Berlin's "Always" and "God Bless America." The most popular song of the year was probably "I'll Be Seeing You," although people

WHOLE OR BUTT HALF	
SMOKED HAMS	LB. 32¢
COFFEE	2 LBS. 41¢
GRADE AA	
BUTTER	LB. 47¢

Prices didn't worry Americans much in 1944, except on the black market. The big job was getting enough ration coupons.

were also whistling and singing "Paper Doll," "The Trolley Song," "Swinging on a Star" and "Amor, Amor, Amor," a Spanish song of 1935 vintage. "Besame Mucho" arrived belatedly after a 1941 publication, as did "Poinciana" (1936), and "I'll Get By" (1928). A thing called "Mairzy Doats" was the leading novelty song. Frank Sinatra's bobby-sox fans squealed delightedly when he rendered "I'll Walk Alone."

Sports in 1944 were of a diluted variety. Great baseball players like Phil Rizzuto, Joe DiMaggio and Bill Dickey were in the service and had been replaced in the New York Yankees' lineup with such names as "Milosevich, ss." The Associated Press' "athlete of the year" was golfer Byron Nelson, who won some \$45,000 in war-bond prizes. The St. Louis Browns won the American League pennant on the last day of the race, then lost the World Series to their neighbors, the St. Louis Cardinals. Baseball suffered a great loss when its high commissioner, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, died in Chicago.

Frank Parker and Pauline Betz were the paragons of tennis. More than a bil-

lion dollars was wagered on horse racing in seventeen states by a feverish public. Pensive won the Kentucky Derby. Underdog Southern California won the wartime version of the Rose Bowl game, beating Washington, 29 to 0. Army laced Notre Dame, 59 to 0, largely through the Herculean efforts of two All-American backs named Blanchard and Davis. The Green Bay Packers won the professional football championship by defeating the New York Giants. And the University of Utah won the mythical national basketball championship.

On the more serious side, Mayor LaGuardia won his spurs as a prophet when a group of discontented German officers tried to assassinate Hitler by smuggling a bomb into his headquarters; unfortunately, Hitler was only burned and bruised in the explosion.

Huge convoys moved majestically across the Atlantic with men and guns. But great liners like the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* scorned escort protection, relying on speed and a zigzag course to outrun and outmaneuver German submarines. In the Pacific, Task Force 58 struck again and again with its deadly *Essex*-class carriers.

Here at home, the East sweltered in a June heat wave. People had plenty of money and were willing to spend it. Stores were selling record amounts of goods despite shortages of almost everything.

The buildup in Britain for the assault on Fortress Europe had been a gigantic undertaking. More than 700,000 separate items, from watchsprings to tanks, were needed. Whole trains were assembled to roll on Continental tracks. There were 125,000,000 maps. For months, men moved into British coastal areas, and on May 28 the so-called "assembly areas" were redesignated "marshaling areas."

Ready for use were twenty American divisions, seventeen British Empire divisions, a French and a Polish division, 5,049 fighters, 3,467 heavy bombers, 1,645 medium, light and torpedo bombers, 2,316 transport planes, 2,591 gliders, 233 landing ships capable of carrying tanks, 835 landing craft for personnel, six battle-ships, twenty-two cruisers, ninety-three destroyers, and 159 smaller fighting craft, not including torpedo boats or minelayers. The total of landing craft, merchant ships and fighting vessels was over 6,000. The total Allied strength was a staggering 2,876,439 officers and men. In addition, there were forty-one divisions ready to sail from the United States as soon as there were ports to receive them. The world had never seen such strength.

The weirdest event of the year came late in May when the *Serpa Pinto*, a Portuguese refugee ship bound for Philadelphia, was stopped in mid-Atlantic by a young and indecisive U-boat commander. For nine hours, 385 terrified passengers and crew members drifted in lifeboats while the U-boat captain wirelessed the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin for instructions on whether to sink the ship or not. Finally, word came from Berlin: DON'T SINK IT. Nevertheless, the young German took off two Americans—a barber from New Bedford, Massachu-

setts, and a farmer from Waterbury, Connecticut—who apparently were returning to the United States to register for selective service. Three persons—the ship's doctor, the ship's cook and a baby—were killed in reboarding accidents.

In some ways, the year was normal. A spokesman for the WCTU had forecast the return of prohibition. Boston longshoremen had returned to work after quitting for a day because it was "too hot." Joan Fontaine had won a divorce from Brian Aherne, the man she had once called "the perfect husband," and Judy Garland had effected a similar disengagement from David Rose.

The Supreme Court upheld its decision that Negroes had a constitutional right to vote in state primaries. President Roosevelt signed a bill raising the national debt limit to \$260,000,000,000. The Communist Party of the United States ostensibly dissolved to become the Communist Political Association. The Government, through Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, returned soft-coal mines to private ownership—Ickes warning that management and labor were on trial "to prove to the nation that they can fulfill wartime responsibilities under their own power."

Because of a strike, the Army seized the Montgomery Ward plant in Chicago, and the front pages carried pictures of the irate chairman of the board being forcibly removed from the premises by soldiers. Eric Johnston, then president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, went to Moscow in 1944 and flabbergasted the Russians with his frankness. Among other things, he told them pointedly that American Communists were wasting their time trying to stir up a proletarian revolution in the United States. "How can they make a proletarian revolution among workers who do not even know they are proletarians?" Johnston asked at a trade luncheon.

"Operation Overlord" was the biggest thing ever attempted; the actual date perhaps the most closely-guarded secret of the war. Even so, it was obvious after June 1 that the invasion was imminent. In retrospect it would seem that the Germans must have known the day was at hand just from reading the American newspapers.

On June 1, five days before the actual operation, there were these headlines: TRAINS FOR INVASION WOUNDED MADE READY . . . GERMANS BOLSTER ARMIES IN WEST; ANTI-INVASION STRENGTH GROWING . . . INVASION FEARS HAUNT NAZIS AS D-DAY NEARS. Inside the Reich, the *Essener Zeitung* could feel it coming, too. "The invasion is haunting the imagination of the press and all the world," the *Zeitung* said, nervously. "Where will the enemy attack? When will he appear on the coast? Will he arrive in the south, the north or the west? Will several attacks be launched at once?"

We weren't saying, but in that tense week Secretary of War Henry Stimson announced that "the period of decisive action is at hand." The Navy reported that the landing-craft program had surpassed production estimates by seventy per cent and that "invasion needs" had been met. It was generally unknown, but

an Air Force general had been sent home secretly from England for saying at a cocktail party in London. "The invasion will take place before June 13."

On June 3, it was announced that thousands of portable packs containing supplies to last thirty men for twenty-one days in the field were being distributed to Allied troops in England. Soldiers were suddenly restricted to quarters. Excitement mounted.

Then, the Associated Press office in London sent the word the world had been waiting for: FLASH—EISENHOWER'S HEADQUARTERS ANNOUNCES ALLIED LANDINGS IN FRANCE.

It was all a mistake. In an idle moment, an inexperienced twenty-two-year-old girl teletype operator had "practiced" writing a flash which was to be sent the instant the official announcement was made. The AP tried desperately to recover, but before it could kill the story,

**The thing most often opened
by mistake is the mouth.**

—SHANNON FIFE

a church bell had tolled in Queens, New York, baseball games had been halted everywhere in the United States, special prayers had been said, announcements had been made throughout South America, and the switchboards of newspapers and radio stations were flooded with calls.

Two days before, on June 1, an advertisement in New York newspapers had said flatly that June 6 would be "the rarest Day in June," and it emphasized the D in "Day." All it meant was that Cecil B. De Mille's latest picture, "The Story of Dr. Wassell," was opening at the Rivoli Theater June 6. "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby, was in its sixth week at the Paramount in New York, and "The White Cliffs of Dover," with Irene Dunne and Alan Marshall, was at the Radio City Music Hall. According to the critics, the best pictures of the year were pictures like "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo," "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Wilson" and, of course, "Going My Way."

Broadway sparkled with such hits as "Oklahoma!," "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Life with Father" and "Voice of the Turtle." Theater marquees boasted such gold-plated names as Ethel Barrymore and Fredric March.

Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Edgar Bergen were all radio favorites, even as now, and some of the more popular programs were "Dr. LQ.," "The Lone Ranger" and "Information Please." Those people who had time for reading were burying themselves in "Forever Amber" by Kathleen Winsor, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" by Betty Smith, "A Bell for Adano" by John Hersey and "Here Is Your War" by Ernie Pyle.

The men who flew on D-Day were up at 2 A.M. There was no mistaking the mission. The day before, bold black-and-white stripes had been painted on the wings and fuselages of the bombers so that the men on the beaches or at sea would not mistake them for German aircraft. The briefing was short. At one B-26 base, the colonel said simply, "Well,

this is it." The map was revealed then, showing the beaches, and although nobody should have been surprised, nearly everyone stared in stunned disbelief. Here it was finally—the real thing.

The planes took off in rain and gloomy darkness, their paths down the runways lighted by sputtering flares, and the first one who popped up through the solid layer of clouds found himself flying alone over an endless carpet washed white by the moon. Then others appeared in the moonlight, and still others, and finally the bombers were joined in formation and swung toward Normandy. The last bombs were dropped on German gun emplacements by a B-26 called the *Jill Flitter* at 6:32 A.M. Flying low, under the gray clouds, the *Jill Flitter* spewed out its bombs at low altitude, turned north, sped over the fields still littered with parachutes abandoned by the airborne troops who had settled down in the darkness several hours before, and gained the sea again. The invasion was on.

The landings were announced first by DNB, the German news agency. At 7:32 A.M., London time, Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy, General Eisenhower's public-relations officer, read the first communiqué over a trans-Atlantic radio-telephone hookup with major press associations and radio networks: "Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces, supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France."

When the nation awoke, it awoke to grapple with unfamiliar names like Caen and Bayeux and St. Mere Eglise. The reaction was slow at first, but then it caught on. Department stores closed, ball games were postponed, racing was halted, church doors were thrown open, and passengers on a New York-to-Washington train held an impromptu prayer meeting and intoned two psalms as the train sped through New Jersey. In Philadelphia, the Liberty Bell rang out six times. More than ninety floodlights on the Statue of Liberty, darkened since Pearl Harbor, blazed out again for fifteen minutes, flashing the V-for-Victory sign in Morse code—three dots and one dash.

China, according to reports from Chungking, went "wild with enthusiasm." Russians "danced with glee." The stock market surged upward. Franklin Roosevelt called the nation to prayer. In Algiers, Frenchmen fell on each other's shoulders and wept unashamedly. Underground organizations sprang into action.

Reich Marshal Hermann Goering ordered the invasion to be fought off "if it means the death of the Luftwaffe." In Tokyo, Nobuhiko Ushiba, former secretary of the Japanese embassy in Berlin, whistled bravely and said, "The landing operations on the European continent must be highly welcome to the Germans. There is every possibility that the enemy will be fatally caught in a death trap elaborately laid by the German High Command."

The world had waited too long not to know better.

This was D-Day. . . . THE END

Even if Daddy doesn't like clowns, he'll go for "Super Circus" band-leader Mary Hartline.



Why Daddy Looks At Television



There's more to television than meets the eye, to paraphrase an oft-quoted Tallulah Bankhead quip. Glamorous gals show up on the most unexpected programs. When Daddy watches "Super Circus" with the kiddies, he isn't looking for elephants. He has his eye on shapely Mary Hartline, who leads the band. And when he stays up late enough for "Broadway Open House," chances are that he wants one more peek at the towering Dagmar. He'll relax amid the profusion of acrobats, guest stars and trained seals found on every variety show, but he's on the edge of his chair as soon as the girls appear. —F. S.

Daddy's interest in the wide-open spaces increases when he spies Laurie Anders on Ken Murray's show.



Dagmar (Jenny Lewis), of "Broadway Open House," is almost as famous for her misuse of English as for her good looks.



Lovely Rae MacGregor heads the dancing Toastettes on Ed Sullivan's very popular "Toast of the Town."



If Daddy misses beguiling Roxanne on "Beat the Clock," he can see her on the Vaughn Monroe show.



(Continued from page 23)

she had told him that the very first thing she did every morning when she woke up was to open the closet door and make sure it was still there. Oddly, Owen could see that delineation very clearly in his mind—the gown of some white frumery. Jen standing there looking at it with her hands caught behind her back like a child, eagerness dreaming shyly in her eyes.

Anyway, what explanation could he give? Jen, you see it's this way: I got to thinking about Anne today, and—

The car leaped ahead as if Owen's abrupt bitterness had transferred to it. Why, today of all days, must ghosts come suddenly alive in his mind? He did not love Anne any longer. One morning, three months after she had mailed his ring back and then eloped with Bill Shaw to California, he had run across her miniature in a little-used part of his desk, thrust there during those first garish days of shock. Curiously, he had taken it to the sunlight and had seen that her mouth held the touch of cruelty, that her eyes could be both bright and icy with the same look. He had torn the miniature in two, thinking of Bill, thinking, Poor devil. And when he had walked out of the house to work that day, relief had been in him to neutralize the steadily flowing wounds a little. And now—

He came to Main Street and drove down it and parked. It was deserted except for the twinkling halo of the theater lights and those of the Rose Room.

The Rose Room: A place practically symbolic of Anne and him. They had danced there every Saturday night; there, first his awareness and then his tenderness and finally his love had shaped. And he hadn't set foot in it since the day his world had crumbled with the knowledge of Anne's faithlessness. Now he sat and looked at it, and a starved frustration built in him. He thought, What's the matter with me? I don't want to go in there. His mouth felt dry. Here he was, being married tomorrow to the sweetest girl in the whole world, and tonight he was seeking old souvenirs as if—

He bent his head, detesting his fright, detesting himself. He had to think of Jen.

He had seen Jen first on a Saturday afternoon at that portion of beach where the lake becomes nothing more than a quiet ell, disturbed only by swimming bodies, the tapestry of sun, the twilight wind.

She was alone. He was, as usual, with his crowd—the kind of crowd that represents the solidly rooted families of any town anywhere. The girls were very pretty and had the imperturbable clarity of spirit that comes second-nature to their clan. The young men, all between

twenty-two and twenty-five, were deep summer-brown and handsome in their youth. Owen was twenty-four.

He had noticed the girl initially for her very aloneness, because coming unescorted to this intimate beach was like walking into a bar without a man. She had on a yellow bathing suit, and she was sitting in the sand with her arms wrapped around her knees. Once or twice, when laughter ran out from Owen's group, she half turned, as if the laughter were an invitation she must acknowledge, however obscurely. After a while she stood up, and he saw then that she was tall and broad-shouldered, fine waisted, like a painting that has been beautifully, economically drawn. She walked down to the water and a little way out fell into it, her fair hair streaming back and turning russet with wet.

He watched her as she swam past the float and the markers. Only the even strength of her arms, like glistening wings in the green swell, came approvingly to him at first. But then he became aware of how far out she really was, and the warning sprang in him at the same time as he saw her turn, apparently alarmed by her own predicament. She started back, her rhythmic sureness gone as she forced herself to combat the oncoming thrust of head currents.

Almost without thought he was running across the beach, charging into the water with his powerful stroke. She ought to know better than to do a fool thing like that, he thought. You only had to look at the breakers where she was to guess that the undertow must be terrific. He knew. He had gone out there himself—

Shocked realization broke in him, all at once. Had she subconsciously known about the currents out there, and just not cared whether she went under or not? Is that what people did who had lost—

His stroke lengthened impatiently. Bunk, he thought. No matter how bad things were, you didn't go in for martyrdom like that unless you were a knot-head.

The girl was close now, fighting the pitch of rollers. Owen called to her, and she turned, treading water. He saw the relief in her gray eyes.

"Put an arm across my shoulders," he commanded.

"Yes." She gasped the word a little, but her voice was not hysterical.

He swam slowly in like that, with the girl half clinging to him. Then their feet touched bottom, and she moved a little way up the beach and sank down.

"Thank you," she whispered.

His crowd was gone, the story of their restless feet there in the sand. The diner, or shuffleboard at Danny's, or dancing in somebody's living room, thought Owen, in case I want to join them later. He kindled. How wonderful they had been in their efforts to cure him; how carefully they avoided going to any of the old places he had loved so sentimentally with Anne!

He stood in front of the girl. "What made you go such a long way out?" he said.

She pressed her fingertips to her temples. "I got to thinking about—

something," she said. "I guess I forgot how far from shore I was."

Something, thought Owen, or somebody? His pulses sang queerly. "I'm Owen Elliott," he said, and waited.

She slanted a different little look up at him. "Hello," she murmured. "I'm Jen Williams."

"Jen," he repeated, and felt the plainness of the name weaving like a homespun thread through the silence. "Well—" he said then.

At once she rose and went to where her things were, as if his final word were a signal that their brief acquaintanceship was at an end. And Owen, watching, knew suddenly that he could not leave her like this, here, alone.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" he said.

She straightened, holding her beach bag against her. "Why, thank you," she said, a little uncertainly. "I'll go dress."

Owen put his ducks and shirt and sneakers on and went to the car. He didn't have to wait more than five minutes. She came out of the bathhouse in a blue skirt and blouse, her hair still shining wet. Suppose nobody had been around when she got caught in that current, he thought; and he felt an unaccountable dread.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

Without turning, he felt her look. "On Pleasant Street," she said. "It's a boardinghouse."

"This isn't your home then?"

"No. I come from Haldenville, fifteen miles away. I've been a secretary at the lock company here for about two months." She kept on looking at him. "What do you do?"

"I'm in the lumber business with my father."

"Oh."

There are jobs in Haldenville, he thought. She didn't have to come here, unless— He turned the corner to Pleasant Street, and pulled up before the house she indicated.

"Well," he said again.

Jen slipped out of the car and faced him when she shut the door. "Thank you very much," she said.

She was going. The backs of her legs were slenderly curved beneath the blue skirt.

"Jen," Owen said.

She turned.

"Would you go out with me tonight?" Owen said, and during the pause that followed, there was the beat of his heart, like a miniature march deep inside his chest. There was a child's shout down the street. There was the drowsing afternoon heat, hemming them both in.

There were Jen's eyes, gray, grave. "Yes," she said.

He reached for the ignition key, turned it. "At seven? We'll have dinner somewhere." His glance moved upward and he smiled. "Your hair ought to be dry by then."

Her laughter came. "I'll do my best with it," she promised.

He drove home and walked across the lawn to the house. From the terrace his mother and father waved. Owen climbed the steps.

"Hi," he said.

His mother caught his hand as he passed, pressing it to her cheek for an

instant. "Hello, darling. Hungry? Mattie left some tarts."

Owen grinned in mock sorrow. "No time, darn it. I've got to dress—going out to dinner."

"So," said his father. "Joan? Fabienne? Elizabeth?"

"Nope," returned Owen. "Just a girl."

He went on into the house and up the stairs. He had seen his parents' faces; he knew their careful hope for him. All through the desolation over Anne, they had spoken blessedly little, but he had felt their hearts crying with his; he had felt them behind him like an invincible wall that said, Lean on us if the need is there.

He showered and dressed. In the thickening flame of day's end, a robin set free a serenade of translucent notes. Owen remembered Jen's laughter.

He took her to a place up the lake coast for dinner, where the tables were on a porch over the water. She sat across from him, tall and cool, her hair a flaxen shower. After a while there was night and the hushed hattering of waves against the piles and the haunted tatters of loneliness in Jen's eyes. I might be looking at myself, thought Owen, and felt as if he had known her always.

Out of that bond of sameness, he said boldly, "Did he live in Haldenville, too?"

She gave him an unsurprised look, as though she had guessed long ago that he knew. "Yes." Her forefinger followed the design in the tablecloth. "His name was Myron. We went together a whole year. One day he decided marriage wasn't what he wanted, after all. He went away—I don't even know where."

Myron and Jen. Owen and Anne. A twin travesty on twin hopes. In a quiet voice he told her about Anne, and when he finished they sat and looked at each other in wordlessness until laughter, breaking from a near-by table, pierced the moment.

"Shall we go?" Owen said then, and she rose.

In the thin flow of moonlight across the boardinghouse steps, Jen held out her hand to him. "Good night. Owen. It was lovely."

"We'll do it again," he said.

Once in the car, he began to feel pretty regretful about the indefinite way he'd left her. Well, but after all, they'd just met, hadn't they? Caution had become his painful companion. Hers, too, without a doubt. So, He tried to think that the evening had been a whole, pleasant success in itself, needing nothing more. But he knew he wanted to see her again.

He waited four days before he called her one afternoon, at the office. "Jen? This is Owen Elliott."

"Oh—" There was a little pause. "Hello."

"Would you care to go out this Saturday night?"

"I'm—afraid I can't. I had planned to go home for the week-end."

The silence spun.

"How about Friday night?" Owen said then, frowning.

It sounded as though she was trying to breathe very properly. "Yes," she said. "Friday night would be fine."

That was how it began, really. They went to a roadhouse where there was dancing. Out on the crowded floor Jen turned to him, and he put his arm around her waist. Her hair was newly washed; it smelled sweet, it glimmered in the lights. The music was agitated at first, then it slowed and blueed and throbbed to a lovers' tempo, the kind of thing you remember as having danced to with somebody very, very special. Hammers of pain drummed faintly into Owen. He glanced down at Jen and her eyes were closed, the lashes quivering. Without knowing why, he drew her nearer, and for that moment he felt their combined desperation lessen.

After that he saw her a couple of times a week. They swam, they sailed, they danced. Sometimes, out in the boat for instance, he would sit and look at her

while she gazed into distance. The light would thread through her hair and touch the bright silk of her lips. Then she would sense his watchfulness and turn to him, smiling, and Owen would feel infinitely old and wise for having seen beyond her small pretense.

The summer vanished and autumn came and went, and then winter. In the middle of spring, Owen's mother asked him casually to bring Jen to dinner some night. With just as much casualness Owen said he would.

She came on a Thursday night. She wore a white dress and her cheeks were flushed. Over sherry in the living room, Mrs. Elliott's blue eyes were bluer than ever, and Mr. Elliott winked at Jen as if the two of them had discovered a mutual secret. She winked back.

It was toward the end of dinner that Owen's eyes sought Jen's across the table and a thrill stirred through him. She looked so sweetly gracious sitting there, so—right. His chest tightened and then settled again. Now his mind plucked at the already-turned pages of his life, releasing an ancient potpourri of plans. Somewhere before he had seen a girl in his house, sitting at a table, his table. He had seen her in his garden, in his car, in his kitchen. He had seen himself coming home after a day's work, and knowing the ever-incredible joy of finding her a part of everything he possessed. He tried to remember just when that had been, but the past seemed glazed over, unremembered. He felt strange and confused.

It was late when he took Jen back to the boardinghouse. Standing at the door, he said, "Well, I suppose this is the Saturday you go home."

"Yes."

Out of the blur of her face, her eyes were unwaveringly on him. He had noticed during the last two or three months that she did not stare into space quite so much, and several times he had even caught her looking at him, as if there were some question she was powerless to ask. Still, that was absurd.

He meant to tell her the usual thing about having a good time. But instead, he found himself saying very formally, like someone from the minuet era, "Would you like me to drive you to Haldenville for the week-end?"

Her eyes were shining oddly, but her voice was serene. "I think that would be lovely," she said. "I'll call Mother tomorrow and tell her you're coming home with me."

He got the inexplicable impression, driving away, that a vague issue long held in abeyance had finally been fulfilled.

On Saturday morning he came downstairs with his suitcase, and joined his mother at the breakfast table.

She smiled at him. "Planning a trip, darling?"

"Why," Owen said, "nothing particular. I just thought I'd drive Jen home this week-end."

"Yes," said Mrs. Elliott.

He sugared his coffee with uncommon care. She had spoken that one word as though it were terribly significant.

Jen came to the door when he knocked. She looked as clean as the



morning itself. The excitement went through Owen again.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi. I'm all ready."

They were in Haldenville in less than thirty minutes. It was a little country town, with farmers' rigs nosed into the curb of Main Street and people pushing along in the sunlight. Jen pointed out her father's insurance office to Owen, then directed him to her home.

The street was shadowy with maples and the house was low and strong-timbered. Going up the path, Owen could see a small Jen batting a hoop along the sidewalk, her hair tumbling around her face, her child's voice lifting into the lavender of summer twilight. It was an oddly dear vision, nestling in his thoughts. Then they were in the house, and Jen's parents were there, greeting them both.

Mr. Williams shook Owen's hand and said, "I didn't want to go to the office until you two got here. Glad to know you, Owen."

And Mrs. Williams said, "Hello, Owen. I'm so happy you could come."

And in the eyes of both was an anxious measuring that said, What does this mean? We won't have Jen hurt again. He wanted to reassure them; and then his heart was jittering and he thought, Reassure them of what?

After lunch, Jen said, "Come on, Owen. I'll show you my town."

They drove through it to the outskirts, where a dirt road led off into the

mountains. To the right of the road was a hawthorn tree in pale bloom, behind it a graceful hill. At the top of the hill a house sat, an old house, stained gray by years.

"That's pretty," said Owen, in idle pleasure.

Jen spoke carefully. "This is where Myron and I came oftenest. Sometimes we'd just sit on the porch up there for a whole evening, and I'd pretend to myself that we were married and it was our home. That's where I fell in love with him. We were sitting there one night, and all of a sudden I looked at him and nothing before had ever seemed quite so beautiful as that moment." She stopped, and said then, "There's no path to the house any more. It's all grown over."

Owen put his foot down hard on the accelerator. He hated the place with a solid hate; he hated Myron, and he wanted to lose both of them as fast as possible. After a while the car got to the mountain's summit. Woods were on either side of the road, their cool green split by sun bars.

"That trail goes to a lookout," said Jen, gesturing. "You can see the whole town from there."

They got out and walked to the lookout. Jen stood just in front of Owen, and wind loosened her hair and blew it against his face. He found breathing suddenly difficult; he felt everything in him rising in a wild, light joy. Jen kept on talking; she pointed out her house down in the valley, and Owen discovered that it was necessary to put his head next

to hers and squint along her forefinger. Even then he could not distinguish the house, and he made a derisive remark about some people's imagination. Jen retorted in kind, and their laughter burst and grew in helpless volume until it seemed to be the only sound on the whole mountain.

And then, as if by some compelled chance, their eyes met and held. Owen felt himself being drawn bow-tight; he saw Jen's laughter ebb until her face was utterly quiet. For just that incredible instant time stopped, blindly, before Owen's mind worked again, before he understood now why he had kept on seeing Jen all these months, why he had come home with her this particular weekend.

"Jen," he said unevenly.

A pulse was beating in the hollow of her throat. "Yes, Owen?" she murmured.

"Will you marry me, Jen?" he said.

The quietness was gone from her abruptly. She leaned against him, trembling. "Owen," she whispered. "Oh, darling—darling—"

That was in May.

Now this was July, the night before his wedding.

He lit a cigarette, inhaling slowly. Ahead of him a car slid into the curb; a couple got out and went into the Rose Room. The shining coin of their laughter spun back along the empty street. In that instant something gathered in Owen that took him from the car and to the door of the Rose Room and through it.

Just inside, he stood for seconds, caught in the familiar mesh of old impressions. Then he walked to the bar and sat down.

The bartender looked at him. "How about that?" he said in surprise. "Long time, Owen."

"A long time," said Owen.

He got his drink and put both hands around the cold glass. Anne used to sit at the bar with him sometimes, before they went to their table. Stupid with love, he would watch the swing of her long, dark hair, and listen to the twinkling sound of her bracelets and hear her restless voice. What were some of the things she used to say? Do you think I'm pretty tonight, Owen? Owen, listen to the music. Honey, let's dance.

He turned his head and looked at the stool next to his. It was empty, and there was no long, dark hair, no bracelets, no voice.

He drank and swung around so that he faced the dance floor and the tables. They had had the same table every Saturday night. A boy and a girl sat there now, and Owen looked at them carefully. He seemed to be doing everything carefully tonight. While he watched, the music started again and the boy and girl rose to dance. Owen followed them with his eyes, waiting for some old identification between what they did and what he and Anne had done. None came. None would. There were no painful memories here, no ghosts at all, and no need to fear any. This was just a pleasant room without any Anne in it. Some Saturday night soon he would bring Jen here. She would like the homely closeness of it—

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

Continued from page 41

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS:

People we love often do things which irritate us. It is perfectly natural for us to dislike some traits even in those whom we admire.

But for Edna this did not seem natural. Her strict training as a little girl had impressed upon her that it is right to obey and love her parents. For her to disobey or to say "no" to her mother was unthinkable. Yet as a human being and as a grown woman she did not want her happiness interrupted by her mother's coming to live with her. She did not like having to go to work. She resented the cranky and demanding attitude of her mother. She tried to bottle up these feelings and to hide them under the front of posed cheerfulness.

But she hated herself for feeling as she did. It was this sense of guilt about her attitude toward her mother that led her to frequent accidents. As so often happens, her self-hate turned into an unconsciously self-inflicted punishment in the form of accidents. Diagnosis #1 is correct in this case.

Edna needs to realize that there is nothing "wrong" with her disliking her mother's crankiness and demanding behavior. As an adult it is normal

for her to feel this way. She can love her mother and at the same time dislike some of the things she does. When she is convinced of this, she will be able to deal with her mother's behavior with less feeling. She will be "right," according to her early training, in loving her mother, and "right," as a mature adult, in resenting the imposition of her cranky demands.

This will not be easy for Edna. But as she achieves it she will free herself of the guilt that pushes her into self-inflicted punishment of accidents. She will be better able to face up to her responsibilities toward her mother and regain a measure of happiness in her life.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. Do not blame yourself for feeling critical of those you love.
2. Do not hesitate to express your disapproval of their behavior as it affects you.
3. If you are continually having accidents at home or at work, you should seek professional help in uncovering their cause.

His exultance, that brief, warm happiness was gone, without warning. What had he done? He had deliberately gone searching for the shreds of a former enchantment only hours before he was to take the vows of wedlock with Jen. The fact that there were no shreds left made it not the less dishonorable. He eased off the stool and made his way outside and drew the night air into his lungs. He would have to tell Jen. He could not marry her tomorrow without telling her. It would be with him every time he looked at her afterward, otherwise.

He was in Haldenville in half an hour, driving down the street that had lately become so familiar. Her house was dark. He sat there in the car, feeling a little witless surprise. Of course. It was going on midnight. Any girl who was going to be married at noon tomorrow would be in bed by now. He backed out of the driveway and turned the car down the street. The incompleteness was still with him, the driving need to speak to Jen.

At the end of Main Street he stopped again. He did not want to go home yet. He wanted to stay here for a little while. If he could not see Jen, at least he could be in the aura of her town, where she had grown and wept and laughed for all of her twenty-two years.

The hill where he had proposed to her came suddenly, decisively, to his mind. He would go up there and sit at the edge of the lookout and remember that day all over again—the sweetness of her in his arms, the moist beauty of her mouth when they kissed. Then maybe tomorrow morning he could find some way to tell her about tonight, even though tradition did say you were not supposed to see the bride until she walked to you down the aisle in her last innocence.

The night was spread out ahead of him in the short valley, reaching with a darker touch for the hills, when he saw the figure moving off the knoll by the hawthorn tree. Blankness closed in on Owen, so it was entirely by reflex that he stopped the car and got out. No, he thought, not Jen. It can't be Jen. Why, my darling—

She halted, poised there in her light dress. "Owen," she said, and it was more a question than anything else.

"Yes," he said.

She came running then, pressing her head against his chest, holding on to him. "Owen, forgive me!" she cried. "I had to come out here this one last time before tomorrow, to prove to myself that nothing—nothing—was left over from Myron. And I did prove it! I know now it's been gone for even longer than I realized. Sitting up there on the porch, I couldn't even remember what he looked like, Owen—"

His face was against her hair; his eyes were closed. Both of us, he thought, going through it together. She for me and me for her, because each of us had to, because each of us cares so much—

For that instant he was completely still. Then he raised her head with both hands and looked into the face of the girl who tomorrow would be his wife. Why, he had almost married her without telling her the most important thing of all. He had never told her he loved her.

... THE END



(Continued from page 33)

finished with Old Man Gonzalez and come over.

Rancho San Miguel is a mile down the highway from us. It used to be the Bailey bome. Then the Adamses bought it and made it into a dude ranch.

"The place is closed," the lady said. "There's only an old Mexican there. So we left our bags and came here to ask what's the matter."

"Well—" began Father and Mother almost together, and then they hesitated. "Don't mind me," I said: "I listen at the party line like everybody else."

"Snooper!" Father scolded. "They've had trouble down there," Mother said. "Mr. Adams ran away with one of the maids. So Mrs. Adams closed the place and went back East."

The lady gave a little moan. "I was going to have a job there. And they didn't mind Arthur."

Arthur must have had sharp ears; he closed his magazine and came over.

"Laura's stuck with me, see! It's my pituitary."

"What's the matter with your pituitary?" Father asked.

"It doesn't work. Not very well. So I stay small like this." He turned to me. "I'm eleven. Old as you, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'm eleven, too."

"My head works all right, though. If only I were as big as I'm smart I could look after Laura instead of her looking after me. Father made two mistakes: Driving off that cliff after Mother died. Not figuring in his insurance on all the shots I'm going to need."

"Really, Arthur, must you tell our private affairs?"

"Why not, Laura? Puts them in the picture."

"And I think it would be more respectful to call me Aunt Laura."

"Respectful, sure! But being an aunt dates a woman, and you're at an age when you shouldn't be dated. You don't want to stay Laura Brill forever."

"Arthur," said Father, "why don't you go read some more magazines?"

"Okay. But why use circumlocution? Just say, 'Beat it!'"

"Beat it!" Father roared.

"I'm practically gone. But did you read this lead article? Do you agree with the author, or do you think he's reactionary?"

"I think he's reactionary," answered Father as if he were speaking to another grownup. Then, "Beat it!" he roared again.

"You'll have to excuse him," Laura Brill apologized. "He's been sick so long, and all he can do is read, and that makes him precocious."

"I know about being sick," Father

told her. And he did, too, for it was Father's asthma that made us sell the printing shop in Springfield and come to Arizona and buy the store.

"What were you going to do at San Miguel?" Mother asked.

"It was a wonderful job," Laura said regretfully. "I was to be hostess and secretary and, on the cook's day off, help in the kitchen. And one day each week I could take Arthur to Tucson for his shots. It seemed just perfect. Now I don't know. I used up our spare cash getting here. . . ."

"It's a shame," said Mother. "They should have let you know."

Suddenly Father snapped his fingers, and Mother said, "Why, of course!"

"You know how to cook?" Mother asked.

"I'm a good cook."

"But I don't know about the boy," Father put in.

Mother went over to our old rolltop desk and brought out the letter.

"We've heard from a real-estate office in Tucson. There's a writer there who wants a house. He wants it isolated—no neighbors. Well, there's a house here he could get. But he wants some local woman to cook for him. Her hours would be—"

"Do you know this man?" Laura broke in.

"No. But we know the real-estate man." Mother began to read: ". . . There's a nice guy here I'd like to help. He's a widower; lost his wife in that airplane crash two years ago. . . ."

Arthur slammed the magazine back on the rack. "A widower! That's good! A widower's used to double harness. Laura's got more chance with him than a bachelor."

"Arthur, I'm going to give you a good slap!"

He backed away from her. "Remember my pituitary!" At a safe distance he grinned and said, "It's a good deal, Laura. Take on Old Whoozis."

"His name is Sam Ingram," said Mother.

"But where would Arthur and I live?" Laura worried.

Again Father and Mother looked at each other.

"You sleep like a top now," said Mother.

"I do. No asthma for at least a year."

"What's asthma got to do with our finding a place to stay?" Arthur asked.

It had a lot to do with it, for if Father didn't have his attacks we had an extra apartment. In the back of our store were two places to live. One was big enough for all of us, and the other was just a room and a bath. But Father went there when he had his spells so he wouldn't keep Mother and me awake. For a long time now Father hadn't had any spells and he'd been saying we ought to rent the place.

"It's small," Mother told Laura. "one room and an alcove, and the kitchen's just a sink and an electric plate behind a screen. But I think you and Arthur could manage."

"It sounds like manna from heaven."

Outside, a big car stopped with much squealing of brakes. It was Mrs. Baker sliding miles and miles off her

tires. The Bakers have the old Zamora Ranch. They don't run cattle—just live in the big house, and lease their land to Old Man Gonzalez.

This day Mrs. Baker was in the Cadillac. Yesterday she had the Packard. Since Mr. Baker got his license taken away, Mrs. Baker has to drive both cars.

She had on her dude clothes—frontier pants and shirt, Stetson, boots—and she came striding in, breezy and palsy-walsy the way she always is.

"Greetings, Gowers, one and all, big and small . . . Oh," she said, noticing Laura and Arthur, "some new additions to our little community?"

Mother introduced them, and Mrs. Baker boomed, "Welcome to Garnet Valley." Then to Mother, "I hope my smoked oysters are here."

"They're here. And your green-turtle soup, and your lobster tails."

Beaming, Mrs. Baker observed to Laura, "What you can find in this little dump! It's marvelous!"

"We cater to the customer." Mother said. "If they want beans, we sell them beans. If they want smoked oysters, we sell them smoked oysters."

"And make lots more off the oysters than off the beans." Father grinned. "Soak the rich—that's our motto."

"Why not?" Mrs. Baker grinned back at him. "Better make it twelve cans instead of six," she advised Mother. "Findley's sobering up this week, and when he does, he just craves oysters. I'll give you some advice, Miss Brill. Don't marry a man who drinks." Then she asked, "Which guest ranch are you staying at?"

Mother answered for her. "She intended going to San Miguel."

"Oh, dear! Well, don't worry, Miss Brill. The Gowers will find you a place. They look after everybody." She stowed the cans of oysters in her bag. "One day maybe they'll help me solve Findley's problem."

From across the room Arthur put in, "Acute alcoholism, of course, is a symptom of a sick personality. If you could determine the maladjustment . . ."

"Arthur!" Father cried sharply.

"Oh, yes, I'll get myself another magazine."

Mrs. Baker stared at him and then went on to Mother and Father. "If we rent the guest house, that will help, as Findley won't have anyone to drink with. Some more advice, Miss Brill—don't have a guest house. When you have a guest house, you have guests. I didn't want to build it in the first place. And I put it five miles away and tacked on a kitchen, hoping our friends would take the hint. If only that writer would rent it."

"Maybe he will," Mother said.

"Well, if it isn't rented soon the old glee-club pals will be turning up. Still more advice, Miss Brill. Don't marry a man who sings tenor in his college glee club. Because the old buddies back in Milwaukee get to warbling and someone says, 'Where's the tenor? It's lousy without the tenor,' and then someone says, 'Let's fly out and see old Findley.' So the next day they're here. A half-dozen more mouths to feed and pour

liquor down and bellow out 'On Wisconsin,' the whole day long." She gave her Stetson a tilt, hoisted the bag to her hip, and strode out. For a minute the store seemed awfully quiet and empty.

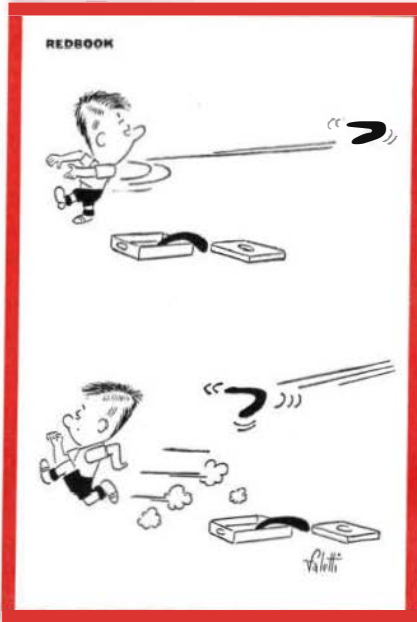
Arthur closed his magazine. "What's the matter with old Findley? Too much money?"

"That's it," said Father. "Too much money is bad."

"So's too little. When do we know if Laura works for the widower?"

"I'll phone Tucson now, see if he'll stand for you."

Father called the real-estate man, who said he'd talk to the writer and phone us back. Pretty soon he called back to say the writer was willing to give



it a month's trial and it was okay about Arthur if Arthur kept out of the way. There'd be a letter soon with further details, and in the meantime Father was to line up a saddle horse.

"That's easy," Father said. "The Bakers have extra horses."

So Laura and Arthur got settled in our little apartment, and in a few days the letter came. It was certainly full of details.

The writer had to get his book done by a certain time, and he wanted to keep strictly to himself. The less conversation with anyone the better. Laura was to come at three o'clock, but not earlier. She would do any necessary housekeeping, get dinner, wash the dishes, and depart. He would get his own breakfast and lunch. After lunch he went riding and would not be around. He would eat dinner by himself. Laura was to do the shopping, mail manuscripts, take care of errands. His car was at her disposal for her own pursuits if she used it reasonably. She was to have one day a week off, but she would leave food for him in the icebox. Once a month he would take the car and come into town himself.

"Probably coming out for a haircut," Arthur surmised. "Why don't you learn barbering, Laura, so he'll never have to leave?"

The letter went on: Meals were to be substantial but not elaborate. Every-

thing put on the table at once and no desserts. Laura would please take the inventory with the Bakers, get in supplies, and be ready to drive out with him and prepare dinner the night he arrived.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mother. "he sounds like a dreadful old fussy-budget."

"I know just what he looks like," said Arthur. "He's short and bald, with a little mustache he keeps biting. And he twitters."

"His books don't sound twitters," Father said. For Mrs. Baker had found a couple of Ingram novels in her library and loaned them to us. They were swash-buckling historicals, full of blood and thunder.

"Frustration," Arthur explained. "He puts it all in the books."

"Poor thing," said Mother. "He misses his wife. You can tell from that letter."

"Hell twitter," prophesied Arthur. "Just wait and see."

Sunday afternoon, Sam Ingram drove up in his big gray convertible. And was Arthur ever wrong!

Sam Ingram was big and brown and clean-shaven, and he looked like those men you see in the *National Geographic Magazine*—the ones on camels or llamas, or high up in trees taking pictures of eagles. And he did not twitter.

He was in our store about sixty seconds, and I don't think he said ten words. He bowed to Laura, said "Hello" to Arthur and me, and "Thank you" to Father and Mother. Then he took a breath as if he were going to make a speech, but all he said was: "Ready? Shall we go?" And he held the door open for Laura and Arthur to go through.

"Well, did you ever?" gasped Mother, as the car drove off.

"He said, 'Thank you,'" Father excused him.

"He might have stayed to get acquainted. After all our trouble!"

"He's hurrying out there to concentrate."

"Humph!" said Mother. "Well, I hope he likes her cooking."

A little after eight, we heard the car being put in the shed. Soon there was a knock on our door.

"Brill and Brill reporting," Arthur announced.

"Did he like his dinner?" Mother asked eagerly.

"He ate all of it," said Laura.

"But what did he say?"

"Nothing."

Arthur elaborated: "Not a word out of him since he left the store."

"But didn't you talk on the way out?"

Laura shook her head. "I waited for him to speak first."

"I did, too," said Arthur, "but nary a speak."

"But after dinner," Mother asked. "didn't he even say 'thank you?'"

"He did not."

"But remember, Laura—he licked his plate."

"That's thanks enough," Father said.

"No, it isn't," Mother contradicted. "Well," she went on indignantly, "if he doesn't treat you right, don't you stay."

"Oh, we'll stay," said Arthur. "It's good money, good food, and he's a good-looking guy. Just the type for Laura."

"Oh, Arthur, will you please stop! This romance business is getting a little boring."

According to Arthur, Silent Sam—he called him that—was not only silent; he was practically invisible. In the afternoons when they arrived he was off riding somewhere, and he didn't come in until just before dinner. Nor did he put in an appearance then until everything was on the table and they'd called him by ringing the old bell that hung by the kitchen door. As soon as he finished eating, he went outside and smoked.

Mother thought it very mysterious, but Father didn't think so at all. "The man's concentrating. He doesn't want to talk. That's his privilege."

"Prenatal," Arthur offered. "His mother was scared by a Victrola."

"Well, the trial month's up soon," Mother told Laura. "He'll have to talk then."

But he didn't. He just left a note in the typewriter.

The note was five words long, and it made Laura furious. "I've never been so angry in my life," she told us.

"But what were the five words?" Father demanded.

"I find our arrangement satisfactory," Laura said bitterly.

"What's wrong with that? What more do you want?"

"A little bit of graciousness," Mother answered. "He could have said, 'I find our arrangement satisfactory; I hope you do, too,' or something else a little kind."

"Women! Always wanting everything tied up with pink ribbon!"

A couple of days later, Silent Sam came into the store. He'd just had his hair cut, and he looked keen. He smiled at me and nodded to Mother.

"You're looking well," she told him. "We found you a good cook, didn't we?"

"You did," he said after a minute.

"You're lucky. It isn't easy to find that sort of person around here. Not easy at all."

"No," he said.

Outside, there was the sound of squealing brakes and sliding tires: Mrs. Baker in the Packard.

"Findley's flown East," she hooted from the door. "Since the glee club can't come to him, he's gone to the glee club. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye! Oh," she said, staring at Silent Sam, "don't tell me you're my tenant!"

Father introduced them. "Mrs. Baker, Mr. Ingram."

"Well! Well! As your landlady I've neglected you shamefully. Come over this afternoon and we'll have a drink. My husband isn't here now, and—"

But Silent Sam was shaking his head and saying, "Thank you. No." He turned and walked over to the magazine rack.

Mrs. Baker stared after him open-mouthed. "My goodness! Do you suppose he thought . . . ? I meant with Findley gone we could do a little imbibing without having to worry about Findley's finishing the bottle. Oh, well . . ."



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She fished out a piece of paper from her bag. "Here's my list. I'm off for Garnet. I'll drop by later." She strode out, waving her hand at the back of Silent Sam.

Laura and Arthur came in through the rear door. Laura had had her hair done in the little beauty shop the Garcia sisters run in their front bedroom, and she looked very nice.

"Like the bangs?" Arthur asked. "I think they take away from that sweet, wholesome look she's afflicted with."

"Arthur," Mother said severely, "looking sweet and wholesome is no affliction, and you make too many personal remarks."

"Oh, Laura's used to it. Besides, it gives her the spotlight. Everybody likes the spotlight. Feeds the ego." He leaned on the counter and stared up at Mother. "You're the sweet, wholesome type, too, Mrs. Gower, but you play it down."

Silent Sam now came from behind the magazine rack, and Laura exclaimed, "Oh, I hope I didn't keep you waiting."

He shook his head and smiled at her. It was a nice friendly smile, and he looked at the bangs as if he liked them.

Laura started to pick up the groceries she'd bought earlier, but he took them from her.

"Come on, Arthur," she said.

"I'm not coming, Laura. June asked me to stay in for dinner."

This surprised me, for I hadn't asked him at all.

As the door closed behind them, he turned and winked at us. "Fast thinking, what? Hope you don't mind my crashing the party?"

"We don't mind," Father said, "but what's the big idea?"

"Can't you guess? I want them to drive out there alone. Romantic, see? Maybe he'll open his mouth and say, 'It's a nice day,' or 'What are we going to have for dinner?'"

"Arthur," Mother said, "when it comes to romance, you can't force things."

"Who's forcing? But he's a lot more likely to say 'It's a nice day' if I'm not there as a chaperone. Remember your youth. Two's company, three's a crowd."

It must have been a couple of weeks after this that Arthur tapped on our door one evening, and he came in looking pleased as Punch. "Another smile and two pats. Wouldn't you call that progress?"

Father put down his book. "Don't keep us in suspense."

"Well, you see in the afternoon Silent Sam's never around. Never. So once Laura's got things organized in the kitchen, she goes and reads the latest edition of the daily thriller. I read it, too, and it's a swell story. He's not tongue-tied on that typewriter. And the funny thing is, the heroine in this yarn is a dead ringer for Laura. Even to the dimple in her chin. Of course Laura's got dimples in her shoulders, too, but he doesn't know that. Or am I digressing?"

"You're digressing," said Father wearily.

"Well, as I said, she's got the meat loaf baking, the rolls rising, the string beans unfreezing, so now she's sitting

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My husband, a schoolteacher, wanted his friends on the faculty to hear the news as soon as possible after our baby arrived. I made up cards with the girl's and boy's names we had selected, and

we tied a pair to each turner. When our son was born, my husband simply removed the "girl" tag and passed out the turners.

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there at Silent Sam's desk lapping up literature. I'm reading a book in the kitchen, but the door is open.

"Who comes in but Silent Sam! I see and hear him, but Laura doesn't. So he comes up to her, leans over her shoulder, and reads along with her. After a while she gets the idea somebody's behind her, looks up, and nearly jumps out of her skin. She drops all the pages, she bends down to pick them up, so does he, they bump their heads. She apologizes all over the place—I don't see why—while he stands there sorting out the pages. Finally he hands them back to her. And then he smiles, a great big smile, and pats her twice on the shoulder."

He paused for breath, and Mother asked, "And then what happened?"

"Nothing. He went into his bedroom and stayed there until dinner."

"It certainly is strange."

"Why?" asked Father. "The man has a job to do. He doesn't want to be distracted by talk."

"He makes a lot of money," Arthur announced abruptly.

"How do you know?"

"Well, one day he had his income-tax papers spread out on the desk. I sort of looked at them. He makes plenty!

But he could get into a lower bracket easy as pie. If he'd marry Laura. Community-property split and write me off as an exemption. And no cook's salary then, either."

Mother said gently, "There's such a thing as love, you know."

"Sure, I know. The bees and the flowers. But let's be practical. What's going to become of Laura when I'm grown up?"

"When you're grown up you'll be smart enough to make a living. You'll be a very ungrateful boy if you don't take care of her."

"Oh, I'll take care of her. But I'll be married, have a family of my own, and there she'll be, out on a limb, an old aunt hanging around. That's why, lapsing into the vernacular, I'd like her to latch onto some guy while there's still time."

"The 'latching,' as you call it, either happens or it doesn't."

"Yeah," he nodded, and then said thoughtfully, "If I only knew the reason he doesn't talk—the real reason."

"Maybe he is grieving for his wife." "Or maybe he's not grieving," Father said. "Maybe he's scared of being married again."

"Could be," Arthur agreed. "One

sure way to keep from proposing is never to open your mouth."

It must have been about six o'clock one night when we looked out the window and we couldn't believe our eyes. There was Sam Ingram's big car coming up, and at the wheel was Arthur! We ran outside and Father cried, "Arthur, what's wrong?"

He grinned at us and turned off the ignition. "Nothing much. Laura and Silent Sam are in a hole."

"What in the world?" Mother demanded.

He preceded us into the store. "I'm thirsty. Please may I have a Coke? It was tough driving that car. I had to stand up to work the pedals. They said for me to walk in, but nuts to that!"

Father handed him a Coke, which he drained with big gulps. Then he put down the bottle and slowly wiped his mouth.

Father said indifferently. "Whenever you're ready to tell us—"

"That's right. Play you're not interested. Well, we've just got there. Laura and I. Laura's putting in the roast and I'm sitting in the window reading the latest chapter. It's very exciting, this part. The colonel's stalking the lady, chasing her around the room, but our hero's on the other side of the door. The problem is: Does our hero break down the door and save the lady's virtue, or does he not break down the door and let the lady lose her virtue and get the military secrets? You can see it's quite a problem and the suspense is terrific. . . ."

"Terrific, Arthur," Father interrupted. "And skip it!"

"Roger! Well, I'm sitting there in the window and suddenly I look out and there's the palomino trotting in with nobody in the saddle and the reins trailing. 'Laura,' I say, 'Silent Sam's in trouble.'"

"We start looking for him, going up that little canyon where he always rides. And pretty soon we hear him yelling, and it seems to come out of some brush. Laura runs ahead, and then she just disappears. . . ."

"Those old prospect holes!" cried Father.

"Sure, that's it. Laura yells for me to keep back. But I'm not budging anyway. I say, 'Are you all right, Laura?' And she says yes, she is. And then she asks Silent Sam if he's all right, and after a while he says yes, he's all right, too. And now I know why Silent Sam doesn't talk."

"Why doesn't he?" Father asked.

"He stutters! He stutters like crazy! Worst I ever heard."

"So that's it," Mother exclaimed.

"That's it. We should have guessed.

Well, finally he stut-stut-stutters out what's happened. A rabbit's jumped up and scared the palomino. Silent Sam's pitched off. When he walks home he falls into that old prospect hole. It's not very deep, but every time he starts climbing, the dirt caves in and he's afraid he'll be buried. He figures we'll come looking for him, so he stays there waiting. When he hears us he tries to yell, 'Keep back,' but all he can make is noises and Laura falls in, too. Of course it takes ages for him to tell all this.

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Tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh! He's terrible! Seems it came after that airplane accident. He got his skull cracked, and now he can't talk unless he takes it in low gear."

"The poor thing!" Mother exclaimed.

Father was pulling down some rope from a shelf. "All right, let's get going."

"What's the hurry?" Arthur asked.

"They think I'm walking. They won't expect us yet. Let 'em get acquainted."

"And suppose while they're getting acquainted, the place caves in on them."

"It won't. Not if they don't move around too much and stay close together. Let romance flower. Laura's already sounding motherly, telling him he'll soon get better, like the King of England. And he's saying she'll be more comfortable if she l-l-leans on him. Who knows—maybe pretty soon he'll put his a-a-arm around her. Leave 'em be for a while."

It wasn't any trick to get them out. Father didn't even have to take the whole weight, as there was a big mesquite tree there, and he dallied the rope around that. Laura came up first, and then Silent Sam.

She was covered with dirt and tumbled, and I'd never seen her look so pretty. Silent Sam was dirty, too, and his face was scratched and he had a sprained wrist.

"That was from the fall off the horse," Laura told us. "I'm sure it's just a sprain and nothing's broken. But he won't be able to type with it for a while. And he's got to get a chapter finished tonight. So I'll stay and do it for him." She was doing the talking, covering up for him, of course. "My, you got here fast! Arthur, I hope you didn't strain yourself walking."

Arthur stopped staring at Silent Sam and grinned at her. "Laura, you can bet on it. I didn't strain myself walking."

Silent Sam burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"P-p-private joke," he said, and clapped Arthur on the back.

We all ate picnic-style in the kitchen. Silent Sam said little besides "Yes" and "No" and once, "M-more milk, June?" If he talked very slowly, he was okay, but when he speeded up he was awful. He must have figured out we knew, for after he'd tried to say something and made a mess of it, he stopped, took a deep breath, and got out, "My . . . damned . . . stuttering. That . . . accident . . ."

"Everyone's got some kind of a handicap." Father remarked. "Blind as a bat without my glasses."

"And my lousy pituitary," Arthur put in.

Laura wrinkled up her forehead, trying to think up a handicap for herself.

Arthur did it for her. "And Laura, worse off than any of us."

"How?" Sam Ingram asked him.

Arthur tapped his head. "Leave us face it. Laura's no mental giant."

"Y-y-you l-l-limb of S-S-Satan! Sh-sh-she's b-b-bright enough for m-m-me!"

"That's what I mean. That's what I mean exactly."

"Well," Mother suggested, "let's do the dishes and then we'll go home. I know you want to get to that typing."

"Leave them." Laura said. "I'll stack them in the washer."

Arthur pushed back his chair. "I'll go in with the Gowers."

"Good night," Silent Sam told us. "And th-thanks."

As we drove away, he stood in the doorway next to Laura. I couldn't see, but I had the feeling he had his arm around her.

"I wonder," mused Arthur dreamily, "if the Bakers would sell that place. It would be easy to put on another room."

Mother turned around in the front seat. "I wouldn't speculate too much, Arthur. As I told you, it either happens or it doesn't."

"It's already happened."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Didn't you get it back there? That lovey-dovey feeling between them?"

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"And when he came out of that hole, lipstick all over his face."

"I didn't see it. His face was scratched; there was blood on it."

"Lipstick, too. I was looking for it."

He leaned back and chuckled. "I did it! Cupid needed a shove, and I shoved!"

"Arthur, did you push Laura down that hole?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well," he laughed, "Laura does have a handicap. She's not deaf, but she hasn't quick ears. Now my ears are super. So I hear Silent Sam yelling before she does. I know he's down in one of those holes. I could have stopped her, but I figure if she falls in on top of him, it will be sort of romantic."

"Arthur! She might have hurt herself."

"I knew the hole wasn't very deep. And for love you take a chance."

"Well," Father remarked, "when June grows up and has her romance, I hope Arthur's around to lend a hand."

"Count on Brill," he said, "but June's romance won't happen for a long, long time."

"Why's it going to be so long?" I asked.

"Because you're the type that will be late in reaching emotional maturity."

"Oh, yeah! Bet I reach 'emotional maturity quick as you."

"Could be, at that," he said after a minute. "We'll be able to afford a lot more treatments now. They'll get my pituitary to working. I'll probably be down there with you, normal like crazy."

... THE END



(Continued from page 49)
were facing in American ingenuity and organization know-how.

Between the drawing-board plans for an emergency vest and the actual opening of a first-aid kit by a soldier in the jungle there lay miles of typewritten lines: memoranda, minutes of conferences, correspondence with manufacturers, orders, bulletins, instructions, invoices, tracers on shipments, answers to inquiries—acres of paper and lifetimes of clerical man-hours. Better call them girl-hours, for an enormous amount of the office work needed in modern warfare is done by our Government girls—close-mouthed, loyal, patient with the seemingly endless and insignificant detail which resulted, halfway around the globe, in the Marines planting the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima.

As to how a girl gets a job in Washington—well, let's ask one.

"The hardest part, really, is getting your folks used to the idea," she says, unconsciously pirouetting on her heels as she stands by the curb, waiting for the car in which a group of girls from the same office share the ride to and from work. "What happens is, first you hear about the jobs in a letter—it's a form letter sent through your high school or business school. It tells about the Government jobs and the pay. You phone the local recruiting office and make an appointment for your typing and other tests. Then comes the big ordeal—

breaking the news to Mother and Dad. They may have heard all kinds of wild stories about Government girls—living eight to a cellar room and having dates with foreign secret agents, or something. The folks back home have no idea what Washington is like. But the best argument you can give them is a letter from some girl they know who is already here."

She turns to face the wind, which has shifted and now is blowing softly in from the Potomac and the bay to the south. A wind of spring—that Washington season which is like spring nowhere else, except perhaps in Paris a long time ago.

"When boys go into the Army," she continues thoughtfully, "everybody knows they'll be well taken care of. But people seem to think that the civilian personnel have to build shacks out of tin cans or something. I didn't know much about Washington when I left home, but I figured the Government wouldn't sign up thousands of girls from all over the country and bring them to Washington without looking after them. And I was right. Well, here's our jalopy. 'By now.'"

The car door slams, gears mesh. Then comes a spontaneous burst of song from the occupants:

*"I love you a bushel and a peck,
A bushel and a peck and a hug around
the neck. . . ."*

From all points of the compass girls are flowing into Washington again. The editors of REDBOOK felt that the people back home want, and deserve, an accurate picture of what sort of life their girls will lead in that architect's dream city beside the Potomac, with its sweep of splendid avenues, its stately buildings and its rumored underworld of chicanery and sin.

Is it true that there are no decent places for the girls to live once they get

there? Do lots of Government girls "get into trouble"? Is it true that they get so lonely and bored they will do anything for a little excitement? What about all these stories of girls getting attacked on the streets after dark? Is it true what they say about Washington?

Anything is true about any big city; the question is, how much? Where? By whom? Washington just happens to be the center of a mass migration of girls near the same age (their average age is twenty-three), most of whom have never been away from home before. And there's no denying that in the closing years of the Second World War there was a rush to the capital of girls-on-the-make. Federal agencies were in such desperate need of personnel that they took on hundreds of them. Many of these youngsters merely used their jobs as an excuse to stay in Washington; they hurried from their offices to the hotel cocktail lounges looking for unattached men in uniform, who were not hard to find nor difficult to attract. Poor housing, inadequate recreational facilities, high prices and the general atmosphere of hysteria all contributed to the "it's-later-than-you-think" philosophy of the uniform-happy chicks. It was inevitable that plenty of these girls who had come to Washington only for fun and games would get into trouble, and just as inevitable that this small minority gave the thousands of quiet, hard-working G-girls an unearned reputation for hanky-panky.

But that was then. How about now? By the end of December, 1950, there

The trouble with being punctual is that there's nobody there to appreciate it.

were 228,103 civilian Government employees in Washington. Of these, almost half—101,970—were women, the majority of them stenographers, typists and clerks. By June of this year the newcomers are expected to number 111,000. This is a right smart lot of girls—but the Government apparatus is well adjusted to absorb them; there has been no frenzied recruiting.

A large majority of them come from small towns where opportunity or interesting or well-paid work is lacking. More than ninety per cent of the girls now working for Army, Navy and Air Force are high-school graduates, and many have college degrees. The civil-service examination they have to take eliminates the bird-brains, and the personal "screening" given each applicant for Government service washes out those who merely want a brief, gay ride on the Washington merry-go-round. The result is a group resembling the girls you'd find in the junior class at any good woman's college.

But 100,000 is quite a group. I wondered if a girl didn't feel lost and insignificant and unwanted, especially if it was her first experience of being away from home. To find out, I arranged to meet small groups of Government girls,

talked to them in their offices, visited them at home, had dinner with them, asked a few questions but was more interested in listening to them talk to each other, and tell their own stories.

Typical Government girls are Mildred McDougal and Wilma Haney, both eighteen, from Portland, Tennessee. They share an apartment with Joan Galbraith, nineteen, of Cleveland. All came to Washington last October. The apartment, which is in a modern house, "over the bridge" in Arlington, Virginia, they sublet from a foreign correspondent, and it is furnished with art objects acquired in his travels.

Millie is soft-spoken, with a fetching Tennessee accent. Her folks run a farm back home, and Millie had the advantage of growing up in the country. "But it's not so easy to get a good job in business," she explained, "when you live so far from big towns. It took a little convincing to get my folks to let me come, but they could see right off that it was a wonderful chance to get business experience, and any place you apply for a job they want somebody with office experience. I think one of the most important things I've learned in Washington is the value of money. We get \$50.62 a week. After deductions this comes down to \$44. You really have to make up a budget and stick to it, and it's been mighty good for all of us."

Wilma Haney is tall and slender, with blonde hair which has reddish highlights in it. "When I first got here I was so homesick I just thought I'd die. It

To People Who Want to Write but can't get started



Wins Writing Success after Two Months' Training

"After only two months of N.I.A. training, I became a reporter on the Columbus Enquirer. In four months I had two raises. Also I have over 75 "by-lines" to my credit, and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising."—Mrs. Marion M. Blondel, Columbus, Georgia.



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lasted until I went home for Christmas, and then when I came back I was all right. When I got here I felt like I'd never learn to handle things by myself. My mother always did everything around the house, and I wasn't used to having to think for myself. But I learned. That's one thing about Washington: everybody—the girls you work with and the men you work for and their wives—everybody pitches right in to teach you the ropes. Everybody is just as helpful as can be. If I wasn't working for the Government I'd like to go to model school. But right now, working for the Government is important."

"It's easy, though," Millie qualified, "to feel like an unimportant cog in the machine. To feel that if you were to drop out tomorrow you'd be replaced right away and nobody would mind it if you were gone."

"Everybody's important," commented Joan Galbraith, a mature nineteen, who, like her roommates, works for the Navy. "That feeling of being unimportant is something that you get when things are not going right. The executives can get a bad case of it, too, if they're not careful. I've heard men who have worked here for years say the same thing—and they had what look like big jobs to us. But it's just the way you look at it, I think. I want to take the Civil Service test for permanent status. It isn't only the security of Government work and the fact that you get five weeks vacation a year. But Government offices have something you don't often find outside—they really have morale. People help each other, and it really is teamwork. And it's in the service of the country. I'm being investigated now for a rating which will entitle me to work on secret material. When my clearance comes through, that will be a big boost for morale—it's like knowing that people have confidence in you. I think all the girls in Government service—or at least all I've met—came here for the same reasons we did: to get wider experience and to see the country. If a girl didn't have some spirit of adventure she wouldn't come."

"It's an adventure, all right," Wilma put in. "You just ought to see me trying to learn to cook."

Millie turned to her with a long-suffering air. "I have hopes. Remember what you learned yesterday—when you put on potatoes, you put *water* in the pot."

"Peeling them is kind of a cute angle," Joan said philosophically, "but maybe you'd better take it in easy stages."

Although the girls knew no one in Washington when they arrived, they soon found that many boys from Tennessee and Ohio were in the armed forces and stationed near by. Relatives wrote to the boys, giving them the girls' address, and soon their phone started ringing in the evenings.

"The boys appreciate just coming around and having a quiet evening of talk," Millie explained. "They don't have money enough to go night-clubbing or anything like that. And we wouldn't want them to spend money. They just like to visit. And have some real, down-home-style cooking."

"I'm 'fixing' to learn," Wilma added brightly.

Millie, Wilma and Joan have achieved the first goal of Government girls—an apartment of their own. Mrs. Carolyn Hudson, head of the Housing Unit of the Navy's recruitment program, advises the girls to go slow in teaming up for an apartment and to make sure that the prospective roommates are compatible and steady; otherwise one may decide to move out, leaving two girls to carry the full amount of the rent. An apartment with one bedroom, furnished, comes to about \$115 a month. "When the girls leave home," Mrs. Hudson explains, "they have full instructions covering what to do when they get here. We have arrangements with a small hotel in which

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Save Waste Paper!

One of the effects of American mobilization for defense has been a great increase in the need for things manufactured from waste paper — paperboard, roofing materials, building board, new paper made from old.

You can render a patriotic service by saving waste paper. Don't burn it or throw it away! There surely are one or more organizations in your community — the Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, hospitals, etc. — that will be glad to collect it. It will help them, too. They can get good prices for it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

we can accommodate ninety girls. Each girl may stay there for seven days while she is getting settled in permanent quarters."

The Navy Department, like many other Government agencies, is setting up a housing office which will list and inspect rooms before they are referred to the girls. "We are still using the established lists of rooms for rent," Mrs. Hudson told me. "like that of the YWCA, the Catholic Daughters of America, the Armed Forces Housing Service—they cooperate with us—and the individual Government bureaus where employees list rooms available in their homes. The girls can live anywhere they want to, but we're right here to help them find comfortable places they can afford as soon as they arrive."

Most of the current crop of Government girls come to Washington with the idea of staying just for the duration of the national emergency, but quite a few, like Joan Galbraith, intend to make a career of Government work.

Another of these is Dorothy Ann Boulos, a vivacious twenty-four-year-old girl with dark, curly hair. Dorothy looks like a candidate for a magazine cover, but she will tell you readily enough—if

you ask her—that she goes to Georgetown University in the evenings, working for a master's degree in philosophy. After attending Marygrove, a Catholic girls' college in Detroit, she took her degree back in her native Portland, Maine. She then balanced her academic training with a stretch at a business college, after which she taught for a year and lived in New York.

She had a friend—Jane Jameson—who was working in Washington for the Army (her father was a colonel), and Jane's letters made Dorothy a bit restless. Washington seemed an exciting, vital place. Also, she had always had a secret ambition to become a member of the Foreign Service of the Department of State. She decided to join Jane in Washington. Now she works for the Navy. She and Jane have an attractive apartment, complete with kitchenette, for which they pay \$90 a month. They share all expenses, do all their housework and cooking, and manage to save a few dollars each month.

"Washington is a fascinating place," according to Dorothy. "You can learn all about the theory of government in the classroom, but you have to be part of it really to understand it; to know what makes the wheels go 'round. I've always had a lot of curiosity—I just want to know. In school we had a history-of-philosophy course, and that got me interested in the subject and I wanted to find out more. So here I am. I haven't even begun to see Washington."

The town is full of wonders: art galleries, shrines, drama clubs and little theaters. There are concerts—sometimes several to pick from on the same evening. The District of Columbia Recreation Department also gets out a monthly bulletin, "Things to Do." And there are all kinds of evening classes. Dorothy Ann Boulos is taking one in oil sketching, "just because I wanted to find out how painting is done."

One of Dorothy's office mates is eighteen-year-old Frances Colby, who also comes from Portland, Maine. Fran, whose first sight-seeing venture on reaching Washington was racing a boy friend *up* the Washington Monument stairs, insists that she stands a full five feet, two inches . . . with shoes. "They bowl a lot of duckpins in Washington," she observed, "but I can handle a full-sized bowling ball."

Fran combines a lively intelligence with a lively physique and an enormous zest for living. She lives with Lorna Ridyard, eighteen, also from the Pine Tree State, and Helen Simovic, twenty-one, from Akron, Ohio. The girls have a ground-floor apartment and congenial young landlords who appreciate having three dependable baby-sitters downstairs.

"Our landlords don't think we make enough noise," Fran says gleefully. "Sometimes they come down to help us! They're really swell. We've taught lots of boys to rumba and samba and waltz right here at home. The YWCA dances are loads of fun—much more fun than going to fancy night clubs—and we've met some grand people there, boys and girls both. Lorna and I want to organize a softball team in the office, and then we could play teams from other departments. In winter you can go swimming

in the Ambassador pool for seventy cents. But you don't need even a penny to have a good time in Washington. We go to the Army and Navy and Marine band concerts—we can get free tickets. But it's fun just staying home and making fudge or trying out all kinds of fancy dishes."

"We even have fun cleaning the house," Helen put in.

"It's a social event, the way we do it," Lorna explained. "We don't have to rush it, and in between jobs we can sit down and talk. I mean we can set our own pace."

No study of wartime Washington would be complete without touching on the seamy side. Here is the slant of a hard-boiled Washington newspaperman: "Nobody really knows Washington. It's a hundred towns in one, and it's always changing. It isn't the biggest city in the country, but it tops all the rest in its crime rate—and you can't get any reliable figures on homicide in the District of Columbia any more. They're 'not available.' This town is under direct Federal administration—nobody votes, so there's no ward politics. But oh, brother, it's GHQ for graft. Washington's record of unsolved crimes would make your hair curl. But it isn't the fault of the cops. They're pretty decent Joes, most of them, underpaid and hog-tied by a legal system that doesn't seem able to convict anybody of anything. Don't get arrested in Washington—the confusion will kill you. Everybody and his brother comes to Washington—to get something. They aren't interested in giving the town anything. It's a wonder somebody hasn't swiped the Monument."

None of this seamy side of Washington shows, of course. And the Government girls seldom learn of its existence directly. There are several hundred after-hours joints where customers stand a chance of being rolled for their cash. But Government girls and their escorts don't go to such places. The sentiment seems to be that you can get into a peck of trouble in Washington but it takes a peck of money or foolishness to do it. Rules for safety, as applied to girls, are the same as for any big city:

1. When you go out, stay with your own bunch.
2. Don't get to thinking that you "know" the town.
3. Mind your own business, especially in public.
4. Don't get chummy with strangers.
5. Don't go looking for a thrill (trouble).
6. Stay in the lane of conventional pleasures—no long solitary walks in "interesting" places.

As for wolves, one Government girl put it this way: "When a girl is old enough to know the difference between boys and girls, she learns to tell wolves from right guys. A girl is only wolf-bait if she wants to be. But sometimes she only wants to be with her subconscious, and then it's tough."

There is only one spot where the

rambunctious aspect of Washington touches the subject of this article. In the words of the newspaperman, "There's a lot of verbal garbage floating around about the high percentage of girls getting pregnant without getting wed. Well, there just aren't any statistics on Government girls. Any figures quoted on this are for the District of Columbia as a whole. Hell, there's 800,000 people in this town and as many more in the suburbs. Figure it out for yourself. The VD rate is away up over other cities, too. But if anybody tries to hook up those figures with the Government girls, he's lying in his teeth. The Kremlin-gremlins know the importance of civilian personnel, and anything they can do to slow down recruitment or get the home folks in a hassle, they'll do. I predict that they are going to start smearing the kids behind the typewriters. But what the hell—we've got to expect 'em to play dirty. This is a war, not a pillow-fight."

Aside from a desire for office experience and a wish to be part of life in the capital, there is a third motive which brings girls into Government service. This is best explained by telling the story of Maureen Atkinson.

Maureen is secretary to the Chief of Professional Assistants Division, "Main Navy," is twenty-five. She was born in Travancore, India, of English and French parents, and was educated at a convent school in Calcutta. At sixteen she managed to talk her way into the WAAFs, the women's branch of the British Army. During the war a group of American soldiers were stationed in Travancore, and among them was Sergeant Arthur Atkinson, a year older than Maureen, and that was that. They were married, and Arthur took his bride back to his native heath—Boston.

Maureen is one of the few girls with really black eyes. Hers is an exotic type of beauty which led all her American friends to prophesy a future for her as a model. For six months she did study the art. Then the Army reclaimed her sergeant. Arthur was sent to Korea.

In common with thousands of other wives, Maureen ran eagerly for the mail each morning. One day two letters of importance arrived: one contained the happy news that she had been granted her final American-citizenship papers; the other was a letter from Arthur—he had been wounded but was now about ready to go back into the line. The two messages, when put together, stirred Maureen Atkinson into action.

"I couldn't—I just couldn't—stay in Boston, where everybody I met asked me, 'How is Arthur? What's he doing?'" Maureen recalls. "And there was another thing. People would say, 'It's a lucky break for you this time—being over here where it's safe.' I didn't want to be safe. I didn't want to sit home and do nothing while Arthur was fighting."

"All around me were good American people who certainly took pride in their country, but they had always been Americans; they had always lived here. They simply took its riches and blessings

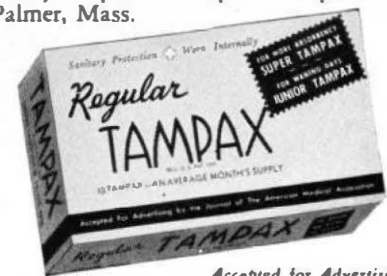


Really grown up she feels now. It's the first time her mother has asked the daughter's advice about anything as important and personal as *monthly sanitary protection*. "You seem so gay and unconcerned on those days. What is the secret?" her mother had said. The girl's answer contained just one word—"Tampax."

Doctor-invented Tampax is not designed for any class or group, but for women generally. Its *internally absorbent* principle is greatly appreciated among college students, secretaries, nurses, housewives and others who must move about, mix with shopping crowds, etc. . . . Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton contained in slender applicators for easy insertion. No belts, no pins—no odor or chafing.

Remember, you can't feel the Tampax while wearing it. No bulges or edgelines under summer dresses or swim suits. Quick to change—easy to dispose of. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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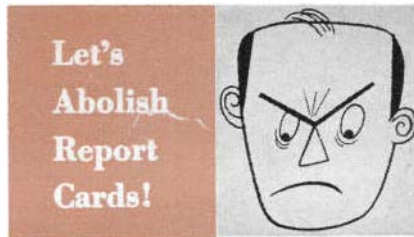


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for granted. And I felt so terribly grateful for my American citizenship. I had never done anything for this wonderful country. But I was taking all the good things it had to offer its people. I simply couldn't go on that way, when America was at war. And so—here I am.

"The kids I work with are as sweet as can be—they are certainly patriotic and they want to do their bit. But I feel that I have something to offer aside from the work on the job. I have known what it is like to be outside of America, looking in. I try to make my friends here understand what that means. And they do. That isn't much in the way of service . . . maybe it isn't important at all. But I like to think it is. I want so much to do something for my country. And it is mine, really. As long as I love it and am willing to defend it . . . if only in little ways."

Washington, 4:30 P.M., with the sun gilding the Capitol and slanting down the broad avenue. Now comes the bright tide, chattering, irrepressible, ready to burst into song. Thousands upon thousands of them. But they cannot be seen as a mass. There is only this girl, and the next, and the one over there—each with a heart full of dreams, a head full of plans, an invisible thread stretching from her back to the home town and the folks who love her, who are proud of her, who worry about her a little and treasure her letters. Let your glance fall on any Government girl; she is an individual, a person in a land where people count. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 31)
old flop. It would be ludicrous—if it weren't so tragic!

But why blame the parent? What about the teacher?

Educators close to the problem report that most teachers oppose a rigid marking system. Of course there are a handful of die-hards, but their influence would be insignificant were it not for the parents. Resistance to change, based on ignorance, has stymied reform from New York to California.

Perhaps if parents realized that marks are literally an insult to their own pride, they might be more anxious to abolish this obsolete system. Since a report card pits students against each other, it assumes that all children are alike and are striving for the same goals. But what parent would be willing to agree that his children are exactly the same as the neighbor's kids—that their futures will be identical? Yet that's exactly how they are treated in a report-card system—the system parents *insist* on.

Somehow these same confused parents manage to recognize differences in

the aptitudes of their adult friends. They never attempt to compare the work of a mechanic and a fashion designer, but they refuse to tolerate the inborn differences in their own children.

For example, there is the parent who is certain that a blazing scholastic record in every subject will enable his son to stand head-and-shoulders above the rest of his schoolmates. Inwardly, he feels that this will enable the lad to soar over hurdles he himself could never quite clear. Dad may have been blocked at every turn of life, but that little boy huddled over his books—well, *he's* a different story. It's immaterial to this parent whether or not his memorizing genius of an offspring is accepted on the playground, works well with other children, or develops emotional security. Striving to have the boy realize his own unfulfilled ambitions, he stunts his son's personality to the point where he can achieve happiness neither in his father's nor in his own right.

At least this young pupil *does* get high marks, but take the case of the child who is completely unable to measure up to the high standards set by her parents. With her parents the report card is a matter of social prestige—their friends' children do such remarkable work at school, the little dears seem to be forever stumping the teacher. Marks are always a topic of conversation when the adults get together, and it's so terribly embarrassing to be asked how their girl is getting along. And after all, why does she do so badly? She's certainly been given every advantage, etc., etc.

Actually the youngster has *not* been given every advantage, for she has not been given parents who are willing to accept her as she is. With the burden of constant tension at home and a *failure to recognize her aptitudes as well as her weaknesses*, oppressed by a competitive marking system which accentuates her difficulties, she is a nervous, frightened child for whom school is a dreaded ordeal. And her folks, well-meaning for all their blundering, keep intensifying the pressure at home in the belief that eventually they may be proud of their daughter. More likely the girl will suffer the stigma of being "left back," a psychological blow which is a specialty of the report-card school. A 100-city survey conducted recently by the U.S. Office of Education revealed that the number of elementary-school pupils left back ranged as high as 20 per cent. In some schools this figure exceeds 30 per cent.

Boosters of the percentage system of marking are probably not aware of tests that have highlighted its inaccuracy. The National Education Association has pointed out that in one of these experiments 111 teachers graded the same arithmetic paper. Their marks ranged from 21 to 88! When almost a hundred history teachers graded a single examination paper in that subject, their precise marking resulted in a crazy quilt from 37 to 91.

In spite of all we know about the unreliability of percentages, there are still teachers who claim that they can split the hair between 64 and 65, a single point that may mean "pass" or "fail"



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Fun

Total fun on your holiday equals these outfits. You'll like the look of cool navy and white for dating, and red, white and blue for relaxing on the beach

BY RUTH DRAKE

Big Date, Big Plaid! Sheen cotton broadcloth with sheer plaid tissue gingham stole and inset on skirt. The bodice has an adjustable button back. By Majestic Specialties. Sizes 10-16. Colors: navy, green or brown. Skirt and stole about \$9.00. Top about \$4.00. At: Bloomingdale's, New York; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.

COLOR PHOTOS BY SCAVULLO

Blaze a trail on the beach in a striped jacket, low-cut tank top and pedal pushers. Sizes 10-16. Colors: jacket as shown. See colors below for pedal pushers and top. Jacket about \$7.00. Pedal pushers about \$5.00. Tank top about \$3.00. See stores below.



and Sun Clothes

Back again! The beloved middy. This one with carpenter pockets, worn with "gol" shorts. This, and outfit above, designed by Sportlife in Wellington Sears topsail. Mix and match them. Sizes 10-18. Colors here and above: scarlet, white, American blue or charcoal gray. Jacket as shown. Middy about \$5.00. Shorts about \$4.00. Millers stores—Chicago, Minneapolis, Norfolk, Va., and mail order through Millers, 505 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Clix sandals. La Rose beach hat.



Fair and

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One button — wrap and tie sun Swirl in combed sanforized broadcloth trimmed with white pique crossbar design. Colors: pink, blue, lilac, rose, champagne and aqua. Sizes 10-18. About \$8.00. At: B. Altman & Co., New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Gaily striped sun dress, cool neckline front and back. In satin-stripped curded chambray, Sanforized. Flared skirt. By Nali Bee. Colors: wine, green, blue, or gray with white. Sizes 10-18. About \$7.00. At: B. Altman & Co., New York; Burline's, Miami; Meier & Frank Co., Portland.



Cooler



Sunuptime way. A refreshingly pretty one-piece dimity dress by Queen Make Fashions. Colors: aqua, black, yellow, Hunter green with white ball fringe. Sizes 10-20. About \$11.00. Parasol by Schachter.

Ready for town. A dimity sun dress with frosty white spun rayon jacket by Queen Make Fashions. Colors: navy, black and green. Jacket in white with contrasting trim. Sizes 10-18. About \$13.00. Pinehurst hat. Velvet Step pumps. Ingber bag. Both dresses at: B. Altman & Co., New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles.



See next page for additional stores

Fun and Sun Clothes

The fashions shown on pages 74 and 75 are available at the following stores:

Plaid Dress and Stole

L. S. Ayres & Co.	Indianapolis, Indiana
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.	Rochester, New York
The Higbee Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
The F. & R. Lazarus Co.	Columbus, Ohio
Kerrs Inc.	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Thalbimer Brother, Inc.	Richmond, Virginia

Striped Jacket, Pedal Pushers, Middy and Shorts

Millers	Champaign, Illinois
Millers	Evansville, Indiana
Millers	Shreveport, Louisiana
Available by mail at: Millers	505 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Fair and Cooler

The fashions shown on pages 76 and 77 are available at the following stores:

Swirl Dress

The Denver Dry Goods Co.	Denver, Colorado
Burdine's	Miami, Florida
Maison Blanche	New Orleans, Louisiana
Hutzler's	Baltimore, Maryland
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	Boston, Massachusetts
The Dayton Co.	Minneapolis, Minnesota
Stix, Baer & Fuller	St. Louis, Missouri
Foley's	Houston, Texas
ZCMI	Salt Lake City, Utah

Striped Sun Dress

Brown Lynch Scott Co., Inc.	Monmouth, Illinois
Fredman's	Essex, Maryland
J. N. Adam & Co.	Buffalo, New York
Kroll's	Rochester, New York
Peerless Co.	Troy, New York
Mabley & Carew	Cincinnati, Ohio
Joseph Spigel Inc.	Roanoke, Virginia

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Loveman, Joseph & Loeb	Birmingham, Alabama
The Daniels and Fisher Stores Co.	Denver, Colorado
Woodward & Lothrop	Washington, D. C.
Burdine's	Miami, Florida
Maas Bros.	Tampa, Florida
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.	Louisville, Kentucky
The Erust Kern Co.	Detroit, Michigan
Adam Meldrum & Anderson Co., Inc.	Buffalo, New York
McCurdy & Co., Inc.	Rochester, New York
H. & S. Pogue Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio
The Higbee Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Olds, Wortman & King	Portland, Oregon
Strawbridge & Clothier	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufmann's	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Joske's of Texas	San Antonio, Texas
ZCMI	Salt Lake City, Utah

Second Magic



(Continued from page 37)

she was between trains and couldn't they meet at Mario's at one, Peg had had the strangest feeling. A *yearning*. But for what? For the soft old way? She didn't know. She knew only that it was there, demanding as hunger.

"Joe's here," she had said, feeling a little giddy. "I'll see what he says, Nan."

Joe had answered in a funny, quiet voice, "Sure—go on, baby. I'll take Two to the audition. Someone will keep an eye on him." Two was their small son, so-called because "Joseph Kimball Andrews II" had seemed like just too much name for that scrap in the bassinet.

The audition! She'd completely forgotten it. She hadn't any right to go away today. Joe would have butterflies for two hours beforehand, and he'd need her at the studio. She closed her heart against the look of him, the look of trying not to ask her to stay home.

"I'll be there," she told Nan. "Mario's at one."

She hung up and turned to Joe. "You never knew Nan," she said, speaking too quickly, torn between guilt and an indescribable elation over the day ahead. "She went to school with me, and there was *never* such a girl!"

Oh, it was true. Nan was wonderful. She had been the one stable thing in a stormy adolescence. In a way she had taken the place of the mother who had died that first year Peg had been at a carefully chosen private school. With all her dash and her good looks, Nan had been such a wise child. Some one you could talk to endlessly. Some one you could lean on. "Tim met her in Paris the summer after you and I were married."

Two was sitting on Joe's lap, and Joe was rubbing his chin slowly against the soft brown hair. "What's *that* face?" Peg asked him then rather sharply.

"No face," Joe said. "I was just thinking that lots of times you must wonder about that guy Blaine."

Peg wanted to deny it, but the words wouldn't come, and presently she turned away. In the beginning, of course, there had been no room to think of anyone but Joe. Joe, with his soft voice, his way with words. Joe had played at somebody's debut that Christmas vacation five years ago, and Peg had watched him over Tim's shoulder, loving the way he held that horn, the way he played—as if it made him happy. "The boy with the horn," she had whispered to Tim. "He looks like a poet."

"What do you mean?" Tim had asked, laughing a little. "He looks more like a fighter—broken nose and all."

"I'm not sure what I mean," Peg had faltered. "He—he has a poet's eyes or something." She had smiled at Joe then, and afterward he had spoken to her.

Later he played at other parties, and one night he asked her for a date.

Joe hadn't had a dime, but he had made walking in the rain more fun than dancing on the Waldorf Roof. A couple of beers in a little bar with him were better than Scotch old-fashioneds at a college club with Tim. Why? She couldn't tell why. Tim was a wonderful boy, and she was fond of him. But Joe was a fever. She would have died for Joe.

One night he had taken a cinder out of her eye, his hands gentle and deft. "There," he'd said. "Does it hurt any more?" She had only shaken her head, because, ridiculously, she knew that if she spoke she'd cry. And another night, he'd said, "When I'm with you, I know my name. It's Joe Andrews—and it means something. I wasn't anybody before, Margie." Margie was his special name for her, and when he said it, it sort of squeezed her heart.

"I love you," she told him then, and he kissed her, a long, very serious kiss.

When she told her father that she and Joe wanted to be married, he looked at her over his glasses. "What does he do?" he demanded.

"He's a musician," Peg said.

"I know that," her father answered, moving his fingers impatiently. "But what's his regular work? His job." Her father was a product of a day when college boys played in ship hands in exchange for their passage.

"That's his job," Peg insisted. "He makes a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, and he'll make more. He's—" How could you find words for the way Joe played. The clean, honest, magnificent way Joe played. "He's good," she said simply. "Look." She reached in her bag and produced a clipping from last night's paper, and she read the words in a small proud voice: "Joe Andrews, the good-looking boy who plays the horn in Max Stine's fine little band, is someone to watch. For our dough, he plays all the horn there is." She folded it carefully and put it back in her purse. "He's really very good," she said with dignity, and she sat still, her hands shaking in her lap.

"Margaret," her father said, "when I was just about your age, there was a girl in a Broadway play who I thought was the most wonderful person I'd ever known. She had red hair and lovely legs. You don't marry those people, Margaret. That's—glamour. Not love." "It isn't that way at all," Peg whispered, hating her father for trying to make Joe sound cheap. "Joe isn't glamorous. He's dear and—"

"Tim Blaine is a substantial young man," her father went on as if she hadn't spoken. "You've known each other all your lives. You have friends in common. You like the same things."

"I'm not a substantial person," Peg murmured, trying to keep her voice steady. "I'm—" What am I? she asked herself. It's the way Joe said. When I'm with him, I know. "Daddy," she finished. "You don't really know me at all."

There had been an ultimatum, of course, and Peg had told Joe about it. "No trousseau, no dowry, no white satin," she had said. "Do you still want me?"

"Want you?" He'd said it roughly, but his hands holding her close were not rough.

Joe had talked to her father, with Peg standing beside him, straight and silent.

"I love her very much, sir," he had said. "I'll take good care of her."

"You're talking utter rot," her father had told him. and Peg hadn't known he could look like that, his mouth hard and ugly. "You haven't a nickel, and you never will have. My daughter has had everything she's ever wanted, and I'm afraid she wouldn't be very good at struggling and skimping." He had laughed then. Not a nice laugh. "You are two deluded children, and one day you will thank me for refusing to give my approval to this—this foolishness."

Joe had started to speak, and then he'd cleared his throat, bowed a little stiffly, and they had walked away. They were both of age. There was no legal obstacle in the way. They were married on a rainy afternoon in a white country church, and afterward, in Joe's little car, Peg had clung to him. "Thank you," she had murmured. "For marrying me, all empty-handed."

"Oh, my darling!" he had cried. "My foolish, my beautiful!"

Standing there in Mario's, Peg remembered it all. The maudlin sentimentality of it. How long had it stayed like that? Four and a half years, really. Even longer. Actually, she thought, it had just been during the last few months that the scales had fallen away from her eyes, that she could see their little apartment for what it was. Not the beguiling haven it had seemed at first, but a shabby, crowded, untidy place, with Two's overalls perpetually drying in the bathroom, dishes constantly draining in the kitchen. Only recently had she come to realize at last that Joe was not a genius, that he wasn't even consistently good.

The revolving door moved again, and Nan stood there, a mink coat dropping away from her shoulders, hatless, her blonde hair defiantly long. Peg took a step forward, and Nan had her arms around her.

"Margaret Mary Andrews," she said, real affection in her low voice. The waiter took them to their table, and then Nan was off. "Peg, you look wonderful. Understated and beautiful. You always did make me feel gaudy."

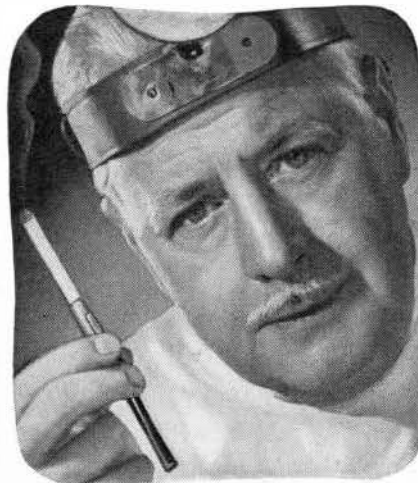
"Nonsense." Peg said, eating Nan with her eyes—the well-tended hair, burnished and alive, the carefully made-up face.

"The one perfect accessory," Nan said, noticing Peg's new scarf. "You're an artist at that, Peg. Remember how I could never say die? Always one more gawgaw? Still exactly the same."

"You couldn't look better to me," Peg said.

Nan ordered, and over their cocktails they chattered and giggled as if they were still freshmen at boarding school. Then at length Nan sat back and lighted a cigarette, and into the little silence Peg said, "How's Tim?"

"Tim," Nan said, "is heaven. He's practically the only man I know who really enjoys his money. The farm is always jumping with indigent relatives, fresh-air kids and local cub scouts."



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"Oh, Nan!" Peg murmured. She hadn't imagined it would be like that with Tim and Nan.

"He shoots wild duck, and I cook them. Oh, and I bake bread, Peg. Once a week." Nan's eyes were bright as a child's. "I can always remember my mother telling me that was almost the most womanly thing a wife could do."

Peg chuckled. "Remember how we used to talk about womanly wiles by the hour, and we read that book where it said that husbands loved to watch their wives brushing their long hair in the lamp-light? Do you ever?"

"Practically never," Nan said. "But we do have such fun, Peg. I'm on my way now to the Laurentians. Tim's flying up. He gets trainsick and I get airsick."

Their shrimp cocktail came, and Nan said, "I want to know about you. You and Joe are sort of like an unfinished fairytale to me." Peg reached into her brain, ransacking it for one glamorous incident to relate for anything about her life at all that might possibly be of interest to Nan Blaine. The winters of one-night stands. Mill towns and college proms. How exciting and wonderful it had all seemed at the time, and how sordid it would sound told here in this softly-lighted room. "Tell me," Nan was saying, "about your little boy."

"Two," Peg said, conjuring him up in her mind—a square little boy with gray eyes and wild hair. "He has eleven cowlicks," Peg said. "The barber counted them."

"Oh, Peg, no." Nan threw back her head and laughed, her good uninhibited laugh.

"He does awful things. Yesterday I found him washing cheese in the john. I asked him what he thought he was doing, and he said, 'Making old-fashioned frogs.'"

"What on earth did he mean?" Nan was leaning forward, fascinated.

Peg shrugged. "We have no idea. He's a pixie." Seen from this distance, minus his wet overalls, Two was quite an extraordinary little boy, Peg thought.

"Darling, only you could give birth to such a child. Tell me more. What does he look like?" Peg talked on, and Nan hung on every word. "How I covet that boy," she said at last, lightly, but with a queer underlying fierceness.

"You'll have a dozen of your own," Peg told her.

Nan shook her head. "None of our own," she said quietly. "But we're trying to adopt one."

The waiter came with the filet mignon, and when he'd gone, Nan said, "Joe is going great guns, isn't he? Every other record I hear on the radio has a hunk of that heartbreaking horn in it."

Nan was probably hearing a lot of old sides. Joe hadn't made a record in months. Not since last year sometime. Peg almost told her then: Joe's a failure, Nan. I'm sick to death of the whole deal. But pride dies hard. "He's a pretty terrific guy," she said, hoping it sounded as if she meant it. Wishing to heaven she did.

If only she could pour it all out to Nan. Two isn't really a pixie. He's a sniffling little boy who has to have his tonsils out, but we just can't afford it. And he gets so many colds, and the thick

sweet smell of that damn croup kettle sticks in my throat. In the beginning Joe and I had each other, and we had everything, but somehow we don't take walks in the rain any more and there are rough spots in Joe's playing. All musicians have bad years, they say; and they say that when he comes back he'll be better than ever, but I don't believe it. I'm fed up, Nan. I'm fed up. . . . The words screamed in her mind, but she didn't say any of them, and after a while Nan paid the bill and they left.

Afterward, they walked toward Grand Central arm in arm, and Peg was oppressed by the feeling of time running

The man who waits for things
to turn up has his eyes fixed
on his toes.

—CRESWELL MACLAUGHLIN

out and of unfinished business. "Must you make the train, Nan?" she said. "Isn't there another?"

"Sweet, I have reservations," Nan said. "I've got to take this one." The sun was warm for midwinter, and they walked slowly. "You know, Peg," Nan said. "I used to chafe because Tim's life and mine seemed just too easy. I used to wish he had to dig ditches to support me. Or—oh, I'd wish he'd at least polish my moccasins for me instead of handing them to Billy or Tom or somebody else." They paused briefly in front of a candy store, and Nan said, "Fudge! Remember how we used to pray they'd let us make it in domestic science?" They walked on again. "But after a while you discover there are a lot of ways besides the conventional ones for a man to tell you he loves you. When you grow up you learn to reconcile the dream with reality, don't you, baby?"

Peg nodded, trying hard to know what it was Nan's words reminded her of. "That's true," she said, but her voice was flat. The thing that would make Nan's words meaningful eluded her.

Standing near the train gate, Peg said, "Have a beautiful time in the Laurentians."

"Thanks, darling," Nan said. "And you have a beautiful baby." She laughed a little. "Do you know, I believe we're both a bit envious of each other?"

"I'm afraid I am," Peg admitted. "Let's not be," Nan said. "You know, we've both got everything—only in different—well, you might say, in different coin." The conductor was shouting then, and people were jostling them. They kissed good-by hastily, and suddenly Nan was gone, her bright hair lost in the crowd, and Peg was standing there straining her eyes for one last look. Then she turned away and walked slowly toward the information desk.

There was no train for three-quarters of an hour, and in the waiting room the big clock caught her eye. It wasn't late. Joe's audition might still be going on. She knew what studio it was to be held in. It was worth a chance. Sitting in the taxi, she was still thinking of Nan

with half her mind while the other half struggled with the audition.

She should have been there. It was the first audition she'd missed since they'd been married. In many ways the most important audition of Joe's life. This was a chance to play for radio with a small handpicked group to be sponsored by a big cigarette company. It could mean a thirteen-week contract with two option clauses. A new beginning. She tried hard to imagine the joy she'd feel if the news was good, but the joy wouldn't come. Neither could she feel overpowering regret at the prospect of bad news. When the magic's gone, she thought, nothing can warm or chill you any more.

It wasn't a long ride, and presently Peg was in the elevator, and then she was sitting in the back of the little studio listening to the music. There were five men playing, and one of them was Joe, his hands easy on the horn. Looking at him you wouldn't have known he was playing his heart out, but Peg knew. He's good, she thought.

They stopped playing, and Joe wiped his forehead. The man at the piano said, "Had enough, boys?" And Joe put his handkerchief away. He said, "How about one for the road?"

It was all over, then, Peg thought. The audition was finished. This was just jamming for fun. She started to get up, wanting to know what had happened, which way it had gone, but they were playing again, and she sat back, listening.

She recognized the tune at once, of course—heard Joe's horn carrying it, making it beautiful: *Margie, I'm always thinking of you. Margie—*

He hadn't played that song in a long while. She sat very still, and Joe didn't know she was there, but he was playing to her and she knew it.

She closed her eyes and listened carefully. There were no rough spots. She felt humble, listening. She wasn't worth that. Once maybe she had been, but not now. . . .

"There are a lot of ways besides the conventional ones for a man to tell you he loves you," Nan had said; and now Peg knew with a stab of shame what those words had reminded her of.

Joe had been laid off right before their fifth anniversary, and they literally hadn't had the money to get Peg's red dinner dress cleaned and still go out to dinner and celebrate. Peg had discovered Joe laboriously cleaning it and pressing it himself, and she remembered how the sight of a man doing a job so distinctly feminine had revolted her. He'd been whistling that song when she came upon him, and she remembered the way he'd grinned up at her. "Happy anniversary, Margie," he'd said. "Quite an anniversary," she had said, thinking of the bank balance, of the weeks ahead without work, of this second child she was to have. And she hadn't smiled back.

Nothing had been the same after that night. Neither of them was used to partying, and later, trying to be gay, they had both had too much to drink. They had argued bitterly.

"When I first saw you, I thought you were a poet," Peg had lashed out at him. "A poet and a prizefighter, an angel, a genius, all men in one. I thought that

hole in the wall we lived in had stars on the ceiling."

She started to cry, but Joe didn't reach out for her hand. He sat up very straight, his eyes cold.

"And you found out that I was just a guy. I could have told you that in the first place. And that life is real, and you aren't. I should have known that, but you put up such a damn convincing front." All the softness was gone from his voice. "You're not a woman," he finished. "You're just a soft, spoiled little girl."

They hadn't argued after that. Joe had told her again and again that he was sorry, and she had forgiven him really. She had long since stopped being angry. She just didn't care. She didn't care about anything. Until today, when she had broken her neck to meet Nan at Mario's, thinking it was escape she hungered for. It came to her now with a huge surge of relief that what she had really wanted of today was not escape, a momentary return to the old life. What she had wanted so urgently was to lean again on the rock that was Nan. To be close once more to Nan's serenity and wisdom, and to make them to some small extent her own. And sitting there with the music in her ears, she knew with quiet certainty that she had.

"Good enough," Joe was saying now. The music had stopped, and someone had

switched the lights on in the back of the room. There were a few men seated near Peg, and one of them approached her. "I'm Bob Stark," he said. "You from the agency?"

"No," Peg said, and a feeling long dormant stirred in her. A nameless, entirely wonderful feeling. "No," she said again, lifting her head a little. "I'm Joe Andrews' wife."

Actually it didn't matter now which way the audition had gone. This was the new beginning. This—how had Nan phrased it? *This belated reconciliation of the dream with reality.* Joe wasn't all men in one, but he was Joe. Talented, intense, unselfish, good. And their apartment wasn't star-hung, but it was their own. Moonlight and roses and walks in the rain might stir an eighteen-year-old, but a woman found magic in sturdier things. A man cleaning her dress or playing her song.

The tall man extended his hand. "Congratulations, Mrs. Andrews," he said, but the impact of his words didn't hit her until she was up on the little platform standing next to Joe.

"Hi," was all she said to him, but her voice told him many things.

He was smiling at her, knowing, as Peg knew, that it was going to be all right now.

"I like your scarf," he said, and together they walked over to where Two was waiting. ... THE END



(Continued from page 25)
subsequent air raids "was remarkably slight."

"The most striking finding of this survey," Dr. Frank Bodman wrote in the *British Medical Journal*, "is the extraordinary toughness of the child and his flexibility in adapting to potentially threatening situations."

Dr. Bodman made a closer study of 8,000 school children in Bristol to assess the incidence of strain at a time when German air raids were heavy and frequent. Only four per cent of the children showed psychological effects of their exposure to danger. Again, the younger age group was more vulnerable than older children, "who have more control and can express feelings to conform with adult standards with greater success." The psychological disturbances which were most common in the lower age levels were trembling, crying and aggressive behavior. The psychosomatic symptoms noted among older children were headaches, loss of appetite, nosebleeds and bed-wetting. Again, Dr. Bodman and his colleagues were surprised that the children were bearing up so well.

It is a fact, backed by all reliable evidence, that war strains affect children less than adults. It was true in England

during World War II and in Spain during the Civil War. The strongest proof was found at a child-rehabilitation center established at Trogen, Switzerland, by the Pestalozzi Foundation. The children, from every European country, were the most tragic victims of war—bewildered youngsters who had been torn loose from their moorings and cast adrift after the deaths of both parents.

"It was simply amazing how quickly those children responded to care and affection," says Mrs. Annette Eaves, a former teacher in London now working at the Agnes Russell Center in New York. Mrs. Eaves was on the staff of the rehabilitation center at Trogen after the war. "Even those children who had been exposed to the severest shocks recovered quickly."

Now, suddenly, the anxiety that parents in Europe and Asia were suffering more than a decade ago has invaded American homes. No matter how careful parents are, it is impossible to insulate children from the climate of war. Newspapers, movies, the radio and television are full of it. Schools hold regular air-raid drills. Public buildings and transportation facilities are plastered with instructions on what to do in the event of an atomic attack. Signs directing people to bomb shelters are appearing on city streets. Around the home, the most casual mention of rising prices and taxes, the draft and the tightening of civilian controls, makes children conscious of the tensions and doubts which all of us feel.

School authorities all over the country reported signs of war-awareness among children as early as last September, when the new term commenced. The change was all the more apparent to teachers after the summer vacation.

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In June, when the teachers last saw them, the kids were relaxed and unconcerned with adult affairs. When they returned in the fall, the United States had been at war in Korea for three months, and pupils showed unmistakable signs of unrest.

They were more aggressive and inclined to resent discipline. A "what's-the-use" attitude was common among boys in the last two years of high school—and who could blame them?

Comes the big question: How frightened are your children? The answer is simple and direct: How frightened are you?

Every test shows that a child's war fears and neuroses reflect the apprehensions of his parents. This is startling, because it is about the only time experts in the child-psychology field have agreed. The British found a very close relation between the air-raid fears and maladjustments of children and those of their parents. The severity, nearness and length of the raids were negligible factors; those who were most fearful of the consequences began to crack under the strain before a bomb fell.

Aubrey Lewis found in 1942 that the most savage attacks on London, Liverpool, Coventry, Birmingham and Bristol did not cause any remarkable increase of neurotic illness among children who had been normal and secure before the war. The four or five per cent who were affected recovered quickly and completely. The serious cases of war neuroses in-

cluded children who always had been maladjusted and insecure.

This was found to be equally true of adults. British psychiatrists discovered that seventy-five per cent of the persons who were suffering from war neuroses had had prewar attacks or had revealed personality traits that indicated constitutional instability.

Many psychiatrists even believe that the upheaval of war shakes large numbers of people out of neurotic tendencies. Imaginary fears fade into insignificance when a person who has been teetering on the borderline between normalcy and neurosis goes through an ordeal such as an air raid and learns it is not as harrowing as he anticipated. Such people, surprised and proud of their reaction to danger, have performed prodigies of valor in civil-disaster squads and military service. One of the oldest twists in literature involves the mousy man or woman who is transformed into a lion for courage by an unexpected emergency. This actually happens in real life. It was dramatically demonstrated many times during the bombing of London.

London, in fact, has been a huge laboratory for psychological research. A large general clinic treated 3,000 patients there during the peacetime winter of 1937-'38. Twenty-nine per cent of these patients were admitted for treatment of neuroses. During the corresponding months of 1940-'41, after the horrors of Dunkerque and heavy German bombings, thirty per cent were admitted for treatment of neuroses. The difference of only

one per cent was amazing in view of the cruel nervous strain of the later period.

The bloody record of the last thirty years has proved the resoluteness of the human spirit. Bombing did not break the morale of civilian populations anywhere—in England, Spain, China, Greece, France, Germany, Poland, Belgium, Holland, Italy or Japan. Since people are pretty much the same the world over, it isn't likely that Americans will react differently if war comes to our doorsteps.

The development of the atomic bomb does not change human nature. It is true that atomic bombs are infinitely more destructive than conventional bombs, but one atomic attack might not be as nerve-shattering as weeks of incessant, round-the-clock raids with demolition and fire bombs. It is unlikely that any city will be atom-bombed more than once—because once will probably be enough to achieve the desired results.

Since parents do the most to build or destroy the mental health of their children, they should take the utmost care with their own behavior and attitudes. Of course recent happenings make the job a difficult one.

Professor Roma Gans, a well-known child specialist of Columbia University's Teachers College, recently was called in as the consultant on a case that revealed a strange but perhaps typical complication.

Shortly before Christmas in 1944, a six-year-old girl had all the usual symptoms of emotional upset when her father was inducted into the Navy. The father tried to explain why it was necessary for him to leave.

"If I go now," he told her, "you and your brother always will be safe. We're fighting this war so that little girls and boys everywhere will grow up healthy and happy."

This father handled the situation intelligently and sympathetically—but it kicked back a few months ago when he was recalled to active duty. The girl, now thirteen, lapsed into a deep dependency.

"I don't want my daddy to know that I remember what he told me the first time, but I do remember every word," the girl confided to Professor Gans. "I'm not safe yet if my daddy has to go back to war."

"What answer can you, I or anyone give that child?" Professor Gans asks. "The father was right in his explanation and the girl is right in her deduction. But we have one ray of hope in this particular case. Kids in strong families can stand a lot of shock, and the relationship between this father and daughter was good. I think it will help to encourage the girl to talk out her problem. Basically, though, we must rely on well-integrated family ties to restore this girl's peace of mind."

The approach to a discussion of war, in front of children, must be a cautious one. Parents inevitably ask two questions that have been plaguing them: Should the war be discussed in front of children? Should the possibility of air attacks be admitted? The answer on both counts is a clear, ringing "Yes!" from

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Professor Ernest Osborne, past president of the American Council on Family Relations.

"War should be treated in the same way as sex and death, two other subjects that intrigue children because of the mystery and hush-hush taboos that have been thrown up around them," Professor Osborne declares. "You should be completely honest with kids, but there is no need for going into lurid details. If the war is mentioned in the normal course of conversation at home, it is absurd to squelch references to it, because the kids know very well that it exists.

"Denying the possibility of air raids may lead to disastrous consequences. If a child is told nothing can happen to him and then we are bombed, that child's confidence in his parents' integrity will be destroyed. By the same token, hysterical talk about the atom bomb may do more harm than the bomb itself. Terrible as the bomb is, the child should be made to realize it is not an absolute weapon that automatically results in the death of everyone within a radius of many miles. Once a child's imagination begins to work overtime, fears are magnified beyond all proportion. A good psychological safety valve for kids is playing war, even down to grisly details. I wouldn't urge it, but I wouldn't discourage it, either."

Dr. Irving Lorge, head of the Institute of Psychological Research at Teachers College, contributes sound advice to parents who are understandably perplexed.

"The main reason kids are so alarmed by war," Dr. Lorge says, "is that they think it is directed at them specifically. Their anxieties will be relieved if they get a we're-all-in-this-together feeling. Which we are, of course. How do you go about instilling an attitude of group solidarity? Well, I'd tell a child something like this:

"Sure, there's always a possibility that we may be bombed, but people who aren't careful are run over by cars every day, too. We've made all arrangements to make sure you will be safe if there's trouble. We've got a safe place to go where all of us will be together, and we've got food in the house just in case we have to stay indoors for a while. I'm taking care of you, and you know the city and the Army and the Navy and the Air Force are taking care of all of us."

"If the child asks who is taking care of the armed forces, you can answer, if you're a religious person, 'God.' If religion has not been a factor in the child's home training, you can say that all the people in the world are working to keep children safe. The family's unity must be stressed to give the child security. In the final analysis, the anxiety of the parents is the major problem. Kids present no headache. They take their cues from their parents, who are the most likely sources of panic and hysteria."

A strong family group is so important to a child's mental health that the majority of specialists consulted are opposed to the evacuation of children from potential bombing targets. When World War II broke, the British had elaborate plans for sending 4,000,000 children and



"It must be mine. I was here before him."

mothers from London to foster homes and institutions in nonindustrial areas, but the idea was abandoned after 1,473,391 were evacuated. So many complications arose that British authorities decided the dangers of bombing actually were less serious than psychological injuries induced by evacuation and the resultant breakup of families.

Mothers removed from London with young children had a terrible time adjusting themselves to new conditions. Class conflicts popped up between families of different social backgrounds. Evacuated mothers were bored and unhappy in strange homes. Hostesses were irritated by the visitors; the Government was forced to explain that the rising incidence of bed-wetting, for example, was a psychological reaction and not "a nasty habit of dirty slum children," as many people believed. The chief objection to the evacuation plan, however, was that it defeated the very purpose it was designed to achieve. New surroundings made children more conscious of the war than ever. They waited avidly for BBC broadcasts and seized—even stole—newspapers and letters for war news.

I can vouch for the authenticity of another attitude which was not to be disregarded. In May, 1944, I went to Europe as a war correspondent on H.M.S. *Pierce*, a British aircraft carrier. The only other civilians on board were nineteen English boys, ranging in age from nine to thirteen, who had been sent to live with friends and relatives in America when the Nazi air force began hitting English cities. All the kids were from upper-class families in which it was traditional to send boys to boarding schools at an early age. Separation from their parents did not affect them as much as it would have affected kids from another social group. Something else was disturbing these boys, and it was expressed by Sir Thomas Beecham's stepson, one of the passengers.

"We feel rather ashamed having been safe all this time while our friends and people were having a rough go," the thirteen-year-old boy said gravely. "All

of us would have been happier right in the thick of it. Missing that experience rather sets us apart from our generation, you know."

The British were quick to admit that evacuation had serious flaws, but we in America are piling mistake on top of mistake, despite outraged howls from child-welfare experts. It is ridiculous, for example, to hold special air-raid drills in schools. Almost every state requires schools to hold monthly fire drills, in which the routine is much the same as it would be in an air raid. The big idea in both emergencies is to get the children out of the classrooms to a place of safety. That can be practiced in fire drills without making the kids crouch under desks and lie face down in improvised shelters. Special atomic-defense drills can be alarming to children if repeated often. If children are actually alerted against an atomic raid, they will respond quickly and efficiently with proper supervision.

Recommended conduct for parents in these turbulent times is neither tricky nor trying. Keep to the ordinary routine of the home. Answer questions, but don't talk too much about the war in front of children. Teach them not to believe the rumors they hear. Keep them occupied with their normal interests and activities. Don't worry if a child shows signs of nervousness from time to time, and, above all, don't comment on it. It is a natural reaction to war strains. Reassure your children by your own calmness.

More than ever, parents must be emotional anchors for their children. Family ties and the attitude of parents are the things which will determine how children weather the current crisis. The stronger the family, the more shock a child can withstand; the more composed the parent, the less frightened the child.

And the self-discipline imposed on you by your child holds the promise of a bonus. It may even help to resolve your own fears. . . . THE END

Can Vets Save Your Pets?



(Continued from page 35)

veterinarians. Probably they are the cruelest of all professional charlatans. The sick pet cannot complain, and the average devoted pet owner often will spend more money on his animal's health than his own.

How can a dishonest or ignorant veterinarian cheat you or harm your pet?

He can charge you five dollars for five cents' worth of medicine. He can keep your pet coming back for months for an ailment that could be cleared up in one visit. He can make a wrong diagnosis that may cost your pet his life. Or he can promise to cure your pet when he knows nothing can save the animal.

Here is another way that the ignorant or unscrupulous veterinarian can rob the pet owner: Until a few years ago, a dog that suffered whipworms could be cured only by an operation which might cost from thirty-five to seventy-five dollars. But today the new drugs make such an operation unnecessary. "Nevertheless," one highly-regarded veterinarian told me, "dozens of the operations are performed every year. Some men do it for the money alone. Others just don't know any better."

In the last twenty-five years, veterinary medicine has made tremendous progress. In the early 1920s, the idea of a special hospital for dogs and cats and other household pets was considered highly amusing—even by some members of the profession. Today there are about 2,000 small-animal hospitals throughout the country. Many have their own diagnostic laboratories and X-ray equipment. The profession has newer drugs, special anesthetics and diagnostic techniques, new types of operations, and whether it is performing a delicate cancer operation on a dog or cat or treating an infected guppy with penicillin or aureomycin, it is all in the day's work to the well-trained veterinarian.

Veterinary medicine has cut deeply into the animal death rate. Pneumonia, for instance, was nearly always fatal. "In the old days, when an animal came down with pneumonia," one veterinarian told me, "about all we could do was stand by helplessly and watch him die." But today a pet with pneumonia—if treated in time—has at least a ninety-per-cent chance of survival.

Even distemper, which once took an enormous toll among young dogs, has been brought under control with the newer vaccines. The highly contagious feline enteritis once killed any cat it touched. But now veterinary medicine saves at least half the cats attacked by it.

As in human medicine, however, there are great gaps in veterinary medical knowledge. Even though it has long since solved the problem of old-fashioned, uncomplicated distemper, it faces

a newer problem. The problem is a whole complex of virus diseases which in some respects resemble distemper. Several of the viruses have been identified and their symptoms catalogued. But there are some diseases of the complex about which medicine as yet has no sure knowledge. "As a matter of fact," one veterinarian told me, "we're about in the same position with respect to some of the viruses as medicine is with polio. We just don't have the answer yet."

Not long ago, members of the profession contributed \$75,000 to start an animal-disease research program under the sponsorship of the American Medical Veterinary Association. Some of the money will be spent to track down distemper viruses. But in the meantime, the lack of exact knowledge has permitted the ignorant and the quacks to add to their list of victims.

The ignorant veterinarian, confronted with an animal that has one of the newly classified virus diseases, usually will diagnose the case as old-fashioned distemper. He promises a quick cure. But the animal dies. The quack may recognize a pet in the last stages of a virus disease for which science has no sure cure. He promises a cure anyhow, prolonging the animal's life unnecessarily and bilking his owner in the bargain.

It is this sort of chicanery and ignorance that the American Veterinary Medical Association has systematically and relentlessly fought. The profession's entire educational system has been vastly overhauled. In the past some schools of veterinary medicine were little more than diploma mills. Today the fifteen schools in this country and Canada, which bear the association's stamp of approval, are operated as parts of colleges and universities. In admission standards, equipment and training they compare with the best schools in the field of human medicine.

At the moment, the profession is considering a more efficient system of dealing with complaints. It may be that it will adopt a system of statewide grand juries of the kind used so successfully by medicine in Colorado. (REDBOOK, July, 1950. "Is Your Doctor a Quack?")

In the meantime any pet owner with a grievance should contact the secretary of the nearest local or state veterinary medical society. If he feels that this group has failed to take the proper action, he should then get in touch with the veterinary board of examiners in his state. Some boards have investigators who will check into the complaint on the scene. In other states, it may be necessary for the owner to appear before the board and back up his complaint.

In a few states, notably in the South,

Just as necessity
Is the mother of invention,
So is Mother
The necessity for convention.

— Kaye Phelps

the profession still is handicapped by antiquated laws, however. The laws are throwbacks to the days when trained veterinarians were scarce.

Meanwhile, that part of the profession which treats small pets exclusively has made great gains on its own. Some of the early small-animal hospitals spread at least as much disease as they cured. For example, a dog suffering distemper, or a cat stricken with enteritis, often was placed in the same cage with healthy animals. Naturally the disease quickly spread among all the animals.

Just how fast disease can spread among animals is dramatically proven by an incident told by Dr. Leon F. Whitney, a New Haven, Connecticut, veterinarian. Dr. Whitney is a devoted pet owner as well as a highly-regarded member of his profession.

In his book "Home Pet Care," Dr. Whitney tells of the time he exhibited a prize bloodhound at a dog show in New York City. Twice a day during the show the dog was taken to an exercise area in the building. In the same area Dr. Whitney one day noticed a Dalmatian from Texas. To his professional eye, the Dalmatian looked sick. When the dog passed close to his bloodhound, Dr. Whitney tried to chase him away.

The next week, the doctor showed the same bloodhound in New Haven. Then he noticed the unmistakable signs of distemper. But it was already too late—seventy-five of Dr. Whitney's other dogs came down with the same disease in the next few days. Some were puppies born to the prize dog a few weeks earlier.

"The Texas Dalmatian," Dr. Whitney writes, "had spread distemper in Connecticut and probably to many other localities." His own dog, Dr. Whitney speculates, may have spread the disease as far as California, since there were dogs from that state being shown in New Haven.

Even today there are veterinarians who disregard even the rudimentary rules of sanitation, such as setting up separate isolation pens for animals with a contagious disease. Others don't think it worth the trouble. No one can say how many thousands of owners have lost their pets through this kind of carelessness.

Fortunately, the risk of running into this type of practitioner is gradually growing smaller. Largely, this is the result of the work of the American Animal Hospital Association. To belong to this group, a hospital must first comply with rigid standards which greatly reduce the chance of a contagious disease's spreading among animals.

Moreover, the association makes sure there is no backsliding. Its hospital inspector, Dr. L. H. LaFond, travels an average of 25,000 miles a year inspecting member-hospitals.

Occasionally Dr. LaFond will discover a member who is lax. The man is first given an opportunity to correct his laxity. If he refuses, he is dropped from membership. Wherever he happens to be, Dr. LaFond will also visit non-member hospitals, offering help and advice. In this way, and through a profession-wide educational campaign, the association has revolutionized sanitary standards in the nation's small-animal hospitals.

Veterinary medicine, however, is harassed by one problem that the pet-owning public itself could best solve. This is the great number of pet-shop owners, breeders, trainers and well-intentioned owners of pets who will undertake to treat a sick animal.

The results of this kind of treatment are often tragic. In one case I uncovered, a spaniel developed an unpleasant breath odor. His owner mentioned the trouble to a friend, an amateur dog breeder. The breeder examined the dog and treated its gums. But the trouble persisted. Finally the woman took her dog to a veterinarian. There she learned the terrible truth. The unpleasant breath odor had been a symptom of cancer. No one can say whether earlier treatment by a veterinarian would have assured the dog a chance to live. But certainly the dog's suffering was cruelly prolonged.

The pet-shop owner, trainer, breeder, or even the good friend who attempts to treat your sick pet literally is practicing medicine without a license.

Occasionally, the investigation into this kind of activity will show the violator didn't know he was breaking the law. But this is the exception. Most are as ruthlessly fraudulent as the professional trainer apprehended in a Western state last year. This man was doing a brisk side business in veterinary medicine—even attempting complicated operations. When several animals died mysteriously under the man's crude anesthesia, he was arrested and jailed.

And recently the authorities in New York began receiving complaints against the owner of a pet shop. Not only was this man treating sick animals, but he allowed an almost illiterate porter to administer immunization shots.

In many cities, pet shops are the most chronic violators of the medical-practice laws. Some willfully sell diseased pets and then try to treat them when the owner complains.

In some parts of the country itinerant nonprofessionals do a land-office business cropping the ears of young puppies. They may even make their work look legal by giving the owner a croppage certificate. Usually, the certificate is signed by a veterinarian from another state. The larcenous veterinarian probably has sold the cropper hundreds of such signed certificates.

Some of these croppers can do an adequate job. But all too often the job is completely botched and must be done over by a veterinarian—at considerable discomfort to the dog and extra expense to the owner.

The illegal practitioners exist for one reason only—not enough pet owners realize that treating a sick animal may call for as much skill and experience as treating a sick human.

Moreover, the belief still persists that a sick animal will somehow get well without help from anybody. Few realize that a dog or cat or almost any other household pet can suffer almost every single disease that afflicts mankind—plus some that are animal diseases only.

You should choose a veterinarian as carefully as you would choose your own doctor. Merely by asking a few ques-

tions you can reduce to a minimum the chance of falling into the hands of a charlatan.

Does the veterinarian belong to the American Veterinary Medical Association? Members must be graduates of approved medical schools. They are bound by a code of ethics. Out of the nation's 15,000 veterinarians, 10,000 are members of the association.

There are many ethical and skilled men outside the association, but it is probably safe to assume that the highest concentration of unethical practitioners is among nonmembers.

If there is an animal hospital in your neighborhood, does it belong to the American Animal Hospital Association? If the answer is yes, the chances are you are in safe hands. Officials of this group, however, are the first to say that hundreds of fine hospitals do not belong. Some are awaiting the inspection that qualifies them for membership. Others see no special advantage in belonging.

What about the hospital itself? "Any pet owner," says Dr. John Hardenbergh, executive secretary of the American Veterinary Medical Association, "can tell a lot about the veterinarian merely by inspecting his office and facilities. Are they clean, neat and orderly?" If so, the veterinarian probably is living up to all the rules of sanitation.

Moreover, Dr. Hardenbergh says, the veterinarian should be willing to let you inspect his examining room and pharmacy. Again, look for cleanliness and orderliness. But if the doctor won't permit you to enter the kennel rooms and wards, it is no sign that he has something to hide, Dr. Hardenbergh says. Visitors often excite or upset sick animals and delay their recovery.

Dr. Hardenbergh suggests another caution: "Don't believe an animal hospital is the best just because it is elaborate and brilliantly illuminated. Some of the best hospitals do present imposing façades. But there are also many that provide the best and most modern care behind a modest, unassuming front."

Organized veterinary medicine has its local, district and state medical societies. A telephone call or letter to the nearest such headquarters will bring the names of three or more veterinarians in your area. In this way you can be sure of getting a veterinarian who possesses a good reputation among his clients and fellow doctors.

To all this Dr. Hardenbergh adds a final word of caution: "Don't wait until your pet is sick before looking for a veterinarian. Choose a veterinarian now, so you will know where to go when trouble develops."

In an extreme emergency, you may well be safe in the hands of the first veterinarian you can find. But as Dr. C. P. Zepp, a New York City veterinarian, points out, if you choose the right veterinarian now, you can place your sick pet in his care with full confidence.

Dr. Zepp was among the first to specialize in small animals and is one of the men most responsible for the amazing progress of his side of the profession in the short space of twenty-five years. "An ethical, modern veterinarian," he says, "can do as much for your pet as the best doctor can do for you." . . . THE END



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With This Ring . . .

(Continued from page 43)

charm and brisk assurance. His boundless self-confidence had made her feel helpless and protected and very, very precious. . . . "Don't argue, kitten, Tony's it is. He's got the best *cacciatore* in town." . . . "Stop fussing, muffin. Papa knows best." He charged into everything, commanding the situation, always sure of himself. Too sure. She had realized it last night. He was treating her like a sweet but simple-minded child, and suddenly it wasn't charming any more. It was infuriating.

How had she been so blind? Paul had set the wedding date. He had decided where the wedding would be—and firmly refused to have the elaborate ceremony she had set her heart on. He had even picked out the hotel they would honeymoon at. *And what did I do?* she asked herself, feeling a rush of indignation. *I sat around, nodding, like one of those toy Chinese mandarins with springs in their heads!* Paul was too high-handed. Or she wasn't meek enough. Did he expect her to be, just because she was small? That was the trouble with being tiny. No one had any respect for you!

The bus lurched sharply to the right and Fifth Avenue stretched before her, blooming with lavish shop windows. Gay spring costumes and flower-trimmed hats bobbed up and down the street.

At Twelfth Street she got off, in a section she had never seen before, and threaded her way to the curb. Taxis honked. People brushed by her. A stout woman jabbed her with a large parcel. Julie walked quickly, heels tapping. Paul would be waiting on the next block.

Last night had been too much. One of the men in his office had been transferred to Chicago and had offered Paul his place in a converted brownstone somewhere in Greenwich Village. And Paul had taken it, signed the sublease without even asking her! How could he be so—so pigheaded! Now, when her opinion no longer mattered, he wanted her to come down and see it. She had been hurt almost to tears. Paul had insisted that it was a perfectly adequate apartment and he couldn't take a chance on losing it; there were two other men waiting for it. Didn't she want her own place? Of course she wanted her own place, but she wanted to have some say in choosing it! He had hooted at her, laughing away her attempts at dignity. "Who chooses apartments these days? You grab what you can get." There was no answer to his masculine logic. She had argued in circles, and finally he had lost his temper and the evening had been spoiled. He left early, and she had tossed for hours before she fell asleep.

She stood on tiptoe at the corner,

looking across the street. Paul was waiting on the other side. How handsome he looked—so tall and straight with his dark hair curling a little over his forehead. The traffic lights changed to green, and she hurried across.

"Paul!" she called.

He guided her to a quiet spot near the buildings, smiling, his eyes dancing at the sight of her. Why, he wasn't angry after all. He had forgotten last night; just put the whole thing out of his mind. She moved her head a little when he bent to kiss her and his lips brushed her cheek.

"Have you had lunch?" he asked.

"No." She avoided his gaze.

"There's a nice restaurant near here.

We can stop in after we see the apartment."

She didn't want lunch. She didn't want to see the apartment. She wanted to reach up and shake him. She wanted to tell him—in a few calm, well-chosen words—all the arguments she had strung together during the night. *I will tell him*, she thought, feeling the quick sting of tears. *Marriage is a partnership. I want to be treated like an equal!* But he took her arm in his, and she nodded helplessly.

He turned her toward a side street. They went past a basement café, an artist's supply shop and a dusty-looking grocery. Her heart was pounding. *I'd rather break it off now*, she thought, *than be sorry later. I'd rather not get married at all!* Something tightened in her chest and almost choked her.

She glanced up at him. He caught her eye and grinned, and she could breathe again. . . . But at least she should take a stand. Assert herself! Yes, at least she should assert herself. The longer she waited the worse it would be. *Now*, she thought. *I'm going to tell him now.*

"Here we are," said Paul.

She looked up at a row of brownstone houses. One of them had been remodeled, its light-brick front and casement windows standing out in sharp contrast to the others. There were two steps down to a modernistic entrance, and inside she could see a short row of shiny mailboxes. He unlocked the inner door and they stepped into the vestibule. There was dark red tile on the floor and a flowered paper on the walls. They went up the staircase to the second floor. Paul turned right at the landing.

"This is it," he said, opening a door.

She peered in at a tiny foyer and entered gingerly. Through an arch was the living room, facing the street. A square room, the walls painted a faded rose. How barren it looked—the floors dusty, the woodwork marked.

Paul looked around with the proud air of ownership. She followed him into the kitchen, her footsteps loud on the bare floors. It was modern and compact, with hardly enough room for two to turn in. It would be unbearably hot in summer. The cabinet gaped empty, and she saw a sprinkling of cracker crumbs on the bottom shelf.

Down a narrow hall, past a minuscule bathroom, was the master bedroom, dark and cramped, overlooking the court.

Across from it was a smaller room. She looked in at scarred, built-in toy shelves, scuff marks where a crib had stood. There was a partly erased patch of green crayoning on the wall near the door. It was an average city apartment, neither good nor bad. Adequate.

Paul was looking at her. "Let—let's go back to the living room," she said.

It was lighter in there, with the sunshine streaming in. She wished there was something to sit on. Her mouth felt dry. How should she begin? Paul stood near the window, jiggling his key chain. She took a deep breath.

"Paul—"
Her throat felt paralyzed. What should she say? Exactly how did one assert oneself? She stared at him, panic-stricken.

Paul put the keys away. "Well, kitten, how do you like it?"

She scrambled for an answer. "It—it's so small," she said hastily. "The kitchen never gets any sun—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Julie, don't be unreasonable. You don't find four-room apartments hanging on trees." She knew from his tone that his pride was hurt.

"It isn't the apartment. I—I just wish you'd asked me about it first."

"Now, look—we went all through that last night. Let's not start it again."

If only she could make him understand. If she could just make him see that important things in a marriage should be discussed first, that decisions should be a joint affair! "It's the principle of the thing," she said.

He made a small, exasperated sound. "What principle? There's nothing wrong with the place, is there? It's in a decent neighborhood, at a price we can afford. You're looking at this the wrong way, honey. I thought you'd be tickled pink."

He was so reasonable; he made her sound perverse. She hunted for the right words, trying to be cool, but firm.

"I want to be consulted first."
"The lease is signed. What do you want me to do? Break it?"

His patience had run out. He was getting angry. Julie felt her eyes filling; she swallowed back the tears.

"No!" she said. "I want to be treated like an adult. In something as important as this I want to have a say, too!"

"All right, you've had your say. You don't like it. Is that right?"

That wasn't what she'd meant. How did he ever get her so mixed up? she thought angrily. He was impossible! But her heart ached. She remembered the time she had been ill with a cold. How tender he had been, bringing innumerable flower-filled cones of green paper, sitting worriedly by her bed. "You look like a five-year-old, moppet, with your hair in pigtails. Take your medicine like a good girl." Oh, it was hard to be angry with Paul!

"It isn't the apartment," she repeated desperately. "It's just that you didn't ask me!"

Paul threw up his hands in disgust. "I give up," he said flatly. "I don't know what you want."

He didn't understand. He didn't even know what she was talking about. Nothing could dent his self-assurance. She looked at him—at the angry curve of his jaw, the set of his head. What sort of marriage would they have? It would always be like this. Nothing could change him; surely not she.

"I want to be a partner," she said. "I want to share things and help make the decisions."

Somehow she had said the wrong thing. She could see it in the small frown that pulled his brows together, in the questioning look he gave her. *Now he understands,* she thought. *And he doesn't like it.*

"Wait a minute," he said slowly. "What's this about making the decisions?"

"I want to decide things, too."
"Let's not make any mistake about that," Paul said. "I'll be wearing the pants in this family."

It was no use. There was a chasm between them too wide to be bridged. She drew herself up as tall as she could.

"Then it's not my family," she said in a small voice.

In the sudden silence she could hear a car going by. Down the block some boys were shouting, playing ball. Were people really going about their business, doing ordinary, everyday things at a time like this? Paul was looking at her as though he hadn't heard right.

"What?" he said.
"I won't be treated like a—a chattel. I don't want to get married."

He gaped at her in utter disbelief. "Are you joking?"

"No," said Julie. "I mean it."
"You want to break our engagement?"
"Yes."

She had done it. She had told him. There was a lump in her throat as large as a tennis ball, and tears stung her lids. She wanted to cry endlessly. It was all over. All the bright dreams, the plans they had made that were as real as tomorrow. The house in the country some day, the savings account for their first anniversary trip, all the things they had meant to do together. As dead now as last week's newspaper.

"Come on," Paul said, smiling uncertainly. "Don't play games, Julie. You know you don't mean it."

She saw the gleam of her engagement ring as a shaft of sunlight touched it. A small velvet box tossed casually in her lap. "Here, honey, a trinket for your birthday." How excited she had been, and how he had teased her. She tugged at it. It caught, and the stone dug into her finger as she pulled. Then it was off. She held it out in the palm of her hand.

Paul looked down at the shining circlet. The laughter died out of his face, and she saw it briefly unguarded. His eyes were wide and startled. His jaw was set. He believed her now. Her firmness wavered momentarily. He looked so much like a small, bewildered boy that her heart turned over and she almost wished she had not spoken. Then she saw pride and resentment stiffen him. He swallowed and glanced away.

"It's all right with me," he said.

He jammed his hands in his pockets and looked down into the street. Julie

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by **VALDA SHERMAN**

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stood still. That wasn't like Paul. She had expected anything—outraged argument, even icy fury, but not this. He made no move to take the ring. He was waiting, letting the moment hang. Didn't he care? Was he so self-sufficient that even she did not matter? Oh, he was impossible! She wanted to finish and get away, go some place where she could be alone. There was nothing more for them to say to each other. If he refused to take the ring she would leave it on the window sill beside him. . . . How long was he going to stand there like that?

"Paul?" she asked.

"It's up to you," he said, his head averted. "Whatever you want."

How queer his voice sounded. Not like Paul at all. Where was all the easy superiority, the brisk confidence? *Why, he's scared*, she thought suddenly. *He's hoping I'll change my mind, but he's just too stubborn to ask me.* It was true. She could see it in his face. How stupid she had been, taking him at his word, never probing for the meaning underneath.

She almost giggled with relief. It didn't seem possible. All that masterful assurance, that nonchalance, covering a small, uncertain boy. *Why, Paul, you great big bluff!*

He was still standing by the window, refusing to look at her, his lips firmly closed. How vulnerable he was. If she pressed the point home she would win. He wouldn't let her go. She had only to look at him to know that. If she put the ring down and turned away, he would follow her to the door. He would come after her, apologizing, pleading. It would be good to see him humble, after all the times he had had his way. It would teach him he couldn't trample on her, ignore her opinions. And once she had won, the pattern of their life together would be set. He would never treat her like a child again. The moment was hers. She had only to turn away. . . .

Her fingers closed slowly until the ring was clenched in her palm.

"Oh, Paul," she said chokingly, the tears spilling down her face.

She was safe in his arms, pressed against his shirt front, her tears making a dark, damp splotch on the cloth. He held her tightly, and she could hear the warm beating of his heart.

"Julie," he said, over and over. "Julie." She felt his hand on her head, ruffling her hair. "Honey, what's the matter with you? What are you so mad about?"

She held him close, her arms around his waist. "Never mind," she said.

"Baby, don't do that again."

He wiped the tears away with his breast-pocket handkerchief. He cradled her face between his hands and kissed her gently. She stood still, resting her head against his shoulder while the ache in her heart went away. Her big, tall, handsome, stubborn Paul. She didn't want to see him humbled. She didn't want to see him plead, lose his self-respect. Let him be any way he wanted; he didn't frighten her. His bluster didn't fool her. She knew him now.

He peered down at her and tipped up her chin.

"Waterworks over?" he asked.

"Yes." She sniffed and took a long breath. "It's just that—well, a woman is fussy about her house, Paul."

He smiled widely.

"Honey, you can furnish the place any way you want. I won't say a word."

"Really, Paul?"

"Honest, kitten." He was sincere. His self-confidence had returned. He looked around the room. "It's not so fancy, but we can fix it up. Look—we can get a couch for over here under the windows. Big enough to stretch out on, none of those dinky little love seats. And a record player over here—"

He was off again, telling her how he wanted the room arranged, laying out the hall dinette. Julie listened. There were so many ways of managing. Quiet, tactful ways that would leave him in possession of his dignity.

"It sounds lovely," she said, smiling.

He grinned down at her and glanced at his watch.

"It's almost twelve," he said. "Time for lunch."

Suddenly she realized that she was hungry. Ravenously hungry.

"Wait a minute while I powder my nose."

She hurried down the hall to the bathroom. Her eyes were red, and she bathed them in cool water. *It's not such a bad apartment*, she thought, patting her lids with Paul's handkerchief. She could fix it up. She knew just how she wanted to do it. A sunny yellow kitchen with a touch of coral. Big, comfortable chairs in the living room. It could be beautiful. The small bedroom would be a den for Paul. Not too much furniture—just a couch and a lamp table, so they could turn it into a nursery when the time came. She smiled to herself as she rubbed powder across her nose. Darling Paul! She'd make him happy. She understood him.

"Hurry up, kitten." There was a hint of impatience in the voice from the living room. "I've got to get back to the office today."

Julie looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were shining. She felt good. She felt wonderful. She felt—tall! She opened the door and pattered out into the hall.

"Coming, Paul!" . . . THE END

The Three Lives of Janet Leigh



(Continued from page 30)

innocent young girls are supposed to be."

The persistence of a feeling of guilt seems attested to by an incident said to have occurred soon after Janet signed her MGM contract. She sought out a studio publicity man and told him there was something he should know about her. As if it were something shameful in her past that, if she didn't confess it to him, would put her in the position of having sought acceptance under false colors, she said sheepishly, "I eloped to Reno when I was fifteen."

Janet was advised that perhaps it would be just as well to keep it dark. The official studio biography contains no mention of her elopement. And it has only two sentences on her second marriage: "She was married to Stanley Reames, a college sweetheart, on October 5, 1946. They were divorced in July, 1948."

Janet was married to Stan Reames at the College of the Pacific when they were juniors there. A broad-shouldered young giant who'd served as an enlisted man on the cruiser *Canberra*, Reames had been sent to college after the war as a student under the Navy's V-12 program for training reserve officers. There he organized a dance band and, in his words, became "a small-time campus big-shot."

After he and Janet were married, they left school and settled in Stockton, California. While Stan was playing a series of local one-night stands with his band, Janet drove to Truckee, Califor-

nia, to visit her parents, who were working as receptionist and auditor at the near-by Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge.

One afternoon, standing atop a ski run, Janet had her picture snapped. Presently her mother pasted it in an album, which she left on a coffee table in the lodge reception room. Two days later, Norma Shearer, a guest at the lodge, picked up the album and turned the pages casually. When she came to Janet's picture, she stopped. "I saw there a girl who belonged on the screen," she says. "I sent the snapshot to MGM—but the studio wasn't at all as enthusiastic about it as I was."

However, Lew Wasserman, a talent-agency executive, agreed with Miss Shearer that the girl in the picture showed great photogenic promise. And two weeks later, Jeanette Reames (it was Van Johnson who later gave her the name Janet Leigh) walked into MGM on the arm of her agent.

Lucille Ryman, in charge of new talent, took optical inventory of the girl and asked her if she'd ever done any acting. Janet answered honestly, "No—never." Nevertheless, she was signed to a contract.

People ask me all the time," Lucille Ryman says, "why I signed Janet without giving her a screen test. The answer is simple: Her clean, fresh face was such a welcome relief from those of most of the would-be starlets who wiggle into my office that I couldn't resist the pleasure."

Since Janet was costing MGM only \$50 a week to start with (her take-home pay was \$43.80), the studio casting department threw her into one picture after another. "Romance of Rosy Ridge," "If Winter Comes," "Hills of Home," "Words and Music," "Act of Violence," "Little Women"—practically a picture every three months.

And Janet learned her profession quickly. Her attitude was so disarming,

her manner so innocent, that even the most feline actresses on the lot—actresses who had climbed the success ladder lad by lad—went out of their way to teach her little acting tricks. They felt she was no competition at all, that she radiated about as much sex appeal as Margaret O'Brien. The actors, of course, were gallant to a man.

In six months her salary doubled, and she and Stan moved out of their \$9-a-week room on Santa Monica Boulevard to a three-room apartment in Culver City. At this point, Stan gave up his impractical dream of organizing a Hollywood dance band and decided instead to take a job as a credit investigator for the Bank of America.

And now, in the way so familiar to Hollywood, the marriage started to come apart. They agreed to call things off.

When Janet filed for divorce, in July, 1948, many of her fans were shocked. A divorce seemed utterly out of character for this "radiantly pure young girl." Indeed, it came as a surprise to many that she'd ever actually been married.

Since then, Janet has been dated regularly by a number of Hollywood males—mostly by Barry Nelson, Arthur Loew, Jr., Tony Curtis and producer Howard Hughes.

Rumors linking her "romantically" with the fabulous Mr. Hughes are firmly denied by Janet. "We're friends, of course, but our mutual interests are mainly purely professional. I think he recognized a different type of personality in me—that is, that I could play more adult parts than I had been."

Hughes, who discovered and exploited similar "adult" qualities in Jean Harlow, Jane Russell and Faith Domergue, borrowed Janet for a series of three RKO pictures. In each of these she gets ample opportunity to display her heretofore unrevealed but ample sex quotient—especially in "Two Tickets to Broadway," in which Janet has a dancing role.

"I'm grateful to Mr. Hughes," Janet explains. "But obviously I'm not in love with him. I'm in love with Tony Curtis."

Curtis, a twenty-six-year-old New Yorker currently under contract to Universal-International, sees Janet from five to seven nights a week. He has confided to friends that he wants very much to marry the girl, "only I can't afford it." (He earns \$325 a week but supports his parents and younger brother.)

For her part, Janet, assured of future fame and a salary of \$42,000 a year for the next five years, declares she would gladly relinquish her career for marriage—"but I don't know if I'm ready for marriage to Tony yet."

Certainly MGM hopes she won't feel ready at any time in the immediate future—with Tony or anyone else. The studio realizes that in her it has the incalculably valuable combination of a young Greer Garson and a Lana Turner. She has just finished "Strictly Dishonorable" opposite Ezio Pinza; currently she's starring with Paul Douglas in "Angels in the Outfield," and after she finishes that one the studio already has two more lined up for her.

So Leo the Lion is scarcely unhappy when she says ecstatically, "I'm in love, but I don't want to think of marriage—

not yet, anyway. I want to enjoy life, to have a lot of fun, to work hard. Maybe I *do* sound too enthusiastic about everything, but jeepers! I'm only twenty-three."

This constant girlish enthusiasm often brings somewhat wearied comments from her colleagues. An actor who's worked with Janet in several films says, "She makes driving to the studio sound like the most exciting trip since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic." One of her directors has described her as "overeager, overnice, overeverything." And a well-known character actress has observed, "The trouble with Janet Leigh is that she never feels bad."

Janet herself says, "I know some people think I ought to stop saying things like 'Gosh!' and 'Jeepers!' and finding Hollywood exciting. But why be a hypocrite? Hollywood's still the most glamorous thing in the world to me."

Yet despite her verbal and facial expressions of awe and wonderment, this all-American girl has a mind like lightning. In school she was a crack math student, and when MCA, the talent agency which handles her, was renegotiating her contract, she astounded the agency accountant with the speed of her mental arithmetic.

"I'm careful about money," says Janet, "because I never had any." She lives on a budget managed by her father. One-fourth of her salary goes for savings bonds, one-eighth to her parents, one-tenth to her agent, and the remainder to the cost of living. At present she lives with her parents, Fred and Helen Morrison, in a modern, two-bedroom house she paid for herself. Her father sells insurance and calls her "Stinky" even in front of her men friends. Janet considers this wholesome. "He's called me that my entire life," she says. "Why should he change now?" Her mother calls her Jeanette.

A year ago Janet decided to scrap all her old clothes—"things I still had from my college days"—and buy what she considers a basic Hollywood wardrobe. She bought two evening gowns, three cocktail dresses, one suit, two suit-dresses, three cottons, a pair of gabardine slacks "and a mink cape stole that Daddy got for me wholesale."

She stands 5-feet-5½ in her stocking feet and weighs 118 (she watches her diet). With a 38-inch bust, 35-inch hips and a 22-inch waist, she is in a bathing suit the equal of anything her species has to offer.

Mentally, she is apparently endowed with an inexhaustible supply of Saroyan-like optimism. Her faith in mankind seems limitless, her urge to please endless.

"Basically," says Janet Leigh, "I'm a simple, unsophisticated, small-town girl. It's so marvelous to me to actually be a movie star! Five years ago, I used to worship Greer Garson, John Wayne, Walter Pidgeon. And here I am—acting opposite them! I can't get over it!"

That's Janet Leigh, a modern Cinderella who has won fame and fortune, but continues to be more like the girl next door than a successful screen star drawing a five-figured salary. ... THE END



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Nothing
Must
Change



(Continued from page 27)

"Hello, Max. Hello, husband."

"I said it was going to be of a flower this time, and maybe you thought of rosebuds in a vase. Not a thing like this. Not a fleshy, anatomical, hungry flower growing in a jungle of light instead of form. You wanted a pretty flower."

She felt herself blush. "No, Max."

He laughed hugely. "It's done, by God. Break my arm if I reach for a brush. I'm starved. I want to eat, swim, walk forty miles, get drunk, sing and make love to you. All at the same time." He kissed her tenderly, and then so hard that it hurt her lips.

He sat at the kitchen table and watched her as she cooked his eggs and bacon. She could feel his eyes on her.

"Patient Carol," he said softly.

"Where have you been for three weeks?"

"Right here."

"Waiting for me to come back from a far place. Three lost weeks. I look at you and say they weren't worth it. I look at the canvas and say they were. But you look happy now. As if lights had gone on behind your eyes. Now you can stop worrying about poor Max and those dreadful daubs. Poor crazy Max spinning in a humming silence like a twenty-cent top, slapping good paints on good canvas in a meaningless pattern."

"I didn't think that at all," she said primly.

As she brought the plate to the table, he pulled her down into his lap. He stared very intently and very soberly into her eyes. "You're right for me," he said. "So very right for me. All the warmth of you and the love. I can feel it around me, my darling, even when I seem so far away. I can work with that love around me. Without you, I'd shake apart like a broken machine."

She looked up into his young eyes under the fierce black brows. His intensity always made her feel soft and weak.

"I love you," she said, like a child saying something memorized.

"I can say I love you, too, but this isn't the way I can say it best. Some day, when I know enough, when I can make my hands and eyes do what's in my mind, I'll put love on a canvas. I'll put it there so strong and bright that you'll never look at it without having it take your breath away. I promise that, Carol."

"Max, I—"

"Coffee, woman!" he said with mock ferocity.

She sat across the table from him and watched him eat. He grinned at her. Max was larger than life, more alive than any person she had ever known. Her family, all her friends, had always been so careful to underplay their lines, sub-

due all emotions, move primly through an orderly world. Maybe that was why she—

She went to the front room and got the letter, brought it to him. He looked quickly at her. "What has frightened you?" he asked.

"No, Max. I'm not frightened. Read the letter."

He glanced through it quickly, looked again at the return address. "Lasson!" he said. "Greta Lasson. Where have I heard that name? Don't tell me." He snapped his fingers. "Articles. She writes about painters and painting. Criticisms of shows. She's big-time."

"We were roommates at Smith," Carol said evenly.

He looked at her intently and then grinned. The grin faded quickly and was replaced by the owlish look of a natural mimic. He imitated a prissy, lisping female, dealing cards: "It is my deal, isn't it, darling? Did you count my natural canasta? Girls, I have the most exciting news about Carol Prior! Well,

One manner of taking a great weight off the mind is discarding the halo.

you know how she remarried only a year after her husband died. Married some perfectly mad painter type just years younger than she is, named Max Cheventza. Some sort of a foreigner. We've been so worried about dear Carol, holed up down there in some sort of fantastic shack on the Gulf Coast of Florida, with that unscrupulous person who claims to be a painter living on her money. Well, dear Greta has agreed to stop in on them and bring Carol to her senses. Oh, dear! Did you have to freeze the pack?"

The laughter brought tears to her eyes. "Please, Max. Please!" she pleaded.

He jumped up, went to the doorway, came strolling back with one hand on his hip, a delicate sneer on his lips. He went to the chair where he had been sitting and extended a languid hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Cheventza! I'm Greta Lasson? You know. The famous Greta Lasson? I'm dying to see your work. But dying!" He glanced around the kitchen, wrinkling his nose. "Terribly quaint, Carol. Just too terribly, terribly quaint."

Through laughter she protested, "But Greta isn't like that at all! She's nice, really." No, Greta wasn't like that. Greta was tall, with a long cool face and level eyes and an almost fanatic honesty.

He sat down and picked up the letter again. "She's arriving on the sixth, eh? When's that?"

"Today, Max."

"Today! Can't we head her off? This was to be our day, Carol."

"I don't see how. She's driving through to Sarasota."

He stretched, pushed the empty coffee cup away. "So be it. Climb into your suit, lady. We're going swimming, anyway."

Two hours later, as the sun had slid halfway down the western sky, she sat on

the beach and watched Max come in through the surf line, swimming hard. He came up across the beach toward her, lean and tall and strong. He paused to shake water from his ear.

She thought of Greta. Greta would be . . . She was a year younger . . . thirty-two now. It had been two years since she had seen Greta, at Charles' funeral.

Poor Max, with his pathetic pride in his work, his confidence that it was good. It wasn't difficult to see what was behind Greta's visit. Max's analysis had been almost frighteningly correct. She could hear one of her old friends saying, "While you're in Florida, Greta, why don't you stop in on Carol and see if you can straighten her out? You know—pry her loose from that confidence man she married."

Carol smiled grimly. There was no power on earth that could pry her loose.

But what Greta might do to Max was another problem. She tried to tell herself that this way might be best, that Greta's honesty would make disillusion quick and clean. Max was young enough, at twenty-five, to bounce back, possibly find a new outlet for his intensely creative energies. She wished that she had gotten Greta's letter in time to write back a white lie that would cancel the visit. Probably Greta had guessed her reaction and had timed it in just that way.

"Why so somber, old lady?" Max asked.

She tilted her head to one side and smiled up at him. "Old enough to know better," she said. It was a game they played, question and response. Yet she knew that she did not feel older than Max. She thought, with a certain smugness, that Greta might be more than mildly astonished to find a Carol with a younger figure, a younger face than when Charles was alive. It was odd. Charles had always seemed to expect a matronly dignity, and so you became what he seemed to want. And with Max you could be forever young.

Now she knew she would have to be young enough to fight this thing with him, to help him withstand the sharpness of disappointment, to help him find a new direction for his life.

She thought it most odd that Max should have such a blind spot. And she knew that she was not wrong. The modern schools were no mystery to her. Subjective art did not appall her, and she could look at formlessness in an unself-conscious attempt to find decorativeness without implication. But Max's work, with the ripened flesh of flowers, or gray stumps in a harsh chrome-yellow sea, with backgrounds like flashlight rays converging on swamp grasses—it was not representational, nor subjective, nor anything classifiable. It simply made her feel tense and confused and oddly frightened.

Max glanced beyond her toward the house and said casually, "The top brass has arrived, I think."

She jumped up, turned and saw Greta, tall and slim, getting out of a blue sedan parked in front of their house, on the far side of the narrow gravel road. Carol snatched up the blanket and cig-

ettes and hurried toward the road. She was suddenly conscious that the bathing suit Max had bought for her was more extreme than any she had ever owned before.

"Greta!" she called.

Greta turned from the front door, shading her eyes against the sun. "Carol? My goodness, it is Carol!" Greta's lips were cool against her cheek, her thin hand strong on Carol's arm. She turned those level eyes on Max. "If you're Max I'm going to ask you what you've done to her. She looks seventeen."

"Sixteen," Max said firmly.

They all laughed and some of the tension was gone. They went into the house. Greta sat on the edge of the bed and talked to Carol through the half-open bathroom door as Carol changed. Max, still in swimming trunks, was making a great clatter in the kitchen, fixing rum Collinses.

Carol came out of the bathroom, zipping her dress at the side. "Hope you still like spaghetti. Max taught me his way to make the sauce."

"Love it! Your Max is quite an overpowering guy, Carol. I didn't expect him to look like that."

"I suppose," Carol said distantly, "you expected an oily little type with a waxed mustache and a beret."

"Oh, come off it, lady," Greta laughed. "Ex-roommates don't have to spar. Actually I'm eaten up with jealousy. Not over Max, but over how slim you are and how your complexion looks and how your eyes shine." Her voice scbered. "You must be very happy."

Carol turned quickly away. There was no sane reason for the sting of tears in her eyes. "I am happy, Greta. Happier than I knew anyone could be."

"I will report that in all the proper places. Everyone will be suitably enraged, and just as jealous as I am."

Carol lowered her voice and said hastily. "Max will want you to see his work, Greta. I'd never ask you to do anything that would not be completely ethical, Greta, but if you could—"

Max came to the bedroom door. "Gabble and yadata-yadata. Is a man to drink alone?" He had showered out in back, changed to soft gray slacks and a black, short-sleeved shirt.

"Here we come," Greta said, giving Carol an odd, questioning glance.

"Get her suitcase from the car, Max," Carol said, wanting time to finish what she had started to say.

"No, please," Greta said. "You can twist my arm for drinks and a very early dinner, but I *must* be out of here by seven-thirty at the latest. That's for sure."

"Lucky you," Max said. "The guest mattress is stuffed with coral and driftwood."

They took the drinks out onto the small side porch that faced the gulf. Max dropped the rattan blinds against the sun which slanted directly in at them. The sound of the surf sixty yards away was like the slow pulse of a great heart.

In the silence Max looked over at Greta and said, "You don't look a Saint Bernard."

"My goodness! What do you—"

"With a keg tied under your chin," Max said, grinning.

"What? Oh, I get it," Greta said. "Rescue mission. I should ask you how you guessed, but maybe it was pretty obvious. Maybe I was wrong. Long-distance impressions aren't too valid."

"Agreed, Greta," he said. "I wasn't going to show you my work. I had it all decided. I've read some of your stuff. You make sense."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" Greta said.

"Children! Please!" Carol said.

"You stay out of this," Greta said. "I'm about to use a left hook on him."

"And I'll bet it's a beaut." Max said solemnly. "Just one thing I want clear. I'm not hungry yet. I'm not even ready for one of those reviews beginning 'I found the most exciting new talent in Florida.'"

"Is it exciting? Or even talent?" Greta asked.

Max stared at Carol. "That was the left hook she mentioned." He turned back to Greta. "I'm not saying this well. I didn't want you to see the stuff because your opinion didn't matter to me one way or the other."

"And now it does?"

"Because I like you. Is that a silly reason?"

"Not entirely," Greta said. "Shall we go look at this exciting new talent?"

"Oh, not yet!" Carol said, trying to sound casual, yet knowing that the strain in her voice was too evident. "Let's do it after we eat, shall we?"

She saw them both stare at her. Max said, "And miss the daylight?"

Greta interrupted smoothly. "She's being a good wife, Max. Never show pictures to a critic with hunger pains. But I would like to see them now."

"Let's go," Max said. They walked ahead of Carol, through the kitchen. The sauce was bubbling on the back of the stove. She bit her lip hard and blinked back the tears. More than anything else she wanted to run, to hide, to do anything but watch Greta's cool and devastating dissection of Max's work. But now was a time to stand by Max.

She hurried after them down the hallway to the studio. Greta sat near the window. Carol stood near the door. Max set the empty easel in place, then bent over the canvases stacked against the wall. He whistled thinly between his teeth as he sorted through them. Carol watched him for some sign of nervousness and could see none. Max and his confidence! Suddenly it seemed pathetic.

Carol moved just a bit so that she could watch Greta's face. Max selected one and put it on the easel. It was one of the early ones, done before she had met Max. Greta did not change expression, but Carol thought she saw one hand tighten.

"All right," Greta said flatly, indicating nothing. Max moved the picture, selected another. He showed her seven, all told. The last four were familiar to Carol; they had been done since their marriage. The last was the one finished the night before, under the special daylight fluorescence.

"All right," Greta said.

"That's all I care to show you, Greta," Max said.

Greta stood up. She walked aim-



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lessly across the studio, tapped a cigarette on the back of her hand, lit it. The lighter made a small click, loud in the silence.

"Do it gently," Carol pleaded silently.

"I don't know," Greta said, her voice oddly thin. "You see, I honestly don't know." It was as though she were pleading with Max to understand why she didn't know. "Your work is strange, Max, and it's powerful. Those first two or three were nothing. Exhibitionism. Muscle-flexing."

"That's why I showed them to you, Greta. I was exploring then. I didn't really know where I wanted to go. But now . . . it feels right for me. Not all the way right, of course."

"It's a pretty complete break, you know."

"Five years ago I knew it had to be that way. But I couldn't do it. Just in the last year." He walked over to Carol and put his arm around her waist as though in that way he were explaining something to Greta.

Greta lost a lot of her indecision. She turned toward Max. "Just give me a little time. I'll be back. I know I'll be back. That flower . . . neat little people have been doing flowers so long that you forget a flower is actually—"

"—Actually pretty primal." Max said. "Pretty rough in its own way. All of them a little bit of a Venus-flytrap, but big enough to swallow a man, if he lies down and looks at it grass-level, forgetting the prettiness, seeing just the meat and life of it."

"I'll be back. Until then we won't talk about it, Max."

Carol was surprised at the way they shook hands, quite solemnly. They ate on the porch in what was left of the day, and finished when the beach was dusk-purple, the stars beginning to show. It was an odd meal. Carol, in joy at the narrowness of the escape, knew that she was talking too much, but she couldn't stop.

"Now I must go," Greta said. "It's good to know you, Max. Walk me out to the car, Carol."

They stood by the car in the deep dusk. Max was singing, off key, in the kitchen. Carol could taste sea-salt on her lips. "I don't know how to thank you, Greta, for understanding what I tried to say. If you'd told him how bad they are—"

Greta gasped. She took Carol's shoulders and shook her strongly, gently. "What are you trying to say? Bad? How can you know? I don't know. Good and bad can be determined when you use established rules. Then along comes someone outside the rules."

"If he could have a show, then . . ." Carol said, uncertainly, feeling guilt as though in some obscure way she had betrayed Max.

"He's not ready. He knows it. He wouldn't permit a show yet. He's got enough to become a cheap fad right now. A cheap, profitable fad."

"But I—"

"Carol, dear, look at them sometime. Forget all you think you know. He's learning to say, in his own way, that this

is a wild, mad, wonderful world and every small thing in it shares in the madness and the wonder. What he is saying is coming from a whole and complete man."

Greta had spoken the last few words in a tense half-whisper. She turned so that what was left of the light touched her face. She smiled crookedly. "I do go on, don't I?"

"I didn't know," Carol said, quite humbly.

Greta kissed her cheek. "In a hundred years you may be in all the biographies. Cheventza's wife. Or he may never get beyond the point he's reached. Either way, Carol, I—"

"You what?" Carol asked.

"I envy you with all my heart," she whispered.

They stood in the dusk-silence and heard the drum of the waves.

"Well, I'm on my horse," Greta said brightly.

"You will come back?"

"In a year. A year should do it, one way or the other."

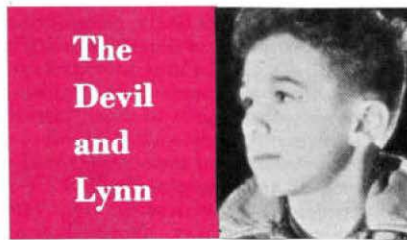
Greta opened the car door and slid behind the wheel. "Take care of him," she said. She started the motor quickly

and drove away. The blue sedan rocked and swayed down the uneven gravel road, twin red taillights glowing.

Carol stood there long after the car had gone. At first she wanted to run in, have him hold her tightly, confess to him her lack of faith in him. Then she realized that her faith or lack of it must not intrude. He had worked well in the face of her carefully concealed skepticism. Now there was more reason than ever for nothing to change. To keep on living as they had—that was the pattern.

There would be days now of warm laughter and kisses that would taste of sea-salt, and night walks on the beach and the strength of his arms. And sooner or later he would slip away to that secret place within him where he worked, unconscious of time.

And she knew that whenever it happened, her loneliness would be no less intense, no less painful. But her pain would not be pointless, either; for if the very act of losing him sometimes was her part, then she would do her part—and make it a piece of the whole that was their happiness. No, nothing must change. Nothing—for this, as it was, was the fact of togetherness. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 40)

than he, were advancing on him as hunters advance on cornered prey. Stealthily they surrounded him, hate like a disease in their faces. "Run, Jew!" one of them said, and spat at him. Another hit him in the face. It was then that a black cloud of fury displaced Laurence Goldstein's fear. He did not run. His clenched fists started flying. . . .

Some ten minutes later, bruised, scratched, his eyes puffed and blue and beginning to close, a pain in his groin where he had been kicked, Larry banged hard on the door of No. 43 Baker Street. When his mother opened it, she found her son semihysterical with rage and frustration. He pulled her by the arm into the street, shouting, "Help me fight them! Help me fight them!" The street was dark and empty, and it was several minutes before his mother could persuade him to enter the house. Once inside, he said furiously to her, "Do something—you've got to do something! Now if I had a father . . ." And then he said with dreadful hopelessness, "Why did my daddy have to die?"

He calmed down after he had removed his muddied, spit-smeared clothes, and washed himself and bathed his eyes. He had no serious injuries. Over a cup of hot chocolate he told his mother the whole story, and later, just before she turned out the lights in his bedroom, he said in sudden desolation of spirit, "Mamma, I don't want to be a Jew. It's too hard to be a Jew!"

After Larry had fallen fitfully asleep, Mrs. Sylvia Goldstein, a petite, dark-eyed, vivacious and sensible woman in her early thirties, sat down to think rationally about what had happened. What Larry had said shocked her. She knew that there are despairing moments in the life of every Jew (and Catholic, and for that matter, every member of any minority group) when the fact of his religion or national origin seems to impose an insupportable burden. But she also knew that in a child such moments leave scars. Inevitably there is the half-wish to deny one's heritage, and this in turn breeds feelings of guilt. Then, also, the child may develop a sense of inferiority and self-pity, or he may become cynical about America's promise of equal opportunity.

What about the boys who had beaten Larry? Were they old enemies working off a grudge? No, Larry had never seen them before. But to them apparently he was some kind of evil. To call them bullies or hoodlums was not the full answer, for they had done far worse, the six of them, than to set upon a rather skinny eleven-year-old boy with fists and kicking feet. They had employed a more humiliating weapon: prejudice.

Sitting there alone in the parlor, Mrs. Goldstein, the war widow, found it difficult to think without anger. She was vaguely aware that nocturnal street attacks by bigoted youths had occurred before in Lynn. And they could occur again—perhaps even to her own younger son, Allen, who was sleeping peacefully in the room next to Larry's.

Mrs. Goldstein recalls: "I sat there for hours, indecisive and heartsick, feeling terribly in need of advice. Finally I said to myself, 'You don't ignore this. You don't hush it up. You don't let a disease spread—you quarantine it, whether it's smallpox or the disease of race hatred.' If I had ignored what had happened to Larry, it would happen to other children. So I thought 'Let everybody

know there's a disease in Lynn. Let them act to quarantine it."

A few minutes after midnight Mrs. Goldstein went into her kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. Then she sat down at the table with pen and notepaper, and composed a letter to the editor of the *Lynn Item*. This is what she wrote:

On last Wednesday evening, November ninth, my eleven-year-old son, Laurence Goldstein, was waylaid at the corner of Baker and North Common Streets by several large boys. These boys insulted, spat at, beat and kicked my son into the gutter because he was, as they sneeringly said, "a Jew."

Ironically, my son was coming home from a Boy Scout meeting—a meeting at which one of the watchwords is, I believe, "A scout is reverent." He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Maybe if he had run away he would have been spared a beating. But being the son of a veteran killed in the service of his country, he could do no less than stick it out against unfair odds and strike out against injustice even as his father did before him. . . .

Perhaps if they were brought to the attention of the public, there would be fewer incidents like the one I mention. Maybe then, too, I would know the right answer to give my son when he asks, "Why did my daddy have to die?"

Sincerely,

MRS. SYLVIA GOLDSTEIN

Next morning Mrs. Goldstein reread the letter, still felt the same way about what she had written, and mailed it. Then she forgot about it.

She forgot about it until five mornings later, when, just after the two boys had left for school, a taxi pulled up outside the Goldstein home and the driver, a rough-hewn big-framed Italian, knocked on the door and said, "Tell me who hit the kid, ma'am—I'll give them the beating of their lives!"

This was the way Mrs. Goldstein learned that the *Lynn Item*, on November 15th, had published the letter prominently on its front page. But before she could run to the corner candy store and buy a copy of the paper, the telephone rang. Another stranger wanted to talk to her—this time a Baptist minister. "All

of us bear a responsibility for this dastardly thing," he said, and then quoted, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" I intend to make this the subject of my sermon for next Sunday."

Mrs. Goldstein, choked up by these two widely divergent expressions of sympathy, put on her hat and coat and was about to leave for the candy store when the telephone rang a second time. Now it was a woman's voice, speaking softly: "Listen, Mrs. Goldberg or whatever your name is, why don't you be a good Christian and keep your mouth shut?" Sylvia Goldstein felt all the old hopelessness and insecurity surge back. She said, "Who is this?" And the voice said, "A good Christian."

When Mrs. Goldstein put the phone back in its cradle, it rang again. It did not stop ringing for three days.

Within hours the outrage against Laurence Goldstein had become known to newspaper readers, radio listeners and TV watchers all over America. The Associated Press, after interviewing Larry and Mrs. Goldstein, wired a poignant story to the hundreds of newspapers it serves. On the air, Walter Winchell had some stinging words to say about intolerance and Americanism; he was joined by Kate Smith, Gabriel Heatter, Lowell Thomas and Eric Sevareid.

Wonder and pride were the emotions Sylvia Goldstein felt at the growing response to her simple newspaper plea. She and Larry received over a thousand letters—from almost every state—as well as scores of telegrams. Very few were snide or patently cruel. Most sought to answer Larry's plaintive question about the loss of his father. One letter merely said, "Only God knows why your father had to die," and Larry preferred this to any of the others.

Larry had at first been annoyed with his mother for writing the letter. The attention he had been getting bewildered him. It made him different, and Larry, who has a conservative nature, hated the idea of being a boy who is different. He wearied of answering the excited, almost envious questions of his schoolmates. He objected to being stared at on the street, and hearing people whisper, "That's the Goldstein child."

His mother told him, "We didn't ask for this—it just happened." She tried to explain that her letter had been a challenge to every mother and father, to every teacher, to every community leader; that only if the people of Lynn—of America—knew about his beating might they act to ensure that nothing like it would happen again.

On November 25th, the Goldsteins, mother and son, told their story on a simultaneous TV-and-radio broadcast of "We, the People." On this same program appeared Ex-Sergeant William Warrick of Old Forge, Pennsylvania, who, having read of Larry's bitter experience, now stepped forward to say that he had been a wartime buddy of Private Maurice Goldstein and had seen him die.

Private Goldstein, Ex-Sergeant Warrick related, had been a brave man. In Belgium one foggy dawn, the infantry unit of which the two men were mem-



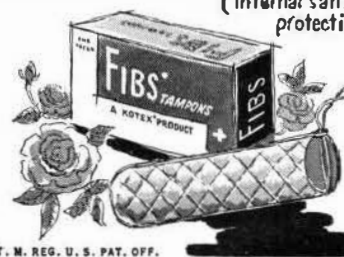
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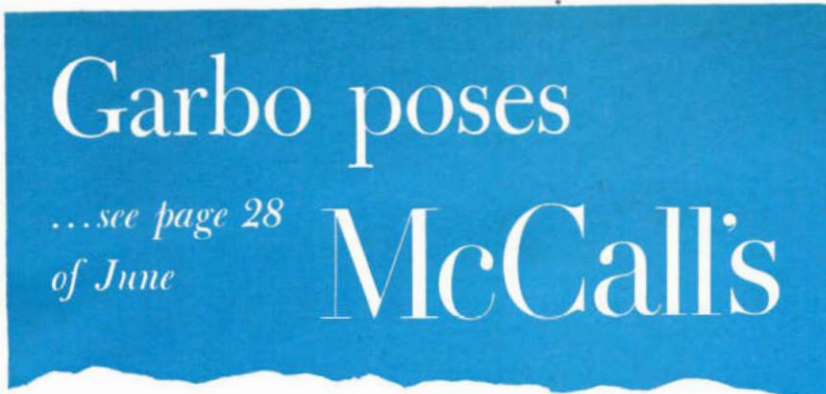
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Page 3, Between the Lines—Vandamm, Bradford Bachrach; Pages 14-19, Tops in the Shops—Thomas Yee; Page 21, Editorial: They Can't Live on Air!—Lownds; Pages 28-30, The Three Lives of Janet Leigh—Kodachrome by Virgil Apper; Pages 34 & 35, Can Vets Save Your Pets?—Ewing Galloway, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Rapbo-Guillumette; Pages 44 & 45, In Our Time No. 7: This Was It!—Wide World, Culver, International News Photos, Acme; Page 66, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy.



The first color portrait of Greta Garbo that has been made in ten years appears in June McCall's, together with pictures of Hollywood's nine other most beautiful women.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY tells — “I joined the Red Underground with the man I loved”

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Read how the angry housewives of Gary, Indiana cleaned up their crime-ridden city themselves after they found that the mayor and city council were content to let an ugly situation get worse. A report by Katharine Best and Katharine Hillyer.

HOW A STAR SETS HER HAIR

See how Hollywood star Terry Moore sets her own curls, using a quick technique. By Dolly Reed.

bers was held up in its advance by German land mines and heavy sniper fire. Larry's father was one of the half-dozen men who volunteered to crawl ahead, clear the way of mines, and flush out the snipers. As he inched forward on his stomach, deactivating mines, a sniper's bullet ripped through his wrist and entered his body.

Now Larry knew at last how his father had died.

Not long after the program, Larry received an autographed photograph of President Truman and a letter from the White House which asked him to accept the photograph as a reminder that his father's ideals still live on in America. A day or so later, a telegram was delivered to Larry from a philanthropic organization called War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., which presented him with a full four-year scholarship, to be used at almost any college he selects after he has been graduated from high school. He was also invited to be guest of honor at a Boy Scout camp in Kentucky, and to toll a replica of the Liberty Bell at ceremonies launching a U. S. Savings Bond drive in Boston.

Thus, practically overnight, Larry and his mother had become symbols for tolerance in America. But in Lynn, at first, there seemed to be division. Many good citizens, upset by the publicity that had reflected against their city, suggested that Larry's beating was only an isolated happenstance of no general significance. One heard remarks like “What's all the fuss about? After all, the kid wasn't hurt!” “Don't boys always fight?” And “Mrs. Goldstein brought shame to the good name of Lynn.”

Others, however, wondered if Lynn deserved its good name—if the gangrene of prejudice did not insidiously pervade the minds of too many of its citizens. Since publication of Mrs. Goldstein's letter, the *Item* had received telephone calls from other mothers—Jewish mothers, Catholic mothers, Greek mothers—who had quoted instances of their children being subjected to some tormenting indignity, based on their race or religion, which had evoked bitterness and tears. And it had also got around that on a billboard behind the city hall (wherein Maurice Goldstein's name is inscribed on the honor roll) was scrawled in chalk: A GOOD JEW IS A DEAD JEW.

A sense of mass guilt began to grow in Lynn. The Goldstein letter was a topic of painful discussion at Rotary luncheons, Parent-Teacher Association meetings, women's-club meetings, afternoon bridge parties and church socials. And soon, out of the talk, a question emerged: “What do we do about it?”

This was the beginning of the end for the Devil in Lynn. The people had resisted the temptation to turn away from Sylvia Goldstein's plea for help.

Fortunately, a vehicle in the fight for tolerance already existed. Some years previously a Community Relations Committee, backed by the city fathers, had been set up. Its members were Protestants, Catholics and Jews; its aim was to encourage the people of Lynn to accept each other's religious differences and cultural backgrounds without distrust.

So now the mayor of Lynn, Stuart Tarr, a bluff-mannered, straight-talking Methodist who had personally delivered the city's apology to Mrs. Goldstein, called upon the committee to work out a vigorous, nonstop tolerance program that would reach every man, woman and child in Lynn. "Prejudice flies out of the window when people get to know one another," he said.

The committee's first move was deceptively simple. Under the chairmanship of Mary Finn Berlyn, a tireless and inspired woman who also acts as the city's adult-education supervisor, a "friendship tea" was held at Lynn's Hotel Edison. For the first time, women of every national and religious background met in Lynn under terms of social equality. The Reverend Francis J. Dolan, a Catholic priest, gave the invocation; Rabbi Irving A. Mendel was the speaker, and Mrs. Kaarnia Herlick, a new American and a native of Finland, told what it means for a foreigner to live in the United States.

Various national groups performed their folk dances and songs. It was the first time Mrs. Cohen had tapped her feet to an Irish jig, the first time Mrs. Riley had sung a stanza of an Eastern European Jewish folk song, and the first time Mrs. Valentino had done either one. What did the Smiths and Joneses think? They discovered that members of minority groups are capable of charm, good taste and sincerity equal to their own.

The effect was electrifying. Not only did tolerance reign; a spirit of comradeship prevailed. After the performances, the Cohens, Rileys, Valentinos, Smiths and Joneses chatted over cups of tea as though they had been good friends for years. A New England lady with 200 years of American forebears confessed, "Yesterday you couldn't have convinced me that these people had a thing to offer America. Now I know I'm wrong. I've a lot of thinking to do—a lot of new thinking."

The Community Relations Committee decided that an occasional attack on prejudice, no matter how successful in itself, was not enough. A full-scale war fought continuously on both the adult and juvenile fronts was necessary. Thus the committee sought and won the cooperation of all of Lynn's spiritual and cultural resources. Next, it distributed books, pamphlets and posters supplied by such nonprofit educational organizations as the Antidifamation League, the National Conference of Christians and Jews and others.

Nowadays all over Greater Lynn—which includes the small boroughs of Saugus, Swampscott, Marblehead and Lynnhurst—evidence abounds of the efforts to create a stable, unified community. Posters graphically illustrating the good sense of harmonious relations between peoples of different races and religions adorn the walls of YMCAs, church halls, schoolrooms and factories. Easy-to-read literature is also prominently displayed. And during Brotherhood Week and Civil Rights Week the local radio station spots "tolerance jingles" between programs.

A popular and successful technique

against bigotry is the highly entertaining "Rumor Clinic" which, during the past year, has been demonstrated before the members of dozens of Lynn's social and religious and civic organizations. The Rumor Clinic, developed by Harvard psychologist Gordon Allport, shows how distortions and inaccuracies, based on people's prejudices, creep into stories we tell and repeat.

Here is how the clinic was conducted recently before a men's social club by Edward Jaffee, who is a member of the Antidifamation League and one of the editors of the Lynn Item:

Four volunteers from the audience acted as "reporters" and were sent from the room. Then a picture was flashed on a screen for the rest of the group. It showed a white man and a Negro arguing over an empty subway seat, with the white man holding a razor. The first reporter now was called back into the room, and a member of the audience described the picture to him. He, in turn, gave the description to the second reporter. Without looking at the picture, Reporter No. 2 repeated the story to Reporter No. 3, and so on until all four volunteers had heard it and passed it on. The result was that the last volunteer described the picture this way: "A big Negro with a razor in his hand is fighting a white man in a subway car."

The audience, which had checked the picture against each retelling of the story by the reporters, was properly astounded. Said Mr. Jaffee, "People see what they want to see, whether it is really there or not. Thus those who expect Negroes to get into fights will have the two men in this picture fighting instead of arguing, and the razor will be shifted into the Negro's hand."

Another picture showed a Negro standing beside American soldiers. He was getting ready to throw a hand grenade across a churchyard at the enemy. In the foreground, American soldiers were carrying ammunition from an ambulance to their buddies. A description of this was passed from volunteer to volunteer. The last person to hear the story said a Negro was throwing a grenade at the church, and enemy soldiers were carrying ammunition from an ambulance. No mention was made of the fact that Negro soldiers did not fight alongside white troops in the early part of World War II, and that transportation of ammunition in ambulances is a flagrant violation of the rules of war laid down in the Geneva Convention.

Soon after publication of Sylvia Goldstein's letter, several PTA groups called informal meetings at members' homes. The aim was to get parents to consider their own prejudices as a first step in tackling adult-inflicted bigotry among children. Parents promised to stop using such epithets as "wop," "kike" and "nigger," and to give up telling jokes that ridicule Catholics, Jews, Negroes or any national group.

Tolerance was introduced into the schools of Greater Lynn not as an academic subject with a special class period, but as a positive spirit pervading the entire curriculum. Textbooks have been

(Continued on page 100)



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(Continued from page 95)

combed for prejudice. In many schools Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," which contains an unkind characterization of a Jew (*Shylock*), has been removed from the required reading list. Added to the list was an excellent book called "One God—the Ways We Worship Him," which is a fascinating word-and-picture presentation of the meetings and ritual of the three major faiths and their common purpose for the enrichment of men's souls. No Christian or Jewish holiday passes without the children learning of its origin. And in many of the lower grades each holiday is given unforgettable meaning when the children act out the legends attached to it, dressed in costumes they make themselves.

No one in Greater Lynn pretends that the millennium in racial harmony has been reached. Nevertheless the seeds of tolerance have been sown, and already there is a harvest. It is nothing you can see by a casual glance. It is an attitude, a state of mind, an emotional climate. It is there in the continuing interchange of pulpits on Sundays, when a rabbi addresses a congregation of Methodists, when an Episcopalian minister speaks to a church full of Baptists. It is there in the election of an Italian-American, for the first time in history, to the Board of Selectmen in the community of Saugus, which is part of Greater Lynn. It is there in the results of an informal street survey of nearly 100 Lynn citizens: seventy-six of them who had at first resented Mrs. Goldstein's challenge to their consciences now believe she acted with courage and wisdom.

Tolerance has been most noticeable in the behavior of school children. Teachers report that one-time cliques of children of the same race or religion are gradually disintegrating, and youngsters are intermingling more, both in the classroom and in the playground. And if parents occasionally relax in their tolerance campaign, something always happens to show that their children are making headway.

For instance, in April, 1950, the football team of Lynn Classical High School was invited to play against a school in a Southern state. Everyone was looking forward to the trip, but almost at the last moment the Southern school sent an urgent message: No Negro boys would be allowed on the field. Shocked and bitterly disappointed, the members of the Lynn team called a meeting, and a vote was taken. Back went a message across the Mason-Dixon Line: "Cannot comply with Negro ban. Regretfully decline your invitation."

And what of Laurence Goldstein—the boy who met the Devil on the corner of North Common and Baker Streets? He and his playmates no longer talk about the incident. No one stares at him on the street. He walks home every Wednesday evening from his Boy Scout meeting; he's not afraid. He is putting on height and weight fast. He still fixes faucets for his mother, and in his bedroom the photograph of President Truman occupies a place of honor on the wall. Recently he said to a visitor in his home, "I'm glad I'm Jewish, and I'm glad I live in Lynn. There are good people everywhere." . . . THE END

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE JUNE 1951 NOVEL

FLIGHT FROM SCANDAL



BY PAUL ERNST

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

**How can a lie condemn a girl so that even her fiancé believes her guilty?
Branded by gossip, Jean fled— only to learn there is no escape
from scandal except to face it courageously—
not for vengeance, but for love**

Chapter 1

On that momentous Friday evening in June, Jean Morse was in the little glade. This was a clearing in Taylor's Woods, about a mile from Charlemont, a small town in western New York State on the shore of Lake Erie. Less than a mile to walk for Jean, since her father's house was on Teaberry Street, only a block from where the blacktop country road began.

The glade was a lovely spot with a small pool in its corner, kept neat and private by the fact that the pathway leading in to it was known to few. Since she had been nine years old Jean had come here when something of importance happened to her, to think things over. It was her dreaming spot.

She sat now on a log beside the pool in the amber half-light succeeding the June sunset: a rather tall girl, unusually pretty, with graceful long arms and legs, and coffee-brown eyes that matched the soft darkness of her hair. She was just twenty-two, and she was thrumming with the excitement and happiness of the thing that had happened to her yesterday.

That thing was her engagement to Dave Marchant.

The Marchants were at the top in Charlemont. Henry Marchant was the man asked to head community drives, and give the biggest contribution; Mrs. Marchant was president of the garden and literary clubs and let her grounds be used for the flower show. That kind of family.

Dave Marchant was the only child, which put him in a very sunny spot. A lot of girls had observed its sunniness and had intimated that they would be pleased to share it with him.

"But he's going to marry me," exulted Jean. "Me, the Morse girl, the music-teacher's daughter."

Jean's father was Sanford Morse, a composer of no repute whatever, a one-time second violinist with the Philadelphia Symphony, and presently a teacher of music.

The lack of privileges in Jean's life as a musician's daughter had definitely come home to Jean when she was about fifteen.

Oh, there had been tears before that over the fancy bicycles and sleds she could not have. There had been anguish over clothes that were warm enough but without other virtues. But it was at about fifteen that she first looked at her father with clear young eyes and thought: You are sweet and I love you, but *why* couldn't you have been more successful? And when she had looked at her mother and thought: You *might* have spurred him on to make a better living, you know!

And it was at about fifteen that she first began to be conscious of Dave Marchant, and to daydream a little when she saw him on the street—tall, with football shoulders and thick blond hair. The daydreams suffered when she saw him with some girl—which was usually—but she consoled herself with the thought that he might have been less "various" if he had been hers. The other girls did not know how to hold him, that was all.

Then one came along who did, and Mr. David Marchant was wed to Miss Leah Karnachan, another Charlemont aristocrat.

Jean had come here to the glade on that black day, too, nineteen and crushed, shedding tears into the pool. After that, as much on the rebound as if she had actually been jilted, she had gone for a rather lengthy period with Ed Fellowes.

Ed had known her since junior high, and he was fun to be with, but she'd had no serious thoughts about him;

he was doing only fairly well with the Charlemont Edison Company, and Jean did not wish to move from the humble Morse home to one of her own as humble. And then when Ed had begun to feel his oats—and sow a few—she'd dropped him. After that it would not have done to be tagged as Ed Fellowes' girl—he was too wild.

So Jean reached twenty-one in about the spot held by a million other girls. She had a modest job—maddeningly modest—with the Charlemont First National Bank and Trust Company. She'd had her share of young male friends—and she had had her dream man, the one who could have changed the world for her.

Then young Mrs. David Marchant went abruptly to Reno. She had not been able to hold Dave, either. And shortly after that Jean finally met Dave, at the Charlemont Beach Club.

Judge and Mrs. Weaver were members, and they were good friends of Jean's father and mother. Jean went to the club occasionally with them, though she thought they were a little stuffy, and she was impatient of their daughter Juanita, a bobby-soxer of fifteen or so, just becoming aware of the potentialities of her fledgling body and experimenting on the sly with such things as mascara.

Heart thumping, Jean had watched Dave come along the beach that Saturday. Big and bronzed, he'd nodded casually to her at the Weavers' introduction, after which his gaze had traveled downward from her face. . . . Abruptly he'd become less casual.

Sitting now in the advancing dusk, Jean colored defiantly. "All right, so I happen to have a body that is reasonably presentable. I didn't fling it around like—well, like Juanita, did I? And after all, I *wasn't* wearing a Bikini kind of suit."

At any rate, eventually Judge and Mrs. Weaver and Juanita had gone on home, and Dave had driven Jean back later, after a dinner at the Charlemont Steak House—a place of excitingly dubious repute—and after innumerable dances at the Pavilion.

There followed the period in which Dave reluctantly abandoned his belittling views of the married state. He'd had his fill of matrimony with Leah Karnachan, he said. So his ideas of a satisfactory conclusion to a nice affair would clash with Jean's, and he would stop calling for a while. And then—come back.

It was in these stormy months that they fell in love. Yes, Jean nodded to her reflection in the darkening pool. Dave was well off and she was glad of it. "But the main thing is that he's charming and attractive, and I love him." Also, she liked his parents, and, perhaps more importantly, had been liked by them from the first meeting.

Dave's mother, a robust and earthy dowager, had looked with frank pleasure at Jean's beauty, remembering her at once—"Of course. The hank. I've seen you there so many times." She was ungainly and tinted her graying hair red—and was a dear.

Dave's father, a slender, tired man with interests from Buffalo to Cleveland, had regarded Jean with a shrewd eye, then smiled and said his son seemed finally to be getting some sense in his scrambled brains. They seemed more than reconciled to Jean's becoming Mrs. David Marchant. And soon, as Mrs. David Marchant, she would really begin to live, she told the pool.

So went the thoughts of Jean Morse in the little glade on that momentous Friday night. Happy, exciting thoughts, with the future spread all fair before her. . . .

Suddenly Jean saw how really dark it had become in the glade, and she jumped in rueful panic to her feet. Why, it must be getting on toward nine, which even in June, with daylight saving, is nightfall. It would be dark before she could get home.

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.

She started swiftly along the winding path, and then, amazingly, she tripped over a fallen tree limb, and fell in a scramble to her knees.

The damage was extensive, she discovered, gingerly rubbing her severely bumped leg. She'd torn her dress and ruined her stocking and would soon have a fine bruise on her leg. On this night, however, none of that could dampen her spirits. More carefully now, but still light-heartedly, she went on to the road.

She walked on home, arriving at the end of Teaberry Street with the first street light catching and throwing back the first true blackness of night.

A half-mile out past Taylor's Woods an even smaller, graveled road intersected the blacktop along which Jean had walked. The road was not too dangerous; it was high-crowned and narrow, but its curves were no more extreme than those of other little-traveled roads, and they were plainly marked.

The car tearing along this road was not particularly fast; a well-used convertible, it could be passed by any of the newer cars. But its upper ranges were well beyond the capacity of the road—and the man driving it was hitting the upper ranges.

In fact, only a man who was drunk or angry would have sped along such a road at such a pace. The driver of this car took a curve at an insane pace, and the rear wheels skidded and then caught on the road's shoulder and sent the convertible rocking on. Beside the driver a girl cowered at her end of the seat and stared ahead, white-faced. She had protested and had not been heard. Her lips worked soundlessly now, and they were as pale as the rest of her face.

The man's lips moved. "... little fool!" He tramped on the accelerator and the car shot heedlessly across the intersecting blacktop.

There was a curve just past this intersection, and the man probably would have seen and made it except that at this moment he reached forward to switch on his heavier lights. So he hit the beginning of the curve unprepared, and that was the last curve for that car.

The man saved wildly at the wheel, and the rear of the car tried to slide ahead of the front. His frightened shout sounded out, with the girl's scream riding over it. The car shot off the road and smashed across a deep ditch. There it hit a tree with the sound of an explosion, rebounded into the ditch and tipped on its side.

A vast quiet succeeded the noise of tearing metal and breaking glass—a silence exaggerated rather than marred by the sound of something, oil or water, dripping into the skim of water in the ditch. The man lay draped over the bent and broken steering wheel as if he'd picked this spot in which to take a nap.

The girl picked herself shakily up from the floor, where she had been thrown and protected when the car shot off the road.

"Ed," she quavered.

There was no answer. Her hand went toward his face, then jerked back as a thin red trickle started from the corner of his mouth. The silence was broken by the sound of her racked breathing and by the scrabbling of her fingers at the door handle.

The door would not open, but the fabric top of the convertible was slit from end to end, and after a moment the girl forced herself through this rent, emerging as a dim white figure in the darker night. Sobbing and shuddering, she crawled up the side of the ditch to the road.

She stood there a moment, staring with dazed, shocked eyes at the wrecked car. After a time she went away a few steps, then came back, hands wrung together. Finally she turned and ran down the road, away from the car and from the broken man inside it.

Jean opened the door of the Morse home at a little after nine.

Her father and mother had been out when Jean impulsively set forth for her woodland glade. Mrs. Morse had met Sanford downtown, and they had gone to an early movie; if you got in before six it cost a quarter less, each.

They were home now, Jean saw, as she shut the street door behind her. The light was on in the kitchen, and she heard them out there raiding the refrigerator. The parlor lights were on, too, revealing the immaculate but threadbare condition of the living room. Jean could view it now with a philosophical eye because soon she could help them re-do it, but just the same she did not linger on her way to the kitchen. She walked quickly in and Sanford Morse said, "Hi," and Ethel Morse said, "For goodness' sake, what happened to you?"

Sanford Morse was a big man, with hands in which a violin looked like a toy. He had a blurry kind of voice and in a way seemed blurred of outline himself, as if he had hurled himself too many times at the obstacles of a profession in which he had never become quite good enough.

Ethel Morse was a small woman, erect as a flagpole, moving with her head high. Her whole married life had been one of scrimping, but Jean had never seen her cry or heard her complain. Which, Jean sometimes thought, might not be entirely a virtue.

"What happened to you?" Ethel Morse, repeated, looking with surprise at Jean's torn dress and lacerated stocking.

Jean laughed. "I went out to Taylor's Woods and stayed too late. In the dark I fell over a chunk of tree."

"You still go out there?" said Sanford in his blurry voice.

"Once in a while. I know—it's silly. I'm a big girl now. But it's a nice place to think things out."

Sanford looked gravely at his child. "And did you think things out?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Jean. "Very thoroughly."

"Dave is a good deal older than you."

"Nine years. That's not so much."

"He's older in other ways than years."

"Married and divorced," nodded Jean. They'd been through this before, and she could not yet understand why. Couldn't her father and mother see how nice it would be for them, too? Did they like that worn living-room rug, and the split lampshade over the easy chair, and the leaks in the roof?

Jean's mother smiled. "I expect our girl knows what she's doing, dear. Are you hungry, Jean?"

"No," Jean said. "I fixed a nice meal when I got home from the bank. I'll go and make a few repairs now."

She went up to her room and was busy for some time, applying new make-up, taking off her ruined stockings and finally slipping a robe over her torn dress. Then she came down to join her parents for a cigarette in the living room. At about half past ten there was a knock at their door.

The callers were Mrs. Weaver and her daughter Juanita. Jean was surprised. They lived only three blocks away—toward the lake, where the homes were a little bigger and better painted—and they came often to see the Morses; but never before, as far as Jean could remember, at half past ten at night. They seemed excited, particularly Juanita, whose young, almost childish face was tense and whose eyes were wide.

Mrs. Weaver was a spry woman, a little younger than Mrs. Morse and perhaps a bit more fond of gossip. She said, "Did you hear WBAK just now?" referring to their local radio station.

"Why, no," said Ethel Morse. "We haven't had the radio on all evening. What about WBAK?"

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"The news they flashed!" Juanita burst out. She was a pretty child. "About Ed Fellowes."

"You know Ed very well, don't you?" asked Mrs. Weaver, also looking at Jean. "You went around with him a lot."

"Some," said Jean, who did not advertise her former friendship with Ed Fellowes because of the reputation he had made for himself in the past year. "It has been quite a while since I saw him. Why? What was the new flash about Ed?"

"A terrible thing!" said the judge's wife. "Really a dreadful thing. They interrupted a program to tell it. He was just brought in to the Emergency Hospital. He had a bad smashup in his car, and it was a long time before he was found—it was out Townline Road, and there's not much traffic there. They don't know yet if he will live."

"That's awful," said Jean, shocked. She had liked Ed; he was nice enough till he began to fancy himself a Don Juan.

"The car went clear across the ditch there, at a curve," said Juanita, wide-eyed.

"Ed just lay there, unconscious and terribly hurt, till finally another car came along and reported the accident," Mrs. Weaver put in.

Juanita shivered, and Jean could understand it. She felt like it herself; it was not a pretty picture.

"Had he been drinking?" asked Jean's mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Weaver, "but they don't know how much. There was a pint bottle in the car, but it was broken. He might have had a lot out of it or only a little."

"Let's say it was a little," rumbled Sanford Morse, as Jean could have predicted he would. It was only with difficulty that her father could believe anything but the best about people. That was one reason why so many owed him small sums that he never would collect.

They talked about the accident, and about Ed—and left unuttered the fact that Jean was to an extent the focus of the talk because she knew Ed well and had for a time "gone around with him."

"We must go," said Mrs. Weaver finally. "I didn't realize it was so late— My heavens!" she broke off, looking at Jean's leg. "What did you do to yourself?"

Jean looked down. A red and angry patch showed midway between knee and ankle alongside her shinbone. It was darkening already, and was obviously going to be one of those things that look awful even though they don't hurt much. She colored a bit. It was really too silly, going off to those woods alone as if she were still twelve years old. She did not feel like confessing it.

"I rammed into a chair," she said briefly.

"Well, you'd just better take care of it. Good night, dear. Ethel . . . Sanford . . ." Mrs. Weaver waved to them, and Juanita, already at the door, smiled uncertainly, and they went out.

"They only came because they knew I knew Ed," said Jean resentfully.

"Now, darling," said her mother. "Nellie Weaver likes to talk, but she's never mean about it."

"And that brat, Juanita?"

"When you were sixteen, you were something of a brat, too," said her father, smiling to take the edge off it. He kissed Jean's forehead. "Run along to bed. And you, Mother. I'll lock up."

Dave called for Jean next evening, Saturday evening, at about six-thirty. On that street of small board and shingle homes, his dark green car looked longer than the local hook-and-ladder wagon, and Jean regarded it a moment from her bedroom window before going down. She got a kick out of seeing it before her home. She heard Dave's voice at the door, and her father's deep, blurry tones.

She went down the stairs, conscious of the nice effect she made in her linen summer suit, with her skin faintly tanned and her hair fresh-waved around her small, pert head. She looked as smart and well turned out and, yes, expensive, as any girl in Dave's own set, and she could see appreciation in his eyes.

"Hello, Vanity Fair," he said.

"Hello, Marco Polo," she said.

They both laughed, and Sanford Morse had discreetly withdrawn from the tiny front hall, so Dave kissed her. He was half a foot taller than she was, and brown as a bronze doorlock, with his blue eyes seeming very light and startling in his good-looking face.

"Feel any different today than you did forty-eight hours ago?" he teased her.

"You mean because you proposed forty-eight hours ago?" She shrugged. "Certainly not. I've been proposed to so many times, you understand. . . . And besides, you didn't do it very well."

"Give me back that ring," demanded Dave.

"Try and get it," said Jean, looking at the fine stone on her engagement finger. And then they laughed again—it was hard to realize that Dave was over thirty and manager of the Charlemont Tool & Die Works, one of his father's interests—and they went out to the car.

They got in, and Dave started off. Jean leaned back in the seat, conscious of front-window curtains moving as neighborhood observers watched them leave. Dave drove out the small road leading to Taylor's Woods, not saying where they were going. He seldom asked her where she wanted to go for dinner or the evening; he just started off.

"Did you get a lot of work done at the plant last night?" Jean asked, watching his hands on the wheel. Rather heavy hands, immaculately kept.

"Got caught up for a month," said Dave cheerfully. "The month I've wasted on you instead of working."

"You'd better get caught up for several years in advance. After we're married there won't be any night work at the plant."

"You mean you don't trust me?"

"I trust you implicitly. As far as I could throw an anvil."

Dave grinned, seeming pleased by this rather than wounded. He turned the car left at the intersection onto graveled road. Jean was puzzled; she could think of no dining place in that direction. They passed a farmhouse with the name *MLO R. VINSON* on the mailbox, and a quarter of a mile along Dave slowed for a curve and then stopped. Jean saw big gouges in the earth sides of the deep ditch, and a raw gash in a tree on the other side.

"You heard about the smashup young Fellowes had last night?" Dave said.

"Yes," said Jean. "Oh! Is this where it happened?"

Dave nodded. "Must have been going like hell," he said. "It's not a bad curve. The crazy kid."

Occasionally some phrase of Dave's brought home to Jean the difference in their ages. Like this—calling Ed, who was a year older than Jean, a crazy kid.

"I heard this morning he was going to live," she said.

"Yes," said Dave, turning the car and starting back the other way. "Four ribs broken, collarbone, arm, and concussion. But he'll live."

"I'm so glad!"

"You knew him pretty well, didn't you?" said Dave carelessly.

"Yes. Since high school. I went a few places with him a year or so ago."

"I wonder if you knew the girl who was with him last night."

"Girl?" said Jean, surprised. "Last night? You mean with him—in the wreck?"



Dave laughed. "Where have you been all afternoon? It was in the *Charlemont Herald*. The town is jumping with the news."

"I was doing things about clothes all afternoon," Jean said. "In case you have forgotten, I am to be married soon. What was in the *Herald*? Who was the girl?"

"They don't seem to know. But it has come out that some woman was with Ed when he hit the ditch back there."

"She was hurt, too?"

"Not much, apparently."

"But I understand— Mrs. Weaver said last night that Ed lay there for nobody knows how long because the accident wasn't reported till another car came past."

"That's right."

"If a girl was with Ed, and she wasn't badly hurt, why didn't she get help? Why didn't *she* report it?"

"For a damn good reason," Dave said. "It seems she'd just been out to the cabins beyond the Charlemont Steak House with Ed. If she had reported the accident that little fact would have come out, and you know about those cabins. Any girl going there with a man—"

Jean knew. Most towns have such places, sometimes just across a county line, catering furtively to couples that could not get in more decent places. A girl known to have registered there with a man would be forever branded in her town. Just the same . . .

"You're telling me that some girl, to save her reputation, just crawled out of the wreck and ran away? Leaving Ed to die alone there, for all she knew?"

"He almost did."

"That's awful!" Jean exclaimed.

"It's not pretty."

"They're *sure* there was a girl?"

"A woman's handkerchief with blood on it was in the car. The prints of a woman's shoes were in the mud of the ditch. A motel registration card was found by the hospital, crumpled up in one of Ed's pockets, with 'Mr. and Mrs. Bellows' written on it. And a farm wife, a Mrs. Milo Vinson, happened to look from her front window last night—about nine, she thinks—and saw a girl or woman running down the road. She said nothing then—"

thought it was another case of some kid preferring to walk home rather than park in a dark lane. But this morning she reported it after hearing about the accident."

"She didn't see the girl's face?"

"No. She told the *Herald* reporter she just saw a dim white figure in the night, running, toward town."

Jean drew a deep breath. She could appreciate the girl's terrible position. Phone for help—and be identified as a loose character who would go with a man like Ed to a place like those cabins; run away and hide, as she had done, and perhaps have a man's life on your conscience!

"The little tramp," said Dave, through his teeth. "Those cabins!" Then he relaxed and grinned a bit. "Thought we'd have dinner at the Steak House and see what's up," he said. "If we can get in the joint. I'll bet half the curiosity-mongers in Charlemont will be there."

Jean frowned. She had no desire to join the mongers. "Oh, let's not, Dave. It seems a morbid thing to do."

"Morbid? Why? We know Ed, don't we? It seems to me a natural thing to do."

The parking lot was crowded, all right; Jean had never seen so many cars. And the several dining rooms of the converted house that had been made into a restaurant were all lit up. But for once there was no light in any of the little cabins scattered through the woods behind the place which made up the motel section of the enterprise. No one was slipping out the dark back path tonight, thank you.

The swiftness with which Dave got a table mollified Jean's dislike at being here. One of the privileges of being Mrs. David Marchant would be that almost everywhere she would be seated and deferentially served at once.

Around them, much of the talk was of the accident. And the girl. The busy tongues gave her small mercy. In the first place she was obviously no better than she should be, coming to the cabins with someone like the Fellowes boy. In the second, she was practically a murderess, running away and leaving a dying man helpless just to save her name.

Sacherly, the manager, appeared from time to time, a tall, burly man with dark hair thinning at the back of his

head. He did not look happy about the excellent crowd he had this evening. He was sensitive to publicity; there had been many proposals that the police close up his place.

Dave grinned at the man and waved him over. The manager obviously would have preferred not to come, but a Marchant was super-carriage trade. Reluctantly he approached their table.

"Nice crowd," said Dave blandly, looking around.

"Yeah," said Sacherly.

"Cabins full, too?" Dave asked innocently.

"Saturday night," said Sacherly. "Tourists don't hit the motor courts much on Saturday night."

"Oh, tourists," murmured Dave. He winked at Jean, who rather wished he'd leave the man alone. "I suppose they register here from every state in the union."

"Just about."

"You always make them register? Even when it might be more convenient not to?"

"Have to," said Sacherly. "Got to keep some sort of records. Income tax," he added gloomily.

"But sometimes they take the registration card away with them? Like Mr. Fellowes? Pardon me, I mean Bellows."

Mr. Sacherly, it seemed, had limits even with the carriage trade. And he had probably been annoyed a lot that night.

"Yeah," he said slowly, "and like a guy named Davidson."

Dave's eyelids flickered and were still. His lips straightened.

"Maybe the income-tax boys would like to know about some of the missing cards."

"Maybe they would," said Sacherly. "But I can't help it if a guy takes a card when my back is turned, can I?"

"Who was the girl?"

Sacherly shook his head. "If I had a buck for every time I've been asked that . . . I don't know who she was. I don't even know if there *was* a girl. I never saw a girl. I just saw Mr. F— Bellows—when he signed the card. Excuse me." He moved away.

Jean was looking at the ring on her left third finger and wishing she hadn't seen Dave's eyelids flicker when the goaded proprietor came out with the name of Davidson. But then, assuming it had significance, no one could expect a man like Dave, at thirty-one, to be a puritan.

"He's lying about not knowing who the girl was," Dave said, dipping into his shrimp cocktail.

"Probably," said Jean.

Dave looked quickly at her. "Anything wrong?"

"No. . . . You shouldn't have badgered him that way."

"Oh," Dave said carelessly, "men like that exist to be badgered. You want the steak, don't you?"

Chapter 2

Next morning, Jean went to church with her father and mother; it did not hurt her and meant a lot to them. The June day was perfect, with the sun clean and warming in the clear blue sky, and with Jean's personal horizon appearing just as clear.

They caught up with Judge and Mrs. Weaver and Juanita in front of the Weavers' home, and walked along together under the arching trees along the street.

Judge Weaver was a gentle, kindly man with a ferocious thatch of gray hair which he seldom covered with a hat. He looked well on the bench, and judged well, too, in the opinion of the town of Charlemont. He took Jean's arm—he was not too old to find pleasure in a girl's exceptional good looks—and they strolled slowly, the six

of them, with the fine smells of beginning summer all around them.

The church was not as crowded as it might have been; the weather was too seductive; and after the service was over Jean hurried to get outdoors. She caught up with Mrs. Parch, who lived even farther out Teaberry Street than the Morses did, and would have passed her, but Mrs. Parch's nod and greeting slowed her down.

"I hear you hurt your leg," said Mrs. Parch at the door, looking rather curiously at Jean. She was a thin, unsmiling woman of sixty who was often to be found at her parlor window staring through the curtains at the doings of the street.

Jean thought: *Mrs. Weaver*. She's been talking. "I didn't hurt it to amount to anything," she said. It was Sunday, which is a day for truth, but now she was stuck with her small white lie. "I walked into a chair," she said.

"Oh," said Mrs. Parch. "A chair. Good morning, Ethel, Sanford."

She went along as Jean's father and mother joined them at the door, and in a moment the Judge and Mrs. Weaver and Juanita came out, and they all walked home under the fine sun.

Jean spent some more time on her clothes—it was a problem, a trousseau, on the kind of money she had—and later she went out again with Dave. He was going to be in Buffalo till Wednesday, so he wanted to see her as much as he could now. They had dinner with his father and mother at the Marchants'. Dave brought her home early, and he had ceased to make it necessary for Jean to scuffle to keep a good-night kiss in bounds. She had him disciplined to that extent, at least.

She went contentedly to bed, with a last look at the blue-white stone on her engagement finger before turning out the light; and next morning she went on schedule to the bank.

The Charlemont First National was the larger of the two banks in the town. It was grim with stainless steel and bronze, and had an enormous vault door thick as the armor on a battleship turret. There was a central room with tables for the public, and cages around this, and around the walls behind the open backs of the cages the office machinery and desks. The layout concentrated like the rings in a target on the big desk by the door of Mr. Harley, manager of the bank.

Jean went in and said, "Good morning, Mr. Harley," as she passed, and he nodded back, eyes hidden by the reflected light on his glasses. She said, "Good morning, Tom, Albert," to the two tellers behind whose cages she worked at typewriter, files and adding machine.

She sat down and absent-mindedly crossed her legs, and Albert—Albert Munster—a heavy-set, florid-faced young man, whistled and said:

"What did you do to your leg?"

Jean flushed. She uncrossed her legs, and the hem of her dress slid down over the annoying discoloration. "Walked into a door," she said.

"Go on," grinned Albert. "That's what you do when you get a black eye."

"No," said Jean, "you get a black eye from staring at a lady's legs."

Albert grinned again and turned to his work, and Jean bent over hers. She had never liked the work at the bank—she was a trained secretary and might have done better—but she had come here because in a bank you are exposed to the community's best people. Now of course she did not mind, because so soon, so very soon, she would be out of it.

It was at lunchtime that an odd thing happened. Jean went out with Betty Sill, who worked next to her, and when they passed the A&P and got to the barber shop next

to it, they saw the barber standing in his doorway. Jean could not remember his name, but she nodded as she always had. But the man did not nod back.

He stood there staring stonily at her, and when Jean turned curiously a few yards farther on, he was still staring. Almost angrily.

"For heaven's sake," murmured Jean. "What did I ever do to him?"

"Oh, he probably got out of bed on the wrong side this morning," Betty said.

They went to the grillroom of the small hotel across the street, and it seemed to Jean that several in here stared queerly, too. "I'm getting imaginative in my old age," she thought.

But on her way home from the bank that evening, she thought: What is this? Because a dozen or more of the many she knew by sight and to nod to, did not nod back. They stared at her much as the barber had stared, and in each case when she stopped to look back they were gazing after her.

Sanford was in the dining room, big hands deft with bow and violin while he played passages from a composition he was working on. He stopped when his daughter came in.

"Has my hair turned blue?" demanded Jean.

"Not that I can notice," said her father. "Why?"

"People are looking at me."

"People have been looking at you since you were twelve," said Sanford. "You are lucky in the matter of appearance."

"That isn't the way these were looking at me. They looked as if I'd just poisoned their dog."

"Been embezzling bank funds, maybe?" Sanford turned back to the inked-in music on his rack. "Run along and get ready for dinner. It's about ready for you."

That was Monday.

Tuesday morning Jean went into the bank and said, "Good morning, Mr. Harley," and he nodded and seemed to be staring at her, though the reflection on his glasses made it hard to say for sure. She went to her desk and said, "Hello, Tom, Albert," and both young men said, "Hi," in a tentative sort of way, and stared at her. And several times later when she turned she caught them staring again.

Betty Sill came along, and Jean smiled and nodded, and Betty, after a moment, nodded back but did not smile. Jean sat quite still and stared at a column of figures she should be adding up. This was not imagination; everybody was regarding her as if she'd broken out in spots. She got up and went to Betty's desk.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong?" repeated Betty evasively. "What do you mean?"

"I don't quite know what I mean. I thought perhaps you did."

"Why—what would be wrong?"

Jean returned to her desk and to her column of figures. It seemed to her that everyone who came into the bank stared at her. She felt a chill at the pit of her stomach and a fine moisture breaking out on the palms of her hands. It was ridiculous; it had to be imagination—or most of it—but there it was.

At noon she said to Betty, "Lunch?"

Betty missed her gaze. "I . . . I said I'd eat with Margaret."

That was rather clumsy: there was no reason why she could not have included Jean and made it a threesome. It was unmistakable—she didn't want to lunch with Jean.

Jean went out alone, and it seemed that others coming from the bank flowed on around her, leaving her a solitary figure on the sidewalk. When she got to the grill there seemed to be a heightened buzz of voices. She sat on a

stool along the crowded counter, and the woman at her right looked at her with narrowed eyes and half turned away. The man at her left, a slight acquaintance, acted normal, smiling pleasantly and passing her the catsup. Then he appeared to notice the stares of the others.

With his coffee, he turned to the person next to him, an old man who had a tobacco shop, and Jean heard their voices but could not distinguish words. When the man turned back again he was no longer pleasant. There was something like contempt in his eyes.

Jean went into the house that evening feeling as if she had run an Indian gantlet all the way home. She went in wide-eyed and pale, and with her forehead wrinkled in bewilderment.

"What's wrong?" asked Mrs. Morse.

"Wrong!" Jean said. "Don't look now, but I've just been tapped for a leper colony."

Her mother stared in surprise.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Jean. "I mean, people have been staring at me all day long. As if I'd done something dreadful. What on earth can be the matter?"

"You're sure you're not just—"

"I'm very sure." Jean slid distracted fingers through her fine dark hair. "I don't know what people think I've done, but apparently it couldn't be worse. And looking at my leg—the bruised spot. I don't think I'll ever cross my legs again as long as I live."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Morse.

"You think I do?" Jean straightened up. "Well, some day I suppose I'll get to the bottom of it. . . . Right now I'll go upstairs and see if I've come out of the rear of my dress or something. . . ."

The doorbell rang, and Mrs. Morse went to answer, since her daughter seemed so upset. It was a reporter from the *Charlemont Herald*.

Arny Williams was about Jean's age, and he had known her in school. He had never known her very well; Jean hadn't cared for too close an acquaintance: Arny had been a grind in school, with no money to take a girl anywhere of consequence. He may have remembered a few times when he had been casually treated by the good-looking brunette he confronted now in the Morse parlor. His smile, at any rate, was curious. Mrs. Morse said, "I suppose you want to see Jean about her engagement to Dave Marchant. Announcing it, I mean. I'll run along."

She went to the kitchen, and Jean lit a lamp and sat down, eyes never leaving Arny's face and the small, one-sided smile. Arny sat down, too. It appeared that he was not there to ask about the engagement.

"Haven't seen you for a while," he said genially.

"I've been around," said Jean.

"I mean with any of the old crowd, going to any of the old places. Though you did see Ed Fellowes quite a lot, didn't you?"

"Some, a year or so ago," said Jean. "If Arny meant to pump for facts about Ed, he'd find a dry well here."

"Nasty business, that accident of his the other night," said Arny, looking at the floor. "You know, for a while they were sure he'd die. One of those broken ribs pierced a lung."

"I know. It's terrible, and I was sorry to hear about it."

"That girl who was with him. She doesn't stack up too well—running away and leaving a man to die so she could save her own skin."

"No. The choice was a hard one—you'd have to be a girl to understand. But she certainly made the wrong move. Have the police found out who she was?"

Arny shrugged. "They're not much concerned. It isn't a police matter, after all. Just a matter of a—let's say—monumental scandal."

Jean kept silent, looking at him.

"I see you hurt your leg," said Army.

"X-ray eyes?" asked Jean gently. Her legs had not been crossed; the hem of her skirt was down.

Army laughed. "I should say, I heard you hurt your leg. How did that happen?"

Instinct warned Jean to do no evading here. "I fell over a broken branch in Taylor's Woods," she said. "There's a glade in the woods that I have always thought was lovely. Since I've been so high, I have gone out there now and then. I went there Friday evening for a little while."

"Oh! I heard it was a chair you walked into. Also a door. Was that when you tore your dress?"

Jean's heart had begun beating in her throat—a low, hard pounding. "Why all this?" she demanded. "Why the inquisition? And how did you, or anyone, know my dress was torn?"

"The night," said Army easily. "has a thousand eyes. What time did you leave home Friday?"

"About seven, I think. Maybe later."

"Your folks were here?"

"No, they'd gone to an afternoon movie."



"Then only you know what time you left. When did you get back?"

Jean slowly got to her feet, and was surprised to find herself there. She stared at Army Williams.

"Has someone in this town had the gall to hint that I was the girl with Ed Fellowes when he wrecked his car?"

"Oh, you know how small towns are. Give someone a nibble and he makes a meal of it. What time did you get back on Friday night?"

"About nine o'clock."

"Your folks were here then?"

"Yes, they—" Jean felt as if she were choking. She started toward Army, and at her look he got up and took a quick step backward. "Army Williams," she said, "if you print anything about me being the girl with Ed, I'll sue you with—with everything the Marchants have!"

"Did I say you were the girl?" protested Army. "You can't prove where you were. You come on foot along the road leading to the wreck, at about the time of the wreck, looking as if you had been in one. Everybody I've talked to in Charlemont seems to think you were the girl. But I've never said so—though I can see how a girl engaged to a wealthy man like Dave Marchant might be in a terrible box if she did get caught reporting an accident on the way from a visit to—"

"Get out of here!" said Jean, eyes blazing.

The door closed after Army Williams, and Jean stood by the living-room table, staring at the panel, breathing hard. Her mother came back in, and exclaimed at the sight of her, and hurried to her.

"They think I'm the one who was with Ed Fellowes in the accident," Jean got out. "They think I'm the one who ran away and left him to die. That's why the whole town's been acting as it has. That's why everybody—" She shuddered and put her hands over her face, and then the tears came, though at first the storm was too violent to be of much relief.

Sanford came in, carrying his violin case, and after a while the three sat around the dining-room table to talk.

"You did look hanged about, Friday night," Sanford said heavily. "And you came from the right direction. Or, I should say, the wrong direction. You may have been seen by some one as you walked under a street light—"

"Mrs. Parch, at her front window!" Jean said. "It's that old busy—"

"That's a guess," Sanford cut in. "And you know—very acutely by now—how damaging and wrong a guess can be. You said several cars passed you on the road. Somebody in one of those may have seen you and recognized you. We'll never know, probably, who started this."

"But how could anyone possibly believe it—about Jean?" cried Mrs. Morse.

"How many will believe she was where she really was—alone in a clearing in the woods 'thinking things out'?" Sanford countered.

Jean had lost her pallor. She was mad clear through, but she was not so worried. It was good to know what was wrong, so that she could take steps to clear herself.

"It's shocking and disgusting, but I guess people will believe, all right, when the truth is given them."

"I'm sure they will," said Sanford Morse. But his eyes were very grave. And Ethel Morse's pallor had not lessened. "What do you think you can do about it?"

"Why, first see Ed at the hospital. Make him tell who was really with him. He won't just lie there and watch an innocent person get branded with a thing like that."

"It seems as good a move as any," Sanford murmured, with a deeply troubled glance at his wife.

The Charlemont Emergency Hospital was south, nearer the industrial section of town than the residential. Jean caught a bus, too preoccupied with what she'd say to Ed to notice the sprinkling of persons in the vehicle who gave her those cold, accusing stares.

The girl at the hospital desk watched Jean come in and then became very busy with the card index. "Please!" snapped Jean. "I want to see Mr. Fellowes."

"I don't know if visitors—"

Joan started past the desk and down the first-floor hall. "Second floor," said the girl at the desk glacially. "202."

Ed had not yet come far from the wreck in the ditch. The rigidity of his body indicated a cast encasing him from hip to Adam's apple. His right arm was in a sling, and there were bandages over half his face. His eyes were in the clear, however, and it seemed to Jean that they gave hers a miss as she came in.

She drew up a chair. "How are you, Ed?" she asked, not cold or angry then. She did like him; always had.

"Wonderful," said Ed. "Splendid. Want to dance?"

"I was so sorry to hear about it."

"Thanks."

His eyes questioned her, and she didn't think she'd be allowed much time here.

"The whole town's up in arms about that girl who was with you," she said. "Sneaking off and leaving you pinned in the car, I mean."

Ed's eyes went blank.

"Who was she?"

He shook his head. "There wasn't any girl."

"The town seems sure there was. And there was evidence—I've got to know who she was."

Ed shook his head. "No girl."

"Please! I have to know—because somehow it's been spread around that I'm the one."

He blinked. "No! You? What would make anybody think—"

"Several things that just happened to—happen, that night. I won't go into them. But everybody thinks it was me. Including the *Charlemont Herald*. Ed, I'm through here if this story can't be killed. And it can't be, unless you come out now with the name of the girl who was really with you."

Ed shook his head, and winced.

"You can't shield a person who would do that to you, and turn the wolf pack on someone who's innocent!"

"No girl," said Ed stubbornly. "I've told everybody that. I'm telling you that. There was no girl!"

It was the last thing Jean had expected. She was stunned with it. And furious.

"Ed, for heaven's sake—"

He had been pressing the buzzer with his left hand. The floor nurse came in, with a gimlet stare at Jean.

"Maybe it was some married woman," pleaded Jean. "I've thought of that. And it would be terrible for her. But—"

"I was alone," said Ed, looking at Jean's shoulder. And to the nurse, "I'm sort of tired."

"You'll have to leave, Miss Morse," the nurse said.

"You heard her tone of voice," Jean said to Ed. "You see the way she's looking at me. As if I'd murdered somebody. The whole town's that way—"

"I'm tired," said Ed.

It was the most difficult thing that Jean had ever done—going to the bank on Wednesday morning. More than anything else in the world she wanted to stay home, alone, shut in her room, locked in her room. The terrible thing that other, nameless woman had done! And she, Jean Morse, was charged with doing it!

"You'll have to go to work as usual," her father said. His face was lined this morning, too. He looked tired, as did Jean's mother, as if neither had slept much. As if neither would sleep much for quite a while to come. For they had been in the world longer than Jean, and had had experience with the strength and virulence of gossip, of a lie—though both had been as surprised as Jean at Ed's behavior.

"It's like being in a fishbowl with ten thousand pairs of eyes on me," said Jean.

"Oh, I doubt if *everyone* in Charlemont knows, or is interested," Sanford tried to make light of it. The attempt fell flat: everyone who counted in the least, knew and was convinced. And people who before had not known Jean from Eve, knew her now.

At the bank Mr. Harley was poring over papers on his desk when Jean came in. The others of her fellow employees were also most industrious when she walked by. Betty Sill was the only one who looked at her, and Betty, where yesterday her gaze had been one of doubt and disbelief, or half-belief, now stared in a sort of fascinated horror. It was nightmarish.

It was not as nightmarish as what transpired at a quarter of eleven, after what seemed days of going through the motions of working at her desk.

Jean heard a muted commotion at the bank door, and felt the eyes of everyone in the place on her.

And then she heard a voice from beyond the bars of Albert's cage:

"So there you are!"

Jean whirled to look between the bars—at the hysterical face and raised, clenched hands of Mrs. Fellowes, Ed's mother. Her hat was sideways, and her gray hair had straggled at her temples. She looked like a mad person, and perhaps she very nearly was just then.

"I wonder you dare show your face here, Jean Morse! Or anywhere in Charlemont, for that matter!"

Jean felt made of ice. She looked around. Everyone in the bank was watching, customers and workers. She got up and went to the rail of Albert's cage. "Mrs. Fellowes, please—"

"How do you dare! After doing what you did. Running off like a thief in the night, leaving my boy, my son, to die in a ditch! How do you dare look me in the eye?"

It was melodrama of the baldest sort; it could have been funny in a ghastly sort of way. But the faces of the spectators indicated little humor.

"But I wasn't with Ed," Jean said. "He'll tell you that. Ask him—"

"He is covering up for you," shrilled Mrs. Fellowes. "In spite of what you did, he is protecting you. He is like that. But I won't forgive that easily. As long as we both shall live—"

"Now, Mrs. Fellowes, please," came the voice of Joe, the bank guard. He had gone around and was at the distraught woman's elbow. "I'm sure you don't want to make a scene here in public."

"Make a scene!" screamed the woman. "I'll—"

"Yes, yes, I know." Joe steered her toward the door. "I sympathize with you."

"But you have her working here! You allow that—that murderess to hide here—"

"You must take care of yourself," Joe murmured soothingly. "You don't want to break down, too. Mrs. Fellowes, with your son in the hospital and needing you. . . ."

The door closed after the woman, and there was enormous silence in the bank.

Jean looked at Albert. "Does everyone think this thing about me?"

Albert's stare was level in his florid face. "I wouldn't know."

"But you do? All the others here do?"

Betty Sill came up. "You," she said to Jean. "Mr. Harley wants to see you."

Jean closed her desk before she went; she did not need to be a mind-reader to guess what Mr. Harley had to say.

The bank manager's spectacles turned here, turned there, and when his eyes were visible they did not look happy. But they looked resolved.

He said Miss Morse could see how it was. The bank had no interest in or jurisdiction over the lives of its employees outside business hours, but it was a place in which disturbances could not be tolerated. Therefore . . .

Jean turned and walked out, raging, before he had quite finished.

It was impossible, fantastic. The world simply couldn't be this way. How *could* a person, out of thin air, be charged with a monstrous thing like this and, with no other prosecuting attorney than gossip, be judged guilty?

The *Charlemont Herald* came out at one o'clock, and in it, solemn word for solemn word, was Jean's denial of everything concerned with Edward Fellowes and his smash-up. And never could a denial have been more damning.

Ed's words to Army were printed, too. There had been no girl with him. No girl at all. And never had a denial seemed more chivalrous, protective—and phony.

It was a stricken family that gathered around the Morse dining table that night and pretended to eat. At one stroke everything had been stripped from Jean. And none of them knew what to do about it; even with a shotgun you

can't hit the scattered seeds of gossip, or search out the anonymous source of a lie.

Everything stripped from Jean at a stroke? Well, not quite. There was her marriage into the Marchant family. Wasn't there?

"What will Dave say to this?" Jean repeated. "He was due back from Buffalo on the four o'clock. And he hasn't called me yet."

"It's only eight o'clock. Perhaps he went to the plant."

Jean looked at her father and knew he did not believe that.

"Dave knows you, dear," Mrs. Morse said gently. "He loves you. He'll know you couldn't possibly have done what the town thinks you did."

"Swell," said Jean. "You can guarantee that?"

A car horn sounded in the street. "You see?" said Mrs. Morse, smiling for the first time in forty-eight hours. "There he is."

"Sure. Honking outside for me. Like a college freshman."

"Don't be bitter," Sanford rumbled. "Don't be over-defiant. Give him a chance."

Jean nodded. She patted her father's cheek and presented a fine imitation of a smile. "Don't wait up for me. We may be back late. I hope."

Her shoulders were too straight as she went out to Dave's car—young and bewildered and too straight.

"Hello, Jean," Dave said.

"Hello, Dave," she replied. He kissed her and reaching over her knees, shut the car door.

"Mother wanted to see you," he said.

Jean nodded. "I wanted to see her, too. And you. And your father."

"Dad's in Cleveland." The car started. This time practically every parlor window curtain on Teaberry Street twitched as they drove by.

Dave cleared his throat. "I read the *Herald*."

"Did you?" Jean kept her smile. Her lips were stiff with it. "Interesting, wasn't it? I wonder what I ever did to Army Williams."

"Why, it looked to me like just what should have been printed. A denial."

"But nobody had accused me of anything. In words, anyhow. That's not a time for denials."

"Well . . ." said Dave. He cleared his throat again.

They got to the big house of the Marchants, and Jean set her small, angry jaw. They couldn't believe this! Not these two! Not the man she was to marry, and his mother.

"Jean!" said Mrs. Marchant, coming to the door herself. Her big arms went around Jean and she pressed her cheek to the girl's. Jean almost wept, but managed to hold back. She did pat the older woman's hand in a way that expressed her thanks.

"How did such a silly story ever get around town?"

Mrs. Marchant asked, as they went into the drawing room. "What possible reason—"

"Oh, there were reasons, of a sort," Jean said wearily. She told of her childish and impulsive trudge to the woodlot, of her dreaming till it got too dark, of her walking back on one of two roads the girl in the car might have taken. "The rip in my dress and all. . . . And I did know Ed pretty well; everybody knew that. But to be so sure—when the whole darned thing's a lie—"

Mrs. Marchant laughed. "It's lies we're surest of," she said. "Nobody's ever sure of the truth. Don't cry, dear. It won't make any difference to anyone who really knows you. And it certainly will make no difference to us. Will it, Da—"

Mrs. Marchant's voice came to a stop as she looked at her son, and Jean turned quickly to look at him, too.

His expression was almost normal again by the time Jean saw it. He grinned reassurance at her, and reached

over to lay his hand on hers. And Jean stared at him with her eyes going very wide, and with a thick, breathless feeling in her chest.

"Dave . . ." It went up at the end like a small girl's cry.

"It's all right," Dave said heartily. "Everything's all right. This won't make any difference in our plans. We'll go right on. . . . Might postpone the wedding a little. . . . No! We'll change no plans at all!"

"Dave." Jean's voice was her own now. Almost. "You don't think I'm the girl who was with Ed at the cabins?"

"Certainly not. Do you think I'd suggest that we go ahead with our plans if I did?"

"You're sure of that?" said Jean, while she watched her fiancé and Mrs. Marchant watched her son.

"I've told you so, haven't I? What more can I do? Yes, I'm sure you weren't anywhere near Ed that night."

Mrs. Marchant looked into Jean's eyes, and Jean looked back. Both knew.

"Oh, don't, please," Mrs. Marchant whispered.

"Wouldn't you?" said Jean quietly.

Mrs. Marchant sighed. She looked abruptly several years older. And rather tired. "Yes."

"I tell you I believe you," Dave said loudly. He had to say it loudly; he could not admit that another man had been more successful in any type of romance than he.

Jean took off the ring. Beautiful, costly—now priced too high. "Good-by, Dave."

"You little idiot! I'll swear on a stack of Bibles if it'll make you feel any—"

"Good-by, Mrs. Marchant—darling," Jean said.

Jean could have wished the train did not leave at one A.M. It was like skulking from the town, and she did not wish to give Charlemont that much satisfaction. She would have liked to parade her leaving, throw her anger and outrage in its teeth with some fine, defiant gesture.

But the train left at 1:03, and there were none of her tormenters at the station to see her go, or to care.

"I'm not sure you should run away," said Sanford Morse uncertainly.

"Why stay?" said Jean. "You know what's happened in the last three weeks. Whom do I have as friends? Where do I get a job?"

"This will blow over."

Jean kissed him as the glaring light of the locomotive slid toward them down the rails. "You don't believe that yourself. Blow over? Perhaps when I am fifty."

"I think she's doing exactly the right thing, dear," said Jean's mother stoutly.

"Right or wrong, it's what she's going to do," Jean said. She had an arm around each of them now. She felt unaccustomedly near to them and tender toward them. They could have doubted, a little, too; they didn't know where she had really been those few hours on that Friday night, any more than anyone else did. But they hadn't.

The train stopped, and they walked along its length hunting for the car numbered on Jean's Pullman ticket.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I'm going away, I'm getting out of it. You'll have to stay here and take it. It's not fair."

"What part of this thing is fair?" asked Sanford mildly. And, "Don't worry about us. We'll get along. You're the one to worry about. Take care of yourself."

Jean kissed them, and she thought: He's quite a man, at that, my father. And my mother has more strength than I knew, beneath her easy ways.

"Good-by. Good-by." They faded, half with distance, half dissolved in the moisture on Jean's lashes. Her berth was made up, of course. Jean went to bed. But not to sleep.

Those last weeks! She had touched bottom then.

She'd known at the start about what would happen, but she played it out. A job with Mr. Anker's insurance office? So very sorry! Yes, it's true that our Miss Benson just left, but we already have her place filled.

A job with the creamery? We aren't taking on anyone at the moment.

A job at the office of Charlemont Dry Cleaning? "Who? You?"

And meanwhile, people that she knew and liked either passing her with twisted lips or, less obtrusive about it, waving to imaginary acquaintances across the street and going over there before she could get to them.

And people that she didn't like either jeering openly or, suddenly on sure ground because this Jean Morse was not after all the sort of girl they'd thought her, greeting her too effusively and protesting their loyalty too loudly.

And the men. Blank-faced when they passed her with their women, but, too many of them, approaching her with grins all full of teeth when they were alone. The men. It had been hard to duck a lot of those suddenly unleashed passes. Jean could have been more popular than she ever had before—in a markedly underground fashion—had she been what Charlemont now solidly believed her to be.

Well . . . not solidly. A few, mainly older people who knew how savagely the whip of scandal can cut into the wrong back, believed in her. Judge and Mrs. Weaver were among these few. Juanita? Well, she did not seem able to meet Jean's gaze; she acted much as Betty Sill had at the bank; and, in spite of the fact that Jean had never had much time for the youngster anyway, illogically it hurt.

However, those who didn't swallow the lie whole were few indeed, and did not begin to compensate for the vast majority who did swallow it. And so—flight. Necessarily in the dead of night. Pouring her bruised spirit and aching ego onto the train. But they said anyone could hide anything in New York.

The great city. The uncaring city. She could start a new life there. All would be new and different and soothing there.

All but her own mind.

Chapter 3

New York these days is bursting at the seams and spilling over. Everywhere the crowds are suffocating; a New Yorker must queue up for almost everything.

The crowds at Grand Central Station when Jean got in at eight were certainly no less than normal. She was carried along the concourse and up the ramp like a chip on a swollen eddy—and she loved it. The more people, the less chance that anyone would learn of, or try to pry into, the troubles of an individual.

It was an overoptimistic notion, of course, but then Jean was in an overoptimistic mood. She felt like someone waking from a bad dream that has given promise of going on forever. She felt at one minute like running, and at the next like stopping and laughing aloud. There was literal intoxication in the way she felt. Also there was a trace of hysteria, though she did not realize that. All she realized was that here people did not turn to stare at her with their mistaken judgment in their eyes.

Jean had been to New York twice on vacations, and she directed the cab driver to take her to the small hotel near Greenwich Village where she had stayed then. The driver said, "Yeah, sure, lady," and he was wonderful.

The desk clerk did not smile, but his grimness was not that of Charlemont; he was simply very busy and harassed. Too many people, too many reservations. But it has never hurt when a girl is better-looking than most of her sisters,

and in a while he looked up from a letter and said there was a cancellation and she could take it up.

When she had her door closed, she counted her money and knew that she must get work quickly. As always, there was scant margin for a Morse; there was barely enough to carry on with in the present. If she had gone through with her plans anyway, and married Dave Marchant . . .

But she could not have done that. Not knowing how he really felt about her. And now she must quickly find a job.

She discarded banks, but, thinking along that line, decided that the financial district of New York sounded promising. That afternoon she went to Wall Street, and next afternoon she got a job. She got it by the somewhat naive process of going in to one financial house after another and seeing either the office manager or personnel manager, depending on the size of the concern. She also got it because she was buoyed up and radiant with her private release, smiling and patient with dismissals or delay.

Forman, Forman & Kent, high-grade securities, needed a secretary for their Mr. McAlister. Had she secretarial training? Yes? The phone. Would Mr. McAlister care to interview an applicant? And Miss Morse went radiantly in, and Mr. McAlister found himself smiling back at her, and she was hired. Life was wonderful.

Life was not so wonderful after a few weeks with Forman, Forman & Kent. This was not due to any coldness on the part of the company or of her fellow employees; it was just that soon the most important luggage she had packed in Charlemont, her memories, began catching up with her.

She got over her psychological intoxication with all the let-down of one recovering from an actual bender. Sure, she was in New York and no one knew anything about her. That was fine. But the fact remained that back in her home town and the place where her parents lived, her name was mud. She could not go home; she was an expatriate.

Her behavior must have puzzled those around her. The girl who had coasted onto the payroll all ebullience and high spirits soon became a girl who seldom smiled, who was courteous when spoken to but seldom made advances of friendship to others.

Mr. McAlister was certainly puzzled. He was a middle-aged, dried-up man with many fancied and some real illnesses, and it is probable that he okayed Jean because she came into his office that first day like a burst of sunlight. Then—no more sunlight. Just polite efficiency on the part of his new secretary.

Jean vaguely sensed the change in herself and did not like it, either, but she didn't know quite what to do about it. She had not yet begun to probe the depth to which scandal's blade had sunk, or to assess the changes wrought in her.

In those first few days she had made a few nice friends. They were the secretaries for others of the firm, and also a girl who worked in the statistical department, named Lucy Bennett. She had started lunching with them and she kept on, though she had soon ceased contributing much because of the hangover from her flight. She remained most responsive to Lucy—a slim, level-browed, dark-eyed girl who seemed extraordinarily nice and who had obviously come from a good family. And one evening after five, Lucy waited for Jean in the downstairs lobby of the building. The two girls walked out together, and Lucy said, "Where are you staying, Jean?"

Jean told her, the hotel.

"Pretty expensive, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jean. "But I'm only there till I can find a room somewhere."

"I have an apartment that costs more than I can afford by myself," Lucy said. "Like to move in with me?"

"I'd love it," Jean replied. "I'll do it now, tonight, before you change your mind."

The apartment was very nice indeed—two rooms, kitchenette and bath, with the living room equipped with a daybed so that each had a room to sleep in.

"It's not as easy as it looks," warned Lucy. "One girl wants the living room to entertain; the other has to go out to a movie or skulk in the bedroom with a book. And it's awfully easy for one or the other to slack on the work. And if one has more stockings hanging over the shower rod, the other's apt to sulk about it."

"I'll try to hold my end up," Jean replied.

"I think you will. I think we'll get along."

They did, and Jean had within a month two things most girls must work much longer for when they come to a strange city: a good job, and a nice apartment to share with a friend.

That, however, was all she had. The girls she'd made friends with in her first few days at the office grew naturally aloof as she herself became more reserved and indrawn, and Jean made no other friends. Lucy had a lot of friends, many of them male, so it was Jean who retreated to the bedroom with a book or went out to a movie to leave Lucy to her own devices.

Lucy offered many times to get a date for her; several times she got one in spite of Jean's indifference to these proposals. Jean did not give out, she did not respond, so the men did not come again.

Lucy noticed the steady change in Jean, of course, and finally, with October drawing to a close, she asked bluntly. "What's wrong with you, Jean? Don't tell me you're a man-hater?"

Jean couldn't tell her roommate what was wrong with her. She could not admit how little she thought of friendships, either of men or women, after the way friends of long standing had turned from her at home because of an unsupported lie.

So Lucy lived her normal girl's life, and Jean read books and saw movies and killed time with fancy cooking when it was her turn to get a dinner. But Jean's father and mother back in Charlemont did not know this.

"Dear Dad and Mother," she would write. "Saw a wonderful show last night with Lucy and two friends. Afterward we went to the Tamborine for supper and some dancing. They are awfully nice boys and I know you would like them. I am continuing to have a perfectly scrumptious time in the big city. I hope things are well with you. . . ."

Some word like "scrumptious," which was her father's, would moisten her eyes sometimes, and she would lie back in bed, hearing the gay sound of voices in the next room, and wish that she were home. She had a new perspective on her parents now. She had gained it the hard way, but there it was: she would not have traded them for any other father and mother on earth, including those with names ending in *-tor*, or *-bilt*, or *-feller*.

She told herself that she was living just the way she wanted to live—that she did not need friends, particularly men. But there were times when the apathy cracked and great waves of loneliness rolled down on her. It was in the middle of a morning full of this, that the phone on her desk rang and a girl's voice said, "Mr. Gordon Abel, to speak to Mr. McAlister."

Mr. McAlister was in the men's room swallowing a handful of pills. "He is in conference," said Jean. "Do you care to leave a message?"

"Just a minute, please." Mr. Abel's secretary clicked something and Mr. Abel came on. "Will Mac be in his office soon?"

It was a nice voice, warm and easy; and Jean could use some warmth and friendliness that day, whether she would admit it or not.

"I'm sure it won't be long," she said. "Shall I have him call you, Mr. Abel?"

"Yes. . . . Well, wait a minute." There was a pause. "Miss Lane? But you're not Miss Lane, are you? Your voice is different."

"I am Miss Morse. Miss Lane left us several months ago."

"You are Mac's secretary, though?"

"Yes, Mr. Abel."

There was a chuckle. "From here, I would say Mac is to be congratulated on his secretary."

"From there," said Jean, "you could be terribly mistaken."

That had been impulsive; that was not quite office etiquette. But Mr. Abel laughed, and Jean smiled without effort for the first time in weeks.

"Maybe I'll run over. And Mac should be warned, I guess. Tell him I'm on the alumni committee this year, and I'm going to put the arm on him for a check. Fifty bucks at least."

It was almost twelve when Mr. Abel's name was sent in from the anteroom. It was followed soon by Mr. Abel, and Jean found herself waiting curiously to see him. He walked in, a man of average height but more than average shoulder spread; mid-thirties, Jean judged, looking like one who knew what he wanted and, as a rule, approximately bow to get it. He was excellently if conservatively dressed.

He glanced curiously at her, too, and then smiled a little and went on to McAlister's office. Mr. McAlister had petulantly sworn to Jean that he wouldn't give a so-and-so dime to the so-and-so alumni fund, but Mr. Abel came out folding a check, as Jean had rather thought he would. It might have been coincidence that he appeared as she was putting on her coat and scarf to go out for lunch.

It was no coincidence that unobtrusively he slowed a bit so that they got to the door together. He held it open for her, and they went down the office corridor to the elevators, not saying anything.

At the lobby floor he said pleasantly, "Do you mind if I say that I think you're an improvement on Miss Lane?"

"I couldn't mind." Jean replied. "Because I never knew Miss Lane."

"Oh, she was very nice," laughed Abel. "But . . . I liked your voice over the phone."



"Thank you," said Jean. They were at the street doors now. She turned right, and he turned with her.

"Stop me if you've heard this one," he said. "Or if you're busy or otherwise inclined. But I'm going to grab a bite myself now, and if you'd care to share a table—"

Jean could guess by now that he had come in person to McAlister's office to inspect McAlister's secretary. But it had all been pleasantly and casually done. There was no pressure; with a word she could dismiss him.

"Why, thank you," she said. "But the bite will have to be a quick one; I've a lot of work piled up."

They went to a small, sleek hasement place where people were standing in line; but some signal must have passed between Mr. Abel and the headwaiter, for in a moment the latter came up.

"We have your table cleared now, Mr. Abel."

Jean preceded him to a nice place at the side, feeling for the first time in quite a while as she had used to feel when she went out with Dave. It was nice to be shown such deference, but it took money and standing to procure it.

She smiled as they sat down and said, "Has Miss Lane lunched here, too?"

"Not with me," said Abel. "Several other girls, at long intervals, but not Miss Lane. The onion soup is good here."

They talked, sparring for information as a man and woman will when they first meet. He didn't tell too much about himself, but Jean read some between the lines—she was a more sensitive and perceptive person than she had been a few months ago.

He was a corporation lawyer, recently made a partner with a well-known firm. He lived alone in New York and was one of a type of bachelor not uncommon in big cities: well fixed, as popular as he cared to be, kept physically fit with squash and paddle tennis at his university club, liking women but not to an extent that might cut into what he would consider more important things.

"I'm a conservative," he said, showing sound white teeth in a smile. "But now and then I like the crazy things, too."

Jean disclosed about as much as he had. Musician's daughter. Small town, here only recently and fascinated by the city. She had worked in a bank at home, a statement indicating that she was rather conservative herself. She shared an apartment with a girl, Lucy Bennett, who also worked with Forman, Forman & Kent. She did not name her home town; Gordon Abel might just possibly have business acquaintances in Charlemont.

The lunch was not a grab at a bite; it went some past the hour Jean was allotted for lunch. There'd been no cocktail; Gordon Abel had not even suggested one, but he had ordered wine, after conferring with the headwaiter, and Jean could feel it—and the welcome break in her loneliness—warming her as they started back through the late-fall chill.

"I wonder," Gordon said outside, "if you would care to have dinner tomorrow with a lonely man." At the swift rise of her eyebrows he laughed. "All right, we'll rescind the 'lonely'; it never was a good line, anyway. But I am faced with dining alone tomorrow, and I like you very much, Jean Morse, and so—will you?"

"Dear Dad and Mother," Jean wrote. "I know you have been wondering about Christmas and about seeing me, and have been a little hurt that I have not mentioned it before. But it is because I have not known quite what to say. I imagine you, Dad, could not take time off to come with Mother to New York." It was as good a way as any of saying that almost certainly the Morses couldn't spend the money for the trip. "And I have hesitated to say I would come home. I do not have to say why. I guess I am a coward. . . . So do you mind very much if I do not come home?"

She bit her lip. What else could the poor dears say except that of course they didn't mind? But honestly her concern was as much for them as for herself: they'd share in any new storm that might be stirred up by a visit home.

She began to write again:

"I had thought I would be alone here Christmas Day—Lucy is going home to Burlington for several days. But Gordon—the Gordon Abel I have written you about—has asked me to be with him. . . ."

Lucy had been more excited about the Christmas-Day invitation than had Jean.

"You're certainly coming along with him," she'd said. "And Gordon is quite a man to be coming along with."

"I suppose he just has nothing much to do that day," Jean shrugged.

"A man like that? Don't be silly. He could find plenty to do."

"It's only another date."

"You know better. A man doesn't ask just any girl to spend Christmas with him. That's something special." She had stared at Jean, slim, dark and level-eyed. And uncomfortably knowing, sometimes. "What's the matter—are you scared to let yourself go with anybody? Are you afraid all you'll get out of it will be another nasty knock?"

"How do you know I've had any nasty knocks?" Jean demanded quickly.

"Something is wrong with you, that's for sure," said Lucy with a roommate's candor. "You don't . . . well . . . trust anybody with yourself. You've got a shell around you. And shells don't just grow; they are made by hammering."

Lucy dropped it then, and returned to Gordon Abel. "Good-looking. Nice to be with even if he is a little older. Well-heeled, too. And of course he'd have to be older to be that—men under thirty are usually still on the climb."

"Maybe *you'd* better stay in town and go out with him," said Jean, "and I'll go up to Burlington for Christmas and see your family."

"I wouldn't mind a bit," Lucy replied. "But Dick might not care for it." Lucy had shown signs lately of liking one of her men more than the others: Dick Turner, twenty-six or -seven, one of those just starting up, earning not much more than Lucy did.

That had been the week before Christmas. Now, on Christmas afternoon, Jean pattered around the apartment alone, wearing the satin mules and pretty quilted robe her father and mother had sent, and feeling like the last person left alive in New York.

She had lately—she assured herself—submerged the hurt done her in Charlemont, but today it had come surging back with new bitterness added to it.

How could people be so quick to believe the worst? Look at her, unable even to go home for Christmas! What had she ever done to deserve—

"And don't we feel sorry for ourselves?" she jeered at her long face in the mirror. "Snap out of it. You have an exciting date with an interesting man, and *that* for Charlemont!"

Fortunately for her state of mind, Gordon came early for her. Six o'clock. They were to go to a cocktail party first, and then at seven or so slip off by themselves.

Gordon looked at Jean and whistled. "I'm a lucky man," he said.

She did look well, in a short-length dinner dress, black taffeta, with matching jacket for the informality of cocktails. It brought out the dark clarity of her eyes and the fine dark sheen in her hair, and made her skin look startlingly white.

He looked all right himself—dinner jacket, dark gray overcoat, Homburg, white muffler. He unbuttoned the coat while she put on a little dress hat and got into her own coat. At the door he looked at her appreciatively for a moment, then kissed her lightly, and they went on to the elevators.

He had deprecated the cocktail party. "Some friends and one of the senior partners of my firm," he'd said. "Older people. Bear with them for a little while."

He must have known that Jean would find it more than easy to bear with them. A man would not, as Lucy had said, ask just any girl to spend Christmas with him. Also,

Chapter 4

he would not ask just any girl to meet important older friends, let alone a senior member of his firm. It was almost like asking a girl home to meet and be inspected by his family.

In a small but perfect town house in the Seventies, Jean mingled with a score of older people as if she had been born and brought up in such a place. There was pride in Gordon's eyes when he glanced across the room at her.

The senior partner he had mentioned, Mr. Carraway, was very nice. "How did a chump like Gordon get a girl like you?" he demanded jovially. "He doesn't deserve you. Do you, Gordon?"

"No," said Gordon, putting his hand under Jean's arm, "but I won't let that stop me."

"Eh?" said Mr. Carraway, whose hearing was a little dim.

"I said, No, sir," said Gordon loudly. "Jean, I'd like you to meet . . ." Another middle-aged couple had come into the room, florid-faced from the cold outside.

Altogether it was an undoubted success. "You were swell about it," Gordon told her in the taxi he had ordered to wait. "A baby like you, with the older generation."

"Well, they were nice to me," said Jean. Charlemont and the mess she had fled from seemed very far away.

They went to a restaurant listed only in fine print in the New York directory, but more written about, perhaps, than any other in the land. It was small and hushed, and seemed to have more waiters than there were tables, and a girl taken to a place like this can mention it afterward as she might wear an orchid. Again, it was the sort of place to which a man would not take just any girl.

She glanced around at others in the room, most of them older, some with faces vaguely familiar to her. And Gordon followed her glance and smiled.

"I am a snob," he said cheerfully. "I didn't have much when I was a kid. I dreamed of places like this, and people like the crowd at the cocktail party. I told myself I'd be with such people, in such places, some day. So I shoehorned into a big Eastern college and worked my way through law school. Boy, did I work! And I've worked since. I've gotten some of what I wanted."

"You want more?" Jean asked.

"A great deal more. I want what old Carraway's got. And I'll have it, too, before I'm done." For an instant his face was almost bleak with his resolve. Then he laughed and shrugged. "And you? What do you want, Jean Morse?"

It set her back for a moment. What *did* she want? She had been left without a goal for a while, without an answer to such a question. Six months ago she'd known. She wanted to marry into the Marchants and be "in places like this" herself. She decided now that probably she still wanted something of the kind, though not with the intensity she had felt that Friday evening by the pool.

"I'm much like you, I guess," she said. "I want nice things. And yet . . . I don't want to pay too high a price for them. There are other considerations, too—things you can't see or touch." She surprised herself a bit; she would not have thought to say that half a year ago.

"To be corny," Gordon suggested lightly, "such things as love?"

"To be corny," she laughed softly back, "yes."

"A highly overrated force," he said, straight-faced.

"A feminine emotion," she said, as solemnly. "Men wouldn't know anything about it."

Then they both laughed, and he reached over to touch her hand, and the wine steward came with a bottle in a bucket of ice that probably did its share to make the check, when it was finally presented, look like the quarterly payment on some one's income tax.

He had tickets to "Pacific," and Jean widened her eyes like a small girl and said, "Gee! This is a Christmas!"

"A day that should be spent in the bosom of your family," said Gordon. "But we'll do our poor best to substitute."

"What would be a sample of your *best best*?" Jean inquired, and he grinned, pleasantly flattered by her appreciation.

However, for a little while the evening went flat for Jean. A day to be spent in the bosom of your family. She should have gone home, probably. But to face the stares and slights of those who had once been friendly to her in Charlemont . . .

Oh, stop it! she told herself. That's dead and gone. And people here are not so narrow. They wouldn't act like that.

Or—would they? Suppose, Jean mused, she should tell Gordon all about it. Present the facts, as she had tried to present them to Arny Williams, for example. Would he believe her?

"Cold?" Gordon asked solicitously.

"No. Why?"

"I thought you shivered."

"Some one walking over my grave," said Jean. And they went into the theater.

"And now," said Gordon, as the cab inched off with them in the after-theater crush, "I have designs on you."

"I wondered when you were going to bring up the subject of rare old prints," Jean murmured demurely.

"I wanted to ply you with rich food and expensive liquors first." He leered. "How about coming up to my apartment for a small sip of champagne?"

Jean doubled her hand into a fist and studied it. "I'd love to," she said.

By now she could have drawn in her mind the sort of building Gordon would live in and the sort of rooms he would have. A big, exclusive apartment house in mid-Manhattan a little east of Fifth. Three rooms or maybe four, including a full-fledged dining room used possibly three times a year. A decorator's job with lots of leather, and a few good reproductions of Picassos and/or Gauguins on the walls.

"It's nice," she said, letting Gordon take her coat.

"It's Plate #9, sample bachelor's apartment, and you know it," he retorted. "But I ask business friends here, and they sort of expect it. So everybody's satisfied."

"What would you have if you were left alone?"

Gordon spread his hands. "All right. I surrender. I'd have something much like this, I guess."

Jean sat down on an oversized divan with a flowered slip cover to match the draperies, and Gordon poured into two glasses from a bottle no less impressive than the one at the restaurant.

"A Christmas gesture," he said, nodding at the glasses. "You needn't drink any if you feel you've had enough."

He sat down in a maroon leather chair at the end of the coffee table, near her on the divan, but still a separate resting place. Jean was glad of that. After all, it was the first time she had been in a man's apartment, though she had no intention of letting this be known. He raised his glass and she raised hers; she'd had very little to drink during the evening, as a matter of fact.

"To you," he said. And then, "To us."

He set his glass down and offered her a cigarette. It was very still up in the apartment, with the street noises muffled in the snow below.

"I am thirty-six," he said. "I hadn't thought of it much before, because I've been working so hard to get where I want to be. But I've been thinking of it lately. That's too long to be alone."

"Not too long," said Jean, "if you haven't even bothered to think of it before."

He grinned. "You wouldn't know. You are an infant. Twenty? Twenty-two? Though you do have more poise—and reserve—than most girls your age."

He finished his glass. He had drunk quite a little, all in all, but it didn't show.

"When you've been alone since you were seventeen you get so used to it that you don't notice much. But finally it begins to catch up to you. You see your friends, married or . . ." He waved his hand. "Everybody seems to have a girl but yourself."

Jean was silent, not finding anything immediate to say. It seemed to her that his words were something to study for a while.

Gordon appeared to be waiting for a reply, and when one didn't come he got up and poured himself more champagne. When he came back he stood at the end of the divan a moment, and then leaned over the arm. He kissed the curve of her shoulder and the tip of her ear, and her cheek. And then he kissed her lips.

They had kissed before, but not quite in this manner. Jean was still an instant and then drew swiftly back, staring at him guardedly, questioningly.

He stepped away at once. "I thought you'd look at me like that," he said.

"Then why do it?" Jean asked quietly.

"A man has to find out." He shrugged and smiled.

"You mean—that was some sort of test?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" protested Gordon. "Look here—I wouldn't insult you like that!" But a glint of satisfaction and respect in his eyes belied the protest.

Jean sipped her drink. Lately she had got the impression that he was studying her, watching her. It was exciting in a way, even flattering, but it was not quite as flattering and exciting as blind trust would have been.

She felt suddenly a little tired. "If you don't mind," she said, "I think I'll call it a Christmas and run along."

Gordon took Jean out Christmas and twice between that day of celebration and New Year's. After that he called her several times a week. It was Lucy now who most often went out in the winter cold to a movie or curled up in bed, door closed, with a book.

"He's going to ask you to marry him," she said. "That's for sure. Will you invite me to the wedding?"

"Don't be previous," said Jean. But she felt as Lucy did, and the prospect filled her with a scramble of emotions.

If Gordon did propose, what then? Jean felt she ought to tell him about Charlemont; in fact, she'd have to tell him. The lie must come out sometime if she were his wife. And what would his reaction be to the story? She shook her head; she simply couldn't guess. All she knew was that the scandal was not a thing to shake as lightly as she first had thought. She'd fled from it, yes; but it had followed close behind her.

It was in February that Gordon asked her to marry him. She might have known the way of it would be almost casual, without embarrassment.

They'd had a quiet evening, going to an Italian movie near the Fifties, walking up Park Avenue from dinner step-for-step. The wind had tumbled her fine dark hair back from her winter-tinted face, and Gordon had done more looking at her than talking to her. Then back to the girls' apartment, with Lucy smiling at the two of them and re-treating to the bedroom.

Gordon said when they'd hardly sat down on the daybed, "Here's a thing I picked up yesterday. You might be interested." And he took a ring box from his coat pocket and opened it.

Jean stared, amazed. A sapphire, big as a pea, it seemed, with a small but wonderful diamond on each side.

"It was designed," said Gordon, "to fit this particular finger." He moved the ring toward the third finger of her left hand, but stopped with it an inch away. "Well?" he said softly.

Jean did not know what to say. Though it had not been sudden from the viewpoint of being unexpected, it had been sudden as far as this particular evening went.

Gordon mistook her hesitation; he couldn't read her mind, after all.

"I know I haven't been too deft about it," he said, humbly for him. "I haven't gone down on one knee, or thought up a preamble. I haven't even asked you in so many words to marry me. I thought the ring would do it for me. But I do now. Marry me, Jean. I want you."

"It isn't that," said Jean. She got up from the couch and walked away from him. She could feel his eyes on her back. She stood facing away from him for a moment and then turned. She had to tell him. Of course she had to tell him.

"There's something you don't know about me, Gordon. The reason why I'm in New York in the first place. The reason why I left my home town. It's Charlemont, by the way."

"Charlemont?" Gordon frowned. "Oh, yes. Lake shore. Western part of the state. But why—"

"I ran away from Charlemont. And I can't go back. At least I couldn't go back and live a normal life."

She told him, then.

"So?" said Gordon. He was sitting very still on the daybed, ring held forgotten between his thumb and forefinger.

"So some one started the story that I was the girl. There's a shadow on the Morse escutcheon, Gordon. Shadow? An ink blot as big as a blanket."

Gordon sat there looking at her, ring glinting in his hand.

"Well?" said Jean, voice cracking slightly.

He held his arms out then. "It isn't true. I don't care what anybody says. A whole town can say it. It isn't true."

Jean felt weak with the relief of it. And she went to him, and it was as sweet a thing as she had ever known to feel his arms close around her. She hadn't realized how afraid she'd been that he would not believe her.

She smiled, a little damply. "I won't wear the ring—I want you to think it over for a few days. But if you want to, you can put it on for now."

In answer, he slid the ring on. And it was characteristic of Gordon Abel and everything pertaining to him that it fitted perfectly. . . .

"My goodness!" Lucy said, a little later. "It's as big as a cobblestone."

Jean tilted it, and blue-white from the diamonds mingled with blue from the sapphire.

"Here," said Lucy. "Save money. Turn the light out and I'll read by that." She sighed. "May I be a bridesmaid?"

Jean looked at her. Lucy was glad for her, and her congratulations were sincere. And yet . . . She said, "Lucy, would you trade the kind of ring Dick Turner can afford, for this?"

"What a question! Dick hasn't even offered a ring yet."

"If he did?"

"We can't all attract Gordon Abels," Lucy said.

Jean took the ring off when she went to bed. She shrank oddly from taking it to bed with her. "Positively Freudian," she scoffed at herself. Yet that was how she felt. If it had been a little one, the sort a Dick Turner might provide, that would be different. But why, she could not have explained.

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Gordon, taking it for granted that Jean would say yes, had asked her to celebrate with him three nights later—he would give her that much time, he said, to grab hold of her maidenly modesty and bat its ears down. He had also invited Lucy. For dinner only, he added frankly, after which she was to make her nice self scarce while he and Jean went on alone.

That evening Jean and Lucy hurried home from the office and began their gilding rites. Black tie, Gordon had said; they would celebrate in style.

"I haven't a thing to wear," Lucy fluttered. "Goodness, Jean, how can you be so calm?"

"I'm not calm," Jean answered. "The only thing is—I haven't yet really said I'd marry him."

"For the love of heaven—why not?"

"Well, I just haven't. . . ."

She had told him of the scandal; she had taken that hurdle, and he had believed her. What more was she waiting for? Had she any idea in advance about the phone call from Charlemont? She did not really think so, later. She'd had no reason to, no warning of any kind. It hit her like a sandbag when it came.

"For you," said Lucy from the living room. "Long distance."

"Long distance?" Jean repeated.

"I think it's your home town. Thought I heard one of the operators say 'Charlemont.'"

Jean picked up the receiver and for a moment could not say "Hello." It would have to be from home, and neither her father nor her mother would phone her lightly. Something alarming must have happened . . . some illness . . . some . . .

"Hello," she said.

Her father's deep, blurry voice sounded in her ear. "Jean? Darling, this is Dad."

"I know. It's so good to hear your voice. But . . . has something happened?"

"Yes, in a way," said Sanford Morse. He hesitated, too. "I don't quite know how to put it, and I certainly don't know what it means. But I suppose you know all about it. . . ."

"All about what?"

"The man that has been calling on neighbors along Teaberry Street."

"Man? Calling on the neighbors?"

"Then you don't know? That's odd."

"Tell me about it."

"This man," said Sanford. "From New York. Asking about the—trying to get people to talk about that auto smashup last year, and Ed Fellowes, and the girl with him."

For a moment Jean stared at the phone with her mouth open. Then slowly she closed it.

"What is it?" whispered Lucy. "What's wrong? Why are you looking like that?"

"This man," Jean said to her father. "What is he like? I didn't know about it till now, Dad."

"I rather gathered that he was an investigator," Sanford's voice came. "You know—a private detective."

"Thanks, darling," Jean said steadily. "Thanks very much. The man? Don't bother about him. He'll leave Charlemont very soon, without asking any more questions. I'll write you later. I love you. Good-by."

She sat there, very still, with her hand on the phone she had just cradled.

"Jean! You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Whatever it was, it can't be that bad. Go put some color on. Gordon will be here for the celebration in a few minutes—"

"There won't be any celebration," Jean said. And, barely audibly, "A private detective!"

"What?" said Lucy, staring.

"Nothing."

They sat there, Jean staring at the phone, Lucy staring bewilderedly at Jean. And then the doorbell rang, three short gay ones and a very long one. Lucy looked questioningly at Jean but she still sat there, so Lucy went to the door.

"Hello, hello," said Gordon. "One for each of you. But you won't be put out, Lucy, if I give the first one to Jean? How are you, infant? You—" He stopped, half bent to kiss her.

Jean turned her head up then, and looked at him. Her eyes seemed jet black in the shaded light from the table lamp.

"What's up?" asked Gordon. But his eyes were suddenly veiled and the line of his jaw was sharp.

"So you believed me the other night," said Jean. "You believed every word I said. You believed me so utterly that you hired detectives to check my story in Charlemont."

"Now, Jean—"

"Oh, don't deny it," said Jean raggedly.

"I had no intention of denying it." Gordon spoke in the quiet, reasonable tone one would use with a child. "Yes, I sent a man to Charlemont—a singularly inept one, it would seem. But that had nothing to do with whether or not I believed you. It was a thing that had to be done, that was all."

"Was it?"

"Of course. I asked you to be my wife. Background, past, home town, family—all come with you. And as my wife you will have a position to maintain in a conservative circle. This lie will come out sometime—you know that. And when it does, I want some definite disproof, some tangible evidence to show. Yes, I believe you, but others must believe you, too."

"It isn't enough that you believe me?"

"Every one would say, 'Of course he thinks it's a lie. He is her husband, after all.' But I want Carraway, and the Hesslers, and Forman, Forman and Kent and McAlister and every one else to know it's a lie. That's why I hired—"

"And if your man had found out that it wasn't a lie? You took a risk there, didn't you?" Jean's tone was more level than his own.

"Risk? Of course there was no risk! You couldn't possibly be the shady little coward who was in that car that night."

They stared at each other—the man who wanted to know precisely what he was getting with the marriage vows, and the girl, white-faced, who would no longer accept caution or temporizing. I suppose I have a broken heart, Jean told herself. And it ought to hurt. But it doesn't. I'm just kind of numb.

She took the ring off.

"Now, Jean, don't act like a child. I'll call the man off at once, dear, if you don't want to have this cleared up for your own peace of mind—"

She passed the ring over to him, twin diamonds melting with the blue stones in the center. This could become a habit, she thought, this passing back large chunks of jewelry-store window. And she thought: I guess I never did love him, which is nice to know. I don't even know, now, how I came to think I did.

She did know, though. He stood there even now not seeming awkward nor taken unaware, perfectly controlled, a man to make any girl think that she could love him, if he cared to extend himself as he had with Jean.

He said, "I'll call tomorrow. I can tell you've just learned this and it has knocked you all in a heap. But if you think it over, you'll see I'm right—"

Jean said, "Don't call tomorrow."

"You mean that?" But Gordon Abel could tell she did. He drew a deep breath. "If you were ten years

older . . . But you're not. You're what you are—and what this thing has made you. I didn't know before quite what a bad time you must have had."

He went to the door.

"I feel the same as I did," he told Jean. "If you want to change your mind later . . . Good-bye, my dear. And all the luck."

The door closed quietly, and Jean heard a gasp. Lucy. She had forgotten Lucy was alive, let alone in the same room, as Gordon must have forgotten. Lucy was shaking her head. "Call him back! You can call—"

Jean went to the daybed and sat down, looking at the telephone. "*I rather gathered he was a private detective . . . asking the neighbors questions. . .*"

Lucy sat down in the easy chair opposite the daybed and looked at her roommate. "So that's the nasty knock," she said. "Some scandal back in your home town."

Jean did not say anything, did not look at her. She felt bruised and beaten, more even than she'd felt when she took the train for the anonymous city in the dead of night. But this time there was a cold hardness underneath, a core of ice in the numbness.

"Shady little coward who was in the car that night," Lucy echoed Gordon's words. "What would that mean?"

Jean thought at first that she wouldn't take the trouble to answer. But too much had been said for any more silence. Bluntly, almost indifferently, she explained to Lucy. She didn't even bother to try to make her side sound convincing; she didn't care. And that was a mistake, too—friendship is never a thing to be indifferent about.

Lucy lit a cigarette and looked at her roommate through the smoke. "The pariah from Charlemont. Is that it?"

"That's it," said Jean. She had a hard, choked feeling in her throat. She wished that she could cry.

"What a spot that girl was in! Whoever she was."

"Whoever she was?" repeated Jean, jaw set.

"Now, now, I know it wasn't you. Look—why don't you pile into bed and I'll rake up some supper and bring it to you?"

"I'm not sick."

"I think you are," said Lucy softly. "Sicker than you know. I think you have been for quite some time."

Jean started to snap. "And what would that mean?" but she didn't. She got up and without words tied an apron around her now superfluous party dress. The skin on her finger seemed chilled in a slim band where the ring had been. I ought to be crying, she thought. Why don't I cry?

Chapter 5

The rest of February and the first half of March ground on, and the queer numbness persisted in Jean.

It was good that she was competent at the office, for she would certainly not have gotten by on personality. She went around the place in a still-faced calm that left a little wake of puzzled or resentful silence behind her; and she had no trouble doing as she wished during lunch hours, which was to slip out and eat or shop alone. Nobody, except Lucy now and then, attempted to break into her aloofness.

McAlister said once, "You're from a small town, aren't you, Miss Morse?"

"Yes," she said, looking at her shorthand book.

"Are you homesick?"

"What?" She glanced up in surprise.

"You don't seem to enjoy yourself much. I never see you with the other girls. Trouble?"

"No, Mr. McAlister." She formed a smile. "No trouble. And I'm not homesick."

"Well . . ." McAlister looked at her, and his lips straightened. "Read back what you have on that last letter, please."

Lucy was the only one Jean talked to at all, and that was only because the two were together nightly in the apartment. Jean could have done without this, too; Lucy tried so hard to be considerate and understanding that Jean sometimes felt like screaming at her. It did not make it easier to bear that Jean was convinced Lucy was being hypocritical about it. She grew more and more sure that Lucy really did not believe her about Charlemont.

About the end of March, Jean decided that Lucy had certainly been right when she said it was tricky for two people to share a small apartment. She could be contented by herself, without the company of one whose every look and act hinted at pity for a girl who had made an almost fatally wrong choice and must of course feel guilty now.

"I'm leaving May first," she said one day without preamble. "That gives you over a month's notice."

"You're leaving?" Lucy repeated slowly. "Why?"

"This isn't working out. There's no use going on pretending that it is."

"It's working out as far as I'm concerned."

"That's fine," said Jean. "But there are two here to consider. Remember?"

"You have a place to go?"

"I'll find one easily by then."

"Let's say," suggested Lucy, "that you'll leave by May first if you can find another place. If you can't, you're welcome to stay on."

Jean thought: There it is again, that darned consideration. Humoring the patient. She said dryly, "Thanks, but May first is quite long enough."

A dull flush came to Lucy's cheeks. She'd taken quite a lot, and Jean, after all, was no real concern of hers. "As you pointed out, there are two of us here to consider. I find now that May first is more than long enough. It's too long."

"My thought exactly," said Jean. "We'll make it April first. That's day after tomorrow."

"Why the delay?" said Lucy sarcastically.

"Now, then. Tonight!"

The two stared angrily at each other, and Jean went to the bedroom and got out her suitcases. She began to pack. Lucy got up after a moment and came to the door. "I'm sorry, Jean."

"It's all right. It had to come. I can't go on indefinitely living with someone who could believe I'd done a thing like that."

"Like what?" said Lucy. Then: "Oh, for heaven's sake! You mean the Charlemont thing. Can't you get that out of your mind?"

"I could," said Jean, "if others could."

"Okay," sighed Lucy. "Hug that bed of nails. Run along and be a hermit if you want to. But I'm telling you—you'd better take a brace or you'll find yourself the kind of person other people want to get along without."

Jean got a room near Washington Square, much more expensive than she could afford, but at least a shelter. It's funny, she thought. Something happens, and after that everything goes against you.

It did not occur to her that possibly she was carrying some of her bad luck around with her.

She conceded in the next few weeks that Lucy had been forbearing when she suggested that Jean set no date for leaving the apartment but wait till she'd found another place. Reasonably-priced, decent rooms seemed nonexistent. Jean hunted every evening and found nothing, and she was about ready to start trudging the suburbs when she heard about the boardinghouse from Marty Galen.

Mart was a bubbly kind of youngster, new with Forman, Forman & Kent, and too exuberant or insensitive to be subdued by Jean's reserve. Jean had heard her laughing about this place she stayed in, some kind of boarding-house. A nuthouse, she said—a lot of people in the professions—actors, radio writers, dancers, goons like that. With a landlady everybody felt they must protect instead of defend themselves from.

Jean paid little attention till she overheard Marty say she was leaving the place. That was another matter.

"Is your room spoken for yet?" she asked Marty.

"Why, no. Not as far as I've heard," said Marty.

"I suppose it has been advertised—"

"Mrs. Cramer isn't that practical," Marty laughed. "How she can ever run a business place . . . I'll tell her tonight I have a friend who wants it. Then you can look it over and see—"

"If you say it's a nice clean room, I'll take your word for it," said Jean wearily. "When are you moving out? Saturday morning? I'll come with my bags about noon."

The address was down on Hudson Street, which is not one of New York's most fashionable avenues. Not far from the chipped brownstone was an undertaking establishment, and in the other direction an electric appliance store.

"This it?" the taxi driver asked.

Jean was tempted to say "No," but the idea of doing more room hunting was unendurable. "Yes," she said, and the driver helped her up the steps to the door with her luggage. She rang the bell.

The door opened, and a woman peered out through glasses whose frames had at one time been bent and never straightened correctly, so that the right lens was lower than the left. She had gray hair as fuzzy and unruly as a baby's, and this had been treated with too much bluing last time she had washed it. She was inches shorter than Jean and peered up at her like a sprightly if somewhat vague child.

"Yes?" she said.

"You are Mrs. Cramer?" Jean asked. "I'm Miss Morse. I believe Marty Galen spoke of—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Cramer, and her voice, while high-pitched, was not childish in the least. It was warm and had a sort of gaiety, and when you heard it you did not think of her as being old. "My dear! Come in, come in. You'll want to see it before you decide?"

For an instant, for no reason she could think of, Jean felt like crying. To combat the tears she put an extra crispness in her tone. "I have already decided. I'll take the room, if that's all right with you."

"Of course." Mrs. Cramer opened the door wider and called inside, "John, Biffy, somebody. Oh, you, Arthur."

A large young man in old slacks and sweatshirt appeared in the doorway. He had stiff black hair like a brush and dark gray eyes, and the too-short sleeves of the sweatshirt revealed wrists and parts of forearms that were reasonably muscular.

"Miss Morse, Mr. Gerlock. Arthur, help her upstairs with her bags, dear. Second floor back—Marty's room."

"With pleasure like anything," said Arthur Gerlock, grinning at Jean. "Would your name be April, Miss Morse? You match the day."

Jean looked at him and then at the sweatshirt and slacks. His grin lessened a trifle.

"No," she said, "it's not April. Thanks very much for helping with my things."

At the second floor rear Mrs. Cramer thanked Arthur Gerlock, too, only hers was different and she patted his arm at the conclusion of it. "You be nice to Miss Morse, now," she said, as the big young man went toward the stairs.

"Be glad to," Arthur said, but his gaze was thoughtful as he glanced back at Jean.

The room was small but very nice, and clean as few rooms are. The furnishings were plain but neat, and bright curtains at the windows matched the spread upon the bed.

"You will want a week in advance, of course," said Jean, businesslike and crisp, because her eyelids stung again. "How much is the room?"

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Cramer said. "I have such trouble . . . Does ten dollars seem all right to you?"

An act, thought Jean. The helpless type, so the roomers carry up the bags and probably fix the fuses and the plumbing. She said, "That seems very fair."

Mrs. Cramer beamed through her lopsided glasses. "Will you want meals, dear? Breakfasts? Dinners?"

"I will start with breakfasts and have dinner out," said Jean, shrinking from the thought of crowding in at a table every night with a lot of Arthur Gerlocks. Not that Arthur Gerlock wasn't fairly inoffensive in his large, sweatshirted manner.

She unpacked and spread her things around the room. Downstairs sounded the sudden melancholy wail of an accordion. "For heaven's sake," Jean muttered. "Musicians, too?"

She could foresee a short stay here, with a kindly and no doubt prying landlady, and young men and women friendly—and boring—as so many puppies, and accordions wheezing "Star Dust" at odd hours. . . .

A piano joined the accordion. For a moment she thought it was the radio, but then she realized that it was not; someone was playing with professional excellence, that was all, and now the accordion didn't sound so awful.

Jean had had no lunch and thought she ought to go out for some, but abruptly she felt sleepy. Sleepy and tired, utterly exhausted, and she lay down on the small clean bed. She didn't know why she should feel this way, since it was Saturday and she'd done nothing but pack and unpack. She did not know that emotions, if oppressed and cramped too long, can eventually bring fatigue like no physical labor ever invented.

She slept, and the room was dark when she woke up again.

Jean knew in about twenty-four hours that Mrs. Cramer's house was the last place in the world where she should stay.

Above her was a man named Cantwell who wrote evenings on a high, old-fashioned typewriter that pounded out each letter as if riveting it to the page. Also on the floor above were Anne Spencer, aspiring ballet dancer who practiced even as she walked from chair to washstand; two brothers named Spain who endlessly memorized television lines out loud, and several GI students whom Jean seldom saw but often heard, since they came home late from night jobs with an appropriate clatter of dropped shoes.

On her own floor somewhere was the accordion, which did have the manners to stop at ten o'clock but knew no other limits, and Arthur Gerlock—right next door in fact—who was a bathroom singer, and a couple of girls who were always having other girls in to exclaim over heaven knew what. The piano player had a first-floor room, and Mrs. Cramer let him use the living-room piano, which in exchange he kept tuned, and he practiced and practiced and practiced. And practiced.

And over all, periodically, rose the clamor and commotion of the engines from a firehouse down the street.

However, it was not the noise that bothered her so much as the informality of the place. Really one big family, God forbid, with the living room always crowded and everybody yelling up and down the stairs to everybody else.



That first Sunday breakfast was indicative.

Four or five girls and half a dozen men, including Arthur Gerlock, were around a long table with a snowy cloth, and behind them on a sideboard were big platters with metal domes to keep things warm. It seemed that Mr. Gerlock had come in just before Jean; he was not seated yet.

He waved and said, "Hi," and did the introducing. Anne mumble, Tom and Dennis mumble, mumble mumble, mumble Spain, Horace mumble. Then, "Miss . . .?" A hesitation. "Miss Morse."

Jean nodded and smiled and smiled and nodded and didn't bother with the hint that her first name was desired.

"Sit here," said Arthur. "Next to me. That way I can bark if others try to snatch your food. I'll get you some vitamins." He took her plate and went with it to the sideboard. "Holy smoke! Ham, bacon, sausage! Zedda!"

The kitchen door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman with one of the most forbidding faces Jean had even seen came in.

"Zedda—what about this?" Arthur asked. "Three kinds of stuff, all expensive, with the eggs?"

The grim-faced woman shrugged and said in the softest imaginable voice, "I told Mrs. Cramer. You can't serve breakfasts all ham and sausage, and dinners with roast beef half the time, and charge what we do for meals, I said."

Arthur, looking thoroughly exasperated, came back with Jean's plate and one for himself. "Mrs. Cramer simply will not learn," he explained. "She was left this house in New York, and she came down from Maine or some place to make it a boardinghouse, and I always thought Maine was where the tough ones grew. I don't know how she gets along."

Jean smiled and nodded, keeping her incredulity hidden, and they began talking at her and she was determinedly polite.

Yes, she worked downtown. With Forman, Forman & Kent.

Yes, she came from another town, and she hadn't been here long.

Oh, yes, she liked New York very much.

No, she didn't care for any more breakfast.

Thank heaven, Jean thought in her room, I said I would go out for dinners.

It was impossible to obtain solitude in Mrs. Cramer's boardinghouse, but Jean came as close to it as anybody could have.

Mornings, she hurried in to the dining room and raced through coffee and cereal, smiling and nodding. Evenings, she came home from the office and hurried past the wide living-room door, nodding and smiling to a group invariably in there. Later, when the maximum number of fellow roomers was at the dinner table, she slipped downstairs and out to a dinner by herself. Then sometimes a movie, sometimes just a walk, and a return to Mrs. Cramer's, where she would hurry past the living-room door again, smiling and nodding, and up to the lonely refuge of her room. Week-ends? Well . . . she thought that no one in New York knew more about the Modern Art and Metropolitan Museums than she did.

The one thing left unchanged about Jean was her tone when writing back to Charlemont. Everything was still wonderful and exciting in her letters to her father and mother.

"Dear folks," she wrote. "Saturday evening, and beautiful here in New York. I have had a wonderful day, and in a few minutes will go out with one of the boys in this nice crazy place." She grimaced and wrote at random: "Arthur Gerlock. I don't know if I have mentioned him before. He is with some metals company in Brooklyn, the only one here besides me who does not write or act or sing or something. He is what they call a sales engineer. No, I have not seen Gordon Abel lately. He was very nice, but there was nothing really between us." She was profoundly glad that she had never written of the short-lived engagement. "Lucy? She is full of her plans to marry Dick Turner, and they will want the apartment then. That was why I moved. . . ."

Because it was Saturday night and she did not want the letter held over Sunday, she went out to mail it at once. While she was out she went to a near-by cafeteria for dinner, prolonging it as much as possible and returning to Mrs. Cramer's at a little after nine with the rest of the evening empty before her.

The living room was jumping when she got back in. Everyone who didn't have a date was down there, and apparently a lot were dateless this evening. Or perhaps they preferred the Cramer living room to going out. Jean hurried past the open door without nodding or smiling—there seemed no point in it when there were so many in there, all so busy.

She was halfway up the stairs when the voice came to her—the voice, she thought, of Edgar Spain, a rotund, snub-nosed young man with an elemental sense of humor.

"Ah, the Snow Queen, hurrying to an appointment at the Antarctic. That's colder than the Arctic, I believe? She probably came back to get her ski pants—"

For a moment Jean's steps halted on the stairs; then her feet picked up the rhythm again and she went on. Snow Queen.

She opened the door to her room and flicked the lights on. Small, clean room. Neat and spare, and lonely. She lay face down on the bed, and now, after all this time, the tears finally came. All the things she had to cry about—the bitter trial back in Charlemont, Dave Marchant, Lucy, Gordon Abel, her acid loneliness—ganged up on her and assaulted her in an overwhelming wave.

It was awful. She cried as she hadn't cried since she was ten. She shook with her sobs, face buried in her pillow so that she shouldn't draw the whole house down on her. Everything came out, and she wished in that moment that she could die.

She was so occupied that she didn't hear her door open. The first she knew that she was not alone was when someone touched her shoulder. She looked up and saw Arthur Gerlock's face, anxious under his stiff black brush of hair, and the unexpectedness of it stopped her for a moment.

She glared tearfully. "Don't you usually knock when you c-come into a room?"

Arthur drew back, not unnaturally injured. "I did, but you were making such a racket I guess you didn't hear. My! You haven't had much practice at crying, have you? I never saw a girl do it worse. If you could see your nose, and your eyelids."

"Then why don't you go out and let me do it alone—" Jean began. The shaking caught up with her again, and Arthur sat down on the bed and drew her face down against his shoulder, and for a little while she didn't care how it might look or what he might be thinking.

At last she sat up and reached blindly for his handkerchief. She poked at her eyes and blew her nose. "Thanks. I'm all right now."

"I don't see how you could be, so soon, after so much," said Arthur, watching her wield the handkerchief. "What was it all about, anyhow?"

"Nothing," said Jean.

"Nothing, she says. I'd hate to see you with something really the matter. Come on, tell Uncle Art."

"There's nothing the matter!" Jean colored a little at the tone of her voice. This man, this Mr. Gerlock, had been rather nice, hearing her cry and coming in. . . . "It's just not a thing I want to talk about," she amended.

"Well, that's your privilege," said Arthur equably. "I'll be darned!"

"What?" said Jean, finishing up with the handkerchief.

"You look pretty even with a pink nose. I wouldn't have thought it could be done."

She found herself smiling a little. "Are you Mrs. Cramer's trouble-shooter?" she asked. "Is it your job to come to the aid of girls in tears?"

"Yep," said Arthur. "I lend them handkerchiefs, and then I take them out for a long walk and a lot of conversation. It's interesting work."

"If you can get it," said Jean. But he did seem nice, and she was lonely. "Do you suppose we could sneak past that darned living-room door without too many seeing?"

He gave her a quick look and then grinned. "There's no real reason to, but we can go out the kitchen door if you like. Come on, hat and wrap, Snow Queen."

"Oh, don't!" Jean exclaimed.

"So that's what teed you off. You did hear. But it's a rather pretty name, Snow Queen, particularly when it's plain at a glance that you have nothing to do with snow. Let's go."

Chapter 6

The May night was warm and very still, with a laziness in the lamplit air that toned down even the outcries of boys playing in the street. The stars were thick

as sequins on an evening gown.

They took a bus to Central Park and started walking south on upper Fifth Avenue. "Feeling better?" Arthur asked.

"Yes." Jean was, too. A lot of things had been loosened in that delayed tidal wave of tears. This Arthur Gerlock seemed nice, too. He took her arm to help her across streets, and for the rest, let her alone.

A window in a big new jewelry store caught their eyes. Gold and crystal, diamond and silver.

"A bauble for milady's hair." Arthur read the tag on a barrette. "Sixteen hundred dollars, plus tax. That does it. If it weren't for the tax, I'd buy you that."

"Thanks," said Jean. Her nose had lost its pinkness, that color having shifted to her soft cheeks. "It's just what a girl needs for the office."

"You don't mind getting me that platinum cigarette case so I can put up a good appearance, too?"

"Not at all. Unless you'd rather have the watch that tells time in London, Bombay and New York."

They laughed and sauntered on. Forget Charlemont, Jean told herself. Forget everything, at least for a little while.

"How the other half lives," said Arthur carelessly. "I'm a peasant, I guess. I can't think of anything less important than that stuff back there. I don't believe I'd think of things like that even if I had the money to afford 'em."

"Perhaps you will have it, one day," said Jean. Remembering the bleak look of resolve on Gordon Abel's face when he spoke of having things, she glanced up curiously at Arthur.

His face, a rather craggy, lean-cheeked face, remained as careless as his voice. "Perhaps. Who knows? Or cares? I mean to get a good deal out of life, but it won't have much to do with money."

"That doesn't sound ambitious."

"Oh, but I'm very ambitious. I want the best. Of the necessities."

"What do you call necessities?"

"I'll have to stop and think," said Arthur with a laugh. "I'm not much on introspection or philosophy. Let's see. . . . A girl, the very best there is. Good home, whether it's a two-room walkup or a six-room ranch-type house. Good food, well cooked. Good books, good friends. Good kids."

"Good guns and tanks?" said Jean, and then regretted throwing in such a remark.

Arthur only shrugged. "Could be. Some things it's profitless to think about."

"I'm sorry."

"Doesn't matter. They come or they don't. What do you want?"

It was the second time Jean had been asked that since fleeing Charlemont, and now she was even less prepared to

answer than she'd been when Gordon had asked her. Her old sense of values had not been just submerged; it had been obliterated, annihilated.

"I'm not very philosophical, either," she evaded.

"Oh, come on. Give it a whirl."

She tried paraphrasing his own words. A man? She remembered Dave and Gordon. Sure I believe you. I believe you utterly. But—

A home? Well, possibly, if it could be off by itself, able to be shut tightly against invasion.

Friends? She had had friends, quite a lot of them. And how had they stood by her?

Children? That presumed the existence somewhere of a man who accepted her for what she said she was instead of for what a community said she was—

"Better skip it," she heard Arthur say. She looked up at his face and saw a faint grin there. "It's too nice a night to think of things that make you look like that."

They went on, and at least Jean was beginning to know what she did not want—or at any rate what she had become fairly indifferent to—it was *things*. The lavish lovely "things" along this street, for example. The exquisite dresses and accessories; the furs, the subtle and expensive glass and leather. They were pleasing to the eye, and if they came some day, why, that would be nice; but it had been a while since she had indulged in the material day-dreams that had pleased her when she thought of being Mrs. David Marchant. Or, later, Mrs. Gordon Abel.

It was all confused in her mind, and perhaps the vague, half-formed conclusions were unfair. But she had them just the same: In a time of crisis, things, and those who could provide them, had somehow let her down.

Arthur was looking at the endless night hung in perspective with its stars, and at the patterns of the lights up in the lofty buildings, and his expression was that of a contented and adjusted young man.

"I was born in New York," he said. "I've heard others talk of smaller towns they come from, and they can make them sound pretty nice. But I don't think they could be nicer than this."

"For children?" asked Jean.

"Kids get along all right. We don't have the green fields and haystacks, but we have the big school gyms and swimming pools, and our sidewalks are as good to roller-skate on as yours. I say 'yours'—I don't know whether you're small-town or not."

"You think you're smart, don't you?" said Jean. "Wrapping your leading questions up like that."

Arthur laughed again. "You needn't answer till you see your lawyer."

"Well, I did come from a small town. I did have the green fields to play in, if not so many haystacks. And woods . . . There was one woodlot that had a little hidden clearing in it, and that was my private deer park."

"Sounds nice," said Arthur.

"It was—once," said Jean. "Look—we're down to Forty-second. These little up-and-down blocks!"

"Yeah. You can walk twenty of them in about that many minutes. Makes you feel athletic and important. You're thinking of moving from Mrs. Cramer's, aren't you?"

"Now the shock technique," Jean murmured. "You should be a district attorney."

"Not if I had to tangle with you. You're too sharp."

"Yes, I was thinking of moving from Mrs. Cramer's. I don't think anyone would mourn the loss."

"I could say, 'Of course they would.' But I won't." Arthur lit his pipe, cupping his hands against the breeze.

"You mean I have been blackballed?" asked Jean, discovering that she felt less light about it than the tone would indicate.

"You've blackballed yourself. Not permanently, if that interests you. But certainly as of now. I never saw a girl make it more plain that she could get along without people."

"It's such a . . . a noisy crowd," said Jean.

"And you're so delicate, so fragile," sighed Arthur.

She was angry for a moment, then realized that she was supposed to be. She was being maneuvered.

"And of course you're afraid of them," taunted Arthur.

"I am not!"

"You're scared of death of that living room full of people."

"Now I'm supposed to say, 'All right, I'll show you.'"

"And what *are* you going to say?"

"All right, I'll show you."

"That's the girl," said Arthur. "And now—enough walking?"

They took a bus back from Thirty-sixth, and though Jean had set her jaw for a trip past that living-room door, Arthur led the way back to the kitchen again so that she passed no one.

Mrs. Cramer was in the kitchen now as well as Zedda, her woman-of-all-work. The employee was obviously giving her employer what-for as Jean and Arthur came into the kitchen.

"But, Zedda," Mrs. Cramer was saying, peering mildly through her lopsided glasses. "Those scraps! We don't serve lunches, so we can't use them for that. And there's not nearly enough for dinner. So why not—"

"Sandwiches at eleven o'clock at night! And coffee—you know how much coffee costs now—"

"Hello, Arthur," Mrs. Cramer said, looking relieved that the two had come in. "Hello, dear," to Jean. "My, you look nice."

Jean doubted that; she could feel the flyaway disarray of her hair, and she was sure she hadn't enough lipstick on. But under Mrs. Cramer's approving gaze she felt as if she looked nice, which is half the battle.

Mrs. Cramer said rather hastily, "Coffee and sandwiches in the living room, if you want a snack," and she went out with a guilty side glance at Zedda.

"How much?" Arthur said to Zedda.

"At least three dollars," Zedda grumbled in the soft sweet voice that went so oddly with her forbidding face.

"I'll get the crowd to kick in. That woman! She doesn't know what time it is."

Zedda bristled instantly. It was apparent that if any one were going to criticize Mrs. Cramer it would be she. "She's fine. They don't make human beings any better."

"Did I say they did? But you know as well as I do that she doesn't make a dime out of this place. And she ought to build up some reserve. What she'd ever do if real trouble came along—"

Zedda stared curiously at him. "You think she wouldn't know how to handle trouble? Mrs. Cramer?"

"Well, would she?"

"Didn't you know about her husband? And her son? But I guess you don't. I guess nobody knows around here now but me. She don't talk about it."

"What about 'em?" Arthur said.

"Mr. Cramer, he had a hotel in Maine. A big hotel—he was a pretty rich man. But after it took him six years to die, in the biggest and most expensive hospitals, there was no money at all left. That was about 1944, a little after Mrs. Cramer got the telegram from the War Department about her boy being killed."

Jean felt as if the short, blunt statement had been a club, knocking the breath out of her.

"Why, that's awful!" she said. "Husband, son and fortune, all taken from her at once! It's a wonder she didn't go crazy."

"She sort of did, for a while," said Zedda. "I was with her—I've worked for the Cramers a long time. But then she came out of it, and you know how it is—trouble can either break you or make you big. It made her big. You almost can't do anything to hurt her now, because when you're mean you can see her thinkin': 'She's been hurt or disappointed, and I know how *that* is.' Only thing is, now she does too much and gives too much. Coffee a dollar a pound, almost. . . ."

Zedda went grumbling back to her magazine. After a moment Arthur drew a deep breath and said, "Want your coffee and sandwiches in here?"

"What?" said Jean. "Trouble can either break you or make you big. . . . 'Oh. No. In the living room.'"

It took a while for the numbness to leave Jean, and longer for the hard chill underneath to soften. They did, but she was not yet a well girl when May faded into June. Because she had not yet solved any part of the Charlemont riddle.

She had been away from home almost a year. She knew her father and mother were anxious to see her, and she was just as lonesome for them. And she would have to go back for a visit sometime. But week by week she put it off, and every time she thought of running the gantlet of her home-town streets again, she felt ill. That nightmare had not faded with time's passage.

However, she had made her peace here. She lunched often with a reconciled Lucy or with the other girls downtown. At Mrs. Cramer's she was acceptable to the crowd, if still not entirely accepted. The scars were healing, after a fashion; she was slowly becoming herself again. But not herself in the sense that she was becoming again the girl who had gone dreamily to the glade on that portentous Friday night, for she was becoming a different Jean Morse. A kinder, wiser, more tolerant Jean Morse, although she was not at all aware of this herself.

Arthur Gerlock had helped. He had been very nice to her—and at the same time nice to himself!

For Art was at a loose end, too. There had been girls, but no one girl; at twenty-six he'd had little spare time or money, until now. Now he could loosen up a bit, and here was this Jean Morse, a swell girl once she'd started to get over whatever it was that had made her clam up like that, and furthermore a very attractive girl.

The stars were more propitious than Jean and Arthur knew, though it is probable that anywhere, under any circumstances, they would have been attracted to each other. So they'd been much together, with a light kiss at her door when Arthur brought her back—and lately not so light. And when they didn't see each other Jean began to find the evening rather empty.

She also found herself beginning to think a lot about Arthur when she was not with him—the way his stiff black hair stuck up, the easy way he walked, almost slouching, but covering a lot of territory—just as, she imagined, he would do his work: efficiently, swiftly, but with an appearance of ease. She wondered if she weren't thinking a little too much about him; but then, she told herself, it was only a nice friendship, easily controlled.

This was the way things were the night he met her at the office, bursting with his good news.

Miss Hastings, in the Forman, Forman & Kent ante-room, phoned in to Jean that there was someone to see her; Jean, who had been about to leave anyhow, shook back her hair and put on her light coat and went out.

"Art!" she exclaimed. He'd never called there before.

"Hello," he said. "You busy? But you can't be. Not tonight. We're due to celebrate."

"If she is busy," said Miss Hastings, "possibly some other arrangement can be made." She gazed approvingly at Art, and Jean conceded that he did look awfully nice.

with his gray flannel suit not hiding the fact that he had a durable frame, and with his lean face fresh-colored with an inner happiness.

Jean made a face at Miss Hastings. "I saw him first. He's mine. Come on, Art—this place is full of pitfalls for unwary young men."

"Yay, pitfalls," Art said, going to the door.

In the street below Jean said, "What is it? Goodness! You look as if you'd received the whole treeful of presents."

"I just about have," said Art. "You may congratulate me. I can now buy another suit. I will now make almost as much as diggers of ditches and hewers of wood. I got a raise."

"Oh, Art, I'm so glad," said Jean.

"Furthermore," said Art, "I got a promotion. We have in our staid outfit an arrangement called junior and senior salesmen. I am now, gray hairs and all, a senior salesman."

"Should I call you 'Mr.'?" Jean asked solemnly.

"Certainly. From now on, first names are only for lettering on private-office doors. Well, no. . . . That won't come for a while yet. Come on—we'll have a cocktail. Maybe two."

They went to the St. Regis. Jean wanted to go home first and change to something better, but Art insisted no one would notice what she wore, anyhow, and he was approximately correct. In the cocktail lounge quite a few looked at the face of the tallish girl with the dark cloud of hair and the clear dark eyes, and few noted her plain business dress.

Art took her hand as they sat down, and Jean felt a tingle from it. He held her hand while he ordered, and patted it before he let it go.

"I think you're my luck piece," he said.

"Tell me about it, Art."



Actually, he said, there was not too much to tell. The raise would not put him in a high-income bracket; probably he'd never be in one. But it showed that the company was satisfied with his work, and this was one of the things really important to him—to do good work.

Jean looked at him, dark eyes showing that she was proud of him; and he looked at her, and the words were stilled on his lips and his eyes took on a startled expression. At least it seemed that way for a moment, but then it was gone and Jean thought she must have been mistaken.

They had two cocktails, which was one more than Jean had allowed herself before, and she was feeling gay and easy and she guessed Art was, too, for he said, "Dance! That's what's for us. We'll go to a night club."

"Oh, no!" said Jean. "You could pay Mrs. Cramer for a week for what you'd have to put out."

"You forget," said Art, "that you are talking to a man of wealth."

They went back to Mrs. Cramer's—this time Jean insisted that she would have to slick up. And in her room, with a pleasant excitement exaggerating the pulse beat in her throat, Jean thought of how Art might be if he were a man of wealth. Exactly as he was now, she decided. If he had a lot, or he had a little—no one, including Art, would care.

"I guess it was worth the delay," said Art, staring at her when she came out of her room.

She had on her white sharkskin, with the fabric little whiter than she was herself and certainly no smoother. Her hair looked dark as jet compared with all the whiteness, and the color in her cheeks was beautiful.

Art kissed her, and Jean drew back in a pretended flutter that perhaps was not all pretended. "It seems to me you have been doing that a lot lately."

"Not enough," said Art, approaching again. She ducked, and they went laughing down the stairs.

"You are certainly not the girl you were two months ago," said Art, outside.

"Well, you're not the man you were two months ago."

"I believe," said Art slowly, "that you may be more right than you know. Or than I ever intended."

Jean started lightly to ask what he meant by that, but abruptly didn't. She was not completely sure that she liked the way things were. . . .

She wouldn't let him take a cab this time. "You're going to need all your gold for later," she said. "I'd hate to have to bail you out with my wrist watch."

The night club they chose wasn't quite that grand, but it was a nice place—in the Fifties, with a doorman and a velvet rope and everything. They danced to the music of a small but excellent orchestra. Jean had danced with Arthur only once before and had almost forgotten how well they went together.

"We could make a living this way," Art said. "With you, I can do steps I didn't even know I knew."

Jean didn't answer. She'd discovered that she was shrinking from the end of the number, when his arm would be taken from around her, and that was not good. A prickle of alarm went over her. Not again, she whispered to herself. Oh, not again. I can't get involved with any— Not after what has happened.

"We do all right," she said at length, and Arthur slowed his merry gyrations to look at her in surprise.

"Did I step on your foot?"

"No. Why?"

"Well . . . Nothing."

Art grinned again and, at the table, continued their mad spree by ordering steak. For two.

"You can't!" said Jean. "Look at the price!"

"You mustn't try to save me money," Art retorted. "A man worries when a girl tries to save him money. It might mean that she was—"

He stopped. He lit a cigarette and put the match in the exact center of the ashtray, and then he looked at her. "It wouldn't mean that, would it?"

"I have no idea what you're thinking," Jean said as lightly as she could. "But whatever it is—no. Certainly not."

That was a dinner drawn out as few have been drawn out. The small orchestra left, and the big, regular orchestra came. They played, and Jean and Arthur danced. And the warmth from his hand holding hers seemed to go all up and down her arm, and his cheek against her hair was nicer than any touch that she had ever known before.

She went with the current richly and obliviously till nearly twelve. It was then, in the middle of a rumba, that Arthur said in a queer, muted voice, "I'm very much afraid that this is it! I thought so earlier. For a minute, and then told myself it wasn't. But it is!"

"The music," Jean said desperately. "They're going to broadcast. The waiter said they— They're hooking up the microphone now."

Art just said, "So they are," and suddenly she felt his lips brush her temple, and she thought the way her knees felt, that she wasn't going to be able to keep up.

"I'd like to do a little broadcasting now," said Art. "Not that I'm too hopeful. I'm terrified. Matter of fact, I can't believe I'd have the luck to—"

"We've danced enough," said Jean swiftly. "Please, Art, we've danced enough."

He looked at her again, and obviously he was hurt. "Please?" she said.

"Of course." His voice was quiet. He led her toward their table. "I should have known. But I did think I felt it in you, too, when we danced. . . ."

He paid the check, and the holiday mood was gone. He kept looking at her, perplexed and at a loss, and Jean did not know what to say.

It isn't that I don't want to fall in love with you, she thought, but I can't. There are reasons. . . .

She couldn't say a thing like that without going on and giving the reasons. Art wouldn't let her stop at that. And when she remembered the reaction to those reasons she had twice seen in a man's eyes, she had difficulty breathing.

She had to get into her own room, where she could be alone, away from Art, away from the warmth and sweetness in him. But she shrank from the trip home. Art wouldn't take a bus, and she could not now turn elfin and suggest walking all that way when she had just intimated that she was too tired to dance. It meant a cab, and they would be alone together in the little cubicle, and if he so much as touched her hand she was afraid of what her response might be.

However, Art was not like that. He sat apart from her, and some of his bewilderment was evident.

"We were dancing together like one person," he said, "till I started popping off. But I didn't think I'd annoy you by saying what I did. A girl isn't usually annoyed when a man starts to say he has just found out he loves her. Because that was what I meant to say. I guess you know that."

Jean bit her lip hard.

"The ardent declaration would not have been just a proposition," he said, with a small laugh that punished Jean as much as him. "It would have been followed by an honorable proposal. But I guess, at that, a dance floor was not the place."

"It wasn't that—" Jean began impulsively.

"Yes?" said Art.

"Nothing."

The cab deposited them at Mrs. Cramer's, and now Jean's heart began to thump with a new dread: He certainly wouldn't try to kiss her at her door tonight, would

he? He'd be too annoyed for that, wouldn't he? He had to be, that was all.

"It's been awfully nice," she said in a firm voice on the way up the front steps. "And I'm so glad you got a raise."

"Well, thanks," said Art. And Jean could see that now he was thoroughly angry.

"You needn't come to my door with me."

"Think nothing of it. It is—let's see—about twelve and a half feet from my door to yours. I can manage that."

Jean wished his tone could make her angry, too, but she couldn't achieve it, knowing how he must be feeling. They got to her door, and she opened it and turned to face him. She didn't know what he read in her white face and big, distressed eyes, but whatever it was it drew the thing she'd feared.

Before she could turn away, he had kissed her. And before the kiss was done, her arms had gone up around his neck and she heard a voice that must be hers whispering, "Oh, darling, darling. . . ." And then she did get away and into her room behind the closed door.

She undressed and went to bed—but not to sleep.

"I am ambitious," Arthur had insisted. "I want the best . . . of the necessities. The best girl . . ."

He didn't think Jean was that, did he? She was certainly far from thinking it herself.

Good friends, kids, books. A good home, whether it's a six-room ranch-house type, or a two-room walkup. . . .

It would be a two-room walkup on his salary, raise and all; Jean had a fair idea of what even capable men of only twenty-six were apt to earn. A tiny place with inexpensive furnishings bought on the installment plan. . . .

It sounded marvelous. With Arthur.

This, thought Jean, is how my mother must have felt twenty-five years ago when she married my father, probably knowing that he'd never be well off. And she got what she wanted, what she had dreamed of. That's why she has never nagged him or complained.

Hamburger on a small and probably cranky gas stove. Salad, because that day the grocer had discovered a few perishables kept too long and halved the price. Bare legs because in the apartment stockings weren't a necessity, and she could save on new ones.

She could save for Arthur. She could make his earnings cover balanced meals for his good health, and keep his business suits looking neat and prosperous. She could draw his head to her breast when things went wrong, and laugh with him when things went well. She could—

Jean lay there wide-eyed in the darkness as it occurred to her that for the first time she was thinking of what she could do for another person.

With Dave, and again with Gordon, she had thought of all the things that they could do for her. With Arthur, what she thought of was what she could do for him. Or what she might have done had not the lie, the crippling scandal, still hung over her.

Tell him . . . tell him. . . .

But she had told two men. Two as different from each other temperamentally as men could well be—but similar in the one reaction: Disbelief. She dared not risk seeing that same look in Arthur's eyes.

Chapter 7

At the office next day Jean spent as much time as possible in the restroom. Lucy came in during the afternoon. "Jean! What's wrong? Are you sick?"

"No. Just tired. I didn't sleep well last night."

"Did you sleep at all?" Lucy sat down on the lounge and put her arm around Jean. The sharpness of their

parting had been healed long since; they were closer friends because of it. "What's up? Tell Mother."

"Nothing." But Lucy knew the worst parts anyhow, and it does sometimes help to talk. "I think I'm . . . getting to like somebody too much."

Lucy stared at Jean's still face and the faint smudges under her eyes. "I'd say that was the understatement of the year. You mean you think you're over your ears in love with somebody. Arthur, maybe?"

Jean nodded. "There's something wrong about me, Lucy. Something not normal, not quite right. Three men I've been snarled up with in a year! That's—"

"That's what most girls would give their long curly eyelashes to have. And anyway, for you it's a natural. A, you really weren't, because the one you told me about back in Charlemont, came in long before the year began. B, you're the best-looking thing most of them have ever known, and you could have had thirty if you'd pleased. C, you're a lush twenty-two or -three and unattached. D, the last two caught you with your emotions down; you were vulnerable—"

She stopped and looked hard at Jean. "You're not fooled about Arthur? Fooling yourself? Still upset and not knowing where you're at, and too susceptible—"

"I'm not fooling myself," said Jean. "I wish I were. I want to wash his sweatshirts and do something to make his socks stay up better. I want to make him eat two helpings of carrots and peas and only one of pie. I want—"

"You're not fooling yourself," conceded Lucy. "So this is it. Gordon never really counted, did he? I could see that later. But what's the fuss? Doesn't Arthur feel the same way?"

"I . . . think he does."

"So? You want him. And he wants you. And you're sitting here and I suspect you'd be crying about it except you're all cried out already." Lucy patted Jean's shoulder. She said gently, "But the ghost still rides. Is that it?"

Jean nodded. Lucy got up and walked away and came back. "I'm not going to underplay it," she said. "Your home town, the one you grew up in and where everybody knows you, thinks you're a bad, bad girl. Your man will have to find that out and make his own decision. Well, you can't leave him to find out by himself, from the wrong people."

"I can't tell Arthur. You saw what happened when I told Gordon."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I did."

"Multiply Gordon's reaction by four and you have the way the other man, back home, acted."

"That's no sign that Arthur—"

"Twice I've had an engagement blow up in my face," said Jean. "Both were selfish and deliberate; they weren't solid, and I deserved what I got. But this isn't like that, Lucy. I don't think it's selfish—any more than it ever is when a girl begins wanting somebody till she goes around thinking of nothing else and feeling as if she'd swallowed a cupful of gravel whenever she imagines being with him. Lucy, what should I do?"

"Make it a triple Scotch," sighed Lucy. "That's the only answer I can think of at the moment. Would it help if I told him for you?"

"I can't see how." Jean got up and ran some cold water on a paper towel and pressed the resultant pad to her eyes.

"Want to run away from it and move back in with me for a little while? Dick and I aren't getting married for another month."

"I'd like to run away more than anything I can think of," Jean said. "But I don't believe I could run far enough. Anyhow, I ran once, and what good did it do me?"

Short of running away, the one thing above all others that Jean yearned to do at Mrs. Cramer's was to lock herself in her room till time for work again next day. But she had learned that that did no good, either—that in fact it was very harmful. So she did the next best thing to seeking solitude; she sought a crowd. Arriving home before Art, she hurried to the living room in order to be surrounded there when he came in.

Mrs. Cramer was there, resting a moment before the serving of dinner, and Johnny Nash, the boy who played the piano till it was a wonder the keys weren't finger-hollowed, and Anne Spencer, and Roger Cantwell, and Edgar Spain.

Mrs. Cramer peered gently but shrewdly at Jean when she came in the double doors she had once passed with such haste. "Come and sit down, dear," she said, patting the sofa beside her. "Johnny's got a song he's made up himself. I think it's good."

Nash laughed. He looked like a mover rather than player of pianos, and he got small-time orchestra jobs when he could and practiced for concert work when he couldn't. "You'd think it was good regardless," he said to Mrs. Cramer.

"Is that it?" said Jean, listening. "The song you're playing? It is good."

"Thanks," Johnny Nash said mildly.

Jean started to frown, then put herself in his place—the accomplished professional praised by the girl who didn't know a sonata from a begonia. She smiled. "I can tell, I think, because my father's a musician, too, and he composes sometimes, too."

"Oh?" Johnny's fingers strayed and chorded softly.

"Yes. He teaches in a small town now. But he was a second violinist with the Philadelphia Symphony."

Johnny stopped playing and swung clear around to look at her, an unprecedented thing. "Well! That is something. What do you, his daughter, play?"

"Nothing," said Jean, feeling queerly humble and inadequate.

"The shoemaker's child," murmured Johnny, rolling his eyes upward. He turned back, and his hands strayed on the keys again. "But really—thanks. With a father like that, you should know."

"Johnny will get up there," Mrs. Cramer said placidly. "So many of my young ones do."

Johnny laughed, and Walter Frey came in. He said, "Hey, people, hey, Johnny, since you're not people," and went to the table and picked up his accordion.

"Oh, no," moaned Johnny. But he swung obediently into "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," which had a transition to seventeen or more sharps in its middle that Walter lusted to master.

And Arthur came in.

"Hello, gang," he said, with his eyes on Jean. His eyes said, Come out of this; I must talk to you.

Jean waved to him with the others and showed no signs of moving. Arthur cleared his throat, for a moment looking lost and baffled and about twelve years old.

"Guess I'll go up and . . . and clean up," he said. "See you all." He went along upstairs; he had looked at no one but Jean since coming to the doorway. She wondered if the pounding of her heart was noticeable.

She did not go upstairs, of course.

There was a full house for dinner, and after dinner the living room bulged with men and girls, all of whom save Arthur and Jean seemed able to do something creative or interpretative. Arthur stuck it out till eleven, looking grimmer as the evening went along. Then he went upstairs, not glancing at Jean this time.

She went up a half-hour later, the last to leave the room; and she tiptoed down the hall, but Arthur's door opened as she passed it.

"Jean!"

"Yes?" Jean said coolly, through dry lips.

"What is it? Something about last night? If I've done anything—"

"Why would you think anything was wrong?"

"Why— My God! Last night you kissed me and called me 'Darling—'"

"I *what*?"

Arthur swallowed, and she could hardly bear to see the expression in his eyes. "Well, I thought you did. . . ."

She laughed a little. "We had a lovely time last night, and as a sort of thanks I kissed you good night." She shrugged. "Here. I will again. It means nothing."

She kissed his cheek, thinking the bravado gesture would further show how cool and merely friendly she was. A light, Platonic, alienating contact—

His cheek was warm and a little rough to her lips, and she didn't time it right and so she was betrayed. His arm was a circle she could not get out of, and it was not his cheek that her lips were pressed against now. She heard him chuckle, deep and tender in his throat. "Did somebody call you the Snow Queen?" The hallway swam, and then she twisted away and got into her room, leaning for a while against the closed door.

She would have to leave here. She'd have to get away from here and from Arthur. She would rather do that and break off everything than see that look come to his eyes.

Art said, "I wouldn't bother, Jean, if I were you. It won't do you any good to move away from Mrs. Cramer's. I'll trail right along."

Jean whirled. She had just come out of a place in the East Sixties, which is good in some spots but was certainly not good in this. The room she'd just seen!

"You followed me!"

"No." Art puffed his pipe. "I was ahead of you." He grinned. "There weren't so many rooms advertised. I picked the few that sounded best, to a non-New Yorker, and came and waited. I'd have gone on to the next if I hadn't caught you here."

She began to walk rapidly west, then slowed as it occurred to her that she could scarcely outrun him. Those long powerful legs! Arthur walked beside her, hand under her arm at the street crossing.

"Once we have it understood," he said, "you won't be so restless. Wherever you go, including Dallas and the moon, I'll trail along."

"Even if you're not wanted?" snapped Jean.

"That's the funny part of it," Arthur said. "I am wanted. Yet I'm fled from."

"You're conceited, egotistical—"

"Sure," said Arthur, putting his hand under her arm. "I'm a so-and-so. And I love you. And if you don't love me now, you could with practically no pain."

There was no answer to be made to any such outrageous statement. Jean felt as if her heart were expanding and contracting up under her chin somewhere. Arthur followed her lead of silence, and they reached Central Park and he steered her to a bench.

"We'll keep on walking if you like," he said mildly when she refused to sit down.

She sat down.

"What is it, darling?" Arthur asked. "What ties you up in knots like this?"

"Just because I think less of a good-night kiss than you—"

"Behave. Something's chewing on you. A big, fire-eating dragon's chewing on you. Has been since I've known you, and probably for some time before that. I wouldn't mind—except to wish that somehow I could help—but it's standing between us. And I won't accept that."

"You are certainly taking a lot for—"



He kissed her, which was unexpected. A policeman was near by, and a nurse with a small girl, and several other people. You would not think, with such an audience, that Arthur—

"See?" said Arthur.

"See what?" Jean got out raggedly.

"You don't have a husband already, hidden somewhere else? That wouldn't be the trouble?"

For a moment she was tempted to say yes. It would solve a lot of things. But she had a premonition that if she did, Arthur would demand to see him.

"You're not going to tell? Let me help you?" he urged.

"There's nothing to tell."

"All right. If you'd rather not, then that's that. But do one thing for me. At least stop this boiling-freezing treatment. And don't keep from seeing me just because you're afraid of what I may do or say. I promise, if we can go around a little, I won't try to kiss you or tell you how crazy I am about you or pester you to marry me"—he finished hastily at the look in her eyes—"or anything of the kind. Okay?"

Jean considered. He didn't have that obstinate, square jaw for nothing. It would be better to accede, she thought weakly, than have him tramping at her heels and turning up in unexpected places.

So that was Saturday. They went to a Long Island beach on Sunday and swam a little and lay in the sand a lot, and had a lunch of hotdogs and soda pop, and scratched their sunburn all the way home. They walked endlessly in the warm June night on Tuesday, and talked endlessly; at least Arthur did. They went to a party given by an office friend of Arthur's the next night, and then Jean figuratively fled for another period.

It wasn't working out. Art kept his bargain; he didn't breathe a word of how he felt or wanted her to feel, but he couldn't—or wouldn't—keep his eyes from saying all these things. It happens that love can be made with never a word said or an overt act committed, and that was the way Arthur made it. And Jean couldn't take it. So what could she do now, unable either to be with him or away from him?

And that was the way things were the first Saturday evening in July, when Arthur took her to a place in Greenwich Village for dinner and a moderate floor show.

There were a dozen places like it in the village, visited mainly by out-of-towners, particularly men alone and hoping that in a neighborhood advertised for years for its unconventional behavior they might find an evening's company.

This one was called the Locket, and Jean and Arthur did not go for the picturesque green-checked tablecloths, the candles in the necks of well-dripped bottles, or the gypsy reader of palms. They went because their Johnny Nash was at the piano, and they could dance in between the songs and comic monologues of performers whose eyes were turned Uptown.

"It must be fun," said Arthur, at their corner table, "to be an out-of-towner and come here looking as hopeful as some of these people are."

His eyes said, You're the prettiest girl in the place. The sweetest, too. I love you very much.

"Johnny's knocking them over tonight," Art said. "He is really good. He's making the rest of the boys play better than they know. The Waldorf wouldn't be as good a place to dance tonight."

His eyes said, A jug and a comb could give enough music for us to dance by, darling. You're the best.

A girl pirouetted onto the floor, clad mainly in the spotlight's beam, and went through a ballet-tap routine that Anne Spencer, at Mrs. Cramer's, could have bettered with one foot tied behind her back. There was applause, and Johnny and the orchestra came out, and Arthur turned to Jean.

"Pardon me," he said, "while I seek out the little gents' room. I'm afraid one of my curls has become misplaced." He grinned and ran his hand over his thick black brush of hair.

His eyes said, Don't go away. Don't ever be far away from me—no farther than the reach of my arm.

I wish, thought Jean, watching his receding, nicely tapered back, that I knew what to do!

"Hello!" a man's voice sounded at her elbow. She turned and looked up at a face that was familiar but which she could not identify for an instant. Then she said, "For heaven's sake! Albert!" He was Albert Munster, the teller from the Charlemont Bank.

He smiled so cordially that his full face looked pumpkinlike. "It's wonderful to see you, Jean."

The smile, the greeting, made Jean stare with incredulous surprise. And hope. Albert was of Charlemont. Albert, as decidedly as anyone in Charlemont, had demonstrated that he believed Jean to have been the shabby female with Red Fellowes on that Friday night.

Now—he was acting as cordial as though nothing had ever happened. Could it be that Charlemont was forgetting to some extent, even if not forgiving? Did old lies finally lose their venom?

The surprise and hope died down. Albert was even more florid-faced than usual tonight; and when he repeated how wonderful it was to see Jean, it came out, "Swoonerful."

"Here for a week-end, part of my va'shun—vacation. And here I am in the Village, and here you are." His hand was warm and heavy on her arm. "Of all the luck! 'S' not much of a joint, though. Get your hat and coat and we'll go to a real place."

So that was it! This warmth of Albert's was only the reverse side of the Charlemont coin. Cold blankness in her presence—or this. Jean was sickened by the realization.

"I'm here with a friend," she said, hoping only to appease Albert a bit and send him away before Arthur got back. "So we'll just say good night, and nice to see you again—"

"Leave a note for your friend," said Albert, hand remaining firmly where it was. "He c'n see you any time."

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"I'm visiting fireman." He considered this, and laughed. "Fire chief, put the fire out. Albert fire chief."

The flesh of Jean's arm felt as if crawling back from the clutching hand. She tried to free herself, but could not. "Go along, Albert. Please. You've had a few too many."

"Room for more. Capacity, too. I know when I've had—"

"Will you get out of here!"

"Don't give me that, Jeannie. We're old home friends. Remember? We know a *lot* about each other."

Furious, Jean tried to get up from her chair. She was angry enough to have bit Albert with a bottle; in her eyes he was all of Charlemont at this moment. She wrenched at the playful, stubborn hand. A few people at adjoining tables began to stare, and it was at this point that Arthur Gerlock returned. Jean didn't see him until he stood smiling before her. Smiling, but with something new in the way of expressions in his dark gray eyes.

"Well, well," he said, looking at the heavy-set young man and then at Jean. "Company."

"Please, Arthur . . ." Jean began.

"You have the look of a woman viewing a fishworm," Arthur said. "I take it you can get along without the visitation?"

"Now just a minute," Albert said belligerently. "Fishworm!" His hand left Jean's arm and swung up, clenched.

"My apology to the worms," said Arthur, countering.

The place was in an uproar almost before Albert struck the floor. A ring formed, with the manager and two waiters crowding through. Albert stayed discreetly where he was until the waiters started ungently to help him up. He had had enough of muscularity, but while he did not feel inclined toward physical retaliation, he thought he could hit back another way.

"Okay, white knight," he sneered. "I know her; we practically grew up together. So I know what you're defending. Maybe you don't."

"What does that mean?" inquired Arthur, moving forward a bit and carrying two waiters with him.

"Ask her. Maybe she'll tell you. If she won't, I will. Here's my card. The lady's not exactly a lily—"

At Arthur's look, Albert surged back—and bumped into Johnny Nash, looking like a musically gifted gorilla in his dinner jacket.

"Want I should hold him while you bite his head off, Art?" Johnny asked.

Art looked as if he'd appreciate it very much; but then he glanced at Jean and saw how white and ill she looked.

"Thanks, Johnny, no," he said. He picked the waiter off his left arm. "You're ours, I think. Check. We'll pay, and take our private commotion out of here. As for you—you'd better not be near the entrance when I—"

He stopped, staring at the place where Albert had been. Albert was not there any more. Albert had already gone, leaving his trampled card behind him.

It wasn't far to Washington Square, and Jean and Arthur wound up there. Jean was shivering, and it could not have been the cold, for the night was warm and sticky, with oppressive clouds like blankets hanging low.

Arthur sucked his knuckles. "So you're 'not exactly a lily.' I wish I'd hit him harder—or had time to hit him twice!"

"He's all right," said Jean, shivering. "I mean, he thinks he's right."

"So did Hitler. Want to talk about it? You don't have to, you know. Now, or ever."

Jean shivered, in spite of his arm around her. The arm was breaking their contract, but she didn't try to remove it. And she didn't try to evade any more.

"You asked if he was invited to my table, Arthur. He was, in a way. By what he believes about me. By what everybody in my home town believes about me. He thought I was fair game, that was all."

Arthur had the sense to keep silent now. With his arm around her, they stood there in the park, off the center walk, only dimly to be seen by other eyes.

And Jean told him.

For the second time she told a man of the sad, soiled rendezvous she was supposed to have kept, and the nasty, near-fatal flight she was supposed to have made to save her soiled, sad reputation.

She was near enough to have seen his face even in the night, but she didn't dare look up. She told him bluntly, without tricked-up words, and she stood there with his arm around her, and the silence was like a lead weight dropped into her breast and slowly sinking down, crushing everything beneath it.

No words, either of belief or skepticism. No "Yes, I do" or "No, I don't"; just silence. And Jean recalled with an urgency like burning the way her body had responded to Arthur's when he touched her, so that now, added to her confession, would be his personal knowledge of the passion she possessed—

And then the sounds came, and they were those of—laughter! He shook with laughter. He hooted with it.

Dumfounded, Jean stared up at him.

"Oh, golly, sweet, I'm sorry," he got out. "I know it's awful, and I know what you have— But a whole damn town! Taken for a ride by a yarn like that!" He went off again, and whatever response Jean might have expected, it had certainly not been that.

Then abruptly it stopped, and he wound her up in both arms instead of one, and kissed her. "Poor darned baby," he said.

"You . . . you don't believe it about me?" she said shakily.

"Are you kidding?" he said, and for a moment it seemed that he might go off into another spasm. "Look, child—if I saw you do what they think you did. I *still* wouldn't believe it."

They walked the long way around to Mrs. Cramer's, and as they went along Jean could feel the relief and happiness in Arthur. His arm pressed her hand against his side, and he was positively vibrating with it.

"I think I'll sing and yell," he said. He yodeled lustily, and finished with a shout.

"Arthur!"

"Can't help it. I feel so good."

Jean did, too, in a way. Her unsupported word had been accepted, in the worst of circumstances, not because of any logic she'd been able to produce but just because she was herself, Jean Morse.

But at the same time nothing had been really settled. "Nothing has been settled, dar— Arthur," she said. "We can't plan anything with this hanging over us."

"Oh, no?"

"You can't go through life periodically popping people on the nose."

"I can try. You don't know anybody meatier than Albert, I hope?"

"Arthur! Please! I'm being serious."

"Why, you are, aren't you?" Arthur slowed and looked down at her set face.

"As long as that lie is going the rounds, we couldn't have a normal married life. I know; I've lived with it."

"You're crazy," Arthur said. "In a nice, ladylike way, of course."

Jean shook her head. "If you could walk down Main Street with me in Charlemont—"

"Why walk down Main Street? We won't be living in Charlemont."

"It's my home," said Jean. "My father and mother live there. I have to go for visits. Of course I could go alone. . . ."

"I take it back," said Arthur, quiet now. "We couldn't have a normal life with this in the way. Not because it means anything, really, but because it's in your mind. So we'll have to pry it out of there."

Jean smiled one-sidedly. "Fine. But how?"

"We'll go to Charlemont together and we'll nail the lie. We'll find out who the girl was. That'll clear you."

"I don't see—"

"Tell me about it again—all about it—every detail you can think of."

Jean did, and Arthur nodded. "There are two chances, you see. Two people who know. This Ed Fellowes, and—Sacherly? Is that the name? We'll question them."

"You think that hasn't been thought of?"

"Oh, but we'll ask them earnestly, and persuasively, trying to make them see that it would be better all around if they came up with the answer."

"The police questioned them," said Jean, a little apprehensively.

"Not seriously, I should imagine. From here, it sounds as if the police would have taken it as routine. No crime was committed. Look—we'll take a week of our vacations, and I'll purloin the car the company lets me use for business calls, and we'll drive to Charlemont."

Chapter 8

With a sinking heart, Jean saw the lofty chimney of the Charlemont Tool & Die Works in the distance, Charlemont, with all it meant to her, lay just ahead.

"I'm scared," she said, not much above a whisper.

"Of course you are," Art nodded. "From what you've said, they gave it to you pretty hard." He took her hand and pressed it to his cheek. "With two to share a load, it's never quite so heavy. Which way now?"

Jean told him: this street to the left at the outskirts of the town, this cross-street, then Teaberry Street. Out to the last block. The Morse house, shabby, needing paint, smaller than she'd thought, showed up ahead, and the sight of it did things to Jean's throat. Shabby, yes, and needing paint, but with an unseen warmth exuding from it.

"I live here."

Her head was up as she said that, and it had never been held that way before when she stopped in front of the house with some one.

"Nice," nodded Art. "It's been here for a while. It has stood through a lot of storms, so that when you're in it, in a storm, you would feel safe."

They got out of the car, and Jean, tuned tensely to such things, saw Mrs. Parch's front curtains move convulsively and then hang still. They knocked, and Ethel and Sanford Morse were at the door almost before the second tap; Jean had phoned about their sudden plan for the trip.

"Dad!" Jean had her arms around the big, shaggy-looking man, and his oversized hand was patting her shoulder. "It's been a century."

"Two centuries," said Sanford Morse.

Jean kissed her mother, after hugging her till her glasses almost fell off. Then, with an arm around each, she faced Art. "This is the Arthur Gerlock I've written you about," she said. "Arthur, my father and mother."

The new pride that had been in the set of her head when she looked at the small, warm, shabby house, was in her tone now. And yet it was not new, the pride; it had been growing in her during all the chaotic year.

So, "My father and mother," proudly, with Sanford looking at his daughter, and Ethel looking at her, and then

the two looking at each other before they welcomed the young man their girl had brought into their home. He seemed all right, too.

"Some people," Arthur said, hand on Jean's shoulder, "have all the luck. I haven't had a family since I was a kid, except for an uncle. But I'll have one now, I hope."

"Arthur!" Jean exclaimed. "You know it hasn't been settled—"

"Pay no attention to her," Arthur said to Ethel and Sanford. "She doesn't even believe in Santa Claus. Yet."

They went into the front room, and Jean saw a new lampshade replacing the split one, and a new carpet, which was certainly a major project for Sanford Morse. And for the first time the blatantly obvious thought came to her that though, before she went away, she'd held a job and paid a little board, she had never really swung her weight; and that *she*, during all the score of years she'd been around, had been an important part of the reason for the bare economy of her parents' lives.

There was just too much to say, to get caught up on. They talked ten to the second, with Arthur so swiftly a part of the little group, so much one with them, that Jean felt a surge of the same pride when she looked at him. Plus more of a different order. He's wonderful, she told herself, as several billion girls have told themselves along the millenniums; and, as several billion girls have said within themselves: I'll make up to him somehow for all the nice things he thinks he sees in me.

So they talked and laughed and chattered, but only general news of Charlemont was forthcoming—never any facet of the news that had to do with Charlemont vs. Jean. Till Arthur said easily, "And how about Dame Gossip? Is her ugly head as high as ever?"

Sanford and Ethel were still, looking swiftly at their daughter. "He knows, darlings," Jean said. "And somehow he seems to believe my side of the story."

With blurry ferocity, Sanford muttered something about thrashing the young fool if he didn't, and Arthur grinned at him, and the two were friends.

"I'm afraid," Jean's mother said, "that nothing much has changed. People don't talk about it any more, but their attitude toward us is still not quite as it once was. Nothing to worry about," she added hastily. "We were never embarrassed." Which was a fine lie but still a lie, as Jean well knew.

"I expect they'll start talking again when they see me around town," she said.

"You needn't go around town," Sanford told her. "We have everything we need, right here. In fact, it's been so long since we've seen you, we would appreciate having you all to—"

"That's not what we came back for, sir," said Arthur. "Of course we'll move around. What's that I smell—roast lamb? Don't tell me!"

They had a dinner that was notable and then went back to the living room just as the doorbell rang. "Judge and Mrs. Weaver," Jean told Arthur, looking out the window and identifying the judge's big old car. "They're nice. And on our side."

Art would not have had to be told that. When the older couple came in, the judge kissed Jean's cheek and twinkled at her, and Mrs. Weaver linked her arm through Jean's, and both said how fine it was that she was home for a visit. Juanita wasn't with them.

They seemed to like Arthur, too—but then, everybody liked Arthur, Jean reflected later as she was undressing in her old room. He liked people and was friendly and easy with them; you would not think he could ever do an unkind thing. . . .

At two o'clock the next day they set forth from the Morse house, walking toward the center of town. They

had decided against driving; they'd jump into the icy pool at once, get wet all over, face the whole mess fully. They went along the tree-shaded walk, and now every front curtain on Teaberry Street fluttered agitatedly as they drew near.

"They ought to burn crosses and wear hoods," said Arthur.

Jean shook her head. "They're good, decent people, Art. I think, if I'd been one of them and heard the way I looked as I walked in from the road that night, I'd be at a window, too."

He stared down curiously at her. "I don't know what you were when you left here," he remarked, "but you are certainly a full-sized human now."

A woman came toward them across the intersecting street. A Mrs. Peabody, Jean recalled. She stopped, gasped, then sailed on by with her head averted at a forty-five-degree angle.

"I see what you mean," murmured Art.

"If you don't now, you will soon," Jean replied.

It was an easy prophecy. They got to the more populous edge of the business section, and—save for a minority of newcomers or strangers—there were in general three reactions: stony silence as they passed, intense interest in something else in some other direction, or, not very often, noble-hearted if somewhat grudging nods.

"Hi-yo, Silver," Arthur said, hand ostentatious on her arm. "Many things have clarified. I'm afraid I thought till now that you might have been a wee bit hysterical in your mind."

At the last minute Jean would have walked him past the Charlemont Edison Company, where Ed Fellowes worked, but Arthur saw the ranges and other appliances in the window and steered her in. The manager, a Mr. Quayle, came up, stiffened at the sight of Jean. "Yes?"

"I would like to speak to Edward Fellowes," Arthur said. "Or is it Edwin, dear?" he asked Jean.

"Edward," Jean said in a stifled voice.

"He's not here," said Mr. Quayle.

"Where would he be?"

"I don't—"

"We'll wait for him," Art stated, smiling.

Mr. Quayle cleared his throat. The suggestion seemed not to his liking. "He may be at the new development. There is a question of gas ranges instead of electric. . . . Sunview Heights," he said in Jean's direction.

So then they needed Arthur's car. They went back and got it and drove to Sunview Heights, a knoll southwest of town with rows of little houses along curving walks.

At the near end of the front row a big man holding a roll of blueprints was talking with a well-dressed younger man. "Is that Edward?" Arthur asked.

Jean nodded. Arthur started over.

"What are you going to do?" said Jean, hurrying beside him.

"I don't know, sweetie. I lack some of the proper Gestapo characteristics, but I was mad to start with and what I've seen this afternoon makes me madder. Don't you think you'd better go back to the car?"

She didn't, it appeared. She trotted anxiously beside him to a point between the talking pair at the house and a new and shiny car that probably was Ed's. There Art stopped politely to wait till Mr. Fellowes should finish with his conference.

In a little while Ed did. He shook the contractor's hand profusely and turned toward his car. He started as he saw Jean, then came on.

"Jean! You thinking of coming back to Charlemont? Buying here in Sunview Heights? But it's good to see you." He was talking with an eye on Arthur. Arthur puzzled him, apparently.

"Mr. Gerlock, Mr. Fellowes," Jean said with a smothered feeling.

Ed's hand came out; Art looked at it. "I'll be darned," he murmured. "No scales."

Ed gaped a little. Art said, "To further the introductions, Jean and I are to be married."

"Well, well!" said Ed. "That's fine, that's great. Allow me to congrat—"

"So," Arthur went on, "I asked Jean to show me the slug who would do the thing to her that you did."

"I beg your—"

"A year ago you wrecked your car. There was a girl with you. Not a very nice girl. And for a solid year you've let this whole town believe that she was Jean. You've let Jean be crucified, when all you had to do was say one word."

"That's ancient history now," said Ed, attempting a laugh.

"Is it?"

"I don't know what you mean—one word—"

"The girl's name," said Arthur patiently. "The name of the lady who was really with you that night."

Ed sidled toward his car. Art sidled, too. Ed stopped and ran his tongue over his lips, while into his eyes came the wariness that had been in them a year ago when Jean went to see him in the hospital.

"There wasn't any girl."

Art smiled somewhat as he had at Albert Munster. "This is the girl I'm going to marry," he said gently. "I think quite highly of her. And when I think of all she has suffered through you— Well, I don't feel friendly toward you, Edward. Who was the lady?"

"There wasn't—"

Looking at Arthur's face, Jean felt cold herself. If she had ever doubted that he would look after his woman, in any manner necessary, that doubt would have been laid now.

Ed Fellowes frankly quailed. "I tell you there wasn't—I can't— No matter what you do—"

And now there was a fear in Ed's eyes that went far beyond any fear that might have been engendered by a physical dustup: the prospect of such a thing could not have brought that stark a panic to any man's eyes.

"No matter what—" He turned and frankly ran to his car, jumping it forward the instant the motor caught, and racing off down the subdivision street.

Art stared after him, then pinched his lower lip in thought. "Now that," he said, "was a very odd business."

"He was afraid of you."

"I don't think so." Art started toward the coupé. "I don't think he's a coward. I think he'd stand right up, and I think I'd know afterward that I'd been in a scrap, though I have a few commando tricks to bring out in emergencies. No. It wasn't me, so much, that he was afraid of. He was terrified, paralyzed with fear of something else. Who *was* with him in the car that night, to make him look like that?"

"Give up?" said Jean.

"By no means," Arthur said. "Ed will see much more of us. Meanwhile, there's the other fellow. This Sacherly guy."

There were few cars in the lot at the Charlemont Steak House at this hour of the afternoon, and Sacherly was alone behind the bar when they came in. He looked at Jean, and almost dropped a glass he had been wiping.

"Hello, Miss Morse," he said politely. "I hadn't heard that you were back in town."

"Just for a visit," Jean said. "Arthur, are you sure you—"

"Oh, yes," said Arthur. "Yes, indeed."

"Mr. Gerlock, Mr. Sacherly," Jean got out.

"Miss Morse and I are to be married," Arthur said.

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"Why, that is very nice," said Sacherly, running his hand over his thinning hair.

"So," said Arthur. "I think it would also be nice if we could clear up the slight cloud under which Miss Morse left Charlemont."

Mr. Sacherly was very still.

"The girl who was with Mr. Fellowes that night," Arthur said. "We would appreciate it if we could know who she was."

It was improbable that Arthur frightened Sacherly. The man was in a rough business and must know commando tricks himself; quite possibly Arthur could not have taken him.

But at the words there was a reflection for an instant in the man's eyes of the almost luminous fear that had shone in Ed's. Then it blanked out. But it had been there; Jean had seen as well as Arthur.

"There wasn't any girl, Mr. Gerlock."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bellows," Arthur quoted the registration card from which had started all this scramble.

Sacherly shrugged. "He was alone. I looked back at his car. If there was a girl in it, I couldn't see. The top was up."

"You're quite sure?" Arthur said. "I hope you are, Mr. Sacherly. I hope you're very sure. Because we're just getting started on this, and we're willing to go a long way before we're through."

Sacherly's blank eyes appraised the young man before him, and probably did not underestimate him, but he repeated, "No girl, no girl at all. I told the cops that. I told everybody that. I tell you that."

"Good-by. See you again quite soon," said Arthur, nodding pleasantly, and going out with Jean.

She looked back. Sacherly was leaning on his hands against the bar; the look of fear was in his eyes again.

They sat there in the living room and talked it over, Sanford and Ethel, Jean and Arthur.

"Scared silly," Arthur said. "Both Fellowes and Sacherly. They go along for a year feeling that all is over and forgotten, and then we show up and indicate that we're going into it again and that we're not going to stop till we clear the thing up. And they both look like ghosts that have seen people."

"And you aren't going to stop till you've cleared it up?" said Sanford.

"No. I'm going to stay right here till it is." Arthur shrugged. "Hope I won't have to give up my job and live in Charlemont to do it, but that'll be all right, too, if necessary."

"You may have trouble with him," Ethel said to Jean. "He seems rather stubborn."

"Oh, he is," said Jean, with a soft, rich laugh.

Ethel Morse looked at her daughter. "You have changed."

"Not much, I guess, in a year."

"Yes. A lot. The way you look and laugh and act."

"For the better, we'll hope."

"Oh, yes!" said Ethel. "Distinctly for the better."

"She's grown up, that's all," said Sanford. He turned back to Arthur. "You think you can get to the bottom of this in spite of the way those two locked their lips?"

"Because of it," said Art. "There's something promising in their fear. Something not guessed at by anybody before. Obviously the name of the woman with Fellowes is dynamite. They don't dare let it be found out, for some reason. They'll lie and twist and run, and let an innocent party be sacrificed, rather than come up with it. But—fear like that is vulnerable."

"A married woman," hazarded Sanford Morse. "I've thought of that before."

"Perhaps," said Arthur.

"Married to some man powerful in the town. Some one who could have Ed fired."

"Might be, but I doubt it. Just the possibility of losing his job wouldn't scare Ed that much. Nor would it trouble Sacherly."

"An important local deb?"

"I'm sure that now and then a Charlemont deb has been caught in a hassle without such a fuss being raised. Besides,"—Arthur gazed at Jean—"Ed liked Jean. He wouldn't let her take such a rap for just another girl."

"And still," Sanford said sardonically, "you think you can get to the bottom of the affair."

"Yep. Through Sacherly. He's our boy. I have an idea that Ed Fellowes will let a leg be cut off before he'll tell, but Sacherly isn't quite that scared, and also his neck is out farther. If that roadside enterprise were closed, he'd lose his job and everything he has. We might threaten him through that—"

"Anybody home?" came a sprightly voice from the front door. It was Mrs. Weaver. She had opened it and stepped inside. She smiled at them all. "I don't want to become ubiquitous—isn't that a lovely word? His Honor called me that one day, and I looked it up—I don't want to be ubiquitous, but I baked a little celebration cake for Jean; also Juanita wanted to pay her respects. Juanita!"

The Weavers' daughter came in, too, and Jean smiled. She could imagine about how earnestly Juanita desired to "pay her respects." Then Jean lost her smile as she stared at the girl.

A year had made an enormous difference in the judge's daughter, physically at least. She was thinner, her color wasn't good, her eyes lacked sparkle. For a moment Jean had to wonder whether something really drastic might be wrong with her. Incipient tuberculosis—or something. However, the Weavers could afford the best of doctors, and it was unlikely that they hadn't had Juanita thoroughly examined.

"Hello, Jean—nice to see you back again," Juanita said, and while it was a short speech it had the air of having been rehearsed. Jean sighed. Only two-thirds of the Weavers, it appeared, were for her.

"Hello, Juanita. You haven't met Mr. Gerlock yet, have you? Arthur, Juanita. You're looking fine."

"No," Ethel Morse said bluntly, "she isn't. Don't you get out in the sun, Juanita? You haven't any color this year at all."

"Oh, yes, I get out," Juanita answered.

"Not enough." Mrs. Weaver shook her head. "She doesn't do nearly the things she used to." She set down the huge cake she'd been carrying. "I've been trying to think back to when I was seventeen. Did I go through some sort of convent stage where I renounced the world?"

"I've hardly renounced the world, Mother," Juanita said.

"Do you feel all right now?" persisted Mrs. Morse. Juanita bit her lip beneath the curious stares and lost what vestiges of color she had had. We'd better let her alone, Jean thought, or we'll have a few youthful hysterics.

"I . . . I have a little headache," Juanita said.

"You poor child. I'll fix that. Wait a minute." Mrs. Morse went upstairs.

"Arthur," Sanford said, "tell Mrs. Weaver what you were telling us. He thinks he has a lead on the Fellowes thing, Nellie. Seems really optimistic about finally clearing it up."

"You mean finding out who really was with Ed that night?" said Mrs. Weaver. "Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful for Jean! Juanita, dear, sit down. Don't lean there in the doorway."

Juanita sat down, as white as her dress. Jean, watching her, was genuinely concerned. She must be ill.

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"How do you think it can be done, Mr. Gerlock?"

"Make it 'Arthur,'" Art told Mrs. Weaver, grinning. "You seem one of the family. And a very nice one, too. Well, my idea is that—"

Mrs. Morse came back into the room with a bit of folded waxed paper in her hand. "Headache powder," she said to Juanita. "Dissolve it in water—there's a glass on the kitchen sink—and drink it all down. You'll feel better in no time."

Juanita thanked her and got up from the chair she'd taken next to her mother. She went to the kitchen, carefully holding the folded paper. Jean heard the water start to run from the tap and looked out; she could see through the kitchen door from where she sat, and could see Juanita at the sink.

"I think," said Arthur, going back to Mrs. Weaver's question. "that our answer lies in the man, Sacherly. He knows who the girl was, all right."

Jean, hearing the water keep on running, with no sound of a glass being filled, glanced out at Juanita again. The girl's left hand was tight over the rim of the sink and her right, that held the glass, was shaking so that Jean could see it clearly from the living room.

For an instant a fantastic notion touched Jean's mind. Then she thought: No, impossible, and looked at Arthur again. She couldn't seem to get enough of looking at Arthur, anyhow, and for the thousandth time she thought: Suppose I'd married Dave or Gordon. I'd never have known what love was all about.

Suddenly she was aware that Arthur, too, could see into the kitchen from where he sat, and that he was glancing out at Juanita now and then; and there seemed to be an odd look on his face, and an odd note in his voice when next he spoke, though only Jean, knowing him so well, would have caught it.

"I'm going after Sacherly through the motel," Arthur said.

Jean, staring at him, found herself holding her breath a little, and found herself flicking a glance kitchenward when he did. And the fantastic notion came back to her mind and this time found a fingerhold.

"I'm positive a good, grim threat to close up that business will make Sacherly talk," said Arthur, and Jean wondered that the others didn't seem to feel the tension building up. "A threat with real weight behind it. Coming from the County Attorney's office, perhaps. Do you suppose Judge Weaver might bring some pressure to bear—"

There was a crash in the kitchen.

Juanita was swaying there, holding onto the sink to keep upright, and staring back at Arthur with eyes that looked enormous, looked twice life-size in her white face. And it was all there in her eyes: the fear and shame, the misery—and guilt.

Jean was on her way to the kitchen now, and she thought she heard the whisper. "Oh, please, no, not my father. . . ." but she could never afterward be sure.

Juanita said, "The glass. I've broken it. Dropped in the sink. I'm so . . ."

"Never mind," Jean soothed her, arm around the trembling body. "A glass, what's that? Feeling better now?"

"Yes, I— But I'd better go home."

Mrs. Weaver was at her other side now. "Darling, what is it? You're going back to that doctor tomorrow, and he's going to give you a real check-up! Come on, dear—I'll take you home."

"I'll drive her," Sanford said. "You didn't bring your car."

"I'm sorry to— to cause such a fuss," Juanita said. She looked at Jean, but couldn't meet her eyes. "Why don't I just go on home myself? I'm all right now, really."

"Well, if you're sure. . . ." Mrs. Weaver pursed her lips doubtfully, then patted her daughter's shoulder. "Go along, then. I'll be home in a little while."

Arthur said, "Let's sample that cake right now, Mrs. Weaver. And later, Jean, we'll take a little walk. Okay?"

They went slowly under the big, protective trees along the small-town street, not saying anything for quite a while. Then Arthur said soberly. "It fits. The minute the thought crossed my mind I could see how it must be the answer." He lit his pipe. "It's all in place now. We don't have to go any further. There is a Santa Claus."

Jean opened her mouth to say something, and closed it again. She matched her steps to his and looked unseeingly ahead.

"Sixteen, she was, last year. Sixteen! No wonder Fellowes looked scared stiff. That's jail for him. Which brings no tears. What kind of a man is it who would take a child like that to a place like that?"

"It could be he didn't know her age," said Jean. "She was like a lot of 'teeners, piling on the make-up when her father and mother weren't around to stop it. . . . That must have been the way of it. Ed picked her up somewhere—she thought it would be fun, exciting—and he got the idea she was older."

"If so," said Arthur, "it was an expensive idea for Ed. And Sacherly? A minor registered at that place with a man. And not only a minor, but the daughter of a judge. Easy to see why he was petrified."

Jean hardly heard.

Juanita! The little Weaver girl! That infant! Not hurt in the crash, but dazed and shocked almost past sanity, running wildly in the night, along the road, to the street end, walking with what calmness she could muster past the houses, slipping into her own. Then, half dead inside, acting it out, coming to the Morse house with her mother later that night, going to church next day. . . .

"We're set," exulted Arthur. "It could have taken weeks—and it's handed to us on a platter the second day we are in town."

"We don't really know," objected Jean, feeling confused and sick. "It's still a guess."

Art glanced quickly down at her. "We know—you saw her eyes, too. It's no guess. Hit Sacherly with the name and he'll run down at the edges like hot frosting on a cake."

It was true, and Jean knew it was true. The long nightmare was over. She was vindicated.

But all she could think of was Juanita.

The poor, frightened baby, in the wreck, and with the messy, silly adventure at the cabins just behind her. Sixteen, and daughter of Judge Weaver. No wonder she had run away. Inconceivable to think of her doing anything else, a child like that.

And now? Jean tried to think of the girl facing the hostility and contempt of Charlemont as she had faced it. Just seventeen. Ruin to her father, probably, in his position. . . .

"Here!" she heard Arthur say. "What is all this? You don't look very happy. Yet this should be the biggest moment of your life."

Jean looked up and forced a smile. "I'm happy, of course. But I . . . we . . ."

"Yes?" said Arthur.

Jean stopped and, following the direction of her gaze, Arthur stopped, too. Coming toward them was the slender, bowed figure of Judge Weaver's daughter.

Juanita approached them, now fast, now lagging as every instinct of self-preservation tried to slow her down, and Jean ached with the raggedness of that progress. Such a thing to carry inside her for a year.

"Jean," Juanita said, and stopped.

Jean put her arm around the girl, and Art looked down at the two of them, one a child and one a woman.

"It's all right, Juanita," Jean said. "You don't have to say anything. It's all right."

"It's not all right. And I do have to say it. I was on my way back to your house to say it, to you and your father and mother, and my mother. . . ."

"Easy, youngster," said Art. "Take it easy."

"It was me. I guess you know that now. I guess my face told you in the kitchen. But I was going to tell you anyhow. I swear that. I couldn't go on any more . . . seeing you treated the way you are in Charlemont. . . ."

The words came tumbling now in their haste to escape—the burden that had been like a sickness on the girl for a year.

". . . so ashamed, Jean. You have to believe that. If he had died . . . But nothing happened at the cabins. Nothing! You'll have to believe that, too. Ed didn't know my age; he didn't even know me. I was hardly out of pigtails a year before, and I never went where he went. And I was downtown, going to a movie, and he drove by, and I thought it would be fun. . . ."

Jean patted the stricken shoulder and kept saying, "There, there, baby, don't go on." But Juanita had to go on.

"I was scared the minute I'd sat down in his car. To do a thing like that. . . . And when I found where he was taking me I was more scared than ever. I finally said who I was and I told him I was sixteen. He was furious. He was crazy mad. That's why he was driving so recklessly. And then there was the smashup, and I . . . all I could think was to get away. . . ."

Jean suddenly recalled the active window curtains along this street, and she said, "Come on, quick. The three of us. Start walking. As if nothing had happened."

"To your house," said Juanita. "I'm going to tell them. I'll tell them all. I'll go to Army Williams at the *Herald*—"

"No," said Jean.

"I won't live with this any longer, while you take all the—I'm going to see that everyone in Charlemont knows."

"No!"

Juanita stared with bewilderment as well as tears in her shadowed young eyes. Her confusion was no less than Jean's own had been, at her own conduct, a moment ago. But there was no confusion now; she knew now what she must do, the only thing there was to be done.

"No, my dear, you're not. You're not going to tell anybody. You're going to keep this a secret. And so am I. And so is Arthur."

"Oh, Jean—"

"Telling is too easy." Jean missed Arthur's gaze with that one. Easy? "It's harder to keep your mouth shut. But you'll do it, and it will make a great, big, honest girl of you—because if it doesn't, I'll come back here and thrash you within an inch of your life. You understand?"

Juanita probably did. All of it. A year ago she might not have, but she had grown with trouble, too; she was bigger than she'd been a year ago.

"I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything. Scoot, now. And hold your head up." Ironically she remembered Army Williams' words: "The street has a thousand eyes."

Juanita held her head up, and it was an act today, but in a few days it would be natural again, it would be all right, for she was very young and scared as yet by nothing but her own conscience. She had not been clubbed by others yet.

Jean walked down the street with Arthur, and he was very silent for a moment. Then he said:

"With the truth right in your hand, you let it go."

"Well, Ed didn't know what he was doing. And prison . . ."

"You'll never be cleared now."

"You saw her, Arthur. Such an infant."

"Not too much of an infant to let herself be picked up."

"Young girls are foolish sometimes." Jean knew that Arthur must be puzzled. She seemed actually to be pleading a cause, and to him it must have seemed a curious cause indeed.

"You know what Charlemont will think of you for the rest of your life," said Arthur. "You've had a generous sample of it."

"I've taken it long enough now to know how to handle it," said Jean. "Certainly better than Juanita. Such a child, such a hurt young thing. If she knew what she was talking about—telling everybody, facing up— And Judge Weaver, such a fine, gentle soul. And Mrs. Weaver. . . . And, Arthur, we aren't even going to live here. . . ."

For a second time she was stopped by the most unexpected of responses from Arthur. A laugh—a big, lusty shout of it. She looked up in amazement.

Arthur had his hand in his pocket. He drew it out with his wallet in it. "See that? I was betting that, and my immortal soul, that you'd say just what you're saying."

"Well, if you're going to laugh at me—"

He put his arms around her. He kissed her, and to hell with the agitated parlor curtains along Teaberry Street. "Remind me to tell you sometime all the reasons why I love you. But you'd better make it after we are married, because it will take a long time."

"Arthur!" Jean exclaimed, pink-checked. "We're on a street, darling. There are witnesses."

"Excellent," said Art. "The more the better."

One was coming toward them now—a spare, elderly woman stiff with outrage at things old and new: Mrs. Parch. For a moment it looked as if she'd cross the street before she got to the young couple, but that was not the Spartan way. She sailed on toward them, gaze on something well over Jean's head.

"Hello, Mrs. Parch," said Jean. She almost sang it, radiant, sure. "How are you feeling today?"

Mrs. Parch's firm steps faltered ever so little. Her eyes did not drop to meet Jean's eyes, and she went on by. But as she passed she said, "Hello . . . Jean. I'm . . . feeling pretty well. . . ." and there might have been a shade less rigidity, less certainty, in her lean body.

Arthur put his arm about Jean's waist. "That's my girl," he said proudly. And they went on to the worn warmth and beauty of the Morse home. . . . THE END

NEXT MONTH—IN JULY REDBOOK

Too Dear to Possess

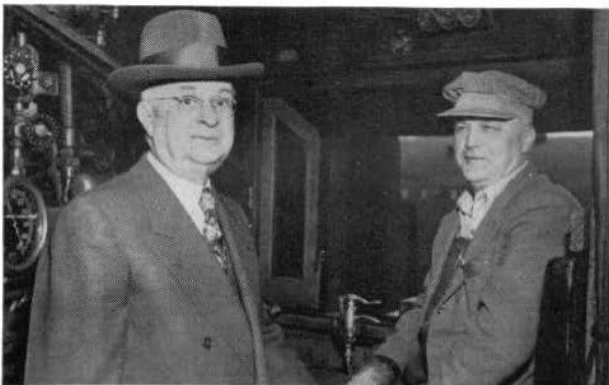
A complete book-length novel by Jeremy Gury

Very much in love, Mary vowed never to be a possessive wife—never to try to change David. But when, lonely and childless, she gave her talents to a cause which aroused his jealousy, she knew that the cardinal sin of marriage is selfishness

Defense is your job, too—how to help your country now



★ "The Defense* Bonds I bought through Payroll Savings in '41 helped me to buy my new home!" says **C. F. Nelson**, manufacturing technologist at Shell Oil Company. Congratulating Mr. Nelson is Shell Vice President and former Air Force General "**Jimmy**" **Doolittle**, who adds, "At Shell we believe in Payroll Savings—it's a patriotic and practical way to do a job for defense!"



★ "The Savings Bonds I'm buying now for America's defense will add almost \$100 a month to my company pension when I retire," SP Engineer **Frank Bucher** tells his old friend, **A. T. Mercier**, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad. "They're an extra step toward independence in which the railroad helped me by encouraging me to join the Payroll Savings Plan."



★ **Mrs. Eleanor Minkovic**, drill press operator of Burroughs Adding Machine Company, introduces her Army veteran son **Vernon**, to her boss, Burroughs President **John S. Coleman**. "In 1942 I began buying Bonds through Payroll Savings at Burroughs," says Mrs. Minkovic. "Today they're helping **Vernon's** G.I. allowance to see him through college!"

TEAM UP WITH THESE TYPICAL AMERICANS IN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN!



★ **Pasquale Santella**, millwright at United States Steel Company's Carrie Furnaces of the Homestead District Works, has a very personal reason for buying Savings Bonds. As he told **C. F. Hood**, United States Steel Company executive vice president, "My son **Tony**, 19, is missing in Korea. Used to be I bought bonds because it was my duty and it was a good way to save money. Now I want to help lick the Reds and get **Tony** back. I buy one bond every payday and when Uncle Sam needs more money, I'll buy more bonds." He has bought bonds regularly since 1943; has never cashed one.

* U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds Buy Them Regularly!

TODAY join with these Americans—business leaders and employees—in their drive to make our country and our citizens more secure. If you're an employee, go to your company's pay office *now* and start buying U. S. Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan—the safe, sure way to save for America's defense and for personal dreams-come-true.

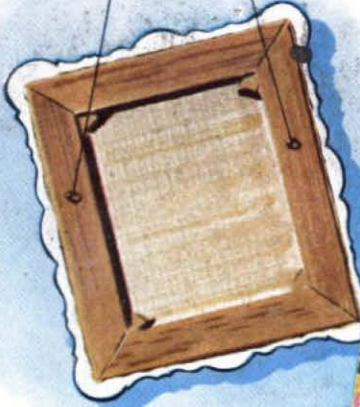
If you're an employer, and have not yet installed the easily handled Plan, you will soon be contacted by one of industry's leading executives. Sign up with him—and help him put the Plan in every company! It's a practical, hard-sense way to help preserve our nation's future, its fortune, and the very institutions that make our lives worth while!



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The Deb Who Defied the Conventions

Her career saved
by **SPRINGMAID** sheets

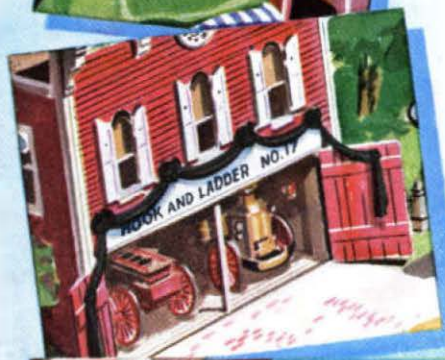


WE NEVER MENTION AUNT CLARA,
HER PICTURE IS TURNED TO THE WALL,
Though she lives on the French Riviera
Mother says she is dead to us all.

She used to sing hymns in the old village choir;
She used to teach Sunday School Class;
Of playing the organ she never would tire;
Those dear days are over, alas.
At home on the organ she'd practice and play
As long as the Deacon stayed 'round;
But his wife caught them playing a little too
gay,
And that's why Aunt Clara left town.

They said no one cared if she never came back
When she left us her fortune to seek;
But the boys at the firehouse draped it in black,
And the ball teams wore mourning that week.
They told her she'd toil by night and by day;
She'd have to scrub floors for her bread,
But inside of a week she discovered a way
To flourish by using her head.

They told her the wages of sinners was death;
But she said since she had to be dead,
She'd just as soon die with champagne on
her breath
And some new *SPRINGCALE* sheets on her bed.



They say that the hell fires will punish her sin,
She'll burn for ber carryings on,
But at least for the present she's toasting
her skin
In the sunshine of Deauville and Cannes.
They say that to garments of sackcloth
she'll sink
With ashes to cover her head,
But just at the moment it's ermine and mink
And *SPRINGCALE* sheets on her bed.

They told her she'd live in the muck and
the mud,
Yet the paper just published a snap
Of Aunt Clara at Nice with a Prince of
the blood
And a Marquis at rest in her lap.

They say that she's sunken; they say that
she fell
From the narrow and virtuous path,
But her French Formal gardens are sunken
as well
And so is her pink marble bath.

We never mention Aunt Clara,
And, though for *SPRINGCALES* I may fall,
I'll sure shun the French Riviera
So mother won't turn *me* to the wall.

Based on the song, "We never mention Aunt Clara"
Copyright, 1944, by Ruth and J. Eugene Willis.



SPRINGCALE *SPRINGMAID* sheets are finest quality
180 extra combed percale—cleaner, smoother,
evenner all the way through. They've a difference
that stays, washing after washing. See...feel...
compare the wonderful difference on your own
bed. And remember two are better than one.



Aunt Clara and the Marquis are suited in *SPRINGMAID*'s Holiday
print; the Prince sports a robe of *SPRINGMAID*'s new Persian print
brodelcloth. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

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