JUNE • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR GI's OVERSEAS

Firsthand report on young Americans exposed to unusual loneliness—and temptation

Judy Holliday:

"I Lost My Childhood"

How to Enjoy Today's EASY LIVING

—A SPECIAL PICTURE REPORT

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Now! Give your skin tone the color lift it needs with

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Here is *your* glow . . . loveliest of all . . . a fragile, sheltered look that's, oh, so *naturally* feminine! Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' is a *delicate* touch—never caky, never drying. Every drop of this moisturizing liquid make-up is blended with Revlon's precious Lanolite to pamper your skin—keep it dewy-fresh. So just *touch* . . . and *glow!* You've found the look you've been looking for! Nobody knows you wear it but you!

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Look for the **BIG** cap —only on NEW Ipana

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

Probably none of the decade's best-sellers have been so much discussed as the Robert C. Ruark novel "Something Of Value" on which M-G-M has based its dramatic journey into Africa's Mau Mau country.

"Something Of Value" is the story of a hunt for the most dangerous big-game of all—Man! It tells a very personal story of private loves and hates as they react within chaotic Kenya during the Mau Mau uprising.

If Rock Hudson is not already Hollywood's top male star, his portrayal of the professional hunter McKenzie may well put him there. McKenzie—one of the landed white gentry sympathetic to native unrest but forced by acts of terrorism to turn manhunter—is Hudson's most exciting performance to date.

As McKenzie's boyhood friend, swept into defiance of the white man's laws, Sidney Poitier gives a deeply stirring performance. As he and Hudson stalk one another to a mountain rendezvous predestined by their forefathers, the story of present-day Africa reaches its unforgettable climax.

Dana Wynter as Hudson's British bride ... Wendy Hiller as his valiant sister ... Juano Hernandez and William Marshall as Mau Mau leaders ... are among the many who help spread before us the excitement of a rich frontier society as it is challenged by smoldering hate and sudden violence.

"Something Of Value" has in it something of the rolling green plains of the high Masai range, something of the teeming city of Nairobi—something of both Africa's romantic allure and explosive tensions.

It is a brilliant and fearless presentation by scenarist-director Richard Brooks and producer Pandro S. Berman, the same intrepid team that took on M-G-M's "Blackboard Jungle." That's why "Something Of Value" is something to see, to feel, to think about, and to not easily forget.

JUNE · 1957
VOL. 109 · NO. 2

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,300,000

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD ZIEFF AT THE HOLLYWOOD BEACH HOTEL GOLF COURSE, HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA

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

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Virginia Laughlin

Terry Morris and Dick

Mrs. Boyd and Elizabeth

BETWEEN THE LINES

Virginia Laughlin, who wrote the short short on page 56, called her story "The Almira Evening." We retitled it "Recipe for Marriage." It's a toss-up who's right. What do you think? Virginia, from Kansas, lives in New Mexico. It's truly "The Land of Enchantment," she says, just like the wording on the license plates.

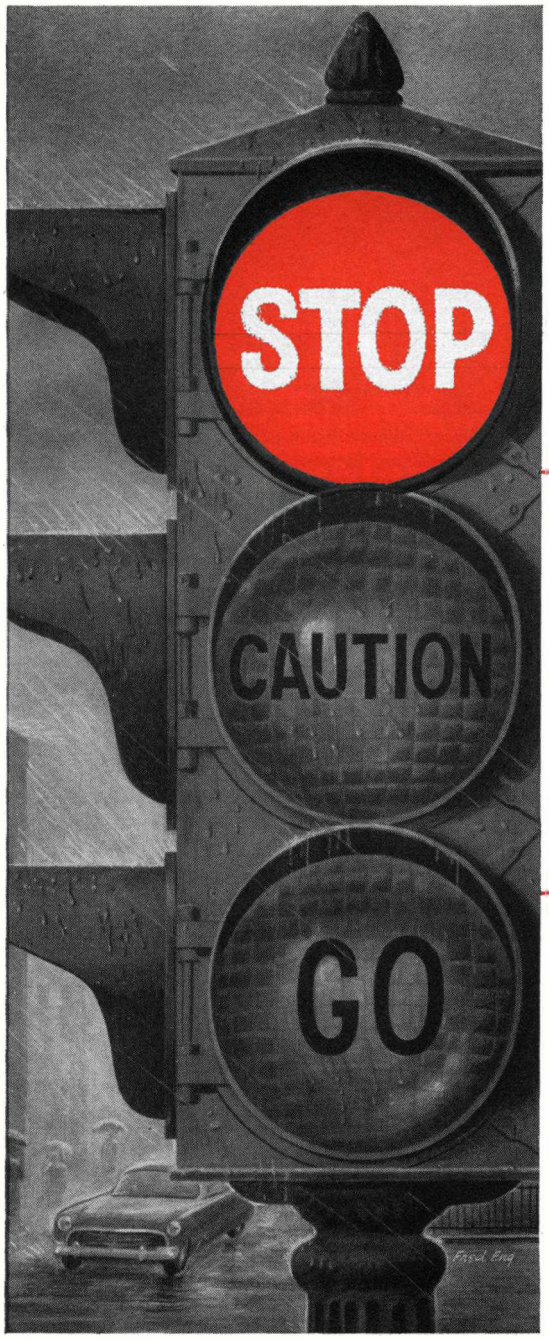
This seems to be the issue in which everyone's story gets a new title. Susan Kuehn Boyd sold us a charmer called "The Wrong Ideal," but we renamed it "Spring Weekend" (page 50) and in this case we think we're right. Susan, a former news reporter in Minneapolis, has a reporter friend who, like her, was doing a little after-hours fiction writing. Each of them chose one story and spent a couple of evenings reading aloud to the other and exchanging criticism. "My story got tapped for REDBOOK," Susan says triumphantly, "and my friend's story was taken by another national magazine. That's the kind of coincidence we like." Mrs. Boyd lives in Iowa City now.

We are very keen about Terry Morris' article, "I Must Come To America" (page 48), but that didn't prevent us from changing the title on that one either. Terry called it "Young Stowaway." It is a thrilling story, and it was thrilling to Terry. She stood by waiting for the young Brazilian stowaway extraordinary to come into the country on a legal visa after having tempted fate twice in the fantastic adventure of arriving here in the nose-wheel compartments of transoceanic airliners. REDBOOK played an important part in the happy outcome for the young man, and we're proud of our role, which is explained in the article. James Trigg, who drew the cross-section of a plane to show the youth's predicament in his forty-four hour vigil under almost incredible circumstances, went to enormous trouble to get an accurate representation. Often employed as an illustrator of aircraft, Mr. Trigg's extensive files and clippings could shed no light on how a young man could exist in a nose-wheel compartment. Finally, with the co-operation of friends in commercial air circles, he was able to take photographs from which he made his drawing. One thing that helped, he says, is the fact that some years ago he worked as a mechanic at LaGuardia Field. W. B. H.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

"The Tragedy of Beautiful Women" by Philip Wylie

Also: "What You Can't See on TV"—an appraisal of the quiet, but deadening, censorship.



. . . and ask yourself this question:

"AM I A SAFE DRIVER?"

You are a safe driver if you . . .

- observe traffic regulations, especially about speed
- watch other drivers and try to anticipate their actions
- drive extra-carefully when pedestrians, especially children, are about
- know distances required to stop your car completely at various speeds
- never drive when you are fatigued, ill or upset
- lower your speed as darkness approaches
- signal other motorists in ample time
- keep your car in top mechanical condition

You are not a safe driver if you . . .

- fail to observe right of way
- follow too closely behind the car ahead
- weave in and out of traffic lanes
- pass on hills or curves when there is no clear view ahead
- do not adjust your speed to weather and traffic conditions
- fail to lower lights when a car approaches
- take chances in hazardous situations
- feel over-confident or believe accidents happen only to the other fellow
- speed through traffic lights on the yellow signal
- mix alcohol and driving

Always drive as if your life depended on it. It does!

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, *"How's Your Driving?"* 6-57-R.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

Redbook's

Pictures of the Month

Selected by Florence Somers

When a tough guy used to dames meets a sweet young girl, things are bound to happen and they do for* Anne *(Jean Simmons) and* Rocco *(Paul Douglas).

Two completely different films, an up-to-the-minute drama, "SOMETHING OF VALUE," and an uproarious comedy, "THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT," offer fascinating entertainment

After their honeymoon is interrupted by the Mau Mau uprising,* Holly *(Dana Wynter) proves as courageous as* Peter *(Rock Hudson), but she begs him to leave Africa for a new life.

"Something of Value," starring Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter, Wendy Hiller and Sidney Poitier, is the dramatization of Robert Ruark's novel about the Mau Mau situation in East Africa. It is an improvement over the book because a good deal of the brutality and bloodiness that seemed to be included in the book merely to shock the reader has been eliminated from the movie.

It is still a strong story, as it has to be to cover such a difficult situation accurately, but it is absorbing because it presents the problem through the lives of young people involved in it. *Peter McKenzie* (Rock Hudson) and *Kimani* (Sidney Poitier) were brought up together, and their difference in color never affected them until they reached their teens. From then on, the lives of these two men and their relationship with each other reflect the Mau Mau-white situation.

"This Could Be The Night" is a lively, highly amusing film about a college graduate, *Anne* (Jean Simmons), who takes a secretarial job in a night club run by *Rocco* and *Tony* (Paul Douglas and Anthony Franciosa). They've never met anyone quite like *Anne*, and they decide to protect her innocence. *Anne* is insulted because they consider her inexperienced. The night-club staff, a wonderful collection of characters, is all involved in *Anne's* career and romances.

The comedy sets off at a fast pace and never once lets down. One laugh follows another as such fine actors as Joan Blondell, Zazu Pitts, J. Carroll Naish, Julie Wilson and talented Neile Adams race through the brilliant dialogue. *(MGM)*

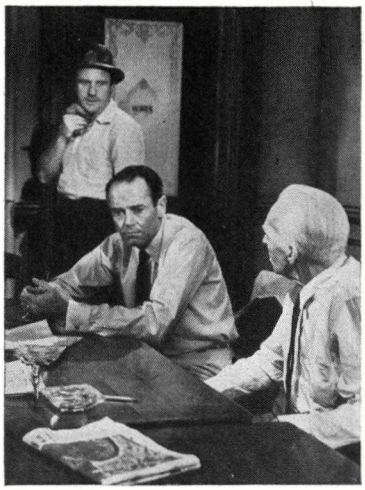
3 OTHER FINE FILMS

"THE RED BALLOON"

IN RECENT MONTHS more and more good documentary films have been released, but what is even more important is the fact that they are being given wider distribution through the country. This delightful fantasy, with beautiful color shots of Paris, has already won some top awards. It is simply the story of a young French boy who finds a balloon. When he tries to take it to school, he is not allowed on the bus and has to run so he won't be late. When it rains, he pushes it under people's umbrellas so it won't get wet. Eventually the balloon follows him, without being held, into all sorts of adventures.

There is a great deal of humor for young parents in this film, and photogenic Pascal Lamorisse, whose father wrote, directed and produced the picture, is most appealing.

Shown with "The Red Balloon" is "Lost Continent," also an award-winning documentary. This shows, in lovely color, the fascinating life of Malaya and Indonesia. *(Lopert)*



"TWELVE ANGRY MEN"

"IF YOU CAN'T beat television, adapt it" seems to be the slogan of Hollywood since the phenomenal success of "Marty." "Twelve Angry Men" was also first shown on television, where it won tremendous acclaim. An excellent cast, headed by Henry Fonda, is in the film version, which is fascinating, but which might have been even better if more use of the greater scope of motion pictures had been employed to give the background of the murder involved.

The "twelve angry men" are the jurors who, on the first ballot, vote eleven to one that the accused is guilty. Juror #8 (Mr. Fonda) is the dissenter because he feels that there is a reasonable doubt about the case. As time passes, he eventually convinces the other members that his is the fair decision to make. In their waverings and in their defense of their opinions, a great deal of the men's own lives is revealed. Because of the realism and superb acting, interest never lags in this film. *(UA)*

"TORERO!"

THIS LIFE STORY of a young Mexican hero, Luis Procuna, is a movie classic of bull fighting comparable to Hemingway's literary gem, "Death in the Afternoon." Because it is the film portrait of a man, his ambitions and his fears, it will fascinate even those who have no interest in the activities of the bull ring. Luis Procuna, his wife and his children play themselves in the picture, as do Manolete, Carlos Arruza and other matadors.

Luis, who was born in 1923, and his mother knew only poverty, and Luis soon realized his only chance for fame and fortune was the bull ring. At five he started practicing, and at fifteen he made his first appearance in the ring. When he was twenty-one, he won the Golden Ear, greatest trophy given a matador. Having achieved success, he finds that he can't retire. He knows each fight may be his last. This superb film is a day in Procuna's life, concentrating on his thoughts as he drives to the ring. *(Columbia)*

JUNE BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Abandon Ship!—Based on the true story of an officer who had to decide which passengers to save in a shipwreck.

The Baby and the Battleship—Witty British comedy about a crew that does hide a baby boy on a battleship.

Beau James—Bob Hope in a glossy version of Mayor Jimmy Walker's life. Vera Miles, Paul Douglas, Alexis Smith.

Boy on a Dolphin—Alan Ladd is lucky enough to find a rare treasure and Sophia Loren in the Greek Islands.

Designing Woman—Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck learn there's a big difference between fashion and sport. * May

Dragoon Wells Massacre—Two convicts help save a pioneer party from the Indians. Barry Sullivan.

Fear Strikes Out—Tony Perkins proves his ability in this true story of Jim Piersall of the Red Sox. * May

Funny Face—Unusually good musical with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire and Kay Thompson having a romp. * May

Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison—Extraordinary story of a nun and a Marine stranded in the Pacific in World War II. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr. * May

Reach for the Sky—Inspirational story of Douglas Bader, who became a British air hero after losing both legs.

The Spirit of St. Louis—A great dramatization of Lindbergh's remarkable transoceanic flight. James Stewart. * May

The Strange One—Adapted from the play which attacked brutality and military schools. Ben Gazzara.

The Tattered Dress—Exciting courtroom drama in which a lawyer almost gets trapped. Jeff Chandler.

The Vintage—Pastoral tale of two brothers who find refuge in the vineyards of Southern France. Mel Ferrer.

Meet the men of atomic-electric power

These are two of the new "atomic men" in the business of producing electricity. In the photograph, they are studying a small-scale model of an atomic reactor designed for an atomic-electric power plant.

They, and hundreds of other electric company men, are learning how to harness the power of atomic energy to the job of producing electricity. Working with scientists and engineers of the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment makers and builders, they are helping develop the new tools, new machinery and new kinds of buildings needed for atomic-powered electric plants.

The nation's appetite for electric power is growing rapidly, and atomic energy promises a vast new source of fuel to make more electricity. That's why independent electric companies are studying, testing and comparing methods and equipment to find the best ways to put the atom to work for America.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

Childish Questions

BY O. A. BATTISTA

Why is spinach always so much better for me than for you?

•

Must I be a little gentleman even if it means I won't have a good time at the party?

•

WHY must I wash my face before I even get it dirty?

•

What comes first—the little lambs or the blankets that God wraps them in?

•

When are you going to start paying me for keeping the baby-sitter awake?

•

Should I kiss the boys at school every time they ask me?

•

If I do stop crying will you tell me what the good reason is?

•

May I eat my cereal bare this morning?

•

Do all dogs have to walk in their bare feet?

REDBOOK'S

Family Scrapbook

We vowed that, if we ever had a child, we would teach him good grooming habits and love of clothing. The result is that Cliff, our son, loves to get dressed, hear Mommy's praises and dash to the mirror to view himself.

On Thanksgiving Grandma gave Jeff a new outfit. Here he is, proud as punch, price tag on the pants and all.

MRS. CLIFFORD P. MARCHA
1135 Parker Boulevard
Kenmore 23, N. Y.

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

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SPEAKING OF NEW ENGLAND

Regarding Llewellyn Miller's article, "The Flavor of New England" (March), please advise us "Nutmeggers" by what right she ignored Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Our heritage and background are much the same; our locality is definitely New England.

MRS. CHARLES BARSTON
Mystic, Conn.

Thanks to Denny Hampson and de Evia for those charming illustrations and photos that intermingled with the New England recipes in March.

J. H.
Allentown, Penna.

I have just been reading your fine article about New England. However, you have made an unforgivable oversight in omitting the state of Rhode Island and Rhode Islanders' pride and joy, Johnnycake.

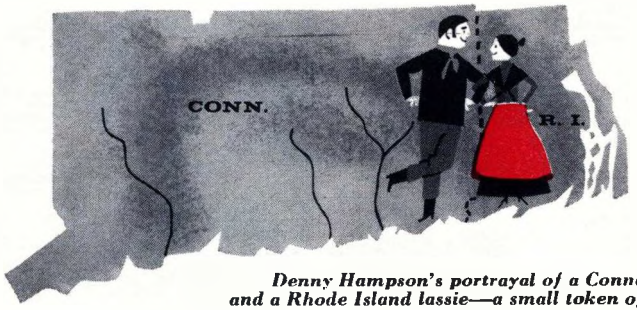
MRS. TRILBY B. LIGHTBOURNE
Columbus, Ohio

REDBOOK's *Homemaking Department gives this recipe for Johnnycake:*

OLD-FASHIONED JOHNNYCAKE could be described as "baked mush." It has a crisp crust and should not be confused with cornbread, which has a more cakelike texture. Serve it broken into pieces with butter or syrup.

1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 cup corn meal
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Add salt and butter to corn meal. Pour boiling water over corn meal. Stir thoroughly. Add milk; stir until well mixed. Melt shortening in an 8-inch square pan. Grease sides of pan; pour in batter. Place pan over heat until batter begins to bubble around the edges. Then bake 30 minutes in a very hot (475°F) oven.



Denny Hampson's portrayal of a Connecticut lad and a Rhode Island lassie—a small token of apology.

MOTHERS *SHOULD* WORRY

I read "When Not to Worry" (March) with interest. Certainly it is gratifying to hear that some mothers have reared their children successfully and now live with young adults they can be proud of. But the train of thought in the article puzzles me. Isn't it tempting to think that these children matured successfully *because* their mothers *did* worry? Their present perspective may have mellowed their views, but I feel that they may not be giving themselves enough credit and giving the healing aspects of time too much.

Time and potential growth should always be remembered as one of the child's greatest allies, but they cannot be expected to replace good sound leadership on the part of mother and father.

MRS. VERA JUNCOSA
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

ON MATERNITY CARE

I wish to commend you on the wonderful article, "You Can Get the Maternity Care You Want" (March). I only wish that I could have read it sooner, when I first became pregnant, as many of the items listed in the article held true for me.

NAME WITHHELD
Poulsbo, Wash.

Your article on maternity care really was wonderful. It has given me the sense I need to ask some of the questions that were in the back of my mind, but that I thought might sound silly.

NAME WITHHELD
Richmond, Mich.

I do not know why John Kord Lagemann feels qualified to write about this subject. He is obviously not a doctor, and I'm sure he has not been, nor will he ever be, lucky man, pregnant.

If the doctor should tell a woman why she needs what she does and how the whole thing is going to be, she will still be in a panic. Technical questions must be left to the doctor. He cannot be influenced by what an ignorant woman thinks she ought to have.

I really enjoyed the article. After all, it stimulated me and forced me to type, which I dislike exceedingly.

MRS. HELENE CABELL
New York, N. Y.

I have just finished reading John Kord Lagemann's excellent article.

I have already had my first baby with a minimum of discomfort, but no thanks to the physician in charge at the time. He is a most competent M.D., I am sure, but practically all the points brought out pertaining to breast feeding, what goes on before the delivery, etc., were things which I entered into blindly.

I wanted information, but I was treated with the attitude, "You be a good little girl and let me worry about everything and you'll be fine."

You can be sure that any subsequent babies of mine will be brought into this world with a complete understanding between my doctor and me.

MRS. GEORGE SMITH
Bronx, N. Y.

CHEERS FOR CHERRY PIE

Your cherry pie in the February REDBOOK was truly delicious.

There are so few good pastry cooks today. REDBOOK should be proud to have Mrs. Ruth Pomeroy and those who assist this department on its staff.

SUSAN E. ANDRUS
Horseheads, N. Y.

TAXING SUBJECT

After reading your editorial, "Fair Taxes for Working Mothers" (March), I just have to tell you how I feel.

I feel that Congress is trying to protect our young children by keeping their mothers at home. No one can take the place of a child's mother. Lucky is the child whose mother is at home when he returns from school, full of conversation and questions.

MRS. PERRY FLEAGLE
Wichita, Kans.

When there are so many homes being disrupted by mothers' going to work, I can't see any reason to give any more the incentive to follow suit.

Modern women indeed! Modern woman does not vary from her old-fashioned sisters as far as her primary duty is concerned—and that is to make a home and rear a family. No one can do both as efficiently as some people try to make us believe.

MRS. SHARON LOFTUS
Granite City, Ill.

I have just read your editorial, "Fair Taxes for Working Mothers."

I have never written to any magazine concerning any article, but this time I felt it imperative that I should congratulate you.

(Continued on page 14)

Avon invites you to a fragrance try-on

"Avon Calling" means selecting cosmetics at home, with the help of your Avon Representative.

It's *new* . . . this Avon way of trying on fragrances in your own home, to be sure they're becoming! Avon makes selection so easy and pleasant by enabling you to explore the world of fine fragrances until you discover the ones you like best. Seven scents to choose from . . . each different . . . all delightful . . . all distinctively Avon. When your Avon Representative calls, she will invite you to a fragrance try-on. You'll enjoy it!

IF YOU WISH AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE TO CALL, CONSULT YOUR LOCAL PHONE DIRECTORY.

AVON cosmetics

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHO CALLS AT YOUR HOME

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
(Continued)

I intend writing to my Congressman on this matter, as suggested in your editorial, because it seems to me that with as much money as there is in circulation in the United States, there should be some fairer system of taxing working mothers. I am going to urge every working mother I know to do the same.

NAME AND STATE WITHHELD

I am prompted to inquire regarding what is and what is not fair taxation for working women in general.

How should the tax laws be changed so that a working mother would be exempt from paying taxes on the same salary paid to a single woman in a similar job? According to the survey, many claim they do not consider the added income a necessity to the well-being of their families. Yet, the other women do consider it a necessity—and, I am sure, society will agree.

MARGARET E. JONES
Baltimore, Md.

WOMAN'S SEXUAL ROLE

Thank you for publishing the article, "The Sexual Responsibility of Woman." Close to 80% of the couples who consult me about marital conflict name sexual maladjustment as one of their major problems. In our opinion the article promises to make a significant contribution to education for effective family life.

HENRY M. GRAHAM, General Secretary
The Family Service Association
Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR THE RECORD

My attention has been called to the story entitled "The Man Who Lost Himself" by Selwyn James (March). The story refers to one Charles Henry Sleter, an amnesia victim who was fingerprinted by the New Orleans Police Department, and according to the story, these prints were forwarded to this Bureau in an effort to effect identification. The story states:

"Normally some kind of reply would have been received from the FBI and acted upon within a week. But, as Sergeant Drumm tells it, 'there was a mixup somewhere.' There was no news for almost a month."

In the interest of accuracy, I would like you to have the following facts: Our records reflect that the fingerprints of an amnesia victim were taken by the Police Department, New Orleans, on April 14, 1956, and were received at this Bureau on May 7, 1956. On May 8, we sent a wire to the New Orleans Police Department advising them that the fingerprints of the amnesia victim were identical with the fingerprints of Charles Henry Sleter.

As is obvious from the above, there was absolutely no delay in this matter insofar as this Bureau was concerned.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

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

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF

BY CARLTON BROWN

Lena Horne got her start as a dancer and singer while she was still a teenage Brooklyn girl. Bandleader Noble Sissle picked her out of the chorus line of New York's celebrated Cotton Club and took her on a two-year tour as vocalist of his big and influential swing band. There followed a year with Charlie Barnet, and then hugely successful solo appearances at leading night clubs, and featured roles in "Cabin in the Sky," "Stormy Weather," "Meet Me in Las Vegas" and other movies.

Miss Horne's many recordings over the years have been invariably tasteful and pleasant, but until quite recently few of them did anything like full justice to her powerfully attractive voice and style. RCA-Victor began to correct that situation a little more than a year ago, with the release of a sensationally fine single, coupling Cole Porter's "It's All Right With Me" and the Leonard Bernstein-Betty Comden-Adolph Green tune "It's Love." Miss Horne and her husband, arranger-bandleader Lennie Hayton, gave these two otherwise neglected songs such fresh, propulsive treatments that they turned them into hits and gave Miss Horne's popularity a tremendous boost, particularly with the new audience of young adults.

These two numbers and nine others made up the album "It's Love," in which the beauties of the Horne-Hayton collaboration had their first full-scale showing. The set has been selling steadily ever since and is one of those rare popular productions which lose none of their appeal with repeated listenings. Now, for June release, RCA-Victor has put out an equally wonderful collection, "Lena Horne at the Waldorf-Astoria." Recorded on the spot during Miss Horne's latest and most successful appearance there, the disk offers nearly an hour of rich and varied musical entertainment. The presence of a live audience puts extra zest and intensity into Lena's singing of the sixteen tunes, about half of them old favorites and the rest seldom-recorded pops, all of which she transforms into new and lovely creations of her own.

"dressing up"

by Arlene Jennrich

Boys have just as good a time as girls in this dressing up business. They don't go so much for playing Daddy but they want to be police, cowboy, Indian and such.

First Time toddler tries on Daddy's hat or drapes a blanket around himself, dressing up becomes a part of growing up. Start early to build a reserve of costumes. Old hats give a good head start to pretending. Add vest and fancy tie, boy becomes a man. Watch Betsy blossom in lace curtain stole, carrying outsize handbag full of "lady-things" like comb, compact and pair of your old gloves. Avoid tall heels (turn ankles).

Keep candy-box bows and slightly tired artificial flowers and "jewelry" for an accessory box.

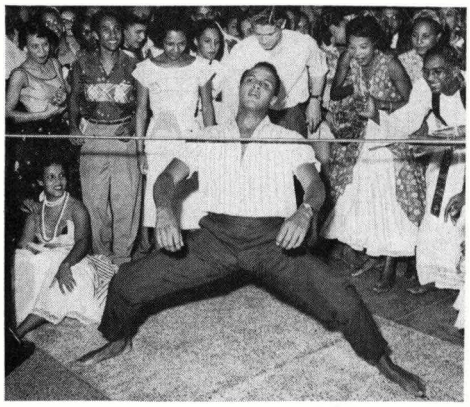
Going Travelling usually seems to go along with dressing up. So, use real suitcase to store costumes or decorate carton for a trunk.

Besides playing grownup, children get going on inspired imagination when costumed. With drawstring thru hem of yard of bright cloth, you can make a cape for ringmaster, magician or mystery man. Moustaches help. Tall hat can be cardboard cylinder taped to a brim.

White Shirt belted around a little tummy makes good nurse costume, with red cross armband—white paper headband. Bandana, sun visor and overalls can make an engineer—sofa and chairs, a train.

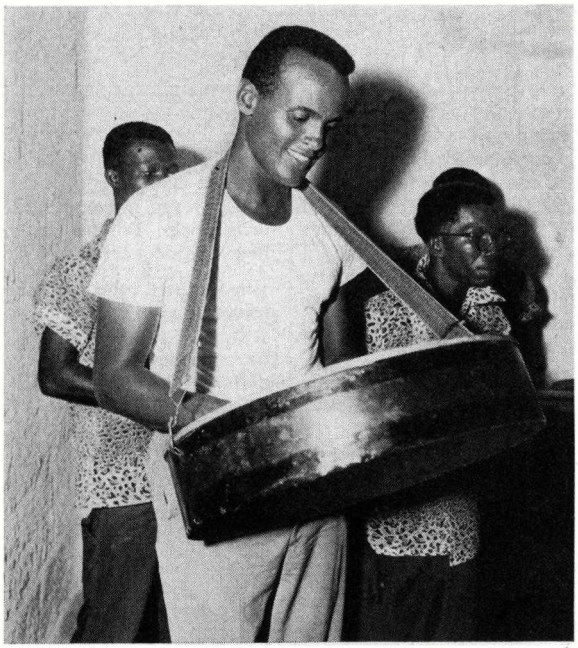
Rainy Day play with diversified costume chest—or for any day—suggests theatricals, TV shows, and all sorts of ideas for hours of constructive, wholesome fun.

He abandoned his career; then, in five years, he became one of the country's greatest entertainers



Belafonte trying the "limbo," a dance of the British West Indies in which the dancer must pass under a bar without moving it and with only the soles of his feet ever touching the floor.

THE ASTOUNDING HARRY BELAFONTE



While working in "Island in the Sun," Belafonte recorded native music played on instruments made from old oil drums.

The man most likely to succeed in knocking rock and roll out of the entertainment industry is Harry Belafonte. For weeks he had two albums of records ("Calypso" and "Belafonte") among the first ten best sellers, as well as two hit records, "The Banana Boat Song," and "Jamaica Farewell." His smooth, gliding style is anything but rock and roll.

Actually, Belafonte started out as a pop singer, but became so disappointed in that type of music that he gave up his musical career and worked in a Greenwich Village restaurant of which he was part owner. He never forgot his love of ballads, particularly those of the Caribbean where he spent his boyhood, and he began to build a repertoire and give impromptu recitals. A booking in a Village night club started him on his second career which has included movies, stage shows, television and night-club dates. He set the record at Lewisohn Stadium when 26,000 people came to hear him. His night-club fees range from $17,000 to $35,000 a week, he gets $150,000 for a movie and his recording contract gives him $50,000 a year, outside of royalties, for fifteen years.

Belafonte spent last fall in the British West Indies working in Darryl Zanuck's production of "Island in the Sun," in which he plays the fiery labor leader. He wrote two songs which are used in the film.

In 1956 Belafonte was given the James J. Joey Award for Interracial Justice and was named by Cardinal Stritch as the most important Negro artist. When delegates who came from all over the world for one of the *New York Herald-Tribune* Youth Forums were asked to choose an entertainer, they selected Belafonte, who had no idea his records had had such worldwide circulation. Not a bad record for a young man who once gave up his career.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

Frisky is the word for Chevy! Here's the Bel Air 4-door Sedan with Body by Fisher.

velvet smooth and full of spunk!

This sweet, smooth and sassy new Chevrolet has its own special way of going. It's spirited, sure . . . but a honey to handle. And if the roads out your way suddenly seem newer, that's Chevy's new ride!

We might as well own up to it—there's a certain restless energy about the new Chevrolet. It's not the stay-at-home type at all. Even when it's parked in the driveway, you can tell it's poised to travel.

The plain fact is, this beauty's full of vim, vigor and V8 action! (Horsepower, you know, ranges up to 245*.) But for all its fresh and frisky ways, Chevy's a real solid citizen on the highway.

It's a honey to handle—sure-footed on curves, beautifully smooth on roads that have seen better days, always quick and quiet in its response to your touch.

You'd have to go a long way to find a car that offers more pure pleasure. But it's just a short trip to your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

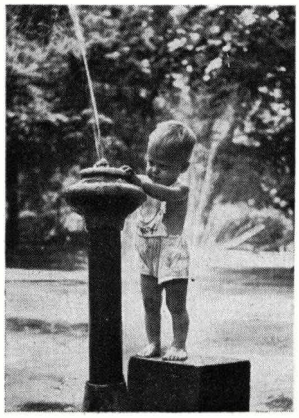
CHEVROLET

1 USA '57 CHEVROLET

**Optional at extra cost. 270-h.p. high-performance V8 engine also available at extra cost.*

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY MADELIN ALK



SHOULD YOUR CHILD GO BAREFOOT?

To most children vacation means a chance to run free on beach or field, to dangle their feet in cooling water or wiggle their toes in grass. If cuts and bruises, splinters and stubbed toes are the price to be paid for this freedom, it seems small to them.

But parents frequently have misgivings. Their concern is usually less about the danger of wounds than about possible permanent damage to the structure of their child's foot. If you have wondered whether it's all right to go barefoot, whether sneakers and sandals can hurt, and what kind of shoes are best for all-year-round wear, here is some information about shoes and feet that may help you:

The 26 bones of the foot are not completely developed until a person is 20 years old. Up to that time, but particularly until a child is 12, the shape of the foot and even of the individual bones is influenced by pressures arising from the way he walks, the way he sits and the kind of foot covering he uses.

The foot was originally designed for ground that is irregular and springy. In some parts of the world, where the climate is warm and where there are few paved roads, people go barefoot all the time, and they are free of the foot troubles that plague most children and adults here. Our hard-surfaced floors and streets give our feet a ceaseless pounding that can irreparably damage the muscles and ligaments supporting the foot's bony structure.

It is primarily for this reason—to maintain the natural and most efficient shape of our feet—that we need shoes. The kind of shoes to wear and when to wear them depends on where we live, the activity for which they are intended and our personal needs.

City pavements and playgrounds, for instance, call for maximum protection. But the country, when the weather is warm, calls for something different. Some foot specialists wholeheartedly endorse bare feet, provided the ground is soft and free of broken glass, tin cans and other debris. They believe the natural exercise is good for children's feet. Other specialists believe there are no positive benefits. But most pediatricians and foot doctors agree that no real harm and much pleasure can come from a few shoeless hours a day.

There is a unique danger in many areas of the South—the soil is infested with hookworm. This tiny parasite enters through the skin, travels to the intestines and eventually causes severe anemia. Since bare feet are a frequent invasion point, don't chance infection. A local doctor or the public health service can tell you whether a particular community is infested.

The Right Shoe at the Right Time

Infants or toddlers who have little or no contact with hard surfaces need foot coverings only to protect them from injury or, in cool weather, to keep their feet warm. Their bootees or shoes should be lightweight, soft and roomy.

But the active child who spends most of his waking hours walking, running or playing on hard surfaces needs a shoe that will give him good support. The best shoe for every day, year-round wear is a low-heeled, laced oxford with a flexible arch and broad toes. When properly fitted, it holds a child's foot in the most natural position and, at the same time, permits free movement of his

toes. You don't need to buy rugged-duty shoes. Children's feet grow so fast (a full size every four to 16 weeks) that the shoes will probably be too small long before they're worn-out.

There are many situations that call for special footgear. Sneakers, for instance, are important both because children like them and because they're comfortable. They don't give the important foot support an oxford does, but if you limit their use and discourage constant day in and day out wear, they probably won't cause trouble.

Sandals, too, serve a useful function. In the country they can provide protection to the soles of feet that might otherwise go bare. In the city they are a welcome way to let moisture evaporate from hot feet—often they help prevent athlete's foot (ringworm), which thrives on dampness. Since they don't hold the foot properly, though, your child should not wear them all the time.

If your child shows signs of foot trouble, his shoes, or lack of them, should be dictated by his need for special correction. Podiatrists, chiropodists and orthopedists urge that you seek professional care if your child toes-in or out with either or both feet, if shoe soles wear down excessively in one spot (normal feet cause even wear), or if he develops corns or calluses.

Foot specialists hold varying opinions about some aspects of foot development, but they almost all agree that, if a child with normal feet wears properly fitted shoes of the correct size and style most of the time, he can safely wear special footgear or no shoes at all for some hours of every day.

• FEWER ORPHANS TODAY

One sign of health progress: In 1920, 16 per cent of the children under 18 in this country had lost one or both parents by death. A generation later, in 1955, less than five per cent of all U.S. children had lost one or both parents.

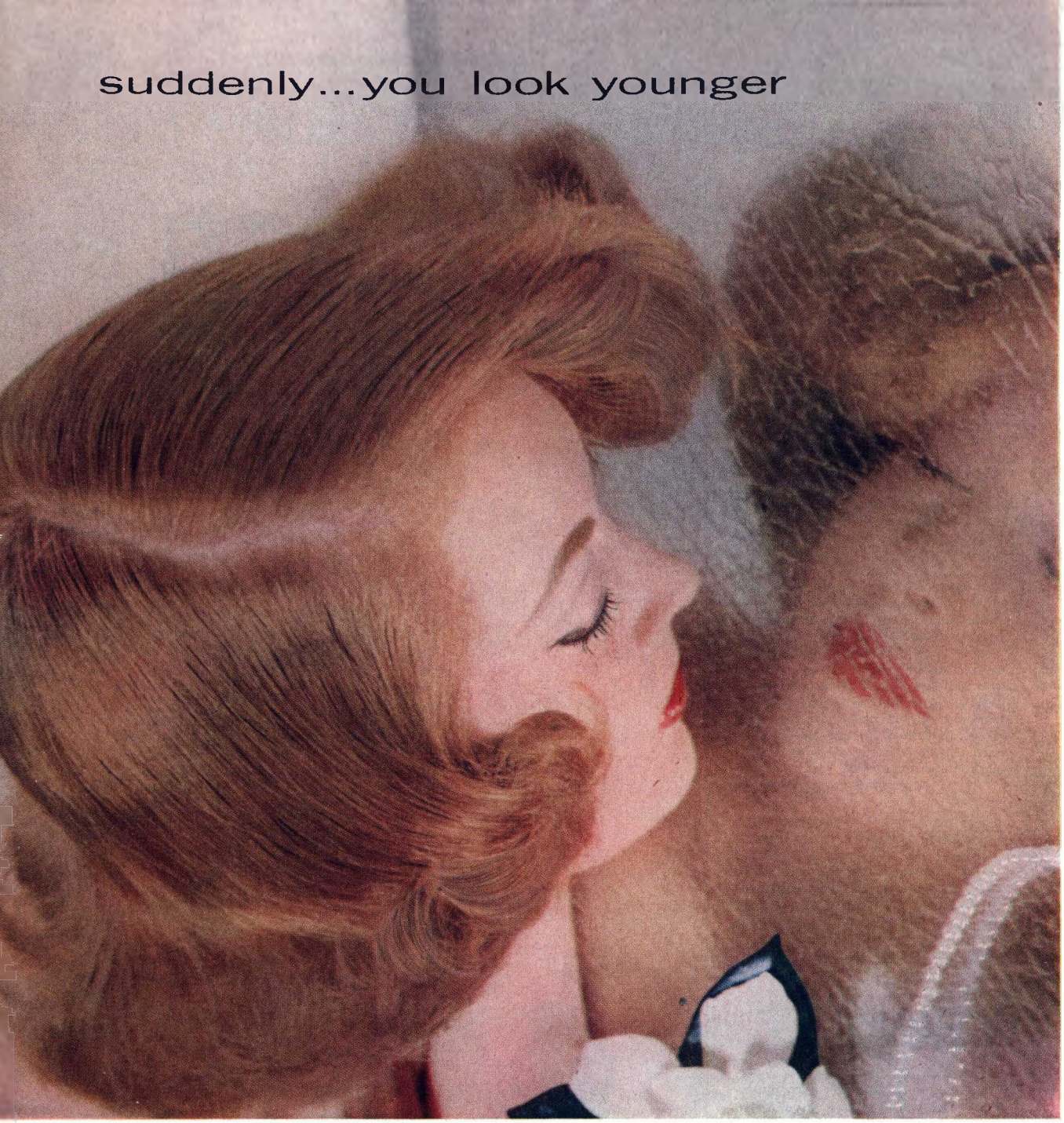
• HIGH RECOVERY FOR MENTALLY ILL

Most mental hospitals are overcrowded, underequipped and understaffed. But in states like Kansas, where active treatment centers exist, four out of five patients admitted to a mental hospital for the first time go home within a year. This record can be achieved by other states, says the National Association for Mental Health, if facilities are provided for early detection and competent therapy. The NAMH asks you to support its annual campaign through your local mental health association so that "the mentally ill can come back."

●

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

suddenly...you look younger



with ROUX.. haircolor that looks as though it had always been your own!

You can't reclaim a single passed moment. But you *can* put the sparkling color and beauty of youth into your hair, and so help yourself to look—and feel—so much younger!

And it's so easy, with Roux. For Roux is not merely one product, but an entire family of haircolorings, each for a specific need.

You may want to color your entire head, or just "touch-up" a few gray strands. You may want to match the gray hair to your natural color, or try an exciting new haircolor, or simply brighten faded, dull looking hair. You may want lasting color, or color you can shampoo out at will, or no color at all, but lustrous hair lightening.

Whatever your desire, Roux gives you the answer. And each Roux coloring imparts the *natural* look that is the mark of good taste. That is why haircolorists, whose livelihood depends on beauty, use more Roux haircolorings than any other!

So if your haircolor doesn't do all it can and should for you, turn with confidence to Roux. Remember that "Roux means lovelier haircolor"...sparkling, *natural* looking haircolor and softer, more manageable hair condition!

ask your hairdresser why she prefers

ROUX®

Once Upon a Thousand Times

BY MARGERY McKINNEY

Children's stories are charming, useful and interesting—for children. But what about the long-suffering parent who must repeat them and repeat them and repeat them . . . ?

IN the selection of suitable books—suitable for the allegedly tender mind of the child, that is—has anyone considered the effect of children's literature upon the mind of the parent who must read it? No one, so far as I can discover. In our time we have developed a cult of the young, forgetting that parents, too, need loving attention. Apparently the general attitude is that the parent is old enough to fend for himself, he has probably read worse in his time and anyhow he should be willing to put up with anything for the sake of his child.

I am at odds with this callous view. Although I do not suggest that parents be pampered (an attractive thought, by the way), surely some consideration might be given to their emotional and intellectual needs in providing material to be read to their children. I feel strongly about this matter since I know from my own experience that serious damage can be done to the moral fiber of a parent through a seemingly innocuous "juvenile."

The story which was the occasion for my downfall is the familiar one concerning a yellow chick named Chicken-Little. While this particular feather-brain was walking in the barnyard one morning, busy upon someone else's business, an acorn fell on her head. After a brief lapse of consciousness, Chicken-Little roused herself and, her mental processes evidently unimpaired by the blow, arrived at the natural conclusion that the sky had fallen. Without a moment's hesitation, she rushed about, as a kind of barnyard Paul Revere, bearing the sensational news to everyone on the place. This, in an acorn-shell, is the whole story.

I am not concerned with the reasons underlying Chicken-Little's need to dash about the barnyard, spreading this absurd notion. More thoughtful readers would raise such questions as, "Was Chicken-Little the last in pecking order among the poultry population, and was this activity a device to advance herself in the hierarchy of the barnyard?" or "Was yellow just not her color, and was this sensationalism a compensation for deep-seated dissatisfaction with her identity?"

Since I think children for the most part are unaware of such implications, I have no concern about them. As to the effect on my child, I never feared that she would be so impressed by the story that one day, having been hit on the head by an acorn (we have a number of oak trees in our yard), she would rush into the house in a panic about the sky falling. My faith in her has been justified; at no time has this ever happened. I am concerned, however, with the demoralizing effect innumerable readings had upon me, the parent reader.

It is necessary to explain to those who have not been hardened to children's stories that there is a formula by which many of them are compounded. The hero (heroine in this case, of course) encounters some circumstance or phenomenon. He tells another character about his adventure, who goes with him to tell someone else. Character No. 1 and Character No. 2 accompany the hero to tell Character No. 3, and so on, it seems, ad infinitum.

Each time a new character is enlisted in the parade, all the earlier members are named, one by one and in turn, until, midway in the story, each encounter entails reciting a whole litany of names, to the delight of the small hearer and the exhaustion of the parent reader. And let me warn you. Don't think you can get by with skipping a few names as the list grows longer. The small tyrant planted in your lap requires, with iron will, that each and every one be recited. In the proper sequence. I regard this rigid insistence on a precise reading of these infinitely boring lists as a powerful children's weapon in the war between the generations.

The saga of Chicken-Little adheres faithfully to the formula. It is especially abrasive to parental nerves, however, because of the characters' names—those names which must be recited again, and again, and again. I give you (if memory serves me rightly) Henny-Penny, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Loosey, Turkey-Lurkey and Foxy-Loxy as examples. I have a vague recollection of at least three more equally cloying names, but fortunately my mind sloughed them away.

The twice-daily reading of this interminable story with its list of revolting names repeated numbers of times drove me, a normally law-abiding citizen, brimming with good will, to plotting violence after several weeks. One afternoon, as Chicken-Little set out upon her stroll through the barnyard, I arranged for her to walk under a grapefruit tree. Just as she came well within the shelter of its branches, a nearly-ripe grapefruit slipped its moorings and fell, alas! upon the hapless chick. I really felt terrible about this. It was cowardly and mean, but I had been tried beyond my strength.

I can plead, too, that I balanced its meanness with generosity at this point; I thought I could afford it. I brought out the whole cast for what I believed was the last time to view the still form of Chicken-Little and to cluck mournfully over her condition. The blow was not fatal, I must explain quickly, just enough to incapacitate her completely.

However, I got no further with this new (and last) version of the story than the viewing of the victim. At that point the audience in my lap stiffened suddenly and let out a piercing scream. Then it threw itself on the floor and started kicking its heels and demanding in shrieks that Chicken-Little be restored to her accustomed vigor (I am summarizing here). One essential for successful parenthood, I have learned, is to recognize when you are licked; I immediately reversed myself and promised wildly to revive Chicken-Little and get her on the road again. No sooner said than done. I brought the chick to a rather groggy consciousness, and she recovered magnificently. In practically no time she propped herself up and almost immediately thereafter she staggered off heroically upon her appointed rounds. Peace, of a sort, filled the room.

The moral deterioration wrought by the little story was not yet complete; I was impelled toward one more heinous act. In spite of my admiration for Chicken-Little's valiant spirit, I harbored a strongly negative feeling toward her and her companions. Anyway, I have always disliked gossips. I was determined at all costs to destroy her hold upon our home.

The very next day, when story-time came around, Chicken-Little was nowhere to be found. Not even a tail feather showed as we searched high and low in every place we could think of. After all, who would think of looking between the fifth and sixth sheets on the middle shelf of the linen closet? Certainly not I. By the most fortunate timing, Walt Disney's film about Snow White was opening in our town that afternoon, so we put on a clean pinafore (the one with the pink flowers on the pocket) and attended the showing. Chicken-Little, to my great relief, was forgotten immediately—how fleeting are human affections!—and we were mesmerized by the Seven Dwarfs.

The spell of Chicken-Little was indeed broken. For the next several weeks the audience, during her waking hours (and undoubtedly her sleeping hours), was Snow White. She went about with a large apron draped cape-like over her shoulders and spent much time leaning over the well (the kitchen waste basket) singing, "I'm Wishing." The baby was forced to be all seven of the dwarfs, at separate times; her father was Prince Charming. And guess who was the Mean Queen.

THE END

Word Game

BY DR. J. E. SCHMIDT

As complicated as a thought or an idea may seem, there's almost always a word for it! Below are some challenging definitions, each followed by four words. Can you pick the one word which exactly suits each definition? (If words fail you, answers and derivations are upside-down at the end of the list.)

(1) A person who is forced to carry a great burden or responsibility is often personified by an allusion to (A) Atlas (B) Aladdin (C) Apollo (D) Apache.

(2) An unskilled or clumsy person may be described as *awkward*, but one who is fully skilled or proficient in a given field is designated as (A) addicted (B) adept (C) adapted (D) adjacent.

(3) A remedy which is supposed to be effective in curing all diseases is a (A) panache (B) panada (C) panacea (D) palmetto.

(4) The concept of or reference to marriage is expressed by the adjective (A) Martian (B) Marital (C) Martial (D) Marian.

(5) To separate into parts or to pull to pieces is to (A) dismember (B) dismount (C) dispart (D) disnature.

(6) Bitterness, harshness, or sharpness of temper or language is expressed by the term (A) acerbity (B) acescence (C) asseveration (D) annates.

(7) A handsome young man is often referred to as an (A) Achilles (B) Aegis (C) Adonis (D) Ainu.

(8) To praise, glorify, or elevate in dignity, power, honor, etc., is to (A) exult (B) exalt (C) exhilarate (D) exhort.

(9) To use words or expressions that have more than one interpretation, especially in order to mislead or deceive, is to (A) eradicate (B) escalade (C) equilibrate (D) equivocate.

(10) A place where lawless confusion or riotous disorder prevails is a (A) miasma (B) autobahn (C) palladium (D) pandemonium.

---

(1) A—*Atlas*, a Titan forced to support the heavens on his head and shoulders.

(2) B—*Adept*, derived from the Latin *adipisci*, to obtain.

(3) C—*Panacea*, from *pan*, all, and *akeisthai*, to heal. The term is often used in a figurative sense.

(4) B—*Marital*, derived from *maritus*, of marriage. In this sense the term is synonymous with *connubial* and *matrimonial*; in another sense it refers to a husband (from *maritus*, husband).

(5) A—*Dismember*. derived from *dis*, deprive of, and *membrum*, a part or limb. The word also means to tear limb from limb or to cut in pieces, but in recent years it has been used more often in a figurative sense. especially in reference to the dismission of a country.

(6) A—*Acerbity*, from the Latin *acerbus*, sharp.

(7) C—*Adonis*, in allusion to a young man of Greek mythology who was loved by Aphrodite (Venus).

(8) B—*Exalt*, evolved from *ex*, out and *altus*, high.

(9) D—*Equivocate*, from *aequus*, equal, and *vocare*, to call. The term also means to hedge or to be purposely vague or ambiguous.

(10) D—*Pandemonium*, from *pan*, all, and *daimon*, demon.

Casual 'n carefree! These new

softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

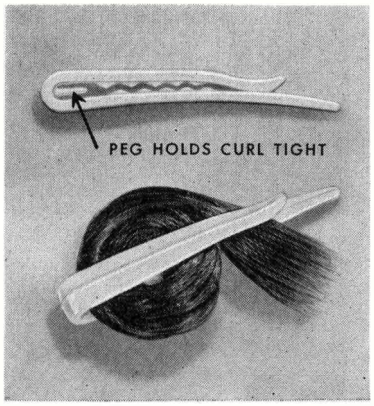
only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

BOBBI'S soft curls are just right for the pert new *Honeycomb* hairdo. "Casual Pin-Curlers" make BOBBI easier, prettier than ever!

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer—your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.

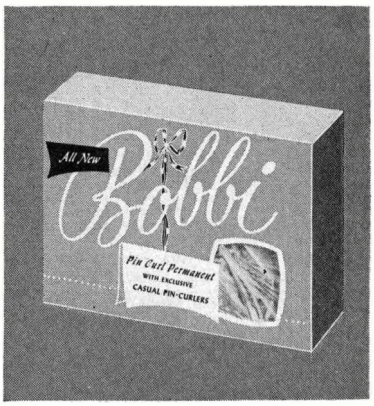
BOBBI girls have soft hairstyles like *Silk-Fluff* right away, thanks to "Casual Pin-Curlers." No new permanent look—ever.

BOBBI with "Casual Pin-Curlers" gives you this flattering *Sea-Shell* hairdo *and* your permanent—all in one setting.



New "Casual Pin-Curlers" make smoother pin-curls! No loose ends. Can't slip, crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Curved to sleep comfortably. Use for setting after shampoos.

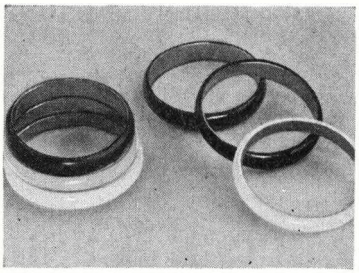
See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.



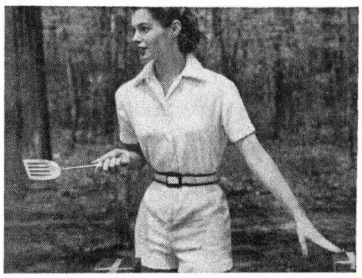
Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers, all in pink plastic, plus new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Watch the BOBBI TV Shows . . . "Blondie" and "Valiant Lady"!

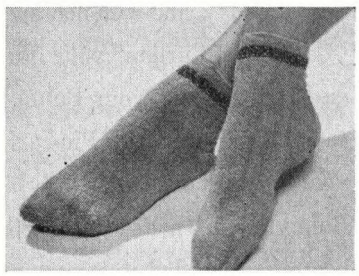
TOPS IN THE



Rainbow guards are gold metal rings enameled in the most exquisite range of colors: red, white, black, pink, lilac, blue, turquoise, green and yellow. They're terrific with a suntan, so mix them or match them and wear with shorts or cottons. Send ring size. 3 for $1; 6 for $1.75 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, RB6, Orange, N. J.

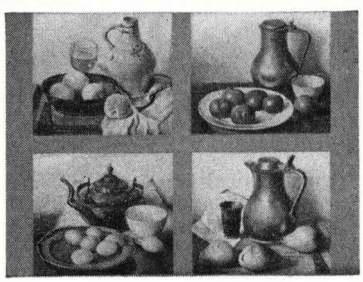


White is for fun, and for shells on the beach, and for gulls against the blue sky. White is for these terry shorts that make summer the best time of all! One-piece play suit (washable) has adjustable terry belt banded in red and blue (remove buckle for laundering). Sm., med., lg. $8.30 ppd. Tog Shop, Lester Sq., Americus, Ga.



Terry slip-ups are marvelous stretch socks that come in white, coral or blue with a gold metallic stripe around the top. They are ideal after-shower slippers or for loafing and, best of all, they go right into the washing machine or basin for a quick sudsing. They fit hose size 8-10½. $1 pr., ppd. Downs & Co., Dept. R, Evanston, Ill.

"That's a Plenty" is one of the 18 Dixieland jazz hits you get for $2.98! Specify three 78 or 45 RPM records, or one 33⅓ RPM. Artists like Coleman Hawkins and Earl Hines play "Basin Street Blues," "Rampart Street Parade," "I Can't Get Started." Ppd. White House Co., Dept. PA-6, 8 Kingsland Ave., Harrison, N. J.



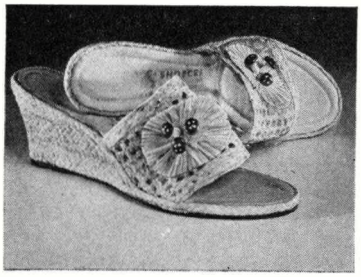
Prints charming are still life protraits in oil by Henk Bos, a ranking Dutch artist. They are 9" x 10" prints of old copper and pewter with fruits, wood tones and soft backgrounds. Exquisite in detail and warm in color, they'd blend with any décor. Set of 4 is $1.50 postpaid. Bowman's, R-2477 Lombard St., San Francisco 23, Calif.

• Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s please.) Unless

SHOPS

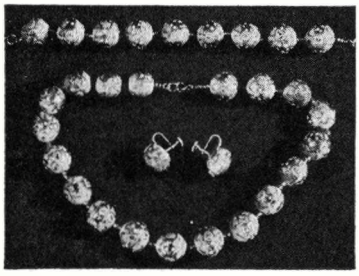
CAROLYN KELLY

Shopping Editor

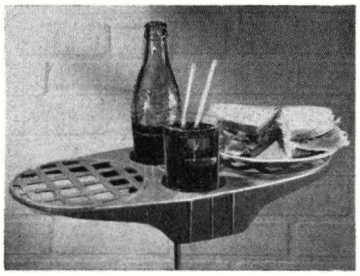


We took a straw poll, and these cute mushroom-dotted wedgies won by a landslide! Comfortable, fashionable, gay and in hard-to-find sizes, the natural straw Pouffs have red and white dotted mushrooms on top. Only $15.45 postpaid. Sizes 8 to 12, in widths AAAAA to C. Shoecraft, Inc., 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Winner takes all! This tote bag leads a thousand lives! Because it's rubberized inside, it goes to the beach with suits and towels. Because it's so roomy, it takes everything for a weekend. Black patent or Italian tan and roman striped denim, it's washable! 16″ high; $2.98 plus 35¢ post. Here's How Co., 95 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Venetian glass rosebuds are light blue, embossed with pink and gold, come on a sturdy chain. 15″ choker is $5.50; the bracelet is $3.30; button or drop earrings with screw-backs or for pierced ears (please specify) are $1.65. The whole set for $9.50 incl. tax, post. Alpine Imports, Dept. R, 505 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Take a stand and stake it into the lawn to hold drinks and a picnic lunch. Or use the tray alone for lap suppers in winter, in front of the TV set. Of weather-durable high-impact styrene, 7″ x 15″ tray comes in red or yellow with 24″ polished steel rod. $1.95 ppd. Western World Products, 2611 Tilden Ave., Los Angeles 64, Calif.

One for good measure is the Milеograph pen that measures distances from point to point on your road map. For a vacationing family or traveling husband this is a gem! It's adaptable to any scale of miles, is absolutely accurate! $2; 3 for $5 ppd. E & H Model Hobbies, 130 W. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia 44, Penna.

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

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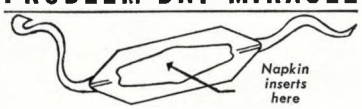

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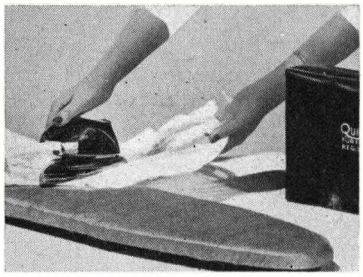
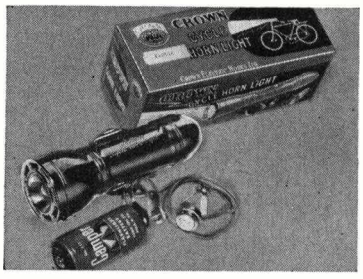


Press into service a travel ironing board that takes up less room than a small suitcase! It opens to 23½", closes to 11½", has its own simulated leather carrying case. Board comes with pad and silicone cover, weighs only 2 lbs., can be used on any flat surface. $4.95 ppd. Sleepy Hollow Gifts, RB1 1037 Crane Dr., Falls Church, Va.

Baby's first shoe is a sweet miniature in glazed white china, and it has his first name and birth date on it in gold. Touched with little pink rosebuds, it would make a sweet vase for the nursery or a cherished memento on the new mother's night table. Only $1 postpaid. House of Jenaro, Post Office Box 736, Chicago 90, Illinois.



Flashlight-horn is a fine safety measure for young bicyclists! A combination horn and light in one simple device will guarantee safer riding, give you greater peace of mind! With bracket for easy attachment, it takes standard "D" cell battery (not incl.). $1.98 postpaid. Mastercraft, 212-R Summer, Boston 10, Mass.

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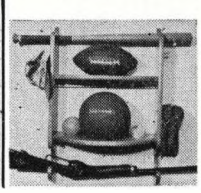

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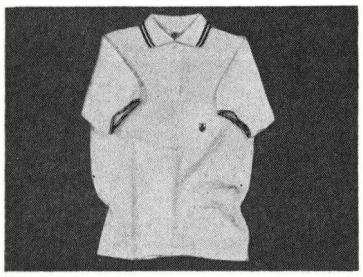
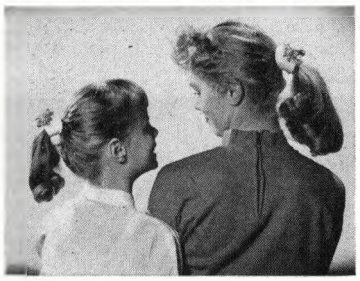
Tops In The Shops

A travelin' man will bless you for thinking of these! Comfortable-as-an-old-friend moccasins are soft capeskin leather with foam rubber innersoles. In cork or black, they come in their own travel case. Small (7-8), medium (9-10) and large (11-12), $4.95 plus 25¢ post. Janies, 1865 (R) University Ave., New York 53, N. Y.



If you love a man who loves the sea, this is his shirt! Made of mercerized cotton mesh, its nautical-emblazoned pocket is plastic-lined and waterproof to hold a watch or cigarettes safe from the spray! The collar and cuffs are navy and red striped. Small, medium, large. $5 ppd. Kenya Mills, Box 311C, Norwich, N. Y.

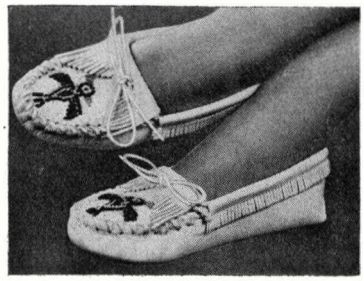


Ponettes are delicious concoctions for pony-tailed lasses. They come in a vast array of colors and fabrics: white pique; pink, blue or black checked gingham; pink, yellow, orchid or blue percale; all graced with posies! Give color choice. Mother's, $1.50; daughter's, $1. Ppd. Wilson Co., 700 E. Fruit St., Santa Ana, Calif.

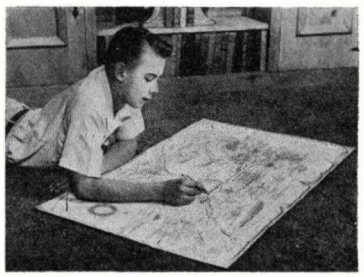
Shoe spray really works! We tested it on our shoes and pocketbooks, and they took on a wonderful gloss in seconds! Aerosal spray contains lanolin to prolong leather's life and silicone to make it water-repellent. It works on all colors except white, does an amazing job! $1.49 ppd. Breck's, 302 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

Tops In The Shops

It's a Thunderbird—the Indian sign of good luck and happiness that's the beaded design on these Indian princess moccasins! Soft, washable elk leather with foam rubber innersoles, they come in natural, white, red or turquoise, in adult sizes 4 to 10. $4.95 ppd. Miller Curio Co., Dept. R, 256 E. Congress St., Tucson, Arizona.



Treasure map is an authentic chart that shows 445 locations of undiscovered treasure in the 48 states: lost mines, war loot, sunken ships, bandit caches. It's fun to study, or you can plan a vacation tour of the treasure sites! 28″ x 44″ map is 50¢ postpaid. Walter Drake, Dept. R-26, Drake Bldg. Colorado Springs, Colorado.



Keep cool in a one-piece sun dress that goes from the patio to the market to an informal lunch. With a 7-gored skirt, self-belt and big pockets, it comes in cadet blue or red chambray, striped yellow, beige or turquoise poplin. Sizes 10-20 and 12½-18½! $8.95. Matching hat, shoulder bag, $3.95 ea. Ppd. Ruth Brawer, Box 4035, Dept. SR, Tucson, Ariz.

Good as gold is this lifetime sculpture of your loved one. A dimensional likeness is created in a gold-filled frame that you can wear as a pendant or disk. Vividly detailed, it will never tarnish. ¾″ size, $13.15; 1″, $21.95; 1½″, $32.95. Tax, postage included. Send photo to Mansfield House, 38 Water St., New York 4, N. Y.

Outraged mothers fought back when officials decided to convert this part of New York's Central Park into a parking field. They won their objective. The area is now being converted into a new playground for their children.

How to Save Your Community Play Land

Too many towns are surrendering their outdoor recreation areas. Here's what you can do to protect yours

BY BEATRICE SCHAPPER

Want to swim? Play tennis? How would a picnic in the park suit you? Or would you rather just walk over to the playground and watch your children play on the slides and teeter-boards?

"I can't!" *has* to be the unhappy reply of millions of young adults and their youngsters because there is no longer a nearby pool or beach, tennis court or park, or even a playground—no public place at all—where they can play or relax outdoors.

Millions more are about to be deprived of essential outdoor recreation space. Most of them won't even know what's happening. A section of park here, a playground there will be subtracted and hardly missed. Then suddenly young parents will wake up to find that they and their children have no place to play, and no way to replace what they have lost.

Encroachment—the designation for the process by which public recreation land is converted to other uses—is spreading and accelerating in all parts of the nation, records of the National Recreation Association show. But there are effective ways to protect your community play *(Continued on page 58)*

The Honeymoon

Festivities, blessings, tears and jokes . . . At last they were alone—tired and scared—until they shared the peace of dawn

BY ALICE ELEANOR JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Todd Campbell stood on the back steps of the country club and blinked in the sunlight. He was a little dazed with running down stairs and along halls and through kitchens, between busy cooks and waiters with haughty faces. Virginia said, "Oh, Chip's there!" and waved at her brother. Todd said with relief, "Good old Chip. All set?"

Chip stood beside the little open car, grinning cheerfully. He was a good-looking young man, blond, like Virginia. Todd was dark. Chip said, "All set, brother Todd. I won't tell."

Todd said, "Thanks, brother Chip. You're a pal," held the door for Virginia and himself stepped over the side. As the car began to move down the drive, Virginia called softly, "Good-by." Her brother smiled after them, held up his arm and made an *o* with his thumb and forefinger.

Todd lifted his head to the air. It was like a cool hand on his forehead. He said, "Close in there. The church, too."

Virginia said, "Yes, it's good to get outside."

Todd turned the car into the little-used back road and gave it more gas. He said, "Outside alone."

Virginia said soberly, "We haven't been alone much lately."

Todd said, "All over now," and glanced back at the drive. Chip had gone in. "I think we made it."

Virginia said, "Chip was a darling to help." Smiling, she twisted the new ring on her finger.

Todd took one hand off the wheel momentarily and put it over hers. "Good old Chip. I love you, Ginny."

"I love you." She moved closer, sighed and leaned her head against his shoulder. Without her smile, her face looked drawn and pale. Todd said, "Why don't you go to sleep, baby?"

She shook her head. "I'm too excited. It was a nice wedding, don't you think?"

Todd thought "a nice wedding" was too modest a description. It had been a flawless production, stage-managed by people *(Continued on page 88)*

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR GI's

OVERSEAS

Lonely isolation is robbing young Americans of a rich experience – and hurting our mission abroad

BY NORMAN LOBSENZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN IGER

A soldier's night out along Munich's Goethestrasse: a pick-up . . . a round of drinks in a cheap bar . . . and a bad headache under a lamppost.

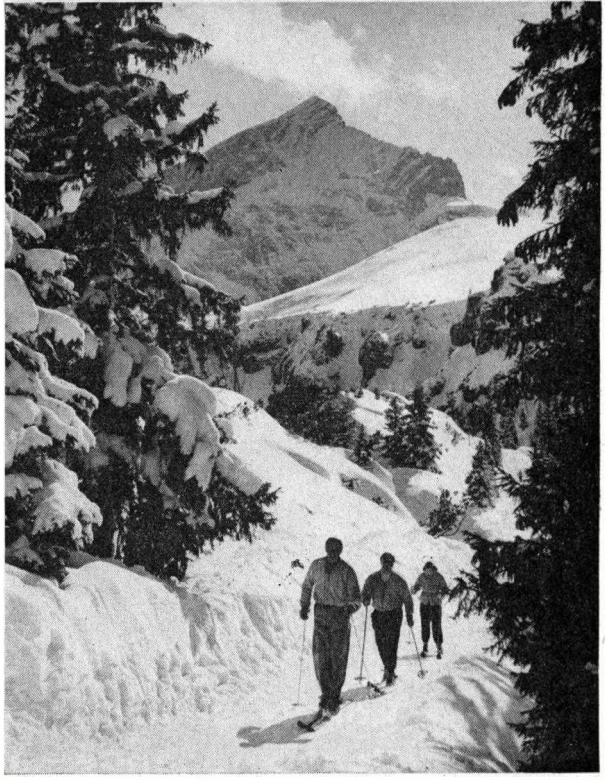
It is wintry dusk. You are an American soldier in a small town in Germany. The day's duties are over, and as you walk past the guard at the barracks gate, loneliness wells up inside you.

The people of the town, the Germans, hurry past on their way to homes you have never seen, but which your imagination endows with warm fires, comfortable chairs, loving families. The wet fog gleams on the cobbled streets; you shrug deeper into your overcoat. Where will you go tonight? What will you do? Finally you walk the familiar route to the tawdry gaiety of the *gasthaus,* the tavern. Sure, it's synthetic – and you know it. But how else can you fight off your homesickness?

So you order a beer. And another. And another. And maybe, a few hours later, as the unfamiliar strength of the German brew fuzzes your mind, you get in a fight with a cab driver. Or maybe you get mixed up with a prostitute. Or maybe you just stumble back to the barracks, a little more tired, a little more heartsick than when you started out.

If this were the dilemma of one man, or one thousand men, American families might ignore it. But it is the daily problem of hundreds of thousands of U. S. servicemen all over the world.

New sights and new friendships are available to soldiers who want them



The Army's Recreation Area at Garmisch in the Bavarian Alps offers beauty and sports to GI's at nominal prices.

It is a problem with serious repercussions on national policy and global strategy; it threatens to alienate our allies; it provides cold-war ammunition for our enemies. But more immediate than this, it is a problem that directly affects every U. S. soldier overseas, every future soldier and the families of these men. The things a young soldier does during his overseas service can be damaging to him as well as to his country; the things he does not do can represent lost opportunities for a richer life.

The solution to the problems of the lonely soldier in a foreign land is, in the opinion of U. S. Army European Commander Gen. Henry I. Hodes and his top officers, second in importance only to our military mission overseas itself.

This is no exaggeration. Last summer a series of explosive incidents involving U. S. servicemen and German civilians created a sensation in West Germany. One soldier threw a hand grenade into a Munich bar; another fatally stabbed a train guard; a third clubbed a man to death before his bride's eyes; several GI's raped teen-age German girls. Nearly a dozen such acts of violence occurred in a few weeks. The German press—particularly the scandal sheets—played them up until a wave of anti-Americanism threatened to sweep the country. In some places politicians up for election found "GI violence" a handy issue. City and state governments in Germany passed resolutions demanding that the Americans get out and stay out.

After some American magazines ran stories about the incidents, troop commanders in Germany began getting letters from worried wives, sweethearts, and mothers of GI's. Some of the letters denounced German girls for "luring" their boys; others begged the commander to make sure their men didn't associate with the "riffraff" or the "sex criminals" in his outfit. The German Ambassador in Washington frantically cabled Bonn to "do something" to stop the growing ill feeling.

Prompt disciplinary action by both German civil authorities and the U. S. military ended the violence. The hysterical atmosphere was calmed. But thinking people realized that the incidents, although spectacular in themselves, were only symptoms of a basic problem:

What is the relationship between the American serviceman and the overseas community in which he spends two or more years of his life?

The editors of REDBOOK asked me to investigate this problem. Because there are 300,000 GI's and their dependents in Germany, more than in any other foreign nation, and because the incidents focused interest there, I concentrated on that country. I have just returned from a month-long tour of Germany during which I spoke with generals at USAREUR (U. S. Army in Europe) headquarters in Heidelberg and privates in clip joints along Munich's Goethestrasse, with German Foreign Office diplomats in Bonn, bartenders and B-girls in Kaiserslautern and many German families.

On the terrace of the Press Club in Bonn, overlooking the Rhine, I talked with a prominent German editor. He explained the fundamental issue: "You can't order people to like each other. You can't even order them to *try* to like each other. You can't organize friendship from the top down; it must grow from the bottom up."

One of the major troubles in Germany is that GI's do not meet representative Germans and the Germans do not meet representative GI's. George Godfrey, who, as Chief of Civil affairs in Munich, is liaison man between Germans and Americans in the city where the Army's Southern Area Command has its headquarters. made this point forcefully. Godfrey is known as

A pair of privates from Florida and Louisiana enjoy lunch German-style with the family of a Garmisch printer.

Antique armor on a U. S. private's tunic symbolizes the contrast between German tradition and the young GI.

Munich's "American mayor." Since he has helped run civil affairs there for more than a decade, his perspective extends from the days of nonfraternization—when it cost a GI $64 if he spoke to a German—to today, when it is considered bad form, almost, *not* to speak to one.

"Over 95 per cent of all Germans never meet what we would call a typical American boy," Godfrey says. "The GI's they see are the comparative handful who frequent the bars and the clip joints, who roam the streets drunk and disorderly, who are arm-in-arm with disreputable women. Now you and I know that these men represent the fringe element that you can find in any army—that you can find whenever a cross section of humanity is brought together. Put this kind of man in the role of an alleged conqueror, give him a few drinks and then try to reach him with the idea of mutual understanding with foreigners!"

Similarly, Godfrey points out, most American servicemen seldom meet an average German. The floozies and the hangers-on, the steerers and the conscienceless bartenders no more represent the German people than the drunken soldier represents the GI.

As a result, the average German bases his judgment of all servicemen on the actions of a minority. The Army crime rate in Europe, reports the Army's police chief in the area, Brig. Gen. Howard M. Hobson, is one per cent—"far less than that in a camp town like Biloxi, Miss., or Phenix City, Ala." But by shying away from GI's, Germans deprive themselves of the very contact which would dispel their mistaken ideas. German girls from respectable families hesitate to go out with GI's because they fear other Germans will look upon them as loose women. The average GI, basing his opinions of all Germans on the few he meets at bars, concludes that they are all out to "get" him.

To break this pattern, to bring "typical" Germans and GI's together—not only out of "political" motives, but to enable the young Americans to profit from their overseas experience—is a major aim of the community relations program undertaken by the American authorities, working closely with German officials.

One of the greatest obstacles before them is the wide gap between national concepts of behavior. The Burgomeister of one German town summed it up this way: "We Germans have a tendency to draw into ourselves. No German—no European, for that matter—would build a house with a picture window. He neither wants to watch others nor be watched by them. The head of a German business would resign before he'd allow himself to play baseball or lead community singing at the annual employees' picnic. As a matter of fact, there would be no employees' picnic.

"I'm not saying these attitudes are good or bad," he continued. "I'm simply saying they exist. But Americans have the opposite idea. You think everybody should be pals, right away and for no special reasons. Your Army comes bounding into Germany with a smile and a handshake, all set to merchandise friendship as if it were Wheaties—to seek it, to sell it, to command it if necessary. And then you're surprised when this doesn't work."

GI's are often personally injured by this basic difference of outlook. For instance, Germans have long been taught to respect authority and the trappings of authority. This often misleads them into mistaking externals for the measure of a man himself. "I'm an officer," a major at USAREUR headquarters told me, "and so no matter what kind of a heel I might be personally, I'm acceptable to the Germans. But my aide"—he pointed to a young enlisted man—"is only a private. So even though he *(Continued on page 102)*

Little Witness

With terror in her heart, she guarded her son. Yet danger struck and the quiet of the night exploded into gunfire....

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Her sleep had been uneasy at best, and the sound of the car brought her wide awake. She lay very still, rigid almost, listening, watching the moving pattern of light and shadow upon the wall. Just outside her window was a cabbage palm; the fronds made black, skeletal shadows that moved in a silent dance from right to left as the car passed. Then the lights were gone; the sound of the motor, the faint hum of the tires faded.

Shirley Wright found she had been holding her breath. The air went out of her now with a long gasping sound, and her body went slack on the sheet. *I've got to stop it,* she told herself. *I've got to stop being afraid. I can't live this way.*

She turned so she could see the pale green glow of the clock beside her bed. It was 1:30.

I've got to get to sleep, she thought. But then she thought, *Where was it going? Where* could *it have been going at this hour?*

The road past her house led to a dead end at the bayou and boat basin. And it was still too early for anyone to be going fishing. Of course it could be someone who'd got off on the wrong road or a couple looking for a place to park. *There must still be people somewhere who are interested in moonlight, in love-making,* she thought—and heard the car again.

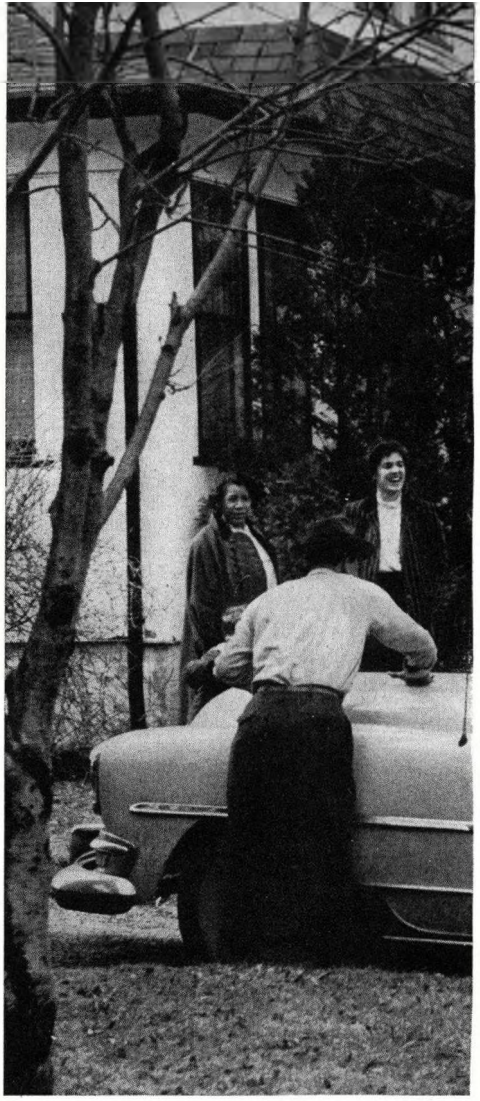
It was coming back, slowly. Once more the reflected glow of the lights came through the window; the black and bony shadows made their spastic dance across the wall, left to right this time.

Then for one terrible instant the shadows seemed to halt, to freeze upon the wall. *It's stopped!* she thought. But in that moment the car moved on; the shadows whirled on into darkness and she lay trying to stop her own trembling. Finally she said, half aloud, "I'm being foolish. There's no danger any more. No one would want to—to kill a child."

But she needed now to see again the child asleep and safe in his own bed. She got up and went quietly to Bobby's room. There was pale moonlight here, the faint sound of the bay beyond the locked window. The child lay on his back, his face touched by moonlight, one arm curved about his head.

She stood looking down at him *(Continued on page 84)*


She said, half aloud,
"I'm being foolish.
No one would want to — —
to kill a child."



"We're Learning To Live Together"

BY SELWYN JAMES
PHOTOGRAPHY IKE VERN

Two years after Negroes began to move in, residents of Teaneck, New Jersey, are still meeting new problems and solving old ones

Two years ago, the residents of a quiet, tree-shaded neighborhood of middle-income homes in Teaneck, New Jersey, were faced with the unexpected arrival of Negroes as neighbors.

"You'll soon be living in a Negro slum," real-estate agents told nervous homeowners. "Better sell your house now while you can still get a good price for it."

FOR SALE signs began sprouting like crabgrass after a heavy rain. Frightening rumors caused dozens of families to sell their homes for $1,000 to $3,000 below their true market value.

Faced with this situation, a group of level-headed young residents rallied the neighbors and halted panic sales. At a series of block meetings, they exposed the scare tactics of the real-estate agents and went to work on the fears, doubts, prejudices and outright misconceptions that threatened to destroy the community.

This turn of events, which I reported in the December, 1955, issue of REDBOOK, was a heartening example of community action against race prejudice—and a model for hundreds of other traditionally all-white communities confronted with Negro home ownership.

But stories rarely have completely happy endings in real life. Indeed, they rarely end at all. The people of this Teaneck neighborhood—white and colored—have been living together now for two years since my 1955 report. After getting over the first hurdle on the road to a friendly interracial community, they found many other hurdles before them. The conflict they were seeking to resolve has deep roots in America. It took a long time to develop, and much patience, experience and understanding will be needed to eliminate it.

What then, has happened to this Teaneck neighborhood since its well-publicized victory over bigotry? Are its residents still convinced that people of different races can live harmoniously together? Has panic selling recurred? Is the area indeed becoming a slum?

To learn the answers, I revisited the community

NOT FOR SALE signs (*left*) were put up in 1955 to stem a wave of house-selling by white families. Today one-fifth of the area's homes are owned by Negroes, and none of the dire predictions of neighborhood deterioration has come to pass.

and spent days talking with its residents, white and Negro, and checking with local housing experts, real-estate agents and social service organizations. "You won't be able to say we have licked all our problems," Ed Schick, the 36-year-old homeowner who headed the campaign against panic selling, told me. "But nobody can say we have failed, either."

The truth is that Teaneck's experiment in interracial living has produced its share of disappointments and mistakes in judgment, its inner tensions, bitter arguments and broken friendships, as well as its steps forward.

Most important, Teaneck homeowners are beginning to realize that a single, dramatic victory over race prejudice does not solve a human problem which stems from the very beginnings of our nation's history.

Today, the community's white residents are pondering an inescapable fact. During 1956, more than 40 white families moved away, all of them selling their homes to Negro buyers. Now, about one-fifth of the 500-odd homes in the area are owned by Negroes. "Nothing has really changed," says Katherine Schick, Ed's 32-year-old wife. "We still live in a comfortable middle-class community. We have proved that Negroes and whites can live harmoniously together.

"But this is what puzzles me—proof doesn't seem to be enough. Although white residents now admit that most of their former fears were baseless, they are still moving. No, they're not panic-selling—as a matter of fact, they're getting good prices for their homes. They seem ashamed of what they're doing; they stop talking to neighbors who have always said they are going to stay. They even get in touch with families who've already moved out—to draw strength from them, I guess. What gets me is this—why have no white families moved into our neighborhood in the past year? *Where are the white buyers?*"

Many of the remaining *(Continued on page 106)*

Down Payment On a Dream

They married on a shoestring and wistfully went house-hunting. Then she had a brainstorm, and he threw caution to the winds!

Mr. Bates made a face and shifted his leg. "Worst thing in the world for a real estate man to have is gout. What business are you in, Mr. Dart?"

Ken glanced at Adele. "Furniture. Maybe we could come back another day, Mr. Bates. We just thought you might have something. . . ."

"Of course I've got something. Depends on what you want to pay." He riffled the pages of his loose-leaf book. "Unfortunately I can't go with you today. You know this part of the country?"

Adele sat forward. "Not very well. But we can find our way. What we want is something—oh, for about $25,000. And with enough land so we don't feel crowded. With trees and fields, maybe a brook. Not a big house, but we do expect to rear a family, so we'll want rooms for the future. And it must have some character, not just any old house."

Ken smiled at her, picking up her line. "It must be well built. And, of course, with modern conveniences."

Mr. Bates scratched his forehead with his pencil. "There's that awkward price again. Now I've got places for ten and places for fifty, but twenty-fives are scarcer than hen's teeth. Wait a minute, though. Wai . . . ta . . . minute." He was quite a character.

"The Plummer place," he said, finding the page. "Just came on the market. City people, like you. Having some domestic trouble, and Plummer wants to sell. Nice place, too. You'll like it. Nobody there now, but I can give you the key. Asking price, forty thousand. That interest you?"

"Oh, dear," said Adele. "That's awfully high."

"Nonsense, dear," Ken *(Continued on page 108)*

BY RICHARD MEALAND

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

"It had better be a pretty big house," Ken proclaimed. "I want kids now, not when I'm middle-aged."

Our Child

With her special teacher, Adele Markwitz, Billie Tuli plays one of the word games that have changed her life.

Our daughter was different in just one way. Why should she be cut off from other children?

BY BETTY TULI as told to DAVID LANDMAN

Won't Be Cheated

Billie, my daughter, is different from most other children. She's more beautiful and more intelligent—at least my husband and I think so—and she's different in another way. She's deaf.

Billie was born here in New York on July 30, 1950, a bright-eyed, lively baby who was soon busy shaking rattles, grabbing at grandparents' fingers and gurgling at visitors.

But I began to suspect things.

The telephone was in the baby's room, but its ringing didn't wake her. She didn't seem to notice the slamming backdoor screen, either.

By the time Billie was five months old my husband, Ken, and I were both worried. I can't remember who brought up the subject, but the reply was a quiet "Yes, dear, I've noticed."

Next time I took Billie to our pediatrician, I asked, "Doctor, at what age does a baby begin to hear?"

"By the time he's 36 hours old, Mrs. Tuli. Why?"

I moved cautiously. This was our first baby. Maybe Ken and I were wrong. "I don't think Billie is paying attention to sounds. She doesn't . . . react."

"Mrs. Tuli," the doctor said. "at this age a child is learning so much that she sometimes appears not to react. When you have her attention, Billie will hear."

Six uneasy months followed.

Ken and I kept making tests of Billie's hearing, dropping things on the floor and looking to see if she noticed. We banged spoons against saucepans. We jiggled rattles. And the disturbing evidence kept piling up; our daughter simply couldn't hear.

I made a special visit to our pediatrician when Billie was 11 months old. "I don't think Billie hears." I said. "Please test her."

He approached the side of her head jingling a bunch of keys. She paid no attention. He moved to the other side, shook the keys. Billie laughed and turned. "There!" said the doctor. "No," I said, "she saw your reflection in the window-glass. She's very alert."

The doctor tried again with the keys and with his big, gold pocket-watch. My baby paid no attention. The doctor didn't say anything. I guess he didn't have to.

We went to an otologist, an ear-doctor, the next week. He made a thorough examination.

"Your child's ears are not diseased," the doctor finally said, "and structurally they are normal. But your child appears not to hear. This is apparently what we call a nerve-type hearing loss. There is nothing we can do. She was probably born with it."

"Is Billie completely deaf?"

"We can't test the hearing of an infant. Come back in six months. I'll examine her again."

I tucked Billie into her carriage and went home crying, pushing my deaf little daughter while the hot July wind burned my wet cheeks.

"Your child appears not to hear," the doctor had said. "I know she doesn't hear, Doctor! I've known it for six months. But what does that mean? Doesn't hear anything? Won't ever hear? What shall I do with my daughter, Doctor; put her in an institution? Must she spend the rest of her life in a silent world?"

The doctor didn't say. He didn't say anything except, "Come back in six months."

For ten days I was stunned, as if I were in mourning.

Then I began to move. Maybe, if Billie wasn't stone deaf, we could get her one of those hearing aids, whatever they cost. Maybe the wonder drugs could help. There must be something we could do. I went to the library and began reading everything on deafness. I got out the telephone directory: EAR. DEAF. HEARING. I thumbed the pages and spun the dial and asked the voice at the other end, wasn't there anybody in the greatest city in the world who could test the hearing of my 11-months-old, my 12-months-old, my 13-months-old child?

Silence enveloped our home. Ken was off at business, and since there was nobody to talk to except my deaf little daughter, I didn't talk. Billie's baby sounds gradually disappeared; a tiny girl played silently on the floor beside me, or out in the playpen in the back yard beneath the ailanthus tree.

One day I learned that a neighbor was secretary to a woman so rich she could afford the best medical advice in the world. I spoke to the neighbor: "Please ask what she would do if her little boy couldn't hear."

The answer came back two days later. Go to a certain Park Avenue otologist. When we were ushered into his office, I told Billie's story. I pleaded, "Can't she hear anything at all? Isn't there some way you can test her?"

The specialist didn't even look at Billie. "There's a man who can test the hearing of the smallest infant," he said. "He's down at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. If you're not satisfied there, I'll send you to Johns Hopkins."

We took Billie to the eye and ear hospital when she was 14 months old. "Can you test our daughter's hearing?" I asked the hospital's chief of audiology.

"Yes, of course. I could have tested her almost a year ago. In fact, it would have been much easier and quicker then."

He had a formidable testing machine called a psychogalvanic skin response audiometer. It had earphones, knobs, needles *(Continued on page 92)*

A talented, sensitive, very mature child, nine-year-old Judy Tuvim was compelled to live with the fact of her parents' separation.

Judy Holliday

A brilliant woman begins to find in her work the joy she never found in life

BY WILLIAM PETERS

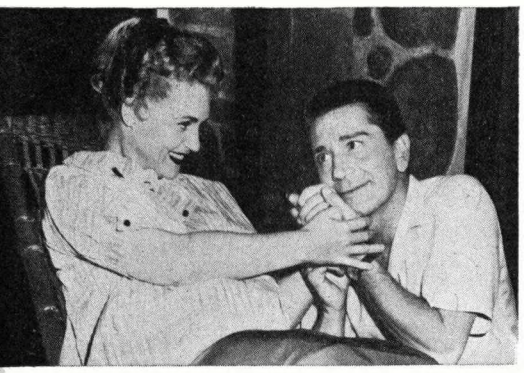
Ever since the opening last November of Judy Holliday's Broadway musical, "Bells Are Ringing," theater critics have been writing of a "new Judy Holliday." For the first time, Judy not only sings and dances, but does so with the professional aplomb for which she has become famous in straight comedy roles. With the release, a few months later, of her latest motion picture, "Full of Life," movie reviewers had a "new Judy Holliday" of their own to write about —one who played with warmth and conviction the part of a mature, intelligent wife and expectant mother, a role unlike anything she had previously attempted.

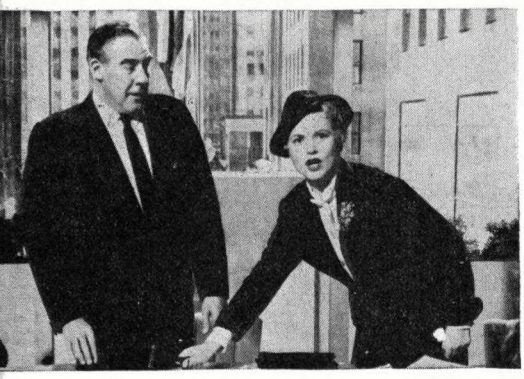
Behind these new facets of her talent, there is still another "new Judy Holliday"— a woman newly content with her career as an actress, one who seems increasingly determined to derive from it a fulfillment she has failed to find elsewhere. It was not always thus.

"Acting," Judy is reported to have said in 1946, a few months after she had established herself as a Broadway star, "is a very limited form of expression. Those who take it seriously are very limited human beings." In 1951, shortly before she won an Academy Award, she gave this acid advice to women wedded to acting careers: "Better get a divorce. You can't warm your feet on the back of a microphone."

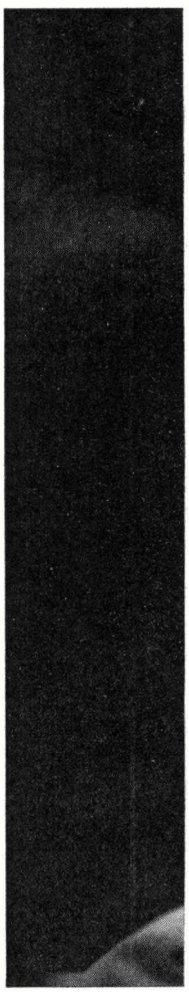
GUY GILLETTE (COLUMBIA RECORDS)

Major figures in Judy's life: her mother and her former husband, David Oppenheim. Film costars include: Richard Conte ("Full of Life"), Paul Douglas ("The Solid Gold Cadillac"), Broderick Crawford ("Born Yesterday")





"I can't remember my childhood.



Today Judy refers to these depreciations of her profession as "nonsense." She explains: "I always hoped to be a playwright or director, never an actress. Knowing absolutely nothing about it, I convinced myself an actor was merely the medium through which others—more intelligent and creative —expressed their ideas. I was contemptuous of acting, and when I found myself not only an actress but a successful one, I was contemptuous of myself. I don't feel that way any more."

While Judy Holliday, the actress, was learning respect for her profession, Judy Holliday, the woman, was encountering problems that forced her more and more to look to that profession for a feeling of accomplishment largely lacking in her private life. Strangely, for Judy conforms to few of the conventions of the actress, the outlines of the story behind this recent transformation are conventional: a less than happy childhood, growing up too fast, overwhelming success at an age when most young people are just beginning to set their goals for the future, an unsuccessful marriage.

But behind the outlines is a woman with innate theatrical talents, an intuitive sense of what is right for her as an actress, a fine mind, emotional depths and a powerful will to succeed. Also hidden from the public eye is a woman with a devastating faculty for self-criticism, a compelling drive for perfection, strong feelings of inadequacy as a woman and an infinite capacity to torture herself with her shortcomings.

It is a frustrating irony of Judy's life that, as an actress, she has succeeded almost without trying although, as a woman, she has failed though trying desperately. For until recently Judy Holliday would have contentedly foregone success as an actress if she could have been assured of it as a woman. Today she feels she may have passed the point of no return. Her acting has, at last, become a vital part of her life.

To get at the woman behind the celebrity known as Judy Holliday is no easy task, for unlike most actresses, she guards her private life jealously. In a business that concedes no one a right to privacy, Judy has refused to expose herself, her family or her friends to possible emotional distress. For this attitude she is almost universally respected by the very people—writers, columnists, publicity men —whose jobs it makes most difficult. These professional probers are among the first to admire an actress who genuinely wishes to protect her own privacy and that of the people she loves.

But difficult as it is for the outsider to see beyond the actress, it is not impossible. The first clue is her own shockingly frank admission: "I can't remember my childhood. It's as if I've lost it. I guess I grew up assuming no one could remember. Friends used to tease me about not remembering people I'd met, places I'd been, but it didn't begin

It's like not having a past and I resent it. It's a gyp"

From his mother, four-year-old Jonathan receives a healthy balance of love and gentle discipline.

to bother me until recently. Then, when I had my own child and he began to walk and talk and do things, I tried to recall what I was like as a child, and I drew a complete blank. It's like not having a past, and I resent it. It's a gyp."

Judy is aware of the psychological implications of her block against recalling her childhood in any detail. "I guess it's pretty obvious that I wasn't happy," she says. She politely declines to go any further.

Judy was born in New York City—the only child of Abraham and Helen Tuvim, a name which in Hebrew is part of the expression for "holidays." Her father was a professional fund-raiser who wrote popular songs on the side. Her mother taught piano, and musical friends often dropped by for living-room concerts. Social gatherings at the Tuvim house brought together talented, sensitive persons, and Judy responded to this atmosphere with a willingness to dance and recite. She early became an avid reader, taking up everything within reach of her young hands.

While school chums were swapping volumes in the "Bobbsey Twins" *(Continued on page 94)*

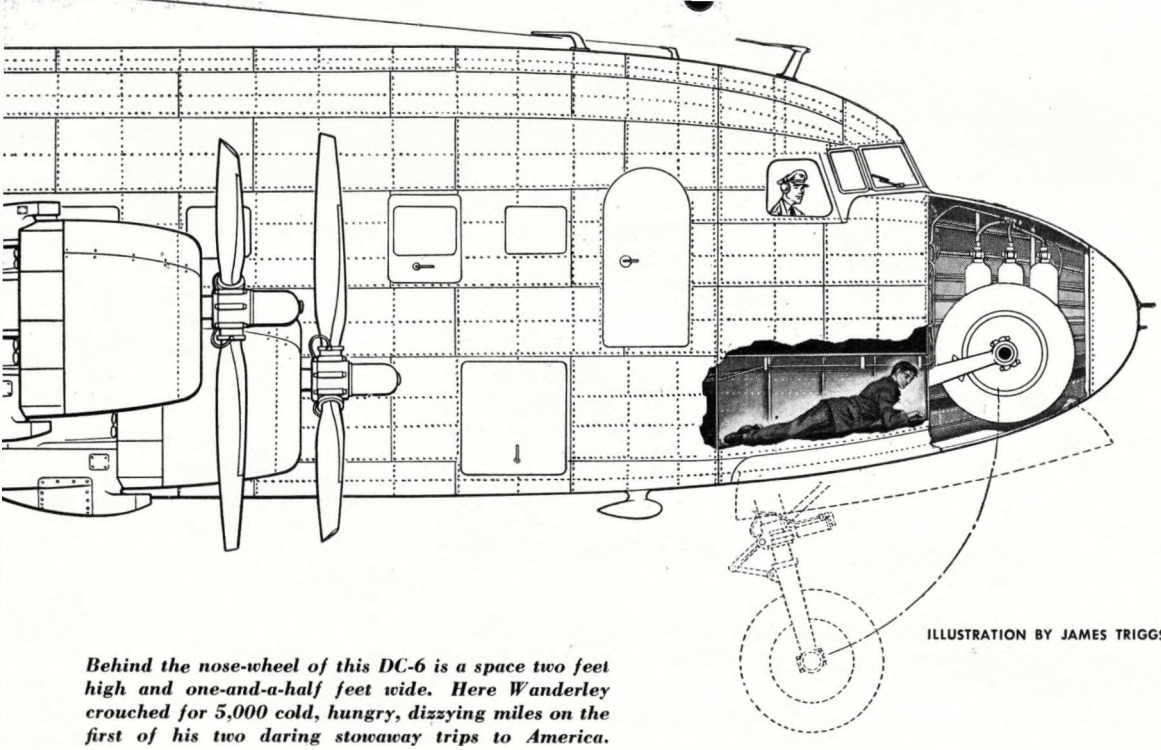


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES TRIGGS

Behind the nose-wheel of this DC-6 is a space two feet high and one-and-a-half feet wide. Here Wanderley crouched for 5,000 cold, hungry, dizzying miles on the first of his two daring stowaway trips to America.

"I Must Come to America"

A young man makes his dream come true by risking a harrowing 44-hour flight—only to be turned back

BY TERRY MORRIS

In the early hours of February 11, 1956, a police patrol car drew up opposite a restaurant in Ozone Park, a suburban community near the New York International Airport at Idlewild.

A night light burned inside the restaurant and a sign in the window said CLOSED, but a desperate-looking twenty-year-old was rattling the door, apparently trying to force his way in.

The street lamp shone full on the boy, on his wiry, matted hair and his swarthy face, streaked with grease. He was shivering. Bunching the collar of his sleazy jacket tight against his throat, he moved to the alley, raised the lid off the garbage can and began to poke around inside.

The two policemen got out of the car and came quietly alongside him.

"What do you think you're doing?" one asked.

The boy wheeled around. He shook his head, and one hand went inside his jacket.

"None of that," the policeman snapped. "Take your hand out of there and take it out clean!"

But the boy continued to grope inside his jacket. A police billy rapped his knuckles, and the hand jerked back. He threw open his jacket and pointed to papers in an inside pocket.

Under the street lamp, the policemen examined a birth certificate issued for Wanderley da Cunha Camargo in Sao Paulo, Brazil. The boy tried to explain in Portuguese, but the policemen did not understand. Still, hunger and cold, exhaustion and near-collapse are a language in themselves. They put their "prisoner" in the patrol car and drove to the precinct station house.

"Get him some food and some dry clothes," the

police sergeant ordered. Then to the boy: "You. Where do you live? Where are your folks?"

Wanderley stood up, pointed to himself and made motions like a bird flying. He repeated the gesture until one of the policemen caught on.

"He flew here. That's what he's trying to say. He must have come in through Idlewild."

The hunch was right. At Idlewild, a Portuguese interpreter attached to the airport immigration authority took over. Wanderley talked on and on, gesturing dramatically. As he spoke, the interpreter's jaw dropped; his eyes widened.

He took out a handkerchief and mopped his head. "The boy says he stowed away in the nose-wheel compartment of a Pan American DC-6 all the way from Sao Paulo. He says he hid himself in the plane 18 hours before take-off and rode the whole 26-hour flight without food or drink."

"Impossible!" was one official's immediate response, and the airline personnel on hand agreed. There was barely enough room in the nose-wheel compartment for a cat, they argued, much less for a human being. A ledge about 18 inches wide was all that remained on either side of the compartment once the wheel was retracted.

Furthermore, they went on, the area was not pressurized. Over the route the plane had come—Sao Paulo . . . Rio de Janeiro . . . Belem . . . Caracas . . . San Juan . . . Idlewild, a distance of about 5,000 miles—the average altitude would be around 18,000 feet. At that height, the oxygen content of the air inside the compartment would be about one-half of normal. The chances were the boy would black out—and what was to prevent him from falling from the plane when the nose-wheel was dropped before landing?

"And how about the temperature?" a pilot asked. "It would be below zero."

"Look, Camargo," the interpreter told the boy, "nobody believes you. They say you couldn't have taken a ride like that and stand here telling about it. you'd be dead."

"It is the same in Sao Paulo." Wanderley insisted. "One time I talk to my friends there at the airport where I work as baggage handler. I say to them, it is possible for one person to ride in the nose-wheel compartment. They laugh at me. Impossible! I will freeze. I will not have air enough to breathe. I will starve.

"Then I tell my father, making a joke. 'Papa. maybe some day I do not come home. Maybe some day I hide in the nose-wheel compartment of a big plane and I fly all the way to the United States.' Papa laughed. 'You're crazy,' he said to me. 'Stop the crazy talk.' "

Wanderley smiled. "I stop talking. But I do not stop thinking. And watching. I watch all the planes and then one day I know I will try. All my whole life I think only about coming to *(Continued on page 60)*

A new home for Wanderley, in California, was offered by Brazilian-born Daisy Banos Foster, who had been impressed by the boy's courage and staunch determination.

SPRING WEEKEND

"Let him like me," she had silently prayed, unaware she was too young to know that love isn't always moonlight and laughter

It was Derby Day weekend at Yale. As soon as the train stopped with a shudder in the New Haven station, porters swung suitcases and toylike cosmetic bags down to the station platform. Their owners surged from the crowded cars, their eyes already searching the crowd. Their traveling suits were bright in the waning spring sunshine, and their hair was very clean under small veiled hats that looked too old for them. Scanning the approaching men, they found what they were looking for.

"There's Porter—oh, *look* at his silly hat!"

"Rod, *here* I am!"

"I loved your letters. I *thrived* on them!"

In the midst of the frantic hilarity, a rather tall girl with smooth dark hair stood awkwardly apart and felt her knees go weak. She closed her heavy-lashed gray eyes and opened them again slowly. "Please," said Pat Lampert, without moving her lips, "please let it be a success. Please make him like me."

In panic, she couldn't even remember his name. She turned quickly to Dottie Woodward, but Dottie had run ahead to meet Blair.

It all had been Dottie's doing, and a month ago it had seemed like a perfect idea. Dottie, the beautiful senior from Pat's home town, the girl who knocked them dead wherever she went. Dottie, who knew that Pat had spent a lonely ugly-duckling adolescence, who had been kind since the day last fall when Pat had arrived at the little New England girls' college. And what could have been more natural than to bring Pat on a Yale weekend? Yale had become a permanent extension of Dottie's universe, for she was almost engaged to a wonderful man named Blair Elliott. Pat was to be with Blair's roommate. The roommate sounded strange and upsetting. "He could be really handsome if he would only try," Dottie had said. "But he's too proud, or something."

BY SUSAN KUEHN BOYD
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS


Peter Stevens

Now Dottie walked toward Pat, her blondeness incandescent in the filtering light. Tanned and laughing, Blair walked beside her. Meeting him back home that Christmas, Pat had recognized him immediately as an inhabitant of the same removed and special sphere that Dottie occupied.

"Pat, how *are* you?" he said, and his enthusiasm gave her a flickering glow of importance.

A thin dark boy stepped out of the crowd and wandered toward them.

"Pat, this is Roger Wilson."

She smiled stiffly. "Hello, Roger." She looked at the curly black hair that was cut very short above his high forehead and noticed that his blue eyes slanted a little. He wasn't much taller than she was.

"Hello," he said abruptly and leaned over for her suitcase. "Is this yours?"

That was all he said. On the short ride to the Taft Hotel, it was Dottie and Blair who did the talking. When they drew up at the door, the place was crowded already with couples who had managed to arrive even earlier. Roger wandered away from Pat toward a crowd of boys halfway across the lobby.

"Here," Blair said, steering both girls toward the elevator. "You two wait here, and I'll get the keys."

Roger remained apart from them, still in conversation with the circle of boys. Were they talking about *her?* Pat's cheeks felt hot.

Mercifully, Blair returned quickly and the lobby was blocked out from sight by the elevator door. Dottie, dizzy with happiness, said, "Isn't this fun?"

"Oh, yes!" Pat answered vehemently and wished she could stay on the elevator forever.

"How do you like Roger?" Dottie asked once they had reached their room.

"He seems very nice." After all, it wasn't Dottie's fault. They unpacked rapidly, shaking out the wrinkles of their formals. Until today Pat had loved her dress—it was black and sophisticated-looking. Her father had whistled when she tried it on for him last fall, but this would be the first time she had worn it.

"It's a knockout," Dottie said approvingly. "You take the first bath. I have to repair my nail polish."

As they dressed, Dottie talked effortlessly, always about Blair. It was as if she wanted to hear nothing but the sound of his name.

"If, well—if anything really happens, I'd like you to be a bridesmaid, Pat."

Warmed by this invitation, Pat felt a surge of self-confidence. Determinedly, she promised herself not to let Roger matter. He could be as unfriendly as he wanted. She put on lipstick that was extra bright and smiled at her reflection.

Downstairs, Blair and Roger offered florist's boxes. Dottie's flower was a spiky white orchid with a pink center exactly matching her dress. Pat's corsage was a massive display of yellow and pink roses—even fastened with four pins, it flopped uncertainly on her shoulder.

"Why, thank you, Roger," she said evenly. "It's *tremendous.*" And she felt a small victory when he looked at her questioningly.

All during dinner at a little crowded place outside of New Haven, Pat determinedly filled any silences with her own laughter and talk. Tucking her hand under her chin, she looked from one face to another with a smile that *felt* as if it might resemble June Allyson's. After dinner, she took the cigarette Roger offered her, narrowed her eyes against the smoke and said, "Now tell me about *you.* What do you want to be?"

His look held the same quizzical amusement that she had noticed before.

"A good architect, if I'm lucky enough."

"But that must take *ages.*" She made her eyes wide in spite of the smoke.

"He's going to be famous, too. The Frank Lloyd Wright of the future," Blair said.

Roger pushed back his chair abruptly. "No, I'm just full of ideas that I'll never get around to using." And he was silent all the way to the dance.

Once there, a wail of music greeted them. Couples crowded the floor, and smoke combined with the scent of flowers. Pat followed Dottie to the powder room, where they left their coats and drifted toward the row of dressing tables.

Too soon Dottie finished with her hair and stood up. "Ready, Pat?"

"In a second. I can't seem to get my flowers right."

"Take your time. I'll see you outside." And Dottie was gone.

Desperately Pat worked to keep the corsage from sagging forward. When it looked as stationary as possible, she returned to the dance floor and was relieved to see Roger waiting by the door. Without smiling, he took her arm and led her to the floor. Dottie, her full pink skirt billowing, danced by with Blair. They dipped and whirled effortlessly, not speaking, but looking at each other in a kind of charmed dream.

"Relax," Roger said.

"I'm sorry." Her eyes were almost on a level with his.

"There's nothing to be *sorry* about. But dancing should be fun. Just lean on me."

Hesitantly, she moved toward him and was surprised by the width and hardness of his shoulders. He led her across the floor smoothly, never losing the beat of the music. She had never danced so well before.

"You're good," he said. But it was *he* who was good. All the bitterness was missing while they danced, and Pat wished the music would go on forever. She drew in her breath as Roger's cheek touched hers and stayed there.

Intermission came inevitably and too soon. Roger led her toward French doors opening onto a little balcony. Side by side, they leaned over the railing while invisible dark trees rustled below. He smoked silently for a while and then turned toward her.

"You look very unreal," he said. "So dark and untouchable. But you're real when you dance. So you *must* exist."

"I guess I do, at that," she told him lightly.

"Tell me why. What were you like before this afternoon, for instance? Where do you come from? Whom have you been in love with?"

He was so *different* from before—but *she* felt different, too. "I'm from a little town in Pennsylvania."

"And love?"

"No one, really."

"Oh, come, now!"

She couldn't tell him about being so shy in high school that few boys noticed her at all—and even *they* had been frightened away by her father's disapproval. He had been her whole family for the eight years after her mother died. But the summer before, he had married her mother's best friend, and he hadn't seemed to notice much about Pat after that.

"I'm not so mysterious as I seem," she said. "I don't even have a past."

"The way you were carrying on at dinner, I thought you were full of pasts."

She laughed. "Was I that awful?"

"Hopeless. And when you asked about architecture, I sized you up as a girl who pretended to be fascinated by everything and really didn't care about a thing."

"But I wanted to know."

And somehow he was *(Continued on page 96)*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Three young sons showed surprising ingenuity—and maturity—on the day a mother had wanted to forget

BY ROWENA BOYLAN
DRAWING BY GEORGE WIGGINS

● **It started with** my birthday five years ago, a few months after my husband's death. The boys were still small—ten, nine and almost seven. But a wisdom far beyond their years seemed to reach out and touch them.

They knew that this first birthday without Daddy would be hard for me. There wouldn't be the jokes, the extravagant present, the dinner and theatre that were such a treat. I tried to give no sign of wistful remembrance. But they knew—and they set out to create a joyous day. The feverish whispers, the secret meetings, the cautious rattling of piggy banks went on for days. I was told nothing, only warned to "be prepared."

The day arrived. I woke up, remembering other birthdays, and I thought, *if I can get through this day without crying* . . . Then there were soft footsteps on the stairs. A commanding voice whispered an order, and three small figures tiptoed in and stood by my bed.

They sang "Happy Birthday." There were hugs and kisses. Little Michael blurted out, "Boy, are you gonna be surprised! After school we're giving a party!"

A hand clapped over his small, round face.

"Blabbermouth! You weren't s'posed to tell! Come on; help fix Mom's breakfast."

I caught some of their excitement, and as the school day ended, I dressed for the mysterious party.

They came bounding in at three and rushed into action. Michael lugged chairs outside. Ricky and Pat each had a fistful of crayon-printed tickets as they raced out. A ticket fell from Ricky's hand, and I picked it up.

GOOD FOR ADMISSION TO BOYLAN SHOW. REFRESHMENTS. EVERYTHING FREE. COME AND CELEBRATE MRS. BOYLAN'S BIRTHDAY! ! !

The neighbor women arrived an hour later, as requested. By then the chairs had been set up in the back yard, the punch made, the cookies put on plates. The three young actors were costumed and the stage set. An old blanket, hung across the clothesline, made an effective backdrop. There were songs, dances, magic acts. Most revealing, though, was a skit entitled "A Day in the Life of a Mother." It was etched sharply with biting truth—from spankings to back-fence gossip to the grand finale, a song with improvised lyrics that gave away the carefully guarded secret of my age.

When the neighbors left, I was dragged inside for dinner and the gifts. There were hot dogs and beans and ice cream. ("The expensive kind with nuts and cherries.") There was a homemade cake, liberally frosted on top, sides *and* bottom. There was a dainty pearl necklace and a huge, sparkling diamond from the five-and-ten.

"I don't think the diamond can weigh more than one karat," Ricky informed me solemnly, "because it cost only a quarter. But it's pretty, isn't it?"

"It's beautiful," I answered truthfully.

The following year Ricky and Pat were serving as altar boys, and their thoughts turned to the spiritual as well as the material when my birthday arrived. They saved their pennies for an offering and requested one of the parish priests to say his May 22nd Mass for me. The priest agreed, but refused the money. Instead, he asked, "How would you two like to serve as altar boys at Mother's Mass?"

And so, with Michael kneeling by my side, I attended that early-morning Mass, my heart proud as I watched my sons who were so close to God—and to me.

As the years passed, I expected the celebrations to taper off. But they haven't. Last year the motif was Queen for a Day. I woke up to find my "subjects" gathered around my bed. A paper crown and scepter were presented to me with royal dignity. After breakfast in bed I was given the usual lavish gifts and a book of "work tickets" to be used as desired. I could tear out a ticket marked Do the Dishes, Mow the Lawn, Wash the Car, and the job would be done.

This year marked another triumph for my young showmen. After the birthday song I was handed a menu and told to mark my choice in boxes opposite each item.

EGG—hard-boiled, soft-boiled, scrambled.

TOAST—please specify number of slices.

The menu went on through orange juice, bacon, coffee and pancakes. I dutifully checked my choices and later was ushered to the kitchen. There, amid clouds of smoke ("Mom, this toaster goofs after one slice") I ate while three figures hovered in satisfaction.

"I wanted to buy you lilies-of-the-valley," said Pat. "But I called a florist and he said $15. Fifteen bucks!"

And I? "I'd rather have the nightgown and nail polish and dust pan. They're far more lasting."

No TV spectacular is handled with better showmanship than these birthday celebrations. Friends no longer ask, "What did you get for your birthday?" but "What did the boys do for your birthday?" Easter, Mother's Day and Christmas are production numbers, too, but somehow the top ingenuity is saved for my birthday.

It all goes back to that first birthday when life without father was still a strange, lonely world for all of us. But how wise are children! With their love, their lavish giving of themselves, they can crowd out loneliness—leaving no time for remembering. . . . THE END

THE TIMELESS COUNTRY

Close to the core of America lie the Ozark and Ouachita Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas—a land of scenic grandeur, where vacation pleasure is endless and unhurried

by HENRY G. FELSEN

One of the best autumn touring vacations in this country is a leisurely, looping swing from Chicago down through the Missouri-Arkansas Ozarks and the Arkansas Ouachita country.

If you love mountain views or lake sports, soaking in hot springs or fishing in cold ones, photographing quaint rustic cabins or lolling in luxurious lodges, you will be happy. If you prefer hunting, square dancing, lake and river activities, collecting antiques, exploring caves, running down romantic historic spots, or just eating and loafing, you'll be more than satisfied.

The heart of the Ozark country is a colorful mountain area roughly 200 miles wide by 200 miles deep, split across the middle by the Missouri-Arkansas border and bounded on the west by Oklahoma. Yet it takes a good two weeks and more than 2,000 miles just to touch some of the high points of this wonderfully scenic and varied land.

Although the Ozarks can be reached quickly over direct roads and superhighways like U.S. 66, a more relaxed and satisfying tour is to zigzag southwest from Chicago, aiming first for the Mississippi River, and then for the Missouri-Arkansas-Oklahoma corner some 700 miles away. From there you can go south another day's ride to Hot Springs, then work your way back to the northeast. *(Continued on page 99)*

A BUDGET VACATION PLAN

RECIPE FOR MARRIAGE

BY VIRGINIA LAUGHLIN • ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

It was Sunday. My roommate, Almira, and I were enjoying a leisurely breakfast and sharing the *Times*. Occasionally, Almira sighed. The third time, I made a wild guess. "A hat!" I said. "Chunks of flowers on a straw saucer. It'd make a girl look like an angel who's been out playing in the celestial flowerbeds—but it costs $39.95."

Almira lowered her newspaper and gave me a blank look out of pansy-brown eyes. "What costs $39.95?"

"Weren't you looking at ads?"

"No. Brides." She shoved a page at me. "See; here's one. Isn't she lovely? Don't you envy her, Liz?"

"Oh. I don't know. I'd have to see the groom first." A sensible enough answer, I thought, but Almira took offense.

"You're always so clever!" she snapped. "Well, *I* envy her, and I'm not ashamed to say so!"

It was like having a cute little kitten arch its back and spit. I said gently, "It's Chet, isn't it, honey? Want to talk about it?"

The pansy-brown eyes filled with tears. "There's nothing to talk about. I love Chet, but he— he—" There was a gulp and Almira wailed, "Oh, Liz, what am I going to *do*?"

I do not like dispensing advice, but in this case I felt obligated. Almira was not only my roommate; she was also my second cousin.

"Almira," I said, "six months ago, you descended on New York and me out of South Fork, Nebraska. You were nineteen and dewy-eyed. A veritable little prairie flower." I paused for the punch line. "You are *still* a little prairie flower!" And I pointed out that she was now entered in a real flower show, as it were, competing with orchids, tiger lilies and other exotic blooms.

Almira blinked. "You mean I'll have to change to keep Chet—buy smart clothes, learn how to be gay and amusing like you?"

"Well, something like that," I admitted modestly. "Chet reminds me of Roger. Roger as he was five years ago—young, taut with ambition and crazy about the Stork Club. The type who wants a decorative girl on his arm. And what's your approach with Chet?" I asked rhetorically. "Home cooking and quiet evenings!"

"I wanted to save his money," Almira whimpered.

I gave the ceiling a pained look. "For what?" I paused. "Has Chet ever hinted that he might some day ask for your fair hand in marriage?"

Almira got it. Her eyes began to glow dangerously. "Why, the—the freeloader!" she cried, outraged. "I'll bet he calls me when he's too broke to take his tiger lilies out! I'll bet he comes around here to rest when he's all bushed from dancing with his orchids!"

My opinion, exactly. Suddenly I was struck with true inspiration. "I can even prove it," I chortled, "using Roger as a test case."

I'd better digress here and give you a quick sketch of my relationship with Roger Ames. He was my oldest friend in New York, mainly because we had fallen into the habit of relying on each other between romances. We laughed at the same jokes, bullied and insulted one another with impunity and, in a phrase, were as comfortable together as two old shoes. We also shared the same mothlike pull toward the lights of the smarter supper clubs. Such a friendship can be very consoling to a single girl in New York.

I called Roger. "Was just about to call you," he announced. "How about the Village Viking tonight—we'll pretend we're tourists."

"No, you come over here," I said. "I'll feed you a home-cooked meal; afterwards, we'll sit around and talk—"

"Just remembered a previous engagement, ol' dear—"

"Roger, please," I wheedled. "It's for Almira's sake." And I gave him the pitch. His groans were piteous, but he finally agreed.

Almira arranged to spend the evening with a television actress on the floor above and was out of the apartment by 6:30. Roger arrived a few minutes later.

"Hel-*lo*, Roger." I gave it a chimes effect. "I'm *so* glad to see you."

He looked at me compassionately. "Liz, I know of a really splendid psychiatrist—he's put some of my best friends back together."

"That," I said indignantly, "is how Almira greets Chet," led him into the living room and shoved him into the most comfortable chair. "And *that* is where Chet spends the entire evening when he calls on Almira."

Dinner consisted of beef stew, hot biscuits with honey and a green salad. A typical Almira menu. (Almira not only saved Chet's money; she saved her own). Roger eyed the biscuits warily before he took one. When it split open to fluffy perfection, he brightened.

"Didn't know you could cook, Liz."

"My grandmother—a stubborn woman—saw to it."

Dinner over, we stacked the dishes. Roger suggested that we at least take in a movie.

I shook my head, putting a stack of mood-music records on the player. "You just sit there and recharge your batteries the way Chet Wently does. I know its grim, but think of how fit you're going to feel tomorrow—and the money you're ahead!"

We listened to the music. Roger fidgeted; so did I.

"Almira and her boy friend like this sort of thing?" he asked finally.

"Almira thinks it's mantrap stuff." I said. "With

"And what's your approach with Chet?"
I asked rhetorically.
"Home cooking and quiet evenings!"

your help, I hope to convince her otherwise. If you're groggy with ennui by ten, she's promised to stop being a patsy for Chet." Roger lighted another cigarette. I got out a sweater I'd been knitting on for three years. "Occupational therapy," I said brightly.

Roger watched my busy fingers until his eyes glazed. The silence was ghastly. "Talk about something. Anything," I said wildly, "except your old girl friends. Tell me about your childhood traumas."

He smiled smugly. "Never had a trauma in my life. Mine was an exceptionally happy boyhood. . . ."

He was still telling me about an hour later. Then I reciprocated with a little of my own history. From there we went to our early days in New York.

At 10:30, we were mellow with reminiscences. I brewed a pot of coffee, and we sat at the kitchen table talking about Life.

Roger got a faraway look in his eyes. "You know, Liz, I used to think, when I first came here, that I'd get a little eastern know-how, then go out to the Southwest and set up my own ad agency."

"Why didn't you?"

He shook his head. "Search me . . . What were your long-range plans when you came here, Liz?"

I probed an old memory. "Marriage, I guess. To someone who could drape me in mink. The trouble was, the mink had to come with the right guy. He never showed up." I poured another round of coffee.

"I still could," Roger said. "I'm only thirty-two."

I'd been busy with my own thoughts. "I'm twenty-six," I said gloomily.

"And I'm going to do something about it tomorrow!" Roger said. His voice was firm, decisive.

"A man with a purpose. . ." I murmured.

"You bet!" He took my hand. "Liz, you're a wonderful girl. I haven't really known you until tonight."

"Well, you've given me a few surprises, too, Roger."

We looked at each other and then couldn't stop looking. Something started happening between our hands—something electrical and wonderful.

"*Liz*—" Roger shouted. "You're the one—"

"You're crazy," I began—and then knew he wasn't. *He* was the right guy! "Oh, darling. . ." I breathed.

We nearly upset the table, rushing around it into each other's arms.

Which just goes to prove, I suppose, that when you set out to prove something to a girl like Almira, you're apt to turn up a few things for yourself.

And Almira? Oh, everything turned out jim-dandy for her, too. Chet was a boy who didn't believe in long engagements—he was waiting for a salary raise to come through before he asked Almira to marry him.

. . . THE END

Save Your Play Land

(Continued from page 29)

space and park areas while at the same time helping to resolve conflicts between the needs for recreation and for other community projects.

As our population zooms—it is now 170,000,000 and is expected to be 177,000,000 by 1960—space for buildings and basic services becomes more and more scarce. The pressing needs of agricultural, educational, civic, commercial, housing and traffic agencies compete for what space remains.

Within the past four years, the competition has intensified, causing a little-understood conflict between recreation needs and all the other needs for land. The importance of new schools, new roads and new houses is often quite evident, but the need for space for recreation is usually less easily established. Often recreation land is taken for granted or considered a luxury and, therefore, expendable.

Here are typical instances of how easily play space is lost:

. . . Passaic, New Jersey, where baseball diamonds once were nationally famous, has lost so much play space that teams now have to reserve their game time two weeks in advance. Cook-out reservations must be made weeks ahead for the only two public grills, which are in a narrow slice of park with no tables, no benches, no running water and no toilets. There is not an inch of land to replace what was taken for a city hall, a school, an armory and housing.

. . . The 18,000 residents of Klamath Falls, Oregon, recently finished a long struggle to complete a water-front play area on magnificent Upper Klamath Lake, only to lose much of it to state highways.

. . . A portion of Willys Park, Toledo, Ohio, was given to an industry for parking employees' cars, and 25 acres of Bay View Park disappeared under a sewage disposal plant, a naval armory, a U.S. Coast Guard building, a police pistol range and a private yacht club.

. . . Dedham, Massachusetts, has lost forest lands; people in Greenwich, Connecticut, have to get along without most of their prized Bruce Park; Edgewood, Pennsylvania, is minus some of the best part of Borough Park; and Clearwater, Florida, has been stripped of a beautiful segment of Coachman Park.

. . . In Buffalo, a library was built on a municipal golf course, a police radio transmitter took part of Delaware Park, the Veterans' Hospital ate up much of Grover Cleveland Park and a sizable portion of Front Park was parceled off for a bridge—a loss of 100 acres in 10 years.

. . . What was a delightful oasis in the center of Andalusia, Alabama, is now a black-topped parking lot.

. . . A new industry got the only possible recreation land in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

How did these and countless other encroachments occur?

Officials are not always aware of the importance of holding on to recreation land; they can be swayed by arguments that promise a saving of money. And citizens get confused by legal and technical concepts in the handling of public property.

For example, on the face of it—when a new school is desperately needed—there seems nothing wrong with this suggestion. "Let's take the park. We already own *that* land. All we need is enough money to put up the building."

But after the recreation land has been taken, the community discovers that the cost of buying other land for recreation has become prohibitive. The U.S. Department of Interior reports increases up to 1200 per cent in 20 years! (Of 12 potential beach sites recommended by the Department in 1930 for national park development, all but three had been wiped out by commercial activities by 1950.) The community usually cannot purchase play area to replace what it gave up.

Another argument frequently used is: "We can't afford to have so much tax-exempt property; let's turn the park into ratables." This comes from those who seek to convert public property to private purposes. They contend that selling the playground or park will mean more taxes for the local treasury.

This is not necessarily true. Real-estate people have long profited by what they know to be the surest way to raise property values. Their secret is to choose a site near a park. Smart developers of a new subdivision often begin by landscaping a section of it. Some even start a swimming pool before a house is built. This means quicker sales and better prices for the acreage—and larger tax revenues.

The average person does not have a ready answer for this argument: "It's only a little bit of park land. We have plenty. Taking this one little piece won't hurt anything."

Recreation experts have formulated an axiom from long experience. "Park lands taken for other purposes can never be recaptured." Few communities have enough recreation land for present needs, much less coming demands.

"This is the only place for the purpose," is another argument of groups seeking acreage for a project. Occasionally, the park *is* the only land suitable or available. More often, some investigation reveals that there are other equally desirable sites. The park should not be sacrificed simply because it is vulnerable.

Communities are not defenseless. Many have already succeeded in holding on to their recreational land. Their experiences suggest these recommendations:

Each community should have a recreation department.

There should be a citizens' council of representatives of the P-TA, Y. M.- and Y. W. C. A., League of Women Voters, civic, business, professional, church, garden and other clubs actively concerned with recreational facilities.

If all park land has not been formally dedicated to the public in perpetuity, it should be.

A good, long-range plan for present and future needs, with provision for periodic revising, should be worked out.

Plans should try to meet these minimum standards:

A playground within half a mile of every home in town, within a quarter of a mile if you live in a crowded apartment-house district. Playgrounds may vary in size from a minimum of three and one-fourth acres, serving a small neighborhood of 2,000, to five or six acres for neighborhoods of 4,000 to 5,000.

In addition, a playfield of 12 to 20 acres within a mile or less of every home in town, or one acre of playfield for every 800 in the population.

A developed city park of 100 acres or more reasonably accessible to everyone.

Close co-operation among local agencies—directors of recreation, of public works, of planning, of education, of housing, chiefs of fire and police departments—is necessary to resolve conflicts. Local officials should keep citizens fully informed about land needs and arrange for public hearings. Local, state and federal agencies should be encouraged to consult and co-operate with each other.

When a city or town is fortified against unnecessary encroachment, surprising things happen. What starts out as a battle between seemingly irreconcilable sides sometimes ends in an entirely new and happy solution.

Take San Francisco. Two years ago the rewards of more than three-fourths of a century of planning and spending were on the verge of abandonment in that city's Golden Gate Park. The lines of the conflict were sharply drawn. In California, as in most states, the highway department's powers are virtually unlimited. City and state engineers, who rarely consulted recreation departments, planned to cross Golden Gate Park with miles of freeways.

Then San Franciscans rallied to defend their park. The story of park land already used for other purposes was told at meeting after meeting, and picture panels showed the area in its accustomed appearance and as it probably would look if projected changes were made. Scores of organizations passed "Save Golden Gate Park" resolutions. Protests flooded the mayor's office. Finally, engineers halted preparation for the proposed changes.

But residents recognized that their park is a barrier to movement of north-south traffic and that roads must thread it somehow. The question was, "How?" A new committee was formed. It included the city's director of public works, director of planning, chiefs of fire and police departments and general manager of recreation. This body and the state engineers devised a solution that will enable the state to build roads through Golden Gate Park, without damaging the park.

Tunnels are the answer. They cost more than open-cut, surface or elevated roadways, but San Francisco has decided that money spent to preserve natural beauty and play space is a legitimate expense. Studies are being made. If tunnels are built, the surface will be restored to the condition it was in before construction began.

The Golden Gate experience may be useful to many places in the United States at this moment, for the greatest road-building program in our history is under way. (See "They Took Our Homes," in the April issue of REDBOOK.) Many highways, expressways and freeways are already blueprinted, and nobody knows how many plans call for cuts through parks, arboretums, outdoor skating rinks, beaches, athletic fields, tennis courts, golf courses and lakes. Communities along proposed routes need to appoint committees and swing into action or they will be told, "It's too late to change the plans now."

Everybody knows that both schooling and play are necessary to the normal growth of children. Yet, the shortage of space has forced educators and recreation officials to fight each other for the same piece of land. In the last few years, however, more communities have realized how wasteful it is to let school, park and playground sites be purchased, developed and operated by separate departments.

Here, the question is no longer how school board or recreation commission can wrest the land from each other, but how both can make the best possible use of it. A variety of joint park-school arrangements have resulted. Generally, there is a "school area" consisting of the school building itself, paved surface, kindergarten play and apparatus area, a portion of the play and apparatus section for older children, some playfield sections and landscape features. The remainder of the land is "city area," which includes all the equipment and land used principally by children and adults during out-of-school hours and vacations.

Arrangements in Grand Rapids and Muskegon, Michigan; Denver, Colorado, Seattle and Spokane, Washington; Norfolk and Richmond, Virginia; San Francisco and Oakland, California; and Glencoe, Glenview and Wilmette, Illinois, have demonstrated that co-operation in the development and operation of indoor and outdoor play facilities designed for both school and community results in greater use of land and equipment at savings in operation.

From communities that have successfully resisted grabs for their recreational land and from experts, comes this advice:

The power of the populace is not fully appreciated. Embattled mothers made such a fuss, Parks Commissioner Robert Moses had to change his mind about turning a half acre in New York's Central Park—the only play spot near enough for their children—into additional parking space for Tavern on the Green, a restaurant. A similar protest forced the Savannah, Georgia, city council to deny part of Daffin Park for a commercial sports area. After Bellingham, Washington, officials decided that an attractively landscaped mid-town triangle would be just right for the new fire hall, citizens disagreed and the councilmen changed their minds about taking away that triangle.

Nor is the power of law to protect recreation realized. The exclusiveness of park use for the public is deep-seated in the legal character of such land areas, and, therefore, many officials—city and state—are powerless to grant private rights in them. Mrs. Paul Gallagher, prominent citizen of Omaha, Nebraska, found this out. Shortly after she spearheaded a campaign for $30,000 to buy what became Krug Park, a local builder decided that site was the only one suitable for a certain type of housing project. Mrs. Gallagher drove around and in one day counted 90 places, unsuitable for parks, but desirable for the housing development. The city planning commission pointed out 3,655 other sites available for the purpose.

Two attorneys volunteered their services, Mrs. Gallagher paid processing costs and the case went all the way to the State Supreme Court. That body ruled Krug Park had been perpetually dedicated to the people's recreation and could not be used for any other purpose. The builder has since completed construction on other sites.

If, after serious consideration, park land is judged necessary to a needed development by responsible authorities and the public, a realistic stand should be taken. Most park authorities are unaware of their strong legal position and fail to make proper use of it to trade for other recreational land or facilities. "Park lands should be surrendered only in exchange for equivalent lands," cautions the Regional Plan Association, a group of citizens concerned with city-planning problems and solutions.

When New York City recently had to permit deep gashes through Van Cortlandt Park for Major Deegan Expressway, which could go no other way, the area subsequently was enriched by a variety of playgrounds and equipment paid for by the state.

Another reason for avoiding payment in money is that often the income goes into a "general fund" and is forever lost to recreation.

Young communities should plan far ahead. Few places anywhere enjoy adequate play without advance planning. In Fair Lawn, New Jersey, young adults consider year-round recreation essential to modern living and spend a record $165,500 annually on a planned program for 35,000 people. All children can walk from home to a play area within one-half or one-fourth mile without crossing a major traffic artery.

In many communities it is already late for setting aside recreation space. But there are things that can be done. Sometimes it is necessary to take drastic steps, as in the clearing of built-up areas which should have been left open. However, financial aid may be available through the Housing Act of 1954. If a slum or blighted area is acquired by a local public agency, the municipality may pay full costs of clearing it, or else may cover one-third while the federal government pays two-thirds, under the urban renewal program.

Also, Robert Moses, head of New York City and State Park Systems, last year discovered he could get immediate title to big estates and ultimate occupancy while permitting the donor to remain for 20 years, tax exempt. This device could be used now to reserve large estates, golf, fishing and hunting clubs, even truck farms, for future parks.

Elsewhere it is not so late. Wherever the people have supported a recreation administrator in resisting encroachment, park lands have been saved. Indeed, some experts estimate 95 per cent of encroachment can be prevented through proper planning, co-operation of all officials concerned, and the active interest of an informed public.

Joseph Prendergast, executive director, National Recreation Association, warns, "Unless the public insists on its right to adequate park and other recreation areas, the vanishing wilderness and the vanishing frontier will be joined by vanishing outdoor recreation."

. . . THE END

". . . Got that pesky fly and the Lone Ranger too!"

REDBOOK

"I Must Come to America"

(Continued from page 49)

the United States where there is a chance for the poor ones like me. Maybe, like my friends say, I freeze. Maybe I choke to death. Starve. But if I lose my life trying to come to the United States, I am willing."

By this time, Investigator Jerome Axelrod of the New York Immigration and Naturalization Service had arrived—still dressed in the heavy sweater he had donned for a Sunday morning ice-skating date with his young daughter. An airport official briefed him on the boy's story, concluding: "If the kid came the way he says, then he's the nearest thing to a spaceman I've ever seen."

Suddenly, Wanderley's face brightened. "I left my necktie in the plane," he burst out. "If you look in the space where I was, you will find it."

A ladder was brought, and the investigator climbed up into the nose-wheel compartment of the DC-6. After a brief search, he emerged sheepishly—holding a necktie.

At immigration headquarters in Manhattan, Wanderley was carefully cross-examined. The authorities had to make certain that he was not tied up with a smuggling racket or with a spy ring.

How had he avoided detection?

Wanderley shrugged. "At Rio a man comes to recharge batteries near the compartment, but I lie flat on the ledge and he does not see me. Then at Caracas someone comes with a flashlight, but I crawl into a small tunnel leading back into the fuselage and I am safe." The boy paused, a troubled look on his face. "I wonder myself why they do not find me. Is serious if I should be a bad person."

The law required that Wanderley be deported. Moreover, with a charge of illegal entry on his record, it was doubtful whether he would ever be permitted to receive a visa. He was taken to the immigration detention facility to await arrangements for his deportation.

"Everyone treats me so good," Wanderley enthused over the detention quarters, "I have warm clothes. Good food to eat. They even give me a pack of American cigarettes. I do not smoke, but they are so kind to give me cigarettes, I smoke them anyway. Here is a fine place."

Within two days of his spectacular arrival, he was on his way back to Idlewild Airport. A summary order had been issued to the airline to return him to Brazil. By law, the cost of the passage had to be borne by the carrier which had brought him.

"I like you," Wanderley told Investigator Axelrod. "I know you mean well. But I am coming back."

The investigator put a friendly hand on Wanderley's shoulder. "Don't try it this way again, kid. Don't push your luck!"

But Wanderley only grinned.

(Continued on page 82)

Easy Living story photographed especially for Redbook by Howard Zieff

HOW TO ENJOY TODAY'S

Easy Living

In America today Young Adult families have the greatest opportunity ever afforded a generation to achieve a life abundant in material benefits and spiritual opportunities. Most enjoy social security, medical and hospital insurance, expanding personal credit and increasing access to facilities for education and worship. All industries producing goods and services for the home are adding ease and convenience of use to their products. Many of these ideas for easy living, and for tomorrow's even easier living, are pictured on the following pages. All of them hold the promise of less work and more leisure for you and your family: leisure that can be spent in travel, social and community activities, hobbies or, most rewardingly, in a family's increased enjoyment of one another

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Slimming Salads

are best-dressed with your own *lighter* dressings using Heinz Vinegar and Wesson Oil

MELON BOAT SALAD

Quarter honeydew melon or cantaloupe lengthwise. Remove seeds. Combine diced pineapple, fresh strawberry halves or raspberries, blueberries or seedless grapes, melon balls or orange sections. Spoon into melon quarters. Serve with Honey French Dressing made by adding 1 tablespoon honey to ½ cup basic dressing. About 196 calories per serving.

BASIC 1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt	¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon sugar	*¼ cup Heinz Vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika	*¾ cup Wesson Oil

● Combine and shake well in covered jar. Makes 1 cup.

*For a sharper dressing, use ⅓ cup Heinz Vinegar and ⅔ cup Wesson Oil.

SLIMMING, satisfying salad meals help keep you trim for this summer's sleek new styles. Add your own light, bright homemade dressings and keep calories down.

● **You make the easiest and best dressings** in one minute with Wesson Oil and Heinz Vinegar. They cost less and go further than bought dressings.

● **Fresher and lighter** than other salad oils. Wesson brings out all the goodness nature puts into fresh greens and vegetables — never hides flavors as heavy oils do.

● **Mellow Heinz Vinegars,** always uniform in strength, cost so little it pays to use the very best.

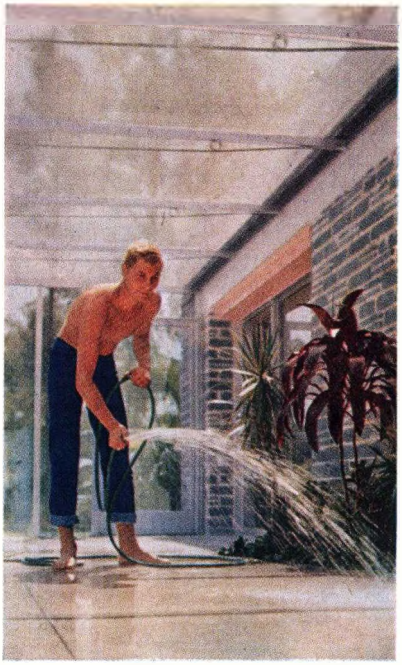
Wesson Oil · Heinz Vinegar

This young family, breakfasting in the dining area of its colorful kitchen, could prepare this meal in or outside the house, wherever they had three electric outlets. On the thermostatically-controlled griddle: pancakes from a mix and quick-cooking brown 'n serve sausages can be cooked at the table. While coffee perks in the electric coffee-maker, Mother fries the eggs at exactly-right heat in an electric skillet.

Easy Housekeeping

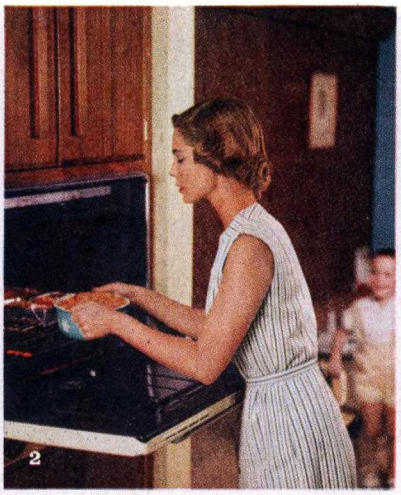
Cleaner and neater—faster and easier—could very well sum up what has happened to every housekeeping job in the past ten years. Machines that need nothing but the push of a starting button dispose of garbage, wash dishes, wash and dry clothes. Dust-free air conditioning, marproof plastics for all surfaces, spotproof finishes for fabrics, walls and floors minimize home cleaning. For some close-ups of today's easy housekeeping, turn the page

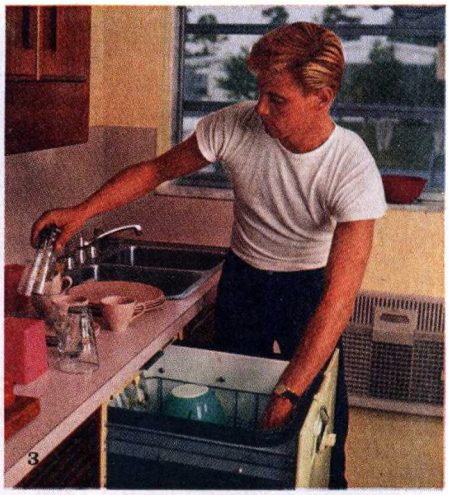
Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

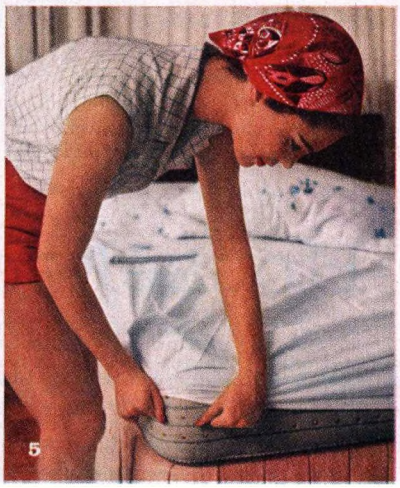


EASY LIVING

Glamour must be washable to be practical. For popular terrace-living choose furnishings of metal and water-repellent or synthetic fabrics that can be washed with a spray of water that's sprayed, of course, from a light, long-lasting plastic hose. For easy winter living, driveway adjoining terrace has built-in heating element to end snow-shoveling and icy surfaces.







Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Meal preparation time is constantly decreasing. The average woman spends less than 3 hours preparing meals today. Appliance and food industries indicate they've only begun to decrease kitchen work.

1. Refrigerators, whether built-in like the one here or hung as wall cabinets, are at a convenient, no-stoop level. They defrost automatically, have specialized storage areas for foods and quick-release ice trays.

2. Wall ovens are separate from surface cooking units. All have thermostatic control; some have roast thermometers, automatic turn-on and shut-off controls, rotisseries.

3. Dishwashers and garbage disposers (in the sink at left) are the real luxuries of today's kitchens. Some of the newest dishwasher models require no prerinsing of dishes.

Routine household jobs can be greatly reduced by your choice of cleaning utensils and your selection of home furnishings.

1. Power tools have as much place in cleaning as in father's workshop. Floor scrubbers, waxers, polishers and vacuum cleaners with all their useful attachments are long-lasting, worthwhile investments to make.

2. The simplicity of a contour sheet makes its usefulness hard to believe. It cuts bedmaking in half; you have no wrinkling, no ends to tuck in.

3. An electric blanket means only one blanket per bed to make up or to store and to launder. For news on easy laundering machines and methods, turn the page.

Laundering has become so automatic, it can hardly be called a job today. Manually you sort clothes and pretreat spotted or excessively dirty areas. Then machines, or a single machine, take over the washing and drying and do it perfectly with proper amounts of detergent and water, exact temperatures for types of fabrics, controlled washing and drying times. Plastic starches last through several washings; more garments and home furnishings, like the orlon blanket above, go into the washing machine rather than to the cleaners. Home laundry today is a professional job with push-button ease. On the following pages, read about today's easy one-stop shopping.

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

TOMORROW'S EASY HOUSEKEEPING

Here today, but you can expect more electronic ranges at lower price soon. In them you cook bacon in 90 seconds; bake a cake in 6 minutes.

Combination dishwasher and garbage disposer so you never have to scrape or rinse dishes.

Storage cabinets that raise or lower with a wave of the hand.

Washer-dryer that also folds clothes; takes them by conveyor to storage closet.

Floor scrubber and waxer that works by remote control; you push a button; it travels out of wall and cleans and waxes entire floor.

Spotproof fabrics for all upholstered furniture.

NEW IMPROVED GOLDEN-LIGHT MAZOLA® OIL

...now 3 ways better than ever!

Mazola won't smoke or burn even up to 440°F. This means clean, smoke-free frying you just can't get with solid shortenings. Crisp golden-fried foods look so good...taste even better.

No fresher oil available! Protected by a new process, golden-light Mazola is a superior salad oil for all homemade dressings. Here's lightness you can see...freshness you can taste!

Lighter, more delicate flavor. New, improved Mazola is the best liquid shortening for all baking. Look for Mazola in the clear glass bottle...see the golden-light quality of this pure corn oil.

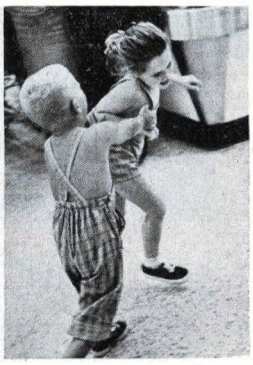
Mazola

PURE GOLDEN CORN OIL

Easy Shopping

Handsome, convenient communities of stores, called shopping centers, make shopping a relaxed family excursion today. In these centers—there are 1800 today, and predictions say we'll have double that number by 1960—a family could conceivably accomplish 5 days' errands in a day; supermarkets, department stores, beauty shops, drug stores, specialty shops, doctors and dentists, even brokerage offices are all to be found at today's one-stop shopping centers.

One shopping trip to a modern supermarket can, and often does, take care of a family's weekly food needs. These giant stores stock twice as many grocery items as they did fifteen years ago. In addition to food items, most supermarkets stock a full line of cosmetics and toiletries.



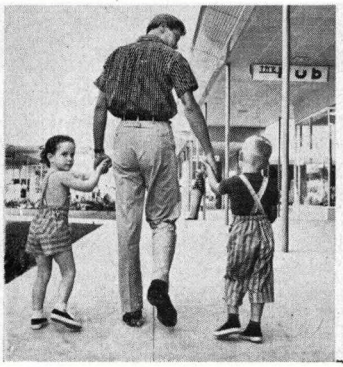
Husband-and-wife shopping is the pattern at shopping centers. Convenient hours — most centers are open several evenings a week — the ease of being able to do all ~~kinds of~~ shopping, often under one roof, are responsible for the growing trend of families' shopping together.

TOMORROW'S EASY SHOPPING

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Many devices are used to help you find items easily. In this store it's a huge index listing that covers an entire wall, that can be seen from any point in the store. The numbers indicate counter sections, also clearly marked.

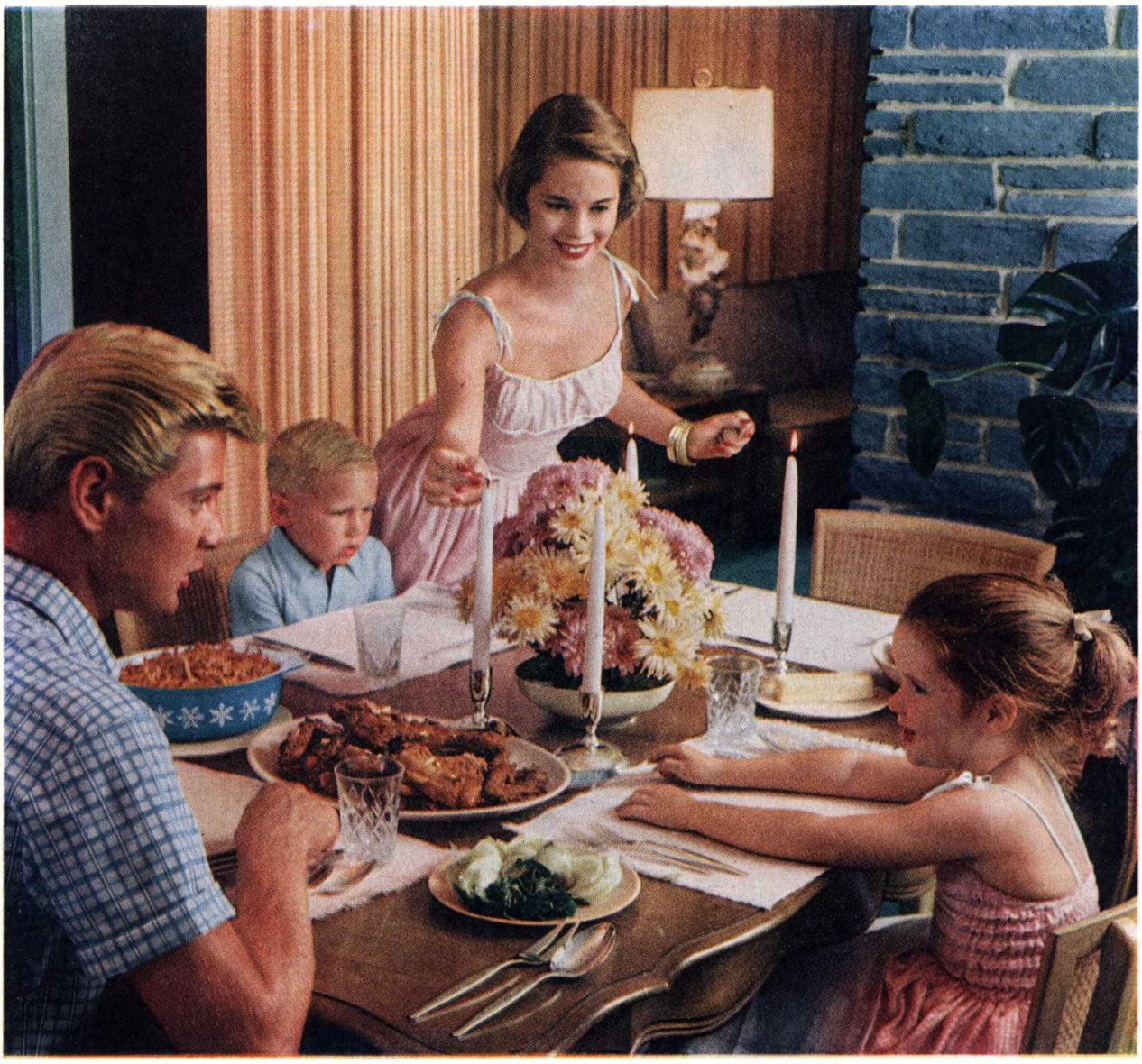
Store-door to car-door service is handled in many ways. All shopping centers have huge parking facilities surrounding them. One survey shows 95% of all shoppers use the family car to get to the shopping centers.



Children are welcome. When they get out of hand, one parent can take them down the mall to the nearest merry-go-round or leave them in an attended, toy-filled playground provided by some centers. Such attractions as motor shows, flower gardens and movie theaters can entertain the rest of the family while Mother shops for a new dress in a department or specialty store. On the next page: today's Easy Meals →

→ **You can expect more centers; many will be "indoor" shopping centers, roofed over and air-conditioned, with underground parking space.**

More drive-in shopping services, such as the bank-deposit windows we now have. This is in use in one test supermarket now.



Convenient canned, frozen and packaged foods, plus this mother's touch of individuality, produced this handsome dinner in less than 30 minutes. With the dinner-preparation time saved, this wise lady did her hair and nails and changed herself and her children into cool, clean clothes. Her dinner menu: Fried Chicken Amandine, Creamed French Bean Casserole, Hearts of Artichoke Salad, Hot Rolls, Strawberry Crème, Coffee and Milk. Her time-saving recipes are given on the next page.

Easy Meals

Today's young families spend 25% of their disposable income for food—the largest single expenditure in an average budget. But this money buys more than food alone; it buys the built-in convenience of foods that have been either partially or totally prepared before they reach a woman's kitchen. From such old time-savers as canned soups to such recent ones as full-course frozen dinners, the foods you buy today are designed to give you better meals with less work.

Packaged Foods probably represent the largest group of new time-saver foods. The very names, "ready-mix," "instant" and "minute" convey their purpose. Cake, frosting, piecrust and filling, cookie and hot bread mixes are the beginnings of much "home baking" today. Dehydrated, packaged mixes for soups and gravies take little storage space and little time. There are new convenience foods in refrigerated packages: cookies ready to slice and bake, fluffy biscuits, cheese shaped like a butter stick so a slice fits a cracker, shredded cheese, whipped-cream toppings. We used the latter on our family dessert. Make up a package of instant strawberry pudding with 1 tall can of evaporated milk, ½ cup water and ½ teaspoon peppermint extract.

Canned Foods, either in metal or glass, are still the easiest to store and the least costly convenience foods you can buy. Among canned foods the main-dish category has been growing. Canned meats, with or without sauce, combination meat and pastas, hearty salads are available for quick service. Even in junior foods there's a whole new array of miniature casserole combinations for growing-up tastes. Glamorous canned foods are reaching supermarket shelves. Such specialties as hearts of palm, canned poundcake, rice pudding and crêpes suzette are available. Our casserole (left) is a 3-can recipe. Combine a can of green beans, drained, with a can of mushroom soup. Top with a can of French fried onion rings, bake at 375° F. 20 minutes.

Frozen Foods, the newest group of prepared foods, are growing in volume and variety. The old standbys, fruits, vegetables and juices which bring you fresh flavor with no waste or preparation time are now carried in all stores retailing frozen foods. The big additions in the growing frozen food counters are meats, trimmed and ready to cook without defrosting, a variety of complete dinners, specialty foods from hors d'oeuvres to desserts, regional and foreign foods and prepared casseroles. For the dinner on the preceding page, ready-to-heat fried chicken, in its own foil baking pan, was sprinkled with almonds before heating to make Fried Chicken Amandine. Artichoke hearts, thawed and marinated in bottled French dressing, make the salad.

All Easy Living illustrations by Denny Hampson

TOMORROW'S EASY MEALS

Expect a wider selection and consistent, improved quality in fully-prepared foods like meat loaves, casserole dishes and desserts.

We'll have twist-off tops that never stick, dripless cans, more see-through packages of plastic and window-top cans, more spreading foods in aerosol containers or tubes.

Expect longer availability periods for fresh fruits and vegetables.

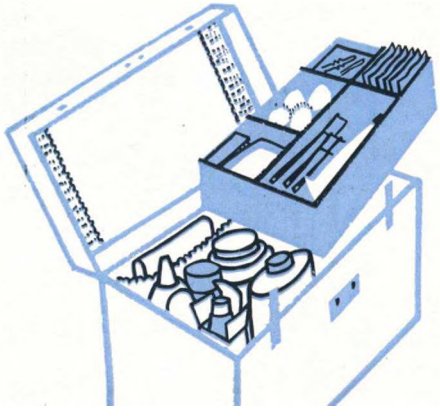
Turn the page for today's Easy Grooming →

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

At Home — in countless homes across the country, young mothers have made bedrooms their time-and-money saving beauty salons. They have learned to use today's wealth of grooming aids like "pros," for themselves and for the whole family. The lightweight (3¼ lbs.) hair dryer pictured above is a time saver for mother as well as for daughter. Manufacturers of home permanents have made wondrous strides in new and simplifying processes. All beauty aids are far quicker and easier to use than ever before.

Easy Grooming

Young mothers are today's American beauties. Thoroughly scientific beauty aids solve the many problems that plagued their mothers. Cosmetic chemists' research for preparations to help women achieve better looks is a never-ending project. Today all kinds of new products and new techniques are available. Beauty is big business. Forty years ago women spent $71½ million—last year the figure jumped to almost $1⅓ billion, an increase of 1,748 per cent!



On the Road — whether on an overnight trip or off for a vacation — you don't depend on picking up necessities as you go; you've learned that's often inconvenient and sometimes impossible. To make packing easier, here are two check lists: one for your handy carryall which you use en route, the other for your lightweight beauty case you'll need at your destination. You have a pretty good idea what you need for a trip. But — besides the cosmetics, drugs and everyday necessities check these extra beauty aids.

Beauty Case (*left*)

Quick, efficient lotion cleanser
Skin lotion to stimulate and freshen
Cotton balls, compressed wash cloths
Hand and body lotion
Shampoo — put in a plastic bottle
Talcum with a lovely floral scent
All make-up in a plastic bag. Be sure you have the right lipstick shades and eye shadow
Box cotton beauty swabs
Manicure equipment in a separate plastic bag
Your favorite toilet soap in a plastic case
Cologne and perfume
Moisturizing cream or lotion
Remember that liquids expand in hot weather. Be sure containers are not full

Travel Carryall

Besides the usual things any woman carries in her handbag, you will want to include the following items for your own and your family's use:
A generous supply of individual packets of moist paper towelettes for quick clean-ups
All make-up in a cosmetic case
A new two-part dispenser — one side, liquid soap — the other, hand lotion
Individual packages of tissues
Wafer-thin perfume purses
Hair spray for your windblown locks
Suntan lotion or cream
Medication for insect bites and poison ivy
Check to make sure your first-aid kit is in the glove compartment of your car

TOMORROW'S EASY GROOMING

Now in the chemists' labs — grooming aids to anticipate:
Dentifrices that not only tend to reduce decay, but will help eliminate gum troubles
Men's face cream to apply daily that will safely eliminate need for shaving.
More beauty products in aerosol containers
An effective cosmetic to overcome the wrinkling of skin
A scalp application to make hair wavy

Turn the page for today's Easy Dressing

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Easy Dressing

Young American families are the best dressed in the world. Our mass-production methods bring you the best clothing at the least price. Special finishes, on a wide selection of fabrics, cut down your work. Little or no ironing, drip-drying, crease and soil resistance are some of the easy-care qualities to look for on the hangtags

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Dressing up for most young families is limited to Sunday church going and evening parties. But even dress-up clothes today conform to the demands of a busy life. Here, both men in the family wear dacron and cotton suits that always look neat, can be washed by machine when soiled and drip-dried for a fresh look. Mother's dacron and cotton sheath and jacket and daughter's sleeveless, lace-edged cotton are also washable. For news of easy-to-wear leisure clothes, turn the page

Minute-Steak Stew

Old-fashioned flavor in 15 minutes—a real recipe find!

Once in a blue moon you run across a recipe like this. Makes a simply delicious stew—just as quick and easy as snapping your fingers!

Wonderfully adaptable, too! Use canned or leftover vegetables. And make any amount you like. The only "musts" are the minute steaks and Hunt's Tomato Sauce. The meat to brown, and start a gravy. Hunt's to blend in so *deliciously*.

The kettle-simmered flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce is so handy for so *many* of your everyday dishes! Its deep, rich, true tomato flavor is seasoned and spiced just right. Try it for meatloaf, hamburgers, pot roast, casseroles and soup. And *do* try this delicious new stew!

- 4 minute or cube steaks, about ¾ lb.
- 2 Tablesps. flour
- 2 Tablesps. butter
- 1 Tablesp. finely chopped onion
- 1 cup cooked peas and carrots
- ½ cup vegetable liquid
- 6-8 small cooked potatoes
- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Cut the steaks into 1-inch strips. Season flour with ½ teasp. salt and ⅛ teasp. each pepper and paprika: roll the steak strips in flour mixture. Heat the butter in skillet until bubbling. Add meat and brown well on both sides. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover skillet and simmer 10 minutes. Makes 3 to 4 servings—and families very happy!

Hunt-for the best

***Recipes** on every can. Also, write for FREE Recipe Booklet, "21 New Ways to Serve Hamburger," Hunt Foods, Dept. R6, P.O. Box 5, Fullerton, Calif.*

America's Favorite Tomato Sauce—*by far!*

EASY LIVING

TOMORROW'S EASY DRESSING

Throw-away house dresses in fabriclike paper.
Feather-light clothing with adjustable insulation for all climates.
Shoes that can be color-changed with polish.
An antigerm fabric finish to end mildew and perspiration odor.
Prefabricated clothes, made without seams or stitching.
Wash-and-wear wool suits.
More casual clothes for increased leisure.
Global travel will bring more uniformity of dress for the entire world.

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Neighborly visits, whether they're a club committee meeting or purely social, are an almost-daily part of young adult lives. It's time when fashion-conscious young mothers get out of their working blue jeans and into easy-to-care-for clothes like these. Our hostess (*left*) wears a pretty pink and red one-piece printed playsuit that wraps around and ties in front. One guest (*center*) relaxes in a turquoise-and-tobacco striped chemise dress that may be worn either belted or unbelted; the other (*right*) wears a popular classic playsuit in pale blue that has roll-up sleeves and its own separate skirt (not shown).

This terrace party is typical of the mood of today's easy entertaining. It's informal self-service, work-free to the point of using newly attractive and moisture-resistant paper service ... plates, cups and napkins. The hostess has created a party atmosphere by matching inexpensive Japanese lanterns to her 30-minute Oriental menu (*see next page*).

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

Easy Entertaining

Visiting in one anothers' homes is by far the most popular social activity of young families today. In her hostess role, that servantless wonder —today's young mother—relies on informality as her secret for easy entertaining. Weather permitting, she entertains out-of-doors and persuades father to do part of the cooking. For details of this party turn the page →

Young hostesses know that good food with a touch of the unusual can insure the success of a party. Achieving that touch does not mean poring over long recipes or spending the day of the party in the kitchen. Below you'll find the menu for our Oriental Party and four more 30-minute dinners-for-six.

ORIENTAL DINNER

Barbecued spare ribs brushed with bottled barbecue sauce
Frozen egg rolls *Precooked rice*
Canned chicken chow mein
Canned chow mein noodles
Green salad with bottled French dressing
Packaged almond cookies
Pink-iced fruit (recipe at right)

PINK-ICED FRUIT

1 (No. 2½) can fruit cocktail
½ cup grenadine
⅓ cup lime juice
¼ cup light rum (optional)
Lemon sherbet

Drain fruit cocktail. Combine grenadine, lime juice and rum; pour over fruit. Chill; spoon into iced glasses; top with a scoop of lemon sherbet.

ITALIAN DINNER

Frozen pizza
Ripe olives *Celery curls*
Spaghetti with canned meat sauce
Canned meat balls
Green salad with bottled garlic-flavored dressing
Ready-to-brown French bread
Frozen tortoni

SUNDAY BRUNCH BUFFET

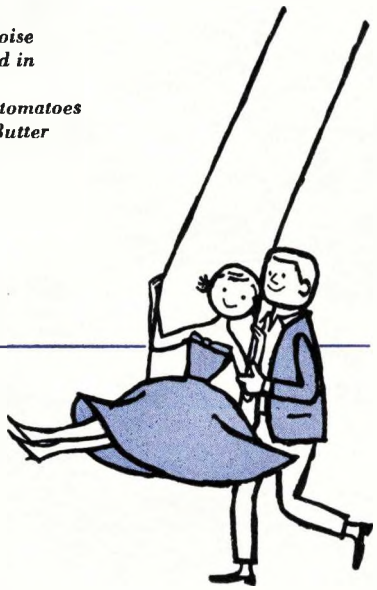
Half and half—Frozen orange and tangerine juice
Individual packaged cereals
Frozen chicken à la king on Frozen waffles
Frozen coffee cake
Choice of instant coffee or Instant hot chocolate

BACK-YARD SUPPER

Sliced canned ham
Canned smoky-flavored baked beans
Canned Boston brown bread
Mustard pickles
Cole slaw with sour cream dressing
Chocolate coconut macaroons
Frozen pineapple chunks

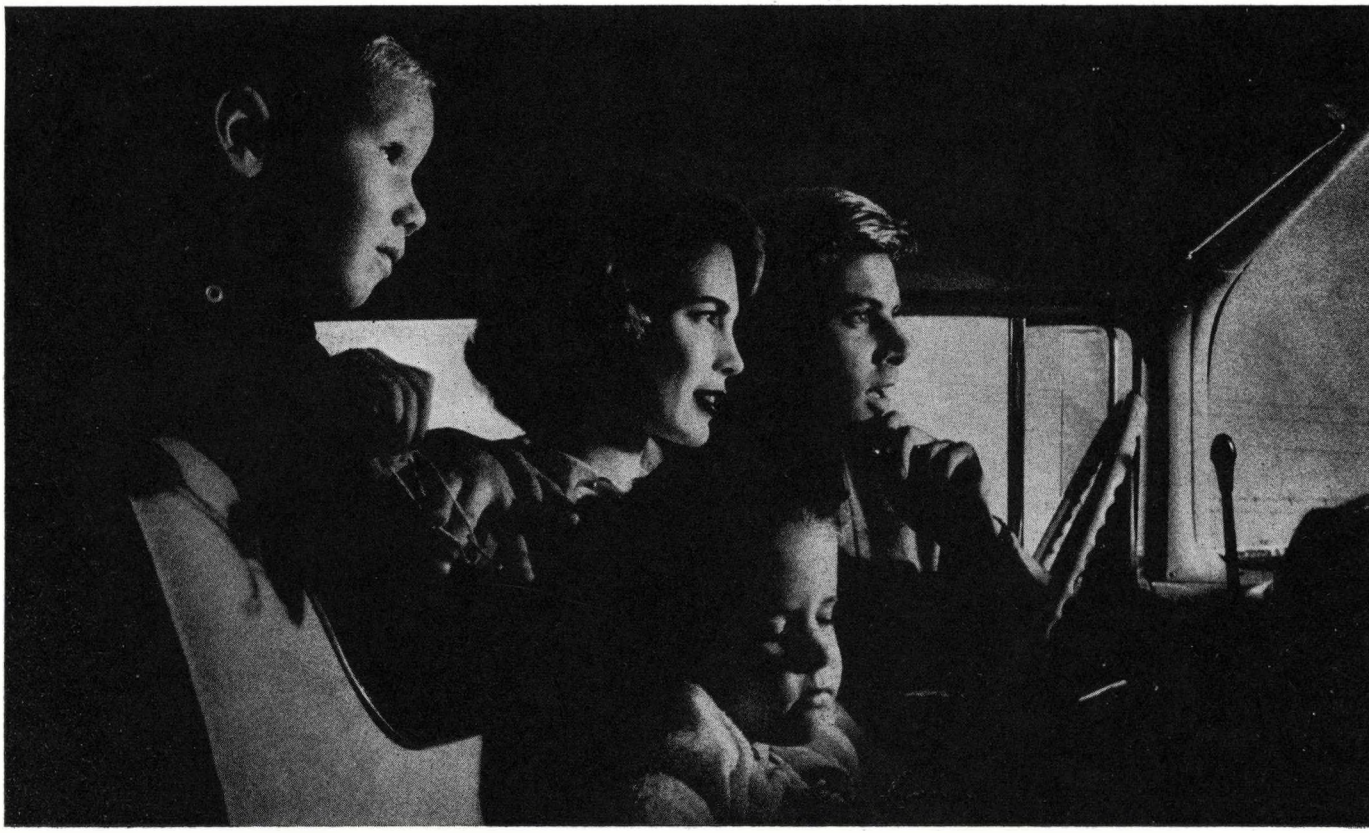
SALAD DINNER

Chilled canned vichyssoise
Frozen lobster tail salad in avocado halves
Potato chips *Sliced tomatoes*
Soft baker's rolls *Butter*
Frozen cheesecake
Frozen lemonade



TOMORROW'S EASY ENTERTAINING

A mechanically-catered dinner party at which the hostess spends all of her time with the guests. This is not a dream. It is the combined effort of the food and appliance manufacturers, and working models that perform this miracle exist today. The way it works... a single appliance is both a storage and cooking center. Fully prepared foods, from the market, are put in the storage unit. A push button selects them from storage, conveys them, in their serving pans, to the range to be heated in minutes.

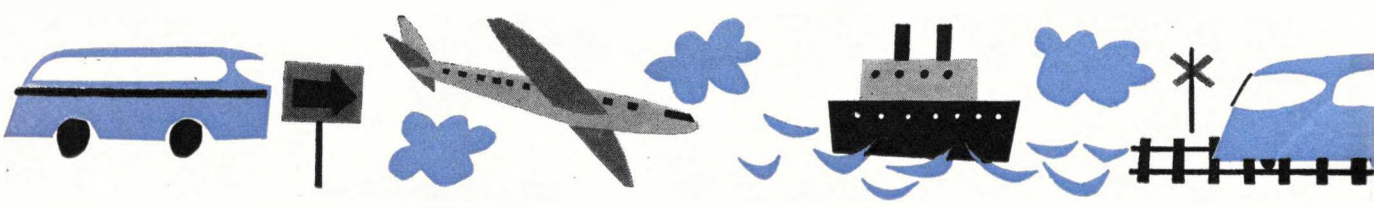


Going to the movies is high on the list of young families' social activities. Our family above is typical of the attendance at drive-in movies. Many drive-ins are now virtual recreation centers and service centers. Some will do your marketing and laundry while you see a movie. Others have playgrounds and swimming pools open before movie-time for family use.

Time for Leisure

The reward of today's easy living is more leisure time. Today's young adults, with their growing families, tend to spend their after-work and vacation hours together. With their above-average incomes and high car-ownership they can take advantage of the tendency on the part of industry management to give longer vacations with pay. Today's young families have the means and desire to be "on the go." (see next page) →

Turn to page 81 for information on all merchandise

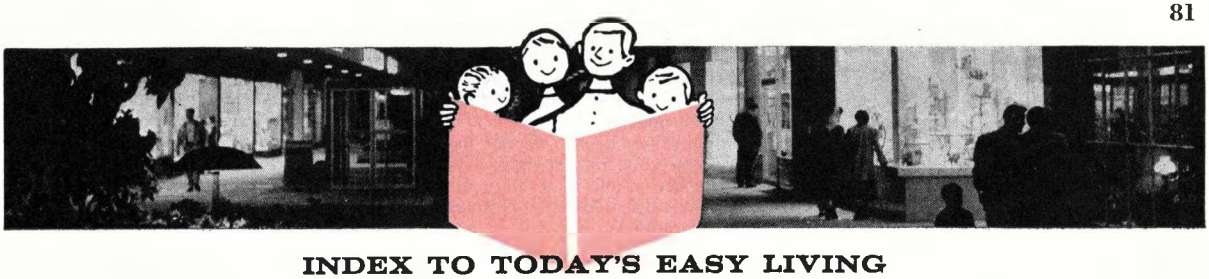


A family day at the beach could be part of a three-week vacation—more than 60% of United States companies now give three-week annual vacations —or it could be part of a weekend trip. More frequently this scene would be in a community-shared recreation center which is an almost inevitable part of the new "suburbia." The housing developments that circle every major city today are populated with young families seeking the space, the community life and the facilities these suburbs offer them for a more leisurely life.

TOMORROW'S TIME FOR LEISURE

Still "on the go," families will get where they're going faster. The latest speed statistic: coast to coast in 4¼ hours by jet transport.
Predicted: A four-day working week, three-day weekends.
For suburban young people...more two-car families.
More superhighways for unhindered travel.

To identify all of the Easy Living merchandise shown on these pages check the index that follows ⟶



INDEX TO TODAY'S EASY LIVING

Easy Shopping pages photographed at
163rd Street Shopping Center, Miami, Florida.
Easy Housekeeping, Easy Meals and Easy
Entertaining photographed at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Butler,
12220 Rock Garden Lane, Miami.
Architect, Curtis E. Haley, A. I. A.
Builders, Martin Bros.

AUTOMOBILE

Pages 69, 73, 79 Chevrolet "Bel Air" Station Wagon.

BEAUTY

Page 73 Mother's carry-all handbag by Celebrity.
About $10. Plus tax
Beauty case in Ultralite Samsonite.
About $23. Plus tax
For Redbook Recommended Beauty
Aids — write to: Beauty Department,
Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue,
New York 17, N. Y.

BEDDING

Page 64 Bates contour sheets and Bates
patterned sheets and pillow cases.
General Electric automatic blanket.

Page 66 Chatham blankets of Du Pont Orlon.

FASHION

Cover Dress in ABC's crease-resistant
cotton, about $55. By Jerry Parnis.
Pumps by Andrew Geller.
Man's jacket in rayon, dacron, mohair,
about $30. By Palm Beach.

Pages 63, 64 Dress in Celanese Celaperm acetate
and cotton by Ameritex,
about $13. By American Golfer.

Page 64 Blouse in dacron and pima cotton,
about $4. By Ship 'n Shore.
Shorts in Wrinkl-Shed poplin,
about $2. By Blue Bell.

Pages 66, 68, 69 Dress in dacron and cotton,
about $23. By David Crystal.
Handbag by Ingber.

Pages 68, 69 Man's shirt in Sanforized cotton,
about $5.
Slacks in Sanforized poplin,
about $8.
Both by Arrow.
Man's electric wrist watch,
about $90. By Hamilton.
Boy's seersucker overalls,
about $2. By Jack and Jill.
Girl's seersucker playsuit,
about $1.70. By Jack and Jill.
Children's Keds by U. S. Rubber.

Page 70 Mother and daughter cotton dresses
with Zeset finish. Mother's
about $17. Daughter's about $7.
Both by Cole of California.

Page 72 Peignoir in Cohama's dacron, cotton
and nylon, about $17.
By Eve Stillman.

Page 73 Playsuit and matching skirt in
Avondale's pin stripe cotton with
Perma-Press finish, about $18.
By Serbin of Miami.
Brother and sister in cotton knit
polo shirts, about $2.
By Donmoor.
Boy's shorts in Galey & Lord's
Kayak, about $3.
Girl's in cotton gabardine,
about $2.
Both by Oxford.
Children's Keds and Mother's Kedettes
by U. S. Rubber.

Page 74 Daughter's cotton dress in
Springmaid's Dazzle, about $6.
By Kate Greenaway.
Father's suit in dacron and cotton,
about $40.
By Haspel.
Brother's Eton suit in dacron and
cotton, about $18.
By Merry Mites.
Mother's dress in dacron and cotton,
about $45.
By Abe Schraeder.

Page 76 Playsuit (left) in a "Dip 'n Dry"
printed cotton by Fuller,
about $9.
Striped Sanforized cotton dress
(center), about $13.
Playsuit (right) in Wamsutta's
cotton broadcloth with a "Good
Conduct" finish, about $13.
All by John Weitz of Amco.
Desco sandals.

Page 77 White blouse in drip-dry cotton,
about $6.
Shorts, about $6.
By Nelly de Grab.
Marvella beads.
Butterfly print blouse and skirt in
Cohama's cotton voile with
Cranston's Dri-Smooth finish.
Blouse about $6; skirt about $13.
By Nelly de Grab.
Lavender top and skirt in Cohama's
dotted swiss with crease-resistant
finish.
Top about $6; skirt about $15.
By Nelly de Grab.
Men's clothes by McGregor, in
Galey & Lord's dacron and cotton.
Suit about $40; jackets about $30.

Page 80 Bathing cap of water-velvet,
about $6.
Designed by Adolfo of Emme for
U.S. Rubber.

HOME APPLIANCES

Page 63 Presto automatic griddle,
coffee maker and frypan.

Pages 63, 64 Westinghouse built-in refrigerator-
freezer.

Page 64 Westinghouse electric wall oven.
Westinghouse dishwasher.
Hoover vacuum cleaner, "Pixie" model.
Lily paper-cup dispenser.

Page 66 Westinghouse washer and
dryer "Twins."

Page 72 Sunbeam hair dryer.

Page 77 Ekco barbecue set.

TABLEWARE

Pages 63, 70 Russel Wright "Botanica" dinnerware,
designed for Knowles.
"Stardust" sterling silver.
By Gorham.

Pages 64, 70 Pyrex casserole, "Snowflake" design.

Pages 64, 74, 77 Libby glassware

Page 70 Sterling candle holders, by Gorham.

Page 77 Inland Glass coffee carafe.
Westmoreland stainless steel flatware,
"Wicker" design.
Masalinn paper napkins.
Paper plates and cups.

SHOPPING CENTERS

where you will find Easy Living merchandise

East Coast:

Lincoln Plaza
Worcester, Massachusetts

Northgate Plaza
Rochester, New York

Thruway Plaza
Buffalo, New York

Kline Village
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

West Shore Plaza
Harrisburg (Lemoyne), Pennsylvania

Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, New Jersey

Mondawmin
Baltimore, Maryland

Cameron Village
Raleigh, North Carolina

163rd Street Shopping Center
Miami (North Miami), Florida

Midwest:

Westgate Shopping Center
Cleveland, Ohio

Western Hills Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio

Old Orchard
Chicago (Skokie), Illinois

The Village Market
La Grange Park, Illinois

The Center
Omaha, Nebraska

The Country Club Plaza
Kansas City, Missouri

Parklane Center
Wichita, Kansas

Gulfgate Shopping City
Houston, Texas

Mountain States:

Cherry Creek Shopping Center.
Denver, Colorado

Phoenix Park Central Shopping City
Phoenix, Arizona

West Coast:

Bellevue Shopping Square
Seattle (Bellevue), Washington

Hillsdale
San Mateo, California

Lakewood Center
Lakewood, California

(Continued from page 60)

Back in Brazil, the boy received a hero's welcome from the press. The police took a sterner view, but after interrogation, let him go.

Among the interested readers of the boy's exploit was 30-year-old Brazilian-American, Daisy Banos Foster, who was then visiting friends and relatives in her native Sao Paulo.

Daisy Foster had reason to sympathize with the boy's desire to come to the United States. In 1947 she herself had finally got together enough money to pay for her passage and enter America as a nonquota immigrant. Now she had an American husband, three sons and a comfortable home in California's San Fernando Valley. Daisy's girlhood dreams of America had never lost their luster, and she could only hope that young Wanderley's might some day be realized, too. But her own role in helping to realize them was not to become clear for several weeks.

For now Wanderley had to go back to his father's and stepmother's house in Sao Paulo. Their home, to which he had first come at the age of ten, after six years in an orphanage, had never offered him love or comfort and now, after his adventure, Wanderley was too restless to remain. In a few days he had made his way back to Rio and applied at the airport there for a job. For obvious reasons, he was turned down as a poor risk. But even after going to work as a painter on a construction project, he returned to the airport every day and watched the planes.

"It does not leave my mind that I will try again," Wanderley recalls. "I cannot stay in Brazil. I know the danger, but I am stubborn. I must come to the United States. I wish to join the U. S. Air Force, learn and study about planes, give service to the country and maybe they will let me be a citizen."

Wanderley collected the schedules of the various airlines and studied their routes, the number and length of their stops and, most important to him, the size and construction of their nose-wheel compartments.

Finally, he decided on a Braniff Air Lines DC-6 flight over a very different route from the one he had traveled before. This flight started at Rio, crossed the Andes Mountains to Asuncion, Paraguay, then on to Lima . . . Panama City . . . Miami . . . Washington, D. C., . . . New York.

At 2 A.M., on Tuesday, March 27th, about six weeks after his first try, Wanderley stowed away into the nose-wheel compartment of the Braniff plane. This time he had tried to prepare himself better. He had eaten a supper of bread, sausage and coffee. He wore the heaviest clothing he had. And he removed his shoes to avoid any damage to the network of pipes in the compartment when he braced against them at the take-offs.

Nine hours later the plane left Rio.

"I prayed," Wanderley says. "I prayed I would not die. It was more terrible than before. We fly high over the mountains. We hit storms. My head aches more, and the cold is worse. I prayed and it is granted to me that I live."

This time Wanderley was less cautious about leaving the plane at Idlewild. Hardly had the passengers alighted when he was racing across the airstrip. He was barefoot. Somewhere on route, his shoes had fallen out of the plane. He headed for the nearest fence and jumped it.

But this time airport officials had no trouble identifying him on sight. If they needed further proof, there were all the American and Brazilian news clippings in Wanderley's pockets.

"You again!" Investigator Axelrod exploded.

Wanderley nodded. "I come back," he said. "I told you."

For a second offense, the law demanded that Wanderley be sent to the Federal House of Detention while the matter was referred to the U. S. Attorney for prosecution.

On April 13th, Wanderley, provided with an interpreter, was brought to the U. S. District Court for a hearing.

"Do you know you are here illegally?" the judge asked. Wanderley nodded.

"Why did you come as a stowaway?"

"I have no money. I make about $24 a month American money. I have to give most to my father and he gives me a little money to spend. I know I can never save enough. Not all my life if I save, can I save enough."

The judge sighed. "If we send you back to Brazil, will you try to stow away again?"

The interpreter warned Wanderley to consider his answer carefully. But he waved caution aside. "Yes, if I am sent back, I will try again."

Wanderley's response gave the judge no alternative. The boy was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Back home in California, Daisy Banos Foster read about Wanderley's second attempt to stow away. "I realized how much luckier I was than this boy," Mrs. Foster recalls. "It's so hard for the ordinary person in Brazil to better himself. I received a secondary education and one and a half years of college only because my uncle was connected with a private seminary. I could work at a good job. I could save. Even so, if it weren't for the kindness and friendship of Americans who sponsored and helped me, I couldn't have made it."

Daisy told Wanderley's story to her husband. "Can't we do something, Bill?" she asked. "Can't we give him a chance to make good?"

Bill Foster's response was simple and direct. "If he wants to come here so badly that he's ready to risk his life twice, he's got to have good stuff in him."

Mrs. Foster immediately telephoned the authorities and offered to take in the boy. "I can't offer much," she admitted. "But I can give him a loving family, a job in our restaurant and a hand toward becoming a good citizen."

"Do you realize," she was asked, "that you will be making yourself wholly responsible for the boy? What if he's not a good boy?"

"I'll take that chance," she replied.

She was referred to Lt. Gen. Joseph M. Swing, Commissioner of the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. He was at once sympathetic. "I'll see what I can do, Mrs. Foster," he promised. "I'll get back to you as soon as possible."

Soon after the call to Commissioner Swing, an investigator was sent to check on the Fosters. He learned that Bill Foster had a job with Lockheed Aircraft as an engineer. He visited the modest house, occupied by the Fosters and their three boys, Buddy, 7; Stephen, 3; and Edward, 2. He inspected the restaurant operated by Mrs. Foster and her parents.

"Come and get him," Commissioner Swing wrote.

But Mrs. Foster had not counted on having to fly East and bring Wanderley back herself. She had scraped together the boy's airplane passage, but a round trip for herself as well was out of the question. Yet, not quite.

"What shall I tell you!" Mrs. Foster glows when she tells the story. "It happened again—this thing that can only happen in our great America. I went to my friends. To my neighbors. I spoke to regular customers at the restaurant. I went to the local church. To the synagogue. And the money was collected. Two dollars from this one. Five dollars from that one. And most of them would not call it a loan. 'Here, Daisy,' they said, 'it isn't much, but I hope it helps.' Can you beat that anywhere in the world?"

On May 9th Daisy Foster reported to immigration headquarters in New York All red tape was swiftly unwound. No VIP in all the land could have got faster action than Wanderley da Cunha Camargo, stowaway from Brazil, and Daisy Foster, housewife.

The prison sentence was written off as "time served," Wanderley was paroled to Mrs. Foster for a period of six months, and it was stipulated that within that period the boy was to leave the country, however briefly, and make a legal entry through Tia Juana in Mexico.

Wanderley was brought to New York and met his sponsor for the first time. He pledged to abide by her orders, and they returned happily to the Fosters' house in California.

(Continued on page 84)

To Honor and Cherish

BY PAUL ERNST

He could not still town whispers, but he could marry Anita, even though he loved another girl.

See page 117

We are Proud to Announce

Michael Joseph Guerra, Jr.
February 19, 1957
8 lbs. 13 ozs. 7:30 P.M.

This snow-laden mailbox properly announces the February arrival of our son, whose father's printing business is primarily mail order. Despite the wind and rain, sleet and snow of winter, "the mail must go through."

MRS. MICHAEL J. GUERRA
60 Roma Avenue
Buffalo 15, N.Y.

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

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

(Continued from page 82)

Seven-year-old Buddy instantly adopted Wanderley as a big brother. Fluent in Portuguese, Buddy became Wanderley's first English teacher and devoted interpreter. The newcomer responded with a warmth that quickly made him one of the family.

"You must understand this," Mrs. Foster says now. "I had visited the orphanage in Brazil where Wanderley spent all those years. It's dreadful. The dirty, ragged children crowd around you, tugging at your skirt, looking for love. 'Take me! Take me home!' they cry. I knew that what Wanderley needed most was people to love him and care about him. We couldn't give much, but surely we could give him that!"

Wanderley went eagerly to work in the family restaurant. "It's all we could do to get him to take his day off," Bill Foster says. "He'd get up extra early, clean up the place until it shone and then, at last, take his free time."

The Fosters saw to it that Wanderley banked most of his earnings against the day when he would go off on his own. But he rarely let payday pass without buying a toy for the children, a bath mat or a tube of toothpaste for the Foster household.

"They give too much for me," Wanderley still says over and over. "I give them much trouble, but I will not forget. Never."

He promptly enrolled in the local school for evening classes in English and citizenship and made fine progress. The Foster household settled down, and even Wanderley nearly forgot that there was one last hurdle before he could start on the road to full citizenship in the country which he loved and which had already given him so much. The months slipped past and soon his parole in Mrs. Foster's custody was to expire. Unless Wanderley crossed the border into Mexico at Tia Juana and obtained a visa for the United States, the law required him to be deported to Brazil.

Again Daisy Foster went into action. But the red tape which had been ripped away by top immigration officials now seemed to snarl everything. Bill could not help much; he had a full-time job at the aircraft company. Daisy, managing a lively household as well as a thriving restaurant, had little time or energy to spare. Yet, doggedly, she filled out and filed the necessary papers, presented herself and Wanderley for interviews and examinations.

"And then," she recalls, "the sky fell in. I discovered that the Mexican government required me to post an $800 bond for Wanderley. We did not have enough collateral to get a surety company to underwrite it. I was still paying off my telephone bills and plane fare, and the restaurant had taken all the capital we had. I was heartbroken. Was all of this to end in sending Wanderley back to Brazil?"

But here again, help was forthcoming. Having been notified of this new emergency by the writer of this story, REDBOOK offered to put up security for the bond. Yet, even while negotiations for the bond were under way, a new complication arose.

"What shall I do?" Mrs. Foster asked. "Now I am told there is a six months' waiting list at Tia Juana. Wanderley cannot stay here past his parole. He just can't wait six months!"

I immediately telephoned Commissioner Swing in Washington, D. C. His response surpassed our hopes. "Why didn't Mrs. Foster come to me right away? Didn't she know I'd help?"

And so, on a fine, clear morning on October 23, 1956, just one week before Wanderley's parole was due to expire, Bill and Daisy Foster, Buddy, Wanderley Camargo and your REDBOOK reporter set off for Tia Juana in the family car.

The consul at Tia Juana was ready for us. Gravely, Wanderley da Cunha Camargo signed the official documents which were waiting for him. Solemnly, he took an oath of loyalty to the United States of America.

And then, clutching the green-backed immigrant's visa, the boy who had twice risked his life to realize a dream crossed the border and made his legal entry into this country.

Wanderley took a long breath. "Now," he said, his voice shaking, "now this is *my* country! I promise Uncle Sam he will not be sorry he let me in. I promise—with all my life!" ... THE END

Little Witness

(Continued from page 36)

and the tenderness, the love, were almost like pain in her chest. Sometimes she thought she had put too much of her own life into his, because she did not want to smother him with love; she wanted him to be all male and self-reliant. Yet it seemed that always he had been threatened by outside evil; there had been those terrible months before the congenital cataracts were removed when she and Bob had feared the child might be blind forever. Even now there was the handicap of his glasses. Then Bob's death, her own loneliness.

And now this—the final terror which had gripped them for . . . how long? It was difficult to remember exactly, because the fear had seemed to slow not only her thinking, but the movement of time itself, so that the minute hand of the clock took hours to revolve, and hours turned into days. But it had been since the day after she and Bobby returned from their summer vacation.

She had left him while she drove to the store a mile away to replenish her groceries. He was not in the house when she got back. He was not on the beach. Probably he had walked down to the boat basin, Shirley thought. Then she saw his glasses on the living-room table and stood looking at them in surprise. He almost never went outside without them. He had the small boy's insatiable interest in the world around him, and without his glasses the world became a blur.

She had been standing there, wondering, when she heard the car stop, heard Bobby's cry. Even as she ran toward the door she saw him. And it was not the cut on his cheek, the thin trickle of blood that frightened her so much as his expression—the look of sheer terror. Mr. Olsen from the boat basin was with him, and two other men, apparently fishermen.

It took a while to get the story from the child, and even then she could not at first believe it. He had been working on his shell collection, pasting cats' paws and varicolored coquinas on cardboard to hang on his wall. The glue got on his fingers and face, and he went into the bathroom to wash, leaving his glasses on the table. Then a car drove up to the house next door. This was the only house within a half-mile; it was rented to tourists in the winter, although rarely this early in the season. Wondering if the new tenants had children, Bobby looked out the bathroom window, squinting to see without his glasses. He saw a man get out of the car and go into the house.

Bobby dried his face and it was then, as he started back into the living room, that he heard the gun. It startled him and in his excitement he ran past the table where his glasses lay and onto the porch.

The other house was an exact duplicate of this one, thirty feet away to the left, the two houses closed between bay and bayou by a small forest of palm and seagrape and cactus. As he stared, the child saw, as well as he could without his glasses, the blurred figure of a man reeling across the porch of the other house. He saw the figure stop, sway backward, and fall.

The house door opened and another man came out. He had something in his hand, but the child, gripping the porch rail, leaning over it, could not tell what it was. The second man stooped, took hold of the fallen one and partially lifted him.

But as he straightened, the man stopped, facing toward Bobby. Between them was a low hedge of hibiscus. Across this the two stared at one another. "What—what happened?" the child called.

There was no answer, just the figure standing there, still half-bent, face lifted to look at him. And although the child could see the face only as a blur, there was something in it and in the taut sunlit stillness that frightened him. Then the man dropped the body he had been lifting. It fell loosely, making an audible thud. The man moved quickly to the steps and down them and across the yard toward the hibiscus hedge.

"What happened?" the child said again. He saw the sunlight glitter on the thing in the man's hand; the glitter was exactly as it had been in a television show, and he knew instantly this was a gun. "You shot him," Bobby said. In the same

For seeing through men, the nearest approach to X-rays is women. —*Shannon Fife*

instant terror took possession of him. He began to back away from the porch rail.

The man was at the hedge now. He said, "Come here, kid. You here by yourself?"

Bobby whirled and ran. Something ripped past his head into the wall. Then he was in the house with the roar of the gun still loud in his ears. He ran straight through the house and out the back door. He did not run down the road, but off through the jungle of seagrape and cactus. For confused moments he was sure the man followed, floundering through the bushes. The child kept running; he was still running when he burst into the open at the boat basin where Olsen and the fishermen saw him.

Now Shirley Wright held the child against her. "It's his eyes," she said to Mr. Olsen. "Without his glasses, they sometimes play tricks on him. Darling," she said, "you must have imagined—"

"No, Ma'am," a man said. It was one of the fishermen. "I just looked. There's a dead man on the porch next door. And a bullet hit your porch rail and ricocheted up into the door."

Shirley knelt there in her own peaceful, sunlit room, holding her child. It took her a while to understand the meaning of what the fisherman had said.

And it was the next day, talking to the men from the sheriff's office—a short plump one named Tom Daniel, and the other, the chief deputy, a big man called Mack Barron—before she fully understood what had happened. "This fellow Rossi," Barron told her, "rented the house next door while you and your son were away on vacation. He used the name T. C. Nathan, but his name was Rossi. He was one of the top men in the Mafia in Tampa and in the bolita racket—that's a numbers racket the underworld lives on up there. But about a month ago some of the big shots started fighting one another and this Rossi disappeared—for his own health."

The deputy spoke slowly now. He was a dark-haired, dark-eyed man with high cheekbones, a widower, as hard-bitten when necessary as the job he held, yet with that curious, almost intuitive understanding of and affection for children which tough men sometimes have. Because of this, he did not like what he was going to say, but he had to say it. "The chances are this killing was a strictly professional job. Probably the killer had never seen Rossi five minutes before he shot him. Somebody else located him, put the finger on him, then called in the gunman. You were supposed to be away on vacation; this house was supposed to be empty. So the man who did the job came here and left his car about fifty yards down the road back of some seagrape. We found the place. He got in a window of Rossi's house while Rossi was out, and waited."

"Yes," Shirley Wright said, "but why—?" She already knew the answer but she had to ask—"why Bobby? Why did—?"

"Because Bobby saw him from less than twenty feet away, in clear daylight."

"But without his glasses—"

The need for help was so naked in her eyes that Mack Barron lowered his gaze. "We can hope the man who did the killing

knows that. But he may not. He may not believe it."

"You mean—?"

"We don't know," Barron said. "The chances are the fellow is back in Chicago now, or Detroit, wherever he came from. On the other hand, he may figure he won't be safe as long as your boy is around to identify him. Anyway, the sheriff wants to keep an eye on Bobby for a while." He paused, said, "Y'all live here alone, Mrs. Wright?"

"Yes."

"Your husband?"

"He died three years ago."

"I see." He stood up. "I'm going to move into the house next door for a few days. And you'll see Tom Daniel hanging around the school while Bobby's there. Bobby'll be safe. But you want to be careful. Just to be sure." He stood looking down at her, conscious of how little real help he could give. "Do you have a gun, Mrs. Wright?"

"No."

He took one from his pocket. It was little and ugly. Shirley had never fired a pistol in her life. She was afraid of it. But she watched while he showed her how to hold it, to work the safety. Then she took it, holding it in both hands, a blonde, almost fragile woman making a deliberate effort to keep her hands from shaking.

"You'd better put it where the kid won't be tempted to play with it," Barron said. "Guns are hard for a boy to resist."

"Yes." She put it in the top drawer of her dresser and locked the drawer. She put the key under her pillow.

That was the start of it, the endless days of living with terror, the quick pulse of terror that came with every passing car, with every odd noise about the house. At first she had moved Bobby into the room with her, but her own tenseness seemed to communicate itself to the child, disturbing his sleep, and so she put him in his own room again, then went slipping across the narrow hallway time and again to look at him, to release her own tension. There were times when she thought of giving up her job, changing her name, moving away. Yet if she did, how would she earn a living for Bobby? To change her name, to run away so she could not be traced would mean going without references, and a schoolteacher without references had little chance of work.

There were other times when she almost convinced herself there was no reason for fear at all. But, even so, it was comforting to know Mack Barron was in the house next door. He had taken to working in the yard as if he owned the place, his big hands as delicate in transplanting a petunia plant as a surgeon's. Bobby liked him, liked to work around the flowers with him. It made Shirley a little jealous, and at the same time it was oddly comforting to see the two of them together.

Then there was the afternoon when she and Bobby came home from school to find Barron waiting beside his car in the driveway. "The sheriff's taking me off this job," he said. "He—we're sure everything is safe enough now." He laced his big fingers in front of him, looking down at them a moment. Then he looked at Shirley again. "I'd like to come back sometime—as a friend."

"I hope you will."

"Thanks." He ruffled Bobby's hair, started to say something, and checked himself. " 'By," he said.

It was that night, waiting for sleep, that she realized fully the depth of her fear now she was without protection. There had been nothing in her life to prepare her for this—a childhood in the home of a gentle, impractical, slightly impoverished schoolteacher, four years in a girl's college, then her own teaching, the brief years of her marriage, happy except for the worry about Bobby's eyes. The loneliness that followed her husband's death had been filled by the child and by friendships. And now, suddenly, this cold terror. But eventually, she told herself, the fear would wear itself out. There was no cause for it any more.

Or was there?

She thought of this now, going back from Bobby's room to her own on the fifth night since Barron had moved out of the house next door. She got in bed and the sheets felt damp to her body and she lay there trying to still the slight trembling of her muscles.

It was then she heard the car—the same car that already had passed twice. She was sure of this without knowing how she knew. And suddenly she no longer felt the dampness of the sheets. She no longer trembled. She lay quite rigid, listening, looking, not toward the window, but at the opposite wall where the shadows would form and move in their eerie dance from right to left.

She waited for the shadows to form. The car was close now, passing directly in front. And still the wall was dark.

She moved swiftly, rolling out of bed, going to the window. She had only a glimpse of the car, moving out of sight on the moon-touched road—without lights.

She stayed at the open window, looking into the night, not even aware of the cold now or of how long she stood there. And this time she saw the car before she heard it. It came slowly from under the Australian pines into the moonlight, without lights of its own. It moved very silently. And quite suddenly she realized that it was coasting, the motor not running. In the deep shadow of a pine in front of the house, it stopped.

She pulled down her window and locked it. But still she did not move. She stood with her hands on the window sill and saw the figure of a man form at the edge of moonlight and shadow, a small man standing perfectly still, looking toward the house—a man she had never seen before. Then he moved, coming with short quick steps toward her home.

Shirley turned, running barefoot across the cold floor into the living room. Moonlight touched the front windows that opened onto the porch but the room was dark. In the dark she found the telephone. Her finger groped for the last number, the 0, and dialed.

The dial ran smoothly back with little clicking sounds. But there was no sound in the receiver at all, not even a hum. Somewhere nearby the telephone wires had been cut.

She put the telephone down. She mustn't panic, she thought. She had to keep control of herself. There was still no certainty . . . But as she turned, she

saw the small man. He had come around to the front, the bay side of the house. He came quietly up the steps, across the porch to the door. She could not see the knob turning, but she knew it was turning. She heard the faint shiver of the door pushed back against the lock, released when the lock held.

She turned and ran for her bedroom. The pounding of her heart filled her ears like the sound of the surf; she could hear nothing else. Her hand shook as she lifted the pillow on her bed and felt under it for the key. Her groping fingers did not touch it. They moved frantically over the smooth sheet to the top of the bed, back again, jumping left and right.

It's got to be here! she thought. *I know it is here!*

Then she found it. It felt cold in her fingers as she turned to the dresser, moving her left hand along the top of the drawer to find the keyhole.

From the front of the house she heard a faint *ping*, the tinkle of falling glass.

She found the keyhole. The key touched it, went part way in and stuck. As she tried again it slipped from her fingers. She heard it strike the floor and slide and she was on hands and knees, groping for it. She could not find it.

She heard the squeak of a front window as it was lifted.

For a second longer than eternity her hands beat at the floor in search of the key. She could not find it. She was not going to find it in time to open the drawer, get the gun out, find the safety on the gun. . . . With a sob she was on her feet again, running, across the narrow hall into Bobby's room. She whirled and locked the door behind her. She ran across the room to Bobby's bed, pale in the moonlight.

"Wake up!" She whispered it against his ear, her hand over his mouth. "Wake up! Please!"

He rolled over. She felt his lips move sleepily against her hand. She shook him. "Oh, please, Bobby. Quick!"

He sat up. He tried to speak, but she kept her hand over his mouth. She put her own lips close to his ear. "You've got to get out the window, into the bushes. Stay out of the moonlight. Get down to the boat basin, to Mr. Olsen!"

Behind her there was a sharp click as the key she had left in the door fell to the floor. It had been pushed by a key from the other side.

Bobby was on his feet now, clinging to her.

She still held her hand over his mouth, pulling him to the window. She got it unlocked, pushed it open. She helped him scramble to the window sill. For a moment he hung there, his small body framed against the moonlight.

Behind them the door opened. There was no sound, just the movement of the air that told her it was open. She cried, "Jump!" and pushed him and spun to face the door, holding her arms wide.

Beyond the open door there was a sudden blaze of light. A man's voice said, "Drop—" Then quick scurried movements that exploded into gunfire.

She did not move, could not. She stood with her arms wide. The door was wide, too, now, the hallway white with light. She saw a small dark man who stood with his profile to her. He leaned back against the door sill as though he had been blown by a hard wind. There was a gun in his hand, but it hung as though too heavy for him to lift.

It slipped from his hand. It fell inside the bedroom and slid along the floor. At the same time the small man slipped gently down the door frame until he was sitting, head bent forward, on the floor. And beyond him was Mack Barron. He said, "Shirley, Shirley, are you all right?"

It was the next day, and they sat on the steps in the warm sunlight. In front of them the beach was white and the bay blue and white beyond it. "This house and the one next door," Mack Barron was saying, "were built by the same man and are just alike. While this gunman was waiting for Rossi in the house next door, he looked it over pretty carefully. So he knew how he could get in here. And any passkey will open those bedroom doors."

"But to come back," Shirley said, "to hunt down a child . . ."

"He had to, from his way of looking at it. When Rossi disappeared, some $40,000 disappeared with him. He had buried it in that yard over there—we found it this morning—and he'd told this gunman it was there, offered to split it with him if he'd double-cross the men who hired him to do the killing. But he killed Rossi anyway. Then he was seen by Bobby. He couldn't come back, he figured, and dig around in the yard—he knew the money was there, but not exactly where—as long as the child was next door to see and identify him. With Bobby out of the way, he could come here, rent the house, take his time finding the money."

Barron looked down at her. "We didn't know about the money until he talked this morning. We didn't know he was coming back. We didn't really think that he would."

"Then why were you— How did you happen to be here?"

"I was down the road a bit and saw him stop his car. Then he came around to the bay side to break in, and it took me a few minutes to catch up." He stopped, seeming a little embarrassed. "You see, we figured that, if this fellow was coming back, it would be after your protection was taken away—pretty soon after that. So I got the sheriff to transfer me out here for a while and let me come past several times each night, just to check."

He looked at her then. "The truth is, after living next door for a while, I found I had a sort of personal worry—about Bobby. And you. I guess that made me a little more persistent than I might have been otherwise."

"I'm glad," Shirley said, smiling. It seemed to her this was the first time she had smiled in a long while. "I hope you'll come by again—and earlier in the evening next time."

"Tonight? I'll take you and Bobby to a movie."

"We'd love it." And now she laughed aloud. "Just be sure it's not a cops-and-robbers picture. I've had enough of—of robbers, anyway, for a while!"

. . . THE END

The Honeymoon

(Continued from page 31)

who knew their business, and while he was taking part in it, he had felt like an actor. He said, "Sure," and frowned; he was beginning to have a headache.

Virginia said, "The girls looked pretty, I thought, especially Anne." Anne, Todd's sister, had been matron of honor. "And our mothers didn't cry much."

She ought to rest, but she seemed to want to talk and to be answered. Todd said, "Everybody else cried—every female guest."

Virginia said, "They're supposed to. The tears I've shed at weddings!"

He smiled. "You didn't cry at yours." That was one thing he was sure of, the way Virginia had looked, rosy, smiling and beautiful.

She said seriously, "No, the bride's calm—she caught him!—and the groom gets pale and fumbles with the ring. You did, Todd."

"Did I?" He did not remember that. He suddenly thought of something and chuckled. "I made up a cartoon once. If I could draw, I'd do it. There's this woman sitting at a funeral, and everybody's crying, but she's laughing. The caption is, 'I only cry at weddings.'"

Virginia giggled. "What a morbid mind you have!"

"Gruesome. You married a monster."

"I married you only because I love your parents. Todd, they were so sweet to me afterward! They both kissed me, and your mother said, 'I have two daughters,' and your father said, 'Maybe now I have one I can boss.'"

He was amused. "What was I doing while this was going on?"

"Mingling. Being sweet to my aunt from Dallas."

"The rich one."

"Naturally. All my aunts from Dallas are rich."

Todd said, "Would you like to know what your parents said to me, while you were kissing the ushers?"

"What?"

"'You'll be sorry.'"

"They didn't."

"No, they didn't. Your father just shook my hand, and your mother cried."

"You're not, are you, Todd? Sorry?"

He leaned over to kiss the top of her head. "What do you think?"

"I mean you're not sorry we didn't just go off and get married?"

He had made such a suggestion early in the engagement and had it firmly pointed out to him, less by Virginia than by Virginia's mother, his mother, his sister Anne, and all their female friends, that this could not be done. John Todd Campbell, Jr., and Virginia Mary Turner were not to be married in some hole-in-corner way, but properly, in church, in June, after the proper number of teas, showers, parties and dances.

So now they were exhausted, and they talked foolishly and nervously, as if they could not stop, and he had a headache that was getting worse by the minute.

Virginia said softly, "Todd?"

He started. "What?"

"Are you sorry?"

"No, Ginny." Anything was all right, if Virginia came with it.

She said, "We're so lucky, Todd!"

About his part of that, at least, there was no reservation. He said, "Yes, Ginny."

The blare of horns cut across his words. Virginia jumped and looked around, and Todd said, "Damn," and pressed his foot harder on the accelerator.

There were three cars following, Chip's convertible in the lead, all filled with wedding guests. Chip waved and shouted something. The horns continued to sound.

Virginia said, "Todd," and glanced apprehensively at the speedometer.

Todd said, "If they want a race, they'll get it." He drove increasingly fast, widening the distance between him and Chip, until the little car began to sway toward the center of the road. Then, glancing at Virginia's face, he said, "'Ah, let them come!" He slackened speed, braked the car too fast and brought it to a swerving stop.

Chip and the others halted behind him, and most of the young people got out. Chip came over and leaned on the door of the car, on Virginia's side. His grin was wide and innocent. "Sorry, Ginny—you too, brother! We forgot a very important item."

Todd's dark eyes glittered. "To keep your promise."

Chip laughed. "No, we forgot your publicity. That was quite a race you gave us."

Todd did not answer, and Chip, still laughing, went to the back of the car and began, with willing help, to attach a sign to the bumper. Somebody had brought old shoes, and some others threw rice.

Virginia's face was troubled. She said quietly, "I don't like it either," and touched Todd's arm. It was stiff under her hand.

The little car rocked slightly. Chip and his friends were having trouble with the sign. Todd sat perfectly still until they had finished. At last the three cars drove noisily off, turning with difficulty in the narrow road.

Todd put his head down over the wheel and banged his fist against the rim. He said, "Damn it, damn it, damn it!"

Virginia said, "I know, darling."

Todd said in a muffled voice, "Ginny, if I had got out of the car, I would have hit somebody!"

She said again, "I know," and touched his shoulder. "It was mean of them."

He raised his head. "Them? You mean Chip."

Virginia frowned. "Why Chip? Other people were there."

Todd passed a hand through his hair, and a few grains of rice slid down his neck. He moved irritably. "No, it was Chip's idea." Virginia took her hand away. "I don't see how you can possibly know that."

Todd said, "I know Chip. I have known Chip for twenty years." He laughed shortly. "After he promised. I thought it was too good to be true!"

Virginia's color began to rise. She said, "Todd, you're making a production. Where's your sense of humor?"

He demanded, "Did you think it was funny?"

"Well, no, but—"

"Chip did. Chip's the boy with the sense of humor."

She said, "Oh, Todd, for heaven's sake! What did Chip do that was so terrible?"

Todd spoke with exaggerated care, as to a dull child. "Chip is a fool and can't be trusted."

Virginia said precisely, "I'm glad to have your honest opinion of my brother."

Todd said, scarcely listening, "The whole thing—" He trembled lightly, and his head throbbed. He felt weighed down by some vast injustice, compounded of all the parties he had endured and the big wedding he had not wanted and Chip's final intrusion with shoes and rice and a sign. He said fretfully, "The whole *thing*."

Virginia said, "Your sister Anne. During the past two months I have got very, very tired of your sister Anne. Always telling me what to wear and what to do and, no, that isn't right; this way's better, and I shouldn't buy this; I should buy that! I don't know how Robert stands her, and I feel sorry for those twins!"

Todd said, "Let Anne alone."

"Then you let Chip alone!"

Todd said, "With pleasure."

Virginia opened the car door and got out. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes blazed. She said in a shaking voice, "Maybe you'd better let me alone, too. Maybe I'd better just turn around and go—" She stopped as if bewildered. All the fire seemed to go out of her at once. She drooped against the door. "But I can't possibly go home."

Todd was out of the car and holding her close before either of them was conscious that he had moved. "Ginny—baby, I don't know what I—angel, I'm sorry!"

She began to cry, Virginia, who never cried, and broke his heart. He said, "Don't, don't, I'll kill myself!" and did not know he said it.

It took a while for her to stop crying. He held her, patting her shoulder, saying over and over, "Ginny—baby—angel—" If a car had come by, he would not have been aware of it, but the road remained deserted.

At last she said, almost calmly, "We were both pretty silly."

Todd said, in anguish, "I didn't mean any of it!"

"Neither did I."

He said, "It was just—I thought we were alone, and then a bunch of crazy—" He caught himself.

She said softly, "I felt that way, too."

Todd said, "I do like Chip. I like your whole family."

"And I like yours; you know that."

He said, "Dad was right; Anne's bossy. She always bossed me because she was older, and now she bosses Robert and the twins."

Virginia said, "And Chip's a crazy fool. I should know; I've helped him be crazy most of my life."

Todd remembered all the scrapes he and Chip had got into together and said penitently, "So have I." He moved his cheek against her soft hair. "So we like them. Chip and Anne. Okay?"

"Okay." She drew back from his arms and got into the car. "I have to fix my face."

"Your face is fine."

She did not even trouble to answer that. Her eyelashes were stuck together, like a child's, and like a child she wiped them quickly with her finger. She took out powder and dusted her face, with particular attention to the area under her eyes. She smoothed lipstick on her mouth. She looked very young, tired and defenseless.

Todd remained standing, watching her. He loved her so much it hurt him.

She put the powder and lipstick away and said, "We almost forgot the rice and things. I have a brush in my suitcase."

"So have I."

Todd removed the sign and the shoes and threw them into the ditch. Then he and Virginia worked together, seriously and rhythmically brushing. Todd found the task soothing and prolonged it. When they could find no more rice, they put the brushes away. Virginia said softly, "Rice means many children. I hope we have many children."

Todd put his arms around her and did not answer.

The rest of the drive was quiet. At Todd's urging, Virginia slept, but only in snatches, a light, uneasy sleep from which she awoke as if startled. She said once, "I'll drive now," but he shook his head, and she did not insist. Todd drove steadily and fast, through the long twilight.

Just at dark they arrived at the beach hotel. It was hotter here than at home. Todd thought, *Land breeze.* Stiff with fatigue, he got out of the car and stumbled after the boy who carried the bags. As Todd registered, the desk clerk said, "Mr. and Mrs. Campbell—oh, *yes*," turned away from Todd and gave all his attention to Virginia. He was a handsome young man with an appealing smile full of white, regular teeth. Todd took an instant dislike to him.

Virginia smiled back and said meaninglessly, "Thank you." Todd said, a little sharply, "Come on," and they followed the boy to the elevator.

In their room, Todd found himself shy of Virginia. He had known her all her life, had grown up with her, along with Chip, had seen her in all her moods; he *knew* her, but nothing had prepared him for the intimacy of her opening a suitcase and hanging up clothes in a careful half of a closet.

She said, "Just the things that will wrinkle," and when Todd let his own suitcase alone, she made no comment.

He watched her, wanting to ask, "You don't happen to have any aspirin, do you?" but did not. He had grown obscurely sensitive about his headache. It was tied up, somehow, with being shy of Virginia, who had become his wife, whose clothes would hang in a closet with his.

At dinner the shyness continued. There were few other diners at this hour,

but Todd thought they looked at him and Virginia and smiled, as one smiles at the newly-married. The thought touched him with distaste. He looked at Virginia's pale, grave face and wondered what she was thinking. He said, "Don't you like your salad? We can order something else."

She said, "No, this is fine," and ate a forkful. "Your steak looks good."

"Yes, it is." He would not ask the waiter for aspirin.

After that, there did not seem to be anything to say. A soft, husky voice broke their silence. "You're the Campbells, aren't you? I'm Helene Barry."

She was a good-looking young woman, Helene Barry, with large brown eyes and pretty hair, an unusual shade of red. Todd stood up, and she gave him a radiant smile. "I'm the social director." The smile broke into attractive laughter. "I don't suppose you'll want any social directing; you'll want to be let alone! But if you feel like doing something—beach parties or anything—"

Todd said, "That's very kind of you, Miss Barry."

"Helene, please."

Virginia said, "I don't think we'll feel like beach parties or anything."

Helene Barry looked rather vaguely at Virginia. "No, I don't suppose." She gave Todd another radiant smile. "You know where to come." She drifted gracefully off.

Todd sat down again and said, "That was decent of her."

Virginia said distinctly, "If you want anything, just whistle."

Todd said, "Hey—"

Virginia said, "She dyes her hair."

Todd asked, "What's the matter with you?"

Virginia mimicked the husky voice, "'I don't suppose you'll want any social directing; I don't suppose.' She's an obscene woman!"

Todd flushed slightly. "Take it easy."

Virginia tossed her head. "Falling all over you! I had to remind her I was there."

Todd said, "As a matter of fact, it was a pleasant change to be noticed. When we registered, I practically had to hit him over the head."

"Who?"

"The clerk. Mr. Teeth."

Virginia said coldly. "I don't much care for this entire conversation."

Todd said, "Neither do I. Finish your salad."

"You finish your steak."

"I will!" He ate doggedly, not looking at Virginia, concentrating on clearing his plate. He took the food in order, playing no favorites. Steak, baked potato, green beans, steak—

Virginia said quietly, "If you eat like that, you'll have indigestion." He looked up, and her hand came over and covered his. She was smiling. She said, "Maybe she doesn't dye her hair. Maybe it's only a rinse."

Todd gripped her hand hard, oblivious of the diners. He said, "He can't help his teeth. Maybe they're even his own." They laughed more than there was any reason to.

Virginia said, "I don't really think I can eat any more, darling."

"You don't have to, baby."

A sibilant whisper from a nearby table reached him. "Sweet!"

Todd glanced around, saw two old ladies nodding fondly at him, and let go of Virginia's hand. Had they heard the entire . . . He asked distractedly, "Would you like to dance?"

Virginia hesitated, followed his eyes and said quickly, "Yes, I would."

The dancing went well at first. He was holding her, as he wanted to do, and the floor was crowded enough so that no one paid any attention to them. But soon Virginia, normally so light, began to feel heavy in Todd's arms, and he stumbled and stepped on her feet. He said, "Sorry," as if she were some casual partner he had just met. It was hot, too. "Cool ocean breezes," it said in the brochure, but tonight it was hot. When the music stopped, Todd took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Virginia said, "Let's not dance any more, darling."

They stood still in the middle of the ballroom, while other dancers walked around them, laughing and talking, on their way to the lounge or out to the porch. Virginia looked down, a tall girl drooping with weariness, her only color her bright hair and the lipstick on her mouth. Todd said abruptly, "Angel, go to bed. We'll both go to—" and stopped. She had begun to blush painfully, Virginia, who had been thoroughly and unself-consciously instructed from an early age.

She said, "Todd, I—Todd—" and went quickly, as if she were running away from him. He walked to the porch.

It was dim and quiet out there. People talked in low voices; a few held hands in corners; nobody bothered Todd. He sat for a while listening to the ocean, giving Virginia time to go to sleep. He might as well admit it to himself—he hoped she would go to sleep because, if she did not, he would have to make love to her, and he was not sure he could.

He stayed on the porch until he began to doze. His body jumped in a nervous start that shocked him awake. He got up immediately, aching in his bones, throbbing in his head, and went upstairs. That would have been the prize joke—the bridegroom who spent his wedding night on the porch.

The bedroom was dark and airless. "Every room facing the ocean"—so what happened when there was a land breeze? Virginia was a mound on one side of the bed, covered up to her chin with the blanket. "Sleep under blankets every night."

Todd stopped looking at her and searched stealthily in his suitcase for his toothbrush and pajamas. He took them into the bathroom, undressed, brushed his teeth and took a shower as quietly as he could. He carried the clothes he had worn back to the bedroom and draped them over a chair. Then he stood looking down at Virginia.

She lay on her side, and he could see her hair and, dimly, the pure line of her cheek. She did not stir. She was surely asleep. A wave of tenderness swept over him. He said softly, "Ginny," and in a moment, "Baby." He lay down beside her, inching under the blanket. Funny baby, adorable angel! What a pity he was so tired.

She was beautiful and dear to him. Without his volition, his hand reached over and touched her shoulder, and she quivered and grew tense. Not asleep, or had he awakened her? All his doubts went away. She was awake, and he loved her, and what kind of idiot had he been, skulking downstairs afraid to make love to his wife?

He began to caress her and to murmur things to her, gently, wooing her. She did not respond, but she did not push him away. Imperceptibly the tone of his voice changed. He no longer murmured. He said clearly, "The blanket's too hot," and threw it back. He said, commanding her, "Don't lie like that—turned away from me."

She turned slowly, and he embraced her with fierce joy, kissing her mouth and her closed eyes. He said in a voice not his own, "My love, my heart," and she shrank from him with a scrambling, dodging, ridiculous movement.

Immediately he left her. He lay face down on his side of the bed, close to the edge. His flesh felt cold. He thought that, if by accident he touched her, he would hit her. He wanted to hit her, to hurt her because she had not only refused to allow him to make love to her, but had made it impossible for him to do so.

He wanted to get up, to put on his clothes, to go—where? Ludicrously her words came back to him: "But I can't possibly go home."

Lying still, sunk in misery, anger and humiliation, he became aware that she was crying. He thought, in the outrage of his pride, that she ought to cry.

She said, "Todd, I didn't mean—darling, I'm sorry!"

He did not move or speak. After a moment she came closer, but did not touch him. She had controlled the tears somewhat. She said, "Todd, I was scared. I never—I never—" and he understood that she was trying to tell him she was chaste. He relaxed slightly. As if she needed to tell him that!

She went on telling him, in the frank way she had, the endearing, adorable . . . She said, "I was scared of something I didn't know anything about." She added quaintly, "I mean from my own experience."

Todd wondered if she would believe that he knew nothing about it from his own experience either. It was statistically improbable, but true.

Virginia said, her voice breaking, "Don't be mad at me *now*—I can't bear it!"

"Don't be mad at me *now* . . ." What had they done all day but quarrel? The first time was his fault, or was it Chip's? And the second, perhaps, was hers, or was it Helene Barry's or the clerk's? But this—all of a sudden Todd thought clearly that this was nobody's fault, unless it was everybody's.

Everybody hedged them in and said, "No," and they believed and obeyed the rules, and then, when everybody thought they were ready to marry, everybody said, "Yes, but do it our way." Come to think of it, "everybody" was the women, but the men went along and let the women do it.

So he and Virginia had worn themselves out with parties and had had a wedding that was a show to please everybody rather than themselves and had gone off with blessings and tears and jokes to a strange, busy, public place, when they would have done better to go quietly to the house where they would live. And finally, exhausted, exacerbated, frightened to death, they had tried to make love and this had happened, and instead of blaming everybody, Todd was blaming Virginia.

He said, "Ginny," and took her in his arms more tenderly than he had yet done. He said, "My darling, don't cry." She had cried twice today, Virginia, who never cried. She cried harder and clung to him, and he felt his own eyes sting.

At last she grew quiet. She said, on a sobbing breath, "Do you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive you for."

"Yes, there is."

"No, baby, there isn't."

She said docilely, "All right, darling. I love you so much."

"I love you." He loved her with all of himself. When it would not frighten her, he would love her with his body. What was the line they did not use in the American marriage service? They had taken it out, perhaps, for reasons that seemed good to them, but it was a true, brave line: "With my body I thee worship."

They were quiet, holding each other. Todd asked, "Do you want the cover, Ginny?"

"No. Todd, what was the matter with us all day?"

"We were tired and scared. Don't think about it. Go to sleep now."

"But Todd—" She sounded embarrassed and faintly guilty.

He said, "Don't worry about me. If I decide to leap at you with passionate cries, I'll give you warning."

They laughed and kissed, laughed again and fell asleep in each other's arms.

When Todd awoke, it was still dark, and faintly cooler. He had the feeling that dawn was close. Land or sea, he could tell; there was a hush that came at no other time. Lying awake in the hills of Korea, he had learned to know that hush; here, with the murmur of the ocean in his ears, he knew it still.

He felt good, hardly tired at all, and his headache was gone. Virginia had moved out of his arms but was lying close to him. She spoke quietly. "I'm awake."

"Do you feel better, baby?"

"I'm fine."

He turned and put his arm around her. "Tired?"

"No. What time is it, do you think?"

"It'll be light soon."

"How can you tell?"

"I don't know, just a feeling. Quiet."

Her arm moved under his, and she laid her hand lightly on his chest. "I can feel your heart beating. Darling—"

"Baby?" She had touched him. She had been quiet before, passive.

She said, "I love you. I'm not afraid of you."

They could not hurt him after all, all the people, and to be just, Todd did not suppose they had wanted to. He was free of them now, in a quiet room, alone with her whom he loved with all of himself, as she loved him. Afterward they would sleep again in each other's arms, with the sound of the ocean in their ears and the light coming. . . . THE END

Our Child Won't Be Cheated

(Continued from page 43)

and dials—and metal electrodes which he tried to tape to Billie's hands and legs.

Billie didn't like it. She kicked; she fought; she cried. No testing was done that day, none on our next visit. We brought her every couple of weeks for months before even a little of the test could be completed.

Meanwhile, my search for guidance continued. In the library I discovered a magazine, the *Volta Review*, published for teachers and parents of deaf children. There were millions of us. Ken and I weren't alone!

I found an organization the main purpose of which was advising parents of preschool deaf children, the John Tracy Clinic in Los Angeles. The clinic conducted a correspondence course. I wrote and found that Billie couldn't start the course till she was 20 months old. I was discouraged. Time was rushing by, and we weren't doing anything for Billie.

But the Tracy Clinic gave us hope. Deaf babies can learn to lipread. Deaf children can learn to speak. Parents should keep talking to their baby, even though she doesn't hear.

The hearing tests dragged on. After seven months the audiologist announced, "Mrs. Tuli, partial results indicate that your child has some usable hearing in the left ear."

Ken says this was the first good news he'd got since the nurse in the maternity hospital told him, "It's a girl."

Billie could hear *something*, so the Infirmary suggested a hearing aid. It was only a temporary one—till the tests were completed—and it seemed to us to be a big load for a not-quite-two-year-old.

The microphone, batteries, tubes and other electrical parts were to be worn in her clothing. A wire led to her left ear, to a button which connected to the earmold.

Since Billie was not yet two and still fell on her face occasionally, we slung the instrument on her back. Ken and I felt sorry for the little thing with the big load, but we needn't have, for Billie seemed to enjoy wearing it.

About this time, Billie's first lesson came from the Tracy Clinic. Each day after breakfast the two of us sat at the table beside the window and did the directed playing that would help Billie learn lipreading and develop language. She didn't have much patience—sometimes she got up and walked away after five minutes. But at least she got used to the idea of lessons.

In September, the testing was completed. Billie was on the borderline between moderately and severely deaf. We went back to the Park Avenue otologist to find out what to do next.

Previously, the otologist had spoken of a school for the deaf, but neither Ken nor I could accept the idea. We had looked at some of the schools for the deaf in New York. They seemed to take children who were different in just one respect—hearing—and cut them off from the rest of the world's children.

People had told us to "Put Billie in a school for the deaf. She'll be happier among her own kind." Weren't *children* Billie's own kind, not just deaf children? If she broke her leg and had to wear a cast for a year, would I have to put her in a school for broken-legged children? More than anything in the world, I told the doctor, we wanted to bring Billie Tuli up as a normal child.

After I'd spoken my piece, the otologist suggested we go with Billie to the speech and hearing center of Lenox Hill Hospital.

Dr. John K. Duffy, the audiologist in charge of the center, was a tall, kindly man who towered over my peanut-sized daughter. He studied the audiogram I'd brought, a diagram showing Billie's degree of deafness for sounds of different pitch.

Then he started talking. "Two courses are open to you. You could send Billie to a school for the deaf. Such schools do wonderful work for the profoundly deaf children. But your child has hearing that can be used.

"The other course is a hard one, working with the child at home continuously, bringing her here for training as often as you can. Through a proper hearing aid, she'll hear the patterns and many of the sounds of normal speech. Supplementing this with speech-reading, she will eventually be able to understand everyone. She can learn to talk and in normal tones. She'll grow up in the hearing world and may well go to regular schools. But don't expect miracles! It may be two years before you see results."

He offered us hope, not wild hope, but a plan of action and a restrained optimism that the plan could be made to work. This was for us.

The next week, when Billie was two years and two months old, she began speech and hearing therapy at the Lenox Hill Hospital.

First, Dr. Duffy prescribed a new, powerful hearing aid for Billie. "As soon as she is willing," he advised, "she should wear it all day."

It was an immediate hit. In the mornings Billie would lead me to the drawer where we kept the instrument. Within a month she was wearing it indoors and out, from breakfast time to bedtime.

Dr. Duffy laid out a program of speech therapy and training for Billie, five mornings a week at the center, daily at home with her mother. My job was as important as the teacher's, he told me.

The teacher was Adele Markwitz, a young woman trained in speech therapy at Brooklyn College, a warm, vivacious, enthusiastic person, and a patient one. Billie took to her at once.

The lessons were like supervised nursery-school play—with the learning of speech and language always in mind. The teacher named every object—the toys, items of clothing, parts of the hands and face. She used simple, common words. She talked and talked to Billie, knowing that Billie would want to begin to talk, too.

One morning, when I was putting Billie's coat on for the trip to the speech center, Billie said "Oh!"

A sound. A word. She meant "go." It was a spoken word.

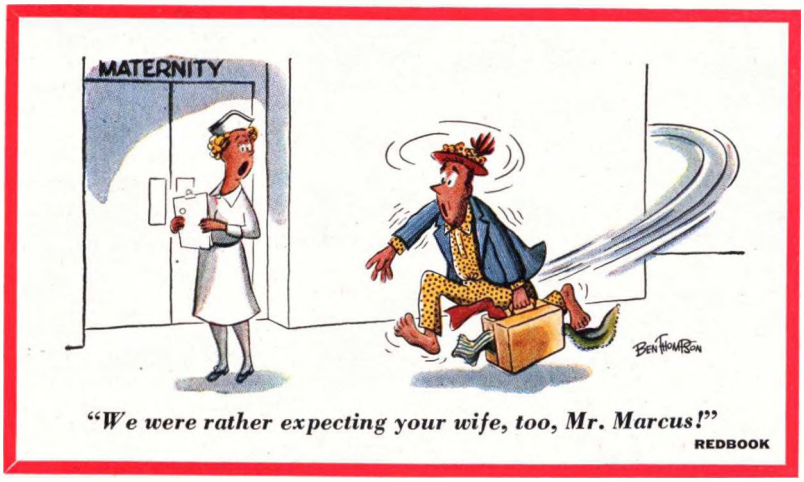
I grabbed the phone to tell Ken, and Billie and I marched to Lenox Hill together, five minutes late—the proudest mother and daughter in all New York.

That day, Miss Markwitz invented five new kinds of play that permitted her and Billie to say the word "go."

It was a while before—with Miss Markwitz' help—Billie learned how to make the *g* sound back inside her throat, but no matter. When Billie picked up her coat, grabbed mother's arm and said "Oh!" she was a regular child telling her mother: "Let's go."

Much of Billie's speech was clear only to Ken and Miss Markwitz and me for a long time because things were left out; "oo" was Billie's word for "shoe." But she was capable of conversations; she could join two or three words together in a sentence. So Billie and I talked together all day long. Riding with her, walking with her, shopping with her, I told her what I saw, what I was doing, the names of things she stopped in front of.

We had to explain *sounds* to Billie as well as things. In the house it was: "Billie, that's the doorbell," or "There, the telephone is ringing." Out in the country it was "Billie, that's a bird." Otherwise.



"We were rather expecting your wife, too, Mr. Marcus!"

REDBOOK

sounds which weren't voices were just noises the importance of which Billie didn't fathom.

Miss Markwitz had to say "go" and "no" and act out their meanings a hundred times, so that Billie understood the words and began to detect the difference in their sounds. This was auditory training.

Billie also began to observe the slight facial difference in the saying of "go" and "no." This was speech-reading.

In March of 1953, we enrolled Billie for two mornings a week in a private nursery school. The other days she continued at Lenox Hill Hospital. We were lucky—many parents have trouble getting a deaf child admitted to a normal school.

Billie's classmates were perfectly willing to accept her, and Billie loved school. Breakfast would disappear and she would make her best attempt at self-dressing whenever I said "You're going to school this morning." I didn't know what parts of the sentence Billie got through speech-reading and what parts she got through her hearing aid. All I know is that I said it and Billie jumped.

During Billie's first year at the speech center, Miss Markwitz concentrated on encouraging her to talk. The second and third year articulation practice and gentle correction were begun. "Not 'how', Billie. Put a big 'sssss' on the end of that word. 'House.'"

The trouble is that Billie has never heard certain sounds in her life, even through her powerful hearing aid. She probably never will hear an "s." Nor an "sh." Nor a "ch." She knows how to make the sounds, for Miss Markwitz has taught her all the 40-odd sounds of English speech. But she's deaf, remember, and she's only six years old. She'll probably have to be corrected, gently and kindly, a thousand times more before she'll always say "house," instead of "how." And a thousand times so she'll say "stop," instead of "top." It isn't easy to build a castle when you must mold every brick by hand!

When Billie was five, she decided she wanted to play with the other children on the sidewalk beneath our first-floor window. She asked Miss Markwitz how you play hopscotch; she practiced it by herself on her bedroom floor.

One Saturday morning she announced "I play with those girls, Mommy!" "All right, dear, you may."

So Billie ran out the front door. I stood at the window, behind the curtain, witnessing a coming-out party. Billie said something to a girl; the girl said something to her. Billie waited by the side of the house; I waited inside and wondered. The phone rang, and by the time I got back to the window, Billie was hopping along the chalked squares on the sidewalk.

Moments later, Billie and two girls came bursting in the front door. "Can we have some chocolate milk, Mommy?" "Certainly. But won't you introduce your new friends to me?"

"This is Mary. This is Marjorie. They don't know my name."

"Billie" is a very difficult word for my daughter to say. No doubt she tried to tell them and found she couldn't.

"Why, you know your name is Billie Tuli," I said.

Mary—or Marjorie—caught on. "Come on, Billie, let's get the chocolate milk!" And the party trooped off to the kitchen.

Nothing, you see, has ever been entirely effortless.

Considering that this is the 20th Century, the general ignorance about deafness is appalling. We are particularly bitter about the medical profession's innocence of deaf children's problems and solutions. A doctor's first concern is disease, but he ought to know where parents can take the child who is not medically treatable. We've found that most parents with deaf children go through the same long agony we went through, not so much because of the deafness as the frustration of not knowing what to do.

Ken often talks of the formation of a national foundation or organization—like the March of Dimes or the cerebral palsy organization. It would raise money; it would provide information to the medical and teaching professions and to the public; it would sponsor research on deafness. Parents could turn to it for help and advice.

- Two million schoolchildren have impaired hearing.
- At least 1,000,000 children who could benefit from hearing aids don't have them. For many, it is solely a matter of money.
- At least 20,000 babies are born each year either deaf or so severely hard-of-hearing that they are handicapped.

In parts of England, they test children systematically; they train the deaf ones and put hearing aids on them at the age of a year. Here, many parents do nothing at all till their deaf child is three, or four, or five—the child gets behind and never catches up.

I think Ken would quit his job tomorrow if he could go to work for an effective national organization devoted to helping deaf children.

Billie has a new school this year. Each morning she goes off to join normal six-year-olds in the first grade.

The first day of school, Billie's teacher introduced her to the class. "This is Billie. She cannot hear well. That's a hearing aid on her left ear, with a wire leading to part of it under her shirt. It helps her hear a little more. Stand in front of her, look at her as you talk and she'll understand you."

That ended the explanations, and Billie is getting along fine.

In other places it isn't as easy. A woman I met at a party, hearing I had a deaf daughter, said "Oh, I'm so sorry! What does she *do* all day?"

I said, "She eats, plays, argues, cooperates, messes up the living room, shows off for her grandparents. This summer she worked as a fashion-photographer's model, but she quit when school started. What does *your* daughter do all day?"

My Billie is a child, not a freak. Technically she's a handicapped child because she doesn't hear as well as most people around her, and in her speech she is still behind. But she's in a transition period. Her language is good; her speech is getting better. In two years, she'll know how to handle her handicap. She'll be just a child who wears a hearing aid. There isn't anything she can't do. Almost no avenue of life is closed to her. Although Billie Tuli will always have to work

at understanding people, I don't think of her as a handicapped child.

Billie knows how to accept things. Going to the doctor's office for Salk shots last fall, she asked, "Why are we going here, Mommy?" I stalled her with, "We'll see." Billie gave the physician the once-over and announced, "I think he give injeck." That was that.

Last year Billie asked me to buy a hearing aid for everybody in her kindergarten class. She knew she was different, but I'm not sure how much else she understood.

Not long ago, when I was undressing her for bed and was taking the hearing aid off, she said, "Mother, when I go to bed, I can call 'Mother, Mother,' and you will come, but when you call, 'Billie, Billie,' I can't hear you and I don't come."

The other evening, she came in from the street announcing, "I don't want to wear this." *This* was the hearing aid, so I checked to be sure the ear-mold wasn't out of place or wedged with wax. I thought perhaps it was uncomfortable.

"No, Mother," said Billie, "I don't want to wear this any more."

Just then the doorbell rang and Billie rushed off with some friends. The conversation was never finished.

But I am on my guard. Soon Billie will ask the question, "Why am I deaf?" What will I answer?

"We're all born different, Billie dear, and nobody can do everything. Daddy can't see well without his glasses. Grandma can't run fast the way you can. Mother can't lift heavy boxes the way Daddy can. Billie can't hear as well as some of the other children, so she wears her hearing aid and watches people's faces, and she gets along fine."

How else can I answer her? If in six years, Ken and I haven't proved to Billie, beyond all questioning, that we love her and enjoy her company and accept her as she is—not as she might have been if some unknown Thing had not struck her—then no little sermon will help us now.

Even so, it won't be an easy question to answer. "Mother, why am I deaf?"

At Jones Beach, last August, Billie made friends with a little girl whose family had spread its picnic things on the sand nearby. The two children romped, rushed into the water together and then scampered back to parental safety ahead of the on-rushing breakers.

The other child's father came over to Ken. "You have such a wonderful, laughing child," he said, "so exuberant, so lively. It's too bad my wife can't hear her. But at the beach Mrs. Johnson doesn't wear her hearing aid."

Ken explained that, except on the beach, Billie wore one, too.

The man watched the two little girls elude a breaker, then turn with a peal of laughter and, hand-in-hand, dance back into the sea.

"Always keep her laughing," he said.

... THE END

Judy Holliday

(Continued from page 47)

series, Judy was wading through "War and Peace."

Her parents, after drifting apart for years, finally separated when their daughter was six. From then on she lived with her mother and her maternal grandmother, the latter a tense, excitable woman who had come to the United States from Czarist Russia at the age of 17.

"Mother went to her pupils' homes to teach piano," Judy recalls, "and she also taught WPA classes at settlement houses. She was gone most of the day. My grandmother took care of the house and did the cooking. Between the two of them, I usually got what I wanted unless it was something we couldn't afford. I never had a bicycle or a Girl Scout uniform, but I never really minded. Somehow the explanation that we just didn't have the money for them seemed quite sensible to me."

If this creates the picture of a child mature beyond her years, a child with almost adult understanding, there is evidence that Judy was just that. Although she saw her father regularly after her parents' separation, she seems at an early age to have adopted a protective attitude toward her mother, an attitude still perceptible in the warm, friendly relationship between the two women. In school, which at first was New York's P. S. 125, in Queens, Judy did exceptionally well in everything except arithmetic. She still finds it impossible to budget, and her mother has adopted the habit of slipping some money into her pocket or purse when she goes out. "If it's fifty dollars," Judy says, "I manage to spend it all. If it's five dollars, I manage to get along."

By the time she was nine, Judy was demonstrating an interest in the theater by writing the school's Christmas play, a drama in which she also figured as director and actress. Later she picked up a $50 prize for an essay on keeping New York City clean. People who knew her as a child recall that even then she was fascinated by play-acting and charades. Perhaps she found some escape from the unhappiness of her parents' separation in the worlds of books and acting.

Judy prefers not to discuss the effect on her of her parents' separation. Her father answers the question of how the separation affected her with obvious discomfort. "Every child is affected by a separation of her parents. No one knows how much. But Judy was always surrounded with warmth and affection and love. I think it probably affected her less than most." It is impossible not to detect more hope than conviction in this appraisal.

By the time she reached Julia Richman, a public high school for girls, Judy had established herself as a brilliant student. Her IQ was 172; her graduation from high school took place just before her 16th birthday.

Judy's mental blackout of her youth extends to her high school years. "I do remember that I directed and acted in school plays," she says, "and that I flunked arithmetic and had to make it up in summer school.

"I'm afraid I was horribly stuffy about social life. I guess I was just a natural snob. I got a kick out of being different, and I was eager to improve myself and everyone around me. As a result, I went out mostly with boys who would take me to Broadway shows instead of parties; symphony concerts and recitals instead of dances. I was more interested in writing poetry than passing love notes and in hearing Bach than dancing to Benny Goodman. I must have been obnoxious."

Today Judy sees none of the people she knew in her high-school days. If in her childhood she missed the security of being surrounded by a close-knit, loving family, in her youth she missed the years in which most girls experience the excitement of dating, dances, formal gowns, corsages and the attention of boys of their own age. She missed that period of a girl's life when she worries frantically about being attractive to boys, and when she learns, with one or more boys, that she is.

Fresh out of high school, Judy plunged into the world of entertainment, beginning with a non-paying stint as switchboard operator at Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. She saw neither Welles nor the stage in her brief sojourn at this job, although she managed more than once to disconnect theatrical personalities in the midst of transatlantic calls and to have her ears blistered by shrieks of anger.

"I had hoped to go to the Yale School of Drama after high school," Judy says, "but they wouldn't admit students under 17. When I caught a bad cold after a month at the switchboard job, mother took me off to a summer camp in upstate New York." It was at this camp that Judy met Adolph Green, a young man who was putting on one-act plays for the campers. The association resulted that fall in a night-club fivesome called the Revuers, composed of Judy, Green, a college student named Betty Comden and two young men, one of whom played the guitar. Betty Comden and Adolph Green were later to write the musical comedy "Bells Are Ringing" especially for Judy.

The Revuers opened at a Greenwich Village night spot with material which they wrote themselves and which consisted chiefly of skits and songs burlesquing everything from Hollywood to the Statue of Liberty. Sixteen-year-old Judy became physically ill after virtually every performance during the team's first year; she felt lost, inept, ashamed. Audiences terrified her; the smoke, din and alcoholic atmosphere of night clubs (they were soon being booked into other, more lavish drinking establishments) depressed her; the thought that she was caught in the exhibitionist world of the performer, fighting nightly for the attention of drunks, horrified her.

But if her new life seemed abhorrent to her, there were reasons for continuing it. First, there was the money. Between her earnings and what her mother made from

piano lessons, the two were getting along comfortably. Second, she came to like the young people with whom she worked. Looking back, Judy has a third explanation. "I thought I was learning about show business. The more painful it was, the more important I thought the experience must be. Hating it, I convinced myself it must be invaluable."

Success came rapidly for the Revuers, and after a year Judy began to enjoy what she was doing. The collaboration on songs and skits gave her an opportunity to exercise her writing talents, and as she found audiences responding to her, she began to realize that she had acting ability. After five years of increasingly successful billings in ever plusher surroundings, four members of the team succumbed to the Hollywood dream. With a vague promise of a part in a picture, they entrained for the film capital. The promise faded into the smog of Los Angeles.

With Mrs. Tuvim along as a combination chaperon and mother-to-all, the four remaining Revuers found a small apartment, acquired an ancient limousine and set about looking for work. They found it in a $1,000-a-week booking at the Trocadero. Although the rest of the team failed to entice movie offers, Judy rapidly became the goal of a long line of studio executives with uncapped fountain pens and long legal documents. Demonstrating a loyalty which has since become legendary among her friends, she refused to sign without her teammates.

Eventually, when 20th Century-Fox offered a spot for the team in a forthcoming picture on condition that Judy sign a year's contract at $400 a week, she signed. The result was a picture in which the Revuers' musical numbers wound up on that fabled repository of art, the cutting room floor. Discouraged, the team broke up. Betty Comden and Adolph Green returned to New York to collaborate first as a night-club act, later as a Broadway writing team. Judy stayed in Hollywood with her mother to attempt the climb to stardom. A year later, after only two small parts, Fox dropped her option, and Judy and her mother caught the first train east.

Judy Holliday returned to New York with an enviable sun tan, a fair-sized bankroll and a strong skepticism of her talent for acting. In less than a year, she won the Clarence Derwent Award as best supporting actress of 1945 for her role in "Kiss Them For Me" and opened on Broadway early in 1946 in the immediately successful Garson Kanin play, "Born Yesterday." Overnight Judy Holliday was an important star.

The story of how she was cast as the hilarious, hip-swiveling *Billie Dawn,* an ex-Follies chorine turned human rights advocate, reveals something of the ability of Judy Holliday to cling to her self-imposed perfectionist standards even under the most unrelenting pressure. Jean Arthur had opened in the role in New Haven and Boston. Moving to Philadelphia to complete its pre-Broadway run, the star fell ill. Producer Max Gordon, desperate for a replacement, took the train to New York and, remembering Judy's part in "Kiss Them For Me," called her.

In Philadelphia Judy was given three days to learn the part and go on as *Billie Dawn.* For three days she lived on coffee and dexadrine. Each time she came offstage on opening night, she burst into tears of nervous exhaustion. But any sounds she may have made were drowned by an audience response almost unseemly for staid Philadelphia first-nighters. In 72 hours she had created a character so delectably real that for years some of *Billie Dawn's* choicer lines ("This country belongs to the people who inhibit it.") returned to haunt her. Even today strangers still ask her to repeat the famous line from the play: "Do me a favor, will ya, Harry? Drop dead."

Judy Holliday played *Billie Dawn* on Broadway for almost four years without missing a performance. On January 4, 1948, a year before she left the show, she became Mrs. David Oppenheim. She had met the young concert clarinetist while she was with the Revuers, through a common friend, Leonard Bernstein, the noted composer-conductor. Oppenheim went into the infantry, and during the next five years she saw him only once again. After "Born Yesterday" had been playing on Broadway for nearly two years, Oppenheim appeared backstage.

"I had always wanted to see him again," Judy says, "and I guess the feeling was mutual. He admitted he'd been showing my picture to Army buddies with the comment, 'This is my girl,' and I decided to keep him honest. We went together for a year and then were married."

For five years the Oppenheims made their home in a three-story walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village. With the arrival, in 1952, of their only child, Jonathan, they began looking for a place where taking Jonathan to the park did not require the talents of an alpinist. In 1953 they moved to an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged apartment in a massive building on West 72nd Street, the apartment where Judy today lives alone with her son.

Neither Judy nor her husband, now a record company executive, will discuss the reasons for their divorce. Friends and relatives are stanch in their refusal to speculate on it. But some possibly contributing factors to the failure of the marriage are clear.

Having played a leading role in a hit Broadway play six nights and two afternoons a week for the first year of her marriage, Judy left "Born Yesterday" to take a featured part in the movie, "Adam's Rib." After that—and after Columbia Pictures had tested half the women in Hollywood for the role—Judy was finally screen-tested for the part she had made famous on Broadway in the motion picture version of "Born Yesterday." Insisting on a contract for only one picture a year, she signed with Columbia for her first starring effort and walked away with an Academy Award.

Back in New York after the two pictures, Judy Holliday set about being a wife and preparing to be a mother. The complete loss of anonymity which comes with movie stardom, the months spent in Hollywood each year and the obvious problems created by being the more celebrated partner in a marriage did not make her job any easier. But here, at last, was a role which Judy had chosen for herself. There is evidence to suggest that she may have approached it as she approached her stage and screen roles, with a lack of confidence in her ability combined with a powerful

determination to perform it to perfection.

In some areas, at least, she succeeded. Her relationship with her son is warm and intelligent, mixing love and a gentle discipline in healthy proportions. Her home is tastefully decorated. She is an excellent cook. Still, something was apparently lacking. For a period of two years (in what some might call a typically theatrical gesture), she gave up acting completely. At about the same time she began a psychoanalysis which was to last four years. Both of these measures were explicitly designed to help save a faltering marriage. They did not.

Meanwhile, Judy's attitude toward being an actress underwent a change. "George Cukor, a brilliant Hollywood director and a very dear friend, is most responsible for making me see the light," she says. "He directed my first pictures, and he showed me that my so-called desires to write and direct were completely unreal and that acting—really good acting—could be both creative and satisfying. He knocked a lot of nonsense out of me, and I'm grateful to him for it."

Judy Holliday's psychoanalysis, if it did not save her marriage, did help her professionally. "It gave me a far greater understanding of the motivations which underlie action," she says, "and it made me look at myself in a much more realistic way." With the exception of her roles in the current "Full of Life" and a much earlier picture, "Winged Victory," all of her parts have been comic ones. (Her other pictures have been "Something for the Boys"; "It Could Happen to You"; "Phfft"; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac.") Judy believes there are valid psychological reasons for the satisfactions she derives from comedy. "Why does a person want to make others laugh?" she asks. "Possibly to create an atmosphere of happiness, to make people like him. Most comedians probably feel it's the only way they can be accepted."

People who know Judy well say that at intimate gatherings she can be as funny spontaneously as she is in a well-rehearsed role. The same friends also describe her as a creature of moods; if the mood is serious or depressed, she simply can't be funny. Betty Comden, who with Adolph Green is still one of her closest friends, says that Judy is not only a perfectionist but highly self-critical. "It isn't unusual to find her crying between acts because she feels she hasn't done well. Then, in a matter of minutes, she'll pull herself together and go out and do much better."

These perfectionist tendencies are vouched for by almost everyone who knows Judy. They result, almost always, in a highly nervous state at the beginning of every new project. Despite this, Judy has a reputation among people who have worked with her on the stage of relaxing everyone in the cast.

When Judy accepted the lead in her current play, Herbert Greene, a conductor and voice coach, was given the job of turning the piping soprano of *Billie Dawn* into a strong singing voice capable of reaching the back row of New York's large Shubert Theater.

Herbert Greene and Judy Holliday became close friends in a short time. Greene has great admiration for her both as an actress and as a woman, but he can be bluntly critical as well. "She understands deeply the nature of her talent," he says, "but she is also violently and destructively self-critical, to the point of unreality. Her strongest feelings are negative; she's driven by unfounded fears and feelings of guilt; she has nasty periods of depression, and she doubts her femininity and appeal to men. At the same time, she has enormous insight into other people, intense loyalty and great generosity."

As for Judy's view of herself, she admits to wavering between vigorous self-criticism and deep depression, on the one hand, and a recurrent thankfulness for the good things she does have within her grasp, on the other. Among the latter is her son, Jonathan, a bright and inventive four-year-old whose adjustment to his parents' separation seems excellent. He sees his father often. Judy has, too, the intense loyalty and devotion of her close friends. If these were not enough, there is also her new sense of the importance of her acting career.

The self-doubts and strivings for perfection that have made her the fine actress she is are probably the very characteristics that have made Judy Holliday most unhappy in her private life. It is difficult to live with a person who seldom relaxes a rigid self-discipline and drive toward perfection, who cannot derive any permanent satisfaction from past successes. Unfortunately for Judy Holliday, one's human role is never subject to the same polishing which the fine actress applies to the parts she plays on the stage. Events—and people—seldom wait for a person to play his part in life to perfection. ... THE END

Spring Weekend

(Continued from page 52)

telling her about his dream—he called it "my crazy, mixed-up notion." He wanted to build churches, schools, community buildings—all in small towns. "I don't want any skyscrapers or concrete in the way," he said. He came from a small town himself, just outside of Worcester. He told her, too, about his huge family of sisters and brothers and of the only time he had been really scared because once he almost drowned in a storm that appeared suddenly when he went out fishing with his oldest brother.

She leaned against the balcony as they talked, and when he put his arm around her shoulders, something went very still inside her. She wanted the world to stop at that moment and let her out of it—she was afraid of having time move forward.

At midnight they went to a little hamburger shop. It was quiet there, and they leaned across the table in a booth and talked endlessly. She told about her father then, describing her home as a place very far away.

He reached out to cover her hand with his and was still holding it when they finished their coffee and walked through the empty streets toward the hotel.

"I guess you know we're going to Blair's family's cottage after the races tomorrow," Roger said. "I wish we could be excused."

"But why? Blair is so much fun."

"He's charming, all right. When we started to room together, I hoped some of that charm would wear off on me."

She kicked at a fallen twig on the sidewalk. "You shouldn't have to worry about that."

He stopped walking. "Are you really having a good time this weekend?"

"A wonderful time," and she never meant anything more honestly in her life.

"Do you really mean it? Or is it just something you girls say, like 'perfectly divine' or 'positively thrilling'?"

The way he classed her with *other* girls took the edge off her happiness. "I don't say things I don't mean."

"Forget it. I guess I'm just suspicious."

Defensive now, she said, "I was telling you the truth before about its being wonderful. Now I don't know." Miserably, she felt the old awkwardness return. She started to walk quickly, feeling her eyes burn dangerously. All she wanted now was to reach the hotel and get inside before he could see her face. They had only half a block to go.

"Look here," Roger said. "Aren't you the sensitive one?" He swung her toward him and kissed her roughly, as if he wanted to hurt her with his mouth. She fought him tiredly and, what finally seemed like hours later, drew away breathless and shaken.

The only thing she cared about now was hurting him. "You may find that caveman business a big success—but not with me. *I* think it's a big bore!"

He didn't speak at all until they reached the hotel door.

"See you tomorrow," he said, looking

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Pages 18 & 19, You and Your Health—H. Armstrong Roberts; pages 24-28, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; page 29, How to Save Your-Community Play Land—Wide World; pages 42 & 43, Our Child *Won't* Be Cheated—David Landman; pages 44-47, Judy Holliday—page 44 & top page 46, Phil Burchman, others on page 46—Columbia Pictures, page 47—Guy Gillette, Columbia Records; pages 48 & 49, "I Must Come to America"—page 49-Wide World: pages 54 & 55, The Timeless Country—page 55-J. Gray, F.P.G.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Pages 12 & 14, Letters to the Editor—drawing by Denny Hampson; page 21, Once upon a Thousand Times—drawing by Anna Johnson; pages 54 & 55, The Timeless Country—page 54—map by M. Gelgisser; page 83, We Are Proud to Announce—drawing by John Huehnergarth.

ridiculous with lipstick smears on his face. Pat fled to the elevator and the oblivion of the dark room where Dottie already lay asleep. She undressed and crept between cold sheets. Hearing Dottie's soft breathing, she thought of Blair and wondered hopelessly if the same thing would ever happen to her. Maybe it *would* happen someday, and it would be just right—it *had* to be. It was mixed up somehow with fraternity pins and orchids and laughter laced with moonlight. There would be a boy who stood in the center of a crowd. Sometimes she imagined him, faceless but beautiful, on a kind of stage. A boy who would look away from the others and, seeing her, smile. And he wouldn't hurt her. Not ever. After a while she lifted her head and stared into the darkness until it turned gray.

She didn't have to see him until lunch the next day, when the four of them ate together, and Blair and Roger disagreed on where they would sit to watch the races. Unhappily, Pat found herself with Roger at the top of the hill while the other two sat far below close to shore. Acres of riverbank were crowded with couples who waited for the skiffs to make the turn. Under the sun, the spectators' faces were turning faintly pink. Like the others, Roger wore a flat straw hat and he looked simply terrible in it. They sat rather far apart on the blanket he had brought. The hill sloped forward steeply, making their position somewhat precarious, and Pat had to dig the heels of her new brown pumps into the ground to keep from slipping. Her hands supported her like two posts. Every now and then she sat up straight to flex her cramped wrists and brush the crumbs of dirt from her palms. A white shell scudded far beneath; the cox's faint shouts came up to the waiting crowd, which cheered loudly. Pat, joining in, wanted to follow the race with Roger's absorption. He stared down at the water during the whole long afternoon.

Now he gave her a terrible smile. "Glad you came?"

"Of course."

"Sit over here," he patted the blanket by his side.

"I can see better where I am." Miserably, she looked away from him toward Dottie and Blair. Dottie's head dipped toward Blair, who whispered something that made them both laugh.

"That's all right," Roger said, half-turning. "I'm not going to hurt you." Scowling, he moved to the far corner of the blanket, where he squatted like a thin, dark Buddha.

A huge cheer roared from the slope as the last boat went around the curve.

"Well," said Roger, standing up. "I guess it's over." He shook the blanket out, and Pat helped him fold it. Then they walked in silence to the parking space where Dottie and Blair were waiting. The wind blew Dotty's silky hair over her face, but she was beautiful all the same. She stood holding to Blair's elbow and jumped up and down in a mock show of being too cold to stand still.

"It's a good thing I have Blair to keep me warm," she said with a giggle. "He wanted me to wait inside the car, but it wouldn't be any fun by myself."

"Okay, honey, now you can stop talking and get in." Blair gave Dottie a quick hug before he pushed her, laughing, toward the open car door. They *looked* so good together.

It was getting dark as they left the crowded parking area, alive now with people anxious to leave. Some of the girls were wearing their dates' straw derbies in a proud, becomingly rakish way. Then Blair's car went faster, down a smooth highway where all the traffic seemed to be heading the other way.

"Isn't it fun to be going to the ocean?" Dottie asked ecstatically. "Gosh, I love that place. Blair, tell us. What are we going to do this weekend?" She asked the question as if Blair held a magic lamp.

"It won't be fancy. How does a picnic sound?"

"It's a wonderful idea," Dottie sighed from the front seat, and even in the half-dusk, her hair gleamed silkily against Blair's shoulder. It stayed there until the car turned up a little road lined with scraggly trees and came to a stop before a sprawling white cottage. As she got out of the car, Pat met the damp-basement smell of the ocean. Inside the cabin, Blair found a note from his parents explaining they were having dinner with friends down the beach.

Finally, loaded with picnic baskets and flashlights, the four left the house and walked into a world suddenly quiet except for the regular thump of the ocean against the sand below. They reached a clearing where a gray mass of half-consumed logs pointed out the site of an old campfire. Dropping their burdens on blankets, Pat and Dottie spread out the food while the boys searched for firewood.

Later, stuffed with too much food, they sat in a dimly lighted circle and watched the flames lash upward like ribbons blown in a hot breeze. Above them the stars were nearly invisible. Across the fire, Dottie cradled Blair's head in her lap and bent over him so that her hair brushed his face. Her soft giggle made Pat uncomfortable. She and Roger sat back to back, rather rigidly.

Roger stirred. "Did you think about me, last night?" he asked, and his voice was tense. "Yes," she admitted, "a little."

"I tried not to. I wanted to keep my mind on things that made more sense, but it didn't work."

Across the fire, Dottie and Blair stirred and stood up. "We're going for a walk," Blair said abruptly. "We'll be back before you miss us."

"Well!" Pat said, looking at their retreating backs.

"No," said Roger, "it's not like that."

"How do *you* know?"

With the toe of his tennis shoe, he touched a log so that it fell downward into the fire. "Because he's not the fiend you seem to think every man must be."

"Just because he's your roommate, I suppose you have to make excuses when he slips off into the woods."

"That wasn't exactly an excuse."

"I don't think it's much fun if they keep running off."

"I hope it's not too boring to be stuck with me for a few minutes," he said.

Regret turned inside her like a pain, and she would have touched him if she hadn't been afraid—and sorry she was afraid, scared to death of having the same thing happen all over again. She shivered while the fire burned down and nearly out.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "Take my jacket."

"Roger, would you mind if we went back to the house?"

His face was broodingly dark, and he began to beat out the fire savagely.

"I'm sorry. But I couldn't help getting cold."

He smiled into the dying light. "I know it."

Footsteps in the woods made the bare branches crackle. Pat sat down on a log across from Roger, willing now to wait by the fire until the others came to make everything fun again. Dottie and Blair walked slowly through the underbrush to the fire.

"That certainly didn't take very long," Pat said, absurdly glad to see them.

"It certainly didn't." Dottie's voice was so brittle that Pat glanced up at her.

"Doesn't anyone want another marshmallow?" Blair offered the box with a flourish, but he also seemed a little strange, as if he wanted most particularly to please them and didn't know how. Dottie glanced at the box absently.

"Well, we might as well start back." Blair said when everyone had refused his marshmallows. He started piling things together, but Dottie didn't move until the the last blanket was shaken out.

What had happened? What was Dottie being so strange about? It wasn't like her to act like this—especially in front of Blair. And yet he seemed to have something to do with it, her dear Blair who could do no wrong.

Burdened down with picnic baskets, empty now, they walked back silently along the narrow path. Down the cliff, the sea slapped against the shore, and it had such a cold sound. At the end of the path, a faint light pointed out the Elliotts' door.

"Want some beer?" Blair asked, again the overanxious host.

"Yes," Dottie said shrilly. "I want beer. Lots of it." In the light, her face looked pinched and odd.

But Pat didn't want to stay with these people. In her bewilderment, she excused herself. "If you don't mind, I'm dead. I'd really like sleep most of all."

When the other two went into the kitchen, Roger stepped toward Pat and looked at her for a long moment. His face was very close to hers. "All right," he said quietly. "I'll see you in the morning." And he crossed the living room to his room.

Dottie must have come in awfully late, Pat thought the next morning, looking at the turned back in the other bed. If it had been a different day, Pat would have stayed in bed, too, waiting for her friend to wake up, because it would have been more fun that way. But now, she didn't know whether she wanted to talk with Dottie right away. Roger was the only one in the living room. He sat in an upholstered wicker chair, flipping through the pages of an old *National Geographic*.

"Where's Blair?" she asked.

"He went out in the boat with his parents. They'll be back later."

"Why didn't you go, too?"

He shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "Why? Do you mind?"

"Of course not," she said crossly, although she didn't *feel* cross. "Have you had breakfast already?"

"Mrs. Elliott left some things in the kitchen. Here, I'll get it." While he poured the orange juice and heated the coffee, he told her Mrs. Elliott had asked them to gather firewood along the beach.

It was warmer this morning, they discovered, stepping out into the sunlight and climbing down the narrow dirt path toward the sea. Halfway down the beach, they stopped to take off their shoes and stockings. Their bare feet left lonely prints in the sand.

"You know something?" she asked. "I always thought men were hard to understand, but now women are a mystery, too."

"What do you mean?" For once Roger's voice wasn't mocking.

"Dottie. I just don't see why she acted like that last night."

Roger said, "She got the wrong ideas, and it wasn't her fault."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Roger stopped walking and turned around so they faced each other on the dunes. "I guess I have to tell you the whole thing. Dottie acted strangely last night, sure. But she had a reason. Blair doesn't feel quite the same way about her as she does about him. And now Dottie knows it."

"He's stopped loving her?" Not Dottie and Blair, not the beautiful couple whose happiness was such perfection! "I don't believe it!" But she knew abruptly that it was true.

"She had him fascinated. Blair couldn't stay away from her, but he finally saw what was happening. And he couldn't get that serious."

"And I thought they had everything the rest of the world wanted. It's funny, isn't it?" Pat said.

"Not very." Roger picked up a thin little branch that lay in the grass on the shore. "I'm sorry if it's the end of a dream or something like that. It's sad to let go of an illusion."

Pat was silent, watching the waves gently touch the shore.

"He kept putting it off," Roger explained. "He thought she'd meet someone else."

"But there never would be anyone else."

"He finally realized. And he saw he had to tell her."

"But why *that* way?"

"I could have shot him for choosing this weekend. Dottie's a nice girl, and I didn't want to be around when it happened. But that's good old Blair. Picked a time when I'd be right on the sidelines. I tried to get out of it," he admitted.

"Is that why you were so unfriendly at the station?"

He nodded. "I suppose so. But now I'm glad I was around, after all."

Warily, she was silent. He couldn't fool her again. The sun was warm, but Pat thought of Dottie and felt a sudden chill. "It wasn't very kind of Blair, was it?"

"Maybe people like Blair have something missing. They have so much charm that there isn't room for anything else."

"You don't like him. I don't know if I do either."

"I don't *envy* him any more." When he looked at her, she saw his face plainly for the first time. Roger wasn't hiding anything with a satirical smile. His face looked exposed, defenseless. "But you seemed to think he was so terrific that I got mad," he said. "I knew the flowers were all wrong that night, but you see, I'd never bought many corsages before. Then I tried too hard to impress you and wound up making a mess of it."

Pat turned away. "Look," she said, reaching down to pick up the twisted shell at her feet. It was round and swollen on top and rough as sand, but it tapered to a point and was smooth and pink inside.

"Here," she said. "For you."

Roger held out his hand, and when she had placed the shell in his palm, his fingers still held her, drawing her close. His kiss was the gentlest thing she had ever known. Unlike that other time, she did not draw away. . . . THE END

The Timeless Country

(Continued from page 54)

If you can, you should plan to take this trip in October. The days are warm and mild, yet the trees are in the full glory of the "Flaming Fall Revue," as the leaf change is called in the Ozarks. Here the foliage of north and south mingle their colors. Hickory, maple, persimmon, oak, cedar, linden, dogwood and pine splash the countryside with every shade of red, green, gold and brown.

October is the time when the cool morning air is flavored by the good smoke of cabin chimneys—you are never far from the tang of burning cedar and hickory. In autumn, the many roads built to carry millions of summer cars are lightly traveled, yet the thousands of fine motels and resorts are open, uncrowded, and reasonable. A family of four can count on finding spacious, comfortable, spotless quarters for six or seven dollars. Seventy-five cents or a dollar will buy a good country breakfast almost anywhere, and the little restaurants in the small cities and towns will sell you a man-sized lunch in the same price range. There are plenty of places that offer a wide selection of dinners at varied prices.

In the fall, with the heavy summer tourist season over and the best weather on hand, the residents of the Ozarks have some fun on their own. It is the time for big stock and agricultural shows, fairs and colorful pageants, like the Ozark Folk Festival at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

By checking with the state travel bureaus, or the Ozarks Playgrounds Association at Joplin, Missouri, which provides detailed information on activities, roads and accommodations in the Missouri-Arkansas-Oklahoma area, you can arrange your tour to take in such events as the Turkey Calling Contest at Yellville, Arkansas, and the Ozarks Arts and Crafts Fair at War Eagle. You can also find out the time and place of authentic country music sessions and shooting matches with sides of beef or pork as prizes. There is no closed fishing season on any lake in the Ozarks, and there is good hunting with bow or gun.

If you are on the road every day and stop but briefly, this entire tour can be made in two weeks. But as you get into the Ozark country, you will find that every new area is worth days of your time, and you are forgiven in advance if you succumb to the lure of a particular mountain or lake—most people do, and if I hadn't been under orders to keep moving, I'd still be there myself.

A good first morning run is to pick the most convenient road out of Chicago for the 200-mile drive southwest to Nauvoo, Illinois, for lunch on the banks of the Mississippi. In this historic town the Mormons lived from 1839 to 1846, and the beautiful old homes of Brigham Young, Joseph Smith and others are to be seen in perfect condition in quiet, parklike surroundings.

Along the Mississippi, take Highway

96 south to Hamilton for a dozen of the most scenic river-side miles in the country. And from there it's 70 miles to Hannibal, Missouri, and the Mark Twain Museum. The houses that Twain knew as a boy still stand as they did then (Tom Sawyer's fence needs painting again), and you can visit the old-fashioned rooms that he wrote about and all the famous town and river locations.

Your next major goal, about 150 miles to the south, is the little town of Lake Ozark, on the east end of the sprawling (1300 miles of shore line), man-made Lake of the Ozarks. You will go down through rolling country noted for its pastoral beauty and fine horse-breeding ranches, and by way of Missouri's capital, Jefferson City, on the Missouri River—a pretty, story-book little city that looks as a provincial capital should, nestling at the foot of wooded hills.

About 50 miles south of Jefferson City, you come around a turn and find yourself crossing Bagnell Dam to the carnival-like town of Lake Ozark with its boat rides, airplane rides, souvenir and antique shops.

There are several hundred camps, resorts and motels in this area, but one of the nicest places at the side of any American road is Arrowhead Lodge, a couple of miles south of Lake Ozark on Highway 54. Arrowhead offers a number of room sizes and combinations. It's a favorite spot for fall honeymooners and some conventions; room reservations often are necessary, even out of season. If you happen to like square dancing, drop in at Kirkwood Lodge, a few miles south of Arrowhead.

When you tear yourself away from the Lake of the Ozarks, head south again for the drive through farm land to the Ozark Mountain country. On the way, you will pass through Springfield. Try to be there on one of the nights of the Ozark Jubilee, the national TV show that is performed in the Jewel Theatre. The show itself is only half the fun. The other half is meeting people from all over the country who have come to see their favorite country entertainers in person.

Chances are you will meet some of the cast yourself, especially if you eat close to the theater a few hours before the program goes on the air. Then you will discover one of the secrets of the Jubilee's popularity; its singers and dancers aren't putting on an act or accent that ends when the show is over. If you should happen to meet Red Foley or any of the others, they'll be as friendly and folksy as anyone else you might stop to chat with.

Fifty miles south of Springfield you enter the Ozarks Playgrounds, the vast area that embraces part of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. The town of Branson, Missouri, is a logical place to stay if you want to spend several days touring the scenic hills and lakes of the Missouri-Arkansas border country. It has a number of good motels, good places to eat and alert, interested resort owners who will cheerfully help you plan tours and activities.

If you happen to be in Branson on Saturday night, be sure to drop in at the Sammy Lane Pavilion, where the young people come to do the fascinating "jig-type" of square dancing. You'll see some wonderful stomping and some wild and woolly mountain dancing. But, unlike some of the dances farther back in the hills —which you can attend if you want to— this one will in all probability end peacefully. This is strictly a spectator sport for tourists, however, and unless you were born to this type of dancing, don't mix in. Your attempts to be neighborly won't be appreciated, and the mountain boys still take a dim view of strangers' getting too close to their girls.

The most interesting way out of Branson to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, is the long way around, through the Mark Twain National Forest. There are several circles that can be made, but the one I like takes you out of Branson northwest on Highway 148. After a few miles you come to Fairy Cave and Marvel Cave, two of the finer underground wonders. You can also stop off to see the original old cabins and sites made famous by Harold Bell Wright's novel, "The Shepherd of the Hills."

Farther along you strike out westward into the wilderness on Route 86, which is sometimes paved, sometimes graded and sometimes has the larger boulders moved to the side of the road. After some 50 wandering and beautiful miles, you hit paving again and come out just below Cassville. Drive south, and in half an hour you are taken right in to one of the prettiest state parks in the Missouri-Arkansas Ozarks—Roaring River.

There is a fine rustic lodge here that has good trout fishing a few feet from the front porch, a fine small lake, riding horses and furnished log cabins. As in most of the fine state parks in this area, the cabins rent for a few dollars a night and are equipped for cooking.

South of Roaring River, you cross the Arkansas border and hook on to Highway 62 for the last two dozen paved mountain miles to Eureka Springs, the "Little Switzerland," an old and quiet town, that seems to have only one real street, which climbs up and down the mountain like the ankle straps on a ballerina's shoe.

As you have discovered by this time, there is no direct road to anywhere once you are in the mountain country, and all routes seem to have been laid out by a snake.

As a very, very high crow flies, it is about 140 miles from Eureka Springs to Hot Springs, but at the least you will cover twice that distance, with two major choices of roads. If you insist on paved roads, no matter how heavily traveled, you can go west out of Eureka Springs, then turn south to hook up with Highway 71, the major road in the area.

You can stop off to look at the Civil War battlefield at Pea Ridge and visit the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville and Devil's Den State Park. In the middle of the Ouachita National Forest, largest in the South, you will pick up Highway 270 for the last 70 miles southeast to Hot Springs, coming in around Lake Ouachita.

But if you like your country unspoiled and want to cover rock and gravel roads to enjoy it, take Highway 23 straight south out of Eureka Springs. Maps to the contrary, most of the hundred miles to the town of Ozark are paved, and when you see the countryside along this seldom-traveled road, you'll be glad you braved the bounces. There are miles of rolling meadows and woods, sweeping mountain views and a harvest-gold, quiet country braided with scarlet threads of sumac. You pass through

wonderful, isolated hunting woods, where deer browse within sight of the few houses, and you are likely to see wild turkeys strut across the road.

You are way down in now, and you won't find any luxurious motels or restaurants, but you will find a few rustic places that cater to sportsmen. When you cross the Arkansas River, just below Ozark, you enter the picturesque Ouachita Mountain country, which has the highest peaks between the Appalachians and the Rockies. If you are drawn by the backwoods, with its wide, uninhabited areas and its quaint old log cabins, look for back roads at the intersections in the larger towns. You can just about pioneer your way the whole distance to Hot Springs.

This is probably the most rugged day of your trip, and you end it by falling right into the middle of an "Eastern" city. Not many miles from country roads where you may have seen more deer than people, you suddenly enter a city which gives you the feeling that, if you aren't lost, the city certainly is.

Hot Springs is the only city in America surrounded by a national park (Hot Springs National Park). It's a fascinating combination of Atlantic City, Saratoga Springs, Chicago and midtown Manhattan. One side of the city's main street is lined with marble bath houses where the hot mineral waters are piped in from 47 springs and used to soothe the aching visitor. The flow and price of the waters are regulated by the government. The other side of the street is lined with elaborate "art galleries"—huge auction rooms—filled with items such as diamonds, paintings, Oriental rugs and silverware. And the street rings with the jargon of the pitchmen.

You can choose your level of living here and the price you want to pay. Ten or 15 dollars will get you uniformed attendants rushing to serve you and a huge modern room. Or you can find the usual high quality you have come to expect for six or seven dollars.

Hot Springs, besides being a spa, a resort and a horse-racing town, is also an outdoor recreation center. Nearly encircled by three lakes, the city area is noted for its boating, fishing and other water sports. In addition, you can drive about 50 miles southwest to Murfreesboro, to see The Crater of Diamonds. For a dollar and a half, you can go in and look for diamonds and keep what you find. Not long ago a woman tourist from Texas bent down and picked up one that was worth $15,000, so it's worth a try.

Having reached the bottom of your loop, it's time to head for home. You can drive some 60 miles northeast to Little Rock and visit a gracious, attractive and thoroughly old-southern state capital, then follow Highway 67 northeast through straighter, flatter country.

But the most rewarding way back is the newly-paved Highway 7, which is gaining the name of The Arkansas Parkway. It is a pleasant road north to Russellville, where you suddenly find yourself in the flat, cotton-growing south, with some of the picking still going on in October.

A few miles north you begin to climb, and the 50-odd miles from Sandgap to Harrison is one of the prettiest stretches of mountain road in the country. Although the road is newly paved, I can't get through those 50 miles in less than three hours. If you arrive late in the day in this area, Harrison is a good town in which to spend the night. It has several excellent places to eat. Then drive east 60 miles over Highways 62 and 178 to see the tremendous dam at Bull Shoals and the lake backed up behind it.

This is a great hunting and fishing area, filled with all sorts of modern camps, resorts and hotels and thousands of square miles of woods and water where you can enjoy the outdoors without being crowded. You will find also that many so-called fishing camps are a far cry from the old rough-it-and-like-it shacks for sportsmen. Modern resort owners in the Ozarks provide plenty of sporting action for the outdoorsman, but they have also seen to it that his family can be comfortable and entertained while he is out with rod or gun. Beaches, pools, recreational equipment, dances and TV are no strangers to good, comfortable woodsy resorts. Prices vary, of course, but four of us stayed at an air-conditioned motel with a swimming pool for five dollars and fifty cents.

You go east out of the Bull Shoals area through Mountain Home via Highway 62, taking the free ferry across Lake Norfork. Sixty miles farther, you arrive at the Missouri line, not much more than a hundred miles west of the Mississippi River.

A couple of hours' drive to the northeast you will come to Van Buren and Big Spring State Park, one of the most lovely and beautifully-kept parks anywhere. Here you can see *the* Big Spring as it gushes out from the base of a rocky bluff at the rate of 846,000,000 gallons a day. In a one-day tour of the springs country, you can see 15 springs that alone could supply all the water needs of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cleveland.

Now, for a change of pace, of scenery and history, drive some 150 miles northeast to the ancient little city of Ste. Genevieve, on the Mississippi. Go up the long way, through the Clark National Forest, which is different from the Ozark, with more evergreens and more round-log cabins. Here you will catch up with Missouri's earliest history as you tour the Arcadia Valley and its great mining areas.

Visit Potosi, where white men were mining lead as early as 1726. The town is named after the famous South American mine, and in atmosphere is strangely Latin-American.

And then, as you turn east toward the big river, going past landscapes that are one moment mountaineer, the next old French, you become aware of the fact that no one tour can do more than scratch the surface of what is called "the Ozarks."

The sight of Ste. Genevieve will delight you. Here the first permanent brick building west of the Mississippi still stands, as perhaps the most charming tavern in the Middle West. All through the old parts of the city the French houses still stand as they did in the early 1700's.

If you have to go home now and can't get back in the mountains to see the autumn scarlets, golds and greens again, take Highway 25 north along the Mississippi,

and in 30 miles you are on a superhighway that will get you to the outskirts of St. Louis in another half-an-hour.

After crossing into Illinois, drive north about a hundred miles to Illinois' capital city of Springfield and take time out to visit the Abraham Lincoln Home and State Park a few easy miles west of the city.

The last 200 miles to Chicago can be a breeze over straight, fast Highway 66. But even as you cover the last rolling prairie miles of your tour, you will remember the blaze of color that was the Ozark autumn as far as the eye could see, the remote mountains, the rustic, old-fashioned valleys in the golden haze of fall, the lakes, the aroma of cedar, hickory and side meat, the good food and lodgings wherever you stopped.

But most of all you will remember the people you met, and their hospitality. And you will feel that, above all else, you have just covered the friendliest 2,000 miles in the country. . . . THE END

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Our GI's Overseas

(Continued from page 35)

comes from a good family, has a Master's degree and is taking graduate work at Heidelberg University, he is not considered fit to associate with."

In some commands, I was told nearly 50 per cent of all privates and corporals are college graduates. Yet because of their low official status, they have a hard time getting dates with respectable girls or mixing in professional or intellectual circles.

A second high barrier to GI-German relations is the serviceman's own attitude toward overseas service.

To begin with, few American soldiers seem to have any enthusiasm for foreign duty. An American newsman stationed in Germany for many years told me: "The minute these kids get here there's only one thought in their minds—how soon can I turn around and go home? The American soldier today would much rather be down on the farm than seeing Gay Paree."

Service abroad nowadays can be an exhilarating and rewarding period in a young man's life. The "Grand Tours" that rich men's sons used to make are available to any GI today for, in most cases, less than $100. Army bulletin boards are festooned with announcements of tours to Paris, Austria, Rome, Scandinavia; of "grand circle" trips swinging through Europe, spreading an intellectual and emotional banquet of scenery, art treasures, history and entertainment. Yet overwhelming numbers of servicemen never take advantage of these opportunities. The only tour they make is the *gasthaus* tour; the only foreigners they meet are hangers-on and floozies.

At Garmisch-Partenkirchen and at Berchtesgaden, two resort villages in the Bavarian Alps, the armed forces have established a recreation center for GI's that ranks among the world's best—posh hotels, luxury restaurants and night clubs, facilities for every conceivable sport—all available to the serviceman at extremely low prices. A GI who wants the best of everything for a weekend might have to part with $10.

Yet I saw hundreds of young GI's in Munich—less than one hour by train from Garmisch—tossing away $10 at a time for a round of watered drinks in one of the shabby Goethestrasse clip joints. By noon on Sunday they fill the Dolly Bar, the Cafe Femina and the 20-odd other bars that line both sides of the street. In Kaiserslautern I was told about a GI who had piled up 23 days of leave and spent every bit of it in a local servicemen's club, drinking coffee, playing ping-pong and listening to records!

Part of this reluctance to take advantage of what the Army offers is boredom. Not really certain why he is in Germany, the GI is simply waiting to get home. But there is another difficult GI attitude—one that says, in effect, "I'm a big boy now, and I'll do as I please!"

This is especially characteristic of the teen-agers who make up a large percentage of our forces overseas. Released from parental authority and clothed in the anonymity of a uniform, they find the sudden burden of self-responsibility hard to handle. The discipline of their on-duty hours only adds fuel to their naturally rebellious tendencies. After being ordered about all day, they automatically reject any Army suggestion as to what they might do with their free time—no matter how pleasant the prospect.

Along with this attitude goes an overriding desire to "get off the post," to get away from anything even remotely connected with the Army. A young Pfc. from Joplin, Mo., best summed up the feelings expressed by every soldier I spoke to: "Sure the Army has clubs and movies and sports trips. But most of us want to get away from the Army when our day's work is done, or when we're on leave. Even if the only thing we do is drink beer and waste money, at least we're doing it on our own."

Another example of the GI's unwillingness to make the most of his situation is his lack of interest in foreign languages. The average American tourist on a whirlwind three-week European tour generally makes some effort to learn at least the basic phrases in each foreign tongue he'll encounter. But the average U. S. soldier doesn't bother learning the language of the country where he spends two or more years of his life.

There are several reasons for this. The majority of servicemen and their families live in barracks or in "Little Americas"—walled-off housing developments

that look like model U. S. towns. No one there needs to speak German to get along. Every German who works for or deals with the military knows English. Since there are American movies, you needn't see German ones. The Armed Forces Radio Network beams news and other programs in English. Nobody needs to read German papers; you can get editions of American papers if you want them.

Does language really make a difference? It would seem so. The U. S. Air Force in Germany has long had a program of compulsory language education for all its men. It is significant that rarely has an Air Force man been involved in an "incident."

I asked an Army spokesman why the military could take thousands of men of all educational levels and successfully teach them everything from close-order drill to electronic engineering, and yet did not institute compulsory language courses for men due to go overseas. Apart from the comment that "perhaps the idea has already been discarded for one reason or another," there doesn't seem to be any real answer.

The "Little Americas" themselves are another substantial fence between GI and German. About a dozen of these self-contained communities have been bulldozed into being during the past five years to provide living quarters for servicemen and the 110,000 wives and children who crossed the ocean to be with them. They stand as monuments to American engineering skill—and American provincialism.

The mythical man from Mars who landed his flying saucer in a Little America could easily be excused for thinking he was in Suburbia, U.S.A. He would see the same supermarkets and department stores, watch the same movies, hear the same radio programs; he would see women dressed in slacks and kerchiefs minding babies on lawns and youngsters racing out of modern schools in blue jeans and Davy Crockett hats.

This built-in urge of Americans to carry "home" with them around the world is realized fully at Vogelweh, newest of the Little Americas. Built on the outskirts of Kaiserslautern, a modest city in southwestern Germany that is the center of Europe's largest quartermaster depot, Vogelweh houses 10,000 Americans. It is the largest single American community outside the United States. There is absolutely no personal need which an American living there cannot fill without stepping outside its boundaries.

Like almost every other factor in the basic relationship of GI's and Germans, there is something to be said on both sides of the Little America question. It would, for example, have been impossible to burden postwar Germany's shattered economy with the housing and other needs of thousands of Americans. Even with Little Americas, the amount of German housing requisitioned by the armed forces has created friction. The fact that even a few hundred German-owned buildings are still in American hands a year after the deadline for their return is a major sore point today among Germans, whose living space continues to be rationed.

Army officers point out other benefits of the Little Americas. "Every serviceman in Germany must be at his assigned combat station, ready to go, within two hours of an alert," a major told me. "Suppose the alert comes at night or on a weekend. If our men are concentrated in a single area, we can move quickly. Just imagine the foul-up if they were scattered all over town!"

Even water chlorination enters into the picture. Germans do not believe in chemically purifying their water. The U. S. military insists on it. When Americans live in a Little America, the impasse is easily solved; the mains are tapped at the point where they feed into the development, and water is chlorinated from that point on.

The exigencies of military life further increase the gulf between the occupation forces and their hosts. The visits of servicemen to German homes, for instance, are plagued by the need for security. "We can't just let any man go to any German family that invites him," a chaplain explained. "We might be sending him to some psychopath, or some girl looking to grab a husband, or to a Red agent." So a German offer to entertain a GI must meet stringent standards. The invitation must come from a family, not a single person, at least one member must speak English and the family must be vouched for, usually by a local civic leader or clergyman. The serviceman is similarly cleared. Ideally, he will not be too familiar with classified material. If he is, he will have to prove his maturity, alertness and common sense. Men who visit German homes are always given a last-minute reminder about security.

An Army replacement technique known as "Gyroscoping" also comes in for its share of criticism as a breeder of misunderstanding. Under the Gyroscope plan, entire units up to divisions in strength, are moved in and out of Germany at one time. Previously, men were replaced in smaller groups so that there was some overlap of veterans to guide the newcomers.

Critics argue that Gyroscope deposits thousands of men in German communities with few, if any, commanders who have a knowledge of the area or the people. These critics point to the Air Force practice of rotating parts of units at a time, always leaving behind a core of experienced veterans, as a chief reason for the Air Force's clean record. But the Army contends that Gyroscope's effectiveness in maintaining unit *esprit de corps* outweighs any liabilities. Incident-analysis charts I was shown at military police headquarters in Munich seem to bear out the claim that crime patterns do not coincide with the Gyroscope framework. Incidents were spread more or less evenly among men attached to veteran units as well as new ones.

Many Germans, of course, are irritated by the simple fact that American troops are still in their country. A recent poll showed 83 per cent of the German people viewed the presence of U. S. soldiers as either an "unavoidable necessity" or an "unwanted burden." As a prominent German industrialist said to me, "No country enjoys the presence of foreign troops, no matter how friendly."

But those observers who attribute GI-German difficulties to anti-American feelings are not looking below the surface.

Germany today is in the throes of an anti-militaristic fervor. A new German Army was formed only with the greatest effort. Its uniforms were carefully designed to look as unmilitary as possible. Whether out of fear, guilt, disillusionment or defeatism, at this moment in history Germans are against armies and all the trappings of armies.

Nevertheless, many Germans realize that the presence of American troops and arms in their land is perhaps the single biggest guarantee of their freedom.

"Do you want to know a sure-fire way to increase the popularity of the GI's in Germany?" one business leader asked me.

I nodded.

"Then start a whispering campaign that they are leaving!"

This lengthy list of obstacles to good GI-German relationships is not meant as a roll call of hopelessness. For both sides are aware of the barriers, and are trying to lower or remove them.

Perhaps the most effective long-range results will come from the work of a top-level committee recently established in Bonn. Delegates from the U. S. Embassy and armed forces and the German Foreign Office and Interior Ministry met with representatives of nine national German organizations. Their purpose, to set up a program for increased understanding between Allied soldiers and the German population.

"We think one of the best ways to do this is to use people's mutual interests—jobs, hobbies, sports, or whatever," a Foreign Office spokesman told me. Every kind of activity and interest in Germany is thoroughly organized in local, state and federal associations, and an awesome directory of groups has been built up ranging from dog-breeders to wood-carvers, from carpenters' unions to bankers' societies. Using the directory, a GI in even the most remote village can usually find some nearby club the interests of which coincide with his own.

In addition, according to Capt. Henry Wiatt, in charge of Community Relations for USAREUR, 55 Community Advisory Councils are now operating in Germany as combination trouble-shooters, guidance and planning groups and sounding-boards for complaints. On the German side, council members include the mayor, the local newspaper editor, leading clergymen, teachers and businessmen. For the United States, the local troop commander and his top officers attend.

Council accomplishments range from the more-or-less ridiculous to the more-or-less sublime. In lower Bavaria, farmers complained that the noise of U. S. Army helicopters frightened their cows and curtailed milk production. It was a comparatively simply matter to reschedule the maneuvers to an area a few miles away.

At the other end of the scale is the story of Kaiserslautern. Originally it was a center of alleged GI orgies. A few years ago, when the Army decided substantially to increase the number of troops and installations there, the local council helped settle a multitude of problems, prepared the populace psychologically and took steps to clean up the bars and night clubs. Today, with one of the largest American populations of any German city,

Kaiserslautern is a quiet, almost sluggish place.

The story of what has been happening in Bamberg these past months shows the results of the renewed emphasis on the development of friendly relations between GI's and Germans. Last July seven U. S. soldiers gang-raped the 15-year-old daughter of a prominent local family. Within three weeks the men were convicted by an Army court-martial board and faced life imprisonment. But because the crime was so repellent, and because it climaxed a month of GI violence, it set off an explosive reaction.

The yellow press splashed sensational—and often imaginary—stories of GI crime. The Bamberg City Council officially demanded that the 85th Infantry Regiment be removed from the city.

Yet two months later—in September, 1956—posters appeared on Bamberg billboards announcing that an "Original American Football" game would be played at the local stadium between an artillery division team and one from the same 85th Infantry Regiment that the Bambergers had so recently castigated. At game time the stands were packed with Germans. In November a German newspaper carried a story from Bamberg reporting how 120 GI's and 250 young Germans spent a weekend together camping and mountain-climbing. It proudly quoted the U. S. unit commander: "I couldn't tell my boys and their German friends apart."

Bamberg was not singled out for an isolated super-dose of "friendship" activities. The same broad picture holds true wherever American forces are stationed. The occurrence of "incidents" has dropped sharply, and Germans and Americans almost seem to be competing for a "most popular" title. Paratroopers plan holiday treats for German children and their families. A company of Engineers gives up a weekend to help a small town rebuild its war-shattered homes; in return, the town gives a Saturday night dance for the soldiers. German billboards have blossomed with posters designed to spread good feelings.

A tightening of regulations has contributed to the improved situations. General Hodes has called for absolute observance of the midnight curfew, more vigilant military policing, stricter off-limits rules. German civil authorities have cracked down on taverns and night clubs that fleeced GI's and have re-established effective controls on prostitutes and B-girls.

How successful such moves have proved was demonstrated recently when a major radio and television network sponsored a campaign to have 50 GI's invited for a weekend into German homes. Within three days it received several hundred letters. Only a handful were antagonistic. So successful were the visits that today many hundreds of German families, businesses and industrial firms are deluging Army authorities with invitations to GI's for home visits, plant tours and special dinners.

A good relationship between the American serviceman and the people in whose country he is stationed is a precious asset to him and to the United States. Much more can be done to preserve and enrich this asset. Here are some practical suggestions:

1—The individual serviceman should be made aware of the importance of his personal relations with foreign civilians and should be encouraged to develop them. By this I do not mean the "adoption" of orphanages by entire regiments, nor invitations to Germans to hear the Army band on Memorial Day. I mean the small, but more meaningful, relationships that are built up almost unconsciously when a GI goes fishing or hunting or plays chess with a German—when *one* soldier finds *one* family he likes to drop in on for a chat or a cup of coffee.

2—To accomplish this we need a more imaginative program to get the facts of overseas life across to the serviceman. Technically, the Army's Troop Education and Information Program does an impressive job. I have on my desk several pounds of pamphlets that go out in a steady stream to servicemen in Germany. They cover everything from the function of NATO and the history of Germany to traffic rules, food and wine suggestions and advice on how to get along with *fraulеins.* Special USAREUR Assignment Teams lecture soldiers before they leave the United States on what life is like in Germany, and what the GI's privileges and obligations will be. Each unit has regular briefing sessions on specific problems.

Yet in talking with GI's, I seldom found any who paid more than cursory attention to the pamphlets and lectures. One sergeant, a veteran of seven years in Germany, put it this way: "How many people do you know back home who really read the fancy ads they get in the mail? That's the way most GI's feel about these booklets and orientation sessions—that the Army is trying to sell them something."

3—We need a more mature approach to the public information program that tells America's story to foreign countries. We have missed the boat badly many times, both on issues of major policy and on seemingly minor matters. The German *hausfrau*, for example, enviously eyes the families living "rent-free" in their Little Americas. She has never really been told that the U. S. Government in effect pays rent to the German government for the land they are built on. The people of Kaiserslautern, similarly, are not really aware that the U. S. forces there pour nearly 3,000,000 marks—$750,000—into their city's economy each month.

4—We need a system of instruction that will guarantee to every serviceman abroad a working vocabulary in the language of the country where he will be stationed.

5—We need more nonmilitary service clubs overseas. In all of Germany today there are only two such places where American soldiers can go to relax. Both are in Kaiserslautern.

The Army Special Services clubs on bases are well-staffed, well-run and offer a wide variety of comforts and activities. But they have rules—like wearing ties and jackets at certain hours. They have an early closing time. And, as we have seen, the GI does not want to stay on the base or be under restrictions in his free time.

I spent a day and an evening at the Kaiserslautern servicemen's club run by the Jewish Welfare Board. Housed in a

castlelike residence that used to be General Patton's headquarters, it offered a variety of activities ranging from ping-pong tournaments to seminars in atomic energy, from Friday night Sabbath dinners to lox-and-bagel Sunday breakfasts, from concerts to dances with attractive girls. A measure of its success was the fact that close to 50 per cent of the GI's who used it were not Jewish, that it was always open and always crowded.

According to Jack and Vicky Frankel, husband-and-wife social-worker team who ran the club, the chief reason for its success was its emphasis on a home-like atmosphere, as far removed from the Army as possible. "We try to make a young man feel that the armchair he is sitting in is, for the time being, *his* chair," said Vicky Frankel.

Depressing to report, the club run by the Frankels in Kaiserslautern was closed in May—for lack of funds.

Why aren't there more such clubs in Germany? Under current military regulations, no social agency or religious organization can open a servicemen's club overseas unless it is specifically "invited" to do so by the Army. Some social workers I spoke with—and admittedly they are prejudiced—charged that the Army's Special Services division views outside clubs as "competition."

6—The biggest job must be done by American parents—to rear their sons and daughters to be less dogmatic in their thinking about foreigners and less insular. Adventure, we must show our children, can be mental and spiritual as well as physical. To eat a strange food in Germany is a challenge; to be honestly interested in different peoples, to make a sincere effort to understand their "peculiar" ways, is a demanding task.

The bored, resentful GI, concerned only with how many days are left before he can go home, must become an alert and interested young man, eager for the adventure of foreign service and aware of the rewards it can bring. Only then can he successfully carry the spirit of America with him overseas. . . . THE END

"We're Learning To Live Together"

(Continued from page 39)

white residents foresee the slow development of an all-Negro community. "What we would like to see is whites and Negroes moving into the neighborhood in approximately equal numbers," says a housewife with three young children. "Maybe that's asking too much, but we don't want to be a minority here."

Most concerned of all are the executive members of the Teaneck Civic Conference (TCC), the citizens' group formed to assure that neighborhood changes would be as painless as possible. In an informal survey of departing families, they are constantly seeking the reasons for what some despairing white residents call the "white exodus." About half of the families who sold out during 1956 seem to have had honestly nonracial motives for quitting the neighborhood. Husbands who had switched jobs wanted to live in an area more convenient to their place of work. Growing families needed additional living space, which was unavailable in the immediate neighborhood.

However, most other families were frankly unable to adjust to interracial living for a variety of reasons—bigoted, vindictive, irrational and merely human. A middle-aged couple, who for years had complained of a bellowing Saturday night (white) drunk next door, announced they were leaving when a Negro social worker and his wife moved in on the other side of them. A mother of two pretty teen-age daughters was worried about the prospect of mixed marriages. The people next door were plagued by the same fears, even though *their* daughter was not yet three years old. The parents of a nine-year-old boy who parroted street-corner gossip about race riots left out of simple anxiety for the lad's safety. A young factory executive was told by his boss that the house he lived in reflected badly on his company. For others the social pressure of friends tipped the balance against staying.

The TCC also discovered that many residents seem to set their own private limits to racial tolerance. One young couple announced they were "perfectly satisfied" with their Negro neighbors. "They watered our lawn for us every day while we were at the seashore," they reported. "And just take a look at their back yard—it's always spick-and-span. Why, they even keep *us* on our toes! We don't let our kids mess up the yard with their toys as they used to. Of course, we'll have to leave if another Negro family moves in on the other side. We don't want to be hemmed in."

Residents with less tolerance have moved when a Negro bought a house on the same street; some families have arbitrarily set the presence of Negroes five houses away as a reason for leaving. "Live and let live is what I say," a 27-year-old salesman told the TCC, "but when they move into my block, I'm getting out fast. Next thing you know, they'll be inviting themselves into my living room."

Another, rather confused family man who had put his home up for sale reported that he had received an attractive offer from a *white* buyer. "I wouldn't hesitate to sell to a Negro," he said candidly, "but if a white person wants to move into this neighborhood, why do I want to move away from it? I'm staying put till I've figured out what I really do think!"

A diametrically opposed reaction came from a white resident who had to move to California. When a young college-educated Negro sought to purchase his home, the owner explained, "I can sell only to a white family. If I sell to you, I would betray my white neighbors."

The Negro replied, "But you are denying me a home I want and can pay for. As a good American, aren't you betraying me, too?"

The homeowner chose to "keep faith" with his white neighbors.

The majority of families have adopted a wait-and-see attitude. They remain, not because they *prefer* interracial living, but because in the past two years they have discovered no serious objections to it. They simply refuse to leave pleasant homes in a neighborhood that has served them well for years.

Most of these remaining white families have long forgotten their worst fears—that the neighborhood would deteriorate while they watched, become shabby and littered before the year was out; that Negro owners would subdivide their homes, cramming two or three families into single-family houses, or even converting them into rooming houses for Negro bachelors; that they would allow their properties to run down, fail to pay their taxes promptly and default on mortgage payments.

A tour of the neighborhood—which comprises homes, new and old, in the $12,000-$30,000 bracket—reveals it to be as well-kept, tranquil and pleasant as ever. Indeed, many new Negro residents have made repairs on properties which the former white occupants had neglected, and at least a dozen Negro-owned homes show such solid improvements as new garages, concrete pathways, retaining walls to prevent erosion, new landscaping and basements converted into finished playrooms.

Public services remain unaffected by the interracial character of the neighborhood; garbage collection, street cleaning and repairs and police protection are as efficient as in other areas of Teaneck. The sharp increase in crime, the rodent invasions and epidemics which fainthearted residents predicted have not materialized. Nor have the day-to-day irritations and resentments many white residents expected would arise from having Negro neighbors. On the contrary, the experience has changed the racial attitudes of many remaining white families who, as recently as a year ago, never bothered to keep their prejudices a secret.

Some residents who want to move are balked by high moving costs, or by their failure to find homes they can afford in

another community. Moreover, in recent months, everyone has become increasingly aware that no suburban area, especially in the middle-income bracket, can offer guarantees against ultimate Negro home ownership.

"Even if we wanted to, there's no place to go," says Ann Einhorn, who keeps house for her husband and three small children. "Interracial life is here to stay. Wherever you go, it'll catch up with you." Dramatic evidence of this comes from a former Teaneck resident who has moved to another New Jersey suburb. "Stay where you are," she advised a friend. "We're sorry we moved. Our house cost more than we can afford, and it isn't even as nice as the one we left. Schools are crowded, bus service is irregular—*and last week a Negro family moved in down the street.*"

A minority of Teaneck homeowners constitutes a kind of moral dike which keeps the neighborhood from being inundated by a sudden flood of panic and prejudice. As Mrs. Harold Eby, a local dentist's wife, puts it, "Even if we had a legitimate reason for leaving, it would be difficult to go now. It's like a marriage pact—you and your house are joined together till death do you part."

It is this embattled minority—the same tough-minded people who mobilized resistance to panic selling back in 1955—who today are reduced almost to despair every time a white homeowner puts his house up for sale. Despondently shouldering the blame, they ask themselves, "Could we have prevented it? Have we made mistakes? What have we failed to do? Is our cause hopeless?"

For an expert opinion, I spoke to Nida Thomas, director of nearby Englewood's Urban League, a nationwide interracial group dedicated to community improvements. "Teaneck folks are doing a wonderful job," she told me. "But they expect too much. When a white family quits the neighborhood, they feel utterly betrayed. They seem to forget that five times as many whites as Negroes are still living there. As other middle-income areas are opened up to Negroes, the Teaneck neighborhood will probably settle down to a fairly equal balance between the races. If this ratio disturbs some Teaneck whites, then they're simply not as reasonable about interracial life as they think they are."

The success of almost any interracial community, says the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, depends on a vigorous and understanding neighborhood group alert to the changing needs of both races. In Teaneck, almost from the moment panic selling stopped, the Civic Conference was dogged by trouble. Some members wanted the Urban League and other expert organizations to give advice on a follow-up program; they pointed out that communities always did better when popular determination was combined with professional guidance.

"But we'll be swamped if we bring in outside organizations," other members objected. "They want only publicity for themselves. Let's keep the TCC a grass-roots effort."

A worried resident pointed to a headline in *The New York Times*: "Negroes Greeted in Teaneck Area." Didn't this encourage Negroes to look for houses in the neighborhood? "We should put a lid on all publicity," he urged. A housewife quietly suggested that *The Times* story would also attract white buyers who want to live in an interracial community.

By the fall of 1956, after more than a year of service, the TCC executive committee was suffering from feuds, personality clashes, bursts of ill temper and walk-outs. One of its weariest members told me, "We took a whole year to get to know one another, let alone to face all our problems squarely."

Another put the situation this way. "We're really a bunch of amateurs. Half the time we guess at solutions to our problems. We've got plenty of chronic advice-givers and dogmatic idealists—and not enough people who are willing to work. Some of us want action, and others are for a do-nothing policy."

This difference of approach within the TCC came to the surface last summer when an anonymous note was slipped under the door of a newly-arrived Negro family on Howland Avenue. It read: "Get out of here, nigger, or we will drive you out."

Several TCC executives proposed a formal apology to the Negro family in behalf of the entire neighborhood and a request to police that they double patrols on Howland Avenue for a few days.

Other members, however, retorted that the episode was being inflated out of all proportion, and suggested that the note was the work of mischievous youngsters. "A few unkind words on a scrap of paper won't hurt them," one man argued. "We're *pampering* these people!"

After hours of wrangling, the proposal was finally carried, and the police later thanked the committee for bringing the note to their attention. Whether it had been written by children or adults, said the police, it called for prompt action.

Another unfortunate incident took place in a local school yard, when a little girl was bitten on the hand by a dog. Its Negro owner tried to persuade the youngster to accompany him to a doctor, but instead she ran crying into the school building. Told of the incident, the school principal immediately set out to find the dog so that it could be tested for rabies. Using the school loud-speaker system, she called for all Negro children to assemble in the auditorium. There they were asked if they knew the dog's master. A small boy spoke up, and the dog and its owner were soon traced.

When news of the principal's action spread through the community, many Negro parents were incensed. "What right did she have to single out *our* children?" a Negro mother exclaimed. "She should have assembled *all* the children in the auditorium."

"Our kids were associated with an unpleasant incident," another parent said indignantly. "My child felt as if he were being accused of something bad."

Again, the TCC was at odds on how to handle the situation. The school principal was known to be a wise, unprejudiced woman, well aware that her students came from a mixed neighborhood. For instance, she had hired three Negro teachers —the first in the school's history—for the 1956-57 school year.

Nonetheless, two TCC committeemen insisted that the group put all its weight behind a demand for the principal's dismissal. A draft of a proposed letter to the Teaneck Board of Education was read—and rejected as "vicious," "undignified" and "rude."

After an acrimonious debate that lasted half the night, the majority opinion was that the principal's concern for the injured child had obviously prompted her to act in haste. In so doing, she had unwittingly offended many Negro families. Next day, she received a tactful letter from the committee assuring her of the neighborhood's support, but emphasizing that Negro residents were understandably sensitive to any action on her part which hinted at segregation.

Almost everyone in the neighborhood agrees that a more compatible committee would have settled such problems much faster, probably by unanimous vote. In May, 1956, for example, homeowners reported that real-estate agents were again describing the neighborhood as "all-Negro" and were refusing to show houses to any prospective white buyers. The TCC executive committee promised to complain to the New Jersey State Division Against Discrimination. And so they did—four months later. The Division agreed to send field representatives to warn real-estate agents against unethical practices.

Perhaps the most severe blow to TCC morale was the sudden departure from the neighborhood of 33-year-old Fred Link, one of the organization's founders. Link, a man with four children, quit the TCC during the height of the 1956 membership drive. A year earlier he had said, "I am not running simply because Americans of another race have the opportunity to better their living conditions and want to be my neighbors. It'll do my kids good to be exposed to a different culture, especially one that is just as American as mine. . . ."

Link now lives in an all-white neighborhood in North Shrewsbury, New Jersey. He told me that his constant disagreements with fellow committeemen of the TCC had soured his whole attitude toward the neighborhood. "There was too much fanaticism—too much ferment about brotherhood and equality of the races," he said. "Everyone was becoming hypersensitive. No one seemed to be able to adopt an easy, relaxed approach—which is the proper climate for good race relations. Teaneck just wasn't a desirable place to live any more."

Recently, the TCC committeemen met to breathe new life into the organization. Looking back over the past two years, they could point to some solid achievements. To begin with, since Negroes moved in, white residents have become more community-conscious than ever before. Together with their Negro neighbors, they persuaded the Teaneck city government to build two additional playgrounds for their children. One block petitioned the city to provide better street lighting; another called in a tree surgeon to treat ailing elms, and shared the cost of new trees. Recently, at the request of homeowners, the police put a stop to cars' speeding through neighborhood streets. Both Negro and white women attend Mrs. Harold Eby's ceramics classes. An interracial team shows up Friday evenings at a nearby bowling alley, and last summer 65 neighborhood youngsters of both races enjoyed a picnic and sports day organized by their parents at a local park.

Now, after admitting past errors, the TCC committee has drawn up a new program which combines grass-roots democracy with expert counsel for the first time since the panic selling of 1955. This program, approved by the TCC membership, includes:

¶ A visual education program, featuring films, booklets and posters prepared by national organizations in the field of human relations. These will be presented at neighborhood block meetings and will be offered to local women's clubs, church groups, Chambers of Commerce and other civic organizations.

¶ A continuing war against unscrupulous real-estate agents, with no delays in forwarding complaints to the proper state agency.

¶ A school program to acquaint children with the customs and cultures of the world's different peoples. The Parent-Teachers Association will introduce the program to school faculties.

¶ A Clean-Up-and-Fix-Up Week twice a year to keep homeowners conscious of high neighborhood standards.

¶ An interracial baby-sitting service, as a means of bringing parents of both races together.

¶ A vow to seek professional advice on any issues that provoke sharp disagreement among TCC members.

Before I left Teaneck, I discussed this program with several Negro residents. Most of them belong to the same income group as former white homeowners, and by and large they are as well-educated. Did they think the program would succeed—and, if so, would it stop the movement of white homeowners from the neighborhood? Most believed it would and were pleased, for they hope their neighborhood will remain interracial. . . . THE END

Down Payment On a Dream

(Continued from page 40)

said easily. "That's the *asking* price. Nobody asks what they'll really take. Where is it, Mr. Bates?"

"Used to be the old Granger farm. Maybe thirty acres. Got a pond, too, *and* a brook. Plummer fixed it all up, oil burner, insulation, new floors, new roof. Must have spent about $15,000 on it. Gets me why people can't stay put these days. He's been here only about ten years. No stability, that's the trouble with people."

"How do we get there, Mr. Bates?"

"Oh, yes. Here's the key. You go straight out Main Street, turn off right at that new store beside the power plant, go about half a mile, cross the concrete bridge, take the left fork, that's Valley Road. Follow that for about two miles. . . ."

Over the irreparable noises of Nellie, an eight-year-old car, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dart, thirteen months married, twenty-four and twenty-three years old respectively, residents of Apartment 2K in Block F of the Luther Weller Project for low-income families recently erected in the city's former slum area, argued mildly about the wisdom of looking at country houses which were priced far, far beyond even the stretched limits of their financial resources. The car belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Dart, Sr., whom they were visiting for the weekend. Ken and Adele had come out by train from the city on Friday night, which was their monthly custom when Ken had his Saturday off; had volunteered to do some shopping for Ken's mother on Saturday afternoon; had decided also to drive out into the countryside just to see something green and now, at 3:30, they were twenty or so miles from home base. It was not the first time they had looked at houses. One day, they told themselves, they would have enough money to make a down payment on a modest place of their own; meanwhile it was fun just looking, and good experience, too. But it was the first time they had played their game so far from the city, and the first time they had fancied anything for which the asking price was so ridiculously high as $40,000.

"You were the one who told him twenty-five," Ken accused.

"And you didn't bat an eye when he said forty," Adele countered.

"I never bat my eyes anyway. Eye-batting is for people who can't take surprises."

"I'll bet you'd bat them if I told you I was going to have a baby."

"You're not, are you?"

"No. And don't look so horrified. There, you batted them. I saw it."

"I didn't. That's merely normal blinking. I blink every time you say 'baby.'"

"You blink every time I mention money."

"With reason, Mrs. Dart. Being as how we ain't got a dime to spare."

"There, Ken, there!"

The Plummer house stood off to the right on sloping land rising from the valley. There were no other houses visible. They turned off into a lane past fields and orchards, then a pond with a little waterfall dropping into it. The lane took a curve and became a circular driveway in front of the white clapboard house with its wide porch and its view over the valley. There was a red barn up against the trees on the hillside behind The lawn was not well tended but there were flowering shrubs and vines.

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. L. W. Berrum of Reno, Nevada, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the January 1957 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.

—THE EDITORS

"Oh, Ken, isn't it lovely? Wouldn't you adore to own it?"

They sat and regarded it. Never could they hope, even in dreams, to have a place like it.

Adele finally pinched Ken, hard. He got out and bowed to her. "After you, madame. And remember, forty thousand is only the asking price. A mere trifle."

The front door let them into their world of make-believe. Adele poked her head into a doorway under the front hall stairs and found a neat little lavatory.

"Look, a powder room no less. The Plummers must have put that in."

But Ken went straight into the living room. The walls were pale yellow. There was a fireplace. Sunbeams came in through ruffled curtains and lit the warm chintz on upholstered chairs, the handsome carpet, the tall polished secretaire. Magazines were on a side table. Newspapers were on the floor near what was obviously Mr. Plummer's chair.

The dining room was in similar good taste. "Antiques, too," said Adele, admiring the table. "But Mrs. Plummer was not a perfectionist." She ran a finger across the table surface, leaving a dark line on the almost imperceptible dust.

There was a library with bookshelves to the ceiling. On Mr. Plummer's desk were bills strewn about, some letters, an ash tray stuffed with cigarette butts. Ken got interested in the bills until Adele called to him from the kitchen.

It was a modern kitchen, with refrigerator, deep freeze, electric dishwasher, all the gadgets, but the place was in some disorder. Unwashed dishes were on the table, opened cartons of breakfast food, a bottle half full of milk, a half-eaten lamb chop, another ash tray jammed with butts. Also an empty whiskey bottle. And the faucet in the sink was dripping.

"Well, Dr. Watson," said Ken, "what do you make of this?"

Adele put a finger to her cheek. "Mr. Holmes, I'd say that Mr. Plummer had been drinking."

"Maybe he was just going to start building a ship in a bottle."

They snooped in other doors, then went upstairs. Here there was more disorder. A bedroom for Mr. Plummer, bed unmade, pajamas on the floor, more cigarette butts on the bedside table. A bedroom for Mrs. Plummer with a canopied four-poster in disarray, dress bags tossed aside, a bepowdered dressing table. Two children's rooms, one for a girl, one for a boy, with toys and odd shoes lying about and cupboard doors left open.

"Did you ever hear of the *Marie Celeste?*" said Ken downstairs in the kitchen again. "The ship that was found floating with everything intact, nothing damaged, food still on the table in the galley, but nobody aboard?" He opened the refrigerator. It was filled with food. "See what I mean?"

Adele wandered back into the living room, dreaming that it was hers. "But this is obvious. The Plummers had a fight. Mrs. Plummer packed up the kids and went home to mother. Mr. Plummer went off the wagon and proceeded to smoke himself silly. And he was so mad he ate only half a lamb chop."

They sat in the living room, Ken in Mr. Plummer's chair.

"Feels good. Feels natural. I could live in this house." They stared at one another, their thoughts the same. Ken's salary, selling furniture on the floor at Freeman and Tope's department store, just paid their rent, their food, the installments on the TV and their furniture, their clothes and modest entertainments. He had just taken out an insurance policy, and unless he got an increase soon, they'd be in the red. Adele could get a job again, but they were counting on a baby, so that was out. They could ask for no financial help from either of their families.

It struck them both emphatically, for the first time since their marriage, that youth and love were simply not enough. They'd married on a shoestring and were living in a shoebox—and on dreams. Tears came to Adele's eyes as she looked at Ken in Mr. Plummer's chair. She loved him so, his quiet sense of humor, his caution, his thoughtfulness, his sturdy health which suffered not at all from selling furniture indoors all day. He was a good salesman, but he hated the city and their apartment, and he complained bitterly every day about the stupidity of his department manager at the store. What was the future for them; what was the sense in even imagining they could one day buy a house?

Ken went down on his knees in front of her. "I know what you're thinking, darling. Let's get out of here. Let's stop this crazy business of house-hunting." He kissed her tears and stood up, raising his fists to the ceiling. "I swear a solemn oath. One day I'm going to have a house like this. I'm going to bust out of Freeman and Tope's and make something of life."

Adele gazed up at him. "Oh, Ken, I know you are."

"The thing that gets me," Ken went on, "is how a man like Plummer, with all the money in the world, and a nice wife, and kids, can walk out of a place like this and let it go to pot. If I had a house——"

He stopped. A car was driving up outside. Ken went to the window, Adele behind him. It was a big car and it came to a quick halt at Nellie's rear bumper. A man got out and headed for the porch.

"I'll bet it's Plummer," Adele exclaimed. "What'll we do?" Ken started for the kitchen, then changed his mind. "We don't do anything. Just stay here. Don't look so guilty. We're looking at the house, remember? Bates said we could."

The front door opened; the man was in the hallway, then confronting them in the living room. He was about fifty, dressed in a business suit, with a vest—a stocky, balding man, not tall, about Ken's height, who looked at them without surprise and yet did not look at them. His eyes were dark and tired, making a hurried survey of the room, as he said, "I'm Frank Plummer. I stopped to see Bates and he said you were looking at the house."

Adele noticed, without thinking about it, that he fingered things in the side pockets of his jacket—a habit Ken had, too, whenever he was self-conscious. In fact, as Ken introduced himself and Adele,

★ATTENTION!

parents of beautiful children . . .

(and whose child isn't?) . . . Each month Redbook offers $50 for the best black and white snapshot of a child (or children) submitted to the FAMILY SCRAPBOOK contest. See page 11 for this month's winner, and further details on how you can win $50 for your child's picture.

she saw that Mr. Plummer and her husband were somewhat alike, except in age. And while Ken's expression was one of polite embarrassment, Mr. Plummer's was simply nervous; his face was flushed and his eyes a little wild. He'd apparently been drinking.

"Have you been around?" Plummer asked. When Ken nodded and was about to explain, Plummer said, "Are you interested? I mean, did Bates tell you what the price was, and the circumstances?"

Adele felt suddenly sorry for Mr. Plummer. "He didn't say anything about circumstances, but we said we wanted to pay about twenty-five thousand and he suggested this."

Plummer stared through her for a moment, as though he hadn't exactly heard, or wasn't listening. "Sit down, please, won't you? We can talk about it." He bustled them about, pulling up chairs, got around behind Adele to help her sit. He said, "Excuse me for a minute," and went out through the dining room to the kitchen. Looking for a drink, no doubt.

Ken leaned forward on his chair and whispered angrily to her, "What did you say that for? Now he thinks we're interested. My God, Adele, are you crazy? We ought to be getting out of here. We've got no right to—"

"Sh, sh. Here he comes. I want to hear what he says."

Plummer came back, still hunting for things in his pockets. He sat down and then got up immediately to pull down a window shade which took the sun from Adele's face. Ken would have done the same, she realized.

"Now then," Plummer said. "Yes, the place is for sale. There's no use staying here any more. My wife has taken the children and gone. Two days ago. You see, we've not been getting along too well and—" Adele glanced sharply at Ken as though to say, "I told you so," but Mr. Plummer went on talking. "—this has really been only a weekend place for me anyway as I find I can't get out from the city very often. That's been half the trouble. And there are other reasons which I'll not bother you with. But if you talk to Bates, I think he'll tell you that Mr. Mallet at the bank in the village would probably be very liberal with a mortgage—that is, unless of course you're prepared to pay cash, which not very many people can do these days. At least, my experience has been that most people—"

Ken started to say, "I'm sorry, Mr. Plummer, but I don't think we—" Adele interrupted him. "How much cash would you want for a down payment, Mr. Plummer?" She didn't look at Ken.

"Well, that's not exactly the point, is it, Mrs. Dart? As I said, Mr. Mallet at the bank should be consulted—"

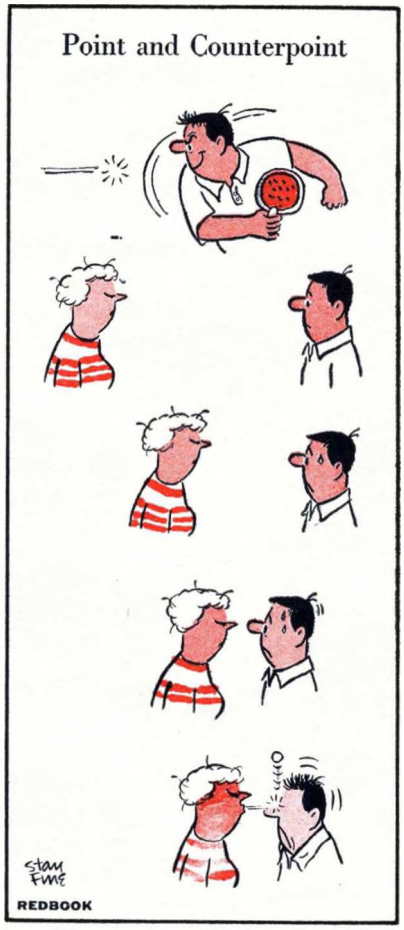
Adele was thinking fast. "How much do you suppose Mr. Mallet would lend on a mortgage?"

"Oh, I should think he'd go to twenty thousand. He knows the value of this—"

"If we could raise another fifteen, would you take thirty-five to sell it?"

"Now, now, Mrs. Dart, you're asking me—"

She gave the man no time to argue, nor Ken a chance to stop her. "You know this place is too far out for commuters to the city. You'd have to find a local buyer. And I don't think you could get forty for it locally. Unless you sell it now, it's going to go to pot and you'd have to pay a caretaker to keep it up. We haven't much money, Mr. Plummer, but we could raise fifteen thousand dollars in a short time. We could even move in right away and take care of it for you until you decide what you want to do about your belongings. We live in the city now, but we're not tied down and we could move on Monday if you like. Does that sound sensible, Mr. Plummer? If you have any doubt about us, we can give you good references. And by next week, or at the most two weeks, we should be able to raise the down payment."



She stopped and glanced at Ken, almost defiantly. He was flabbergasted, too astonished to say anything, making faces and signs at her. Mr. Plummer was staring through her again, seeing all his troubles.

"I can't decide details right now. Things are in such a mess. But I want to sell. Perhaps you could talk to Bates. I have to drive back to town tonight. If you and Bates can agree, you could come to see me Monday in the city, at my office. You can leave the key with him."

She could almost hear Ken's exhalation of relief. "Yes, we'll do that, Mr. Plummer. We'll talk it over with Bates, and see you Monday."

Plummer produced a card. FRANK PLUMMER, it read, PRESIDENT, ARICO PRODUCTS COMPANY, and the address.

Somehow they managed to shake hands and get away, leaving Plummer standing in the living room, still fiddling with his pockets and gazing about indecisively.

Ken couldn't get Nellie out around the driveway fast enough. Then he exploded. But he'd hardly burst out at her before Adele reached over, looked at his wrist watch, and said, "Hurry, Ken, we've just time to get to that furniture store down the road before they close. Remember? We passed it near the power plant. That new place with all the awnings and the big windows."

Ken turned from the Plummer lane into Valley Road. "For the love of Pete, why should we go there? Adele, for the last time, will you tell me what's come over—"

"That's where you're going to work. You're going in there and get a job. With your experience, you can do it. You can sell furniture better than your own boss can, and you shouldn't have any difficulty. You've got to do it now before we see Bates. And then if we can find out where Mr. Mallet lives, we'll see him, too."

She wouldn't let him stop the car to talk. She gave it to him in a rush of words. If he could get a local job right away, they would talk to Bates and then to Mallet. If they could get a twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage, they'd persuade Ken's parents to sell their modest house in town and move out to the Plummer place. Mr. Dart, senior, was retired and living on a pension and social security. But he owned his house outright and it should sell for at least twelve thousand dollars, possibly fifteen. If necessary, they could get a personal loan to provide the additional cash to close the Plummer deal. And then, once they had it and were in, they would use their wits to augment Ken's salary somehow to pay the interest on the debts and provide for the future. If they didn't do something like this now, they'd never have the chance again. And as for Mr. Plummer—well, maybe they were taking advantage of him at a time of crisis in his life, but if he was smart enough to be president of Arico Products Company, then they needn't feel so guilty about his situation.

Ken had Nellie by the wheel as though she were a bucking bronco. "A dynamo," he said, glaring at the road ahead. "I married a human dynamo."

"Well, I'm just so sick of the Luther Weller Project and hearing you complain And then when I saw you sitting in Plummer's house—"

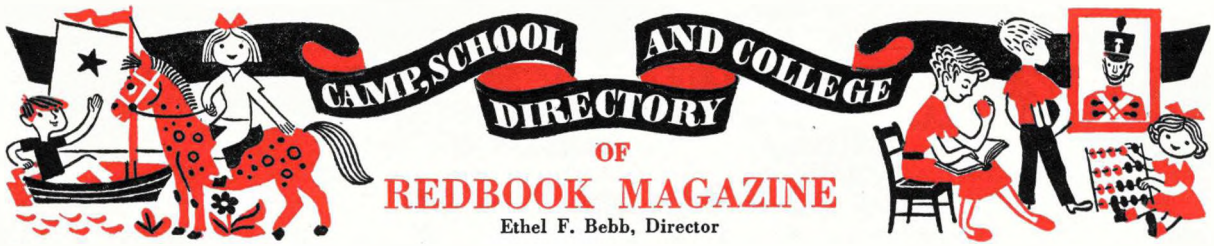
"I've heard about men," Ken continued, "who were driven by their wives, but I didn't know I was one of them."

"You weren't," she said, "until I saw Plummer, and he looks like you, darling. Only he's made a mess of his life, and you're not going to."

"Apparently not," said Ken grimly, but smiling at her ruefully, "if you can help it."

Some of his caution returned to him when Adele made him pull up in front of the furniture factory. The Home Colonial Furniture Company, it was called, and it was still open for Saturday country drivers. There were shoppers to be seen through the large plate glass windows. It was a brand new place and very snazzy.

(Continued on page 114)



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(Continued from page 110)

"If you don't go in and ask, I'll never speak to you again," Adele said. "It's our only chance, Ken. Without it, we can't get the house. Please, darling. *You want that Plummer house, don't you?*"

He went in. She saw him talk to a salesman and go back to offices in the rear. She waited, praying silently, the longest fifteen minutes she had ever lived through. When Ken finally reappeared, he walked stiffly to the car, got in, started up and drove off in a daze, sitting upright behind the wheel. "They want me," he announced with awe. "They want a reference from Freeman and Tope, of course, but they'll pay the same salary and give good commissions, too. I'm to start next week."

Mr. Bates was just closing when they arrived. After some argument, he admitted that thirty-five was the lowest selling price Mr. Plummer had given him and agreed to close for that. He put them on to Mr. Mallet whom they visited at his home. Mallet said yes, he'd take a mortgage for twenty, to be amortized over twenty years, with five per cent interest. They'd got the property cheap, he said.

They talked to Ken's parents that night and sold them on it. Ken's mother was delighted with the prospect of living with her son and daughter-in-law anyway, and Mr. Dart said he'd been hankering to be in real country again, like the old days when he was a boy. As for selling his house, that would be no problem because the food market next door had been wanting it for a year and he had refused thirteen thousand dollars just two weeks before. He was certain they'd go to fourteen, maybe fifteen.

On Sunday they talked and planned, went back to the city Sunday night and talked some more. On Monday morning Ken resigned and asked for a reference to get a job in another city. He got the reference and a week's back salary that was due him. Also a grudging handshake. He then phoned Adele and met her at Mr. Plummer's office.

Plummer had news for them. He came from behind his desk to welcome them, putting his arms around their shoulders and escorting them to a leather sofa.

"You two young people have brought me luck. My wife and I have had a reconciliation. I'm not selling the farm after all. She went back there yesterday with the children, and I'm going to spend more time out there. I told her about your wanting the place and, when it came right down to it, she wouldn't let me sell."

Adele began, "But Mr. Bates said—"

Plummer nodded. "Bates phoned me, said you'd seen him and Mr. Mallet; then we tried to get in touch with you, but we didn't know where you lived. I was hoping you'd come in this morning. You know, you had almost persuaded me on Saturday. I'm afraid I was a little vulnerable at the time. But after all, thirty-five thousand . . . why, the place is worth fifty at least. You're a very convincing young woman, Mrs. Dart. And Mr. Dart, we're much alike, you and I. I kept thinking about you, and seeing myself as I used to be when I was your age. I wasn't married then, like you, but I should have been. If I'd had the support of a good wife, as you have, when I was young—well perhaps I might not have been quite as successful as I am, but I would have been much happier. I'm sure of that. But now I'm going to try to make up for lost time. I'm going to spend more time at home, get to know my wife as I'm sure you two know each other. And I have you both to thank for teaching me this lesson."

He beamed at them, offered them cigarettes from a box on his desk and was about to speak again when his buzzer sounded. He answered the telephone.

Adele was sitting with her hands clenched in her lap, her head down. Ken looked at her, and for a moment he didn't know who made him angrier, she for first getting him into this mess, or Plummer for compounding it. All he knew was that he had been talked into it and now he was being talked out of it, and the wreckage from the sudden rise and fall was strewn all over the place.

Plummer put down the receiver. Ken spoke at once, not knowing what he was going to say, but determined to say it. "Mr. Plummer, we're glad about your wife, but I don't think you're being fair to us. I always thought that to a businessman a deal was a deal whether it's only verbal or in signed contracts. I made a deal with Bates, and a deal with Mallet. I quit my job this morning at Freeman and Tope's. I told my father to sell his house in town and move out to the farm with us. I've got a new job at the Home Colonial Furniture Company in the country. I'm ready to move into your house, and now you say you won't sell. I'd like to know what you expect me to do."

Plummer's hand stopped in the action of lighting a cigarette. "The Home Colonial? That's one of the shops I supply. You've got a job there?"

"That's right. I saw the manager Saturday. He told me to come back this week."

"And you've done all this since I saw you Saturday? You took all these risks?"

"That's right. You said you wanted to sell."

Plummer started laughing. He came across the room and clapped Ken's shoulders. "Young man, I don't know much about you, but it looks as though you and I might be doing business together in the future if you're as ambitious as you seem to be. You can't have my house, I'm afraid, unless you sue me for it now, but we can find another one up there for you. Mine's not the only one. I'll find it for you, in fact, and help you finance it. What do you say to that?"

Ken walked around and around the tiny living room of their apartment in the Luther Weller Project. By reaching up he could almost touch the ceiling and by reaching out he could almost touch two walls. Adele sat on a stool, adoring him.

"All I can say is," Ken proclaimed, "it had better be a pretty good place he finds for us. A barn and fields, an orchard and a pond. If we're going to have kids, they've got to have room to grow in. And I want kids now, not when I'm middle-aged, like Plummer."

Adele stood up to kiss him. "May I help you in your ambitions, Mr. Dart?"

. . . THE END

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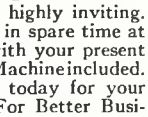

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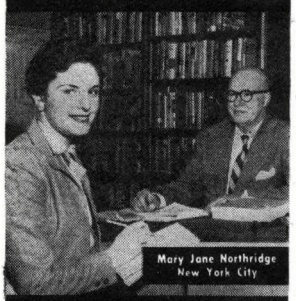

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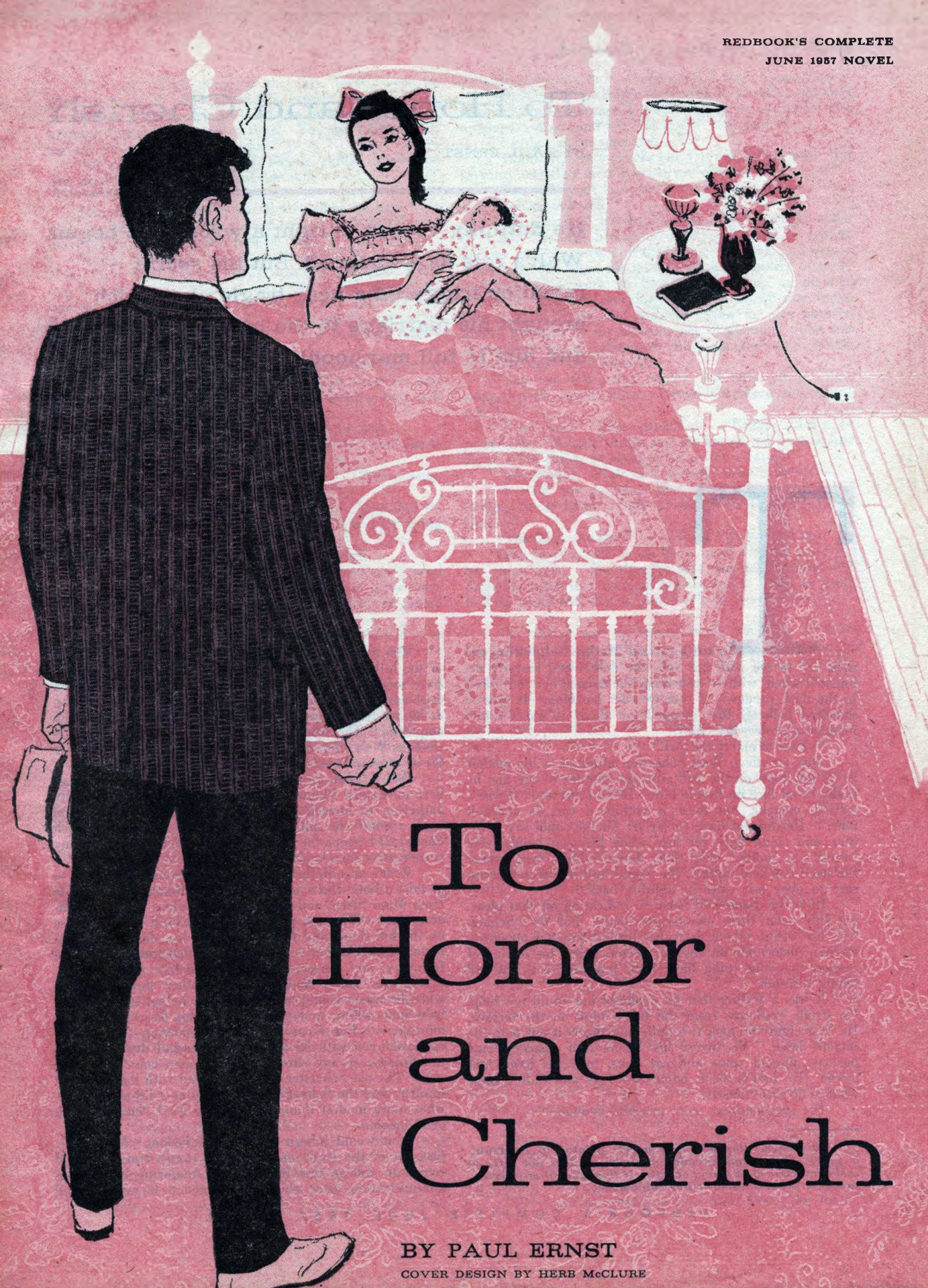

To Honor and Cherish

BY PAUL ERNST

COVER DESIGN BY HERB McCLURE

To Honor and Cherish

BY PAUL ERNST

He dutifully vowed to right a wrong. So began Walt's role as a husband. But his secret rebellion triggered a near-tragic plot which brought his marriage to the brink of disaster—and him to full manhood!

To understand Madge Schaeffer, one must try to see with her eyes the defeat and tragedy delineated when, without knocking, she opened her son's door in the dark predawn of that October morning. It was no standard jealousy that gripped her then; it was aroused instinct to protect her child.

"I have to marry the girl."

This, in effect, Walt Schaeffer admitted to his mother as he sat there on the bed with the picture of the one he really loved face up beside him. He did not say, "It was a terrible mistake, but there is nothing I can do about it now." He did not have to say it; Madge could say it for him, and could fight for him when his own hands were bound. A mother does that, doesn't she? And where life itself has been unfair, she would find it scarcely necessary to obey fair rules in fighting back.

However, there had been no indication on that pleasant July noon, three months previously, that Walt Schaeffer's life was to take a sharp left turn; there was no storm-warning detectable on any barometer, unless his feeling of restless boredom could have been interpreted as the lull before disaster.

It was a feeling that he deplored but could not help. He strode restlessly from the lunch table to the terrace. He lit a cigarette, took two puffs and threw it out onto the smooth lawn. He thrust his hands into unaccustomed pockets, jingled coins and car keys, took his hands out again. He had been at home two days and didn't know what to do with himself.

The surroundings were peaceful enough.

The Schaeffer home sprawled luxuriously on the slope of the mile-long hill above the town of Kenniston. There were several acres of lawn, a four-car garage, a swimming pool and tennis court. To one side was a smaller house, as big as most average homes, for the couple the Schaeffers employed. The whole thing was as sleek as the lawn, as sleek as Walt's future, which stretched like smooth rails as far as the mind could see.

Walt's great-grandfather had been an early farmer here in eastern Illinois. He'd been very ambitious, finally gathering to himself nearly four thousand acres of good land around the pin-prick village of Kenniston, which housed 214 people at that time and had no future, as any conservative man could have told you.

Walt's grandfather had sold off a thousand acres or so to town idiots who wanted to live a half-hour's buggy ride from Main Street and would pay ridiculous prices for ten-acre plots. With the proceeds he had built the big house on the hill slope, and from it more or less dominated Kenniston, which had contained 8,427 at that time and had no future, as any conservative man could have told you.

Walt's father had sold off another thousand acres when he was a young man and before he got smart. Then he'd quit selling and gone in for long leases and sound mortgages. For Kenniston was a booming factory and railroad town with 52,454 inhabitants and due to expand indefinitely, as any shrewd business man could have told you. The old Schaeffer acres were clad with masonry and lumber, and the Schaeffer assets were as solid as, if somewhat more modest than, those of the First National Bank of Kenniston.

Walt would inherit this small dukedom. Meanwhile, just out of the Navy at the age of twenty-two, he would return to college this fall to finish majoring in business administration, after which the business to be administered

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would be principally his father's. He was lucky and knew it. At the same time, he felt this explosive restlessness. It was just due to the contrast between this life and the life he'd known while serving out his obligation to Uncle Sam, he told himself. He'd straighten out soon and fly right.

In the fine big room behind him, his parents stared with indulgence at their only son. Mr. Schaeffer was a solid six-footer with the decisive look of one who owns things instead of renting things. Mrs. Schaeffer, 45 and looking younger, had the placid appearance of one whose only worries concerned diets and a beginning sprinkle of gray hair.

"Acts as if he had ants in his pockets," John Schaeffer growled. "Sit down—get up. Stand still—start pacing."

"He does seem restless," Madge agreed.

"I suppose it is tame here after a destroyer. The places he's been! Algiers, Marseilles, Naples, Tunis, Palermo. I haven't been to half of 'em myself."

"I thought he'd be glad to get home," said Madge.

John shrugged. "I suppose he is, really. He'll be at a loose end for a few weeks; then he'll adjust."

"Till he does, I'll worry, a little. You do things when you're bored, sometimes, that you wouldn't do normally."

The phone rang, and Madge brightened. "That will be Polly Cox. I asked her to phone and ask Walt to play golf. Something to do. . . . You know how close they are to each other."

But it wasn't Polly Cox. A man's voice asked politely, if a trifle huskily, for Walter Schaeffer.

Walt came in, almost as solid as his father and two inches taller. Madge noticed with a pang the difference in his face. It was more mature than it had been, less—well, less pliable.

"Hello," he said into the phone. Then: "Steve, you old bottle-buster! How are you? Tonight? Sure, I'd love to see you fight. Yeah, I'd love that, too. Okay, six o'clock."

He hung up and faced his parents with a grin.

"Steve Jadowski," he said. "My pal in the Navy, after we found out we both came from Kenniston. Third-class machinist's mate. He does some boxing, and he has a fight on tonight. I'll have dinner with the family and then go watch him."

Madge knew better than to be drawn, but couldn't help it. "Jadowski?" she faltered.

"Uh-huh. Fine people, Steve says. His father tends bar in a nice, neat tavern he two-thirds owns on Union Street. His mother is the best cook in Illinois, and his kid brother is the boss of the neighborhood. There is also a sister, prettier than Ava Gardner, Steve says. Though he might be a bit prejudiced."

"Where do the . . . the Jadowskis live?"

"Maple Avenue, near Union."

"Oh," said Madge weakly, "that section."

"It's a good section," John said heartily. "I own a block in there. Good income property."

"It's nice he got in touch with you." Madge murmured. Her tone said, *Why would anybody named Jadowski, from the Union Street section, telephone* you?

"We promised to look each other up when he got out, two months ago," Walt said. His grin lost its banter. "He's quite a fella, this Steve."

The 'phone rang and this time it was Polly.

"Polly!" Walt said warmly. "I was going to call you. . . . Golf? Sure. Swell afternoon for it. See you at the club in half an hour."

When he'd left the room, Madge Schaeffer let her forehead wrinkle openly. "Jadowski. Union Street."

John said, "It's a democracy, isn't it? I'm going back to the office." He kissed her. "Every little thing—you worry."

The Coxes lived four doors up from the Schaeffers. Polly Cox was twenty and had known Walt since she was six. They had gone together, separated for school, seen each other during the summers, had other dates, drifted back together. She was blonde and beautifully formed, a popular and pleasant-tempered girl. Walt was attractive, too, and his family was as financially solvent as the Coxes, and he was nice with women. Everyone assumed that some day they'd be married.

Polly and Walt rather assumed it themselves.

She met Walt at the first tee, in shorts, cream-tanned with the July sun. He whistled. "Um-m-m, are you stacked!"

"Navy wolf!" she said. "You'd better start thinking about golf. With your lay-off, I bet I can take you."

"Says how much?"

"Says dinner here tonight. If I lose, I'll sign for it."

"Can't," Walt said. "Tonight belongs to an old shipmate, name of Jadowski."

"Jadowski!" She laughed. "I can see him—crawling up some little shaft, all over grease, with a wrench in each hand."

"You're clairvoyant, baby. That's just how it was. He could take a turbine apart with his teeth. And take me apart with one hand."

"That sounds as if you'd found out the hard way. Well, have fun with your society friends."

She drove, and Walt's eyebrows rose. "That looks as if you'd been practicing while I was away."

"I have. At lots of things." Her blue eyes danced. "Match me if you can."

They had fun as they usually did together, and the afternoon was pleasantly filled, but beneath it Walt's restlessness remained. This was very nice; it was the sort of thing he had looked forward to. And it failed to satisfy.

"Tomorrow night?" Polly said when they were through. "Just us, for a change? We have some talking to catch up on."

Walt nodded. They did indeed have some talking to do. They weren't kids any more. He put her in her car, which was a low-slung sports car like his own, and stood there till she drove away. She was a sweet character and excitingly pretty; he would have been excited, probably, if he hadn't known her so long and seen her so often. But that was the very thing that made for a congenial marriage if all the stuff he'd read were true. He was a very lucky lad.

Union Street had been the heart of town when Kenniston was still under ten-thousand and peopled mainly by retired farmers. It was still fair around the Main Street intersection, although the business blocks were small and old.

The Jadowski home, half a block off Union Street, was as neat and well-kept as city soot allowed, but Walt's car created something of a sensation when he parked in front of the house. He had foreseen this and thought of borrowing the houseman's car. Then he had thought, Nuts! This is my car, the car I drive around in; why put on an act?

Steve was on his porch, and he came down the stairs with lithe ease, for all his size. He was two years older than Walt and looked more.

"Well, kid!" Steve said, his dark-gray eyes quizzical. "Well, fat-cat. Hello."

"Hi, daddy. You're looking sound for an old man. I was kind of glad to hear your creaky old voice."

"Nice kiddy-car," Steve said, looking at the sports car. He leaned against the door and stared gravely at the half-dozen youngsters who had gathered. "Keep an eye on this heap for my friend and me, will you?" he said to them. And the way the kids looked back at Steve, with

hero-worship in their eyes, Walt guessed that probably the hub caps would still be on the wheels when he drove off later.

He went up the porch steps with Steve's arm around his shoulders. "I didn't know whether to call," Steve said with easy candor. "On the tin can we were just a couple of sailors. Here, it's different."

"Here, you know what we are?" Walt replied. "We're just a couple of ex-sailors."

They sat on the porch swing and around them pressed the noise and commotion of the crowded neighborhood, so constant that it soon became a disregarded background.

"Okay," Walt commanded. "Brief me."

Steve briefed him. He'd been out two months and got set right away. Kenniston Tech, half-days working in Feltzer's Garage, fights now and then for extra money. "Kenniston Tech's not M.I.T.," Steve said, "but it's accredited. Feltzer pays full rates for the hours I can give him. The fights? Prelims, for a hundred bucks or so. You know, four-rounders. I'm good enough for that, anyhow, and the minute I get really pounded once, I'll quit. Now, how about you?"

Walt lit a cigarette. Women's voices came from inside the house, along with smells of good cooking. "I'm a little itchy Steve. No sweat, but sort of at a loose end."

"I was, for a week," Steve said. "No more. I've been too busy. Too much stuff to wrestle into place. It may take you a little longer, kid. You don't have much to fight."

"That's bad?"

"That's good, and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. But don't get careless with it."

A burly, middle-aged man, iron-gray head bare, came up the walk, glancing curiously at Walt's car. "Meet Walt Schaeffer, pa." Steve said. "The Mediterranean menace."

Walt laughed. "I held Steve's coat, that's all. Glad to know you, Mr. Jadowski."

The women had heard the arrival of the head of the household. They came out, and the middle-aged woman was pleasantly plump and had snapping blue eyes, and the girl . . .

Afterward, Walt could not define why Anita Jadowski had affected him so strongly. Pretty as Ava Gardner, Steve had said. Well, she wasn't. But the healthy pearl-pallor of her face, the broad sweep of forehead over dark-gray eyes, the wide, exquisite cheekbones and the firm, slim body in a plain, wash-cotton dress—these made an arresting picture.

"So this is Walt," she said. "From what Steve wrote, I thought you would be eight feet tall."

"Eight inches," Steve growled. "A set-up for every rug salesman and every Arab kid who looked hungry. I don't know why I bothered with him."

Mamma Jadowski looked dismayed, then laughed dutifully as the others did, and they trooped into the house. There was a small living room that didn't look much used, a small dining room that looked very much used indeed, and, through an open door, the kitchen.

When they had seated themselves at the round oak table, there was an empty chair.

Anita frowned. "Where's Tommy, ma?"

Mrs. Jadowski was silent for a moment before she said, "I don't know. I told him, dinner six o'clock."

Mr. Jadowski looked unhappy, but no more was said before the guest. Apparently all was not well with the missing Tommy—the kid brother, as Walt recalled from Steve's talk.

There was a pot roast cooked in wine sauce. Wonderful. But before Steve was only a salad and a heel of bread.

"That's supposed to carry you through a fight tonight?" Walt demanded.

"I'll have a steak afterward," Steve said. "The salad's so that if my boy gets tough I can breathe garlic in his face."

"Tony Arcana, he's fighting," Anita told Walt. "You'll have to do more than breathe garlic, brother mine."

"My son, fighting!" Mamma Jadowski exclaimed. "That I should live to see the day."

"Now, ma—" Steve protested.

"He's pretty good at running," Anita said.

"It's just for now," Mr. Jadowski broke in.

They were all talking at once, and it was half in fun, even Mamma's plaint; there was confusion and cheer in the hot little room, and Walt added his voice to the rest, feeling easy and at home. Then Steve got up.

"Have to go. My turn's at eight. You coming, pa?"

"I'll listen on KYX," Mr. Jadowski said. "I don't want to be around to see you get your brains beat out."

"I won't tonight," Steve said. "Even Walt could tie Arcana up for four measly rounds. 'By all. See you later."

The older Jadowskis insisted that they'd do the dishes, so Walt and Anita got in his car to drive the long way 'round to where the fight would be held.

"It's a nice car," Anita said. Her voice was low and warm. Delightful. "Like you see in pictures."

"Compliments of my father." Walt shrugged cheerfully. "It just happened to me; I didn't earn it. You know, Steve gives me a complex; he's so capable and works so hard."

Anita smiled, dark hair stirring in the wind that seeped around the sides of the raked windshield. Against the night, her profile was cameo-clear.

"What do you do, Anita?"

"Checker at the Tru-Blu Supermarket."

Walt whistled. He'd been in a supermarket perhaps twice in his life, but he knew how those girls worked. "That's pretty heavy, isn't it?"

"You get used to thinking six things at once. But I'm taking a business course. Secretarial."

"What do you do in your spare time?"

She laughed, and Walt felt warm and contented. The night here, off the country end of Union Street, was quiet and filled with good summer smells.

"I love it out here in the open," Anita said.

Walt felt a pang. He lived "out here," in a sense, because the big homes on the hill were as secluded as farm houses. It hadn't occurred to him that it was such a privileged life.

"You should be a farmer's daughter."

She chose to take it seriously. "I should be just what I am. I can't think of a much better life than the Jadowskis'—though I'll be glad when Steve quits fighting."

They headed back toward town, and Walt felt sad about it. He'd have liked riding on and on like this. He felt as at home with Anita as he did with . . .well, with Polly Cox. Plus feeling an unnameable excitement that he did not feel with Polly.

The fights were held in the local skating rink. The place was solid with cigar and perspiration smells, and everyone was yelling to someone else eight rows away. Steve climbed into the ring in his lazy-leopard way, and there was scattered applause—no one wasted much emotion on preliminary bouts. Tony Arcana followed. "He's seven feet tall," Walt said.

"Six-five," Anita said briskly. "Weighs in at two-twenty. Twenty-three years old."

"Steve has his hands full!"

The bell rang, and the two squared off. Arcana had a looping left-hand uppercut which was unusual, and with a minute gone in the first, he slammed a glove against Steve's cheekbone that rocked him back.

"Caught it going away," Anita said, tone still brisk. But she had leaned against Walt for an instant so that he felt the thumping of her heart, and her small fists were clenched as if she wanted to get in there and help her brother.

Steve didn't need it. He blocked the next unorthodox left and with the third, in the same watch-tick of time, slid in a right cross to the jaw, and from then on it was Roger-and-out for Arcana. Steve won handily on points, and could have been more spectacular if he'd cared to. The big man knew it, too. There was more than professional courtesy in the friendly tap he gave Steve's shoulder when the final bell sounded.

The two boys left the ring, the customers settled down for the main event, and Anita and Walt went back to her house. Mr. and Mrs. Jadowski were on the porch swing, and Walt and Anita sat on the meticulously-scrubbed steps.

"He's good," Walt said. "He could make the main bouts if he wanted to."

"I hope he doesn't want to," Mr. Jadowski growled.

"He doesn't," Anita said.

"One flat ear," shrilled Mamma Jadowski, "and I'll hide those little box-pants on him." She added suddenly, "That goes for you, too! Where were you? Why weren't you home for supper?"

The rest turned. Coming up the walk was a thin, wiry boy with unruly black hair who moved with a swagger and stared with stolid defiance out of dark-gray Jadowski eyes.

"Tommy," Anita said hastily, "this is Walt Schaeffer. You've heard Steve speak of him."

"Hi," Tommy said expressionlessly. "That your crate in front? Not bad. I'd like to try it in a drag."

Mr. Jadowski's voice cut through. "It's pretty late, Tommy. We expected you at six."

"I meant to get back, but. . . ."

"But what?"

"Nothin'," Tommy mumbled.

"Did you have anything to eat?"

"Some bananas."

"I hope you paid for them."

"Why, sure! What do you think—Hey, here's Steve. Hi, Steve. How'd it go?"

"All right. When did you get home?"

"Just now," Mrs. Jadowski said vehemently. "He just got home this minute."

Steve stared somberly at his brother. "People who care for you. Your family. You don't make them wait around and worry and wonder if something's happened to you. That's not good."

"Aw, what's to happen? I can take care of myself."

"Yeah?" Steve picked him up and shook him with rough gentleness. "You'd weigh in at about ninety pounds with a rock in each hand. You need more regular hours—"

There was a thud as something slipped from Tommy's pocket and hit the porch floor. Steve slowly set him down, and reached for it. It was a switchblade knife.

In silence the Jadowskis and their guest stared at the boy. Fifteen, maybe, thin as wire and just as tough, with a sudden fear in his eyes that he'd have died rather than admit.

"Come inside, Tommy," Mr. Jadowski said, too quietly. "I want a talk with you."

"Me, too," Steve said. "Just a talk, though." He flicked a warning glance at his father. "You're old enough for talk, I hope, Tommy. You're too near a man for anything else now. You'll listen a little, maybe?"

"You want me to," the boy said sullenly; "I'll listen."

Walt nodded to Steve and Mr. Jadowski. He said, "Thanks, Mrs. Jadowski, for having me to dinner. And, Anita, it was . . . I had such a nice time . . . thank you."

"Why, you're welcome, Walt."

The tone was composed, but Walt thought he read in her eyes a bit of the regret he felt that the evening had broken up so early.

He also thought, as he rolled up the Schaeffer driveway, that there would have to be another evening to make up for this interrupted one. There were a lot of things he'd wanted to talk about with Anita and hadn't had the chance to.

The night was silent, so that his shoes crunched loudly on the gravel. He went into the big house, and it was ghostly quiet. The contrast with the Jadowski home and the noisy arena was profound. Walt went restlessly from room to room.

Finally, for no reason on earth, like a petulant small boy, he kicked over a footstool.

"Upstairs, dear," his mother called placidly. "Goodness! What's the matter?"

Walt parked his car two blocks up Main Street and walked back to Union. He watched the supermarket close and the employees drift out, looking limp and used-up by the heat. Except for the girl with the glossy black hair and the strong, slim body in summer wash-dress.

He loped across the street. "Anita . . ."

"Walt!" she said. "For heaven's sake! What are you doing down here?"

"I have a date," he told her. "I hope. I'm going to take a girl to dinner. I hope."

She looked at him, and the smile left her dark-gray eyes. "Why?" she asked quietly.

"Why what?"

"Why do you want to take me to dinner?"

"How do you like that! I meet the sister of a friend of mine, and I find she's fun to be with. I ask to spend an evening with her, and she makes a Federal case of it." Gently he touched her arm. "Look, it's rotten hot, and you must be tired and hungry. Come on and be spoiled and catered to for a couple of hours."

"Well . . . Where did you want to have dinner?"

"I thought The Dell, if that's okay with you."

It was an unscrupulous thrust. The Dell was on the edge of Silver Lake, part-way out over the water, and you sat on a screened veranda with a dinky candle throwing just enough light to allow you to cut your steak. It was cool and quiet, with no elbowing to snatch a table since, after you had snatched one, you were handed a menu with five dollars the lowest price of an entrée. A la carte.

Anita sighed, and Walt took it for an affirmative, but he could see that she was troubled. When they reached the car, her question put it into words.

"Why didn't you park in front of the store?"

Walt helped her into the car and turned the ignition key before he answered. "You know why. This car's no more expensive than a lot of standard models, but it does stick out. I thought if your friends in the store saw you drive off in it, they might kid you."

She nodded, face thoughtful, composed and lovely, as he made her point for her—the difference in their backgrounds and environment, in everything they thought and did and were.

"I could call for you at the house next time?"

"Who said there'd be a next time?" But she smiled at him. "This will be fun, Walt. I've never been to The Dell; I've only looked at it sometimes from the beach where we were swimming. All the laughing people on the veranda, and the smoke curling up from the charcoal grills. It looked dreamy."

"Oh, it is," said Walt, who had never before thought of The Dell as anything but just another place to eat.

They went out the Lake road at a leisurely pace. Walt

glanced at Anita, settled back against the red leather seat. "You're even twice as nice as Steve described you."

Anita laughed softly. "Steve doesn't know my faults. . . . You like him, don't you?"

"I think of him as one of my best friends. We did a lot together in the Mediterranean duty. He's quite a boy, one of the best boxers in the fleet. I'm a shrinking violet, but under his wing I felt safe."

"I guess you didn't need his wing too much. You taught judo. Steve tells me."

"For a while. Till a j.g. came aboard who really knew the stuff."

Walt put his hand briefly over Anita's. "As I said, I like Steve very much. I also like his father and mother and sister and kid brother. People I like, I want to see sometimes. Any law against that?"

"A few conventions, maybe," Anita said.

"Ah, ah! Class-consciousness."

"Oh, you!" She smiled at him, teeth very white between the soft red of her lips; and Walt might have enjoyed himself as much some other night, sometime, but if so he could not remember when.

CHAPTER 2

Madge Schaeffer slid her dinner dress down over carefully coiffed hair, and John zipped it up the side for her. He was ready, in white dinner jacket; they were going to the Coxes' for a sedate Friday evening of cocktails-and-dinner, along with the Morgans and the Scotts.

"I don't like it," Madge said, frowning at the mirror.

"The dress? I think it looks fine."

"You know I don't mean the dress. I don't like Walter's seeing so much of this girl. He's out with her, somewhere, half the time. I don't know where they go or what they do, and maybe it's just as well. And he looks happy and excited, and not restless any more. Polly Cox hasn't that effect on him, but it seems the Jadowski girl does. Jadowski!" The name was like tacks under her tongue.

"Good old Polish," John said. "Schaeffer. Good old German."

"I wish you would be serious about this."

John shrugged. He was more serious about it than he let on. He didn't like Walt's forays into the Union Street section any more than Madge did. At the same time, he could not help but remember his own youth, and the forays he and friends had made into the same side of town.

However, he was uneasily aware that things were different now. The "mill girls" he had known did not exist any more; they were just girls, like any other girls. They lived in comfortable homes, if slightly crowded, and they married in a measure of security and had their own cars and television sets and ate out sometimes and had friends in for drinks just as the Coxes were having the Morgans, Scotts and Schaeffers in tonight. There were still two sides of town, and sharply marked, too, but now "raiding" was no more tolerable on the one side than the other.

"Is Walt with the Jadowskis tonight?" he asked.

"No. For once he is with Polly. I had a talk with Polly this afternoon."

"About the other girl?"

"Yes. There's no reason why I shouldn't have," Madge said defiantly. "Walt's going to marry Polly. You know that. And I don't want her hurt beforehand."

"I don't think she should feel hurt," John said, choosing his words carefully. "A man of twenty-two is bound to know a few girls before he's married."

"Jadowskis?"

"All kinds." John lit a cigar. "Why discuss the girl with Polly? There's nothing she can do about it."

"Oh, John, there *is*. Walt's going to marry Polly anyhow. Why delay it? It might as well be soon, even if Walt doesn't realize that."

"And Polly is to make him realize it?"

"You don't have to use *that* tone! She's a sweet girl, and so pretty . . . all she has to do is be herself."

At half-past five the sun, with daylight saving time, still had some bite to it. Walt and Polly lay in the sand on the Morgans' strip of beach at the exclusive south end of Silver Lake.

Polly lay on her stomach with the straps of her suit down to keep her back from tanning in stripes. Her back was beautiful. Her arms were bent so that her cheek lay on interlaced fingers. Blue eyes half-closed, she stared at Walt.

He flicked a pebble at her. "You look like a picture on a calendar."

"You're complaining?"

"No complaints. But you'd better not sit up in a hurry," Walt added, looking at the slipped-down shoulder straps.

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Scared, sailor?"

"I would be if I didn't know you so well."

"We do know each other well, don't we?" she said after a time. "How many years? The first thing I remember is you showing me a toad in a jar. You wanted to see if it really made warts, you said."

"Did it?"

"I don't remember any warts. And if there'd been some, I guess I'd have known." Polly almost closed her eyes. "The little girl next door. In stories that's the one the boy . . . likes . . . but doesn't know till too late. Isn't it?"

Walt was silent, looking out across the lake.

"You were gone a long time," Polly added softly. "A year, nearly, from the time I saw you last till you got home again."

"It seemed long to me, too."

"Really? That's good. I guess you batted around a lot, with people like the Jadowski boy. I went out, too, naturally, but nobody had any toads in jars to show me. Only you."

"Well, of course, you should have gone out," Walt said heartily. "No reason for you to sit around waiting for me."

"No. We've gone around with others lots of times before. But it didn't mean anything, with me."

Walt stirred restlessly. "With me, either," he made the diplomatic reply.

"When you come right down to it, there's always been just us two. Maybe like . . . like brother and sister."

"Well, hardly."

Her lips moved in a slow smile; the light breeze touched her gold-tawny hair. "Nice you don't think of it quite like that. Because I don't, either. But I was beginning to think maybe you must—I haven't seen you nearly as much as I'd kind of planned on, since you've been home."

"Don't want to wear out my welcome," Walt evaded.

"Walt."

"Yeah?"

"Where'll we have dinner? The Dell?"

Walt looked down the shore at the restaurant. He'd gone there several times with Anita, after that first night. The Dell had become his and Anita's. He didn't want to go there tonight with Polly. However, she was much more important in the scheme of things—she was the girl he'd probably marry.

"If you don't want to go there, Walt. . . ."

"Sure. The Dell. Why not?"

"Bob Kennedy said he saw you there with a lush number last week. Real cool, he said. Real gone."

"That sounds like Bob. Ol' rock 'n' roll Bob."

"Pete Kinsley thought she was a dish, too. He saw you with her Friday."

Walt frowned. Pete Kinsley was not a favorite character of his, and he disliked having Pete's name bracketed with Anita's even in conversation. He could have wished that Pete had not seen him with Anita; he knew what Pete would think about it, and how he might talk it around. He wondered if Pete had made any cracks to Polly that would lead her to think that there was more to the friendship than actually existed.

"There are dishes and dishes," Walt said, eyeing Polly speculatively. "Hey, I've got you at my mercy, haven't I? You couldn't make a quick move to save your life—and as I remember, you're ticklish."

"Walt!" cried Polly, clutching at the shoulder straps.

He poked a finger in her ribs.

"Now, Walt! Now, you stop!" She slid the straps in place and rolled to get away from him. The teasing finger poked again. She didn't squeal or move, this time; suddenly she lay dead still, and for an instant something naked and heart-stoppingly helpless was in her eyes. It was one of those half-second flashes that can reveal more than a year of talk, a revelation that sobered Walt instantly —and which he wished hadn't occurred.

"Well," he said gruffly, "I guess we'd better get up to the house and shower for dinner. I'm starved, aren't you?"

Walt didn't try to analyze his relationship with Anita Jadowski. Perhaps he kept himself from it, knowing there was no real substance there. When he was with her, he had a wonderful time; when he wasn't with her, he was looking forward to their next date. She was like no other girl he'd ever known. She was more serious, yet with a beautiful sense of humor. . . . She was great fun to be with. Meanwhile, it was getting on toward the first of September. He'd be going back to college soon, and that would probably end it.

It was a little rough on Polly, he had to admit. He was seeing Polly much less than she wanted him to and keeping it gay and impersonal. It made him very uncomfortable, because he knew she was baffled and hurt. She might have hoped they would be married this fall, even though they weren't even formally engaged. . . .

He was hiding behind a technicality, however and he knew it. But in any event the chapter would be closed soon, when he went back to Northern U.

Anita seemed to take it on that basis, too. She had fun with him, also; he knew that. There was no more—one night when half-jokingly he'd kissed her, he had thought for a moment that he was going to get slapped. There had been an instant's current of such high voltage that he'd been left breathless, then a swift repulse. Anita kept the void between them with great care.

The sports car was familiar now in front of the Jadowski house. The people in the block were used to looking at it, sometimes with sly grins. Or, as in the case of Steve Jadowski lately, with a clouded stare.

It was Steve who pulled the pin.

Anita wasn't ready when Walt called for her on this occasion. Steve was on the porch swing, and Walt sat down beside his friend with his nerves jangling with impatience. He and Anita hadn't much time left; Walt counted minutes now.

"Anita is a little late," Steve said calmly, "because I delayed her by talking to her. I advised her to phone you that she had a headache and couldn't see you."

"You . . . ?" Walt said, startled. "Why?"

Steve stared at the street, where, in the dusk, some kids were yelling over a game of stick-ball. "Do I have to spell it out? There are certain facts of life, kid. I like my sister. I don't want her to get hurt."

"Hurt?" said Walt.

Steve turned his stare on Walt. "Behave. You're not serious about Anita. At least you shouldn't be. The Schaeffers and the Jadowskis? Holy cats! Yet you take up her time like this."

"If two people like each other I don't see why names—"

"I don't mind the time. I just don't want any heart to go with it."

Walt's laugh was strained. "Heart? She could be *my* sister for all the heart's concerned. She's just a swell girl I like to be with—and I guess she likes it, too."

"Yeah, she does."

There was silence. Then Walt sighed. "Sure, I know what you mean. But you can relax, butch. I'm going up to Northern pretty soon, and then I'll be out of the Jadowski hair."

"Pretty soon's not soon enough, Walt. How about making tonight the last one?"

Walt was astonished at the way it hit him. He shouldn't have been. He had apprehended the "last night" and discounted it; it was just happening two weeks early.

"You mean it, Steve?"

"Uh-huh. Things are okay so far. I think. But you're a fella who sort of appeals to women. Why risk an overexposure?"

"How about *my* feelings in all this?" said Walt resentfully. "You act as if there's only one person here. There're two of us, after all."

"Anything happens on your side, that's on you. It's not Anita who's been pushing this." Steve's hand touched Walt's shoulder for an instant. "Not sore, kid?"

"No. I think I'd like to be—I'm kind of sore at something. But not you."

"Okay. I hope you'll come down to see the Jadowskis often. But not to see Anita, except with the rest of us."

Steps sounded and Anita came out, a dim white vision in the dark. Her eyes looked luminous and lovely in the pale triangle of her face.

"Sorry I kept you waiting, Walt."

"That's all right," Walt said heavily. A sense of loss was already strong in him. And of rebellion. What hurt to see Anita a few times more? Steve was being a pretty heavy brother, wasn't he?

"You two were talking about me?" Anita asked, in the car.

"Yes." Walt frowned. "It's a crazy world."

"It's a good world. It's only crazy if we make it so."

Walt looked quickly at her. She had said "we," not noticing. Perhaps he was not alone in feeling that sense of loss? It wouldn't change anything, even if it were true, but his heart jumped with sudden excitement. This friendship had meant a lot to him, and he'd never known how much or how little it meant to her.

He said, "I'll be going up to Northern soon."

"Yes," she said.

"We've had nice times together."

"Yes."

Walt sighed. The barrier of reserve was still in place.

"What would you like to do tonight?"

"Dance, I think. The Jack-Pot?" She had suggested

it, Walt knew, because none of his friends was apt to be there.

They got a table near the end wall and sat there with their beer, not saying much. Both knew this was good-by. No tears, no tragedy, but something to regret. "There are certain facts of life . . ." The music started and they got up.

Anita was not in general as good a dancer as Polly Cox, but she was as good with Walt. There was an affinity between them, so that, when they danced, they were one being; a unity.

"That was swell." Walt said when the music ended. "But I'm a rat, asking you to dance when you're on your feet all day."

"Am I complaining?" she said lightly. It must have been imagination when, a moment before, Walt had thought he felt her fingers tremble.

There was a lull while the juke-box plucked another record into place. Three men came in, about Walt's age, in slacks and sport shirts. They called to Anita, grinning at the two of them in a way Walt didn't like. There was in it something of the slyness occasionally seen in the stares of neighbors at the sight of Walt's car parked in front of the Jadowski home.

Steve was right. Walt was doing Anita no good with this friendship. She was beginning to be talked about.

"Too many people like to make too much out of a little." Walt growled.

"Not the people who count," Anita said calmly.

"Who are those three apes who just came in?"

"They live down the block from us."

"Friends of yours?"

"No." Anita's lips tightened. "I just know them to say hello to."

Walt forgot them as they danced again.

"Anita . . ."

"Yes?"

He bit his lip. "Nothing."

But what he'd started to say was how nice it would be if she could come to Chicago to some of the Northern U dances, or a dinner-theatre party. Polly Cox would, during the winter, and it would be perfectly all right and no one would say anything. It would not be all right if Anita did, so why talk about it?

The tune ended. With reluctance Walt took his arms from around her, and they went back to their table.

"I think we'd better go," Anita said suddenly.

"Now?" Walt protested. "It's only ten."

"We can ride around some, if you want to, but I can't stay out late on week nights."

A voice came audibly from several tables away. ". . . You can get a date with her if you got the dough, all right."

Walt didn't get it for a minute. Then he saw Anita's face, as if a whip-lash had been laid across it, and he turned.

The three men who had recently entered were at a table a few yards away. The biggest of the three was grinning at Anita.

"The guys around her own neighborhood ain't good enough," he went on audibly. "You have to be from the hill."

"Knock it off, Mike," another of the trio said.

"Me? What am I doing? A guy can talk, can't he?"

"Knock it off!"

Anita put her hand on Walt's angry arm. "Let's go, Walt."

" 'Let's go Walt,' " the man mimicked her. There was a partly emptied beer mug in front of him, but it looked as if he'd had something stronger before coming here. So this was why Anita had suddenly remembered that she should not stay out late.

"Please, Walt."

" 'Please, Walt,' " came the jeering echo. Anita lowered her voice so that it would not carry. "He's a trouble-maker. Steve lit into him once for it. Don't let him bother you."

Walt put a bill on the table, without haste, and got to his feet. She was right, of course. A brawl in a place like this—it could even get into the papers, due to the prominence of the Schaeffer name. He slid her chair back for her.

However, it wasn't over yet. Their way to the door led past the trio's table, and as they got near, the big fellow leaned back in his chair and stuck his legs out so that their way was blocked unless they stepped over.

Walt moved ahead of Anita. He stopped and looked at the legs. Their owner stared blandly back at him. Walt abruptly put his foot against a brawny knee and shoved. Man and chair spun half around and fell in a tangle partly under the table. Walt and Anita went on.

"Oh, Walt, I wish you hadn't." Her hand was tight on his arm. "Walt, I think he's going to come after us."

"Sure, he's going to come after us," Walt said. "I'm sorry, baby, but when a fellow's set on picking a fight, there isn't much you can do about it."

They got out the door and a few yards into the parking lot when the three men appeared behind them. Two were holding the big one's arms, but he wrenched loose. Walt stood there.

"Pretty good with your feet, huh?" the man said. "Kick and run."

The blow was so quick that Walt only half ducked it. He staggered back. The next one was anticipated; Walt caught the pistoning arm, stepped aside and pulled. The man crashed against the side of a parked car ten feet away, and his two companions got him before he could straighten up.

"He's boiled," one said to Anita. "He doesn't mean anything. Don't tell Steve."

They half persuaded and half dragged the shaken man away, and Walt got into his car with Anita. There had been no triumph and there was no exhilaration; he was too much concerned with the possible significance of the stupid encounter. Had he really hurt Anita's reputation around her home, or was this just a big clown too ready with his fists?

He said, "I'm sorry."

Anita didn't pretend to misunderstand. "You needn't be. There's no real damage done. It's as you said; too many people like to make a lot out of a little."

They got to the highway, and Walt turned right, away from town instead of toward it. He took Anita's hand and held it for a minute, before she drew away. There was no doubt of it this time. Her fingers were trembling.

"We'd better go home pretty soon," she said. "I told Steve we wouldn't be out late—Walt, you're hurt!"

Not till then was he conscious of a warm trickle on his forehead.

"It can't be much," he said. "I don't feel anything."

"Oh, Walt!" She dabbed with her handkerchief, and then moved away from him as a truck and car came toward them with the car edging out to pass the truck. "Stop for a minute till I fix this up."

Walt slowed, but there wasn't space on the road shoulder to stop. Ahead was a lane, and he turned into that. A huge willow drooped its branches around them like a tent.

"It's just a little cut," Walt said. "He must have worn a ring."

She leaned close to him, eyes anxious, while she gently dabbed. The sweet scent of her was heavy in his nostrils, and he had never seen such fine-grained, lovely skin. "It ought to have iodine on it," she said, voice suddenly husky. He could see the pulse beat in her throat.

The tension of all the evening swept over him, the feel of her against him, dancing, the lost look in her eyes when she came out on the porch, the amazing pain he'd felt at realizing that this must be their last night. Anita? She was trembling all over, now, spasmodically, and her body swayed toward his almost as if it were falling out of control.

"Anita . . ." he whispered hoarsely.

"Walt . . . darling . . ."

His arms went out as if they were things apart from him, moving of their own will, and he crushed her to him. Her eyes went wide, dazed. Then they closed.

"Darling, darling, darling."

The motor softly throbbed, unheeded, and here and there through rents in the soft green tent the bright stars could be seen.

At home, Walt sank down slowly on his bed and swore in a whisper through clenched teeth. What had he done? What had been the matter with him? He hadn't meant to go overboard like that. Then night and girl and pent-up emotion had hit him like a tornado. . . .

He got up and paced the room. Bored, restless, at a loose end, he had rushed a girl who, although fine and sweet, would not ordinarily have had such attraction for him. She had been wiser than he and had fought clear of emotion from the start. As Steve had said, it had not been Anita who had pushed this affair along, it had been Walt Schaeffer.

Then he had lost his head and in so doing had betrayed his friendship with Steve and his admiration and respect for Anita. He'd have given an arm to blot out the wild, overwhelming moment that had changed both their lives.

Well, it was done. At best, he had hurt Anita badly, and nothing he could do would make up for it. At worst—

But maybe everything would be all right.

This year, his senior year, Walt did not go back to the fraternity house where he had lived before. He took a small apartment with a friend of his and settled in to work. Or try to work.

He couldn't drive Anita from his mind. He was haunted by her and by his helplessness to make up in any way for what he'd done to her. In the two weeks before he'd left Kenniston, he had phoned her half a dozen times, and she had been calm and cool and final in her refusal to see him. He had tried to wait for her at the supermarket, and she had turned away from him. She accepted to the full whatever share of the responsibility was hers; she was a grown woman.

If only he could have news of her! He knew a letter to her would go unanswered, no matter what the circumstances when it reached her. He wrote to Steve and got a cool, uninformative note back. She could have been off on another planet as far as hearing anything about her was concerned.

When the news finally did reach him, in the middle of October, it came by a most unexpected courier. Tommy Jadowski.

Pete Tenafly, who shared the apartment, came laughing in one evening and said, "What social circles are you moving in now? What have you been doing lately, and with whom?"

Walt looked at him questioningly.

"Couple of kids downstairs in a beat-up hot-rod," Pete explained. "One of 'em—looks about fourteen—asked if Walter Schaeffer lived here. I said yes, and he asked me to tell Mr. Schaeffer he'd like to see him at that statue in the little park down the street."

"Quit kidding," Walt said.

"I'm not kidding. He said that. Said his name was Tommy. Hey—" Pete stared after Walt's retreating back.

The park was a half-block triangle resulting from the intersection of two diagonal streets. For a moment, Walt saw no one in the dim triangle. Then he saw a stubby car, parked without lights, and a figure at the wheel. And finally he saw the wiry boy standing near the statue.

He went over to him. "Tommy—"

Walt froze, a yard away. There was enough light to reveal the boy's white, agonized face, and to glint on a knife blade.

"Okay," Walt said. "What's this all about?"

"You wouldn't know, of course, Mr. Fancy-Pants Schaeffer," Tommy Jadowski shrilled.

"Afraid not," Walt said. But as he looked into the suffering young eyes, he began to understand. "It must be serious, to bring you up here to Chicago."

"I'd have trailed you to Africa if I had to. You're gonna get yours."

"Anita," Walt said.

"Yeah, Anita. And now I'm going to fix—"

There was a bench at hand. Tommy was tensed to spring. Walt sat down slowly, as if he'd been eighty years old. He felt that old. "Did Anita send you?"

Tommy teetered on the edge of action. It was a toss-up whether he'd answer, or spring. Finally he said, "'Course not. You ought to know that."

"Yes," Walt said heavily, "I guess I ought to. Tell me about it."

"What's to tell?" Tommy swayed forward again, bursting out with all the street talk he'd learned in his fifteen years, nerving himself up to the thing he had come here to do. If Walt had made one move, given him one excuse to thrust . . .

"Look, Tommy." Walt leaned back, with all his torso as an open target. "You're all right. A kid who wouldn't go to bat for his sister would be a real heel. But you'd better hold off till you see if you'll be hurting her some more instead of helping her. What did Anita tell you?"

"She didn't tell me anything. She didn't have to. For weeks she goes around not hearin' when you say something to her, gettin' thinner, not eatin'. Then she goes to the doctor. After that I catch her in her room crying her eyes out."

Walt stared at him, not seeing him, really, lost in the enormous problem that had been slammed down on him and in the equally enormous decision it made necessary. Yet actually there was no decision to be made; that came clear in a minute. It had all been decided with the boy's hysterical words, "In her room crying her eyes out."

Anita, doing that. Head high and proud in public, bent low when she thought she was alone.

"Get in your car and go home," Walt said. "I'll probably be there almost as soon as you are."

CHAPTER 3

A.A.

At twelve-fifty A.M., Walt hummed past the town limits. At twelve-fifty-three he was in the telephone booth of a diner.

The telephone rang for a long time. Walt began to think no one was going to answer, but then Steve's voice sounded.

"Steve. Walt. May I talk to Anita, please?"

The silence was eloquent. *So it's you. And wanting to talk to Anita at this time of night.* "It's a little late," Steve said evenly. "She's in bed, asleep."

Walt could doubt that latter. In bed, perhaps. Asleep? Or thinking, trying to plan, trying to see her way out?

"It's important, Steve," he said. "I'm sorry it's late, but I couldn't get down from Chicago any sooner." How much did Steve know about this? As much as Tommy? It was possible he didn't.

"Okay."

Walt stood there waiting, face whiter than he knew, with voices of the people at the diner's counter fuzzy in his ears.

"Walt." Had there been a slight break in her voice? "Whatever are you doing here, phoning at this time of night?"

"I'm coming out to the house," Walt said. "Please dress and be on the porch. I have to see you right away."

"Oh, I couldn't do that—"

"I'll be in front in ten minutes," Walt said. "I'll sit there till you come out."

He hung up. All the way down he had wondered what Anita's reception of him would be. Hysterical anger? Desperate clutching? He had the answer now; she was going to act matter-of-fact, "normal." He should have known, with her pride.

She came down the steps to him, bundled in a heavy cloth coat against the cold of the fall night.

"Get in, please," Walt said, door open.

"Walt, really!"

He just stood there with the door open. She bit her lip and got in, and he started off.

Afterward, Walt wasn't clear as to where they'd driven. He remembered dark, empty streets, a slow pace—and two people discussing something that shouldn't have arisen in the first place.

"Tommy told me about it. To say that I'm sorry—"

"Told you about what?" Anita's face looked genuinely perplexed. Walt had a moment of doubt, and of a wild stirring of freedom. He was ashamed of that.

"I want to tell you right away that it doesn't really matter, Anita . . . Darling . . . I was going to ask you to marry me when I was graduated next spring. But now's better. I don't know why I ever thought I could wait that long—"

Anita touched Walt's hand indulgently. "You're a nice boy, darling. I've liked you very much. Right now you're proving all over what a nice boy you are. But it isn't necessary, Walt. Don't feel bad about that . . . about that . . . It was the night and all."

The doubt, and the distressing feeling of new freedom grew. However, Anita's words brought back words of Tommy's that had seared themselves in his mind.

"Thanks for asking me to marry you," she said. "I'll remember that and love it, all my life. But you know as well as I do that it could never work out."

Not hearin' when you talk to her. That was what Tommy had said. *Not eatin' anything. Going to see the doctor and after that sittin' in her room crying. . . .*

"All right, then," he said. "I'll take you home, and tomorrow I'll have a talk with your doctor."

"T-talk to the doctor?" she repeated.

"Yes. Tomorrow, first thing in the morning."

"No! You can't— Why would you want to—"

Her pallor finally confirmed it. She was as pale as death. It was no good any more, and she saw that, and he felt her shiver there beside him.

"Yes," she whispered. "You don't have to see the doctor. Yes. But you can't make a wrong thing right by doing another wrong thing. Getting married would be the craziest—"

"What did you think you could do?" he said. "All alone, with no one to help . . . What did you think you'd *do*?"

"I hadn't decided yet." She was shivering till her teeth chattered. The whole act was gone, and the miracle was that she could have kept it up that long. "I might go to New York. Nobody knows me there, and I've finished my secretarial course. I could get a job."

Walt kissed her cheek. "You've got more nerve, and brains, and wrong ideas— I'll take you home, now, and you tell your family we're going to be married. Next week."

Her cheeks flamed. "If you think I'll marry you—or would marry anybody—like that—"

"There's nothing 'like that' about it." Walt pulled to the curb and stopped. He kissed her, hands to her cheeks so that she could not turn aside. "I told you—I was going to propose next spring anyway. I went to Chicago not sure of how I felt, and I guess you weren't sure, either. But it wasn't long before I knew."

She couldn't speak, but she could still shake her glossy, dark head, with tears spilling on her cheeks.

"I'm going home and tell dad and mother about our getting married," Walt said firmly. "Gee, I'm so excited, and so glad about it . . . I'll see you tomorrow evening. Oh, and tomorrow you tell the store you're leaving. No two weeks monkey-business, because you won't *have* two weeks. We'll be married next Wednesday."

She clung to him, and pushed him away, and clung to him again as her rebellious body and emotions submerged her will, then were conquered, then swept over it again. She knew better, her chaotic actions said, but life and love were at one end of the tug-of-war, and only reason and intelligence on the other.

"At least," she said, at her door, "take a little time to tell them. Don't just hurry home and say—"

"That we'll be married," Walt told her, kissing her. "Next Wednesday. And I only wish it could be tomorrow. What got into me, thinking I wasn't sure about you, going off to Chicago? Suppose I'd lost you? Sleep tight, darling. See you tomorrow night."

He should have telephoned home, too, Walt thought as he stopped in the Schaeffer driveway. Nearly two A.M., his mother and father asleep and not even dreaming he was at home, let alone that he was about to explode a bomb that would change the lives of all of them. To be abruptly waked and confronted with what he had to say. . . .

He walked to the door, with Anita's face, her questioning eyes, before him in the dark. Feeling that he was lying, knowing that he was, yet wanting so desperately to believe! She was a girl in a million, and he'd work with everything he had to make her as happy as she deserved to be.

He started to unlock the door and then thought better of it. To give his father and mother some warning, he rang the bell, again and again, till he saw a light snap on in their bedroom. Then he let himself in and was waiting in the hall when his father came downstairs in robe and slippers.

"Walt! What in the world are you doing here? At this time of night? What's wrong?"

It was time for the first act of a play in which Walt swore he'd never falter. He hung a happy grin on his face.

"What's wrong?" he said. "You mean: What's right? And the answer is: The finest thing that ever happened. I'm in love, and I'm going to get married."

Walt's mother was coming downstairs, now, alarmed by the bell and the voices. "Walt!" She'd caught the last words. The vestiges of sleep went from her eyes. "Goodness! Of all the impulsive— You went to see Polly at this hour?"

"Not Polly," Walt said, through the stiff formation

of his grin. "None other than Anita Jadowski. Isn't that something?"

Madge Schaeffer grabbed for the stair banister, and Walt's breath caught at the look in her face. John Schaeffer just stood there, but his shoulders slumped as if a heavy weight had suddenly been dropped on them.

"Not . . . not Polly?" Madge's incredulous whisper sounded.

"No." Walt waved his hand, and wondered if he looked as foolish as he felt, with the fatuous grin and the forced note of happiness. "Polly's a fine girl, but it took Anita to make me see what love's about. We are getting married," he went on gaily, "next week."

"Next . . ." Madge stopped and swallowed. John took a deep breath. His face had a gray tinge.

"Don't you think," he said, "that you could have told us better in the morning, after a little build-up?"

"I guess so," Walt said. "It was just that I was so full of plans, and I'd just come from Anita, and we'd got our plans all made . . ." He could not say that this was part of a forcing play, that if he had waited till morning, he was not sure he'd still have the resolution to go through with it.

John stared grimly at his son. "Go upstairs, Madge," he said over his shoulder. "Walt and I will have a little talk in the library, and then I'll join you."

In the book-lined room, John sat down at the great flat-topped desk that had been his father's. Walt stood a moment, felt that this might look defiant and sat down in a chair at the end of the desk. John rubbed his hand over his forehead, eyes closed for a moment.

"So you're going to marry Anita Jadowski."

"Yes," Walt said. "And I'm the luckiest guy—"

"Next week."

"Yes. Now that we know, we see no reason to wait."

"One reason is what everybody will think. They'll think you had to marry her."

Walt shrugged. This was one scar he could not erase. He could save Anita's pride, but the inexorable calendar would guarantee whispers. He said, "Let 'em think it. Who cares?"

"*Do* you have to marry her?" John said evenly.

"Certainly not! We want a family, and the sooner we can start one, the better. But if you think for a minute—"

Walt stopped. It was no good; his father knew.

John leaned back. "The plans you make. The dreams you have, for twenty years. And in one minute . . . But not only our dreams and plans will be broken; yours will be, too. Polly is the girl. We know it; you know it; Polly knows it." He shook his head. "Did the Jadowskis call you down from Chicago?"

Walt thought of Tommy. "No. I told you, I came down because a little absence made me see how I feel about Anita."

John moved his hand as if the words were flies he was brushing aside. "You're not being pressured into this?"

"No." He could be honest here. Pressure? If there had been, perhaps he could have acted differently and still retained a shred of self-respect.

"Does it matter to you that you're deeply disappointing me and just about breaking your mother's heart?"

"Dad, don't be like that. This isn't puppy love. I'm twenty-two. She's twenty-one."

"If you're trying to say you are of age, you can save your breath. I know you are. Whether this also makes you mature, you'd know better than I." John rubbed his hand across his forehead again, as if it ached violently. "I can't command you; I can only ask. And I ask just one thing. Will you please make this wedding a month from now, instead of next week?"

"I can't," said Walt. "I mean, the plans are all set now, dad. I wouldn't want to disappoint Anita like that."

"Thank you," John Schaeffer said icily. "Goodnight."

As he had done on another night, not too long ago, Walt sat in his room with his head in his hands. "The plans you make," his father had said. "The dreams you have. But not only our plans and dreams will be broken, yours will be, too."

Well, they were. A smooth last year at Northern U. A job in his father's office, paying well. Marriage with Polly Cox, later, when he felt like marriage. A nice home, no worry about security, in due time a family.

On the dresser was Polly's picture—laughing, unworried young face, light shining hair, wide blue eyes. Walt got up and looked at the picture, then took it back with him to the bed. A fine girl. He could imagine in detail what life with her would be like. When he tried to imagine life with Anita, he saw only blankness.

Alone in his room he could relax his guard, so his head bowed down, and it was like this that his mother found him when she came into his room a moment later without knocking. A boy in utter despair, face buried in his hands, picture of the girl he loved lying beside him on the bed. The one glimpse told her everything she had to know—that her son was hopelessly committed to a hideous mistake and knew that it was a mistake.

For half a second, possibly, Madge read her son's despair. Then his head came up, and the grin was on his face.

"It's three o'clock," Madge said. "Shouldn't you try to get some sleep?"

"I guess so. Say, this must have jolted you. I'm sorry. But I'm so happy about it—"

"You are?" Madge said. "You're sure?"

"Of course!"

"Happy," she said deliberately, "because you have to marry the girl?"

For the first—and last—time Walt let his pretense slip a bit. "No. I'm sorry enough about that. It shouldn't have happened. I don't know yet how it did happen. It was like being caught up in a hurricane. But as I told Anita, it doesn't really matter. I was going to ask her to marry me anyway. She's a wonderful girl, mother. I'm lucky."

Her heart went out to her son, lying to her, putting on this act to soothe, a little, the pain she felt at what he was being forced to do.

In that moment she resolved to break the trap that held him, any way she could, using any means that occurred to her. Walt Schaeffer held this as a contract which must be honored. Madge Schaeffer was not obligated in any way save one—duty to her son.

John was in bed when she got back to their room. His face was composed, but the ashen color of his skin gave him away. Madge sat down beside him.

"It's bad, John. He hates this thing he's going to do. He's miserable—and trying to act happy about it."

"He told you he was miserable?" John said.

"No, of course not. But the way he was acting when I went into his room, when he wasn't expecting anyone, told the whole thing. Sitting there with his head in his hands, with Polly's picture beside him . . . He loves her, not this Anita. And now, because he lost his head for a moment, he has to give up the girl he really loves and marry this stranger."

"It's not to his discredit," John said finally. "I wish he was more hard-boiled, didn't have such a big bump of idealism. There are things that could be done—but it is not in his disfavor that he refuses to do them."

"I know. I'm proud of Walt, really. But that only makes it more vital that we save him." She took his hand.

"We've got to do for Walt what he can't do for himself—break this up."

John thought this over, then shook his head. "He's a man, Madge. He can't be lifted out of messes any more; he must fight his own way out of them."

"But don't you see? He can't fight, his hands are tied by what he thinks is duty. We *can* fight, our hands aren't tied. We've got to help him."

"I'm not just sure. . . ."

"Oh, John! The daughter of a bartender, the sister of a prize-fighter?"

"The family angle would be difficult," John said. "The Jadowskis and Schaeffers move in different circles, to say the least. But still, the girl just might be all right for him."

"Then let them prove it to us."

"Prove it?" John frowned. "How do you mean that?"

"In getting himself into this," Madge said, "Walt has gone against everything you've ever taught him. And he's going against your wishes and advice right now. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, it certainly is!" John's lips were a thin line.

"All right," Madge said triumphantly. "He's making his bed, let him lie in it, without help from us."

"We want him to finish college, Madge."

"That's not important now. What is important is to stop this marriage, if we can. If we can't, there's always divorce, after he has lived with the girl a while and given a name to the child." Her fingers were urgent on his. "One of our best weapons is money. I don't think Walt has thought of that at all. If he has to try to support himself and a wife and child immediately, with no business training. . . ."

"That's pretty rough," objected John.

"For his own good? Doing something for him that in his heart of hearts he wishes could be done anyway?"

John was silent for a while. "I'll do this much," he said finally. "I'll offer him financial aid, but in such a way that if he has half the spirit of a rabbit he'll have to refuse. We'll see then what the boy is made of."

On his way to meet Anita next evening, Walt had a clearer picture of the changes wrought in others by his reckless moment with Anita. The way it had exploded in his parents' lives! And, that afternoon, in Polly's life!

He'd have given anything to avoid seeing Polly, but, of course, he couldn't do that. He owed her that as surely as he owed his name to Anita. To try to soften it, he had asked Polly to meet him at the cave—a rock recess beside a pool where they had waded when they were kids. They had played bandit in the cave, too; everything about it reminded them of childhood. So if he met her there now, wouldn't the surroundings wordlessly intimate that theirs had been a childish companionship and never really mature?

It hadn't worked. Walt was certainly adult, a harassed man faced with a man's problem. Polly was still a girl in untroubled mind and untested character, but she was undeniably a woman in body and emotion. Nor, in that childish playground, were the words between them childish.

"I have to tell you this, Polly, because I guess there has been a kind of understanding between us. I know there has been between our parents. We've known each other forever; we've played together and quarreled together. Once you gave me a peach of a black eye, I remember."

She'd said nothing. With the moment of their meeting, her smile had faded as the delicate antennae of her intuition picked up traces of something terribly wrong.

"It was one of those things that everyone expects." Walt had gone on, searching desperately for the best way to put it. "I don't know how much you expected it. If I thought it was a lot, that would make me a pretty conceited fellow. If I thought it was only a little—I wouldn't quite believe it."

Polly said, "Who is she?"

"Things happen," Walt said, with pleading in his voice. "They just happen. You've got to understand that. There's no sense in a lot of it. But a thing can hit you like a ton of bricks, when you aren't even looking for it. When it does, it can hit others at the same time."

She said thickly, "Who *is* she?"

"That doesn't matter so much as just—that there is someone. I wish there weren't. I wish it hadn't happened—"

"It's that Polish girl."

Walt's mouth opened for more words, then closed. He had not been able to soften the blow a featherweight for anyone.

Polly's pallor was dreadful. Her face was twisted up as if he were cutting off her arm with a dull knife.

"You're going to marry her."

Walt nodded, wishing he knew of some great sacrifice he might make that would spare Polly just a little.

"When?"

"Right away. Next Wednesday."

Into the terrible pallor came raw red spots.

"So that's the way she caught you. The oldest way in the world."

"No!" Whatever had made him think that he could hide the central fact of this marriage? But still he would go through the form of denial. "No, Polly. I left her and found out I loved her."

Polly had greeted him here a beautiful girl, a sheltered, happy person for whom nothing had ever gone seriously wrong. She wasn't beautiful now; she was an enraged, stricken female.

"So that's the way to get a man. Why didn't I think of it? What made me think love was the answer, when all you have to do is get a man off in a corner and step out of your clothes? Oh! That nasty, scheming little—"

She had shrieked the words, yet somehow her rage had dignity. And the outpourings helped. She stopped at last and sat silent on the rock ledge for so long that Walt thought she had dismissed him and wanted to be alone. Then she turned toward him, face still, but not composed.

"Well, that's that," she said. "Go ahead; marry her. I couldn't care less. But you're still a fool to fall for it. She probably isn't pregnant at all."

"Whoever said she—"

Polly's lips had curled. "You'll have a dandy time trying to convince anybody different."

She'd risen, then, and walked away, leaving him there by the pool where they had had so many happy times.

Down Main Street, a heavily loaded trailer-truck rumbled at a reckless pace. Walt looked at the speeding behemoth. A sudden twist of his wheel, a collision. . . .

He grinned wryly. *What a fine, dramatic thought! Poor me. The troubles I'm having, nobody knows. But if I were dead, they'd know, and then they'd feel sorry for me.*

The only hitch was that "poor me" had brought those troubles on himself.

An instant later he thought in panic, *I wonder if Anita has looked at speeding trucks and high windows like that?* Somehow he didn't think so. He thought Anita probably had more raw courage than he had. But she was in a spot where such speculation was understandable, and he had put her there.

Walt parked as near the store entrance as he could get, this time. Damage her reputation? That was a laugh. He waited in the car, and before he had smoked half a cigarette, Anita emerged and came toward him.

Pride touched him at the way she moved, dark, glossy head high. Then he saw how the vivid coloring had dulled in a face perceptibly thinner. He'd have to do something about that.

"Hi," he said. "Want a ride, doll? Going my way?"

It was so ridiculous under the circumstances that a faint smile touched her lips, to fade an instant later.

"You still think I should go your way, Walt?"

"It would be embarrassing if you didn't, with the family getting ready for a wedding next Wednesday."

"You told them, then."

"Yes."

"And the girl? Polly Cox?"

Walt nodded, and wished she wouldn't search his face with such intelligent, perceptive eyes.

"It must have been bad." Anita sighed. "No matter what she said or did, she can't be blamed for it. You know that?"

He nodded again and closed the door after her and started toward her house. "You told your family?"

"Not yet. I wanted to give you time to change your mind."

His hand gently touched her lips, stilling them. "When will you find out that the last thing I would want to do would be to change my mind? I told you, darling, I found out the hard way how much I love you. I told you I'd meant to propose to you anyhow. Do you find that so tough to believe?"

She was silent, looking at him with her soul in her eyes, begging for conviction and not entirely finding it.

"It might be better if we didn't have to rush at it," Walt said, "but I'm glad even for that. It saves sweating it out for eight months or a year—I can have you right away."

Some of the doubt left her eyes, and he felt better. This girl beside him should have her happiness as well as her legal rights. He swore that all over again.

In the Jadowski house, the family was in the dining room. Walt and Anita faced them in the doorway. They knew now, all right. Perhaps Tommy, the only one not there, had told them. Perhaps they had comprehended the situation themselves, with Walt's hurried visit late last night being the final piece they needed. Mrs. Jadowski gazed at the two with her eyes misted and her lips trembling. Mr. Jadowski looked like a judge on a bench, impersonal, incorruptible, glacial. Steve's face was the cold, if courteous, face of a stranger.

"Steve," he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Jadowski—Anita has an announcement to make. Go on, darling."

If she had faltered still, objected still . . . but she didn't. She said steadily, "Walt and I are going to be married."

Mrs. Jadowski began to cry. The two men looked almost as they had before. Almost—some of the tension had left. Again Walt hung the happy grin on his face—he'd have a lot of practice doing that before this crisis was finished. He put his hand out. Steve took it with the formality of a new acquaintance, as did his father. All the old friendliness was gone. Walt had regained their respect, but not their regard.

He told them of their plan to be married next Wednesday, and Mr. Jadowski nodded and said he would arrange for the church. It was all rather sad, with none of the happy tears and back-poundings such an occasion would ordinarily bring forth.

"Tomorrow evening," Walt said later, kissing her. "The Schaeffers want to meet you and your family."

She stared in dismay. "Oh, Walt—do we have to?"

She sighed. "That was silly, wasn't it? Of course we have to. But do you mind if I say I'd rather take a beating?"

CHAPTER 4

Anita's room in the Jadowski house was small, immaculate and uncluttered. The few furnishings she had painted white, afterward vaguely regretting it, but now knowing it was because it gave the room an unnecessarily severe look—there had been little time in her life for such studies as home decoration.

Anita was dressing and taking a long time to do it. What should she wear to a family dinner at the Schaeffers'? A dinner dress? Suit? Sweater and skirt? How could she even guess, when the situation itself was so unexpected? A visit by the Jadowskis to the Schaeffers. *It won't work,* she thought despairingly. *It can't work! Oh, everything's all wrong about it.*

And yet she loved Walt as her mother must have loved her father. Alone with herself, Anita could admit that. The wild, unreasoning happiness that had flooded through her when he asked her to marry him was something she could never forget. And he had sworn he loved her.

"I wish I could believe it," she whispered.

She shouldn't marry him, she thought. But if she didn't—what? No alternative had occurred to her that wasn't a nightmare. *And it's not as if he hadn't asked me to,* she pleaded with herself. *He did ask me, and he says he loves me, and I do love him so. . . .*

She got up from the bed and took out her good suit of fine thin wool, heather-colored, with an excellent label. It seemed to her that she should be able to go anywhere in that suit save to really formal affairs. She did not know that the one small uncertainty she felt about it was, like the uncertainty about her room, occasioned by the fact that it went a hair beyond simplicity and into severity.

There was a tap at her door. "Yes?" she said.

"It's Steve, baby."

She slid into a robe. "Come in."

He entered, big in the little room. He had on a brown tweed suit and shoes polished to mirror brightness, although this was Navy habit and did not concern the Schaeffers. He looked at her, and his eyes were gentle.

"You okay, 'Nita?"

"Of course."

"Sure?"

"Well," she said honestly, "I'd be a little more sure if I knew how we all should dress."

"Did anybody tell us?"

"No."

"Okay, then. We wear what we think's best. We're not expected to be mind-readers."

Anita smiled her thanks at his eminently sensible and completely unhelpful remark. "How're dad and ma?"

"Pa's in his blue serge, reading the paper. Ma's having a bird, of course. I talked her out of that flowered thing. But it's you I'm thinking about, honey."

She kissed his cheek. "I'll be all right. Get out and let me dress."

Steve drove the big used car he had picked up through Feltzer's Garage. Anita sat beside him, with Mr. and Mrs. Jadowski in the back seat. Mrs. Jadowski, in an agony of uncertainty, had twittered for a while.

However, most of the trip was made in silence, and

silently Steve turned into the Schaeffer driveway. Anita squeezed her hands together. This was a home of a type she'd never been in before. Everything ahead of her would be something she had never seen or done before. Could she measure up?

Walt opened the door and greeted them. "Come on, folks, meet the family." Anita saw the two inside the doorway as they approached. A middle-aged woman with dark hair, in a dark blue dress of plain line, but carrying somehow a formal look. A big, determinedly smiling man in pin-striped gray.

"Dad, mother, this is Anita. And her brother, Steve, and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jadowski."

"So this is Anita!" Mrs. Shaeffer smiled effusively, and the men shook hands. Mrs. Jadowski hesitantly extended her hand to Mrs. Schaeffer, thought it wasn't going to be taken, started to withdraw it, and then, embarrassed, gripped too hard. The ill-assorted group straggled into the living room.

Looking around, Anita thought that she had never seen so beautiful a room, and she wondered how Walt could act so unconscious of it. The furnishings, somberly elegant, were relieved by bowls and vases of flowers. There was a fine marble fireplace with a small fire going for cheer rather than warmth. Huge Chinese rugs, a century old, covered the floor.

They all seated themselves on sofas and chairs near the fire. And what to say? What to do?

"It seems your daughter and my son want to get married," John Schaeffer said to Mr. Jadowski. He still wore the determined smile, and Anita wished he wouldn't. He could not be smiling inside; he must feel terrible about this.

Mr. Jadowski nodded. There was no smile on his face, not much expression of any kind. He was out of place, knew it and calmly accepted the fact. Anita wished her mother would, too, but in her anxiety to please, she was jittery and full of abrupt little movements.

"It seems so sudden," Mrs. Jadowski blurted, and Anita's heart seemed to stop beating for a moment, because everybody in the room knew all about it. Everybody in the world, thought Anita, with an inward stab of pain. But no one must ever acknowledge it.

"My little girl, marrying!" Mrs. Jadowski sniffed suddenly, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Now, mamma," Mr. Jadowski said hastily, "girls do get married, you know."

"Take it easy, ma," said Steve, going over to put his arm around her.

There was a voluble few minutes, with three Jadowskis talking at once, till Mrs. Jadowski sighed and put away her handkerchief. Anita sat looking at her hands.

Mrs. Shaeffer said smoothly, "We usually serve cocktails at this hour. Will you have one?" She smiled at Anita's father, and Anita got cold inside. "I've heard that people who serve liquor professionally often don't drink themselves. Is that right, Mr. Jadowski?"

"Some do and some don't," Mr. Jadowski said. "I'll have a beer, if there's some in the kitchen."

Pa, I love you, Anita thought.

"I'll have to say no," Steve said. "I have a fight coming up in two weeks."

Anita said she'd have one, and her mother nodded brightly, with an unsure smile. For a while they tried to make talk, with first a silence, and then two or three starting at once to break it. Mrs. Schaeffer's resigned shrug was apparent to Anita, at least, when she said, "Shall we go in to dinner?"

The dinner dragged. Walt was silent. Anita said little, too, save at moments when a swift interruption might save her mother, who was trying too hard to be natural. But it was hopeless, and everybody knew it very well.

Suddenly Anita saw that Mrs. Schaeffer knew it only too well—and was quite satisfied to have it that way. A swiftly concealed, triumphant smile on her lips gave her away and also, for the first time, revealed to Anita the bitter hostility seething beneath. She had rather thought there might be, but Walt's mother had efficiently covered it till then. How could she, for whatever reason, marry into a family that hated her?

"A brandy?" Mrs. Schaeffer said later, when they were back in the living room with coffee in small, lovely cups. It was offered in the manner of one at her wits' end for something, anything, to say.

They all refused, but Mrs. Schaeffer persisted. "Do pour one, John. It's supposed to be something special, and I'd like Mr. Jadowski's professional opinion of it."

In that moment Anita conceived a hostility for Walt's mother quite equaling that which she held for her.

Stolidly, Mr. Jadowski sniffed the little glass and tasted the contents. "Very good. Better than anything I serve. Austrian, I think."

It was not much later when he said, "Guess we'd better run along. Tomorrow's a work-day."

Anita did not know whether Mrs. Schaeffer's sigh of relief was intended to be audible or not. She said. "It's been so nice, Mrs. Schaeffer. You and Mr. Schaeffer must have dinner at our house sometime."

"We'd love to, dear," Mrs. Schaeffer said. "I'm sorry you are leaving so soon, but if you really feel you must . . ."

"I'll drive you home," Walt said to Anita.

"Oh, I'll go in our car—"

"I'll drive you home."

She wouldn't cry, she swore to herself. Not till later, at least, alone in her room. She would not cry now. She sagged back against the seat; no day at the store had ever made her feel as tired as she felt now.

"I thought it went off very well," Walt said.

Oh, Walt, she thought. *You child.* "Yes, it seemed to."

"Of course, there isn't much in common between them."

"Or us," she said.

"We've got the biggest thing in the world," he disagreed. "Nothing else matters. Remember that."

Anita shivered, and he said hastily, "Not cold, are you? Should I put the top up?"

"No. I'm all right." She glanced quickly at him, and away. For the moment he seemed a stranger, and she thought crazily, *What am I doing here in this play-car with this man who knows nothing about me, just as I know nothing about him?*

She said, "Walt, shouldn't you go ahead and finish school? We could get along as well in Chicago, probably, as here."

He shook his head. "I'd do it, somehow, if it were necessary. If I were in something technical, where I had to have a degree to get a job. But I'm only in business administration."

"Only?" said Anita.

"Let's face it; 'Bus Ad' is a course that catches a lot who want to be graduated the easy way. Between us, I'm afraid that's why I was in it. So it won't matter if I don't finish."

She didn't find anything to say to that. He added quickly and a little humbly, "That sounds lousy, compared to the way someone like Steve bats his brains out for everything he gets. I guess I've had things pretty easy, darling."

"It may not be that way now," Anita said quietly.

"No, it won't. I'll have to knuckle down."

"Have you talked to your father about . . . about the way we're to live?"

"Not yet. With things as they are, there's been so little time. . . ." She heard his breath hiss in. "Oh, Anita, don't misunderstand when I just blurt things without thinking them over ahead of time. You can't talk or be natural when you have to do that."

"Of course not," she said, feeling chilled under the nice wool topcoat that matched her suit.

John Schaeffer was in the library when he heard his son's car roll in. He stroked his forehead while he thought out what he should say and how he ought to say it.

Madge had been right on both counts; it seemed to him. First, Walt was not happy with this marriage; John, too, had seen the way the happy grin faded when Walt thought he was alone, and the way anxiety and rebellion lined the young face. Second, it was a simply impossible union from a practical standpoint. The Jadowski family was too big a hurdle.

He heard Walt's step in the hall and rattled papers to let him know he was in the library. Walt came in, and John felt pride at sight of the big, good-looking boy, and anger at what fate had handed him.

"I thought you'd be in bed, Dad," Walt said.

John looked at the clock. "It's still early. Our guests left sooner than most."

Walt reddened, but smiled brightly. "Nice family. And Anita! Isn't she something, Dad?"

"Quite a girl," John said, blank-faced. "And that reminds me . . . I'm glad you came in. I've been doing some figuring."

He looked at a space above his son's head.

"Now that you're suddenly a family man, you'll need more allowance. You couldn't get along on your own. We'll call it 'salary' of course, to save face. You do intend to work, don't you?"

He took his cigar from his mouth and looked at it as if it had a disagreeable taste. Over the cigar, he could see his son's face whitening with surprise and anger.

"As for your living quarters," he went on, "your mother and I are used to having you live off . . . I mean, with us. I suppose we can get just as used to you and a wife. We can fix up an apartment over the garage for you, which will give you privacy and save us all money. Your mother and I will, of course, meet the expenses as they come in, take care of your doctor's bills for you, pay Anita's way at the hospital for you—"

"Just a minute!" Walt said thickly.

John looked up, then, to meet his son's eyes. They were flaming in his white face, and John wished he could take a personal beating rather than do this to the boy.

"Yes?" he said.

"I never knew I was such a burden to you and Mother."

"Burden?" John said, eyebrows up. "Parents expect to take care of their children—"

"When do children stop being children?" Walt's voice was trembling with his anger.

"I'd never thought much about it," said John, "but it would seem that a dependent was a child as long as he was a dependent. Which is nothing against you, son. Except for your stint in the Navy, you've never had to do for yourself. We've done for you. So your mother and I will naturally keep on caring for you—and yours—as we have in the past."

"Nobody," snapped Walt, "is going to care for me but me!"

John thought that, if he had been twenty years younger and not Walt's father, he might be on the verge of a smash in the face—which he would have preferred to the punishment he was dealing out to himself. He waved his hand tolerantly.

"That's a nice sentiment, Walt, but we can't take it too seriously, now can we? Understand, I don't blame you—"

"So what work I might do for you in the office wouldn't have value or meaning. It would just be an excuse for you to support Anita and me. It would 'save face.'"

"I didn't say exactly that—"

"Thank you very much, but I'm not having any. I'll save my own face and support my own wife."

"You will?" A faint smile touched John's lips. "You have it all thought out?"

Walt glared at his father. He hadn't thought about it at all. He was becoming a married man—he had to become one—at once, and the enormity of this had driven everything else from his mind. He had vaguely assumed that he would work in his father's office, as planned originally, and start earning at once a salary that would take care of Anita and himself. Now he was angered almost as much by his juvenile lack of planning as he was by suddenly being confronted with his father's true opinion of his services—and himself.

"You can take your money and your job—" Walt stopped, with visible effort. I wouldn't take a nickel from you if—"

"Now, son," John protested. "Really. Let's be reasonable. Nobody thinks any the less of you because you haven't the ability to make a living for a family."

"Good-night," Walt said, turning toward the door.

"I want you to know that your mother and I will always be at hand, ready to help you over the rough spots—"

"That'll be the day!" said Walt. He banged out.

John leaned back at his desk, hand shaking as he put his cigar down. He thought that this ten minutes had probably taken five years off his life, but it would be worth it if he could feel that it would help to free his boy.

The church and the short, simple ceremony were behind them. There had been only a dozen or so at the wedding, all from the Jadowskis' list, with Madge and John Schaeffer sticking out among them like two white satin fingers on a pair of work gloves.

They had got there early, and John had drawn his son aside and, smilingly, slid a hundred-dollar bill into his hand. "For extras on the honeymoon. Later, I'll send a check."

Walt had flushed deeply. His father had handed out the bill as a fond grandparent might give a little boy a nickel.

"The minister will love this," he said, folding the bill. "And you can forget about the check."

"I'm afraid you don't quite know what you're—"

"My car will be your wedding present," Walt said shortly. "And thank you very much."

So now the church and ceremony were behind him and Anita. They would have a four-day honeymoon at a Lake Michigan resort famous in summer, but uncrowded in October. Then they would come back to their own small apartment and their own self-sufficient lives.

"I'm so glad," Anita said. She wore the heather-colored suit, and the case in which her several best dresses were packed was a good new one given her by Steve. "I was scared to death you'd want to live with your family, or be supported by them. Not that I'd have blamed you," she added hastily.

"I'd have blamed myself," Walt said. "At least I would have after I'd got a true picture of myself in my father's scheme of things."

"Walt—you didn't have a fight with him?"

"Not exactly. I walked out before it came to that."

It's wrong, Anita thought for the hundredth time. We shouldn't have done it. But we did, and I'll do my share of making it work out if it kills me.

"We've got to remember how hard this is for them,"

she said. "Just because we love each other doesn't mean they have to love our getting married. Or my family, either."

"Well, one thing's for sure," Walt said, touching her hand. "We do love each other."

To Anita's anxious ears, the ring of sincerity seemed to sound in every word. Reassured for a time, she squeezed his hand and then released it, since Walt was driving at a speed that made both hands on the wheel advisable.

"How long will it take us to get there?" she asked.

"Let's see. Hundred and sixty miles . . . About three hours in this job." Walt patted the wheel. The car was to be sold when he and Anita returned. The price would buy a small used sedan and a little furniture. A checking account which he had negligently kept up had been cleaned out for this trip.

The wheel-pat had told Anita what he was thinking. "You will miss the car," she said sympathetically.

"With what I'm getting in exchange? A wife like you?"

So he *did* love her. Didn't he?

At six, they got to the motel which would be their home for four days, and Walt laughed and Anita blushed when the man asked to see the license. When they went with their key to the designated door, faint traces of their breath lingered in the still evening air, and a hundred yards to their right was the great platinum sheet of the lake.

"Enter, Mrs. Schaeffer," Walt said, grinning. "Gee, doesn't that sound swell?"

Anita started to say, "Dreamy," but she couldn't get the word out. He couldn't know how heavenly it sounded.

They closed the door and kissed each other, and a man couldn't kiss like that if he didn't really love the girl in his arms . . . Could he?

"I'll have to freshen up and change," she said. And they looked at each other, and Anita felt a kind of singing all through her body.

"I'll . . . unpack," Walt said huskily. But they stayed in each other's arms.

Afterward Anita was to see in those days almost all the answers to the meaning of her life. The problems lay behind them, back in Kenniston. There were only happiness and love-making here, with never a flaw in Walt's tenderness and consideration toward her. He loved her. She believed that. She had to believe it. And yet . . .

She had never happened to read the statement made by a clever woman that the gentlest lover is a man with a guilty conscience. But toward the end Anita did begin to sense a kind of overabundance of attention and a trace of something almost paternal instead of husbandlike. As if the arm around her were her father's or brother's—after they had unwittingly hurt her and wanted to make up for it.

They had perfect weather, with hardly a breath of wind to ruffle the paint-pot leaves or the surface of the water.

"Gold and amber," Walt said, as they walked down to the beach that last afternoon. "You must have a drag with the weather man, darling, to get it so good for us."

"I have," Anita said, hand warm in his as they started up the beach. "We want it to be all gold and amber for our honeymoon, I told him."

"We'll come here every fall from now on," Walt said.

"Perhaps not the next one," said Anita, coloring. "Little Walt will hardly be old enough to traipse around a beach."

It was almost the first time the baby had been mentioned, and she waited with a shiver of suspense for Walt's reaction.

There was only the slightest hesitation. "Not little Walt," he said. "It's to be little Anita. The only thing better than one of you would be two of you."

She squeezed his hand. "Maybe we could have a little Anita later. Come on, I'll beat you to that breakwater."

"Whoa! You shouldn't run or anything should you?"

"For heaven's sake, it'll be months before I have to slow down."

She beat him to the breakwater by cheating and taking a head start, and they sat down laughing, warm enough in light sweaters, and stared out at the lake.

"It's nice off here, where no one knows anything about us," Walt said. "I've been wondering if it would be a good idea to locate somewhere besides Kenniston."

"I've been wondering, too," Anita said.

She did not know whether to utter her true opinion—that it would seem like running, and that she didn't think you could run from a thing like that, because most of it lay within your own heart.

"Kenniston is home," she said finally. "We'll know better how we feel about it after giving it a try."

They strolled back to their motel to change for dinner, with Anita walking in the circle of his arm, and she felt happier than she had at any moment since they'd come. She went into the chrome-gleaming bathroom.

Anita glowed to the crisp tingle of cold water and hummed as her fingers flew with lipstick and comb. She went back to the door. "Ready, Walt," she started to say. But the words died on her lips as she looked at him, sitting there with his young wife supposedly still out of sight in the other room.

He was staring, unseeing, out the window, and there was a grim, hard line around his lips and bleak anger in his eyes. His hands were clenched on the chair-arms, and as she stood there, one raised a bit and banged softly down.

She tiptoed back and stared at the white face in the mirror. She had thought of these days as a time of grace in which they had begun to lay the foundation for their marriage. But the foundation was painted cardboard which a touch, a word, an expression, could knock flat.

Everything she had feared she thought to see confirmed in that bleak, angry stare. Walt did feel trapped. He did resent the marriage. He had been moved by duty, not love.

CHAPTER 5

Young Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffer had been back five days when Anita bombed Walt with her announcement.

Walt had found a job—or, rather, had made one—with the Craven Real Estate Agency. He had no special skills to offer an employer, but he did have some slight knowledge of real estate management and rentals which he'd picked up during summers in his father's office. He had decided to place his bets on this.

He almost hadn't gone in to see Mr. Craven, just because he was slightly acquainted with him through his father. Walt was very touchy about even seeming to utilize the Schaeffer name, after the astounding and painful things his father had said to him that night. However, it was going overboard a bit to refuse to speak with any business man in Kenniston familiar with his father's name—they all were. So finally he'd gone in.

Craven was a man in his mid-forties, who had kept his office small and selective, a quiet-looking man who watched in silence as Walt approached his desk.

"Hello, Mr. Craven. I'm Walt Schaeffer. I don't know if you remember me—"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Craven said. "I remember you."

His face was pleasantly blank, and Walt thought grimly. *He knows. Everyone acquainted with our family knows. And everyone acquainted with the Jadowskis. Everybody in Kenniston knows!*

"Won't you sit down?" said Craven. nodding to a chair.

Walt sat. And smiled. "I came in," he said, "to ask about your rentals department."

Craven's face now looked pleasant—and mystified. "I'm afraid we don't have one. I handle a few rentals; Mr. Benson takes care of some. We don't encourage them."

Walt had known that, naturally, before he came in. This was one of many agencies that preferred not to bother with rentals. The commission was too small, the work too time-consuming. They were in business to buy and sell.

"How would you like a rentals department?" he asked Mr. Craven. "No drawing account, just commissions?"

"There's not much money in it, here."

"Not at first. Maybe later. But it would be steady for both of us."

"Do you have any business to bring in, to start with?"

"No."

"Licensed?"

"No. But I'll get a license. And I want to—you never can tell when a rental might turn into a sale."

"You would expect Mr. Benson and me to turn our rentals over to you?"

"Not unless you wanted to get rid of detail. I'll dig up my own business."

They were nice-sounding words with. Walt acknowledged in his soul, not one thing behind them. Perhaps Craven guessed this, too. But he only shrugged.

"What have I got to lose? You don't bring in new business; you don't get paid. You can use that desk. . . . You know, don't you, that you could get a job at Kenniston Electronics that would pay twice as much to start?"

"But not to finish, Mr. Craven," Walt said cheerfully. "Thanks. Now, I'll get on the ball."

Classified ads, Rentals, an ad of his own. A run-through of the Craven lists. Pavement-pounding on the track of rental properties and customers. Several years of normal effort should get him normally established on the bottom rung—but Walt did not have several years. He was like the student who must take two years in one—or less—no matter what the effort. It was sink or swim, plus learning to swim, in a very short time.

It could work out, he thought. By sweating like two men he should soon earn half a man's salary. After that it ought to grow into a modest income. Almost as much, say, as his father had used to give him for an allowance.

He got home that Friday evening exhausted. Even in the Navy he hadn't worked so hard or walked so far. Anita wasn't in yet, and he hung up his hat and coat and, with a grimace, regarded his home. Two-and-a-half rooms, half the second floor of an old remodeled house. Mr. Jadowski had heard about it through a bar customer and had told Walt because he thought the price might be interesting. It had been. But that was all. Just the price.

The bedroom held a new imitation-maple bed and dresser, and the living room was brave with a repossessed many-pieced suite obtainable at half price on the installment plan. The kitchenette was outfitted half from the dime store and half from the Jadowski kitchen.

For a moment, there alone, Walt let himself compare the life he had blundered into with the life he would have had with Polly Cox. To set beside this one crazy night along a highway with a girl who might have come from a different planet, so alien were her tastes and world—

A key turned in the door, and Walt faced that way with a devoted smile. "Anita. Darling."

She kissed him hungrily. "I meant to get home first, Walt. I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter. I see you've been busy." He took the sacks of groceries from her arms and carried them to the kitchenette. She had her coat off when he returned, and he picked her up and whirled her around and then sat with her on his lap.

"Whoa," she said, laughing. "That's no way to treat a career girl. Too undignified."

"Career girl?" Walt repeated.

She put a satiny cheek against his and touched his nose with a finger-tip.

Walt leaned back to look at her, smile gone. The pride so bluntly mauled by his father recently, stirred and stung. "You don't mean you have a job?"

"It just happened," she said, missing his gaze. "When I finished business school, they put my name on their employment list. Along came a Mr. Nugent, of Kenniston Novelties Co., whose secretary has to leave for four months for her health. So? I get four months' replacement work; he gets a secretary."

Walt sat with her, an anxiously smiling bundle, on his lap, and said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. That is, he could think of lots of things to say, but could not see his way clear to saying them. She had given his damaged pride an infuriating stab, although she couldn't know that. His wife, whom, his father had said confidently, he could not possibly support—his wife, with a baby on the way and her health to guard with exaggerated care—thought her man wasn't man enough to provide for her. Since he secretly doubted it himself, he would have liked to shake her, yell a command that she was not to take that job or any other as long as he had two arms and a brain. But under the circumstances, he couldn't.

He could not quarrel with Anita. He didn't dare. Because, if he let himself go and spoke in anger, he might say things that would crack wide open his determined acting.

"Walt, dear, don't be mad," she whispered in his ear, kissing it afterward.

"I'm . . . not."

"Most of the girls I know keep on working for at least a while after they are married."

But not most of the girls *I* know, he would have shouted if he had let himself go.

"I'll quit long before there could be any trouble. And Mr. Nugent came to me about the job. He needs somebody right away, and I can do the work."

"I'm sure of that."

She touched his cheek. "Would you rather I didn't, honey? I won't, if you don't want me to."

Walt put his smile in place. "You do just what you want to, darling. Always and forever. It will be all right with me."

The little car was middle-aged and shabby, but the motor ticked off like a watch. Steve had seen to that, and to the price, which had been a pleasant surprise to Walt. He thanked Steve gratefully.

"Think nothing of it," Steve said. "At the garage, a guy hears of good clean cars for sale and also talks with guys who want the sports jobs. No trouble."

They were in the Jadowski living room, and from the kitchen drifted smells of pork and sauerkraut. The newlyweds had come to dinner. They must soon, Walt reflected with a sigh, repeat the process in the big house on the hill. Didn't matter if nobody liked it; it was the thing to do.

"How's it going so far, kid?" Steve asked quietly.

Walt warmed. There was still formality between him and the Jadowskis; he was an alien, only accidentally among

them, and he had yet to prove himself. But Steve had once more called him "kid."

"Not bad," he said. "It'll be a tight squeak for a while, but we'll get along."

"There's a family back of you," Steve said. "Pa and I can get a little up, if necessary."

"Thanks. That's nice of you."

Steve frowned. "Nice? What's nice about it? I said—family. What's a family for if not to heave to in emergencies?"

Mr. Jadowski came in. He said hello to Walt and shook hands.

"How's the apartment?" he asked.

"Fine," said Walt. "Just fine."

Mr. Jadowski nodded and turned to Steve. "What's up with Tommy now? Would you know?"

Steve glanced at Walt, but Walt was not a guest any more. The kid brother could now be discussed in front of him.

"I wouldn't know from Tommy," he said. "He's got kind of close-mouthed lately. But I heard he gave Mike Kilenny a working-over and is now top banana in the Redbacks."

"Redbacks?"

"A gang of kids from around here."

"I don't like gangs of kids," Mr. Jadowski said.

Steve shrugged. "Me either. But you're going to have 'em. Some teenage Hitler whips a gang together six blocks away, and they get full of themselves and start beating up kids from other neighborhoods. So what can the others do? Form a gang themselves, for their own protection."

"Beating up. Protection. When I was a kid, in this same neighborhood, things weren't like that."

"It wasn't the same neighborhood, pa," Steve said. "The same streets and buildings, maybe, but there're twice as many people now. The kids are crowded in, with no place to go, and nothing to do but get into trouble."

"We've tried to bring Tommy up decent."

"Any kid can go off the beam for a while with the wrong crowd. But forget it, pa. Tommy will turn out all right."

Anita came to the door and called them in to dinner. This time Tommy clattered downstairs and joined them.

"Hi, family. Hi . . . Walt." His tone brought red to Walt's ears. There seemed to be arrogance in it, self-satisfaction, a certain cockiness, as if he considered his trip to Chicago a knight errant's deed responsible for his sister's marriage. It was hard for Walt to swallow. It was also hard for him to swallow the consequences of Tommy's crazy action. The older boy who had driven him to Chicago had talked. The whole neighborhood knew. The Jadowski girl? She had to get married. That guy from the hill. They made him marry her.

Mamma Jadowski cut in like an innocent mind-reader.

"To the new little mother," she said, beaming. "Just think, papa, we'll be grandparents soon."

"The more times, the better," Mr. Jadowski said, in his heavy, measured tone.

"Our baby—a mother!" Mrs. Jadowski dabbed at her eyes. "It was just yesterday that she was running around in little blue-jeans trying to play ball with Steve and the rest."

"And playing pretty well, I'll bet," Walt said.

"I'll show you a curve, some day," said Anita, smiling.

"Ha-ha!" said Tommy, out of the side of his mouth.

In silence Steve and Mr. Jadowski turned slowly to look at him. He shriveled for an instant, then stared defiantly back.

"Into the kitchen," Mr. Jadowski said. "Eat your supper out there."

"Oh, for—"

"We are your family. We try to be decent to you. You don't want to be the same way; we don't want you around. Go on!"

The boy picked up his plate, glaring, and went to the kitchen with it. An instant later, the back door slammed; he had gone on through and out of the house.

Steve whistled softly through his teeth. His father said, "You think I am too hard on him? I treat him wrong?"

"Pa, I don't know," Steve said.

"What do I do now, when he comes home? Nothing at all? Give him a licking the way my father would have done? Try to talk to him again?"

"I don't know," Steve said. "I just don't know."

Walt said nothing. His foot tingled to reduce the boy's nuisance-value with a firm kick in the pants. But Tommy was more than just a nuisance; he was, incredibly, his brother-in-law.

If Walt had seen Polly an instant sooner, that early December noon, he would have turned and walked rapidly away. As it was, he had no time. He was standing at the corner waiting for the light to change, and the sports car stopped right in front of him.

"Walt!"

"Why, Polly!" he said. "Hello."

Impulsively she leaned to open the door. "Get in for a minute, will you, Walt? I've been wanting to talk to you."

He bit his lip. He didn't want to get in her car, not only because their last meeting was painful in his mind, but also because she represented the hill crowd who were no longer comfortable to be with because they knew all about his marriage.

He got in, however; there wasn't much else he could do. Polly took the light and went on down the main street.

"You're looking fine," he ventured.

She smiled, and his heart thumped. She was just as he'd remembered her—before their parting at the cave—pretty and composed, a little spoiled but very sweet.

"Looking better than last time you saw me?"

"I didn't say that," Walt muttered.

She laughed. "You didn't have to. I know how I must have looked. Like a fish-wife. Why do they say 'fish-wife?' Do fish-wives get madder than other people?"

She slowed for the next light, and beyond the corner was the Mark Hotel, where they'd gone many times for lunch or to dance.

"I'm sorry I acted as I did, Walt. I had no right to."

"I think you did."

"I'm sorry, anyhow . . . Oh, there's the Mark." Her hand impulsively touched his arm. "Why don't you take me to lunch, Walt, while I apologize?"

It was the last thing Walt would have cared to do. The good-looking blonde girl beside him still had too much attraction for him to be safe. Also he could not afford it.

"I'd like to," he said steadily.

The doorman took her car, and Walt followed her to the small dining room where those with more leisure than Walt now possessed could dawdle over lunch. She sat across from him, beautiful, assured, expensive—and once within his reach. He had kissed her many times, and memory of her lips was strong when he looked at them. This was the girl to whom he should be married.

"I *am* sorry I acted as I did," she said, after her careless order of a cocktail had made it imperative for Walt to order one, too. "Hurt pride! It can surely spark an explosion. And after all, it wasn't your fault, poor lamb. 'Falling in love.' I guess that's right. You just fall, and you can't help the bang it makes afterward. I'm beginning to find that out, I think."

"Oh?" said Walt, staring.

"I thought I was in love with you—I must have

been, in a way. But it couldn't have been as big as I thought, because there's—a man— Well, I haven't been able to think of much else but him in the last couple of weeks."

It was silly how the news hurt. He had no right to let it hurt him; he was married, would be a parent soon. He kept his face straight. "That's good. Anyone I know?"

"Oh, sure," said Polly. "He's one of the crowd, though a little older. It's Pete Kinsley."

"Pete Kinsley!" Walt exclaimed.

"Yes. Surprised?"

To say that Walt was surprised would have been putting it mildly. Pete Kinsley was thirty but still seemed to think he was twenty-two. He also went with Walt's and Polly's crowd because the others of his age were married, and none of the husbands wanted him within grabbing distance of his wife. He was that kind of man.

"Yeah," he said slowly, "I am surprised."

"You don't look as if you approved much," Polly said. "What's wrong?"

Walt lit a cigarette to get a moment's thought. There was a whole lot wrong, as most of the men Kinsley knew—and some of the women—could have told Polly. But Walt didn't see how *he* could tell her. If he just said without explanation, "Look, he's a jerk; steer clear of him," she would only think he was the real jerk, not able to have her himself, and not wanting anybody else to have her.

"You're not thinking of marrying him, Polly?"

"Maybe. I think he'll ask me, one of these days. A girl can sense that kind of thing. If he does. . . ."

Walt unhappily sipped his cocktail. It was clear what had happened. Polly, jilted, had taken the proud way—belittle the old love, deny it, and on the rebound turn to another, insisting that this is the true love. Do that, and it's all too easy to come up with a Pete Kinsley!

Walt felt responsible for this, felt that he must do something. But what? "Probably he's just looking for an affair."

"No. A girl can tell that, too."

"But he's so much older than you."

"Nine years."

Walt stubbed his cigarette out. "It's enough to make you think—and imagine how much he may have been around during those nine years."

"I suppose he has," Polly said, shrugging lightly. "That is probably why he has such poise."

"Poise! Don't do it, Polly!"

"Please! He hasn't asked me, after all. But if he did—why not?"

"There are reasons," Walt said doggedly.

"Walt Schaeffer, I do believe you're jealous. And you a married man—"

"I'm not jealous. It's just that I know Pete Kinsley in a way you never could."

"Such mystery," she said lightly. "But I haven't really made up my mind . . . Tell me about you. How's married life?"

Walt got her off that subject as soon as he could, and they talked generally, although the talk was full of gaps. He kept thinking what a nice kid Polly was, basically, and what a heel Pete Kinsley was.

After lunch Polly insisted on dropping Walt at his office, which he didn't want, and then with a comradely handwave, she roared off down the street. Every cop in town knew her; she got away with murder. . . .

She turned into the Schaeffer driveway at a decorous pace, however, and walked slowly, thoughtfully toward the door. Madge Schaeffer was in the living room and hadn't even pretended to be doing anything while anxiously waiting for her.

"Well," she said, "did you see him this time?"

"Yes," said Polly. "I began to think I'd never 'happen to meet him.' But today it clicked. And he took me to lunch."

"Oh, Polly! Splendid! How did it go?"

"We were very prim," said Polly. "The whole world could have looked on—though I don't think it would seem so harmless to that Polish girl if she heard about it."

"*When* she hears about it," Madge corrected. "Do you agree now that this is better than just to flounce out of his life and say, 'I never want to see you again?' "

"I don't know," Polly said.

"Yes, you do, dear. And you know that you can have him back. At least *I* know it, and I'm his mother, so you can take my word for it."

"I don't think I want him back," Polly said, lips hard. "All I know is that I want to hurt him as badly as he hurt me. Maybe after that . . ."

Christmas was ten days off. The young Schaeffers had gone to the Jadowskis' for Thanksgiving and would go to Walt's home for Christmas. It was a hollow gesture, Walt thought. His father and mother would try to be nice to Anita and wouldn't know how, and consequently would hurt her—his mother seemed especially prone to do this. They would all have a miserable time, with politeness glossing it thinly. But there were certain things one had to do.

Walt was thinner than when he'd gone up to Northern U. There was a hard, stubborn cast to his jaw, and he looked several years older instead of several months. He even moved and acted differently; he was habitually so busy that even at rest he seemed about to jump up and do something.

It was a busy-ness that was still not paying off well. Anita earned more than he did, and this was always present in his mind, prodding him even harder. With the two earnings, they got along, but by the end of February she would have to quit Kenniston Novelties, and if Walt hadn't lifted himself up substantially by then, they would be in real trouble.

Meanwhile, his life was here, in the Union Street section. He couldn't see his friends without Anita; it would be too embarrassing. And expensive. He went to the hill as little as possible. He worked. He devoted his spare time to Anita. He saw the Jadowskis. That was all.

Still, he wasn't in Anita's world, either. He was strange to it, and knew he was stared at, after he had passed, with a snigger or a joke. The boy from the hill who had to marry the girl.

Anita finished wrapping their Christmas present for the Schaeffers, a stainless steel tray that had looked elegantly plain and modernistic to her. Walt looked at her, standing over the card table, and a warmth of affection washed over him. He got up and kissed the nape of her neck, where the glossy black hair ended and smooth whiteness began.

"What's that for?" she asked, dark gray eyes shining.

"For little Walt. Or Anita." He wondered for the hundredth time if what he saw in her eyes was belief, or only the will to believe.

"Do you think they'll like the tray?" she asked.

"I don't see why not. I do." Walt kept impatience from his tone, not at her, but at the idea of the young Schaeffers trying to give the older Schaeffers anything.

"You're sweet," she said.

"Because I like the tray?"

"No. Just because you're you. It has to be little Walt."

His arm tightened around her. Throughout, he had been able to make convincing love to her, he thought, because she was so thoroughly lovable. Attractive looking—almost beautiful now with the soft sheen of motherhood—graceful, intuitive, intelligent, loyal, warm, honest . . .

He could go on at length listing his admiration.

"What are you getting me for Christmas?"

"I won't tell." She laughed. "A fine thing. How could I surprise you if I told you now?"

"I'll tell you your present if you'll tell me mine."

"I already know mine," she said. "I shook it."

"Why, you little burglar—"

Both heard the swift steps on the stairs, the knock at the door. They looked at each other. After ten. and the night was raw and cold with snow about to fall. Walt opened the door and Steve strode swiftly in.

"Trouble," he said. "Tommy."

"What about Tommy?"

"That fool gang he belongs to. They're going to fight the Main Street crowd, the Bucks, Kilenny said."

"Kilenny?"

"The little punk Tommy kicked out as leader of the Redbacks. He's still sore about it, and when he heard of the fight, he came to me with it."

Anita had gone pale, and Steve was tense. It didn't make sense to Walt—till he remembered some of the things he'd heard about these wild young gangs. Baseball bats, brass knuckles, knives, now and then a snap-gun.

Now and then a boy crippled, or even . . .

"Where?" Anita breathed.

"Kilenny didn't know where. They don't trust him any more; they wouldn't tell him. He thinks it would be one of two places, the Pine Street school yard, or Lombard Street in the warehouse district."

"Let's go," said Walt. He had no idea what he and Steve could do about this, but Steve had obviously come for help.

"Okay, 'Nita?" Steve asked. "Walt could get banged up a little. Some of these young punks are man-sized."

"He can bang back," she said, forcing a smile. "He's quite a boy. my husband."

Steve nodded and said to Walt, "Let's go, kid," and they went downstairs.

"What's the plan?" Walt asked as, in Steve's car, they started swiftly for the school yard. That was nearest. If there was no activity there, they'd try the warehouse street.

"Guess I don't really have one," Steve admitted. "All I'm thinkin' of is Tommy. We'll just have to see how we can help, if we can help, when we get there—"

Four dark shadows loped past them on the sidewalk, going away from the spot they were nearing in the car. Two more ran by within the block, then a cluster of eight or ten at the near intersection, scattering as they watched.

"Trouble," Steve said. "Running from it. Cops?"

They squealed to a stop at the school yard. There, under a street light, a big blue-uniformed figure was stolidly walking toward a police call-box with a writhing smaller figure in each hand. Steve exclaimed aloud. One of them, almost choking himself in a frenzy to break the hold of a large hand twisted at his jacket collar, was Tommy.

"Oh. Hi, Steve." The man looked warily from the squirming youngster in his left hand to the big fellow standing in front of him. "Not figurin' on getting brotherly, are you?"

"Not that way," Steve said. "We got here a little late, looks like. Murph, Walt Schaeffer, my brother-in-law."

" 'T'meetcha," Murphy said.

"Tommy," Steve snapped, "stop wiggling. Murph could break your neck with two fingers if he wanted to. And I wouldn't blame him if he wanted to. What's the beef, Murph?"

"Gang fight. Or there would have been, but I barged in and maybe acted like there were more cops on the way, and they all lammed. All but these two. They were so busy slicin' at each other that I managed to grab 'em."

"Slicing?"

"Switch-blades. That makes it something serious."

"How serious?"

"What do you think, Steve?"

Steve scratched his jaw. He'd looked at Tommy only once, disgustedly. "I think it's about a week to Christmas, Murph. Bad time to jail a kid."

The massive. blue-clad shoulders shrugged. "They should have thought of that."

"Thought! Since when did a kid like this think? But maybe they will, now you've put a scare into them."

"No can do, Steve," Murphy said. "I can't just turn 'em loose, now. Knives, yet!"

Walt spoke for the first time. "How did you happen to be here when the fight started? Did somebody call you?"

"No. Just accident. Just part of a long beat."

"Then nobody knows about this but us three."

"*They* know," said Murphy, shaking the two youngsters.

"We'll be responsible for them," Walt said. "Kind of go bond for them. Okay?"

The man hesitated for a long time, with the two boys as still as mice now that freedom was possibly at hand. "Well. . . ."

"Fine," Steve said, swiftly taking the boys himself and steering them toward the car before the man could change his mind. "You won't be sorry."

"You will be," Murphy said grimly, "if there's any more of this kind of stuff."

With the car in motion and the two youngsters sullenly quiet on the back seat, Steve said, "You heard him, Tommy. Are you going to get me in a jam by trying this again?"

"The Bucks started it," Tommy said. "They raided Pop Neilson's newsstand. That's in our territory."

"You own the city, maybe?" the other kid snapped. "Nobody but you can walk around Maple and Union?"

"You don't think so; just try it again——"

"Shut up!" said Steve, voice chillingly soft. "You—what's your name and where do you live?"

"Bat Antonino, Lombard Street," the boy beside Tommy said, momentarily cowed.

Steve stopped the car. "That's close enough. Leg it. And—keep—your—nose—clean!"

He went on, to Union and Maple. "You better walk in yourself," he told Tommy. "Walt. I'll take you back home."

He drove, silent and depressed, with Walt serious beside him. It was something to be serious about. Knives! Only someone like Steve could have got Tommy off the hook.

"Come up and have some coffee," Walt invited.

"Guess I will," Steve said heavily. "I could use some."

Anita covered her fear almost before the two men could glimpse it. She smiled. "You don't look marked up."

"We will be," Steve said, "if we can't do something about those kids." He told his sister of the encounter and of their pledge to Murphy. "We'd be responsible for 'em, Walt said. Sort of go bond for 'em. I think it was what turned the trick. But it sort of dumped the problem in our laps, and what the two of us can do to stop the fighting, I can't think."

Anita had been looking at them thoughtfully. "Maybe you could control the fighting, even if you couldn't stop it."

"Control it?" Walt repeated, puzzled. Then his face cleared. "You have a smart sister, Steve."

"Smarter than me, anyway," Steve growled. "What do you mean, control it?"

"Keep it in one place, supervised," Walt said excitedly. "You're a boxer. I know some judo. Now. Suppose we got Tommy to call his gang in some place for you to talk to——"

"They'd say they didn't want anybody lecturing to them. and they could take care of themselves."

"And you'd say you have no idea of lecturing, you want to give some Navy advice. And you'd say, 'You guys are stupid, carrying switch-blades and stuff around. They can pinch you for that.' And you'd say, 'I can teach you some boxing, if you want, and Walt Schaeffer can teach you some judo, and you'd get so good with your hands that a kid with a knife wouldn't have a chance against you'—"

"And we got a boxing club," Steve said enthusiastically. "Just like that. And the kids are cocky and say to the Bucks, 'Yah, you can fight with a club in your hands but bare-fisted I could bust you in two.' And a couple of the Redbacks do it, and then the Bucks start a club to get back at 'em . . . Tony Arcana! He'd teach 'em . . . And all we need is a lot of money for equipment, and some place for club quarters for free," he finished on a glum note.

"The school gym?" Walt said tentatively.

"You'd never get them there. That's Authority to the kids. School, social reform, cops, the enemy."

"How about Heilman's Store, down Maple Street?" Anita said. "It has stood empty for a couple of years."

"That's condemned," said Walt, who was beginning to know property around here by heart. "But only for commercial use," he added thoughtfully. "We'll see what Heilman thinks."

CHAPTER 6

"Oh, Walt!" blurted Anita, looking at the cars.

It was four-thirty, Christmas day, with a steely winter dusk descending. Walt and Anita had been asked to the Schaeffers' for an early dinner. They had thought it would be only family—until they saw all the cars parked beside the house.

"Do you suppose they're all staying for dinner, Walt?"

"I hope not." He shrugged angrily.

Mrs. Schaeffer met them at the door and glanced at Anita's plain wool dress. "How are you, dear?" She pecked Anita's cheek. "We asked a few friends for cocktails. Do come and meet them."

She drew Anita toward the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Colfax—there were a dozen middle-aged couples and half a dozen young people, all strangers to Anita, and all of them, it seemed to her, staring with cold curiosity. . . .

"Polly Cox," Mrs. Schaeffer said finally, when they'd ended up near the fireplace. "Polly, this is Anita Jadowski —Oh, dear, I mean Anita Schaeffer. Walt's new wife."

Flustered by Mrs. Schaeffer's lapse—if it had been a lapse—Anita stared at the pretty blonde in the chocolate-colored afternoon frock. Polly Cox! The girl's lips smiled; the blue eyes remained expressionless. Beside her was a good-looking older man with restless dark eyes.

Mrs. Schaeffer murmured something and went toward the door, leaving Anita with the two. Walt was still in the hall, having been waylaid by two of the younger men.

Polly's voice brought Anita's attention back.

"So you're the girl who captured our Walt," Polly was saying gaily. "We all knew something was on his mind last summer, but we didn't know what. Oh . . . This is Pete Kinsley."

"Anita, it's a pleasure," Pete Kinsley said, too warmly. "Remind me to tell Walt he has an artist's eye."

"Pay no attention to Pete," Polly said. "He's our lamb in wolf's clothing. Some day, Pete dear, some girl will take you up on that leer in your voice."

"Any time, baby, any time," Pete said. "Can I bring cocktails for you two?"

"Please. I'd like a Manhattan. You, Anita? A cocktail? Or Scotch or something in a tall glass?

Anita would have preferred no drink, but thought that might be ungraceful. Also she was getting warm, next to the fireplace, and the idea of a glass with lots of ice and liquid in it was appealing. She said, "Scotch. Very light."

Polly smiled again as Pete went off, but the expressionless blue eyes regarded Anita's forehead, where small glints of moisture were appearing. Anita felt too warm lately even in cool rooms. Something to do with her pregnancy, she supposed. The fireplace here was killing her.

"Congratulations, Anita," Polly twinkled. "Or is it the groom you congratulate? I never remember. You hadn't known Walt long before you married him, had you?"

"Just last summer," Anita said, edging from the fireplace. But Polly didn't move, and Anita hesitated simply to walk away and leave her talking.

"Oh. And your brother is a prize fighter?"

"He's an electronics engineer, or will be," Anita said quietly. "He fights once in a while for extra money."

"It's still exciting . . . Oh, thanks, Pete. Run along now while Anita and I get acquainted."

She turned to Anita again, and Anita searched for something to say, feeling wooden and embarrassed. But all she could think was how this girl must hate her.

"Do you play golf, Anita?" Polly asked. "It would be fun to have you join us sometime."

"I've never tried it." Anita raised the cold glass feverishly—and set it down in a hurry. Pete had made it the reverse of light; she couldn't drink it at all. She felt the perspiration crawling down her back and tried again to move from in front of the fireplace.

"Don't you like the game?" Polly asked.

"I've never had time to find out," Anita said.

"I just know you'd like it if you ever—"

"Excuse me," Anita blurted. "I want to talk to Walt."

Regardless of how it might look, she had to get away from the fireplace. She was melting; her slip was sticking to her. Her hand went up furtively to brush at her damp forehead. Even away from the fireplace, the room seemed terribly hot.

Walt was with his mother as Anita neared. She heard him say, "Why Polly Cox, for the love of Mike? You know how she—"

"But, dear, she's one of your oldest friends," Madge Schaeffer murmured back. "Why shouldn't she come?"

They saw her then, and Walt joined her while his mother moved toward the other guests.

A century later, the crowd began straggling to the door; at least there would be only the four Schaeffers for dinner. Everyone said good-by to Anita with exaggerated politeness, and then she followed the others into the dining room, feeling hot, sticky and disheveled. It was all she could do to keep from bursting into tears.

Her steel tray was set ostentatiously on the buffet, flanked by heavy silver pieces that made it look like something that had strayed in from the kitchen.

There was roast turkey, and Anita tried to cram a little down. She felt ill, both physically and mentally. She could take no part in the sporadic conversation; all she could think was, *I want to get away. I want to go home.*

She kept trying to avoid Mrs. Schaeffer's gaze and what she saw in it, but at the end of the meal the older woman gently took her arm. "Are you feeling all right, dear? You look pale."

"I'm fine," Anita said, smiling at Walt, who had come toward her anxiously with the words.

"Wouldn't you like to come upstairs for a minute? Take an aspirin or something?"

"What I'd like," Anita said, "would be to put a cold, damp washcloth against my forehead. I've kind of a headache. . . ."

"Of course. Come along."

"I'll take you home as soon as you come down." Walt called as she went up the stairs with his mother.

In a big, black-tiled bathroom, Madge handed Anita a washcloth. She pressed its cold dampness against her hot and aching forehead, then filled a glass with cold water to drink. She turned and saw Mrs. Schaeffer's eyes on her waistline.

Mrs. Schaeffer looked up, smiling thinly. "It doesn't show yet, does it, dear? In fact," she added slowly, "if one didn't know, one would think you were not pregnant at all."

The glass crashed from Anita's hand. She leaned against the washstand for support. She understood now, all right—Walt's mother was certain that her unwanted daughter-in-law had coldly seduced her son for his money and social position.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Schaeffer looked at the glass fragments on the tiled floor. "You must really be feeling shaky. Would you like to lie down for a while?"

Anita pushed away from the stand. "Thank you, Mrs. Schaeffer. What I would like is to go home now."

Walt was at the foot of the stairs with her coat. It was all Anita could do to keep from running to him; she wanted his arms around her so badly; she wanted so much to hear that he, at least, did not think of her as his mother did. . . .

She caught Mrs. Schaeffer's gaze on her and saw the taunt. She was daring Anita to say anything about this to her son. "Insulting her?" she'd say, with sweet sorrow. "Why, I merely said this to the child. . . ."

They went to the little car with Walt's arm around her, and her shoulders began shaking badly. She could keep the tears back, but she couldn't stop the shaking.

"What is it?" he asked her in alarm. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "I'm tired, I guess."

"Did anyone back there have the gall to . . . say anything?"

"No, I'm just tired . . . Oh, darling, you *do* love me?"

"What a question." He kissed her, before closing the car door. "You ought to know by now how much I do."

Madge Schaeffer closed the front door and turned. John was walking toward the thermometer.

"It seemed awfully hot in here tonight," he said. "Well, no wonder! Eighty-one!"

"Someone must have set the thermostat up by mistake," Madge murmured.

Walt went first to Kliner's Grocery Store. Mr. Kliner, a fat, active man with a determined smile, finished waiting on a customer and then approached Walt.

"Mr. Kliner, I'm Walt Schaeffer."

"Yeah," the grocer said. "I know."

Now and then the anger in Walt's heart came close to erupting. "You know, with that fat smile on your fat face?" he felt like shouting. "About Anita and me? Okay, so you know, and the hell with you!" However, he had learned self-control, painfully, in the past few months.

"Steve Jadowski and I," he said, "have an idea how we might tame the kids around here. You may have had a little trouble with them——"

"A little!" Kliner exclaimed. "The things swiped from in front! The stuff tipped over! The windows busted! Those kids are headed straight for jail."

"That's what I came in to talk about. We need your opinion and help—if you think there's any sense to the idea. . . ."

He told Kliner their thought; channel the belligerence of these tough kids into supervised fighting. They'd possibly listen to Steve, a professional boxer, and perhaps even to Walt, who knew the fundamentals of wrestling and judo.

"It might civilize the kids; it might make them even tougher. We don't know. But at least it should keep them off the streets a little."

"Where could you do it?" Kliner asked.

"Heilman might let us use his vacant store."

The fat man stared at Walt. "Why're *you* doing this?"

Walt shrugged. He said frankly, "Young Tommy Jadowski. Steve's brother—mine, too, now. He worries us, but no more than all the other kids must worry their families."

"So you're going to start an athletic club. That's been tried before."

"Not, I think, the way we'd try it. There'd be no sermons, no show of 'reform.' If any kid got into trouble he'd be kicked out, and he'd have to work his head off to get back in. Why? Not because he broke some rules or laws, but because 'we don't want the little crumb to get our club closed on us.' That tone. See?"

"Yeah," Kliner said, rubbing his jaw.

"Well, there you have it. We'll need money, and it may be wasted. Think about it, and I'll come back tomorrow for your answer——"

"Wait a minute," Kliner said. He punched open his cash register. "Wish you luck." He handed Walt three twenties.

"Hold on! We only figured about ten bucks apiece from the property owners around here."

"This isn't half the damage those kids did me last year, and you're gonna need more money than you think. Take it, Mr. Schaeffer, and let me know how it turns out."

It was luck that on his first call Walt should get such a sympathetic reception. But most of the other Union Street owners were sympathetic, too, whether or not they contributed. Either Walt was more persuasive than he'd thought, or the Redbacks were more destructive than he knew.

At Heilman's Store, he and Steve repaired the pipeless furnace, opaqued the big windows and swept out the litter of two years' disuse. Then Steve talked to Tommy, who grudgingly and suspiciously got the kids down to listen to him.

Anyone other than big Steve, the professional fighter, talking in any other way. . . .

"Get smart," he finished contemptuously. "You can outfight any gang in town with your bare hands if you feel like workin' a little under Walt and me. Then, you have to mix it; the cops come; it's the other guys they work over. They've got the switch-blades and the knucks. You've got nothing; you're clean. No charge—no trouble. So play it smart, and Walt and I will go on the hook for some gloves and stuff. Or play it dumb and go your own dumb way."

"Yah, boys' club," someone muttered.

Steve's profanity was swift, expert and to the point. His audience shifted uneasily.

"So what do you get out of it?" another demanded.

"A few bucks, maybe," Steve said. "We gamble on you. If out of this comes two, three fairly good box-fighters, we manage—and we collect."

It made sense, to their ego-centered way of thinking.

"Maybe we can all do ourselves some good, maybe not. Take it or leave it. But if you take it—you work at it! We're not going to lay good money on the line and then have some jerk gold-bricking all the time, or pulling some stupid stunt that gets us raided and closed up. So anybody that wants in, yell. Anybody that wants out, beat it right now."

Uneasy, still deeply suspicious, they voted to meet again next evening. The Maple Street Boxing and Athletic Club had struggled dubiously into existence.

Walt drove himself to the limit, that winter. At the real estate office, Mr. Craven and Mr. Benson, from eyeing him skeptically and wondering how long he would last, came to regard him respectfully and wonder if they'd be able to keep him. There was still not enough money coming in for the young Schaeffers, but he was averaging perhaps two-thirds what he and Anita needed, and one good break might put him over.

Out of working hours his time was equally crammed. The club idea had caught on well, which meant that he and Steve spent most evenings with the kids. He was too busy to rebel much against the heavy responsibilities that boxed him in, too busy, almost, to resent the privileged, easy life he'd thrown away.

Except on Sundays. That day he took off, wholly, for Anita's sake. It was designed to be a restful day—so for Walt it was restless, with too much time for thinking.

On this first Sunday in February, they had read the Kenniston *Blade*, and Walt had gone downstairs as usual to trade it with old Mr. Cooper for the Chicago *Tribune*. They were now busy with this. Outside it was very cold, with snow packing on the window ledges under the lash of a hard wind.

Anita looked up from the woman's page, smiling. Walt loved to see her smile.

"I haven't yet seen the article I'm looking for," she said. "Maybe it has never been written."

"What's that?" he asked.

"How to be happy though pear-shaped."

Walt hoped his smile did not waver. "You're not pear-shaped."

"I'm getting there, darling."

He got up impulsively and kissed her. She was a sweet kid, even if she didn't happen to be Polly and live on the hill.

"You'll look better pear-shaped than most girls do in a Dior creation weighing in at a hundred and five." He sat down again. "But Anita, should you be going to that office?"

"It doesn't hurt. I talked it over with the doctor. And Mr. Nugent very much wants me to stay, regardless of looks."

Walt lit a cigarette. He was hamstrung in this argument. If only he were earning more himself. . . .

Anita laughed softly. "Now you're worrying—you have on your financial look. I've learned to recognize it. . . . Oh, Walt, you're doing so well. I think I know better than you do how well. You should hear the nice things Mr. Craven says about you. I hear them from others, too. You and Steve have done wonders with the boys, and people know that and give you credit for it."

Walt was surprised. It had seemed to him—when he had time to think of such things—that perhaps he was being treated a little less lightly than when he had first come down here. The sly half-grins seemed less in evidence. But he had thought it was just that people were getting used to him and the Jadowski situation.

"You and Steve should get the credit for it," he said. "It was your idea, and Steve heads it up."

"And you organized it and collected the money for it."

"Yeah. On time I should have used working for my family."

"Your family loves you for it," Anita said. "And in the long run you won't lose."

She went back to the woman's page, and he picked up his section, but did not read.

In "the long run" what was there for Anita and him? They were still as mismated as oil and water. Their families were still poles apart, and always would be. They had no more in common now than they'd had when they hastily married back in October.

It was a probability which Anita had foreseen more clearly than he. Was that why she had doggedly finished her business course and then found a job? To be able to take care of herself alone? Did she now foresee that "in the long run" there was no future for them as a couple?

Lately, into Walt's mind from somewhere had crept the word, *divorce*. He was ashamed of it, ashamed that he should consider it, but he couldn't kick it away from him.

He had married Anita; he had lived with her affectionately, trying his best to make her happy. Did that have to be forever? In a while couldn't he feel free to pick up his own life again? How high a price must a man pay?

He glanced guiltily at Anita, half afraid that she had sensed his thought, but she was intent on the paper. He thought of Polly . . .

He had seen her several times around town. Why not? Kenniston wasn't so big; you'd naturally run into friends . . . He frowned. Whom was he kidding? Sure, you'd naturally run into them, but that didn't mean that you should naturally take them to lunch or go for a drive with them . . .

But he had done that, he protested to himself, only to try to nudge Polly clear of a jam with Pete Kinsley. Polly might listen to him when she wouldn't to anybody else. And he felt responsible, in a way, for her lost sense of direction . . .

He frowned again. Sure, he had seen her because he wanted to help her. He had also seen her—because he enjoyed seeing her. Being with Polly was like a parole.

With Polly he was, for a little while, back in his own world. And he *was* helping her. The psychological swing toward Kinsley, he thought, was wearing thin; the last time he'd seen her she had told him that Pete had asked her to marry him and she had stalled him off. If he, Walt, could prolong the delay . . .

He looked up and this time caught Anita's calm gaze on him. It was unreadable, which bothered him; so much of the time he could get no inkling of what she had in mind.

"Penny for your thoughts," he said, smiling—and feeling like a worse heel than even Pete Kinsley.

"You flatter me," she said. "I'm just a vegetable now, remember? A human turnip. All the books say that when you're like I am, you just drift and day-dream; you don't think."

But she had been thinking. She had been wondering who, among the dozens of girls she had grown up with or worked with, had taken it on herself to call up four times and inform her, in an obviously disguised voice, that her husband had been seen with Polly Cox.

They walked over to the Jadowski home later to see some Sunday evening television programs. Walt would have got the car out, fearing a fall on Anita's part, but she said she'd be all right and she wanted the air.

Suppose I did fall? she thought, as they walked through the snow, with fine white particles stinging their cheeks. *Suppose I did lose the baby? Would Walt still want me as his wife?* Does *he love me? I wonder if I'll ever be sure.*

"I just saw Walt driving out Mill Road with Polly Cox. I thought you'd want to know."

Who was phoning her such messages? She knew she'd heard the voice, but could not place it. However, the messages were more important than the voice.

The shadow of Polly Cox daily grew bigger in Anita's mind. The girl Walt had known all his life. The girl his family had approved as his wife, and who could give him everything Anita couldn't. She could not fight a thing like that. It was too big. It went far beyond ordinary jealousies.

They got to her family's house. Steve had swept the porch steps freshly, to guard against a slip on her part. He opened the door to them. "Hello, 'Nita. Hi, kid."

Walt hung his coat and Anita's on the hall-rack. He had never seen a hall-rack till he came here. There were a

lot of things he'd never seen until he knew the Jadowskis. Mr. and Mrs. Jadowski and Tommy were in the partly darkened living room before the television box. The elders nodded, and Tommy gave Walt a half-salute. His attitude had been different since he'd seen what Walt could do with judo.

Walt and Anita sat down and watched the end of a comedy skit, with Anita's gaze straying often to Walt's expressionless face. This was no bargain for him; he was just going along with her. This crowded little room with faint cooking smells inlaid for decades was not what he was used to. These weren't his people.

This was not his life.

"He is so funny," Mrs. Jadowski said. "Did you see him being like a baseball player? When the ball stung his hand?"

"What's funny?" Tommy growled importantly. "I could do that stuff."

"Sure, you could," Steve jeered good-naturedly. "Anything anybody else does, you can do better."

"Okay, okay," said Tommy. "I did all right with Kenny Leonard, didn't I?"

That had happened three weeks ago. The club had been in existence for about two months, and the kids had begun to take some pride in it. Steve had been working out with a couple of boys, and Walt had been showing Tommy a few advanced judo holds—though never any of those which can seriously injure. The door had opened and in had come young Leonard, top dog of the rival Bucks.

In an abrupt silence Kenny had ruffled up to Tommy, leader to leader, petty dictator to petty dictator. "I been hearing things, punk," he said. "I been hearing you blow that with the gloves on you could take me apart."

"Could be," said Tommy.

"Let's see some of them gloves."

Wooden-faced, Steve had tossed him a pair, and the Bucks' leader had put them on. "Okay," he had said truculently to Tommy, "now—take me apart."

Tommy had proceeded to do so, switching from Steve's tactics to Walt's when Kenny, downed repeatedly, had started to fight nasty.

"Any time," Tommy had said loftily as his rival, almost crying with rage and frustration, had gone to the door. "Send any of your goons around any time. Us Redbacks can handle 'em."

Next evening Tony Arcana had phoned Walt. "Hey, boy, you win. Young Leonard just came to see me. Would I teach his gang some box-fighting? We got another club."

So now Tommy said importantly, "I did all right with Kenny Leonard, didn't I?"

"He's hardly any bigger than you are. Wait till you run up against real competition. Right, Walt?"

Walt started; he had been thinking about Sunday evenings with his own crowd. "Right. Don't get too big for your pants, Tommy, or somebody will let the air out."

Mr. Jadowski had been watching them impassively. He got up now. "Think I'll have a beer. Walt, can I bring you one?"

"Yes, thanks."

Mr. Jadowski went to the kitchen, and in a moment Anita followed. "I'll help," she said, getting down glasses.

Her father took two cans of beer from the refrigerator and punched them open. "You all right, honey?"

"I'm fine." *I thought maybe you'd like to know that your husband was with Polly Cox this noon, at the Mark Hotel.*

"You'll have to stop working soon, won't you?"

"I'll stop the first of the month, dad."

"Then?"

"Walt's coming along fine at the office. He ought to; he's working like a horse."

"Treating you all right, honey?"

"Yes. He's a dear. We've never had a cross word—" The tears came suddenly, before she could even turn her head away. Mr. Jadowski put his heavy arms around her. "Oh, pa, it's a mess," she whispered. "Everything's a mess. I think Walt hates it all. He had everything, and now he has nothing."

"He has you," growled her father.

"Yes. And I wonder if the time will come when he hates me, too, for what I've done to him." She got the tears stopped. "I'm being silly, pa. Things are coming along a lot better than anyone could have expected. Just nerves."

They went back to the parlor. There was a play on, and Anita watched it and did not see it. The words that had been born back there in the kitchen would stay on with her.

I wonder if the time will come when Walt hates me, too.

CHAPTER 7

Walt went into Kliner's Grocery Store ten minutes after closing time, as the man had requested on the phone.

"I wanted a talk with you about a new location," Kliner said, leaning against a counter. "For nearly twenty years I've been paying rent here. I'd like my own building."

Walt went over possible locations in his mind, face keen, confronted by his first real opportunity.

"I could swing a deal up to a hundred and twenty-five thousand," Kliner said. "I've talked to the bank on it."

"Do you have any particular neighborhood in mind?"

"As near here as I can get. Matter of fact," Kliner sighed, "I'd like this building. But the owner won't sell. He's a man who never sells, only leases—as you know yourself."

Walt nodded. He did know, since the owner was his father, John Schaeffer. He stared hard at Kliner. Had the man called him in, a rookie agent, hoping thus to influence Schaeffer Management?

"I'll look around," he said. "And—thanks for giving me a shot at it."

"That's okay," Kliner said. "I like the work you've done with those kids."

I'll be darned, Walt thought as he went out. The work done with the kids. That was the last reason he'd have thought of for Kliner's friendly offer of a piece of business. The man hadn't had the father-son angle in mind at all; he had resigned himself to the impossibility of buying the building he was in and was going on from there.

Walt went slowly back to the office. It was deep April, now, and Anita was heavy with their child, and in June would come the avalanche of expenses. . . .

Money! He had never thought much of the stuff before; it always seemed to be around when he needed it. Now he could think of little else, and Kliner's proposition filled him with excitement. Five per cent on $125,000, split fifty-fifty with Craven Realty Co. because he had not yet got his broker's license.

If only he could get the building Kliner really wanted, the one he was in! But he knew his father's iron rule—never sell. Buy, but never sell.

Walt sighed and put it from his mind. If he went to his father for Kliner, his father would be sure to think that Walt was begging special treatment from him. Another location would have to be found.

He did not tell Anita of his chance when he got home. For that was all it was, a chance. The disappointment would be too great if he could not find a suitable location for Kliner at his price. He kissed her, and her lips tasted good, and her eyes had a nice glow. This was a woman a man would be lucky to have permanently by his side—if the man were someone other than Walt, and if the circumstances of the marriage had been somewhat different. Even so, she gave an atmosphere of well-being to this junky little joint; she was something special to come back to after a day's work.

The words of a song came to Walt's mind. "I've grown accustomed to her face . . ."

I suppose that's love, for lots of people, he thought. *They're used to each other, they like being with each other, so they say to themselves they love each other.*

It's not good enough for me. I want the works.

"Feeling okay?" he asked Anita.

"Fine, darling." She touched his jaw. "You'd better shave for dinner. You're getting so a shave won't last all day."

She watched him go toward the bathroom. It was not only in the matter of whiskers that he had changed; his entire manner was different. He was even different physically, having thinned down and quickened. He was like a machine that had idled to not much purpose for a long time and then had been yanked apart, tuned up and forced into purposeful humming speed. She was so proud of him in that moment that tears stung her eyes.

Walt was studying a large-scale city map, with a dawning idea in mind, when his phone rang. He had outlined in red pencil a plot on South Sedgwick Street, and he picked the instrument up abstractedly. Then he forgot about plots—it was Polly.

"Walt," she said. "How would you like to be a best man?"

"What?" Walt exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"I've made up my mind, Walt. I can't dither around any more. Pete said it had to be yes or no, today. So it's yes."

Her voice was shrill, brittle. If Walt hadn't known her better he would have thought she was drunk.

"I'm meeting him at the Warwick and telling him so. I thought you'd want to know, darling."

"Wait—" he cried. But she had hung up. He stared stupidly at the phone. The fool! The little fool! After all he'd done to split her from Kinsley! After all he'd told her about the man!

Anger filled him. Yes, he'd enjoyed being with Polly; more than Boy-Scout motives had moved him to their meetings. But he had also tried his best to shake her out of a silly marriage. The fact that she had acted like a child in turning to Kinsley after her own hurt would not have made the damage to her any the less real. He'd thought he had made her see that. Now—this wild 'phone call.

The heck with her, he told himself. Let her marry the jerk and find out the hard way, like anybody else.

But she wasn't anybody else. She was Polly, the girl he had grown up with, the girl he'd meant to marry, the girl he had been in love with—

He stared at the 'phone. *Had* been in love with? *Was* in love with. It was still true, even if he couldn't have her. And he certainly couldn't let her throw herself away at this last minute if he could help it. The things he knew about Kinsley! Another episode like that with the young Barbour girl and he'd end up in court. He might tell Polly about that, if it was finally necessary.

The Warwick, she had said. He hurried from the office and got into his car.

The Warwick Inn was a hot spot strictly for the birds. The kind that fly at night. It opened at one P.M., but there was seldom anyone there till the cocktail hour, and when Walt wheeled into the parking lot, he saw only one lone sports car. Polly's. Pete Kinsley wasn't there yet.

He hurried in. At a table lit by a small pink lamp, Polly sat alone. She looked expectant when the door opened; then her eyes widened as she saw Walt.

"You?" she said. "I thought it was—"

"Sure. Pete Kinsley." She had never looked so beautiful, Walt saw. Never more carefully turned out.

He sat down and a waiter promptly appeared. To get rid of him, Walt ordered Scotch. A dollar-ten a drink. It added to the rasping impatience he could not help feeling under his urgent desire to keep Polly from a crack-up. Two-twenty, and tip. And he now owed Steve fifty bucks and Mr. Jadowski two hundred. *You need to learn a few of the facts of life, my girl,* he thought grimly.

He said, "I'm not going to let you go through with this, you know."

"Look, you've done your share," she said defiantly. "So Pete is a little fast. You've told me that, and I knew it anyhow. What of it? You can hardly say you're any angel."

Walt reddened. "I am compared to him, baby."

"But I can't have you, darling. Remember? So I take what I can get." She leaned back, and the flippancy departed. "I'll admit some of it was spite, at first. You'd hurt me, so I thought I might hurt you, with Pete. Then I began to see that there was a lot of good stuff in him, that he was misunderstood—"

"Oh, come off it!" Walt snapped.

She stared in surprise, a child on the edge of a king-sized jam, and willfully pushing to get in deeper.

"I guess we haven't much time," Walt said. "Probably Pete will be here any minute . . . When did you say you'd meet him?"

"One-thirty."

Walt looked at his watch. "It's about that now, and I'd as soon be gone when he arrives. I might put a fist in his face."

"Your rival," Polly nodded, flippant again.

"No rival of mine, baby. Any girl who swims with Pete swims out of my life, fast."

She looked startled, then pleased. "You mean, if I swim out of his life, perhaps . . ."

"I'm married, Polly."

"I know." Her lips trembled. "It doesn't leave me much to go on. I'm lost, Walt. That's why I turned to Pete, I guess. If only I had something . . . Darling, suppose you'd never met this girl. Suppose you were free, living your own life again in your own world. Would you ask me to marry you?"

Suppose, suppose, suppose, Walt thought impatiently. *Like a little girl playing house.* However the question was one that could be honestly as well as pleasingly answered.

"Yes, I would," he said.

"Oh, Walt, darling—"

"Now, you'd better get going, before Pete comes. I suppose he has the usual 'fatal fascination' for you?"

"You *are* jealous." Polly giggled, then sighed as his face hardened. "You've given me something, anyway. To know you still love me—that helps a lot."

It wasn't precisely what he'd said, but he let it go. "Come on, Polly. Home. And don't change your mind, because this is the last time I'm galloping forth on a white charger." He started to say, "This is also the last time I'm going to see you like this," but he didn't want to crowd things. She had already promised not to wait for Pete; it might be better to tell her later of his resolve.

He put two bills and a careful tip on the table, money that he urgently needed. "Be a good kid, now, and drop this guy completely."

"I promise." she said. standing near him, "if you'll kiss me."

Inwardly he shrugged. He kissed her, and nothing much happened. Because it was not an occasion for romance, he guessed. He went out to his car, and watched her get in hers. He hoped that this would stick, because he'd meant it when he'd vowed not to see her any more. *You have to grow up by yourself,* he thought. *No one else can do it for you.*

It was the first week in May when Walt walked into the once-familiar business building and to the fourth-floor doors which read Schaeffer Management Co.

Walt went through the inner door, and John Schaeffer looked up from an uncluttered desk and then rose quickly. "Well, Walt, it's been a while. Sit down. Sit down. How's Anita?"

"Fine." Walt said. "One of the healthiest expectant mothers ever, the doctor says."

"It's pretty soon now, isn't it?"

"Very soon."

John cleared his throat. "I suppose you came in for a little help? A little money? I guess it could be arranged."

Walt felt a flame of anger—which he kept strictly to himself. "No. I came on business."

"I'm afraid," his father said, "we have no rental business for you, son. I handle that myself."

"Not rentals," Walt said. "A deal. You have a piece of property I want for a client."

"You know I never sell," said John, lips firming. "Buy land, if it seems good, but—"

"Never sell." Walt nodded. "I know. It *was* a good rule."

"Was?" John said coolly.

"Was. The world changes."

"Land never changes. It's still a good rule."

Walt looked curiously at his father. It hadn't occurred to him before that his father might be a good man handcuffed by his own inflexibility of mind. He hadn't before wondered if his father's decisions were tempered by sage experience or were the product of spiritual hardening of the arteries. He had not before suspected that here might be a slightly frightened man, whose only resources were what his father and grandfather had left him, and whose only battle was to keep those resources as they were no matter what the strain of growth around him.

"What property did you have in mind?" John rasped. "Not that I'd consider selling."

"The Kliner Store building on Union Street."

John leaned back. "I see. So Kliner's been after you. I wouldn't sell—maybe he can get my son to talk me into it."

Walt's fingers tightened but his voice did not. "Nope. I'm here as an agent on a deal, not as your son. If it wouldn't be ridiculous I'd call you Mr. Schaeffer and ask you to call me Mr. Schaeffer."

"Walter, son or Mr. Schaeffer, I won't sell."

"It's static property," said Walt. "The value hasn't increased in twenty years. And it won't, in the old part of town. If that's a guess. I have company. Here are men who have sold off down there, to get out from under." He reeled off names, including Morgan, Scott and Cox.

"I don't care what others do," John said crisply. "I have my rules, and time has proved them sound. Never sell."

Walt laughed. "Thanks."

"Thanks?" his father said, mystified.

"You're talking to me as another business man, not as your son. That's swell."

"Well, it's a business proposition, and I still say—"

"I know," Walt said. "I knew before I came in. So I'm not asking you to sell, I'm offering a trade."

"Eh?" said John, blinking.

"You know those three hundred-foot lots you own on South Sedgwick?"

"Yes."

"You know they're going to take the car-line off Sedgwick and widen it?"

"Of course."

"You know Tru-Blu Supermarkets, Inc. has run a survey on that corner and is interested in it as a site for a new store?"

"Yes, I went to them about it. A long lease was all right, but they need more frontage than I own out there."

"Not more than you can own. Mr. Kliner offers to trade you another three hundred feet for the Union Street store building. With that you can make Tru-Blu pay through the nose."

"The Union Street property's worth twice as much."

"Was," said Walt gently. "Was. Not any more."

"I could buy that myself, for ninety thousand."

"You should have, dad. You can't now. Mr. Kliner has an option on it. He won't get stuck, either. I could sell it tomorrow to Tru-Blu, and they could pick up enough frontage on South."

"That's a bluff," snapped John.

"Don't call it," Walt advised. "And don't give me an answer till tomorrow. Remember, you're trading, not selling, so you won't really break your rule." He hesitated, then grinned. "Let's put all the cards on the table right away. Mr. Kliner will trade you the Sedgwick Street frontage—and fifteen thousand dollars—for the Union Street building."

He touched his father's shoulder lightly, affectionately. "Give my love to mother. Maybe we can have a golf game soon."

He went out, leaving his father to stare after him with narrowed, rather incredulous eyes.

John Schaeffer went home early. He sank down thoughtfully in his favorite chair, with the paper in his hands, but he did not read. Madge came in.

"Oh, hello, dear. I didn't hear you come in . . . Anything wrong?"

"Why?" said John abstractedly.

"You look as if something was on your mind."

"Something is. Walt. He came in to see me at the office this afternoon."

"Oh! So he finally came running to you for money."

"He came to talk to me as one business man to another. He made it stick, too. He wasn't my son, after a few minutes, he was a real estate man with a proposition that he presented in a very attractive way."

"He didn't persuade you to sell anything, after all I've heard you say on the subject?"

John chuckled sheepishly. "He even saved my face on that. A trade, he says. Not a sale. One property for another. So he gets a commission on two sales instead of one."

"John!" Madge said, so sharply that he looked up in surprise. "Would it be a lot of money?"

"Around five thousand dollars, even after his split with Craven Realty. If I did it."

"You won't, of course? You can't! Don't you see? If he gets that money, all the strain is off him. The hospital and doctor's bills, the debts, all we've been counting on. Our biggest weapon against that girl. Or second-biggest, anyway."

"Second-biggest?"

"You promised not to give Walter any help. I know you'll live up to that."

"This wouldn't be help. It would be something he earned himself, dreamed up himself."

"You simply cannot do it. I won't have it."

John stared at her till she shifted her gaze uneasily.

"I haven't said I'd do it. Call it trade or anything you like; it's still selling, in a way, and I don't like it. But I do not like to be told that I can't, either."

Madge bit her lip. "You promised."

"So we could break up Walt's marriage." John nodded.

"That was the original idea, I thought. It's still my idea. This wretched situation!"

"I've been doing some thinking, Madge. I want you to think a little, too, and then answer this question: Are you still sure you want to get Walt away from Anita purely for his own good?"

"Of course! He's in a spot where he can't fight, but we—"

"It isn't because long ago you picked Polly for Walt's wife, and you won't have any other arrangement?"

"Certainly not."

"The social angle, the Jadowskis vs. the Schaeffers, has nothing to do with it?"

"Of course it has. It would always be embarrassing."

John frowned at his cigar. "Madge, people sometimes start something and then get caught up in their own momentum. Like politicians trying shadier and shadier tricks to beat their rivals till finally they're doing things they wouldn't even have considered at the start of a campaign. Sure you're not on a merry-go-round like that?"

"I'm interested in only one thing—Walt's future."

"You still think others have to decide Walt's future for him? Somehow I don't, after this afternoon."

"John, you *won't* do this crazy thing? Please?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'm to tell him tomorrow." He got up to change for dinner but he hesitated in the doorway. "He impressed me, Madge."

He went out, leaving Madge to wring her hands in impotent anger. She hadn't dreamed he could be so obstinate and stupid. That girl—

She went to the phone and dialed Polly Cox's number.

It was nearly seven when Walt got home that night. He had gone down to Sedgwick Street to look at the property again. He had been bluffing, a little, with his father. Tru-Blu could be interested in Kliner's optioned frontage plus two hundred feet on south—if the owner of the two hundred feet would sell reasonably. Walt didn't know if he would. There was an old garage on the property, and Walt had been unable to contact the owner.

He went there now, and waited stubbornly on the chance that the man would come in. He finally did, and Walt's talk with him was not too unpromising. The man made no commitments, but he acted definitely interested in selling. Walt went home content.

The cramped apartment was dark when he went in; Anita must be resting in the bedroom. He flicked the lights on and called, but there was no answer. She wasn't at home.

Walt frowned a little as he took his coat off. Where could she be? It was too late for shopping. Possibly she was with her family; he'd telephone in a moment. Meanwhile, the place was dead and empty and he was filled with an illogical disappointment. "I've grown accustomed to her face . . ."

It was then that he saw the note on the living room table. From Steve.

Walt: I tried for an hour to get you. Anita is at Memorial Hospital. She fell this afternoon, and the pains began ahead of time. Mr. Cooper, downstairs, ran up when she pounded on the floor. He drove her to the hospital and then telephoned me. . . .

Walt dropped the note and ran for the door. He hadn't put the car away. He got into it and raced toward Memorial.

She fell this afternoon, and the pains began ahead of time. She pounded on the floor . . . Mr. Cooper, downstairs. . . .

Walt swallowed hard. It must have been a bad fall if she could not get up again, if all she could do was lie there and pound on the floor for help. And now? Premature birth—

There was a big curved counter like a hotel desk, with an impassive woman in white as desk clerk. She said, "Schaeffer? Anita Schaeffer?" and began flipping through the hospital index.

Walt's urgency and fear welled up in anger. "Don't you even know if she's here?"

"I just came on," the woman said reprovingly. "Oh. Yes. Schaeffer. Anita J. Room 307." She made a house call. "She's in delivery. You could come back later—"

"I'll stay right here!"

"In that case, there is a waiting room down the hall."

She was probably as efficient as she was impersonal, but Walt turned quickly before he was tempted to strangle her. Steve and the Jadowskis were in the small waiting room, and some other people whom Walt didn't even see. Mrs. Jadowski was crying, and Mr. Jadowski had his arm around her.

"Relax," Steve said, as Walt tried to say something and couldn't. "It's not as bad as it looks."

"But she fell."

"Yeah, she fell."

"Why? How? I mean, you know how sure-footed she is. Even lately. She doesn't go around falling over things."

"How do I know?" Steve was spring-tense, too. "She did, that's all, and it brought her around ahead of time."

"If I could see her!"

"Talk sense, kid. She wouldn't even know you."

They were doing something to her body, Anita realized. Strangers in white around her, seen sometimes through a haze of pain . . . Much of the time it seemed someone else's body, in which her mind turned restlessly.

The telephone. The hateful telephone. The voice again. Four-thirty, and the 'phone call.

"The Warwick Inn two weeks ago . . . you might be interested . . . met Polly Cox for the afternoon, came in separate cars, left in separate cars . . . kissed at the door . . . thought you might be. . . ."

Everything blanked but a far voice. "Oxygen."

"The Warwick Inn. You might be interested." Her voice.

"What's she saying?"

"She wouldn't know, poor kid."

There was the dizziness. She'd turned from the 'phone and tried to make it to the bedroom to lie down. The dizziness. "I'm going to fall."

"You already have, honey."

You could have knocked me down with a feather. People said that. You could have knocked me down with a word.

"They kissed at the door and left in separate cars."

The four crowded around the nurse, who shook her head. "Everything's going as well as could be expected. That's all we can tell you for a while. Probably hours." She hurried on.

Mrs. Jadowski's shoulders sagged, and Steve put his arm around them. "Why don't you and pa go home? I'll stay here with Walt, and we'll 'phone you when there's any news."

"I guess we'll do that, Steve," Mr. Jadowski sighed.

They went out, and Walt and Steve sat there, watching the doorway to the corridor. After a while Steve said, "Walt."

"Yeah?"

"Did you 'phone Anita late this afternoon?"

"No," said Walt. "Why?"

"Old man Cooper said when he came up for Anita she lay next to the 'phone stand, and the 'phone was off the cradle. As if she'd been talking to someone just before she fell."

Walt shrugged distractedly and looked at the clock. "I don't know. It wasn't I."

Time has different measures. An hour is brief or endless depending on circumstance. In a hospital waiting room there are a thousand minutes to an hour, and quite a few hours passed before the doctor came in.

"She'll be all right. For a while there I was afraid . . . But she'll be all right."

"The baby?" Walt blurted.

"A girl. A beauty."

"Can I see my wife?"

"She can have a visitor for about one minute. However," the doctor said, "it's her brother she seems to want to see."

Steve got up, relieved—and puzzled. He went out, and Walt stared at the doctor. "She didn't ask for me?"

"No."

"I can see her after her brother has?"

The doctor's gaze missed his. "I don't think that's advisable. She needs rest, now. Make it tomorrow."

CHAPTER 8

At seven next evening, Walt decided vaguely that he'd better eat something. His breakfast had consisted solely of a cup of coffee. So had his lunch. He felt light-headed now.

He had called the hospital five times that morning. The reply was invariable. "She is sleeping, Mr. Schaeffer."

He had gone at noon, anyway. Another impersonal figure in white, at the desk, had said, "Orders are that she is not to be disturbed. No . . . she's all right, but she needs rest."

He had gone to the Jadowskis, but there was no one at home. He had returned to the apartment and sat next to the 'phone, as if he could will it to come alive. "Mrs. Schaeffer would like to see you now." He had racked his brains for the answer to the silence.

At three, he had remembered to call his father.

"Walt—I'm so glad to hear from you. How is Anita?"

"She seems to be all right," Walt said.

"Seems to be?"

"I haven't seen her yet."

There was a perplexed silence on his father's part. Then he said, "Walt, on the Kliner deal—"

"I don't want to talk about that now."

"I suppose not . . . Should your mother and I go to see Anita?"

"No." Walt echoed the unsatisfactory words thrown at him. "She needs rest. I'll keep you informed, dad."

Walt hung up swiftly, fearful that, while he'd talked, there had been a call for him. But the 'phone continued silent, while he sat there trying to figure this thing out.

Anita didn't want to see him, and he could not understand why. He had certainly tried to be the attentive husband, and she had seemed to accept him as such. That last evening, now, the day before this emergency trip to the hospital. . . .

She had heard him on the stairs and was in the open doorway, face radiant with pleasure. He had stopped before he reached her, heart beating faster than the climb would warrant.

"You're beautiful and I love you." The words had come huskily, from deep down. Then they were in each other's arms and he was thinking, *This is good, this is sound.*

He had stood with her at the kitchenette, to reach things for her, to help her with the dinner. He hadn't been able to keep his eyes off her as she moved, heavy, but still unaccountably graceful, his wife and mother of his child. They had never seemed so close together, and he had suspected then that for some time his 'act' had not been an act at all.

He knew it now, sitting in dusk beside the strangely quiet 'phone. The impact of first seeing Anita on the Jadowski porch, the increasing eagerness with which he had looked forward to meeting her, the primeval violence of that moment under the willow, the way she'd filled his thoughts after they had parted—what was love if not compounded of these things? And the months of their marriage, with the steady growth of his admiration for her, and the ease with which he could 'pretend' he loved her, because to him she seemed so warmly lovable.

How blind can you get? he thought angrily. *I've been in love with her since that first night. I always will be. Why won't she see me?*

He swore aloud in the dim-lit, empty living room, and grabbed up the 'phone. At the Jadowski's number, Tommy answered.

"Oh. Hi, Walt. Steve? He's not here. Nobody's here but me. They're down at the hospital, with Anita."

Walt banged the phone down, frightened now. Anita could see him; she could see anybody, and there had been no word. He ran down to his car and headed for the hospital.

This time he didn't stop at the desk; he walked past it to the stairway. 307. The door was partly open, and he stepped in. The Jadowskis had gone. There were two beds. In one a worn-looking older woman lay. She stared in surprise at Walt, who forgot her presence as he went toward the other bed.

"Anita . . ."

She looked thin and was very pale, but there was vitality in her eyes, and she half rose in bed when she saw him.

"Walt! I told them not to—"

She paused, and he finished for her. "Not to let me see you. I know. And I've been going crazy wondering why. And how you and the baby are. What is the matter, darling?"

Her eyes filled and she turned her face away. "You wouldn't have any idea, of course."

He took her hand, and she moved to draw it away, then let it stay in his, cool and unresponsive. "Don't play games with me, Anita. If I knew, I wouldn't be asking."

She turned back, and her eyes were like her hand. "It's Polly, of course. Polly Cox."

"Polly!" Walt exclaimed. "What about Polly?"

The woman in the other bed looked in alarm at the tears on Anita's cheeks and pressed her call button.

"I knew you had been seeing her," Anita said. "Somebody telephoned each time. You'd had lunch with her, or were seen in her car. I didn't say anything; she's the girl

you were going to marry. and you've known her all your life. In Kenniston you're bound to see old friends, I thought. It hurt, but the way things are, I didn't feel as if I had a right to say anything."

Walt listened, open-mouthed.

"But the Warwick Inn—that's different! Everybody knows what kind of a place that is. And when I got a call that you had met Polly *there* . . . that was enough."

"'Somebody telephoned,'" Walt repeated. "Who telephoned, Anita?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter, does it? Unless she was lying?" Her gaze was straight on his. "Was she?"

Walt would have given ten years of his life to be able to say yes. "Well, no. I was there. But, darling—"

"Don't go on with it, Walt. You don't have to. I've known you were pretending, I even loved you more for it—you were trying so hard to live up to your end of the bargain. But I can't stand to have you do it now, when it no longer means anything."

Hurried steps sounded in the hall, but Walt didn't hear them. "I'm not pretending. I haven't been for a long time. That is one of the things I had to see you about. And then you come out with this—"

A nurse came in. "Who are you?" she snapped at Walt.

"I'm this girl's husband," he said, not bothering to look at her.

"Then you'll have to leave. Orders are that you're not to see her. We can't have our patient upset."

"Believe me, Anita," Walt said, "when I tell you that you could have been with us at the Warwick for all—"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "She's the girl you should have married. I kept thinking that maybe, in time, you'd love me. I lost, that's all."

"Mr. Schaeffer, you'll have to go," the nurse snapped.

"In a minute . . . Anita, I swear. . . ."

"Dr. Abrams," the nurse called, at the door. An intern came in. "This man shouldn't be here," the nurse said, pointing to Walt, "and he won't leave."

"Out," the intern said, taking Walt's arm.

Walt's muscles tensed; he'd have loved to hit someone.

"Please," Anita's voice came to him. "We haven't anything to talk about, Walt. Later, I'll give you your chance to marry Polly. Now, I don't want to see you."

He couldn't believe it. Every time he had seen Polly, Anita had known. And the last time, what with the nature of the meeting place, and no doubt the innuendo in the voice of the busybody who had phoned, "that was enough." Now Anita did not want to see him any more. But she'd have to when she came home. For she was coming home, wasn't she? *Wasn't she?*

He told himself that, of course, she would come home. Where else? He could persuade her then. I saw Polly only to try to keep her from marrying a guy who would have wrecked her life . . .

Here, he was apt to stop. It sounded idiotic, and also wasn't strictly true. He had already admitted it; he'd seen Polly mainly because—he wanted to see her. Although that was less true concerning their last meeting at the Warwick.

Never mind. When Anita was at home, he'd made her understand that he didn't want Polly, or anybody, except her. Meanwhile, to be able to endure the days at all, he returned to his work.

"Your trade is on," his father told him. "Three hundred adjoining feet on Sedgwick, plus fifteen thousand in cash, for the Kliner Store building." He had added, "You've come a long way in a short time, Walt."

"Maybe because I've had to," Walt replied. There was no triumph, this had no importance unless he could share it later with Anita.

It had importance to Kliner. He had got a property he was sure could never be his, for less than he had been prepared to pay. Young Mr. Schaeffer was tops in real estate, for his money, and he would not lose by this accomplishment. Any friends of his who were thinking of buying or selling. . . .

"And how is Mrs. Schaeffer? And the baby?"

"Fine," said Walt, feeling the blade twist in his chest.

He could say it, though; he had seen the baby every day. They couldn't stop him from standing before the glass wall and looking in at the tiny human being on whose bassinet was his name.

He went now, after seeing Kliner, and no other baby there could compare with the wonderful mite with the gray Jadowski eyes. Light now, but they would darken, and her features would slowly come to resemble one or other of her parents—and Walt simply had to be around to watch this happen, with Anita by his side.

Back in his empty rooms, Walt thought again of the unexpected way in which his marriage had been broken. And he thought again of the anonymous informant who had taken it on herself to tell Anita of his meetings—with the last call literally flooring her.

Who was it? Some acquaintance of Anita's who disliked her for some reason? But how had she seen him and Polly at the Warwick that day? They'd been the only customers, he was sure. Just Polly's car in the parking lot when he arrived; just his and Polly's when they'd left. Some girl who worked there? It would have to be, since only a few employees and Polly and he had been around— Abruptly he exclaimed aloud. Only Polly and he! It wasn't possible. And yet . . .

He dialed Polly's number.

"Meet you?" she said. "Now? Why, Walt, I have a . . ." She paused. "I'd love to, darling. Where?"

"The Warwick Inn. Where else?" said Walt, trying to keep the quaver out of his voice.

He got there first, and took a corner table in an alcove. There were two tables in it, but with the other empty the alcove was like a little private room. Polly came toward him, radiant, seeing in this invitation from him everything she wanted.

"Walt, darling! Your call—so unexpected—so wonderful—"

"Sit down," Walt said.

The radiance faltered. She stared at his set face, and seated herself in silence.

"The other day when we met here," Walt said, watching the wariness grow in the blue eyes, "somebody saw us together."

"Oh, that's too bad," Polly said. "I suppose it's all over town . . . a place like Kenniston . . . Oh, dear! Was that why you wanted to see me? I was hoping it was for a different reason."

"I don't know if it's all over town. It doesn't matter. It reached the one person who does matter."

"Not Anita? Walt, I'm so sorry—"

"Before that, someone had 'phoned her every time we met. Would you have any idea who?"

Her lips framed denials, but as she stared at him, they went unuttered. Then her chin trembled like that of a child on the verge of tears. She said, barely audibly, "You told me that, if you were free, you'd marry me. And of course you'd want to be free. I knew that. Your father and mother knew that."

"And Pete Kinsley?" Walt grated.

Her own temper was flaring now. The hopes she'd had on coming here—and the reception she was getting—Dull red showed over her cheekbones.

"Pete Kinsley! As if I'd really. . . . I haven't seen him in months, except out at parties sometimes."

"Just a way to sting me into seeing you," Walt nodded.

"Yes, if you want to know. Yes!"

"And when you said you were to meet him here, you were lying," he goaded her.

"Lying? Don't call it lying. I was trying to help you. We all wanted to help you."

"So, to help, you let Anita know each time we met. And the last time you 'phoned her . . . What was the reason for the delay, Polly, dear? Why didn't you tell her that same day, instead of nearly two weeks later? Why the timing?"

"I never said I 'phoned her."

"But you did 'phone her, didn't you? And the results were better than you know. We'd wondered who she had been talking to, because whatever was said shocked her out of her mind. She fell. Either she fainted, or was so dizzy that she couldn't keep her balance when she tried to walk. Shock will do that to you."

"Oh, no," Polly whispered, white to the lips.

"She fell. And she lay there for I don't know how long, pounding on the floor till she attracted the attention of an old man who lives below us. He rushed her to the hospital."

"Oh, no!"

"I thought you'd want to hear," Walt said harshly. "It was a little rough on a pregnant woman, but it worked."

"How awful. We didn't mean it to be anything like . . . I just didn't think. Oh, please, Walt. I didn't mean. . . ."

Walt got up from the table. "Congratulations," he said bitterly. "But even that isn't going to work if I can think up some kind of miracle to stop it."

He left, without a backward glance, and went to the Schaeffer home.

He still had a key but, as he had done that night in October, he rang the bell. *I've got to hang onto myself,* he thought. *If I don't, I may say something I'll regret forever.*

"Walt, dear!" His mother kissed him, then drew back from his stiff response, and it seemed to him there was more than hurt in her eyes. There was a growing question.

"Is dad in the living room?"

"Yes. We were reading—"

"I'd like to talk to the two of you."

They went into the big room, and John Schaeffer got up from his favorite chair. He didn't say hello. He looked sharply at Walt, at his wife, at Walt again. "What's up?" he asked.

"My number, I'm afraid," Walt said. "With Anita."

He told them what had happened, and as he talked, he knew the why of Polly's timing. She had saved that call to Anita for a strategic moment. The moment had come when Walt's unexpected initiative in the Kliner matter had threatened to take the heat off him and Anita financially.

He stared at his mother, and her hands were trembling and she was looking everywhere save at his eyes. So he knew where Polly had learned so quickly, even before he knew himself, that his deal would probably succeed. And he knew why his father had offered him money in such a way that he could not accept it, letting the pressure grind on his son till in all fairness he felt impelled to accept a business proposition that would end it.

Walt could have shouted in his anger. He would have, a year ago. He stared at his mother. "Why?" he said.

She didn't answer for a moment. He thought she wasn't going to, or that if she did she would try to evade.

She said, "I thought you were so unhappy at what you'd been forced to do, that it would be a blessing if we could undo it for you."

He might have shouted, then, but she held up her hand to stop him. "I saw you that night when it came out that you had to marry Anita. I saw you when you didn't know anyone was looking. You were in despair, alone in your room. I thought that anything I could do to release you would be justified."

"You were so sure you knew best what I wanted?"

"You wanted to be free at that time. You know you did."

He could not deny it with the vehemence his heart demanded. Looking back, he could only wince at the mixed-up adolescent he seemed to have been.

"Well, I don't now," he said. "I want my wife. I love her—and I don't know if I can ever have her back again."

He went out and headed toward the hospital. What she went through! he thought. What Anita had put up with, trying to make this work, till the final call had convinced her that it was no good!

Behind him, John Schaeffer stared at his wife, and she made herself meet his eyes. "You needn't say it, John. I was terribly, terribly wrong. But I did think . . . I was so sure . . ."

At the hospital the woman looked at Walt in surprise. "Mrs. Schaeffer? Mrs. Walter Schaeffer? Why, she went home this afternoon. To the Jadowski home, that is."

A warm May dusk, and kids yelling over a game of stickball. On a few porch steps, people sitting, in sweaters, with lights on in small, crowded rooms behind them, and the shrill, cheerful voices of women in kitchens. The stir of dinnertime in the congested neighborhood, like the stirring in an ant-hill.

Walt parked in front of the Jadowski home. It had been in the sports car, once, plaything for a playboy. Now it was in the little, third-hand sedan, strictly business transportation. He got out and went up the porch steps and raised his hand to knock.

The door opened. Steve stared at him and quickly stepped out. His eyes were flinty.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"In," said Walt. "To see Anita."

" 'Fraid not. She doesn't want to see you."

Walt stared at his brother-in-law and former friend. The purpose in his eyes must have been plain. Steve said, in a low tone to keep this from the neighbors' ears, "Try it, and I'll break your jaw."

"Try to stop me, and I'll break your neck," said Walt, in the same low tone.

They glared at each other, big men, each dangerous in his fashion. Then Steve nodded to the porch swing. "Sit down."

They sat, still tense. "What do you think you'll gain by seeing Anita?" Steve said.

"I suppose she has told you by now what's wrong?" Walt countered. "Well, I want to set the record straight."

"Set it straight with me first. Then we'll see."

Walt didn't try to clear himself. He told it all, taking the blame where it fell.

"The marriage nobody wanted," Steve said icily. "We knew it was that way, but wanted to give you the benefit of the doubt."

"Then keep on giving it," Walt said. "Because it is not, now, the marriage nobody wants. *I* want it." He saw the cracked street-light suddenly through a blur of which he was not ashamed. "I love Anita . . . the way you may love somebody some day if you're lucky. I've belonged to her since the first night we met. And she belongs to me, and that's the way it's always going to be. Now—are you going to try to keep me from seeing her?"

Steve sat there looking at him. Finally he said,

"Well . . . I'll tell her what you told me. Then she can do as she thinks best."

Dusk had faded into dark. It seemed to Walt that dark had blackened almost to midnight before Steve came back, although actually only twenty minutes went by. Walt seemed to hang suspended during those minutes, past thinking much, only repeating to himself over and over, *No matter what, this can't be the end. I won't let it be the end. I'll break in there if I have to and lock the door on the two of us till I make her see how I need. . . .*

Steve's face told nothing when he held the door open. He shrugged. "I don't know. But she'll see you. Go on up."

It would be fixed in his memory as long as he lived—the severely plain small room, the white-faced girl in the white bed with the small, stirring bundle in her arms, her eyes as she stared at him over it, the judgment in them slowly turning to indecision, almost to fear at thought of the difficult pattern of her life with Walt Schaeffer being picked up again instead of snapped off short.

Walt slowly closed the door behind him, gaze never leaving hers. He went to her bed and knelt beside it and put her hand against his cheek. For a moment in which everything in life seemed to be weighed out in a balance, the hand was still.

The fingers moved. "You're getting so you have to shave twice in a day, darling," she whispered. Then she was crying in his arms.

The crib was in the living room, since the bedroom was too small for three Schaeffers. It didn't matter; next week they were moving to a four-room in a Kenniston Boulevard apartment building, the rentals of which Walt was going to handle. It was just a start. Already he was talking exuberantly of a new house not too far in the future.

Anita's head was whirling with his plans—and with the reasonable assurance that he could eventually ram them through. It was also aching a little, and had been since Walt came in with his news—and the invitation. As if to give her an out. *I can't go, darling, I have a headache.*

The news was as surprising to her as it had been to Walt. He had gone to his father's office for the final settlement on the Kliner-Sedgwick Street deal and stared in amazement at new lettering on the hall door. SCHAEFFER MANAGEMENT CO., it had been. Now: SCHAEFFER MANAGEMENT & REALTY CO. JOHN SCHAEFFER. WALTER SCHAEFFER.

His father had been rather inarticulate about it. "Just trying it on for size," he said, after clearing his throat in embarrassment. "To see how it looks to you . . . can change it back if you . . . But I hope you'll consider bringing your business here, handling it from here, helping me some with mine. We could work out a division of profits. . . ."

Walt had almost refused at once, automatically, he had confessed to Anita. He was so conditioned, by now, against receiving anything that might be offered him simply because he was his father's son. Then, as John Schaeffer had done earlier in the Kliner matter, he had managed to divorce the proposal from family emotion and think of it only as a business arrangement that might well benefit all concerned. He'd said he would let his father know.

"Perhaps tonight?" John said. "Your mother and I would like it if you and Anita could have dinner with us. And bring the baby? We haven't seen our grand-daughter yet." He had cleared his throat again. "We'd have asked you before, but we didn't know quite where we . . ah . . stood with you."

Walt had had to accept the invitation; Anita had admitted that. But her head had ached in psychosomatic protest ever since he'd told her. She didn't want to go. Mrs. Schaeffer certainly, and Mr. Schaeffer possibly . . . They were the enemy.

She waved her hands to dry her newly varnished fingernails. Walt was bending anxiously over the crib, a position in which he was often to be found. "I thought I heard her cough."

"Pneumonia," Anita said gravely. "The doctor warned me about that."

"Fine thing to joke about! Goo," Walt said to the baby. Little Anne dribbled happily and reached up and clutched his finger. "She knows me!"

"Of course," said Anita. "Though she still has trouble with your middle name. A backward child."

"All right! You about ready? Should I get some more blankets for Nuisance?"

"For heaven's sake! It's June, and warm. Do you want to roast her? Walt . . . who do you suppose are the others that will be there tonight?"

"I don't know. Dad just said, as I left the office, that a couple of friends would drop in after dinner, and that they wanted particularly to see me."

Anita's mouth tightened. If this turned out to be another Schaeffer trick, some new form of sly torture . . . She was no longer helpless, no longer oppressed by uncertainty about Walt's true feeling toward her. He wanted her as she was, and "as she was" included a full share of spirit.

"Don't forget the bottle," she said to Walt. "We'll let Nuisance stuff herself on the way over, and maybe she'll be sleepy later."

Anita went through the Schaeffer doorway with her shoulders ramrod straight. She braced herself for Mrs. Schaeffer's hypocritical kiss, but it was not forthcoming. The older woman did not kiss her, she held out her hand. "It was nice of you to come, Anita. And this is Anne? Such a big little girl! She has your eyes."

"And my nose," Walt said.

"That is a nose?" said his father. "Hello, Anita. Here, let me." He took the baby and then obviously wondered what to do with her.

"Oh, John!" Madge snatched the baby from him, and they went to the living room. It was as lovely as Anita remembered, and she looked around, soaking up detail, learning things for future use.

"How are your family?" Madge asked.

"Fine," Anita said. She was puzzled. Her mother-in-law was treating her, not as enemy, not as one to study for weaknesses on which to pounce, but rather as a new acquaintance, with the future relationship a blank sheet still to be written on. What lay behind this pose?

They had a cocktail, and Anita took the baby and rocked her, and the bottle tactics paid off—Anne was asleep.

"I'll take her upstairs," Anita said.

"I'll go with you." Madge followed with blanket and rubber sheet. She went to the front room, and there was a crib. "Walt's," she told Anita. "Would you like to have it?"

"Thanks, we have one. We don't need it." Anita saw the older woman wince, and thought, *Why, that hurt her, the fact that we don't need it, that we don't need them.* She added impulsively, "Why not just leave it here, for when we come to see you?"

"Thank you," Madge said. She watched Anita with the baby. "I wonder if you know how terrible Walt felt when he thought he'd lost you?" she blurted.

"He told me," Anita said.

"He told us, too. In rather strong language," Madge added plaintively.

Anita had to smile at that, and Madge smiled, and Anita had a partial answer to the change in Madge. She

still could not tell how deep it went, but it was helpful.

"Anita, sometime soon we must have a family dinner, all of us, again. . . ."

Anita finished tucking Anne in, thinking about this as she moved. She felt that it was from her this judgment was demanded, that perhaps in this moment she was stronger than the older woman. Whether the feeling was correct or not, it was a time for practicality, for common sense.

"I think we can wait a while, Mrs. Schaeffer. Now and then, if you all feel like it, we can get together. But not often. There's nothing in common between the Jadowskis and the Schaeffers except Walt and me, let's face it. I think both families can admit that and live along with it all right."

Madge sighed with relief, then looked guilty. Anita almost patted her maternally on the shoulder. "We're all what we are, Mrs. Schaeffer. Should we go downstairs? Nuisance—I mean Anne—is sound asleep."

In the dining room, Anita started, and then blinked impulsive moisture from her eyes. On a low-boy, placed alone to bring out its simplicity of design, was her stainless steel tray. She looked at Madge. No, not enemy. Not friend, yet, but at least no longer enemy.

She had forgotten the mention of other guests until, at eight-thirty, the doorbell rang. Two middle-aged men came to join them in the living room, and Anita was surprised to see that one was Mr. Heilman, who had let Steve and Walt use his vacant store for the boys' boxing club. The other was . . . yes . . . Mr. Ned Conklin, the mayor of Kenniston.

"Hello, John," Mr. Conklin said. "Madge, Mrs. Schaeffer Junior, Walt . . . You all know Mr. Heilman?"

All did save Madge, to whom Heilman was introduced. He was a heavy-set man with shrewd, heavy-lidded eyes that rested with approval on Walt and Anita.

"This is partly official," Conklin said. "I had John corral Walter because I had something important to tell him."

He faced Walt and his tone grew serious.

"I've heard for months, from men like Heilman, of the fine work you're doing with the boys around the Union Street section. You and Steve Jadowski . . . Kenniston is a little better town because of you two. As an official I'd like to express some of the city's gratitude, pompous as that may sound."

"Why, thanks," said Walt, awkward with surprise and pleasure. "But there are three of us. Anita thought up the boxing club idea in the first place."

"Oh, Walt, all I did was—"

"Start the ball rolling," Walt said firmly.

"I didn't know that," Conklin said. "So there are three to thank. And we want to, and not just here in private with a few easy words." He beamed at Walt. "We're putting through an appropriation for a gymnasium down there, and when we lay the cornerstone, there will be a ceremony in which you and Steve and Mrs. Schaeffer will be publicly recognized—"

"Oh, no!" Walt burst out.

Conklin faltered in mid-stride. "Eh?"

Walt colored but went on. "That's a wonderful thought, and we'd be honored—but it's the worst thing that could be done for those kids. In the first place, you wouldn't get half a dozen of them to poke their noses in the new gym. That would represent Authority, and approval, and they couldn't bear it. In the second, the quarters they have now—" he nodded to Mr. Heilman—"are their own, kept up by them, kept running by them, supported by them. They are theirs, and they're proud of them. They worked for them as much as Steve and I did, and, Mr. Conklin, I think you have to work for something to appreciate it."

Anita took his hand and squeezed it, and she saw his father look at his mother.

"But Walter," Conklin said plaintively, "we want to do something. We want people to know what you've done."

Heilman smiled at Walt. "We know, in this room, and the people know around Union Street, where it counts. I told Mr. Conklin you'd feel this way about it. You're right about the kids' reaction, too."

"Isn't there something we can do?" complained the mayor.

"Why, yes," said Walt. "The city might pay Mr. Heilman some rent for his store." He laughed. "And I'll collect it. Minus commission, in this case."

The two men stayed a while, and then left, with the elder Schaeffers going with them to the door.

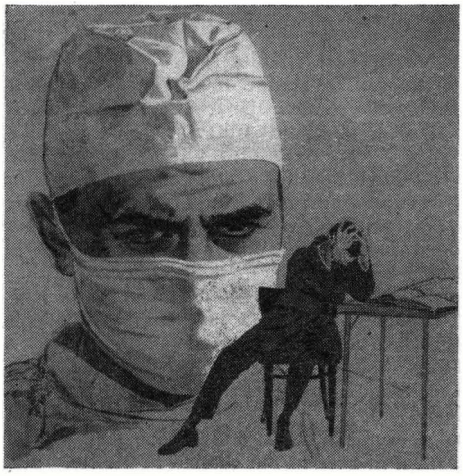
"I'm so proud. And happy," Anita whispered.

"That was nice, wasn't it?" Walt said, wondering. "I had no idea . . . Wait till I tell Steve! Those little roughnecks! We do something we have to, and it snowballs like this!"

Anita looked at the mantel-clock. "I'd better get Nuisance, darling. Time she was in her own bed."

They lingered in the front hall a moment, the four of them. John looked at his son. Several times it had seemed that he was going to say something, but he hadn't. Walt smiled.

"About this afternoon, dad," he said. "The new lettering, SCHAEFFER MANAGEMENT & REALTY. Don't change it." He touched his father's shoulder and kissed his mother. He put his arm around his wife. "Come on, darling; let's go home." . . . THE END



Next Month: In July Redbook

THE GOLDEN SCALPEL

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His skilled surgeon-hands had given many courage to face the world anew. He was at the peak of success when an inescapable chain of events abruptly veered his course as a doctor—and as a man


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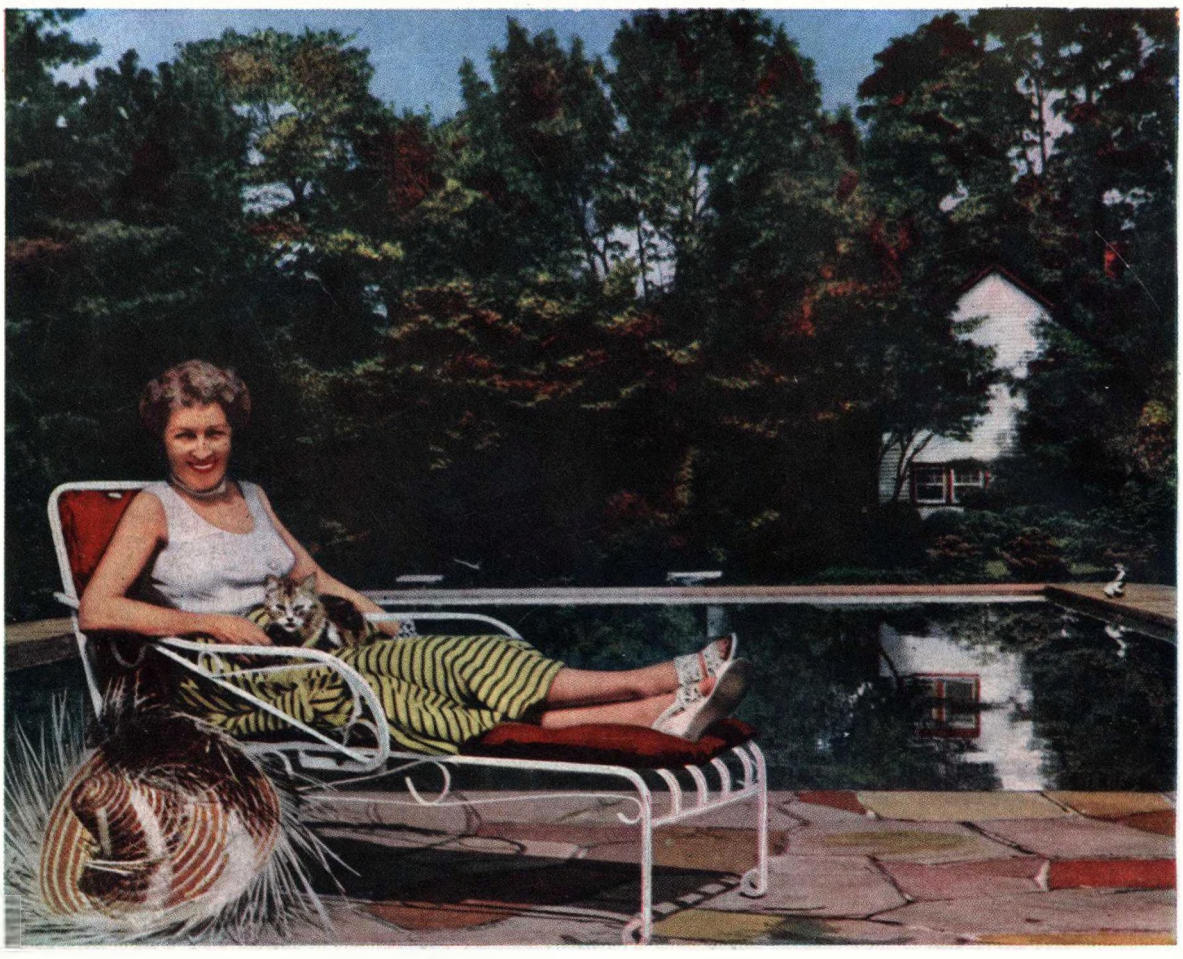

Miss Luella Gear, celebrated as a hostess to international society, blends the charm of the past with the convenience of the present.

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"Grandmother's diamonds are yellow too, but you need white diamonds these days to splash around Long Island and you find the same thing is true of sheets. Whether she favors the traditional or the modern approach, the clever hostess will find the 1957 whiteness of Springmaid Sheets essential to the attainment and maintenance of her proper position." *Trademark