

NOVEMBER • 35 CENTS

# Redbook

*The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS*

It's Wonderful  
To Have a Baby  
In Flint, Michigan

A COMPLETE NOVEL:

"Half a Marriage"

BY HAL & BARBARA BORLAND

*Grace Kelly*

Almost an unknown two years ago,  
she is now Hollywood's most sought-after actress



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# PICTURE of the Month

We've just come, charmed and enriched, from the experience of seeing Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed and Walter Pidgeon in M-G-M's love drama "The Last Time I Saw Paris".

Heart-tuned to the song that provides its title, this Technicolor story is based on what many believe to be one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's finest stories, "Babylon Revisited". And when you fall under the spell of its young, bittersweet romance and its tender nostalgia, you'll be transported as we were to the city of love in its hour of joy.



For this is the story that tells of Paris when its lights came on again. And of two gay, reckless, charming people who were swept into love by the rapture of the time and the enchantment of the place. All the locales are authentic, shutting for your delight from the sidewalk cafes and boudoirs of the Rue de la Paix to the ateliers of the Left Bank and the playgrounds of the Riviera.

The fascinating story evokes performances from the stars such as we have never seen heretofore. Liz Taylor unleashes undreamed-of loveliness as Helen Ellsworth, who whirls giddily out of the caresses of the crowds thronging the Champs Elysees on V-E Day, to throw herself into the arms of an American writer, played by Van Johnson.

He and Liz are destined to meet again when her sister (a deservedly rich role for Academy Award-winner Donna Reed) brings Van home to the girls' fun-loving father as her own conquest, only to be embittered when Van prefers Liz. The role of the bon vivant father is played by versatile Walter Pidgeon. Eva Gabor, in all her continental glamor, contributes Parisian flavor and Kurt Kasznar rules the roost of *Le Jazz Hot*.

Here is an era, its scandalous Beau Arts balls, its reckless sports-car races, its cocktail parties, its playing with toys that can kill... captured in all its wicked but, wonderfully dramatic pace.

\* \* \*

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS", starring ELIZABETH TAYLOR, VAN JOHNSON, WALTER PIDGEON, DONNA REED with EVA GABOR, KURT KASZNAR. Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Richard Brooks. Based on a story by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Jack Cummings. An M-G-M Picture.

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THE MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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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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## in this moment

*The prayer lingers still . . . across the table as Dad begins to serve . . . it brushes Mother's still-bowed head . . . it caresses Sally's fist as she reaches for the promised drumstick. The words of thanksgiving are being made real in this moment—the words of gratitude from a good provider to the Great Provider.*

*This time of security together is precious beyond all words.*

The most precious gift we give or receive is the gift of security. It is the lifeblood of happiness. And only in a land like ours are we free to choose security as a goal of living.

And with this choice goes another great privilege—helping to achieve the security of our country. For, secure homes, one joining another, make up the security of America.

Let this be the goal of *your* home!

### **Saving for security is easy! Read every word**

**—now!** If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

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*Grace Kelly—lovely then as now!*

## BETWEEN THE LINES



*Auerbach-Levy sketching elusive Steve Allen*

Some odd birds, it is said, are unimpressed at seeing a young man get a haircut on TV. But they must be exceptions, because it is that kind of uninhibited nonsense which, among other things, makes Steve Allen "The Man Who Keeps America Awake" (see page 70). It's a late show with curiosity value, as indicated by the remark of an ardent fan: "I wonder what Crazy will do tonight." Charles Samuels, author of "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," lifts the curtain on this personality who's delighting millions by appearing uncomplicated but who isn't really the relaxed old shoe he seems!

Famous for his caricatures of theatrical people, William Auerbach-Levy was assigned to do Steve Allen to illustrate our article. He arranged to meet Steve shortly before the show to make a few preliminary sketches. But the caricaturist got caught in the customary whirlwind preparations, and had to fight his way to a quiet corner to watch and sketch Steve on the TV monitor—which explains the photo above. Later on, Auerbach-Levy got a quiet session to make his drawings.

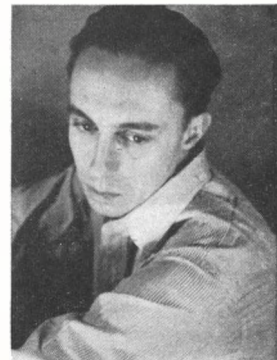
When Grace Kelly was unknown—if you can call a girl "unknown" who earned \$15,000 a year for looking beautiful all over America—we paid her for enlivening REDBOOK covers. Now that she's a movie star earning heavy-duty booty, she poses for us for free. That's progress? Anyway, she's looking gorgeous on our cover again this month, and the story of the most wonderful of "the wonderful Kellys," as Grace's father describes the clan, is told on page 50—"They All Gambled on Grace Kelly," by Richard G. Hubler. The gamble was not such a gamble really, as our prophetic covers (see top of page) indicate; the middle one is Grace in 1950, the other two were '49.

Young Romans in Rome, N. Y., are getting a heady taste of democracy through a simple but ingenious idea of Miss Miriam Gladding, a teacher there. The results thrill the kids and illustrate something none of us should ever forget. Geraldine E. Rhoads reports the story in "A Lesson in Freedom" on page 45. Now a free lance, Miss Rhoads has filled several important editorial posts, including the editorship of the recently suspended *Today's Woman*. She got her start in journalism at Bryn Mawr, where she ran the college paper. But her real break came before that; as a high-school student she won an essay contest, sponsored by a chemical company, with the college scholarship for prize. Her subject: "Poison Gas"!

Sounds of gunshots on a bright fall morning are the harbingers of "A Father's Ordeal." It's a powerful story on page 62, with a meaningful rebirth of faith and hope after the harrowing trial. Although Louis P. Kretschman, the author, has wanted to write for years, this is his first published story. "I got my hands in printer's ink while cleaning up my father's print shop," he says. Mostly, he's earned a living as a dancer. Now 37, he and his wife conduct a dance studio in rural eastern Pennsylvania, where, each year, they teach a thousand or more pupils, mostly adults, the intricacies of ballroom dancing. "I paint portraits on the side," he told us, "and also fix the plumbing, when it needs fixing, in the two-hundred-year-old inn which Lois and I rebuilt with our own sweat into what is now our home and studio—and, of course, I go on writing."



*Geraldine E. Rhoads*



*Louis Kretschman*

**COMING NEXT MONTH: A big bonus of four diverting short stories, and also 11 pages of do-it-yourself Christmas decorations**

# How To Bring Up Parents

BY FRANK O'NEAL



Protect them from the elements



Learn new things together



Play games with them



## Plan a family get-together frequently by Long Distance

Many miles may separate you from those you love, but you need never be far apart in thoughts and interests.

An especially good idea is to

have a certain time each week for a family visit by telephone. The cost is small and it pays heart-warming dividends in peace of mind and happiness.

### LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

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Should a woman defy her husband if she feels her child's health depends upon it?

**A MOTHER'S PROBLEM**

My husband won't let me take our little girl to a doctor. She has been complaining of severe pains in her head for several weeks, but because of his beliefs my husband will let only a Christian Science practitioner see her.

So far, the practitioner has been unable to cure my child, and I am fearful of letting her go without regular medical care for much longer. Would it be very wrong for me to take her to a doctor without my husband's knowledge?

NAME WITHHELD

**PRINCESS' PLIGHT**

When will magazine writers stop shedding tears over the supposedly sad plight of Britain's Princess Margaret?

How utterly ridiculous to say, as your story (August) did, that the princess does not appreciate her position when she doggedly insists on the title "Ma'am" from close friends!

If her position in life deprives her of a chance for happiness, she can well blame her own stuffy way of constantly calling everyone's attention to it.

FLORENCE Q. WARREN  
 Holyoke, Mass.

**THE UNBELIEVER**

Your August novel, "The Unbelieving Wife," is not only the story of a beautiful love, but has tapped the conflict that is going on in so many lives today. Perhaps someone, somewhere, reading the author's words, will find the answer and surrender her life to God.

MRS. KENNETH E. TAYLOR  
 Bushnell, Neb.

**INTERMARRIAGE**

Your article "We Dared to Marry," about the marriage of a white man and a Negro girl, was disgusting. We were created black

and white peoples and were meant to be that way. A civilization of half-breeds and mulattoes would be distasteful to me, as I'm sure it would be to the Negro race.

NAME WITHHELD

No one wants to start an interracial "campaign," but it is only fair that two people in love should be able to marry regardless of color.

JANE BENHAM  
 Chicago, Ill.

John and Sarah's big sin is that they have begotten a child who will be lost between two races—both predominantly discriminators.

MRS. M.

So often we think of people like John and Sarah as being "broad-minded," yet these two have shown that their life together is no overt effort to be "broad-minded" but simply to love each other, which is the most normal and wonderful of human reactions and puts them on an equal footing.

NANCY IRAN PHILLIPS  
 MRS. JOSEPHINE B. PHILLIPS  
 Chicago, Ill.

**NOT SO SURE**

I can't agree with the thesis of Selwyn James' "The Surest Way to Get Ahead" (August). It may be realistic and "adjusted" to accept your limitations, but the joy of being human is the ability to strive for a seemingly impossible goal. I might be a more stable person if I accepted my limitations, but I wouldn't have anything to live for—and that would be worse than being frustrated.

MINNIE ROSE  
 Little River, Fla.

**FAT WOMEN**

Lois T. Henderson, who wrote "The Gift" (August), must be a very understanding per-

son. After reading her story perhaps people will realize that we "fat" women have as much romance in our souls as any Miss America.

LEATHA BISHOP  
 Arvada, Col.

**READERS REPLY**

■ In August a reader wrote to ask if she was wrong to consider artificial insemination since her husband was sterile and she wanted a baby of her own so much. Here are some of your replies. ED.

Artificial insemination will answer your problem if you and your husband both want it. But if not, it may show up later in some form of involuntary resentment of the child.

MRS. L.  
 Lake City, Fla.

Artificial insemination violates the sanctity of marriage.

JOAN HAWES  
 New York, N. Y.

There is always a reason for everything that happens in this world. Perhaps there is a little child somewhere who needs you to love and care for him. Adopt a child and love him as you would your own.

MRS. E. L. D.  
 Nebraska

**KNOCK ON WOOD**

Philip Wylie has done us a service with his article on witchcraft.

He is quite right: Why should we go on making the motions of magic when the reason for the motions has disappeared? Of course it was bad luck to break a mirror when mirrors were rare and came only from Venice.



Peggy Wood, star of CBS-TV's "Mama."

I find I have two superstitions I can discard right now: What difference can it possibly make to me whether or not I put a hat on the bed? And why should I think I bear a charmed life because I put my left shoe on first? Out! Damned magic!

PEGGY WOOD

Like so many people, Wylie uses words promiscuously—such as classing astrology as a superstition, and an *invented* superstition, at that! He must know, if he reads anything but superstition-filled encyclopedias, that millions of intelligent people *know* astrology as a science as well-founded as astronomy.

NAME WITHHELD

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





As a climax to their American tour, Beatrice and Fred Troller of Zurich (right) meet the Marshes of Kansas City on their return from Europe.

## "Cinerama Holiday"

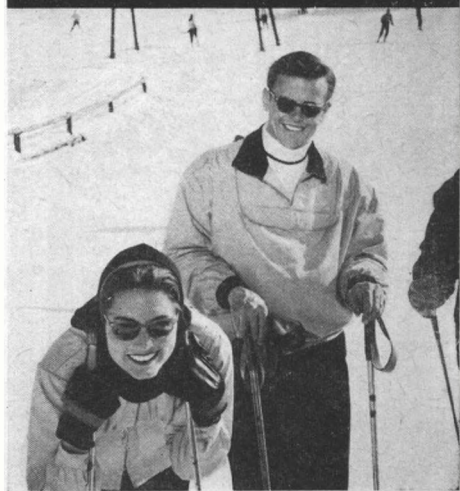


Ever since Cinerama was introduced to the public two years ago, it has been one of the great attractions in the motion-picture field. For the first time, the audience really felt it was part of the picture. In the second film, "Cinerama Holiday," there is even more identity for young adults, since it concerns the travels of young married people. The producers found two young married couples, one Swiss and one American, who had never acted or traveled abroad. "Cinerama Holiday" is the story of what Betty and John Marsh of Kansas City saw in Europe, and what Beatrice and Fred Troller of Zurich saw in the U.S.A.

The Trollers flew direct from Switzerland to St. Louis to start their tour, relinquishing their plane seats to the Marshes, who flew to Zurich. From then on, the couples and the audience experience a "grand tour" which is hard to duplicate. Thanks to a very mobile camera, the viewers feel they are on the bobsled which carried John Marsh at breakneck speed down a run, or skating in the ice show at St. Moritz, or skiing at Davos. In a twinkling of an eye, the scene shifts and cowboys, Las Vegas and San Francisco are seen through the eyes of the Trollers.

As the camera moves back and forth between the doings of the two couples, the audience is transported to New England in the autumn, complete with country fair; New Orleans and its jazz, with a wonderful sequence of mourners leaving a funeral to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In," and an exciting jam session. In contrast, the Marshes move to Paris and attend a fashion opening at Jacques Fath's and a mass at Notre Dame, plus a ballet performance at the Paris Opera and, naturally, a Paris night club. Eventually the two couples meet again in New York, where Fred Troller shows the others (via Cinerama, which neither couple had seen) what it was like to sit in a Navy jet landing on a carrier at sea.

For excitement and out-of-the-ordinary entertainment, "Cinerama Holiday" is hard to beat. Where else can you have the fun of traveling in Europe and America for the price of two movie tickets?



Fred and Beatrice on their motor scooter in Las Vegas (top). Betty and John try Alpine skiing at Davos, Switzerland.



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plus egg  
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## THREE OTHER FINE



"THE EGYPTIAN"

MIKA WALTARI's novel headed the best-seller list so long that there is bound to be more than ordinary interest in this film. "The Egyptian" is a young physician, *Sinuhe* (Edmund Purdom), who lives during the reign of *Akhnaton* (Michael Wilding), one of the most famous Pharaohs. Told as a flashback, the story deals with *Sinuhe's* struggle to find an answer to the meaning of life. Intent upon helping the poor, he is swayed from his course by worldly desires, but eventually finds himself through *Akhnaton* and a devoted serving girl *Merit* (Jean Simmons).

Perhaps of more interest to the viewer than the story is the great detail with which the picture depicts life in Egypt 1300 years before Christ. Apparently no expense was spared in producing on the screen, as accurately as possible, such everyday scenes of life in ancient Egypt as cooking, fashions, engineering and surgery. (20th Century-Fox)



"THE DETECTIVE"

ALEC GUINNESS is fast becoming the favorite comedian of moviegoers on both sides of the Atlantic. In his latest film he is *Father Brown*, a priest who is as interested in keeping his subjects out of jail as he is in getting them into heaven. He is an amateur detective, and as the film opens, he's caught before an open safe. It's quite a while before he convinces the police he was only returning money stolen by one of his converts. His superiors are tired of tangles with the law and warn him that when a valuable cross from his church is sent to Rome, it will be entrusted to the police to prevent its being stolen by a renowned thief.

*Father Brown* determines to take the cross himself and also catch the thief. His methods are as humorous as they are unorthodox, and he and the thief get to know and respect each other's cleverness. This is one of Alec Guinness' best performances and pictures. (Columbia)

### NOVEMBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

**Africa Adventure**—Columnist Robert Ruark's pictorial account, in color, of a big-game safari he made.

**Bread, Love and Dreams**—Torrid Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica in a gay comedy of everyday life in a small Italian village.

**Dragnet**—Movie version of Jack Webb's famous television crime series.

**High and Dry**—Paul Douglas finds American efficiency doesn't mean anything to canny Scotch sailors.

**The Little Kidnappers**—Unusually delightful film about two orphan boys who find an abandoned baby. \* Oct.

**Rear Window**—A fine Alfred Hitchcock thriller involving James Stewart and Grace Kelly. \* Oct.

**Rogue Cop**—Robert Taylor, a crooked

# FILMS



## "HANSEL AND GRETEL"

THIS is a film which may well last forever, delighting viewers of all ages whenever they see it. It's the famous fairy tale photographed in color and performed by the most human puppets that have been filmed. Almost as exciting as the puppets is the Humperdinck score sung by the Apollo Boys' Choir.

The story of *Hansel and Gretel*, two children who are trapped by a wicked witch when they munch on her gingerbread house, is familiar to everyone. Anna Russell gives an amusing performance as the voice of the witch, but it is the puppets and the artistic conception of the film which makes this production so outstanding. Developed by Michael Myerberg, the "Kinemins," as he calls the puppets, are about one-third life-size and are electronically controlled so that they may assume hundreds of attitudes and expressions. Their feet are magnetized so that they stay in position on a magnetized stage.

cop, goes straight when he's involved in his brother's murder. Janet Leigh.

**Sabrina**—Audrey Hepburn's elin charm in a Cinderella story, with Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. \* Oct.

**Suddenly**—Frank Sinatra plays another straight role as a gunman attempting to assassinate the President.

**The Vanishing Prairie**—Another brilliant feature-length nature film produced by Walt Disney. \* September

*\*Previously reviewed in Redbook*

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# TV GOES SPECTACULAR

● Spurred on by the enthusiasm created among viewers last year by the two large spectacular shows, one featuring Ethel Merman and Mary Martin and the other presenting bits of Rodgers and Hammerstein's hits, everyone is going "spectacular" in television this year. A good many shows, planned for one night, will cost as much as a Broadway stage production. And even though it's a matter of concern to very few viewers, most of the shows will be telecast in color.

NBC has three series of spectacular shows, each shown once a month. The Saturday and Sunday night programs are produced by Max Liebman, who developed the "Show of Shows." Betty Hutton and Ann Sothern have already appeared in musicals, and future shows will include Judy Holliday, Frank Sinatra and English stars Jack Buchanan and Jean Carson.

The third NBC series, on Monday nights, will be presented by Fred Coe and will feature such stars as Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in Broadway adaptations and original productions.

CBS has two monthly spectacular shows. One, "The Best of Broadway," on Wednesday nights, revives great hits and expects to present such attractions as Humphrey Bogart in "The Petrified Forest." CBS' second series, "Shower of Stars," on Thursdays, will feature musicals such as the September opening one with Betty Grable. Harry James and Mario Lanza.

ABC offers something entirely different in its Wednesday night show produced by Walt Disney. In his television debut, Disney plans to give the viewer a look into all his activities, beside showing films made especially for the program, such as the historical "Davy Crockett," shot as a major film production on location in Tennessee.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

## Big Things to Come in TV

**Oct. 23** NBC (9-10:30 EST) Max Liebman production of an original musical comedy starring Jeanmaire, dancer who starred in movie "Hans Christian Andersen" and play "The Girl in Pink Tights."

**Oct. 24** All networks (9-11 EST) All-star extravaganza honoring the 75th anniversary of Edison's invention of the electric light. Produced by David O. Selznick, who made "Gone with the Wind."

**Oct. 27** ABC (7:30-8:30 EST) Premiere of "Disneyland," weekly variety show, including special films, produced by Walt Disney.

**Nov. 7** NBC (7:30-9 EST) Max Liebman production starring musical-comedy star Nanette Fabray and famous French pantomimist Jacques Tati, star of hilarious film "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."

**Nov. 10** CBS (10-11 EST) "The Best of Broadway." Ethel Merman in "Panama Hattie," a revival of her famous Broadway musical.

**Nov. 15** NBC (8-9:30 EST) Fred Coe production of "State of the Union," political comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.

**Dec. 23** CBS (8:30-9:30 EST) "Shower of Stars." Musical version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." adapted by Maxwell Anderson.



Typical of the big shows to be produced on CBS-TV this season will be revival of Ethel Merman in "Panama Hattie."

Jeanmaire, sensational ballet dancer, will be the star of an original musical on NBC-TV.

## WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN



### Christmas Records for Children

**R**ecords make wonderful presents for children when they are carefully chosen to suit the recipient's age and tastes. The right choices are not always easy for a donor outside the family to make, and any shopper is apt to be confused at this time of year by the tremendous number of gaily packaged records on display for the Christmas trade. Many of these are seasonal novelties, on the order of such hits of previous years as "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." Records of this sort make good listening fun over the holidays—but seldom for much longer.

Records of more lasting interest will generally be found among the nonseasonal releases. Some of these are story episodes involving such fictional characters of television and the movies as Tom and Jerry (on M-G-M), Big Jon and Sparkie (Columbia), Woody Woodpecker, Bugs Bunny, Hopalong Cassidy (on Capitol), Howdy Doody (RCA-Victor) and the Disney menagerie (RCA and Golden Records). They are issued almost as regularly as comic books, and while their life is apt to be longer—because of the acoustical pleasure they deliver along with the story—they are best given only to children who are devoted to the characters.

Records that are more likely to go on being enjoyed through repeated listening are the established classics, and also new releases in certain series that conform to consistently high standards.

The classics of the preschool crowd begin with traditional nursery songs, such as the assortment of 22 in "The Golden Treasury of Mother Goose," beautifully sung by the Sandpipers with Mitch Miller and Orchestra, on a single 78 rpm Golden Record. This dependable firm offers a number of other excellent titles by these artists, suited to children of all ages, and has just issued an eight-record album of established favorites by the group entitled "A Child's Introduction to the Orchestra." There is no more en-

joyable production among the "music appreciation" recordings.

Mitch Miller also supervises Columbia's program of children's records, and has made it a notably entertaining and tasteful one. Among the most charming collections on this list are Burl Ives' "Mother Goose Songs," "Singing Time" and "Animal Fair." Other Columbia singers who have the rare faculty of being invariably pleasing to young listeners are Rosemary Clooney, Tom Glazer, the Weavers and (at least with the cowboy set) Gene Autry.

Tom Glazer is fairly new to the Columbia label, but he has recorded many songs and stories of enduring appeal for Young People's Records. The YPR catalog, the largest in the field of children's records, is also the most consistently excellent. Their releases are divided into two groups—for preschool children (age 2-6), and for those of elementary-school age (7-11). Without exception, YPR records are entertaining, musically sound, and creatively and educationally stimulating. They are issued on 78 rpm discs (some also on 45s), in sets of one and two, and may be ordered on a subscription basis through the Children's Record Guild. Outstanding new releases on YPR are two-record sets of "Pinocchio" and the first children's version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Among the most satisfactory records ever made for children of from 7 or 8 on are some adaptations of literary and musical classics which were produced by the major companies a good many years ago, and are now available on reissues. One of these, on a Columbia 12-inch LP, couples Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf," played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski and narrated by Basil Rathbone, with a rousing performance of "Treasure Island," by Rathbone and supporting cast. Another perennial favorite in this reviewer's family is Ginger Rogers' recital of "Alice in Wonderland," now available on a Decca 10-inch LP.

## Mary's DISMAL



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## HAIR FACTS

Hair grows at different rates on various parts of the body. Hair on the thighs and eyebrows grows only half as fast as hair on the scalp and chin, which grows the fastest. Hairs grow for a time and then rest. The periods of steady growth and resting also vary at different places. Scalp hairs sometimes grow continuously for four to five years — sometimes for as long as 25 years —

then rest a short time and begin growing again. If you pull out some dormant or sleeping hairs while combing or brushing, they are generally soon replaced. Hairs on the arms and legs have a longer resting period between spurts of growth than scalp hair. And weather affects growth rates—hair grows slower in cold than in warm weather.—Dr. R. E. Strauss, in the *Pennsylvania Medical Journal*.

## MIGRAINE RELIEF

Injections of Dramamine, the anti-seasickness drug, quickly stop the pain and nausea from migraine headaches. Dramamine was found successful in all of the first 50 patients treated. When injected into muscles, it usually stopped the attack in 15 minutes. Injections into veins worked even faster.—Dr. Maurice Vaisberg of Miami Beach, Fla., in the *Annals of Allergy*.

## SUPERHORMONES

In its first tests on humans a super-cortisone is bringing dramatic relief from pain and crippling of rheumatoid arthritis. Cortisone is an adrenal gland hormone. The superdrug is fluorohydrocortisone, and it appears 25 times more potent than cortisone. Inflammatory arthritis disappeared suddenly in persons given the new drug, which still is in the experimental stage.—Dr. Edward W. Boland, Los Angeles, president of the American Rheumatism Association.

Another superhormone drug, chloro-

hydrocortisone, looks helpful for persons suffering from Addison's disease, which is caused by a lazy or inactive adrenal gland.—A team of physicians from Boston, Mass., and Bethesda, Md.

## SLEEPWALKERS

A dominating, frightening father is often the cause of a person's becoming a sleepwalker. Fear of the father and inability to express resentment of him cause some people to take out their suppressed feelings in sleepwalking, nightmares and fantasies.—Cmdr. B. I. Kahn, Lt. R. L. Jordan, U. S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif., in *California Medicine*.

## ATHLETIC HEART

The term "athletic heart" is misleading, because exercise, even when strenuous, will not damage a normal heart. Infections are more important as a cause of disease than exercise. And persons with a heavy body build have a lower life expectancy than those with a lighter build, regardless of the type or

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

extent of their participation in sports.

Strenuous exercise, however, may injure a heart already weakened, so young athletes should have close medical supervision.—Editorial in the *AMA Journal*.

**BREATHING FAULT**

About one-quarter of women suffer from a strange type of trouble—breathing too deeply and too much. The oversupply of oxygen upsets the chemistry of the air in the lungs, and this brings on various nervous or muscular complaints.

Anxiety and personality conflicts are the underlying cause of this overbreathing habit, which usually is done unconsciously. These women sigh frequently. Other signs are cold, clammy hands and feet, twitching or tremors of the eyelids, hands or other organs, increased pulse, sometimes skipping heartbeats, and a feeling of tightness or weight on the chest. The basic trouble is emotional, and treatment has to be directed to overcoming that. Three times as many women as men suffer from this overbreathing trouble.—Dr. John M. Schimmenti, Oakland, Calif., *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*.

**HEALTH GUIDELINES**

Fumes and odors give some people the allergic reactions of asthma and nose colds. This can happen even when there is no pollen or irritating protein material present in the air. Some get a stuffy nose from the odor of locust, pine, lilies, carnations or lilacs.—Drs. Eithan Allen Brown, Boston, and N. John Colombo, Hudson, Mass., in the *Annals of Allergy*.

Parents shouldn't prescribe vitamins for their children, because too much of them, especially vitamin A, can cause vitamin poisoning. This vitamin intoxication is probably more prevalent than vitamin deficiency. A normal diet usually supplies enough vitamins, at least after the first year of life.—Dr. John Anderson, Stanford Hospital, San Francisco, to the American Home Economics Association.

Let a physician decide whether your child really needs to lose weight. Some children have a stocky build and may look fat to their parents even though they are not actually overweight. If a child is forced to diet, he runs serious risks of physical and psychological damage.—Dr. John Anderson, Stanford Hospital, San Francisco, to the American Home Economics Association.

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**angels**  
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**cowboys**



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*Boys will be he-men.*

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**City of orphans in Illinois**

At Mooseheart some 800 children who have lost one or both parents, are growing up into first-class citizens. Watch, in November McCall's how these youngsters live, study, worship, work — and play!

**Return to elegance**

New *after-five* dresses from France mirror the luxurious life of her 18th century chateaux. Here McCall's reveals 10 of the most striking.

**The Billy Graham nobody knows**

Billy Graham: *Can he save the world from sin?* Don't miss this new and thoughtful appraisal of the man behind all the excitement!

**A complete novel by Ann Head**

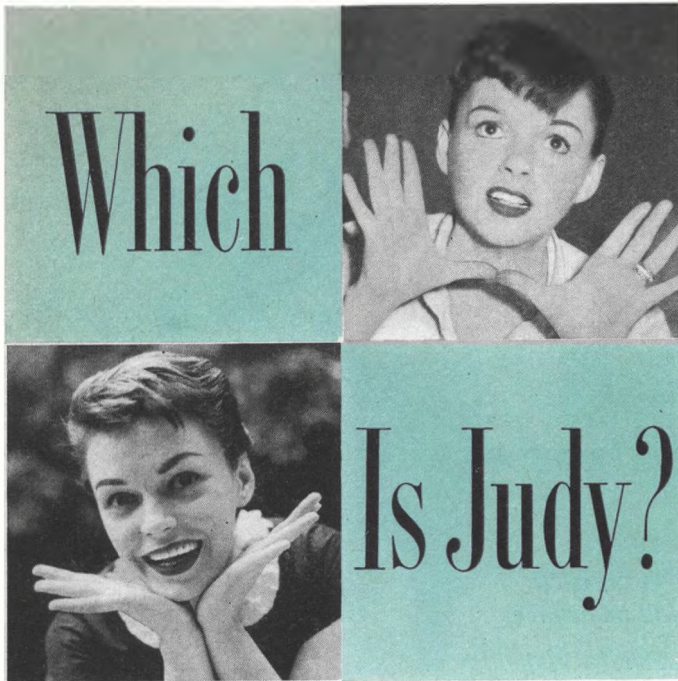
Enter softly this *Little World All Her Own*. It belongs to a mixed-up little girl who wondered why her mother was weeping in the night.

**Husbands! Learn to carve**

Study these 16 photos, notably the X-ray! You can carve like an expert... roast turkey, roast lamb, baked ham, standing rib roast!

**Betsy McCall seeks her doll**

In November, McCall's copyrighted picture-doll enters a maze to seek her doll. Your children will love the puzzle, the new designs!



BY FLORENCE SOMERS

Which pert miss is Judy Garland—the one on the right or the left? If you think it's the girl on the right, you're right. That's Judy as she appears in her latest film, "A Star Is Born." Her double, on the left, is Peggy King, who looks so much like Judy that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer once gave her a contract with the intention of training her to be a second Miss Garland, but nothing came of the idea.

If you don't know Peggy by sight, you probably do by ear, because her catchy singing commercial for Hunt's tomato sauce has been played by radio stations for months. It brought Peggy a contract with Columbia records, and she's off on a career of her own, having made her first record, "Burn 'Em Up" and "The Hottentot." Peggy was born twenty-four years ago in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, where, at age five, she grabbed a microphone at a clambake and sang. Her family moved to Ohio, and Peggy sang at small clubs and radio stations before becoming a vocalist for both Charlie Spivak and Ralph Flanagan. She's married to trumpet player Nobby Lee.



## If you plan

to travel to the Southwest this winter, include a visit to some of the unique independent schools in this area. You will find excellent schools which take color from the history and customs of the part of the country in which they are located.

The climate offers great appeal, for many of these schools are so located that a maximum of sunshine and low humidity allow classes and extracurricular activities in the out-of-doors most of the school year.

Naturally, riding is a favorite activity, and polo in a number of the boys' schools. Often a horse is assigned to the student which he learns to feed and care for as well as to ride. Horseback trips across the desert by moonlight, sketching trips to old Indian ruins and reservations, skiing on rare occasions are parts of the unusual these schools offer.

Add healthful living in this dry climate, and you have some of the reasons for the popularity of Southwestern schools. They are in no sense "health" schools, yet because of their very location students troubled with chronic colds, bronchial difficulties and asthma make health gains.

If you are interested in receiving information about schools in the Southwest, write for information to the address given below. Be sure to give age, grade in school, and other pertinent information. Address:

Ethel F. Bebb  
Redbook Magazine  
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## WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

My husband and I wanted an original birth announcement, but our name offered no unusual possibilities. Finally we hit upon this idea. I made little jackets of various colors from

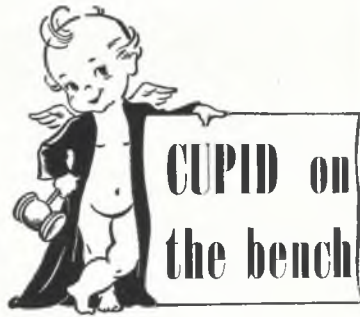
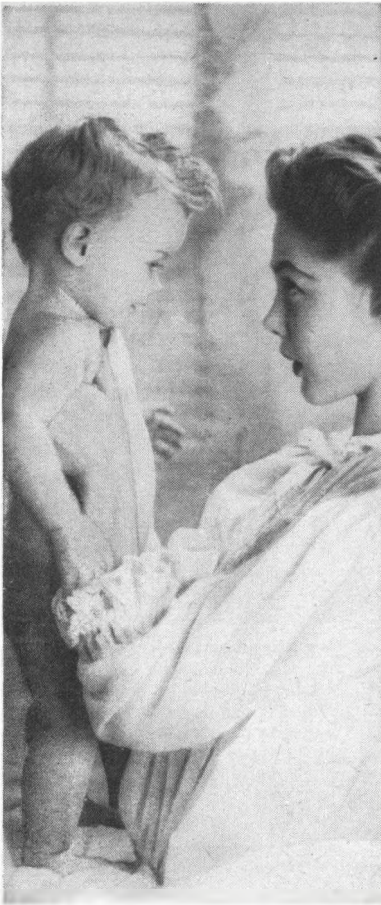
scraps of material left over from gowns I had made for the baby. I also wrote two verses, one for a boy and one for a girl.

MRS. BILL VERDOORN  
Alton, Iowa

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







By José Schorr

Should a couple break up because they often quarrel?

No, because there are hardly any married couples who do not quarrel, said the Michigan Supreme Court.



When a husband comes in at 5 A.M., does he have to tell his wife where he has been?

No, because he should have told her before he left, said the Illinois Appellate Court.



If a husband does not appreciate how hard his wife slaves for him, should she slave harder?

No; she should slave less, so as to teach him to appreciate what he used to get, suggested the Nevada Supreme Court.



If a wife does not feel like preparing dinner, should she be made to pay for eating out?

Only if it happens every night, said the Oregon Supreme Court.



If a wife makes more money than her husband, should she hide the fact so that their friends won't think she wears the pants in his house?

No, because many wives make more money than their husbands with no damage to their marriage, and besides, most wives wear the pants in the family anyway, even when they don't make a cent, said the Texas Court of Civil Appeals.



If a wife lives beyond her husband's means, must her alimony also be beyond his means?

No, because a divorced wife is entitled to support only in the manner to which she deserved to be accustomed, ruled the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.



Lucky, Lucky Baby - his Mommy uses

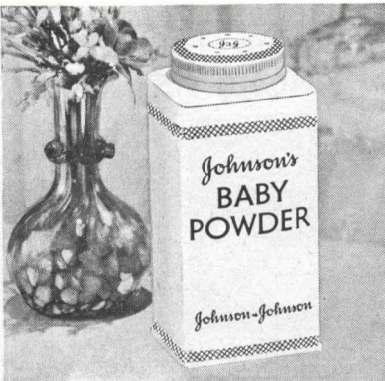
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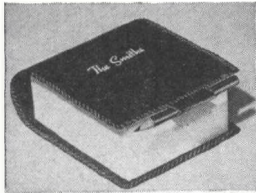
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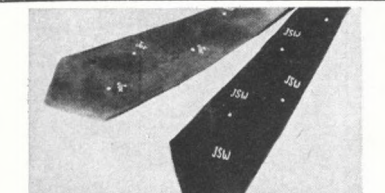


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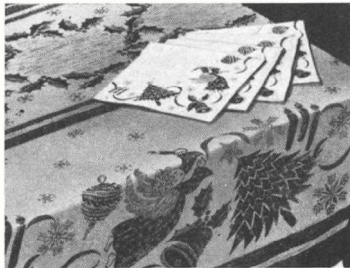
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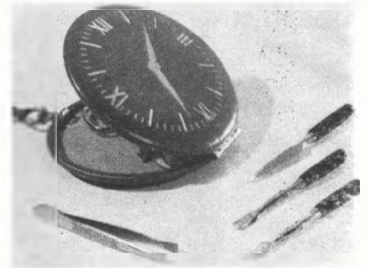
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**Plaid partners**—red hatbox and wardrobe trunk of heavy cardboard—are handpainted in white with a lucky little girl's first name. Trunk, 11" x 8" x 4 1/2" for doll's traveling wardrobe, has 2 tiny plastic hangers on trolley. Hatbox is \$1.75. Trunk, \$2.89. Set of both items, \$4.50, ppd. Hinman House, Evanston 32, Ill.



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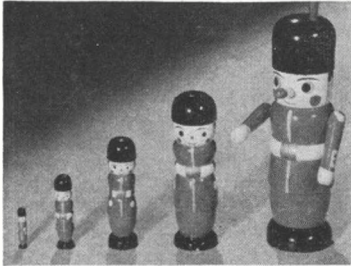
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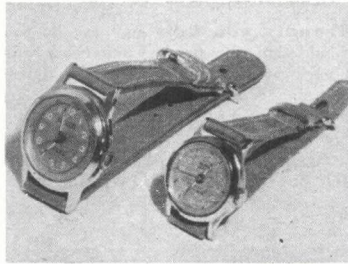
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# Shops

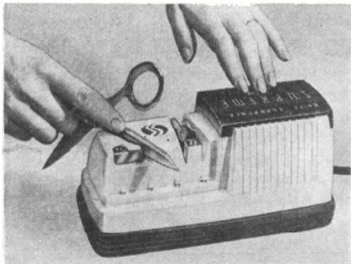
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**Five little soldiers**, each a mite smaller than the next in line, nest inside each other. Wooden toy soldiers wear scarlet hand-painted uniforms and will delight a junior heart. In graduated sizes from 1 1/4" to 8", they fit together to make one mighty warrior. Complete, \$1.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. R, Orange, N. J.



**Swiss watch** in two sizes is a rugged timepiece for kids or adults. Has chrome case with radium numerals, sweep second hand and genuine leather strap. Antimagnetic jeweled movement is shock- and water-resistant and is guaranteed for 1 year. \$7.98 ppd. including tax. The Nassau Co., Dept. R, 200 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



**A keen gift** is a combination electric knife and scissors sharpener. Separate grinding wheels for knives and scissors have placement guides for correct angle. Of shining black and white Tenite, 9" x 4" x 4", for A.C. only. With 1-year guarantee, \$14.95 ppd. Kaskel's, Dept. KS-5, 41 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



**Fit for kings** or regulars—matching cigarette set, with family name hand-painted in black on each white opal glass piece, makes an unusual gift. Cigarette box, 4 1/4" x 7 1/2" with room for two packs, and lighter are \$6.50 each. Ash tray (use it for candy, too) \$2. All ppd. Pinebridge Studios, Dept. R, Ossining, N. Y.

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

**NAPKIN and LETTER RACK**

Wrought on the forge of an ornamental iron artist, this gift poetically combines fluid black iron ribbons and colorful tiles of a Victorian House mounted on both sides. For napkins, letters, digest magazines. 5" long, 2 sections with divider. \$2.95 postpaid.

Write for FREE Catalogue

**Gilbert & Leonard**

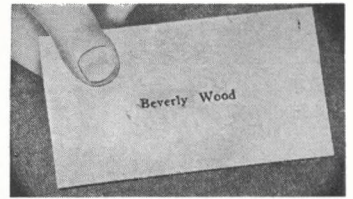
1544 Northern Blvd. Manhasset, New York

**Charming Colonial Design DOOR KNOCKER**

Just picture your home with this distinctive Door Knocker to greet your guests with friendly warmth. The lovely Colonial motif will add charm to any home. Specially crafted hand-decorated metal, with heavy swining Spear that sounds summoning tone. Choice of five colors: black, ivory, yellow, etc. or brown.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back Available plus without honor for only \$1.00. However, for only 10c extra, we'll artlessly hand letter any family name—BIG, THE NAME WILL LIVE IN THE DARK. Durably made to give years of service. Won't rust or tarnish. Easy to install. Not more than 2 to each customer at this bargain price. Each Door Knocker can be personalized differently, if you desire, so that you can give one away as a gift. Add 21c to each Door Knocker ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please.

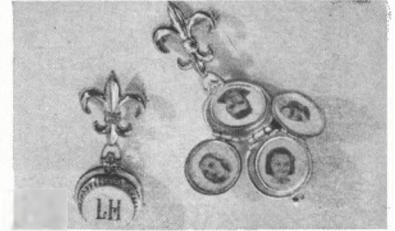
**Dobbs Products Co., 900 W. Lake St., Dept. 254, Chicago 7, Ill.**



For Little Men and Little Women  
**KIDDIE CALLING CARDS**  
 • Clever for "Playing House," "Tea Parties," or visits to Grandma's. Boys and girls love their own Calling Cards, and these are scaled down to just the right size. Printed on the same quality paper as many formal cards. Thrill every child on your Christmas List with Kiddie Calling Cards. In simulated Leather Case. Ideal for adults, too!

100 Cards, postpaid, only \$1.00  
 Please print plainly

Send also for Free Gift Catalog  
**HOLIDAY HOUSE SANTA CLAUS, IND.**



**Sentimental Gift**, is this monogrammed locket that holds 4 photos of her loved ones. Comes plain or with 2 or 3 initials engraved on the mother-of-pearl face, which hangs from 24-K gold plated Fleur de lis. Gift-Boxed . . . . . \$3.95

No COD's please, send cash, check or m.o.  
 10-day delivery—Gift orders carefully handled.

**RUTH BRAWER** BOX 4035, DEPT. B-11 TUCSON, ARIZONA

**Frosty WHITE DEER and SLEIGH**

**\$2.95** plus 35c shipping

**SPECIAL** Set of 12 Red Reindeer Candles Just **59c**

The traditional Reindeer and Sleigh, reminiscent of an old fashioned Christmas, becomes a versatile centerpiece to prance across your table or mantel. Pierced metal sleigh is 5" x 10 1/2"; real stic reindeer 7" x 7". A decorator's delight—trim with ornaments and holly.

Write for our FREE Catalog in color, NOW!

**FOSTER HOUSE** 630-D11 S. Jefferson Peoria, Illinois

**YOU-ALL can be a COLONEL in the CONFEDERATE AIR CORPS.**

If you manifest a high regard for black-eyed peas, hog jawl, saw belly, pot likker, grits, chittlins, and corn squeezins; you qualify for the distinguished rank of Full Colonel in the Confederate Air Corps. Send us a buck today, no need to wait, for your 9" x 11" engraved commission with gold seal, and authentic-looking ID card. \$1.00 Postpaid, (no C.O.D.s and no Confederate money, please).

**FREE 48 page Christmas Catalog**

**THE GAME ROOM**

1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D.C.



**A Bracelet For Grandmother . . .**  
 who will be proud to have her growing tribe of grandchildren with her at all times. Each first name and birth date engraved on separate discs in script. Wonderful for remembrance, to show along with snapshots!  
 Sterling silver . . . \$3.00 for bracelet plus \$1.50 per disc.  
 1/20 12k gold filled . . . \$3.00 for bracelet plus \$2.00 per disc.  
 Catalog on request. Engraving, postage, tax fact.

No C.O.D.'s, please.  
**Holiday House**  
 1211 Bellevue Theatre Bldg. Upper Montclair, N.J.



**Heavenly FRUIT CAKE**  
 No other like it in all this world! Imagine, big tender cherries, huge pieces of moist pineapple, whole miniature pears, crunchy nuts—all in a cloud-like batter. No dried fruit in this magical concoction. Wonderful for gifts, great to have on hand for guests. Gift wrapped and shipped prepaid anywhere in the U.S. Gift 11, 1 1/2 lbs. net, \$3.35. Gift 12, 2 lbs. net, \$4.15. Gift 14, 3 lbs. net, \$5.95. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
**THE MISSION FOLK,**  
 111 E. 33 ST., LOS ANGELES 11, CALIF.

**Crystal CORDIAL SET**  
 \$5.95 complete Postpaid.  
 Add charm and beauty to your sideboard during dinner and be a gracious living room hostess after dinner. Each of these 7 sparkling pieces is hand blown and hand finished crystal. Decanter is 11" high, glasses 4 1/2".

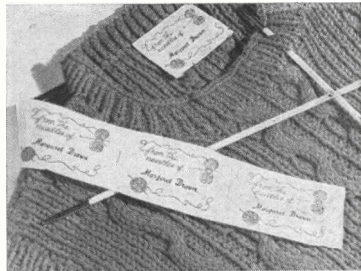


**GENUINE SHEEPSKIN CUDDLE RUG**  
 Because they lend glamour to any setting you'll give her that "Lap-of-Luxury" feeling with these deep, silky sheepskins to scatter beside her bed—before her fireplace—in her playroom. Cloud soft and snugly warm, they make cold weather rigging a delight. They're not imitations! Each rug is a genuine, Brandicraft selected finest quality skin covering app. 8 to 9 sq. ft.

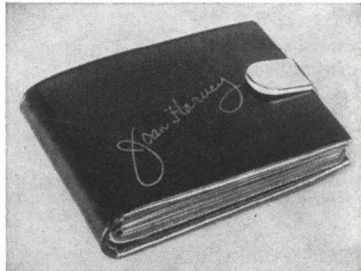
**NATURAL (Honey) \$9.95 PPD.**  
**WHITE \$12.95 PPD.**  
 Guaranteed No C.O.D.'s

**BRANDICRAFT** FREE GIFT FOLDER  
 Dept. R11-4, 157 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.  
 Send for FREE BROCHURE of DOWN EAST FOODS Attractively Packaged Maine's MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE Workshop  
 Lincolnville 10, Maine

**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Proudly you knit** and proudly you should sign your finished handiwork with a personalized label. Woven taffeta labels that say "From the Needles of . . ." are hand-embossed with your own name. 12 for \$1.50; 20, \$2; 40 for \$3 ppd. Order from Designs Publishing Corp., Dept. R4-11, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.



**Her own signature** is reproduced in gold on a soft cowhide billfold. Green, red, black or brown wallet has detachable identification compartment and a coin purse. Matching men's wallet in black or brown has secret compartment for large bills. \$7.85 each. The Seldon Cooper Shop, Dept. R, Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.



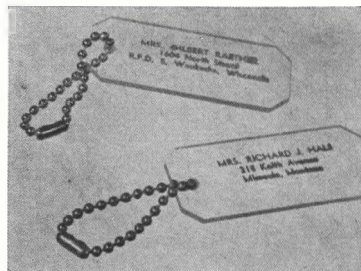
**For YOUR Man of DISTINCTION! ENGLISH COIN CUFF LINKS & TIE CLIP**  
 A truly unique gift! Fashioned of GENUINE coins with a beautiful antiqued satin finish. Cuff Links also stunning for ladies shirts!  
 CUFF LINKS \$2.50 TIE CLIP \$2.25  
 COMPLETE SET \$4.50 Tax inc.  
**Gifts MASTERCRAFT BOSTON 10, MASS.**  
 FREE! GIFT 'N GADGET CATALOG

**NEW WROUGHT IRON SWITCH PLATES**  
 An attractive, practical and durable electric switch ornament of sturdy black metal, designed to add warmth and beauty to the walls of any style home . . . from Provincial to Modern. Fits over any wall switch or outlet. Ideal for any room. Single switch or duplex outlet \$1.35 each. Double switch \$1.65 each. Triple switch (not shown) \$1.95 each. (No C.O.D.'s) We pay postage. Money refunded if not delighted.  
**LAURIE & CO., Dept. RB, 507 5th Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.**

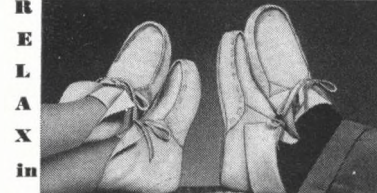
**Stars**



**That old black magic** weaves a spell of romance around a beguiling waltz-length nightgown. All-nylon gown, completely lined with pink, has a chantly lace top with a tunic body. Sizes 32 to 38. In black and pink (as shown), solid white or flame red. \$12.95 ppd. The Hope Chest, Dept. R, 115 Chauncy St., Boston 11, Mass.



**Tag your bags** with good-looking lucite identifiers bearing your name and address. Unbreakable red, green, blue, black or crystal-clear lucite is imprinted in contrasting color on 3 lines. Convenient chain easily attaches to suitcase handles. Order an extra one for keys. \$1 each. 3 for \$2.50 ppd. Atlas Gifts, New Hyde Park 90, N. Y.



**PATAKWA MOCCASINS—Ideal Gift** from the Indian Reservation Country of soft, washable sueded cowhide, with flexible padded soles. BLISS TO WEAR indoors or out with cuffs rolled up or down. HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Brown, Red, Em. Green, Russet, Golden Corn, Indian White.  
 FOR MEN AND WOMEN in sizes 4 to 8 . . . \$4.95 in sizes 9 thru 12 . . . \$5.95  
 FOR CHILDREN too, in natural or brown only. Sizes 5, 7, 9, \$2.95 Sizes 11, 13, 2, \$3.95  
 Immediate delivery. Gift orders carefully handled. Send cash, check or m.o. For C.O.D.'s send \$2 deposit.  
**OLD PUEBLO TRADERS** Box 4035, Dept. PR Tucson, Arizona

**Personal PHOTO Christmas Cards 25¢ FOR 1 PLUS \$1 SHIPPING**  
 including envelopes from your own negative  
**Limited Trial Offer—one order (25 cards) to a customer FREE SAMPLE.** Just send negative of your child, family, home, pet, etc. for free sample Deluxe Yulecard, from world's largest producer. Please include \$2 return postage. Negative returned with sample and price folder. (If without negative, send photo and 50¢ for new negative.) See before you buy. No obligation. Satisfaction guaranteed. Offer expires Dec. 1. \*T.M. Reg.  
**YULECARDS\*, Div.-Mail-N-Save, Dept. R-2, Quincy 65, Mass.**



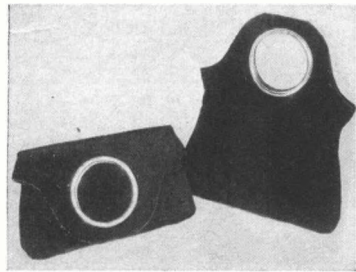
★ TOPS IN THE SHOPS ★



**Special achievement award** for a "Proud Papa" or a "Proud Grandpa." Hand-painted ceramic cup, 5 1/4" high, makes a memorable gift for "that important guy" when a new baby arrives. Good for pencils, cigars, flowers. Specify choice of inscription. \$3.50 ppd. Wales Luggage, 540 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



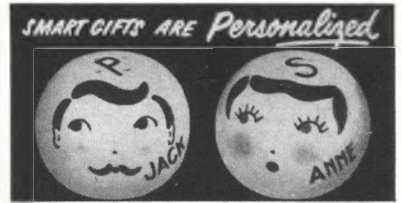
**For your littlest angel**—beguiling Angel-Wings will delight the child who loves to make believe. White theatrical tarlatan on elastic bands slips over arms. With adjustable halo and star-tipped wand to make wishes come true, set is perfect for Christmas plays and pageants. \$3.95 ppd. Edith Chapman, Dept. R, Nyack, N. Y.



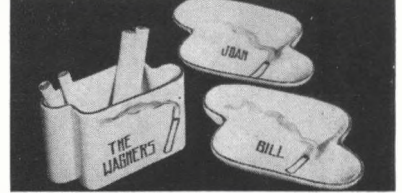
**The velvet touch** adds glamour to your fall wardrobe. Versatile bracelet ring handbag becomes a convenient tote or a compact clutch, depending on your mood. 10 1/2" long and fully lined. In black velvet or in black or brown faille. \$3.98 ppd. including tax. Wilco Fashions, Dept. R, 35 So. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y.



**With this ring** you'll cement relations between you and your goddaughter, your niece or your favorite baby sitter. Made of sterling silver, this teen-age friendship ring comes with three cutout initials on an adjustable band that grows with its owner. \$3.95 ppd. including tax. Specify initials. Bryn Mawr Gifts, Bryn Mawr 10, Pa.



**SNOW BALLS SALT & PEPPER**  
Roguish faces decorate tennis ball size salt and pepper shakers of quality china. Personalized with "his" and "her" first names \$2.00 ppd



**SMOKERS SET** Set \$3.95 ppd.  
Two fine china ashtrays and container holding more than a full pack of king-size or regular cigarettes. Send surname for container and 2 first names for matching ashtrays. Your choice of Maroon, Green or Blue lettering.  
Hand-painted and kiln-fired for permanency. Send check or M.O. One Week Delivery FREE Catalog  
*Personal Gifts Co.* Dept. 172, 102 W. 61 Street, New York 23, N. Y.



**Eastern Star** teacup and saucer of English bone china bear the crest of the order —women's auxiliary of the Masons—mothers, wives, daughters, sisters. A find, too, for collectors. \$3.25, plus 15c west of Miss. Send for new catalog. The Vermont Crossroads Store, Waterbury 5, Vermont.

**Looking for the right GIFT?**  
HERE IT IS...

An imported, genuine cowhide shoulder bag

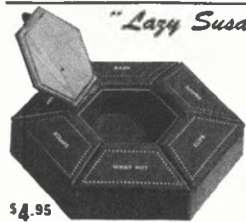


Finest quality. A gift that will be remembered. Comes in Natural color. Has adjustable strap. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LADIES SIZE 8" x 9 1/2" CHILD'S 5" x 7 1/2"  
\$998 \$522  
incl. tax incl. tax

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG

**PROPAR** 1113 PROPAR BUILDING SAN ANTONIO 6, TEXAS



**"Lazy Susan" DESK TRAY**  
Spin it—and select that paper clip or rubber band in a jiffy. This revolving tray has seven compartments, is gold toned or simulated leather in your choice of brown, maroon or green. Measures 6" in diameter. A smart and practical accessory for any home or office desk.

\$4.95 plus 35c shipping charge. Write for free Gift Catalog! The **KREBS** R11, Westerly, Rhode Island

THE **Letterbug**

Newest pet for busy businessmen, harassed housewives, inveterate letter-getters! Letterbug will organize the untidliest desk... a soap correspondence straight and correspondence smiling! Letterbug will take on almost any job... he'll hold mail, miss even seven o'clocks at your next party! His head is a letterbox... ordered size, his body a series of ingeniously engineered... around 11mm rings. Let Letterbug be your pet... give him as a river gift, too!

only \$1.25 each, 3 for \$3.50 ppd.  
Sorry no C.O.D.'s

**Pinebridge Studios**  
OSSING 54, N. Y.

**Imported Hand Decorated Playing Card CHINA CIGARETTE SET**  
3 Pc. Set—\$1.98 ppd.

Faithful reproductions of old-fashioned playing cards are exquisitely hand-decorated in full color on these 4 dainty white china ash trays. They come with a matching cigarette container that holds regular or king size, to make an unusually charming gift or bride price. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.'s Please. FREE Christmas Catalog on Request.  
AGNESTRONG, 120 Pearl St., Dept. R-11, New York 4, N. Y.

**Luscious Pink VICTORIAN VANITY MIRROR**  
for dressing table or the powder room  
\$4.95 plus 35c shipping

Flatter your reflection in this heart shaped vanity mirror, authentically reproduced from a Victorian antique. Deliciously framed in frosty white or strawberry pink scroller iron. 14" x 8" mirror, 5" glass.  
Write now for FREE, exciting XMAS Catalogue in color.  
**HELEN GALLAGHER** 413-011 PULFORD PEORIA, ILL.

**Versatile Olde New England Sewing Bucket**  
23" High; A Lovely End Table!

A Beautiful Piece of Furniture! Hand-turned by village craftsmen from hardy native pine. Plenty of storage for scissors, yarn; spindles for thread. When finished, pour your needles into cushion, drop lid, presto! A lovely End Table! Hand rubbed mellow honey Maple or Salem Antique finishes. Small: 23" high (lid down) 13" diam., only 10.95 ppd. Large: 24" x 15 1/2", only 11.95 ppd. (Aid 50c W. of Miss. R.)  
Money back if not thrilled!  
**PUDDIN' HOLLER**, Box 4R11 East Swanzy New Hampshire  
ONLY \$10.95 postpaid

# Amazing Powerhouse Binoculars From Germany Give You 20-Mile Range!



**GENUINE COATED LENSES!**

Thoresen—world's greatest importer of German binoculars—brings you the famed, nationally advertised Powerhouse binoculars! These are the very same binoculars now being advertised in publications all over the country for \$11.98! Thoresen's now brings you these superb glasses for only \$4.98, tax included: 9 X area magnification—20 mile range. COATED objective lenses give you superb viewing. Grained Nubian finish. Streamlined design; hinge model lets you adjust to exact space between your eyes. Centerpost focusing. High luminosity even in moonlight. Extra structural strength plus featherweight. (Only 9 1/2 oz.) Made by highly trained artisans in Western Germany—world's outstanding producer of top quality optics! Get superb viewing from 180 feet to 20 miles! Accurate, long wearing, dependable. Genuine LEATHER case included. Send only \$4.98 for prompt, tax and postpaid delivery! Enclose check, cash or M.O. C.O.D.s plus charges. Full

**9X AREA MAGNIFICATION**

SAVE \$7

**\$4.98**  
WITH LEATHER CASE

**Direct from Importer to YOU!**

7-day money-back guarantee. Use handy coupon—Send Today—They'll go fast at this greatly reduced price!

THORESEN'S, DEPT. 90-M-6  
332 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.  
RUSH 1 POWERHOUSE with leather case at \$4.98, on 5-Day FREE Trial—Money-back guarantee.  
 \$4.98 enclosed. Send all charges prepaid.  
 Send C.O.D. plus postal charges.

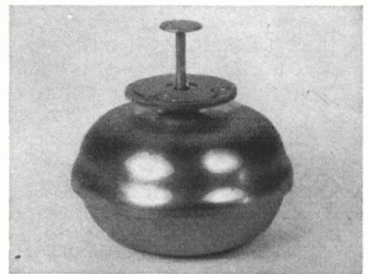
Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....

CANADIANS: Avoid tariff. Order from: Thoresen Co., Dept. 90-M-6, 45 St. James St., W. Montreal, P. Q.

## TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Old favorites with the marble and jack set. 6"-high genuine suede leather pouches, filled with 20 marbles or 8 jacks and a ball, have 2 jingle bells attached to drawstrings. Order several—they're wonderful for filling Christmas stockings. Just \$1 each, 6 for \$5 ppd. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. RPO, Box 4035, Tucson, Ariz.



Bermuda carriage bell is now designed for automobiles. Easily installed on the floorboard and foot-operated, its resonant "ding dong" earns you a cheerful right of way. Of heavy-gauge rustproof metal, it's guaranteed to last the life of your car. Only \$4.95 ppd. Richter Co., 800 E. 10th St., Los Angeles 21, Calif.



TV round-up table is mighty handy for snacks or play and folds flat for easy storage. Durable composition top, 22" in diameter, is decorated with a Western design and your child's first name. 16"-high table rests on 1"-thick round birch legs. \$3.95 ppd. From Krimstock Brothers, Dept. R, 112 N. Ninth, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

### Be Lovely Even In Pin Curls!

wear this **TURBAN** with real **HAIR BANGS**



Here's the smart new answer to "What pin curl look!"

The soft cotton Jersey turban with real hair bangs completely hides your own hair. Wear it for shopping, driving, to breakfast, to bed. Can be worn backward as a chignon. A lifesaver when company surprises you. Completely washable—reset the hair as your own. Order for self; give it to others. State hair color (gray included). Choose turban in Red, White, Beige, Blue, Black, Pink. Order now.

Write for New GIFT Catalog

**BODINE'S**  
444-R Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.



For that Pint-Size Pixie . . .

**"HI-CUTIE" FLANNELETTE GOWN**  
Pink or blue cotton flannelette demurely accented with ruffle at hem, throat and cuff. Two-button neck. Embroidered "hi cutie" across front intrigues the junior Femme Fatale. **\$3.95** ppd. Sizes 3 to 12.

**RED N' WHITE POLKA DOT P.J.'s**

Pajama-girl glamour! Colorfast, white cotton flannelette with fireman red polka dots, Peter Pan collar, cuffs and heart shaped pocket. **\$2.95** et. Sizes 3 to 12. **\$2.95** ppd. NEW CATALOG showing the smartest apparel for every member of the family. Write for your FREE copy today. No C.O.D.'s Please

**Talbots**  
Dept. R11-4, Hingham, Mass.

### THE "Twodor" COMBINATION STORM & SCREEN DOOR

Most Beautiful, Strongest Wood Door Built

Yet "Twodor" is priced as low as common type

If your doorway looks plain—"Twodor" will give it that handsome custom look. If your doorway looks lovely—"Twodor" will make it even lovelier. We believe this is the most handsome combination door made—we know it's the strongest. It will not sag or come apart. Pets can't rip or snag high screen panel. Ideal for all Colonial, ranch or modern homes. Sturdy cross panels; morticed, dowelled joints; waterproof glue throughout. Of solid kiln dried pine, standard 1 1/2" thick. Quick change glass and screen panels lock snug with special fasteners. Shipped complete with directions for installing, painting, finishing. (Hardware not included.) For all standard size door openings. ALL SIZES ONLY

**\$23.95 COMPLETE**

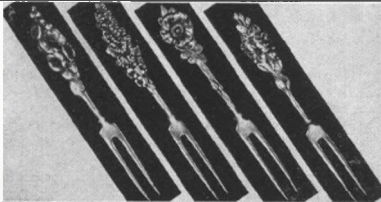
Shipping Charges Collect

No C.O.D.'s

**YIELD HOUSE**  
Dept. R11-4  
No. Conway, N. H.



ALSO—12 NEW, exquisitely designed and low priced Interior & Entrance Doors in knotty or clear pine. Send \$c stamp for catalog.



### STERLING QUALITIES

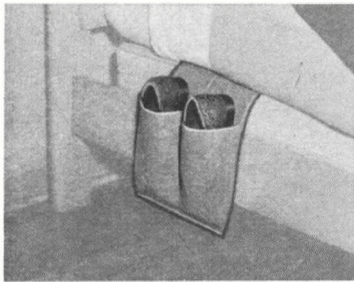
make these forks a notable purchase. Little beauties, each topped with a different, exquisitely wrought flower, tipped with gold-plated tines. For lemon, hors d'oeuvres or pickles. Those who appreciate fine things will be thrilled with them! Sterling Silver. 4 3/4" long.

Set of 4, (ppd., tax incl.) . . . . . \$6.00  
Handsome special Gift Box \$10 cents extra.  
Set of 4 Matching Demitasse Spoons \$8.00

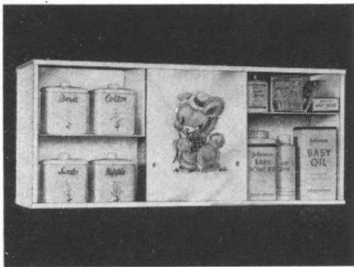
**JAMAICA SILVERSMITH**

78-32 164 St., Jamaica 2, Long Island, N.Y., Dept. R  
Send for free Catalog of unusual Silverware and Women's and Men's Jewelry

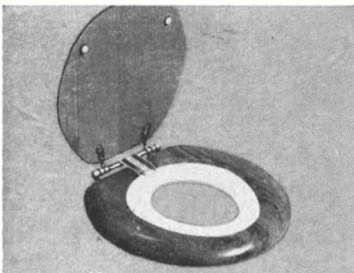
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



**Slipper-Keeper** is a good bedside companion for convalescents. Held in place by weight of the mattress, quilted plastic case keeps slippers right at hand. A novel get-well gift in green, yellow or maroon with matching quilted plastic envelope. \$2.29 ppd. House of Wayne, 1503-R State Highway #23, Wayne, N. J.



**Mother's little helper** is a nursery cabinet that hangs on the wall to hold essentials for bathing, diapering and dressing Baby. Sturdy, white enameled metal, with sliding panel, measures 23" wide, 10" high, 4 1/2" deep. \$5.95 ppd. With set of 4 plastic jars, \$7.95. Maymac Co., 79-R W. Grand St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



**For tot's over two**—Sani-Comfort toilet seat fits inside regular adult seat. Helps children who have outgrown trainers feel secure and comfortable. Easily attached, white plastic rim lifts up out of the way when not in use. 11 1/2" long and 10" across. \$1.29 ppd From P. J. Hill Co., Dept. R-52, 933 Broad St., Newark, N. J.



**JON WHITCOMB SAYS:**  
**"We're looking for people who like to draw!"**

If you have art talent . . . you can be trained for success and security. Find out with the remarkable Famous Artists Talent Test. Thousands paid \$1.00 for this test—it's yours FREE if you act at once. Mail the coupon NOW.

**FREE! Famous Artists Talent Test for Men and Women!**

. . . reveals your sense of design, composition, form, originality and picture sense. FREE if you act at once.



**Famous Artists Course**

Studio 52-M, Westport, Conn.

Send me without obligation your free Famous Artists Talent Test

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 Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

- Norman Rockwell
- Jon Whitcomb
- Steven Dohanos
- Harold Van Schmidt
- Peter Helck
- Fred Ludakans
- Al Parker
- Ben Stahl
- Robert Fawcett
- Austin Briggs
- Dong Kingman
- Albert Dorne

**PENCILS**

with your NAME in gold

Special 6 for 25¢ ppd.

6 fine quality assorted black and colored lead pencils only 25¢ ppd. 12 with soft black leads 50¢ ppd. 12 each with a different colored lead 50¢ ppd.



*Personalized Gifts*

Imported PURE SILK SCARF

17" Square with hand-rolled edges.

individually personalized by our artist with any name or initials.

50¢ ppd.



Specify items desired and print plainly the name you want on each. Send cash, check or M.O. FREE CATALOG.

In white, yellow, red or blue. Exceptionally good value. Gift wrapped.

**PERSONAL PENCIL CO. Dept. R-3 290 Dyckman St., New York 34, N. Y.**

**NEW LOW PRICE on Improved Deluxe**

**PERSONALIZED GLOW IN THE DARK**

**COACH & FOUR SIGN**

Lowest price in the U.S.A. of amazing new midnight black COACH & FOUR Sign on which your name and house number GLOWS IN THE DARK—without electric light or other attachments. This friendly, attractive sign reflects your friendliness and warm feeling for your friends and neighbors; also beautifies and enhances the value of your home. Durable—gives years of service. Beautiful, rich, black hammered crinkle finish. Can't rust. Made of special, new heavy weatherproof methyl methacrylate. Easy to install—even by a 10-year-old. LARGE SIZE—over 15" long by 5 1/2" high. Money-back guarantee. Send only 79¢ plus 21¢ postage and handling or \$1.00 EXACT—or \$ for only \$2.50 and we pay all postage. Make wonderful gifts. Order now. Print names and addresses desired.



only **79¢**

**NAME AND NUMBER GLOW IN THE DARK**  
 PERFECT FOR HOME, FRONT LAWN, MAIL BOX, ETC.

**COACH & FOUR CO., Dept. 1818, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.**



**FORCES You to Save \$100<sup>00</sup> a Year!**

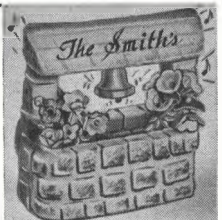
25¢ a day keeps Calendar up-to-date. Also totals amount saved. Amazing new Bancklog forces you to save a quarter every day, or calendar won't move. Automatic saver for Xmas gifts, vacations, time payments. Fool-proof mechanism with key. Use year after year. Start saving right away. Pays for itself in 8 days. Order several. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 ppd. Send cash, check or money order to: Leecraft, Dept. RD, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

**Charming WISHING WELL PLANTER**

With Dinner Bell That Actually Rings And a Lovely Flower Garden

All for ONLY **50¢**

Bargain! To get new customers. Wishing Well helps make your wishes come true, and the gleaming silver bell rings out a linking welcome! Makes a lovely centerpiece, or use on mantel, shelf, etc. Colorful, hand-decorated ceramic with gold trim.



**Miracle Plants Included**  
Produces a lovely indoor flower garden, quickly and easily. Simply add water. You'll enjoy a gorgeous display of Aster, Petunia, Marigold, Zinnia, etc.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**  
Available plain (without name) for only 50¢. However, for only 10¢ extra, we'll artistically hand-letter your name or any family name. Each Planter can be personalized differently, so that you can give one away as a gift. Not more than 2 to each customer. Add 16¢ to each Planter ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D., please.  
Dobbs Products Co., 900 W. Lake St., Dept. 252, Chicago 7, Ill.

**SPECIAL DELIVERY**

from England



Imported black wrought iron mail box with gold brass eagle medallion, hinged lid, newspaper and magazine holder. Parkerized against rust. A proud and

practical addition to adorn your house. Measures 12" x 12" overall. **\$8.95** ppd.

Write for new 50-page catalogue

Dept. R-11

**Jenifer House** New Marlboro Stage  
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

**BABY'S PERSONAL BIRTHDAY CANDLE**

Artistically designed, beautifully colored for lighting on every birthday for 21 YEARS. A charming gift of lasting value to a new-born or on the occasion of child's birthday. Pink ribbon for girls—blue for boys. Baby's full name and birthdate inscribed free. Size: 17 inches, weighs 1 lb.

**\$3.45** prepaid, including wrought iron holder

**\$3.95** with cadmium plated (silver color) holder

Check or Money Order. Please print child's name and birthdate clearly.

**LION'S NOVELTIES, INC.**

Dept. 41

139 Payson Ave., New York 34, N.Y.  
A Beautiful gift to a young couple.

**WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CANDLE** (Personalized) With markings and symbols for 60 years. \$3.95. Please ask for 1954 Free Folder.

**SADDLE SEATS FOR TELEVISION RIDING!**

Mount up! It's western music time! Now your little buckaroos can sit right along with their favorite western heroes. New television saddle seats eliminate bouncing on chair arms—sprawling on the floor. Children sit up straight because that's the way real cowhands sit in their saddles. Saddle seats are heavy genuine leather, complete with real conchos, leather tie straps, beads, and bright-patterned blanket. Sturdy hardwood legs, rubber tipped to save your carpet.



21" high Saddle Seat..... **\$7.95**  
23" high Saddle Seat..... **\$12.50**

Send for our new Christmas catalog

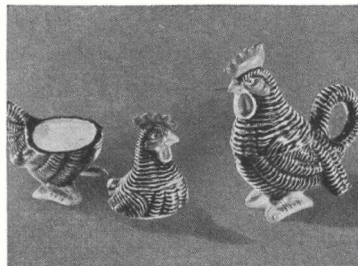
**Ward Phillips Co.**

11 Main Street Carpenterville 7, Ill.

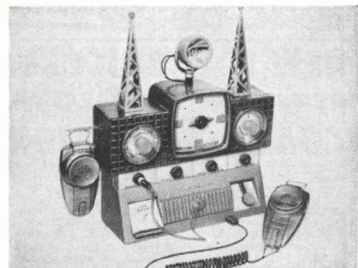
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Mother Goose clock** teaches tiny tots to tell time with well-known nursery rhyme figures and numerals. At night colorful face lights up with a soft glow. Of plastic with convex front, it measures 10 1/2" in diameter. For 110-volt A.C. outlet. \$7.95 ppd. House of Schiller, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. 1H, Chicago, Ill.



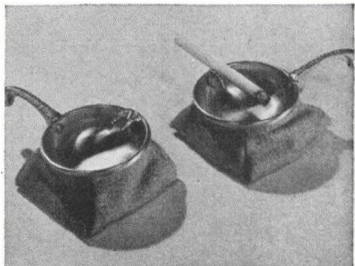
**Porcelain roosters** are two barnyard truants who won't ever return to the farm. 6 1/2" high, they're so lifelike you almost expect to hear them crow. Tops are salt and pepper shakers—bottoms are sugar bowl and creamer. 4-piece set is \$1.95 plus 45¢ postage. From Dresden Art Works, 169 W. Madison St., Dept. R, Chicago 2, Ill.



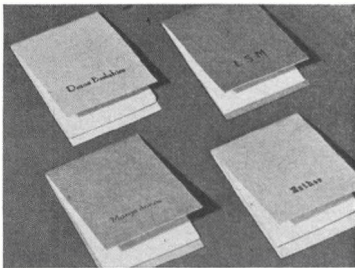
**Electronic radio station** actually broadcasts and receives up to 1/2 mile. Has 2 mikes, transmits voice or code via wire. Professional telegraph key buzzes, clicks and sends searchlight signals. Comes with decoder, logbook, batteries. All for \$6.95 ppd. Order from Elron Products, 219 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. R, Chicago 10, Ill.



**Short-stemmed flowers** will look their loveliest in a roly-poly bowl designed to keep them from drooping. Slotted white ceramic bowl serves as a candle-holder as well as a flower or ivy arranger. 4" in diameter, it's perfect as a table centerpiece. \$1.25 each. 3 for \$3 ppd. Dorothy Biddle Service, Dept. R, Pleasantville, N.Y.



**No-spill ash trays** with weighted bottoms stay put wherever you place them—even on the arm of a chair. Self-snuffing ram's horn rest holds cigarette securely in tray. Pair, in rich copper tone finish with red, green or turf tan corduroy bottoms, is \$2.25 ppd. Order from Herman Opt, Dept. R, 203 Market St., Newark, N. J.



**Purse scriblers** take note! Tiny 3" x 2 1/2" memo pads are convenient for shopping lists and daily reminders. 12 pads, of 20 sheets each, are covered with red and green leatherette paper and imprinted in gold with your name or initials. Gift-boxed, only \$1 ppd. Gifteraft, Dept. R, 1234 E. 47th St., Chicago 15, Ill.



Bancroft's Presents the Unusual in Quality Gifts, Housewares & Toys

SPECIAL OFFER

Lovely 60 Gauge, 15 Denier Nylon Hose. Yours for only 75c with any \$3.50 Order

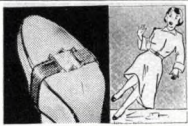
To get new customers, we are making this Special Offer. You can buy one, two or three pair of these lovely 60 Gauge, 15 Denier Nylon Hose for only 75c per pair plus postage and handling. All fashioned with a dainty lace insert top and self-color seam. This exquisite hose is of first quality; ordinarily retails for \$1.00 per pair. . . but all you pay is the four cent postage and handling charge on each pair of 2 new flattering shades; neutral mist or beige. Sizes 8 1/2 to 11. Please specify quantity, size and color. Limit of 3 hoses to a customer. RB 6381. Per Pair. 75c



**Personalized Santa, Sleigh and 8 Reindeer**  
Because Santa is such a jolly good fellow, he's agreed to let us artistically hand letter his sleigh and reindeer with any family name and house number so they G-O-W in the dark. Gaily decorated in brilliant holiday color, it adds a festive touch and Yuletide cheer to your home and surroundings. Each reindeer bears name of his counterpart in the immortal poem, "A Visit from St. Nick." Use anywhere—indoors—on lawn, porch, gate, post, attached to house; indoors—around Christmas tree, on mantle, etc. With pointed stakes that anchor firmly in soil. Easily mounted. Heavy durable weatherproof metal-methacrylate plastic. Use it year after year. Won't rust. Big—over 4 feet long and a foot high.  
RB 4570P. Complete. . . . . \$2.95



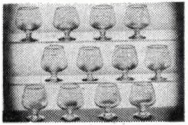
**Santa Talks to Your Child . . .**  
. . . and calls him by name! Imagine the thrill child will receive when he hears Santa speaking directly to him, personally. Santa talks about his line good, discusses his reindeer, etc. Watch Junior's eyes pop! Easy name individually recorded. Unbreakable plastic. Play it every year. State child's name.  
RB 4698D . . . . . \$1.00



**Walk on Ice Without Falling**  
When ice is on the sidewalks, don't worry! Just put on these "No-Slip" Foot Grippers and walk without fear. Helps avoid dangerous, painful falls. Hardened steel teeth give feet firm footing on allicek ice or snow. Elastic hand fits any men's, women's or children's shoes, boots, galoshes—any size.  
RB 4713, Two pair. . . . . \$1.00



**3 Section Steel Skillet**  
Prepares an entire meal of various meats and vegetables at one time! Regular frying pan is divided into 3 sections. Fry eggs in one section, bacon in the other, potatoes in the third. Ideal for warming-up leftovers, baby's food, etc. on burner. Wash only 1 pan. 10" diameter.  
RB 3322 . . . . . \$1.98  
RB 4800 . . . . . \$1.98  
Porcelain enamel. \$3.95



**Miniature Brandies**  
For people with delicate tastes! Imported miniature replicas of the illustrious brandy glasses used in the old time "hour empournaus," wide here and all. Just hint for after dinner cordials, a pony or brandy or a serving of whiskey. Beautiful etched design. Exquisite in china cabinet.  
RB 4146, Set of 12. \$1.95



**Keep Dust and Dirt From Filling Your Home**  
Instant disposable Air Filter Pads under furnace registers and enjoy a cleaner, healthier home. Inch-thick Pads filter furnace air, trapping dust, dirt, grime and grease. Lighten housecleaning, lengthens life of covers, drapes, curtains. Purifies air you breathe. Cut to size.  
RB 5447, 10 sq. ft. \$2.49



**Fix-it Convertible —with Repair Kit**  
Streamlined convertible has removable teeth, hub caps, axles and windshield. Battery, radiator, gas tank can actually be filled with water. Emergency gas can, tire wrench, hammer and spare tire that can be changed. 10" tires. Plastic.  
RB 5241 . . . . . \$2.98



**Cancelled-Check File**  
Banker's efficiency! Monthly separators in steel Check File permit quick reference and enable keeping important checks in place at all times. Keeps 'em safe—and clean. Sliding envelope block makes filing and removing checks easy. Holds over a 5 year record of size and in order. Baked enamel finish.  
RB 4636 . . . . . \$3.95



**3 Dimension Stereoscope**  
Makes children's stories "come to life." So real you'll be amazed. See the big bad wolf chase the 3 pig. RIGHT TOWARDS YOU! Watch Jack climb the beanstalk up-Up-UP into the sky! 10 different complete stories including "Cinderella." "The Night Before Christmas," etc. 100 pairs of colorful life-like pictures.  
RB 1951 . . . . . \$1.25



**Fido, The Nut Cracker**  
Just place a nut in his mouth, pull the handle down, and kernels come out whole—more delicious to eat. Fido actually cracks the shell without crushing the kernels. No messy fragments get into your tablecloth, either. Of durable metal in rich gumball finish. Ends sore fingers, too.  
RB 1370 . . . . . \$2.95



**Real Snow Skates**  
Just like miniature skis. Ingenious Snow Skates provide wonderful fun and healthful exercise as youngsters skim over the least amount of snow that has melted. Made of steam-bent hardwood with grooved bottom. Aluminum heel plate. Over 16" long, 8" wide.  
RB 3509, Pair. . . . . \$1.79



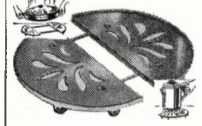
**Your Own Personalized Labels**  
Your garments deserve this distinctive finishing touch. You personalize your name on actual woven quality cloth labels. Sew them in garments, knits, sweaters and make your own. Exclusively yours. \*Helps identify clothes: coats, mittens, etc.  
RB 39330, 15 for. \$1.00  
RB 29340, 40 for. \$2.00  
RB 39350, 60 for. \$3.00



**3-D Magnetic Action Storybook**  
Even grown-ups find it thrilling to watch the characters actually travel. From page to page, from situation to situation. Each slide is complete in itself. 3-D technique makes the travel life-like. Moments through the story.  
Bumblebee. . . . . \$1.25  
Turtle. . . . . \$1.25



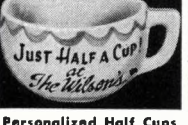
**Professional Pin Curler**  
Easy-to-use Pin Curler gives a professional set in minutes. No standing for hours trying to set hair. No waiting for hair dry. Insert action of hair into Pin Curler, roll to curl, remove and insert hobby pin. It's the softest (yet tightest) ringlet ever. Works on wet or dry hair.  
RB 4419 . . . . . \$1.00



**Expansion Trivet**  
To grace your table—and protect it, too. Rubber tipped legs provide heat insulation and prevent scratched table tops. Extends to 12" for large platters and casseroles, but will adjust enough for ordinary dishes. Includes pot, Supports over 35 lbs. Chrome plate finish. Attractive across design.  
RB 2113 . . . . . 89c



**Personalized Car Vest**  
Everything handy when needed. There's a brush for clothes or upholstery, lucite ice scraper for de-icing windshields, 3 different screwdrivers, bottle opener, comb and special windshield cloth. In a handy case personalized with any 2 or 3 initials. Fits in glove compartment. For ladies, men.  
RB 1935P, Incl. Tax \$3.50



**Personalized Half Cups**  
Watch your guests' eyes pop when they ask for "half-a-cup of coffee" and you give it to them. There are real, lumpy cups, cut in half. Made of highly glazed hand-decorated aluminum with the words as illustrated above. Personalized with any family or first name.  
RB 4060P, Each. . . . . \$1.00  
RB 4970P, Set of 4 \$3.75



**Personalized Traveling Tie Rack**  
No more wrinkled ties! Not when ties are kept in this genuine leather case. Sturdy brass hanger folds neatly out of sight. Hanger anywhere. Built-out unpacking, repacking. Hand-rolled padding. Inner lining. Holds up to 24 ties. Hot stamped with any name or initials.  
RB 944P, including tax. . . . . \$6.95



**Personalized Waterproof Mittens**  
End wet, soggy mittens! Pleasant, versatile mittens stay flexible in winter temperatures. Fleece Jersey lining. Washable. Cheap! Handmade. With any boy's or girl's first name. \$1.00 per pair. \$1.00. Same with heavy fur lining. Green only. RB 6048P. Pair. . . . . \$1.98



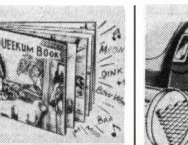
**Carton of Candy Cigarettes**  
What youngster hasn't enjoyed being just like Dad and Mom and "puffing" on a candy cigarette. Authentic carton contains 10 packs of famous brand cigarettes—there's Chest-O-Luck, Lucky Strike, etc. in packages like the real thing. 10 cigarettes in each pack. RB 5143, Candy Cigarettes. RB 6234, Bubble Gum. \$1.25



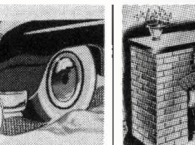
**Talking Wall Telephone**  
A clicking dial "pay phone" and "operator" who actually talks when crank is turned. "Operator" . . . Number please . . . I am ringing your number. . . etc., comes from an unbreakable record inside phone. Coin slot takes nickels, dimes, quarters like a real phone. For ladies, men.  
RB 6029 . . . . . \$3.98



**And Away We Go . . . !**  
Rocket Shoes are the newest in fun for small fry. Safe and durable—perfectly balanced. Adjusts to fit all children from 6 to 12 perfectly. Sturdy caps on front protect shoes. Quality steel springs; rubber shock absorbers.  
RB 4456 . . . . . \$5.95



**The Book That Talks**  
A voice is built into every page! As the child turns the pages, even different animal or every page talks in its own unique way. With the words as illustrated above. Personalized with any family or first name.  
RB 1905 . . . . . \$1.50



**Ice Traction Treads**  
Ever stuck on a cold, wintry night? Get out of slippery ruts in seconds. Slip 'em under rear tires, tread 'em away. Gives the road-gives spinning wheels needed traction. Steel mesh conforms to tires. Saves towing.  
RB 965, Set of 2 \$1.98



**Electric Fireplace**  
Just like the real thing!—logs actually GLOW and CRACKER. Comes with realistic red-colored bricks, green Xmas life-size wreath, simulated and-iron and logs. Life-size electric log, wide base 4 ft. tall. Vinyl coated Kraftboard. With cord, socket, flicker.  
RB 4553 . . . . . \$3.95



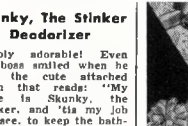
**"Any Name" Tie Scarf**  
So smart with your favorite blouse, dress or suit. . . . In a square knot or scarf, neck, Gay, color, full crease, wide, long. Any name hand-painted. In tangerine, pink, beige, canary, black, white, blue, green or red.  
RB 3921P . . . . . \$1.00



**Personalized 18 oz. Cup & Saucer**  
Paw told Maw. "It's coffee time!" and in the companion cup Maw told Paw. "Here comes 2 a little gold!" Jumbo 18 oz. cup is hand painted with Maw or Paw's name. RB4731P Maw Cup \$1.95 RB4732P Paw Cup \$1.95 RB4733P Both for \$3.75



**Skunky, The Stinker Deodorizer**  
Simply adorable! Even the boss smiled when he saw the cute attached poem that reads "My name is Skunky, the Stinker, and 'tis my job you are, to keep the bathroom pleasant for those that come after thee." Just hang him on the wall, he quickly chases odors. He comes to you complete with increase matches that do a thorough job of dispelling odors. In "true-to-life" colors; made of glistening ceramic. He's certain to quickly become the family favorite.  
RB 3213 . . . . . \$1.98



**"Professional" Bows**  
It's easy—and fun! Every gift package you make is a picture bearer. Handy plastic bow maker simplifies making fluffy pom-poms, glamorous pin-wheels, roses, etc. With two 15 ft. rolls of shimmering red and green ribbon.  
RB 3864 . . . . . 79c



**Personalized Denture Dish**  
Spacious plastic container has plenty of other uses, too, but it's ideal for sparkling false teeth that need overnight soaking. Lucky recipient will want to put his teeth in at once. Handlettered with any name, along with the other words (as illustrated). Prevents misplacing. So sanitary.  
RB 1752P . . . . . \$1.00



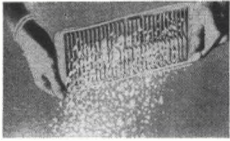
**Personalized Classic Wastebasket**  
Smartly styled decorator's basket is artistically hand lettered with any name you desire. Distinctive border design in gold and red on a cherry, brown, maroon or ivory background. Oval shape fits anywhere. 13" x 11". Steel.  
RB 1067P . . . . . \$3.95

HOW TO ORDER:

- Order by number, stating the quantity desired.
- Add only 15c to total of order for postage and handling.
- Send payment (check, money-order or cash) with order. No C.O.D.'s please.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back  
SEND ALL ORDERS TO:  
**BANCROFT'S**  
1112 So. Wabash Ave.,  
Dept. RB-16, Chicago 5, Illinois

ORDER BY MAIL FROM SPENCER!



**MAKES CRUSHED ICE ALL READY TO USE!**

Imagine! Crushed ice ready-made in your refrigerator—all set to use instantly any-time you wish—for drinks, seafood, relishes, hors d'oeuvres, fruits, juices, ice packs, etc. One twist and presto—a bowl of ice chips! Amazing new flexible polyethylene crushed-ice tray replaces ordinary ice cube tray. Freezes 60 slim wafers at 69¢ each once! Order today. **69¢** ppd.

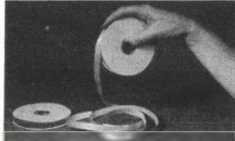


**DOZEN DOLLIES**

Made in Italy—Each Different! How to make a little girl happy! Twelve imported unbreakable dollies to add to her doll collection. Petite dolls, each three inches tall with pretty little hand painted faces, imitation hair and hand-sewn dresses. Twelve different personalities, each with different colored dress, bandanna and hair. Movable arms and legs. Imported from Italy. Complete set of 12 Dollies \$2.95 ppd. in a box for..... **\$2.95** ppd.

**SPENCER GIFTS**

922 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.



**CHRISTMAS RIBBON SPECIAL**

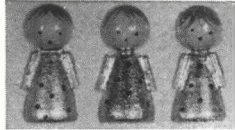
Less Than 1c a Yard! One hundred yards of finest quality satin ribbon. Two huge bolts in any two colors of your choice to tie lavishly in big bows on gifts the year 'round. Heavy satin ribbon, the kind that costs 6c a yard in the stores. Wonderful for corsages, gifts, party favors, or hair ribbons. RED, GREEN, white, pink, silver, antique gold, yellow, medium blue, rose, orchid, pastel green, royal blue. About 1/4" wide. Specific any two colors. Set of "WO" 50 yard bolts (total **95¢** ppd. 100 yards), 300 ft.



**IMPORTED CORNUCOPIA . . .**

**THE HORN OF PLENTY!** Fill it with fruit, flowers, holly or gay Christmas ornaments and let it highlight your holiday table! Made of sweet, strong willow reed, natural color. Two small feet on bottom for support, a ring on the side so it may be hung on the wall with greens. Size 12 3/4" long, 6 1/4" opening. **89¢** ppd.

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS. Send Check or M. O. No C.O.D.'s or Stamps. Please Send for Big FREE CHRISTMAS Gift Catalog



**30 LITTLE GOLDEN ANGELS**

Handmade—Imported from Italy! Thirty of the dearest little golden angels you've ever come across! One inch tall. Hand made Italian import, hand painted but with a smooth back. You paste them on Christmas gifts and cards. (Paste them on a bouffant skirt for a holiday flair!) A most unusual decoration for your gifts and cards. Makes them outstanding. Set of 30 little golden Angels **\$1** ppd.



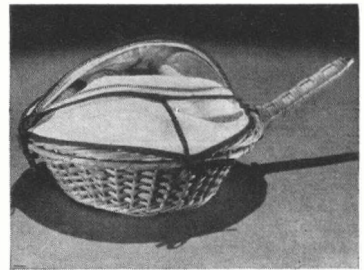
**MESS LESS PET**

Folks will squeal, women will scream, it's so real! He's a finger puppet, but don't tell! Quick animated movements make the mouse appear VERY MUCH ALIVE! Soft white fur mouse with beady eyes, the answer to anyone that wants a pet, but doesn't want the bother of a live one. More than a puppet, he'll sit up, nibble, beg to YOUR command. Extra mousey! 2 **59¢** each for \$1 ppd. ....

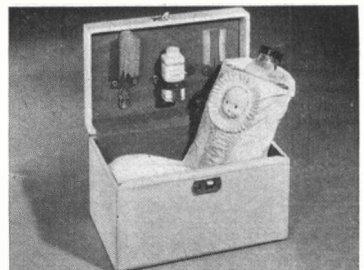
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Major Brush-Up** makes tooth care child's play. Plastic drum major, 7 1/2" high, holds a nylon toothbrush in his hat as a plume. Drum is a drinking cup personalized with child's first name. Pink, blue, red, yellow or white with contrasting cup. \$1 plus 20c postage. Crown Craft, Dept. R, 246 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



**Zippered bun hut** keeps rolls and biscuits piping hot from oven to table. Yellow and white or white and red cozy fits into natural straw basket about 9" in diameter. An attractive server, use long-handled basket for pretzels and potato chips, too. Complete, \$3.50 ppd. Mastercraft, 212-R Summer, Boston 10, Mass.

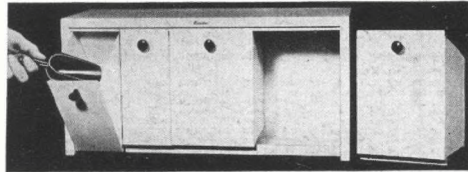


**When Baby travels**, a case to hold essentials is a must. Of white, red or blue imitation rawhide, 12" x 7 1/2" x 7", with washable lining. Fitted with baby powder, comb and brush, plastic bag for soiled diapers and insulated bottle bag. Complete, \$10 ppd. including tax. Lynn Sirota, Dept. R, Box 6831, Philadelphia, Pa.

**KEEP FLOUR, COFFEE, SUGAR RIGHT AT HAND**

Completely new design in canisters! Hangs on the kitchen wall! Stands on a shelf! The bins open and shut with one hand, are removable for filling, washing. No lids to fumble with. Fits into wasted wall space. Made of gleaming baked enamel. Two bins hold 5 lbs., 2 hold 2 lbs. Stands 8 3/4" high, with top that is 20" wide by 6 1/2" deep. Keeps sugar, flour, tea, coffee, etc., handy. Give your kitchen that super modern look! Choice of red, white or yellow enamel. Only \$9.95, plus 50c for insured delivery. 10-day money-back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Send your order NOW. Write for FREE Gift Catalog.

**"Binister" Storage Bins Tilt Out With One Hand!**



**GAYLORD WOOD, 212R N. ANDREWS AVE., FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA**



**Old Fashioned Ice Skating Party**

Complete Set, 30 pieces.....\$3.95 Paid  
Introductory Set, 15 pieces.....\$2.45

**ART CRAFT PRODUCTS**

**A Quality European Import Hand Painted Figures**

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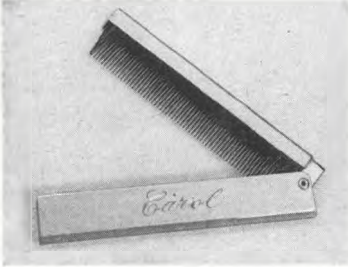
**SAD-EYE SAM THE ONION MAN**

This teary-eyed guy has a right to cry! He's the keeper of the onions, the ice-box watchman who protects delicate foods from odorous leftovers. Use him formally to serve chopped or sliced onion at barbecues or on the table where his hand-painted, tearful personality will add fun as well as flavor. He's 5" in diameter, 3 1/2" high, glazed ceramic. **\$2** plus 25c postage

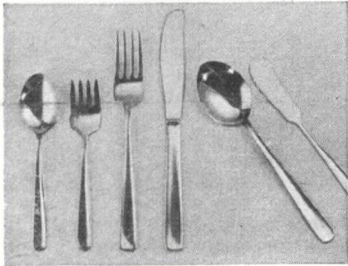
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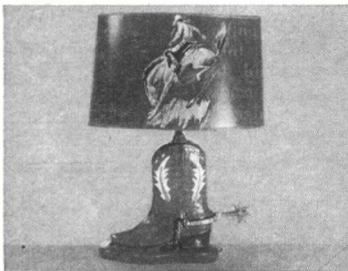
★ TOPS IN THE SHOPS ★



**A wet-comb gift** for the most fastidious handbag. 4"-long comb is joined to its own slim case to keep it lint- and tobacco-free. Handsomely finished in gold, metal cover is hand-engraved in shaded script with your first name. \$1.50 ppd. Add 50¢ for personalization. Order from Greenhall, Dept. R, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.



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**Light of his life**—cowboy boot-and-spur lamp for a young cowpoke. Molded Latex lamp, 17" tall overall, won't break even if it's bounced on the floor. Lift spur on the red boot and light switches on. 12" drum shade is red with brightly colored bucking bronco. \$6.95 ppd. David Renaud, 61-R Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.

# THIS 39½¢ STORM WINDOW

*protects your family all winter!*

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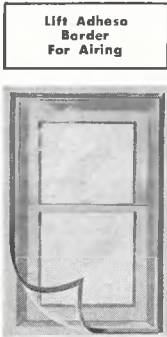
**SAVE \$100 OR MORE!**

**JUST PRESS ON—THAT'S ALL!**

• NO NAILS • NO HOOKS • NO SCREWS • NO TOOLS

Imagine a storm window that weighs less than 8 ounces—yet seals out wintry blasts and weather like magic! Flexible like rubber! You can punch it, kick it, even tap it with a hammer and it springs back—never shatters! This amazing new type storm window is as **TRANSPARENT** as **CLEAR GLASS!** Not affected by snow, sleet, rain, dampness, because it is **100% WATERPROOF.** Resists climate changes—won't crack even at 25 degrees **BELOW** zero!

**LOW COST HEALTH PROTECTION**



**TRANS-KLEER** comes in rolls 36 inches by 432 inches—ENOUGH FOR 10 AVERAGE SIZE WINDOWS, AT ONLY 3.95—HARDLY 39½¢ EACH! 108 SQUARE FEET FOR ONLY 3.95! Cut with scissors to any size required—then press on with the special Adhesive border (included)—and presto! The job's done! Lift it at anytime for airing room—then re-seal in 1 second flat! No nails, no screws, hooks or tools! Costs only pennies, yet can be used year after year for winter protection & comfort!

**TRY ONE AT OUR RISK!**

We sold over 1,000,000 of these new type storm windows last year and the supply ran out—thousands of folks were disappointed. Avoid this by rushing your order **NOW!** SEND NO MONEY. Write us today for your supply. Pay postage only 3.95 plus a few cents postage on delivery. Test it. If not delighted, **KEEP THE WINDOW** and get your 3.95 back, no questions asked. If you wish to save postage, send 3.95 check, cash or m.o. with your order. **WRITE TODAY to:**

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**MAKE THIS TEST!**

On a windy day hold a lit match just inside a closed window. It will blow out. Put up a Trans-Kleer window. Match will NOT blow out—EVEN IF THE REGULAR WINDOW IS OPEN!



## SUSIE WALKER WALK HER DOLL

With Long, Silky, Washable SARAN Hair

**SUSIE DOES EVERYTHING**

- She Walks—Sits—Stands
- Turns Head As She Walks
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- Completely Washable
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- Guaranteed Walking Mechanism
- BIG 20" TALL

So Lifelike you'll think she's a real girl walking with her little mother. Susie Walker is beautifully formed, even to the small details of finger nails, dimples and creases in her chubby arms and legs. She assumes and will hold (no flopping) all lifelike positions. Susie can be washed, dressed and undressed in standard 20" doll costumes. Her hair can be washed and combed; her pigtails braided and set in any fashion desired. Nothing can go wrong with her working parts and she is molded of the new shockproof plastic that assures years and years of loving play. Susie Walker is the answer to every girl's prayers. Commended by Parents Magazine, Union-Made in U.S.A. by skilled American workers. Satisfaction Unconditionally Guaranteed!

**SUSIE WALKER IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE LARGEST SIZE MADE—23" TALL. Nationally advertised at \$15.95. OUR PRICE—\$5.95 plus 50¢ shipping or C.O.D. plus postage.**

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**Nationally Advertised At \$9.95**

**SENSATIONAL VALUE—ONLY 3.98 dressed**

plus 50¢ shipping or C.O.D. plus postage

**NOW YOU CAN DRESS SUSIE, TOO—SAVE MORE THAN 50% ON HER CLOTHING**

Style	14" Size	20" Size	23" Size
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Plaid Vinyl Raincape	29¢	39¢	49¢
Ballerina Outfit	49¢	98¢	\$1.10
Hostess Coat	29¢	69¢	79¢
Sheer Nightgown	39¢	59¢	69¢
<b>SPECIAL PRICE IF YOU ORDER ALL SIX OUTFITS</b>	<b>\$2.98</b>	<b>\$3.98</b>	<b>\$4.98</b>



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Invisible Reweaving  
Learn to invisibly reweave moth holes, cigarette burns, tears, rips in all fabrics. Constant demand. Big earnings—up to \$10 in an hour at home in spare time. Details FREE! Fabric.com, 83425 Prairie, Dept. 4631, Chicago 19

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*Both personalized free!*

- Child's first name stamped on every chair and table
- For ages 4-10 (guaranteed to hold 150 lbs.)
- Sturdy natural finish oak chair, decorated in western style
- Western decorated folding table 18" high x 22" wide, made of smooth hardwood legs with sturdy masonite top

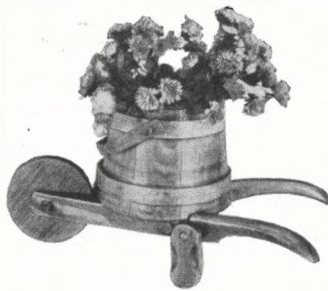
• For TV viewing, drawing, homework, eating, rumpus room, outdoors, etc.

**ONLY \$3.95 ea.** (or all 3 pcs. for \$11)

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**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Rustic centerpiece** was originally an old New England sugarin' bucket. 7 1/2"-high pine wheelbarrow is hand-polished in honey or antique maple finish. Fit it with 1-lb. coffee can for planting, or use it for serving fruit or potato chips. \$5.35 plus 35c west of Miss. Puddin' Holler, Dept. R, East Swanzy, N. H.



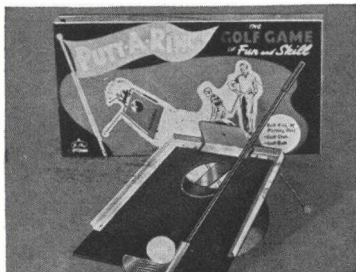
**Classically beautiful crosses**, hand-wrought in sterling silver, were designed more than 300 years ago. Each comes with a 19" sterling chain. Cellini cross (center) is \$7. Celtic (left) and Floral (right) are \$5 each. Tax and postage included. The Jamaica Silver-smith, 79-32R 164th St., Jamaica 2, N. Y.

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Heavy sterling silver chain bracelet..... \$3.00  
Available in 12 kt. gold filled..... \$4.00  
Sterling silver discs 7/8" dia. with first name and birth date engraved in script.....each \$2.50  
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**A game of golf** for Junior and his Daddy. Appealing to all ages, Putt-A-Ring combines fun with skill. Comes with small golf club, white rubber ball and putting disk that rings a bell when ball goes into the hole. Ball returns automatically to player. \$2.98 ppd. Novelty Mart, Dept. R-11, 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.



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**\$3.75** ppd.

Please your favorite man with this man-sized case shaped like a horseshoe. It will keep his dresser tidy and end the frantic morning search for precious possessions. Honey-brown genuine leather, saddle-stitched and lined with turt-green velvet. Measures 6 1/2" x 6" x 1 1/2", has removable tray and lower compartment. 24k gold monogram included free of charge. A Wonderful Value!

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13" HIGH  
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DELIGHT THE CHILDREN with Ray Cock Horse right from Barbary Cross! 13" high. In bright red and white candy stripes, with white mane and tail and jet black reins. A bundle of fun to make with Spoons Kit. Includes all parts pre-cut. Just follow simple directions to sew and stuff with cotton furnished. Kit postpaid, only \$1.85.

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Or if Your Toes Hurt in Front

**The Newest and Cutest Stunt . . .**

is to wear JANIES, the Patented, cushioned "Inside Platforms". Because when your feet slide forward toes protrude in open shoes, hurt in closed shoes, heels slip, straps strain, insteps cut! New JANIES help Control Gravity, correct these painful, ugly conditions, Give Heavenly Comfort, Add to Foot Beauty!

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JANIES are only \$4.25 a pair, plus 25c handling, or 4 pairs for \$5.00! In Grey, Black, Brown, Red, White or Blue. State Shoe Sizes & Colors Wanted.

Remember, New JANIES will help change an AWKWARD HOBBLE into a GRACEFUL WALK! ORDER NOW on our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! JANIES, 1865R University Ave., New York 53, N. Y.

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TOPS IN THE SHOPS



**Spec 'n comb set** is personalized with a first name, diamond or script monogram. Felt case, 6½" x 3", has a double compartment to hold both a pair of glasses and a comb. Specify any two-color combination of red, navy, light gray, violet, black and gold. \$1.95 ppd. Malden Prods., Dept. R, P. O. Box 182, Roxbury 19, Mass.



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**English bone-china** teacups and saucers at a wonderfully low price! Now is the time to start your collection or to add to a friend's. Dainty, thin translucent cups and saucers come in six lovely assorted floral designs. One set, \$1.75. Two, assorted, \$3.25. Four, \$5.95. Six, \$8.25. All ppd. The Krebs, Dept. R, Westerly, R. I.



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Combination Doll, "2 dolls in 1", from the Deep South . . . made entirely by hand and hand painted! Loveable Topsy, gowned in long flowing red percale print, trimmed in white and red . . . reverse doll and you have charming Eva of the golden hair, dressed in blue percale print . . . dainty style and pattern. Cozy size (15" tall . . . gown 40" around). Soft dolls nothing to break or remove . . . to love for years. \$4.95 ppd. No COD's. Carol Beatty, Dept. P11-A, 7410 Santa Monica Bl., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Send for FREE Gift Catalog.

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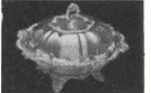
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A treasure. The weight of this superbly beautiful tray will amaze you. Exquisite over-large hand-applied border. Large 13½" diameter. \$22 value.

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Matching Bracelet with Single Bell, \$3.00 Ppd. Free—Send for Gift Catalog

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**\$1.25** ppd.

If he wants to be a fireman when he grows up, he'll love this red plastic fireman's hat to wear for fun. Has authentic insignia on the front, his own name pointed on the back. 11" x 8" x 4". It fits children 4 to 11 years old. Let him wear it on rainy days, too! Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

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for little conductors  
**\$2.98** Free metal play coins ppd.

Just like the man's on the big bus! An authentic money changer that uses real or play coins. Three tubes for quarters dimes and nickels. Press the finger-touch ejector, and out comes the right change. Keeps youngsters busy for hours. And see how quickly it teaches them to add and subtract while playing! Solid steel construction withstands the most rugged play. 2½" high. Send check or money order. No C.O.D.'s Please.

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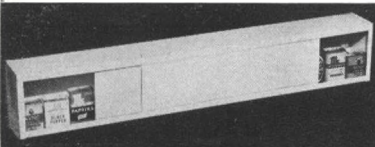
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Every little girl is a living doll in "SANDY SQUAW" 'mommie' and 'dallie' fashions. Gorgeous 19" walking, sleeping Doll. For 'mommie' matching 2-piece California original "SQUAW" dress of cotton crinkle material in gay and appealing turquoise, orange and white. Complete set, of finest quality and workmanship. Both exquisite doll and dress of your size almost for the price of the doll alone . . . UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED . . . A terrific idea . . . a sensational value. Sizes 2 to 8, \$10.98; 10, 12 and 14, \$12.98 ppd. No COD's. Carol Beatty, Dept. E114, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Cal. Send for FREE Gift Catalog.

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Fine food is the way to a man's heart, so keep your spices within easy reach—completely enclosed and dust-free in this handy hanging cabinet. Inspired gift for showers! White enamel baked on heavy gauge steel; milk white sliding doors are corrugated plastic. Good in the bathroom, too, for overflow supplies or your man's shaving gear. All 4" deep, 5 3/4" high.

36" long, \$7.50 24" long, \$5.50 18" long, \$4.50  
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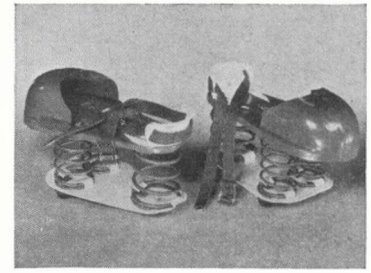
**TYROL \$13.95**  
Black suede; black patent leather trim.

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

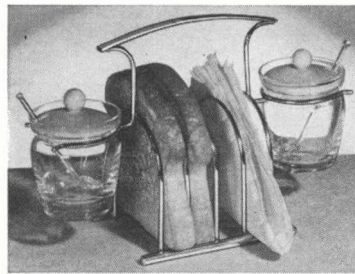
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



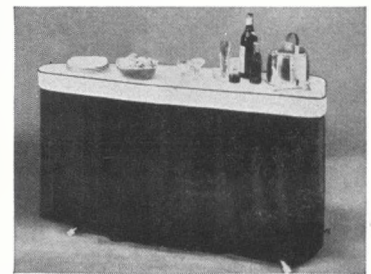
**In the Greek tradition**—Apollo and Diana, the sun god and the moon goddess, are a handsome pair for your piano-top or mantel. Made of composition, each stands on its own base and is 9" high. In 3 finishes—black with gold flecks, bronze or all white. Pair is just \$5.95 ppd. Mono-Art, Dept. R, 50 Delancey St., New York, N. Y.



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**Press your ironing board** into service when you need extra room for entertaining. Plastic coverall converts it into a buffet or beverage bar for your holiday parties. 52" x 15" x 30", it's tapered to fit and has 2 large pockets for gadgets. Black with red trim, \$2.98 ppd. Mrs. Damar, 772 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N. J.

**1000 Name & Address Labels \$1.00**



Mrs. Arthur H. Robinson  
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Your name and address printed on 1000 fine quality gummed labels. PACKED IN PLASTIC BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, greeting cards, records, etc. Your choice of 3 lines printed on fine quality gummed paper. 1000 labels for only \$1.00 postpaid. Six orders for \$5. THIS IS A SPECIAL OFFER. A sensational bargain. Ideal for gifts. Makes a wonderful, useful present. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 11406 Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.



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Perfect for your own home! Charming as a gift to others!

Only **\$7.80** postpaid

Just pull the paper and enjoy the Music! Plays "Happy Days Are Here Again" Guaranteed Swiss Music Movement.

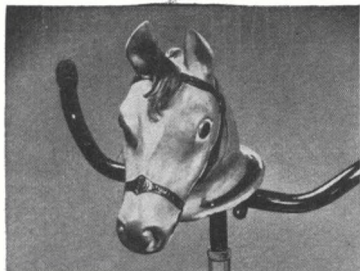
Send check, or money order and we pay postage; C.O.D. you pay postage.

P. O. Box 1204  
Miami Beach, Fla.

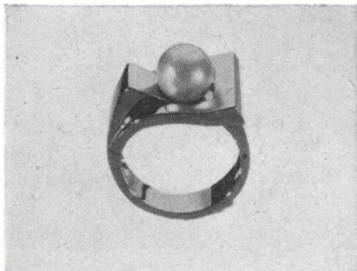
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**SANTA CLAUS GREETS YOUR CHILD BY NAME RIGHT ON A PHONOGRAPH RECORD.** Write name clearly and give pronunciation clues, if needed. **SANTA CLAUS RECORD**, standard speed, 6 1/2", \$1.25. **PERSONAL PENCILS.** Gold-stamped name. A practical pleaser for young and old—only 50¢ for 12. Print name plainly. **FASCINATING** and colorful for a child's room—the whimsical, jolly, imaginative map **LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.** 37" x 26". \$1.50 postpaid. Nothing else like it. **CHILD'S WONDERLAND CO.,** 1453 LYON N.E., GRAND RAPIDS 3, MICH.

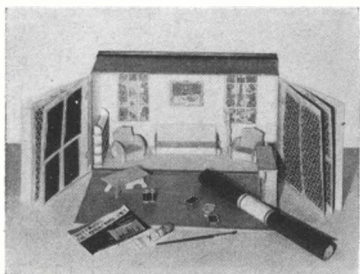
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



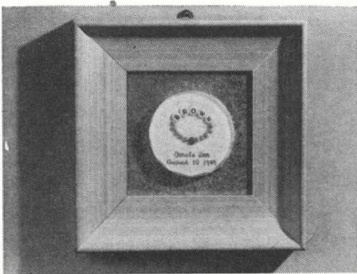
**Winner by a head**—authentic Western bronco head attaches to handlebars of any bike or trike. Makes a junior cowboy feel like he's riding his own bucking bronc. Of soft, hand-decorated vinyl, it's a gift that will lasso the envy of the young 'uns in their Western set. \$3 ppd. Bropar, 1133 Bropar Bldg., San Antonio 6, Tex.



**Thank the oyster** for the genuine cultured pearl atop this 14-carat gold ring. Shown in actual size, it's a beautiful gift for someone special. We like the smart, well-designed look and most of all the price—\$25 ppd. including tax! Specify ring size when ordering. Marchal Jewelers, 719-R Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



**Interior-decorating set** to delight girls from 8 to 14. She'll be able to paint the furniture and woodwork, lay the flooring, make draperies, slip covers, pillows, rearrange the furniture and accessories. In high-fashion colors with fabrics by Schumacher. \$5 ppd. Max Schling, 538 Madison Ave., Dept. 700, New York 22, N. Y.



**Cherished memento** for your wall is a decorative wall plaque. Baby's hospital beads and name are imbedded in lucite, mounted on gilt and framed in a lined oak shadow box, 6½" square. Just \$4.95 ppd. With birth date, 50c extra. Send beads and information to Keepsake Shops, Dept. R, 48th St. Station, Union City, N. J.



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You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT**, 1751 Morse Ave., Dept. 22-M Chicago 26, Ill.

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Finest quality oranges, grapefruit and tangerines PLUS 3 assorted 1-lb. jars of marmalade, 1-lb. jar Orange Blossom Honey, 1-lb. jar Coconuttes, 1-lb. Tropical Candy and ½-lb. Coconut Patties.

**FULL BUSHEL** (60 lbs.) — **\$12.00\***  
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Rush!—\$6.25—Full Box—\$9.00—½ Box—\$5.25\*

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by Danecraft • A Gift She'll Cherish and Treasure  
Exquisitely wrought with deftly hand-turned rose petals. Naturally lovely with a vibrant beauty.

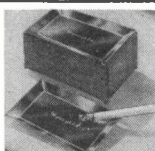
Necklace (16" to 18", adjustable) ..... **\$13.20**  
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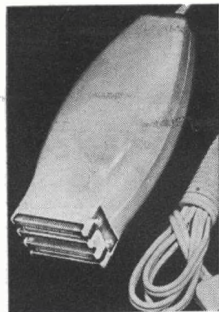
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Ind. encls. ash trays—each one smartly personalized with any name or initials you choose! Rich-looking Gold Metallic Foil. Nicely gift-boxed. For everyone on your list! EACH SET OF 100 ONLY \$2.95 ppd. from  
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STERLING SILVER

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Bracelet chain.....\$1.00 ppd.  
Each engraved disc.....\$1.00 ppd.

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**55 COLONIAL DOOR KNOCKER.** Solid brass 6 1/2" long. Engraved with your name in OLD ENGLISH lettering (maximum 12 letters). \$3.75.

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**57 BRASS ANGELABRA.** From Sweden. Candle heat makes angels strike bells in chime-like fashion. 12 1/2" tall. Complete with 4 candles. \$2.25.

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**59 ANGELABRA-CANDLES.** 4 1/2" tall. Box of 12. Red or White. From Sweden. Three boxes \$1.35.

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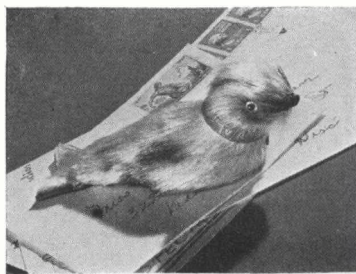
Add 50¢ for 2 or 3 gold initials

**Bonner's**  
BONNIE CREATIONS

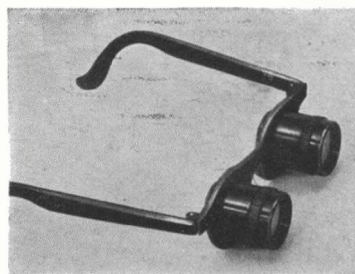
132 East Broad Street

Westfield 2, N.J.

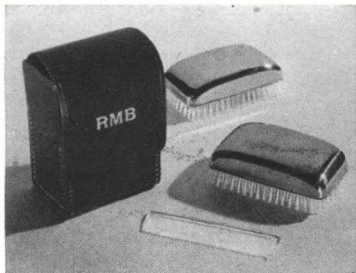
## TOPS IN THE SHOPS



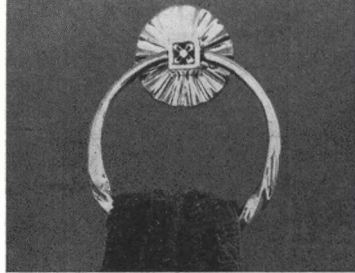
**Baby seal paperweight** is undaunted by the piles of paperwork he sees. 5" long and covered with real sealskin, he's solidly weighted and has a genuine leather collar. A gift for the most serious executive or the most frivolous secretary. \$3.95 ppd. Camalier & Buckley, Dept. R, 1141 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.



**The better to see with**—combination binocular-spectacles provide new viewing thrills for sports and theater enthusiasts. Precision-designed and light-weight, Specto-Scopes have individual focusing for each eye. Imported from Germany, they're only \$1.98 ppd. From Thoresen's, Dept. RB-90, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.



**For men only**—Military brush set will delight a favorite guy. 2 nylon-bristle hairbrushes with highly-polished chrome tops, and a comb, fit into a 4 1/2"-high case. Of saddle-stitched, brown processed leather, case is stamped with 2 or 3 24K gold initials. Complete, \$3.95 ppd. Zenith Gifts Inc., 55-R Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.



**Ring around a pretty towel** makes a distinctive bath or kitchen accessory. Hand-crafted towel ring, 5" in diameter, is cast of solid brass. In satin nickel plate or matte black finish, it's a perfect gift for a friend's new home at only \$6.55 ppd. Brass finish, \$5.95. From Crafts-Metals Co., Box R-4, Laguna Beach 16, Calif.



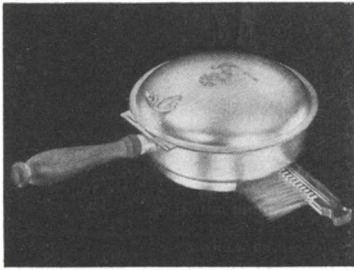
**More bounce** than a Mexican jumping bean—Hopalong is a lovable kangaroo who leaps about on a red elastic leash. About 12" high, of soft tan plush with white satin-lined ears. Tiny tag-along, Me Too, goes along for the ride but can leave her snug home to add to the fun. Pair, \$3.45 ppd. The Home Shopper, Dept. R, Box 48, Berwyn, Ill.



**Junior weather forecasters** and hobbyists can observe, chart and predict the weather with a scientific weather station kit. Has weather manual, year's supply of observation charts and parts for assembling barometer, outdoor thermometer and rain gauge. \$10 ppd. Glasscraft, 920-R Chicago Ave., Evanston, Illinois.



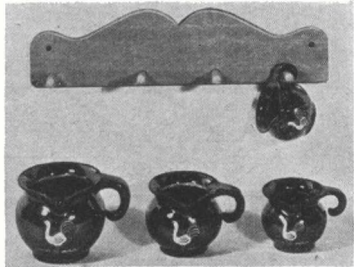
★ TOPS IN THE SHOPS ★



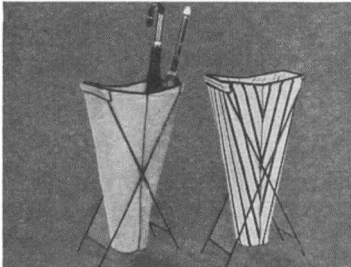
**The butler's whisker**—silent butler carries its own brush for table sweep-up jobs. Heavy silver-plated butler, 6" in diameter, has walnut handle and a nylon and lucite brush that disappears into the bottom when not in use. \$10.95 including tax plus 50c postage. Bodine's, Dept. R, 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.



**Christmas belles** are imported little angels that are charming wherever you place them. 4 1/4" tall and dressed in red and white ceramic, each is a real bell. Bearing symbols of the season, one carries a lighted candle, one gifts, and one a Yule tree. \$1 each, set of 3 is \$2.95 ppd. From Ward Phillips Co., Dept. R, Carpentersville, Ill.



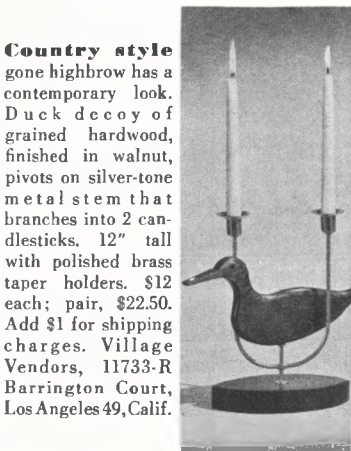
**Little pitchers** with big ideas have a thousand uses in your kitchen. Rockingham-ware measuring cups in 1/4, 1/2, 1/2 and 1-cup sizes hang from a wooden rack. In dark brown heavy-glazed ceramic, they're decorated with white roosters. Complete, \$2.95 plus 35c postage. Helen Gallagher, 413-R Fulton St., Peoria 2, Ill.



**Umbrella dweller** is a colorful rainy-day cache for your hallway. When Old Sol is beaming, fold it away flat with the umbrellas stored in it. 22" high, it holds up to 8 umbrellas. In sanforized orange or striped sailcloth with wrought-iron frame or black with chrome. \$3.98 ppd. Gelzer's, Dept. R, 799 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.



**Lovers of the drama** will be flattered to receive a gift of sterling silver or gold-plated classic comedy and tragedy masks. For her, graceful drop earrings, (screw or pierced style), \$2.95. For him, handsome cuff links, \$3.95. Both sets, \$6.50. Prices include tax, postage. Ruth Brawer, Box 4035, Dept. R, Tucson, Ariz.



**Country style** gone highbrow has a contemporary look. Duck decoy of grained hardwood, finished in walnut, pivots on silver-tone metal stem that branches into 2 candlesticks. 12" tall with polished brass taper holders. \$12 each; pair, \$22.50. Add \$1 for shipping charges. Village Vendors, 11733-R Barrington Court, Los Angeles 49, Calif.

**Personalized COV-A-ROBES**

Luxurious comfort. Fluffy, absorbent Terry Cloth. Ideal for after-bath, beach, that dash to the phone, between clothes changes—or just plain loafing. Keeps you dry and toast-warm. Easy to launder: never need ironing. Snap on or off in a jiffy; adjust to fit perfectly.

**LADIES'** An attractive sarong while applying make-up, washing hair, etc. Choice of gay colors: Azure Blue, Canary Yellow or Snow White. . . . . **ONLY \$3.95**

**MEN'S** Great after-shower-link, while shaving, or in locker room. Big roomy pocket for cigarettes, shaving gear, etc. Snow White. **ONLY \$2.95**



**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**  
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25 Cards & Env.

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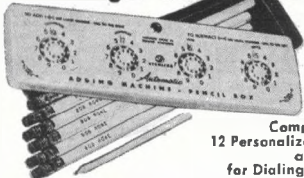


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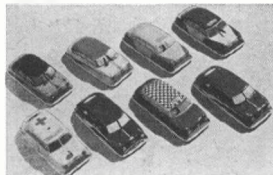


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Figures are fun when your child learns addition and subtraction quickly and easily with this amazing Automatic Adding Machine Pencil Box. They just dial the figures to be added or subtracted and the correct answer appears automatically. A perfect way for children to check their own accuracy. What's more, this attractive cream and red, washable pencil box contains 12 quality pencils personalized with your child's full name.

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Fleet of 8,  
**\$1.95**  
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**ACTION CARS**

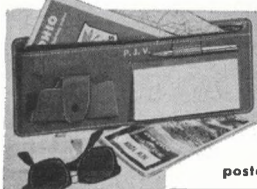
A fleet of autos, each 4" long, with realistic working parts. Windshield wipers swish to and fro, taxi meters register fare, ambulance bell clangs, gun in police car rat-a-tat-tat, windows raise and lower, fire chief's bell clangs. All steel with sturdy rubber wheels.

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**VISORETTE**



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driver's  
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**\$4.95**

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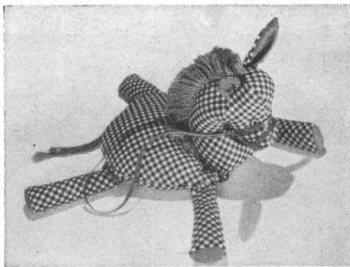
If he drives, he'll want "Visorette" to help to the sun-visor of his car. Made of fine tan-grain cowhide, it will hold sun or driving glasses, maps and street guides. It's fitted with a zipper, a mechanical pencil and a pad. In handsome luggage tan with monogram. A perfect gift!

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540 Madison Avenue • New York 22, N. Y.

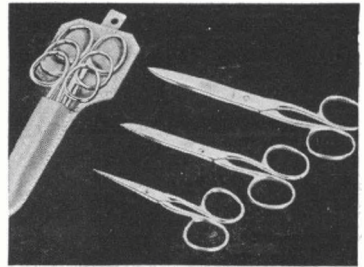
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Pint-size pinto** for floor-sitting half-pints is a good TV seat. 18" long from nose to base of tail, checked gingham pony is stuffed with washable foam rubber and wears a plastic harness. In black and white with red woolly mane and tail, or red and white with yellow. \$6.95 ppd. From Youthcraft, Dept. R, Box 65, Englewood, N. J.



**Silverware stays bright** as new without tiresome polishing, if kept in a compact Silverfile. Individual Pacific Silver Cloth pockets guard your treasured silver flatware against scratches and tarnish. Silverfile for 10 place settings, \$14.95, ppd.; for 8, \$10.95. Lyndale Prods., 6 Woodmoor Drive, Silver Spring, Md.



**Triple treat**—three pairs of scissors, all made of the finest German steel, are an excellent value. Trio, in three different shapes and in sizes 3 3/4", 4 1/2" and 5 1/2", fits into genuine red morocco leather sheath. Good for traveling or around the house, complete set is only \$2 ppd. Order from Downs & Co., Dept. R, Evanston, Ill.



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*At Last!*

**HIS OWN BARBER  
POLE SHAVE RACK!**

Combination shaving brush, safety razor and used blade holder.

Keeps all his shaving gear in one place! No more rusty blades on sink, floor, shelves! Sturdy, colorful CERAMIC, easy to clean! 6" high. Nickel plated spring steel handles. Stand it anywhere or use handy hook for hanging.



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**TRAVEL ALARM CLOCK**

IMPORTED **\$7.98**  
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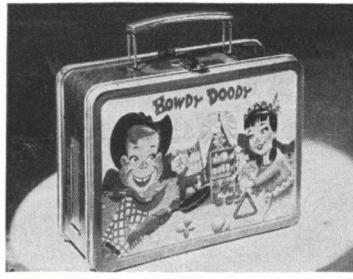
**GENUINE LEATHER**  
New! Compact! At an unbelievable price. A precision import from West German craftsmen, it has easily read radium dial & numerals. It folds compactly into its 2 inch by 2 inch by 1 inch case. Its golden bands and dial make it a pretty addition to any night table. Each with a year's written guarantee. **TRAVEL GIFT!** Available in red, blue, green or tan leather. Price: \$7.98 including Federal tax, and post. Order from: **The Nassau Co., 200 West 34th St., New York City**



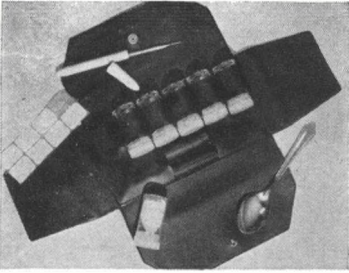
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



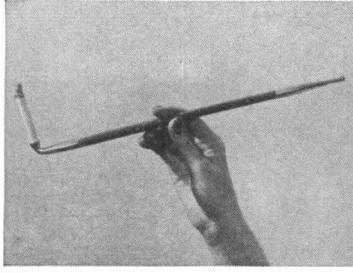
**23-piece coffee service for six.** Imported set includes baroque coffee (or tea) pot, sugar and creamer, six 8" dessert plates, and 6 cups and saucers, all in a rose-strewn translucent white china. \$10.95 plus 50c postage. Extra 3-piece setting is \$1.25. Nouvelle, Ltd., 221 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. R, Chicago 10, Ill.



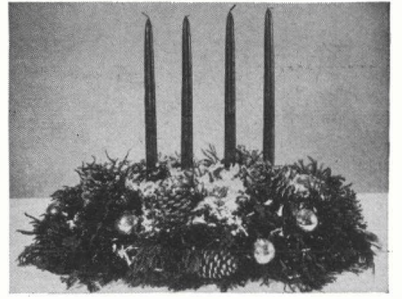
**For school lunches—Howdy Doody** and his Doodyville friends are happy companions at sandwich-time. Metal box, 8½" long, will hold a 10-oz. vacuum bottle. Also available with Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse, the Lone Ranger or in a red Scotch plaid. \$1.75 ppd. Botwags, Bowling Green Sta., P. O. Box 23, New York 4, N. Y.



**Medi-Kit** is a boon to travelers. Leatherte case holds your vitamins, aspirin, pills and capsules. Easy-to-pack 7½"x-4" fold-up kit includes an oral thermometer, stainless steel spoon, 6 unbreakable leak-proof bottles and a packet of labels for marking contents. \$4.98 ppd. From Clarion Prods., Box 255R, Highland Park, Ill.



**Keeping away from cigarettes,** or know someone who is? 14"-long cigarette holder keeps a smoker and his habit at a distance. Of patterned wood with brass tip and detachable brass mouthpiece that doubles as a short holder. A mighty long conversation piece for only \$1 ppd. Agnewstrong, 2 Stone St., New York 11, N. Y.



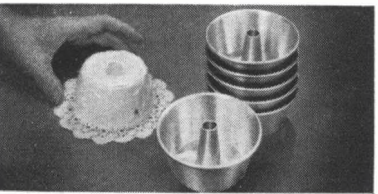
**NOW...You Too Can MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS CENTERPIECE**  
Have a beautiful table decoration this Christmas at a fraction of the normal cost. This original Make-Your-Own centerpiece comes complete with 4-15" candles, 9 rich golden brown pine cones, plenty of lush green permanent foliage, a plastic styro-foam black base already drilled for candles, wired picks, 9 brightly colored Christmas balls and lots of snow. Complete instructions. Makes up in just a few moments into a beautiful 10" x 24" center or mantle piece that can be used year after year. Your choice of 3 assortments: No. 1 Red Hue (red candles and balls); No. 2 Gold Hue (green candles, gold balls); No. 3 Silver Hue (white candles, silver balls). Please specify Assortment Number when ordering. \$4.98 postpaid. Send check or money order. No C.O.D., please. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**MAKES A GRAND PRE-CHRISTMAS GIFT**  
Order now for a pre-Christmas gift. Just send us your list. Enclose your own greeting cards or we will do it for you. Your gift is packed in a beautiful four-color box.

**CHRISTMAS CENTERPIECE COMPANY**  
408 S. BROADWAY TYLER, TEXAS



**Hand Crafted**  
**\$7.20 pair**  
Tax included.  
Postpaid. Sorry no C.O.D.'s  
The man on your mind will wear these cuff links to the office on December 27th —we bet you! They are beautifully hand-made of sterling silver, and his cut-out monogram, linked to a sterling bar will make him the best-cuffed man in town. Allow 10 days delivery.  
Send 10c for Christmas Catalog  
**Page & Biddle**  
21 Station Road Haverford 10, Pa.



**"LITTLE ANGEL" PANS BAKE MINIATURE CAKES**  
Bake perfect miniature cakes—just the right size for individual servings—with "Little Angel" cake pans. Fill center of cake with ice cream or fruit. Pans are ideal for gelatin desserts or salads. Made of heavy-weight aluminum, 3% wide at top, 1½" deep.  
Set of six only, postpaid **\$1.95**  
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**SOLID BRASS STAMP HOLDER Only \$1.50**  
Dispenses stamps as needed. A smart desk accessory in gleaming, polished brass for home or office. Keeps stamps handy. Holds regulation rolls of 3c, 2c or 1c stamps. Top snaps on and off for easy filling. About 1½" high. Only \$1.50 ea., 2 for \$2.85. ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE. Exciting gift catalog. Order by mail from Red Oaks, Dept. 103 M, Winnetka, Ill.

**LIFE SIZE PIN-UPS**  
OR GREETING CARDS  
THINK OF IT! 6 LOVELIES  
**5 FEET TALL**  
IN FULL COLOR  
**MARILYN MONROE**  
LILI ST. CYR ANITA EKBERG PAT HALL  
JOANNE ARNOLD MADELINE CASTLE  
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The world's largest, most gorgeous, natural color pin-ups. They're stunning—absolutely lifelike. He'll love them! The ONLY LIFE SIZE pin-ups. Ideal for den, bar, playroom on walls, doors, screens. As wallpaper, set covers area 5'2"x10'8". Plain or with greetings for every occasion! Birthday, Christmas, New Year's, Hallows' Eve, Get Well, Thank You, Party, etc. Specially Girl & Greeting. (We'll ship & mail for you.) Detachable greetings—don't spoil prints. Size 21" x 29". In plain wrap. Order several—only \$2.00 each Postpaid. (Air Mail 50c extra ea.) All 6—\$11.00 PPD. Send Cash, Check, M.O. Money Back Guarantee. LIFE BLDG., Dept. R11-4, Redstone, N. H. Send 3c stamp for ill. folder.

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MINIATURES DESIGN  
**Napkin HOLDER**  
A novel table decoration from the heart of the Northern Wisconsin woodlands. Doe and fawn so true to life they look like actual mounted animals... heads of lacquered plasterparis... natural cones mounted on varnished natural maple... only one of a hundred gift and art items you can see at your gift dealers or write  
**MARPLEX PRODUCTS, Inc.** Rhinelander Wisconsin  
Only **\$1.95** POSTPAID

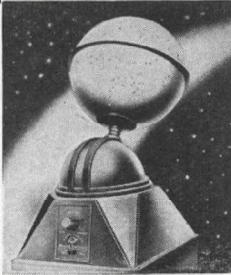
**CHARMING NAME BRACELET**  
**MARILYN**  
Any girl will be thrilled to find this lovely sterling silver bracelet with her first name dangling from it—in her Christmas stocking. Adjustable to any wrist. State age if under eight.  
Also available in Gold Finish \$1.00. No C.O.D.'s.  
**SEAFORD HOUSE** Seaford 5, N. Y. **\$2.00** postpaid tax incl.

**HEAVY FURNITURE ROLLS EASILY**  
ON MRS. DAMAR'S EASY-TO-ATTACH **BALL BEARING CASTERS!**  
Simply tap these pronged all-steel ball-bearing casters into the legs of beds, tables, chairs, TV sets, etc.—and you'll be able to roll your heaviest furniture in any direction with ease! Casters roll over floors and rugs without scratching. Fit any piece of furniture, 8 for \$1.00, delivered. Money-back guarantee.  
**MRS. DOROTHY DAMAR, 691 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N.J.**

★ ★  
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 WITH THE  
**SPITZ Jr. PLANETARIUM**

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Spitz Jr. Planetarium brings the mystery and beauty of 40 constellations into your home. Including the Big Dipper, The Little Dog and other northern hemisphere constellations! Completely scientific and accurate, just plug it in AC current to reveal the heavens from the Equator to the North Pole. Made of sturdy plastic, 14 1/2" x 7 1/2" with 7" diameter sphere. 32 page booklet and sky charts with each model.

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14K gold charms from America's largest collection! Xmas Bells, \$6.00; Holly Sprig, colorfully enameled, \$7.50; Xmas Tree, colorfully decorated, \$14.50. Fed. tax incl.; mail orders promptly filled, beautifully gift-wrapped. FREE booklet, "Charms by Marchal", shows 1,200 14K gold charms; write Dept. R-11.

**Marchal**  
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If dolls could talk, this is what they'd ask for: a hat, coat and muff of soft, snowy fur. And doll's mamma wouldn't love them more if they were ermine! Each piece is fully lined with glowing white satin and executed with careful attention to detail. Of pure white sheared rabbit. In sizes to fit dolls 7" to 18" high. Guaranteed to warm the heart of the most pampered little mother.

Specify height of doll when ordering. Immediate delivery. Write for free catalog.

**\$2.98**

postpaid for complete set.

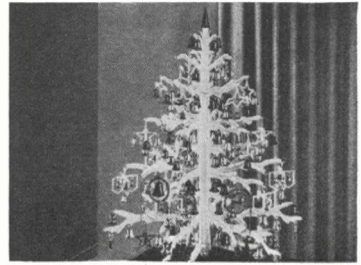
*Hobi*

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to Dept. R114, 15 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



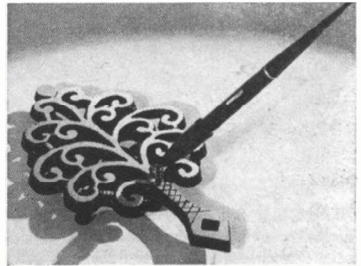
**He twists, he turns, he somersaults**—in fact, Acro-Brat is the greatest slow-motion stunt performer we've seen. Only 5" tall and wearing a happy grin, he seems to enjoy the crazy positions he gets himself into. Give his arm a few twists, then enjoy his writhing high-jinks. \$1 ppd. Niresk, Dept. AB-11, Chicago 40, Ill.



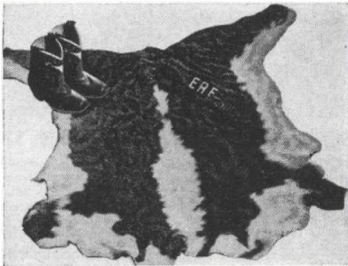
**A complete Christmas tree**, packed with 102 different ornaments, is easy to set up and decorate. Noninflammable crystal-clear plastic tree stands 23" high. Branches have built-in holders for decorations. Folds flat for easy storage. Just \$5.95 ppd. Wacker House, Dept. 118M, 180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.



**Jumbo coffee cups** hold enough coffee to wake even the sleepest of sleepyheads. Double-size cup with 14-oz. capacity and "Good Morning" saucer, 7 1/2" in diameter, are handpainted with any name. Individual china set is \$2.95. Pair of sets, as shown, is \$4.95 ppd. Personal Gifts, Dept. R, 102 W. 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.



**Pen 'n' trivet set** is a practical combination for desk or for hanging near the phone. Black cast aluminum trivet in Family Tree (shown), Cathedral or Tassel-and-Grain design comes with black fountain pen. Legs are rubber-tipped to prevent scratching. \$2.95 ppd. Armand's, Dept. R, 514 N. Lafayette St., Allentown, Pa.

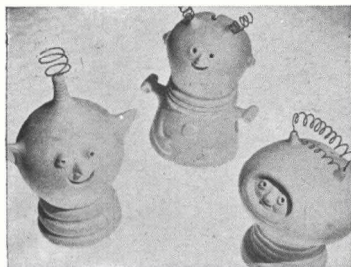


**Braided calfskin rug** is at home in your young buckaroo's bedroom or in the game-room floor or wall. Silky calfskin rug comes in brown and white or black and white. About 5 sq. feet, \$10.95 ppd. About 6 to 7 sq. feet, \$14.95 ppd. Branded with 3 initials, \$2 extra. Brandicalf, Dept. E-7, 157 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

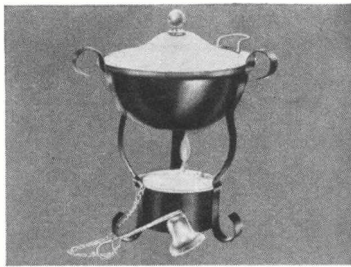


**Black cat jam and marmalade set** is a whimsical gift for a cat-fancying friend. Black, highly glazed pottery jars have red J and M on lids, green eyes and perky red bows. Spoons are attached to the lids. Cat's tail is the handle. 6" long, 4" high. \$1.50 ppd. Salt & Pepper Shop, 776 W. Beech St., Dept. R, Long Beach, N.Y.

★ ★ ★  
TOPS IN THE SHOPS  
★ ★ ★



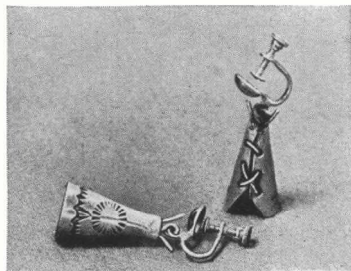
**Mad-money men**, right off a flying saucer, are out-of-this-world penny banks. Of white ceramic, 6½"-high spacemen have brass antennae and holes in their heads for your coins. Left to right, Mars, Saturn and Jupiter are \$2.50 each. All 3 for novel gifts, \$6.95 ppd. The Wonder Bar Shop, Dept. R, Box 425, Trenton, N. J.



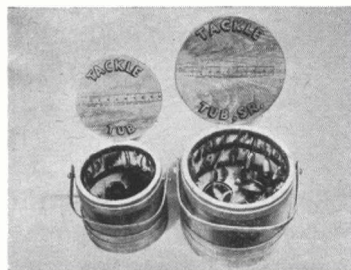
**Miniature chafing dish**, used as a sauce or butter warmer, is a convenient table accessory. Copied from a French antique, it's made of black metal and has a solid brass gold-plated cover. Complete with candle, snuffer and removable warming pan, \$2 ppd. Halldon Co., Dept. CD-4, 19 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.



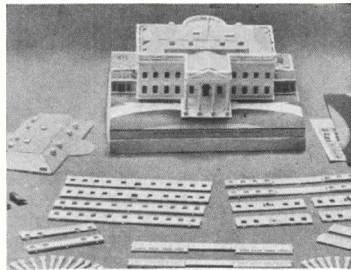
**A feast of cheeses** is gift-boxed for Christmas. There's grated Pecorino Romano from Italy, Edam, Emmenthaler from Switzerland, Danish Bleu and King Christian, Canadian Cheddar plus 20 gold-wrapped wedges in 10 unusual flavors. \$7.95 ppd. Old World Cheese House, Dept. 70-91, Evans Turn, Hillside, N. J.



**Wee wigs** for your ears. Tiny tepees, handmade of sterling silver, are etched with authentic Indian designs. With screw backs or for pierced ears, they'll interest the woman who collects unusual jewelry. Pair, \$2.95 including tax and postage. From Miller Curio, Dept. E-R, 256 E. Congress St., Tucson, Ariz.



**Ardent fishermen** will welcome a Tackle Tub to keep lures from tangling. Maple-stained pine and oak tub has rubber rings on the inside for 100 lures. 12" tall with space at the bottom for extra gear. \$7.95 ppd. Smaller 10" tub for 50 lures, \$4.95. Add 50c west of Mississippi. Dick Miller, Dept. R, White River Junction, Vt.



**If he hopes to be President**, Junior will enjoy building a 6"-high scale model of the White House. Kit has 72 plastic parts which interlock to form a perfect replica of the Presidential mansion. With floor plans, history of the White House and easy instructions. \$3 ppd. Vermont Crossroads Store, Dept. R, Waterbury, Vt.



**VERY NEWEST IN FOOD CUTTERS**

No Clamps — No Screws — No Bolts  
Complete with stand and 3 cutters

Now — for **LESS MONEY** — you can enjoy the perfect cutting, easy-to-clean and operate **HOLLYWOOD SALADMAKER**. Newest development in food cutters — chops, peels, waffles, slices, strings, crumbs, grates, shreds. A must for preparing quick meals, canning, freezing, baking, baby foods, vegetable juices, salads, etc. Beautifully mirror-polished with **3 CHROME PLATED, SOLID STEEL ONLY \$12.95** BLADES. Postage paid if check with order. Higher Outside U.S.

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Weather Predicting

**ASH TRAY**

Footles Actually Change Color and Forecast Weather 24 Hours in Advance

**ONLY 50c**

Heavy kissing is going on under the big sombrero, but all YOU see is a pair of bare footles, pink panties, and shiny trousers. BUT — just turn it upside down and discover what's going on underneath. When the scientifically treated footles turn blue, the weather will be bright; if pink, rain or snow is ahead; if purple, weather will change. Helps plan picnics, parties, tells how to dress and plan ahead. Gleaming, colorful imported ceramic.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back** — Available plain (without names and date) for only 50c. However, for only 10c extra, we'll artistically hand-letter any first names of couple and anniversary date. Each Ashtray can be personalized differently, so that you can give one away as a gift. Not more than 2 to a customer. Add 15c to each Ashtray for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s. Dobbs Products Co., 900 W. Lake St., Dept. 751, Chicago 7, Ill.



The "just right" family gift. Here are old-fashioned Preserves like Grandma used to make. Large, plump berries cooked a small panful at a time. You'll love these! 5 big jars, over ¾ lb. each. Wild Blackberry, Spiced Cherry, Boysenberry, Strawberry and rare Orange Blossom Honey. Shipped prepaid anywhere in U.S. Gift No. 32, only \$4.45. Guaranteed to please or money back. **THE MISSION FOLK**, 110 E. 33 ST., LOS ANGELES 11, CALIF.

**PERSONALIZED TRAYS**

Give the gift of distinction to a couple of distinction!



Only 3.95 ppd.

Print name clearly. Specify snack or drink.

**THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHEST**  
Dept. R4, Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco 11, Calif.

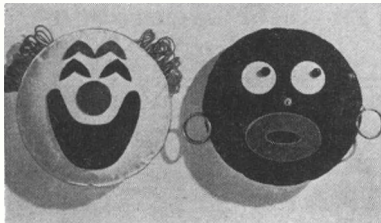
## CHILD'S BOSTON ROCKER

Authentic reproduction of an Old Boston Rocker will be her dearest possession. Craftsman constructed and scaled to child's proportions. Sturdy hardwood attractively finished in antique Maple or lasting black lacquer with Colonial decoration in gold. Overall height 29". Only \$10.95 Express Collect.



### TEMPLETON CRAFTSMEN

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### PERSONALITY PILLOWS

Do-it-yourself throw pillows with a personality all their own! "Smiley" has a white felt face with black and red features, and red yarn hair. "Sambo" is black felt with white and red features, black button eyes, and golden ear hoops. Kit contains cut-size felt for one personality, 12" cotton pillow, trimmings, and instructions.

only \$3.50 each kit, ppd.

An exclusive original design by *Beverly Baker* Write for FREE catalog. DEPT. R-11, BOX 427, TUCKAHOE, N. Y.



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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Now have that old, even discarded fur coat remodeled into choice of these glamorous new capes, complete with new lining, new inter-lining, beautiful monogram, fur cleaned and glazed, all yours for \$22.95 Morton's is nationally famous for fur remodeling, and has the "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL". Our work also praised by Style Editor in Glamour, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, etc. Order by mail. Don't send money. Just mail us your old fur coat with dress size and height. When your completed new cape arrives, pay postman, \$22.95, plus postage.

**MORTON'S** Dept. 15-K, 312 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Or write for folder of 20 style capes, styles and tickets all \$22.95.

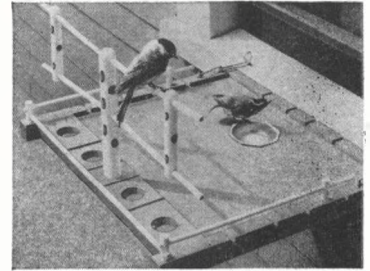
## TOPS IN THE SHOPS



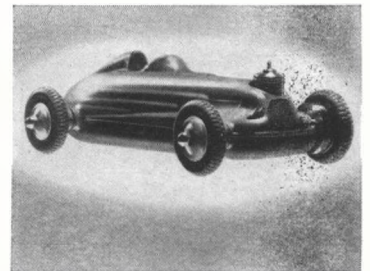
**Delectable preserves** for Christmas. Rustic hot-roll basket holds three 5½-oz. jars of Apricot with Kernels, Oregon Strawberry, Seedless Red Raspberry, an individual-size fruitcake, jumbo walnuts and filberts and is decorated with forest cones and greens. \$4.75 ppd. Jane Amherst, 1931 N. Argyle, Portland, Ore.



**Wish her well** with a wishing well she can carry wherever she goes. 1¼"-high copper charm comes with either a copper necklace or bracelet. The little bucket actually swings when the handle is turned. A whimsical way for well-wishers to say, "Merry Christmas." \$2 ppd. incl. tax. Roslyn Hoffman, 656-R Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.



**Flight deck** lures wild birds to your window sill at feeding time. Ideal for a bird lover or youngster, 17¼" x 15½" wood and masonite platform is approved by the National Audubon Society. With feeding stick, drinking cup, 4 seed wells and perch rails, \$5.45 ppd. Duncraft, Dept. R, 2 So. Main St., Penacook, N. H.



**Engine-powered toy racer** uses real gasoline in its semi-Diesel type motor. 9½"-long steel and plastic model, with built-in gas tank, operates for a full 2 minutes on fuel supply. Comes with a control unit for captive circular racing or can be raced straightaway. \$10.95 ppd. Polk's 314-R Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



### Little Album Shows

## "MY GRANDCHILDREN"

Beautiful genuine leather album is designed especially for grandparents—to carry those precious pictures of their grandchildren. Topped with 23K gold lettering, it holds 24 snapshot size (2¼" x 3¼") pictures. Measures 3¼" x 4" overall, styled for purse, pocket or traveling case. Choose from teal green, open blue, dusty rose or ivory. Just \$2.00 ea., 2 for \$3.95 ppd. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Order from

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**H. E. HARRIS & CO.**  
223 Transil Bldg., BOSTON 17, MASS.



## TELEPHONE DIAL COMPACT

The Right Number for Your Gift List!

Clever black and gold compact is 3½" across, with dial in natural color! Engaged with phone number up to 10 letters and spaces, or 3 initials! Ideal for gifts! Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. \$2.00 postpaid. Ask for Free Gift Catalog!

**MEREDITH'S** EVANSTON 32 ILLINOIS

### Mini-Butter PURSE ASHTRAY

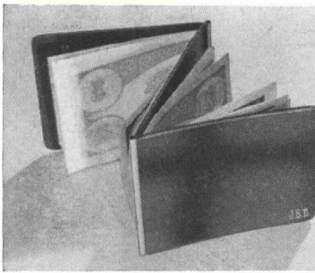
Carry small, purse size cigarette ash tray, fits pocket. Doubles for pills or saccharine.

- Holds 3 stubs and ashes.
- Polished gold-toned metal.
- Dust-tight cover—snaps shut.
- Gift boxed. Please, no C.O.D.'s.

**WENDOVER SPECIALTY CO.**  
Box 83-R Upper Montclair, N. J.

**\$1.00** postpaid

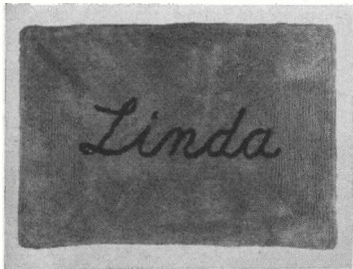
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



**For a moneyed man**—a slim but efficient billfold. No more bulging wallet with the new Stay-flat feature. Double compartment clearly separates the large bills from the small. Cordovan brown cowhide, \$3.95 ppd. Stamped with three 24K gold initials, 75c extra. Treasure Mart, 500 Treasure Mart Bldg., Hillside, N. J.



**For a new baby**—a pair of precut moccasins with a gift certificate to have them preserved after Baby has worn them. Shoes are returned with blue or pink pearl-like finish that won't crack or chip. With removable bud-vase, \$5.95 ppd. Name and birthdate on one shoe, 50c extra. Alan's, P. O. Box 163-R, Silver Spring, Md.



**Busy little feet** won't play havoc with a chenille rug that's sturdy and washable. Your favorite tot's first name is tufted right into 24" x 36" rug. Vat-dyed yarns in background colors of red, gray, dark green, royal blue or maroon with white, yellow or red names. \$6.50 ppd. From Cross Rugs, Dept. R, Ashburnham, Mass.

**Colonial mirror** is an outstanding value for lovers of Early Americana. 13" high overall, convex mirror is framed in antique gold Syroco Wood and topped with the American Eagle. An elegant gift for a young couple's first Christmas. \$5.95 plus 45c postage. Sturbridge Yankee Workshop, Dept. R, Brimfield Turnpike, Sturbridge, Mass.



"All I Want for Christmas" is a **FLEA-SCAT PAD**

**Kills Fleas and 'B.O.'**

**WHILE PETS SNOOZE**

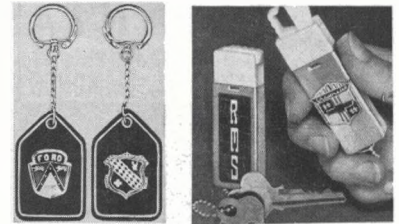
Give your dog luxurious comfort, relief from scratching, death to fleas, restful sleep in cedar fragrance. It's fresh aroma is a joy to dogs, pleasant to you. Do away with messy powders and sprays.

Pets prefer Flea-Scat Pad to softest chair. Long-lasting, effective for months. Then replace flea-killing inner pad and it's good as new. **Money-Back Guarantee.**  
**Regular, 15x28 in. \$2.98; Super, 28x36 in. \$4.98;**  
 Extra inner pad \$1.50. Extra inner pad \$2.95.

Packed in Christmas Gift Box

ONLY \$2.98

**Liquid Chaperone** Keeps dogs and cats out of gardens. \$1.  
**Powder Chaperone** Keeps dogs off chairs, beds, rugs. \$1.  
**SEND NO MONEY**—Order C.O.D., or send check and we'll pay postage. Order Now, avoid the holiday rush!  
**SUDBURY LABORATORY, Box 713, South Sudbury, Mass.**



**FOR EVERY CAR OWNER**

Give every motorist on your Christmas list a full-colored porcelain miniature of his own car crest mounted on a leather keyholder, or a pocket flashlight with crest or monogram. Flashlight has golden metal case with night-glo top and chain for all his keys. Gold-tooled tab comes in red, blue or green leather. **SPECIFY MAKE OF CAR OR INITIALS.** Car Crest Flashlight, \$1.50; Monogrammed Flashlight, \$1.25; Leather Keyholder, \$1.00. All ppd.

**WRITE NOW FOR FREE XMAS CATALOG**  
**NANCY NORMAN**  
 57-R Chadwick St. Boston 19, Mass.



**WOW! 50 CARS & PLANES \$1**

Imagine—50 brand new scale model cars, U.S. Air-planes, trolleys, towtrucks that actually hook on and tow, big highway trucks and service cars. Large size! Placed end to end they reach over 8 feet. Months of fun for kids 2 to 60. Made of DURABLE PLASTIC. They'll make a big hit on Xmas Morn. FREE with each set—a miniature tool kit, wrenches, hammers, etc., everything your Jr. mechanic needs. All for only \$1 ppd. 4 sets \$5. Order NOW—

**TOY KING, Dept. JC-11**  
 8415 Euclid Ave. Cleveland 3, Ohio

**try on new beauty!**  
 WITH CONTOUR PHOTOS



Only 2.98 Post paid.

cut your own hair from 10 leading styles

Save \$\$... cut and style your own hair. Professional results... easy to do! Choose new beauty as easily as trying on a new hat. Get your husband's and friends' 100% approval without risking a lock of hair. Place these contour photos over your hair-do... and Presto! - see yourself in the mirror with many new looks like the girl shown here. Just follow the simple styling directions of the coiffure you select. Contour Kit comes with 10 different contour photos of leading styles, complete cutting and setting instructions. Postpaid. Send \$2.98 to **Herman's Salons, Harmon Bldg, Box 264-S, Pasadena, Calif.**

**DON'T BE FAT!**

If you just can't reduce and have tried dieting, pills and tablets—try relaxing, soothing **SPOT REDUCER**, a massage that's tested, and has U.L. approval. Lose weight where it shows most! The relaxing soothing massage helps break down **FATTY TISSUES**, helps tone the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation helps carry away wasted fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more graceful figure. When you use the **SPOT REDUCER**, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing safely without risking health. For aches and pains due to over-exercise. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Sold on **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** Reduce or **NO CHARGE!**

Standard Model only \$9.98 . . . . .  
 Amazing Deluxe Model only \$12.98.  
 send to **SPOT REDUCER COMPANY**  
 318 Market Street, Dept. R674, Newark, New Jersey

**BEJEWELLED MAGNIFIER**

So pretty, so original you'll want to carry it everywhere! A profusion of rhinestones and seed pearls adds glamorous glitter to the antique gold plated handle and rim. Precision ground glass permits lady-like personal programs, price tags, menus and such. Beautifully made, it's just 3" long and comes in a trim fiddle case. Very gay for gifts!

\$4.95 tax & postage included  
 Sorry no C.O.D.'s  
 Beautifully boxed and wrapped! Write for catalog.  
*Simée Lee* Dept. R-11  
 545 Fifth Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.

**WHY BE FAT!**

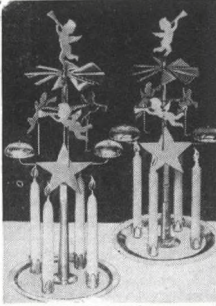
If you want to reduce and just can't, try pleasant tasting, scientifically tested **KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM** for just 7 days . . . . . Lose up to 5 lbs. a week . . . safely, quickly, easily . . . Amazing new Kelpidine Chewing Gum formula curbs your appetite. You reduce and lose ugly fat without drugs, exercise, or feeling hungry. Sold on money back guarantee. For full 12 day supply send your name, address and \$1 cash, check, or money order. Or send \$2 for a 36 day supply to **AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., DEPT. 663, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.**

**HOME BAKERS-Attention!**

We sell the unusual cook-ware you have longed for; all the equipment for preparing exquisite foods. ALSO, all cake decorating supplies and instruction books. Have a hobby or profitable business at home and let us supply your needs. **Write for free catalog.**  
**Maid of Scandinavia, Dept. D, 3245 Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis 16, Minn.**

**REVOLVING "ANGEL CHIMES"**

From Sweden comes this enchanting decorative innovation. Heat rising from the burning candles causes the myriad Angels to revolve, lightly striking the bells with their wands. The resulting chime-like sound is charming as church bells afar. Made of heavy gauge highly polished brass, 13" high, 4 candles included free with each. Buy two—one for each end of the mantle, dining table, etc. Or if you desire only one for yourself, the extra will serve as a perfect gift.



\$2.25 each postpaid  
2 for \$4.00 postpaid

**"ANGEL CHIMES" CANDLES**

Made in Sweden expressly for the "Angel Chimes". Candles are hand-dipped, smokeless and dripless. 4 1/2" long—may be had in red or white.

Write for Free Christmas Catalog.

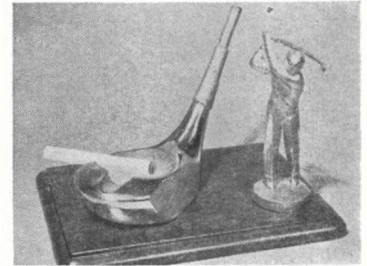
**BLACK & COMPANY, INC.**

163 Black Building, Rockville Centre, New York

**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



**Sheriff's office** is a life-size playhouse for a rootin', shootin' youngster. Two-room calaboose of tough corrugated board has a jail with bars at the window and an office equipped with rifle and holster racks. 51" high, 38" wide, 27" deep. \$4.98 ppd. Add 50c west of the Mississippi. Kalfred Arthur, Dept. R, Box 254, Forest Hills, N. Y.



**For Pa on the course**—golfer's ash tray is a good gift or award. Gold-plated duplicate of a wood driver head is mounted on a hand-rubbed mahogany base. With bronze-finished golfer, \$8.95 ppd. Name engraved on metal plate, 9c extra per letter. Order from Engineering Ideas Special, Box 148, Dept. R, Wheaton, Ill.

**TITANIA**

the miracle gem stone you read about in *THE READER'S DIGEST*  
More brilliant and  
More beautiful than **DIAMONDS**

Unset "Titania" gems, 1 to 5 carats, for your own rings, brooches, etc. Per carat \$10 ONLY



1 carat "Titania" Solitaire set in a beautiful 14 kt gold mounting. Complete \$2250 ONLY

1 carat "Titania" set in a Masculine box style 14 kt mounting. Complete \$2850 ONLY

Regent (Synth.) Star Rubies and Sapphires at proportionately low prices  
**FREE booklet and handy Ring-Size Chart**  
Plus 10% Federal Tax

**10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**  
**REGENT LAPIDARY CO.**  
DEPT. R-84, 511 E. 12 ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.

it's *Love* from Arizona

authentic Arizona enchantment . . .

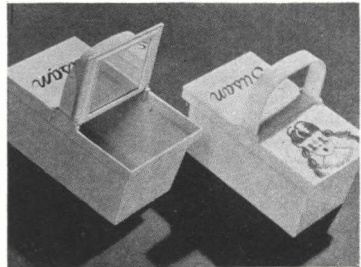
**HANDMADE CERAMIC JEWELRY**

pin, earrings, ea. \$1.50 set, \$2.98  
Plus 10% fed. tax. Post. prepaid (except C.O.D.)  
Right from the resort country . . . new, different, exclusive. Cattle brands or cacti etched in gold on bright-red, water-blue, turquoise, or saddle-brown. Lovely to own or give.  
**LOVE FROM ARIZONA**  
Box 728 • Phoenix, Arizona

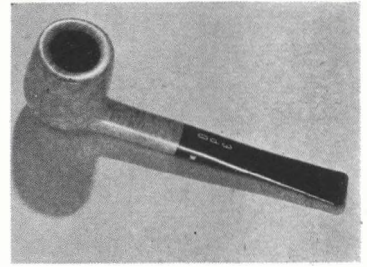
**Rose Jar**

Like Aladdin's lamp... just lift the lid of this lovely Old Fashioned Rose Jar for all the sweet, soft fragrances of a permanent rose garden right in your own home. Hand painted 22k gold trim and floral decorated jar in brimful of real rose buds and petals. Complete in smart gift box with card. The ideal gift for the woman who has everything. Only \$2.95 postpaid or 2 for \$5.39.

**THE WILSON CO.**  
Dept. R, P.O. Box 415, Santa Ana, Calif.  
(Calif. Res. add 8% Tax)



**Personalized carryall**, for toting prized possessions from crayons to best hankies, is 6 1/2" long. There's even a mirror under the hinged lid! Specify blonde, brunette or redhead, and the proper little girl face plus first name will be hand-painted on the white plastic cover. \$1.69 ppd. Meredith, Inc., Evanston 32, Ill.



**Upside down** or right-side up, this imported Algerian briar will cling to metal. Magnetic disc, inlaid in the base of the bowl, keeps pipe from falling. Now the pipe-smoking motorist can lay his hot pipe on the dashboard without worry. With 2 or 3 initials, \$3.65 ppd. David P. Ehrlich Co., 207-R Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

**PARKS YOUR CAR IN SECONDS**

**AUTOMATICALLY**

Auto-parker ends guess-work, embarrassing mistakes, scraped fenders. Works in the tightest spots. Adjust according to easy directions and mark perfectly the first time, every time. Safe, sure, fast. Attaches by suction cup to any car without tools.

holes or electricity. Now in use by driving schools and auto clubs. A truly unique gift for men and women. Order an Auto-parker for every driver on your list. **ONLY \$1. postpaid, 6 for \$5, 12 for \$10. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

**WHITEHILL** Dept. 12-11, 6007 Euclid Ave. Cleveland Ohio

**500 LABELS** plus plastic case \$1  
2" x 1/2"

**YOUR OWN NAME**  
Address  
City and State

A Christmas gift for everybody!  
Useful gummed labels for cards, stationery, checks, etc. Up to 3 lines printed in blue, and in pads for easy handling. Useful hinged plastic case free with each order. **ORDER NOW! 500 for \$1. post-paid. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER—any 6 orders for \$5. When ordering PRINT CLEARLY.**

Satisfaction guaranteed.

**TEEDEE Enterprises**  
Dept. 59—5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

**LINGERIE CLIPS** make wonderful gifts for her Christmas, going-away gifts, bridge prizes, birth days, the College Miss. You'll want to order several pairs. We'll pay postage. Air-Mail, if desired.

Sterling \$2.10, Gold-filled \$1.50

**THE SELDEN COOPER SHOP**  
in world famous Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.

**LONE RANGER and "SILVER"**

GIFT for youngsters. Removable rider, saddle, hat, two guns, and long chain rein give big action play value. Beautifully colored for high. Made of cellulose acetate—almost unbreakable. 6 pieces. We pay postage in U.S.A. Only \$3.98.

**VERNON GREEN**  
806 Paris Ave., Rockford, Ill.



TOPS IN THE SHOPS



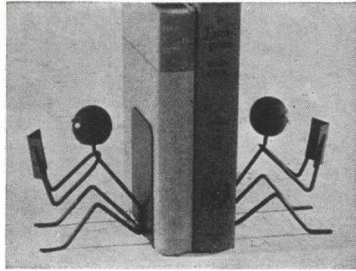
**The better to wash with**—toy washer, operating on a 6-volt lantern battery, works like Mommy's. 12½" high, of white enameled metal, it will wash all of Dolly's clothes and wring them dry. Copycats from 4 to 12 will love Santa for this one. \$7.95 ppd. Battery 90c extra. Miles Kimball, 22 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.



**Link your heart** with her name and she'll wear them both on her wrist. Any name (up to 8 letters) shines in center of heart-bordered gold-plated metal bracelet. As a gay fillip for a young miss or as a gift for Sis's teachers, you'll want to order several. Only \$1.50 including tax and postage. From Seaford House, Seaford 4, N. Y.



**It's dress-up time** for a young miss between the ages of 3 and 12. Model's hat box with bonnet, stole, wristlets, rosebud earrings, choker, mirror, comb and nose-gay will have her primping to her heart's content. \$3.50 ppd. Available as a bride's box at same price. Green Gable Gifts, 1554-R Third Ave., New York 28, N. Y.



**Book ends in 3D**—these studious fellows discreetly liven the most somber bookcase or library table. Modern stick-figures of black wrought iron are the book ends to end all book ends. The heads can be swiveled to any position. \$3.95 a pair plus 25c postage. From House of Bertram, P. O. Box 598, Dept. R, Scarsdale, N. Y.



**Hand painted imported PORCELAIN BELLS**

Tinkling china bells, delicately hand painted, add a bright new festive note to the yule season. They sing in the merest whisper of air, are charming when hung on a tree, door frame, table centerpiece, gift packages or windows. 1½" diameter.

Set of 12 asst. bells \$1.50  
Two sets \$2.65

Please add 25c for postage  
Send for FREE Gift Catalog  
**HERE'S HOW**  
Dept. RB-11, 590 Third Ave., N. Y. 16

**SCREW TOP JAR OPENER**

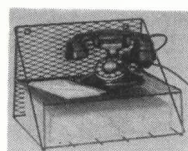
No more beating jar on floor or soaking in hot water. Keeps peace in any family. Jaws slide easily to fit any size jar. Will close jars as well as open. Nickel Plated Steel. Keep with silverware.

Price . . . . \$1.00 ppd.



P. O. Box 586, Dept. 1  
DEL RIO, TEXAS

**WROUGHT IRON TELEPHONE SHELF**



This handsome, black wrought iron shelf keeps your telephone, books, memo pad and pencil all together in one easy-to-reach, easy-to-use place! Turns unused wall area into that extra space you have always needed! Install in minutes! 10" x 10½" x 13" Only \$2.98 plus 35c postage.

**FREE**—beautiful gift the ribbon with every order! No C.O.D.'s please. Money back if not delighted. Send for thrilling NEW gift catalog—It's **FREE!**

green gable gifts Dept. R-11, 1554 Third Ave. New York 28, N. Y.

**Morning-after Cup**



. . . a companion in misery. Comical, mishapen features are raised and hand painted. The cup has a perky ice-bag lid to keep the coffee steaming hot. Inside, on the bottom, is the promise "Never Again!" 5" high. \$2.25 ppd. SEND FOR FREE CIRCULAR OF OTHER WONDERFUL GIFTS!

**THE WONDER BAR SHOP** P.O. Box 425-R Trenton, N. J.

**WET BEDS?**

**STAYDRY\* PANTY**  
protects your child and you against them **\$1.95**

Expense and discomfort of rubber sheets gone forever



**WHAT IS STAYDRY**

STAYDRY prevents discomfort from wet outer-clothes and wet bedding. All in one complete garment.

**ACCLAIMED!**

. . . acclaimed by thousands of enthusiastic mothers . . . , praised by many leading doctors. The panty that assures complete sleeping comfort . . .

STAYDRY (not a diaper) is made of the finest, highly absorbent material with waterproof outer-covering of soft, non-toxic plastic. . . can be worn under pajamas. Requires no pins. Ties with cloth tape.

**NON-BINDING • WASHABLE**  
**BLEACHABLE • BOILABLE**

Infant sm., med. lg. . . . .	\$1.95
Infant extra lg. . . . .	\$2.45
Waist sizes: 20, 22, 24 . . . . .	\$3.95
26, 28 . . . . .	\$4.95
30, 32 . . . . .	\$5.95
34, 36, 38 . . . . .	\$6.95
40, 42 . . . . .	\$7.95

\*Reg. U.S. Pat.

Exact waist measurement in inches necessary for perfect fit. 10% discount when ordering three or more. Money Back Guarantee in 10 Days



**HERMAN OPT CO., Dept. R-13** Market 203 Market Street, Newark, N. J. 3-8686

Please send me . . . . . Staydry Panty

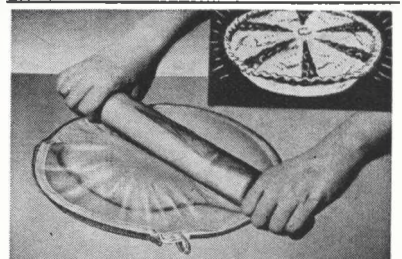
Waist size . . . . . Price . . . . .

C.O.D.  Check  M.O.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

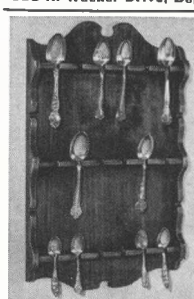
City . . . . . State . . . . .



**Roll Perfect Pie Crust in Seconds**

Clear plastic "Trusty-Crusty" makes neat, perfect pie crusts in magic seconds—without waste! Drop in your dough . . . slip "Trusty" closed . . . run your rolling pin over it a few times, upslip and PRESTO . . . you've got a smooth, even-thickness pie crust just right for 9 or 9½-inch pie tins. Just lift "Trusty", turn it over and drop the crust right into your pie tin. No cutting—no wasted dough—no rolling pin or pastry cloth to wash. Jam-proof zipper. Dough can't stick to the plastic! Only \$1.98 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s, please. Order today!

**HOUSE OF SCHILLER**  
180 N. Wacker Drive, Dept. R-18, Chicago 6, Ill.



**Early American Pine SPOON RACK**

• Make a clever wall decoration of your souvenir and heirloom spoons—in this charming Early American Spoon Rack. Your bright, shining silver will gleam beautifully against its mellow old pine finish—and bring words of admiration from your guests. 17" high, 10" wide, it displays 18 tea or demitasse spoons. Buy now for gift-giving at a very nice price.

Only . . . **\$3.95** plus 35c shipping

Write now for FREE, exciting Xmas gift catalogue in color.

**HELEN GALLAGHER** 413-D-11 Fulton St. Peoria, Illinois



**Personalized  
STERLING  
SILVER  
PRAYER  
BOOK  
MARKER**  
**\$3.95**  
Postpaid

Someone you love will cherish this thoughtful gift. A beautiful Sterling Silver book marker for Prayer Book, Bible, or Missal. At one end of three black or red satin ribbons is a sterling silver Cross; at the other end of each ribbon is a hand cut silver initial, forming a three-letter monogram. An acceptable gift in many religious orders for priests and nuns.

**Religious Art Guild**

200-D11 Monson St. Peoria, Ill.



**KEY CHAIN**

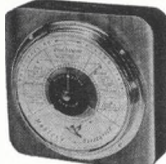
for your beloved. Give him half a French coin; you keep the other half. You'll have a handsome key chain and a sentimental token. Coin is a pressing of a five franc piece. Both coin and chain are gold plated. \$2.95 postpaid the pair.

Send for Xmas catalog

**Elizabeth McCaffrey**  
dept. R-11 Orange, N. J.

**2 NEW BAROMETERS  
TELL WHEN IT'S BEST TO  
HUNT or FISH**

Wildlife activity is governed by weather conditions. These precision barometers accurately tell when fish and game will roam freely—when they'll stay hidden. Handsome 5" glistening red cedar case with brass trim, multi colored instruction dial and travel case make them an incomparable sportsman's gift. Specify Ppd. Hunting or Fishing. \$12.50 ea.



**FREE GIFT FOLDER**  
**Johnathan Pike**  
Dept. R11-4, Peenbody, Miss.

No C.O.D.'s. Money Back Guarantee

**For Overnight Parking**

of Pop's rings, watch, wallet, coins, keys, etc. The cleverest canine you've seen in a dog's age. Rover—keeps a man's dresser tidy—ends frantic morning searches for precious possessions. A true dog lover will love for Christmas. In brown and yellow glazed pottery, 3" long from nose to tail. \$2.95 Postpaid

Mall Orders Promptly Filled

**Max Seckling Seedsmen, Inc.**

538 Madison Ave., Dept. 700, New York 22, N. Y.

**YOUR NAME & ADDRESS  
POCKET-SIZE PRINTER**

Prints up to 3 LINES  
5/8" x 2 3/8" area  
ONLY



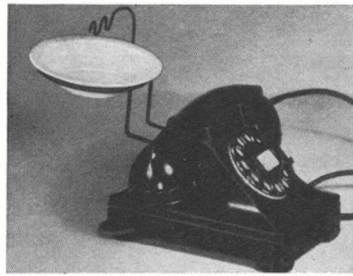
**READY FOR USE  
INSTANTLY!**

**\$1**  
Saves Time, Money! **FREE** PENCIL with each order for some black polished plastic ALL-IN-ONE pen with automatic inkbar. Complete for pocket or purse. A personalized gift. Write for FREE CATALOG. Order NOW • Money back guarantee • Send check, cash or money-order with name and address to **ATLAS GIFTS, New Hyde Park 11, New York**

**Glamorize Your Packages With  
GLITTER-WRITE**

Make your signature sparkle on Christmas cards or gifts. Sign your name with GLITTER-WRITE . . . Sprinkle on GLITTER-WRITE . . . Presto! Your signature in Multi-colored sequins. Complete kit with 4 tubes of GLITTER-WRITE, only \$1.00 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s, please. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. FREE GIFT CATALOG.**  
2490 BROAD ST., DEPT. 308  
MEMPHIS 12, TENNESSEE

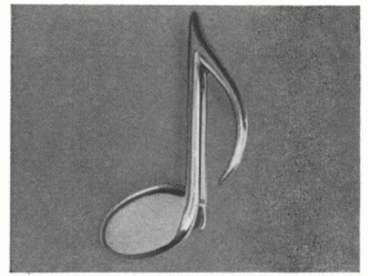
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**



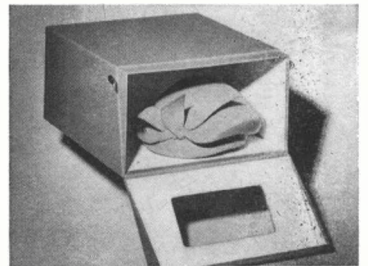
**Tel-Ash** clamps to the phone and solves smokers' problems during king-size conversations. Dull black wrought-iron bracket needs no installation—spring tension holds it firmly to telephone base. Ceramic ash tray lifts out easily for emptying, \$1.50 ppd. Order from Geneva House, Dept. 36, 670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



**Dancing Hilda** is a lifesize playmate. Youngster slips her two feet into the plastic bands under Hilda's shoes, puts her left hand into elastic band—and then just watch the two of them pirouette! Fully-dressed 35"-tall cloth doll, with Arthur Murray dance instruction book, \$8.95 ppd. Lowy's, 260-K 116th St., Rockaway Park, N.Y.



**Noteworthy** knocker for your door is shaped like a musical eighth note. Made of gleaming, solid brass, it's a graceful and eye-catching gift for a music lover. 6"-tall knocker is installed easily with 2 small screws supplied. \$5.95 ppd. Black finish, \$3.95. Tennessee Chromium Plating Co., 206-R Louise Ave., Nashville, Tenn.



**One Peek-A-Box** is worth 15 minutes of fumbling in the closet. Plastic window shows you contents at a glance. Hinged front drops to remove hats, stoles or scarves without taking box from shelf. 13" x 14" x 7" in durable flame-red box-board. \$2.98 ppd. The Vizzull Co., Dept. R, 34 E. 10th St., New York 3, N. Y.



**SOMETHING NEW  
in a Christmas Gift**

**HAND DECORATED TOLE ENSEMBLE**

For desk or kitchen, decorative and useful. Heavy toleware buckets—new, unique, different. Can also be used for plantings. Antique white, grey hand decorated. Your choice: colorful floral, chandelier or gorgeous fruit decor. Wastepaper basket 10" high, \$7; magazine holder 8", \$5.75; letter holder 5", \$3.25. Will match your color sample, any pastel shade base color. \$1 extra. COMPLETE SET, 3 pieces, only \$13.95 postpaid. (Postage and fee added to C.O.D. orders.)

GERBIL GIFTS, 6330 Brookside Plaza, Kansas City 13, Mo.

**SPICE STEPS . . . Spicy Gift!**  
UNIQUE — EXCLUSIVE

**Holds 20 Standard Spice Cans**



Shows what's on hand instantly. Wonderful Super Gloss White Styron. 12 1/2" x 6 1/2" x 7 1/2" Only \$2.95 ppd. No C.O.D. Rush Order and receive entry blank for big "Win-A-Car" Christmas Contest. Charles Franklin Co. Box 521, Dept. R-11 Kansas City 41, Mo.



**FREE!  
ELIZABETH II  
EMPIRE  
STAMPS**  
and illustrated  
booklet

We'll send generous collection of hard-to-get (mint and used) Elizabeth stamps, Coronation and others — Falkland Islands, Ceylon, Seychelles, South Africa, Tristan da Cunha—many others. PLUS! FREE copy "Stamp Collectors Guide" — FREE color copy World's Rarest Stamp! Other offers for your free inspection. Rush name, 10¢ for postage and handling — limited time offer! **GARCELON Stamp Co., Dept. 11R0 Calais, Maine.**

**FUN IN THE TUB with MAGNETIC ACTION**



**Fleet**  
Ocean liners and freighters leave port with funnels "smoking" for far-away pieces—the tugboat and scows move busily by—all powered and guided by a simple magnetic control rod. Island dock, cargo

**\$2.95** ppd. and lighthouse included. No C.O.D.'s  
**SELECTOYS** Dept. R, 34 W. 37th St. New York 18, N. Y.

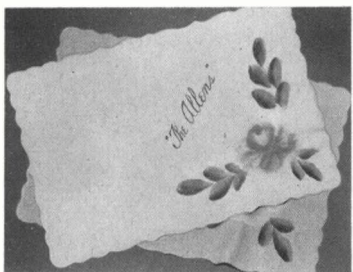
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



**Beverage rack** for wines, spirits and soft drinks may be used in cabinets or on pantry floor. Stores 12 quart-size or smaller bottles in half the space needed to stand them upright. 14" high, 15½" long, 8" deep, rust-proof rack is easy to assemble. \$3.50 ppd. Game Room, Dept. R, 1538 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.



**Special occasion charms** for milady's bracelet. Tiny pink or blue birth certificate is engraved with baby's name, date and weight. 14K gold, \$15; sterling silver, \$3.50. Gold Christmas tree, \$16; silver, \$3.50. Gold engagement ring in box, \$10. All ppd. incl. tax. Charm & Treasure, Dept. 129, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



**To place and show off** your loveliest china—a set of pretty but practical place-mats. Of textured plastic that wipes clean, 18" x 12" mats are hand-painted with the last name of a favorite couple. Choose red, yellow, chartreuse, gray, coral or green. Set of 4 is \$2.25 ppd. From Kathy Ilsa, P.O. Box 201, Dept. R, Montclair, N. J.

**Ride-'em hard,** little cowboy! Hop-along Pogostick is topped with a rubber replica of Topper's head. 50" stick is made of fine 1½" steel tubing with striped enamel finish. Rubber platform pedals and tip absorber vibrations. Heavy-duty spring will hold 60 to 240 lbs. \$7.95 ppd. Bradlee Products, Dept. RB, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.



AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY!  
CURLS and WAVES HAIR  
without wetting it!



DIP CURLER



PLACE IN HAIR



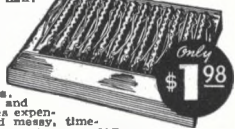
LOVELY CURLS and WAVES

Not a Cold or Heat Wave!  
Not a Wave Set! Gives a Perfect Wave in 5 Minutes!  
SIMPLE AS A-B-C!

With this new **MAGIC CURLER** gives a lovely halo of soft, **TRIPLE'S SETTING TIME!** And each set costs only 2c—yet produces a dazzling new coilure you can't tell from a \$1.00 permanent! **NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!** No neutralizing, no rinses, no waiting! **DIP MAGIC CURLERS** into solution, **5 MINUTES** hair will **revel** in its "crowning-glory" best!

**MAGIC RESERVOIR CURLERS** REVOLUTIONIZE HOME HAIR SETTING!

**MAGIC CURLERS** have a built-in Dupont Sponge Reservoir that holds special, safe curling solution, then releases it quickly, evenly, smoothly in your hair.



This results in lustre, shimmering curls and waves. "Takes" on all types and textures of hair. Makes expensive permanents and messes and time-consuming home waves unnecessary. **FASTEST SAFEST HOME HAIR SETTING METHOD** known! Tested by 10,000 women! Save money on complete kit (curlers and many months supply of curling solution only \$1.98). Save money on retail! Only 30c. Get the best looking hair-dos of your life! **SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. Delightful, thrilling satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

**MAGIC CURLER CO., Dept. 140-E**  
8427 S. Chicago Ave. Chicago 17, Illinois

**"FLIPPY" THE ACROBATIC PUP**

Pat. No. 265664G

Watch the fun as acrobatic Flippy cocks his head, back flips in the air and lands on his feet every time. The enchanting toy of the year for children of all ages. Permanent key and clock spring mechanism enable Flippy to do 4 to 6 back flips with each winding. Cuddly rayon plush in grey, brown or black. 10" long x 10" high x 8" wide. **\$6.99** ppd. No COD's please.

**GUARANTY SALES CO.**  
Dept. R11 Teaneck, N. J.

HIT PARADE RECORDS!  
18 SONGS \$2.98

**18 HIT PARADE BY DEAN MARTIN AND OTHERS ONLY \$2.98**

- If I Give My Heart to You
- Cap. Shop
- Shoklan
- Sh-Boom
- The Little Shoemaker
- The Mix and the Mighty
- Hey There
- In the Chapel in the Moonlight
- This Ole House
- They Were Doin' the Wambo
- Papa Loves Mambo
- I'm a Fool to Care
- Hold My Hand
- Am I Your Treasure
- Mama, Don't Cry at My Wedding
- Oh! Marie
- I Need You Now

**18 CHRISTMAS SONGS—\$2.98**

- Sleigh Bells
- Jingle Bells
- White Christmas
- I'll Be Home For Christmas
- Silent Night
- Advent Fideles
- Winter Wonderland
- Happy Holiday
- All I Want For Christmas
- I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus
- 'Twas the Night Before Christmas
- Let It Snow
- Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town
- Frosty the Snowman
- You're All I Want for Christmas
- Silver Bells
- Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer
- Christmas Island

**20 HILLBILLY HITS—ONLY \$2.98**

- Release Me
- I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know
- You Better Not Do That
- I Don't Hurt Anymore
- Sparkling Brown Eyes
- Even Though
- Back Up, Buddy
- As Far As I'm Concerned
- Shake A Leg
- Looking Back To See
- Rose Marie
- I'll Be There
- Good Deal, Lucille
- My New Love Affair
- One By One
- Cry, Cry Darlin'
- Thank You for Calling Me
- Slowly
- Pretty Words
- Honky Tonk Girl

**12 SQUARE DANCES & BOOK—\$2.98**

You get 12 Square Dance Songs by Hap Williams and others plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98

- Mockin' Bird
- Find Eared Mule
- Buffalo Gal
- Oh, Susanna
- Soldier's Joy
- Devil's Dream
- Chicken Reel
- Golden Slupper
- Red River Valley
- Arkansas Traveler
- Little Brown Jug
- Turkey in the Straw

**18 MAMBO SONGS—\$2.98**

By Joe Loco, Tito Puente & Tito Rodriguez

- Abrisa El Pollo
- No Cuentas Conmigo
- Mamblero
- El Campanero
- Tu Plato
- Saquehoroco
- Ey
- El Mambo Hop
- Yumbambe
- El Nuevo Mambo
- Quero Na Ma
- Beas De Caramolas
- Quillo El Bon Bon
- Mambo Nueva York
- Choropolis
- Sans Souci Rumba
- Solosa Tu Yo
- En Boladron

**BETTER VALUES CO., Dept. 506** 78 R.P.M. / 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey, 07102 / 45 R.P.M.

I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Hit Parade Songs.  
 I enclose \$2.98. Send the 20 Hillbilly Songs.  
 I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Christmas Songs.  
 I enclose \$2.98. Send the 12 Square Dances & Book.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

**LOOK INTO WHAT'S IN STORE FOR CHRISTMAS**

Hours of tireless play—a supermarket complete with play money and famous brand cartons. It's made of colorful sturdy corrugated board and is big enough for two Junior \$3.98 Clarks.

plus 25c W. of Miss. FREE CATALOG

**KALFRED ARTHUR** Box 254-R Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

**CLASSIC LEATHER BELT** \$1.95

Polished GENUINE LEATHER belt 1½" wide designed to give you a smaller fit—the kind you need for today's fashions. Boasts your own 2 initials and smart buckle—sparkling brass. Colors: BLACK, TAWNY TAN, CHERRY RED, NAVY.

Size 24 to 30. (Please add 20c postage)

**VERNON SPECIALTIES CO., Dept. AN 156 Fourth Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.**

SEE PAGE 44 FOR CATALOG LISTING

## Fire Magic

... To Fill Your Room With Enchantment

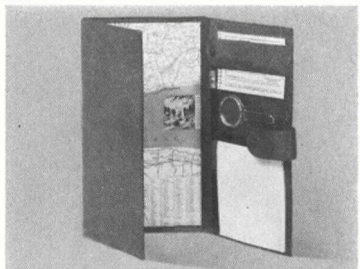


California Pine Cones that add dancing color and charm to the open hearth. Each cone, generously encrusted with chemicals, burns with brilliant, long-lasting, multi-colored flames. The imported decorative braided basket of split bamboo is overflowing with approximately 40 Pinon cones. All baskets are attractively gift-packaged with plexiglass cover tied with a gay red satin bow. **JUST \$3.75** Each ppd. in U.S.

AVAILABLE THE YEAR 'ROUND  
Send Check or Money Order.  
No C.O.D.'s Please. Postpaid in U.S.  
California Add 1% Sales Tax

**NATURE'S NOVELTIES**  
1634-R Bryccadale Duarte, California

## TOPS IN THE SHOPS



**One for the road** and a good gift for the man with a car is a handy map case. Red or tan Morocco-grained leather holder opens to 16 1/2" x 10". Comes with magnifying glass, spiraled pad of acetate windows for license and credit cards, and a pad and pencil. \$4.95 ppd. The Old Whip Shop, Dept. R, Elm St., Westfield, Mass.



**Caught in the act**, right on your mantel or end table, is a barefoot boy (with dog) who prefers fishing to Saturday chores. 6 1/4" tall, of underglazed, handpainted ceramic, he wears tattered carefree clothes and carries a real bamboo fishing pole. Set, \$2.50 ppd. Adriane, Inc., Dept. R, Park Sq., St. Paul, Minn.

**SAVE UP TO 50% AND MORE**

VALUES FROM \$10 TO \$10,000

## OUT OF PAWN

GENUINE DIAMONDS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

All diamonds reset in brand new modern mountings. Sold with a written iron-clad money back guarantee. Over 100,000 satisfied customers have bought diamonds from Berman's.

**Berman's Diamond Loan Bank**  
Dept. RB — BERMAN BLDG., BALTIMORE 1, MD.

## an old salt with a lot of pepper

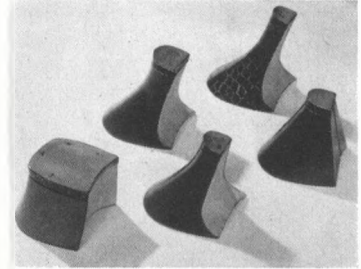


A new pattern for many, an old pattern for many more. Copy of the old onion pattern large size salt and peppers. 3" high. Fine china with the same old blue design. **\$2.95** a pair postpaid. Other pieces available. No C.O.D.'s please.

**EDITH CHAPMAN**  
50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.



**Dollar gift** for both mother and daughter! Look-alike plastic aprons are personalized, to boot. White lace design is bordered with red or blue ruffles. Completely practical, yet festive enough for a special feast, set is \$1 ppd. Specify name to go on each apron. Either size, 50c each. Personal Pencil Co., 290-R Dyckman St., New York 34, N. Y.



**New heels** in any height or style add extra life to old shoes. Century will re-plate, re-style or re-cover worn out or scuffed heels. Pair, in all colors of leather, suede or patent, is \$3.75. Reptile or alligator, \$5.95. Add 50c for postage. Write for catalog and mailing carton. Century, 203 Park Ave., Baltimore 1, Md.

## DOWN COMFORTS Beautifully RE-COVERED

Also Wool Comforts Re-Covered... and Feather-Fluff Comforts Made from Heirloom Featherbeds. Write for **FREE** samples of covers, testimonials and picture folder. No salesmen — **1954 Mail order only!**

**ALDEN COMFORT MILLS—RB**  
Box 6470 Dallas, Texas

### IMPORTED CANDLE-DRIP BOBECHES

Dress up your candleholders, etc., and protect your floors, linens, from dripping wax. Each bobèche has 1" center hole and 3" diam. Other styles and sizes available. Satisfaction guaranteed.

- Check or money order.
- Add 45¢ for postage and handling.
- Minimum order 6 bobèches.

#041 48c ea. #042 39c ea.

**PAULEN CRYSTAL CO.**  
296 Broadway, Dept. R 114, New York 7, N. Y.

### LET'S GET PERSONAL

with you on that extra special Christmas Gift! Give a 12 piece clear crystal starter set consisting of 12 Oz. hiball-teas; 4-10 Oz. waters; 4-5 Oz. juices. One, two or three letter Monograms cut by Swedish Artisans. **\$4.95** prepaid.

**HOUSE OF OLSON**  
5636 East Mockingbird Lane  
DALLAS, TEXAS

## DENNIS THE MENACE

Hold on to your hats, folks, here's that little cyclone again! It's "Dennis the Menace" complete with cowlick and freckles—a perfect doll replica of the cartoon urchin, designed by the artist himself. He's 17" high, washable. Beautifully made with soft vinyl head, latex body, squeeze voice, removable T-shirt and denim overalls, with his name on them. Give him to your favorite "Menace", boy or girl. If you can hear to part with him, He's a charmer! **\$3.98**

Postpaid. No C.O.D. Send for Catalog  
219 W. Chicago Ave.  
**ELRON** Dept. A-253  
Chicago 10, Ill.

## FALL GUY—\$1.00



The **FALL GUY** is the cleverest novelty of the year. Clever enough to baffle scientists. Simple enough to teach a child. Fall Guy amuses your friends when they try to stand him up—he topples right over. Only you can hypnotize the **FALL GUY** and make him stand up straight. **WHITE FOX PRESENTS XMAS NOVELTY CATALOGUE.**

**NOVELTY MART**  
59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y., Dept. RB

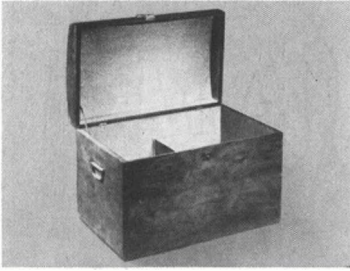
## You don't know what you're missing—..... if you've never ordered by mail!

Every single item shown on these pages—or in any issue of Redbook's *Tops in the Shops*—is sold on a **strictly money-back guarantee!** (Unless, of course, you have it personalized.)

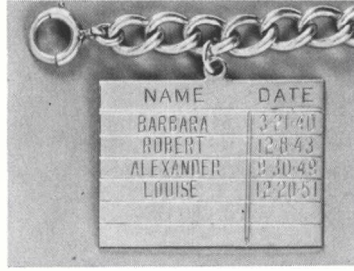
If you've never bought by mail before, try it now, with complete confidence . . . *Redbook* stands behind your purchase.

(Notice the variety of gift ideas shown in these pages. If you're still stumped, send for some of the catalogs listed on Page 44, for dozens of other bright ideas!)

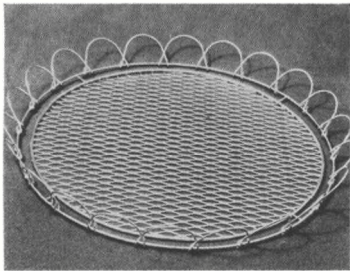
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



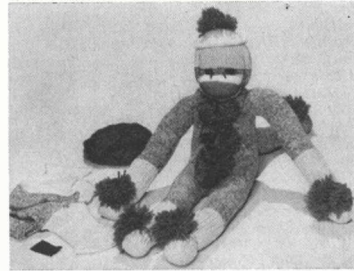
**Heirloom-to-be** for the bride-to-be. Decorative hope chest for a young lady with marriage in mind is lovingly reproduced in antique light cherry and lined in a splatterdash wallpaper. 24" long, 15" wide and 16 1/4" high, with brass handles, lock and key. \$23.10 ppd. Carl Forslund, 122-R E. Fulton St., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.



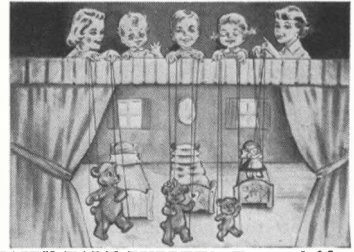
**A gift for Grandma**—a wonderful charm has space for the engraved first names and birth dates of as many as 12 grandchildren! Sterling or gold-filled disc, 1 1/2" x 1 1/8", \$6 including tax, postage. Add \$1 for each name and date. Sterling or gold-filled bracelet, \$4. Wayne Silver-smiths, 546 S. Broadway, Yonkers 5, N. Y.



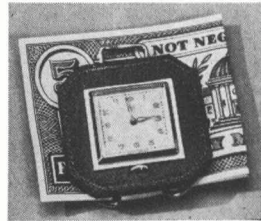
**Three-way tray** has a multitude of uses. Of heavy brass-plated steel, 16" in diameter, with a 3" adjustable gallery brim that folds up for a tray, out for a mat, or down for a stand. Rustproof and stainless, it will please any hostess—if you can bear to part with it. \$3.95 ppd. Mary May, Inc., 106-R S. 13th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.



**Soc-O-Monkey kit** provides all the makings for a cuddly stuffed toy. Includes "monkey socks," felt, pom-pom yarn of red, yellow, green or blue, and instructions on how to cut and sew. Stuff 19" monkey with worn nylons or anything washable. \$1.45 ppd. Decor by Delanor, 1227 10th Ave. No., Fort Dodge, Iowa.



**FAIRY TALE PUPPETS.** Every child enjoys puppets. These new FULL COLOR puppets are easily handled and educational too. Makes those favorite story book characters come to life. A gift any child will love and is hours of fun for young and old alike. Comes complete with written dialogue for every character plus stage settings. Made of heavy card stock. Your choice of Jack & Bearstark, Red Riding Hood or Three Bears \$1.00 each or all 3 for \$2.00 ppd. Order Several. Money back guarantee. Toyland, 510 S. Burnside, Los Angeles, Calif.



**MONEY CLIP WATCH**

Distinctive gift for the most discriminating (and possibly, most important) man on your list... an imported money-clip watch. Framed in genuine natural pigskin, this unusual time keeper has an easy-to-read luminous dial. The gold tone clip holds one or many bills securely. He'll thrive on its handsome \$12.95 good looks, its many faceted life!

**\$12.95**  
tax & postage included

Write for FREE catalog. Dept. R. P.O. Box 390, Flushing, N.Y.

**THE MOST INSPIRING RECORD ALBUM OF OUR TIME**



If you are Protestant, Catholic or Jewish—you owe it to yourself and your children to obtain true peace-of-mind in understanding the beauty of religion. The record album, "ONE GOD", based on the famous book is a vivid 58-minute musical dramatization starring EDDIE ALBERT, a spectacular cast & chorus. It teaches a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in tolerance and in the blessings of the American Way of Life. **THE PERFECT GIFT FOR EVERY OCCASION. PRAISED BY PARENTS, TEACHERS and RELIGIOUS LEADERS.** Order this LP-High Fidelity record album now—\$3.95 ppd. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for FREE BOOKLET. KAPP RECORDS, 118 W. 87th St., Dept. R-11, New York, N.Y.

**Baby-Mok** READY FOR ASSEMBLY IN THREE SIZES. Put it together yourself and save! Packaged complete with easy instructions. Made of finest New Zealand soft lamb, chrome-tanned for extra strength in beautiful pearl white. Easy to clean. Makes an attractive, inexpensive gift. Small, Medium and Large item at \$4.50 per dozen ppd. Write for FREE 64 PAGE LEATHERCRAFT CATALOG AND INSTRUCTION BOOK. **TANDY LEATHER CO. (Since 1919)** P.O. Box 791-BT Fort Worth 1, Texas

**LORD'S PRAYER PIN** 14 K. GOLD PLATED. Wear this lovely pin—be admired for its exquisite beauty—feel comfort in its immortal words. Lord's Prayer clearly and decoratively engraved on pin. A blessing to own or to give. **FREE BIBLE** Lucky Bible—world's smallest completely legible Bible FREE with every pini Black, gold-printed cover. Your friends and loved ones will BLESS YOU for this perfect gift. SEND NOW—only \$1 for pin & FREE BIBLE. Special: 3 pins, \$2.75; 6 for \$5.00. **LA VIVE CO., Dept. PR-11, 28 E. First St., Mount Vernon, N.Y.**

For All Your Cat-Owning Friends. The Perfect Gift is **CATS Magazine**. Helpful Articles—Pictures Poems—News—Every Month All About All Kinds of Cats. Send only \$3.50 for first subscription—Only \$3.00 for each additional one. (Samples 25c) **CATS, 111-A House Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.**

**MINIATURE DOLLS** from Central America! Truly authentic miniature dolls in full native costume. Set of six 2" dolls come in colorful hand-painted box. No two alike. Make ideal party favors, lapel pins or gifts! **\$1** SIX FOR. **BROPAR** 1113A Bropar Building San Antonio 6, Texas

**Kruger Pistol Bargain \$3.00** .12 CALIBER SINGLE SHOT. 14 MG. POWDER CHARGE. Crafted after famous German Luger design. Not an air or CO2 gun. This is a small bore gun that actually shoots .12 caliber lead bullets fired by light 14 mg. powder charge. Beautiful gun... swell for target shooting. 4" steel barrel in knurled styrene stock. Overall length 8 1/2 inches. This amazingly low price due to ball and cap design. Direct factory-to-you-sales. Comes with 50 bullets. Send for extra bullets or available of stores. Money back if not satisfied. Limited quantity. Delivered free. Send \$3 cash, check or money order to **KRUGER CORP** KRUGER BUILDING, BOX 511, ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

(SEE FOLLOWING PAGE FOR CATALOG LISTING)

## Catalogs and booklets for your convenience!

Buying for this Christmas is simpler when you're guided by helpful booklets and catalogs like the ones offered by many of the mail-order firms who advertise their products and services in this issue. That's why we've listed them for you, with the page numbers on which their ads appear. Included are most of the advertisers in TOPS IN THE SHOPS, which runs from page 16 through 43. In this issue you'll find these offers of booklets and catalogs:

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(Publisher assumes no responsibility for omissions from this listing.)



## Highways and Low Ways

BY BEN GREENWALD

No greeting at your destination  
Is quite so sad as: "Reservation?"

Uneasy lies the head that rests  
Within a shack that's labeled:  
"Guests."

More maddening far than bee in  
bonnet:  
The gearshift with the bee upon it.

There is no prospect quite so bleak  
As laundry that will "take a  
week."

Cross a convoy military?  
Who's your beneficiary?

I'm driving fast? My dear, but no!  
Not driving fast: just flying low!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who has not cursed that truck ahead?

When Bossy hits the dusty road,  
It's us or beefsteak à la mode.

REDBOOK REPORTS ON:



Proudly Marc Wilson shows Miss Miriam Gladding his letter from General William F. Dean, Korean War hero.

# A Lesson In Freedom

BY GERALDINE E. RHOADS

**L**ast October a postman making his rounds in Rome, New York, stopped at the Wilsons' house shouting, "Marc! Marc! You have a letter from General Dean."

Sure enough, there on a plain sheet of white paper, the great Korean War hero had written:

Dear Marc:

Your project to determine the literature that was read by those of us of my generation is a most interesting one, and I wish you every success with it.

As a boy I especially enjoyed reading the works of Ernest Thompson Seton, Jack London, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Thomas Carlyle, John Muir, Henty, and Burt L. Standish, who wrote "Frank and Dick Merriwell." My mother did not approve of the Merriwell books, but as I look back I feel that they were all right, and I only regret that the youth of today does not have a current Frank and Dick Merriwell. They were young men who always exemplified the highest qualities of integrity, selflessness and consideration for others.

When General Dean signed his letter, he must have remembered that Rome is in New York's his-

toric Mohawk Valley, astride the once famous Oneida portage that was used by the Indians, the early fur traders and the Colonial armies. The General also must have been reminded that his correspondent was an 11-year-old boy, for he added a handwritten P.S.: "I almost forgot one of my favorites: James Fenimore Cooper, author of 'The Deerslayer,' 'The Last of the Mohicans' and other similar works."

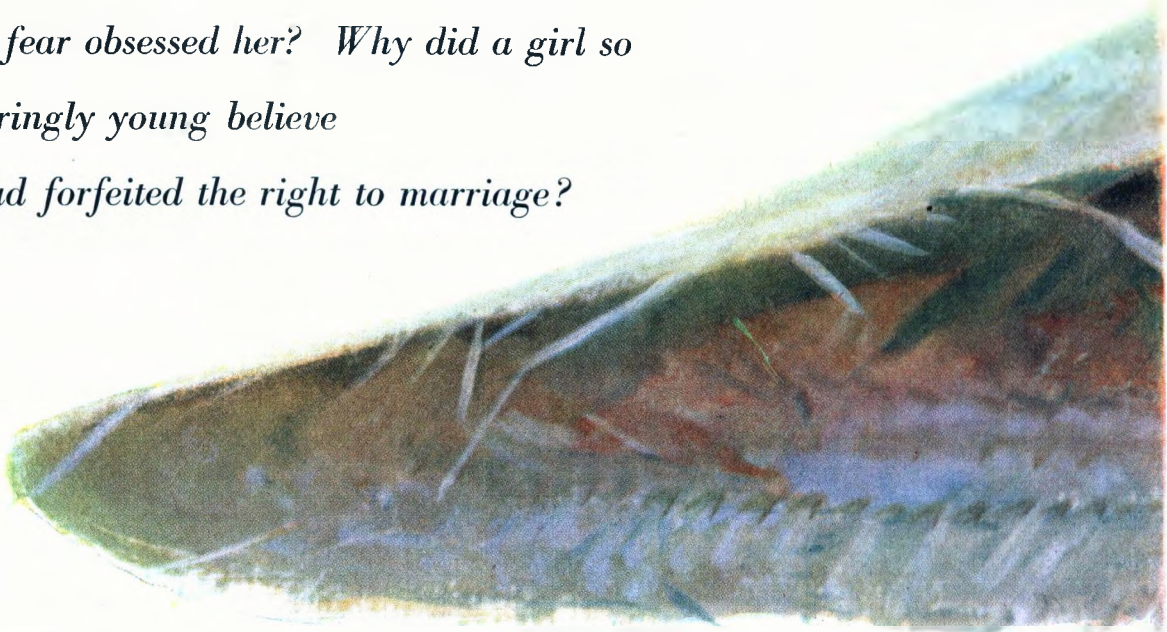
Major General William F. Dean wrote this letter when he had been back in the United States for only a few days. The previous month, he had been in an Army hospital in Japan, recovering from the treatment he had received while he was held captive in Korea by the Communists. It is a shame he could not have seen Marc Wilson's face light up when the letter came.

Marc's classmates in the seventh grade at the Laurel School were just as thrilled and dumfounded. "He answered!" they said incredulously. Miss Miriam Gladding, the teacher, was the only calm one present. It was she who had first encouraged her students to ask prominent persons about their favorite childhood reading.

You and Miss Gladding and I all know that you can write a letter to the White House or to a Congressman; you can, in (Continued on page 100)

# That Haunted Look

*What fear obsessed her? Why did a girl so endearingly young believe she had forfeited the right to marriage?*



Alan Roantree found the town of Calderville much as it had been when he had last seen it, in his fifteenth year. Deep in the Mohawk Valley, it seemed to drift in a state of permanent well-being, not too much concerned when its children left for the far-flung corners of the earth, not too much concerned when they returned. Alan smiled at the thought as he settled even more comfortably into one of the great fan-backed chairs on Cara Roantree's brick-floored terrace.

It was his sister Cara, ten years his senior, who had elected to spend the rest of her days in Calderville, making a family retreat of the gracious old house, set back on its wide, elm-shaded lawns. Alan had not been long in thinking of Cara and her house when his doctor had frowned on his announced decision to stay in New York, and advised a restful summer after the three arduous years in Korea. He had driven from New York that day, arriving

at sundown, and in time for a leisurely drink before dinner. . . .

"I'm glad to be here," he said, sending his sister an affectionate glance.

"It's where you belong," she informed him. "There's only one thing that worries me. . . . Were you being quite honest about what your doctor said?"

"Sure I was! How debilitated can a man be, at thirty? And, honestly, this is nothing but a touch of fatigue, my dear girl. . . . I can get on with my writing, but I'm supposed to take it easy in other ways. I need rest and fresh air—and a whole lot of good food," he added with plaintive emphasis.

Cara laughed as she started to refill his glass, having measured its ingredients as well as any bartender in the Waldorf could have done. It was a shame Cara had never married, he thought, for her husband would have been a happy man, and a plump one. He was on the point of telling her so when

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM  
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



*"There's something awful about me,"  
she said in a low voice. "Something  
I couldn't tell anyone."*





*It wrenched his heart to see how young she seemed as she bent over her child.*

he saw her attention had been diverted by a young girl who was coming toward them along the path bordered with a neatly-clipped barberry hedge. At first he had thought she was a child. She was a slight little person with a mop of bright red-brown hair, unfashionably cut, and enormous brown eyes which she was fastening upon Cara, now, with touching earnestness.

"I've brought back the pie plate," she said. "The pie was delicious, and I thank you very much."

"My Sadie makes as good a pie as the next one," Cara admitted affably. Then she turned to introduce her brother, who had risen and pushed forward a chair.

"I know my sister's going to offer you a drink."

"Lemonade," Cara said.

The girl smiled at her. "It's kind of you, Miss Roan-tree, but I have to get back to the baby."

Alan watched her walking down the path a few moments later, liking her walk, which was lithe and graceful, and smiling to see the way she let her fingers run lightly along the barberry hedge.

"Bit on the young side to be a baby sitter, isn't she?"

His sister turned to stare at him in the fading light. "Baby sitter! It's her own baby she's hurrying home to, Alan!" She took pity on his mute amazement. "I shouldn't have introduced her as 'Janice,' as I did. I should have said 'Mrs. Crane.' But it still seems ridiculous," Cara added with a sigh.

Alan moved in irrational annoyance. "Is she hurrying home to a husband, too?"

"No," Cara said, "that's the most tragic part of it. . . . Alan, do you happen to remember Netta Selwyn? She used to do secretarial work for old Judge Masterson."

Alan looked back on his fifteenth summer. "I'm not sure. There's something dim about a little woman and a pink sweater and a box of rather tremendous chocolates. . . . No—I'm afraid I've lost it."

"Perhaps she offered you a chocolate at some time or

other," Cara said, diverted. "You could always remember anything about food. . . . Isn't it a strange thing?"

"I was growing at the time," Alan reminded her.

"Yes," Cara assented, "like some crazy weed from the tropics. . . . But I was telling you about Janice's mother. It was after John Selwyn died that she went to work for the Judge. She was anxious, of course, to give Janice every possible advantage, and as for Janice herself, I'm sure she never gave her mother a minute's trouble—till that spring she met Bill Crane." Cara brooded over this. "Poor Netta."

Alan lit a cigarette and contemplated the unwavering yellow flame from the lighter.

"Who was Bill Crane?" he asked after a moment.

"Not any black and villainous character! He was simply a good-looking boy of eighteen—and Janice was sixteen. It was natural enough for them to fall in love, but they didn't fall in love in the usual way of young people. They were white-faced about it—tense—Oh, it was too *big* for them!" Cara said, abruptly. "I don't see how they could have managed, poor children. . . . In any case they eloped to New York, and after some pathetic sort of little honeymoon there was nothing in the world for them to do but come home and live with Netta. The boy couldn't earn much, of course. . . . Even so, it wasn't too bad until Netta died, a little while later. It was a heart attack—and very sudden. . . . Then Bill and Janice were left alone—" Cara went on, "and not too well able to cope with a grown-up sort of existence, I suppose—"

"A lot of grownups can't cope with it," Alan interposed rather dryly.

"True enough," Cara agreed, "and when you think of these two—! They should have been back in high school, rooting for the home team to make a touchdown—instead of worrying about rent and a baby coming. . . . Other people in this town have blamed the boy for neglecting Janice, but I couldn't blame him too much. He was a good deal more intimidated by the state of affairs than she was, I should think. . . . At any rate, he began running around with boys of his own age—trying to escape from the whole situation, of course. . . . Then one night—when he was coming home from Lanesboro with a few other youngsters—the car skidded on that bad curve in the hill road, and crashed head-on with another car. Bill was instantly killed. That was three months before the baby was born."

"And this kid—? This Janice? She's making out somehow?"

"Yes. . . . We try to help her in small ways—but even that is difficult because of her pride. She lives in a broken-down shack at the end of Cumberland Road, and works in the paper-flower factory. Old Mrs. Bothwell minds the baby while she's at work—" Cara broke off, here, with a swift, penitent gesture. "But isn't this rather small-town of me, Alan? This spate of talk about other people's troubles—and after all you've been through, for heaven's sake!"

He sent her a glance of ironic amusement as he helped her put their empty glasses on a tray.

"Don't bother about my male ego," he said. "I haven't been through as much as that girl has, and you know it." He held open the door for her. "And another thing! What would people talk about if they lived in a penthouse on Park Avenue?"

"People's troubles," Cara said, meekly.

"Yes," said Alan, smiling. "You know that, too."

The next day he accompanied his sister to church, and found himself looking for Janice among the members of the congregation streaming down the worn white steps after the conclusion of the service. He reminded himself, then, that she would be at home with her child, and tried to bring his whole attention to the old acquaintances who were gathering about him.

After lunch, Cara inquired solicitously, "How about your having some rest now?"

"I don't need a rest," he said, avoiding her eyes. "I think I'll have a stroll around town."

He knew the stroll would take him to Cumberland Road, but he felt it unnecessary to acquaint Cara with the fact. . . . And he found his way without difficulty to Janice Crane's little house, which was actually nothing much more than a shack, in sore need of paint, relieved from sadness by a bright tangle of wisteria vines over the porch steps. It was like a house in a child's drawing, he thought, only needing penciled curlicues of smoke coming out of the small, lopsided chimney.

Janice opened the door, and widened her eyes in pleased surprise.

"How kind of you to call!" she said.

"Would you call it kind?" he asked with a teasing grin. "I'd call it self-indulgent."

This flustered her a bit.

"Well, anyway, I hadn't expected it," she explained.

It came to him she had no idea how charming she was. This was not, presumably, the time to tell her. . . . He looked, with interest, about the small, immaculate living room, brightened with a few simple treasures that must have been her mother's wedding presents, not her own. Nothing seemed consonant with the girl's own generation but a yearbook of the Calderville high school placed in a position of some prominence on a small table by the window. Alan leafed over the volume, smiling at all the smooth, earnest young faces looking out from the pages.

"Your class?" he asked.

"Yes." She flushed. "I left before I could graduate, you know—but Mr. Bigelow, the principal, gave me the book himself. He said he would always think of me as one of the graduates, and I remember taking that as quite a compliment. It meant a lot to me."

A soft shine had come into her eyes as she spoke about Mr. Bigelow. In the next second, however, her attention was diverted by a lusty demand from the small crib in the corner. It was time, she explained, for the baby's feeding. Then she had taken the baby into her arms, and held the bottle to the little pink screaming mouth with an expertness that filled Alan with a sort of awe. Still it wrenched his heart to observe how young she seemed as she bent over her child, her soft red-brown hair swinging out over her cheeks.

"I hope you'll excuse all this," she said, looking up after a moment. "But with a baby, you see, you can't ever put anything off. I mean you can't say to a baby you'll do anything tomorrow."

"No," he said, "I can see that wouldn't do at all."

It would have seemed cruel to smile at any of Janice's pronouncements, because it was so evident she was anxious to make up for her lack (Continued on page 103)



*She was responding to that kiss with all the swift rapture of her years.*



James Stewart found it pleasant just riding a bicycle, with Grace Kelly along, while they were making "Rear Window."



Clark Gable enjoyed hunting with Grace in Africa during the filming of "Mogambo." For her part in the picture she was nominated as the actress giving the best supporting performance.

## THEY ALL GAMBLED

*Never before has Hollywood bet \$10,000,000 on an unknown . . . nor have so many top male stars taken a chance on their careers*

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

**I**nstead of taking Hollywood by storm, Grace Patricia Kelly has infiltrated the movie capital like a gentle spring breeze. And the total effect has been more devastating than her rivals' frontal assaults. The picture industry's defenses have fallen before her unhurried, almost casual advance. And Hollywood notables, particularly the males—ranking producers, directors and actors—still haven't figured out what hit them. All they know at the moment is that they have more than \$10,000,000, and considerable personal interest, tied up in a girl who only a few months ago was almost unknown.

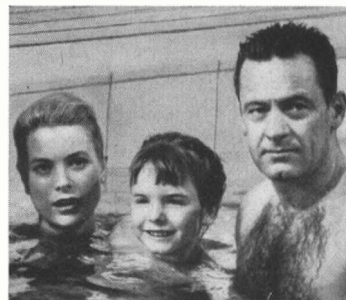
To a man, although some of them couldn't tell you exactly why, they are certain the demurely captivating



**Gary Cooper**, winning an Academy Award in "High Noon," was the first to focus public attention on Grace.



**Ray Milland** was Grace's leading man in "Dial M for Murder," the first picture in which she was starred.



**William Holden** starred with Grace in "The Bridges of Toko-Ri," based on the book by James A. Michener.



**Cary Grant** worked with Grace on the Riviera making "To Catch a Thief" for director Hitchcock.



**Bing Crosby** played opposite Grace in "The Country Girl," the movie version of a successful Broadway play.



**Stewart Granger** was the hero in "Green Fire," a picture he made with Grace in Colombia, South America.

## ON GRACE KELLY

beauty from Philadelphia is something special. Seldom, if ever, has a movie newcomer had so distinguished a cheering section.

Cary Grant, campaigning to get Grace to play opposite him in a picture, says fervently, "I won't dare think about anyone else. But getting her is too much to hope for."

Paul Douglas, who knew her as a shy youngster in Philadelphia, comments, "Quite a girl, quite a girl. Absolutely different in Hollywood."

Stewart Granger describes her enthusiasm this way: "Grace throws herself very well into her parts."

Alfred Hitchcock, the famous English director of

suspense movies, is one of Grace's strongest boosters.

Bing Crosby, a virtual recluse, has turned up at parties with Miss Kelly on his arm, and without a toupee.

Spencer Tracy, another man who rarely appears at public functions, fell under Grace's spell. At a party he listened sympathetically to her complaint that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wouldn't loan her to Paramount for a picture called "The Country Girl." The next day Tracy paid a visit to his studio. Later he called up one of Grace's friends and said gruffly, "You can tell the kid she's set for that picture."

The subtle emotions which Grace stirs up in men have never been clearly identi- (Continued on page 108)

BY LUCY CUNDIFF  
ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

# Foggy, Foggy Knight

**T**rudy Wilbur eased the car carefully around another curve, keeping her eyes fixed on the white line in the center of the road. Whoops . . . it was gone again! She slowed the car and waited for the fuzzy strip to reappear. If some joker were to paint that line off the highway and up the side of a barn, she'd end up in a haymow for sure.

She peered through the swirling mist. Rita's house and Rita's party might be tucked away inside that cotton batting, but she wasn't sure that she even *believed* in people or houses any more.

If she had any sense, she would turn around and go back. The trouble was that she didn't even know where **BACK** was. And, as for having any sense, right now she was convinced that Trudy Wilbur had more ventilation in her head than was required by nature.

You're some gal, Trudy, she thought grimly. Just mention the word **MAN** to you and you're off to the races. Neither snow nor ice nor foggy night can keep you from your appointed rendezvous with **ROMANCE**.

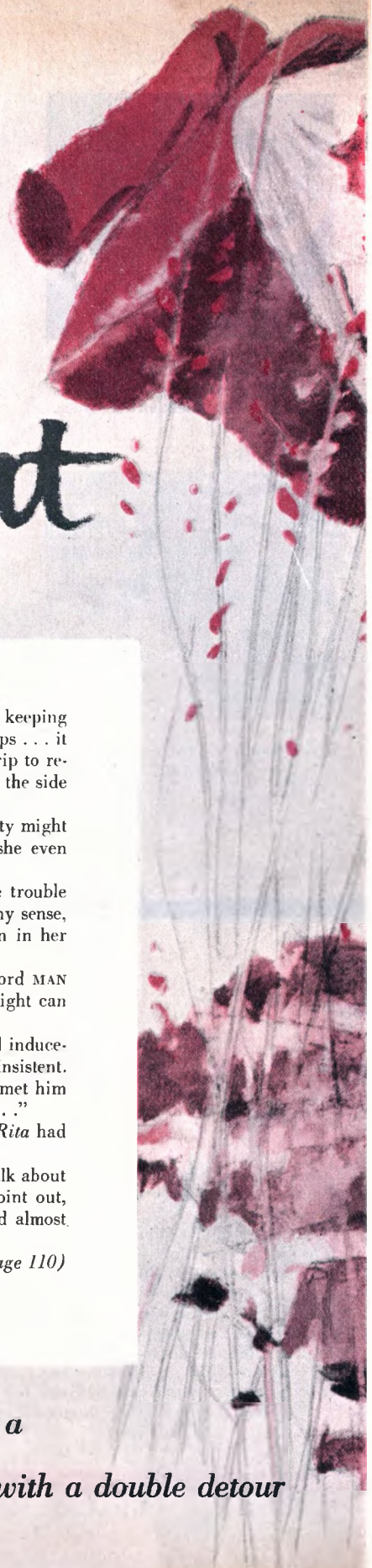
In justice to herself, she had to admit that there had been an added inducement. When Trudy had said that she couldn't come, Rita had been insistent. "Trudy, you just **HAVE** to. There's a man we want you to meet. We met him out here, and he's such a nice guy! Right away, Ken and I thought . . ."

She had hesitated, and Trudy smiled at the phone. Right away *Rita* had thought, Wouldn't he be nice for Trudy!

Rita continued. It seemed that they had been giving him a sales talk about Trudy. He wanted to meet her. When Trudy interrupted Rita to point out, reasonably enough, that she could meet him some other time, Rita had almost wailed. There wasn't any time to lose!

"It's Debby Carlisle, Trude. She's coming, too." (Continued on page 110)

*Neither snow nor ice nor fog kept Trudy from a rendezvous with romance—but the fun began with a double detour*





Preston Carter

# The Most Dangerous

*Not all husbands and wives tell each other the truth about everything. Why do they lie—and what can lies mean to their marriage?*

BY ROBERT STEIN

**I**f you—and your husband or wife—made a perfect score on the test at the right, this article is not for you. But if you're like most of us, and that includes some of the best of us, you may occasionally be tempted to tell a lie.

Experts who have studied human behavior doubt that anyone can tell the unvarnished truth 24 hours a day, every day. Some leading psychiatrists, like Dr. Ben Karpman of New York, even believe that some lies are necessary to help people get along with each other.

It's not surprising, then, that husbands and wives *do* lie to each other—especially in the early years of marriage—about everything from denting a fender to losing out on an important business deal. Even more often, *they hide the truth*. In a recent survey, nine out of ten couples admitted holding things back from each other—about money or problems with the children or their feelings about friends and relatives.

Why do they do it? And when are these lies really dangerous to their marriage? To find out, I consulted those who have been studying the problem of lying: psychologists, psychiatrists, marriage counselors and lie-detector experts. Their answers have a great deal of meaning for young men and women who are confused about lying—and for young parents who are troubled by lies that their children tell.

Contradictory as it may seem, young people make two important mistakes about lying: (1) They exaggerate the importance of any isolated lies they may discover their husbands or wives have told them, and (2) they underestimate the real significance of such lies, which is often hidden in the *reason* for telling them.

Most young people have been brought up to believe that *all* lying is equally wrong. As a result, they are so wounded to discover someone they love has lied to them, they fail to ask: *Why?* Thus they may miss an opportunity to make important discoveries about their marriage.

That's how it was with the wife of a young insurance salesman who consulted a marriage counselor recently.

"I've never caught Frank lying about anything *important*," the wife explained. "But every so often, I find that he hasn't told me the truth about paying a bill or phoning some friends or how much he spent fixing the car.

"Each time I find out, we have an argument. I try to convince him that he can tell me the truth, no matter what. He promises—and then I discover another little lie or something he's 'forgotten' to tell me. I know those things don't mean much by themselves, but I wonder: If Frank really loved me, would he keep lying to me? Maybe he's been deceiving me about more important things—and I just haven't found out."

The marriage counselor suspected that there was a serious reason behind this young husband's lying about so many small, apparently unimportant matters. She wanted to find out *why*. Talking to him alone, she began to understand.

"Adele is a good wife," he explained. "But she has a very . . . well, a very strict idea of right and wrong. When we were first married, I used to tell her everything. I thought we could talk about any mistakes I made and, if they weren't important, even laugh about them. But it didn't work that way. Even when Adele didn't blow up, I could see things eating at her.

"Once I spent \$15 to have the car Simonized, without telling her first. When I came home, she was furious. She had been planning to use the \$15 toward a new dress for her sister's wedding. I told her I hadn't realized she'd been counting on the new dress, and after a while, she seemed to calm down.

"But she didn't. Every time anything went wrong for the next few weeks, that \$15 came into it. I got so tired of having her harp on things like that, I just stopped telling her about them. Or I tell her something different when I know the truth is going to upset her. Is that so wrong?"

**"He made me feel safe and sure"**

From Frank's explanation of his lies, the marriage counselor obtained important clues to the real problem in his marriage. It took time and careful questioning to bring that problem to light.

Adele, the counselor discovered, had grown up under the protection of a hovering mother and father who gave her no chance to make decisions for herself. They selected her clothes, her friends, the subjects she would study at school. At the age of 20, Adele realized what was happening to her—and, to break away, she took a job



# Lies in Marriage

in a distant city. There she struggled along until she met Frank. "He seemed so confident of everything he did," she told the counselor. "He had a way of knowing what to do that made me feel safe and sure."

After they were married, Adele discovered that Frank was not always "safe and sure." But she didn't have the self-confidence or understanding to accept his imperfections. Instead, she exploded in anger whenever they became apparent.

In telling lies, Frank was giving in to this anger. Instead of making his wife face the truth—that no one is perfect—he was trying to shield her from the evidence that *he* wasn't. But each time she discovered him lying, her anger grew worse.

## Four main reasons for lying

With the counselor's help, Frank and Adele were able to stop deceiving themselves—and each other. Her anger, Adele learned, was not really directed at Frank but at herself—for having "misjudged" him and, beyond that, for her own inability to handle problems nearly as well as he did. As she built her own confidence, she began to realize that Frank didn't have to be perfect. And Frank strengthened her growing self-confidence by telling her the truth and helping her accept it—even when it was painful.

As this experience shows, even a succession of "white" lies—those designed to protect someone else's feelings—can make a bad problem worse. But most lies, researchers have found, are not told to shield another person. In a recent study of lies told by 700 young people, these four reasons were repeated over and over again:

1) To escape punishment or disapproval (she buys an expensive vase and tells him she won it at a charity bazaar).

2) To gain sympathy or praise (when a business deal falls through, he blames it on somebody else's shady dealing or invents a noble reason why he "turned it down").

3) To get some advantage (to wangle an evening a week out, he joins the company bowling team and insists that he's doing it only because of "office politics").

4) To avoid work or an embarrassing situation (she goes to a matinee with the girls and tells him she was too sick to prepare dinner).

Such reasons all point to a single conclusion: These men and women are too unsure (*Continued on page 89*)

## Would You Tell The Truth?

*The following five situations represent great temptations to lie—temptations that even strong-minded men and women cannot always resist. Answer the questions and rate your own resistance:*

1. A business acquaintance or relative asks you over to dinner. You don't want to offend him, but you would prefer to avoid a boring evening in his company. Would you

- A. tell him you don't want to go?
- B. invent some excuse for not being able to go?
- C. say you'll go—then call at the last minute and say you're not feeling well?

2. Without realizing it, you've spent all the money in your possession—and need bus fare to get home. You meet a neighbor on the street. Would you

- A. admit the truth and borrow the fare?
- B. say you've lost your wallet or purse and borrow the fare?
- C. say nothing and walk home?

3. A close friend, who is very sensitive about her weight, thinks she has reduced. Actually, she seems heavier to you. She asks you how she looks. Would you

- A. tell her she looks fatter?
- B. tell her she looks thinner?
- C. tell her you don't see any difference?

4. A visiting couple is bragging about their extravagant plans for a vacation in Europe next summer. You're planning two weeks at a nearby resort. They ask about your plans. Would you

- A. tell them the truth?
- B. invent a more elaborate vacation plan?
- C. say you haven't decided yet?

5. While driving the family car alone, you have run into a parked car and smashed a fender. Your husband or wife has no way of knowing about it. Would you

- A. admit it voluntarily?
- B. say that someone ran into your car while it was parked?
- C. have the fender fixed without mentioning the incident?

For each "A" answer, score 0; for each "B," score 2; for each "C," score 1. A, of course, represents the truth, B a lie, and C an evasion—or implied lie. If your total score is 0, you have extraordinary strength of character—or you simply don't care to avoid trouble and prefer to meet it squarely. A score of 1-5 represents good resistance to lying, 6-8 fair, and 9-10 extremely weak resistance.

*"You said you were tired of clever girls, so I knew you understood I hadn't anything to offer but love."*



# Red Wings

Behind every man's success is a woman—perhaps two:  
one whose love is earthbound, and one whose desire is a beckoning challenge

*Jane had to find a man she could drive to success. She'd do it, too, because she was young and clever.*



BY KATHERINE DISSINGER  
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

**S**he was young and very lovely—he noticed that right away. Breath-takingly lovely. She was like stars, like spring. Her hair was dark, heavy, shining, the stars hidden in the depth and grayness of her eyes, her mouth soft and crimson, matching the brightness of her suit.

"Mr. Price?" She spoke in a sort of shy, breathless voice.

Scared, he thought. Obviously her first job.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "And you?"

"I'm Janie Morrison."

Janie—that suited her, too. Janie, the babe in the woods. Little Red Riding Hood with the frightened, shining eyes. Harry Price couldn't help wondering why

old Cummings in Personnel, who always had his eyes out for the sharp, clever, career-type girls, had taken this one on. Some of the star dust must have rubbed off on old Cummings, he thought in amusement—he must have been blinded by the stars in her eyes.

"You type, I suppose?" he asked her gently.

"Oh, yes—and I take shorthand. I'm really—very good. You just try me and see." Her gray eyes swept upward to his admiringly. "I think I'm going to love working for you, Mr. Price."

He was startled at the unusualness, the unbusiness-like, personal-directness of her comment, touched by the childishness and sweetness of her. For she was as sweet and childish as his own little (*Continued on page 96*)



**Wide-awake mother** Barbara Koegel introduces seven-pound daughter Anne to her father outside Flint delivery room.

It's Great to Have a Baby in Flint,

*A city famous for turning out sleek automobiles has discovered the secret of producing healthier babies, happier mothers—and more helpful fathers*

**BY JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTHA HOLMES

**O**ne of the safest and most pleasant places in the world to have a baby is the city of Flint, Michigan.

"The textbooks say it takes 18 hours for a woman's first labor and 12 hours for her second," a young intern in obstetrics told me. "But here in Flint, mothers spend only about half that time in labor. And they need so little sedation that I haven't seen a single sleepy baby since I've been here." (A sleepy baby is one who worries doctors because they are not sure he is going to breathe properly. Sleepiness usually comes from oversedation of the mother.)

A medical director pointed out, "Nearly 100 per cent of our mothers leave the delivery room wide awake and holding their own babies."

A delivery-room nurse said proudly, "Nurses transferred here from other cities can't believe what they see and hear. They're used to screaming mothers. If anyone does any real screaming here, we run; we think there must be a fire!"

In Flint, too, mothers and fathers are better prepared to care for their babies after they leave the hospital and to cope with any problems that arise.

The explanation for this remarkable situation can be summed up in seven words: The Clara Elizabeth Fund for Maternal Health—Flint's unique family-life program for the entire community.

Clara Elizabeth was the wife of William S. Knudsen, the Danish immigrant who became president of General Motors Corporation. In 1937, when the Knudsen's first grandchild was born, Mr. Knudsen gave 4,530 shares of GM stock in honor of his wife because, as he put it, "I want the mothers of Flint to have some babies on me."

Maternal health was then a serious problem

in this highly industrial city. From 1927 to 1936 an average of 24.8 Flint mothers died each year in childbirth. The Clara Elizabeth Fund set out in late 1937 to keep more mothers and babies alive and healthy.

The Fund organized classes for mothers and fathers to acquaint them with the best standards of obstetrical care. New drugs, better hospital techniques, better obstetrics and better-informed parents combined to bring the death rate tumbling. In 1943 six Flint mothers died in childbirth; in 1947, four; in 1953, two. In 1937, when 20 mothers died, 3,042 babies were born in Flint. In 1953, when two died, 8,733 babies were born.

The chief problem at Clara Elizabeth is no longer saving lives. That battle has been largely won.

Today the Fund stresses the "we-ness" of parenthood—offering young adults a helping hand at every important turn of their lives as they pass from courtship to marriage, to pregnancy, to childbirth, to adjustment to the new baby, and on to more babies. There is no charge for any Clara Elizabeth service except nominal fees for the co-operative nurseries.

Flint is a city of 163,000, with 53,000 young adults between the ages of 20 and 39. Can you picture yourself in a city in which physicians, nurses, hospital administrators,

**The team that produced a healthy baby includes two (2) parents, one (1) obstetrician, five (5) instructors and staff members of the Clara Elizabeth Fund, one (1) ward clerk, one (1) admitting nurse and four (4) maternity nurses.**

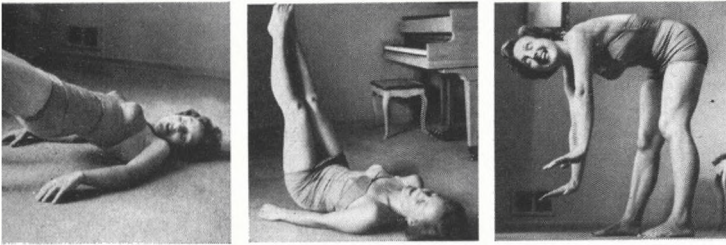


# Michigan!

## Exercises keep the mother fit before and after the baby arrives. . . .



**Before the baby:** In Training-for-Childbirth classes, Barbara learned exercises to strengthen her muscles and help her relax—tailor-sitting, lying feet-up, down on “all fours,” and squatting.



**After the baby:** For her first week at home, Barbara's doctor prescribed a series of exercises to help her regain her figure. Barbara followed the exercises faithfully—and lost weight.

## Father learns his job early, too. . . .



**Five days after becoming a father,** Al Koegel gets a lesson in giving his daughter her sponge bath. By the time Anne is a week old, he's an experienced hand at bathing and diapering.



school officials, guidance experts, church and industry leaders work together toward one aim—to make parenthood happy and meaningful? That's what's happening in Flint today!

“We had our first child in St. Louis,” the Reverend Robert Miller, a young Episcopal minister who lives in Flushing, just outside of Flint, told me. “It was like the dark ages. Nobody explained anything to us. I couldn't get near my wife while she was in labor. They gave her shots to put her out, even though she didn't want them. The whole experience was frightening.

“Then we moved here, and what a difference! For our next child, my wife went to Mothercraft classes and I went to Men's Forum. We both knew exactly what to expect. I even learned how to apply pressure to her back during labor to reduce tension. Everyone at the hospital was so helpful—so eager to make having a baby *fun*. Know what we did? We took a book into the labor room, and I read to her between contractions.”

The Reverend Miller's enthusiasm is echoed all over the city. “I feel we're better parents because of Clara Elizabeth,” Mrs. Elsie Herrick, a busy mother of three, told me. “I've been to Mothercraft and also to special Training-for-Childbirth classes. My husband went to Men's Forum. We've both borrowed books on child care from Clara Elizabeth. In the Clara Elizabeth Nurseries, we learned even more than our children did. My husband sneaked away from his office one day to help build a rocking boat for the nursery.”

To see how big a part the Clara Elizabeth Fund plays in the lives of Flint's young parents, let's take a close look at a typical family—the Darntons. Bill Darnton is 34; his wife, Mildred, is 32. They're both from Flint, both graduates of the University of Michigan. They were married in January, 1942, when Bill was in the Navy and Mildred working for the International Business Machines Corporation as a system service woman. Mildred followed Bill around the country, working in half a dozen cities while Bill was either in training or overseas. At the end of the war, they returned to Flint, built a house, and began raising a family.

As soon as Mildred was pregnant, her obstetrician told her to sign up for a Mothercraft course at Clara Elizabeth. “I'll be grateful all my life for what I learned in those seven sessions,” Mildred Darnton recently said, sitting by the fire in her bright, modern living room. She wears glasses and winds her dark hair in braids around her head. “I knew all about business machines and office efficiency, but I don't think I'd ever even seen a baby close up.

“If it hadn't been for Mothercraft, I'm afraid I'd have treated a baby like a machine—press a button and expect something to happen. I took notes and studied them at night. My mother went with me twice. She was astonished. She'd had two children, but she had no idea how an embryo grew. We learned about embryos in great detail from the Belskie-Dickinson birth models. We studied nutrition and layettes. We talked about our moods and our feelings and how family life would be different after the baby arrived.

“We made a tour of the hospital to see the labor rooms and the delivery rooms and the

nurseries, so we wouldn't be afraid of the unknown. I was learning so much I began urging Bill to sign up for Men's Forum. He needed quite a bit of pushing."

Bill, who is now employed in the Buick Division of General Motors, took up the story. "She's putting it mildly. I had to be *lassoed*. But after the first meeting, I was sold. The facts the men learned in Forum were important—anatomy and physiology of pregnancy, nutrition, infant care. But more important, we started thinking about the kind of father we wanted to be, the kind of family we wanted to raise. I got the idea of taking my vacation when Mildred came home from the hospital, so we could start off exactly right, just the three of us."

The day Tommy was born, Mildred and Bill arrived at the hospital at 7 A.M. They were both calm and relaxed. Senior Fund nurse Sylvia Krejci had taught Mildred in Mothercraft that knowledge lessens fear and that less fear means less tension in labor and delivery.

Mildred worked hard in labor and had to be put under heavy sedation toward the end because Tommy's position made the use of forceps necessary. Miss Krejci visited her in the hospital to answer last-minute questions about nursing and bathing. Several of Mildred's friends in other cities had told her horror stories of being prevented from breast-feeding by uncooperative or even hostile nurses. Mildred had no such problem. Miss Krejci and everyone else took it for granted that she would nurse Tommy, and she did, with ease and delight, for eight months.

Then came the first week at home. "It was a wonderful week," Bill Darnton told me, "one of the happiest of my life. People always ask us how we managed the work. There wasn't much work at all. Since Mildred was breast-feeding, we had no bottles or formula. I bathed Tommy, beginning the day he came home. We cooked for each other, we put the baby clothes through the washing machine, we read a lot, we rested. We learned to know Tommy's different moods and cries. We got used to the strange and wonderful idea that we were at last parents."

After that, whenever Mildred had a question, she phoned Miss Krejci at Clara Elizabeth.

By Tommy's second birthday, Mildred was pregnant again. She dug out her Mothercraft notes and read them. She also read Dr. Grantly Dick Read's book "Childbirth Without Fear," and decided she wanted to be conscious when the baby was born. She and Bill arrived at the hospital at 5 A.M. on April 10, 1950. The labor-room nurse, who had been taught natural-childbirth techniques by Clara Elizabeth, showed her how to do abdominal breathing to help her during the contractions. At 6:30 A.M. she heard David's first cry. The doctor placed the baby on her stomach, and her own heart raced as she felt his breathing and his heartbeat against her.

Again Miss Krejci, by now an old friend, visited her in the hospital. This time Mildred had few questions. Everything went smoothly at home with David. But toward the fall of 1950, the Darntons were concerned about Tommy. He was three—boisterous, restless and hard to handle. They made allowances for his feelings of jealousy toward his new brother. Even so, he was a (Continued on page 92)



"Being parents is fun," says Barbara. "The baby just eats and sleeps, needs changing and washing . . . and that's it." Below, she proudly shows the neighbor's children her first-born.



BY LOUIS KRETSCHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

# A Father's Ordeal

**An unforgettable story of triumph over grief  
—one that all who love children will cherish**

**I**t was perfect gunning weather, that Saturday morning in November—one of God's perfect days.

My first thought, after Marty, my wife, called me and I stumbled into the bathroom and had both faucets going and my razor working, was that Billy and I were going out after small game today. I thought ruefully of what a good parent I was developing into, of how easily the sacrifices are made. I'd given up a weekend of gunning with the Judge and Ollie Watson, who owns the adjoining farm, because I'd promised Billy, and I was glad of it.

I thought, too, how much Billy, my son, loved guns. He'd had a .22 target rifle since he was eight years old. A few weeks before, for his twelfth birthday, I'd given him a single-barreled 16-gauge shotgun. This would be his first opportunity to use the new gun in the field.

Downstairs, the kitchen was full of tantalizing early-morning fragrance. Somehow a farmhouse kitchen seems the right place to eat, and we had remodeled with that in mind.

Marty was already seated, sipping her coffee.

Marty is not the typical farm wife. Instead of a house dress and apron, she wears blue jeans and a shirt. She went to finishing school, but she's the kind of woman who hoards old recipes and cares more about a new calf being born out in the dairy barn than she does about keeping a cocktail date with the girls. And she's beautiful. I told her so—for the first time that day.

Someone was shooting down in the hollow. Shooting is not unusual in this section of Chelton County during the hunting season. We keep the place posted, but don't enforce it unless someone gets too close to the house and buildings.

"Where's Billy?" I asked.

Marty set her cup down, smiling. I sensed what was coming. Ever since I'd given up my career as junior partner of a Philadelphia law firm and had sunk everything we had into this dairy farm, she'd been building up a fine pretense that all the animals—the cows, the dogs, the cat,



*I felt anguish for that lost young life, bursting*





*with promise, that would never know the joyous fulfillment of growing into manhood.*

even Billy—lived only for me and merely tolerated her. She said, "He had me up at five o'clock. This is a big day in his life, you know; his daddy's going to take him hunting!"

I laughed. It was good to realize Billy appreciated his old man's giving up a weekend with his cronies.

"He took his gun out," Marty added, shaking her head, pretending impatience, "to do some target practice. Said you are to signal him with three shots when you're ready to go."

More shots sounded from the hollow. That must be Billy, although it sounded like two different guns.

We finished eating and sat there lingering over an extra cup of coffee. One of the things we loved about living in the country was these unhurried times together.

Suddenly I saw Clem, our hired man, cutting across the meadow. He was running fast, heading for the house. "Look at Clem," I said. "Never saw *him* move so fast!"

Marty looked out the window. "Probably something wrong with one of the cows."

A vague foreboding stirred in my mind. There was a desperate urgency in the way Clem ran. He was too old for such violent exertion. "No. He wouldn't be coming in that direction from the barn." I stood up. "I'd better go out and meet him."

**Clem** waded as he saw me cross the driveway and open the meadow gate.

"Mr. Collins! Mr. Collins!" he yelled while he was still a distance from me. Then he was at my side, clinging to the gatepost with one hand and clutching my arm with the other, gasping for breath. "It's Billy," he panted. His face was an unhealthy red from the running. "Billy's been shot," he cried. His eyes went beyond me and he lowered his voice, still wheezing and gasping. "He's shot, dead."

I looked around. Marty was standing behind me, her eyes wide, her mouth open in a silent exclamation of horror and disbelief.

I shook her. "Get Doc Hershey on the phone," I said sharply. "Clem, you go up to the house with Mrs. Collins and lie down."

I started running.

It's a good half-mile across the meadow to the hollow where some early settler blasted or dug stones for the original homestead and barn. Now it is a wild tangle of trees, rocks, sumac and creepers. I ran for it with all my strength. And I prayed. I told myself that Clem was wrong—that he was old and prone to exaggerate.

I was fighting for breath when I reached the crest of a slight rise in the meadow. From there I could see the far fence and the tangle of the hollow behind it.

Jamie Watson was there, kneeling, banging on the rocks with what looked like a stick, but I could not see Billy. Jamie is Ollie Watson's boy. He is only a few months older than Billy, and they were the best of friends, even as Ollie and I.

I ran faster. Then I heard Jamie's voice above the pounding of my own feet and the wind in my ears. He was yelling hysterically, screaming and crying and moaning all at once, and I saw that it was a gun with which he was clubbing the rocks.

I was over the fence in a leap and dropped beside the boy, shaking him. "Jamie!" I yelled, but the sound of my voice did not stop his insane bawling or break the grip of his hysteria. I shook him harder. "Jamie! What is it?" Then I saw Billy's khaki jacket.

He was slumped beside one of the big rocks, his face to the ground. At his side, where it had dropped from his hand when he fell, lay his .22.

*Oh, no . . . it couldn't be.* I moved closer. I saw

the tiny perforation in the back of his jacket between the shoulder blades. *Oh, God, no . . . please, no. . .*

I turned him over. There wasn't a mark of injury, except for that little lead-colored hole. I tried to find the pulse at his wrist, but couldn't. I was too upset. I told myself. A little puncture like that couldn't be too serious. I put my hand in under his shirt and waited hopefully, expectantly. There was no heartbeat.

I had to believe it then—Billy was gone—yet I wouldn't accept the fact. Doctors do wonders with medicine these days, I reasoned. They could resuscitate. They could massage a heart back to life; with a needle they could keep it going. I had to get Billy to old Doc Hershey. Doc would bring him back to us.

I lifted him in my arms and started back toward the house. On the other side of the fence, I remembered Jamie was still there. I looked down at him. He was silent now, watching me with an expression of horrified awe.

"Go home," I said. "Tell your father what happened."

I went on across the field, hurrying, but trying not to jar Billy too much. He felt very light in my arms.

Old Doc was standing at the kitchen door, as I staggered across the driveway. I don't know what Marty had said to him, or how he could have come so quickly, but he held the door open and helped me lay Billy on the living-room sofa. Marty hovered beside him, forcing herself not to interfere.

"Doc, bring him back to us," I begged. "Use your needle; use surgery; do anything."

Doc knelt beside Billy, feeling, probing, testing, with his old skilled hands that had known so much of pain and death. Marty moved into my arms, and we stood breathless, waiting.

Finally he looked up, and there was infinite sorrow in the lines of his face. He shook his head slowly, sadly. "It's too late, Jim."

**Marty** let out a cry and crumpled atop Billy, clutching that still, small form to her, weeping as if her heart would break. I reached for her, but Doc moved between us and pushed me back into a chair. "Let her cry," he said, looking at me queerly. "And you stay there. Do you have any whisky in the house?"

I told him where it was, and he brought me a water tumbler half-full.

"Drink that, Jim. You've had a bad shock." He stood over me until I took a good swallow, then said, "I'll have to call the Coroner, and a funeral director, Jim. Will Herbmeister be all right?"

I nodded dumbly.

"I'll stay until it's all over," he said gently. Then he left, and I heard him talking on the phone. Marty was still with Billy, still weeping. I think that was when I first gave up hope—first accepted the unalterable fact of death, its terrible finality.

I sat there, sucking on the whisky, stupidly silent, letting old Doc take over. Mr. Herbmeister came and Doctor Finley, the Coroner, from the county seat. Ollie Watson came bursting in breathlessly, but Doc sent him away. Then, when it was all over, old Doc put Marty and me to bed, with our clothes on, and with his alleviating needle sent us to sleep.

That night and the next day I have to skip. Words are silly, empty, inadequate. Marty needed me, I needed her; and we went on.

Monday, there was a coroner's inquest at which all the facts were presented. The bullet, a hollow-point, long-rifle .22, had pierced and torn through Billy's heart, then lodged against a rib. Of the thousand places where it could have done him little, or (*Continued on page 101*)

# PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 51

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

## Can You Diagnose this Case?



1. Nancy and Rose were close friends. Neither girl was very popular, and they often wished they had as many dates as others in their crowd. They spent many hours in a nearby ice-cream parlor talking about their loneliness and sipping sodas.



2. When Nancy did date, she loved to go to unusual places—particularly to restaurants where she could eat new and exotic foods. Her dates said she was fun to take out because she enjoyed herself so much that everyone else had a good time, too.



3. When Nancy and Joe were married, no couple could have been happier. They had an attractive modern apartment, and they enjoyed entertaining in it. But Joe liked to go out with the fellows, too, and this left Nancy alone one evening every week.



4. Nancy wanted Joe to have his pleasure, but hated being alone. She spent those evenings trying out new recipes she thought he would like. When Joe said she was getting fat and kidded her in public, she was crushed and began to eat even more.

*Nancy knew she was getting fat, but couldn't help it. What caused her problem—and how can she solve it?*

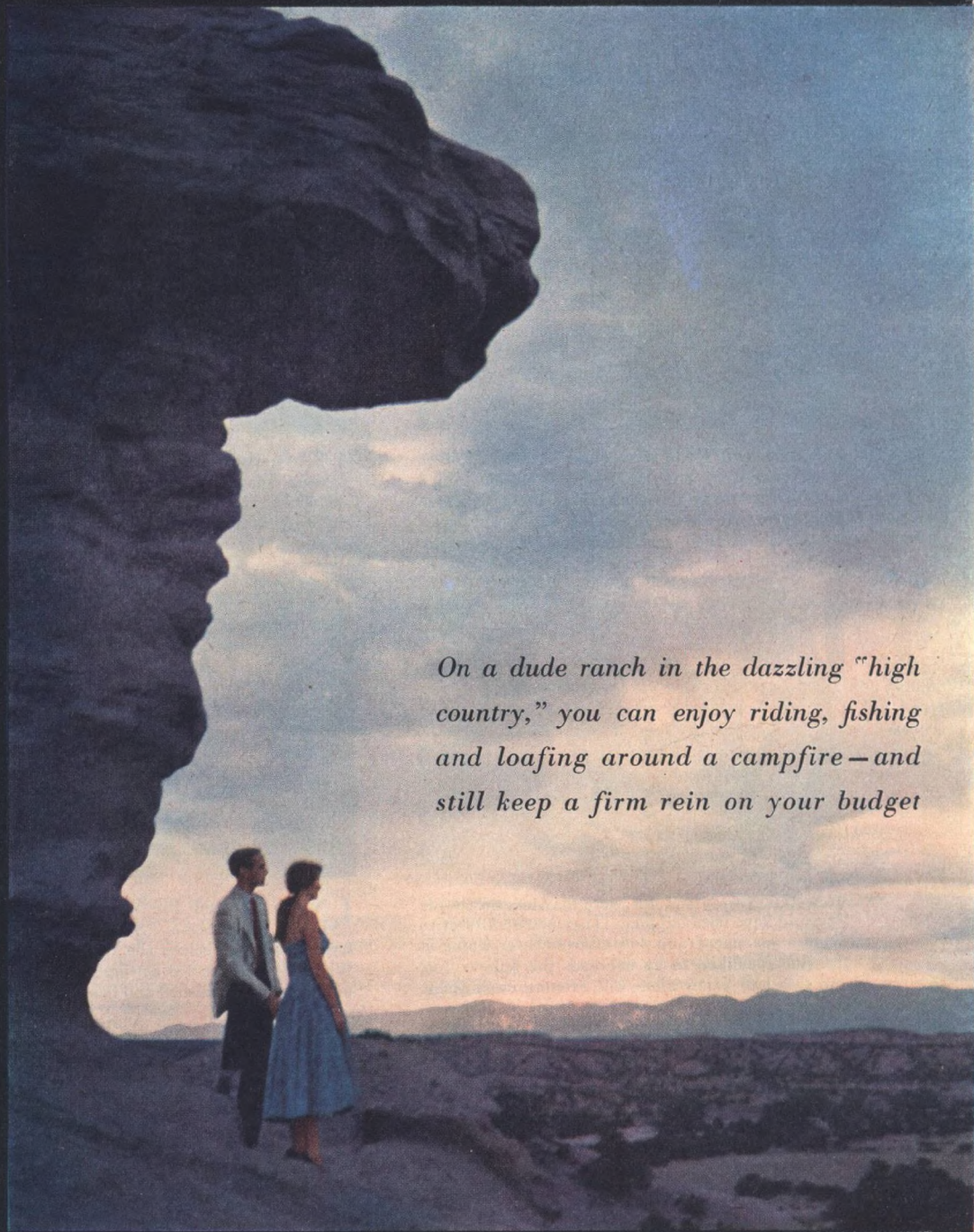
## WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. Nancy is letting her gourmet tendencies run away with her in her efforts to regain and hold Joe's admiration and affection.
2. Nancy's immaturity and dependence are revealed by her tendency to revert to eating when she feels lonesome and blue.
3. Nancy is deliberately taking out her spite by overeating. She wants to get even with Joe for embarrassing her in public.

Turn to page 111 for Dr. Martin's analysis

**A BUDGET VACATION PLAN**

*On a dude ranch in the dazzling "high country," you can enjoy riding, fishing and loafing around a campfire—and still keep a firm rein on your budget*





# Fun

# in

## NEW MEXICO

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMALLMAN



*Maria takes the first tentative steps toward making friends with the horse she will ride during her stay at Brush Ranch.*

Ever since I saw my first Western movie, I have had a recurring daydream. In it I see myself wheeling a spirited mount on a dime and galloping off with a thunder of hoofs while two admiring cowboys, vaguely resembling Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, exclaim in wonder:

"Lookit her go! That dude rides like she wuz born in the saddle. And never been on a hoss before she cum here!"

Riding looks so easy when other people do it.

However, like thousands of others who know the great open spaces only through the screen, I never found courage to go to a dude ranch. The jokes about green riders eating off the mantel had left their impression. And I didn't know what clothes were really right, or how much they cost. The whole thing seemed too complicated and expensive and hazardous. And I was afraid the cowboys and guests would laugh at me.

I couldn't have been more wrong. The greenest dude can have a glorious time on a ranch knowing in advance a few simple rules, which I learned the hard way. I found this out last summer in Santa Fe, where I had planned a holiday strictly on foot and wheels. Friends took me out to a dude ranch, just so I could look at some horses from a respectful distance. The next thing I knew I was being fitted for Western pants and cowboy boots and was ready to see parts of fabulous New Mexico that the motorist and hiker never come near, though this part of the Southwest is a fascinating vacationland for them, too.

New Mexico is called "The Land of Enchantment," and it is well named. This fourth largest of the states offers experiences and scenery like nothing else in the country. On every side you

*A young couple from Connecticut, Grant and Maria LaFarge, discover the beauty of New Mexico during their vacation.*

*On a dude ranch you'll discover the excitement of riding,  
dressing and eating the rugged Western way*



*At "The Chief's" in Santa Fe, Grant acquires a light-weight straw sombrero, the kind that rodeo riders wear. Below, he and Maria join the cowhands at dinner.*



find something weird, magnificent, exotic, primitive, sophisticated—and so varied that you could be busy for a decade of holidays.

The shops of Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Taos are filled with fiesta dresses, pottery, baskets, rugs and hand-wrought jewelry. At the pueblos (Indian villages) throughout the state, tom-toms beat and Indians dance on days of ceremonial worship.

In the south are the Carlsbad Caverns, most extensive caves in North America. At Cloudcroft, near the snow-white desert of White Sands, is the highest golf course in the country. The plains are dotted with piñon and cactus of every fantastic shape and bloom. Through the central section of the state, the serrated sides of the flat-topped mesas glow pink and red and orange in the sunset. Behind them tower the snow-capped Rockies, thick with cottonwood, pine and aspen.

There are eight national and state parks. Mountain areas offer deer, bear, elk and wild turkey to be hunted in season; streams and lakes are stocked with millions of trout each year for the benefit of sportsmen.

It is these vast forests, as well as the dramatic high mesas, that are the delight of the explorer on horseback. Roads go part of the way into some sections, but many others are set aside as wilderness areas. These can be reached only by trail.

There are dude ranches of every type scattered throughout the state. (See the box at the end of this article for ways to get specific details.) You can choose anything you want: luxury resorts featuring warmed swimming pools and gay clothes at dinner—or a camp where you can grill your own trout over an open fire, and never get out of dungarees. Prices for two range from \$3 a day without meals to \$60 with superb food and service. In all cases, charges for horses are extra, usually from \$2 to \$3 for half a day, and less by the week.

The greatest number of dude ranches charge from \$9 to \$14 a day per person, with sizable reductions by the week and for couples. This may seem a little high until you remember that three large meals are included and that there is nothing extra for entertainment, which usually is different each evening: square dancing, cook-outs, hay rides, Western movies, games with other guests, fishing in the dusk, moonlight rides. If you are intent on really roughing it, most (Continued on page 106)



*Dude-ranch guests ride the fence as the cowboys saddle the horses for their morning outing.*

*At the Tesuque Trading Post, Maria models a dressed-up version of the Navajo "squaw dress."*



*Television viewers relax by staying up late with wisecracking,*

# The Man Who Keeps America

**BY CHARLES SAMUELS**

**DRAWING BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY**

**T**une in NBC television almost any weekday night and you will see a phenomenon of the entertainment world. He is lanky, owlish Steve Allen, a former disk jockey who has become famous and is getting rich, all because of an unrivaled talent for relaxing people by keeping them awake past midnight.

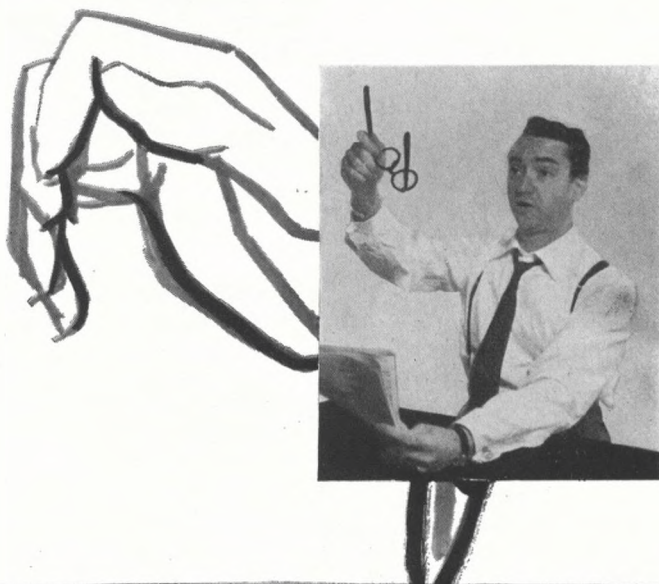
Allen, whose off-stage personality is almost inscrutable behind his horned-rim glasses, has won perhaps the most loyal following in television by being folksy and mildly extroverted in front of the cameras. He has a genius for dramatizing little situations common in everyone's life. And with artful satire, mimicry and just plain buffoonery, he rides herd on complacency and deceit. His defiance of convention makes the world seem comical and a better place to live in.

People love watching him, probably because it's so much like watching themselves. Steve Allen, on the TV screen, is the ordinary person in ordinary situations, reacting the way an ordinary person wishes he could. But Steve Allen is, in actuality, an extraordinary person. Even his competitors admire him.

Many long-established stars have only sincere praise for Steve Allen's work. Once Garry Moore got Allen to sub for him for a week on his daily program. On returning to work, Garry read his show's fan mail, and wailed, "Leaving your program in Steve's hands is as safe as telling Errol Flynn to see that your girl doesn't get lonely while you're out of town."

And Henry Morgan, that always unpredictable comedian, stunned his faithful followers one evening by announcing on his own TV show, "Here's Morgan!" that he was quitting rather than appear at an hour when he had to compete with Allen!

So prompt are the rewards in TV that Allen is rapidly becoming wealthy. Just a few years ago he was a \$100-a-week disk jockey in Los Angeles. This year he will earn about \$250,000. Show people say Allen's income could easily skyrocket next year to a million or more. He is being paid far more, of course, for his new show, "Tonight," now that it is being telecast from coast to coast. And NBC has stretched its running time from 40 to 90 minutes nightly (Monday to Friday, *Continued on page 90*)



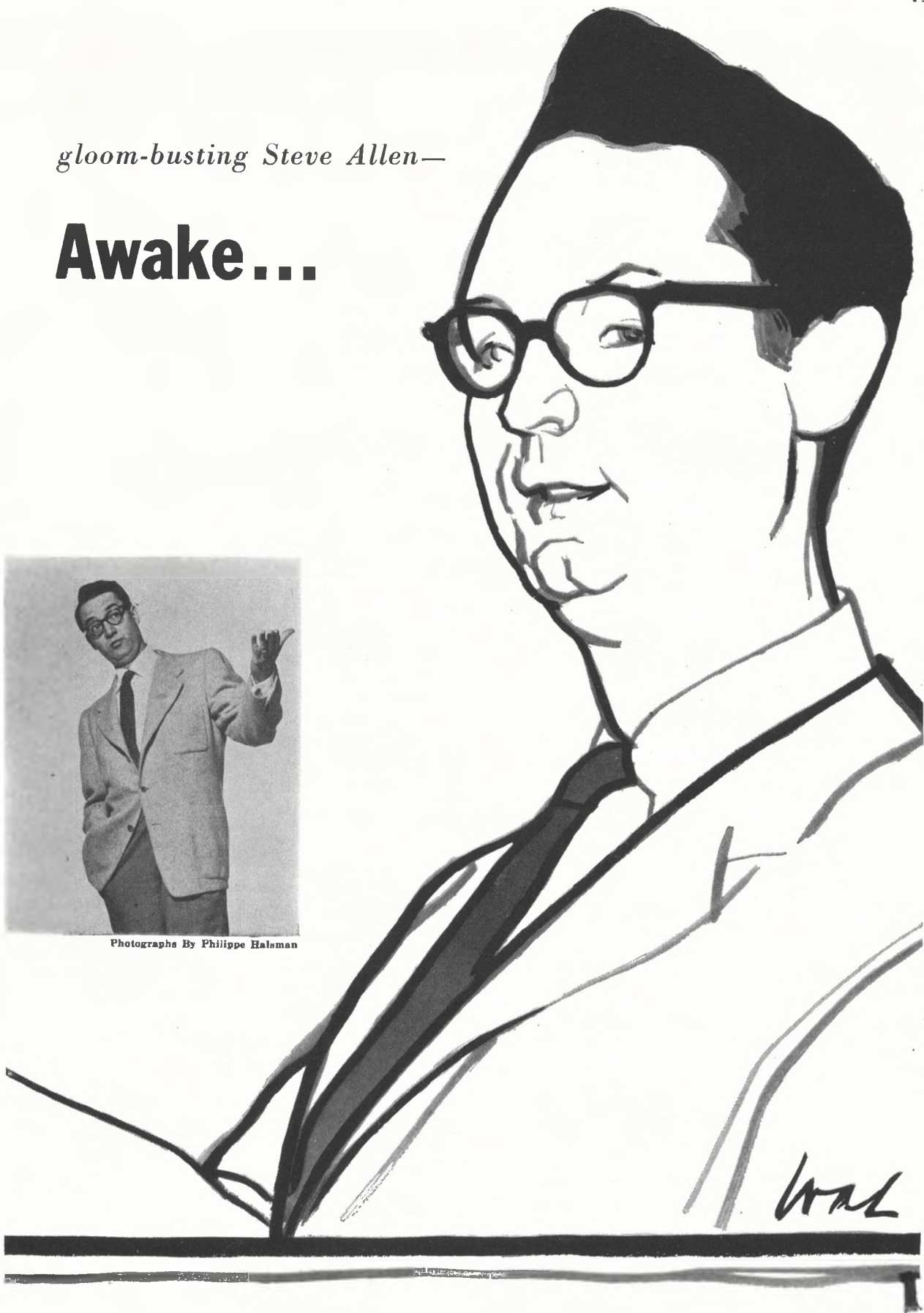


*gloom-busting Steve Allen—*

# Awake...



Photographs By Philippe Halsman





*This wasn't soft and pretty like a movie kiss. It was wild and eager and hungry. Margo—kissing like that!*

# THE *Magic* OF EIGHTEEN

BY BERNADINE KREIS  
ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

**I**t was Jenny's first formal, and the house should have been gay on such an important occasion. But everything was quiet. Was it because her sister had lost one boy friend? Surely it didn't matter that Peter Bassey had left town without saying good-by—there were always so many boys buzzing around Margo. Jenny shivered in anticipation. Some day she'd be eighteen, too; not golden-haired like Margo—unless she used peroxide—but a full-breasted, graceful eighteen nevertheless.

Mom always said, "Jenny, sweetheart, don't try to

skip the years." But sometimes Jenny thought she'd die before she reached eighteen and all its magic.

Five more years. And each step along the way Margo had taken first. It was awful to be the second child: to have no one really excited when things happened to you because they'd all been done before—by Margo.

Carefully she combed her dark hair and then ruffled it with desperate fingers to get a smoldering, foreign-movie look. "Jenny," she said to the mirror, "oh, why

did they call me Jenny!" She whirled this way and that, holding her chest high. If only Mom would allow—but she stopped mid-thought and hurriedly stuffed two handkerchiefs in place. Better, much better. Quickly she dabbed a little of Margo's perfume behind each ear and ran down the stairs.

Mom was in the living room whispering to Margo, and Jenny stared at her sister, so much older and prettier, so *everything* Jenny wanted to be and just couldn't manage.

"I know you're only going for Jenny's sake," Mom was saying in her low, we-have-a-secret voice. "It'll do you good to get out, and I'm sure Pete—"

"What about Pete?" Jenny asked. "Did he call?"

"No, dear. My, you both look beautiful!" Mom stepped back, but her eyes were on Margo, and a long pull of hurt held Jenny's tongue. She wanted to say something, anything, to catch her mother's attention, but she just stood there, while a quick, unbidden anger flared to the surface.

"I hate my dress," she blurted. It wasn't true, but she said it anyway.

"You're just a little nervous," Mom said, forgiving her mood.

She longed to run into her mother's arms, but now there was no turning back. "I look a mess!"

"A prettier mess I've yet to see." Dad's smile was calm. "Jen, you look wonderful." He placed a strong arm around each daughter. "We all have difficult moments. You'll both be okay—"

What did he mean—*both*?

"Getting late, chicks," Mom said gently. Then Margo led the way out of the house and down the street, and as she walked, her taffeta cape rustled and gleamed in the darkness, and her blonde hair bounced in soft rhythm to her step. Margo was perfect.

"Relax, honey," Margo said. "A formal is no different from any other party. You know all these kids."

The gym was alive with voices and music and high-keyed laughter, and Jenny was terribly afraid. She knew the kids all right, but they looked strange, unfamiliar.

Margo held Jenny's hand, making the moment worse. "There's your crowd," Jenny said. "I'm okay!"

So Margo disappeared within a circle of friends, her voice a gay, lilting sound. And soon she was dancing, her face upturned and oh, so lovely. What was she saying that made her partner hold her as if she were a queen? Panic pressed Jenny against the wall like a ghost, unseen, unwanted.

"H'ya." It was Bob Nichols. She knew him well, in school. This was different. This was not the Bob who kidded in class, helped her with math, and played on the basketball team.

"H'ya," she said stiffly.

"What's new?"

She thought of so many things to say, but the thoughts caught and tangled in her throat. Bob was a stranger in a dark suit and with slicked hair.

"Dance?" he said.

"All right—"

They danced in silence, and they sat in silence, and then they sipped a Coke in silence. He didn't move away, and she wanted to die because he didn't, and she knew she'd die if he did. Bob stared toward the stagline, seeming to will help to come; but none came.

"I'll be back—" she gulped. Blindly she stumbled through the gaiety, out of the gym and up the stairs to the music room. It was dark and empty—as empty as her heart. "Oh, please—" She stood at the window hoping God would look down from the sky and see all the things she needed so much. "Please—"

Suddenly footsteps and murmuring voices reached toward the room. She was trapped. She slipped behind a chair and crouched low. The door closed. There were soft whispers, sighs, silence and more sighs. She peeked around the chair's edge. She saw two figures kissing, kissing as if they'd never stop. This wasn't soft and pretty like a movie kiss. It was wild and eager and hungry. And then she saw that the girl was Margo. *Margo*—kissing like that!

"I love you. . . . I'll never let you go. . . ." the man said. It couldn't be, yet it *was* Pete Bassey.

Jenny waited for Margo to speak. What wonderful words would she use for a moment like this?

"I was so miserable," Margo was crying, clinging to Pete. "Two weeks without a word. I didn't know what to *do*—"

"Don't cry, sweetheart. We're all set now. I found a job in New York. In an advertising agency."

"Darling, how wonderful." Again they moved together, forming one swaying shadow. "Pete, oh, Pete, I was sure you'd stopped loving me. . . ."

"Never, baby—never." He swooped Margo high off the floor. "Let's get out of here—" As quickly as they'd come, they were gone, their footsteps echoing as one in the quiet hall.

Jenny jumped to her feet, torn by disappointment. The whole thing was complicated and serious and so—unromantic.

Now she was all alone. She was not eighteen; she didn't even want that any more; she was not popular, either—not anything. She longed to step back into the simple world of dolls and other loves long since past, but she knew she didn't belong there any more, either. She didn't belong anywhere, except home.

She fled down the stairs, away from the gym, running, running, urgent for home. She pictured Mom's shoulder tight against her tears, and Dad saying the right words. *We all have difficult moments*, he'd said, just tonight. Now she knew what he had meant. Some day she'd be like Margo, wanting the things Margo wanted. But not for a long, long time.

Abruptly her thoughts skipped to the kids in school, talking, talking about the dance. "What gave, Jenny? Why the disappearing act?" they'd ask, knowing the answer.

And suddenly she stopped running, held by a need to prove something about herself, to face fear in her own way. With trembling fingers she smoothed her hair, pulled out the makeshift talsies, and lifting one reluctant foot after the other, marched back to the gym.

For a moment she blinked. Was it the bright lights, or was it because she was so afraid of not belonging?

Then a hand touched her shoulder, and she whirled. "You said you'd be back." Bob's voice cracked in anger.

"I waited and waited—"

For an awkward moment he glared at her. Would he be the one she'd kiss so hard and cry for in the night? She thought of Margo's world, all grown-up and queer and secret, and the five years between them stretched into a safe, safe distance. "I was—"

"Well, where *were* you?" His words were bold, but his eyes were shy, like a boy playing the part of a man. "Neckin'?" If that's what you want—"

"Neckin' is for the birds," she said, playing the game, as bold as he.

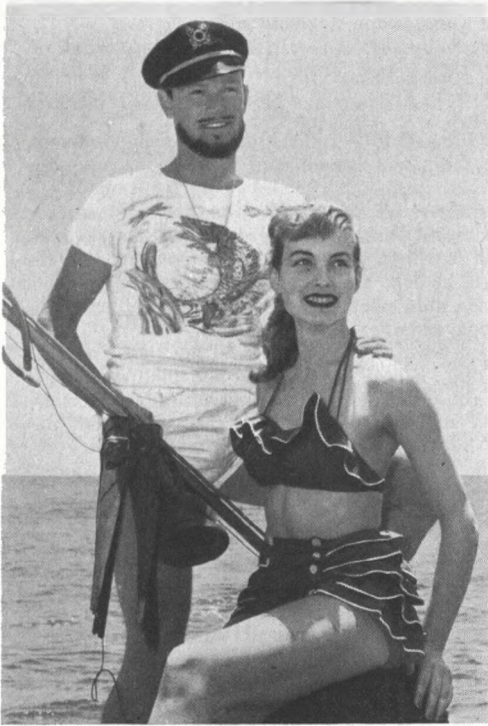
He laughed—a raucous laugh, a school laugh. It was easy to joke about love when they both knew it wasn't real. Not for them. Not yet.

"Dance?" he said.

"All right," she said.

The difficult moment passed, and they moved in easy rhythm. With the other kids. . . . THE END

# Young Mr. Adventure



*Pearlyne Crowley turned down movie offers and married John Goddard, nicknamed Young Mr. Adventure.*

*Risking his life to hunt the earth's remote secrets, young John Goddard has become America's No. 1 explorer*

**BY ED AINSWORTH**

**M**any times, in many places, John Melvin Goddard has faced death, and each time the 25-year-old explorer has been spared. Once, he groped, alone and panicky, through the suffocating, dank blackness of the escape tunnel of the Roman Emperor Tiberius on the Isle of Capri. He climbed Mexico's 17,880-foot volcano Popocatepetl with a lone guide. He battled a six-foot yellow moray eel beneath the tropical waters off Costa Rica after the monster had fastened upon his knee. He invaded the hinterland of British Guiana, "the thickest jungles in the world." Blizzards, sunstroke, avalanches, tropical diseases, roaring rapids and ocean deeps became a part of his life.

Danger is Goddard's destiny. He courts it deliberately, not for the sake of frivolous thrill, but as a necessary means to a worth-while end. This end, for him, is scientific exploration—adding to the world's basic store of knowledge: "Digging out the facts is the real job; the adventure part is fun, but it's secondary."

Digging out the facts is also a hazardous job. But John Goddard did what he felt he had to do, regardless of the risk, because of a self-confidence and a purpose within him—and because of something more than that: a simple, deep-rooted religious faith which grew out of his early training in the Mormon Church of his native Utah.

Faith, John says, is what brought him through scores of perilous ventures. Yet that faith's wavering, caused by the horror and disillusionment of his World War II service, raised the one big spiritual crisis of Goddard's life. Later his faith was to be restored, oddly enough, by his narrow brushes with death and by his desire to uncover nature's secrets.

If ever a man was born to be an explorer, John Goddard was. From early boyhood he was fascinated by wild creatures. Moreover, he felt a compelling urge to start off for strange and unknown places. These impulses were focused to a driving ambition by a childhood training which emphasized that "half doing comes from half wanting."

When John was 15 years old, he knew





*Goddard collects specimens with a spear. He can dive to a depth of 40 feet, stay down two minutes.*

## Young Mr. Adventure (contd.)

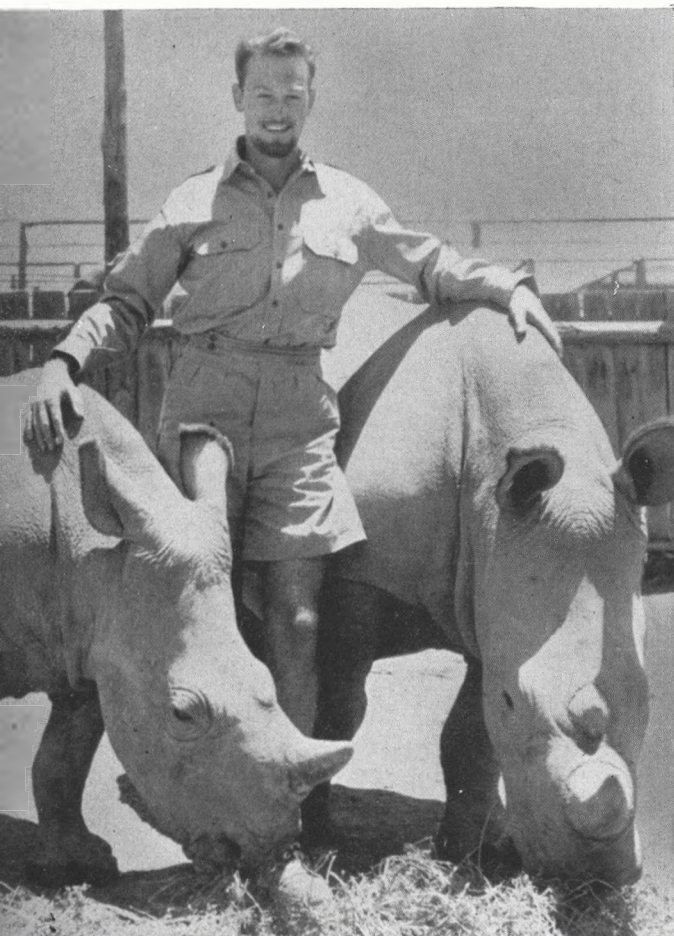
what he wanted. One day his father, coming into the Goddards' Los Angeles home, heard the shrill voices of excited boys. John was sitting on a stool, and the other boys were clustered around him. "What's going on?" called out Dad Goddard as he approached. He looked in John's lap. There in a coil, its head being stroked by the boy, was a full-grown Pacific rattlesnake.

"It isn't going to hurt me," said John. "It knows I'm its friend."

John had handled snakes for years without harm, but the elder Goddard was unfamiliar with the snake-charming aptitudes of the other children. The rattler was banished.

Two days later, John's father heard him and a classmate discussing plans to run away and make a safari in Africa. Dad Goddard moved swiftly that night, fortified by the memory of his own roving yearnings which as a young man had taken him to many far-off places and later had qualified him to be president of the Los Angeles Adventurers' Club.

"John," he said, "I believe we could have more fun on a safari together. Will you wait if I promise to take you on a real safari very soon?"



John Goddard made one of his first important decisions. "I'll wait," he promised.

Then, characteristically, he alone decided where he wanted to go. He had read a magazine article about the vast, mysterious Okefinokee Swamp in Georgia and Florida. He told his father, "That would be a perfect place to take our safari." Relieved of traipsing off to Africa, Dad Goddard hastily consented.

In the 660-square-mile Okefinokee, amid giant water moccasins, hungry alligators, funereal canopies of Spanish moss, poisonous miasmas and swarms of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, father and son made their first motion picture.

Following this first major adventure, John Goddard decided to crystallize his goals by itemizing them. He began writing a "List of Aspirations and Goals to Accomplish in Life."

The 127 items on the list ranged from climbing Mount Vesuvius to milking a cobra. Serious items such as learning Spanish, French, Greek and Swahili were mixed in with the desire to own a python and to become a water skier. He wanted to memorize the constellations, build his own telescope, explore British Guiana, meet Carl Sandburg, broad-jump 20 feet, become an Eagle Scout, make a movie of the lives of pygmies, capture a live rhinoceros and explore every major jungle in the world.

At the very end was No. 127: "Find dream girl, settle down, and raise five children."

While John Goddard was scrawling his ambitions in 1939, a court in Memphis, Tennessee, was announcing officially that adventurer Richard Halliburton was legally dead—drowned in a typhoon that caught Halliburton's Chinese junk while he and 13 companions were trying to sail from Hong Kong to San Francisco.

Without being aware of it John Goddard began, from the moment of starting his list, to move in as successor to the dashing Halliburton. In 1939, John could list plenty of goals. His No. 1 item was to climb Mount Everest; No. 2 was to become a medical doctor and go into general practice; No. 3 was to "explore the full length of the longest river on earth," the Nile; No. 4 was to be a missionary for two years for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

But John still hadn't finished his schooling. In Los Angeles High School, John Goddard became known for his skill in getting zoological and biological specimens. One day, starfish were wanted. Most of the class was baffled, so John showed up with 50 starfish, all gathered by himself, diving in the sea off Santa Monica. As a bonus for the teacher he brought a belligerent octopus and a granddaddy lobster weighing 13½ pounds.

He was working all the time toward one of his goals—to be able to dive to 40 feet and to stay down two minutes. Fortunately, he developed this underwater ability, and twice it saved his life—once when he was pinned inside (Continued on page 94)

*John Goddard always has handled wild creatures with safety. These African rhinos were gentle around him.*

# YOUNG ADULTS

*at home*



◀ Turkeys to  
Roast, Broil  
Or Fry  
Page 78



▲ Low-Cost  
Separates  
For Holiday  
Dress-Up  
Page 82

How to Plan  
A Family  
Budget  
Page 88

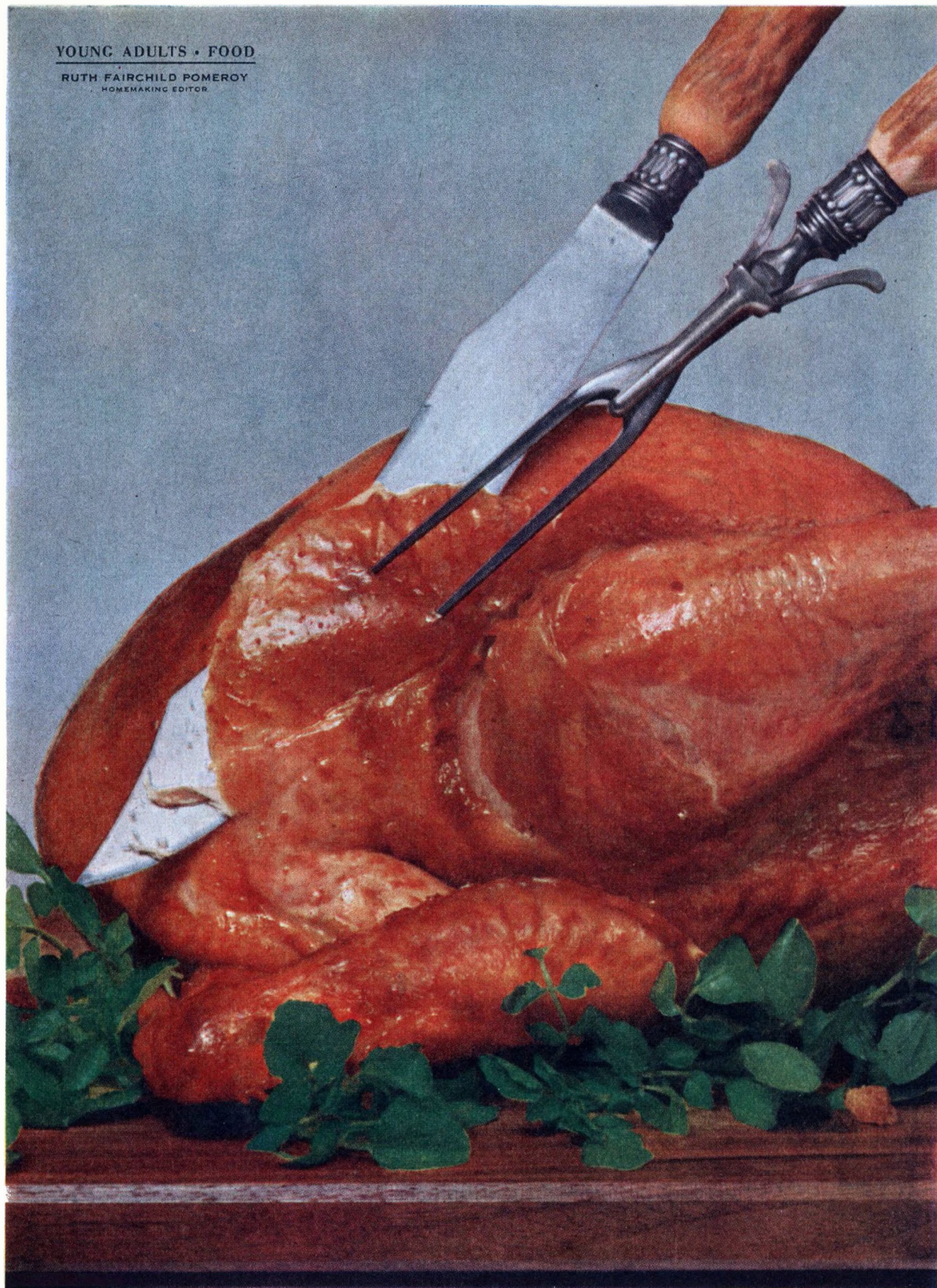


Decorating  
Guide for  
An Early  
American Room  
Page 86



YOUNG ADULTS • FOOD

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY  
HOMEMAKING EDITOR



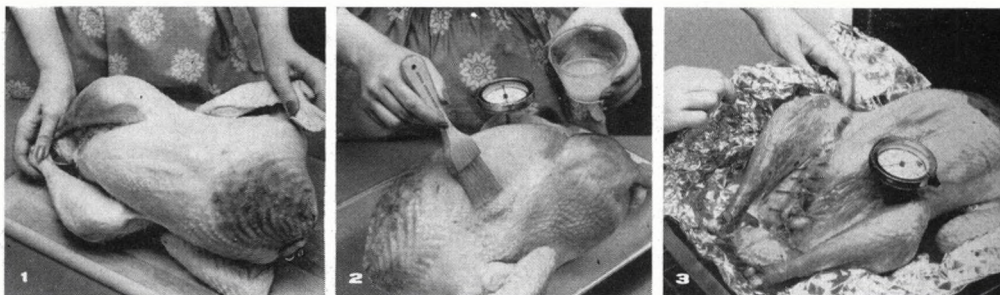


# Turkey- Sized and Styled For Every Family

**C**risp-skinned, tenderly juicy turkey, the traditional meat for holiday dinners, is now available in such a variety of styles it can be the choice of any family, large or small. You may choose to have enough for just one meal or all the leftovers you like. In most markets you can get turkeys varying in size from 4 to 24 pounds. They come fresh or frozen, whole for roasting, halved for broiling, or cut in serving pieces to pan or oven fry. Turkey, usually prized for its appearance and flavor, is also a surprisingly high source of protein; it furnishes nearly double that in equal weights of beef, pork or veal.

In our picture preparations below and on the next page, you'll find instructions on weights to buy for servings desired. These are all ready-to-cook weights. If you purchase dressed turkey that has been plucked but not drawn, subtract 5 pounds for heavy weight, 3 pounds for medium weight, and 2 pounds for light weight turkey to obtain the ready-to-cook weight. Frozen turkeys will be marked with ready-to-cook weight. They must be defrosted, either in the refrigerator or under cold running water, before cooking.

**ROASTING** is the traditional method of preparing holiday turkey. Any-size turkey may be roasted, though a larger bird will be juicier than a small one. Turkey may or may not be stuffed for roasting. If stuffing is used, allow  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup stuffing per pound of turkey, ready-to-cook weight. Stuff turkey just before it is placed in the oven. Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of turkey per serving.

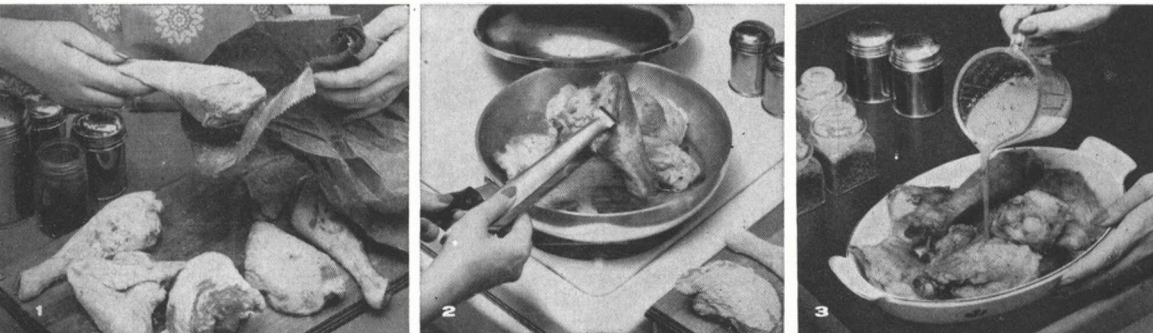


Color Photo by de Ecia • "How-to" Photos by Albert Gommi

- 1** Put  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt, depending upon turkey size, into the cavity. Stuff if desired. Close abdominal opening with skewers and cord; fasten neck skin to back with one skewer. Turn wing tips under to back of the bird as pictured.
- 2** Place bird, breast side up, in a shallow pan. Brush skin of bird thoroughly with cooking fat. Insert meat thermometer so bulb rests in the center of inside thigh muscle. Cover bird with a length of aluminum foil or fat-moistened cheesecloth. Place in preheated slow oven, 325°F. Basting is unnecessary. Roast bird until the thermometer reads 190°F. or until the drumstick-thigh joint moves easily.
- 3** The third picture above shows a second method of roasting unstuffed turkey. Wrap bird in aluminum foil; roast at 450°F. One-half hour before bird is done, open foil to allow bird to brown. This method cuts roasting time about one half.

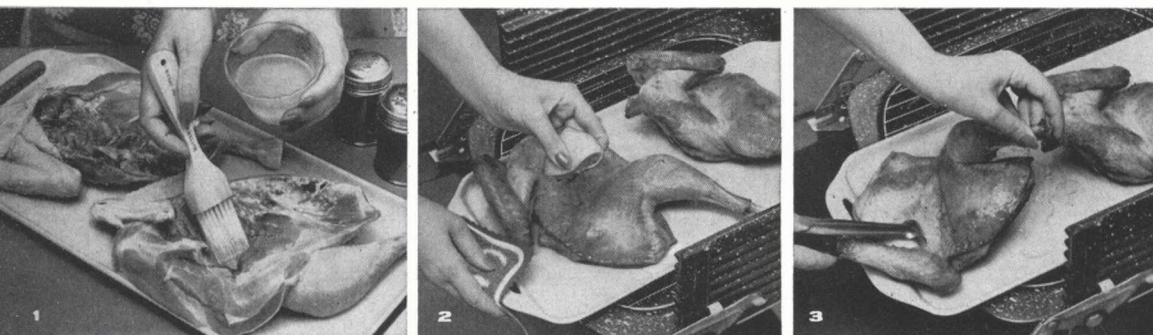
Turn the page for picture-preparation of fried and broiled turkey 

**FRYING** turkey, either by the pan or oven method, makes the meat of small birds perfectly tender and perfectly delicious. The 4- to 5-pound turkeys are best for this method. Allow  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound, or 1 piece per serving, and remember to count extras for those persons who'll want second servings.



- 1 After you have had your butcher disjoint and cut up a small turkey, the first step for oven or pan frying is coating the cut servings with flour. For each pound of turkey, blend  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour, 1 teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper in a paper bag. Shake turkey, 2 or 3 pieces at a time, in the bag to coat evenly. Save leftover flour for gravy.
- 2 Heat  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of cooking oil in a skillet until a drop of water sizzles in it. Start browning meaty pieces first, slipping bony pieces in between as turkey browns. Don't crowd the pieces. To brown evenly, turn the pieces frequently with kitchen tongs or two spoons. Piercing with a fork breaks the coating and causes loss of juices. Brown all pieces lightly; this takes about 20 minutes.
- 3 To pan fry, reduce heat, cover tightly, and cook slowly until tender (45 to 60 minutes). Uncover last 10 minutes to re-crisp coating. To oven fry, place pieces, one layer deep, in a shallow baking pan. For each pound of turkey, drizzle a mixture of 1 tablespoon each of melted butter and milk over the turkey. (Add herbs of your choice to butter.) Bake in a slow oven, 325°F, until tender. ( $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.) Turn pieces once or twice during baking to brown, crisp and cook evenly.

**BROILING** is the easiest method of cooking turkey, and an elegant way it is to prepare a small turkey. Choose a 4- to 5-pound bird, ready-to-cook weight. Have it halved or quartered; allow one quarter turkey per serving. Broil on a revolving spit or in your range broiler as pictured below.



- 1 Place halves or quarters of turkey, skin side down, on a broiler pan or heat-proof platter—not on a rack. This keeps the turkey moist in its juices. Season each half turkey with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt and a sprinkling of pepper. Brush halves thoroughly with melted butter or margarine.
- 2 Place pan in preheated broiler so the surface of the turkey is 7 to 9 inches from source of heat. Broil slowly in this position 40 to 45 minutes. During this broiling baste frequently with more melted butter or margarine; drizzle the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon over each whole turkey. Herbs—rosemary, oregano or poultry seasoning— increase flavor. Dust one of them on with the lemon juice.
- 3 Turn turkey skin side up. Broil an additional 30 to 40 minutes, basting several times, until done. When done, the drumstick should twist out of the thigh joint readily, as shown above. If surface becomes brown before turkey is done, it may be turned again or covered loosely with aluminum foil. Allow  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours total cooking time. Serve on a warm platter, skin side up, with pan drippings.

**14** fine, practical aids to help you cook the grandest dinner ever, serve it with style and ease

**1** For a really festive bird, serve it on handsome well-and-tree platter like the Croydon, 1881 Rogers by Oneida, Ltd. 18" long.

**2** Blend thickening for tasty, no-lump gravy. Measure flour and water in cup; cap, then shake vigorously. "Swirl" Mixer.

**3** Three-in-one carving knife slices, saws, delivers slices to plate with special prong tip. "Cook-n-Saw" by U. S. Cutlery.

**4** Tearless onion and vegetable chopper. Glass cup, measuring guide, wooden block protects blades. Acme Metal.

**5** Tangy spices add new zest to favorite dishes. Use handsome pepper mill at table for fresh cracked pepper. Spice Islands.

**6** Carving board of lustrous maple. Removable, adjustable holding prongs. Well and tree for juices. Maxwell-Phillip.

**7** Baste turkey in its own delicious juices. Baster is unbreakable, has needle injector for internal basting. By Artbeck.

**8** Aluminum foil has many cooking uses; as a liner for broiler or casserole, and roasting turkey. Reynolds Wrap.

**9** Heavy-duty poultry shears disjoint fowl easily, quickly. Used for cooked or uncooked fowl. Tree Brand by Boker.

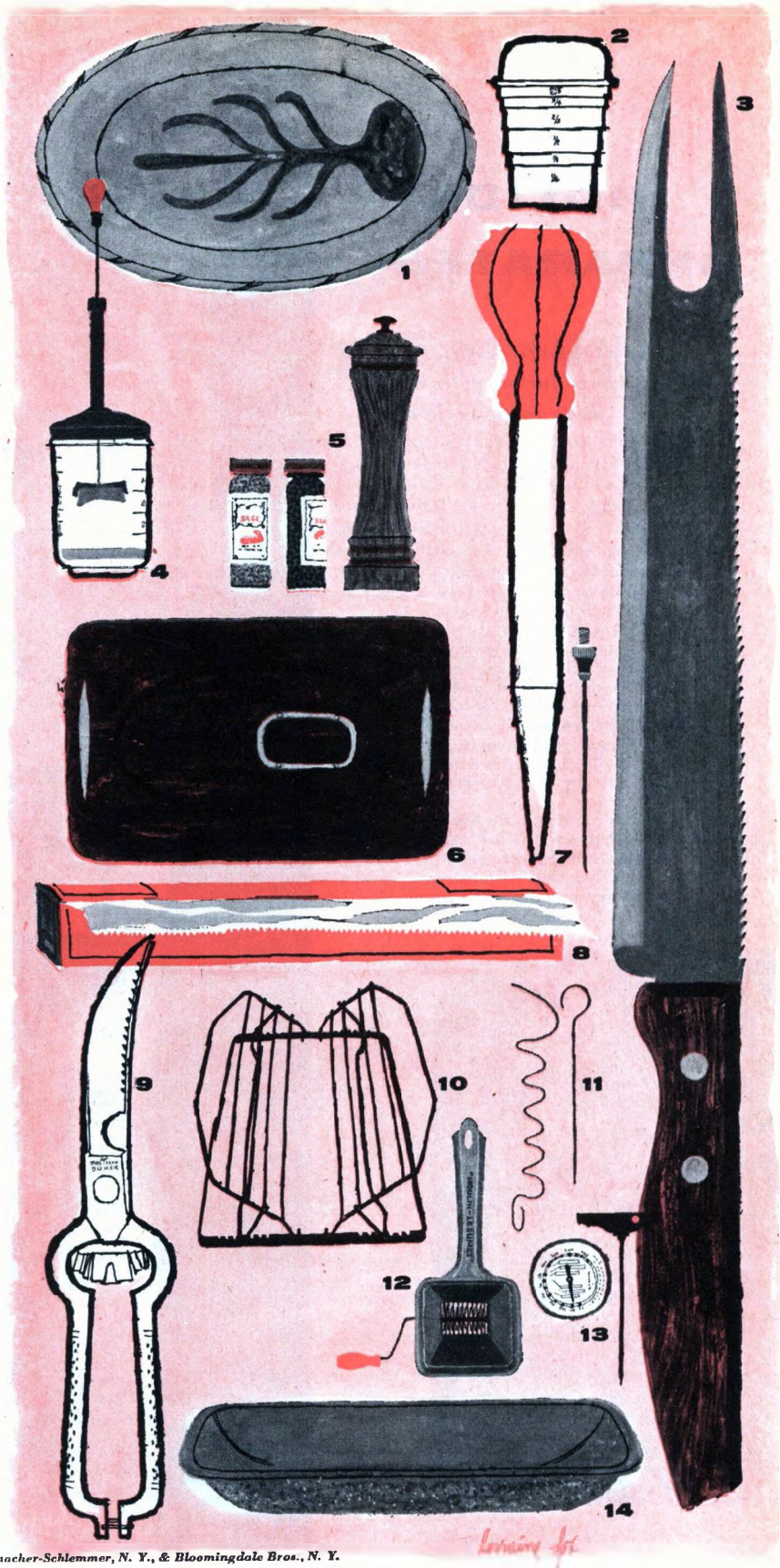
**10** E-Z-V Roasting Rack can be adjusted to any size fowl or meat roast. Nickel-plated, sturdy steel. Lynch-Jamentz Co.

**11** Poultry skewer set closes turkey incision as you twist spring in. Twist out after the roasting. Holt Enterprises.

**12** Imported parsley chopper has snap-open bowl - handle and blades lift out for easy cleaning. Mouli Mincer.

**13** Tel-Tru thermometer is accurate guide for all roasting. Comes all in one piece, but top shown separately here.

**14** Hostess Roaster with curved contours for ease in cleaning. Molded aluminum by Club Aluminum Products.



## HOLIDAY SEPARATES

*Be gay and festive in these  
"good mixers" for big dates and  
little parties at home*

**Right**—For evenings at home, be pretty and comfortable, too. Quilted skirt and fancy pants in checked washable cotton with velvetlike ricrac appliqué. The skirt, about \$10; the pants, about \$7. White washable wool jersey blouse, the push-up sleeves banded with wool fringe, about \$10.

Black wool jersey blouse with new bateau neckline, heavily fringed, about \$9. All in 10 to 16. By Beacon Hill. Headband by Ben-Hur. Shoes by Town & Country.

**Below**—Slim, bright and elegant. Blouse and skirt in Italian twill-back velveteen that's spot-resistant. Also in Santa red, black, Capri blue. The blouse, about \$10; the skirt, about \$18. In 10 to 16. By Joe Frank.



*Hostery by Berkshire • Jewelry by Coro  
Photos by Francesco Scavullo*






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**YOUNG ADULTS • FASHION**


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*Left*—A holiday delight, this brilliant rayon taffeta skirt—the plaid in tones of chartreuse and mauve. About \$18. With it, a black wool sweater banded with sequin glitter. About \$12. Both in 10 to 16. Purple velvet belt, about \$2. By Nelly de Grab. Delmanette sandals.

*Right*—Christmas belle—dramatic skirt with unpressed pleats and button-down front in rayon satin. Also in black, ivory. About \$19. The shirt, newly important for evening with its covered-up look, in polka-dotted rayon surah. About \$12. In 10 to 16. Matching bow-belt, about \$5. By Toni Owen.

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*For stores where these fashions may be seen, turn to page 93*

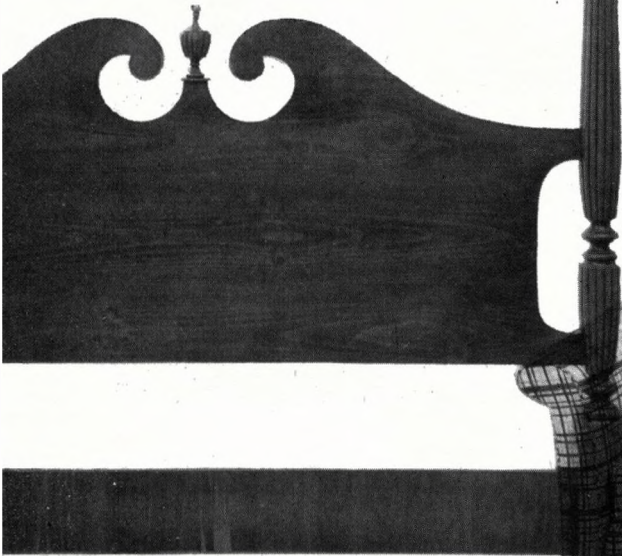




**Windsor chair** in pine is sturdy, comfortable, lightweight. Chair dates from 1730; comes in many styles.

**Dressing table** with turned legs might have served as a dining table for our forefathers. 38" long 29½" high.

## The Warm,



**Four-poster bed**—which also comes with a tester—has fine traditional fluting on the tall, tapered posts. Double size only.

**Ipswich sofa** has lightly arched back, rolled arms, kick pleat skirt. Everfast MacPlaid chintz covering comes in many colors.

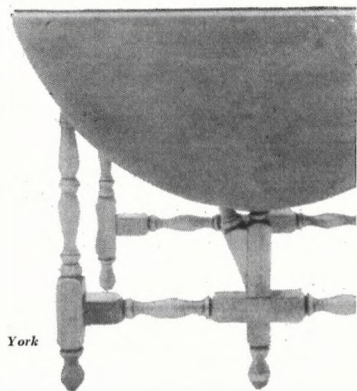
**Petticoat rocker** is an American invention credited to Ben Franklin. Covering is Elizabeth chintz by Everfast Fabrics, Inc.



**Five-drawer chest**, with Chippendale hardware, is perfect for men's clothing, or for your linens. 46" high.

**Kneehole desk** is commodious and compact—just right for family "desk work." Desk is 47" long by 30" high.

**Night or end table** with scalloped shelf makes itself useful in any room. The small drawer is useful for storage.





Moderate cost, plus easy-to-care-for coverings and surfaces, are important features of these 12 basic furniture pieces. With a little planning, this handsome furniture can help you achieve a home with—

# Friendly Look of Early American



Here is versatile furniture with a real talent and taste for flexible, comfortable living. Sturdily built and generally available, it combines well with cherished family heirlooms, blends gracefully with many periods.



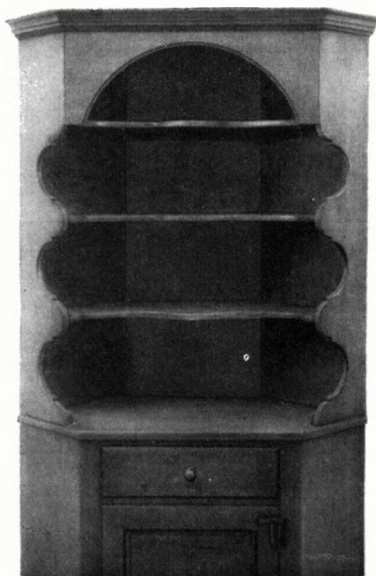
**Four-drawer dresser** could be a companion piece to the man's chest in the bedroom. It also makes a handsome piece for living or dining room. 43½" long.

**Corner cupboard** now enjoys much popularity because it takes very small space, yet gives ample room for storage.



**Marshfield armchair** in maple, also called a mushroom chair because of flattened tops of front leg posts. Woven seat.

**Drop-leaf table** has 12" extension leaves so it can open up to accommodate 8 to 10 people. Measures 79" with leaves up.



Photomontage by Ben Samoroff

## Accessory Quiz

These five groups will test your knowledge of Early American accessory folklore. Can you identify them correctly?



This reproduction of ironstone is a:

- A. Nantucket chamber pot . . .
- B. Soup tureen . . . . .
- C. Covered vegetable dish . . .



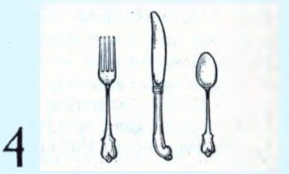
This is a copy of an Early American:

- A. Hurricane light . . . . .
- B. Candle sconce . . . . .
- C. Candelabrum . . . . .



This footed goblet is:

- A. Sandwich glass . . . . .
- B. Cut glass . . . . .
- C. Crystal . . . . .



The knife in this place setting has a:

- A. Pistol handle . . . . .
- B. Turned handle . . . . .
- C. Saber handle . . . . .



This water pitcher is:

- A. Crystal . . . . .
- B. Cut glass . . . . .
- C. Milk glass . . . . .



# THE FAMILY BUDGET

BY MORTON YARMON

Drawings by Mary Suzuki

Your household needs a budget if you are going to stay out of money troubles. A budget is not going to spend or save your money, but it will show what happens to your money, and help you avoid the thoughtless spending that plagues families in all income groups and that leads ultimately to debt and insecurity. Most important, a budget can show you how to have money on hand when you need it.

## ● INCOME AND OUTGO

The core of the family budget is this income-outgo chart:

INCOME	OUTGO
Take-home pay . . . . .	Fixed expenses . . . . .
	Day-to-day living expenses . . . . .
	Savings for an emergency fund . . . . .
Total weekly income . . . . .	Total weekly outgo . . . . .

The purpose of this chart is to prevent, on an average weekly basis, your total outgo from exceeding your total income. When income is greater than outgo—and that's what you should aim for—put the surplus into worth-while investments that will help provide a college education for the children, a comfortable home, retirement funds and fulfillment of other family dreams.

## ● RECORD-KEEPING

Some record-keeping is necessary, but simple tabulations will do. Keep the records handy so you can refer to them.

Here are the steps in making your income-outgo chart:

**1—Income**—Estimate your total *take-home* pay for the coming 12 months. Add any other sources of income: interest on savings accounts or bonds, dividends from stocks, rents from property, income of other members of the family. Total these, divide by 52, and you have your average weekly income.

**2—Fixed Expenses**—Divide a sheet of paper into 14 vertical columns, one for each month, the last column for the total and the first column (on the left side) for listing the categories of fixed expenses expected during the coming year. Among them probably will be housing (rent or mortgage payments, fuel, etc.), insurance, debts, taxes (beyond what is withheld from your pay check), church and other community donations. Check what you paid for these fixed expenses last year by referring to such records as canceled checks and receipted bills.

Will these expenses be duplicated in the coming year? Perhaps something new is coming up. Mark down under the appropriate month the amounts you expect to pay for each

category of expense. Total each monthly column. The sum of these 12 totals will give you your total fixed expenses for the coming year. Again divide by 52, and you have the weekly cost of your fixed expenses.

**3—Day-to-Day Living Expenses**—Now list what you spend each week for day-to-day living. Without a budget, it's a rare family that keeps close track of the dollar bills, let alone the nickels and dimes. It should take you at least a few weeks to find out what you are spending.

There are several ways to keep track of day-to-day expenses. One way is to itemize outgo according to who does the spending—Mother for food, household operations and furnishings; Father for operation of the car, garden supplies and tobacco; the entire family for recreation, drugs and reading matter; each member of the family for clothing and transportation. Another way is to list expenses by subject matter: household, clothing, automobile operation, etc. And remember to be absolutely thorough.

**4—Savings for an Emergency Fund**—A doctor bill or car-repair bill requiring sudden payment can knock your budget—and your family—for a loop. Therefore every budget should include a weekly lay-aside sum for an emergency fund, possibly to be kept in a savings account. Most experts agree that an emergency fund should cover three months' income.

## ● SENSIBLE BUDGETING

Maybe your weekly outgo, on your first try, exceeds your weekly income. You can't cut your fixed expenses, and it's risky to neglect your emergency fund. Sensible budgeting tells you to start reducing day-to-day living expenses.

## ● OTHER RULES

Another rule of sensible budgeting is to let all members of the family help plan the budget. And be sure you get unanimous approval. One balky member can wreck the best plan.

Finally, don't use ready-made budget forms that purport to tell you how much you should spend for each item. Family finances are an individual matter. If your neighbor wants to drive an expensive car and eat stews, that's his privilege. The important thing is not so much *how* you spend the money as it is that you don't spend what you haven't got—or what you're going to need next month for a mortgage payment.

The distribution (in the following chart) of take-home pay suggested by the American Bankers Association in its excellent pamphlet "Personal Money Management" may offer clues for trimming your expenses.

MONTHLY TAKE-HOME PAY	NO. IN FAMILY	SAVINGS	FOOD	CLOTHING	SHELTER	UTILITIES	ADVANCEMENT*
\$200.	2	\$ 30.	\$ 65.	\$ 18.	\$ 40.	\$ 17.	\$ 30.
	4	10.	90.	20.	40.	20.	20.
300.	2	55.	75.	30.	55.	25.	60.
	4	38.	103.	35.	55.	30.	39.
400.	2	90.	88.	40.	70.	37.	75.
	4	67.	115.	50.	70.	38.	60.
500.	2	145.	95.	50.	80.	45.	85.
	4	110.	125.	65.	80.	45.	75.
600.	2	190.	100.	60.	100.	55.	95.
	4	130.	140.	80.	100.	60.	90.

\*This column includes automobile, education, church, vacation, donations, entertainment, amusement, etc.

## The Most Dangerous Lies in Marriage

(Continued from page 55)

of their marriage partners—and themselves—to face the results (or imagined results) of telling the truth. Even the happiest of married couples can feel this unshared occasionally. But if it keeps happening over and over again, they had better start looking for the reason.

Even white lies can reveal such marital weakness, explains Mrs. Elinor P. Zaki, consultant on family problems for the Family Service Association of America. She illustrates it this way:

"I've talked to many husbands who tell me they are afraid their wives can't take the truth. One said, 'I don't tell my wife about business troubles because it would upset her too much.' Another said, 'When she buys a terrible hat and asks me what I think, I say it's fine. What good would it do to make her feel bad?'"

"What these husbands are doing, of course, is not protecting their wives' feelings, but their own. Is it really his wife he's sparing when the first man doesn't tell her about business setbacks? Is he afraid that she'll worry—or that she'll think less of him?"

"And the husband who lies about his wife's hat should ask himself: Will she ever buy a hat that pleases him, if he hides his true tastes from her? I'm sure he can find a way of telling her he doesn't like the hat—without making it sound as if he doesn't love her. If his wife ever finds out how he really feels about it, she'll be convinced that he doesn't care what she wears. And that can be much worse than the shock of hearing the truth in the first place."

But what happens when a normally truthful husband or wife, in a moment of weakness, tells a thoughtless lie? A good deal can happen. A marriage counselor told me about one young couple that is still having trouble as the result of such a thoughtless lie.

The husband, an assistant manager of a small chain store, had gone to a two-day meeting with his boss in a nearby city. When the first day's business was over, the husband impulsively asked a young woman executive to have dinner with him. It was completely innocent, but when he got home and his wife asked him what he had done that evening, he answered without thinking, "I had dinner with the boss."

But a few weeks later, the boss and his wife came to dinner. After two Martinis, the boss asked jokingly, "Eve, did Fred tell you about that blonde he took to dinner when we were away?"

Eve's cold stare told the boss that Fred hadn't. He dropped the subject quickly, but Eve never has dropped it. It comes up again and again during heated discussions, and her questions are always the same: "If it was so innocent,

why did you have to lie about it? What were you hiding?"

Actually, Fred wasn't hiding anything. He loves his wife and has never had any intention of being unfaithful. But feeling guilty about even the mild adventure of having dinner with another woman, he couldn't face telling Eve about it. He may have been afraid that she wouldn't believe the truth. With a little faith, Eve could accept that fact and strengthen their marriage—instead of tearing it apart about a minor lie.

As a matter of fact, many couples exaggerate the importance of a single lie. If the reason for a lie goes back to a real problem, that problem will reveal itself in a pattern of lying and evasion.

But isn't it possible for a husband or wife to keep lying—and get away with it? It's not likely. For in order to avoid having even a single lie boomerang, the person who tells it has to remember where and when he told it, and under what circumstances. Often it means telling other lies to keep the original one from being discovered. And it means carrying the strain of guilt that every normal person feels after telling a lie.

An old English proverb puts it this way: "Liars need good memories." A psychologist uses more modern terms: "It's not so much what we pay in nervous strain for telling the lie itself—it's the upkeep."

**W**e pay a heavy penalty even for lies that are never discovered. Dr. Stanley R. Dean, a distinguished psychiatrist, dramatizes it this way:

"Lying on income-tax returns can pave the way to a nervous breakdown. For every \$100 a man saves by fraud, he may spend \$1,000 on treatments for mental and nervous health. I've seen it happen time and again."

In marriage, the closest relationship that two people can have, these strains are intensified. It takes a skillful liar—and a lucky one—to deceive a marriage partner for any length of time.

That's why marriage counselors find that as husbands and wives live together and grow older, their lying falls off. In the best of marriages, the steady growth of mutual faith removes the need for deception.

How can a young couple keep lying out of their marriage? There is no simple 1-2-3 formula. Since lying is usually only a symptom of trouble, the first step is discovering the cause. Why can't the husband or wife face telling (or hearing) the truth? The answer may be buried in the experiences and habits of a lifetime. But often there are clues. And while the closeness of marriage makes lying so dangerous, it may also provide the means of doing something about it.

A young couple I know—let's call them Alice and George—tried a bold experiment. In the first few months of their marriage, George was disturbed to find Alice frequently lying to her mother—about how much they paid for the furniture or how often they visited George's parents or whom they had invited to their last dinner party. Although she always seemed to tell him the truth, George could sense that the same fear of dis-

approval that made her lie to her mother might eventually make her lie to him. He decided to do something about it.

One night after Alice's parents had visited them, George took the plunge.

"Look, honey," he explained. "I love you, and you can do anything you think is right. If I don't agree with you on something, we can talk about it like two grown-up people. But that has nothing to do with your mother. Whenever we decide to do something, you can tell her the truth about it and I'll back you up."

It took a little time, but Alice finally realized what George wanted her to do. And she did it. The first time Alice told her mother something she didn't want to hear, there was a mild explosion. But George simply put his arm around Alice and repeated it. As time went on, the explosions became milder. Alice discovered the tremendous satisfaction of standing by her own decisions—and she loved her husband even more for helping her make that discovery.

Of course, it's seldom as easy as that. But the experience of Alice and George does point up the importance of facing *the problem behind the lies*. And Mrs. Zaki, of the Family Service Association of America, adds, "How you tell the truth is important. As long as your words and manner make it clear that you love your husband or wife, you can face the most painful truths together. The big danger is letting the truth become a weapon—instead of a bond."

Perhaps the most dramatic indication of a couple's success in eliminating lying from their marriage can be found in their children. According to psychologists, children never really lie until the age of five; before that, they may invent elaborate fantasies, but these are not conscious lies.

After that age, however, whether or not they lie depends on their parents. In a recent study, psychologists at Smith College found that three out of every four children who lied regularly came from unstable homes—and nine out of ten who always told the truth came from happy families. A leading psychologist explains: "The average child doesn't lie—until he's been lied to."

I asked the experts I consulted for a capsule summary of what young husbands and wives should remember about lying. Here it is:

When you're tempted to lie to your husband or wife, ask yourself: Why is it necessary? And what complications could it cause?

When you're sure you're telling a "white" lie, ask yourself: Am I being too protective? Isn't there some way of taking the sting out of the truth—without lying?

When you discover your husband or wife in a lie, don't harp on it. Just make it clear that you're capable of facing the truth. If you don't storm about it, it will be easier to tell you the truth next time.

The most dangerous lies in your marriage are the ones that neither of you understands the reason for. Try to find those reasons.

And finally: There is one force in marriage that is stronger than the power of any lie—love. . . . THE END

## The Man Who Keeps America Awake



(Continued from page 70)

11:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. EST and from 11 P.M. to midnight, CST). Allen also is appearing from time to time on Max Liebman's new Saturday night show.

In addition to this tough working schedule, the fragile-appearing Allen has completed the first draft of a novel—also a book of studies of other comedians and a whole sheaf of short stories, the first of which he recently sold to *Bluebook Magazine*. Some time ago he published a volume of verse under the title "Wind-fall." His literary work recently occupied so much time he bought himself an electric typewriter so he could bang out more words per minute. He also composes and arranges songs, has recorded (for Coral Records) some of his "Bebop Fables" (these have been published in book form this fall by Simon and Schuster) and makes occasional appearances on other programs and quiz shows. Lack of time forced Allen to quit his job as regular panelist on the successful TV show "What's My Line?"

"I would also like," says Allen, "to have a role in at least one Broadway play this season, and maybe appear in a few good TV dramas."

Some of Allen's admirers use the word "genius" to explain his mastery of so many creative fields. But say that to Allen, who is genuinely modest, and he'll ridicule the idea.

"Sure, I only had three years of music lessons when I was a kid," he declares, "but I spent 20 years more playing the piano, listening, studying, trying to understand what music is. I'd be a fine dope if I couldn't play and compose a little. I should be able to write decently, too, as I've been doing that also since I was a kid."

On his own show Allen, now 32, plays the piano smoothly. He sings with the appretensive air of a man who wouldn't be surprised to be hit any second by a rotting cantaloupe.

When he introduces his regular performers—Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, youthful singers, Bobby Byrne's brilliant jazz orchestra, Jim Moran and his animals, and others—he acts as if they'd done him a great favor in showing up. When visiting stars drop in—Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Fred Allen, Lena Horne and all the rest—Allen seems as overwhelmed as any of their fans might be. Many think his best showmanship is demonstrated when, mike in hand, he strolls down into the "snake pit" (the orchestra of the theater) to interview members of his studio audience. His magic here is somehow getting the person interviewed to reveal much of his character in a few sentences.

Perhaps the most important of all Steve Allen's assets is his talent for building a strong emotional bridge be-

tween himself and his audience. His wife (TV star Jayne Meadows, whom he married this past July) says, "Everybody feels sorry for Steve and wants to do something for him. As he fumbles around opening a package, everyone watching would like to help him."

Each time the six-foot-three Allen pokes his nose outside his Park Avenue apartment house, he is greeted like a best friend by everyone who sees him. Seldom, if ever, can Steve walk into a barbershop, a restaurant or a night club without being engulfed by waves of paternal and maternal love.

People of all classes and ages offer him suggestions. "You do not look too well today, Mr. Allen," a woman passer-by will say. "Better watch those late hours." Or "Why don't you have Eydie Gorme sing 'Down by the Old Millstream,' Mr. Allen? Have her sing that for me tonight, won't you?"

Yet Steve Allen is probably the least understood personality in show business. Even the people who work with him daily on his show have about given up trying to find out what he is really like or what inspires his tremendous drive.

"It's as though he lost his identity and disappeared the minute the lights went out on his show," one of them told me. And Mitch Miller, a superlative oboe player and director of popular recordings for Columbia Records, who knows Allen well, says, "This may be because he is so shy and withdrawn a man. On his show he manages to be the person he'd like to be all day long—but can't be."

Even Jayne Meadows Allen, who is a devoted and also hep and intelligent young wife, confesses she is baffled by the off-stage Steve.

"I expect to devote the first 10 to 20 years of my marriage studying him," she says. "And if I have by then learned half of what there is to know about him, I'll feel I've made great progress. Yet I suppose I already know as much or more about him than anyone else does. Steve is a brilliant man who never knows what time it is, where he left his car, or what he ate ten minutes ago. Figure it out—if you can."

The longer you study this new TV star's personality, the more confusing are the contradictions. Steve Allen is a man so gentle he is horrified by selfishness or rudeness, yet he is at least an hour late for many appointments and wastes more valuable time apologizing for his lateness. Discourtesy to a woman upsets him, yet he seldom remembers to open a door for Jayne. A man careful with money, he rarely knows even approximately how much is in his bank account. Though a true intellectual, he reads few books except those about humor. In addition, he has no conceit and very little

vanity, and is constitutionally incapable of telling anyone a lie.

Though Allen doesn't think he had a sad childhood, most people would call his a very rocky adolescence. He was born in New York the day after Christmas, 1921, to the vaudeville team of Montrose and Allen. His father, Billy Allen, singer and straight man of the team, died when Steve was a baby. His mother, Belle Montrose, a comedienne who earned as much as \$700 a week, could not often take him along with her. He cannot remember traveling with her for more than three or four months in a row.

When she had the money, Miss Montrose placed him in a good boarding school. When bookings became scarce, Miss Montrose boarded him out with her Irish relatives—her family name is Donahue—in Chicago. Altogether, Steve attended 16 different schools, including five high schools and two colleges.

Steve wished so much to be with his mother that when he was six he started running away from his Chicago relatives. "My mother always made sure I lacked none of the material things," he says, rather hesitantly. "She had had a rough time herself as a youngster, being one of 17 children in a poor family. She joined a circus at nine, and before developing her own vaudeville act had been a Broadway chorus girl. She and my father, after becoming vaudeville partners, married and toured Australia on their honeymoon. "Among other things, my mother wisely saw to it that I was given piano lessons for three years when I was little. I made up little songs at first, but afterward lost interest in music."

Allen's earliest ambition was to be a writer, though he was already demonstrating a gift for impromptu comedy. Of this he says:


"Funny things used to pop into my head all of the time when I was a little boy in school—and I'd start laughing. Other kids and their mothers told me I could make my living with my jokes. But my humor met with a very mixed reception from my teachers, some of whom thought I was a young show-off."

His mother's Irish family was poor and lived in a tough neighborhood. Steve says he kept running away all through his boyhood. After he got a bicycle, he rode regularly across the Indiana state line, which is only a few miles, of course, from Chicago. "I immediately felt I'd escaped from all discipline and restraint. That enabled me to ride back home in plenty time for supper, without losing a scrap of my self-respect."

When Steve was 16, he amassed seven dollars and made his most serious attempt to run away. After a week of hitchhiking he found himself in Texas. He was so hungry that he was trying to get into the local jails just to get something to eat. "But I had no luck. For one thing, I never could find out where the jail was. When I'd go up to a native Texan and ask politely, he'd claim he didn't know. Even the cops wouldn't tell me. I could see they didn't think I was worth feeding even pokey-type food."

A couple of weeks later, Steve reached the home of an aunt in Los Angeles. When he told her he'd like to go to the local high school for a year,

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Steve Allen's bride (they were married July 31) is redheaded TV star Jayne Meadows. Her problem: teaching the always-working Allen to relax.

she wired his mother and got Belle Montrose's consent.

At that time he was already fascinated by jazz music, an enthusiasm that never left him. He explains, "After all, the nineteen-thirties, when I was going to high school, were years of the golden era of jazz music. Benny Goodman could almost have run for President."

**S**till, Steve's mind was set on becoming a writer. Back in Chicago again, and while still a high-school student, he wrote some poems of such fine quality that they were printed in the Chicago *Tribune's* famous "Line-o'-type" column.

When Steve was graduated from Chicago's Hyde Park High School, he was awarded a \$1,000 scholarship in journalism at Drake University, Iowa. But after a year, he switched to Arizona State College at Phoenix, so he could take courses both in journalism and radio announcing.

"I chose radio in the end," says Allen, "on discovering that while there seemed to be many brilliant men on newspapers, the radio field impressed me as one swarming with idiots."

Without completing his course, Allen got a \$50-a-week daytime job at KOY, a Phoenix station, and a piano-playing nighttime job for \$90. "This sort of thing makes a fellow think," he explained, pensively. "There I was writing, producing, announcing, acting, running my brain down and my legs off all day for about half the dough I was paid for playing a few hours of mild piano at night."

In 1943 Allen went into the Army. While in the service he married Dorothy Goodman, an 18-year-old coed. After only five months of the Army he was given a medical discharge and resumed his two jobs in Phoenix.

But his eyes were on Hollywood. He went there as soon as he could save up \$1,000. Because Dorothy had just had a baby, he went alone, and sent for his little family as soon as he got a job as announcer.

In 1945, with Wendell Noble, another announcer, he started writing and performing a 15-minute daily joke program called "Smile Time." When it was put on the Mutual network, Allen started making plenty of money. But after Mutual dropped the show, the only job he could find was as a midnight disk jockey on KNX.

"Having had a network show, I thought being a disk jockey on a local station was a big step in the wrong direction," he comments. Actually, the job proved the making of him. Because he had become accustomed to talking on the air, Allen gabbed a lot between records. When his bosses complained, he took the matter up with his listeners. He got 400 letters from fans, all saying they preferred his brilliant monologues to the uninteresting mutterings of 12 or 14 other local disk jockeys.

After he was allowed to talk freely, Allen quickly became a sensation in Los Angeles. He says, "It's funny how my studio audience grew. First I'd have half a dozen people there. On hearing them giggle, listeners would call up and ask if they could come down. And they brought their uncles and aunts. After a while we'd have a thousand persons there on Saturday night, and I'd have to do two shows. My 25-minute show was lengthened to 45 minutes a night, five nights a week, but I was still getting only \$100 a week."

What Allen was also getting for KNX was free guest stars—headliners like Jack Benny and Groucho Marx and Al Jolson. They all got into the habit of

dropping in regularly to swap wisecracks.

Allen says he began interviewing the folks in the studio audience on a night when one of his guest stars failed to show up. "I did it out of desperation, not knowing what else to do," he says, "and somehow it came out funny."

Meanwhile, Allen had been closely studying TV. The first thing he noticed about the new medium was how close the audience felt to the performers. Not necessarily friendly—just close. In Los Angeles homes, he was amazed to hear people say things like "I'd like to spit in his eye," or "Look at that awful dress she has on," about the performers on the screen. This convinced him that the important thing to do was make people like you. "If they like you," he says, "they'll like whatever you do. You don't even have to be very funny."

**A**llen got his biggest Los Angeles publicity break after reading over the air a letter from a cowboy who boasted he had written 10 songs every day for a week. When Frankie Laine scoffed at this, Allen bet him \$1,000 that he, Allen, could write fifty songs a day for a week. And he won the bet by writing the songs in the window of a Hollywood Boulevard music store.

Meanwhile CBS—of which KNX is an affiliate—was discovering an amazing fact about the midnight Steve Allen program. The fact was that thousands of milkmen and other early-morning risers were setting their alarm clocks for 12 o'clock—just to hear this amiable, fast-talking disk jockey. And when his show was over, they'd turn off the radio and try to get to sleep again.

CBS brought Allen to New York, but somehow never was able to find the proper program to put over his engaging personality. They tried him as a quiz master on the summer replacement show for "Our Miss Brooks." Next, they give him a whirl with "Songs for Sale," on which amateur song writers were given a chance to have their works played by professionals. When this show didn't click, CBS dropped him, and NBC grabbed him before he had a chance to bounce. He's had his own show ever since.

Soon after coming to New York, Allen brought Dorothy and the children—Stephen, Jr., Brian and David—East, but he and his wife had for some months been drifting apart. Three years ago, Dorothy sued for divorce. She has since remarried and now lives with the boys and her new husband in Los Angeles. The three youngsters came East this summer to be with their father and Jayne. "And we go to Hollywood to see them whenever we can," says Allen. "Dorothy is a fine woman—a good mother. The one thing wrong with our marriage was that she could never get used to the crazy hours I had to keep."

He met Jayne Meadows after his divorce. She was fascinated by his looks and his intelligence, but confesses she wasn't at all taken by surprise when he finally stammered out his proposal. "He's happy working all the time," she says. "However, this summer I introduced

Steve for the first time to the outdoors, the beach and relaxation. I think in time he'll learn to love them."

Perhaps more than anything else, Allen's co-workers are proud of his ad-libbing ability. They like to point out that he has the only unrehearsed program on the air. "Groucho Marx rehearses," they say. "So do Fred Allen and Godfrey. Steve is the only one who doesn't have to rehearse anything beforehand."

But Steve Allen himself just shrugs this off. "All those guys have other talents I can't touch," he insists.

At four or five o'clock each day, still sleepy, Allen goes to his noisy office at WNBT, glances at his mail, asks who the guest star will be, selects the songs to be used. If he has any special stage business on his mind, he asks his producer, William Harbach, to get any necessary props. He may also look at half a dozen comments and announcements his one writer, Stan Burns, has worked over and left for him. That's all the preparation he bothers with.

Shortly before his nightly show, he arrives at the Hudson Theater and warms up his audience with such comments as: "People watching this show go out of their minds when you wave your hands at the camera. If you want your mother to recognize you, wave your head at her. She might not recognize your hand on the screen, but she'll positively identify your head, and at once. . . . But frankly, the best seats are not downstairs in this theater. They're not upstairs. They are around the corner in the nearest balcony."

He keeps talking until the show is ready to go on the air.

He has sound reason for not rehearsing as other TV clowns do. Allen will tell you. "No one remembers any joke for 20 years. What people remember are the little experiences they live through, like the time Joe dropped the beer on the floor. That's what I try to get them to do—live with me through the little adventures I have on the show every night. If I've succeeded at all, that's the reason."

Despite his fantastic gift for appearing glib and speechless, a master mind and a square, helpless and in full control, in baffling sequence. Allen protests if you say he seems utterly relaxed before the cameras.

"I might not act like it," he says, "but like everyone else I suffer a constant series of frustrations on TV. And the unending chaos that surrounds a TV show makes it much harder to be funny on television than in radio. In radio, the only thing that moves is the comedian's lips. In television, three cameras are swinging around, there are assistants running around, a prop man, studio managers, script writers; there's a floor manager who walks around muttering just loud enough to divert the audience's attention."

Allen will tell you that, but smiles as he does. Then he adds, "On second thought, when everything goes right on my show, I'm sunk. I depend for laughs on what pops into my head. And if everything moves smoothly, nothing may pop. But television being what it is, I think I have little cause to worry." . . . THE END

It's Great  
To Have a  
Baby in  
Flint!



(Continued from page 61)

puzzle. They wondered whether they had made some terrible mistake in his upbringing.

One day Mildred read in the *Flint Journal*, the city's daily newspaper, that a Parent Training Co-operative Nursery was being started under Clara Elizabeth sponsorship. She arranged to enter Tommy the next day.

"The school was wonderful for Tommy—it was even better for us," Bill told me.

"Since it was co-operative," Mildred explained, "each mother gave two mornings every ten weeks, either helping with equipment or observing the children at play. As I watched the children and talked to the teacher, I learned what three-year-old behavior is really like. I discovered there was nothing wrong with Tommy—we had just expected far too much of him for his age."

**M**others and fathers of those in the school were required to attend four evening meetings led by Mr. William H. Genné, a former chaplain and teacher of sociology who now works for Clara Elizabeth. Mr. Genné showed films, among them "Children's Emotions" and "Mealtime Can Be a Happy Time." He led discussions on Father's role in the family, fear in children, temper tantrums.

The fathers soon formed a committee to build heavy climbing equipment. Bill, with little Tommy's assistance, sawed and painted. Mildred helped plan the programs for the parent discussion groups.

When Tommy "graduated" from nursery school into kindergarten in May, 1952, Mildred and Bill couldn't imagine why they'd ever thought he was difficult.

The Darntons were out of touch with Clara Elizabeth until March, 1953. Then Mildred was pregnant again and signed up for the Training-for-Childbirth course, which had not been available when Tommy and David were born.

Mildred faithfully practiced the exercises and breathing she learned in class. She found the relaxing positions valuable all during pregnancy to ease backache and help her sleep at night.

Tommy was now five and a half, and David three. Mildred thought it time to give them some information about the new baby. She asked David B. Treat, director of Clara Elizabeth, to recommend some helpful books. He lent her copies of "Being Born," by Frances Bruce Strain, and "The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born," by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. He also suggested that she bring the boys in to see the Belskie-Dickinson birth series models. "We get so many requests from parents," he told her, "that we have a nurse-narrator who

makes a specialty of explaining to small children how life goes on."

Mildred took the boys in one spring day and was fascinated herself by nurse Gayle Dale's friendly approach and the ease with which she described the growing embryo. David was satisfied with very little information. Tommy, a sturdy cowboy with two guns, listened attentively and glanced from time to time at his mother to connect what he saw in the models with what was happening to the baby he knew was growing in her.

Judith Ann was born on September 1, 1953. By now the labor room was thoroughly familiar to Mildred and Bill.

Mildred remained fully conscious for Judy's birth and again joyfully heard her baby's first cry. Several of Mildred's friends had roomed-in with their latest babies, and she and Bill wondered whether they should try it, too. They learned the hospital would permit the baby to be with Mildred from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. after the fifth day, if the couple wanted it that way. But then only the father could come to visit.

Mildred decided she'd have loved rooming-in with her first child, when everything was new and strange. But this time she preferred to use her hospital interlude to rest up for the busy days ahead with two small children and an infant.

As soon as she got home with Judy, Mildred started David in the Clara Elizabeth Nursery. Tommy was in first grade of public school, and David, now a middle child, would have been lost without the nursery group. David and his father painted a slide for all the children to use, and Mildred attended a mother's meeting that featured an exhibit of creative toys for preschoolers.

"That's the story of Clara Elizabeth in our lives so far," Mildred summed up. "You can see it's helped us understand each other and our children. *It's given us something specific each time we faced a new experience.*"

"It even helped me ease my occasional hankering for the excitement of my old job. One day in the reading rack at Clara Elizabeth I found an article called 'The Modern Mother's Dilemma.' The article discussed the letdown I sometimes feel as a career girl turned home girl. It pointed out that those feelings are normal, and that many women share them. That cheered me a lot."

"Mildred and I are great Clara Elizabeth boosters," Bill said very seriously. "We'd like to wrap up the whole program and send it to young families in other cities."

The Darntons have participated in Clara Elizabeth activities off and on over a period of six and a half years. I decided to spend an intensive 24 hours following Clara Elizabeth around the clock. It proved a thoroughly exhausting and illuminating 24 hours.

I started at 1 P.M. at Fund headquarters in a remodeled schoolhouse in downtown Flint. A dozen young pregnant women were stretched out on mats on the floor. "Remember," nurse Florence Crotty reminded them, "you're in training for the biggest athletic event of your lives—the birth of your baby. Now let's see some good abdominal breathing!"

At 2, I joined a discussion group on

"Understanding Baby's First Years." Another dozen young mothers were talking over feeding and discipline problems with Miss Krejci. "Let's remember that life is a continual adjustment. What are we adjusting to today, girls?" One young wife was adjusting to her husband's irritation over their stay-at-home life because of the baby, another to her son's lack of appetite at 12 months.

"We don't always get our problems solved here," a slim mother with glasses said afterward, "but we sure feel better for sharing them with each other and Miss Krejci."

At 3, in a pastel-painted labor room in McLaren General Hospital, I watched Fund nurse Florence Mirgon assist a young woman in labor. "You're doing fine," Mrs. Mirgon told her. "I feel wonderful," the young woman answered. "I can't get over it," the woman's mother said with disbelief. "I had six children, and it was awful each time. These kids think it's *fun*." She was still shaking her head when I left.

At 4, at Fund headquarters, I joined a group of nine-year-olds and their mothers to hear Mrs. Dale explain human reproduction. "What about twins?" a pig-tailed youngster asked, and she was told with the aid of the sculptured birth models. As the girls filed out, chattering, one mother whispered to another. "I learned a few things myself."

At 6 p.m., I met ten young couples, parents-to-be, on a get-acquainted tour of the maternity floor at Hurley Hospital. Behind a glass panel, a nurse held up in one hand a wrinkled, red five-pound infant and in the other a fat, rosy ten-pounder, both 48 hours old. "Wow," exclaimed a surprised father employed by Chevrolet, "they sure turn out different models!"

Hand in hand, the couples examined incubators and respirators, looked into labor rooms, then crowded into a delivery room, where Miss Crotty explained all the equipment, from stirrups on the delivery tables to the ink pad for foot-printing the newborn.

At 7:30, and getting weary, I dropped into Miss Krejci's Mothercraft class at Fund headquarters. More than 50 pregnant women filled the big classroom. At 8:30, I slipped out of Mothercraft and into the next room, where 40 fathers-to-be were at the Men's Forum. Mr. Genné was using a birth model to show the position of the baby's head just before delivery in a normal birth. Miss Crotty, in slacks, climbed on the exercise table to explain breathing techniques. A volunteer father took her place on the table while she demonstrated back rubs to reduce tension in pelvic muscles.

Mr. Genné spoke of a woman's emotional needs during pregnancy, and about nutrition. "Miss Krejci is telling your wives to eat liver twice a week. When she serves liver, eat it, fellows. Don't complain. She's got enough to do without cooking you a separate dinner."

The next morning at 9, in the basement of the Central Christian Church, I joined 20 prekindergarten youngsters, four mothers and two professional workers for a co-operative nursery session.

At 10, I left for Hurley Hospital, where Mrs. Mirgon was teaching student nurses. The lesson was on a mother's need for emotional support as well as physical care during her hospital stay.

At 11, in a pale blue hospital room, nurse Alice Beckwith was leading a pre-going-home discussion for six new mothers. "How do I keep my three-year-old busy while I'm breast-feeding the baby?" a pretty blonde mother asked.

"Try singing with him," Mrs. Beckwith suggested.

At noon, I ended my crowded 24 hours in the office of David Treat, director of the Fund. He is a well-built, silver-haired man who headed the health-education department of a high school in

Phoenix, Arizona, before he came to Clara Elizabeth in 1937.

"You didn't by any means see all that the Fund does," he told me. "Our Medical Advisors offer a lecture series each year for the Genesee County Medical Society. We give a course on 'From Friendship to Marriage' in the city's adult-education program. We have high-school and junior-college classes in 'Family Living' and a Couples Club for husbands and wives who want to talk over problems of parenthood.

"Every other month we hold Men's Forum in the morning for night-shift workers. We make individual counseling appointments. Our nurses are always answering questions on the telephone. And when we run into something we're not equipped to handle ourselves, we make referrals to doctors, public-health nurses, the Child Guidance Clinic or one of the family agencies."

The Clara Elizabeth staff is too busy with people to spend much time on statistics. It was with difficulty that I learned that last year 1,580 women took Mothercraft, 720 men attended Men's Forum, and 1,249 women completed Training for Childbirth.

"In reaching out to all these people," Mr. Treat told me, "we have two main principles: We never underestimate the intelligence of our class members. And we believe that people really want to learn when they love somebody and want to do something for that person. We provide our services at *teachable* moments in peoples' lives. The rest is easy."

Clara Elizabeth's far-flung program costs astonishingly little. The budget comes to about \$60,000 a year. At the rate the money is now being spent, Mr. Knudsen's endowment will be used up by 1962. That was his original plan—to set up a 25-year foundation. What will happen after 1962, nobody in Flint knows. Perhaps the Fund will be underwritten by someone else's generosity or absorbed by other agencies.

Can other communities duplicate the program of Clara Elizabeth? Many cities already do *some* of the things. Thirty-three towns in Michigan now have expectant parents' classes. Many cities throughout the country have excellent family-counseling services. Others have good co-operative nurseries. Still others have hospital trips for parents-to-be or training for childbirth or maternal health plans.

But no other city has a full, rounded program such as Flint's. Money is not the chief obstacle. The basic requirement for such a program is leadership—the kind of leadership that can bring together all the health and educational and counseling facilities in a community and harness them to work together.

Maybe in your town you have such leadership, available but untapped. Simply spreading the word of what has been done in Flint enhances the possibility for a forward-looking program where you live. What one city has accomplished, others can, too. It may take time. It will certainly take lots of work. But Flint has shown the way by teaching its young adults to approach parenthood wisely and confidently.

... THE END

## HOLIDAY SEPARATES

The fashions shown on pages 82-85 are available at the following stores:

- ALABAMA**  
Montgomery, Al Levy's
- ARIZONA**  
Phoenix, Walter Switzer, Inc.
- ARKANSAS**  
Texarkana, Kline's
- CALIFORNIA**  
San Francisco, H. Liches and Co.
- CONNECTICUT**  
West Hartford, Gillman West Hartford
- DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**  
Washington, H. Zirkin & Sons
- FLORIDA**  
West Palm Beach, Anthony & Sons
- GEORGIA**  
Atlanta, Regenstein's Peachtree  
Augusta, Callum's, Inc.  
Macon, Golding  
Savannah, Fine's, Inc.
- ILLINOIS**  
Chicago, John T. Shayne, Inc.  
Evanston, Edgar A. Stevens, Inc.  
Highland Park, Edgar A. Stevens, Inc.
- IOWA**  
Burlington, J. S. Schramm Co.
- KENTUCKY**  
Lexington, Wolf Wile Co.
- LOUISIANA**  
New Orleans, Kreeger Store, Inc.
- MICHIGAN**  
Detroit, Hughes & Hatcher  
Northland Center, Hughes & Hatcher
- MISSISSIPPI**  
Greenville, Nelms & Blum
- MISSOURI**  
Clayton, Boyd-Richardson  
St. Louis, Boyd-Richardson
- NEBRASKA**  
Omaha, Fred and Clark Haas, Inc.
- NORTH CAROLINA**  
Asheville, Carroll & Co., Inc.
- OKLAHOMA**  
Tulsa, Seilenbach's
- PENNSYLVANIA**  
Harrisburg, Wm. B. Schleisner Store
- SOUTH CAROLINA**  
Columbia, Hiltiwanger's
- TENNESSEE**  
Knoxville, Colonial Galleries, Inc.  
Memphis, Halle-on-Main  
Nashville, Grace's, Inc.
- TEXAS**  
Abilene, Marens  
Fort Worth, The Fair  
Galveston, E. S. Levy & Co.  
Houston, Sakowitz Bros.  
San Angelo, Bauer-McCann, Inc.  
Waco, Bauer-McCann, Inc.  
Wichita Falls, Perkins-Timberlake
- WISCONSIN**  
Green Bay, Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.  
Madison, Simpson's  
Milwaukee, Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.



## Young Mr. Adventure

(Continued from page 76)

an undersea cave at La Jolla, California, after a huge abalone clamped down on his hand, and again when he was washed into the branches of a submerged tree in the Colorado River near Yuma, Arizona, during his Air Force training days.

World War II provided the opportunity for foreign adventure, and also the crucible in which the character of John Goddard was tested. He enlisted, with his parents' permission, the day he was 17. Behind him he left part of his list of goals. But the Air Force offered opportunity to visit new places, learn new languages.

At first, when he was assigned to Italy with the 15th Air Force, he was excited at the chance to visit Rome and Naples. He climbed Vesuvius, as he had planned. Then, week after week, month after month, in a haze of horror he rode the B-17 Flying Fortresses in sorties over Berlin and other German centers. Some of these were the longest bombing missions flown in Europe during World War II. Around him, young men prayed and died. He saw one plane disintegrate from a direct hit.

He returned home from the war with many decorations, including the Air Medal with four oak-leaf clusters, four battle stars, a Presidential unit citation and others—but with his youthful faith gone. His parents tried to reawaken his interest in life, but only when he recounted his experience in the escape tunnel of the Roman Emperor Tiberius did he regain some of his former enthusiasm.

In Naples he had come upon a parchment map in an old book about the Isle of Capri. On the map was a line depicting what was described as a four-mile-long escape tunnel from the palace of the cruel Roman Emperor Tiberius, who in the years from 14 to 37 A. D. constantly feared assassination, to the famous Blue Grotto. The tunnel was shunned by Italians in the belief that it was haunted; in 1924 four young Italians had gone into it and had never returned.

While Americans and Italians were celebrating V-E Day and the end of the war, John sailed over to Capri, hid his clothes amid some rocks, and swam the mile from the boat landing to the Blue Grotto. A boatman refused to help search for the tunnel, even when offered a large fee. So John adjusted his swimming mask and dived toward the submerged entrance to the grotto.

"It was a surprise to discover in my dive how long the entrance was—at least 30 feet from end to end," John wrote later. "I became aware of an increasing bluish milky haze as I completed the short swim, and when I at last rose to the surface in the inner recess of the cavern I was . . . afloat in a gigantic cauldron of

sapphires. . . . Clouds of flaming bubbles came boiling up in my wake."

He began searching for the tunnel entrance, darting the beam of his waterproof flashlight on the blue recesses. For a long time he scrambled over the wet rocks, circling the grotto. He found no sign of an opening. Finally he found an aperture far back under a ledge. Crawling through, he came into another cavern. At the far end of this he spotted a square-cut opening. It was the tunnel.

In the dank atmosphere, he began his search. He thought he might find the skeletons of the Italians. Names and dates—the most recent one 1912—were carved on the dripping walls. He added his own. Breathing was difficult in the stifling air. He began panting. Slipping on a rock, he fell, and the flashlight flew out of his hand and went out.

"I was scared," John confesses. "A terrible panic came over me. Roman ghosts seemed to be gibbering in the inky blackness. I grabbed the flashlight, tried to make it work, started to run. The flashlight hit a projection and came back on. I sat down and tried to breathe. Then I decided to go a little farther."

He traveled to the end of the tunnel, where it branched into three short dead-end passages caused by a cave-in. But he never found any sign of the Italians.

**A**fter improving each telling of this Tiberius-tunnel adventure, John would lapse into brooding.

His parents recalled his former yearning to explore the jungles of Central and South America.

Quietly, the elder Goddard started arrangements for an expedition to Mexico, Yucatan and Nicaragua to collect archaeological and ethnological material. John began to show interest.

In Mexico City, his animation increased. Towering up out of the great mountain chain surrounding the city, the bulk of the volcano Popocatepetl—the "Smoking Mountain" of the Aztecs—challenged him. His father waited and watched. On the second day, John said he had to climb the mountain. With one Indian guide, he made the ascent.

On the next lap of the trip southward, John became excited hunting Mayan ruins, fighting with machetes through the incredibly thick jungle, and locating buried idols and buildings in Yucatan. Still he was indrawn and tense. He and his father lacked their old communion of spirit.

But as they neared the Nicaraguan jungle, John began to perk up. For years he had complained to his father that magazines and books neglected the interior of Nicaragua. He felt that all really worth-while exploration, regardless of whether it is spectacular, adds to the world's basic knowledge of the aborigines, animal life and plants of remote regions, and that the "blind spots" need to be penetrated and reported upon.

John and his father had planned to fly to the famous gold town of Bonanza in the midst of the jungle, hike overland to the Huaspuc River, explore it, and then go down the Huaspuc to the Rio Coco, which divides Nicaragua and Honduras.

On the trip, two strange events performed a therapy which no amount of talk or argument had been able to accomplish. The Goddards had a rendezvous with a jungle-hopping plane at Waspsam, far back in the wilds. No plane appeared. It was not until several days later they discovered the plane had crashed and killed all 20 passengers.

"It seems providential we weren't on it," commented John's father. John said nothing.

From Bonanza they plunged into the jungle on foot. Their guides were a Sumu chief and two tribesmen. The party penetrated tangles of vivid green creepers, where monkeys chattered overhead, rattlesnakes lurked underfoot. 15-foot anacondas waited in the semigloom, and cockatoos kept up a frenzied clatter. At night, the jungle resounded with the grunts and snuffings of jaguars, and there was an ear-splitting staccato series of sounds that made them think of a machine-gun attack. John finally solved this mystery. He captured some monster toads about 16 inches long—docile, but loud. They were the machine guns.

On the Huaspuc River they boarded a giant Sumu dugout canoe forty-two feet long and three feet wide, weighing 1000 pounds. Late one afternoon they made camp on a sandbar. It was intensely hot. The Sumu chief helped set up camp, then started cleaning an iguana (giant tropical lizard) for supper. John peeled off his clothes for a swim in deep water. He ran forward to dive.

"Wait!" cried the chief.

John barely was able to stop on the last few feet of ground.

"No swim here," the chief advised. "You swim in shallow water, in rapids. Alligators hide in quiet water here. They big cowards on land—but under water, they very brave."

John hesitated. He was hot and sweaty, and the water looked tranquil and safe. "I don't believe—" he began.

Without another word, the chief threw the iguana entrails into the river where John was about to dive.

Two huge jaws flashed upward, and the iguana offal vanished down the alligator's throat. John would have leaped to certain death.

A few weeks later, when he was about to leave his father at the Grand Hotel in Managua, John said, "I'd like to have a little prayer again, like we used to do." The blight of doubt created by the war had been cured.

During the next four years, John Goddard checked off many an item on his list. In graduating from the University of Southern California with a degree in psychology and anthropology, he specialized in premedical work. He visited 27 countries and traveled 200,000 miles. In Operation Haylift he flew feed to cattle starving in the blizzards of North Dakota. He explored newly-found caves in Minnesota. He served as a missionary in Canada and the Northwest.

Then he heard about the prospective French expedition to explore the entire 4,200-mile length of the Nile.

The expedition was sponsored by the French Geographic Society, the French Museum of Natural History and the French Explorers' Club. Many explorers from the United States sought the



privilege of going. The Los Angeles Adventurers' Club strongly supported its youngest member, John Goddard. He was selected, and set off for France.

In Paris he met his two companions, Jean La Porte and André Davy, and discovered he had a few extra days. Immediately he decided to take care of item No. 20 on his list: scaling the Matterhorn. He did—in 11 hours of climbing.

Once safely down, John turned his thoughts from sleet and glaciers to the heat and wild beasts of tropical Africa. He had been chosen leader of the Nile expedition.

He and La Porte and Davy were determined to start from the actual source of the Nile. So, on November 2, 1950, they stood atop a 6,000-foot mountain near Lake Tanganyika and looked down at 10 springs which formed streams that converged and became the beginnings of the great Nile River.

In the raging waters of the Kagera River, on the way to Lake Victoria, John's kayak overturned. He was struck in the face by the party's game rifle, and stunned. He escaped with his life, but all the heavy guns, and nearly all the motion-picture film were lost, and the movie camera, although recovered, was waterlogged. In desperation, John "hitch-hiked" more than 800 miles to Nairobi to have the camera repaired and get more film. Then the journey continued. The three had with them now only one .22 rifle—a popgun in Nature's wildest zoo.

A sandstorm blew the kayaks away, and the men saved their lives only by

lying in native huts with wet cloths over their mouths and noses to sift out the blasting sand. They got their kayaks back and started downstream again. Temperatures up to 147 degrees roasted them. They paddled for as much as 27 hours at a time, because it was impossible to land. They went hungry.

"We saw as many as 50 elephants at once," John recalls. "Lions, water buffalo, rhinos and giant snakes, and the crocs were everywhere along the way. At one village a leopard carried off a baby while we were sleeping in a nearby hut. The people all proved wonderful hosts—except some bandits in upper Egypt. These came out in boats and tried to surround us. We paddled for our lives, and when we began to distance them they opened fire with rifles. The choppiness of the water ruined their aim and saved us. Soon after, the Egyptian government captured them."

**I**n the famed cataracts of the Nile there was no lack of speed. When, deafened by the roaring river, the explorers went shooting around a bend amid boiling water and jagged rocks, their nerve was tested to the utmost.

After traveling 2200 miles, the trio reached Khartoum in March, 1951, five months after the start, and were given a tremendous public and official welcome. The news of their arrival was flashed around the world. Then, after nearly 2000 more miles of cataracts and an arrest as "Israeli spies," John and his com-

panions reached Cairo on June 26. They pushed on to Rosetta on the Mediterranean. Only then did they dare say:

"The Nile has been conquered!"

John Goddard's jubilation was short-lived. Back to Los Angeles he went with his battered and patched kayak—and a deadly sickness in his vitals. The Nile had placed its mark upon him. From its dreaded waters he had taken into his blood stream the horrifying boring parasites of *Schistosomiasis mansoni* that consume a man from the inside, attack his liver and kidneys, drain him to a husk. He harbored, too, a tropical tapeworm, Malaria and a sunstroke had weakened his vitality.

For months, after initial welcoming ceremonies at the Adventurers' Club in Los Angeles, he went through agonies at the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle. He was thin and listless. Only after death had begun to appear a welcome release did he respond to medical treatment and start to mend. Once he began to convalesce, he recovered quickly.

Then, with his health fully restored, his list of "aspirations and goals" got out of context.

At about the halfway mark, he suddenly skipped to No. 127. No. 127 turned out to be a beautiful blonde—Pearlyne Crowley, daughter of Dr. Edmund Crowley, a prominent Glendale, California, urological surgeon.

When John met Pearlyne, who was a highly successful amateur actress, she was about to go into the films. She was debating offers from both Metro-Gold-

*Now!* Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

*Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics*



**1. Antiseptic** (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula combats germs *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

**2. Deodorant** (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

**3. Convenient** (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Mail this coupon today



Tested by doctors  
Trusted by women



A NORWICH PRODUCT

**FREE** informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RB-411  
Norwich Pharmaceutical Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

wyn-Mayer and Universal. John quickly made a third offer. She accepted his and turned down the studios. They were married in June, 1952. Pearlyne's talents were not limited to acting. She was a straight-A student, an accomplished musician, church organist, Sunday-school teacher, good cook and charming conversationalist. She was the perfect companion for John when he began, hesitantly, to start lecturing about his explorations.

Goddard has financed most of his trips himself, out of lecture fees, his Air Force salary and earnings from various small jobs. He has never accepted commercial backing.

With his radiant bride beside him, he made his lecturing debut at the Ebell Club in Los Angeles before a packed, applauding audience. He went on to do benefits in towns in Utah and Idaho, drew 13,000 people in seven repeat performances in Provo, spoke to capacity houses twice before the National Geographic Society in Washington.

In New York, Wendell Phillips, president of the American Foundation for the Study of Man, introduced John Goddard to the Explorers' Club by saying, "Your major feat in traversing the Nile from end to end ranks in my professional opinion alongside the epic *Kon Tiki*, Anapurna and the recent Mount Everest expedition, and required fully as much courage, endurance and tenacity of purpose."

What comes next on John Goddard's adventure list?

One thing is sure. It won't be space travel yet. "There are too many fabulous places left on earth," John said as he prepared to complete his latest exploration, a detailed botanical and archaeological study of the Colorado River from the everlasting glaciers of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado to the tidal rip in the Gulf of California.

Two major projects come next on his schedule. One is to study primitive society and the history of migrations and interbreeding in the South Pacific, particularly on the Island of Mokil. John hopes to find clues to the dim ancestors of the first settlers of America. Then, too, he has accepted an invitation to go on an oceanographic trip on the famed *Valero IV* with Captain G. Allan Hancock, California philanthropist and explorer.

His mother sometimes tries to get him to give up exploration. She has spent uncounted anxious hours waiting word whether her adventurous son was alive or dead. To each gentle hint that he "settle down," John has been able to reply, "Mother, you are the one who always told me, 'Faith replaces fear.'"

In his new explorations he is encountering one difficulty. His wife wants to go along.

"Honey, you're just too feminine," John tells her. "This is men's work."

But Pearlyne has threatened to stow away in the car trunk or on the big rubber life rafts of the Colorado River expedition.

John Goddard wonders whether he is going to have to make one amendment to his "List of Aspirations and Goals":

"No. 128—Teach wife to be an explorer."  
... THE END



(Continued from page 57)

Kimmer. Then he was annoyed at himself for being touched and pleased.

"If you have the real knack for advertising, you probably won't be long with me," he assured her, laughing a little, ingratiatingly. "You'll want to work with a more important man. You see, I'm one of the smaller spokes in this agency."

She caught her lip between her teeth as a child would, plainly disappointed. "I'm sure you won't always be," she said.

"Don't misunderstand me." She mustn't get the wrong idea, the wrong impression on her first day; he didn't want her to think the work didn't matter.

Oh, what was he kidding himself for, he thought with deepening annoyance. It wasn't that at all—and he very well knew it. He liked the light of admiration in her lovely eyes.

Struck by the incongruity of it, the necessity, the wanting to explain himself to this naïve, star-touched child, he floundered ahead: "I like it here," he said. "I enjoy my work. I try to do a good job, and I *do* have my little successes, even though they aren't terribly spectacular."

**A**ware that now he was sounding like a pompous ass, he strove for an impersonal touch: "You know, for every big job in an organization like this there have to be a dozen little ones. The fact that a job isn't big doesn't make it—or the person who does it—any less important. There's a place for that kind of job; there's a place for that kind of person." His voice was angry, though he didn't mean it to be.

"But surely you can't *like* being one of the little ones," she cried. "A man's work should be a challenge, and, and a triumph—in the end a triumph, a feeling of glory and of succeeding and knowing the rewards, the prestige and power, and the things, yes, the things that can be bought with success." Her voice sang with it, no longer breathless and shy, but beautiful and bell-like.

Harry had to revise his first opinion of her. The girl had a way with words. She had a way. But she hadn't understood or believed a word of what he'd said. Well, he didn't intend to argue with her or discuss the thing further.

"Let's get to work, shall we?" he said shortly.

He saw he'd hurt her feelings. All

morning she looked hurt, ready to cry. He felt like a heel for having snapped at her—he shouldn't have done that. Contrite and uncomfortable, he asked her to lunch.

"Why—yes," she hesitated. "Why, I'd love to have lunch with you," she said, all smiles again.

He did not, of course, take her to the Blue Front Grill, where he usually went, but to the picturesque little Paris Inn farther downtown. He noticed the glances as they went to their table—glances drawn by the look of youth and stars she wore. That was the kind of girl Janie was—the kind that people turned to look at; and it made a man—any man, he supposed—feel good to be with a girl like that. It had been a long time now, since he'd had that feeling.

He gave their order to the waiter, and then she asked with her incredulous, childlike frankness, "Are you terribly unhappy, Mr. Price?"

For a moment he was angry with her again, and then he laughed. "Why, no," he said, "not at all. Why?"

"Just now you looked so."

"Oh, no," he said. "I was just thinking I haven't been here in a long time."

He had often come here with Claire. He had been in love with Claire then, but that, too, had been a long time ago. They were just out of college, and they'd started their own agency on a shoestring legacy of Claire's. After a little, his friend Fred Jordan had joined them. It was one of those things that had taken almost a year and a half to happen; and when it was over, he wasn't in love with Claire any more. He'd never known exactly when it had happened—it wasn't one of those things you could put your finger on. There was no sharp, abrupt quarrel—no quarrels at all, in fact; just Claire's realizing that Fred had the greater possibilities. That had been all there was to it. She had never told him this. They had never brought it out in the open. But they had known, both of them. In the end, she had married Fred, and Harry had gotten out of the agency.

He smiled a little wryly now in remembrance. "No, Janie," he repeated. "I'm very content."

"Content!" She said the word slowly, as if she were feeling of it. She smiled at him, shyly again, asking him not to be angry again. "But contented people never get anywhere."

She leaned forward across the table toward him, her voice intense. "Anything is possible if you want it enough," she said. "That's why I chose advertising—where the possibilities are unlimited. Little accounts get to be big ones. And little people get to be important people. It happens all the time."

*Right out of the copy book, he thought. The sky's the limit. The big, bright, glittering paper dreams. Here they were. Success, with the word in lights!*

The waiter came with the two Manhattans, and he picked up his drink, smiling at her, wanting to please her. "Here's to your success!"

She wasn't one to give up easily. "And to yours," she said.

Looking at her, he could feel the youth, the brightness of her and her

## Answers to Accessory Quiz

(page 37)

1-B; 2-B; 3-A; 4-A; 5-C

dreams, the wanting and the dreams that she spoke of as if they were but a breath away. *Success, with the word in lights!*—he had wanted it once, too. He could remember now how the dreams had felt. It was youth, he supposed. Youth—and then you grew up and found out the score.

Only it was disturbing that this girl who walked hand in hand with spring—a girl with a sweet mouth and a light in her lovely eyes—should awaken the memories of those old dreams, should make him remember again, make him see the familiar and the commonplace in a strange and different light. . . .

**H**e felt it, as he got off the bus and went up the walk to one of the small, ordinary houses that lined both sides of the street—tonight the houses seemed so much smaller, so much more ordinary. He let himself into one of them with his key.

"I'm here in the kitchen," Mildred called above the noise of the children. She kissed him warmly. "Aren't you a little late?"

Mildred was one of those women who are pretty only in a kitchen apron—fresh-looking and pleasant and a little too plump. Thinking it, he felt guilty and touched her shoulder in a husbandly caress.

"Isn't dinner ready?" he asked. He'd brought some work home. He wanted to get at it.

"In a minute," she said. "The biscuits must be done."

Mildred had won a ten-dollar prize in a magazine contest with her biscuit recipe—they were little balls of fluff, tenderly brown. He praised them extravagantly but without enthusiasm, feeling strangely empty and disloyal.

"Jeff has a surprise for you," Mildred told him when she got up to pour more coffee. "A very nice surprise. Show him, Jeffy."

Six-year-old Jeffy brought an A-studded grade card out of his pocket for inspection. "He takes after you, Harry, thank goodness!" Mildred applauded, laughing. "I never got an A in my life."

"I'm smart, too, like Daddy!" Kimmer announced solemnly, her spoon in mid-air.

He had forgotten that tonight was the night Mildred went to the upholstering class, leaving him to cope, a little impatiently, with the children. He hurried them into their sleepers and bed.

Kimmer talked on incessantly, in the way of the small ones, neither demanding or expecting an answer. "Read me a story," she said with a nice air of hopefulness. "Read me about Red Riding Hood."

"No," he told her with more vehemence than he intended, as he fixed the bed railing in place. "Daddy has to work."

Choosing to disregard this explanation, Kimmer said again, her face and her eyes round and pleading over the rim of the railing. "Please. I want Red Riding Hood."

"Lie down," he told her crossly, "and go to sleep."

Little Kimmer, abashed by the unexpected, the unusual sharpness, did as she was told. "I don't love you any

more," she retaliated, her voice a small, hurt angry sound.

The sound of it inside him, he took a sheaf of papers from the folder. It had been a long time since he had thought about his work outside the office.

"Working, Harry?" Mildred asked in surprise, when she came in from her class.

She came and sat on the arm of his chair and smiled at him—a warm, sleepy smile. "I finished tying the springs tonight. My, is that a job!" Her hands were rough and almost blistered.

"You're always fixing something," he said. "You shouldn't work so hard."

"But I like things nice," she said. "I want things nice for you and the children."

She put her arm around him, and he could feel the warmth, the familiar, warm, nutmeg fragrance of her against him. It was good like this—the loving, the belonging; he felt it in her, the belonging, utter, complete, making him feel a little guilty again, his own desires, his thoughts strangely divided, part of them at the office still, on the sheaf of papers in his folder, the desires, like sparks touched off, that had been lying dormant and unkindled within him for a long time. But the wanting was there, real, the longing for something more, even now, with Mildred in his arms.

At the office they began to ask, "What's happened to Harry?" Some of them, of course, thought they knew. Miss Blakeley, one of Cummings' sharp, clever girls who'd been there a long time—so long that some of the sharpness had begun to wear a little thin—said it was a shame; it was too bad. She shook her smartly-shorn gray head. "Those starry-eyed ones!" she said.

It was the new home-permanent-waving account that really started it. *Little accounts get to be big ones. Little people get to be important people.* Harry Price knew an opportunity when he saw one. It was like bells ringing inside him, the feel of struggle and scheming and doing. His work consumed him. He took to staying late at the office, calling Mildred to tell her he wouldn't be home for dinner.

Usually she just said, "All right, Harry—I'll leave the hall light on." But this once she'd said, "But Harry, Mother and Emily and Chris and all the others are coming over tonight. Don't you remember—I told you last week?"

"I'm sorry, Mildred," he said. "I won't be able to make it."

"But Harry," she persisted, "it's—it's a kind of party. They'll be disappointed if you're not here. Please come on home," she said.

It was out of the question, he had explained shortly—tonight he was putting the finishing touches on the permanent-wave thing.

Janie was, surprisingly, a most efficient secretary. She didn't object to staying late whenever he asked her, which was unusual. Most of the girls resented being asked to stay; at least the younger, pretty ones did—the ones who had other things to do with their evenings.

"I don't mind at all," she said. "In fact—" She smiled at him shyly, her bright, soft, admiring smile, not finishing her sentence. It was later than usual



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when they finished. He took her home, to her apartment.

The light in the hall was on, when he got home, the rest of the house quiet and dark, and in the light from the hall he saw the chair, the one Mildred had been working on all these weeks, looming new and large and beautiful in the corner of the living room.

It was done in a soft, dark shade of green, the fabric fitted neat and smooth, the cording turned sharply and expertly at the corners. He ran his hand over the corners, over the rough, deep-feeling fabric. Around it Mildred had fixed a huge gold-ribbon bow with a cardboard sign hanging down: *Happy Anniversary, Harry*. The eighth; that was it—today. He had forgotten, completely.

It was the first time he had ever forgotten, completely. He hoped, sincerely, Mildred would be mad, instead of hurt-acting. He made a lot of noise, hunting his pajamas.

"I'm not asleep," Mildred said from the dark of her pillow. "You needn't be so careful."

She was mad—that was good, he thought. "How was the party?" he said.

"Very gay," she told him, sitting up in bed, "like—like a wedding without a groom. I called them up and told them not to come," she said. "I had a good notion to take the bow and sign off the chair, only I was afraid you wouldn't even see the chair."

"I saw the chair," he said. "Thank you, Mildred. It's a beautiful present. Thank you," he said again.

"You're very welcome," she said. "And don't stand there looking as if you'd lost your best friend. Turn out the light and get in bed."

"I thought I'd lost my best wife," he said.

"It would take more than a forgotten anniversary, my dear man," she said with a trace of acid lingering in her voice, which turned to her soft, familiar laughter.

Gratefully, he gathered her into his arms, kissed her gently. Sweet, gentle, loving Mildred . . . who had been eight years ago like balm to his wounded ego.

"I'll always love you, Harry," she said, warmth in her voice. "I don't think anything could make me stop."

"Why?" he said. "I don't deserve you. Why did you marry me anyway, Mildred?"

"You ask me why," she laughed tenderly. "After all the years, you ask me. I thought you knew. You seemed to me like a king among men. I loved you so. My love made me blind to all your little faults, has kept me blind. I didn't understand why you should want me," she said, "because I wasn't clever or anything, and sort of plain and awkward. Why, I was even afraid to meet you because Laura and Betty had talked so much about you, how attractive you were and all. And once I asked you—I said, 'Don't you admire Betty and Laura, they're both so clever?' and do you know what you said? You said you were tired of clever girls. I remember how happy it made me. Because then I knew you saw me as I really was. I didn't have to try to pretend any more to be some-

thing I wasn't—just myself. I knew you understood that I didn't have anything to offer but love. You see," she went on, a little painfully, "I've always known that I loved you more than you loved me."

No, he thought . . . oh, no . . . he drew her closer to him, held her closer. . . . How had she known? he wondered.

In a moment she put up her hand to his face and felt it. "You're working so hard, Harry. We hardly see you any more—the children and I. Even Kimmer notices." She said this afternoon, "When is my daddy going to take us all to the zoo, like he promised?" She remembers, Harry. She keeps talking about it. I



suppose you'll be working again this Saturday, won't you?" There was no note of complaint in her voice—only the acceptance of his plans.

He knew he should promise again, or at least explain, but there were things he could not explain to Mildred. How could you explain to someone who had never known the wanting, never felt the need for triumph, never heard the bells?

A short time later his work on the permanent-wave account bore sudden fruit. The company dropped its entire cosmetics account into the lap of the agency—a fat, juicy plum. Mr. Blair himself called Harry Price into his lush, luxurious office to tell him how pleased he was, congratulated him, made a veiled promise or two. . . .

Telling Mildred about it, Harry still felt a little dazed by the words and the promises.

"Why, that's wonderful, Harry," Mildred said. "I'm so glad, dear. And thank goodness, that's the end of it," she said. "We can all start getting acquainted again now."

She didn't understand at all, he thought—she didn't care; she hadn't really heard anything he'd said. She didn't realize the significance at all of

old Blair's promises. It wasn't the end—it was only the beginning.

Janie had known.

"The first rung up the ladder," she had admired with the soft shine in her eyes—a shine that made the gray of them almost black. "Your first triumph, Harry." She called him "Harry" now. "There'll be other triumphs. I'm sure of it," she said. "You have talent . . . a gift. . . ."

She stood before him, an unspoken, secret promise—a symbol and a reward. Her promise, like bells in the distance, always in the distance, beckoning. She made herself part of the reward, came close, brought the stars, the shining close, and then she moved away and left nothing but the promise and the wanting, the reaching.

And Mildred had gone on spooning the applesauce into Kimmer. Her mother was keeping Kimmer tonight, she said. Tonight was Parents' Night at the school—didn't he remember? There was to be a program. Jeffy was in it.

"Oh, yes . . . of course," he said. Jeffy was to be a rabbit or something with red wings.

"We'll have to hurry," Mildred prodded in her warm, pleasant, hurrying voice. "Jeffy has to be there a little early to get into his costume."

He felt quick, unreasoning anger at Mildred for accepting his good news so casually, for being so preoccupied with the children and a school program. He wished that he had stayed in town.

He might have stayed in town; he might have been with Jane this very minute, he thought, instead of in this dusty little school auditorium, watching the audience straggle in—a preponderance of mothers, he noted, and a sampling of fathers—while Mildred went backstage to help Jeffy with his costume. She slid into the chair beside him only a minute or two before the lights dimmed and the curtain went up.

"I got him all pinned in," she whispered nervously. "I do hope nothing comes loose." Why Mildred should be so nervous and excited, he didn't know.

The orchestra, obviously trying hard, played the "Londonderry Air" and something else he didn't recognize, and then one of the little ones came out to announce what was to happen next. Halfway through, she became stage-struck, forgetting her lines, and rushed, weeping, back into the wings. "Poor little thing!" Mildred murmured compassionately. He'd begun to feel some of Mildred's nervousness. He hoped to heaven Jeffy wouldn't muff his part. He felt himself sitting tense and waiting.

The rabbit came on, and that was Jeffy, although he wouldn't have known except for the freckles standing out starkly on Jeffy's face, the intensity in his brown eyes. His first rabbit lines came out loud and clear and easy.

"He knows the whole play," Mildred whispered. "He knows everybody's part. He can start at the beginning and go right through to the end."

Harry began to breathe again, relaxing somewhat, as Jeffy executed some bits of rabbit business. It was obvious that Jeffy wasn't going to forget or louse

up the thing. By God, Harry thought, pride surging through him, it was exactly the way a rabbit *would* act, *ought* to act, even to the little jump he put into his walk, the white cotton tail bobbing. Why, he was all rabbit; he was the wistful little rabbit wishing for the things that rabbits couldn't have—the prickly coat of the porcupine, Mrs. Puddle Duck's orange rubbers.

"They're painted with real orange paint," Mildred whispered, but the little rabbit was already wishing for the red bird's beautiful wings, and the owl—he supposed it was an owl—the kid's mother was obviously not the hand with a needle that Mildred was—was telling him to go to the wishing well and wish them on.

The curtain came down on the first act, and the audience clapped appreciatively and moved, came alive with parental sounds. "That adorable little rabbit!" the woman next to him laughed. "He's priceless!"

And suddenly he wanted to tell her, this woman who was undoubtedly somebody's grandmother, this stranger sitting next to him—wanted to say, casually of course, just mention casually, that the rabbit was his boy, his son; but he resisted the impulse, thinking of no casual words.

"He has the wings on in the next scene," Mildred explained. "I hope they get them fastened on all right."

He hoped they would, too—he thought of suggesting to Mildred that she go backstage and see to it, but the lights went out again and the red-winged rabbit appeared, to learn, as the rest of the play unfolded, that no one knew him, in the fine red wings—he was a stranger to them all—and even his mother would not let him in. So, at last, the rabbit went back to the wishing well and wished them off again—the wings that had made him ridiculous and unhappy.

"The children made up their own lines," Mildred whispered. He hoped the play would end there, where it ought to end. He hoped Jeffy hadn't put any more words into it, hadn't tried to tack any kind of moral onto the thing. As the curtain came down, he thought he should have known a child wouldn't; only an adult would try to wrap words around a theme so obvious.

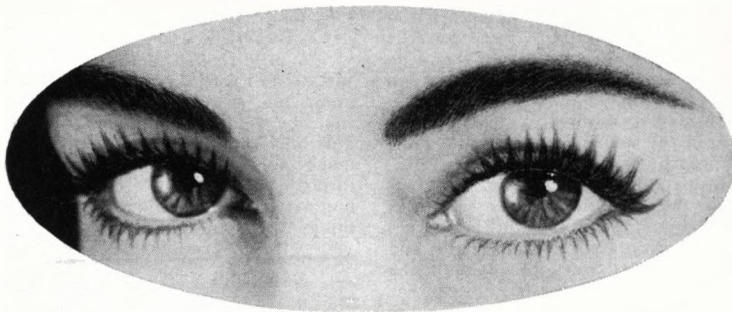
Afterward, Mildred said they must go to the rooms—the rooms were to be open for parents' inspection. He met Jeffy's teacher, a Miss Maxwell, who was big and gay-looking and effusive. "So you're Jeffy's wonderful father I hear so much about," she gushed, holding out her hand and smiling toothily. "His hero—a king among men."

Harry made a small derogatory protest, and Miss Maxwell steered him past a knot of mothers to the wall which bore children's paintings, leaving him to look at the ones signed in big bold letters—*Jefferson Dudley Price*. His son. *Jefferson Dudley Price*.

"You see," Miss Maxwell caught him again, "no inhibitions, no fears, no darkness in Jeffy's paintings. All happiness and sweep and color and line." She dashed off again.

How the old girl could lay it on, he thought. It wasn't true, though, what she had said—he hadn't been a very good father; not lately, anyway, or a very good

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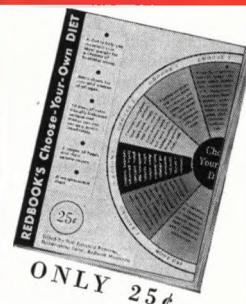
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husband—he'd been too occupied with other things.

Mildred was through talking with the mothers, he saw, and he took her arm possessively, proudly. "Let's go," he said. "Let's pick up our rabbit and go home." Saying it, he felt an exultation go through him, all through him.

Strangely, ironically almost, Janie appeared the next morning in the same bright red suit she had worn the first day. She brought the other things with her, too—all the other things. He saw them all—the years ahead, the working, struggling, scheming, conniving, the bells, and Janie, spring and stars, the warmth, the shine of her, the way she smiled, her mouth fresh, waiting, as it had been the other night. Red wings, beckoning. . . .

Only now he did not want them, did not need them. He had found that which he sought—among his own. He had felt it last night, had touched it—the secret and the source of strength and power and of fulfillment. He knew it within himself—a selflessness born of love and pride.

He felt like a tightrope walker who practices and falls and practices again, and suddenly has it—the balance: The balance between working and living. Now he had achieved it; he could do it; he knew how. There was a meaning and a purpose to the struggle, the striving, because it was for them. *For them.*

"Janie." He cleared his throat carefully. He owed her an explanation of some kind—all those evenings he had asked her to stay after hours. He felt guilty—and overwhelmingly grateful. If it had not been for her, he would have gone blindly—yes, blindly—stumbling as he had before she came. He would have forgotten how to dream; he would never have known why men dream and strive.

"I went to a play last night," he said. "It was called 'The Rabbit who Wanted Red Wings.' I never saw a play I enjoyed so much." That was a lie, so he changed it. "It was the best play I've ever seen," he said. "My son was in it. He was the star, you might say."

"I'm not following you," she said. "I seem to have lost the thread of your conversation."

He did not explain very well, because there were some things you did not tell to strangers. But she understood, this girl who was as naïve as Helen of Troy, as childish as Cleopatra, who had almost taken him for a long, rough ride.

"I see," she said softly, without anger or rancor. Her face had a white, bleached look. Then her mouth curved upward in her soft, sweet smile. "I almost did it, didn't I? Next time I will. I'll find someone else. Only I wanted it to be you. I was hoping it could be you."

There never was, there never had been, a girl like Jane, he thought, watching her go. She was one in a million. Under the soft white shine of her, she was as hard and sharp and clever as they come, as clever as any of Cummings' girls; cleverer, because she knew she wasn't smart enough to get what she wanted by herself. She knew she had to find a man whom she could drive to success. She'd do it, too, he thought, with a trace of admiration, because she was young and very lovely, as well as clever. Breath-takingly lovely.

He waited until she'd gone out and closed the door behind her, so he could call Mildred to tell her that on Saturday they would all go to the zoo. This Saturday. Tomorrow.

A little foolish, perhaps, calling her just to tell her that—he knew it was; knew, too, that Mildred wouldn't think so. She would know in some unexplainable way that he was telling her more, much more—what she had been waiting through the years to hear him say. She understood things like this—the real things, the things that mattered. Before

he started on his work, he wanted to tell her, wanted to hear the warmth and welcome of her voice, overlaid with gentle reassurance.

He dialed the number, but as he waited he was not conscious of the phone ringing shrilly in his ear. In the moment before she answered, there was only the soft sound of the waiting . . . like a sound of red wings falling . . . and the queer, strange feeling again of exultation. And as he waited, he knew the meaning of the exultation—a simple, ordinary man, whom love had made a king. THE END

## A Lesson In Freedom



(Continued from page 45)  
fact, address an inquiry to practically any official in the United States, and expect an answer. This is no miracle in a democracy.

Ten years from now Marc Wilson, too, will take such wonders for granted. He'll be voting for a President in the 1964 election. He'll "join" the Republican or Democratic Party by registering. He won't have to pay anything to do so, or prove he's a loyal party member, or make any promises whatsoever. In return for hardly any effort at all, he'll help choose party candidates—simply because he lives in our democracy.

Marc may even go into politics himself. His home town, where they are now experimenting with a new system of city management, is a good place to start. With Miss Gladding's teaching behind

## How to Choose Good Books For Boys and Girls

To help youngsters discover good reading, you can use the following book lists as guides:

- "The Children's Bookshelf, a Booklist for Parents." Available for 25¢ from the U.S. Department of Education, Washington, D.C.
- "Children's Books Suggested as Holiday Gifts." Available for 10¢ by mail from the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., New York 18.
- "Gracie Mansion Basic Children's Library List." Available free on request from the Children's Book Council, 50 West 53rd St., New York 19.
- "A Selection of 300 Recent Children's Books." Available free on request from the Children's Book Council, 50 West 53rd St., New York 19.

November 14th to 20th is National Children's Book Week. This year's slogan is: "Let's Read."

him, he will have a good understanding of how democracy works.

Miriam Gladding doesn't know why Marc decided to write to General Dean. "The children made their own choices. They wrote to most of the state governors, to local officials and professional men, to Mamie Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt, Syngman Rhee, Margaret Truman, Princess Margaret and Vice-President Nixon. Although I warned them that some people might be too busy to answer, I believe we got replies from everyone except people who were away."

They received splendid letters, too. Some carried out the tough assignment of selecting just one favorite book. Others gave a fuller reading list. One of the most interesting replies came from Governor J. Hugo Aronson of Montana, who mentioned no children's books at all. He pointed out that he went to a little country school in his native Sweden. "We didn't have any public libraries nearby, and the principal book which we had to read at home was the Bible. I didn't come to this great land of opportunity until I was twenty years of age."

Mrs. Roosevelt selected Charles Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" as one of her childhood favorites; Mrs. Eisenhower mentioned "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott. Vice-President Nixon wrote that he enjoyed Robert LaFollette's autobiography when he was in the seventh grade. Several governors picked Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Let's hope that all their lives Miriam Gladding's students will live in a free world in which children can write to top legislators and executives, and get answers.

Miriam Gladding believes we will. She doesn't get on a soapbox to say so. She is completely sure of it. For one thing, the Gladdings were among the first ten families to settle in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1630; her mother's ancestors, the Campbells, arrived in New York about the same time. Her family has enjoyed over 300 years of life in America. Besides, she has her own special vision of the future, in the hands of her students.

"I can never be fearful about American security," she states, "and I am reassured by the letters the students received. Surely leaders who take the trouble to consider children's questions and answer them so fully are men of fine caliber. I also was impressed by the number of these men who mentioned the Bible as a favorite. It seems to me that such leaders are running the state with a greater wisdom. The country is in good hands." . . . THE END

## A Father's Ordeal



(Continued from page 64)

even serious but not fatal, damage, that bullet had found the one vital spot.

Jamie Watson, with his father at his side, gave testimony. His young voice trembled, on the verge of tears, as he told how the accident happened. He had fired a round of shots at the target. Then, as Billy fired, he stood back to reload. He inserted a clip and pushed the bolt forward, and the gun, instead of cocking, fired. Bill fell without a sound.

Someone else testified that he owned a gun of the same make as Jamie's, and that it also had misfired for him several times in loading.

The jury, of course, found Jamie Watson not responsible.

I hurried Marty away, back to the farm, brushing aside the well-meant offers of sympathy, avoiding Jamie and Ollie and Mrs. Watson. There was a feeling of unreality about it all, as if I had attended a legal function that did not concern me; as if it were someone else's boy who had been killed. And yet, the next day was Billy's funeral.

That evening, after we forced ourselves to eat a silent dinner, Clem came to us and told us the Watson boy had gone back to the hospital after the inquest. He had been in the hospital ever since the accident and was still under treatment for shock.

I felt no sorrow or sympathy. I had reached a point beyond feeling.

Marty arose from her chair and went to the phone immediately.

Clem still stood uncertainly before me, turning his hat in his hands.

"All right, Clem," I said. "Thanks. I'll see you in the morning." Beyond the sound of my own voice I could hear Marty saying, "Ollie, this is Marty Collins. May I speak to Alice?" Clem shuffled out, giving me a queer glance.

Marty said, "Alice, we just heard that Jamie's still in the hospital. How is he?" There was a long pause, then: "I know, Alice. I know." Another pause, filled with the muffled metallic sound of Mrs. Watson's voice on the wire.

What did they expect, I thought bitterly. Sympathy? If anyone deserved sympathy . . .

Marty began talking again. "It's been an awful shock, Alice. We can't get over it . . . but you tell Jamie I said, well, that it must have been God's will. That we accept it that way, and he must, too. . . . Now, Alice, don't cry. We'll all have to think of it that way."

Oh, Marty, you wonderful, wonderful woman, you. I was filled with an overwhelming, heart-rending admiration for Marty; with a loss so great she could still be so generous. It's a funny thing—you can't live in the country without growing closer to God. Faith had become a part of our daily lives, and I loved my

wife for what she had just said. But I resented it, too.

Her voice came again. "Just a minute, Alice. Jim's here. He wants to say something to you." She held the phone toward me. There was pleading and authority in her glance. I did not move. She beckoned me with her free hand. I continued to sit there. She set her jaw severely and silently ordered me to take the phone.

I took it. "Hello, Alice." The tired, tear-filled voice of Jamie's mother came back across the wires, and there was deep humility in it. I don't know what she said. My own mind was a jumble of conflicting emotion. I listened, saying, "Yes," occasionally. I knew I should do as Marty had done, but I couldn't speak the necessary words of forgiveness. At last I said, "Well, you tell him to get better, Alice. Making himself sick won't change it."

Those meager words were the greatest gift I could ever give to Alice Watson. I listened to her break into renewed weeping and, finally, said good-by.

Marty was standing behind me, looking at me curiously—the same look that Clem had given me. I couldn't fool Marty. I could hide nothing from her. She put her arms around me as I stood up and pressed her head to my shoulder. "Oh, Jim. You mustn't feel that way."

I held her. "I know, Marty. I know. . . . I'll get over it." I clung to her, reaching, searching for some hidden strength; then I moved away. "I'm going outside," I said.

The fields were heavy with dew; the

silent night was majestic, the sky spangled with stars. On how many nights like this had I stood alone, the lights of the old stone farmhouse bright and reassuring, knowing that my wife and my son were snug and safe inside, and thought, God's in His heaven. Tonight there was only emptiness, frustration, the blackness of night.

I walked out into the darkness, and sorrow and fear and loneliness walked with me. I felt sorrow for myself and Marty, anguish for that lost young life, so bursting with promise, that would never know the joyous fulfillment of growing into manhood, of learning and working and loving and eating and all the glories that fill man's days. For the first time I was afraid of the future. I dreaded tomorrow and all the tomorrows stretching vacantly ahead, empty, without purpose or goal, now that the central motive of our life was gone. Never had I felt so alone.

I tried to reason. It was an accident, nothing more. It was over and done and best forgotten. Marty had said, God's will. But was it? If Billy had slept late that morning—if I had been up earlier—if Jamie Watson had not taken his gun—I could not accept the excuse that God had willed a careless, thoughtless boy to load a lethal weapon with it pointed at someone else's back.

Billy had a profound respect for guns. I had taught him that from his earliest days. Billy would never point a gun at anything but a target, even with the breech open, even with the gun broken. That was the first rule of

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handling a gun, no matter how sure one was that it could not fire.

Did the crime go back beyond Jamie to his father? Any man who would let a child use a gun so wantonly should be held criminally responsible. Such a ridiculously unnecessary accident was not an accident. It was a deliberate act of stupidity and thoughtlessness and selfish disregard for others.

I stopped at a fence post and kicked it until my leg ached. *Oh, the needless, unforgivable, sinful waste*— I felt so helpless, so inadequate, so desperately in need of doing something to release my grief, and there was nothing I could do. Nothing but bottle it up and show the hypocritical, civilized face of forgiveness. I dropped to my knees in the wet grass and beat the earth with my fists—beat it until the tears came, until I dropped from exhaustion. . . .

The next couple of days, I bottled up my resentment. Oh, I wasn't fooling Marty, but at least I hid it from every one else. Marty was too close to me. She could see my reaction to the little things that kept the tragedy fresh in our minds—the school bus, loaded with yelling kids, whizzing by without stopping; the silent dinners, that used to be so noisy with talk and laughter; Billy's picture on a table in the living room.

That picture was a shot I had taken of him last Christmas, when Marty and Billy had given me a very fine camera as a present. I was proud of that picture—it caught all the exuberance and sparkling vitality of a young boy at play—but now I couldn't sit in the same room with it. Finally, I hid it in a closet.

Marty never mentioned its disappearance. She understood.

**T**hursday, I was looking at the barn roof—some shingles would have to be replaced before winter set in—when a strange car turned in the lane. The driver pulled up before me and got out, offering his hand.

"Mr. Collins?" he asked. "James Collins?"

"Yes," I said. I didn't know the man. He was about my age, thin and wiry, with shrewd, darting eyes and a mouth that pulled to the side when he talked.

"Name is Fogg," he said briskly. "Alexander Fogg. I'm an attorney-at-law. Offices at the county seat. I was at the coroner's inquest that exonerated Jamie Watson of your son's death, Mr. Collins."

He paused. There was something about him that warned me. "Yes," I said.

"Well, aren't you going to bring a civil suit against the boy's parents, Mr. Collins? Claim damages? I think we could get twenty-five—thirty thousand dollars for your loss without any trouble. I'd like to represent you in such a suit."

The idea shocked me. It hadn't entered my mind until that moment. But as the man talked on, explaining the legal procedure, with which I was most familiar, that amount—twenty-five thousand dollars—registered in my mind. Ollie Watson had recently paid off a twenty-five-thousand-dollar mortgage on his farm.

Wasn't it true justice that he should share the loss? Twenty-five thousand dollars would set Ollie Watson right back where he'd started. It wasn't as great as my own loss had been, but it would hurt plenty. If the law valued a life in dollars and cents, shouldn't I?

Here was something concrete. Action. Something I could do to strike back and make Ollie Watson suffer as I had suffered. A way to avenge that criminally thoughtless act.

The man was still talking as I said, "Listen, Fogg. I'll be in town tomorrow." I had to go in to get the shingles for the

**A man's command of the language is never better than when he knows not to use it.**

—O. A. Battista

barn roof. "I'll think it over and stop in to see you."

He gave me his card and left. I stood there thinking. Not thinking whether I would bring suit or not—that was settled—but letting the legal-trained side of my mind take over, figuring the angles that would be necessary to win such a suit when the coroner's jury had found Ollie's son not responsible. No more did I feel that stifling, maddening inadequacy.

I slept that night. Next morning by ten o'clock I had been in to the county seat, given Fogg authority to begin the suit and planned a tightly-knit case, got my shingles and started back. It was perfect gunning weather. A ring-neck pheasant flew across the road so close I had to slow the car. I watched it stalk grandly across a field, thinking it would probably be a long time—maybe never—before I'd again take up a gun.

Back at the barn, I set up my ladders. In the tool shed I got a saw and hatchet. A hatchet is the right tool for repairing a shingle roof. You can split the shingles to size and hammer the nails with the one tool.

I'd been up on the roof a half-hour or so when I heard Marty calling me. I turned around, and my elbow knocked the hatchet off the rung of the ladder where I had balanced it instead of hooking it back in my belt-loop. I reached for it and missed it by a quarter-inch. It started sliding down the slope of the roof, gaining momentum.

Marty was standing below me, looking up. The hatchet hit the rain gutter, took a little bounce outward, the bright blade-edge flashing in the air, then dropped in a perfect line for Marty's up-turned face. She stood frozen, taken by surprise.

It all seemed to happen in slow motion—the sharp tool sliding, bouncing, then falling through the air with sure and deadly aim—though it must have taken only a few seconds.

"MARTY!" I screamed.

The shrill sound of my voice made her jerk reflexively—just an inch or two backward, but far enough that the hatchet landed between her feet on the ground.

Sweat broke out all over me, and I

clung to the ladder weakly for a moment. Slowly, I started down. When my feet touched ground, I stopped trembling.

"Marty. My God, that was close." I took her shoulders and shook her gently. "Don't ever stand under a man who's working with tools, honey. Now, what did you want?"

In a small voice she said, "I thought you'd come in and have a cup of coffee with me."

"For a lousy cup of coffee, you almost got scalped," I yelled.

"I couldn't move," she said. "For a second, I just couldn't move."

I shook my head, turned her around, spanked her bottom fondly, and started her back toward the house. "No coffee, thanks," I said. "I'll be in for lunch in a little while. And let that be a lesson."

I stood watching until she went inside, then stooped and picked up the hatchet. I felt its sharp blade with my thumb, and weakness washed over me again when I realized what could have happened.

That's how easily accidents happen, I thought. I had carelessly failed to hook a tool back in my belt-loop when I finished using it. Marty had called to me. My elbow had been in a position to bump the hatchet. These unrelated things had fit together in perfect alignment. They could have produced an accident as fatal as the one that had caused Billy's death. And how would I have felt—my own wife; my precious, wonderful Marty? I started to sweat again. From now on, if anyone should know about accidents, I was that guy.

I closed my eyes for a moment's prayer of thanks. . . .

**W**hen I opened them, I saw Jamie Watson standing in the open barn doorway. He moved toward me uncertainly, as if at my slightest move he would turn and run. His freckled, sunburned face was creased in a serious frown.

The sympathy and understanding I had just begun to feel froze up inside me.

He came closer, and I saw he was pale under his tan, and looked thinner. There was something strange in his eyes. Something I had never seen there before.

He said, "I— I saw you working on your roof, Mr. Collins."

I said nothing. I'd had enough of apologies and sympathy and consolations. I didn't want any more of them.

Finally, he said, "I thought—" He swallowed hard, looked down at the barn floor, and then forced himself to look into my face. "I thought maybe I could help you, Mr. Collins."

I realized then that what I saw in his eyes was fear. He was afraid of me—with a child's animal-like, unreasoning fear—but he was offering himself to my mercy.

He went on, the words tumbling out. "Billy used to help you with your work, Mr. Collins. And I want to do it for you now, if you'll let me. I'll do all of Billy's chores for you, Mr. Collins. I'll saw wood and I'll clean up. I'll help Clem and run errands and rake leaves and mow your lawn. I'll do everything Billy used to do for you, Mr. Collins, if you'll let me. Will you please? Please say you will."



I couldn't look at him any more. Tears were starting down his cheeks, and a tightness had caught my own throat. I looked out through the open doors at the bright sun shimmering in crisp autumn air, the last leaves dancing on bare tree boughs. Out of nowhere, I had a curious and irrelevant thought: It was perfect gunning weather.

I looked back at the boy, at last. He was desperately trying to hold back tears.

"Won't you let me, Mr. Collins?" he begged. "Let me take Billy's place for you?"

There it was—a freckled-faced twelve-year-old boy asking for help from a guy who knew all about accidents. What could I do?

I stood up and took his arm, leading him out of the barn. "Come on," I said severely. "Now stop that bawling. Sure I got a job for you." I hustled him along toward the house.

"Hey, Marty!" I yelled. "MARTY!"

She opened the door for us, and I pushed Jamie inside. "Pack something for us to eat," I told her. "We're going hunting, and Jamie's going to carry the lunch."

She didn't say it, but from her look I knew that, at that moment, I started being the greatest guy in the world again for Marty.

"I'll get my gun and change my

shoes," I said, and left her in the kitchen with Jamie.

On my way upstairs, I stopped in the living room to telephone. I had Alexander Fogg in a moment. "This is Jim Collins," I said. "Drop the suit. It's all off."

There was a noticeable pause. Then he said, "My dear sir, you can't do that. I'll have you in court for breach of contract. I'll sue you for every—"

Here was something I could fight with a clear conscience. I thought of my friend the Judge—of how he'd like to get hold of a shady attorney such as Alexander Fogg. "You do that, mister," I yelled. "And if I can't lick the tar out of you legally, I'll do it personally with my own two hands."

I banged the phone down on his angry sputtering and raced upstairs to change into my hunting boots. I grabbed my shotgun off the rack and stopped suddenly. It was the first time I'd held a gun since . . .

I glanced about the room. The camera Marty and Billy had given me for Christmas hung, in its leather case, on one of the pegs of the gunrack. Slowly, I put back the gun and lifted down the camera. I might go gunning alone sometime, or with Ollie and the Judge. With the boy . . . well, we still might get some good shots at wildlife—but we'd get them with a camera. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 49)

of experience by an extreme concentration on any matter at hand. It endeared her the more to him. When she suggested serving tea, bringing out her mother's Haviland china for the occasion, and arranging some small cookies carefully on one of the plates, he found it hard to believe she was not a little girl, gravely pretending to pour tea from the teapot and imagining cream from the flowered pink jug.

But the tea was real enough, with a pleasant smoky taste, and piping hot. Nor was the baby in the corner crib a life-sized and expensive doll, but a baby who had as good a chance to become the President of the United States as any other baby.

"Some night soon," he said, as he finished his tea, "I wish you'd let me take you to dinner. We could drive out to some good place in the country if you like."

A look of blank amazement had come into her eyes. It shocked him to see how far she had removed herself from any thought of a young girl's pleasures.

"But I can't leave the baby!" she told him. "I can't ask Mrs. Bothwell to stay here unless I'm at the factory, you know. I appreciate your asking me, Mr.

Roantree, but I'm afraid it would be just too difficult."

"My name is Alan, and you needn't make me feel like an old man." He considered her pensively. "As far as the dinner date's concerned, I don't see why it should be as difficult as all that. We'll see about it."

She was too gentle to make further protest, but he felt the firmness of his tone had made no great impression on her. He knew her attention was turning back to her maternal tasks, even as she stood at the door, smiling at him and saying good-by. . . .

Some twenty minutes later he found Cara on the terrace, coaxing a vine to embrace a pillar with more vinelike ardor.

"Well," he said, heartily, "I've been all over the place!"

It was the loud, unconvincing voice of his fifteenth summer. He recognized it.

So had Cara.

"Cumberland Road?" she asked without malice.

He shouldn't have been surprised, he told himself as he eased into a chair and stretched out his long legs.

"Yes," he agreed. "Only don't make it sound important."

"No, I won't," Cara said, and scowled at the pillar. "I've got a green thumb with everything but vines. What is there about a vine?"

Alan grinned.

"No affinity with the likes of you. . . . Now this about Janice Crane. Why shouldn't I ask her for a date or two? You wouldn't be going landed gentry all of a sudden? I know you better than that!"

"I should hope so!" Cara's swift

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frown faded. "I don't want you to be hurt, that's all."

"Me to be hurt!" he repeated in some blankness.

"Yes—" Cara held out two fingers, and he gave her a cigarette and snapped the lighter for her. "I don't know how to explain this, Alan. There's something wrong about Janice—I'm more than fond of her!" she put in as he started to speak. "I'm simply trying to say there's something that troubles me—that I don't understand. A bit like that vine," she went on with a wry smile. "I don't know why that stem doesn't take hold and why those leaves wilt—and I don't know why Janice Crane has a haunted look."

"Why shouldn't she?" he demanded. "With the tragedies she's had!"

"Women with character can take tragedies like that," his sister explained with apparent patience. "I've known that child since she was five years old, and I know she has character. Plenty of it. So I don't understand, you see. There's something wrong. There's that haunted look."

Suddenly he was laughing.

"Six feet two—a hundred and ninety pounds on the hoof—and three years in a man's army. But you'd protect me from a haunted look. . . . Cara, forget it, my dear girl. I'll get the drinking things and mix us a couple of cocktails."

"Dubonnet for me," Cara said, "but be careful of the decanter. It was your great-grandmother's, you know."

Cara had always had an adept way of leaving a subject, not dropping it with a bang. He was grateful to her. It made it simpler for him, moreover, to dismiss her words from his mind. They were not to recur to him until the day he and Janice had their picnic.

**B**raving the fatuous smiles of a salesman, Alan had acquired an ingenious canvas cradle to be installed in the rear seat of his car for the comfort and convenience of Janice's baby. Several times, after factory hours, he and Janice and the baby had driven to the country, and on one occasion they had had a picnic by the river, transferring the baby's cradle from the automobile to the shelter of a tree.

Janice, having attended to their coffee and sandwiches and to the baby's formula with her customary efficiency, had revealed a side of herself Alan had not seen before. It had been like encountering the lighthearted girl young Bill Crane had met and married.

Janice had worn a backless yellow cotton dress, her slim legs bare and tanned beneath the brief pleated skirt, and she had been carrying a big cartwheel hat of coarse braided straw. When a light breeze had lifted the hat from the grass by the picnic basket and sent it careening toward the river, Janice had jumped to her feet and given chase before he could intervene. Retrieving the hat, she had whirled about to hold it high in triumph before she had run back to him, her face glowing with laughter. In the next moment she was flat on the grass in mock exhaustion, the hat pulled over her face.

"You're such a kid!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

She sat up, and stared at him in surprise.

"Because of the way I ran after my hat?"

He nodded. "I suppose it made me realize you don't have much fun for yourself these days."

She was silent for so long he was afraid he had offended her. When she spoke, however, her tone was dispassionate.

"I haven't had such a bad deal as anyone might think. People are so good



to me. They keep dreaming up ways to help me, and to help the baby."

"I should think they would!" he said, warmly. "You're a pretty brave kid, you know."

Her reaction to this comment startled him more than a little. A look of utter misery had come into her eyes, even as a tide of color flowed over her face.

"Please don't *admire* me, Alan!"

He hesitated, choosing his next words with care. "I shan't form any opinion of you that you don't want me to form," he said at length. "I'll simply have a good time when I'm with you—if that part of it's all right?"

She responded to his smile with some effort. "Yes," she said, "but I'm given too much credit for being 'brave' about the things that have happened to me. I don't know if I'm brave or not, Alan. It doesn't seem to matter, anyway. Because people don't really know about me. There's something—" She swallowed hard, and tugged at the bright ribbon bow on the cartwheel hat. "There's something awful about me," she concluded in a low voice. "It's not something I can talk about, though. I couldn't tell anyone."

A whimper from the baby came, then, as a relief to her. She ran to him, and took him into her arms, soothing him with little maternal cluckings, smoothing the damp, fine tendrils of hair from his brow. Alan, making it a part of tact to divert his own attention to the baby, was reminding himself of what Cara had said. It fitted with rather appalling ease into this mysterious confession he had heard. Women, he thought with some grimness, were almost too intuitive about one another. As a man, he felt shut out from

some shadowy feminine realm at once disquieting and inviting. . . .

But neither woman referred to the subject again as the weeks of that summer sped by. He was continuing to see Janice as often as he could, and avoiding any but the most casual acquaintance with the other young women in Calderville. As far as work was concerned, the summer had been a surprisingly productive one. He had sent the outline of his new book and its first three chapters to his agent in New York, and had received a telegram of warm congratulation in response. He gave the credit for it to Cara, looking at her affectionately.

"It seems you know all about the care and feeding of authors," he said.

"You've put some weight on," she admitted. "You don't look quite such a ghastly scarecrow."

"Thanks," he said. "Positively heady, this praise."

"Praise," she informed him, "is one thing you don't need, my lad. You're already acting as if you owned the earth."

He escaped her, in no mood to explore the meaning back of this comment. Not until a morning some weeks later was he ready to acknowledge the import of the summer months. . . . He had awakened, that morning, with a sense of well-being as warming as wine, and had lain in his bed for a time, contentedly regarding the apple tree beyond his window, with its deep-green leaves and its heavy burden of ripe fruit. Coming to Calderville had been a good move on his part, he told himself, and thought with disdain of the other places he might have chosen.

It came to him then that Janice Crane would not have been in any of the other places. This was the fact that made all the difference. . . . And he lay without moving for some minutes more, letting this certain knowledge of his love possess him wholly. Later he bestirred himself with plans for the future, building them up in his mind as he shaved and showered, and as he attacked Sadie's excellent sausages and scrambled eggs and hot blueberry muffins. By the time he had come to coffee and the day's first cigarette, he had summoned a whole series of pictures of Janice as she would be in their life together—a gay little sprite as young as her years, released from the overheavy burdens, with someone to help her with the baby and—he thought with a sudden keen shock of pleasure—with any future babies. . . . A moment later he was stubbing out his cigarette in an excess of impatience. He knew the hours till he should see Janice were going to seem endless. . . .

**H**e had been much too sure of himself, as he was to tell himself later, and there had been no reason for so much confidence unless, as Cara might have informed him, his normal quotient of male vanity had been reason enough. He had taken Janice's hands in his firm grasp that evening, and asked her to marry him with none of the preliminaries he might have put into the mouth of one of his fictional characters, but in the same instant had become aware of his bluntness, and turned a painful red as Janice pulled her hands away from him. For a bad moment he thought he had

been repellent to her, but she sensed his hurt at once, and explained in almost frantic haste.

"It's not you, Alan! It's not *because* of you!"

He drew a long breath.

"Then it should be all right. You tell me what it is."

She studied his face for a moment.

"I'm not in the least what you think I am. I tried to tell you that day at the picnic. I'm not a good person."

Because he was a man, he thought at once of other men, and felt his heart begin to pound in anger.

"No," he said, "I'm not going to believe any of this!"

She spoke to him as if she were the elder.

"It's something you'll have to believe because it's something bad in me. . . . Alan, I don't love my baby."

Still because he was a man, this was a tolerable thing to hear. He was shamed, then, by the depth of suffering he found in her eyes.

"I'm not making much sense of this," he said after a moment. "I've seen for myself how devoted you are to little Bill, how you've made every sacrifice for him—"

"Yes!" she interposed with swift self-scorn. "Yes, Alan, I know that! I'm trying so hard to make up for not loving him."

She began to speak of her problem with a mature understanding that bewildered him. She had read what the authorities had to say on an infant's need for the mother's love. If she had been tortured in her longing to turn back to the carefree days before her marriage, she had been tortured still more by this betrayal of her child.

"You can't help it!" he told her with some vehemence. "You can't help what you feel! You've no power over your own feelings, Janice. You can't take responsibility for them!"

But she shook her head, refusing to relinquish that responsibility, clasping it to her as if its very painfulness were a means of penance, an obscure form of atonement. He was compelled to yield at last.

"Then let's say it's a problem! It still hasn't anything to do with you and me, Janice."

She looked at him incredulously.

"Do you think I would marry again, Alan? Do you think I would have another child?"

He left her without having found answer or argument. . . . He spent a bad night, and he accomplished little on the following day, not yet having brought himself to any definite decision about his relationship to Janice. He knew it might be the better part of wisdom to accept her dismissal, to solicit no further torment for her or for himself. But he was a man in love. When the late afternoon mail brought an imposing publisher's contract from his agent's office, he seized on it as an excuse to see the girl on Cumberland Road. He had talked to her so much about his book it might seem something less than civil not to show her this pleasing token of success. He rehearsed a little speech. "I'm not going to badger you!" he would begin in some haste. "But I thought it might interest you—"

It was the amiable Mrs. Bothwell, however, who met him at the door. She informed him that Janice had been kept for overtime at the factory, and went on to suggest that he wait for her in the house. Mrs. Bothwell herself intended to give the baby an airing in the park. He hesitated. "Well, if you're sure it would be all right—?"

Mrs. Bothwell winked at him. "You won't steal the spoons," she said. . . .

Left to himself, he paced about restlessly for a time, but he settled down at length in the room's one fair-sized chair, and pulled the publisher's contract from his pocket, flipping over the pages to scan the paragraphs, and studying some of his agent's deletions and amendments. He was taken by surprise when Janice actually made her appearance, standing at the door, glancing around in swift, inexplicable concern.

"The baby—?"

"Gone," he said shortly, a bit chilled by this reception.

"'Gone'?" Her eyes had flown to the document in his hand. "But—what are those papers? What's that legal-looking thing?"

He stared at her for a moment, grasping the thought in her mind. Then he found words coming to him without effort.

"Why, Janice, honey! I knew how relieved you'd be if I could find people who'd give the baby a good home. These adoption papers simply—"

"Where is he?" she had cut in, her voice shaken with terror. "Where is he? When did they take my baby? Where did they go?"

She was as wild as a witless mother bird, robbed of the tiny creature in the nest. She ran to the door, and down the path, only to encounter Mrs. Bothwell, placidly pushing the familiar carriage before her. . . . And some minutes later, when Mrs. Bothwell had departed in a state of complete mystification, Janice was still holding her baby close, tears raining down her white cheeks and some of them falling on the baby's crocheted bonnet.

"No one could have taken him away from me! Oh, but I'd have realized that if I'd had any chance to think—"

"Yes," Alan said, beaming on her, "but there had to be some sort of shock treatment to make you discover for yourself how much you do love that little dab of humanity. It was there all the time underneath all the burdens and problems—"

"But you knew that!" Janice was considering her baby in astonishment. "You knew that better than I did, you smart little thing!"

The baby clutched his mother's bright hair, and crowded in delight. Then he permitted her to tuck him into his crib. . . . Alan crossed the room, and gently drew the baby's mother toward him.

"My turn?" he asked.

"Yes!" she told him—and began to laugh a little. . . .

But the laughter was gone as she lifted her face to receive his first kiss. She was responding to that kiss with all the swift rapture of her years. THE END



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## Fun in New Mexico



(Continued from page 68)

ranches will arrange pack trips complete with tents, guide and a donkey to carry food and gear. If you arrive by plane, train or bus, most ranches will send a station wagon to meet you without charge, if your reservation is for a week or longer.

I visited beautiful ranches near Jemez Springs, Las Vegas (N. M.), and between Santa Fe and Taos, and found some special attraction in each (like the full-grown doe that ambles from the forest into the bar at Lazy Ray each evening at cocktail time, making more than one guest decide that drinking at 8,000 feet needs to be done with caution). A number of guest ranches are found up the canyon of the beautiful, clear Pecos River. The largest, about an hour and a half by car from Santa Fe, accommodates 150. The smallest limits itself to 10.

Long ago, homesteaders pushed up through the cottonwoods and pines and claimed land along this gorge. These holdings are still privately owned, but behind and around them lie the hundreds of thousands of acres of the magnificent Santa Fe National Forest. I learned about riding at Brush Ranch, which is neither the biggest—nor the smallest, the cheapest—nor the most expensive, but is typical of the beauty of surroundings, the comfort, cordiality, good food, relaxation and sport that the average vacationer finds at a dude ranch.

Brush Ranch is run by Tom and Patsy Old, who keep a herd of about 100 Herefords on a high meadow 2,000 feet above their guest ranch, which, itself, is somewhat above Santa Fe's 7,000 feet. Saddle horses live in a corral and meadow near the main lodge.

Fifty guests are housed in rooms or in cottages of stone and peeled logs well chinked against the wind, which is always cool enough at night to make you wear a sweater. These cabins have electric light, baths with blazing hot water, fireplaces or little, round wood stoves for heating.

Rooms are straightened, beds made, and help given with luggage by a staff headed by dark-eyed Cirilio and Dora Rivera. They speak English with a Spanish accent, though their families have been Americans for many generations. Their soft voices are a pleasant reminder that this part of our country was explored and colonized for Spain before the Pilgrim Fathers landed in New England.

Meals are served family-style, with large platters of food passed from hand to hand around tables seating ten. Guests sit down casually where they please, next to one of the cowboys, the owners, or with new friends.

At one table, I found a colonel and his wife just back from five years in Ger-

many, honeymooners from Texas, a young American engineer up with his family from Venezuela for vacation, a doctor from Chicago and young couples from San Francisco and Phoenix. Children ate at their own table under the steady eye of Jack Rowin, a slim cowboy, who turned up each day in a new, wild, skin-tight shirt.

After meals, the guests scattered to the corral, the stream, their own shady porches, or, in the evening, to various diversions in front of the two big stone fireplaces in the lodge.

Ote Ley, captain of the corral, is everything that you imagine a cowboy to be—wise, polite, watchful, gentle to dude and beast. He has worked with horses all of his life, and "wrangles dudes," as the saying goes, each summer at Brush, which, like all other guest ranches, has frisky mounts for experts

Booklets with detailed information about vacations in New Mexico can be obtained by writing to:

New Mexico State Tourist Bureau  
State Capital Building  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

For information about Santa Fe, write to:

Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce  
P.O. Box 1078  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

For information about hotels, resorts and dude ranches in the Santa Fe area, write to:

Northern New Mexico Resort  
Association  
P.O. Box 1078  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

and gentle ones for children and beginners.

Ote chose a mile-high horse named Beaver for me. He was white, with a lovely flowing mane and tail. I adored him at first sight, and gave him an effusive pat on the neck. He snorted loudly, turned away, and took an angry bite of weeds.

"Don't you think I had better practice in the corral first?" I asked.

"You won't need to practice," said Ote. "Beaver's been in business here for a couple of years. He'll know what to do."

Ote led the party, sitting straight and swinging easily in the saddle. Beaver fell in behind. I held his reins carelessly in one hand, giddy with power at being able to guide an animal ten times my size in any direction I wanted to go. After ten minutes, Beaver bit off a morning-glory. Then he stopped to tear off some grass.

"Don't let him get away with it," said Ote. "He knows he's got a green dude. Give him a kick."

I would no more have kicked Beaver than I would have kicked a lion! My idea was to endear myself to him as rapidly as possible. We got along splendidly. Beaver ate when he liked, which was often, and showed his gratitude by

picking his way with care over boulders and fallen trees. In the open glades, he trotted, and once we flung ourselves into a mad gallop of a hundred feet to catch up after he had dallied over a clump of oak leaves. The sun was hot. The wind was cool. I wanted to go on forever.

It was just as well we didn't. They tell you, "You can sit in a Western saddle all day long and not get tired because your knees aren't up." In my experience, this is not strictly true. Frankly, your knees will not be the seat of your discomfort if you ride too long at first. Riding is like getting a suntan . . . no trouble if you start slowly.

The right clothes are important. On Southwestern dude ranches, men wear Levi's or dungarees. Women usually wear Western pants. If you are buying new ones, be sure to have them washed several times to soften them—stiff seams and folds can rub a knee raw in an afternoon. Plain shirts or loud plaids are equally popular, usually of cowboy cut. My beautiful Italian shirts were a total loss because they do not have pockets, and I had no place for cigarettes because my pants were too tight to hold more than a handkerchief. In this I was right in style. They are worn very snug.

If you need riding things, it is a good idea to buy them after you get to New Mexico. Shops are accustomed to outfitting dudes, and will give good advice about style and fit. Well-cut Western pants of faded blue or striped cotton cost under \$10. High-heeled, pointed-toed cowboy boots in red, yellow, green, black or brown, handsomely stitched and appliquéd, can be bought for as little as \$12.50, and should be fitted over heavy socks. Some people ride in moccasins, but this is a mistake. Ankles get painfully bruised on the heavy stirrup iron and leather without the protection of a boot. If you have jodhpur boots or Wellingtons, they will do fine, but other formal riding clothes will make you conspicuous.

You can ride hatless in sunglasses, or pick up a sweeping straw sombrero for a couple of dollars. Belts of woven beads or carved leather are amusing souvenirs and can be had for \$1 up. Ote and the other real cowboys wore spurs, but I did not see any dudes with them.

The day starts around 7:30 on a dude ranch, but it seems very short. You cannot possibly appreciate such simple pleasures as a hot bath and a nap until you have slept in the warm afternoon after a ride, while the forest and the river, the crickets and the bees talk to each other in drowsy chorus. I was creaking, tired, bent and aching when Beaver and I parted company on the first day. Three hours later I woke up—relaxed, hungry as a wolf and ready for square-dancing.

That evening, we went to a dance in the nearby village of Pecos. The hall was filled with the stamp and shuffle of boots, white moccasins, oxfords, sandals, espadrilles and every other kind of flats you can imagine. High heels are not for square-dancing. Full skirts were whirling as the caller shouted, "Circle high and circle low, and break that circle with a dosey-do."

I was a green dude at square-dancing, too, but Ote, Jack and a lawyer

who had been fishing all day swung me through the complicated patterns, and I never wanted to stop. Maybe it's the altitude.

Fishing is a great feature of dude-ranch life in New Mexico. The state maintains numerous fish hatcheries, and stocks streams heavily. The Lisboa Springs Hatchery, up the Pecos, alone stocks a million and a half trout each year. They are packed in to headwaters by mule, and dropped by plane in remote lakes. Fishermen turn pale with excitement at the sight of the 24-inch rainbow trout flicking around a cement tank. Superintendent Claude McConnell and his staff welcome visitors.

Most guest ranches can sell you the necessary \$3 license. Limit: 12 trout per day. Half of the guests fished early and late. Some had waders and intricate collections of tackle. Many others fished from the bank with inexpensive poles; a young man named Bobby, six years old, caught a ten-inch rainbow with a willow stick, string and a grasshopper. If you have had a good day, you can have your own Loch Leven, cutthroat, rainbow or brook trout for breakfast.

Cookouts are features of most ranches at least once a week. Some have grills within walking distance. Some carry guests deep into the woods by car and on horseback. After a ride through slanting shadows, nothing in this world tastes so good as a thick steak, charred on the outside, pink within; potatoes baked in ashes; spareribs spicy with smoke, honey and salt.

**T**ime flies on a ranch, but it is a shame to be in New Mexico and not make a few side trips for sights you can see nowhere else.

If you are coming from the east, half a day wandering through the vast vaults, hung with glittering stalactites, at Carlsbad Caverns is an unforgettable experience. You can have lunch for 65 cents, 750 feet below the surface under a dome of fantastic stone lace. Take a sweater. The temperature stays at an even 56 degrees, summer and winter.

If you are coming from the West, a detour of about 150 miles takes you past the Grand Canyon. No matter how many pictures of it you have seen, or how many adjectives you have heard from friends, you will say, "But why didn't some one tell me?" at first sight of this enormous, beautiful work of wind and scouring water.

Another detour of 20 miles off U.S. 66 in Arizona will take you through the strange wastes of the Petrified Forest. The dreamy pastels of the Painted Desert are only five minutes off the same highway.

Sante Fe is like no other city in the nation. It was settled by 1605, and three, and a half centuries of romance and turbulent history are in its quaint adobe buildings. In its hotels and around its ancient plaza, clothes from Paris, New York and Sears Roebuck pass the velvet jerkins, shawls, blankets and squaw boots of Indians. Tucked away in the winding streets behind low adobe walls are dozens of shops where you can find enchanting dresses of distinctive Southwest design—gathered squaw skirts banded in brilliant

color, striking fiesta dresses ruffled, embroidered or laden with silver and gold braid. These are worn locally with wide, heavy concho belts of beaten silver, and necklaces of silver, turquoise and coral.

You can spend \$150 for a belt, or find rings, cuff links, pins and tie slides for a couple of dollars. You can buy pottery from a blanketed Indian, or ship bowls, baskets and beadwork from any number of trading posts. It is a good idea not to buy the first things you see. In a couple of days, your eye becomes trained to pick out the genuine and beautiful from the somewhat shoddy "Indian" curios made in factories for the tourist trade.

Taos, two hours north by bus or car, is most picturesque and offers one of the greatest bargains. In residence are over 60 internationally famous artists. You can see their work without charge at 19 galleries, and you can buy paintings of every size, school and price—from \$35 to \$1,200.

There are many pueblos through this part of the state. At Taos is the most famous. It is the first apartment house in America, the dwellings climbing, one on top of another, up five stories. Cattle are confined by fences of stakes, and bread baked in beehive-shaped ovens of adobe.

Less than an hour from Santa Fe is the Pueblo of San Ildefonso, home of Maria Martinez, the famous potter who rediscovered the secret of the black ware her people were known for long ago, and if you are lucky you can see her at work.

With a little planning, you can time your visit to see a tribe dancing. The costumes are magnificent. I will never forget the whirling brown figures of Taos dancers, beating the earth with flying feet, the hollow sound of stretched white animal skin on the tom-toms, the primitive cries, and the silver bells strung from waist to ankle along bare brown legs.

In Albuquerque, the shops and cafés of Old Town are a quaint part of a bustling modern city, and everywhere in the state you find excellent Mexican and Spanish food—tortillas stuffed with minced chicken, raw chopped onion and fresh lettuce, yellow rice, chili rellenos under a blanket of cheese, and sopapillas, the mouth-watering fried bread that is lighter than a popover, more delicious than a doughnut, hollow, cloud-like and altogether wonderful.

At Bandelier National Monument you can climb a log ladder into ruins of an ancient cliff dwelling. At El Morro National Monument you can see names carved in the soft sandstone of Inscription Rock in the fifteenth century by the conquistadores who passed in their search for the fabled gold of the Seven Cities of Cibola, which they never found. In Santa Fe you can attend services within the thick, white-daubed walls of what is believed to be the oldest church in all America. And very quickly you discover why those who visit New Mexico once are sure to return. There is real magic at work in the mesas, so if you visit them this or any other summer, look for me. I will be that centaurlike rider wheeling on a dime and vanishing in a thunder of hoofs on a glorious white horse named Beaver. . . . THE END

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## They All Gambled On Grace Kelly



(Continued from page 51)

fied, but there is no doubt about their potency. "I guess she has introverted sex appeal," says one of her producers. "It starts inside and works out." A director describes her: "As sweet and refined as sugar, but that's no sack she comes in." One of her more famous fellow actors observes, "She's the girl you want to take home, and keep there. If she won't marry you, you can put her on the mantel as a Dresden-china figurine."

A press agent says dreamily, "Grace came into the movies at just the right time—when Marilyn Monroe was satiating the cheesecake market." Others may make men feel predatory; Miss Kelly somehow makes the blasé movie heroes feel young again.

What all this may mean is that Hollywood is impressed with a novelty. The 25-year-old comer gives the distinct impression of being a lady. This is a quality which has become rare in Hollywood. If, as with Grace Kelly, such quality can also act, the package is extremely marketable.

Hollywood apparently foresees no difficulty in selling Miss Kelly to the public. By midsummer of 1954, Grace had five major films canned and unreleased—"Rear Window," "The Bridges of Toko-Ri," "The Country Girl," "Green Fire" and "To Catch a Thief." The total investment in her pictures is more than \$10,000,000, from three studios, and at least a third of it is wagered on Grace's face, figure and "class."

Some of the best brains in the movie city jumped on the Kelly bandwagon, placing full faith in the bewitched judgment of a handful of executives in private projection rooms, since only two of Grace's major efforts had been shown to the public.

During the past two years Grace has been whipped like a top from one role to another—ranging from a despairingly faithful wife to a willful coffee-plantation mistress—and from continent to continent. She has made pictures from California to Africa, from Colombia to Paris, and has learned more than a smattering of Swahili, Spanish and French en route.

On these expeditions, Grace's most ardent fans have been her leading men, contrary to the Hollywood tradition of upstaging and professional jealousy. Furthermore, few of them use the golden word "sex" in talking of her.

During the African safari for the shooting of "Mogambo," Grace got a girlish crush on Clark Gable. She had spent a lot of time hunting with him, once photographing a herd of wild elephants near the border of Abyssinia. On one particular evening she had beguiled the whole party by appearing for dinner in evening dress, chiefly for Gable's benefit. And in the cold dawn of Christmas morn-

ing, 1952, she was observed sneaking over the veldt to the actor's tent, where, on the flap, she pinned a pair of red wool socks she had knitted for him.

Gable gallantly returned this favor a year or so later by breaking a cardinal rule (for him) to escort her to an Academy Award showing. But he has kept his bachelorhood intact; has taken her to dinner only three times since their return. "She's a great sport," Gable says briefly.

Grace Kelly's facility in getting roles opposite Hollywood's most accomplished leading men is fantastic. Not long ago she played the part of a distraught sheriff's wife in "High Noon." The sheriff was Gary Cooper, and his performance in the United Artists picture earned him the top Academy Award.

Three years later the reserved miss had acted in nine pictures. The list of her opposites reads like a Who's Who of filmdom: Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Clark Gable, William Holden, Bing Crosby, Ray Milland, Mickey Rooney, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Stewart Granger and Paul Douglas.

All this was not won with beauty alone. In fact, some perfectionists might say that Grace Kelly doesn't possess superlative physical equipment. She has what M-G-M, which pays her approximately \$750 a week for three pictures a year, calls a "young Diana figure." In an era of incredible bosoms, Grace measures less than a petite 35 inches. She is five feet eight inches tall in heels—a bit more than the average movie heroine, who usually must be small in order to make the hero look tall.

Grace's derriere, generally considered her sole physical defect, tends to be well-rounded. In "The Country Girl," when she put on 15 pounds to look buxom, her figure ballooned to alarming proportions. In addition, as Edith Head, Paramount's dress designer, says, "Perhaps the Kelly girl is a little too short-waisted and long-legged."

More than offsetting these imperfections, however, are her dusty blonde hair, which is genuine, her large sea-

blue eyes, delicate nose, petal skin, eyelashes and brows.

Her temperament is inclined, at times, to be haughty, perhaps from exhaustion over a schedule which would swayback a mule. This slight tendency to "go Hollywood" is held in check mainly by the views and comments of her family. The Kelly committee of candor consists of a 65-year-old father, John Brendan Kelly, a highly respected building contractor whose fortune, Grace prefers to think, makes him only "well-to-do"; two sisters—29-year-old Peggy, married for 10 years to a building-supply man, and 21-year-old Lizanne, a senior at the University of Pennsylvania—a 27-year-old brother, Jack, Jr., and the mother, Margaret Majer Kelly.

Her mother supplies most of the running comment on Grace's career, and offers it without sugar-coating. After seeing "Mogambo," she told her daughter, "You did as much as you were able, my dear. Ava Gardner was wonderful." Of "Rear Window," costarring James Stewart: "You were fine, dear; your hair was exceptionally nice." Sister Peggy says thoughtfully, "Grace is wholesome and clean-cut, and she has some acting ability, too." Mr. Kelly liked "High Noon," but he is a Western fan anyway. says Grace. "Mother always drops him off on her way to the opera."

Grace's family likes to watch her work. Her mother turned up in England and Hollywood. Her sisters came and stayed in her apartment for months while she worked in Hollywood. Her father and brother debated about joining her safari in Africa, but decided to stay in Philadelphia.

The family pride in Grace's achievements is not misplaced. For her work in "Mogambo," she was nominated for an Academy Award as the best supporting actress. "I think people are surprised that I can act," Grace says. "They'll get over it."

Grace's special combination of warm enthusiasm and cold ability just comes naturally. Her family is a composite of variegated talent—"all us Kellys are wonderful," says her father. Her Uncle Walter Kelly was the famed Virginia judge of vaudeville, an act that appeared on the boards for more than 30 years. Her other uncle, George, is a Pulitzer-prize-winning playwright whose searingly analytical scripts such as "Craig's Wife," "The Torchbearers" and "The Showoff" are still hits after years of durable service.

Though Grace's father has no connection with the theater, he has won high recognition in other fields. Never bothering with high school, he went to work as a construction timekeeper. Later he became affluent enough to be called a "millionaire bricklayer." A political leader in Philadelphia, he ran for mayor on the 1935 Democratic ticket and was almost elected, coming closer, his daughter says, than any Democrat in 60 years. John Kelly became most famous, though, as a world champion in sculling (rowing in a one-man racing shell). He sculled his way to victories in the Olympic Games of 1920 and 1924. "Dad can still pull a strong oar," says Grace proudly.

Her father met her mother, a second-generation Bavarian girl, in a Philadel-

## CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

### PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 4, Between the Lines—Robert Stein; Page 6, Letters to the Editor—Ingeborg de Beausacq; Page 12, You and Your Health—Ingeborg de Beausacq; Page 14, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy; Pages 16-43, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Page 46, A Lesson in Freedom—Sherman Sable—Pix; Pages 74-76, Young Mr. Adventure—Reed-Hecht, International News Photos.

### SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 11, What's New in Records—Illustration by Denny Hampson; Page 44, Highways and Low Ways—Illustration by Seymour Nydorf; Page 65, Psychologist's Casebook No. 51—Illustrations by Don Neiser; Page 77, Young Adults (title page)—Illustrations by George Wiggins; Pages 86 & 87, The Warm, Friendly Look of Early American—Illustrations by Richard Ott.

phia swimming pool in 1914. A physical culturist herself, the blonde gym teacher—the first at the University of Pennsylvania—married John Kelly four years later, just before he won his second Olympics championship.

Grace was born on November 12, 1929. As a child she was both sheltered and secure. Next-to-youngest of the girls, she was also the least tomboyish; both Peggy and Lizanne were big girls who looked, according to their proud mother, "like peaches in full bloom."

Lizanne today is a hockey star, captain of the basketball team, and president of her sorority. Peggy was as boisterous and argumentative as Grace was dignified and quiet. All the girls went to Ravenhill Academy, a convent run by the Assumption nuns (the whole family is Catholic; the mother had been converted and was baptized on the day of her marriage).

Grace then attended Stevens School for four years. And despite her reserve, she was called "Kelly" by her schoolmates. She took up modern dancing, and with her boyish figure she also played the title role in "Peter Pan" very successfully. "She had a million boy friends," say her sisters enviously, "and maybe kissed one or two of them."

She was graduated from Stevens in 1947 and, the family thought, was set to go to one of two colleges—Bennington in Vermont or Rollins in Florida. Grace went to neither. Her publicity pretends she chose drama school in preference to college. Actually, she flunked the college entrance exams in mathematics at Bennington. "I would have had to take courses that didn't interest me, anyway," she says.

**S**he had made up her mind to become an actress, and no one could shake her quiet determination to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. "I guess she heard it was hard to get into," says one of her family. She did get in, and was invited back for the second year. To keep herself prepared for musical roles she took singing and piano lessons, neither of which were very successful but which she continues to this day, as she does her language studies, in hopes of foreign parts. Her graduation casting at the Academy was almost too pat. She played *Tracy* in "The Philadelphia Story."

While in school, and for the following three years, Grace worked as a model. Her hatbox-carrying career commenced at \$7.50 an hour and ended at \$25. She posed innumerable times for her face, rarely for her figure. She was highly successful as a cover lure and appeared on the front of 12 national magazines—three times on REDBOOK.

She learned how to take pictures herself, and recently, in South America, took more than 150 photographs for a magazine. Then she left her expensive camera in South America. Such absent-mindedness is frequent with Grace. Searching for glasses she wears for near-sightedness, she told a friend, "Oh, I remember. I left them in Africa."

During the time when Grace was becoming one of the top models in America, she joined the stream of acting

hopefuls which swirls from producer to producer in New York. "For two years I read every play that had a ghost of a chance of production," she recalls. But she got no parts. (Her mild revenge came years later when a producer who turned her down on Broadway had to beg for her to be cast in a Hollywood picture.) Finally she landed a good ingenue role in a Strindberg presentation, "The Father," starring Raymond Massey, which lasted for two-and-a-half months. Next she was cast in a comedy called "To Be Continued," which lasted for two weeks. This left her with a yearning to be a comedienne, something Hollywood has not yet satisfied.

Meanwhile, the movie scouts were waving contracts at her. She had been offered \$250 a week in 1948 by M-G-M, but had declined, contending that she was making more than that as a model, that she liked New York, and that she did not feel ready for Hollywood. Instead, Grace picked up valuable experience in radio and TV, acting in more than 70 television shows—"I think I appeared at least once on every drama show in existence."

In 1950 she played her first movie role—a bit part, of a woman bent on divorce, in 20th Century-Fox's "Fourteen Hours." Then, to further prepare herself for the major jobs she was seeking, she worked in summer stock at the Bucks County Playhouse in New Hope, Pennsylvania, in 1949 and 1952, and at the Ellitch Gardens in Denver in 1951.

Grace's aptitude for inspiring the chivalrous impulses of the male had been evident from the beginning of her career. And in Hollywood she has been regarded as something of a *femme fatale*. One woman columnist publicly commiserated with her for falling in love with a married star, Ray Milland. Another writer berated her. "Actually," says her sister Peggy, "Grace was as surprised as anyone when Mr. Milland left his wife." But Grace is in love with acting, rather than with a man. She is likely, in a \$6,000 movie take, to miss her cue and excuse herself: "I was so carried away by the other people's art."

Yet there's no denying her effect on men. While she was still modeling, at about \$15,000 a year, she was tested for a movie called "Taxi." The two-scene test film, which she herself has never seen, portrayed a pixyish Irish immigrant girl with a brogue as thick as a shillelagh. Miss Kelly lost the part; a girl named Constance Smith got it.

But that test, years later, became the turning point of Grace's career. Her agents heard about it and got a copy. They showed it in strategic spots all over Hollywood. Stanley Kramer reportedly saw it before hiring her for "High Noon." John Ford, another top director, saw it a year later. Result: her "Mogambo" job. Hitchcock saw it and demanded that she be cast in the Warner Brothers' mystery "Dial M for Murder." Then, in November, 1952, M-G-M finally became convinced, and seized Grace for a long-term contract.

The test itself is not very impressive, but it does radiate the sparkle and eager warmth of Grace's personality. "I feel toward her as I would toward a very close sister," says one publicity man. Van Johnson thinks, "She may not have



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it, but she sure suggests gentility." A friend, who met her after her first motion-picture successes, reports, "Knows where she's going. Driving herself like a streamlined racing car." Grace herself resented a comment that she had "stainless-steel insides." She claims to have challenged the producer who coined the phrase and to have made him blush. "It makes me sound so hard, and I'm not."

A wry sense of humor is one of Grace's assets. When a syndicated newspaper story reported that Cable had sent her a diamond bracelet, she leaped to the phone and demanded of the actor that he either deliver or be a welcher in print.

In an industry that today is putting out as many pictures as fast as possible with the favorites of the moment, Grace Kelly and other newcomers are being worked like draft horses. On her latest assignment, she arrived in Hollywood in November, 1953, expecting to stay 60 days—and she did not get a day off, excluding Sundays, until nine months later.

During that time she earned, by minimum estimate, no less than a couple of million dollars for her studio at a total salary of about \$40,000. The money means little to Grace, who simply works harder. She labors assiduously with her drama coach. She sometimes goes to as many as five movies a week to check her technique against that of other actresses. And she has managed to outlive her early designation of "a young Ingrid Bergman."

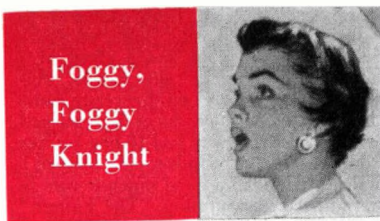
So far, her Hollywood sojourn has resulted only in some small poses: Grace claims that her favorite foods are caviar and hamburger, her favorite drink champagne; that her color preference changes every month, and that her favorite song is a childhood ditty called "Ding Dong Bell." She adds that her favorite instrument is the cello. She hates slacks, naturally, because "they are not feminine." And despite the fact that her father and brother are world-famous scullers, Miss Kelly prefers to be languid: she plays an indolent game of tennis and declares she has never seen a baseball game.

In her work she has the "killer instinct," according to those who have watched her act—the same driving concentration that made her father, when he was barred from the 1920 Henley Regatta in England as "not a gentleman," go on with his sculling until he beat the Henley winner at the Olympics two months later—that drove Jack, Jr., to win the Henley in 1947 and 1949. If this kind of energy, combined with beauty, can—as it usually does—bring a person to the top of the heap, Grace will be there for a long while. At least the male half of Hollywood is on her side; the female element has yet to make up its mind.

One young woman star, destined to be one of Miss Kelly's rivals, observes, "I can't see what everyone says is so wonderful about her. Technically she's a fair actress, but emotionally she's just not there. It must be what she does to the directors and producers at parties."

Perhaps a fairer estimate is one by a male friend who has known Grace for a longer while. "She's still just a kid," he says, "bubbly and thrilled as ever over what's happening, on her way to a nervous breakdown."

... THE END



(Continued from page 52)

Rita had paused again, and Trudy had filled that pause from memory. Even Rita, happily married now, still bristled where Debby was concerned. Trudy, a more recent member of the Gals-from-Whom-Debby-Has-Snatched-Men sorority, could match Rita—bristle for bristle.

Debby was making a terrific play for him. When the party had been no more than idle conversation, she had not only invited herself, but had asked him to escort her. It had been accomplished with a smoothness that left Rita gasping with indignation.

So, Trudy thought now as she gripped the wheel, you get yourself a new coiffure which the fog has reduced to seaweed; you buy a new dress which is now as crisp as boiled macaroni, and you expect to compete with Debby!

Hey, there was a light! Or was it? Yes, definitely a light. She eased the car toward what she hoped was a curb and got out. No house, but there was another car parked ahead. Rita's or not, she could find out where she was.

**B**eyond the light a flight of steps led upward. Mmm-hmm. Rita had mentioned all those steps. Now, as she climbed, she could see house lights on the top of the hill. She was just about to call out, when a man came running down. He was pulling on his coat. As he plunged past her, he shouted, "Thank heavens, you finally got here. Get in there and keep them from wrecking the place."

He was gone before Trudy found her voice. "Hey!" she yelled. Faintly from below she heard him call, "I'll phone. Can't stop now." There was the sound of a motor. She ran down the steps in time to see twin tail lamps disappear in the fog.

"Well, I'll be!" She wasn't sure just what she would be. She turned back to the steps. "Keep them from wrecking the place?" Rita's guests?

She listened as she climbed the stairs. There was no sound but the distant bleat of foghorns and the moisture falling from the trees. As she came out onto a lighted patio, she listened again. Could he have meant dogs? They'd bark, surely. She pushed open the door and walked inside. It wasn't Rita's. It was an attractive room, even if its decorations were a little on the barren side.

She walked noiselessly across the deep rug. The thing to do was find the phone, call Rita, and beat it before THEY found her. A few minutes later she stood in the middle of the room and looked helplessly around. There wasn't a phone anywhere! But there HAD to be a phone.

Say—what was this, anyway? That man running off, leaving his house unlocked . . . She stiffened, and the skin on the back of her neck began to prickle. She had a feeling she was being watched.

"Hello?" she called questioningly.

She heard a giggle, instantly choked off. She swung around and stared at the gallery above the living room. She saw a head disappear behind the back of a divan. As she moved toward the stairs there was another giggle, and two small black heads appeared; two pairs of black eyes watched with interest as she stopped on the first step. "Hi, you old baby sitter!" they said in unison.

Trudy dropped down weakly on the stairs. "Well!" So this was They . . . or They were It. . . . She was getting more confused by the moment. Let's go through this slowly, she thought. My name is Trudy Wilbur. I am 23 years old. I was on my way to a . . . He had evidently mistaken her for a baby sitter he was expecting. A fine father, she thought angrily. Going off and leaving two defenseless children to a complete stranger without even—! Her thoughts blanked out as two small lightning bolts struck her in the back. She grabbed for the railing. One took her purse and ran. The other slid over her bent head and followed the first.

Her mind came back into focus. . . . A fine father! Going off and leaving a defenseless baby sitter to these two! She made a wild leap. "Hey! Stop it!"

They were scattering the contents of her purse over the floor. She began scrabbling for her things as they pawed and pounced, tugging against her and squirming away as slippery as eels. When she had closed the purse again, she sat on the floor, breathing heavily. "I see what your father meant!" she said sternly. She also saw why the room looked so barren. Everything movable had been put away.

She looked at them. Three or four years old, she decided. And as alike as book ends, from the flopping toes of their sleepers to the wiry black hair that sprang from their heads like . . . like . . . Good heavens, she thought—their mother must have been scared by a pineapple.

They both rocked violently back and forth as they said, "We HATE baby sitters!"

"I imagine the feeling is mutual," Trudy said tartly. Then she remembered. She still had to find the phone. She smiled. "Where's the phone?"

Two heads swiveled, and some wordless communication went on between them. They turned back to her. "He said no."

Hmmm. That hadn't been a success. "Where's your mother?"

"She went to the hospital to get a baby."

"Oh! . . . OH!" Trudy had a feeling that events were moving beyond her control. She cupped her chin with her hand and rested her elbow on her knee. Both boys promptly assumed the same pose. After a long moment, she looked down at them and grinned. "Got any ideas, boys?"

She didn't have. She couldn't go off and leave them. If she could find the phone, she could call Rita, but that still left her . . .



"What's your name?" she asked one. He poked his chest with a stubby thumb. "I'm Biff."

She turned to the other and he instantly said, "I'm Biff." They rolled over on the floor, giggling.

Why, the little monkeys! She tried again. "Where do you live?"

They scrambled to their feet and stood facing her, reciting a lesson which someone had taught them thoroughly: "Our father's name is Captain John Farrant, and we live at 362 Sycamore Street, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the United States of America."

She looked at them helplessly. "No. I mean *now*. Where do you live *now*?"

They took deep breaths and as their mouths rounded on "Our . . .", she said hastily, "Never mind. Let's not go through that again."

They sat down. She said coaxingly, "Come on, you two moppets—tell Trudy where the phone is."

There was another wordless counsel, then, "He said no." And, after a moment, "He bopped us!"

THAT was the first sensible thing she had heard of that man doing. She stood up. "I'll tell you. Let's pretend the phone is hiding, and we'll hunt for it."

They went from room to room, but they looked only where she did, and her disappointed "Not here" was always followed by two resigned echoes: "Not here."

Back in the living room, she consid-

ered them. She could get into her car and go on hunting for Rita's, but she'd have to take them with her. She pictured her entrance . . . looking like something hauled in in a net with a squirming child under each arm. She chuckled, and that set them off. They laughed until she said grimly, "Look, you two. It's not that funny."

She walked over to the barren desk. Under the circumstances, she could scrap her moral scruples.

As she tugged at a drawer, they shouted, "We'll tell!"

"You'll tell! I've got a few things I'd like to tell your father myself!"

**T**he desk was locked. She gave up. There was nothing she could do until he called her. The baby sitter wasn't going to show up. She had more sense than Trudy Wilbur.

She looked down at the two boys. "It's time you two were in bed."

"We don't want to go to bed."

"Well, I say that you should!"

Their chins set stubbornly. Wrong tactics, she decided. Her voice was as gooey as sugared oatmeal as she tried again: "Now, darlings, how about a NICE glass of milk and then upsy-daisy into bed? Won't that be FUN?"

They regarded her with level stares. I deserve it, she thought. That effort almost sickened me, too. She went out to the kitchen, opened the refrigerator,

and stared. It held neatly stacked cans of beer, a large steak, butter and tomato juice. Well, if this wasn't the strangest house! Maybe those two characters drank beer. They seemed like the type. She decided against it.

As she carried the two glasses of tomato juice into the living room, she called out, "Look, boys. *REN* milk!"

One took a sip from his glass. Then, keeping his eyes fixed on her face, turned the glass up and emptied it onto the rug.

She gasped. She ran to the kitchen for paper towels. As she came back again, she yelled. The other Biff had opened her purse and was pouring the contents of his glass into it. She dropped the towels and grabbed her purse. The juice sputtered in a red tide over her dress and hose.

She laid the purse down. "O.K.," she said grimly. "You asked for it."

She caught one, and the other ran. She couldn't spank one and not the other. He was ducking behind the chairs, going up and down over the davenport, chortling in high glee. When she noticed that the Biff she was holding was laughing, too, she put him down. Darn it! They were having fun, and she was out of breath.

As soon as she dropped him, he held up his arms. "Do it again!"

She sank into a chair, breathing gustily. They regarded her for a moment, then picked up the towels and began rubbing at the spots on her dress, all the time murmuring, "Bad boy, bad boy." She looked at them and felt sympathy for the female generation now growing.

Now that they were mellowing, she could try again. She said casually, "Where's the phone?"

As their heads began to shake again, she said, "O.K. 'He said no.' Maybe I'm undermining your moral principles. We'll just skip . . ."

The phone rang.

She shot up out of the chair and looked wildly around. One boy walked calmly to the linen wall and swung a panel open, and there was the phone! He took the receiver and handed it to her saying, "It's for you."

She felt hysterical, but when she heard the man's voice, her anger boiled. He said, "I just thought I'd better check. How are they?"

She steeled. "Don't you think you'd better ask how I am?"

"I know, I know. But I told the agency I'd pay double. I'll be home as soon as the baby arrives. You ought to be . . ."

She interrupted him. "I *ought* to be at a party. Listen, Captain Farrant, I am NOT a baby sitter. If you weren't so excited about becoming a father, you'd have stopped long enough to find out. And, if you WEREN'T about to become a father, I'd walk out right now. I was on my way to a party and got lost in the fog. Look what you got me into!"

"But you'll have to stay . . ."

Oh, so she *had* to stay, did she? She shouted, "You just tell me where 325 Estrallita is, and I'll go. I'll take the kids with me!"

There was a long silence. When he spoke again, his voice held a bantering note. "You're not serious. You wouldn't

## PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

### DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 65

There are some physical difficulties which have their origins in our minds. Nancy's appetite and tendency to gain weight is one of these.

When she was a young girl, she spent many hours with her friend Rose, nursing her feelings of loneliness. During this phase of her emotional development, Nancy unconsciously developed an association between loneliness and a desire to eat. Although she was not consciously trying to "drown her loneliness" with sodas, the fact that she did find solace in talking to Rose while she drank them resulted in the development of an association between the relief of loneliness and the satisfying of hunger.

When she grew older, this relationship between personal satisfaction and eating showed itself in her obvious enjoyment of dinner dates. She had her best times when she was taken to unusual places to eat.

Her first real frustration after she married Joe arose from a conflict between her desire to have him enjoy himself and her dislike of being alone. The general sense of loneliness she experienced when he went out for the evening revived the earlier association between loneliness and eating. Her immaturity and dependence showed themselves when she

turned to trying out new things to eat. When Joe complained that she was getting fat, Nancy felt further rejected and alone. As a result, she craved food even more. Diagnosis No. 2 is correct.

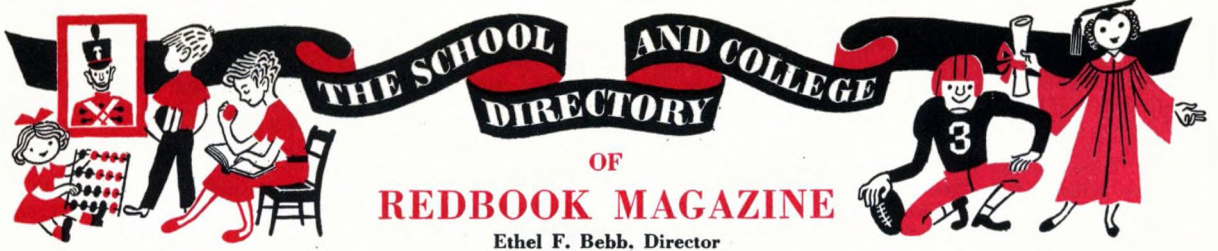
Nancy, and people like her, have real personal adjustment difficulties to overcome. She should be helped to understand the relationship between her tendency to gain weight and her feelings of loneliness. As she gains insight into her problem, she can be helped to greater maturity and the development of new habits for coping with loneliness.

### PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. If you are overweight, you should see your physician first.

2. Weight gained during a period of disappointment is probably more of a psychological than a medical problem.

3. For qualified psychological assistance, inquire of your state psychological association, local hospital, or the college in your community.



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She sat down and looked at the Biffs. They had evidently come to some agreement about her. As they climbed up on her lap, they said, "You aren't a baby sitter."

When she shook her head, they collapsed against her. "We like you."

She regarded them warily. Then she stood up and put them both down. "O.K., then how about going to bed?"

They didn't move. She took a hand of each. "Come on."

She dropped their hands and rubbed at her shoulders. "I see now what they mean by an immovable object. All right, we'll make a night of it. What do you want to do?"

"Somersaults." They pulled at her, but she dropped into a chair.

"I'm not dressed for the part. You do it and I'll watch."

Each time they did, she applauded vigorously. The Wilbur Somersault Theory of Child Care, she thought. She ought to get it patented. How to tire a child out so he'll go to bed. But a little later she was begging them to stop. They were making her dizzy.

"Sing!" they commanded. She said craftily, "I will if you'll lie down with me."

The three of them snuggled down together on the davenport. Trudy realized with dismay that she could get very fond of these two without half trying. She resisted the idea sturdily. She ran hastily through her repertoire of songs and began, "Bye, baby bunting..."

They bounced up. "No! Sing!" "I thought I was. What do you want me to sing?"

They considered. "Dirty Gertie." "Someone should have a long talk with your parents." She hesitated and then began lustily, "I been working on the railroad..."

Mollified, they lay back. As long as she sang loudly, they drowsed. If she lowered her voice, they roused up. What a pair! But just as her voice began to sound like a cracking plate, they dozed off. Peace, it was wonderful!

The phone rang again. Both boys shot up at once. "Oh, HIM!" she muttered as she scrambled off the couch.

His voice was insultingly cheerful. "A boy. Nine pounds. Everything's fine."

"How nice!" she said sharply. "Another male Farrant. Don't you think you ought to send out a general alarm?"

He chuckled. "How are things?" "Things were asleep until the phone rang."

"Oh. Well, I'll be home and see to it that you get to your party. The fog

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may hold me up. I'll have to take my time."

"YOUR time?" Her voice rose. "What about MY time? You'll see that I get to my party. Oh, fine! I've got tomato juice all over my dress. I ache in every bone. My hair's a mess. I've had nothing to eat, and you've probably put a permanent fracture in my future love-life. Time! Sure, go ahead. Take all the time you want. Have another set of twins, triplets . . . !" She slammed the phone down.

The twins had gone back to sleep. As she covered them, she looked at the davenport dubiously. Then she remembered her purse. The davenport could just take its chances.

There was no point in calling Rita. She didn't want to listen to a recital of Debby's success. She curled up on the other end of the davenport. She wouldn't go to sleep, she thought determinedly. She wanted to be wide awake and in fighting trim when Captain Farrant came home.

She woke with a start. The boys were gone! She sprang up. One of her feet had gone to sleep. Her leg buckled under her, and she went down with a thud. "Biffs," she called anxiously. "Biffs, where are you?"

The kitchen door opened, and a man's head appeared. "Hey—pipe down. They're upstairs." Then his eyes widened. "What happened?"

As he came toward her, she glared. "Captain Farrant, I presume!" She tried for hauteur, but hauteur was difficult when you were shoeless, wearing tomato juice, and peering out from under your hair like a sheep dog.

He grinned as he helped her to her feet. The boys came by their charm

naturally, she decided. She said stiffly, "Now, if you will kindly tell me how to get back to the main road, I'll get out of here."

"But your party," he protested.

She scowled. "In this state?"

"But your dinner. I'm cooking a steak. I can at least give you the dinner you missed."

Fatherhood has made him light-headed, she thought. He can actually stand there and grin like an ape at a woman who has given the best hours . . . She could smell the steak, and she wavered. She looked down at her dress, and the wavering stopped. "No, thanks! I've imposed on your hospitality enough. I'll just . . ." She heard a step, and she stopped speaking.

A pleasant, middle-aged woman was descending the stairs. "Nurse," he whispered to Trudy. "Brought her back with me."

Trudy said, "You don't need a nurse; you need a . . ." She stopped as the woman said, "They're sleeping peacefully, the little angels."

Trudy stared at her wide-eyed. Oh, sister, what a lot you have to learn. She opened her mouth, and then she saw him put a finger to his lips. She closed her mouth again.

The nurse went on, "And now, Mr. MacKenzie, if you'll just show me where I'm to sleep . . ."

Trudy gasped. "Mr. Mac . . . Mac . . . kenzie . . . ?"

His grin widened. "My sisters' kids. Her husband's overseas. She was waiting for her port call out here when things happened sooner than she expected. I promised to stand by and take care of the boys."

"Well . . . well, for goodness' . . . I . . . I think I will have some of that steak."

When they came out on the patio later, Trudy was thinking that a steak was a wonderful thing. It could heal a black eye, a strained relationship, or even make a pleasant poultice for a fractured dream.

She looked around. The fog had cleared. Lights dotted the hills. The party? Debby had won this round, darn it. She looked up at Mac. If she could walk in with him . . .

"Mac, would you like to go to what's left of my party?"

"I might."

She looked at him searchingly and drew away a little. That expression in his eyes. Where had she seen that before? The Biffs'. The Biffs' exactly. She took an uncertain step toward the stairs, but he reached out a long arm and turned her in the other direction. "Let's go this way."

"But . . . but my car's down there."

"I know, but Rita and Ken live down there." He was pointing to lighted windows on the other side of the hill.

Trudy gasped. "You! . . . all the time . . . and you . . . Oh, you must be the man that Rita wanted. . . ." She stopped and clapped a hand over her mouth.

He was smiling. She took a deep breath as she slipped her arm though his. "Well, come on! What are we waiting for?"

As they went down the steps together, she wished briefly that Debby would still be there when they walked in. Then she decided that would be asking for too much. Any girl who had had the wonderful evening she had had ought to be satisfied. . . . THE END

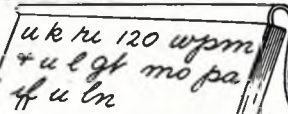
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# Half a Marriage

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**By Hal and Barbara Borland**

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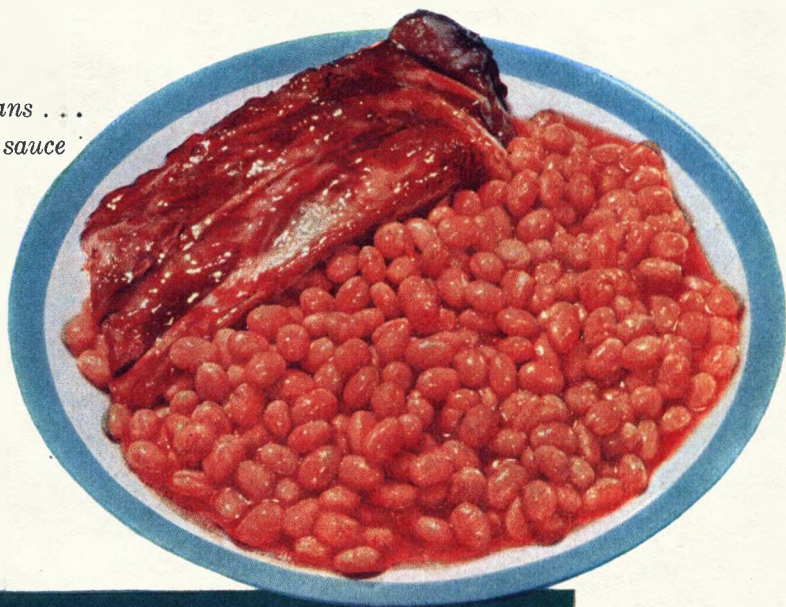
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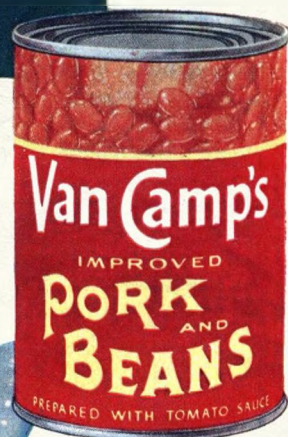
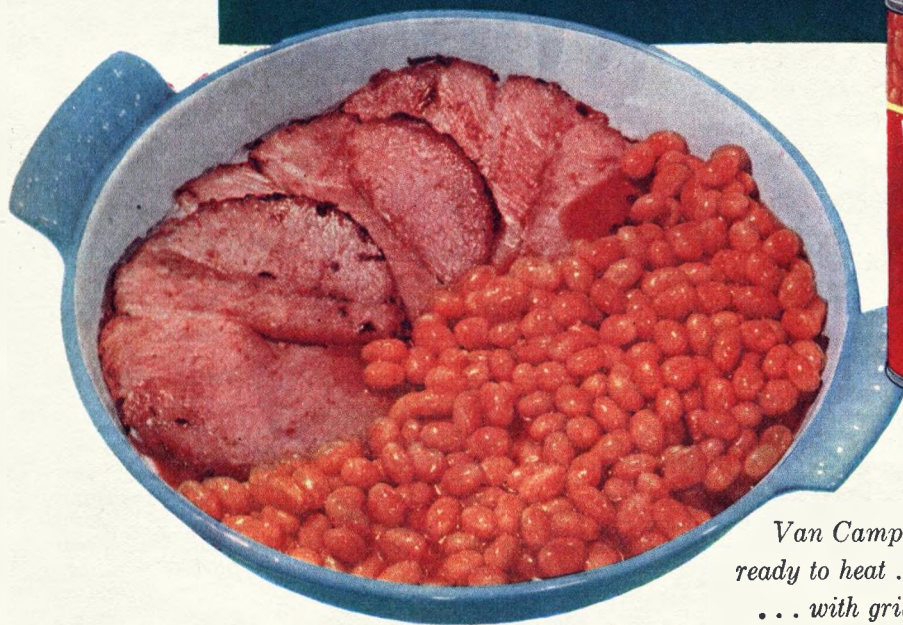
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**M**arianne," Ruth said, carefully keeping her voice under control, "I told you before that I'd have Rome call just as soon as he comes in."

"But why," Marianne demanded, her voice rattling the telephone, "isn't he home yet?"

Ruth tried to keep her tone level as she said, "He probably hasn't finished what he had to do in Crosson."

"I've got to talk to him!" Marianne cried. Then she said, "Oh, it's so frustrating!" And she hung up.

Ruth started to slam the phone, then said to herself, Hold onto that redheaded temper! She set the receiver carefully back in its cradle. It was Marianne's third call since noon. Long distance, and collect. Always collect. Just as though they didn't have to pay for collect calls! Not even a sick, emotional woman should be so demanding. Not even Rome's brother's wife!

Ruth left the phone, torn between anger at Marianne and the wish that Rome would get home. She couldn't fight Marianne. How do you fight a sick woman, even if you know she is trying to take your husband away from you? A woman who clings to him with every tentacle of appeal?

Steve should be taking care of Marianne, not Rome. And where was Steve? In New York, safely distant from Colorado, safely away from Marianne, her illness, her possessiveness, her demands. Steve, who always got out from under.

It had been one of those days, but things hadn't really piled up until Marianne had started telephoning. Rome had had to go to Crosson in mid-morning, to attend a soil-conservation meeting, hire a harvest crew, and get a new truck axle. He was barely out of sight when the pump broke down. Bill, the hired man, fixed it; but when Ruth turned on the rinse-cycle, the water was full of rust and she almost

ruined a washer-load of good towels. Five-year-old Jerry got into a pail of barn paint and had to be scrubbed with turpentine. The calves got out of the calf corral. Aunt Cherry moved the record cabinet in the living room and broke two symphony records. And trailed Ruth for an hour with apologies. That was the morning.

It had been during the noon meal that Marianne telephoned the first time.

Marianne never whined. She commanded: "Where's Rome? . . . I have to talk to Rome. . . . You *know* Rome is the only one who understands what I have to cope with! . . . Tell Rome to call me the minute he gets home."

Ruth had just got Jerry to bed and to sleep for his afternoon nap, and was in the shower when Marianne's second call came. That was the end of Jerry's nap. He came out of his room and demanded, "Who was that? Daddy?"

"It was Aunt Marianne," Ruth told him.

"Is Daddy going up to see her? Isn't he coming home for supper?"

"Darling," Ruth said, "of course he'll be home for supper! He *said* he would."

Ruth had finished toweling, put on a fresh skirt and blouse, and gone to the garden to pick green beans for supper. She had a pailful of beans and was picking lettuce when the phone rang the third time. She had thought Aunt Cherry would answer it. Aunt Cherry was just deaf enough to discourage phone callers. But Aunt Cherry and Jerry were out by the big barn, with the egg pail. So Ruth had to answer it again. It was Marianne's third call, the "Oh, it's so frustrating" call.

Ruth went back to the garden, fuming. Marianne *would* call today. And keep on calling. Just as though she knew Rome was going to be home for supper, the first time in a week, what with dust control, soil conservation, beef-breeders' association meetings, sessions, conferences.

Oh, she thought angrily, I'm not jealous of Marianne! I'm sorry for her. How can you be jealous of someone you're sorry for?

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***THIS*** novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.

But this had been going on for three years—ever since Steve had brought Marianne out to the sanitarium at Lupine. And it had been progressively worse the past six months, since Marianne was well enough to be moved out of the sanitarium and into a cottage. The phone calls, the demands, the emotional demands. That's it, Ruth thought—the emotional demands on my man! Almost as though Rome were *her* husband!

Until less than a year ago, Ruth had gone with Rome to see Marianne. But Marianne resented her, treated her like a child; so now Rome went alone. Which, of course, was just what Marianne wanted. Ruth could almost hear her saying, "Rome's the only person in the world I can depend on. He's the only one who cares!" Clinging to him, holding onto his strength.

Then she thought. When you marry a man like Rome you should know people are going to lean on him. Rome accumulates responsibilities the way some people accumulate stray dogs. But when people make emotional demands—any wife would resent it! He's only half mine. The way the ranch is only half ours. Steve owns half of the ranch. Does Marianne own half of Rome? Half a house. Half a husband?

She straightened up to ease her back, and looked past the windmill, the corrals, the big barn and sheds, out across the high plains, the rolling, treeless grassland of the ranch. It is home, she thought; it's where we belong. Rome loves it, and I love it. And Steve hates it. Rome does the work, and Steve gets the profits.

She had enough lettuce—more than enough. She took the pail of beans and went back to the big ranch kitchen. She snipped the ends from the beans and began Frenching them. Rome liked them Frenched. She would have steak for him, and mashed potatoes, and beans, and wilted lettuce, and—and pie! Coconut cream pie, his favorite. Rome was going to be home for supper! And coconut cream pie was the cherry on Rome's sundae, the icing on his cake. And it was Ruth's Sweetheart-I-love-you gesture. She got out the lard and flour.

She was rolling the crust when the phone rang again. She put down the rolling pin and said, "No!" It rang a second time and she thought, If it's Marianne *again*, I'll—I'll explode!

She lifted the receiver and snapped, "Hel-lo!"

A man's voice answered.

It took Ruth a moment to realize that it was the County Agent, calling for Rome. Then she said, "I'll have him phone you this evening." And hung up quickly. And did explode—into laughter. At herself. At the whole fantastic day.

She went back to the kitchen, still laughing, the tensions released by the absurdity of it. It *was* the day, and Marianne was just the climax, the last straw. Rome would soon be home. He would phone Marianne and talk to her five minutes, and that would be that. Everything would be all right. It always was, when Rome was there. They would have the evening together. Rome was looking forward to it just as much as she was. Together, they could handle anything. It was just that—that they hadn't had much time together recently.

She put the pie crust in the oven and started making the filling. The screen door slammed, and there was Jerry, a little whirlwind in overalls, sputtering excitement. "Mother! We got a whole dreat big pailful of chickie-eggs!" And there was Aunt Cherry, beaming at him—Aunt Cherry, who, despite Ruth's protests, pampered Jerry, spoiled him, and encouraged baby-talk. "Mother!" Jerry shouted. "I'm hungry!"

"Supper," Ruth told him with a smile, "will be ready pretty soon. You want to eat with Daddy, don't you?"

But Aunt Cherry, blandly oblivious, set down the eggs and got out bread and peanut butter. Ruth raised her voice and said, "No! He doesn't need anything now!"

Aunt Cherry said, "A little boy like Jerry has to eat if he's going to grow up big and strong like his daddy." She handed the bread to Jerry, who looked questioningly at Ruth, took the bread, and dashed outdoors. Ruth thought, Poor youngster—doesn't know whom to mind.

Ruth sighed and took the crust from the oven. Then she smiled to herself. Rome will be home! I'm making a Sweetheart-I-love-you pie for my man!

In Crosson, thirty miles from the ranch, Jerome Hamilton sat in the cashier's office at the Crosson State Bank. Rome was tall, blond, and might have posed for one of those Air Corps recruiting posters. Across the desk was stocky, sandy-haired John Caldwell, cashier of the bank and chairman of the County Central Committee. They had been talking politics for an hour. Now John said, "Rome, we need you on the ticket. I think we can nominate you for Representative. If we nominate you, we can elect you."

Rome shook his head. "I've got too many irons in the fire now, John. My wife's practically a widow, and my own son hardly knows me. If I didn't have a good hired hand I'd starve to death. I have to split the profits with Steve, you know."

"Why don't you buy out that brother of yours?" Caldwell asked.

Rome gave him a wry smile. "Since I refused to sell to that wheat syndicate two years ago, Steve doesn't like me. And even if he were willing to sell, what would I use for money?"

"I'll lend it to you," Caldwell said, "any time you can make a deal."

"Just on the land? There's about five thousand acres, almost all grass."

"Yes, technically on the land. Actually, Rome, on you. I like character loans, myself."

Rome smiled. "Thanks, John. It's good to know I've got a negotiable character."

Caldwell leaned back. "Now, how about that nomination? The Young Bucks want you to run."

Rome gave him one look. "No! No, John, I don't play that way. Not if the offer of a loan is tied to it."

Caldwell laughed. "Rome, that's exactly why we want you to run. You're so damned honest! You can smell a deal a mile away. . . . That loan isn't tied to anything. You can have it whether you run or not. I'll put it in writing." He reached for a pen and pad.

Rome shook his head. "Your word's good enough." He glanced at his watch. "Good Lord, it's after four already! And I promised Ruth I'd be home early."

Caldwell went to the door with him. "Think it over, Rome. We want you on the ticket. Time's getting short, with the convention next week, but we can move fast. Folks know you."

Rome jerked at the brim of his dusty hat. "Running for Representative," he said, "is just one more tough, thankless job, John."

"I never knew you to run out on a tough job, Rome," Caldwell said. "Let me know. Soon."

As Rome headed south, past the depot and the grain elevators, he wished he'd told John that getting into politics involved a lot of other things. He was already in politics, in a way, with the dust-control program, and the erosion control, and the breeders' association. But running for office was different. It involved Ruth, and Jerry, and the ranch. All his responsibilities. That's the way he had to think of it. It involved his father, too, because as a candidate he wouldn't be simply Rome Hamilton. He would also be Old Cash Hamilton's son.

Folks had respected Old Cash Hamilton. They used to say he could put more in one sentence than most people could in a whole lecture. When Rome had a decision to make, the old man used to say, "Do what's right, Rome. It just makes sense." Putting it squarely up to Rome and



not wasting words. He never wasted words, or anything else. He'd give away his last shirt, but he wouldn't countenance waste. Of anything, but particularly not of land or grass.

Rome and his father had been pretty close in Old Cash's later years, after Steve had left home. After Steve broke with his father and went East. Old Cash never discussed the break with Rome, though Rome was there and heard every word of it; but Rome knew it had hurt the old man, cut him to the quick.

Steve went East and never saw his father alive again. He did have the decency to come back for the funeral, and when they looked at the will and found that the ranch had been left jointly to Rome and Steve, Steve said, "I thought he'd cut me off without a dime." Rome said, "You never did understand him, did you? Or what he stood for." Though Rome himself wondered about the will.

It wasn't till later, after he came back from the war and married Ruth and they were living on the ranch, that Rome really understood. Steve was Old Cash's son, too—one of his obligations. Old Cash had a deep sense of obligation. Not duty; he never used the word "duty." It was bigger than that. It was a kind of obligation that rests on a man just because he is a man. His obligation to do the best he can by his land, his grass, his neighbors, his family.

You go off to war and take part in the most colossal waste man ever devised, and you come back wondering inside you what it's all about. You're looking for something that words can't quite define. Purpose, value, meaning—things like that. You get married, you have a son, you accumulate responsibilities. A lonely old aunt. A sick sister-in-law. You want your wife to be happy. You want your son to grow up right. You've got your own self-respect.

They want you to run for the state legislature, and it's tied up with all those things. It would be simple if you could think of it all by itself. Or if you could think of it as a chance for Ruth to have a few months in Denver every year. Or if it meant Jerry would gain something by your being a Representative. Or if you could play it as Steve would, be a big shot and to hell with everything else. Very simple.

But you can't think of it that way. Because Old Cash Hamilton used to say, "Do what's right, Rome," and leave it to you to think it on out from there. Because you're Rome Hamilton.

He pulled into the ranch yard a few minutes after five. Ruth watched him get out of the car, blond as ripe wheat, still the handsomest man she had ever seen. He strode toward the house with his poised cat-walk, his jaunty, expectant air. His shoulders sagged a little, but he wore his hat in the same manner that he had worn his Air Force cap. He saw her at the window and lifted a hand in sharp salute. Then he was at the back door, ducking as though he were six-six instead of an even six feet.

He hugged her and kissed her and ruffled her hair—sorrel hair, he called it, not red. "If you were a real redhead," he once said, "your eyes would be green, not blue. The deepest blue there is!" He hugged her again, and the screen door banged as Jerry came in, trying to stuff bread in his mouth, wipe his hands on his overalls, and hug his father's leg, all in one gesture. Rome kissed Jerry and saw the pie cooling on the counter. "Pie!" he exclaimed. "Cocoanut cream?"

Ruth laughed. "Um-hmm. Hungry?"

"Starved!"

"Steak, too, and mashed potatoes. Tired?"

"Bushed. But I got the axle. Anything exciting happen here?"

"No." She would tell him about her day after he had relaxed, after supper. Then she said, "Oh, Marianne phoned," trying to make it sound unimportant.

"What about?" Rome was instantly alert.

"She wouldn't tell me. I said you'd call. This evening."

"Lord, I hope it isn't a hemorrhage!"

"Rome! It's not a hemorrhage. If it were anything important, Dr. Woods would have called. She's just—"

But Rome had gone to the phone. He put in the call. Ruth heard him say, "Marianne? I just got in." A silence, then: "But what happened? Give me some idea." . . . Another silence, then: "All right, I'll be up. Yes, right away."

"Supper," Ruth said, as he returned to the kitchen, "will be ready in twenty minutes."

"I can't wait." Rome went to the closet and came back shouldering into his old flight jacket. "I'll take the plane."

"Rome, you're going to eat supper with us!"

He shook his head. "I'll grab a bite up there."

"You can wait twenty minutes, and eat with us. She's waited this long; surely she can—"

"Marianne," Rome said, "is really in a tailspin. I've got to get right up there."

"Rome!" Ruth suddenly demanded. "Whose husband are you, anyway, Marianne's, or mine?"

She could have bitten off her tongue the instant she said it. Rome stared at her, stricken. Then he said quietly, "Ruth, I've got to go. We're all she's got. There's nobody else." He put an arm around her. "I'm sorry as hell, kid, but—" He kissed her and said, "I'll be back as soon as I can. Have Bill put on the lights after a while, so I can get in." Then he was gone.

Stunned, she watched him trot across the yard, one-hand himself over the corral fence, cut between the barn and the long feed shed. A moment later she heard the pop-pop of the motor, then the steady wasp-whine. She watched until the little red plane waddled into sight beyond the barn, skittered another hundred yards, and lifted. Rome made a tight, climbing turn, and she lost him in the lowering sun. Lupine lay almost a hundred miles to the west, in the foothills that were a rough pencil line on the horizon.

As Ruth turned back to the stove, Aunt Cherry came into the kitchen, got the plates and silver, and began setting the table. "Did Rome say what's the matter with her?" she asked.

"No," Ruth said. Deaf as she was. Aunt Cherry seemed to hear every telephone conversation; Ruth sometimes thought she heard every word she and Rome said behind their own bedroom door.

"Well," Aunt Cherry said, "whatever it is, Rome'll handle it." She came to the sink to fill the water glasses. "Marianne always said she should have married Rome instead of Steve, though I can't see why. Steve made her a good living." Aunt Cherry never lost an opportunity to remind Ruth that Rome had once courted Marianne.

Ruth asked, "Where's Jerry?"

"Jerry? I told him to wash his little hands and face." Aunt Cherry put the glasses on the table and went to see that Jerry had followed her orders.

Ruth mashed the potatoes and called Bill to supper. She dished up the food. The supper she had cooked specially for Rome. She was tempted not even to sit down at the table. But she had to eat—eat, and do the dishes, and put Jerry to bed, and wait. Wait.

It was eight-thirty and she had told Jerry two stories before he yawned and rubbed his eyes and said, "Chicken Little wasn't very bright, was she, Mother?"

"Not very bright, dear," Ruth said. "Good night." Jerry yawned again. "I want Daddy to kiss me good night."

"He will. When he gets home." Ruth kissed him and turned out his light. And remembered that she hadn't told Bill to turn on the landing lights. She got a sweater and went out to the barn.

It was a cool, quiet night, full dark just settling, a crescent of a new moon at the western rim of the plains. She looked up and away, to the distant horizon. So peaceful, so big. Big, open land, as they had expected life to be big and open.

She heard what she thought was the distant hum of the motor, and she closed the switch that turned on half a dozen spotlights at the end of the pasture Rome used as a landing field. But it wasn't the plane, after all; it was the wind singing in the wires between the barn and the power line. It wasn't Rome coming. And the lights had broken the dark beauty of the night. She went back to the house.

Aunt Cherry was in the kitchen, getting her bedtime glass of prune juice. And rearranging the pans on their hooks. She looked up, startled. "I thought you were putting Jerry to bed."

"Jerry's asleep," Ruth said, and she went on through to their bedroom.

She was beyond resentment at Aunt Cherry's endless war of rearrangement. For five years, ever since she had arrived "to help out," before Jerry was born, Aunt Cherry had been moving everything movable into her own pattern. Not all at once. A chair today, another chair tomorrow, a chest next week. The kitchen was the scene of her current campaign. Aunt Cherry, who had been Rome's father's housekeeper, was living in town on a small pension when Ruth and Rome were married. But as soon as she heard that Ruth was pregnant, back she came to the ranch, bag and baggage. And here she remained—sweet, friendly, willing, but with a whim of iron.

Ruth lay down and tried to read, but the words didn't make sense. The hurt, the terrible hurt, had eased, but the thoughts wouldn't stop.

Rome was sitting there on the porch with Marianne right now, there at the cottage in Lupine. The white, sterile cottage just up the slope from the sanitarium. Ruth could picture Marianne, every inch of her the lonely, determined, clinging woman.

Marianne was two years older than Rome, but they had been in the same graduating class in school. Aunt Cherry was right; Rome had dated her for a time. Then Marianne dated both Rome and Steve, and folks speculated about which of the Hamilton boys she was after—Rome, the good-looking one, or Steve, the go-getter. Rome said she was always after Steve. She got him, anyway. A year after Steve went East, Marianne followed, and they were married the next year. But when Marianne was stricken with tuberculosis, she insisted on coming back here, near Rome.

When they were in high school, Ruth was in awe of her. Marianne was considered glamorous. She was in all the high-school plays, and everybody thought she was going to be an actress. "Marianne has so much talent, so much personality! You'll hear from Marianne!"

Ruth smiled, wryly. The way I heard from her today. By telephone, long distance, collect.

Then she thought, Oh, why did I say that, about whose husband he was? Why did I let my temper get away?

She tried to read again, but it was no use. She kept thinking that just about now, up at Marianne's cottage, Mrs. Perrin would come to the door and say, in her peremptory way, "It's time for your before-bed egg and milk."

At the cottage in Lupine, Rome and Marianne were on the screened porch, the sanitarium lights below and to the left, the scattered lights of the village to the right. Marianne was calm, though she had been on the verge of hysterics when Rome arrived. She had talked and got hold of herself. She sat there now, a slim, pale woman in slacks and sweater and with a tartan robe around her. She had a high brow, a long face with cheekbones unduly prominent, deep shadows, a thin mouth, and deep-set eyes. Her hair was beautiful, her outstanding vanity, a kind of coppery sheen with a deep natural wave. She wore it in a long bob

almost like the outdated page-boy cut—a cut strangely appropriate to her.

Rome lay back in his chair, relaxed. He could relax completely for ten minutes and summon a whole new flow of energy. Marianne's voice had lost its shrill note, and he knew the fireworks were over. She said, "So now Steve wants to be through with me. I might as well face it. Nobody wants me." She said it with a half-jeer and a little laugh.

Rome glanced at his watch. Marianne said. "See—even you want to get away!"

"I've got to get home," Rome said. "And it's almost your bedtime. And if you're going to play the rejected old hag—"

"Rome! I didn't say hag and I didn't say old! I'm not old. You could at least say I'm young and beautiful."

"You're young and beautiful," Rome said, just as Mrs. Perrin, Marianne's housekeeper-nurse, came to the doorway and cleared her throat. She was as sterile and impersonal as the cottage itself. "Time for your before-bed egg and milk," she said in a voice starchy as her uniform.

Marianne held out her hand. Mrs. Perrin gave her the glass and went back inside. Marianne took a sip before she said, "Rome, Steve told me three years ago never to let him have a divorce. He wanted the protection—I think that was the word—of having a wife."

"That sounds like him." Rome got to his feet.

"Oh, Rome, don't go yet! It's so lonely! With nobody, nobody but you. Not even a child. Don't you know, Rome, that you're the only one who cares one little damn what happens to me? I'd have given up long ago, if it hadn't been for you."

"You're the one who made the fight," he said. "Finish your eggnog."

"I hate it." But she drained the glass. "Now I'm a good girl, aren't I?" And suddenly she demanded, "What's ahead for me, anyway?"

"Life," Rome said.

"That's not enough, just to be alive! Oh, Rome, why did he have to do this to me? Now, of all times!"

"You mean Steve? Asking you to let him marry somebody else?"

"Oh, the whole damned thing! It's so—so heartless! Even to bringing her out here with him! Flaunting his woman at me!" She sighed. "Well, I've faced plenty from him. I can face this. You've helped me face it. You don't want to be rid of me, do you?"

"That," Rome said, "doesn't rate an answer."

She stood up. "I know you have to go. Ruth didn't want you to come. I know she didn't. But you came anyway, because you knew I needed you. I just live for the times you come, Rome!"

He put an arm around her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good night. Get to bed, like a good girl, and get some rest. This will work out."

She clung to him a moment, then went with him to the door. He went down the steps and crossed the yard and went down the long slope, and when he looked back, Marianne was still framed against the light there in the doorway. He went on down to his plane, and when he looked up at the cottage before he took off, all was dark except for a light in her bedroom.

At last Ruth heard the motor—clearly the motor now, not the wires humming. She cupped her eyes at the window and saw the plane's dark shape against the starlight. Then she got into her plaid robe and went to the kitchen. She had the coffee heating when Rome came in. He grinned, the fagged-out grin overlaid with the gleam that always lighted his face when he had been flying. He hugged her and kissed her before he went to hang up his jacket.

"Did you eat?" she asked.

He said, "I forgot all about it."

She got out the cold steak, and he saw the pie in the refrigerator. "Umm!" he said, and she handed him the quarter that was left, then got bread and steak sauce and made a giant sandwich. Rome was at the table, eating the pie—dessert first, the way he always ate late snacks. She poured two cups of coffee and sat down with him. He looked up, and she knew his mind was only half there.

He said, "Steve's coming out. He wants Marianne to let him have a divorce. He's bringing another woman, the one he wants to marry."

"Steve's coming out? Out here?"

"Yes." Rome finished the pie and reached for the sandwich.

"Then that's what was the matter with Marianne?"

He nodded. "Knocked her for a loop. Steve's still reality to her. Or the big dream, maybe."

"She said that?"

"No. She just said Steve doesn't want her any more. It hurt like hell."

"When's Steve coming?"

"This week. I'll get a telegram. You know: 'Arrive Denver 9:45. Meet me.'" He shook his head. "Oh, well!"

The door to the dining room opened. There was Aunt Cherry, in her flowered wrapper and curl papers. "I thought I heard you come in," she said to Rome. "There's cold steak in the icebox."

"He's eaten," Ruth said.

"What?" Aunt Cherry shuffled across the kitchen, turned on the heat under the still steaming coffee, and opened the refrigerator.

"I've eaten," Rome said, finishing the sandwich.

"There's plenty." Aunt Cherry took out the remnant of steak and reached for a knife. Ruth rinsed their coffee cups. Aunt Cherry cut a slice of steak, ate it, and made a sandwich for herself. "How's Marianne?" she asked.

"She's all right," Rome said. Then he added gently, "Don't forget to turn off the heat under the coffee," and went with Ruth down the hall toward their bedroom.

Ruth said, "I promised Jerry you'd kiss him."

She was in bed when Rome came in from Jerry's room. He sat on the edge of the bed and slowly took off his boots. "I didn't get a chance to tell you," he said, "that the County Committee wants me to run for the legislature."

"Are you going to?"

"I told Caldwell—" Rome took off his shirt. "I said I'd have to think about it. Want to be a politician's wife?"

"That," Ruth said, "depends on the politician."

Rome pulled on his pajamas and turned to her with that wonderful grin of his. "Damn," he said, "that pie was good! I love you, kid!"

## Chapter 2

Rome was right, except in detail. Steve's telegram came the next morning, telephoned out from Crosson. It said that Steve "and guest" were arriving that day for "a ranch visit." It ended: "Meet us at Denver airport at one-forty P.M."

Rome and Bill were loading the pickup truck with windmill parts and spools of barbed wire when the message came, preparing to spend the day checking windmills and fences at the west end of the ranch. Ruth took down the operator's words, read them back, and went out to Rome, wondering how in the world she could clean house, plan meals from the freezer, wash her hair, do her nails, and be a presentable hostess by mid-afternoon.

Rome snapped, "For two bits I'd let him walk down from Denver! It's only a hundred and ten miles. Or take a taxi!" He read the message again and said to Bill, "Skip the windmills today. I've got to go to Denver." Then he asked Ruth, "Want to come along?"

She gave him one look. "Even if I liked Denver in the summer," she said, "I have to get ready for guests. Little things like cleaning, and dusting, and making beds, and getting dinner."

"Skip the cleaning," Rome advised. "He won't look in the corners or under the couch."

"She will," Ruth said. She decided to have roast beef for supper, no matter how hot it was.

So Rome went to Denver alone, in the car. If he knew Steve, there'd be too much luggage to bring them down in the plane. And Ruth and Aunt Cherry started on the house, Ruth in the guest wing because she wanted to see that the blankets were folded just so at the foot of the beds and the best towels were put in the bathroom. Aunt Cherry was a flurry of energy until almost eleven, when she announced, "Steve always said my devil's food was the best cake he ever ate," and left vacuum, broom and dust cloths in the middle of the living room and began to make a cake.

But by noon both Rome, on the hot road to Denver, and Ruth, in the sprawling ranch house, had worked off the first furious energy of anger and were thinking about Steve in relation to themselves, and the ranch, and their whole situation. About Steve, and Marianne, and Old Cassius Hamilton, and Ruth and Rome.

Cassius Hamilton was a middle-aged bachelor living in a sod house and running grade steers on five thousand acres of grass when he met and married a country school-teacher in her twenties. Some people laughed, but those who really knew them knew that it was a love match. Old Cash—he was called Old Cash even then—built a big, rambling white frame house as a wedding present for his bride, and she went to Denver and bought a whole carload of furniture for it. Two years later she bore Steve, and three years after that, Jerome was born. It was a happy household, and she had so many friends and guests that Old Cash built a guest wing especially for them. That was the summer when Rome was seven. The following winter, Rome's mother, still in her early thirties, was stricken with pneumonia, lingered less than a week, and died clinging to Old Cash's hand.

For a month Old Cash rode his range alone, a grim, gray man fighting his grief. Then he sent for his old-maid sister, Charity, to come run the house and bring up his boys. Aunt Cherry came, made the big ranch house her own, wept over "those two poor, motherless boys," and kept out of Old Cash's way.

Old Cash became a kind of local legend. Back in the wheatboom days a good many people had called him a fool for refusing to plow up his grass, but when the dust storms started they remembered Old Cash's words, "Grass lasts forever. Grass doesn't blow away," and repeated them as the sayings of an oracle. But by then such flattery didn't matter to Old Cash. He was a gruff, lonely old man with one son who grew up hating the ranch and another son too young to take over. And the ranch was the only thing that mattered any more to Old Cash.

The boys went to Crosson to high school, and Steve went on to college. When Steve finished college, Old Cash said, "Get on your boots and Levi's, Steve." And Steve said, "No." Old Cash was first baffled, then hurt, then angry. "I'm through with the ranch for good," Steve said. "What are you going to do?" Old Cash asked. "I'm going to find an easy way to make a living," Steve said.

Old Cash was silent a long moment, his bushy brows low over his wrinkled, deep-set eyes. Then he said, "There isn't any easy way, Steve, that's honest." Steve laughed. "How do you know? You've worked here all your life, and what have you got?" And Old Cash said, "Besides the ranch, I've got my self-respect. Can you think of anything better?" And Steve said, "Yes!"

That was their break. Steve went East, and for a year Old Cash didn't mention his name. Then Rome went

into the Air Force, and Steve wrote that he was in the Navy, in a desk job in Washington—public relations. And Old Cash kind of lost heart. He became a gray ghost of the past, riding his big roan horse over the plains and occasionally into town, talking grass, grass, grass, and shaking his head over the new wheat boom.

Ruth never saw Rome's mother, and she remembered Old Cash only as a kind of forgotten figure out of the past; and she had difficulty, until after they were married, in thinking of Rome as his son.

Rome was three years older than she was. He and Marianne and Steve were all "the older crowd" in school. The first time she was really aware of Rome was the Fourth of July when she was fifteen. At the square dance that night. Rome had taken second prize as a bronc rider in the afternoon rodeo, and she was both thrilled and embarrassed when he got her as a partner at the dance. He said, "Aren't you Ruth Curtis, the brat who used to have all the freckles?" And she didn't know what to say.

The next time she saw him, really, was just after he got his wings. At another dance. He got her as a partner again and said, "A long time between dances, isn't it?" She was grown up enough by then to say, "Yes, but I'm still the Curtis brat!" Rome grinned and began counting the freckles on the bridge of her nose. "One, two, three, four—Why, you are! But you sure grew up nice! And your hair isn't red; it's kind of rufous. Hi, Rufus!"

He had a week's leave, and he dated her three times. When he went back, he wrote to her. That was the way their courtship was, most of it by mail. And "Rufus" became his special love-name for her.

The next time Rome came home was when his father died. Steve was there, too, in uniform. And Marianne, Steve and Marianne had been married almost a year. Marianne was sleek and groomed, and Ruth thought she was beautiful.

The day after the funeral Rome said to Ruth, "I'll be out of uniform in July, just in time to get a wheat crop in. Steve and I have made a deal about the ranch. I'm going to run it. Why don't we move out there as soon as I'm discharged, and have a honeymoon later?"

That's the way he proposed, just as though it were all settled. And it was. Rome was her man, and Ruth was his woman. There just wasn't anybody else. So they were married and went right out to the ranch. The house was all furnished, just the way Aunt Cherry had left it when Old Cash died.

It was wonderful, that first winter—just the two of them, it seemed, in the whole world. Rome planted a hundred acres of wheat for a quick cash crop. He had to restock the ranch, and he bought ten head of blooded Hereford heifers for a start. He bought a pair of saddle horses, and they rode the hills together. It was their world, a big world, and life was boundless. They went to Denver for a Thanksgiving honeymoon, expecting to stay ten days, but they came home three days later, homesick.

Even the arrival of Aunt Cherry the next spring didn't change things, at first. Jerry was born, Rome had a good wheat crop, and life was still wonderful. They modernized the kitchen, bought another twenty head of heifers, and got the second-hand plane Rome wanted. That fall, their second on the ranch, they left Jerry with Aunt Cherry and flew down to Amarillo to a Hereford breeders' meeting, over to the Western Slope to hunt deer, to Cheyenne to visit one of Rome's friends.

Things had gone all right until three years ago, when Steve brought Marianne out to the sanitarium at Lupine. That was in September. It had been a bad summer—drought, then hail. The wheat was lost, the hay was short, and Aunt Cherry had to spend three weeks in the hospital.

Steve took Marianne to the sanitarium, then stopped in Denver and telephoned Rome. He told Rome to come up and see him about the ranch.

Rome said, "What about the ranch? We agreed that I was to run it and split the profits. You've been getting your share."

Steve said, "That agreement is out, as of now. I'm going to sell the ranch."

"You can't!" Rome said.

Steve said, "Come up and see me."

Rome went.

They talked it out, in sharp and bitter words. The ranch meant nothing to Steve beyond its dollar value. He blamed Rome for having the wheat hailed out. He indignantly refused to share Aunt Cherry's hospital bill. "She's working for you, not me. I'm not responsible for her!" And at last, to save his own investment of time and money, Rome signed a contract leasing Steve's share of the ranch for five years. It guaranteed Steve an annual rent besides a share of the profits. Rome got in only one favorable clause—one which gave him the first right of purchase and the right to veto Steve's selling out to anyone else.

It was a tough contract—one which had left Rome and Ruth pinched for money ever since. That was why Rome had doubled the wheat acreage this year, hoping for a harvest, hoping to get ahead of the game at last.

Maybe, Rome thought now, he had been a fool to sign that contract. But he couldn't have let the ranch go. And as long as he had that right to buy Steve out, if Steve ever agreed to sell, there was the hope of owning it all some day. He'd written several times asking whether Steve would sell to him, but had never had an answer. Steve, who was getting his income from it regularly, was just stubborn enough to hold out till the end of the contract, then sell to the first syndicate that came along—meanwhile not turning a hand, not risking a dollar.

Rome reached the airport with fifteen minutes to spare. He had coffee and a sandwich at the counter, and wondered what kind of a girl Steve was bringing. His guess was someone tall and willowy and theatrical. Then the plane was announced, and he went outside.

The last person in the world he had imagined was the petite, dark-haired girl in a tailored dress, no hat and low heels, who paused in the doorway of the plane, said a quiet word of thanks to the stewardess, and came down the ramp. But Steve was right behind her, reaching for her arm, smiling, all personality. Steve, tall, suave, in a gray sports jacket and with his hat in his hand. Just at a guess, that jacket cost a hundred and a quarter. Rome wouldn't even guess at the girl's clothes. They had that ultracausal look that costs plenty.

As Rome followed the passengers back into the waiting room, Steve looked around, over the heads of the crowd, and saw him. There was the quick smile. The girl tiptoed and saw him, and Rome saw her catch her breath. She smiled, and there was something like amazement in her wide gray eyes. Steve held out his hand. He said, "Margot, this is the kid brother," with just a trace of patronage in his voice. "This is Jerome, Margot Anders."

She took Rome's hand, glanced quickly at Steve and back at Rome and exclaimed, "You didn't tell me he was so handsome!"

"It runs in the family," Steve said. "Isn't Ruth here?"

"Ruth couldn't get away. She doesn't like Denver in the summer. Get your bags. The car's right outside."

Steve turned to an attendant with the luggage checks, and Rome and Margot went outdoors. On the platform she looked off toward the mountains and said, "They aren't real, are they? They can't be!" Then she looked at Rome. "I don't believe I'm here. It's just a dream."

"Not that good, is it?" Rome asked.

"It's wonderful!" She caught his hand, and she was small and intimate and young as she said, "Oh, I'm so glad you're *you!*"

"What kind of stories has Steve been telling you?"  
"He said you were like his father." She turned to the east. "Oh, those plains! I can't wait!"

"Some people hate those plains. Steve does."  
"And you love them. So do I. They're so big, so challenging!"

Steve and the attendant came with the bags. Rome had been right; they wouldn't have all gone in his plane. They stowed them in the trunk and on the back seat, and Rome headed for the boulevard.

"Why don't we show Margot a little of Denver first?" Steve asked.

But she exclaimed, "No! It's just another city, isn't it? I want to see those plains."

So they turned east, the mountains behind them, the high plains ahead. Steve sat silent for a time, then began asking about the ranch. How was the wheat? Why didn't Rome put a thousand acres in wheat? How many cattle was he feeding? Wouldn't the ranch carry a lot more cattle than that? Rome gave him brief answers and finally suggested that Steve, if he ever had known, had forgotten the first principles of ranching. Steve said that could be, though it wasn't a very complex operation. Margot said, "It sounds *very* complex, to me," and asked questions about jack rabbits, tumbleweeds, breeds of cattle, blizzards.

Steve said, "Margot is the original quiz program, all by herself. She invented 'Twenty Questions,' didn't you, Margot?"

She laughed. "It's my line! Every gal has a line!" She turned to Rome. "I'm in advertising, and you can't write good copy without knowing what you're writing about. Details, and more details! Your brother deals with the Big Concepts, capitalized, please. When he was a press agent he went after publicity. Now that he's a Public Relations Counselor—in capital letters—he promotes the Big Concepts. Thus we progress toward utter chaos. . . . Oh, the simplicity of these plains!"

They were halfway home before Steve asked, "What do you hear from Marianne? How is she?"

Rome glanced at him, then at Margot. Margot's expression was unchanged. "I saw her the other night," Rome said. "She's doing pretty well."

"She got my letter?"

"Yes."

"How did she take it?"

Rome glanced at Margot again. She saw his look and said, "Go on and talk. I know all about Marianne."

"She was upset," Rome said. "Naturally."

"Why naturally?" Steve asked. "It's been three years since we even pretended a marriage."

Margot said quietly, "I knew she would be upset. Any woman would be. I told you it would be better to wait and tell her face to face. No matter how you phrase them, some things sound heartless on paper. I would be furious, in her position."

"I wanted it on record," Steve said, "before I saw her."

"Well," Rome said, "you seem to have put it on record." He was still reluctant to discuss Marianne in front of Margot.

"We women," Margot said, "are selfish beasts, aren't we? I am. I admit it. We want to be the only claim on our men. Besides, Marianne must have loved you once, Steve, or she wouldn't have married you. And she certainly wouldn't want to hold you now."

"Your concept of love—" Steve began.

Margot laughed. She turned to Rome. "See? Big Concepts. . . . Steve, darling, you are priceless. My concept of love is something you will never understand. It hasn't a thing to do with marriage, though it can conceivably flourish within the framework of marriage. Love is an emotion; marriage is an institution. Right, Jerome?"

"That," Rome said, "sounds a little too pat, to me."



Steve made an impatient gesture. "Did she say what a divorce was going to cost me?"

"No," Rome said. Steve had always thought you could settle any problem with money—that you could write off any obligation with a check.

"Is she going to be difficult?" Steve asked.

"You know Marianne," Rome said, "at least as well as I do." Steve frowned and was silent.

They reached the ranch shortly after four. Ruth and Jerry came out to meet them—Ruth in a charcoal denim skirt and a blue-checked blouse that made her deep-blue eyes look even bluer. She was half a head taller than Margot, and her sturdy vitality made Margot look almost fragile. Rome introduced them, and Ruth said to Margot, "You must be tired, after the flight and then the drive down."

Margot said, "I enjoyed every minute." One quick appraisal of Ruth and she turned and looked around, at the big, sprawling white ranch house, the red barns and sheds, the corrals, all against the backdrop of treeless plains reaching to the horizon. "Oh, this is wonderful! Steve, you said the ranch was primitive. It isn't! It's beautiful."

"Oh, come now," Steve was smiling. "I told you ranch life was primitive. . . . Hello, Ruth!" He flashed the charm as easily as a firefly flashes light. "I can't believe you're really grown up, married and a mother—and pretty!"

"And this," Margot said, "must be Jerome Junior."

Jerry, in fresh overalls and white T-shirt, shook hands with them, dismissed them with a look, and exclaimed, "Daddy, Bill killed a big rattlesnake. He gave me the rattles!"

"Good for Bill." Rome was unloading the luggage from the car trunk. Ruth and Margot went on into the house. Steve said, "I see you've done some painting. And put up those two new sheds. You must be prospering."

"You've had a full accounting," Rome said, handing Steve a suit case.

Steve chuckled. He watched a dust-devil, a tiny whirlwind, go spinning across the nearest field. "I hope," he said, "I don't have to take a bath in the horse trough, after that dusty drive."

Rome handed him another bag, and they went to the house. Aunt Cherry met them at the door. Steve hugged her, and she said, "Stevie! You're grown to be such a big boy!" She dabbed at her eyes with her apron. "You look just like your father."

Steve kissed her again. "Aunt Cherry," he said, "you need new glasses." He picked up the bags again, and Rome, carrying Margot's bags, led him down the hall. In the guest wing, Rome shouldered open a door and said, "For guests." It was a blue tiled bathroom with a glassed-in shower. Rome had installed it, at his own expense, two years before.

Ten minutes later, Rome and Ruth were alone in the kitchen. Rome asked, "Well, what do you think of her?"

Ruth looked at him with a little smile. "Margot? I hope Steve marries her."

Rome laughed. "What have you got against her?"

"She seems very nice." Ruth opened the oven door to see how the roast beef was doing, then put on a short apron.

"But what?" Rome asked.

"Oh, you men!" Ruth began separating eggs for Hollandaise to go with the frozen broccoli. "She's cute as a kitten. But," she said, tossing the eggshells into the trash can, "she knows what she's doing, every minute. . . . Hand me the egg beater out of the third drawer, will you, darling?"

Supper was quiet—almost leisurely. Margot had changed to a white shirt and rust-colored slacks. Steve took off his jacket, but kept on his tie, as though, somehow, it set him apart from the status of a native. There was casual talk—of the flight, the weather, the cooking. It was Ruth's cooking at its best, which was superb.

Midway in the meal the sky began to darken. Rome looked out at the gathering haze, the reddening sun. Steve asked, "A storm coming up?"

"Just a little dust," Rome said. "Kansas and Oklahoma moving in on us again."

"A dust storm!" Margot exclaimed. "A black blizzard?"

"No." Rome told her. "This is just the aftermath of a storm off to the southeast. That dust is high—drifted in from maybe a couple hundred miles away."

"What will it do?" Margot asked.

"Blow over. Powder things a little."

"It will sift down all night," Ruth said. "It will sift into everything. You'll wake up with it on your pillow, and on your face, and like fine grit between your teeth. You'll touch a table or a chair, and there'll be fine, gritty powder on your fingers."

"Oh, how awful!" Margot said. "But exciting."

Steve, it turned out, didn't want cake of any kind. But Margot ate a piece and overwhelmed Aunt Cherry with her praise. After dinner Margot said she would help clear away, and Rome and Steve went out to look around. Steve looked at the sky. "Same old dust," he said.

"Yeah," Rome said. "You keep asking why I don't put more land in wheat. That's why. Dust. Dad was right. Grass doesn't blow away. Some of us still remember what happened before."

"You make it all sound so important," Steve said. "If you hadn't been so sentimental about this place two years ago, when we had a chance to sell, the dust wouldn't matter. You wouldn't be here."

"I like it here," Rome said.

Steve made a gesture. "What are we going to net on the place this year? Better than last year, I hope."

"I don't know about this year yet. You got your rent last year, and quite a little over. You wouldn't have if I hadn't fed out a couple of carloads of steers."

"Considering the investment in this place—"

"—You did quite well," Rome said firmly. Then he laughed. "Even if you did practically ask me to go out with a sprinkling can and save the wheat from the drought! As a matter of fact, I tried rainmaking. With dry ice. . . . Maybe you came out this time to sell out to me?"

Steve smiled. "You know why I came out. Tell me, Rome—what does she want for a divorce?"

"Still old Dollars-and-Cents Steve," Rome shook his head. "You brought her out here to die. But she didn't die, and now you want to buy a divorce. Are you interested in knowing that she has a chance of recovery?"

"Good. That makes it easier."

"Steve, do you mean to tell me you came out here thinking she hadn't a chance? You would do a thing like that?"

Steve reddened. "If there's any moralizing to do, I'll do it."

"You always did, didn't you? Well, it's all yours."

They went around the barn toward the feed sheds. Steve saw Rome's plane in its shelter back of the barn. He laughed. "Well, well, still playing with kites, are you?" Rome didn't answer. "With all your playthings," Steve asked, "when do you get time to run the ranch?"

"Nights," Rome said ironically, "and Sundays."

"Got quite a chip on your shoulder, haven't you, boy?"

"I'm getting a little fed up, working like hell, having no time for my family, taking all the risk, paying you part of the profit, and having you complain about what you're getting."

"I believe," Steve said, "you signed a contract."

"And," Rome went on, "looking after your wife while you sit on your fanny safely out of reach!"

"My boy," Steve said, "that wasn't in the contract. But you always did like Marianne, didn't you? She liked you."

"Steve," Rome demanded, "will you sell out to me?"

"I wouldn't think of it," Steve said. "I just came out for a visit."

"And to get a divorce."

"That's right."

They went back to the house.

The women had finished the dishes. They all went into the living room, and Aunt Cherry told a long, disjointed story about Steve's childhood, then went to find the family photograph album. Margot saw the guitar, and asked Rome to play. Rome played and sang a couple of old songs, and Steve left the room. Steve had never liked ballads. When Rome had finished, Steve came back and began looking through the record cabinet beside the hi-fi player.

Aunt Cherry found the photograph album and sat down to show it to Margot. Ruth and Rome got up to put Jerry to bed.

"Before you go," Steve said to Rome, looking up from a dozen symphonies he had found, "I'd like to plan on going up to Lupine tomorrow."

"Go ahead," Rome said.

"You'll drive us up?" Steve asked.

"Not tomorrow. I'm busy. I'm addressing a meeting on soil conservation and dust control."

"You are talking on dust control and soil conservation? When did you turn out to be a lecturer?" Steve was smiling.

Rome turned, without answering, to follow Ruth and Jerry.

Steve asked, "When can you take us up to see Marianne, then, Professor?"

"Maybe day after tomorrow," Rome said. "If you're in a hurry you can take the pickup truck and drive yourselves."

"And this," Aunt Cherry was saying to Margot, "is a picture of Steve and Rome and Marianne. It was taken in Crosson. See the grain elevator? It's not very good. Somebody moved. Steve, I guess. He always *was* on the go!"

## Chapter 3

There was the threat of storm in the air the next morning—a brassy sun and an uneasy calm. Rome and Bill left early to go down to the south end of the ranch and get in another half-day's work on the fences before Rome had to go to his meeting. Young Jerry took Margot on an extended tour of the barns and corrals—an eager guide who couldn't understand her ignorance of the fundamental facts of ranch life. But her interest outweighed her ignorance. When they returned, Steve was eating a nine-o'clock breakfast. Ruth was vacuuming, cleaning up the overnight dust. Margot and Steve decided to take the saddle horses and go for a ride.

They were gone till almost noon. Steve came back with aching muscles and ironic comments on Rome's choice of horses and saddles. Margot was exhilarated. She laughed at Steve's aches. She said she doubted that Steve and any horse could agree.

"I liked my horse," she said. "We got along splendidly. But," she added, "I don't argue with any man. Not even a man horse." She laughed again. "Eventually he goes my way."

After lunch Steve went to his room to rest. Ruth made a list of things for Rome to bring from Crosson on his way home from the meeting. When Rome had gone and they had cleared away the dishes, Margot asked Ruth to go for a walk with her.

They went up the rise behind the house and into the next hollow, where they came to a windmill and a watering tank beside two big cottonwood trees. Nearby was a big grass-grown mound, all that was left of Cassius Hamilton's original sod house. He had lived there until he was married. Rome's mother had chosen the site of the present ranch house, and Cassius had built it as a wedding present for her.

They drank at the stream spurting from the windmill pump, then sat in the cottonwood shade. Margot asked about Steve's father, and Ruth told her what she knew of his story. Margot said, "This land breeds strong men, but it kills their women."

"Why do you say that?" Ruth asked.

"Look at old Cassius. Look at Rome. Look at Steve. And look at you. It's killing you."

"Not the land," Ruth said. "I love the plains."

"What is it, then? You are, how old?"

"Twenty-four."

"I didn't think you were that old. You would be, though, if Jerry is five. You're tired, Ruth."

"Yes, I'm tired. Of a lot of things."

"Why wouldn't you be? What interests have you, away out here? You shouldn't be buried this way. You need life—things going on. What chance have you, out here?"

"This," Ruth said, "is what I want." She picked up a leaf and began fingernailing it. "But when your house isn't yours, your income isn't yours—" She paused.

"A woman could go mad," Margot said quietly. She glanced at Ruth, and her eyes narrowed. After a moment she asked, "What is Marianne like?"

"Marianne? Oh, Marianne is beautiful. Tall, slender, with lovely hair."

"I mean, what is she really like?"

"I don't know. I never knew her very well. I never was close to her."

"She will hate me."

"I imagine she will. . . . Marianne is a very lonely woman."

"She's fond of Jerome, isn't she?"

"Rome," Ruth said carefully, "has been the only one she had to depend on. And they've known each other a long time."

"It must be hard, watching your husband take care of another woman. That wouldn't be easy to take."

"If you mean I'm jealous—"

"Who wouldn't be?"

"I'm not. I happen to be in love with my husband, Margot. He's what I want."

Margot reached down and plucked a blade of grass and drew it slowly between her fingers. "I wish I'd known Cassius Hamilton," she said. "I imagine Jerome's a good deal like him. More so than Steve." She stared at the mound that once had been a sod house.

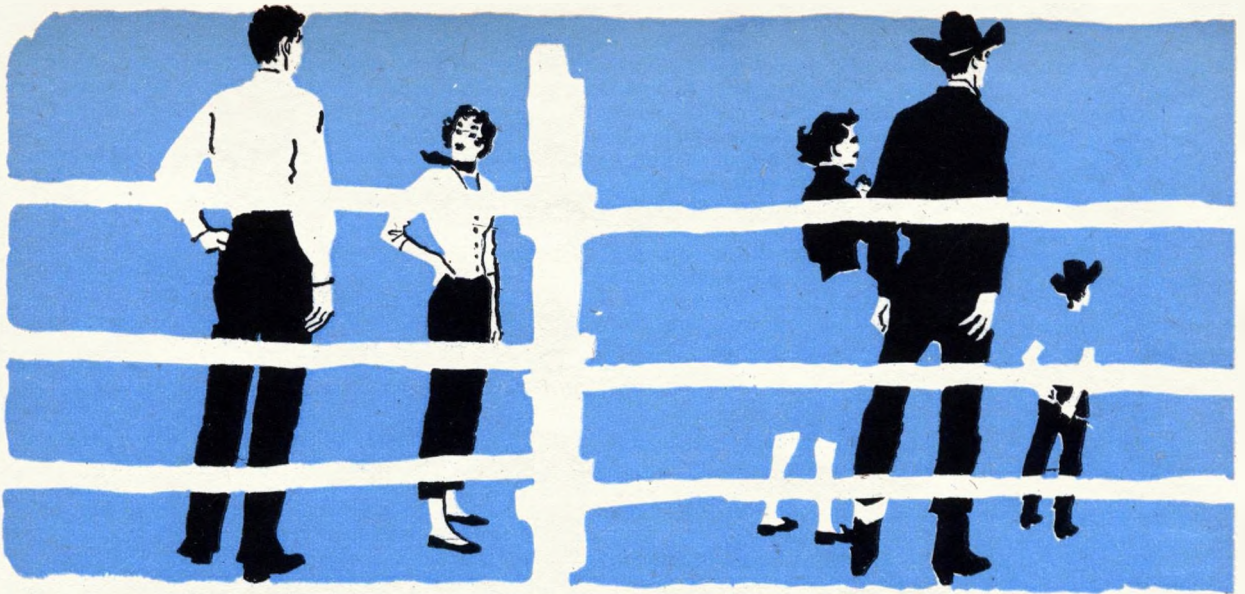
A few minutes later, they went back over the rise and down to the ranch house. The air was sultry. Back in the remote distance was the threat of storm. Ruth hoped Rome wouldn't be caught in it.

The storm blew up at about three o'clock. At first it was only a dark cloud on the horizon, far off to the northeast. But it rose steadily. The air was still, breathless. The curtains hung limp at the windows, and the chickens were silent in the barnyard.

Ruth called Jerry and told him to stay close to the house. Steve went outside and surveyed the sky and said, "I don't like the look of it. But at least there isn't any funnel." Ruth told Bill to be sure all the barns and sheds were closed tight, so there would be no loose doors when the wind struck.

Margot was fascinated. She stood in the yard watching the clouds and exclaiming at their dark threat. Small Jerry danced around her and shouted, "Chicken Little, Chicken Little! You're just like Chicken Little. And so is Uncle Steve!" Then he sobered and said solemnly, "If it hails out the wheat, we'll be broke." Margot laughed and said, "Now who's being Chicken Little?"

Far off toward the horizon there was a flash of lightning. Soon after, there was a greenish tinge to the lower clouds. Ruth said, "Hail."



"How do you know?" Margot asked.

"By the color," Ruth said.

Steve said, "Hail's coming, and Rome's not here, as usual."

"What could he do if he were here?" Ruth asked.

Steve shook his head. And from something she saw in his eyes, Ruth had the feeling that Steve was afraid. She didn't know why, but if she was right that would explain a good many things about Steve. About Steve and his hatred of this whole plains country. You couldn't order a storm to stop, or go somewhere else. You couldn't buy a rain. You couldn't talk a blizzard into turning around and going the other way.

She called to Jerry, and they ran to the barnyard and began shooing the chickens to shelter. The storm was still miles away, but even Ruth couldn't guess its speed.

They had just got the last of the chickens under shelter when Rome drove in. He shouted, "Steve!" and drove on into the garage. He came out carrying a heavy carton, shouted at Steve again, and hurried around the barn. When he came back a moment later, Ruth was at the garage. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Try to break this up," Rome said. "I brought dry ice from town. There's just a chance—an outside chance—that I can knock it off before it gets this far."

"Don't try, Rome! You'll be torn to bits, up there!"

"I'll stick to the edges, or get over it. It's a chance, anyway." Rome was taking another carton of dry ice from the car. "If it takes the wheat—"

"We've been hailed out before," Ruth said.

"We need that wheat money," Rome persisted.

Steve, Margot and Jerry came up to them. "Take this around to the plane," Rome ordered, handing the carton to Steve. Steve, fumbling, dropped it. Bill came running from the barn. Bill picked up the carton, and they all hurried around the barn to the plane's shed.

Rome rolled out the plane, started the motor, climbed in, and took the boxes of dry ice as Bill handed them up. He emptied them into the hopper of his homemade cloud-seeder. Steve was at the doorway of the plane. "May I ask," he said with a nervous laugh, "what you think you're doing?"

Rome said, "Climb in and I'll tell you."

Steve backed away a step. "Are you really going up into that storm? That cyclone?"

"Come on," Rome urged. "I can use some help."

Steve backed away again. "In that kite? Just how much of a fool do you think I am?"

Margot had stepped up to the plane. She caught the handholds, tried to climb in. Rome pushed her aside. Ruth was just behind her. Ruth said, "I'll go, Rome." Rome shook his head. He said, "Get back, all of you. Give me room." And he closed the door of the plane.

They moved back. Rome gave the engine more throttle and flipped the rudder, and the little plane began to trundle across the grass. The first gust of wind struck it. The motor roared; the plane leaped forward, skittered a hundred yards, bounded a time or two, and he was in the air. Another gust, and the plane seemed to sink, threatening to nose in. But Rome held it there, as if by sheer will power; the motor screamed, and he cleared the far fence by ten feet. He streaked away, climbing, heading directly for the cloud bank.

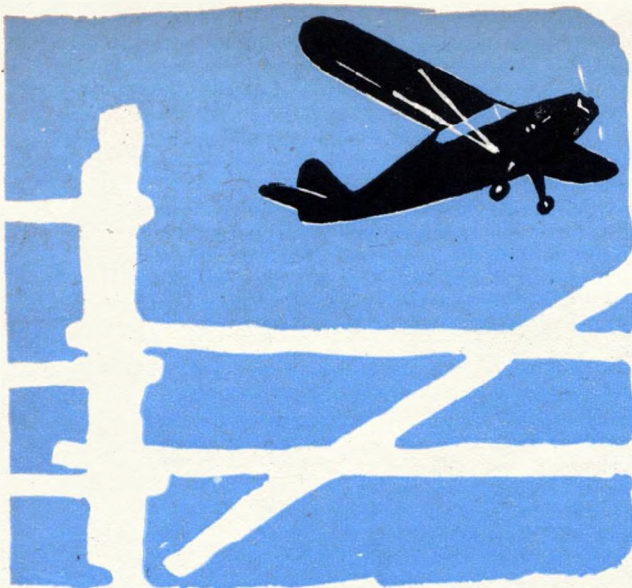
They watched for fully a minute. Ruth had watched him go up to seed clouds before, but those had been just clouds, rain clouds, not the swirling tumult of a storm like this. A gust of wind-swept rain struck, and they ran for cover. But it was only spray. Ruth paused once and looked back, but Rome's plane was out of sight, lost somewhere in that swirling scud. Margot ran to the dooryard before she turned to look, but when Ruth came up to her, Margot's eyes were gleaming with excitement. Steve didn't even glance back.

Ruth went inside and began closing windows. At moments of crisis you don't sit and wait if there is anything to do. To wait is unbearable. Routine, the little tasks, the relatively unimportant, fill the vacuum of time and waiting. Thus we hold onto hope and sanity. Once Ruth thought how frail was the little red plane in the midst of those gigantic forces. Once she thought how dear was the flicker of a smile Rome gave her when she offered to go with him. Once she remembered the feel of his kiss on her lips at night, and for an instant she wondered if that was to be her enduring memory.

She closed the windows, one by one, and she called Jerry to make sure he was safely inside, and she thought of her menu for supper. She looked at the clock, and only ten minutes had passed. She went to the kitchen.

She tried to reason it out. Rome was neither foolhardy nor impulsive. He had considered the flight even before he left Crosson, or he wouldn't have brought the dry ice. He had weighed his chances. He had thought





about it all the way out from Crosson. It wasn't as though he were a novice. He'd flown his missions, faced his weather, knew what he could do and what he couldn't. And still she wished he hadn't gone.

Lightning came close, and thunderous roars that shook the windows. The wind rose to a scream and died away and rose again. There was a slashing of rain, typical of the storm's violence, but it passed quickly. Far off to the west she could see the ice-green of the clouds, the hail lashing out of the turbulent sky, but to the east the sky was clearing. To the north there was still a swirl of lead-gray. And somewhere up there Rome was fighting those swirling winds. Winds that could shatter a barn, twist a steel water tower, tear a plane to pieces.

She began peeling potatoes. She remembered the fear she had sensed in Steve, even before Rome arrived. It had been even more clear when Rome wanted him to go along. She wished she had seen Margot's face, but she had been so intent on Rome at that moment that she hadn't looked at anyone. If Rome had so much as looked consent, Ruth would have gone with him. She would go anywhere with Rome. A man doesn't know, but it is so much easier to share his dangers completely. All of you—not merely your heart and your emotions. All of you.

She looked at the clock. He had been gone twenty minutes. Then she saw that she had peeled the potatoes down to mere slivers. She got out fresh potatoes and began all over again. And only then was she aware that Margot was there in the kitchen, at the side window, watching, waiting.

The winds came and went and came again and slackened off. The rain fell briefly. The green of hail stood there to the west for a time, then faded. A blue patch appeared in the north. And, after an age that the clock noted as only thirty-five minutes, Ruth heard the drone of the plane. She dashed outdoors. Rome came roaring over the house, made a tight turn back over the wheat field, then made his low run to the landing field.

The puddles still lay in the yard, but Ruth was not aware of wet feet or splashed skirt as she ran toward the barn. Nor was she aware of Margot until the plane was down and rolling toward them. It bounced along the wet grass, and she saw Rome's face through the windshield. Then the plane stopped, and the door opened and Rome stepped down. There was blood on his cheek, and he held to the hand-grips and tested his legs before settling his

weight on them. Then he turned and smiled, and Ruth said, "Rome!" It was a prayer, a thankful prayer.

He looked at her, and he looked at Margot, and his hands trembled as he shook a cigarette from his pack and put it to his lips. But his hand was steady again as he lit it. He grinned at Ruth and said, "We win, Ma! The wheat's not hurt very badly."

Margot said, "It was magnificent! Elemental! Wasn't it?" Ruth heard the throaty, deeply-moved tones in Margot's voice, and she saw the look between them—the startled, amazed look of understanding. And something more—some flash of man to woman. Elemental? she thought.

Rome said, "It was," and he turned and rolled the plane into its shed. He came back, and the three of them walked toward the house. Ruth saw their eyes again and heard Margot's voice, and deep within her was the cry: Must I face this, too? Her heart said, Must I fight Margot, who has so much? While I have so little, of beauty, or brilliance, or ambition beyond his ambitions?

She heard Rome saying, "It's just a scratch. I took a bit of a beating. I must have been thrown against the door latch. It was rough up there."

Margot was saying, awe in her voice, "But you broke it up! You broke up that tremendous storm! It didn't hail here."

Rome said, "No, I didn't break it up. It veered off. I don't think anything could break up a storm like that. Certainly not a few handfuls of dry ice." Then he was asking Ruth, "How much rain did we get?"

"Just one hard shower," she said. "But it all came at once." And she wondered at the quiet of her own voice.

"No hail at all?" he asked.

"No hail," Ruth said.

Supper was a quiet meal. Rome looked at Steve once or twice with a strange smile, and Ruth wondered if he was going to accuse Steve of cowardice. But Rome said practically nothing directly to him. Ruth asked about the wheat, and Rome said, "I flew over it at about fifty feet, and most of it's all right. One corner took a beating—four or five acres. But it may straighten up."

Margot asked about the flight itself. Rome dismissed it with one sentence. "I got up there and wandered around a while and dumped my ice, and I came home." He seemed reluctant to discuss it, hesitant even to talk directly to Margot.

When they had eaten, Rome went out to the barn with Bill and stayed there till almost dark. When he came in, he looked at Margot and seemed about to say something, then turned to Ruth. "Get on a sweater," he said.

The two of them, Ruth and Rome, went outdoors. The storm had passed and the sky was clear. The moon hung high in the west, the dusk still so thin that only a few stars were visible. The grass was wet.

They walked down the draw to the east, the moon over their shoulders. Rome was preoccupied, but at last he said, "The men at the meeting today wanted me to take the nomination."

Ruth said, "Do you want it?" Rome shook his head.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Rome," she said, "I want you to do what you want."

He was silent for a moment; then he laughed shortly. "There were a few minutes up there this afternoon when I thought I might not have to decide."

"I knew," Ruth said quietly.

"How did you know?"

"Don't you know yet, Rome, that a woman is with the man she loves, no matter where he is? I can't explain it any more than that. But I knew. I'd have known if you weren't coming back."

They walked in silence a little farther before Rome said, "It would get you away from here, at least during the

legislative sessions. We'd be in Denver during the sessions. You've been tied down here pretty tight."

"Do you think Denver is so important to me?" she asked. "No, Rome, it's not where I am that matters. It's you. And Jerry. And our life. If it's important to you to have the nomination, to go into politics, then it's important to me."

Rome didn't answer. A moment later he said, "When I talked to John Caldwell the other day, he offered to lend me the money to buy Steve out."

"Is Steve willing to sell?"

Rome shook his head. "But if he should change his mind, it's good to know our hands aren't tied."

They turned and started back to the house. Rome said, "I ought to let Caldwell know about the nomination by tomorrow. It's a hard decision."

They were within fifty yards of the house when the door opened and Steve shouted, "Rome! Telephone!"

They went in, and Rome took the call. His voice was clearly audible from the living room. He said, "Yes, John, it was a good meeting. A big crowd. . . . Oh, let's not put it that way! I'm not a candidate yet. But I do have a good many friends down there. . . . No, I haven't quite made up my mind. I'll let you know tomorrow. That's definite. . . . No, the hail missed me. Guess I live right."

He came into the living room and told Ruth, "John Caldwell."

"Caldwell?" Steve said. "Don't I know John Caldwell?"

"You went to school with him." Rome said with a smile. "He and his father own the Crosson bank. John blacked your eye once for calling him Pee-wee. He's cashier of the bank, now, and chairman of the County Central Committee."

"Pee-wee Caldwell? He's in politics?"

"Yes."

Steve smiled. "And what are you running for, Professor?"

"I'm not a candidate," Rome said. "Not yet. I may run for the State Legislature."

"Well, well!" Steve said. "Now it comes clear, the speechmaking and all of it."

Margot said nothing, but she looked at Rome, and her eyes sparkled as they had when Rome was about to take off into the storm. She caught Rome's eyes, and Ruth saw the flash between them again. Then Steve said, "Well, Governor, can you take time off from your campaign and take us up to Lupine tomorrow?"

Rome said, "You've got a driver's license, I presume."

"Certainly. But—"

"And you know the way up to Lupine."

"Vaguely. What are you—"

"There are maps in the car." Rome was avoiding Margot's eyes, talking to both her and Steve but watching Steve. "You can drive yourselves up there tomorrow. I'm not going."

"You mean you won't take us up?" Steve asked.

"Exactly."

"Why not?"

"That one," Rome said, "is all yours. Besides, you wanted to know when I find time to run the ranch. I'm going to be busy running the ranch tomorrow. . . . Come on, son. Bedtime."

"Nonsense!"

"I am a distraction, aren't I? Please tell me I am. Or I'll get an inferiority complex."

"You?" Steve asked with a sardonic grin. "All right, I'll go alone. To hell with all of you."

"That," Margot said, laughing at him again, "is Steve Hamilton at his rudest. And you'll apologize when you get back!"

Rome told Steve to come home by the main highway if it rained, which seemed unlikely, because there might be a flash flood on the back road. He gave Steve the car keys and said he, Rome, was going to go look at the wheat this morning and see just what damage the hail had done. Steve left, and Rome saddled a horse and started for the wheat, a mile west of the house on a long, high tableland.

Half an hour later Margot went out to the barn. She was wearing one of Rome's old Stetsons which Aunt Cherry had found for her, a white shirt, lime-colored slacks and a matching scarf. Bill was repairing a section of corral fence. Margot said she wanted to go for a ride and asked him to saddle the other horse for her.

She started south, then cut around the foot of the hill, back past the windmill and the site of Old Cash's original soddy, and then directly west. When she topped the rise of the tableland, she could see Rome's bay horse, reins down, grazing beside the barbed-wire fence. Out in the wheat she saw Rome, waist-deep in a gently rolling sea of green.

She rode up to the fence and sat looking. The wheat extended a mile to the west. The light breeze made it ripple in the sunlight, gleaming and alive, so that shadows seemed to roll over it. But as she watched the constant movement, her eyes kept coming back to Rome. At last Rome looked up and saw her, and she waved. He lifted a hand in greeting. He went on toward the far corner, almost a quarter of a mile away, where the hail had struck. She rode around the fence toward him.

"How is it?" she asked, and he came over to the fence.

"Not too bad. About six acres down."

"I want to look." She dismounted and was about to tie her horse to a fence post.

"Just drop the reins," Rome said. "We tie 'em to the grass, out here. He'll stay."

He held the wires apart for her to crawl through. She straightened up and smiled at him and looked out across the field. "I didn't know there was this much wheat in the whole world!"

"This," he said, "is just a little patch. Over in Kansas you'll find fields ten times this big."

"How much will it make? Isn't that the word you use for harvest?"

"This will make about forty bushels to the acre."

"You're a good farmer, aren't you?"

Rome laughed. "No, I'm not much of a farmer. I'm a ranchman."

"You're too modest. You'd be good at anything. . . . I want to see what the hail did."

They walked out across the hail-struck corner.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "isn't this awful!"

"This is just a sample. This isn't too bad. Most of it's wind damage, with light hail. A real hail beats the stalks right into the ground."

Margot shook her head. "I don't see why you do it—why you fight the weather when it can do things like this to you."

"Sometimes," Rome said, "everything happens right. Otherwise we'd all starve to death. Everybody—not only the farmers."

She turned to him. "Rome, you see things in the big, don't you?"

Rome laughed. "The big concepts?"

"You know what I mean. I'm not joking. That's why they want you to run for the Legislature."

"They want me to run," Rome said, "because they think I can win."

## Chapter 4

Margot announced the next morning that she wasn't going to Lupine with Steve. Steve asked, "What's the matter? Have I suddenly broken out with smallpox?"

First Rome backs out, and now you." Margot laughed.

"Poor Steve! But don't get an inferiority complex about it. It's just that it's yours to handle. There shouldn't be any distractions."

"And you can." Her voice was low, serious. "Rome, you'd be a good legislator. You'd be a success at anything you tried. You're capable, and you're a natural leader. You are going to accept the nomination, aren't you?"

"Maybe." He turned, and they started back toward her horse.

"Why are you undecided? You know this is a big opportunity, don't you?"

"Opportunity for what?"

"To go places! Do important things, and be—well, be important. You shouldn't be stagnating out here."

"I don't think of it as stagnating."

"Of course not! But you aren't really going anywhere, here. Are you? Rome, the minute I saw you I said to myself, 'What's he doing out here? A man like that shouldn't bury himself on a ranch.' Didn't anyone ever tell you you have a magnetic personality?"

Rome laughed. "Maybe you don't understand politics out here. Being a ranchman is an asset. In this district, anyway. We don't go for personality boys."

"That isn't what I mean, and you know it!" she said, laughter in her voice. "I know enough about politics to know that the big liabilities, anywhere, are open scandal, and wrong affiliations in the past, and the wrong wife, and—well, things most people don't even think about till the other side comes out with them."

"I'm not afraid of what the other side will dig up. My record's clean."

"I was just looking ahead. How does Ruth feel about it? She doesn't want you to go into politics, does she?"

"What made you think that?"

"Oh, just her attitude. Ruth's a sweet girl, but some women aren't interested in much beyond their own house and their own children. Who was it who said of a group of wives in Washington, 'They are just the women they married when they were young'? So many men outgrow their wives!"

And a moment later she said, "Don't you know that you can be Governor, in another five or ten years? And then Senator. With your ability, your personality."

They were at the fence again. Rome stood for a moment, staring into the distance. Then he looked at her and said, quietly, "You make this nomination sound too important."

She caught his hand and said, "Rome! Sometimes you meet a person, and it's as though you've known each other forever. That's the way it is with us. Or I couldn't talk this way." Her voice was low and intimate.

He met her eyes for an instant, then looked away. Then he put one foot on the lower wire and held up the middle strand for her to go through the fence. She leaned down, started through, and deliberately snagged her shirt on a barb. She exclaimed, and Rome leaned down to free her. He had an arm around her, and as their faces came close to each other she kissed him.

His fingers fumbled, but he freed her from the barb and she stood up. He held down the top strand and stepped over beside her. He gave her one flushed, angry look, then picked up her horse's reins. He held a stirrup for her. She shook her head. "I'll walk," she said, and took the reins from him.

As they walked toward his horse, she said, "I told you I felt as though I'd known you forever. And you feel the same way."

He looked straight ahead, and he said, "I wonder how Steve is doing."

She laughed. "Don't you feel as though you'd known me forever?"

He glanced at her and said, "You've torn your shirt."

"I have another one. Rome, you still haven't answered my question."

"Some questions," he said, "don't deserve an answer. You'd better get on your horse." He took the reins from her, held them short, and turned a stirrup for her foot. She

thrust her foot into it, caught the saddle horn with one hand, and swung up. As she did so she leaned toward him, her face close to his again. He flung an arm around her shoulders and kissed her, so hard she felt the bruise of his teeth on her lip. Then he stepped back, as though he had been slapped in the face, and turned and walked swiftly to his own horse.

Margot followed him. He caught up his horse and swung into the saddle in one lithe motion. He faced her, scowling, his hand so taut on the reins that the horse reared and danced. He slacked the reins and said, "There's a hill with a big view down the other side of the wheat. You'd better go look at it." Then he spun his horse, gave it his heels, and went away from her at a high lope.

Margot watched him halfway down the slope. Then she put the back of her hand to her lips and smiled and turned toward the hill with a view.

Rome spent the rest of the morning helping Bill at the corral fence. When Margot returned, almost an hour later, he was jabbing at a posthole with vicious energy. He told Bill to take care of Margot's horse, and he didn't even look up as she passed him on the way to the house.

At the noon meal Margot was quiet but watchful, still with that half-smile on her lips. Rome was a little too voluble, about the wheat and the grass and the condition of the cattle. He paid more than usual attention to Jerry, and from time to time he looked at Ruth with a strange, appraising look in his eyes. When he had eaten, he announced that he and Bill were going to put the new axle in the truck this afternoon—that it was a dirty job and Jerry had better stay away from the shop.

Rome normally had an even temper, but that afternoon he was short with Bill, and he roared at Jerry when Jerry somehow escaped both Ruth and Aunt Cherry and came to the door of the shop. Jerry, baffled and hurt, went back to the house. A little later, Rome, struggling with a stubborn bolt, lost patience, jerked at the wrench, slipped it, and slashed his knuckles across a battered nut. The back of his hand was deeply gashed. He stood up and watched the blood and softly cursed at the pain; and he slowly began to relax. It was almost as though the pain and the blood somehow satisfied a deep, compulsive need for self-punishment.

As his anger cooled, he tried to stanch the flow of blood with his handkerchief. The blood wouldn't stop. He went to the house. Ruth exclaimed in alarm, saw that it was painful but not serious, and bathed the injured hand in warm water. Slowly the blood clotted. Ruth got gauze and tape and bandaged it up.

When she had finished, Rome said, "While I'm in, I'd better phone John Caldwell. I told him I'd call him today."

Ruth made no comment.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

"It's up to you, Rome. If it's what you think you should do—"

"What do you think?"

"I told you," she said.

"I'm going to accept." He said it almost defensively, even a little defiantly.

He made the call; then he went back to the shop.

Ruth watched him go, baffled. She knew Rome's moods, and she had sensed something wrong. She had sensed it first at the dinner table, and it was even more evident now. Something was worrying him, nagging at him. She knew the decision was difficult; but there was something beyond the decision itself. And she couldn't put her finger on it. Why had he been so defensive when he told her he was going to accept? As though she might have urged him not to. As though his mind was made up and he wouldn't have even a word, even a look, of question from her.

As Ruth stood trying to puzzle it out, Margot came in from the living room. Margot was full of controlled excite-



ment. Her eyes were gleaming, and a smile lay just behind them. An almost triumphant smile. "He's going to take the nomination, isn't he?" Margot said.

Ruth nodded. "Yes," she said.

"I was in the living room. I heard his call." Then Margot said, almost accusing, "You didn't want him to."

Ruth had the feeling that Margot was forcing words upon her. She shook her head. "No," she said. "No, I never said I didn't want him to run."

"It's the biggest opportunity he'll ever have!" Margot's voice was intense. But she wasn't really talking to Ruth, not even looking at her. She was looking right through Ruth, into some future, some distant place, where Ruth had no right or purpose.

Then she did look at Ruth, and there was a smile in her eyes—a strange smile. She looked for a moment, then turned and left the kitchen. Ruth watched her go and felt alone—more alone than she had felt in a long time.

Jerry came in a few minutes later and said, "Mother, I'm hungry!" Ruth caught him into her arms and hugged him and kissed the soft spot at the nape of his neck and held him close for a long minute. Jerry hugged her, wonderingly, and kissed her and said again, "I'm hungry." And Ruth got him a slice of bread and peanut butter, with grape jelly on top.

It was after four when Steve came back from Lupine. Rome and Bill had finished with the truck axle, and Rome was in the kitchen washing up and letting Ruth put a fresh bandage on his hand. Steve drove into the yard, and even before he got out of the car Rome said, "Marianne told him off. Look at that scowl!"

Steve came to the house, anger and affront in every step. He came into the kitchen and let the screen door slam. Half blind from the sun outside, he blinked, then saw Rome and said, "That was a hell of a road!"

"What's the matter with that road?" Rome asked, smiling. "It's one of our better secondaries."

Steve went to the sink for a glass of water. "That car," he said, "handles like a truck. And rides like one."

"We can't all drive Cadillacs," Rome said.

Margot had heard Steve's voice. She came into the kitchen. "Poor Steve!" she said, going over to him. "You're tired and hungry, and when you're tired and hungry you get cross."

Steve bristled. "I'm neither tired nor hungry," he declared. "Considering that I spent the better part of four hours trying to talk sense to a stubborn, neurotic woman, I think I'm in a splendid humor."

Rome laughed.

"All right, laugh!" Steve snapped. "You coached her pretty well, didn't you?"

"Me coach Marianne?" Rome said. "Steve, if you weren't so mad you'd be ridiculous."

Steve finished the glass of water and went to wash up.

Rome went out to put the car away. As he turned on the ignition, he glanced at the gas gauge. It showed empty, which meant there was less than a gallon of gas in it. He drove into the garage and filled it from the big ranch drum, smiling at what would have happened if Steve had run out of gas. Over near Willow Creek, for instance, where it was three miles, any direction, to a house. But Steve never had been a detail man. He would run a car till it stopped, out of gas or oil, then call for help.

As he went back to the house, Rome wondered what it was that made Steve handle an emotional situation all wrong. The trouble Steve had had with his father had been fundamentally emotional, though there were basic character differences, too. And from what Marianne had said, she and Steve had never really hit it off. Steve had a high talent for handling other people's problems, analyzing them, working out solutions. That was the basis of his success in public relations. But when it came to a personal situation where emotions were involved—then Rome thought of Margot and what had happened that morning, and he thought, Maybe it's not so mysterious, after all. I thought I had my own impulses and emotions pretty well in hand, till out there this morning.

But he didn't want to think about that. It was one of those things you put out of your mind, and kept out. Just the same, he felt different about Steve and Marianne from the way he had a few days ago. A divorce would be better all around. Marianne would be better off, after the first jolt. She would be on her own and would have to muster her own strength. And Steve would get out of here—both Steve and Margot.

At the kitchen door, he decided not to go in. He couldn't quite admit that he didn't want to face them—not one of them, including Ruth. He told himself he should be helping Bill with the evening chores. He turned and went back to the barn. He stayed there till Ruth called them.

The evening meal was strained. Margot seemed to be the only one who wanted to talk, and her high gaiety only emphasized the quiet of the others. Margot, uninhibited Jerry and oblivious Aunt Cherry made what conversation there was. Steve's anger had subsided into a kind of cool courtesy, quiet and remote from all of them. Even Ruth was not her usual self; there was a polite smile in her eyes, but there were questions behind it—baffled questions. Rome met her eyes once and wanted to say, "It's all right, kid. Everything's going to be all right." Then he looked away, feeling guilty and resenting it; and a moment later he stole a quick glance at her and wondered how she would handle herself as a legislator's wife, or a governor's. Then he thought, Good Lord, she'd be her usual self—her charming, forthright, pleasant self—in any circumstances! And he looked around the table and wanted to say, "Shut up, for God's sake! Stop acting so damned bright and innocent!" But it wasn't all of them he wanted to say that to; it was only Margot, and he knew it.

Ruth said, "More meat, Rome?"

He shook his head. "Not very hungry, I guess." He laid down his fork and banged his knuckles on the table as he did it. He winced at the pain, and rubbed the bandaged knuckles with the other hand till the pain began to numb his wrist. He kept on rubbing, needing the pain.

Later that evening, Steve went to Margot's room. He tapped on the door, and she asked, "Yes?"

He said, "Are you decent?"

"Come on in," she said.

She was propped against the pillows in bed, in yellow pajamas and a gray-and-green robe. She had been reading. Steve, still in slacks and shirt but with a maroon robe around him, sat down in the slipper chair beside the bed.

She put aside her book and smiled as she said, "You're wound up like a clock, aren't you? All ready to go bong-bong! You'd better let me get you a couple of phenobarbs."

Steve shook his head. "I've got plenty of Nembutal, if I need them." He took a silver cigarette case from his pocket, tapped a cigarette against it with deliberate calm. "We're getting out of here," he said. "We're going to Denver."

Her eyes narrowed just a trace. "When are you going?" she asked.

He looked at her over the flame from his lighter. "Tomorrow," he said.

"I think," she said slowly, "you're being impulsive. Aren't you?"

"No," he said firmly.

"Then you're still angry. At her." She paused a moment, then said, "And you would spoil our whole trip, because of that?"

"This isn't a pleasure trip. Not for me."

"I," she said, "have enjoyed it." Suddenly she put out her hand. "Oh, Steve! You had a rough day. But really, Steve, you shouldn't have blustered. You should have—"

"Who said I blustered?" he demanded.

"Of course you did! You lost your temper with her. I know! I've seen you in action. What happens when you lose your temper with me? I bristle, and then I begin to spit. You ought to know by now, Steve!"

"You're a fairly reasonable woman. She's not!"

"No woman," Margot said, "is completely reasonable. That's why you like us—because we're different from men! A completely reasonable woman would be cold and logical and—and masculine!"

Steve gave her a grudging smile. "I said you were fairly reasonable. Not completely."

"Of course I'm not! . . . So you want to go to Denver?"

"I thought it would be better if we went, yes."

"I'm not going, Steve," she said with a laugh. "I'm just beginning to enjoy it here."

"What kind of nonsense is this? What's going on?"

"I'm enjoying my vacation," she said. "Of course, if you want to go to Denver tomorrow—" She paused, a tantalizing little smile twirling her lips.

"What," Steve asked, "is going on? I repeat it. I knew you thought Rome was quite a boy, but—"

She laughed at him. "Oh, Steve, are you getting jealous again? Of your own brother? Why, you are just a jangling bundle of emotions tonight, aren't you?"

"All right, all right! If you want to go for a two-bit cow-country politician!"

She laughed aloud. "Steve, you're wonderful when you're jealous! Just like a little boy in a tantrum! Of course I go for Rome! I think he's wonderful. He kissed me today." Her eyes were dancing as she put out her tongue and licked her upper lip. "My lip is still sore!"

"Oh, stop your clowning!"

She opened her eyes wide, and said, "Why, you don't believe me! I'm going to wreck his marriage with Ruth

and marry him and make him a senator! I always wanted to be a senator's wife!"

"All right," Steve said, still smiling, "make it good!" He sighed. "So I made a fool of myself today. I handled it all wrong. But she got me so damned mad—"

"You lost your temper. That's always fatal, with a woman."

"Yes, I lost my temper."

"Did you tell her about me?"

"No."

"You should have. You should have told her you are madly in love with me, and that if she didn't let you have the divorce you and I were going to create an open scandal. We are, aren't we?"

"Play on her pride, I suppose."

"Just put your cards on the table. That's the way I always do."

"Oh, yes! Right out in the open."

"I do," she insisted.

Steve stubbed out his cigarette. "Maybe I should have taken you along today. Maybe I'd better just take you up and let you talk to Marianne alone."

She shook her head. "Won't you ever learn about women?" she asked. Then she took his hand again and said, "Steve, you don't want to go to Denver, do you?"

"Yes," he said.

"But you're not going, are you?"

He leaned down and kissed her.

"You're going to let me stay here and work my devious designs on Rome, aren't you?"

He slapped her, playfully. "If I catch you playing around with Rome—or with anybody—"

"You'll murder me, won't you? Or him. Or both of us!" She gave him a quick smile, then said, "Now go take your Nembutal, like a good boy, and go to bed and get a good night's sleep. You'll wake up tomorrow singing like a skylark, or whatever those birds are that wake me up at five o'clock every morning. . . . Night!"

When Steve had left, Margot sat there for fully a minute, smiling to herself. Some women never learn how vulnerable a man is when you use his own vanity as a weapon. Some women threaten, or plead, or resort to tears. But a few, the clever few—such as Margot—know, as by instinct and from the cradle, that man is essentially a gullible creature when he wants a woman, blind and deaf to the most obvious truth. Particularly when it comes from her own tantalizing lips. Eve knew it, away back at the beginning. And now Margot had the apple in her hand. She had only to choose between two Adams—between Rome and Steve. She turned out the light and went to sleep, content.

Ruth was picking green beans for supper, glad to be out of the house. The garden was her world—the one place on the ranch where she could be alone.

Aunt Cherry couldn't see the sense of gardening. Aunt Cherry was of the ranch generation which preferred canned tomatoes to fresh ones and thought head lettuce was tasteless. But Rome liked Ruth's vegetables. He had plowed and fenced a garden plot for her out near the big windmill at the corral, so it could easily be irrigated.

The beans were prime. Ruth, in Levi's and an old hayfield straw hat, went down the rows, taking her time. Most of the housework was done. Rome had gone to Crosson to talk with John Caldwell about the speech he would have to make at the convention tomorrow. Bill had taken his lunch with him and gone to the west end of the ranch to move a herd of steers onto fresh pasture and check the fences there. Margot had said Steve was working on some kind of report for his office.

Ruth filled her pail with beans and began weeding the carrots. The screen door at the house banged, and out

## Chapter 5

came Jerry. He came into the garden, closed the gate behind him, and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Picking beans, and weeding," she said. "You can help."

He puckered his face. "I don't wike beansies."

"Jerry, you don't have to talk that way."

"I don't like beans," he said. Then he laughed.

"Daddy likes beans, and so do you. The way I cook them."

"I like everything Daddy likes!" Jerry announced. He crouched beside her and began pulling weeds. After a moment he asked, "What's nomination, Mother?"

"A nomination," she said. "is when they want you to go to Denver and help make laws."

"Is Daddy going to Denver to live?"

"Just a part of the time, Jerry."

"Will we go to Denver and live?"

"When Daddy is there, I suppose."

"Who's going to run the ranch? Uncle Steve?"

"No. Uncle Steve doesn't like the ranch. Uncle Steve works back East. That's where he lives."

Jerry sat back on his heels and frowned. "Is Uncle Steve married to Aunt Marianne?" he asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Is he married to Margot, too?"

"No. . . . Jerry, you're pulling up the baby carrots."

He looked at the bunch of tiny carrots in his hand and threw them aside. A big grasshopper leaped into the air and flew a little way with a rattling clatter of wings. Jerry chased it, and it flew again, out of the garden. He came slowly back to Ruth.

"If Uncle Steve is married to Marianne," he asked, "why doesn't he like her?"

"Aunt Marianne," she said, puzzling how to explain it, "is sick and can't live back East with Uncle Steve."

"What's a divorce?" Jerry asked.

Oh Lord, Ruth thought. At his age, he shouldn't have to know. Life should be good and sweet and wonderful. She said, "When you're married and can't live together, like Uncle Steve and Aunt Marianne, you get a divorce and marry someone else."

"When Daddy has a nomination and moves to Denver."

Jerry asked, "will he have to get a divorce and marry someone else?"

"Of course not, silly! Daddy and I like each other!" And then she knew she was just confusing him still more. She stood up and said, "Now let's turn on the water and irrigate. Bring me the shovel, and you take a hoe for the laterals."

Jerry loved to irrigate, because it meant playing in the mud and water. He went to the corner of the garden and got the tools, and Ruth turned the valve at the windmill which diverted the water from the tank to the pipe that led to the garden. Ruth took the shovel and deepened the little ditch that ran across the windmill side of the garden, and Jerry, with the hoe, scooped the dirt out of the laterals which led the water down between the rows of vegetables. The water spurted from the pipe, spread down the ditch, and began to seep along the laterals, darkening and dampening the soil. Jerry shouted with excitement.

Ruth leaned on the shovel and watched. Jerry was standing in a lateral, retreating, inch by inch, as the water seeped toward him. He hoed up a little dam, let the water form a pool behind it, then swept away the dam and straddled the lateral as the water rushed beneath him. A few minutes and there was water in all the laterals. Jerry came to Ruth, and they sat down at the edge of the garden to wait till the soil was all soaked.

But Jerry couldn't sit still. He got up on his knees and ran a damp finger over Ruth's cheek. "You've got freckles," he announced.

"Yes," she said, laughing at him.

Jerry wrinkled his nose and squinted his eyes. "Margot hasn't got freckles," he said. "Margot's pretty."

"Margot," she said calmly, "is very pretty."

"She likes me. She said so."

"She likes all the men, silly!"

"And she likes Daddy."

"Everybody likes Daddy," she said firmly.

Jerry was on his feet. "Mother," he asked, "why aren't you skinny, like Margot?"

Ruth flushed. "You shouldn't say such things, Jerry. Margot's not skinny."

"She is so! She's Skinny-winy Margot, and you're Roly-poly Ruth!" He started to chant it.

"Jerry!" Ruth said sharply. "Stop it!" Then she said, "Talking baby-talk, a big boy like you!"

Jerry, startled by her vehemence, backed away. Ruth, still angry, stood up, took the shovel, and began opening a clogged lateral. She jabbed at the soil, splashed mud on herself. And then she knew she shouldn't have taken out her annoyance on Jerry. She finished opening the lateral, cut down the flow of water at the windmill, and picked up the pail of beans. Jerry was watching her. "Come on," she said, and held out her hand.

"You're mad at me," he said.

"No, I'm not, dear." She crouched down and drew him to her and hugged him. "I love you, darling!" she whispered. "Oh, I love you, Jerry-boy! And you can call me Roly-poly any time you want to. I know you're just funning."

Jerry kissed her and clung to her for an instant, then leaned back, the impish look in his eyes again, and thrust a muddy finger at her cheek and made a gesture of counting the freckles. Ruth gave him a playful spank on the bottom and went back to the house to start the noonday meal.

While they were doing the dishes, Margot said to Ruth, "Do you know what I'd like to do this afternoon? I'd like to take a ride. Can't we take the horses and go down to the south end of the ranch, just the two of us?"

Ruth got her spare pair of boots, which were just half a size too large for Margot, and Margot changed to dungarees. They caught up the horses from the small pasture, and Ruth saddled them. Watching, Margot said, "I marvel at the way you can handle a Western saddle. It's so heavy!"

Ruth laughed. "You don't have to lift a saddle. You just swing it up, like this," and she tossed the saddle onto the second horse in one easy motion.

"I guess," Margot said, as Ruth tightened the cinches, "you have to be ranch-born. You're very clever at everything around a ranch."

"Sometimes," Ruth said, shortening the stirrups, since she was riding Rome's saddle, "I think I'd like to be a glamour girl. Instead of being a first-class farm hand and a pretty good cook!" She said it lightly.

Margot mounted and watched as Ruth swung into the saddle with the same long-legged, easy motion that Rome had. Margot said, "Whether you know it or not, you really have a marvelous figure. You wouldn't have to take off more than a couple of pounds to be just right. And that healthy, outdoor complexion! A few freckles go with your type."

They followed the trail that led down the draw from the house, then turned south. As far as one could see, all was grass, the low curled buffalo grass which showed the first trace of summer bronze. The horses' hoofs were muffled in the grass mat, and the only sound was the creak of saddle leather and the jingle of bit-chains.

Margot asked, "Did you know Rome's mother?"

Ruth shook her head. "She died when Rome was eight."

"Steve says she was a schoolteacher and very capable. I wonder what kind of woman she really was."

"She was tall and slender," Ruth said, "and quite pretty. I've seen pictures of her."



"Doesn't it seem strange," Margot asked, "that a man like Rome's father never went any further than he did?"

"He went quite a ways," Ruth said.

"In a way, yes, but it seems to me that a man like that should have been a senator, or something very important. Perhaps," Margot added, "Rome will carry on where his father left off."

"Rome," Ruth said, "never thought of his father as a failure. Nobody did."

"Oh," Margot exclaimed, "I didn't mean it that way! But—well, some men just never accomplish the things they are capable of. Old Mr. Hamilton stayed right here on the ranch all his life. It makes one wonder what factors there were—whether he didn't want to go any further, or what. Whether his wife held him back, somehow. Some wives are jealous of their men's careers."

"She wouldn't have been jealous," Ruth said. "They were very much in love. Rome's father never really got over her death. When you're in love, what means everything to your man means everything to you."

"Of course it does. You'd do anything for him. But we all want to feel at home in our environment, don't we? We are at ease there, and we resent the unfamiliar. So, unconsciously, we don't want our men to change to an environment where we may not feel at ease."

Ruth didn't answer, and they rode in silence to the next rise. There Margot drew up and sat looking at the distant bowl-rim of the horizon. "This," she said, "is the way this country should be. Except I want a ridge of mountains right off there—big, rough, forbidding mountains. For a challenge. Distance is the challenge here, not height. If you added mountains, you'd have the whole scale of ambition." As they rode on she asked, "You've always lived out here?"

"Yes," Ruth said.

"I envy you! It's so—so uncomplex! So different from the East."

"I think," Ruth said, "I'd feel hemmed in, anywhere else. Wherever I was, I'd want to come back here."

Margot laughed. "See! Even you like the familiar! I don't blame you. Not being a native, I don't feel it quite as you do, but I know what you mean. You belong here. This is where you're at home, at ease. Rome says you don't even like Denver."

"Oh," Ruth said, "I do like Denver!" Then she added, almost to herself, "to visit." Had Rome, the question struck her, discussed her with Margot? Why had he said she didn't like Denver? Why had he told Margot?

Margot was asking, "How much farther does the ranch extend?"

"The line fence," Ruth said, answering automatically, "is just over that far rise. About a mile and a half."

They rode on. The questions nagged—mounting questions. Was Rome reluctant about the nomination because he thought I didn't like Denver? Because he felt I didn't belong there? Why, I'd go anywhere with Rome! Anywhere he wanted me to go. Oh, Rome, why didn't you tell me, ask me? When you're in love, what is important to your man is important to you. I said it, I meant it, I believe it! It's true, Rome! Why didn't you understand, why didn't you know?

She looked at Margot, who seemed so at ease, so sure of herself. Margot would be at home anywhere. Welcoming change, welcoming challenge. Rearranging the very mountains, to create challenge. And all the while being the cute, clever, wise, wide-eyed, knowing person she was. Knowing what she was doing every minute.

I, Ruth thought, am just the girl Rome once fell in love with, long ago. A girl with freckles, and sunburned hair, and a figure that's almost good—almost. Oh, Rome, all I want is you, and us! What is it that you want, Rome, that you could tell her and not tell me?

They rode on, down the last slope toward the line fence, and Ruth thought, she's not like Marianne. She

doesn't browbeat me. She doesn't cling and demand. She's sure of herself. That's what Steve sees in her, and needs—her assurance. And yet, she is like Marianne. In subtle ways. Or is it that I am the same to both of them? That I see, reflected in them, the me that is so different from them, so helpless and so young and so inadequate?

Then they were at the fence, and Margot sat there looking off toward the south. Toward the hillside half a mile beyond, the grayish field overlaid with the thin haze of yellowish green.

"What's that?" Margot asked.

"That field?" Ruth said. "That's wheat land, overworked wheat land."

"But it's so different from Rome's wheat!" Margot exclaimed.

"It's syndicate land," Ruth said. "They've cropped it five years in a row. Worked it out. This year they got a poor stand, and it dried up. It won't make a crop—not worth harvesting. And when the wind blows this fall, it will dust away. Blow-land. That's what Rome calls it."

Even as they watched, the hot afternoon wind swirled dust devils over the field. Half a dozen miniature whirlwinds swept the dry soil into the air in cones fifty feet high.

Margot watched, a strange smile on her face, and she said softly, "Sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind." Then she turned her horse, and they started back to the ranch house.

They had gone only a little way when Margot said, almost as though she had read Ruth's thoughts of a few minutes before, "Marianne never really understood Steve. He didn't begin to go places until after she became ill and came out here. Why do you suppose she still wants to hold onto him?"

"Marianne," Ruth said, "is a very lonely woman."

"Any woman who is lonely," Margot said, "has only herself to blame. You don't hold onto a man who doesn't want you. A sensible woman doesn't. Or onto one who has grown beyond you. But," she added, "we all hate to face it—to admit that we've made a mistake. Especially in a marriage."

"Marianne," Ruth said, "has been too sick to face such things."

"She didn't face it," Margot said. "even before she was sick. That's what I can't understand. She knew she wasn't the woman for him. She must have known. Any intelligent woman knows. You would have known."

Ruth wondered, Would I? And would I face it?

"Most women," Margot said, "refuse to be realistic. They see something happening, know it is so, and still let their emotions tell them it isn't so at all. Because they don't want it to be so. They say to themselves, 'I was in love once, so I must still be in love.' Or, 'He did love me, so he must always love me.'" She laughed. "Oh, we all do! We tear our hearts out, just because we listen to our emotions and refuse to hear what our minds tell us. We'd be so much happier if we did it the other way. And so would our men, if we only knew it."

The horses, sensing home, broke into a gallop. But it was too hot for such a pace. Ruth drew her horse down to a trot, and after a moment Margot did the same. As they rode on, Margot in the lead, Ruth felt the words whipping through her mind: Any intelligent woman knows. You would have known. And the questions: Do I know? Do I listen to my emotions and refuse to hear what my mind tells me?

They were almost at the house when Rome turned in from the highway, trailing a half-mile-long cloud of dust, and rolled up the lane. He waved at them as he drove into the garage, and he came to the barn as they led the horses inside to unsaddle them.

Margot went to him, eager, smiling, almost possessive. Ruth began loosening the cinches. Margot cried, "Our candidate!" and caught Rome's hand.

Rome laughed. "Save that for tomorrow," he said, and they stood for a moment looking at each other. Then they came over to Ruth, swinging hands like teen-agers. Ruth was reaching for the saddle on her horse. She hesitated, expecting Rome to take it from her. But he didn't. He just stood there, almost as though he didn't see her, while she swung the saddle down by horn and cantle and heaved it onto the saddle rack. Then he took a quick step toward her and said, "Let me do that!"

"It's done," Ruth said, and she reached for the saddle blanket. She shook it out and laid it over the saddle to dry. Rome, with an eagerness almost penitent, loosened the cinches on the other horse and quickly unsaddled it. They took the bridles off, and the horses shook themselves and turned toward the open door and their own pasture. Rome slapped them on the rumps and watched them for a moment before he followed Ruth and Margot toward the house.

"The speech all set?" Margot asked.

"Practically," Rome said, catching up with her.

"You're going to tell them all the rousing things they want to hear, I hope," Margot said.

"Well," Rome said with a smile, "some of those things, at least."

"You'll have them eating out of your hand," Margot said. "I know you will! May I come and hear you?"

"No." Then he said, "Ruth, John asked if you were going to be there. I told him no. You'd be bored stiff. You don't want to go, do you?"

She looked at him, searching and finding nothing in his face that she could understand, and she said, "No, Rome." But she thought, He might have asked me. Why didn't he ask me?

They went in the kitchen door, into the welcome cool, and Margot exclaimed, "Oh, Rome, what are you going to say in your speech? Just give us the highlights!"

"What does any convention speaker say?" Rome asked, laughing at her. "He's against graft and corruption, and he's—"

"He's for prosperity for everyone!" Margot said.

"Exactly. Now you know my speech, right down to the very last word."

Ruth said, "If you mean that, Rome, you should be ashamed of yourself!" It was impulse, and it was out before she quite knew she had said it—before she knew it wasn't just an unspoken thought.

Rome looked at her, startled. And Margot said, "Why, of course he means it! Tell them what they want to hear, and they'll love you for it. More important, they'll vote for you."

Steve had heard them. He came in from the living room, his hair mussed and his eyes weary. He paused at the doorway and looked at them and said with a smile, "Well, boy, you look like you've got them right where you want them. Right in your pocket. Got all the party hacks lined up for the big blitz?"

"It's not quite that simple," Rome told him. "The votes haven't been tallied yet."

"Just be sure you have your own men to do the counting," Steve said. He turned to Margot. "Where have you been all afternoon? I looked for you, and Aunt Cherry said you were gone."

"We went for a ride," Margot said. "Ruth and I."

"How about having a look at the draft I made of that report on the paint-company account?"

Margot made a face. "Must I?"

"You said you wanted to."

"I'd much rather help Rome write his speech!" She said it with a grin.

"Let him write his own speeches! You'd just be a distraction," Margot laughed, and Steve took her by the arm. "Come on."

Rome watched them go, then turned to Ruth. "I guess," he said, "I guess I'd better go and get down a few



notes. Before I forget what I'm going to say." He stood for a moment, looking at her uncertainly. But when she met his eyes, he looked away.

There was a scurry at the door. The screen door opened; Jerry bounced in, dusty, sweaty, and with bits of hay in his hair and all over his T-shirt. "Daddy!" he shouted. "I made a cave in a haystack! Come look, Daddy!"

"Which haystack?" Rome asked.

"The old one—that old moldy one! Bill said I could!"

Ruth said, "Daddy's busy, son." She took Jerry's hand. "Come on—I'll look at your cave. And then we'll pick lettuce for supper."

Rome said, "I'll—I'll look at it tomorrow, son."

Ruth and Jerry went out to the stack yard to see the wonderful cave in the hay. Ruth was saying to herself, I can face it. If it's true—if I know it's true—I can face it.

## Chapter 6

Early breakfast the next morning was strangely quiet. Neither Steve nor Margot was at the table, and Rome was so deep in his own thoughts that Ruth couldn't think

of anything to say to him. She kept waiting for him to turn to her, but he seemed oblivious. Only Jerry seemed to have no restraints on him. Jerry was in one of his obstreperous moods. Aunt Cherry wheedled, trying to get him to eat his egg, and Jerry, demanding the attention of everyone, became loud in his defiance. Rome snapped, "Jerry, stop that nonsense! Eat your breakfast!"

Jerry looked at him in surprise, then turned to Ruth with a questioning smile. "You heard your father," she said. Jerry quieted down and ate.

Rome laid out the day's work for Bill in a few terse sentences. Ruth said, "It looks like one of those blazing-hot days."

Rome didn't answer. Bill said, "A storm-breeder," which was a lengthy comment from Bill at any time. To show that he had had his say, he took another helping of fried potatoes.

Ruth poured fresh coffee. Rome glanced up at her and said, "Thanks," almost as though she were waiting on him in a restaurant. She urged him to have another egg and more ham, but he shook his head. A minute later he pushed back his chair.

"You don't have to hurry," Ruth said.

"I told John I'd be in town early," Rome said. "I've got to shave and go over my notes again."

He left them, and Bill, still chewing, got up and went outside. Bill feared nothing on earth except being in the company of a woman when there wasn't another man around.

Aunt Cherry stirred her coffee and said to Ruth, "Rome's nervous as a cat. Just like he was before he had to give the speech at high-school graduation. But once he was up on the platform, my, he was good! You should have heard him."

"I did," Ruth said. Rome was valedictorian, and he talked about ideals. The title of his talk was "The Star We Follow." Ruth was a freshman, a member of the school chorus, and sat in the third row. She thought Rome's speech was better than the commencement address, by some professor from Boulder.

"I wish his father was here to hear him," Aunt Cherry said. "Isn't Steve going with him?"

"No," Ruth said. "Rome doesn't want any of us there." She got up and began to clear away the dishes.

Ruth was making a meat loaf to bake that afternoon when Steve and Margot appeared for breakfast almost an hour later. Margot set eggs to boil and made toast. She and Steve were light eaters at breakfast. Steve asked if The Candidate had gone yet, and Ruth said, "No. He's getting shaved and dressed, I guess."

Margot said, "I'd give anything to be there and hear him."

Steve said, "Maybe he'll take you on as his campaign manager." He laughed.

Margot turned to him and said, "Don't you think I could do a good job of it?"

"Margot," Steve said, "you could probably get a shepherd elected to Congress, if you set your mind to it." Then he grinned. "If I run for Governor of New York some day, will you manage my campaign?"

"You," Margot said with a smirk, "are not the type. I never back a losing candidate. You should know that!" She put his eggcup on his plate.

A few minutes later Rome appeared, in a soft tan shirt, his tan gabardines and a quiet brown tie. Aunt Cherry was trailing him, saying, "I wish you'd wear that blue figured tie I gave you. It goes so well with your eyes."

Rome laughed and turned and gave her a hug. "I'm saving that tie," he said, "for election day."

She patted his shoulder and picked a fleck of lint from his lapel. Margot turned in her chair and smiled at him, and Rome winked at her.

Steve said, "A black string tie used to be the proper political dress, didn't it? Or is that out of date out here, too?"

"Completely outdated." Rome said. He glanced at Ruth. She was washing her hands. She dried them and turned to him and met a strange, questioning look in his eyes before he said, to nobody in particular, "Well, I'm on my way," and started to the door.

Margot was on her feet. She caught his arm. "We're seeing you off!" she cried. "Aren't we?" she asked, turning to Steve and Ruth.

They all went out to the car with Rome. At the car Steve held out his hand and said, "Good luck, boy. I hope you get to be Governor some day." There was a serious note in his voice. Then he laughed. "Give 'em the works, boy! Sell 'em the moon!"

Aunt Cherry beamed and said, "My, your father would be proud of you, Rome," and gave him a pecking kiss on the cheek.

Rome frowned and turned to Ruth. "Anything you want from town? I'll probably forget it, but—"

"Not a thing," Ruth said, watching his eyes for some look, some flash of understanding, some gleam of togetherness. But his eyes were masked. He kissed her and she said, "I'll be—with you." Her words were hesitant, and she had wanted them to be gay. But it was too late.

Margot was at her elbow. Ruth saw Rome glance down at Margot and smile, and Margot said, "I'm going to kiss you, too! For luck!" She stood on tiptoe, and he leaned toward her. She kissed him and said, "Get that nomination, Rome! You can do it!" Ruth saw the look between them, and it was like a whiplash at her heart.

Then Rome got in the car and backed around and was gone. Margot stood watching. Ruth started back to the house, baffled, needing to be alone. What's happened to us? she wondered. We used to talk to each other with a look, and now—now he doesn't even see me. I can't reach him. It's as though we were strangers. Is this the way it happens?

Jerry dashed past her, chanting, "Daddy is a nomination! Daddy is a nomination!"

Ruth turned and looked up the road. Rome's car was almost out of sight. She saw Margot start toward the house, her step light, happy.

The telephone rang at a quarter of eleven. Ruth took the call. It was Marianne. Ruth told her Rome wasn't there—that he was in Crosson.

"Where can I reach him?" Marianne demanded.

"I don't think you can reach him," Ruth said. "He's at the district convention. The nominations are being made today."



The convention meant nothing to Marianne. Her own problems outweighed everything else. "Something awful has happened!" she said.

"What has happened?" Ruth asked.

"Mrs. Perrin has quit! We had the most ghastly scene, and she just walked out! I'm all alone! Oh, I've got to reach Rome, somehow!"

"Steve is here," Ruth suggested.

"Steve? I don't ever want to see Steve again! He's to blame for what happened!"

Ruth couldn't quite follow what Marianne was saying. Then Marianne exclaimed, "I'll reach Rome if I have to call every number in Crosson!"

"Marianne!"

"Good-by!"

"Wait! Marianne!" Ruth had to do something quickly.

"What?"

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right! But—"

"Is Dr. Woods there?"

"No! I called him and he said he'd be right over. He never comes when he says he will!"

"Marianne, I'll take care of this. It may take a little time. You'll hear from Rome, or from me, by—" she glanced at her watch—"by one o'clock."

"You'll get Rome?" Marianne asked, almost tearful now.

"I'll take care of it." Ruth said.

They hung up. Ruth wondering whether Marianne had a sixth sense about the most inconvenient possible time to call for Rome. She stood for a moment, wondering whether she should try to reach Rome. Maybe she could get a message to him through John Caldwell. But— Oh, Rome shouldn't have this to handle today! No, no wife would call him today for anything in the world. She turned from the phone. Steve was there in the doorway.

"Marianne?" he asked.

"Yes. Oh, Steve, she needs you! Steve, call her back and tell her you'll be up and take care of things!"

Steve's mouth was set in a thin line. "More hysterics," he said.

"She's not hysterical, Steve! She's—"

"Let the doctors take care of her!" Steve snapped. "That's what I'm paying them for. And paying through the nose." He turned and walked away.

Ruth watched him go, shocked into silence. It was incredible. Marianne had been Steve's wife. He couldn't be so callous! If it were Rome, she thought, and I were sick and desperate, even if we were apart—

She closed her eyes and whispered, "Dear God, don't let me even *think* that way!"

Then she knew what she had known all the time—that she must take care of this. She had to go to Lupine. Either that or get in touch with Rome, and that was no real choice.

She went to her room and quickly changed to a cotton dress. Rome had the car. She couldn't fly the plane. But the pickup was there. She would take it, and go by the gravel road, the short cut. It was a good, fast road, and there wouldn't be any traffic.

She caught up her purse, hurried down the hall to the living room. Aunt Cherry was moving the big club chair to another corner. She looked up with a guileless smile, and Ruth said, "You'll have to get dinner and look after Jerry. There's a meat loaf for supper, all ready for the oven, in the refrigerator. I've got to go take care of Marianne."

"Marianne?" Aunt Cherry said. "What's happened?"

"Marianne is sick!" Ruth exclaimed. "I'm going up to Lupine. Good-by!" Aunt Cherry was asking another question, but Ruth didn't wait to hear it. She had to be in Lupine by one o'clock.

The short-cut road passed through only two small inland towns, each with a filling station and a couple of gen-

eral stores. Most of it was through open country with only a few scattered ranch houses and wheat farms. Thirty miles west of Rome's ranch the road crossed the Breaks, a rugged area of steep hills and sharp gullies through the midst of which wound the dry bed of Willow Creek. Like many plains streams, Willow Creek flowed only after a heavy rain, when the whole area to the north drained into it as into a funnel. The flash floods on Willow Creek had, over the centuries, carved out the Breaks.

Ruth made good time all the way to the Breaks.

The pickup didn't ride like the car, but she'd driven it before, many times. She thanked heaven that Rome was so particular about his machinery. He had a pride in the way he kept the motors running. He had overhauled the pickup only a month ago, and she had laughed at him when he announced, "Now that baby will cruise at sixty. It really sings." She had asked, "Who wants to drive that thing at sixty miles an hour?"

She had held it at between sixty and sixty-five all the way to the Breaks. Another mile and she would roll it at sixty again. She'd make it to Lupine by one o'clock.

Marianne would be waiting for a call from Rome. Probably sitting by the telephone, watching the clock. All ready to say, "Rome! Rome, darling! Oh, Rome, you must come up and take care of things!"

And then Ruth would walk up the path and open the porch door, and Marianne would see her and say petulantly, "Why, Ruthie, what are you doing here? I didn't expect you!"

And Ruth would say, "I knew you wouldn't expect me. That's why I came." She would be very calm and very competent. She would say, "Just what is the trouble, Marianne? I'm sure it's nothing so difficult I can't handle it."

Marianne would look at her, and look again, and she would say, "Why, Ruth! You've changed! You're so much older, and wiser!"

Ruth would say, being quite impersonal, "The years bring maturity, Marianne. The years of living. Why haven't you matured?"

And Marianne would say, "But I have! I'm older than you are!"

Ruth would say, "The years can't stand between us any more, Marianne. There comes a time—"

Suddenly Ruth laughed at herself. She thought, How ridiculous can you get? No, no, it won't happen *that* way!

Then she was out of the Breaks and on the flats again. She stepped the pickup up to sixty. It was still twenty minutes before noon. She'd make it; she'd make it easily.

What will happen, she told herself, is that I'll get there and Marianne will say, "Rome should have come. If you'd just telephoned him he would have come; I know he would."

Ruth would say, "I couldn't disturb him, Marianne. He's making a speech at the convention. They're going to nominate him for the legislature. It's very important to him. And to me, Marianne, because—because it is important to Rome. That's why I didn't phone him—why I didn't want you to phone him."

Marianne would say, "It isn't that important to me!"

Ruth would say, "It is! It's important to all of us! Oh, I know," she would say, "you think you love Rome. I've known it all the time, Marianne. But—"

"How did you know?" Marianne would demand.

She would smile, and she would say, "But if you really loved him, the way I do, you wouldn't think of yourself. Yourself wouldn't matter. Because—because love isn't selfish. Love is giving—giving everything! And not demanding."

Marianne would say, "Who are you to say such things to me?"

Ruth would smile again, and she would say, "You don't really love him, Marianne. And Margot doesn't really love him. I don't think she does. I don't know about Margot, but—"

No, she wouldn't talk to Marianne about Margot.

"Marianne," she would say, "you knew about Steve long ago, didn't you? About you and Steve. You knew your marriage was a failure, even before you were sick and came out here."

Marianne would say, "Of course it was a failure!"

"And yet," Ruth would say, "you clung to it. Why, Marianne? Tell me why."

Marianne would say, "It was all I had, Ruth. I was afraid to let it go."

"Afraid?" Ruth would say. "Afraid of being lonely? When a woman is lonely, it's her own fault."

Marianne would ask, "Have you ever been alone, Ruth? No one to turn to? No one at all!"

And Ruth would have to admit that she had never been alone—not alone that way. But she would say, "You had Rome. You leaned on Rome, who was another woman's husband. My husband, Marianne."

And Marianne would say, "Yes, I leaned on Rome. Don't you know why, Ruth? For little scraps of attention, and little scraps of affection. I had to live on the scraps, Ruth. You'll know what it's like, Ruth, living that way, on little bits and leftovers."

And she knew she was talking to herself. She pushed the thoughts away.

Marianne would say, "Yes, I leaned on Rome, for little scraps of affection, little scraps of attention. And you resented that, Ruth?"

And Ruth would say, "No, Marianne, I didn't resent that. I resented the demands." And she would say, very firmly, "You're not going to make the demands on Rome any more, Marianne!"

Marianne would say, "Isn't that up to Rome?"

Ruth would say, "Marianne, haven't you any pride? Any pride at all? If you had a scrap of pride in you, you would let Steve go, and let Rome go, and make a life for yourself!"

Marianne would say, "How can you say that, Ruth?"

And Ruth would say, "That's what I'd do!"

Marianne would say, "If you were sick?"

"If I were dying!" Ruth would say. "Because I love Rome enough—enough to want him to be happy. If he wanted a divorce—"

"Does Rome want a divorce?" Marianne would ask.

"No!" Ruth cried aloud. "No, I'm not talking about Rome! I'm talking about Steve and Marianne!"

But she wasn't. And she knew she wasn't. She looked at the speedometer, and she looked at the roadside and at the mountains, now plainly visible up ahead. She reached for a handkerchief, because there was dust in her eyes, or something. They were watering.

"Marianne," she would say, "you wanted Steve. Rome says it was Steve you always wanted, even when you and Rome were dating. Why didn't it work out, Marianne?"

And Marianne would say, "I don't know, Ruth." Even if she did know, a woman wouldn't admit it to another woman.

Ruth would say, "Was it because he grew beyond you, Marianne? Did he go places you couldn't go?"

Marianne wouldn't answer, because a woman, even if she knew, especially if she knew, couldn't admit that.

"Were you jealous?" Ruth would ask. "Jealous of the things he did, the things he wanted to do, dreamed of doing?"

And still Marianne wouldn't answer. Does any woman know she is jealous of a man's job? Does she admit it, even to herself?

Ruth would say, "Marianne, if you'd had a child, would it have been different?"

And Marianne would say, "I don't know, Ruth. I don't know." Because even when you have a child you don't know, until you face it. . . .

The mountains were close ahead, looming against the sky. Ruth slowed down for the second of the little towns, and felt for the first time the smothering heat. The air was

so still that when she looked in the mirror she saw her own cloud of dust trailing her for a mile back, still hanging over the road. She remembered Bill's comment at breakfast. A storm-breeder.

But the sky was clear as far as she could see. Clear and shimmery with heat. Except for a haze at the mountaintops. Some days you could see every tree on the mountains, it seemed, from here. Today they were just a mass of green, green and gray where the rocks stood bare. A kind of gray-green.

She was through the town, and Lupine was only twelve more miles. Twelve easy miles. And it was still twenty minutes till one. Rome would be proud of her, the way she'd put the pickup over the road. He couldn't do much better in the car. But her wrists were getting tired, her whole forearms. From the jolt of the wheel. And she had a crick between her shoulders, from the tension. She leaned back and tried to relax. She felt a little sick at her stomach. Tension. And having nothing to eat since breakfast. She'd have a bite of something at Marianne's. Rome would be eating just about now. She hoped he wasn't too tensed up over his speech to eat.

A sign said: LUPINE, 8 MILES.

## Chapter 7

Rome knew enough about politics to know that the morning session of the convention would just be the warm-up. The real business wouldn't come till the afternoon. Any convention, local, regional or national, works substantially the same way. Presiding officers and key committees are named while the delegates are settling down, getting acquainted, and working up steam. The organizational process has the semblance of spontaneity, but it actually is routine, cut-and-dried, with the voting only a ratification of decisions made ahead of time. Politically, however, it provides time for the leaders to complete the behind-the-scenes activity which is the very core of any convention.

This backstage maneuvering is as much a part of the American election system as the secret ballot, and reduced to its elements it is just about as sinister as horse-trading. It is wrapped in a great deal of talk, and it does involve deals, give, take and compromise; but what it simmers down to is "I'll back your man if you'll back mine." And always in the background is the big question: Can we win? Will the ticket we name here win at the polls in November?

Rome sat through the morning session with only an occasional summons to the corridor or an anteroom, to meet a lawyer, an editor or a grain dealer who headed some local delegation. Always there were questions. "Where do you stand on price supports?" "What's your tax stand, Hamilton? Our boys want to know." "How about his soil-conservation program? It'll cost an awful lot of money." Rome tried to answer without committing himself too firmly. And John Caldwell, who usually was on hand, said, "Don't press him now, boys. He's going to address the convention this afternoon. When he gets through, everybody'll know exactly where Rome Hamilton stands."

John was the busiest man at the convention. Every political party has its factions, and the successful chairman has to be a harmonizer—placating, promising, sometimes threatening, always resolving differences. As usual, the Old Guard was trying to delay the inevitable rise of the Young Bucks. Two years ago the Old Guard had had to concede the chairmanship in return for Young Buck backing for the Old Guard's slate of candidates. Now the division of power was almost equal, with the balance actually in the hands of a small group of middle-of-the-roaders. Another two years and the Young Bucks would be in control, but now John Caldwell had to solicit support from the undecided central faction to get what the younger men considered their share of the nominations.

When the convention adjourned for lunch, John told Rome, "It's up to you, now, Rome. I've done about all I can do. We've got things set for most of the boys. We Young Bucks will have our share."

"Everybody else is in?" Rome asked.

"Practically everybody. We've got the commitments. If I had just one more fat handful of votes, you'd be in, too. Two delegations will swing it."

"Anybody I know open to conviction?" Rome asked.

"Jones, and Wolcott," John said, "are wavering."

"I thought Jones was committed to Donalson," Rome said. George Donalson, a plodding, honest lawyer from the other end of the county, was Rome's only strong opponent for the nomination.

"Jones will jump on the bandwagon," John said. "He'll go whichever way Wolcott goes. Just remember," he said with a grin, "they all want a little spread-eagle stuff. Not too much, but—oh, hell, just get up there and do your stuff, Rome! . . . Let's eat."

Every restaurant in Crosson was jammed, but they finally found room at the counter in the Star Café. The place rumbled with conversation, rattled with laughter. Rome ordered roast lamb. A delegate from down the counter shouted, "What kind of a cowman are you, Hamilton, eating sheep?"

Rome said, "I like sheep! Once they're off the grass and in the oven!"

The questioner and his neighbors laughed.

John Caldwell said, "Sheepmen have to live, too!"

A sheepman at a nearby table grinned and said, "You're just trying to make votes, Caldwell. What are *you* eating?"

"Cheese," John said. "Cheese on rye."

An older man down the counter shouted, "You'll be eating crow for supper, John!"

John said, "I've eaten that, too! But not too often, Sam."

The banter went on—laughter and talk. A tableful of women delegates over near the window was jubilant over the certain choice of one of their members for county clerk. There was a holiday air not only there but all over town, a little like the air of rodeo time.

They ate, and the delegates drifted back to the Odd Fellows Hall, the biggest hall in Crosson. It was a blistering day. A dozen standing fans swished the dead air about the room. As Rome went to his seat he heard a man saying, "All I hope is it doesn't bring on a twister. Or hail. I've got ninety acres of the best-looking wheat—"

Rome hadn't even glanced at the sky when he was out to lunch. He had been too busy with his own thoughts. When he looked out now, he could see only that there wasn't a real cloud in sight. But the sky was dull, not sparkling blue.

John Caldwell banged his gavel. Slowly the delegates quieted down. John read the order of business for the afternoon. First they were going to name the candidates for the lesser offices. Get that out of the way. Then there were going to be a few speeches. Somebody groaned. John laughed and said, "Only a few! There are two or three men we all want to hear from! But I promise you, he said, flourishing his gavel, "I'll keep them short. If this gavel holds out!" He banged the lectern, and there were cheers and whistles. He quieted the delegates again and said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the chair entertains nominations for the offices I have just listed. Nominations, I said—not speeches!"

The nominating speeches were brief. John kept the procedure moving. Without seeming to hurry anyone, he moved things right along to one vote after another. And, just as he had told Rome, everything was set up. Only twice was it necessary to poll the delegates.

By a little after two o'clock the docket was clear. The hall murmured with the buzz of anticipation. John banged the gavel and said, "And now, fellow delegates, we are go-

ing to relax and listen. I have just received a note from the distinguished gentleman who is our present senior Senator. He tells me that he has nothing to say at this time." There were a few cheers, followed by a roar of mingled laughter and boos. "He wants to listen!" John shouted over the interruption. "So do I, and so do you! That leaves us two speakers. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you our first speaker, a distinguished lawyer, a gentleman, a loyal American. I give you—George Donalson!"

Donalson went to the platform amid a roar of applause. He was a wiry man of medium height with thinning gray hair, shaggy brows and a booming voice. He stepped to the lectern. waited for the applause to rise again and subside. Then he smiled and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, my friends, we are gathered here today in the sacred name of democracy, to lend our patriotic service to our glorious state and nation." He went on from there, a rolling voice mouthing familiar words, saying little, but saying it with fervor. He condemned graft, corruption, extravagance and empty promises. He exalted honesty, industry and the sweat of the brow. He belittled privilege and vested interest. He finally came down to a booming peroration in which he offered his humble services for the good and glory of county, district, state and nation.

Rome listened, marveling at the sound of Donalson's voice. It rolled and echoed with dramatic pauses. It seemed to be saying important things. Yet the words didn't get down to the core of anything. They were the words of an honest man who wanted to be nominated and elected. A man who wouldn't disgrace the office or betray the voters, but who never would be anything more than a political hack—a ponderous, presentable, pretentious hack.

Rome listened, and he wondered what more anyone could say. He thought of his own speech. Of his notes and catchwords. Abuse of public confidence. Corruption in high places. Failure to act. Dedication. Honest accomplishment. In trust for the people. Confidence of the electorate. Essentially the same words, he thought. Can I say them any better? Then he thought, it isn't the words; it's the man behind them. It isn't the speech; it's the nomination. It isn't even the nomination; it's what you do once you are elected. "Get that nomination!" Margot had urged. She knew. She was a clever girl. And he thought, You've got to start somewhere. You've got to force the breaks. "Tell them what they want to hear," she'd said. "They'll love you for it. More important, they'll vote for you." The same thing, in different words, that John Caldwell had said: "They all want a little spread-eagle stuff."

Donalson finished speaking. There was a roar of applause. The Old Guard was whooping it up. The applause spread. It had been the first real political speech of the convention, and the delegates had come here not only to nominate but to cheer.

John Caldwell was on his feet. He let the demonstration go on for several minutes, then banged his gavel. Slowly the applause subsided. John said, "And now, my fellow delegates, we come to our other speaker of the afternoon. There is no need for an introduction. Certainly not from me. You know him. I give you—Jerome Hamilton!"

The cheers began even before Rome got to his feet. They rose as he walked to the platform. Every Young Buck in the hall was shouting, trying to outdo the demonstration for Donalson. Rome mounted the platform and John whispered, "Give it to 'em, Rome!" and retired to his chair at the back of the platform.

Rome stepped to the lectern. He looked out over the hallful of faces and listened to the applause. His knees felt weak. He put his notes on the lectern and had a flash of himself the night he was valedictorian. A high-school boy, looking out over the crowded school auditorium and trying, for a panicky moment, to remember the opening words of a speech entitled "The Stars We Follow." He had made a lot of speeches since then, about dust and grass and conservation, but this was the first time he wondered what he was

going to say and how he would say it. The first time he wondered if he could get through it.

He gripped the lectern for a moment, and he thought of Ruth. "I'll be with you, Rome," she'd said. Nothing about what he was going to say. Just as though she knew what he would say—knew it was going to be right. For a moment he wished she had come along—wished she were out there in the audience so he could talk to her. Prove to her that he could put it across, make a success of it. Get that fat handful of votes from Jones and Walcott.

He took a deep breath and smiled and lifted his hands for silence. Slowly the cheers and the applause died away. Rome said, "My friends, ladies and gentlemen, delegates! I know most of you. I would like to think you all know me. In the days and weeks ahead we are going to know each other even better, for we are all companions in a crusade."

There was a quick roar of applause. He silenced it with one hand.

"These," he said, "are difficult times. I don't have to tell you that. You know it. We all know it. But it is a time, my friends, when no man can stand aside and say, 'I will have no part of it.' For we are all in it. The dangers are ours, all of us, and the triumphs will be ours. These are times when we must all face the fact that there are threats to the very foundation stones of our inheritance. Threats from within as well as from without. We can no longer countenance the wasters, the corrupters, the men of big ambition and little competence."

Applause swept the hall, filled his ears. He had them; he knew he had them. Right there in his hand. All he had to do now was go right on through his speech.

"I come before you today," he said, "only to urge that we all join hands in the search for worthy men. Men who will guard our birthright! Men whom we can trust! Men big enough for the job!"

Cheers interrupted him again. Somewhere in the back of the hall the leader of a group of Young Bucks started the chant "We want Hamilton! We want Hamilton!"

Rome waited for the demonstration to subside. Waiting, he looked at the faces down there in front of him. In the third row was a man who looked a little like his father—a man with the same high brow and saddle-red face and deepest eyes. In the next row was a woman whose gray hair still showed traces of the roanish-redness it had had when she was young. Hair such as Ruth's would be fifteen years from now. And eyes a little like Ruth's, and a strong face. She wasn't applauding. She was watching Rome, a frown lining her forehead. No, he decided, she looked more like Miss Grimes, his eighth-grade teacher. Watching him the way Miss Grimes watched him when he tried to bluff his way through an unprepared lesson. He could almost hear Miss Grimes saying, "And now, Jerome, will you tell the class what you really mean?"

He looked away, to the other side of the room. He saw a young man who might be Jerry twenty years hence. One of the Young Bucks, eyes eager, face alight.

The applause was dying. Rome glanced at his notes. *Corruption. . . . Abuse of power. . . . Lack of honesty. . . . Integrity.* He took a quick look at the woman with the graying hair and the frown. Margot's words flashed through his mind: "Tell them what they want to hear!" Ruth's words: "If you mean that, you should be ashamed of yourself!" His father's words: "I've got my self-respect. Can you think of anything better?" Steve's words: "Sell 'em the moon!" Steve, who thought you could sell anything, thought you could buy anything—power, influence, anything you wanted—with money or words.

The room was silent. Rome looked out over the faces, trying to say the words. He could hear Miss Grimes, down there, who wasn't Miss Grimes at all, saying, "Tell the class what you really mean." He could hear Jerry over there, who wasn't Jerry at all, saying, "So you and Steve are alike after all!"

He heard John Caldwell's quick breathing in the chair behind him there at the back of the platform.

"My friends," Rome said, and he knew his voice was hoarse, "I—I had a speech. A speech that was going to make me some votes. But I— Folks, I'm not going to deliver that speech! I'd be ashamed of myself if I said what I was going to say."

He paused and caught a deep breath. There was a stir through the audience—a startled feeling of amazement. Rome saw that the woman with the graying hair was looking at him in surprise. He could almost hear her saying, "Go on! Go on!" And he went on. No oratory now. No tricks. He was talking to her—to Ruth—just talking, and talking straight.

"I was going to haul out all the old platitudes," he said, "and make them sound important. They are important, but if you don't believe in them without my trying to hammer them at you, you don't deserve to be here. We are all against sin and in favor of virtue. We ought to be! Those things should be fundamental to our lives. I think they are, to most of us.

"The whole thing," he said, "was summed up in the words of a man I used to know—my father. 'Do what's right, Rome,' he used to say. 'It just makes sense.' Well, folks, if I've got any platform, that's it. There have been plenty of times when I couldn't live up to it, but I keep on trying.

"I came here wanting the nomination. If I said otherwise I'd be lying in my teeth. I wanted it. I never stopped to think whether I was the man for the job. But I've begun to wonder. I was all set to say, in high-flown words, 'I'll work with the Old Guard, a little bit, and I'll work with the middle-of-the-roads. Give me your votes, I was going to say, and I'll work along with you.' I was going to make a lot of easy promises I probably couldn't carry out. I was going to try to sell you the moon! But it just doesn't make sense. All I can honestly say is that if I ever am elected to public office I'll work with any honest men I find, no matter which party or faction they belong to. Maybe that's not good politics, but it makes sense to me.

"I guess I'm letting down some of my best friends. I'm sorry about that. But if I didn't speak out I'd be letting down all of you. You're the folks who really count. No matter whom you nominate or elect, you've got a right to expect him to talk straight to you.

"Maybe I ought to withdraw right now. But how can a man withdraw before he's even been nominated? That sounds pretty conceited, to me. I am going to do this: Right now I am going to release any delegate in this convention who has pledged his vote to me. No one owes me anything."

He waited for a moment, reaching for further words. But there weren't any more words. He had said it—said it all. Said just about everything except that he was Rome Hamilton and believed every word he had said. He stood there for a moment, then turned from the lectern and started to leave the platform.

A spatter of applause began in a far corner. It spread. Rome felt a hand on his arm. He turned, and John Caldwell reached for his hand. John's face was full of baffled amazement. "What the hell happened?" John asked.

Rome shook his head and couldn't answer. He went down the steps at the side of the platform and started the long walk toward the door. The applause rose to cheers among the Young Bucks. But as Rome passed a solid delegation of Old Guards, he saw only a row of stony, hostile faces. He reached the outer door and went down the stairs toward the street. The applause was still echoing in the hall behind him.

He blinked at the outside brilliance as he walked around to the parking yard. By then the cheers had died away. Through the open windows above he could hear a jumble of voices. John's voice rose above them, shouting, "Order! The meeting will please come to order!"

Rome remembered his hat. He had left it on his chair there in the hall. But he wasn't going back for it. He got in his car and backed it free and drove out the alley into Main Street. The street was deserted, so quiet he could hear the blare of a radio broadcasting a baseball game in the Star Café a block away. He could hear the buzzing of a fly somewhere in the car.

He turned toward the depot, crossed the railroad tracks, and headed south. Toward the ranch. Toward home. He reached in his pocket for his pack of cigarettes. His hand found the cards with the notes for his speech. The speech he had thrown away.

"What the hell happened?" He could still hear John Caldwell's question. He hadn't any more answer for it now than he had had there as he was leaving the platform. All he knew was that he had to talk straight. That he had suddenly known, looking out there at those people, that he was Rome Hamilton and that he would have to live with himself a long, long time.

"What the hell happened?" What happened didn't happen there in the convention. It had happened out at the ranch. He knew that, now. It had happened after Steve arrived—Steve and Margot.

He lit a cigarette and shook his head.

Steve. He'd known Steve a long time. He knew what Steve stood for. And down deep in his heart he didn't want any of it—none of it. But it's funny about ambition. One kind of ambition. It eats into you. You get to thinking maybe you ought to go places, be a big shot, too. It looks easy, if you just forget some of the things you always believed in.

Margot. She made him think he'd known her a long time, too. Made it easy. Made him think he could be just as important as Steve. In Steve's way! She flattered him. He had known Margot a long time. Her kind. Not quite as clever, the others. A little more obvious. But the same kind, really. Looking at him and saying, just with a look and without a word spoken, "Big Boy, I could go for you. We're for each other, and to hell with the rest of the world!" Playing her game, and being very slick about it.

And Ruth knew it all the time. Ruth saying, "She's very nice. But she knows what she's doing every minute."

Ruth. Saying, "Whatever you want, Rome. If you want it." And not saying a word for herself.

And suddenly he said aloud, "Oh, good Lord! It was going to be a chance for her to get away. A chance for her to have some time in Denver—a few months in Denver every year. Away from the ranch, away from the loneliness and the drudgery. And I threw it away! Oh, Ruth, Ruth! I got all tangled up in the other things, I got all snarled up, I got sore, and I threw it away. And you wanted it. You needed it, kid, didn't you?"

He was eight miles south of town. He hadn't even noticed the landmarks till now. He glanced at the speedometer and saw that the needle was above 70. He slowed down. No need to pile up the car, on top of everything else. That would really top things off. Then he glanced at the sky.

For the first time he saw the storm—the big, dark cloud coming out of the northwest. Bill had been right. The day was a weather-breeder. He looked at the sky again and saw a flash of lightning. Off there to the west they were really getting it. Off there north of the Breaks.

He remembered his father's words: "I've got my own self-respect. Can you think of anything better?"

No, Rome couldn't think of anything better. But how, and what, could he tell Ruth?

The storm was moving fast. Before he had driven another five miles the clouds had masked the sun. The lightning was closer. The storm was moving southeast. Down at the edge, away off there to the west, was the faint greenish tinge. Maybe the hail would miss the ranch. But Rome wouldn't bet on it. Well, a little hail on the wheat would finish things off right. It certainly would!

How could he say it to Ruth? "I got up there on the platform, and I had things all my own way. But I just couldn't go through with it, Ruth. All I had to do was persuade a couple of men. One man, really. Andy Walcott. And I didn't even try. I couldn't, Ruth. I couldn't go through with it."

"But why, Rome?"

"Because—because there was a woman, down in the third row, and she looked a little like you. Like you're going to look in another fifteen years. She seemed to be saying, 'Rome, if you mean to say those things, I'm ashamed of you!' And I—well, I forgot the things you needed, Ruth. Denver, and a chance to get away, and—"

"You haven't been thinking very much about me lately, have you, Rome?"

And you can't lie to Ruth.

A flash of lightning came so close it blinded him for an instant. The thunder, close behind, jolted the car and made his ears ring. The wind whipped a cloud of dust along the road in front of him. Then big drops of rain spattered the windshield. He turned on the wipers, and the first few strokes smeared the glass with mud. He stopped the car and let the windshield clear, and he closed the other window, where the rain was beating in. Then he drove on, slowly. The rain came in a sheet. He was six miles from home.

## Chapter 8

Ruth parked the pickup just below Marianne's cottage and climbed the two short flights of wooden steps to the dooryard. There was a little handkerchief of

lawn, fresh-mowed, with the cut-grass smell, and there was a border of flowers along the walk, painted daisies and blue lupines. The cottage was white and immaculate, and the screened porch across the front looked cool. But as she stood there at the screen door, Ruth felt crumpled and dusty and hot. She wanted to run. She wanted to go right back to the pickup and go home.

But you can't always do what you want to do. There are things you have to face eventually.

She knocked, and she called. "Marianne!"

She heard footsteps inside. She saw Marianne in the inner doorway. Marianne was tall and beautiful, dressed in a broad-striped skirt all yellows and oranges and copper tones, and a crisp white blouse. With a hairbrush in her hand.

"Ruth!" Marianne exclaimed. "Why, Ruth!"

Then Ruth was on the porch and Marianne was saying, "But I didn't expect you to come!" Her voice was high, excited, almost elated. Her eyes glowed. She laughed. She exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I'm glad to see anyone! Where's Rome? Didn't Rome come, too?"

Ruth said, "I couldn't reach Rome. Rome's at the convention." She's radiant, Ruth thought. Is she always radiant for Rome?

"Sit down!" Marianne urged. "Take the chaise. You drove all the way from the ranch? Since I called?"

"Yes." Ruth sat on the chaise longue. Her wrists ached. Her eyes burned. Her hair was wind-blown. She pushed at it and rubbed the back of her neck. Marianne's hair was like spun copper, brushed and alive and gleaming.

Marianne was cool, happy and exultant.

Marianne sat in the big wicker armchair, the one with the fan back. She brushed her hair, leaning her head to one side. Her arms were graceful. She smiled, and she looked young—young and full of some inner life. Suddenly she said, "Have you eaten? I haven't! I was just fixing something when Dr. Woods came, and I forgot all about it! Isn't that stupid?"

"I'm not hungry," Ruth said.

"Of course you are! I am." Marianne went inside. Her step was light, eager.

Ruth lay back on the chaise and closed her eyes. Oh, Rome, Rome, is she always like this when she is expecting you? Cool, and charming, and gay? Is that why you come, Rome?

Marianne came back with a tray. She set it on the wicker table. Glasses of milk, plates with cream cheese and olive sandwiches, cups of jellied consommé. She set it out with place mats and napkins.

"There! It didn't take a minute, did it? I had everything ready when he came, and then I forgot all about eating!" She laughed. "Ruth! He had the most wonderful news!"

"Who?" Ruth asked.

"Dr. Woods! I'm going to get well, Ruth! I'm going to get well! He had the reports on the tests they made last week, and he said in another six months—just six more months!—I can leave! I'll be normal again!"

"Oh," Ruth said, not taking it in, not really comprehending, but sensing it. "Oh, isn't that wonderful!"

"I can live again! I can be a human being! I can get away from here! At last."

Marianne stared out through the screening—out at the wide, open world—and she wasn't talking to Ruth as she went on; she was talking to herself. "Free! Free to come and go! No longer an invalid, but a normal human being. Oh, how I hate this place; how I loathe it! It's a prison. I was dying here, and now I'm going to get well, and I can go away, far away, wherever I want to go!"

She turned to Ruth. "You don't know what it's like to be sick and dying and afraid to die and not caring. You can't know! Nobody can! Nothing ahead. Living from day to day. No, not living; just existing, waiting, and waiting, and waiting! And the only thing that makes the waiting bearable is the times when Rome comes. Because Rome is life. Life! Ruth, you don't know what it means, just seeing someone who is alive and well and doesn't wear a white coat or a white uniform. Someone normal."

Then she said, "Ruth, just imagine! I'm almost well! . . . You've hardly eaten a thing."

Ruth took a few spoonfuls of the consommé. She ate a sandwich. She sipped at the milk. The coolness was welcome to her throat, but she wasn't tasting anything. She wasn't aware of taste—only of coolness. She thought, You're going to get well. You can go away, away anywhere. You aren't trapped any longer. You were trapped, and now you're free. What is it like to be free, Marianne?

Marianne was drinking her milk. She set down the glass and laughed and said, "I'm being a bad girl today. I'm not having any egg in it. If Mrs. Perrin were here she'd have a fit. Oh, Ruth, she bullied me. I couldn't stand her another minute!"

"She's gone?" Ruth asked. "You haven't anybody?"

"We had the most awful scene this morning! She called me a neurotic. I'm not a neurotic! I was upset. I've been upset ever since—since Steve was here and made such a ghastly scene. He tried to browbeat me. And after he left I was simply frantic. I wanted to jump out of my skin. You don't know what he does to me!" Marianne paused, then said again, "I'm not a neurotic."

"Haven't you any nurse at all?" Ruth asked.

"She wasn't a nurse," Marianne said scornfully. "She was just a housekeeper. That's all I need, a housekeeper. She was supposed to do what I told her, and she thought she could tell me what to do. Nobody can tell me what to do! Nobody except Dr. Woods." She laughed. "Why, Mrs. Perrin couldn't even cook a meal fit to eat! I'm no cook, but I can do better than she ever did."

Ruth thought, That's the reason I came—to see why Mrs. Perrin left. And to handle things for Marianne. So Rome wouldn't have to come and handle them. She tried to pull her thoughts together.

Marianne said. "I'm so glad you're here. You said something about the convention. That's the convention where they are going to nominate Rome for the legislature?"

"Yes. They are making the nominations today. And Rome is making a speech."

"Oh, I wish I could hear him! He said he might run, and I said I didn't know the first thing about politics. But it sounded so impressive."

"It's important to Rome." Ruth said. Then: "Marianne, what are you going to do when you can leave here?"

"I'm going to get away so fast!"

"Where?"

"I don't know yet. Anywhere!"

"Denver?"

"I haven't decided."

"You can do anything you want? Anything at all?"

"I guess so. I was so excited that I didn't ask Dr. Woods, but from the way he talked—"

"Then you can go back to New York."

"I'll never go back to New York. That's where Steve and I lived."

"I thought maybe you and Steve might—"

Marianne laughed bitterly. "I'm so through with Steve! So through with him!"

"Then you *are* going to give him a divorce?"

Marianne's eyes narrowed. "I might. Yes, I might." She smiled to herself. "And let him marry—anyone! It would serve him right! But not on *his* terms!" She laughed. "He offered me his share of the ranch. Imagine! The ranch! What would I want with a ranch? I hate ranches. I always hated Crosson, and a ranch would be ten times worse!"

"You'll need money, Marianne."

"Yes, I will, won't I?"

"If he gave you what his share of the ranch is worth—"

"Steve hasn't got that kind of money! I don't know what he does with his money. He makes plenty. He brags about how much he makes, and in the next breath he moans about how broke he is. *That*, I can believe. He never did save a dime. He lives it up faster than he makes it. Why, if Rome had agreed to sell the ranch two years ago, Steve would have spent *that* money by now."

"Then," Ruth asked, "you would settle with Steve for what he could get for the ranch? I don't know what he could get, but—"

"I know exactly what it's worth." Marianne said. "But you know as well as I do that Steve can't even mortgage the ranch, let alone sell it, without Rome's consent."

"But if he *could* sell out?"

Marianne frowned at her, then smiled. "Does Rome want to sell out? If he's elected, is he going to sell the ranch? Why, then I could—"

"You could do anything you wanted. You're still young, Marianne."

"I am, aren't I? It isn't as though I were all scarred, from some horrible accident. Or had a disfiguring disease. I could—I can still pass for twenty-five! Can't I? Twenty-seven, maybe. I've got a decent figure, and a good complexion, and my hair—"

"As long as I can remember," Ruth said, "I've envied you, your hair, your figure, your poise." And she meant it; she meant every word of it. Then she said, "Marianne, let's get a pen and paper."

"Why?"

"Let's put down something I can show Steve, if it comes in right. Something that says you'll agree to a divorce if he'll give you his share of the ranch in cash."

"But he won't! He'll beat me down! Steve will never agree to that."

"Maybe not, Marianne. But if it's down on paper, just the way you said it—"

Marianne went inside and came back with pen and note paper. "Oh, it's silly!" she said as she sat down

again. But she opened the pen. "I don't know what to say. I never agreed to a divorce before!" She laughed.

"Why not something like this? I, Marianne Bowles Hamilton, hereby agree—"

Marianne set down the words in her heavy-stroked backhand. "Yes?"

"—that if my husband, Steven Hamilton, sells the ranch he owns jointly with his brother, Jerome Hamilton—"

Ruth paused.

"Yes."  
"—I will accept the sum he receives for his share of said ranch, in cash, in settlement in full of his obligations to me and—"

"Is that spelled 'c-i-o-n-s' or with a 't'?"

"Obligations? With a 't'; 't-i-o-n-s.'"

"Yes."

"—and will thereupon grant him a divorce."

Marianne wrote it out and let the ink dry and reread it. "Why, it sounds almost legal! Except there aren't any whereas in it! How did you learn about such things?"

"I've helped Rome draw up bills of sale and contracts. Now sign your name. Then I'll sign it as a witness."

They both signed it. Ruth read it. Maybe it wasn't a legal document. Maybe it wouldn't stand up in court. But it was something. She folded it and put it in her purse. For the first time since she left home she felt as though she had accomplished something.

Marianne said. "I feel almost free! Isn't that silly?"

Ruth looked at her watch. It was almost two o'clock. It would take her until after four to get home. She asked, "Isn't there something I can do to help you, Marianne? Something Mrs. Perrin would be doing?"

Marianne shook her head. "Dr. Woods said he would send over a nurse this afternoon for a little while. To do what has to be done. They're so officious, all the nurses! They'll walk right over you, if you let them. But— Oh, I'm so glad you came, Ruth! I just had to tell someone! When I called this morning I was desperate. Mrs. Perrin had just put on her scene, and I didn't know *where* to turn. Ruth, you'll tell Rome to call me the minute he gets home, won't you? I want to know about the nomination, and he'll want to know about—"

"I'll have him call." Ruth said. She stood up.

"—about my good news. Rome will be so pleased to know I'm almost well. It'll mean so much to Rome."

Ruth said, "I'm sure it will. Thanks for the lunch."

"Oh, you hardly ate a thing! I feel like a very poor hostess." Marianne went with Ruth to the door. A nurse was coming up the walk—a dark-haired, round-faced girl about Ruth's age. She was frowning. Marianne said to her, "Oh, you finally came. I've been waiting for you." Her tone was not quite sharp, but definitely demanding.

Ruth saw the girl's lips tighten. Ruth said, "Good-by," and Marianne gave her a quick smile and said, "Tell Rome I'm just sitting by the phone, waiting for his call." She turned to the nurse and said, "I had to get my own lunch." Something close to accusation was in her voice. "You can do the dishes, and then—"

Ruth went down the walk, past the flowers and down the steps. She started the motor and was almost at the entrance to the grounds when she thought of Mrs. Perrin again. She had come to solve the Mrs. Perrin problem. She turned sharply to the right, into the driveway to the main office of the sanitarium, and parked the pickup in the parking yard among the big, shiny cars. She went in the big main entrance and told the nurse at the reception desk. "I want to see Dr. Woods. About Mrs. Steven Hamilton."

The nurse took her name and asked her to wait in the visitors' room. Five minutes later Dr. Woods came to the doorway—a short, stocky, middle-aged man with bristly gray hair and steel-rimmed glasses. He was wearing an open white coat and had a stethoscope in one pocket. He smiled at Ruth and said. "Well! Mrs. Hamilton!"



Haven't seen you in a long time. You're going to see Marianne, I suppose."

"I've just seen her."

"Oh? Then she told you her good news. I was glad to be able to tell her this morning. Pulled her out of quite a funk."

"She's really going to be all right?" Ruth asked.

"It looks that way. If she continues to progress, and if she takes care of herself. We have only one problem. at the moment. A housekeeper."

"That's what I wanted to see you about. Dr. Woods."

He nodded. "I sent a nurse over just a little while ago. The nurses aren't supposed to do that kind of work, and I shouldn't ask them. But Marianne—" He twinkled confidentially. "Well, Marianne is, shall we say, temperamental. Actually, she doesn't need a housekeeper. We have a couple of men—I call them orderlies—who go to all the cottages once a week and take care of the heavy work. Most of the advanced patients can do the rest for themselves. But Marianne needs someone around. She needs a companion, mostly. Someone congenial, really. And she and Mrs. Perrin—well, they didn't quite hit it off."

"So I gathered."

"Exactly! Help, of course, is difficult to get, up here. The village has three or four middle-aged women whom we use, but they're all Mrs. Perrin's type. If there were only someone who knows Marianne, and who could cope with Marianne's, uh, personality, some relative, or—" He shook his head. "It's a problem."

"There may be someone," Ruth said slowly. Aunt Cherry, she thought. Why, Aunt Cherry would—"There may be!"

"You know someone?"

"I'd have to talk with my husband about it."

"Good! Good! If you could work something out—well, we can struggle along for a few days or a week. But if you could find someone who's congenial with her—it would take a load off my shoulders! . . . How is Rome, by the way?"

"Rome is fine. But terribly busy."

"Remember me to him. Tell him to drop in the next time he's up."

Dr. Woods went to the door with her. He looked out and said, "Looks like we've got a little storm coming up. Well, this is the time of the year for thunderstorms. Good-by! And if you can find someone for Marianne I'll be delighted. If I have to detail the nurses to do her chores for more than a week, there won't be a nurse in the place speaking to me!"

Ruth drove down the hill, through the village, and headed east. She'd worked things out! She'd come up here almost desperate, hating to face Marianne. She'd come only because she couldn't let Marianne telephone Rome and dump her troubles on him right in the midst of the convention. And everything had turned out perfectly. She'd handled Marianne, and now she could handle the other problems.

Take them one at a time.

Take Steve. It was all set, now. Steve would get the divorce. Marianne had put it in writing. Steve would marry Margot. They would go back to New York, and probably Ruth and Rome wouldn't see them for a long time—or ever!

Take the ranch. Steve would sell out to Rome, which he had always refused to do. The ranch would be theirs. They wouldn't have to divide profits or pay rent. Whatever they made would be theirs. It would be their house, at last—their own house!

Take Aunt Cherry. Aunt Cherry would come up here and stay with Marianne. Just as simple as that. Aunt Cherry always had liked Marianne, even though she said Marianne was a complainer. Aunt Cherry was easy-going. She wouldn't hear Marianne's complaints. Only those she wanted to. And she wouldn't take them too

seriously. There wouldn't be much work. She could just do the little chores, and she and Marianne could talk and visit, and they'd make out all right. Aunt Cherry needed somebody to mother. That's why she spoiled Jerry the way she did. Now she could mother Marianne, and Marianne would love it.

Oh, she'd worked everything out. Everything! Now she would have her own house, her own child, her own husband. And she and Rome would be happy again, with their own world—the boundless world they had had when they were first married. They would have the wheat crop, all theirs, for cash this fall, and Rome would have his steers, his growing herd. They could fly down to Amarillo again, and over to the Western Slope. They could go to Denver for Thanksgiving—

Denver. Rome would be in Denver for the session of the Legislature. And with that thought her whole wonderful house of cards began to topple.

Rome was at the convention. Getting the nomination. Rome was going to be a legislator. He was going into politics. Going to be an important man. What did the ranch mean to Rome now? He was getting the nomination to get *away* from the ranch. To go on and do big things, things she didn't know much about.

Oh, what a fool she'd been!

Even about Margot. Margot didn't want Steve. She wanted Rome. It was clear, clear as could be, once she faced it. Margot had urged Rome to get the nomination, talked about his speech, even wanted to help him write it. Told him what to say, urged him to say it. He must have talked to Margot about it. He hadn't talked to Ruth. They hadn't talked in—in ages! Not really talked. She remembered the first time she saw the look between Margot and Rome, and the panic in her heart. When he came back from trying to break up the hailstorm. The blood on his cheek. And the look between them. She knew it, she had known it then, and she couldn't face it. Not really face it.

She hadn't faced a lot of things.

She hadn't even faced Marianne, until today. And Marianne had always wanted Rome. The way she looked today, young, eager, happy, expecting Rome to come. And I played right into her hands. I did! She was going to tell Rome today. I saved her the trouble. Oh, it's so simple, if I'd only seen it! Get Rome to agree to sell the ranch. Take Steve's share as her price for the divorce. And be free, to have Rome. Let Steve marry Margot, or anyone, and give Marianne her freedom. So she can have Rome, if, if—

The sky was dark ahead. The air was sultry, ominous. It was going to storm. The cloud bank that had lain there in the north when she left Dr. Woods had risen till it covered the sky. She was going to get wet. She was going to have a wet road. But it didn't matter. It didn't matter at all. She would be late getting home, but it wouldn't matter to anyone. She'd been out in storms before. . . .

And she had thought she had it all settled! She had been so clever, so capable. Worked everything out. And now—now she didn't know whether it was Marianne, or Margot, or what. She was completely confused. All she was sure of was that she hadn't settled anything. She *couldn't* settle anything! This was something Rome was going to decide. Rome had it all decided now, in his own mind.

She'd thought Marianne was possessive. And Margot was possessive. And what had she, Ruth, done? Why, she had been equally possessive! No wonder Rome wanted to get out! Any man would. She'd resented Marianne's demands. She'd resented Aunt Cherry. She'd resented Margot. She had said, "Whatever you want, Rome. Whatever is important to you." Thinking she was holding onto him by not even *trying* to manage.

Margot said I didn't want him to do things. That I wanted him all to myself. It was true. I didn't want any-

thing, anyone, to be as important to him as I was. Oh, Rome, is this what women do to their men? Is this what I have done to you? Have I lost you through trying to make you mine? . . .

Lightning came, and then thunder. The clouds were streaked with gray rain ahead and to the left, to the north. She was driving fast. But the storm was traveling even faster, sweeping in from the northwest. Now she seemed to be heading right into it.

I never liked storms. I never was afraid of them, but I didn't like them. Not storms like this. They slash at you, and they roar and rumble and blind you with lightning. I'm a peaceful person. That's why I love Rome. He's a peaceful person, a calm person. Oh, Rome, I tried so hard to be the kind of person you are! Not afraid of anything, ever. Calm, and capable, and dependable. Always there when you needed me. That's how I wanted to be for you, Rome. I tried, I tried so hard not to be jealous, or demanding, or ever to let you down. . . .

The first rain struck, like a hail of gravel. She was drenched before she could close the side window. The windshield was a wall of water. She turned on the wipers. She had to slow down, half blinded by the rain. But she must go on.

She had to get home.

She couldn't see any landmarks, but she must be getting near the Breaks. It couldn't be very far ahead. Or was she already in the Breaks? She'd come down several hills, and there was water in the road ahead.

The water was running down both sides of the road. She came to the bottom of a dip and plunged into a stream there. Water geysered over the front of the pickup. The wipers swished at it. The motor coughed, then caught again. Wet. The plugs were wet. But as long as she could keep going they would dry from the engine heat.

As she dropped into the next hollow she lowered the window to get a better view. And heard the roaring water.

## Chapter 9

One quick slash of hail swept Rome's car as he turned into the lane from the highway. Then it passed; but off to the west he could see the white curtain where

the hail was coming down in sheets. He rolled into the yard, made the turn, and pulled into the open garage. He got out of the car and stood for a moment in the garage door, hating to go in and tell Ruth. Then the rain slackened, and he had no more excuse. He trotted across the yard and pushed open the kitchen door. The warm fragrance of cooking greeted him. He stepped inside. Aunt Cherry was at the stove. From the living room came the dissonances of a Bruno Franc composition, the player playing much too loud.

Aunt Cherry sensed his presence and turned and exclaimed, "Rome! Oh, I'm so glad you got home! I'm worried about her. She shouldn't be out in a storm like this."

"Who?" Rome demanded. "Where's Ruth?"

Aunt Cherry frowned and shook her head and glanced toward the living room. "That pesky noise! They shouldn't play it so loud." She came toward him, and Rome repeated his questions.

"She went to Lupine. Marianne's sick, or something."

"Ruth went to Lupine? When, for God's sake? How did she go?"

"She took the pickup. She left about eleven o'clock this morning. I'm afraid she got caught in the storm, and—"

"What happened to Marianne? Why did Ruth go?"

"All I know," Aunt Cherry said, "is Marianne phoned, and Ruth said she'd try to reach you. The next thing I knew she'd changed her clothes and said she was going to Lupine. And—and she went. In the pickup."

"About eleven, you say? She couldn't get there till after one, at the very earliest. If she stayed an hour—" He looked at his watch, then looked at Aunt Cherry, almost pleading. Then he turned and hurried to the living room.

Steve and Margot were sprawled in chairs listening to the record player. Probably had it turned up to drown out the storm. They would! Steve was the first to see Rome. Steve shouted, "Well! Our candidate! Congratulations!"

Margot leaped to her feet and cried, "Rome! You got the nomination, didn't you? Oh, Rome!" She sprang toward him, arms outstretched.

Rome pushed her aside. "Shut off that damned player!" he ordered. "I've got to make a phone call!"

Steve reached for the control knob. Margot stared after Rome as he went to the phone. He gave the Lupine number. While the operator was getting it, Rome turned to Steve. "You rat!" he said. "Why didn't you go take care of her? You yellow rat!"

Steve's face paled. "Hysterics," he said. "That's all it was—just hysterics. I don't have to go hold her hand every time she has a tantrum."

"Hello," Rome said. "Hello, Marianne. Is Ruth there?"

"Rome!" Marianne exclaimed. "I've just been sitting here waiting for you to call. Rome, I have the most wonderful news! I'm going to—"

"Is Ruth there?" Rome demanded.

"Ruth? Of course not! Ruth left—Oh, ages ago!"

"When did she leave?"

"Oh, I don't know. Two o'clock. It must have been around two o'clock; maybe two-thirty. I don't know!"

"Which road did she take?" Rome asked sharply.

"How do I know which road she took?" Marianne laughed. "She didn't tell me which road she was going to take! She must be home by now. Where are you calling from? Crosson?"

"I'm calling from the ranch, and Ruth's not here, and there's a storm."

"Oh. Oh, she'll be there. . . . Rome, Dr. Woods told me today that I'll be well again within six months!"

"Good. . . . Is it storming there?"

"Oh, it's kind of dark, and it rained a little. That's all. You don't seem to be at all interested, Rome. Did you hear what I said? Dr. Woods said—"

"I heard you. That's fine. Good-by."

"Rome! Rome, don't you want to hear—"

"Marianne, I've got to find Ruth!"

He hung up.

Steve said, "What happened to you? Didn't they give you the nomination? Is that what's eating at you?"

"What does it matter?" Rome cried. "What's it to you? I turned down the nomination!"

"You didn't!" Margot exclaimed.

Rome turned to her. "And what's it to you?" he demanded.

"But—but you couldn't!" she cried.

"Who says I couldn't?" Then he laughed—a harsh, bitter laugh. "I talked straight, and I didn't care whether they loved it or not. I threw it away, because I wanted my own self-respect. Can you think of anything better? Can either of you think of anything better than that?" He started for the door.

"Rome!" Margot cried. She was in front of him, blocking the way. "You didn't!"

"Don't get in my way!" Rome said. He pushed past her. "I'm going to find my wife."

Jerry burst into the room from the hallway. "Daddy!" he cried. "Daddy!"

Rome turned to him. Jerry said, "You're all dressed up! You're a nomination!"

Rome picked him up and held him close and said, "You go tell Aunt Cherry I'm going to get Mother."

"Mother," Jerry said, "went up to Aunt Marianne's."

"I know, son. I'm going to get her."

"I'm going, too," Jerry announced.

"No, son. I'm going alone." Rome hugged him and ruffled his hair, so near the color of Ruth's. Then he set him down and said, "Go tell Aunt Cherry what I said. Tell her—tell her not to wait supper."

Rome stopped at the barn and turned on the landing lights, just in case it took a long time. He checked the fuel tank. He rolled the plane out and started the motor. While it warmed up, he walked out across the field, testing the ground with his heel. He could take off, with just a little luck. He'd have to take his chances on landing, wherever he had to land. There was no question about taking the plane. He could cover much more ground with it, see ten times the area from the air that he could from the car.

He got in and revved it up a moment, then gave it the gun. The ground was soggy than he had thought, but he jumped it into the air and cleared the fence nicely. And headed to the west in a long, slow climb. And told himself he was jumpy, seeing things. Ruth probably was perfectly all right. Rained in somewhere, maybe right on the road. West of the Breaks. With a storm like that, he knew what would happen in the Breaks. Willow Creek would be jumping. The storm came in from the north, and before it put even a drop of water on the Breaks the flash flood would make up back in the hills. Every little gulch and gully would pour its drainage into Willow Creek, and here would come the wall of water. Rolling, roaring, ripping anything aside that was in its path. He'd seen cars that were caught in one of those flash floods on Willow Creek. They looked like they'd been through a tornado.

Oh, Ruth wouldn't get flash-flooded! She was right there in the pickup, safe enough, on the other side of the Breaks. Waiting for the water to go down. She would walk to the nearest ranch and telephone home. Tell him she was all right. But it was a good two miles to the nearest ranch. Maybe he was a fool to get all excited and go kiting off to find her. She'd make out.

"By God," he said aloud, "I'll find her!"

He flew west, over the highland where the wheat stood. Where it used to stand. It wasn't standing now. The curtain of hail he had seen as he pulled in from the highway had come right along the ridge, right over the wheat. He couldn't tell from the air for sure, but it looked as though it was all down, most of it chopped to pieces.

All right, so the wheat's gone. For this year. What do a few bushels of wheat matter now?

He banked north and picked up the highway. A lot of rain had fallen, and fast. Water gleamed in the ditches. And in the little hollows in the fields, and in every draw there was a gleam, a trickle of water flowing. The kind of trickling water that had poured in from a hundred draws, into Willow Creek.

He flew on west. His hands were sweating—nervous sweat. He wiped his palms together. He could feel the cold sweat trickling down his armpits.

The darkness of the willow brush in the Breaks was up there ahead. Just a few miles. Then he saw the gleam of water—live, rushing water. In all the winding gulches. He went over high, still following the road, and saw the white foam flecked against the willows—banks of it. That's the way it came, the wall of water tumbling over and over and topped by a comb of white foam that got dirty gray as it went along.

He looked down, trying to watch the road, looking and hoping he didn't see what he was looking for. He didn't, and as he passed the last gully he sighed with relief. She had pulled up before she got to the Breaks. Ruth would be right there on the road, sitting in the pickup, waiting.

But she wasn't. He flew ten miles up the highway, and there wasn't a car or a pickup in sight. It was a deserted road.

He turned back. He couldn't even admit it to himself, but he had to search the Breaks. Search those racing,

tumbling waters. For a pickup truck lodged against a clump of brush. A truck that looked as though a tornado had hit it. And when he found the truck—

He felt sick at his stomach. Two years ago a carload of tourists had stopped in the Breaks for a picnic lunch. A storm had come up, and they'd got in the car when it began to rain. Got in the car and just waited, right where they were. That night a little boy wandered into a ranch house, crying, frantic. When the wall of water hit the car the little boy was thrown out, somehow, and swept downstream a quarter of a mile and miraculously lived to climb out on the other side. When the ranchman went to look, he found the car, what was left of it, a mile downstream. The bodies weren't found for two days, and one of them was ten miles from where the flash flood had struck the car.

Rome flew back, and he crossed the Breaks just below the highway. Nothing—not a thing in sight. He circled and flew across again, farther down. Still nothing. Another circle, and this time he saw it. The pickup. Off there to his left on its side, lodged against a clump of willow brush not a hundred yards in from the west. He made a tight turn and dipped and came in over it low. It hadn't rolled. The window on the top side was either gone or wide open. That's how he'd missed it. If there had been glass in sight he would have seen the gleam.

He made another pass, still lower, almost sweeping the brush with his wheels. That time he got a quick look inside. It was empty. Ruth wasn't in the truck.

He hadn't time now to think the grisly thoughts. The truck hadn't rolled. It had just been swept over into the brush. It was less than twenty feet from the highway. She must have got out. Unless the wall of water hit her on the ground.

He was circling for a pass directly downstream when he saw her. Waving! Thank God, waving! Both arms! He couldn't hear her shouts above the roar of the motor, but she was shouting just the same. And running. She could walk! Then he was past her, and climbing for another turn, a safe turn.

He came back, and this time he was looking at the land, wondering where he could get down. For a moment he didn't see her; then there she was again, waving, pointing. Pointing to a long, clear ridge across the stream from the brushy little hill where she was marooned. Good girl! She knew—she knew he was coming in, even if he had to crash-land. Set it down in the brush, if he had to. By God, he was going to get down there somehow! But she knew. She wasn't excited. Calm, cool, always thinking things through. You could depend on Ruth.

The ridge was wide open—not over fifty yards wide but flat and without any brush. One of those little hogbacks, almost a quarter of a mile long. He went down and flew the length of it, looking for holes, and he went up and wagged his wings. Okay, he signaled, and she waved her arms, the come-in signal. He made one more turn, and came in, slowly and steadily. He set the plane down like a feather, and he rolled it to a slow stop. He cut the motor, but the roar still filled his ears. He opened the door and stepped down on the soggy sod. His boot heel felt gravel just beneath the grass. Gravel—that's why he hadn't bogged in.

Ruth was over there on that little brushy hill—just standing there, soaked to the skin, bedraggled, holding, of all things, the green pocketbook he had given her last Christmas! Holding it in one hand and waving, and shouting, "Rome! Rome! Rome!"

He called, "Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she shouted. "But the pickup—the pickup's wrecked!"

He didn't answer. He reached back in the plane for a rope. He used to carry a lariat there. He couldn't find it. Probably took it out and left it at the barn. Silly thing to carry in a plane, anyway. But there were some old tie-down lines. He fished them out and knotted them together

as he went down to the stream rushing between the hogback and Ruth's hillock. Ruth came down the bank opposite him and he shouted, "Tie it to the brush!" and he coiled the makeshift rope and flung it toward her. His throw was short. He pulled it in and threw it again. This time she caught it. He tied his end to a clump of brush so they could get back, she tied hers, and he plunged in, holding to the line with one hand.

She helped him up the bank, and he took her in his arms, and she began to cry. He said, "Darling, darling!" and stroked her wet reddish-roan hair.

She said, "Rome! Oh, Rome, I hoped you'd come!"

He said, "Didn't you *know* I'd come?"

She said, "And when you came, I thought you'd never see me."

"I'd have looked all night," he said.

"I—I shouldn't have got caught," she said. "I just wasn't thinking. And when I got in the water—"

"It's all right, kid; you're safe. You did it just right."

"But the pickup—"

"The pickup's just a little wet and beat-up. Bill and I'll come and get it tomorrow. After the water goes down. You got out. That's the important thing. You got out, and you got here on this hill. You did just right."

"I didn't! Oh, Rome, I did everything wrong!" She began to cry again.

"No! Everything in the book, I did 'em *all* wrong. Right down the line. . . . Good Lord, you're wet, Rufus!" He was hugging her as if he would never let her go.

"I suppose you think *you're* dry!" She began to laugh—a choky laugh. Then she drew back and gripped his arms and said, "Oh, Rome, you do love me! You love me!"

On the flight back, Rome came in over the wheat again and dropped down low and made two passes over it. It was hard hit, but there would be some salvage. Maybe a thousand bushels, if they were lucky. Then he made the landing approach and set the plane down in the soggy pasture and rolled up to the shed. Ruth helped roll the plane indoors. Then they went to the house, still holding to each other.

Aunt Cherry met them at the door. "Oh, I'm glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "Where did you find her, Rome?"

"Over in the Breaks," Rome said. "On a nice dry hill-top."

Aunt Cherry kissed Ruth and said, "I began to worry a little. My, you're a mess, both of you! Soaked to the skin. Go change before you catch pneumonia." She sniffed. "The meat loaf! I worried so, I forgot it." She reached for the oven door.

"Mother!" Jerry bounced into the kitchen. His face twisted as he fought the tears. "Mother!" He grasped her sopping skirt and buried his face against her leg.

"It's all right, Jerry," she assured him. "It's all right." She bent down and hugged and kissed him. Jerry wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "I thought—I thought you weren't ever coming back," he said.

"Silly! Of course I was, darling! I just had to wait for Daddy to come find me. You knew Daddy would find me, didn't you? You didn't have to worry."

Jerry gulped and tried to smile. "Daddy was gone," he said, "and you didn't come back—"

"And now we're both back," Rome said. "All together again. The way we should be. . . . Come on, Rufus—get into something dry."

Steve was still in the living room. He looked up from a magazine and said, "Well! You look wet! Like you'd been for a swim."

Rome didn't answer. He followed Ruth down the hall to their bedroom.

Ten minutes later Rome came back in Levi's and a blue work shirt. He went on into the kitchen and laid a sheet of note paper on the oven door to dry. Aunt Cherry was setting the table. She said, "The phone rang twice while

you were gone, but you know how I hate to answer when it's been lightning. I just let it ring. They never called back after the second time, so I guess it wasn't anything very important."

"Probably not," Rome said. The paper had dried. He folded it and put it in his shirt pocket. Steve had come back into the living room. Margot was just behind him.

"So you got back," Margot said.

Rome heard Ruth's step coming down the hall. He turned to Steve. "Well, Steve," he said, "I guess your business here is about over."

"What do you mean?" Steve asked, frowning, then forcing a laugh.

Rome took the sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to him. Steve stared at it a moment, then unfolded it. It was smudged with purple blotches where the ink had run, but it was still legible.

"Read it," Rome ordered.

Steve read the memorandum Ruth had dictated and Marianne had written and signed. He read it through and looked up and exclaimed, "Of all the crazy nonsense! Who did this?"

"Marianne wrote it," Rome said. "You know her handwriting. She signed it, and Ruth witnessed it."

"That, I must see," Margot said. She took the memorandum from Steve.

Steve demanded, "What kind of a squeeze play is this, anyway? What's going on here?"

Rome grinned. "No squeeze play. You came out here to get Marianne to give you a divorce. You botched it up, but royally! Ruth straightened it out. Today. My wife, Steve," and he nodded to Ruth, who had just come into the room.

"So you've got it all fixed up! To sell the ranch! And give my share to Marianne! Why, of all the—"

"No, Steve, I'm not selling the ranch. I'm buying it. I'm going to buy you out."

"Like hell you are! If you think I'm going to sell out to you—"

"Steve," Margot said. Her voice was cool and level and firm. "Steve!"

Steve turned to her.

"Of course you're going to sell out to Rome," Margot said. "And get your divorce. Don't be childish!" She smiled.

Steve gulped and licked his lips. "It's—it's the way they did it!" he said.

Margot folded the memorandum. "I'll just keep this," she said to Rome. "I don't think we'll need it, but it had better be saved."

Rome nodded.

"Steve, darling," Margot said, and her voice had the firm possessiveness of a woman who has made her decision and her choice, "Steve, you'd better draw up a little memorandum with Rome. Right away."

Steve cleared his throat. "Can't he take my word?"

"Put it on paper," Margot said. "Then there won't be any misunderstanding." She went to the desk.

Steve got out a cigarette, then offered one to Rome. Rome hesitated, and Steve uttered a little laugh. "The old pipe of peace, my boy, modern version." He got out his lighter, flicked it twice without a flame; Rome drew out a kitchen match, flicked a thumbnail across it, and held it for Steve. Steve laughed, almost nonchalant. He drew a deep puff of smoke, let it out slowly, and said, "You always were nuts about this place, weren't you?"

"I like it," Rome said.

"You're crazy," Steve said. He shook his head. "But then, you turned down that nomination. You're just like the old man, I guess. Kind of a fanatic, too, aren't you?"

"About some things, yes," Rome said. "I kind of like to live with myself and sleep nights."

Margot handed Steve a pen. Rome and Steve sat down at the table and drew up an informal agreement of pur-

chase, the price to be paid to Marianne. They made two copies, and when they had signed them Margot took Steve's copy. "Better keep all the papers together," she said.

Steve grinned at Rome. "See? See what I'm letting myself in for? Next thing she'll be a full partner in my business."

"You could do worse!" Margot said. "Now you'd better run and pack your things."

"Pack?" Steve asked. "Oh, yes. Pack my things." He turned to Ruth. "I guess you're going to get rid of us, Ruthie!"

"Oh, but—"

The telephone interrupted Ruth before she had to say the white lie. Steve and Margot went to their rooms, and Ruth picked up the telephone. "Just a minute, Mr. Caldwell! Yes, Rome's right here!"

Rome took the telephone. "Hello, John. Glad you called; I—"

"Rome! Hey, boy! I've been trying to reach you ever since four o'clock. Your phone been out?"

"Don't think so. I've been out. Say, John, about that—"

Caldwell laughed. "You don't have to explain to me, Rome. I couldn't figure what the devil was happening, when you made that switch. But you were playing it dumb like a fox! You were figuring on next time around, weren't you?"

"I was what?"

Caldwell laughed again. "Don't kid me, Rome! I figured we might squeak you by, but you knew that it couldn't be done. You saw it right after you started talking. So you made the switch, right then. Even so, Rome, we came within ten votes of nominating you! We pulled a lot of stray votes out of what I thought were solid Donalson delegations. Two years from now you'll get it by acclamation. You can have anything you want!"

Rome caught his breath.

"I—I don't know," he said.

"You don't know what?"

"I don't know if I'll want it. John—"

"We'll draft you!"

"We'll see. Look, John. You offered me a loan if I ever wanted to buy the ranch. That offer's still good, I hope. If it isn't, I'm sure on the hook!"

"You're off the hook, right now. Buying Steve out, I hope?"

"Yes. I'll want you to draw up the papers, John. Some time this week."

"Any time, Rome. Come see me, and write your own ticket."

As he hung up, Rome turned to Ruth. He drew a deep breath and sighed. Then he drew her close to him and started to kiss her.

"Where are they?" Aunt Cherry was in the doorway. "Where's everybody? Supper's on the table."

"Supper?" Rome asked. "Is it mealtime?"

"That's just the way I feel," Ruth said. "I have no idea what time it is, or what day of the week!"

"Where's Steve?" Aunt Cherry asked. "And Margot?"

"They're packing, I guess," Ruth said.

"Packing? What for?" Aunt Cherry asked.

"They seem," Rome said, "to have decided they've stayed here long enough."

Just then Margot appeared. "What time does the train leave Crosson?" she asked.

"Which train?" Rome asked.

"The one to Denver, in the evening."

"Eight-forty."

"You're not—you're not going tonight?" Ruth said.

"Yes." Margot smiled. "Steve's going to see a lawyer in Denver tomorrow, about the divorce. We've just talked it over."

"Aunt Cherry just said supper is ready," Ruth said.

"Go ahead and eat," Margot urged. "I've got Steve half packed, and if I let him leave it now he'll never finish! We'll have a snack before we go." She hurried back to supervise Steve's packing.

They went to the big table in the kitchen. Jerry was already in his chair. As they sat down, Aunt Cherry said, "The meat loaf's scorched a little on the bottom, but just don't eat that part. I guess I'll never get used to that oven." She began putting the portions on Jerry's plate.



"No! No!" Jerry cried. "I want Mother to fix my plate!"

"But, Jerry," Ruth said.

"I want you!" Jerry insisted.

Aunt Cherry looked bewildered, then smiled patiently. She handed Jerry's plate to Ruth.

Rome looked at her and said, "Aunt Cherry, what would you say to a trip—a change of scene?"

"What?"

"You haven't been away from here in quite a while," Rome said.

"I thought," Aunt Cherry said, "I might ask you to take me to Denver for a few days, after wheat harvest."

"There won't be much wheat harvest. I thought you didn't like Denver."

"Well, it's not Denver. It's the mountains. They kind of rest the eyes. I like to see them once in a while."

"How would you like to go and visit Marianne?" Rome asked.

"Marianne? Why—" Aunt Cherry beamed. "Why, she hasn't got room, has she?"

"She has room, now," Rome said. "Her housekeeper left. She hasn't got anyone staying with her."

"No one at all? Why— Oh, that's what she called about this morning? That's why Ruth went up?"

"Yes," Rome said. "Her housekeeper left."

Aunt Cherry's eyes lit up. "I—I— Could you get along without me here, Ruth, for a while?"

"We'd miss you," Ruth said, "but I think we could get along."

"The poor girl!" Aunt Cherry said. "All alone there."

"She's going to get well, you know," Rome said. "The doctor just told her."

"Oh, isn't that wonderful! Did you tell her I'd come, Ruth?"

"No, I didn't know whether you'd want to go."

"If Marianne needs me? Of course I'd go! Why, you don't need me here. Jerry's growing up. I was just thinking today, I've been here more than five years. And I just came to help out, when you had Jerry! You must get very tired of having somebody around all the time. Not that it's not like my own home, living here as long as I did, bringing up the two boys. But—"

"Daddy," Jerry interrupted, "Bill let me ride your saddle today!"

"On what?" Rome asked. "The saddle rack?"

"On Dick!"

"You were riding my horse and my saddle?"

"Yes! I rode him clear out to the road and back! All alone!"

Rome looked at Bill, and Bill grinned and nodded. "Rides like you," Bill said. "Born ranchman."

"When," Aunt Cherry asked, "can you take me up to Marianne's? Tomorrow?"

"Bill and I have to go over to the Breaks tomorrow," Rome said, "and rescue the pickup. Day after tomorrow, maybe."

"You don't have to hurry," Ruth said with a smile. And suddenly she felt a deep, enduring warmth toward Aunt Cherry. It wasn't Aunt Cherry—it wasn't Aunt Cherry at all! It was all the other things! And so many of them, so many, were being settled.

"I always say," Aunt Cherry said, "once you've made up your mind, do it. Don't wait around. There's nothing so provoking as folks that say they're going somewhere and then don't go."

They had almost finished eating when Margot and Steve appeared. Margot was in a black linen dress, with a flame-colored cashmere sweater over one shoulder. She wasn't little-girlish at all. She was sophisticated and sleek and sure of herself. She smiled at them and said, "Well, we're all packed. And we've got just twenty minutes."

Steve said, "The old split-second timing. Why else do they put sweep second hands on wrist watches?"

They started to eat, and Steve said, "Hate to ask you to go back to Crosson, Rome, but it's quite a walk. With luggage, too."

"I didn't figure on going," Rome said.

"What!" Steve exclaimed.

"You can drive yourself," Rome said. "I'm pretty well bushed. Leave the car at Wallace's garage and—"

"I'll drive 'em," Bill said.

"Now that," Steve said, "is what I call service. A chauffeur, no less!"

Margot laughed. "Steve, you said ranch life was primitive! I trust I am quoting accurately this time."

"You are," Steve said. "And I still say it. . . . All but the cooking. Aunt Cherry, you always did make the best meat loaf I ever tasted."

Ruth smiled. Aunt Cherry looked baffled for a moment, then chuckled. "That isn't my meat loaf," she said. "All I did was scorch it. Ruth was the one who made that meat loaf."

Steve looked at Ruth. He said, "My apologies, Ruth. I guess there's not much of anything you can't do, is there? No wonder Rome keeps you imprisoned here on the ranch!"

Ruth said, "I like it here. This is where I want to be."

Margot looked at her watch and said, "I'm holding the clock on you, Steve. Eat fast. Let's not split those seconds too fine. . . . Bill, will you get the car out and put the bags in?"

It was eight-thirty. They had put Jerry to bed. Aunt Cherry was in her room, sorting and packing. Rome and Ruth came back to the living room, and Rome said, "Doesn't it seem quiet?"

"Unbelievable!" Ruth said.

"It's practically ours," Rome said.

"All of it."

"Every acre."

"Every room!"

"Sorry about the nomination, Ruth."

"Did you want it?"

"For you."

"Is that the only reason, Rome?"

"No," Rome said. "That wasn't the only reason. But—but I wasn't ready for it, I guess."

"You'll have it, Rome."

"If I want it. . . . We're going to be up to our ears in debt. Not much wheat. Beef market uncertain."

"Does it matter?"

"Not if it doesn't matter to you, Rufus."

She went into his arms. "What else matters," she asked, "if we're together? If it's our world? Oh, Rome, there's only one thing I ever wanted! Only one thing that ever mattered!"

"You'll have it."

"I've got it now. It's all I want, Rome— Us!"

And as he held her, she knew that now there were no lingering questions, no doubts. . . . THE END

NEXT MONTH—IN DECEMBER REDBOOK

## Stranger on the Beach

*A complete book-length novel  
by Don Stanford*

**"He's never done anything I can't forgive!" Janet's defense of her husband was stanch because, when scandal broke, she no longer feared the mistakes of his youth—not even the woman who was the clue to his past**



## What took her away from all *this*?

Forty years ago when mother was a bride, she made bread, washed clothes, scrubbed floors—all by hand. The ice man came daily. Now she has a mixer to beat the batter, an automatic washer for the clothes, an electric waxer for the floors and her refrigerator makes all the ice she can use. Just compare the kitchen in the picture above (taken in 1914) with the one you have today!


What transformed Cinderella?—Well, *advertising* mostly!

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The publishers of **Redbook** are proud to have been one of the charter members of the A.B.C.—since May 19, 1914. We salute it for its forty years of faithful service to business and industry and, through them, to Mr. & Mrs. & Miss America.

Happy Birthday to the—



**ANY MOMENT NOW**

**... SHE'LL WANT**

# Community

"Did you really know it was me?" When she asks you that, young man—she really means, "You *do* love me, don't you?" Next thing you know you'll be asking her the same question, and that's where Community comes in. Community—because girls with love in their hearts have homes on their minds. Homes shining with pride. Homes glowing with hospitality — with Community—the beloved silverware that means

beautiful patterns (be sure to see new, daringly different *South Seas*). Your jeweler is waiting now to show you all six Community patterns—tell you about Community's famous "Overlay" of pure silver. Thanks to Community's pleasant young prices (dinner services for 8 from \$59.75), you can have *all* your silver—right from the start. Community\*... the finest silverplate.



**Christmas suggestion to Dad**—Community makes the best wedding gift of all for the youngsters. And it's a grand idea for Mother's Christmas, too! She'll love the fresh look a new pattern will give to her table.

Community's new idea  
in silverware design

*South Seas\**

WHITE ORCHID\*  
EVENING STAR\*  
MORNING STAR\*  
LADY HAMILTON\*  
CORONATION\*

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