

NOVEMBER • 35 CENTS

# Redbook

The Magazine for **YOUNG ADULTS**

**Mrs. BILLY GRAHAM**  
tells her delightful story:  
**LIFE WITHOUT FATHER**

**HOW LAWYERS MAKE  
DIVORCE TOO EASY**

*Flight to Beauty*

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM







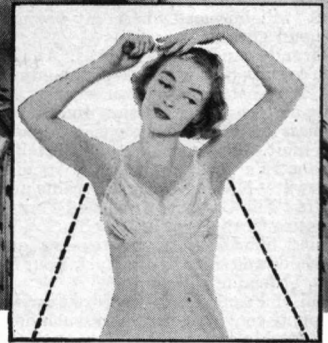
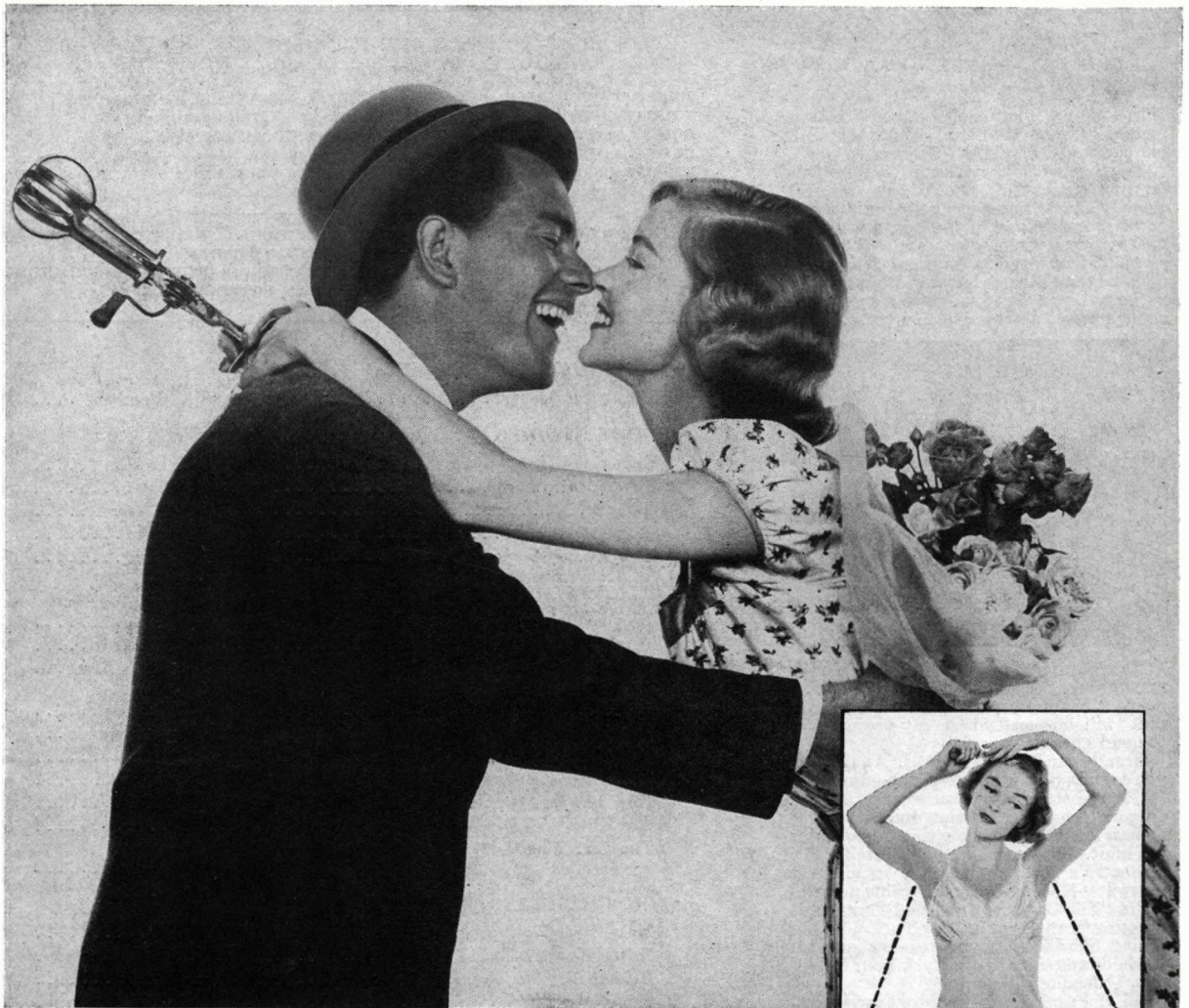
*Deliciously  
yours!*

*P.S.* Doesn't a snack taste wonderful when you raid the refrigerator and fix it yourself? That's the time to 'specially enjoy the spicy, tart-sweet tang of Hunt's Catsup. Keep a bottle handy for snacks —'n everything. **Hunt — for the best!**





# New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



This Seal certifies that New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

The roast is almost done, the table's set, and she's whipping meringue for his favorite pie. Suddenly, he's home!

But this busy, pretty wife is ready for that bear-hug any time. She uses New Mum.

This doctor's deodorant discovery now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that keeps on destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New Mum is *all-day dependable*—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New Mum is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—*stays moist in the jar*.

Buy New Mum today at any toiletry counter—it's that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.

Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet, New Mum with M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.



Another fine Product of Bristol-Myers

## New Mum® Cream

with long-lasting M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)



# PICTURE of the Month in CINEMASCOPE

If this were a "Picture of the Year" column instead of merely a "Picture of the Month," our choice still would be "Guys and Dolls"!

Yes, Samuel Goldwyn's multi-million dollar production of Broadway's musical comedy masterpiece is finally, fabulously here! It comes via M-G-M in a blaze of CinemaScope Color glory and a burst of stars (led by Marlon Brando! Jean Simmons! Frank Sinatra! Vivian Blaine!) and we've not seen its equal since we were old enough to see a show or tap a toe.



Here's Entertainment's utmost and ultimate brought to focus on Damon Runyon's beloved characters, the guys and dolls of that twilight world where day begins after the sun goes down.

Brando sings. And dances. And bowls you over as Sky Masterson, the guy who'll take any bet, even one on whether he can date a Save-a-Soul Mission doll. Jean Simmons is lovely as the lassie who thinks Sky's the limit. She saves him—for herself.

Sinatra's really unbeatable in his best part yet—Nathan Detroit, lovable proprietor of "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York." Vivian Blaine hilariously re-creates her original Adelaide and sings "Take Back Your Mink" and "Adelaide's Lament."

All of Frank Loesser's Broadway-show-stopping songs are here, plus such new hits as "Pet Me Poppa", "A Woman in Love" and "Adelaide."

Since the picture is *all* high spots, it's impossible to single out the most outstanding of Michael Kidd's razzle-dazzle dances! (He tops his own "Seven Brides" amazing dance routines.) The screen-filling Times Square opening! The rhythm-rattling "Luck Be a Lady Tonight"! The ringing rendition of "If I Were a Bell"! The torrid Goldwyn Girls in Cuba's hotter-than-hotspots! The rousing "Sit Down, You're Rocking The Boat."

Thanks to Mr. Goldwyn, to scenarist-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz and to all involved, the unforgettably festive "Guys and Dolls" is reason to celebrate for a long long time.

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "GUYS AND DOLLS"** in Color and CinemaScope starring **MARLON BRANDO, JEAN SIMMONS, FRANK SINATRA, VIVIAN BLAINE** with Robert Keith, Stubby Kaye, B. S. Pully, Johnny Silver and The Goldwyn Girls. Written for the Screen and Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Choreography by Michael Kidd. Photographed in Eastman Color. Distributed by M-G-M.

NOVEMBER • 1955  
VOL. 106 • NO. 1

# Redbook

THE MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG ADULTS

WINNER OF THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAGAZINE AWARD FOR PUBLIC SERVICE ARTICLES

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COVER PAINTING BY LYNN BUCKHAM

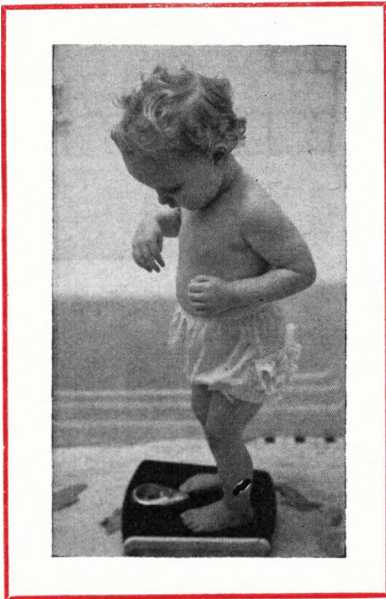
The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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REDBOOK'S

# Family Scrapbook



For some time our little Susan had been watching with great interest every time her older sister weighed herself. This picture was taken the day that Susan first tried the scale. It would appear that she is concerned over her ever-increasing weight, but actually she was unsteady on the scale and mainly interested in maintaining her balance.

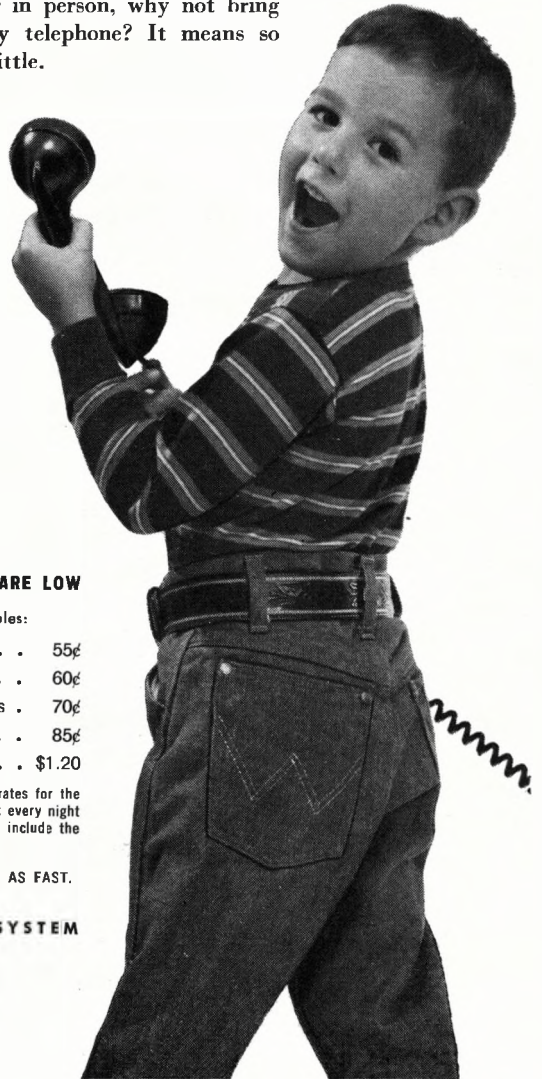
PAUL R. COURNOYER  
9701 52nd Ave.  
College Park, Maryland

● REDBOOK will pay \$50 for the best black and white snapshot used, featuring a child or children under 12, accompanied by the best letter telling in not more than 100 words how the picture came to be taken. Pictures must be sent by the parents of the child to Dept. F-A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and cannot be returned or acknowledged. All published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of REDBOOK.

"Grandma says we're all invited for Thanksgiving!"

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This year, let Long Distance help you plan a happy Thanksgiving. And if the family can't be together in person, why not bring them together by telephone? It means so much. Costs so little.



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CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM







In England our Features Editor downs a slug of genuine mead with actor Richard Greene near the TV set of "The Adventures of Robin Hood," while a damozel stands by with a snack of boar's head.

## BETWEEN THE LINES

From under a wallpaper tree in a snow storm, the Coopers contemplate the supergastronomical studio of their shiny new home.



● Persons of envious nature are cautioned to prepare for twinges while REDBOOK's Features Editor is under discussion here. It is Florence Somers' pleasant occupation to keep track of new movies, plays and radio and TV programs, wherever they are. She flew to England recently just to view a TV show. To catch what turned out to be this month's "Picture of the Month" (page 6), she winged across the country to Hollywood. She has traveled about 35,000 miles so far this year in the pursuit of entertainment. In the past fifteen years she has watched about a half dozen movies a week, all without the vulgarity of admission fees.

Her activities, considered fun by most people, add up to a fast-stepping job. A recent day's schedule included three movies, two TV Shows and press parties and a movie-connected fashion lunch.

"It's a dream job, all right," she admits, "especially because I truly *like* all these media. But let's talk about movies. Of course, I'm critical of them, too, but my reports to the readers are not critiques. They're strictly reviews. I call attention to the movies I hope will interest them most. To some extent they're the ones which interest me most, naturally, but there's more than that to it. When you know that to follow your advice a lot of people will put their money on the line for baby sitters as well as admission, you don't give it lightly."

Sometimes a picture wins a place in her monthly reviews of the four best shows in part because of its news value. People want to know about the movie they've heard of — the one based on the best seller or the Broadway hit. There's news value, too, in an electrifying performance which turns a "sleeper" into a hit that's on everyone's tongue. But mostly, choosing a good movie, according to Florence, is simple enough, but harder to explain. When story, acting, photography, all fuse into a powerful instrument for arousing and sustaining emotion — whether laughs, heart tugs or thrills — that's a picture she wants to cite in REDBOOK.

● For the enlightenment of those who have ever fired their own kitchen curtains or scraped off skin on a jutting counter, we've provided a first-aid blueprint in "Safety Planned This Kitchen" on page 82. The lucky custodians (*left*) are a TV couple whose work you've probably seen. Hal Cooper, a former actor turned writer, director and producer, directs "Search For Tomorrow," a daytime serial sponsored by Procter & Gamble and starring, by an odd coincidence, Hal's wife under her professional name of Pat Meikle. Pat gets by on her own very well, however. She's also in "Welcome Travelers," another P & G-sponsored show, and in the new "Wonderama." W.B.H.

### COMING NEXT MONTH:

*In Redbook's Marriage Clinic:*

*"My Parents Support Us—and I Hate It!"*

*Also, A Christmas Bonus of Four Short Short Stories*



# How to Bring Up Parents

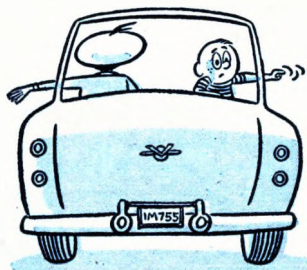
BY FRANK O'NEAL



*The first few years are the hardest.*



*Keep in shape.*



*Help other parents, too.*

# Bringing Up Baby®



*Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five*



A CHARMING gentleman, who follows this column, asks: "Why don't you encourage more fathering? As a proud parent of six precious little girls, I've found that half the fun of having a family is to share in the care of the little ones. I hate to think that some fathers, because of shyness or lack of helpful encouragement, are missing the hundred-and-one joys of fatherhood." Point is well taken, Mr. O..... Knowing how very important daddies are, they are often included in this column. And we'll make a memo not to slight them in the future.

### How about you?

Are you gently reminding your husband that feeding, bathing, trundling and bundling baby are among the most satisfying jobs in the world?

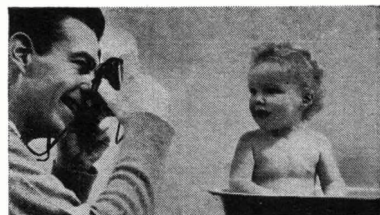


### Variety story.

Gerber Cereal Quads—small-size boxes of Rice, Barley, Oatmeal and Cereal Food (a mixed cereal) — wrapped together in cellophane—offer four good-tasting ways to introduce cereal variety to your darling. They're pre-cooked and ready to serve. You just add milk, formula or other liquids to get the creamy-smooth, nice-feeling texture babies like. Each one has a pleasant, individual flavor that appeals to young taste buds. All are enriched with blood-building iron, bone-building calcium and B-vitamins. Rotate all four to increase mealtime zeal.

### Dab of this,

smitch of that — for the very young eater. Large portions often discourage little appetites. And anyway, it's fun to have baby beckon for seconds.



### Arrival of winter

doesn't mean you have to stop that snapshot record of your little dream-come-true! The experts tell us that brief, indoor flash shots will not harm baby. Camera cue to remember: don't let too much interior decoration detract from the star attraction. A simple background is best.

### Delicious duet

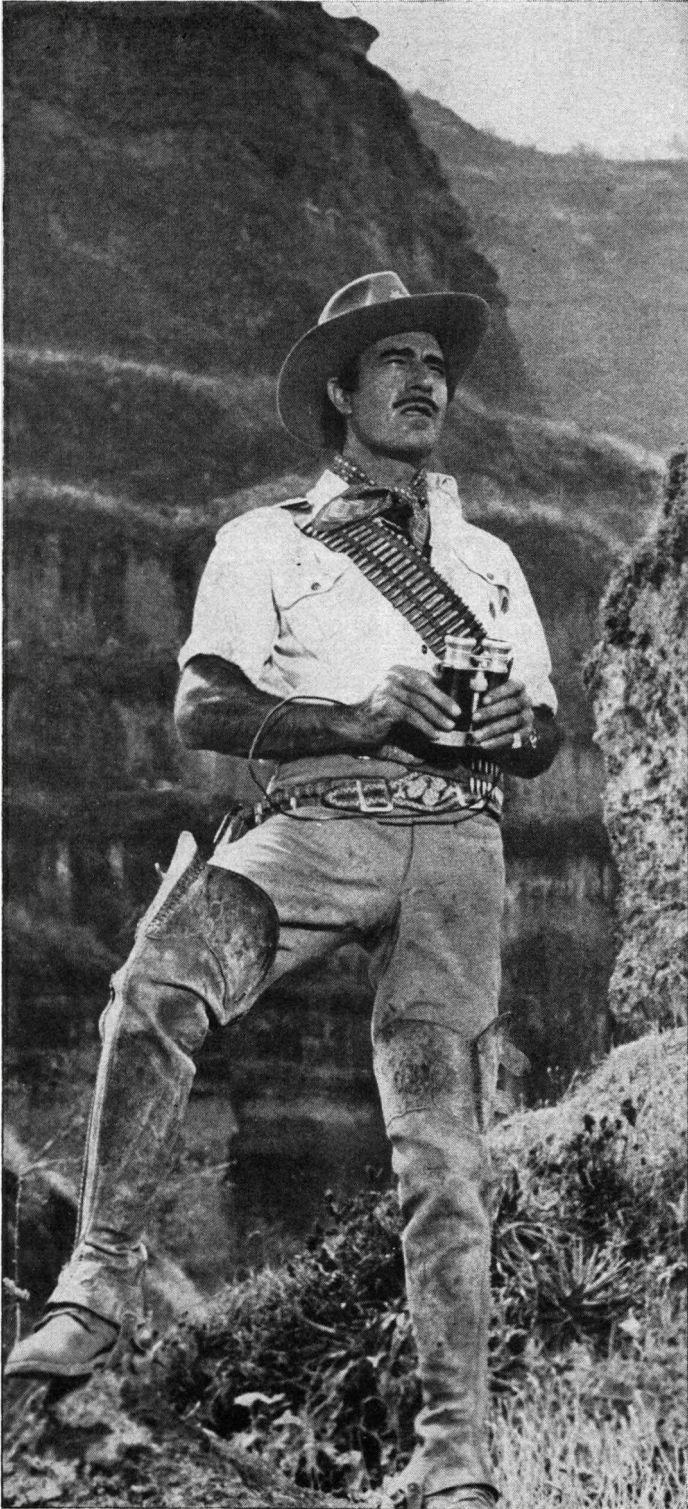
for an expanding infant diet. Yes, Gerber Strained Garden Vegetables and Gerber Strained Creamed Spinach are truly a pair to please your baby's palate. The Garden Vegetables — a subtly balanced blend of peas, carrots and spinach give your baby a bright, inviting new taste treat. The Creamed Spinach is prepared with milk to give this important vegetable a milder, more pleasing flavor. Both are high in iron and vitamin A.

*Babies are our business...  
our only business!*

**Gerber** BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICHIGAN





**W**ith the intense interest aroused in this country by the attempts of some people to win \$64,000, it's easy to see how great excitement developed in Mexico when two men stole a huge fortune in gold. The money belonged to the Federal Government and it was taken in a daring train robbery engineered by *Juan Castro* (Gilbert Roland), a devoted supporter of Villa, and *Tom Bryan* (Rory Calhoun), an able soldier of fortune who fought for whoever paid the most. The story, told with honesty and conviction, takes place in Mexico around 1914 and was filmed in color in the beautiful country near Cuernavaca and Taxco. Packed with adventure and lightened by an interesting romantic affair, this is a film which will fascinate both men and women.

*Castro* and *Bryan* set out to deliver the stolen gold to Villa, who is hiding out in the North. They are aided by *Morales* (Joseph Calleia), a muleteer who bears a grudge against *Castro*, and *Ruth Harris* (Shelley Winters) an American girl who believes in Villa. Their reactions to the dangerous situations which develop reflect their feelings toward the fortune. *Castro* and *Ruth* are the idealists who want it only for the good it can do Villa and Mexico. *Morales* and *Bryan* want it for themselves. *Ruth* and *Bryan* are attracted to each other, but she finds it difficult to reconcile her idealism with *Bryan's* mercenary ideas. Eventually, only *Castro* and *Bryan* are left with the gold and it proves a poor defense against the government troops.

Rory Calhoun is excellent; Gilbert Roland, Shelley Winters and the entire cast are most convincing in this drama which so successfully combines intrigue and emotional conflict. (RKO)

*Ruth's (Shelley Winters) feelings toward Bryan (Rory Calhoun) are torn between her affection for him and her hatred of his selfish motives.*



*A courageous supporter of the revolution, Castro (Gilbert Roland) steals a shipment of gold and endeavors to deliver it to Pancho Villa.*



# "The Treasure of Pancho Villa"

An exciting tale of love and high adventure concerning two men, a girl and a fortune in gold




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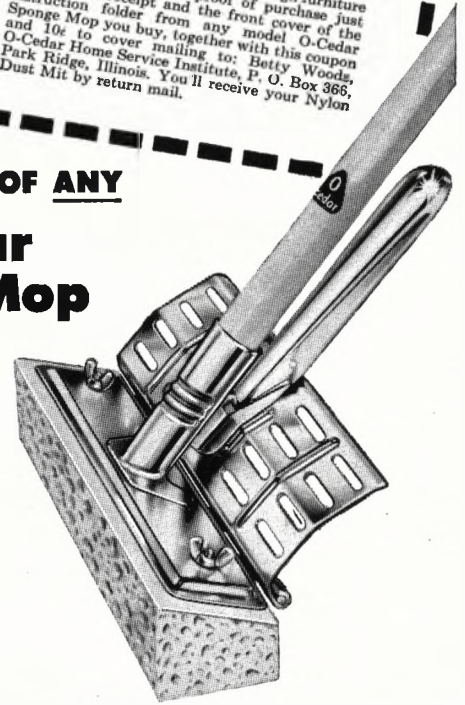
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Recommended by  
Mary Margaret McBride  
NBC Radio—Mon. and Wed.

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## THREE OTHER FINE



"TRIAL"

This picture is bound to stir up as much controversy as "Blackboard Jungle" did. As the latter exposed conditions in certain high schools, this film deals with the effect of prejudiced groups on a community. *David* (Glenn Ford), a law professor who wants courtroom experience, joins a law firm and is assigned to defend a Mexican teen-ager, *Angel Chavez* (Rafael Campos), accused of murdering a high-school girl. What David does not realize is that his employer, *Barney* (Arthur Kennedy), is a Communist and is exploiting the boy's case for party purposes. Even though it seems impossible to get a fair trial for the boy, David perseveres with the assistance of *Abbe* (Dorothy McGuire), a former associate of *Barney*. The trial itself is fascinating as it reveals the reactions of various individuals to pressures being brought upon them.

Besides the interest which court action always has for movie audiences, "Trial" presents a startling picture of the inside workings of Communist and other prejudiced organizations. This is a tense melodrama beautifully played and produced. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



"SIMBA"

The Mau Mau outbreak in Africa has been in the headlines for months, but the situation has been difficult to understand. "Simba" reveals what present-day living conditions are like in Mau Mau country. The story is based on actual experiences of people living in Kenya, and the film has the added attraction of unusual African scenery and interesting shots of native life.

*Alan Howard* (Dirk Bogarde), arriving in Kenya to start a new life, finds that his brother has been murdered by the Mau Maus. Instead of selling out, *Alan* decides to stay and he soon finds the white population divided between those who feel the natives must be held in subjection and those who feel that the natives and whites can learn to live together. Among the latter is an attractive neighbor, *Mary Crawford* (Virginia McKenna), who helps a native doctor with his clinic.

Natives and whites alike live in the knowledge that they may be killed at any moment. The immediate problem in this timely and authoritative picture is to find who the Mau Mau chief is so that he can be brought under control. (Lippert)

### NOVEMBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

**The African Lion**—Disney's latest full-length film actually has new and different scenes of African animal life.

**The Bar Sinister**—Bull terrier Wildfire may be the new dog star because of his performance in this great dog story.

**The Big Knife**—Biting exposé of life

in the motion picture business. *Ida Lupino*, *Jack Palance*, *Shelley Winters*.

**Count Three and Pray**—An unusual Civil War story with a bright new find in actresses, *Joanne Woodward*. *Van Heflin*.

**The Divided Heart**—The poignant, real story of a boy, a war orphan, who found he had two mothers. \* Oct.

**It's Always Fair Weather**—Don't miss this gay, satirical musical comedy of three war buddies who try to reunite. *Gene Kelly*, *Dan Dailey*, *Cyd Charisse*.

**The Man Who Loved Redheads**—



# FILMS



## "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

This unusual film deals with the greatest adventure of all, life itself. Made in Sweden by Arne Sucksdorff, it won a prize at the Cannes festival. It took two and a half years and over 250,000 feet of film to tell the story of a year of life in the Swedish countryside.

Essentially the film shows the life of two young boys and their adventures with nature. The younger child is Sucksdorff's own son. The story starts on an early summer morning when a mother fox comes home with a stolen chicken for her young. Just as the otters have stolen the limelight in Disney's films, one becomes the pet of the two boys and is a star in the film. In winter, when other animals hibernate, the otter is hidden in the attic and the boys fish through the ice for its food, or sacrifice their pocket money for herring. In spring, the otter breaks loose and returns to freedom, the young foxes have grown to adulthood and nature begins another cycle.

The simplicity of this film and the brilliance of its black and white photography make this a delightful, artistic triumph.

(Louis de Rochemont Associates)

Comedy like "Genevieve," of a man who never forgot his first love. \* Oct.

**My Sister Eileen**—A musical version of the two small town girls who take over New York. Janet Leigh. \* Oct.

**The Tall Men**—Clark Gable's best recent film with Jane Russell, Robert Ryan and a magnificent cattle drive.

**To Catch a Thief**—A perfect combination of good-looking stars—Cary Grant and Grace Kelly, mystery and the Riviera produced by Alfred Hitchcock. \* Oct.

\*Previously reviewed in Redbook

# WONDERFUL NEW HORIZONS

A suggestion we hope proves interesting and useful



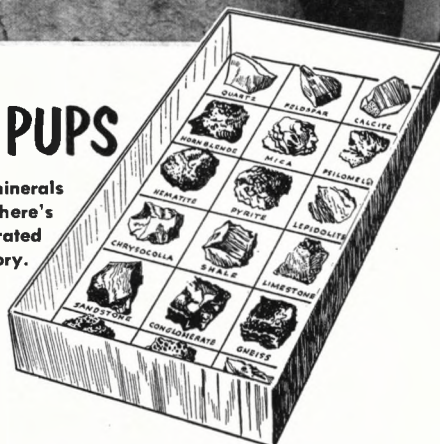
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This thrilling booklet with 26 pages of photographs helps identify and classify rocks and minerals found around home and elsewhere in the



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SCOOP @ \$3.99 \_\_\_\_\_ NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SKIRT @ \$5.99 \_\_\_\_\_ BLACK ONLY \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK  M.O.  C.O.D.  CITY \_\_\_\_\_

(ADD 20c POST.) A DOLLAR DEPOSIT REQUIRED ON ALL C.O.D. ORDERS. STATE TO BE APPLIED TO PRICE OF ITEM. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

**SOOOOO Handy!**

**XMAS GIFT for Busy Women • PURSE SCRIBBLERS**

With Name or Monogram  
 Here's an easy way to remember! Keep phone numbers, shopping lists, and dates at your fingertips in these handsome memo pad Purse Scribblers. Covers personalized in gold make them distinctly yours. 12 pads—enough for months and months!—in deluxe gift box, postpaid, only..... **\$1.00**

FREE—Send for Gift Catalog!  
 HORACE ANDERSON'S GIFT CRAFT ASSOCIATES  
 1236-R East 47th St. • Chicago 15, Illinois

**GENUINE BRANDED CALFSKIN RUGS**

Everyone loves these handsome silky Calfskins... they're so perfect for the den, hall or bedroom. Soft, yet durable. Sueded back. 3 initial brand (print initials wanted) lends authentic personal note. Choice of black or brown with white. App. 5 sq. ft.—\$10.95\*. 6 to 7 sq. ft.—\$14.95\*. Branded—\$2.00 ea. extra.

FOR HER... luxurious, sheepskin "CUDDLE RUG". App. 8 to 9 sq. ft. in honey tone—\$11.95\* ppd. in cloud white—\$12.95\* ppd.

\* Add 50c postage each. No C.O.D.'s. Guaranteed.

FREE GIFT FOLDER—Write:  
 BRANDCALF, Dept. F15, 157 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

**JAPANESE TREASURE CHEST**

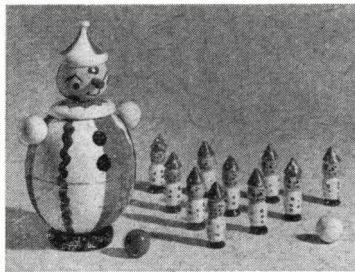
A little Treasure Chest from the Orient of black lacquered wood inlaid with Mother-of-Pearl. Designed to hold moon stones and lotus blossoms, you'll use its five drawers for earrings, buttons, trinkets, cigarettes. A little girl would love to store her treasures here!

In two sizes:  
 7" x 5 1/2" x 3" .... \$3.95      5" x 4 1/2" x 2 1/4" \$2.00

Send for FREE Christmas Catalog!

**WARD PHILLIPS COMPANY**  
 11 Main Street      Carpentersville 6, Illinois

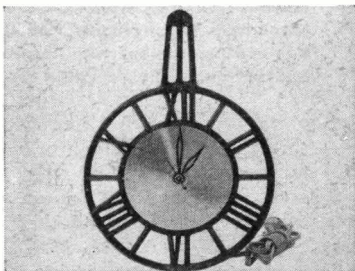
# TOPS in the



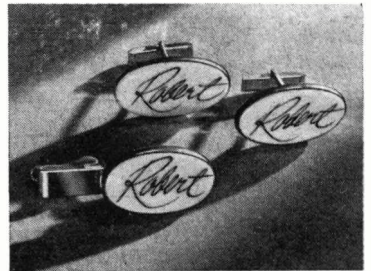
**Bowl down the clowns!** Miniature bowling set will provide fun for the entire family. Tiny clown tempins and 2 red and white balls fit into Papa Clown's fat little body. Made of wood and brightly painted red, white and black, 6 1/2" clown and all his progeny are only \$1.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. R, Orange, N.J.



**House this** for a clever message box for your front door? Little redwood and pine cottage, 8 1/4" high, has a green roof and a red chimney that's really a pencil. Pad of paper hides behind the leather-hinged door guarded by a tiny yellow canary. \$1.98 ppd. Florida Gifts and Gadgets, 1356-R Main St., Sarasota, Fla.



**Williamsburg trivet clock** will keep harmonious company with almost any room in the house. Sessions electric movement is mounted in black wrought-iron frame. Wall clock, 9" over-all, has a stainless steel face, Roman numeral dial and 6 feet of cord. \$6.98 ppd. From Harbor House, Dept. 8, Box 621, Saline, Mich.



**Something personal** is bound to please that hard-to-satisfy guy on your Christmas list. For his French-cuffed shirts, give him a pair of porcelain links with his first name in script. Black on white or gold on black. \$2.50 a pair. The clip to match, \$1.50. Both ppd. including tax. Pines-bridge Studios, Dept. R-11, Ossining, N.Y.

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

**Kar Kare Kit**  
**\$2.95**

Please Add 25¢ Postage  
 Sorry No COD's

It takes pretty constant attention to keep your car respectable looking. The Kar-Kare Kit contains polish- ing cloth, whisk brush, sewing kit, bottle opener, utility screw driver, windshield ice-scraper, memo pad and pencil, and a Kar-Lite for reading maps. It comes in a vinyl plastic case that fits into the glove compartment.

Send 10c for new Gift Catalog

**PAGE & BIDDLE**  
 21 Station Road,  
 Havertord R 13, Pa.

**Personalized MAIL BOX**

This clever and unusual mail box comes with your own name attractively script lettered in gold on the cover. Finished in rich "wrought iron" black flecked with gold. It's truly a decorator's award-winning touch to your home. It's big, actually 11" long and 11" high with a spacious magazine rack under the box. Mounts easily with two screws. When ordering please give exact lettering you desire. Only \$3.95 plus 50c shipping.

**\$3.95** plus 50c shipping

**FREE Christmas Gift Catalog** in Color. Write for Yours!

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

**Foster House**  
 430 D11 S. Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois

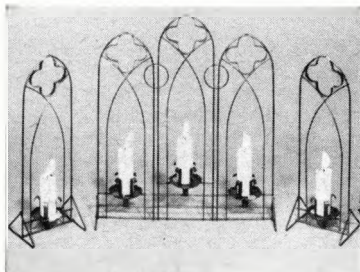


# Shops

**PHYLLIS SCHWEITZER HART**  
SHOPPING EDITOR



**Crystal coupettes** are elegant servers for keeping that important first course "on ice." Sea food, cold soups or fruit cocktail stay chilled in glass liners that fit into goblets that have been filled with crushed ice. 6 monogrammed coupettes, each 4" across top, \$12.50; set of 8, \$15.95 ppd. Eunice Novelties, Box 41-R, Rego Park, N.Y.



**The sacred spirit** of Christmas is brought closer by the dignified beauty of this cathedral set. Use it as a background for a crèche or as a centerpiece on buffet or mantel. Antique bronzed metal ensemble is 17½" tall at tip x 14½" wide. With 5 white candles, \$4.95 plus 35c postage. Religious Art Guild, 131-R First St., Peoria, Ill.



**A little girl** will treasure a toy range authentically copied from an old-time pattern. Of black cast iron, 9" high x 10" wide, it has an oven door that opens, 5 removable lids and 5 utensils. \$4.95 ppd. Larger size, 11" x 11½", \$8.95. Add 50c west of Miss. The New England General Store, Dept. R, Plain St., Millis, Mass.



**Très jolle!** Perky French poodles wear their beflowered straw chapeaux with typical Gallic savoir-faire. Of fluffy, washable chenille, each has a wire body that allows you to bend him into many amusing positions. White or pink poodle, 7" tall, is only \$1.50 ppd. From Franklin-Monroe Co., Dept. R, 817 Norton St., Rochester 21, N.Y.

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



**GOOD COUNSEL** for these hectic times. Wall plaques with Ten Commandments or Lord's Prayer. Printed on natural redwood, 9" x 7", lacquered to a shiny finish. Appropriate anywhere in your home.

\$1.19 each or any 2 for \$2.00 ppd.

Send for free gift catalogue.  
ETT-BARR CO., Altadena 61, Calif.

**"It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds"**

These beautiful, fluttering little birds are handcarved and painted from Pine Cones! We had them imported from Denmark on the word of a friend. The 1½" by 2" birds are wired for easy attachment as tie-ons for your gift packages, on Christmas trees, pussywillows, flowers. Gift Boxed \$1.95 ppd. Six Birds ..... \$7.95 ppd. Gift catalogue on request



**Johnny Appleseed's**

BOX 91, BEVERLY, MASS.



## CHERUB CARDS

For cheerful Christmas Greetings; for gift packages and enclosures. Direct to you from an Alpine Village. Each card is tipped with a handcarved wooden angel that sets it apart from all the rest. 4 assorted designs with each order.

Set of 24 GIFT CARDS WITH GILT Ppd., \$2.00 STRINGS (illus.).....

Set of 16 XMAS CARDS 4" x 4" with Ppd., \$2.00 envelopes (not illus.).....

For 25c additional we will send order atrmail.

Write for free catalog of imported gifts.  
**The Old Mexico Shop**  
R SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

## JINGLE JOE GRATED CHEESE SHAKER

Serve grated cheese in this cute new ceramic figurine with bell earrings that jingle. The 6" hand-painted organ-grinder has yellow coat and hat, blue scarf and trousers, black shoes and hair. Charming, useful gift.



**\$2** plus 25c post

FREE! GIFT 'N' GADGET CATALOG  
GREENLAND STUDIOS, Dept. R-2  
5858 Forbes St. Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

## GIANT CHRISTMAS CARD MATCHES

These jumbo (4¼ x 3¼") book matches will be the most delightful and useful greeting cards you've ever given. Post Office-approved foil-lined envelopes are included. The style X5 covers are red, and the style X3 are green. Your name may be imprinted in gold, silver, white, green or red. Please specify color, style and lettering when you order. Delivery takes about 5 days. **\$3.50** for 25, **\$6.00** for 50, **\$10.00** for 100. Postpaid. No C.O.D.s.



Write for hilarious new Free Catalog.

## the GAME ROOM

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



## A Bracelet for Grandmother

Send us a list of her beloved grandchildren, first name and birth date, and we'll engrave each on a separate disc. She'll be as pleased as punch to have her whole family with her—for sentiment, for remembrance, and for bragging! Prices include engraving, tax, postage.

In sterling silver . . . bracelet.....\$3.00  
each disc.....\$1.50  
In 1/20 12k gold-filled bracelet.....\$3.00  
each disc.....\$2.00

**Holiday House**  
1211 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

Write for catalog. No C.O.D.'s, please.



**IMPORTED PLANTER**

Unique and artistically designed, individually handwrought by metal craftsmen. The planters have a beautiful non-tarnish rustic copper finish and contain matching pottery pots. Ideal for any room, terrace, or patio. Money refunded if not delighted.

Model 4 Medium 4" pot \$1.50  
Model 8 Large 6" pot \$3.00

**ECKARDT IMPORTS**  
Dept. R 9 3619 Shelby  
Fort Worth 9, Texas

Add 25c postage per order.

**\$1.50**



**SEND DELUXE Personal PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS**

20 Cards & Env. \$1.25 plus .25 shipping

made from your favorite negative

ADD 2c per card for Xmas Red Border



**SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE** Add 2c per card for Xmas Red Border. Mail black and white negative and 10c for postage and handling. If negative unavailable, mail photo and 50c for making new negative. Your treasured photo of baby, family, home, pet beautifully reproduced on snow-white DELUXE deckle edge Christmas Cards. Matching envelopes included. Choose from 6 new designs. Sample Offer expires Nov. 28. Order early—send for FREE SAMPLE and Folder Today. No C.O.D.'s or stamps.

**RUSSELL SNOW PHOTO CO.**  
Dept. 221 Waltham 54, Mass.

**Dance Ballerina Dance!**

For your future ballerina an exciting ballet costume packed in a shiny red end black hat box. Unbreakable 10" 78 r.p.m. record provides her first dancing lesson. Complete with pink taffeta and tulle apron tutu (fits any child, 3 to 8), bandeau, wristlet, headpiece, comb, choker and earrings. 11" hat box is ideal for dancing school or overnight visits. A dream come true for any little girl.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

**\$5.25** postpaid

**CLOVERLEAF** Dept. R Box 300  
Pearl River, New York



**FREE! BRITISH AFRICAN STAMPS**

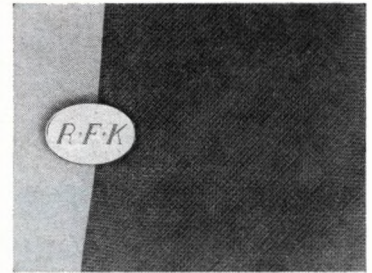
Exciting offer! Scarce, unused, Elizabeth II stamps from Gibraltar, Basutoland, St. Helena, Nigeria—many other African countries! FREE 1/2 d. Falkland Island stamp, color copy World's Rarest Stamp, helpful "Stamp Collector's Guide"—all FREE! Other offers for your free inspection. Limited offer—rush reply today! **GARCELON STAMP CO.**, Dept. RNB Calais, Maine.



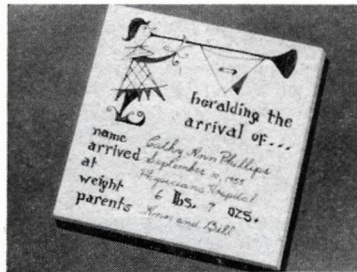
**Tops in the Shops**



**Lederhosen**, from Bavaria, are the next best thing to iron pants for children. Of rugged kidskin, with hand-tooled leather suspenders, they'll wear forever. In Robin Hood green for 2-to-12-year-olds, \$9.95 plus 25c postage. Send waist size, age and height in inches to Brandicolf, Dept. F-4, 157 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.



**Old school tie pin** is like the oval spring-clip that anchored Grandfather's cravat and helped mark him a gentleman. Just right for today's man of distinction, clip in sterling silver is \$3.30; in 14K gold, \$11. Prices include tax, postage and monogram. Holiday House, 126 Bellvue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N.J.



**Herald the arrival** of a new niece or nephew, cousin or godchild by sending the parents a felt-backed birth tile. Baby's name, weight, birthdate, place of birth and parents' names are hand-painted on a 6" square ceramic tile and kiln-fired for permanence. \$3.95 ppd. Personal Gifts Co., 102-R West 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.



**Best cook in town** apron flatters a new bride or applauds Mom's kitchen prowess. Blue or yellow percale apron, with two roomy pockets, is lettered with the first name of your favorite cook. Comes with pot holder to match print trim. \$3.50 ppd. The Game Room, Dept. R, 1538 Connecticut Ave. N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

**Your Favorite Design... DAINY MOSS ROSE**

Butter Dish \$1.25 each POSTPAID  
Sugar and Creamer \$1.25 Set POSTPAID

Where could you find a more delightful gift? Order individually or in complete sets (see above). Made of snow-white china with dainty Moss Rose design. Exclusive Butter Dish 8 1/2" x 6" with square tray and cover. Dainty creamer and sugar set is perfect with demi-tasse set, for serving on coffee table or for bridge snacks. All have gold edging. Prompt shipment. Order Now. Satisfaction or Money Back.

**FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOG** Send for it!

**HELEN GALLAGHER**  
Peoria, Illinois  
413 D11 Fulton St.

**Give a DIFFERENT Gift this Year**

**EASIER, RELAXED DRIVING**

"XTRA REST" Arm Rest for friends, relatives or yourself. Rest and comfort for years. Relieves strain on arm, neck and back. The frame is of polished aluminum and the plastic plate comes in red or black. The height \$2.95 ppd. is adjustable, fits all cars.

(No C.O.D.'s or stamps, please.)  
**JACKSON SALES CORP.**  
1305 N. Ft. Harrison, Clearwater 9, Florida

**PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM**

This genuine leather pipe holder keeps his briar close at hand! Holds straight or curved pipe! Slides easily on his belt, or attach to suspenders. Protects his pipe! Ideal for golfer, fisherman, tennis player, or any man who cherishes his pipe!

In Brown \$125 Only  
With 3 initials, 25c extra

**CROWN CRAFT**  
246 Fifth Ave., Dept. 611, N. Y. 1



**GOT A MATCH?**

This handsome antiqued-pine MATCH BAR for your wall dispenses 50 match books. Fill from the top and remove a book at a time, from the bottom. Match books are monogrammed or imprinted with the words "These did belong to (Family Name)." In silver or black on red, blue, green, or white. 13" high. As safe and practical as it is unique.

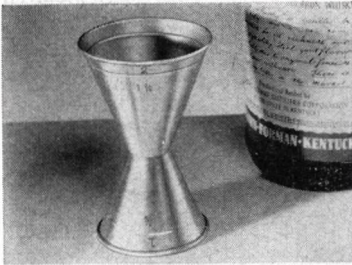
**\$2.95** plus 35c shipping charge  
Send for Free GIFT CATALOG

R-11  
**THE KREBS** Westerly, Rhode Island

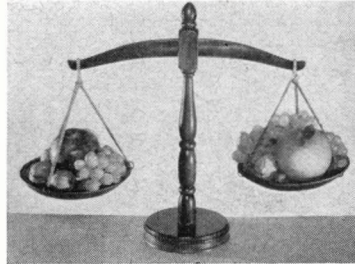




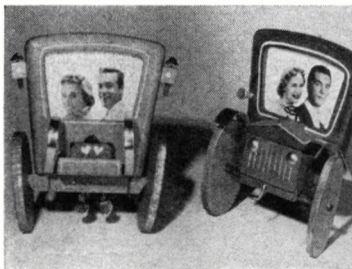
# Tops in the Shops



**Sterling silver jigger** pours a small one or a tall one with equal ease. One end measures either 3/4 or 1 ounce; other end is marked for 1 1/2 or 2 ounces. Heavy-gauge silver jigger, 3 1/2" high, makes an impressive and handsome gift. Well priced at \$7.95 ppd., including tax. From Fitt-Barr Co., 2251-R Lincoln Ave., Altadena, Calif.



**In balanced perfection**, a mahogany-finished wood scale holds Fall's bountiful harvest to tempt your guests' palates. Heap the two shallow wooden bowls that hang on leather thongs with fruit, nuts or luxurious greenery. 12" high x 16" wide over-all, and only \$3.25 ppd. Art Colony, 9-R University Place, New York 3, N.Y.



**Oh, you'll look sweet** framed in an old-fashioned buggy borrowed from the prototype of Granny's day. Snapshots peek out rear window of orange horse-drawn carriage or are framed in windshield of gray Model T. Made of wood in the Tyrol, pair of 3 1/2"-tall frames. \$3 ppd. Old Mexico Shop, Dept. R-11, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

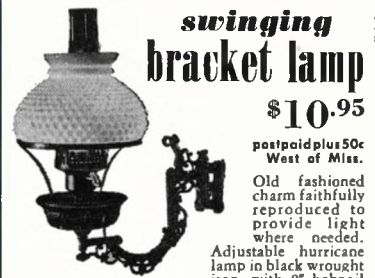


**For a good egg** or anyone at the breakfast table whose face you'd like to see wreathed in an early morning smile! Zany wooden eggcups, 2 1/4" high, have hand-painted faces that are as cute as can be. Each, wearing a knitted woolen cap to keep your egg warm, is \$1 ppd. Page & Biddle, 21-R Station Rd., Haverford, Pa.



## BUILD-A-NAIL . . .

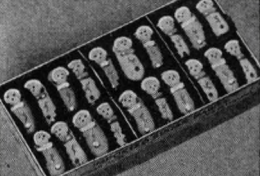
new miracle preparation builds LONG, GLAMOROUS nails easily and quickly as you brush it on. Replaces broken nail with a permanent one of your own desire in minutes. Lengthens, strengthens, protects. Stays on tight—grows with the nail! Can be filed, cut, polished. Sure cure for 'NAIL BITERS'. Complete kit for 25 nails \$1.50 ppd. Carol Beatty, Dept. L11-A, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. FREE GIFT CATALOGUE included.



**swinging bracket lamp**  
\$10.95  
postpaid plus 50c West of Miss.  
Old fashioned charm faithfully reproduced to provide light where needed. Adjustable hurricane lamp in black wrought iron, with 8" hobnail milk glass shade. Measures 16" overall; extends 13" from wall. Has a 3-way socket for a 50-75-100 watt bulb.

Write for new 50-page catalogue  
*Jenifer House* Dept. R-11  
New Marlboro Stage  
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

## SUGAR BABIES

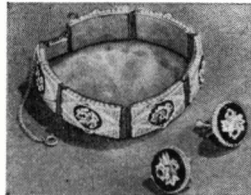


Imported From Holland  
Only **69c** per box ppd.

Here's a real Dutch treat . . . for Christmas giving, for your own parties or the children's, for decorating cakes, for weddings, showers, parties or teas. A box of 20 gay and colorful Sugar Babies that look much too cute to eat . . . and taste much too delicious not to! They're fresh and made of the finest ingredients, with a luscious chocolate or almond crunch filling that must be tasted to be believed. Order a few boxes today.

Send Check or M. O. No C.O.D.'s Please.  
Send For FREE Big Christmas Catalog of Gifts, Gadgets and Toys

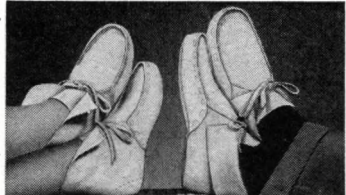
**SPENCER GIFTS**  
520 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



**RED ROSES** are the favorite of most women. Mosaic bracelet and matching earring set from Italy has hundreds of tiny

pieces of spun enamel inlaid to form a delicate pattern of red roses on jet black centers. Workmanship is superb. Bracelet \$7.50; earrings (also pierced) \$3.00. Set \$9.50 ppd. Incl. Fed. Tax. Add 35c for Air Delivery. Money back guarantee. Dept. R-3 Alpine Imports, 505 5th Ave., NYC 17.

## RELAX IN



**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, Golden Corn, Russet, 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 6, 7, 8 . . . \$2.95 Sizes 11, 12, 2 . . . \$3.95  
Send cash, check or m. o. For COD's send \$2 deposit.  
Immed. delivery. Satisf. guar. Gift orders carefully handled.  
**OLD PUEBLO TRADERS** Box 4035, Dept. PR  
Tucson, Arizona

## SAVE \$100.00 a Year



**Automatically!**  
Get Perpetual Date and Amount Banks, 25c a day keeps Date right up-to-date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save a quarter every day or date won't change. Use year after year. Start saving right away. Order several. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 each; 3 for \$5.75 ppd. Mail order to LEECRAFT, Dept. RB, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

**YOUR NAME & ADDRESS** Prints up to 3 LINES  
**POCKET-SIZE PRINTER** 5/8" x 2 3/4" 22c  
**READY FOR USE \$1 INSTANTLY!** ONLY \$2 or more.  
**FREE 4-COLOR** Stamp It! with each order for \$2 or more.  
Saves Time, Money! Ideal for stationery, photos, checks, books, clothing, etc. Hand-some black polished plastic ALL-IN-ONE kit with automatic ink. Compact for pocket or purse. A personalized gift. Write for FREE CATALOG.  
**Order NOW a Money-back guarantee**  
Send check, cash or money-order with name and address to  
**ATLAS GIFTS, New Hyde Park 11, New York**

## 1000 Name & Address Labels \$1.00



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, 1120 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, California.





**Children's Personalized MOTHER GOOSE PLACE MATS**

Make mealtime party time with these gay, unusual Mother Goose Place Mats. Watch the children laugh as you recite "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," "There Was an Old Woman," etc. Printed in bright red and green on high quality paperette. Child's own name in big type. Size 10 1/2 x 15 1/2. Makes table cloths, too, when lots eat with grown-ups.

Set of 36, only **\$1.00**  
Plus 25c postage

Orders of 5 or more sets sent postpaid  
Send also for FREE Gift Catalog  
Mother Goose Napkins to Match  
Personalized, 50 for \$1.00

**HOLIDAY HOUSE** 10 CHRISTMAS TREE ST. SANTA CLAUS, IND.

**Gifts of Great Charm!**



#44 COLONIAL DOORKNOCKER. Solid brass. 8 1/2" long. Engraved with your name in Old English lettering (maximum 12 letters, including spaces). \$4.25

#45 BEDROOM KNOCKER. Solid brass. 4" long. Engraved with Given name only in BLOCK lettering. \$2.25

#46 BUTTER WARMER. Made of copper with brass trim. This miniature chafing dish is lined with Black Tin, tall. \$2.60



All Items Sent Postpaid.  
No C.O.D.'s Please!  
ART COLONY INDUSTRIES, Inc.  
The House of Gifts  
9 University Place  
New York 3, N. Y.



**GAY, COLORFUL, PAN AMERICAN TRAVEL POSTERS**  
For Playroom, Den or Club

A terrific gift for arm chair traveler or globe trotting sophisticate! NOW—the most exciting, most colorful way to decorate your playroom, den, summer camp or club. 28" x 42" Pan American Travel Posters created in striking color and design that portrays the exotic glamour and beauty of foreign lands. The mystery of the Orient—the charm of the South Seas—the sparkling gaiety of European capitals—are but a whisper of the atmosphere these beautiful posters create.

6 ASSORTED—ONLY

New FREE Catalog **\$3.95** ppd.

No C.O.D.'s—Money Back Guarantee  
BLUE HORIZONS—Box 93R1, Belmont, Mass.

**Children Love It!**

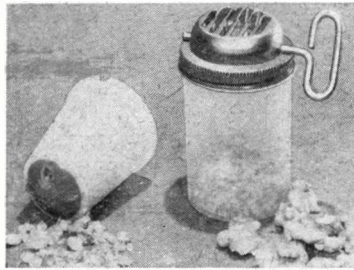


**ONLY \$1.95**  
each plus 45c postage & handling (total \$2.40).  
3 SETS Only \$5.50 plus 50c for postage and handling (total \$6.00).  
No C.O.D. please.

6 pc. KIDDIES Breakfast Set  
Patented! Unusual! Different! Practical gift for children that can't be duplicated because it is not sold in stores. When not in use, it nests into an adorable clown 7 1/2" tall. For use it separates into 6 practical pieces of dishware—a plate, a cereal bowl, an all-purpose bowl, an egg cup and saucer and a salt cellar. Imported porcelain, multi-color full-glass finish. Guaranteed to delight. Immediate delivery.

DRESDEN ART WORKS, Dept. 210, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

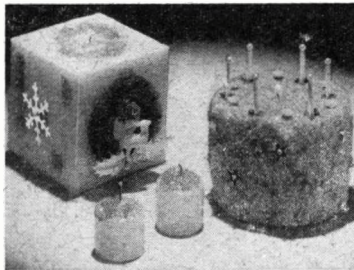
**Tops in the Shops**



It's the nuts for grinding the crunchy filberts, walnuts, almonds and Brazil nuts you'll put into your holiday fruitcake. Polyethylene grinder (unbreakable, of course), adjusts for coarse or fine grinding, is marked in teaspoons and tablespoons and has a spout for pouring. Only 59c ppd. Downs & Co., Dept R-11, Evanston, Ill.



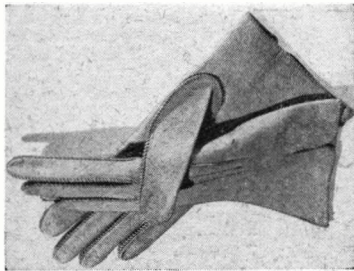
Santa's so smart! He remembered you need a pretty pocket-monogrammed duster to wear on frosty January mornings. Of washable pin wale corduroy in turquoise with white piping and initials, or fireman's red with black. Small, med., large. \$10.98 plus 25c postage. The Hope Chest, 115-R Chauncey St., Boston 11, Mass.



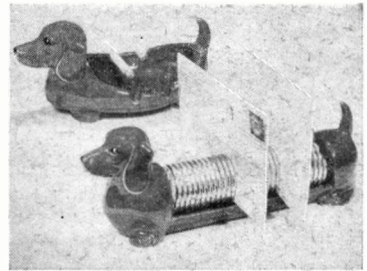
Glittering candles glow softly, yet—with a 10-hour refill—retain their shape. Choose silver, gold or pink cake candle, with pearl-topped simulated tapers, or festive gold-on-white Christmas candle. Each large candle, about 4" high, with 1 extra refill. \$3.95 ppd. From Bradlee Co., Dept. R, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.



No mistletoe is needed to make this pair of kissing angels "pucker up." They spread their own brand of good will throughout the year. 5" tall, glazed china imports with natural-color faces and bright red lips have white robes and wings touched with gold. Pair, only \$2.50 ppd. Daniel Low & Co., Dept. R, Salem, Mass.



The gloves you'll love are made of genuine washable deerskin that stays wonderfully soft through years of wear. In white, beige or cork, with whipstitched edges. You'll find them fashion-perfect with dress or sports clothes. In half sizes from 6 to 8 1/2. Pair, only \$2.98 ppd. Here's How, 27-R E. 22nd St., New York 10, N.Y.



D-ash hound and his brown ceramic cousin are just what a canine fancier will want for his desk. Letter Hound, with a brass coil spring stretched along his middle, is \$2.50. Deep 8"-long ash tray, with 4 safety notches for cigarettes, is \$1.95. Both ppd. Village Vendors, 11733-R Barrington Court, Los Angeles 49, Calif.



# Bancroft's PRESENTS TOMORROW'S GIFTS TODAY



**And, Away We Go . . .**  
 These Rocket Shoes are the newest in fun for small fry! Safe and durable, perfectly balanced to give a hopping good time. Adjustable to fit all children from 6 to 12 perfectly. Sturdy caps on front protect shoes. Highest quality steel springs with rubber shock absorbers; protective ankle straps.  
**AY 4456 . . . . . \$5.95**



**REVOLVING DESK TRAY**  
 Efficient as a private secretary! Desk Tray leads seven useful lives holding paper clips, erasers, rubber bands, pens, keys, stamps, and what-not. Everything is within reach with a flip of the finger. Gold-tooled leatherette. Dust proof.  
**AY 6055, Brown; AY 7461, Red; Each . . . . . \$4.95**



**Santa Talks to Your Child . . .**  
 . . . and calls him by name! Imagine the thrill he will receive when he hears Santa talk directly to him. Santa talks in reindeer, or Unbreakable plastic record is individually recorded. Watch Junior's eyes pop. Play it year after year. State child's name.  
**AY 4698 D . . . . . \$1.00**



**AFRICAN BOOK ENDS**  
 These two little charmers will not only put their backs to work holding up your books, but add a distinctive touch to modern decor. Made of heavy black wrought iron, they're 5 1/2 high. Their heads turn so that they are looking at you, at each other, or even reading their own books.  
**AY 6054, Pair . . . . . \$3.95**



**Stately 4-candle Centerpiece**  
 Decorate your table with light and loveliness! Styled in the modern casual manner of simplicity . . . this handsome centerpiece with iron base holds your own arrangement of fruit, flowers and 4 candles. Crafted of top black wrought iron. For formal or informal dining. 7 1/2" x 18".  
**AY 6298 . . . . . \$2.95**



**Full Size Electric Fireplace**  
 Just like the real thing! Logs actually GLOW and FLICKER. Complete with realistic red-colored bricks, green Xmas log with fresh, simulated antlers and logs. Life-size—almost 4 ft. wide by 4 ft. tall. Vinyl coated Kraftboard. Shuts up in 90 seconds. With cord, socket, flicker bulb.  
**AY 4553 S . . . . . \$3.95**



**FIDO, THE NUTCRACKER**  
 A canine pal to save you from sore fingers. Just place a nut in his mouth, press down his tail—and delicious-to-eat kernels come out whole. Fido cracks the shell gently without strain—never crushes the nut meat. Fragments of shell scatter all over the table. Durable alloy with rich, gun-metal finish.  
**AY 1370 . . . . . \$3.49**



**TO DRINK 'N' SNACK HOLDERS**  
 Nicest thing about modern living is the new conveniences that make serving pleasures. Now, you can have bubbling drinks surrounded by cookies, candy, hors d'oeuvres, etc.—without juggling a saucer. Plastic-coated Drink 'n' Snack Coasters slide easily on any glass—leave hands free to eat, drink and be merry.  
**AY 7059, Set of 10 . . . \$1.00**



**THE BOOK THAT TALKS**  
 A voice built into every page! Each different animal on every page talks in its own particular way. The cows moo, the dog barks, the sheep go ba-a! Press the entire book and they all sing out in a happy barnyard chorus. A world of farm fun in a riot of bright, gay colors. Almost more educational than a visit to a farm.  
**AY 1905 . . . . . \$1.50**



**Perfect Nails in Minutes!**  
 Transform broken, split or bitten nails into long, graceful nails you've longed for! "A-Nail's" glamorizing solution brushes on like nail polish—ACTUALLY GROWS with your own nails. Not an artificial nail. It grows with you. Uniform length; files and polishes beautifully. Won't come enough for 25 nails.  
**AY 7040 . . . . . \$3.30**



**Personalized Dress Labels**  
 Every creation is "exclusively yours!" We'll put YOUR NAME on woven, vat dyed and colorfast labels that you can sew in any dress, blouse, knitted garment, etc. Helps identify contents of your mix-ups. A wonderful way to put your own trademark.  
**AY 3933 D, 15 for . . . \$1.00**  
**AY 3934 D, 40 for . . . \$2.00**  
**AY 3935 D, 60 for . . . \$3.00**



**ADD-A-COUNT SCALE**  
 A painless way to teach youngsters to add and count! This sturdy, fascinating, unbreakable plastic scale is equipped with a set of 14 numbers. Precision Balance—Arm Arrow points to correct number. Only one combination of numbers on one arm equals that on the other. Sanitary, colorful and non-toxic. For children 4 to 7.  
**AY 6031 . . . . . \$1.00**



**THE THREE WISE MEN**  
**HERALD CHRISTMAS, FROM YOUR FRONT LAWN**  
 A most fitting symbol of Christmas hospitality! The Three Wise Men form a stately procession to extend a warm greeting to guests. Heavy, weather-proof methyl-methacrylate retains its brilliant coloring year after year. Anchor in soil on self-attached stakes, or mount on gate, house or indoors around Christmas tree.  
**AY 6227, Set of 3 . . . . . \$3.95**  
**THREE WISE MEN, ILLUMINATED.**  
 As above, but with bulbs, cords, reflectors.  
**AY 6228 . . . . . \$5.95**



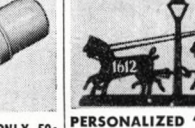
**TV COLOR FILTER**  
 Don't wait! Rapturous, life-like color is yours . . . NOW! Starting new color filter gives drab black and white screens color. Easy on eyes. Reduces glare, cuts snow. Easy to install—no electrical.  
**AY 3916 . . . . . \$9.95**  
**20" . . . \$1.25**  
**14" . . . \$1.75**  
**17" . . . \$1.75**



**Unbreakable Dozen Dollies**  
 Your young Miss will shriek with delight when she sees these darling unbreakable dolls imported from Italy. When put to bed, they close their eyes just like real babies. 12 dolls—each with different hair, dress and hat. Hand painted; movable hands and legs. Each is 3" high.  
**AY 6615, Set of 12 . . \$2.95**



**E-Z STITCHER—ONLY 50c**  
 Sew a beautiful, invisible blind-stitch hem once rethreading your needle. Add a professional look to your business, basting, stitching, tacking, etc. Use for applique, too. Cuts your sewing time in half. Holds a complete spool of thread. Durable plastic. Easy to use.  
**AY 5545 . . . . . 50c**



**PERSONALIZED "MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN**  
 —G-L-O-W-S In The Dark—  
 Your name and house number G-L-O-W in the dark! Charming Coach Sign adds friendly warmth to your home—helps guests find it, too. Inimitable! Artistically hand-lettered with any family name and house number. G-L-O-W in the dark! A G-L-O-W-GH! An enchanting addition to lawn, home, mailbox, post or tree. Specially molded from weather-proof methyl-methacrylate with rich black hammered crinkle finish. 5 3/4" high, 13" long.  
**AY 3664 P . . . . . \$1.00**



**Personalized Denture Dish**  
 Ideal for sparkling dentures that need over-night parking! The lucky recipient of this spacious, sanitary container will be so thrilled, he'll want to give you a gift. Really distinctive, it's hand-lettered with ANY name along with the words illustrated above. Use for jewelry, too.  
**AY 1725 P . . . . . \$1.25**



**REAL SNOW SKATES!**  
 Healthy winter fun—and no ice needed! Snow Skates are made just like miniature skis from steam-bent hardwood with grooved bottoms. Aluminum heel plates and sturdy ankle straps let you straddle and glide over snow in safety. Over 16" long, they're really trimmed in bright red. Adjustable to any child's foot.  
**AY 3509 . . . . . \$1.79**



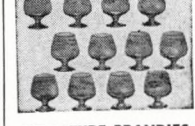
**WATERPROOF NAME MITTENS**  
 Healthful answer to children's soggy mittens! They're hand-lettered with any boy or girl's FIRST NAME so they can get lost. Plastic coated and water-tight, they always stay with quality lenox lining prevents cold, chapped hands. State child's name, and age.  
**AY 3816 P, Red; AY 3817 P, Green, Pair . . . \$1.00**



**Personal Bird Cage Covers**  
 An enchanting cover to insipid your songbird to sing its prettiest! Canary's or parakeet's name is hand-lettered on one side—hand-screened design adorns the other. Background is richly finished in gleaming silver color. Keeps bird safe from dust.  
**AY 5639 P, Parakeet; AY 5640 P, Canary . . . \$1.25**  
**Each . . . . . \$1.25**



**Walk On Ice Without Falling!**  
 Ice on the sidewalks? Don't worry! Now, you can avoid dangerous, painful slips and falls. Put "no-slip" Foot Grippers and hardened, rust-proof steel teeth give firm footing on the slickest ice or snow. Fit easily over boots, shoes or rainboots. Elastic hand adjusts to any men's, women's, children's shoes.  
**AY 4713, 2 pair . . . \$1.00**



**MINIATURE BRANDIES**  
 For discriminating people with fashionable tastes, imported Miniature Brandy Glasses seem to have come right out of old-time "liquor emporiums." Wide base and all. Perfect for after dinner cordials, a pony of brandy or a sip of whiskey. Exquisitely etched designs on delicate blown glass.  
**AY 4146, Set of 12 . . \$1.95**



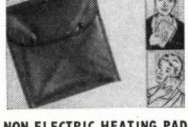
**Personalized Denture Dish**  
 Ideal for sparkling dentures that need over-night parking! The lucky recipient of this spacious, sanitary container will be so thrilled, he'll want to give you a gift. Really distinctive, it's hand-lettered with ANY name along with the words illustrated above. Use for jewelry, too.  
**AY 1725 P . . . . . \$1.25**



**WHIRL DROP**  
 Busy tots, like tots they can "operate," and here's the action toy with appeal for all children from 6 months to five years. As child turns crank, fascinating whirl of color and exciting clacking noises are produced. Sturdily constructed of multi-colored styrene plastic for hours of fun.  
**AY 6391 . . . . . 79c**



**TINY POCKET CAMERA**  
 Carry it in pocket or purse and take remarkably clear, detailed photos at a moment's notice. A replica of the 3 1/2" camera used to take spy pictures. Only 1 1/2" high x 2" wide with quality lens for close-up or distance pictures. 10 exposures per roll.  
**AY 6421 J, 6 rolls of film . . . . . \$1.98**  
**AY 6421 J, 6 rolls of film . . . . . \$1.00**



**NON-ELECTRIC HEATING PAD**  
 Healthful, soothing heat without scalding water, electricity. Add a few drops of ordinary tap water and amazing chemical generates heat. No leaky bottles or dangerous wires. Lasts indefinitely; retains heat 3-4 hours. Ideal for sports, aches, pains, invalids, etc.  
**AY 6280 . . . . . \$1.98**



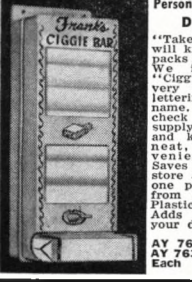
**ALL-STEEL CHECK FILE**  
 Banker's efficiency! Monthly separators in steel Check File permit quick reference—enables keeping important checks in place at all times. Keeps 'em safe, and clean. Sliding follow-up block makes filing, removal and handling easy.  
**AY 4638 . . . . . \$3.95**



**Jingle Bell Come-Back Toy**  
 He rocks and rolls, glitters and jingles, and always comes back to baby! He'll roll him across the floor and this sparkling piggy comes jingling back, regardless of how hard you push him away. And, piggy always stands right side up! Children love the little piggy and his glittering green plastic cage.  
**8 3/4" x 4". AY 6187 . . . 79c**



**NO MORE ICED WINDSHIELDS**  
 No matter how bad the storm, ice and snow can never stick to your windshield! Specially treated plastic sheet goes on in 2 seconds. Just shake it off and window is clean. No scraping, glass no nipped fingers. Completely theft-proof—only you can take it off.  
**AY 6335, Ordinary . . . 79c**  
**AY 7398, Wrap-around \$1.**



**Personalized Cigarette DISPENSER**  
 "Take a look and you will know how many packs I've got to go!" We identify this "Ciggie Bar" as your very own by hand-lettering it with ANY name. Now, you can check your cigarette supply at a glance and keep 10 packs conveniently at hand. Easy access tabs to store as it dispenses one pack at a time from wall or table. Plastic, 10 1/2" high. Really distinctive with the words at its door or kitchen.  
**AY 7630 P, Regular; AY 7631 P, King-size; Each . . . . . \$1.00**



**PERSONALIZED HALF CUPS**  
 When guests ask for "half a cup of coffee," give it to them! These are real jumbo-size cups cut in half. Made of highly glazed hand decorated with the words at its door or kitchen. Personalized with any family or first name.  
**AY 4969 P, Each . . . \$1.00**  
**AY 4970 P, Set of 4 \$3.00**



**Skunky, The Stinker DEODORIZER**  
 Simply adorable! Even the boss smiles! When he saw the cute attached poem that reads: "My name is Skunky, the Stinker, and it's my job, you see to keep the bathroom pleasant for those that come after me. . . . Just hand him on the wall, he quickly chases odors. . . . Complete with incense, scented matches that dispel odors. . . . Of glistening ceramic in life-like colors. He's certain to become the family favorite."  
**AY 3213 . . . . . \$1.98**  
 Set of 6 extra packer sets of incense matches.  
**AY 3754 . . . . . 89c**

**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 your order. No C.O.D.'s please.  
**Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed.**  
**SEND ALL ORDERS TO:**  
**BANCROFT'S**  
 1112 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. RB-511, Chicago 5, Illinois



## PERSONALLY YOURS



**BATHROOM ASHTRAY**  
This smart, simulated white tile holder instantly and permanently affixes to wall tile in bathroom or kitchen. Black ashtray removes for easy emptying. Sticks permanently disfigurement.

without screws, tools or wall Personalized with any name. **\$2.00** ppd.



**WHISTLING MILK JUG**  
Small fry cheerfully down their milk and whistle for more with this colorful 8 oz. mug. Personalized with child's first name, pink or blue trim. Merry bird on handle contains an effective whistle. **\$1.00** ppd.

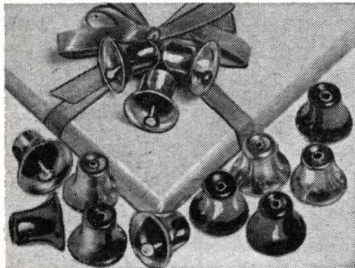
FREE Gift Catalog Send check or money order

## PERSONAL GIFTS CO.

Dept. 182, 102 W. 61 St., N.Y. 23, N.Y.

## GAY BELLS FOR PACKAGES

They're Yours—FREE



We make this amazing free offer to get new customers! These gay Bells add a festive touch when tied to Christmas packages; they ring out a tinkling Yuletide welcome! So decorative, too, hung on tree, fireplace, doors, windows. Use them for anniversary, birthday gifts, also. With these bells you'll receive FREE our new catalog, jam packed with over 1,000 gifts, housewares, toys—from all over the world. Gifts galore you never saw before! The complete set of 10 Bells, made of lustrous, shimmering metal, all with knockers, comes in gleaming colors of gold, silver, blue, red and green. Write today. Send only 15¢ to cover postage and handling.

Only One Set to a Customer!

**BANCROFT'S**

1112 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. RB-604, Chicago 5, Ill.



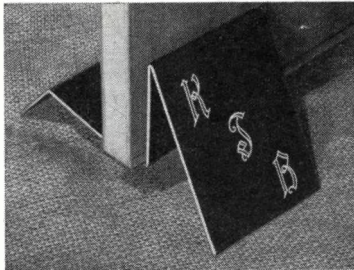
## SATIN RIBBON FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

In brilliant red or green! Also Royal blue, gold, white, light blue, pink, Nile green, orchid, silver, yellow, brown. 50 yd. rolls of each color. 50c each. That's only a penny a yard for a \$3 value! Approx. 1/2" wide. Minimum order, 2 rolls for \$1. No C.O.D.'s. Money-Back Guarantee. Rush color choice, remittance to: **BARCLAY GRANT & CO.** Dept. R-11-5 Locust Valley, N. Y.

**1c**

A YD.

## Tops in the Shops



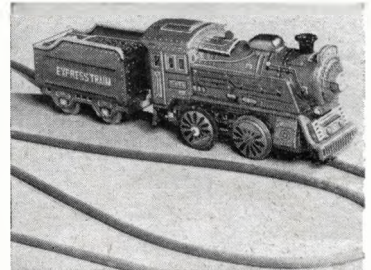
**Put a stop** to the problem of doors that won't stay open with a trim doorstop. Made of Caronite, that has a natural spring tension, it will hold any door firmly. 4" high, it's engraved with your name or monogram in white on black or red on white. \$1.75 ppd. International Gift House, 17 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.



**Pipe dream** for every smoker on your gift list. Kools smoke pipe, with 3 extra interchangeable briar bowls, keeps all moisture from smoker's mouth. Both bowl base, which adjusts for correct "draw" and cooler smoking, and shank are of gold-toned aluminum. Complete set, \$4 ppd. The Old Whip Shop, Dept. R, Westfield, Mass.



**Chinese good-luck symbols**, meaning "good luck" and "long life," inspired these conversation-piece earrings. On one ear is the Chinese character for good luck; on the other, the symbol for long life. Fashioned of solid sterling silver, pair is \$2.50 ppd., including tax. Helen Gallagher, 413-R Fulton St., Peoria, Ill.



**Brand new!** An amazing electric train streaks around curves on a single flexible rubber cable cord. Gray metal engine, 4 1/2" long, and coal car, 3" long, are powered by a standard flashlight battery. With battery and 10 ft. of cable, \$2.95 plus 35c postage. Bowman's, Dept. R11, 2477 Lombard St., San Francisco 23, Calif.



**WHO'S THE BOSS?** Man & Wife Matches for fun conversation pieces. **LARGE TYPE** shows who wears the pants. Women love them and men can prove their unimportance. A match book that will be stolen and saved—for fun. Two styles: very small husband's name with large "WIFE"—or wife's name in **LARGE** type with "and husband's" real small. Why not a box of each? A really gay gift for favorite couples. 36 Match Books in one style, \$1.50. Any 6 orders, \$8 ppd. Send name & style desired to: **WILLARD CREATIONS, Box 509, Culver City 3, Calif.**



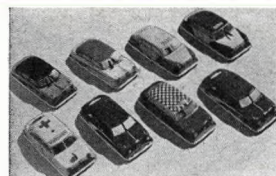
## JET PILOT'S HELMET

Exact copy made by the same company that makes the real Jet Helmets for the Air Force. In white, shock-resistant styron, with Air Force insignia. Adjustable head size. It has rubber cushioning inside, rubber chin strap, visor goggles, copy of intercom unit, a real compass and zoom-zoom whistle.

**\$2.98** ppd.

**HERE'S HOW**

Dept. RB-11  
27 E. 22,  
N. Y. 10



Fleet of 8,  
**\$1.95**  
ppd.  
Fleet of 12,  
**\$2.95**  
ppd.

## 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.

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG!

**GREENHALL**

Dept. R-11, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

## PERSONALIZED CHARM CIRCLE



Linked squares spell name of proud wearer—heart bordered. Order one for that charmer who's vamping the knee-pants crowd; another for her sister who just turned teen. Lustrous gold finish, sturdy catch. State age and name desired.

**\$1.50**

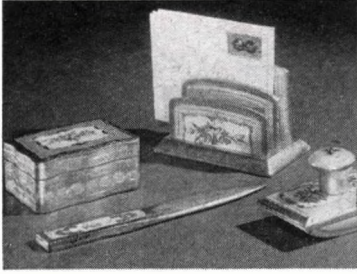
postpaid tax incl.

**SEAFORD HOUSE**

Seaford 5, New York



# Tops in the Shops



**A romantic pink and gold wood desk set** is exquisitely hand-painted by Italian craftsmen renowned for their skill since the time of the Renaissance. Stationery holder or blotter roller, \$1.75 each; stamp and clip box, 4" x 2 3/4", \$2; letter opener, \$1. Complete set, \$5.50 ppd. Alpine Imports, 505-R Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



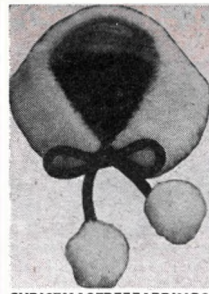
**A leg rest** works wonders in helping you relax at the end of a busy day. Use it wherever you sit—it elevates your feet and is perfectly balanced. In reversed position it makes a fine back rest in bed. Of lightweight metal tubing with washable Saran cloth. \$4.75 ppd. Jackson Sales, 1305 N. Ft. Harrison Ave., Clearwater 9, Fla.



**A Mexican burro** makes a gentle and lovable pet for children to ride or drive. Economical to raise, burros are extremely clean and thrive in any climate. Prices start at \$85 F.O.B. Texas, duty prepaid. Send for brochure giving complete information and freight rates. Spencer Gifts, 558 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.



**Doctor, lawyer or Indian Chief**—your particular breadwinner should have a mug that shows what he does to bring home the bacon. White china mugs, 3 3/4" high, have colorful scenes depicting 27 different occupations. Each, with name in gold (up to 10 letters), \$4.25 ppd. Jenifer House, Dept. R-11, Great Barrington, Mass.



**PETER PAN COLLAR AND POM-POMS**  
Dress up blouses and sweaters, dresses and suits with the "little fur touch". Charming Peter Pan collars and pom-poms of fine quality Laskin Dyed Lamb are fully lined in matching or contrasting fabric. Velvet ties assure comfortable fit. Teen-agers love them! Cloud-soft fur comes in Winter White, Precious Pink or Mink Brown. Give color preference and second choice. Stunning costume-maker at a tiny price! **\$1.69**

**CHRISTMAS TREE EARRINGS**  
Be in the Holiday Spirit up to your ears with these gay dangling earrings! Adorable little Christmas trees in verdant green bedecked with multi-color sparkles and glitters. Fascinating to Saint Nick himself! Darling for daughter's stocking and as guest gift for all the ladies at your Christmas party! Pair **\$1.00** (3 pair for \$2.85)



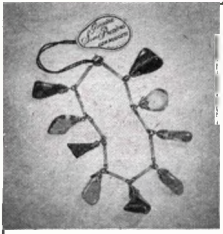
**RING OUT GLAD TIDINGS WITH GAY LITTLE CHRISTMAS BELLES ANGELS**  
Joyful little ladies of fine china ring with pleasant tinkling sound. They're festively dressed for yuletide in red coats with white "ermine" trim, green skirts. Each has a poinsettia on her green bonnet and ribboned hair. One carries a tiny Christmas tree for evergreen Christmas memories, the others come bearing gifts. App. 3" high. Charming table decoration or as gay gift in holiday spirit. Set of 3 **\$1.95**

**ELRON** 225 W. Erie St., Dept. A-256, Chicago 10, Ill.



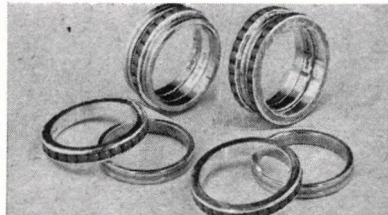
**Old-Fashioned Peasant Women**

—A big imported nested set of six, beautifully carved and hand enamelled in gay colors. Youngsters love to fit one into the other until all fit inside the largest (7"). \$2.75 set—2 sets \$5. Also available: set of 3 nested peasant women, largest 3 1/2", perfect for stocking-stuffing. \$1 set. Special—6 sets—\$4 ppd. QUE-TEE NOVELTY Co., Box 54, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.,



**precious bracelet**  
A fascinating collection of 9 different, genuine, semi-precious gem nuggets including South American Amethyst, Rose Quartz, African Tiger Eye, etc., gracefully dangling from grandfather's gold link watch chain. Imaginatively conceived by Paul Klepa, Hollywood's award winning designer. An everlasting gift—a wonderful value. **\$5** ppd. inc. tax

Matching earrings \$2, necklace \$6  
**the stone house**  
Dept. G, Box 553, Los Angeles 48, Calif.



**ANNOUNCEMENT—GUARD RINGS**  
new in Gold too—due to many requests. Mix and Match them, Sterling Silver or 14 kt. Gold plate on Sterling, set all around with tiny turquoise blue stones, or simulated diamonds, rubies, sapphires or emeralds. Special Prices for suggested combinations:  
Plain (no stones) . . . \$1.50 ea. Stone Bands . . . \$2.95  
2 Stone Bands . . . \$5 2 Plain and 1 Stone . . . \$5.00  
2 Stone and 1 Plain . . . \$6.50 3 Stone . . . \$7.95  
Send ring size or measure with string. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send cash, check or m.o. For COD's send \$2 deposit  
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Box 4035, Dept. RR-6  
Tucson, Arizona

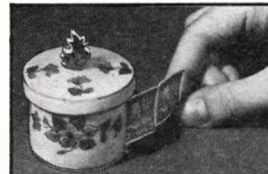
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1" replicas of Model T Ford; '02 Cadillac; '09 Stanley Steamer. Park them on hat, suit, dress or scarf. \$2 per set of 3, (ppd., tax incl.). ALSO—Earrings, \$1.50; Cuff Links, \$1.50; Tie Clasp, \$1.50.  
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG  
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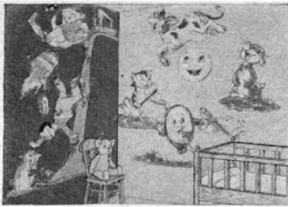


**CHINA STAMP BOX**  
**\$1.00**  
By mail, ppd.

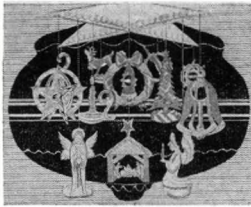
Feminine as the flutter of a fan, but practical, too, because it holds up to 500 stamps and dispenses them neatly. The lovely china box is snow-white with a dainty all-over floral pattern. Order L-6879, Stamp Box, \$1.00 ppd.

**WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG!**  
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337 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin





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 Just the thing for baby's nursery room wall. Giant Nursery rhyme characters, 12 to 15 inches high, in full color. On heavy card stock. Ready to hang. No cutting or pasting. Choice of Jack and Jill or Hi Diddle Diddle. \$1.49 each group or \$2.98 both groups. (22 pcs) Free coloring book with double order. Money back guarantee. Leonard Barth, 14018 Addison St., Sherman Oaks, Calif.



**NEW CHRISTMAS MOBILES**  
 Use them over doorways, windows or on the tree itself. The lively 3 dimensional Christmas figures in gay season's colors. Printed of heavy card stock and die cut. Easily assembled. Set contains Star, Snowflake, Tree, Cone, Angels, Deer, Santa, Wealth, Bell and Nativity scene. (14 pcs) Decorating ideas incl. free mistletoe with order of 2. Money back guar.

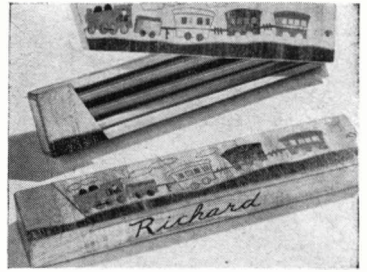


**"SNOW CRUST" Window Cutouts**  
 Now you can give a beautiful stained glass effect to your windows, mirrors, etc. during the yuletide season. Set contains: Santa, Carolers, Games, Lamps, Stockings, etc. (45 pieces) Printed in gay seasons colors. Easily applied. Easily removed. Enough to decorate the entire house. Light shines through creating stained glass effect. Only \$1.00 ppd. FREE giant 22 inch Santa with double order. Money back guar.



**SMALL FRY 'RITHMETIC**  
 Fascinating new arithmetic game for youngsters. Kiddies love to play teacher and pupil. Spin the wheel and get a problem . . . the answer is on opposite side. Dad & Mom get in on the fun too for a refresher course. Correct answer scores a point. Approved by teachers. Tables from 1 to 12. Only \$1.00 ppd. Excellent gifts. Money back guarantee. Dept. R3, Los Angeles 39, Calif.

**Tops to the Shops**



**A dilly for a dollar** will please your grade-A scholar. Wooden pencil box, 9 1/4" long, is hand-painted with a colorful choo-choo across the cover. Top slides open to reveal four colored pencils inside. Personalized with child's first name on one side, box with 4 pencils is only \$1 ppd. From Atlas Gifts, New Hyde Park 90, N.Y.

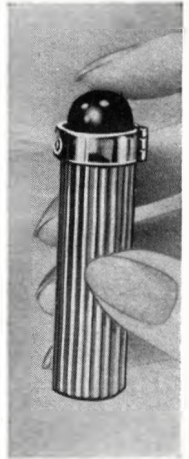
R. HAWTHORNE, 2728 Locksley Pl.,

**THE GIFT THEY WILL REMEMBER ALL THEIR LIVES! WORLD-FAMED ARTIST'S**



**Huge Circus Train Mural**  
 ★★★★★QUALITY! Eye-popping excitement! Handmade by silk screen in 6 brilliant colors, pre-pasted, apply easy-as-pie! Use as shown; Giant 5x3 ft.! Or mix-and-match to suit your wall—divide for several walls. Idea Folder included. Washable, Removable; No Mess! Breath taking gift; Children love it! Superb buy: ONLY \$4.95. Xmas special: 3 for \$12.95. Ppd. Money back guarantee. Free Leaflet. FLORENCE FIELD DECORATIONS, INC. Dept. 9, Box 171, Harrison, New York

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**NICKEL TOWELS** Dept. 555, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

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 Dental Sentinel protects your child's teeth! Major comes with child's nylon toothbrush in his hat as a plume. Drum is drinking cup. Makes tooth care child's play. Child's name decorated on Drum. Cup. Red, Blue, White, Pink or Yellow. Stand it or Hang on wall. each \$1.35

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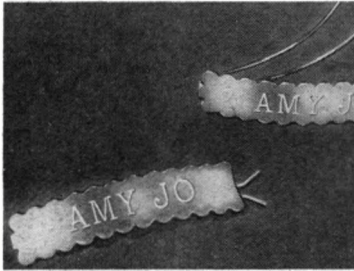
20 East 12th St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio



**Limited edition** posters are ready for framing. Famed French lithographer Fernand Mourlot has captured the original fine work of Picasso's "Harlequin and His Mate" and Toulouse-Lautrec's "Portrait of a Lady." 27 1/4" x 19 1/4", each is only \$7.95 ppd; 2 for \$14.95. Wilson-Irving Co., Dept. 826, 17 E. 49th St., New York 17, N.Y.



# Tops in the Shops



**Scalloped headliners** for a pert young miss to wear with her Sunday best. 2 1/4"-long barrettes do an excellent job of keeping wayward locks out of pretty eyes. In 24-K gold or sterling silver plate, each is beautifully engraved with her first name or monogram. Pair, \$1.95 ppd. Vernon Spec., 156-R Fourth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



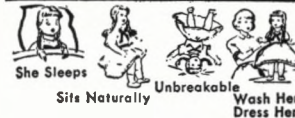
**Ladies** in waiting will welcome a chin-chucking maternity blouse with a turtle-neck air. Versatile broadcloth slippover has roomy patch pockets and soft white cotton ribbing that cuffs the collar and the push-up sleeves. In vibrant colors: bittersweet, turquoise or gold. Sizes 18 through 18. \$4 ppd. From Crawford's, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.



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NEWARK 1, N. J.

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WITH 4 OUTFIT WASHABLE MIX-'N'-MATCH ENSEMBLE

Nationally Sold at \$12.95

Complete with Entire Dress Ensemble **\$4.98**

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- Long Washable Saran Braids
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**THOUSANDS HAVE LEARNED TO PLAY THIS FAST, EASY A-B-C WAY**

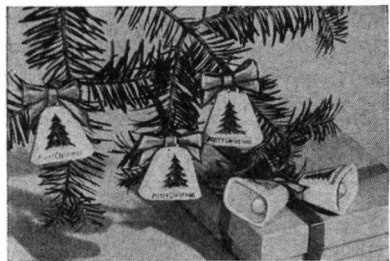
You, too, can play simple songs with both hands within minutes! With the amazing invention, the patented **AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR**, there's nothing to it. This is no trick method. You actually learn to read and play from notes. You start to play simple single note songs with your right hand the minute you sit at the piano. And, the patented **AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR** enables you to strike beautiful, simple, resonant bass chord accompaniments with your left hand... immediately! No tedious scales, no boring exercises, no dreary practice. You practice the Dean Ross way by playing familiar melodies enjoyed by everyone. Sooner than you thought possible you're playing hit parade numbers, or hymns, or beautiful old ballads... or all three! For most of these, the sheet music is now printed with chord symbols to help the **AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR** is adaptable. Send for this marvelous Dean Ross piano course today. Consists of 30 illustrated lessons, 50 songs, words and music, special Dean Ross arrangements, and the patented **AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR**. Only \$2.98 complete. You have nothing to lose and popularity and fun to gain, so mail the 10-day **FREE TRIAL** coupon now!

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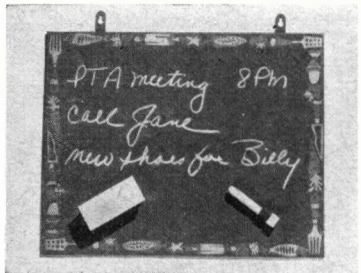
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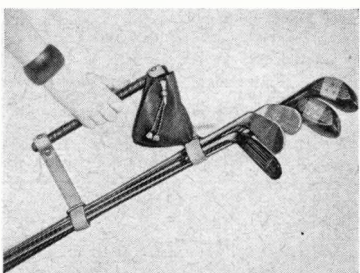
## Tops in the Shops



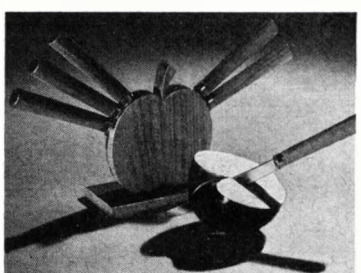
**Mother and daughter** will be tickled pink on finding birthstone bracelets in the toes of their Christmas stockings. Of dazzling mock gold, each dangles a Cupid charm with the month of her birth and a simulated birthstone. Lady's bracelet, \$4.50; child's, \$1.50 ppd. Miller Curio, Dept. GR, 256 E. Congress, Tucson, Ariz.



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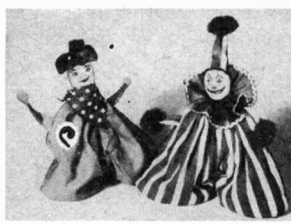
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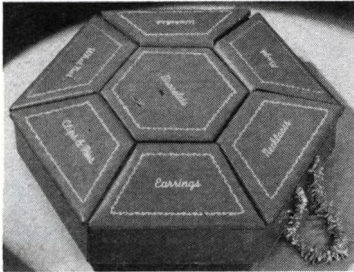
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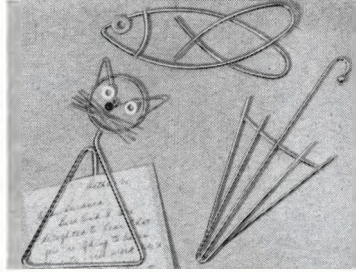
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Dept. 4, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.



# Tops in the Shops



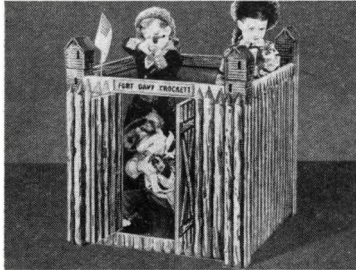
**Lazy Susan jewel box** is a revolving organizer for earrings, necklaces, clips and pins, watches, rings, bracelets and "what not." The 7 velvet-lined compartments are labeled in gold. Brown or green simulated leather box, 10 1/2" across, is \$11.95 ppd. House of Schiller, Dept. RB308, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.



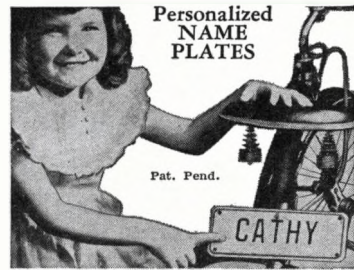
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12 BEAUTIFUL DECORATOR COLORS

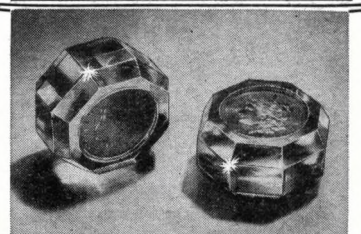
**deburco** FREE samples on request, or send twenty-five cents for decorator sample book.  
7 Market St., Dept. 2R2  
Paterson, N. J.



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The modern memo-organizer. One \$3.95 of the most practical daily reminders ever developed! Styled by a famous designer. Handsome 7 1/2" x 6 1/2" x 1" loose-leaf binder, with scientifically planned memorandum, appointment and calendar pages that provide for daily and weekly organization of activities. Many special features. Must be seen to be appreciated! A huge success among professional and business people and in homes. BONUS: pages for remainder of '55, if desired, with orders for '56. THE IDEAL GIFT. Maroon simulated leather cover, \$3.95. Genuine Morocco Leather, \$8.50. Deluxe Genuine Piskin, \$13.00. Orders shipped day received. 100% satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Postpaid when cash accompanies order. Quantity discounts. Write Dept. GG-5 Wilson Memindex Co., 149 Carter St., Rochester 21, N. Y.



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An everlasting gift of silver for that "special" person. This stunning desk accessory shows off a real, mini-perfect silver dollar, skillfully embedded in clear, handcut, optical grade lucite. Cut like a diamond, gleams and sparkles like a jewel. It's a gift that will increase in value from the day it is given. No longer minted, these carefully chosen coins are fast disappearing into collections. While present supply lasts only \$4.95 ea., 2 for \$8.75 ppd. (Remember, you get a dollar back with each paper weight you purchase.) FREE exciting Xmas catalog. Order by mail from

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at this low price!

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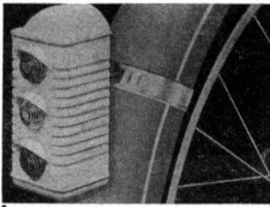
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Keeps your stamps moisture proof, always handy. Saves time and money . . . more convenient, more sanitary. Perfect gift for office or home. Available at all good stationers, gift shops and department stores.

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makes cycling  
**MORE FUN!**  
**SAFER!**

**\$3.50**  
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Works automatically. Delights youngsters—and safety-conscious parents. Green Lite for GO goes on when bike is pedalled. Amber Lite signals SLOW when coasting. Red Lite signals STOP when brakes are applied. Tough, high-impact white plastic. Easily attached to fender with universal bracket. Uses standard "D" flash batteries. Comes with brackets. (Batteries not included).

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**PERSONALIZED DOG COAT**

He'll be the smartest dog in the block—in his dapper Pet-Pal Dog Coat—personalized with his own name in big white Jumbo letters. Made of soft, durable all-wool felt to keep him warm on coldest days. Choice of three bright two-tone color combinations: Red on Green, Green on Red, or Yellow on Blue. Comes in three lengths: 12", 14" and 16". When ordering, state length from neck to tail, give breed of dog, and dog's name. Postpaid. **\$2.95** only

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*that old black magic*  
casts its romantic spell on waltz-length nylon gown, chantilly-lace-topped—black lined with pink, white with blue or all-pink. 32-38  
**\$12.98**

**FREE CATALOG**  
shows exquisite Lingerie, Linens complete Bridal Trousseaux

*Hope Chest* 115R Chauncy Street Boston 11, Mass.

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**\$1.95**

tax and postage included

A masterpiece of the costume jewelers' art... our intricately linked bracelet dangles a beautifully engraved circular charm. Both are richly gold plated, have the look of "real gold". 1 1/4" charm is personalized with one initial in modern block lettering. Bracelet goes with everything from skirts and blouses to the smartest cocktail clothes!

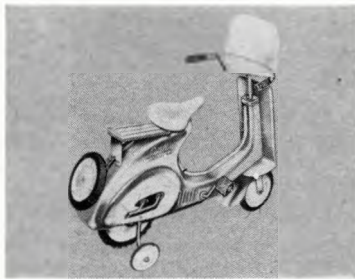
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**Ann James Accessories**

Dept. R, 166 East 96th Street New York 28, N. Y.



**Tops to the Shops**



**Streamlined sidewalk bike** looks enough like a motor bike to make its owner the envy of the neighborhood. Chain-drive bike, red with white trim, boasts a plastic windshield, husky tires with a spare besides and removable trainer wheels. Overall length is 38". \$19.95 exp. coll. Porta-Bed Co., 2811-R Danford, Dallas 19, Tex.

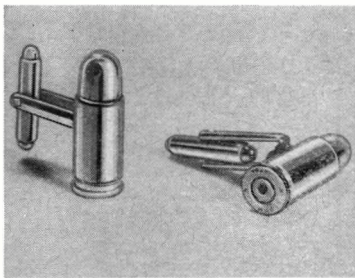
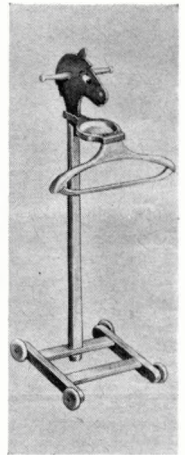


**Pin a medal** on black velvet and hang it on the wall in a shadow-box frame. Snap-together plastic frame, in ivory and ebony or all one color, is 8" x 5 1/2". Each frame comes with a letter telling ex-GIs how to obtain their medals. \$3.95 ppd. Order from Camalier & Buckley, 1141-R Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

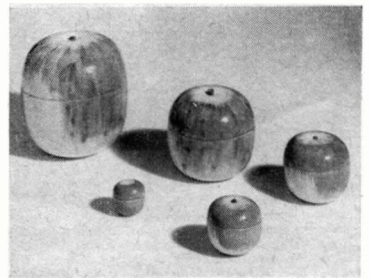


**Her white Christmas** begins with a glamorous stole of natural white fox. 42" long and fashioned from two rolls of fox tails joined together by a band of white faille crepe, it ties in a bow of the same material. A scrumptious gift for only \$22.50 ppd., including tax! Harold Rubin, 52-R E. 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.

**Habit Horse** encourages youngsters to care for their clothes. Junior valet, on wheels for easy rolling, holds boy's or girl's clothing. There's room for trousers, skirts, jackets, dresses, shoes, belts, ties and a tray for pocket treasures. 40" tall, of blond-finished hardwood. \$8 plus 50¢ postage. Vermont Crossroads Store, Dept. R, Waterbury, Vt.



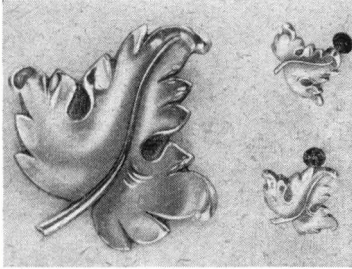
**Cartridge cuff links** are a most unusual and masculine gift for a sportsman. Genuine 32-caliber cartridges (with the charges removed, of course) are loaded with silver bullets and mounted on 18K gold-finished cuff links. \$3.95 ppd. tax included. Matching tie clip, \$2.95. From Carousel House, Dept. R-11, Marion, Mass.



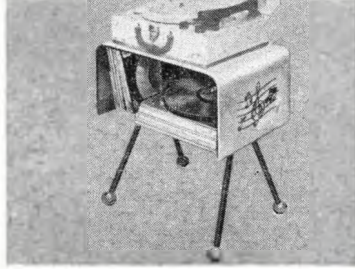
**The big, big apple** is a giant edition of an old favorite. 5 shiny red and yellow wooden apples nest together and range in height from about 1/2" to 4". Each is hand-carved and beautifully finished. \$1.25 a set, ppd. \$3.50 for 3 sets. Q-T Novelty Co., Dept. R, P.O. Box 54, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.



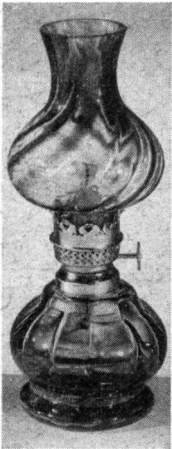
# Tops in the Shops



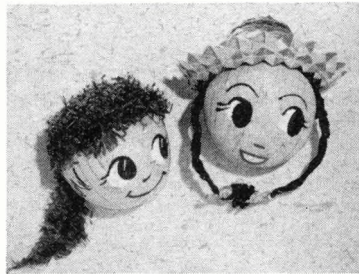
**The beauty of autumn** is captured forever in burnished copper leaves. Pin and earring set, to wear with tweeds and harvest-colored woollens, is hand-crafted and antique-finished. Large leaf pin, 2½" from stem to tip, is \$1.50; earrings, \$1.50. Both ppd. tax included. Roslyn Hoffman, 656-R Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.



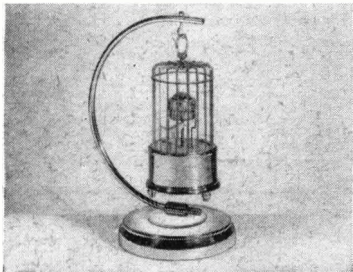
**Children's record cabinet** stores 80 to 100 records and is a base for a phonograph as well. Sturdy yellow hardboard cabinet, with colorful blue and coral wood-grain legs, doubles as a play table or desk. It measures 20" x 16" x 12". \$4.95 plus 25c postage. Order from Bancroft's, 1112 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 564, Chicago 5, Ill.



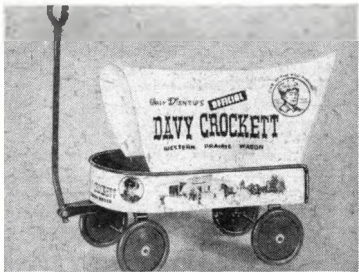
**Miniature oil lamp**, only 7" high, is just like the big, old-fashioned kind and actually provides light in an emergency. Made in Sweden, decorative little lamp, complete with wick, has base and chimney of hand-blown glass in deep green swirl pattern. Fittings are solid brass. \$2.49 ppd. Agnestrang, 120-R Pearl St., New York 5, N. Y.



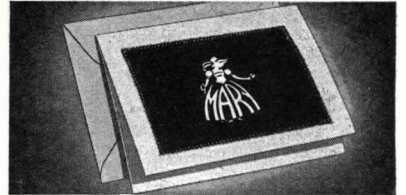
**Surprise balls** are wonderful stocking stuffers or party prizes for 5- to 10-year-olds. They'll enjoy playing with the gaily-painted face and then unwinding the 3" crepe paper ball to discover 12 tiny toys inside. Davy Crockett or Mexican senorita, \$1 each, ppd. Walter Drake, 10 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 6, Colo.



**A bird in a gilded cage** moves to and fro as the minutes tick away. Alarm clock, of polished brass, has two rotating cylinders that register the hours and minutes. 30-hour German precision movement is fully guaranteed. Over-all height, 8". \$12.95 ppd. Thoresen's, Dept. RB-273, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.



**Hitch a ride** in the prairie schooner with its authentic looking Conestoga top and take a trip back to the Old West. Steel pull-wagon, lithographed in full color, is 14½" long, has back doors that open, and can accommodate a tiny tot rider. Just \$1.98 plus 25c postage. Bodine's, 501-R East Preston St., Baltimore 2, Md.



## First Name Notes - \$1

Your own first name and the names of your friends are artfully designed to form the maiden's white skirt on a beautiful soft blue background. High grade, fine quality, heavy white vellum paper. Folded size is 4¼" x 3¼". These smart, personalized informal notes are perfect for invitations, letters and as gifts. 2 to 3 week delivery. Over 800 feminine first names available. 18 FIRST NAME NOTES and 18 envelopes only \$1, postage paid. Three sets for \$2.75 Satisfaction guaranteed! Sunset House, 824 Sunset Building, Hollywood 46, California.

## THE NEW MAGNETIZED PIPE

Made of imported Algerian briar, this fine-smoking pipe actually clings to metal surfaces! The secret? A magnetic disc permanently plugged into the base of the bowl. Each virgin finish pipe is monogrammed with three initials at no extra charge.



You can rest the pipe on your dashboard while driving or hang it on the side of your metal desk at work.

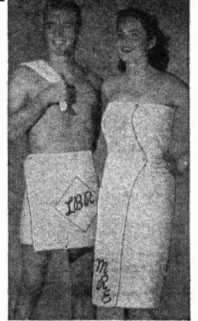
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Dept. R, 207 Washington Street,  
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Luxurious comfort. Fluffy, absorbent Terry Cloth. Ideal for after-bath, beach, that dash to the phone, between clothes changes—or just plain loafing. Keeps you dry and toasty-warm. Easy to launder; never need ironing. Snap on or off in a jiffy; adjust to fit perfectly.

**LADIES'** An attractive sarong while applying makeup, washing hair, etc. Choice of gay colors: Azure Blue, Canary Yellow or Snow White. . . . **ONLY \$3.95**  
**MEN'S** Great after showering, while shaving, or in locker room. Big roomy pocket for cigarettes, shaving gear, etc. **ONLY \$2.95**



Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back  
Artistically monogrammed in contrasting colors with any first name, or 2 or 3 initials. Men's or women's sizes; small, medium or large. Send check, money-order or cash. Add 25c to each Cov-a-Robe ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please.

DOBBS PRODUCTS CO., 930 W. Lake St., Dept. 811, Chicago 7, Ill.



## DOLL Furs

\$2.98 postpaid

for complete set

A small girl will love you and this cunning set of real furs which comes in sizes for dolls from 7" to 18" tall. Think of the pride with which a moppet will dress her favorite "baby" if she owns the sheared white bunny coat, hat, and muff shown here. Lining is white satin!

For dolls 19" to 26"—coats, hat, and muff set—\$3.48 ppd.

Specify height of doll when ordering.

Hobi

Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order. For Air Mail Shipments, add 35c. Dept. D-26, 15 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

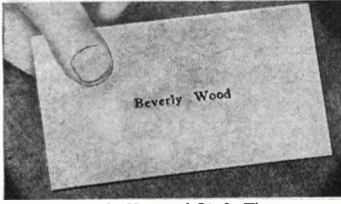




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Beautifully  
Finished  
**Safe-Lock  
Gun Rack**  
Displays Your  
Guns—Protects  
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U.S. Pat. No. 2616095  
This handsome sturdy gun rack safely locks guns in display position. Large drawer locks up ammunition, hunting knife, pistol, cleaning gear, etc. One key unlocks drawer and guns. Gun cannot fall or be taken out. Children, friends cannot tamper with them. Holds antique or modern guns, with or without scopes. Finely hand-crafted in satin smooth, honey-tone knotty pine, or lovely maple or mahogany finish.  
4-Gun Rack 24"x28" (Illustrated).....\$49.95 | Express  
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Send 10c for catalog of furniture and kits.

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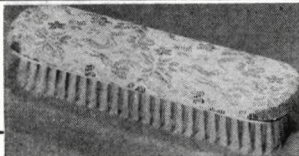


For Little Men and Little Women

**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. 1d. val for adults, too!

100 Cards, postpaid, only **\$1.00**  
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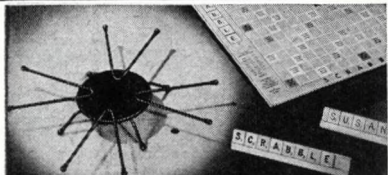
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**HOLIDAY HOUSE** 10 Christmas Tree St. SANTA CLAUS, IND.



**BROCADE BRUSH . . .**

feminine, fancy and fair. Good nylon brush is topped with a gala, iron with rubber tipped arms keeps board firm and flat. Turns easily. . . no twisted neckal. Makes perfect Lazy Susan with plate or tray; 13" diam. Swell gift!

Barry, no C.O.D.'s.  
**EDITH CHAPMAN** 260 Main Street Nyack, New York



**SCRABBLE TURNTABLE \$2.00**

No More Scrambled Scrabble! The best yet. . . arms keeps board firm and flat. Turns easily. . . no twisted neckal. Makes perfect Lazy Susan with plate or tray; 13" diam. Swell gift!

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FREE! GIFT 'N GADGET CATALOG

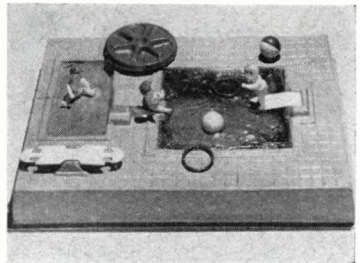
**PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS**

**20 for \$1.00**  
only  
INCLUDING ENVELOPES plus 10c shipping

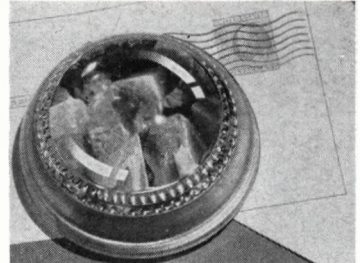
ONLY 5c EACH for your own PERSONAL Christmas Cards complete with envelopes. Send negative of yourself, your home, or your children. Negative returned unharmed. (If needed, we will make negative for 50c) ORDER AS MANY AS YOU WISH for your entire list. Satisfaction guaranteed. **SURPRISE BONUS FOR ORDERS BEFORE NOV. 10**

If free sample wanted send negative and 3c stamp  
**LARGA-PIC** BOX Z-1, BROOKLINE 46, MASS.

**Tops in the Shops**



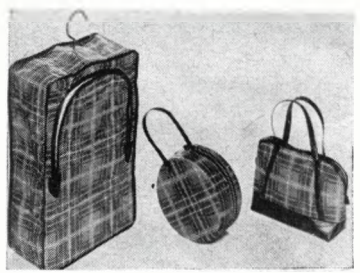
**For your water babies**—a plastic toy pool, 14" x 10", is complete down to a tiny merry-go-round, seesaw, diving board and sand pile. Three little swimmers with removable bathing trunks frolic with the 2 floating balls and water rings. \$1.98 plus 25c postage. Order from The Added Touch, Dept. R-11, Wynnewood, Pa.



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**Season your greetings** with a Santa Claus salt and pepper set. Jolly little St. Nicks, just 3" tall, are all dressed up in red and white. Festive and Christmasy, they'll add spice to your Yuletide dinner parties. Of highly-glazed ceramic, pair is only \$1.25 ppd. Order from Nancy Norman, 57-R Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.



**Doll-sized luggage** will keep little mothers busy packing and unpacking dolly's wardrobe. Patterned after grown-up luggage, the Car-Sac, carryall case and hat box come in a vivid red and black plaid plastic that's washable. \$1.39 each. Complete set is \$3.75, all prices ppd. Elron Prod., 225-R W. Erie St., Chicago 10, Ill.



**Thrilling Action with Rocket Shoes**

Youngsters from 7 to 12 will "jump for joy" with exciting new Rocket Shoes! They're "out of this world" for safe, enjoyable fun and healthful exercise. Perfectly balanced, adjustable. Highest quality steel springs, colorful shoe protecting caps, rubber shock bumpers. Only \$5.95 pair ppd. (Add 50¢ west of Miss. River). No C.O.D.'s.

**RUSSELL SNOW CO.**  
Dept. 323 Waltham 54, Mass.



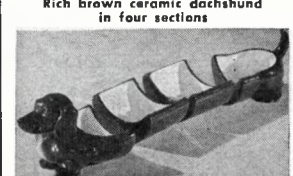
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only **\$1.98**  
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**STOP SLEEPING WITH PINS IN YOUR HAIR!**

Simply slip the NEW Aluminized Minute Hair Dryer over your wet hair. Fit the other end to your HAND HAIR DRYER or your VACUUM CLEANER. The hood breathes—lets the moisture out. The aluminized lining keeps the drying heat in. Your hair dries quickly—evenly—thoroughly. No more uncomfortable blasts of hot air. Forget about tiresome hours holding a hand hair dryer. Save on beauty parlor bills. Thoughtful gift. Money Back Guarantee. Check, Cash or M. O. The Weld Co., Dept. R, 505 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

**GET A LONG LITTLE DOGGIE - 20" LONG!**



Rich brown ceramic dachshund in four sections  
**\$6.95** postpaid extra sections \$1.50 each for TIDBITS RELISHES CANDY-NUTS BUFFET SERVING WINDOW PLANTERS  
**VILLAGE VENDORS** 11733-R Barrington Court Los Angeles 49, California

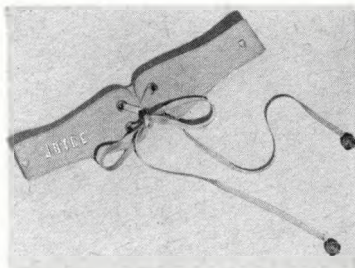


**Decorative CROSSES**

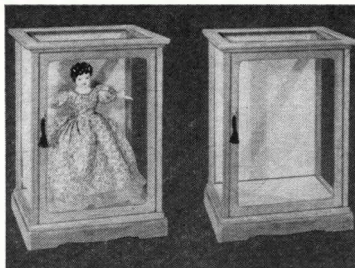
Authentic, beautifully wrought designs in solid Sterling Silver. Splendid gifts. A—Florentine \$7.00. B—English \$5.00. C—French \$5.00. D—Collieri \$7.00. Heavy Sterling Silver Chain & Clasp included. Write for catalog of Silverware and women's and women's jewelry. **JAMAICA SILVERSMITH** Dept. R-11 79-32 164 St. Jamaica 2, N. Y.



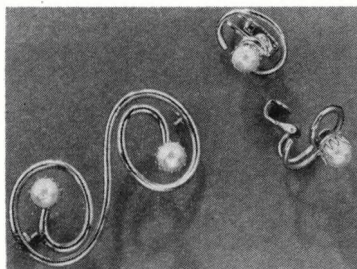
# Tops in the Shops



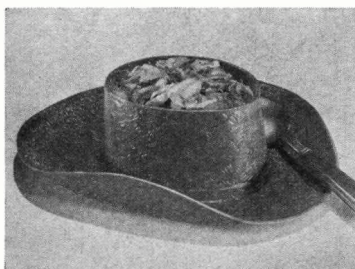
**For a moppet's middle**—a belt studded with her first name and tiny hearts. Of simulated leather, in sizes to fit waists from 19" to 26", it front-laces with plastic ties that end in two brass bells. Red, navy, pink or white with brass letters and hearts plated with 18K gold. Give waist size. \$1.75 ppd. Seaford House, Seaford 6, N.Y.



**Show your dolls** in an upright position under glass. Wood and glass dust-proof case, lined with spatter-dot paper, is easily assembled without nails or glue. In 4 sizes (all with bases 8" x 9 1/2"): 12" tall, \$5.50; 15", \$5.95; 18", \$6.50; 20", \$6.95. Add 50c postage. Mark Farmer, Dept. R-11, Box 573, El Cerrito, Calif.



**Pearls for a pittance!** 2" pin and clip-backed earrings, with fake pearls in Tiffany settings, are fashioned from 24K gold-plated hand-drawn wire. Looking for all the world like really expensive jewelry, this set wears the tiny price tag of \$2.50 ppd., including tax. Janet Young, Inc., 925-R Willis Ave., Albertson, N.Y.



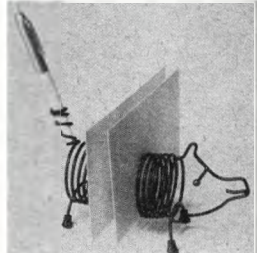
**Cowboy hat cereal bowl** tempts tiny tots to breakfast like champions. Spill-proof plastic dish serves 1 1/4 cups in crown while 2" brim catches drippings. A real party hit, filled with ice cream! In red green or yellow, each is 98c. 2 for \$1.75 ppd. R.A. Duke Specialties, Dept. M-47, 255 Adams Ave., W. Newton 65, Mass.

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Comfy curve control under fashion's slimmest sheaths! Easy-on, lightweight, 2-way stretch lastex, with bra top of rayon satin and embroidered nylon, adjustable shoulder straps. White only, 32-38. (Specify cup size.)

PLUS...sachet in secret inner pocket! extra garters too!

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 Send me SYLPH STRETCH @ \$3.98 Money  
 Size \_\_\_\_\_ (specify cup size) \_\_\_\_\_  
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 (\$1 deposit required on all C.O.D. orders, to be applied to price of item.) Guarantee

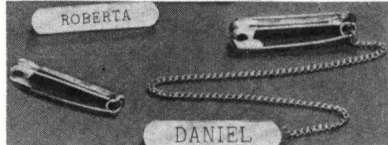


## OINK! OINK!

Cutest "pig pen" ever. Body coils of this delightful new desk ornament hold notes and letters. Tail wags a fine quality ball pen (Paper-Mate refills). Wrought iron with soft rubber feet. Available in black or gleaming brass. Buy several in finish. "I'm pleased" guaranteed. Pig and pen set, gift boxed, postpaid only. **\$2.45**

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## BRAND NEW XMAS GIFT for Children . . . only \$1.00

Here is the most wonderful Xmas gift of all—and so inexpensive! Send us your favorite snapshot, print or negative, of your child, family, pet, etc. We will enlarge it and make a large 8" x 10" life-like JIG-SAW PUZZLE so natural, so touchingly personal, it will thrill the heart and capture the imagination of any youngster. Your choice of beautiful black and white JIGSAWS for only \$1.00 or gorgeous hand-colored only \$1.50! Send money or order C.O.D. Your picture returned immediately with puzzle. Money-back guarantee. SEND MAIL Photo Xmas Cards, your name printed FREE on each—25 for \$1.00, 50 for \$1.75, 75 for \$2.50, with envelopes. Postpaid. From negative or picture. Order TODAY!

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**IMAGINE! 50 CARS & PLANES \$1.00** Fighters-jets-bombers-cars-trucks-busses PLUS a set of ten toy tools free! 60 toys in all for this amazing low price. They're completely assembled—full dimension scale models made of colorful durable plastic. Placed end to end they measure over ten feet. Loads of Holiday fun for youngsters. **ORDER NOW—send only \$1.00 plus 10c postage (tot: \$1.10) for each set, gift boxed, or \$2.75 for 4 sets, postpaid. Rush order to: HIGGLAND CO., 3215 Superior Ave., Dept. A-11, Cleveland 14, Ohio.**

## TWO GRAND GAMES

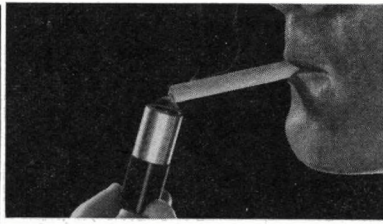


**CIRCUS GOOF 'T**  
 Played with four 4-D animal cut-outs and four wooden "dice." First player to assemble gaily colored animal wins. Children love it!



**ZIT ZINGO!**  
 Swell travel game for youngsters and adults. Play like bingo . . . watch for dogs, cows, signs, etc. Set contains 100 playing cards, crayons, rules.

**\$1.20 each . . . Both for \$2.00**  
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Sophisticated hostess apron. Beautiful, double black or gandy. All parts pre-cut. Easy to assemble. Jeweled eyes, collar, nose and whiskers snap off for washing. Clever and amusing. Ready made value \$6.95. The perfect gift for each woman on your gift list. Order several now for Christmas! Satisfaction guaranteed. Complete kit only \$2.95. Two for \$5.50 ppd. **MERRY PIPER 17211 Strathern St. Van Nuys, Calif.**





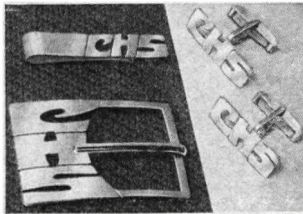
**DOUBLY EFFECTIVE . . .** Imported white porcelain busts of Diana, the moon goddess and Apollo, the god of youth and beauty. Masterfully executed with all the classic grace of Grecian art. They're a handsome duo to enhance a buffet, mantelpiece, cabinet or top of TV set. A stunning gift! 5" high, \$2.75 a pair or 9 1/2" high, \$12.50 pair, postpaid.

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With every order of 100 cards, from one neg.

**4 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENTS**  
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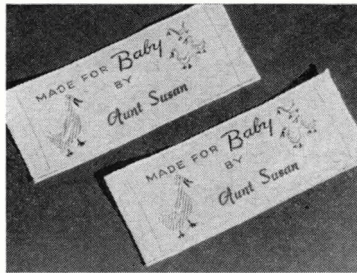
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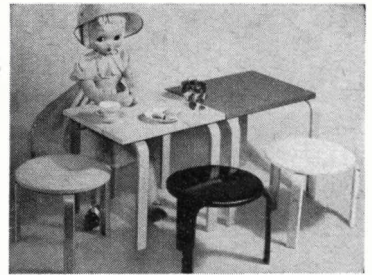
**Tops in the Shops**



**If you knit or sew for baby**, sew a "made for baby by \_\_\_\_" label into your work. Each little pink or blue label is imprinted with your name in 20 letters or less. Order some for Aunt Ann or Grandma, too. \$1.50 for 12 labels, \$2 for 20, \$3 for 40, all ppd. Hallmark Labels, Dept. R5-11, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.



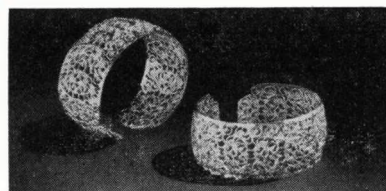
**For someone very special**—a lovely and feminine cultured pearl and 14K gold ring that belies its tiny price. The creamy pearl is delicately set on a curving band of gold. When ordering, give ring size or measure with piece of string. Only \$24 including tax and postage. Mer-irin, 530-R Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



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If they run to golden jewelry, these filigree bracelets will charm you. Imported from Germany. Non tarnishable. Delicately formed of gilded aluminum. Light as a snowflake, their lacy loveliness lends flavor and enchantment to the costume. \$1 each, incl. tax, Ppd. Air Mail Delivery on request. No C.O.D. please.

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**\$3.95** POSTPAID

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Print initials desired and color of ribbon  
**RELIGIOUS ART GUILD, 200 011 Manson St., Peoria, Illinois**

**Personalized HAND PAINTED NAME BRACELET**

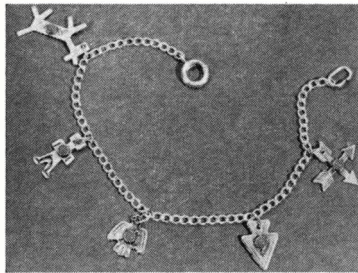
**Rose Spigged** Completely painted by hand with your first name and delicate rose buds. You'd expect all the work on this gold plated bracelet to cost far more. It's a fabulous Christmas gift. Completely enameled for permanence. Specially child, teen or adult size. **Three for \$3 & for \$5** Sorry, No COD's  
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**BEL-ART** 2351-R Pearsall Av., N. Y. 69, N. Y.



# Tops in the Shops



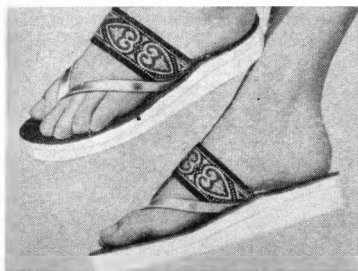
**14-piece Nativity set** at a very special price! Hand-painted figures, up to 5½" tall, are molded of an unbreakable chinalike composition. Set includes Christ child, Mary, Joseph, 3 Magi, 2 angels, 1 shepherd, 3 lambs, camel and ass. \$2.95 plus 45c postage. Dresden Art Works, 169-R W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.



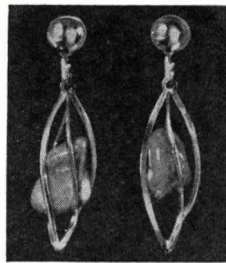
**A good friend** will cherish an Indian bracelet of sterling silver and simulated turquoise stones. 5 tiny charms symbolize the message: "Through the journey of human life, unlimited happiness comes from a constant alertness to the true value of friendship." \$2.25 ppd. Shop of Charms, P.O. Box 261-R, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



**No waiting** for morning toast! Wonderful new electric oven-toaster toasts up to 6 slices of buttered oven-toast in 60 seconds right at the table. Fine for frozen waffles, cinnamon toast, muffins, grilled sandwiches, brown 'n serve rolls or for heating coffee cake. \$9.95 ppd. The Adobe Kitchen, Box 4035, Dept. R, Tucson, Ariz.



**Sandals from Hawaii** to wear at home entertaining. Lightweight sandals have gold leather thongs, red insoles, an instep strap patterned in red, gold and black, white sponge rubber midsoles and durable rubber outer soles. Sizes 2-9, \$6.95 ppd. Maxwell's Hawaiian Prods., Box 63, Dept. R-11, Honolulu, Hawaii.

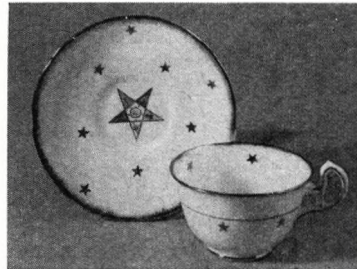


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ONLY  
**\$7.00**  
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EARRINGS

From the "Land of Enchantment" come these strikingly different earrings, "Captive Turquoise." A genuine nugget of polished turquoise caught in a cage of symmetrical metal bands. A fascinating addition to milady's collection. Real conversation piece! Specially pierced ear or screw type. Order now for Xmas—for yourself and your friend! Sold only by mail. Postpaid. **\$1.99** each pair only. **18" Matching Necklace for Only \$1.00**  
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**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, add 25c for postage & handling. Send 10c for new catalog. The Vermont Crossroads Store, Waterbury 5, Vermont.

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Hangs in your closet like a clothes hanger! Easy to use... snap open — hook buckle in — snap closed. All belts now at your finger-tip! Large 5" loop, only 9" high overall. Brightly plated heavy gauge steel.

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Two-Pack **\$1.85** pair ppd.

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**PAUL PRODUCTS**

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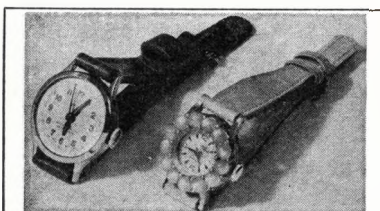
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**ROYAL CASTLE CHINA CORP.**  
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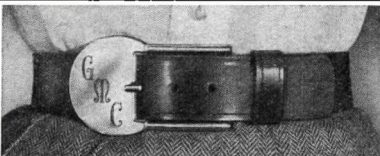
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Polished GENUINE LEATHER BELT, 1½" wide designed to give you a smaller waist. Boasts a smart gold or silver metal buckle handsomely engraved with your own monogram. Colors: GARNET RED, GOLDEN TAN, JET BLACK, NAVY BLUE. Sizes 22 to 30...\$1.95 Sizes 32 to 40...\$2.50 (Please add 20c postage)

VERNON SPECIALTIES CO., Dept. RN, 156 Fourth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



STERLING  
SILVER  
NAME  
BRACELET

Any girl will be thrilled to own this lovely Solid Sterling Silver bracelet with her first name dangling from it. Fine, soldered link chain. Rhodium finish (prevents tarnishing). State name and age. **\$2.00** postpaid tax incl.

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"Know-all" easy parking dial attaches in seconds to dashboard. Directs you when to cut your wheels for perfect parking. No practice needed. Only \$1.00, postpaid. Guaranteed. Send cash, check or money order today.

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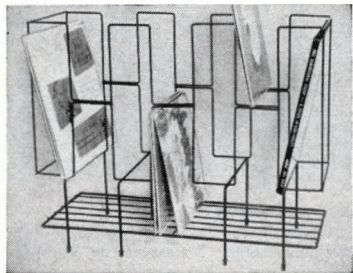
We're closing out our Lace supply. Come in enchanting patterns and designs. Vals, edges, insertions, etc. in beautiful colors and full widths. For women's, girls' and baby dresses, pillow slips, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces up to 10 yards in length! NO small pieces!

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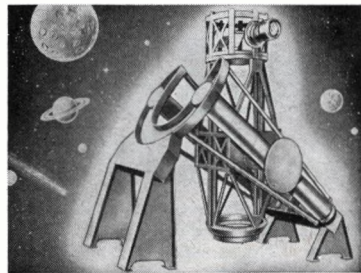
**200 Buttons** FREE! 200 **BUTTONS!** Beautiful, expensive quality. All kinds, all sizes and colors. **ALL NEW.** No cuts. For everyday use — also some for collectors! Includes many complete sets of 6 to 12 matching buttons! You get the 200 Buttons **FREE** of charge when you order the Lace—none without Lace. But order **TODAY** as supplies are limited to Two sets per customer. Money-back guarantee.

**BUTTONS & LACES, Dept. 698, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.**

## Tops in the Shops



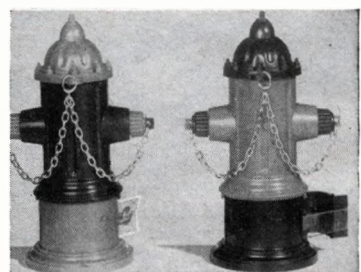
**Record rack** to hold 200 LPs has ten separate compartments so that your collection may be classified and stored by composer, artist or type. Of black wrought iron, 21½" high, 25" long and 9½" deep, with rubber-tipped feet, it's only \$9.95 express collect. Leslie Creations, P.O. Box 9516, Dept. 367, Philadelphia 49, Pa.



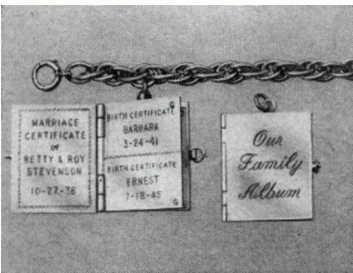
**For stargazers** of all ages—model kit of the giant Mt. Palomar telescope takes only 30 minutes to assemble. Completed, it stands 17" high, has a reflecting mirror, twin lens eyepiece and a reflector cage that operates with cranks and gears. Of high-impact plastic, \$9.95 ppd. Sunset House, 84 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



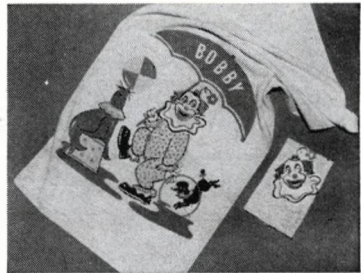
**Her very own parasol** will delight any pigtailer on your gift list. Of bright red vinyl plastic with big white coin dots, it's ruffled along the edges and is hand-painted with a little girl's first name. 17" long, it has nonrust metal ribs, a wrist bracelet and a 31½" span when open. \$1.69 ppd. Meredith's, Evanston 32, Ill.



**Park here** all the vagrant pins, clips and stamps that you have around your desk. Red and black plastic fire hydrants are really two dispensers for cellulose tape or postage stamps. Top lifts off to reveal a cache for pins and clips. Each, 6¼" high, is \$1 plus 15c postage. Huss Bros., 100-R W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 10, Ill.



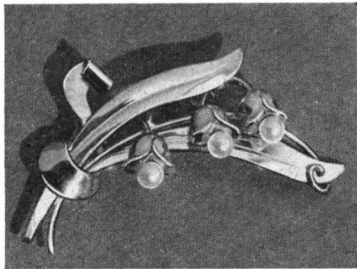
**Family album** on a bracelet has 4 pages. First full page is engraved as a marriage certificate; other pages have room for 6 children's names and birthdates. Sterling silver or gold-filled album, 1" x 1¼", \$7. Each engraving, \$1; link bracelet, \$4. All ppd. tax incl. Wayne Silversmiths, 546-R So. Broadway, Yonkers 5, N.Y.



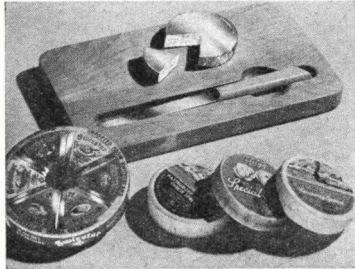
**We're all wet** if your tub-shy youngster won't cotton to this towel set. Cannon's large white terry towel, 40" x 20", is hand-screened with a colorful circus clown holding an umbrella personalized with your child's first name. With matching washcloth, set is \$2 ppd. Mastercraft, 212-R Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.



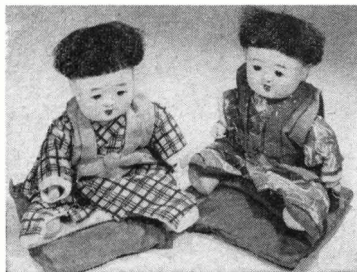
# Tops in the Shops



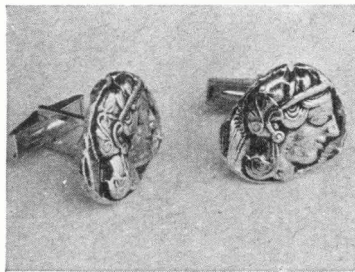
**This above all** her other Christmas gifts will rate a special kiss 'neath the mistletoe. Fashioned from 14K gold and 3 beautiful cultured pearls, 2" lily of the valley spray is a brooch she'll cherish forever. Just \$25 ppd. including tax. Pair of matching earrings, \$20. From Marchal Jewelers, 719-R Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



**A cheese-fancier** will appreciate a solid oak cheese-board-and-knife set with 10 imported cheeses. There's a Karvi spiced spread, Swiss with paprika, Zingg special Swiss, Norwegian Gouda spread plus six 6-oz. Swiss wedges. Set, \$4.95 ppd. The Gourmet Guild, Dept. RD, Cobbs Bldg., Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.



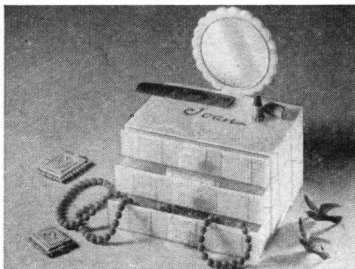
**Ready for a tea party**—a sweet-faced pair of Japanese brother and sister dolls sits in traditional fashion on little silken pillows. They wear brilliantly colored silk kimonos girdled with obis and have square-cut black hair. Movable bisque dolls, 8 1/2" tall, are \$2.75 each, ppd.; \$5.29 a pair. Robin Adair, Dundee 1, Ill.



**Odd-shaped coins** made into distinctive cuff links are exact copies of ancient Greek money. They bear the marks of dishonest persons who nipped off pieces of the coins and sold them for the value of the silver. Gold or silver overlay, \$3 a pair, ppd. including tax. Order from Mark-Kraft, P. O. Box 582, Beverly Hills, Calif.



**Your Yuletide** will be brighter with a miniature candelabra to flicker prettily on dinner table or mantel. Of solid brass that's lacquered to stay bright and shiny, it stands 4 3/4" tall and comes with 5 slender candles. Complete, it's just \$2 ppd. Order from Huntercraft Originals, Dept. R-11, 1312 Lockwood Ave., Racine, Wis.



**Vanity**, thy name is that of a happy little girl hand-painted on a dresser set "just like Mommy's." Of pink or blue plastic, 8" high, it has 3 drawers, a mirror, comb, castle soap, necklace, bracelet, 2 hair barrettes, make-believe lipstick and 2 tiny compacts. Just \$2.50 ppd. Crown Craft, 246-R Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

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**GIFT RIBBONS FOR ALL OCCASIONS**  
Each roll has 300' of 7/16" high-lustre satin ribbon. It comes in red, green, gold, silver, American Beauty, aqua, Yale Blue or white. \$1.00 ppd; 5 rolls—\$4.75.

### MUSICAL CHRISTMAS TREE

This new 14" Christmas Tree is green with snow-like tips. As it rotates slowly a Christmas hymn like "Silent Night" or "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" plays from a genuine Swiss Music box in its base. Its construction is sturdy, it winds easily and there's nothing to get out of order. \$4.95 ppd.

Decide now to do your shopping in comfort at the **OLD WHIP SHOP.**



### Send for Your FREE GIFT CATALOG

... showing interesting, unusual gifts from the far corners of the world. All are moderately priced; many cannot be found in stores. Selections are attractively wrapped and shipped promptly with satisfaction guaranteed. Address 555 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

## The OLD WHIP SHOP



### FAMOUS BABY GIFT

Which everyone seems to be demanding. Five of America's top 50 corporations present **NAME DATES\*** to their employees when they have a child. Stead for an infant's first shoe. **NAME DATES** are made from the finest baby elkskin obtainable. Hand lasted on genuine oak lasts. Baby's first name and date of birth engraved in durable 24 carat gold leaf. Guaranteed not to wear off. Packaged in handsome gift box and shipped anywhere, with your gift card enclosed, for only \$2.98 ppd. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. \*Pat'd.

**NAME DATE SHOE CO.** Dept. RB-11, Box 1503, New York 17, N.Y.

## DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

**NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!**  
New Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer." You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—Like An Artist. Even If You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line! Anything you want to draw is automatically seen on any sheet of paper thru the "Magic Art Reproducer." Then easily follow the lines of the "picture image" with a pencil for an original "professional looking" drawing. Also reduces or enlarges. **SEND NO MONEY! Free 10-Day Trial!** Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. Money Back Guarantee.

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. RBK, 296 Broadway, N.Y.C.**

## SEND FOR FREE SHOE BOOKLET

**IT'S EASY TO BE FITTED DIRECT VIA MAIL NO RISK TO YOU! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**  
Tall Gals of all ages buy these famed 5th Ave. Shoecraft Personality shoes ALL SIZES TO 12 WIDTHS AAAAA TO C  
**DARBY \$13.95** Black calf Black Brown suede.

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



**MEN'S LEATHER  
ACCESSORY  
BOX**

**\$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 turf-green velvet. Measures 6 1/2" x 8" x 1 1/2". Has removable tray and lower compartment. 24K gold monogram included free of charge. A Wonderful Value!

Write for **FREE GIFT Catalog.**

**Zenith Gifts, Inc.** 55-R CHADWICK ST., BOSTON 19, MASS.

**FUR COATS, CAPES  
JACKETS, ETC. FREE CATALOG**

Big savings! Low prices direct from one of the oldest reliable fur firms. Send for free catalog of complete line of genuine furs in latest 1956 styles plus details of popular REMODELING SERVICE. Money back guarantee. H. M. J. FUR CO., 150-RB, W. 28th St., N.Y.C. 1, N.Y.



**PORTABLE BAR**

Provides at-home comfort for thirsty travelers. Tan, simulated leather case, 12 1/2" tall, has a washable red lining. Inside are 4 shot glasses, beer-bottle opener, napkins, 4 swizzle sticks and room for 2 bottles. With 2 or 3 initials, \$14.95 plus \$1.00 postage.

No C.O.D.'s, please.

**WALES LUGGAGE CORP., Dept. R-11**  
540 Madison Avenue • New York 22, New York

A WAYNE ORIGINAL WRITE FOR CATALOG

**Marriage Medal**

Precious way to say "I love you"... recalls moments to years of wedded bliss. A perfect memento for "her" charm bracelet, or "his" key chain.

In Sterling Silver OR Gold Filled  
1" dia. \$4, 1-1/4" \$5, 1-1/2" \$7  
In 14 Kt. Solid Gold  
1" dia. \$15, 1-1/4" \$30, 1-1/2" \$40

State full name and number of years married. Prices include engraving, fed. tax & postage.

**Wayne Silversmiths** 546 So. Broadway  
Yonkers 5, N. Y.

**Personalized NAMECHAIN KEY CHAIN**

*Spells Your Name!*

**THE PERFECT GIFT**

Each NAMECHAIN made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. Tax and postage included in price.

*Durably Constructed*

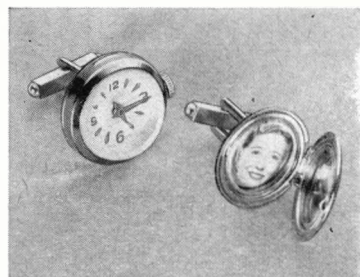
★ GOLD **\$3.50** STERLING PLATED ★ SILVER **\$7.00**  
1/20—14 Kt. Gold Filled .....\$9.00  
14 Kt. Solid Gold .....\$48.00

**NAMECHAIN MFG. CO.**  
19 E. Pearson St., Dept. R-3, Chicago 11

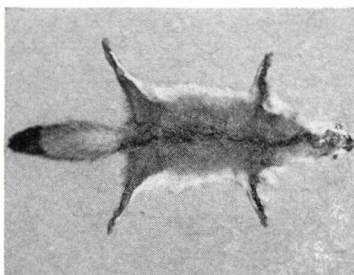
**Tops in the Shops**



**Cup and saucer club** helps you add to your collection. Each month members receive, postpaid and duty free, a fine china cup and saucer direct from one of 12 different foreign lands. 1 year's subscription, \$22; 6 mo., \$11.50; 3 mos., \$6. Single sets, \$2.25. The Globeshoppers, Inc., 4704-R California Ave., Seattle 16, Wash.



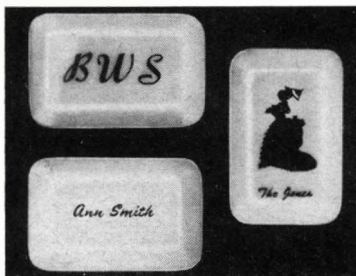
**Swiss watch cuff links** are an unusual gift for a man or woman. Jeweled shock-resistant Swiss watch, with unbreakable lucite crystal, carries a 1-year guarantee. Other link opens into a double lock-et. In tarnishproof gold finish, \$14.95 a pair, including tax and postage. The Nassau Co., 200-R W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.



**Wild gray fox skin** will thrill your junior animal hunter. Hung on the wall of his room or used as a bedside rug, genuine fox skin measures 36" over-all. Each soft, luxurious pelt comes with an informative tag explaining its American wild life habits. Only \$2.95 ppd. Artisan Galleries, 2100-R N. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.



**The glow of candlelight** and sparkling champagne glass holders lend a festive air to a table for two. Set on black metal and brass bases, crystal-like goblets have brass holders for two 10" black candles. Fill each glass with small flowers. Pair, with candles, \$5 ppd. Merrill Ann, 102-R Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.



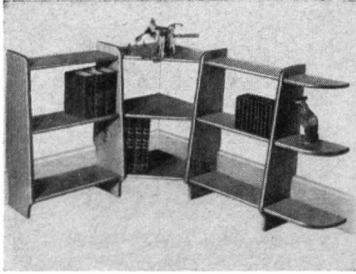
**Personalized soap** makes a luxurious gift. Delicately scented French milled cold-cream soap lathers in hard or soft water. Name and design remain as long as the soap lasts. Specify monogram, name in script or silhouette with surname. Box of 6 cakes of soap, \$2.98 ppd. Herman Opt Co., Dept. R, 2 Beaver St., Newark, N.J.



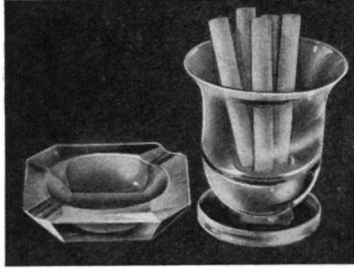
**Tiny tea set** under glass is a nostalgic remembrance of a Victorian drawing room. Each miniature china piece is decorated with pink roses and bordered in gold. Entire 7-piece set rests on a 4 3/4" mahogany-finished wooden base and is protected by a clear glass dome. \$3.95 ppd. Seth & Jed, Dept. R-11, New Marlborough, Mass.



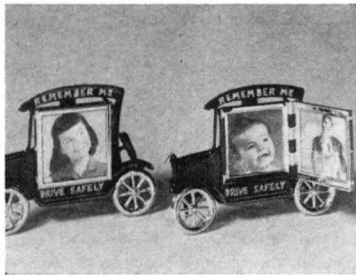
# Tops in the Shops



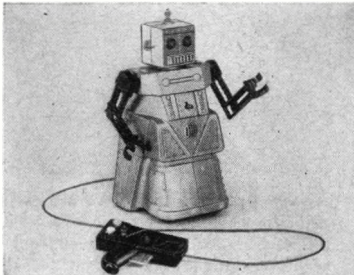
**Slide-together** unfinished knotty pine bookcases, with a built-in look, fit flush against walls or into corners. Left, right or center uprights, \$2.25 each. Set of 3 shelves: 36", \$4.95; 30", \$4.45; 24", \$3.95; 18", \$3.45. 12" rounded ends, \$3.45. 18" x 18" corner shelves, \$6.95. All exp. coll. Yield House, Dept. R-11, No. Conway, N.H.



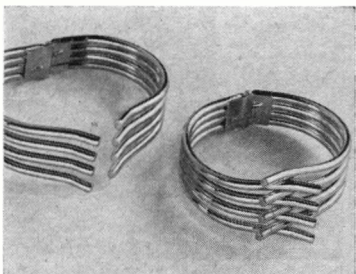
**Famed the world over**—Val St. Lambert hand-blown crystal is cherished by collectors of fine glassware. Imported from Belgium, cigarette urn and ash tray make an elegant gift at a really tiny price. Set, only \$5.98 ppd. Ash tray alone, \$2.98; urn, \$3.50. The Vernon Shop, 71-R Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.



**Auto suggestion** for the driver of the family car. Photo frame clips to the sun visor and asks you to drive carefully for the sake of your loved ones. Of black plastic, little flivver has a triple frame for 1 1/4" square snapshots of your precious family. Just \$1 ppd. Ann James, Dept. R-11, 166 E. 96th St., New York 28, N.Y.



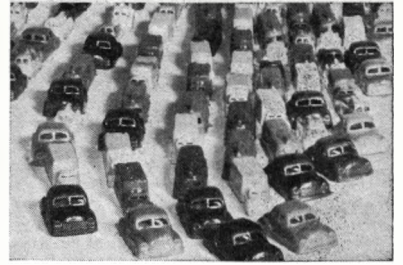
**A walking, talking robot**—the toy of the future! 14" robot actually says, "I am Robert the Robot, mechanical man. Drive me, steer me, wherever you can." Remote control trigger guides his movements and he obeys. Eyes and antenna light up by adding battery and bulb. \$5.98 ppd. Mrs. Damar, 772 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N.J.



**On the cuff** this bracelet is even more handsome than in the photograph. Of gold-plated metal, it has a spring closing so that it can be worn snug against the wrist. A glamorous Christmas flip for your teenage daughter or her chic mother. \$3.95 ppd. tax included. Order from Sanlys, 545-R Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

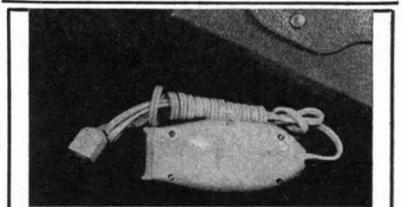


**Good habits** start with a youngster's own toothbrush training set. 2 brushes, properly labeled A.M. and P.M., and a plastic tumbler fit into a personalized plastic holder with self-adhesive back. Red, black or gray with white letters or white with red or black. Set, \$2.50 ppd. Willard Creations, Box 509, Culver City 7, Calif.



## BUY AUTOS BY THE 100...

Thousands of playful auto and truck combinations to give any youngster loads of fun day after day. He buys, sells, trades, decorates a pack of 100 molded autos and trucks in appealing assorted colors and body styles. Each car approximately 2" long. Big value . . . 100 cars . . . \$1 ppd. Carol Beauty, Dept. 511-A, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Cal. **FREE GIFT CATALOGUE** included.



## Ladies' Electric Razor, \$3.95

Exclusively feminine razor for use by women only! This new electric razor is especially designed to enhance feminine beauty. Your legs and underarms need the gentle smooth clipping action provided by this AC motor razor. Lets your skin have long-lasting smoothness for three times as long. This razor is made for the softest skin. We can offer this special purchase for a limited time only. Handsome plaskin grain leatherette case free. No COD's. Money-back guarantee. Send your check or money order NOW.

Ladies' Electric Razor.....postpaid \$3.95  
Dept. R  
**GAYLORD WOOD** Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



## Letters (WITH GIFTS) from the Land of Santa Claus

Twinkletoes, son of Prancer and Dancer, will write four letters and mail them from Santa Claus, the last part of November and the first weeks of December, to the child of your choice—sending with each letter an appropriate surprise gift. Imagine the thrill of the Santa Claus postmark, the illustrated letters about Twinkletoes' adventures helping Santa Claus, and the truly nice gifts with each letter. All four letters and gifts, to one child, **\$1.95** send only.....

(Print child's name and address)

**Twinkletoes** REINDEER RTE 3  
SANTA CLAUS, IND.

**SAVE 50% & MORE!**

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Buy diamonds and diamond jewelry half-price from Kaskel's, America's foremost Pawnbroker. Every diamond is re-set in a luxurious new mounting... graded according to nationally accepted standard... and bonded to this effect. For over 70 years, we've served over 1,000,000 satisfied customers from all 48 States.

**10 DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

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Send **FREE CATALOG** and Advice about **DIAMONDS** without obligation.

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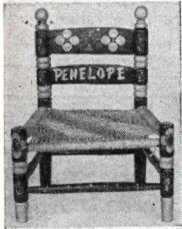
**Gifts for the Young Fry!**

Hand painted with their very own names! Personalized **SCHOOL BAG** carries their books safely, smartly identifies the owner! Navy blue canvas with red trim, plastic handle, handy pocket with safety strap, 12 1/2" x 9 1/4" holds lots of books for \$1.95. Personalized **HAT BOX** is sturdy in bright red cardboard, ideal for lunches, school extras or doll clothes! White trim and handle, real snap lock; 7" tall, \$1.59. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Ask for Free Gift 'n Gadget Catalog

EVANSTON 32 ILLINOIS

**MEREDITH'S**



Your Child's **PERSONAL CHAIR**  
(with own name)

HANDMADE IN MEXICO

**\$2.95** ppd

**SITTIN' PRETTY** is mighty easy for little men and little women in these gay Bambino Chairs, personalized with their very own name. Bright fiesta colors: Red or Blue, with splashes of hand painted fairyland flowers. 17 1/2 inches tall, with sturdy woven rush seats. They're kids' own chairs for nursery, play, television viewing, or small fry tea parties. Please print plainly. Each postpaid, only . . . . . **\$2.95.**

Special per pair, postpaid, only \$5.00

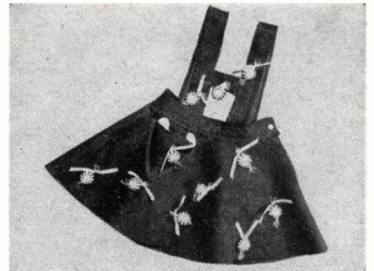
*Southwestern Gifts*

630-R East Alameda Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico

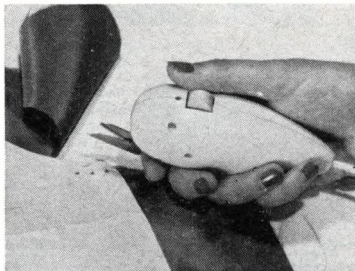
**Tops in the Shops**



**Present perfect** for toddlers is this hardwood step-stool, hand-painted with a little boy or girl and the child's first name. Perfect as a TV seat or a platform on which he can stand to reach the bathroom sink, it's 8 1/4" high and has a 12"-wide seat. \$2.95 ppd. From Wales Luggage, 540-R Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



**Peppermint candy skirt** looks good enough to eat. Bright red all-wool felt suspender skirt is trimmed with real peppermints and has a hidden supply of goodies in the pocket. It'll be fun for the holidays and later on for parties. Size 1 through size 6, \$5.95 ppd. From Red Oaks, 874-R Greenhay Rd., Winnetka, Ill.



**Any woman who sews** a great deal will appreciate Dritz electric scissors. Even the heaviest fabric can be cut quickly, accurately and easily without tiring the fingers. Just press the button—electricity does the cutting. Operates on AC only. With leatherette case, \$9.98 ppd. Sally Shepard, P.O. Box 387, Ossining 9, N.Y.



**Baby-shoe bracelet** is a sentimental memento for Mother or Grandmother. Hand-wrought of heavyweight sterling, each tiny shoe, 3/4" long, is engraved with child's first name and birth date on the sole. Each, \$2.50 ppd., including tax. Heavy sterling link bracelet, \$2.50. Zenith Gifts, 55-R Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.

**JEWEL CHARM**

Seven semi-precious stones dangle in a grape-like cluster from the gold-plated rope bracelet shown here. The combination of polished amethyst, topaz, aquamarine and rose quartz makes a delightful and unusual charm.

**\$5.00** tax and postage included

*Simee Lee* Dept. R-11

545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



Beautifully boxed and wrapped. Your order shipped promptly. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Write for catalog.



**SCRUBBIES**

Luxuriate in the tingling, exhilarating feeling these new-as-tomorrow Scrubbies give you as you massage, scratch your itchy back, dry or wash any part of your body. Two 36-inch terry Scrubbies (one print and one plain) with one pair removable chrome handles, gift boxed 3.95; 2 boxes, 7.50 post paid  
Order yours today! Created and sold only by

**THE WILSON CO.**  
P.O. BOX 415 SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

**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

**REGENT LAPIDARY CO.**  
DEPT. R-110, 511 E. 12 ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.



**Santa's Best Gift for Your Dog**

One sniff of this colorful doggy gift box, and your pet will know it's for him! Give your dog luxurious comfort, relief from scratching, restful sleep in its soothing cedar aroma. Kills fleas and doggy "B.O." So enticing he'll forsake chairs and sofa. Long-lasting. Flea-Scat-Pad, 15x28 in. \$3.49; Super size, 28x36 in. \$4.98.

**Kitty Cootie-Chaser** the Pad for Cats—hear pussy purr in luxury and revel in the catnip aroma of this comfortable bed. Kills fleas and lice. 14x18 in. \$2.49.

**SEND NO MONEY**—Order C.O.D., or send check, and we'll pay postage. Money-Back Guarantee  
**SUDBURY LABORATORY, Box 310, Sudbury, Mass.**



**HOUSEWIFE SOLVES MYSTERY**

... Free Catalog Ends Search!  
Mrs. B. Billow, 638 Roscoe, Chicago, says, "I finally found good-looking full-time protection for my furniture from dust, liquids, children, pets. Thanks to a FREE Catalog, my furniture is now dressed up in fitted plastic covers of transparent, satin-finish Firestone-Velour." Give your furniture low-cost, perfect protection. Get FREE Catalog of over 150 styles and sizes. Write **SCHILLER, 180 N. Wacker, Dept. R-1, Chicago 6, Ill.**



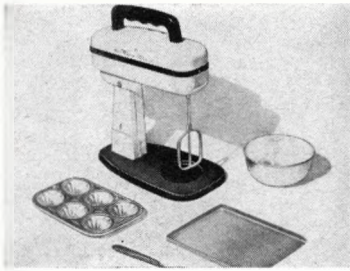
**URANIUM KIT!**

New invention using sun's energy! Now at low cost, all you need for uranium prospecting! More reliable than Geiger counters for determining uranium value! Includes 4 valuable uranium ores. Money-back guarantee. Postpaid. Dept. R-11, **CMG Industries, 615 South 2nd, Laramie, Wyoming.**

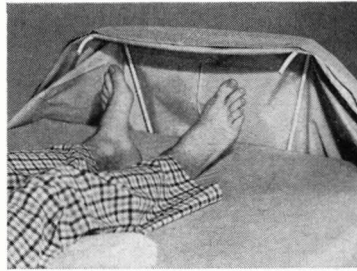
**URANIUM TECTOR \$8.49**  
**URANIUM KIT**



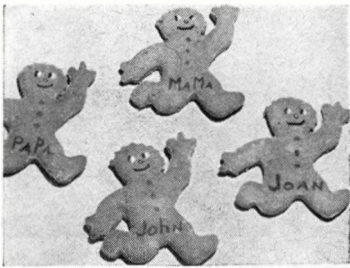
# Tops in the Shops



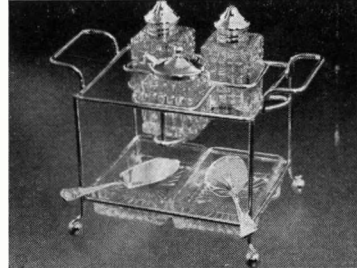
**Toy mixmaster** actually whips up cake and cookie batters, frosted drinks or puddings for a junior cook. Red and white battery-operated steel mixer, 12" high, has safe, single beater; tilts back or can be used as hand-mixer. Set, with cookie sheet, muffin tin, bowl and spoon, is \$4.95 ppd. From Niresk, Dept. M., Chicago 40, Ill.



**A good night's sleep** can be had for the asking with the Better Sleep Blanket Support. No need to yank covers loose... this support lifts them neatly for foot-free comfort. Fits all beds, and arms fold down during day. Ideal for invalids or older people. \$3.98 plus 25¢ postage. Better Sleep Co., Dept. R-11, New Providence, N.J.



**Delicious and splay** gingerbread men embody all the runaway charm of the tasty fellow in the story. Made from an old Swiss recipe, each is 4" high and personalized with icing. Order one for each member of the family to hang on the Christmas tree. 2 for 50¢ ppd. Personal Co., 290-R Dyckman St., New York 34, N.Y.



**Simply elegant!** Miniature hostess cart comes right to the table to serve salt, pepper, dressing or mustard, jelly and cheese. Made in England of Sheffield silver plate and pressed glass, 6" high set, with spreader and spoon, is \$8.98 including tax. Add 50¢ postage. Marbrite Co., Dept. R-11, P.O. Box 62, Springfield Gardens, N.Y.



## NEW Cape STYLE OR JACKET Made From Old Fur Coat \*\$22.95

Now have that out-of-style, even old discarded fur coat remodeled into a lovely new cape with new lining, interlining, monogram, fur cleaned, glazed, all only \$22.95. Write for Morton's new brochure of exciting 20th Anniversary values, showing 25 new styles at \$22.95, many including fur hat, muff or fur tote-bag. Or order from styles pictured. Just mail us old coat, state dress size and height. Pay when completed new style arrives. *Styles of work inspired by military of HARPUR'S HAZAAR, GLAMOUC, MADEMOISELLE, REDBOOK, and many others. ACT NOW!*

**MORTON'S, Dept. 15-K** 312 Seventh Street, N.W. Washington 4, D. C.



## FILTERS OUT FURNACE DIRT

Wonderful news for you who have hot air registers! Disposable, non-inflammable fiberglass air filter pads fit into all grill registers... catch furnace dirt, dust, grease, grime. Prevents soiling of walls, furniture, drapes. Saves work, cleaning bills. Won't interfere with circulation of your warm air heating system. Easy to install—just cut to size with scissors and fasten to underside of register. Box of 10 sq. ft., only \$2.49 ppd.

**HUSS BROS. 800 N. Clark, Dept. 9, Chicago 10**

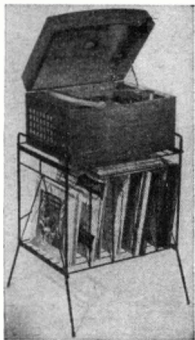
## CUCKOO CLOCK

from GERMAN BLACK FOREST  
**Now \$3.95 only**  
 postpaid... duty-free  
 Direct to you from EUROPE  
 Low price only by direct import. German weight and pendulum **CUCKOO CLOCK**.

Excellent timekeeper. Cuckoos every quarter hour. **HAND CARVED**. Antique walnut finish. Shipped direct from Free Europe with strange foreign stamps. Order as gifts, too. (Not more than one addressed to the same person.) Send only \$3.95 each. No COD's. Postman collects 15c foreign packet fee which can't be prepaid. Money-back guarantee. Order today.

**SEVEN SEAS IMPORTS, Dept. E898**  
 1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, California

## WROUGHT IRON RECORD CENTER



A compact, ample black music table. Measures 21" x 16", 25" high. Plenty of space for records, for albums and table area for large record player. Also table top TV sets. Never before have we seen such value. Perfect for any record lover. Rubber tipped feet.

at a very low **\$9.98**

All Brass Plated \$14.95  
 Shipping charges collect  
 absolutely no C.O.D.'s

**INTERIOR TRENDS**  
 56-R UNDERHILL AVENUE BROOKLYN 38, N. Y.

## \$1.00 Make Your LAMPS INTO CHRISTMAS TREES



...cleverest decorating idea in years!

Now you can bring Hollywood's famous Christmas Tree Lane right into your home. These perfect replicas fit over any lamp in place of your regular shade... Make all your lamps into Christmas trees and spread the Holiday Spirit throughout your home. Beautifully lithographed in forest green with white "snow" on branches that stand out for easy decorating. Ideal for all rooms, window ledges and small apartments. 17" high, 17" diameter. You'll want several at this low \$1 price. Send check, cash or m.o. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. (FREE: book of Christmas carols & hymns with each order of 2 or more.) Order from: THORESEN'S, Dept. 90-M-52, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



## IDEAL GIFT FOR NEW MOTHERS FLOWETTES PATENTED

STOP nursing bottle nipple clogging. Solids from TERMINAL STERILIZING, fruit juices, and "diphtheria" formulas cannot clog nipples. FLOWETTES are rustproof metal strainers with long lasting boilable plastic rims. Fit snugly under nipple. Send \$1 with make of bottle for set of 8, ppd., in easy to mail letter size pack. RAY PRODUCTS CO., 822 Overton, Neb.

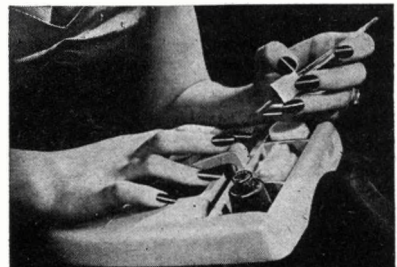
ASK FOR FREE BABY GIFT CATALOG



## STAND-UP CUTOUT DOLLS

Each set contains 5 dolls with beautiful, colorful wardrobes. Cutout paper dolls stand alone (patented) 2 sets—\$5.75

3 sets—\$1.00 ppd.  
**STAND-UP DOLLS**  
 P.O. Box 26068, Los Angeles 26, Calif.



## HOME MANICURING MADE EASY

**MANICUR-ETTE** is a plastic hand rest for elevating the finger while applying polish. Will fit on the lap or any flat surface. Has compartments that hold the polish at your finger tips. Comes in chartruese and ivory. No more smearing—No more spilling.

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Captivating china angels dressed up like Mrs. Santa, to set off your Christmas table, add to the holiday decorations! Belles are really bella, and tinkle merrily when rung. 3 inches high, one bears a gift, one a book of carols, the third a Christmas basket. Their skirts are green, their red coats and quaint pink-bonnets are edged with acid-frosted white china fur. You'll love them on sight!

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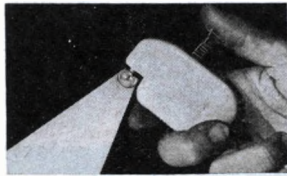
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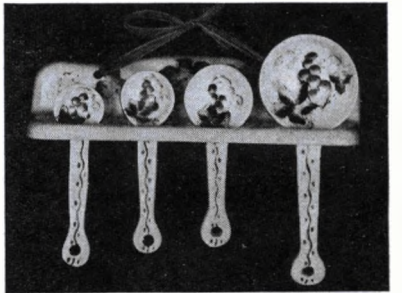
**Tops in the Shops**



**Old grads** or Class of '55 will cherish a cigarette box that features a miniature of their diploma encased in clear lucite and mounted on the lid. Honduras mahogany box, 6" x 4 1/2", has ebony lucite base and lid. (Original diploma is returned via insured mail.) Only \$8.95 ppd. Keepsake Shops, Dept. R-11, Union City, N.J.



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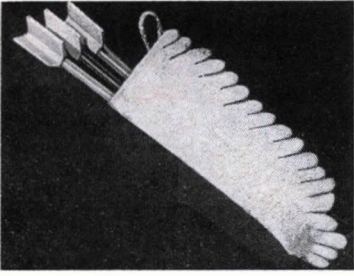
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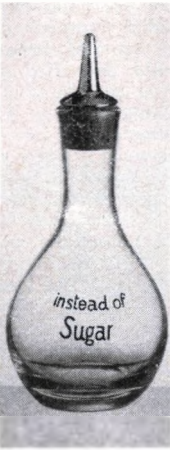


## Tops in the Shops



**Dollar gift idea** for all the children on your list—a quiver of 3 pencils with arrow-shaped erasers. Even homework can be fun when you draw a pencil from a genuine sueded leather quiver with a loop to hang from a belt or button. \$1 a set, ppd., or 6 sets for \$5. From Frontier Traders, Box 4035, Dept. QR, Tucson, Ariz.

**Sweet-toothed** calorie-counters will applaud a server for any one of the non-fattening liquid sweeteners. 4-ounce crystal bottle, with chrome spout, is labeled in red: **INSTEAD OF SUGAR**. Now your sweetener comes to the table without looking as if it escaped from the medicine chest. \$1.50 ppd. Glasscraft, 920-R Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.



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**Redbook's**  
**TOPS IN THE SHOPS**





# How Would You Solve This Problem?

Is Eva's hysteria just a reaction to her mother's death—or does it hide a feeling of deep relief?



**1** Eva was a nervous child whose parents were heavy drinkers. The family was poor, since her father worked irregularly. Eva's mother was honestly fond of the child and tried to make amends, after periods of heavy drinking, by giving her toys. Although her home situation did not improve, Eva understood it better as she grew older, and began to restrain her parents and arbitrate quarrels. She never complained, she helped out around the house, and she continually covered up for her parents. But she still longed to have her own home.



**2** When Eva married Joe, they took an apartment near her parents and helped out the parents financially. When Eva's mother started coming to the apartment, drunk, after quarrels at home, friction grew between the young couple. Joe said he would leave if Eva's mother came again. One rainy night Eva let her mother in, but when Joe put on his hat, she pushed her mother out and slammed the door. Her mother was hit by a car that night, and died soon afterward. Eva then became hysterical, blaming herself for her mother's death.

## WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

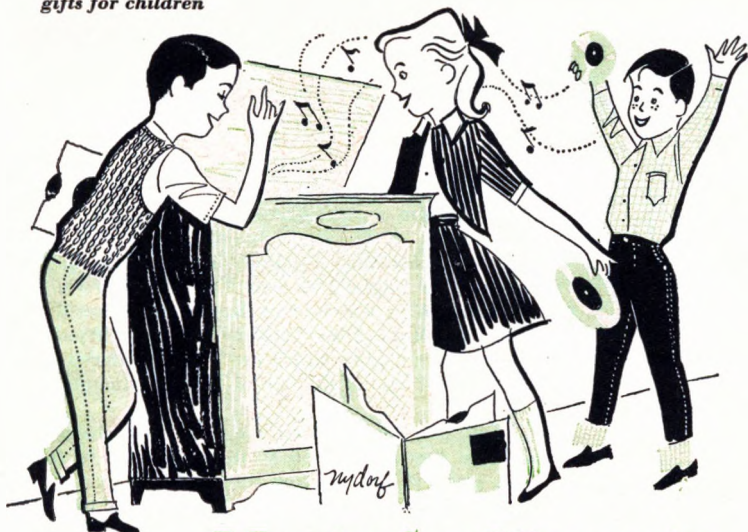
- 1 Eva's hysteria and self-blame are actually only surface cover-ups for her deeper feeling of relief that now she will have her own home undisturbed.
- 2 Eva, faced with the impossible task of having to choose between two people she loved, isn't to blame, since she did the best she could.
- 3 Eva, who generally mastered her nervousness, was overcome by her fundamental weakness and is at least partly responsible for her mother's death.

Turn to page 114 for Dr. Martin's analysis



WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

Good tips on Christmas gifts for children



Music for Moppets

BY CARLTON BROWN

Among the many good children's records on hand for Christmas giving, Columbia's "Now We Know" series, subtitled "Songs to Learn By," merits special mention. Though its billing may suggest too educational a note for a time when school is out, its content is as gay and entertaining as anything around. At least, that is the verdict my family panel of three auditors, ranging in age from five to eight, has turned in on the 12-inch LP in the series, designated for the five-to-nine mob. On the first side of this disk, Tom Glazer sings one long song, "What Makes the Weather?" and six short ones on such subjects as why bees buzz, stars twinkle, bananas are picked green and you can't see in the dark. On the second side, Paul Tripp (Mr. I. Magination) handles nine more topics, including why the world is round, what's inside it, whether animals talk to one another, how a cow makes milk and why the sky is blue. The questions and their answers, as framed in the catchy words and music of Hy Zaret and Lou Singer, are naturally intriguing to children, with the possible exception of one that sounds like parental propoganda—"What Foods Should We Eat Every Day?"

A four-number, 45-rpm EP in the same series gives a similarly light but informative briefing on radar, television, molecules and atoms, for the nine-to-thirteen age group.

For pure entertainment, nothing has come along to challenge the popularity of Disneyland, and its recorded by-products are available in abundance. Columbia offers three full episodes from the sound track of "Davy Crockett," with Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen and company, on a 12-inch LP. If you get this for a

dedicated Davy fan in your household, you are pretty likely to be hearing a lot of it for some time to come. If you'd rather head this possibility off at the pass, you might choose instead another Columbia album, "Songs of the West," by the Norman Luboff Choir. This is not classified as a children's record, but it will please many young devotees of the Wild Frontier as well as it will the adults in their families.

This same two-way appeal is found in a 12-inch Decca LP, "Music from Disneyland," by Jack Pleis and his orchestra and chorus, and—to a lesser extent—in the Decca set, "Songs from Walt Disney's Lady and the Tramp," by Peggy Lee, available as a 10-inch LP and on 45-rpm EPs. The first of these is made up of a dozen hit tunes from Disney's top films, such as "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Heigh Ho," "Whistle While You Work," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," and "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah." The second would make a fine gift for a teen-ager who loved the movie, but there's too much love stuff in it for younger kids. For them, a better bet would be Capitol's EP adaptation of the film, featuring members of the original cast.

RCA-Victor has some dandy stocking-fillers in single 45s devoted to simplified narrations of "Treasure Island," "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer" and "Robin Hood"; in an EP of Disney's "Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland"; and in a two-record EP album, "Pan the Piper," a music-appreciation job of real appeal. The single 45s in Capitol's Music Appreciation series consist of exciting stories set to selections from the classics and pack a lot of entertainment for children up to eight or ten.

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# Robin Hood

## 'ROUND THE WORLD

England's legendary hero of Sherwood Forest  
is now being seen on  
television screens in three countries



Robin Hood (Richard Greene, above) disguises himself as a peddler (right) and plays a trick on his Maid Marian (Bernadette O'Farrell) on CBS-TV.

■ Don't be surprised if your young fry want to swap their coonskin caps and guns for peaked hats and bows and arrows. *Robin Hood* and his merry men have arrived on television, not only in this country, but in Canada and England as well. This is the first commercial show to be televised in three countries. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (CBS, Monday, 7:30 p.m. EST) are interesting films which are being produced in England, almost in the shadow of historic Hampton Court Palace.

Tall, handsome and virile movie star Richard Greene makes a fine *Robin*. He's athletic enough to look the part, plays it in a dashing way and with just the right spark of humor. Bernadette O'Farrell is his faithful *Maid Marian*, and there's also a jovial *Friar Tuck*, a tremendous *Little John* and a properly villainous *Sheriff*.

Whether *Robin Hood* actually lived or not doesn't really matter. There are enough stories and legends about him to interest anyone, and the tales of his exploits are such fun that, if there wasn't a *Robin*, there should have been one. The English producers have made the sets as authentic as possible with reproductions of famous English castles. The chain mail and the costumes are copies of actual apparel of the 12th century, and the sword play and battle scenes are supervised by a former fencing champion of Great Britain. The actors throw themselves into these scenes with such relish that there's been many a bruised head, cut face and even some broken bones.

The episodes deal with *Robin's* efforts to right various wrongs. He and his outlaw band are determined that the common man shall get a break. They help free those in debt and sometimes steal the payment back from the oppressors. They outwit, outride and outshoot the *Sheriff's* men even if it means that *Robin* has to split an arrow in a target. They rescue maidens in distress and aid and abet romance.

The exploits of *Robin* and his band have all the exciting elements usually found in cops-and-robbers or cowboy-and-Indian tales, plus enough sly British wit to amuse any parents who may be peeking over small shoulders.

— FLORENCE SOMERS





If your child has problems in school, you can help her. One way: Express a sincere interest in her classwork



## If Your Child Hates School

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

**I** hate school and I'm never going back!" Most parents hear these words at one time or another. How should you handle an outburst like this from your child?

First—sympathize. Pamper him a bit. Tell him frankly. "Sometimes I wished I didn't have to go to school." Of course you must make it clear that school is necessary, but let him know you understand how he feels, too. When you've soothed your child, you'll want to go deeper and find out what made him so upset.

Check his physical health. This means a medical examination and a check on sight and hearing. Many a youngster flounders painfully in his work because he can't see the board clearly or hear accurately. Insufficient rest or any other physical condition that keeps him below par will affect his feelings of adequacy.

Express interest in his school activities. This does not mean a perfunctory, "Were you a good boy?" or "Did you know your lesson?" Encourage him to tell you the things the class did or to bring home something he made at school. You may learn this way just what is bothering him. Perhaps a class bully has been picking on your child, or he feels his teacher has treated him unfairly.

Do not criticize your child's school or his teacher in his presence. Chances are his teacher is doing the best she can—and if, in your opinion, she has made a mistake, talk it over with her, not with your child.

It might be a good idea to discuss the problem with your child's teacher in any case. She may have suggestions for ways in which you may help him.

Make your child feel that his place in your affection is secure regardless of marks. He may be plagued by fears that school failure will mean the loss of your love. You know that isn't so—but your child doesn't unless you make it clear. Of course, you expect him to do his best, but he must understand that he needn't be at the head of his class in order to rate with you.

Avoid comparisons between the youngster who does poorly in school and a brighter brother or sister. "Why can't you get grades like Anne?" won't make Teddy love school—it will only make him resent his sister, too.

Encourage after-school friendships with the children in his class. School will no longer seem a forbidding place if your child meets his best friends there.

Above all, do not feel that you or your child has failed in some way. Your job is not to assess blame but to help him through a passing phase with a minimum of emotional turmoil.

*Mrs. Black is an instructor at the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children. Her informative column is a regular REDBOOK feature.*

# Betty's BLUE



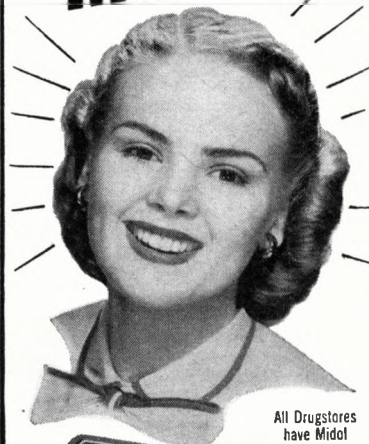
## PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

### "WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't P-115, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

# Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol





# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## NEARER TO THEE

May I be one of the hundreds to congratulate you for printing the lovely story of "Robin" by Isabel Langis (August).

One of my children is mentally retarded so, naturally, I avidly pounce on anything concerning retarded children. But this is the first time, out of all the statistics and gradually dawning acceptance of this problem, that a story has been so endearingly presented. Miss Langis has indeed captured the retarded child's incomparable innocence and nearness to God.

Such stories as "Robin" will better acquaint the general public with a very urgent problem and encourage them to support the Association for the Help of Retarded Children in its efforts to provide the special schools and classes that give these children the education and means of support that is their rightful heritage.

Mrs. EDWIN C. HESS  
Hamburg, N. Y.

## HUMBLE HERO

■ In September, we printed the story of R. Kenneth Towery, the young newspaper editor who exposed the \$100,000,000 Texas land scandal. In addition to telling of Towery's outstanding achievement — for which he won a Pulitzer Prize — we tried to convey in some measure the warmth and humility of the man himself. However, a letter which we received from him after publication of our story does this better than any words of ours. ED.

I have just finished reading your story concerning the part played by me in the veterans' land scandal here in Texas. While I appreciate very much the flattering treatment given me by Mr. Phipps and Mr. Robinson, I would like to say that I have been given far more credit than I deserve in the over-all picture.

In an undertaking of such magnitude as an investigation of the \$100,000,000 Texas Veterans' Land Program, operating as it did in all of Texas' 254 counties, a great many persons would of necessity take part who, because of the sheer weight of numbers, would be left out when the "glory" was being passed around.

Accordingly, I would like to note the magnificent job done by our Department of Public Safety throughout the "campaign." Actually I feel that the lion's share of credit, aside from that due DeWitt County Attorney Wiley Cheatam, the real hero in this affair, should go to those of the Department who traveled thousands of miles over the state to run down leads that are now paying off in convictions.

And our Attorney General, John Ben Sheppard, has suffered far more politically than he has any right to suffer. Bucking political headwinds in a number of districts, he has been instrumental in obtaining indictments that would not have been returned otherwise.

I feel that I was fortunate in that I was in a position to assist the investigators,

through the medium of the press, in the focusing of public attention on the scandal. Where it was necessary to lead, I led, but most of the time I was in a supporting role.

R. KENNETH TOWERY, *Managing Editor*  
Cuero Daily Record  
Cuero, Texas

I worked across the desk from Kenneth Towery at the Cuero Record, and I just want to tell you how well your story went over with us country folks. The pictures were so realistic they made us all lonely for Kenneth.

Did you know that he is back in a veterans' hospital because of a recurrence of tuberculosis? He "played out" on us a few months ago and, when he went for a long-overdue checkup, the doctors were terribly alarmed and ordered him back to bed but quick. I think he will gradually be all right after a good long rest and proper medication. He is a real fine fellow and we miss him dreadfully.

Thanks again for such a fine story about "our boy."

NINA SCARBROUGH  
Cuero, Texas

## SHEREE'S SORRY



Sheree North  
For an actress, a red wig and glasses.

I owe REDBOOK and writer Kirtley Baskette an apology for not revealing when he interviewed me for the September REDBOOK, that Bud Freeman and I were secretly married at Quartzsite, Arizona, on February 20, 1955. I did tell Mr. Baskette that I wanted to find a man to marry and make a home, but I honestly thought that at this stage of my career I shouldn't announce my marriage, so I kept quiet. I even wore a red wig and horn-rimmed glasses at my marriage ceremony so that no one would recognize me.

It was really a personal thing, this marriage, but I realize now that our desire for privacy has caused embarrass-

ment to you. I'm sorry and I hope you'll forgive us.

SHEREE NORTH  
Hollywood, Calif.

## FIGHTING MAN



Sgt. Jake Lindsey  
For a soldier, both fists flying.

Your story about Regular-Army man Jake Lindsey, "What Makes a Fighting Man?" (August), is sad. Is Lindsey the kind of man we want or need? A good American is a man who stays at home; raises good, God-fearing citizens; votes and elects to office the best men available and, if necessary in time of need, accepts military life.

Haven't we agreed that, in the event of a future major conflict, fighting men will not be so important since our new weapons demand more technical personnel than regular foot soldiers?

Let's concentrate on glamorizing the training of men who can prevent a future war. Men who thrive on battle (disguised as patriots) are not needed.

IDA REGAN  
Philadelphia, Pa.

No doubt you will receive many letters in response to your article about Jake Lindsey, and I'd like to add my feelings since Jake is a friend of mine.

Jake is a pleasant, rather gentle fellow; there is nothing of the tough rowdy in him that some of his publicity would indicate. He is a true friend and a loving father. But he is a wiry, resilient guy who loves a good scrap.

Jake has the low boiling temperature of the typical southerner and an insult to his character, pride or army record will bring him to his feet with both fists flying. He's a small fellow who will jump a man twice his size (or two of them!) and give a good account of himself. He cannot stand injustice, either to himself or to others, nor overbearing characters.

Jake was born 100 years too late.



He is the stuff of which the frontiersmen and Indian fighters were made, and there is little place for him in this peacetime army.

Jake can be an invaluable asset to the army, however, if it can learn to accept him, understand him, channel his energies and impulses and perhaps help him to understand himself.

G. L. DANIELS  
North Carolina

#### WHO'S FROM MISSOURI?

Apropos of your article "The Men Who Can Make You Believe Anything" (August), I haven't met the man who *can't* make me believe anything. Should I see a doctor, maybe?

JOAN SWEENEY  
New York, N. Y.

#### ■ Try a heart specialist. ED.

I was married for 25 years to a man like those you described in your article. When he finally left me for good two years ago, I was broken in health and burdened with several thousand dollars in debts. I have now regained my health and, by working at two jobs, my financial stability.

But always I've had the feeling that I must be a little stupid to have let so many things be put over on me, and I have been keeping away from people because I doubt my judgment. You can imagine the comfort I got from your article when I found that it can happen to others and maybe I'm not so stupid after all. Many thanks.

NAME WITHHELD  
Philadelphia, Penn.

#### GAMBLING CONTROVERSY

I am glad someone finally had the nerve to attack charity gambling ("Should You Gamble for Charity?" July). I worked to rid my home town of gambling, but I became disillusioned when I found clubs and churches could carry on gambling without criticism.

Even the schools are teaching our children to gamble. It is on a small scale, but that is how the desire to "get something for nothing" grows. They sell chances on everything from a cake to a door prize. Is it any wonder I cannot explain to my nine-year-old son why it is wrong to gamble?

MRS. HARVEY LECKRONE  
Salem, Ill.

#### "WINGS OF GLORY"

"Wings of Glory" helped me to understand why my husband and millions of others want to make the Air Force their career. To make their job easier, it's up to us wives to understand and help them, and this story has put the idea across very well.

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## 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 10 through 35. 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.)

# MS NEW CLUES

• Multiple sclerosis is the most common crippling nerve disease among young adults. Some 250,000 young Americans are its victims—more than the number of persons now suffering from the aftereffects of polio.

The disease almost always develops between the ages of 20 and 40, and generally hits men and women at the time of their heaviest family responsibilities, or at the start of their careers. It strikes by destroying patches of the insulation around nerves in the brain and spinal cord. Nerve messages are, in effect, short-circuited, and this interference causes weakness, paralysis or lack of control over various parts of the body.

Multiple sclerosis usually begins slowly and grows worse with time. Common signs include numbness or tingling in the arms or legs, loss of balance, extreme fatigue, loss of bladder or bowel control, double or blurred vision, tremors, slurred speech and, often, paralysis. The disease seems to come and go. One attack is followed by a period of improvement; then another attack is more severe or affects new areas of the body. The improvement may last years, or only weeks.

## • DIABETES TESTS

You'll be able to get a simple, free test for diabetes this month during the eighth nation-wide Diabetes Detection Drive, to be held November 13-19. The drive, aimed at finding an estimated 1,000,000 Americans who have the disease without knowing it, is sponsored by the American Diabetes Association, its 39 affiliated units and more than 900 county and state medical societies. Further details will be given by local papers, radio and TV stations.

## • HONEY FOR HANG-OVER

Honey seems to help overcome hang-over and sober up the alcoholic. The



**YOU AND YOUR HEALTH**

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

# TO A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE

Science makes its first hopeful findings about multiple sclerosis, the disease that has hit 250,000 young adults

Even today, more than a century after the disease first became known, scientists aren't sure what causes it. There are reasons to suspect a virus, or small blood clots, or a fault in the way a person's body handles certain vitamins or foodstuffs, or even an allergy to one's own nerve tissue. Environmental conditions may also play a part; it has been found, for example, that the disease is more common in cold, damp northern climates than in the South.

Dr. Albert Schatz, codiscoverer of streptomycin, reports that some strains of soil bacteria seem to attack only the myelin (or insulating sheath) around the nerve. Experiments by two California doctors, Gilbert S. Gordon and John E. Adams, suggest that the bodies of M.S. patients may not handle a common material in foods, glutamic acid, as other bodies do. Whether this defect can be partly controlled by doses of sodium succinate is now under study.

Both projects are in their early stages, as is a study of the possible effects of the anti-TB drug, isoniazid, on multiple sclerosis. Although hundreds of drugs and treatments have been tested so far, no single one is widely accepted as a really effective means of

either preventing or curing the disease.

Progress has been made, though, in establishing 23 clinics to treat M.S. patients and in using modern rehabilitation methods to make patients more independent or even self-supporting. Multiple sclerosis, while still incurable, does *not* greatly lessen the life span; it's estimated that the life expectancy of the average person with multiple sclerosis is 80 per cent as long as it would be otherwise.

Most current research into the disease is sponsored by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, various Government agencies, foundations or universities. This research centers around these points: seeking the causes of remissions (or periods of improvement); developing a diagnostic test; producing the disease in animals to speed the study of cause and treatment; pin-pointing the roles of heredity and environment; learning more about insulating myelin and investigating possible psychological factors involved in the disease.

Multiple sclerosis is still a mysterious disease, but doctors are confident that such research will eventually produce the key to its cause, prevention and cure.

reason, apparently, is that it contains a form of sugar, fructose, that speeds the burning up of alcohol in the body. Writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Women's Association*, Dr. Martha Brunner-Orne compares honey's sobering, sedative effect with that of Vitamin B<sub>6</sub>. The combination of both, she says, has been helpful in treating alcoholics.

● **Rx FOR SAFER CARS**

Encouraged by recent public interest in the subject, the American Medical Association has renewed its long-standing campaign to have more safety devices installed in autos.

Seat belts alone, declares the AMA, would greatly help to reduce the annual

highway accident toll of some 40,000 Americans killed, 100,000 permanently injured and 1,000,000 temporarily disabled. Other recommended safety changes include the elimination of all sharp edges on projections inside the car, more generous use of padding, doors that would stay shut during accidents but open easily when necessary, a flexible joint in the steering column that would yield under heavy impact (as from the driver's chest), nonrigid dashboards and a front end that would crumple slowly but still absorb the shock of a crash.

*Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned*



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\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

### PERMISSIVENESS VERSUS RIGID STANDARDS

Does overpermissiveness unduly affect child behavior? The increasing freedom allowed children in this decade and the increasing delinquency among teen-agers have been the cause for much discussion on this subject. One educator argues that permissiveness as such must presume "an assumption of adult standards by the oncoming generation": another that, "a child is a child and should be treated as such." Some educators definitely relate the current lack of discipline (in the old sense of the word) to the rise of delinquent behavior among youth. In other words, are we educating our children to be individuals who will accept responsibility as a part of the privilege of maturity?

It is difficult in a living situation to require your child to be "different" from his fellows, and yet many parents refuse to subscribe to the late hours and social behavior that other more permissive parents allow.

The independent boarding school has long been an aid in solving such problems. The regular hours, well-rounded extracurricular program and objective rules and regulations apply to all—not to one member of the school group. Rational methods and high academic standards lead toward maturity and independent thinking.

If you are puzzled in your choice of a school, we will gladly make suggestions to you. Address:—

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—Abraham Lincoln

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# *What Veterans and Their Families Should Know NOW*

---

**Korean returnees have a new GI Bill of Rights. World War II benefits are changing and expiring.**

**Here are answers to a veteran's 30 most important questions**

**BY HARVEY V. HIGLEY**

*Administrator of Veterans' Affairs*

● **Our grateful nation** has granted a wide variety of benefits to veterans and their dependents. Nearly 8,000,000 of the 15,000,000 World War II veterans have participated in the GI Bill education and training program. Already an additional million Korean veterans have joined their ranks. More than 4,000,000 GI loans for homes, farms and businesses have been guaranteed or insured under the World War II and Korean GI Bills. During 1954, VA Contact Representatives assisted more than 12,000,000 veterans and their dependents.

Under the law, the VA cannot approach the 21-500,000 veterans to inform them of their personal status in the veterans' benefit program. The VA discusses individual cases only if and when veterans or their dependents decide that they want to claim a benefit. Then the VA can help them determine what they are entitled to and assist them in filling out the proper forms.

Several of the most important veterans' benefits have deadlines. We suggest that each veteran prepare a memo book of dates on which his GI insurance premiums are due, the cut-off dates for GI loans and the starting and final deadlines for educational benefits.

Here are the answers to the most important questions asked by veterans and their dependents:

## LOANS

**Q. For what purposes may a veteran get a GI loan?**

**A.** Three types of loans are permissible: 1. To purchase, construct or improve a home. 2. To buy a farm, farm land, stock, feed and seed, farm machinery and other farm supplies and equipment. 3. To buy a business or otherwise to enable a veteran to undertake or expand a legitimate business venture.

**Q. How much loan entitlement does a veteran have for various purposes?**

**A.** Sixty per cent of a home loan, or a loan for a farm on which there is a farmhouse, is guaranteed, up to a maximum of \$7,500; 50 per cent of a real-estate loan, up to \$4,000; 50 per cent of a non-real-estate loan, up to *(Continued on page 94)*





# Sometimes It Happens

*Happiest are the few -  
Oh, the fortunate few!  
Who discover the love allotted them  
At the very beginning of time*

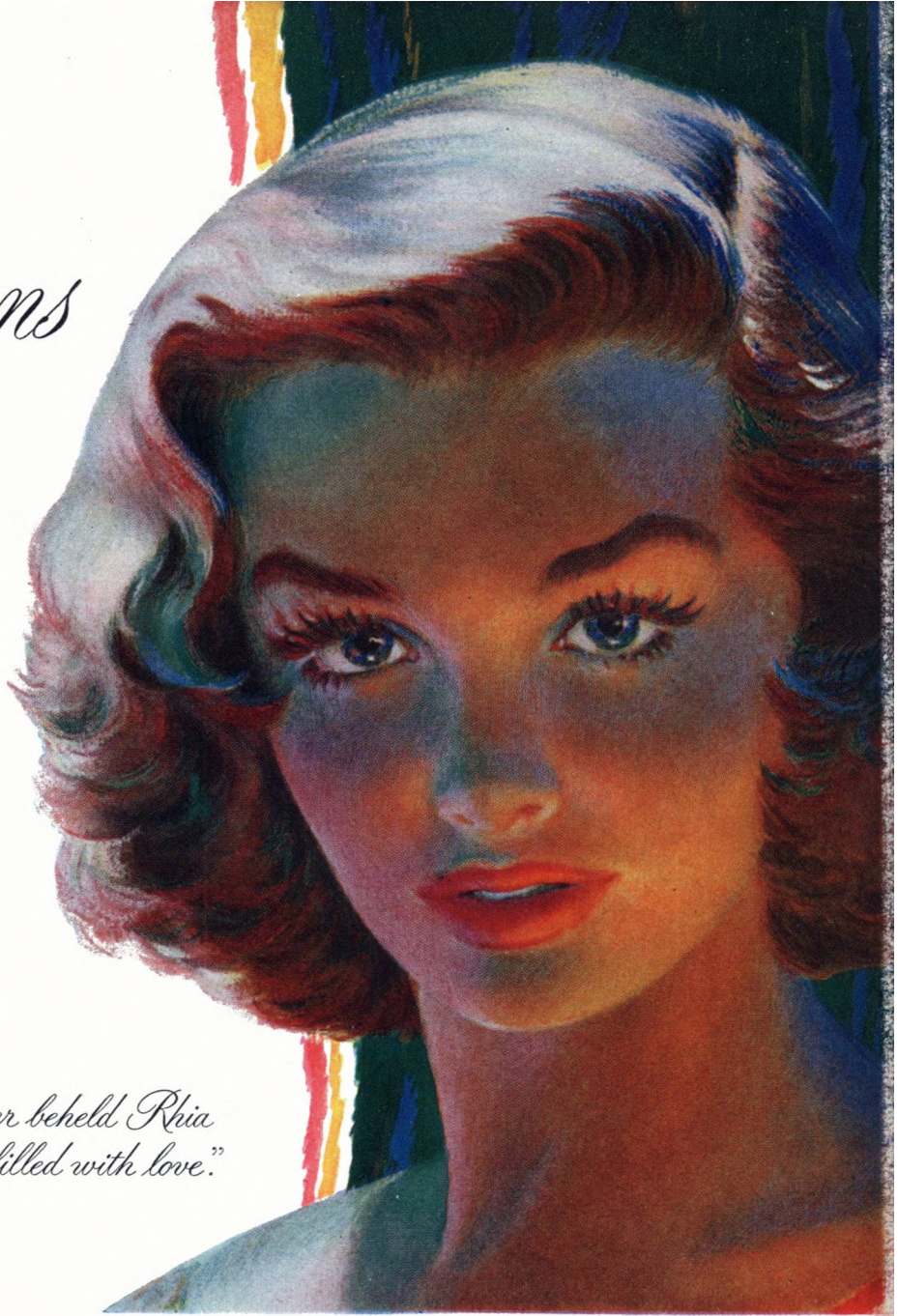
**Rhia Powell** was endowed in childhood with the wonderfully imaginative Welsh legends and romance; naturally they conditioned her approach to love and life.

An aunt of her mother's recited to Rhia the old tales as told to her years before. Rhia's father was as Welsh as her mother, or as great-aunt Llio, but he had never heard some of her sayings; he doubted they had ever been written down. He was an antiquarian whose work often took him to unhealthy spots in Asia Minor; so Rhia and her brother, Owen,




opens

*"Whoever beheld Rhia  
was filled with love."*







would be left in Wales with great-aunt Llio; their mother accompanied their father, wherever he was sent.

After the outbreak of the Great War, the family was in London, since scholars who had solved the riddles of forgotten languages were good at “breaking” enemy codes. Rhia’s father and mother were together in a shelter when a buzz bomb scored a direct hit. By that time, Owen was old enough to get into the army, so he was with his regiment. Great-aunt Llio had come for Rhia, who was just ten years old.

“The one mercy is your father and mother ‘went’ together,” great-aunt Llio said. “Which could have lived without the other? They were of the happiest; theirs was the love allotted them at the very beginning of time.”

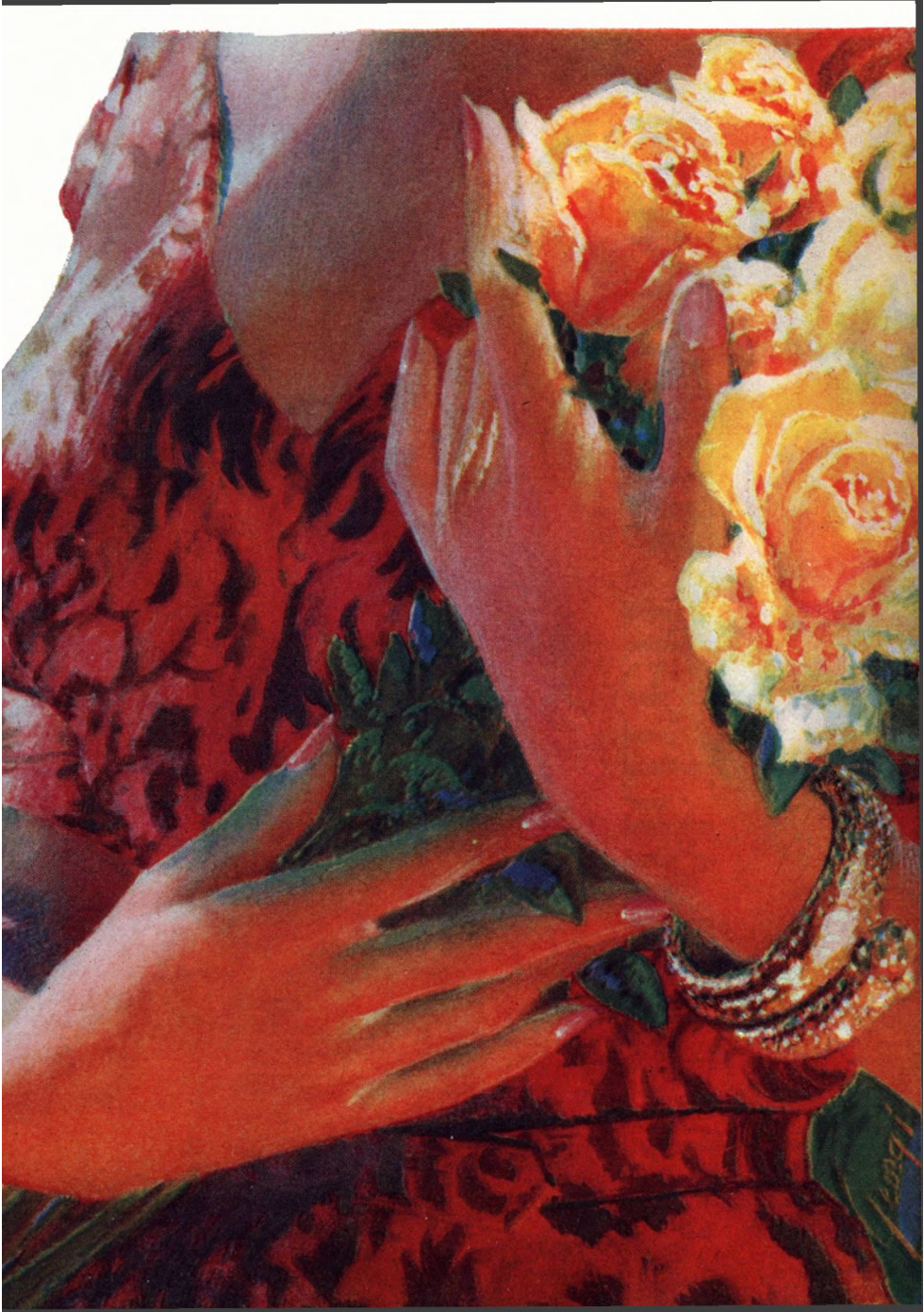
When the war was over, Owen went to New York, where he was employed by a firm of electrical engineers; he married and had two children. Rhia remained with great-aunt Llio, until she died; then Rhia joined her brother and, like him, simplified Pwyll to Powell.

She was doing very well. Even when a little girl, she had possessed a “whimsical pencil,” as her father (*Continued on page 103*)

*by Edwin Balmer*  
*Illustrated by Edwin Georgi*









# The Children Who Need

**Over 300,000 youngsters are living in institutions. A REDBOOK reporter tells how their lives are often permanently warped—and what you can do about it**

● **By the time the police referred nine-year-old Bobby to the psychiatric clinic, he had strayed from home five times, set several fires and senselessly slit the throat of a schoolmate's dog with a penknife. He had been expelled from school as being completely unmanageable. But he smiled blandly as he answered questions and showed no sense of guilt or deep feelings of any kind.**

Bobby had spent the first three years of his life in an orphanage before being placed in a foster home. To psychiatrists, teachers and social workers who deal with such problems, he is all too familiar as the "institutional type." These experts know that the incorrect placement of infants and children in institutions can cause serious, permanent damage. Yet many institutions are still used as catch-alls for homeless children—and breeding grounds for mental illness.

Over 300,000 children are now living in institutions. Authorities estimate that at least half of them don't belong there. These children are not solely a humanitarian problem—nor can their plight be kept hidden and locked behind institutional walls.

Any parent must recognize the possibility—however slight—that a family disaster might force his own child into such an institution. And there is the serious question of what happens when a warped youngster like Bobby is eventually turned loose in your community. No mother can be blamed for not wanting him to play with her own child. No family wants its tax money and charitable contributions spent to support institutions that may breed mental illness and criminal tendencies in the very children they are supposed to help.

It is hard to check what goes on in children's institutions because few outsiders can get in to see. Hundreds of these places are in states where no license is required. They are closed worlds, where the administrator's word is law. At several institutions the directors flatly refused to see me. But I managed to get into others, where I was able to observe at first hand just how serious this problem has become.

Today scores of backward institutions are shedding their old identity as orphanages and taking the name of "private schools." In this disguise they are prepared to fight off new ideas for years to come.

We are now in a transi- *(Continued on page 100)*



# Love Most

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN  
PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK MANNING









# BEWARE OF CHARM

They were sensible; they had sworn off romance. They could even walk away from a kiss, and they did . . . once!

**T**here are a couple of advantages to Palm Springs in the summer. One is that the off season rates are low enough so that even a secretary can afford the best. The other is that, with the hot weather, the vacationers thin out, and it is possible to walk down Indian Avenue without running into half of Hollywood.

Those two points had brought Mary Bannister to the desert, and loyalty had brought Willow Burns with her.

"Because," Willow had said, "you shouldn't be alone at a time like this."

"I'm not going to dangle from the rafters if that's what you mean," Mary had said, "but company would be nice."

It was a hundred and five outside, but the room was cool. Everything in it was green and white, like frost, like icebergs in an arctic sea—green carpets, massive lamps, wrought iron tables, ferny drapes.

"Wow," Willow said, when the manager had left them, "what luxury!" She began opening doors. "Look, we've even got a kitchen!"

Mary kicked off her shoes and lighted a cigarette. She was a small girl with blonde hair and a face that was pretty enough for people to say, "You should be in the movies," but not quite pretty enough for a talent scout to say it. At the moment, she looked tired.

"Who gets the first shower?" she asked.

"You take it," Willow said. "You're the one who's suffering. I mean," she added hastily, "you drove all the way from Los Angeles."

Mary glared at her. "I'm not suffering," she said. "I'm mad." She headed for the bathroom. "And I was not in love with that jerk," she added and closed the door.

That was the trouble with *(Continued on page 110)*

**BY HARRIETT PRATT**

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA



MRS. BILLY GRAHAM





## Tells Her Delightful Story:

# *LIFE WITHOUT FATHER*

A close friend of Ruth Graham remembers when her lovely diamond in its setting of yellow gold was new, and those close to her counseled earnestly: "Ruth, don't marry that boy. He means well and he's good-looking, but he'll never amount to much. You'll just be throwing yourself away if you marry Billy Graham."

Ruth Graham herself remembers such advice only vaguely because, she says, she never had the slightest intention of taking it. Theirs had been a case of *almost* love at first sight. And from the time she promised to marry Billy, Ruth was increasingly aware that he was part of God's plan for her life.

Out of all the millions of words written about Billy Graham (see REDBOOK, June, 1954—"God's Angry Young Man"), there have been few about his wife. She prefers the background and refuses speaking engagements. Although she was at her husband's side during the evangelistic campaign of 1955, visiting two royal households, the lengthy and almost daily dispatches to their home-town papers managed to quote her only once and that with one word: "Yes." That was when a reporter in Paris asked her whether she thought Billy's meetings were going well.

Often she puts reporters off with, "Oh, there's nothing to say about me." But a noted minister has said, "Ruth is half of Billy Graham." She called this "nonsense."

Behind the scenes at her home in Montreat, North Carolina, Ruth is more inclined to open up and speak of herself and her family. There is a joyous spiritual quality about her as she states her views with vividness and many a disarmingly apt quotation from the Bible. Billy says she's a better Biblical scholar than he is. But she has also a cheerful way

**Ruth Graham** and her three daughters greet Billy on his return from a long evangelical campaign. He is away ten months of the year. One child prays nightly, "Help Daddy not to get lost."

"I'd rather see a little of Bill than a lot of any other man I know," says Ruth Graham. Here's why . . .

BY NAOMI HINTZE





**"I have a mountain of my own, four children and the most thrilling partnership in the world with a man whose work I believe in"**



"My children need to feel they have one parent who is, most of the time, all theirs," says Ruth (*above* with Gi-Gi). For that reason, she rarely travels with Billy and devotes herself full-time to "my congregation." *Below*, the youngest "member," Franklin, plays near their home.



of admitting faults, plus the good looks of a movie star as well as an unconventionality and wit that are quite unexpected in the wife of the world's number one evangelist.

With ease she copes with the problems inherent in *Life Without Father* (Billy is gone 10 months out of 12) and thoroughly enjoys the role in spite of times like that harrowing Christmas night when the children flooded the basement with icy water and went swimming with their clothes on. Frequently, she says, she overdraws her checking account. "When I hear that nice Mr. Hickey from the bank say over the phone, 'Ruth, this is Bill Hickey. Uh—how are you?' I know it's not my health that concerns him!" She sews with results a couturier would applaud, but tells of wearing a homemade dress last year to a reception in London, "Everybody with titles and me in a dress with zipper trouble!"

It's amazing how little she worries about what people think. Some of the letters she gets would curl the hair of one less secure. "I believe in trying to do what I know is right and not wasting time caring about what people may say." This freedom from worry releases her energy for a great variety of pursuits. She sews, paints, gardens, builds stone walls, writes poetry, spends long hours with her children and finds time for daily religious instruction. She can fix the plumbing, change a tire, kill a rattlesnake. Last summer driving a jeep near her home she pinned a rattler under the wheel. The car was full of children and for a moment she just sat there, remembering the words of an old Chinese proverb: "Riding a tiger and afraid to get off . . ." She got out and finished off the snake with a lug wrench. "Scared? Certainly. But I'd have been more scared to let him go and maybe have him bite one of the children later."

Ruth had no inkling of the kind of life that was in store for her when she first met Billy Graham at Wheaton College, near Chicago. But she was always sure Billy would amount to *something*—in spite of head-shaking friends, and in spite of hearing about her predecessor, one Emily, who had thrown Billy over because she was convinced this young ministerial student would never go very far. Ruth says now that, in the early years of her marriage, she got just plain fed up hearing on all sides—even from Billy—about the virtues of this beautiful, talented, incomparably brilliant Emily.

"She had married a minister and they lived with their children in Boston. When Bill had a meeting there, I decided I'd better go, too. Emily would be fat after all those children, too busy to care about her personal appearance, I thought hopefully. Alas, she was as cute as a button! And exactly the warm and likable sort of person I'd choose to have for a close friend."

Pictures of Ruth taken during those college days might give one cause to wonder why this good-looking six-footer wooed her so ardently. She wore no lipstick and her long hair was drawn back into a bun. Gradually she has changed, and the lipstick and bangs of today re-





Games on the lawn are much more fun when Daddy's at home. Even Belshazzar, their Great Pyrenees, wants to join in.

sult in many a scandalized letter. She says, "It seems to me it's no credit to Christ to be drab. I can never forget some of the counseling I've done with young actresses and models who have said they'd have been Christians sooner, but all the Christians they knew were so unattractive. True, some of the best people we know dress very plainly and that is their right; untidiness, however, is certainly no recommendation to many young people who would take their first faltering steps toward a Christian life."

Before Ruth met the Graham family, Billy asked her for a picture to send home. Most girls would have picked their most flattering pose, but Ruth dug into old snapshots until she found a dreary one of herself with her hair combed unattractively and wearing a long-waisted dress and white cotton stockings. Without comment Bill sent it to his family. They looked at it in silence, she heard later, until young brother Melvin said with feeling, "That guy's tastes sure have changed!"

When Ruth's parents, who were medical missionaries, came back to this country and bought a place in Montreat, in the mountains near Asheville, Billy was invited for a visit. It would be fun, Ruth decided, to give him full mountain treatment. Accordingly, when he telephoned

for directions from the village, Ruth pulled down her long dark hair, blacked out a tooth, took off her shoes and walked down the road barefooted to meet her love.

It was a joke that almost backfired and she is sure Bill would have been delighted if it had. She was so convincing that he gave her a glance, thought she was a mountain woman and was driving on past when she screamed, "Bill! Bill! It's me—it's me!"

Ruth McCue Bell was married to William Franklin Graham, Jr., in August, 1943. Aware that the groom's funds, \$70, put away for a seven-day honeymoon, would be nearly wiped out by the purchase of bridesmaids' bouquets, she made them herself. She also made her wedding dress and veil, having no idea on that romantic occasion that she would one day be so lacking in sentiment as to whack into the veil to trim bassinets for Virginia (Gi-Gi), now 10; Ann Morrow, 8; Ruth (Bunny), almost 5, and William Franklin III, who is 3.

Just before their son's birth an English friend, John Cordle, was in town to arrange for Billy's London meetings. "John's stay was limited and I wanted to see him, but I was already in the hospital. This didn't deter my husband, however. One of the (Continued on page 115)





# Victory

*The idol of thousands, he rose to real heroism only  
when he kept faith with three strangers—and thus with himself!*





**BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT**

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

**J**oe Loring played the last half of the game against Purdue with a detachment that was almost indifference. State held a two-touchdown lead, and he was no longer a starry-eyed wonder. He paced himself carefully, taking minimum risks, appearing to be more active than he actually was—football-wise, more than a little cynical, aware that he was a hero to the crowd, but not particularly caring. The last play of the game was sheer luck as far as he was concerned, a chance to bring them up out of their seats.

With only a minute left on the clock, Purdue uncorked one desperate, last-minute, futile pass.

Loring sensed it coming and he was in motion with the ball. The Purdue end got into the clear, running fast, and Loring raced across behind him, leaping into the air like a high jumper. It was a beautiful pass, a beautiful interception. He landed, running, with the ball cradled in the crook of his arm, evaded the two tacklers who were in a position to menace him and raced for the open field. He did forty-five yards before the Purdue fullback

brought him down on the ten-yard line. The whistle blew before another play could be started, so the interception meant nothing, the run meant nothing, as far as the game was concerned. The huge crowd in the stadium, however, rolled his name across the field, and Joe Loring grinned.

The spectators would go home remembering that last cheer, remembering Joe Loring.

He trotted off the field—tall, competent, casual, dark-haired, dark-eyed, bronzed, with features that were slightly battered, looking the role that he played. All of the faceless humans, all of the people named Luke and Lucy that make up a crowd, were still cheering, one cheer for the team and one for Loring. He did not even glance up at them. He knew what they looked like. He had been looking at them and listening to them through most of his twenty-two years. They weren't people; they were merely the crowd.

In the dressing room, he stripped off his uniform and jostled for his turn at the showers, listening to the same



old exultant victory cries, the same old kidding banter, contributing his share to it, part of it and glad to be part of it, but more than a little weary of it. Grade school, high school, college; he had played football all of the way. Football held no surprises for him. This was the last year.

There were autograph hunters waiting for him outside, and this was one of the sillier routines of his life. He had been signing programs, books and scraps of paper ever since he'd been chosen for All-American in his junior year. Students whom he did not know called him by his first name, and some of them introduced their girl friends to him, a little timidly, sometimes, afraid that he would let them down. He never did. He had a patient grin and he wore it pleasantly, but sometimes his face ached.

"Good game, Joe. That was a great run you made with that Purdue pass."

"Hi, Joe. The girl friend wants an autograph. This is Sally Smith, Joe."

He grinned, waved, signed, called everybody "Old Man," and worked gradually into the clear. He had a bruise over his ribs that was bothering him and his left knee was stiffening up. He had a tender spot on his jaw, too, where the Purdue left guard had clipped him in the second quarter. He wasn't interested in taking bows. All that he wanted from life for a little while was some peace and quiet.

Lee Bradley, the Student-Council President, was waiting for him in his room. Lee had someone named Steve Marlowe with him, who turned out to be the Sophomore-Class President. They were both stiffly solemn. Lee Bradley cleared his throat.

"You heard about Dewey Elton, didn't you, Joe?"

Joe Loring sprawled in his big chair. "You tell it," he said. "I never even heard of Dewey Elton."

"You didn't? We understood that he was a friend of yours."

Lee Bradley glanced toward Steve Marlowe. The Sophomore President made a gesture of resignation. "That's how it is," he said. "Nobody seems to have known him. But his mother is down here. She says that you were his best friend, Loring. He was always writing home about you."

"Me?" Joe Loring frowned in concentration, then shook his head. "Misprint," he said. "I never knew any Deweys. And no Eltons. Positively not."

"The kid was bragging, probably. They do." Lee Bradley swore softly. "It's one of those things. Anyway, you're stuck, Joe. Look! It's this way."

He leaned forward. "This kid was a sophomore. Quiet. Kept to himself. Skinny little guy. Yesterday, he went over to the gym, all alone, and started to punch the bag." Bradley drew a deep breath. "He dropped dead, Joe. Just like that! Punching the bag."

"The hell!"

Loring stared at the two visitors, seeing the shock that he felt himself register on the faces of the men who already knew about the tragedy. Merely putting it in words made it more real, more immediate. It was something for which there was no precedent, something that could not happen and that did.

"You are the one man his mother wants to see, Loring," the sophomore said. "He must have put an awful lot of stuff in letters. She seemed to think that—well, that you'll take over."

"Of course, we'll all help out," Lee Bradley said.

He was standing now and the Sophomore Class President rose when he did. The buck had been passed. There would be moral support, but the problem of Dewey Elton's mother belonged now to Joe Loring.

"She's up in his rooms, 415 Bowler Place," Steve Marlowe said. "She's got his sister with her."

*He landed running and did forty-five yards before the fullback brought him down. The spectators would go home remembering Joe Loring.*



Joe Loring walked the length of his room and back a dozen times before he walked to Bowler Place. He rummaged deep into his memory and tossed out old, forgotten names that he had not touched in years. There was no Dewey Elton there, no name remotely like it.

"Some mistake. He must have meant someone else!" He tried desperately to rationalize away the necessity





for facing an unpleasant ordeal in behalf of someone who had no claim upon him. The solid fact remained, unshaken by rationalization; the guy was dead and his mother, mistaken or not, was depending upon Joe Loring. A man couldn't walk away from that.

She was waiting for him in the second-floor suite in which her son had lived—a medium-tall, slender woman,

whose dark hair was lightly sprinkled with gray. She held out both of her hands to him.

"You are Joe Loring," she said. "You look like your pictures. I'm Evelyn Elton." Her voice faltered and there were sudden tears in her eyes. "I owe you so much."

"You don't!"

He had to voice the denial, but it was swept aside with a gesture. The natural, graceful development of that gesture ushered him into the room and introduced a slender, pale girl who stood before the fireplace.

"My daughter, Dianne."

The girl was staring at him and she did not speak. Loring felt clumsy, awkward, too big for the room which closed in on him in a swift series of impressions—light yellow walls, delicate furniture, bookcases filled with books, a radio phonograph, a fireplace with a mantel and a mirror—then, absurdly, above the desk, a framed picture of himself, one of the glossies distributed by the Athletic Department's publicity staff. He swallowed hard, trying to find his voice.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Elton," he said. "If there's anything that I can do?"

The words came out flat, banal, obvious, without meaning. Mrs. Elton invited him to be seated with a slight gesture of her right hand. She had very expressive hands. Her voice was strained, pitched higher, he imagined, than her normal tone.

"There are things that only you can do," she said. "I do not know his friends. He was so reticent. He asked no one but you to visit us during vacation, although we urged him. You, of course, could not do it." She paused and brought her voice under control. "He envied you your summer work so much and admired you for it."

Joe Loring blinked. He did not know how this obscure sophomore could have known about that. He had had a crew job on a freighter, sheer muscle work, a football player's vacation. There might have been something in the college paper about it, of course. The nervous voice of the sophomore's mother put an end to idle speculation.

"If you will select some boys from among his friends?" she said unsteadily. "Five besides you."

He did not want her to utter the word, "pallbearer," nor hold it more than momentarily in her mind. "I'll take care of all that," he said.

"Thank you."

She smiled at him and he was aware of her daughter, Dianne, in the other chair, closer to the fireplace. They were both facing him. They had done their weeping before he came, and they would weep again, but not now. He was grateful for that. He had not known what to expect. The girl was pretty, as her mother had unquestionably been, and as her mother still was, for that matter. She was very quiet, though, and her eyes seemed disproportionately large in her pale face. He wished that she would not stare so fixedly at him. Her mother leaned back in the overstuffed chair, her eyes half-closed.

"You'll never know, Joe Loring," she said, "what your friendship meant to my son. He cannot have given you much in return save his sincerity. He was so in-drawn. Your interests are so many, your friends so numerous. Friends can be so demanding. There is something great in your soul that you recognized his need of you."

"I didn't. . ."

She opened her eyes wide. They were very blue eyes, large in her white face, as were her daughter's. "It may have seemed little to you," she said, "because it takes so little, really, to be kind. Kindness, understanding kindness, is a very rare thing, (Continued on page 98)





**To thousands of young couples like the Ericksons, today's trailers offer comfort, mobility and a chance to live in a well-cared-for community. And where else can you buy a furnished home for \$4,200?**



# The Biggest Bargain In Homes?

**T**here is a growing trend in housing that is putting money into the pockets of hundreds of thousands of young married couples.

Take the case of Bill and Bobbye Lee Erickson, who live on a pleasantly landscaped, tree-shaded lot near New Brunswick, New Jersey.

They had less than \$200 in savings when they married in April, 1951. Their monthly income started at \$176, and it has never exceeded \$289. Yet they have just made their final payment on a fully furnished, two-bedroom home.

"If we hadn't bought what we did when we did, we wouldn't own anything today," says Bill.

"And we couldn't have afforded a second baby," says Bobbye.

"And I'd have had to take any job that came along, just to keep up with the rent," Bill adds.

But because he owns his roof, Bill can now complete his college course; he is back at school this fall after spending the last four years in uniform. When he graduates, he will be able to accept a job in any part of the country. He will simply put Bobbye, three-year-old Billy and baby Joyce in the car and set out—because their house is on wheels.

If you haven't taken a close look at trailers, trailer parks and the people who live in them, you are in for some surprises. The size, comfort, equipment and usage of what manufacturers like to call "mobile homes" have changed drastically in the last few years.

In 1950 there were 250,000 trailers in this country. Many of these were one-room affairs with bunks at one end and cooking arrangements at the other. The greatest appeal of trailers was to workers whose jobs took them from one place to another, and to retired people who liked to follow the sun.

Today there are 750,000 trailers in use, housing 2,000,000 people of all occupations and ages. A large number of them never go on the road. For many families, trailers have become a comfortable new type of home, instead of being a pleasant, inexpensive way to travel.

Models with two and even three separate bedrooms are now quite (*Continued on page 96*)

**BY LLEWELLYN MILLER**  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FRIED—PIX



*Four's no crowd when the Ericksons gather around the dinner table (facing page), and thanks to outdoor patio (above), entertaining friends is no problem.*



*"Sweetheart, don't scare me like that again. We have to take care of you."*



A story which pulses with life-and with the rewarding love that makes a woman glad she was

# *BORN A GIRL*





## BY RUTH TEMPEST

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

A dozen of them in varying degrees of swollen discomfort sat in the doctor's hot waiting room, like muffins slowly rising in an oven. Except for Sara Underwood, they seemed almost babies themselves. Most of them had gone to high school together in the little southwestern town.

They chattered about maternity clothes, symptoms, diets and layette showers. Sara was disregarded until they began to argue.

Then, seeking authority, the blue-eyed one with the thin wrists turned to her.

"I'll bet you—I mean—how many children do you have?" Sara heard herself replying, "This is my first."

She had been sitting there almost defensively, contrasting herself with their jaunty fertility. *I'm only 28. I like red lipstick, too, and pretty clothes. And once . . . it just seems it was so long ago that I had time to care about such things. . . .*

Sara repeated, firmly, "This is my first."

With a momentary warm pleasure she caught the immediately interested and bemused glances of the others. And then she saw the incredulous. (Continued on page 76)



# HOW LAWYERS MAKE DIVORCE

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**Specialists in quick, "painless" divorce often destroy marriages that can be saved. And they'll succeed as long as reputable lawyers ignore young couples with marital problems**

**BY A. E. HOTCHNER**

● **This year 400,000** marriages in the United States will break up, destroying the family life of 300,000 children. At the present rate, soon one out of every three marriages will end in divorce within the first 15 years of married life.

Why? The experts can give no clear-cut answer. But in discussions of the factors that lead young husbands and wives to divorce, a significant element is often overlooked—the divorce-mill lawyer.

He is the magician who will untie any marital knot with no questions asked. He works swiftly and efficiently: You just pay his fee, take a quick trip to Reno or Little Rock and collect your divorce. He'll arrange for accommodations and for all the necessary testimony, too. In short, he thinks of everything—everything, that is, except the good of the human beings concerned.

The divorce-mill lawyer's fee, though high enough in itself, is nowhere near the total cost of his services. We also pay in terms of what his presence is doing to us as a nation of families. Husbands and wives are bound to run into some discord during their married lives, and "solving" the discord with quick, costly divorces almost inevitably leads to worse problems later on.

To find out just what part this kind of lawyer is playing in our divorce boom, I have interviewed divorced couples, judges of domestic relations courts,

marriage counselors, clergymen, law-school professors and practicing lawyers (some of whom are themselves proprietors of well-oiled divorce mills). I've also had access to two recent surveys that throw valuable light on the total picture.

In order to understand how the divorce-mill lawyer operates, you must know what is expected of a reputable lawyer in cases involving domestic troubles. A lawyer is an officer of the court. When a husband or wife comes to him seeking a divorce, the ethics of his profession require him (1) to make an attempt at reconciliation, (2) to give his client complete information on the aftereffects—especially financial—of divorce. One distinguished lawyer, Richard H. Wels, chairman of the Committee on Improvement of Family Laws of the Bar of New York, says, "The first thing that any reputable lawyer will do when a matrimonial matter comes into his office is to explore the possibilities of reconciliation. In our office we make it a practice to obtain a complete history of the marriage, with emphasis on the events which led to the breaking point. We try to find out just what the cause of discord was, what the possibilities of eliminating that cause are and whether, in the event that it can be eliminated, the family unit can be put back together again. Frequently we suggest the advisability of calling in psychiatric and ministerial assist-



# CAN TOO EASY

---

ance. When we are able to salvage a marriage, we count it as the greatest of victories."

The divorce-mill lawyer has no patience for such procedure. His clients are faceless strangers who exist only as names on filing cards and on bills for fees. His instructions, as well as the questions to be asked at the "trial," are handed out in mimeographed form. Personal interviews are kept to a minimum. A secretary in an outer office handles almost everything.

The fees vary greatly. If the divorce-mill lawyer is dealing with a client who has a healthy bank account or a better-than-average salary, he will charge as much as he can get. In an average case, though, his fee is generally around \$300, plus another \$75 or so for expenses (if the other marriage partner also wants representation, it will be about \$150 more).

A reputable lawyer, it's true, may charge more than \$300 for handling an average divorce action. But his higher fee is justified because he spends much more time on the case.

The divorce-mill lawyer specializes in arranging out-of-state divorces—Reno, Las Vegas, Little Rock, Mexico, Idaho, Alabama or Florida. (And, surprisingly, although New York is the toughest state in the Union on granting divorces, some lawyers there have created an annulment racket which has turned the state into a virtual divorce mill.) The divorce lawyer has working agreements with lawyers in each of these various places, and he often handles such details for his clients as booking hotel and dude ranch accommodations, on which he may make additional commissions by way of kickbacks. The costs of travel and six weeks' residence naturally depend on how elaborately the client wants to live. If the divorce is contested and there are actual court proceedings rather than the mechanical farces that ordinarily take place, the fees will probably be three times as high.

A divorce-mill lawyer running his cases through court is an awesome sight. I recently spent a morning in a New York City domestic relations court watching a judge handle a docket of annulment cases. During the first hour I listened to seven

cases; in each one the annulment was granted. What astounded me was the speed with which the cases were disposed of; it took approximately eight minutes per case—eight minutes to dissolve marriages (five of them with small children) that had taken years to put together! There are many grounds for granting annulments in New York, and divorce-mill lawyers know the right one to use for each case. According to Attorney Wels and other experts, the testimony is often perjured, and the judges know it.

## *Nice people become perjurers*

Judge Moynihan of the Michigan State Circuit Court says, "In 95 per cent of the cases, I sense collusion and some perjury involved. Let's not play blindman's buff. All experienced judges know that. We are ashamed of it; it keeps us from sleeping; we know that it creates scorn for all law. But what can we do about it in individual cases?"

Adds former judge Morris Ploscowe of New York City: "If the parties live in a state with strict rules about divorce, or find they haven't the proper grounds for divorce, the temptation to manufacture the necessary evidence becomes well-nigh irresistible. Perjury becomes merely one of the unpleasant necessities that stand in the way of marital freedom."

In Reno, the whole operation is especially precise. The day after the client arrives, she goes to the lawyer's office where she is given a batch of forms to fill out. She is asked to pay the fee and court costs in advance (unless she has already paid them to her local lawyer), and she is given a mimeographed sheet on which appear the few questions she'll be asked in court and her answers, which she will be expected to memorize word for word.

The property split, amount of alimony and arrangements regarding the children have all been taken care of by her home-town lawyer, and the wife in Reno usually doesn't see her lawyer again until she has met her six-week residence requirement. Even then she is likely to see him only at the court proceeding itself, *(Continued on page 108)*







Often lonesome for their parents, royal children must reconcile themselves to seeing less of the two people closest to them than other children do.

Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth, aware of this problem, devotes at least the hour and a half after tea time each afternoon to Prince Charles and Princess Anne. But one day when the queen, usually very punctual, had not arrived, Charles asked court attendants plaintively, "Why is my mother still *queening* after tea time?"

**Easy informality** is a modern principle in rearing tomorrow's kings and queens, who must learn to mix easily with all kinds of people. At a reception, Crown Prince Constantine of Greece (shown at *right* in a playful mood at school several years ago) was serving cakes to the guests. One guest hesitated, seeing the plate nearly empty, but the young prince reassured her: "It's all right. *you* take it; I'll get some more from the kitchen!"



# Are Kings and Queens Good Parents?

Lively reports from Europe show that young princes and princesses are being reared with less royal pomp—and more common sense

● Bringing up a child who will some day be a king or a queen is serious business. Today's royal parents are apparently performing this job with keen awareness of their duty to their children and their country—and a sense of humor—according to a charming book just published by Prentice-Hall, Inc. "Royal Children Today," edited by Crystal Herbert, is a collection of intimate anecdotes about the delightful young princes and princesses of Europe's royal families. In many ways, these children

are like youngsters everywhere—as one of Sweden's royal children put it, "A princess lives in a castle, and an ordinary person lives in a house; that's the only difference"—and yet, they are always set apart by the accident of having been born to royalty. Their parents have to direct their upbringing so that they will be overwhelmed neither by the responsibilities nor the privileges of their position. The stories on these four pages will give you some idea of what it's like to bring up a future king or queen.

CONTINUED →



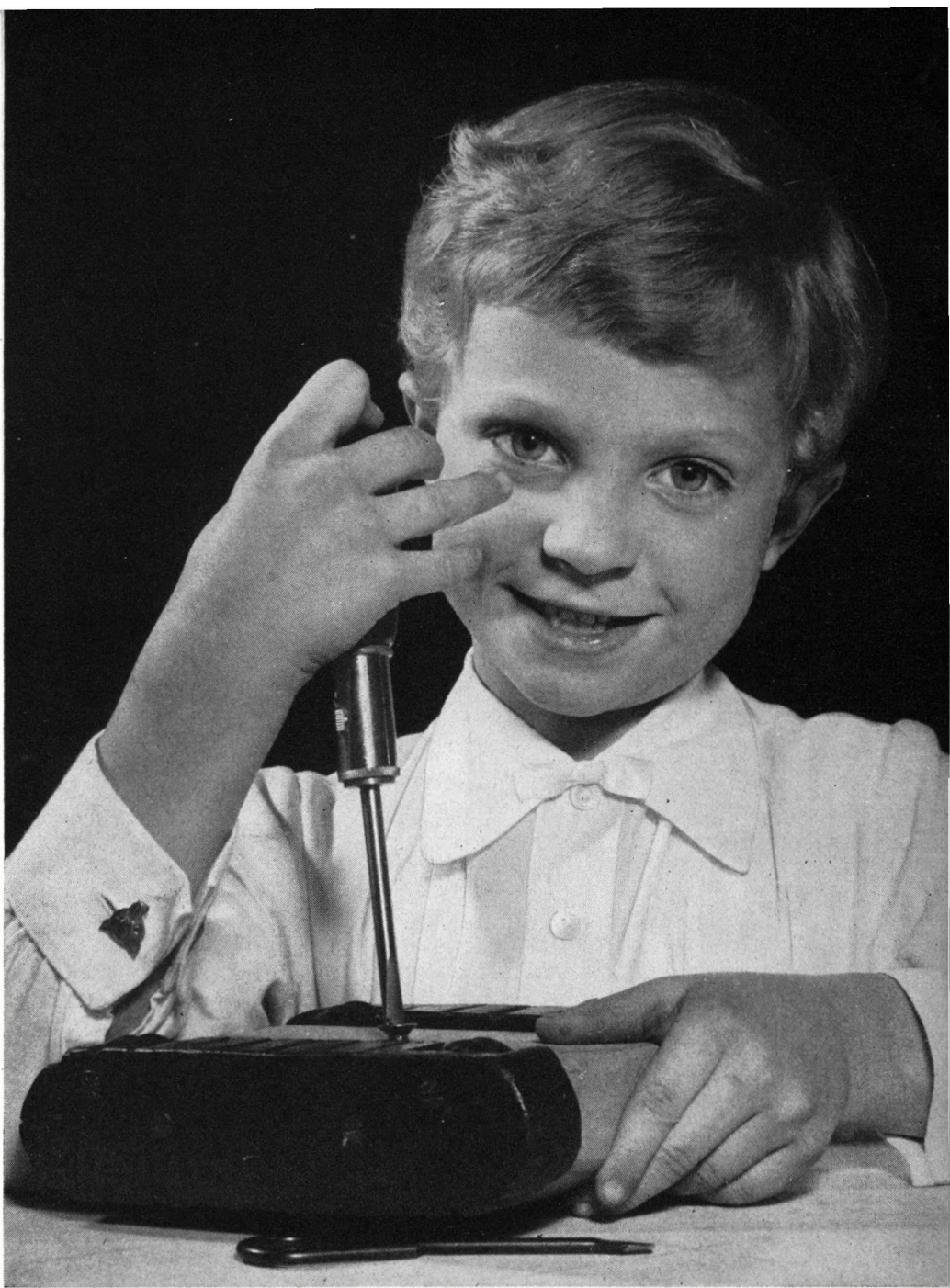
## Are Kings and Queens Good Parents?

Not always pleased with their positions, young princes and princesses sometimes rebel. Crown Princess Margrethe of Denmark (shown *right* taking part in a Christmas celebration with her younger sister, Princess Benedikte, *left*) was once asked what part she played in her school play, "The Princess and the Swineherd." She replied quickly: "The swineherd, of course, princesses are so boring!" As much as possible, Margrethe does lead a normal life and isn't spared the indignity of a parental scolding. During a broadcast from the palace, the microphone was switched on early and the Danes heard their king scolding his eldest daughter: "Margrethe! Behave yourself! I won't have you putting your feet on the table."



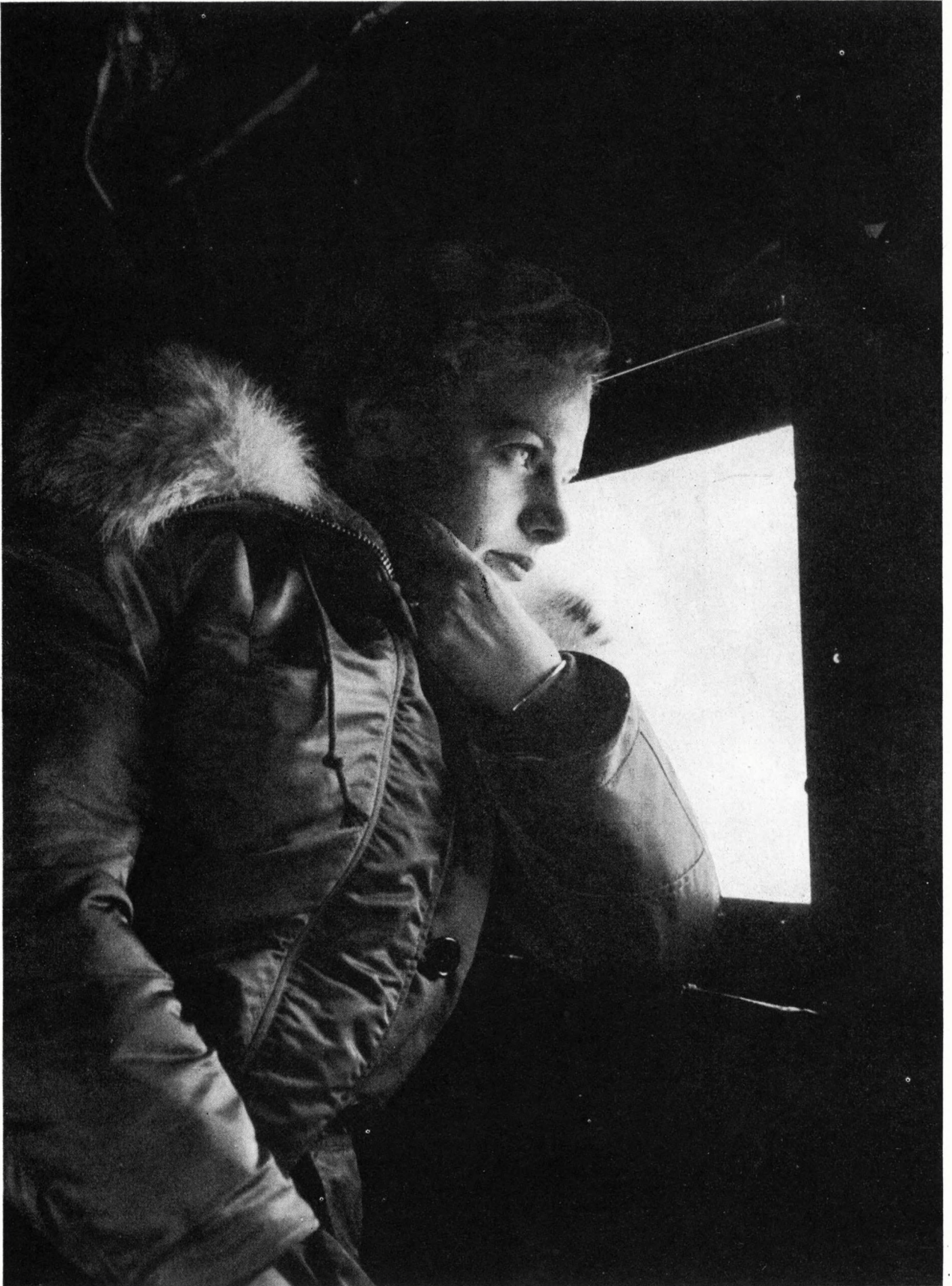
**Discipline** is a problem for royal parents, who today stress the responsibilities of royalty and play down the privileges. Once, Princess Beatrix of Holland was told that she must walk home from school—three miles—as punishment for refusing to help her classmates clean up their classroom. A half hour after school was over, the young princess appeared at the palace. "I walked home from the bus stop," she explained with a pleased smile. Whereupon her mother, Queen Juliana, replied, "Very well, but you will now go back and do your punishment properly." Beatrix was driven back to school by her father, who followed her in his car while she walked all the way home.





**Humility** does not come easily to a child who tends to be spoiled by an entire country. But today's royal parents seem to have succeeded remarkably well in instilling this quality in their offspring. Affectionate and unassuming, Crown Prince Carl Gustaf of Sweden is loyal to his friends, whoever they are. Once when his sisters objected to a certain boy's being invited to the palace, he replied briskly: "I don't care, I like him!" Carl Gustaf has also learned to give and take—he took a good licking in a fair fight with the son of a Swedish columnist before the two became friends.







# The Girl Who Grew Up To Be a Sergeant

In high school Anne Flick was "a spoiled, selfish kid." She joined the Air Force in search of a happy, useful life. She found it

**A**t 18 and fresh out of a Buffalo, N. Y., high school, Anne Flick wanted to travel, meet people, and get out on her own. That's why she joined the Air Force.

Staff Sergeant Flick is one of approximately 25,000 women serving in the United States Armed Forces today. When she enlisted six years ago, she was, by her own estimate, a "spoiled, selfish kid." "I was more concerned," she says, "with what I could get out of the service than what I

could bring to it. But working with other people teaches you that you can't always think of yourself first."

So Anne Flick, somewhere along the way, developed a feeling of responsibility toward her job—and herself—and a pride in the work she was doing. Today, assigned to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio, she holds down an important job as advisor on WAF affairs to the 3500th Recruiting Wing, which formulates policy for all Air Force recruiting operations.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTHA HOLMES, TEXT BY LYNN MINTON



**On the job,** Anne visits other bases to explain recruiting procedures to WAF personnel, to assist with interviewing applicants, and to help find other WAFs for recruiting duty. She often speaks about the WAF to civilian organizations, and according to her boss, Major George L. Hardin, can make a recruiting speech at a moment's notice. She often does.



**Off duty,** Anne and a friend, T/Sgt. James E. Sconzo, wear civilian clothes. Most of her friends from basic training are now married to airmen (the ratio of men to women is never less than 20 to one at any Air Force base), but Anne complains, "I've met men I would marry and I've met men who would marry me, but they never turn out to be the same ones."



## A FEW SNAPSHOTS FROM SERGEANT FLICK'S SCRAPBOOK

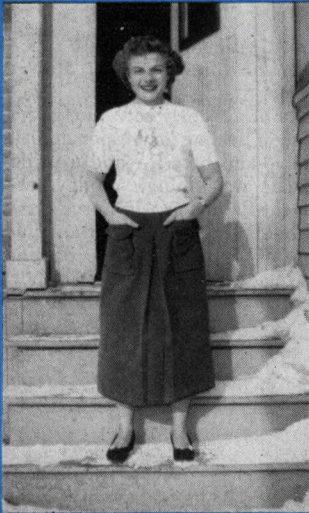
1. "Before I joined the Air Force," Anne says, "I wanted everything done for me. If my mother didn't have the butter nice and soft for my morning toast, I would go into a tantrum. But I wasn't the only spoiled brat in my squadron, and I guess we helped each other grow up."

2. During basic training (11 weeks), Anne spent 100 hours in drill, marched 95 miles (paradoxically, she gained 13 pounds because "I worked so hard I was ravenous"), attended 200 hours of classes, scrubbed barracks floors (she once got caught waxing a linoleum floor with shoe polish "to give it a shine"), kept herself starched and shining (she got a "gig" the first time she wore a shirt she had laundered—she'd never ironed one before), and learned a new vocabulary, which began rather disappointingly when she found that the "GI party" she'd been eagerly looking forward to was a cleanup session.

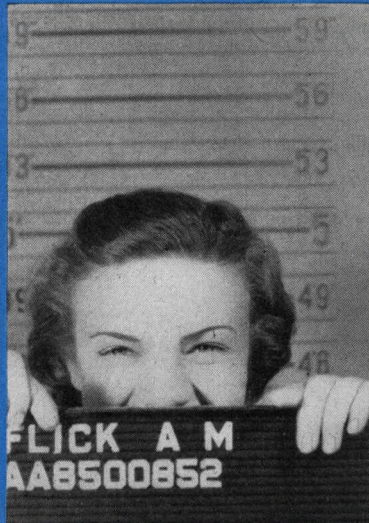
3. "WAF barracks are not the place for our daughter," was her parents' first reaction when Anne told them she wanted to enlist. "But now they are proud of what I do. When I come home, they march me up and down the street to make sure all the neighbors see me in my uniform. And they got as big a kick out of it as I did when a bus driver leaned out of his window and shouted, 'They never had sergeants like you when I was in the service.'"

4. As a raw recruit Anne had a lot to learn—about airplanes, among other things. On her first flight in a B-25 she accidentally leaned on the lever which opened the bomb bay doors and sent her luggage flying over Louisiana. Anne admits there have been times when she wanted to quit her job. "But that's something a girl in the service can't just up and do as a civilian can. So I had to face up to my problems instead of running away from them." When Anne's period of service was up, she re-enlisted for three years. She plans to apply for Officers' Candidate School and make the Air Force her career.

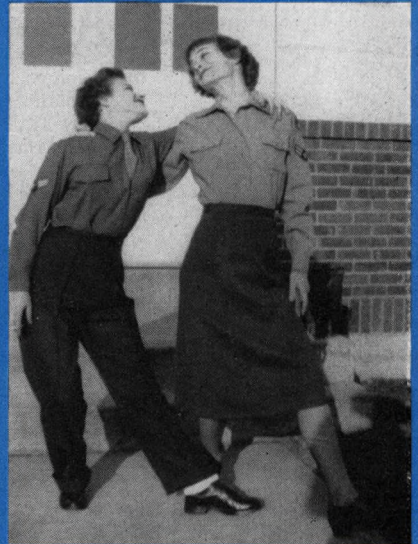
5. Recruiting duty recently took Anne back to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas, where WAFs take their basic training. "When I heard those green recruits call me 'Ma'am,'" she says, "I knew that I had come a long way."



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**Flying** in the bucket seats of a compact C-47 is routine to Anne. She straps on a parachute, fastens her safety belt, then chats with fellow passengers. "Wherever you are," she says, "and there's another serviceman, there's a friend."

Anne feels that service in the Air Force has been the most worth-while experience of her life, and she wears her uniform with pride. She has a right to—60 to 80 per cent of the women who apply for service are turned down by the Air Force, which is interested only in ex-

tremely well-qualified persons to fill the 450 job classifications open to WAFs (from rigging parachutes to decoding messages). Each applicant is interviewed and subjected to a battery of tests. She must give references from previous employers, clergyman and friends, and pass a comprehensive physical examination.

When in her more serious moments Anne meditates on the meaning of her work, she realizes that in time of emergency her country will be depending on the women she recruits. It's a big job for a former "spoiled brat."



# THE AWAKENING

BY FRANK ROONEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MCCLURE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

**L**ying in bed at three in the morning, wondering what had awakened him, vaguely remembering a depressing dream, Roy Parmalee turned on the night lamp between the twin beds and lit a cigarette. His wife stirred slightly but did not waken. Parmalee remembered that, just before he went to bed, he had decided that he no longer loved his wife—cherished her perhaps, respected her, liked her—but did not love her.

This had shaken him, principally because he had always been sure that he loved her far more than she loved him. It should have been the other way around, he thought. She was easily the more attractive person physically and certainly had a finer temperament. Yet earlier in the night she had given a very clear demonstration of her love for him, a demonstration made all the more clear by Parmalee's sudden awareness that he no longer loved her.

Getting out of bed slowly and quietly, Parmalee put on his bathrobe and went into the living room of the apartment.

The open window overlooked Hudson Street, letting in abruptly the rolling sounds of a truck moving over cobblestones and patches of asphalt. Probably a beer truck, Parmalee thought, going toward one of the breweries.

A short, thick man in his early thirties, Parmalee decided that a can of beer might make him sleep and went into the kitchen to get it. As he opened the can, he saw the manila envelope containing the still pictures of the musical show of which he was currently stage manager lying on the counter near the coffee pot. Clucking at his wife's carelessness (the stills should really have gone into his files), he picked up the envelope, took it into the living room and put it on the mantel above the fireplace. Hearing his wife moving in the bedroom, Parmalee sprawled on the couch and smiled at the doorway.

To be freed from loving a person was to escape from that person's power to hurt and humiliate you. It was a dizzying and heroic sensation, and, after eight years of imprisonment, Parmalee was determined to enjoy his sudden freedom. Especially since he had never expected to be freed.

"Well," his wife said. She stood in the doorway wearing only the red jersey robe he had bought for her and yawned at the living room ceiling. She was a tall girl, taller than Parmalee, and had been a show girl in one of the musicals in which Parmalee had worked after the war. They had been married in 1947 in Hollywood, a few months before moving permanently to New York. Her maiden name was Barbara Majeski, her stage name

Stokes, and she had been born in Pennsylvania and actually reared on a farm.

"Wake you?" Parmalee asked.

"Can't you sleep, honey?"

"Had a bad dream, I guess. Something about losing an old job I used to have years ago." Actually Parmalee suspected the dream had concerned Barbara and his discovery that he no longer loved her. However, he decided not to tell her that.

She might think it worried him.

"You've got a good job now," Barbara said.

"And a good wife and good money invested in some first-class stocks. Live on a third of your salary, give the government a third and save a third. Man, that's living."

"I guess you're just depressed."

"Well, I'm a little older than you are, Barby, a few years older, and I'm beginning to feel there are more ashes than fire in the old furnace."

"I guess you *are* depressed. I could rub your back. That usually makes you feel better."

"That's practical. But we're not dealing with practical matters."

"Honey—"

"Now don't get disturbed." Parmalee looked steadily at his wife. "It's a very simple thing. Not practical, but simple. I've been in love with you for almost nine years and tonight I fell out of love with you. Like that. In an instant, a flash. Think that's possible?"

"I suppose so. Well, I'm sorry. I guess it meant a lot to you."

"Brood on that for a moment. You remember how I was when I first met you?"

"You were sweet."

"Yes, but I did the running, the screaming and the suffering. I was the one anxious to please."

"Isn't that normal?"

"I think maybe you've missed the point. Maybe I haven't made it clear. Or maybe you also fell out of love with me."

"Of course I haven't." Barbara crossed to the couch and sat by Parmalee. "I loved you when I married you; I love you now; I guess I'll always love you. Why shouldn't I?"

"Listen, love is an emotion. You don't control it by reason."

"Yes, but emotion can last as long as reason, can't it?"

"Undoubtedly. What I said was you can't *control* it





*"Now, don't get disturbed," he said. "I've been in love with you for almost nine years and tonight I fell out of love with you."*

by reason. You can't decide to love someone. Your emotions make the decision." Parmalee began to feel a little unsure of himself. "Skip that for a moment. What I'm trying to point out is that you were in the driver's seat—and now I am."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it's your turn to suffer."

"Honey, I'm confused."

"Look, when I loved you, I was the one who did all the pleasing. I was the anxious one, the old worrier. You might have worried a little, but not too much. You simply didn't care as much as I did. Get the point? But now I don't care. You do the worrying. You figure out how to please. You get jealous. Me for the serene and untroubled mind. It's something like being reborn."

"Oh, I see," Barbara said.

"So now you see."

"Fine. Well, are you sleepy? Want some more beer?"

"I'll get it," said Roy.

"No, I'll get it."

Watching his wife walk into the kitchen, Parmalee, now that he was relieved of his anxieties, resentments, jealousies and other cramping and destructive emotions, remembered them without pain. There was her excessive

beauty, his own lack of height, his certainty that she had never loved and would never love him as much as he loved her, her placidity and unconcern at things he thought important, the fact that he was always ahead of time when he met her downtown and she never was, his intense suffering when she smiled at other men or talked with them at length at cocktail parties—all these things through all these years. Now he no longer cared. Let her smile; let her be late (or at least not ahead of time); let her talk with other men. Who cared?

Seeing her coming out of the kitchen again—now that he no longer cared—Parmalee was able to look at his wife a little more critically. And it was a fact—he had to admit she was lovely. And good-natured. Companionable. Warm. She was, he admitted, an exceptional woman. It was a pity that he no longer cared. When she sat on the couch, he put his feet in her lap and let her rub his ankles. He was, it seemed, getting sleepy. And he certainly felt wonderful. Let Barbara have insomnia. Who cared?

That is how, after eight years of marriage, Roy Parmalee fell in love with his wife. And Barbara? Well, few women like to be put on a pedestal by the man they love, especially if there's only room up there for one.

... THE END

H.M.



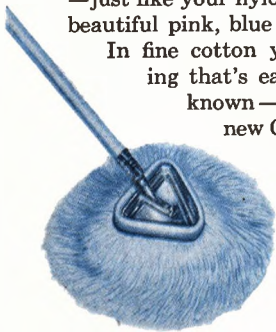


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**Born  
 A Girl**

(Continued from page 63)

lous expression on the face of Mrs. Fortune, the office nurse, who had entered just in time to overhear.

And no wonder, Sara thought. Mrs. Fortune knew that Sara could just about look around the room and estimate how many more weeks each girl had to go. Mrs. Fortune had stood by, some seven months back, when Dr. Holmes had once again said cheerily, "Well, no need to worry about you, Sara. You have your babies as easily as throwing a hat through a window."

He had thought that was very funny. Sara remembered. So had Mrs. Fortune. And Ed would have, too, if she had told him. But she hadn't. Told Ed. Or found it funny.

For what she had been reminded of suddenly was a calico cat back on the home ranch, stalking across the kitchen yard, thin tail high, poor ribs showing. And somebody calling, "Say—looks like the old cat's finally had her new litter." And Ma's irritable voice: "Ain't she a sight? Wonder how many this time?"

"Mrs. Underwood," Mrs. Fortune said sternly.

Sara shifted her hip forward and lurched up. As they went into the examining room, the nurse gave her a quizzical glance.

"Who're you kidding—saying this is your first baby?"

"They always ask so many questions," Sara said lamely. "When you've had a couple of kids."

Mrs. Fortune laughed. "—Or four, going on five!"

The nurse weighed her and arranged her on the table. "Well, you've kept your weight down fine. Doctor will be right with you."

Alone in the hot, small, green cubicle, Sara closed her weary eyes. It was nice in there. So clean. Kept clean by someone else's toil. So quiet. Only a solitary fly arguing with the sunshine behind the Venetian blind. But the baby objected to this sudden horizontal calm. It kicked and shifted sideways. Something small and hard thrust up against its tender prison.

Sara smiled and gently touched the little lump. In one of her pregnancies, the doctor had explained the lump was probably a knee or an elbow. But she had always preferred to feel that she was the first to hold her babies' hands.

"Hi," she said softly. She wondered whether this one was another little boy. She had three boys. Just one girl. But it wouldn't matter. She would be glad of the baby, regardless. It was not that she didn't want another baby. It was just that...

Wistfully she remembered the atmosphere of warmth and sympathy back

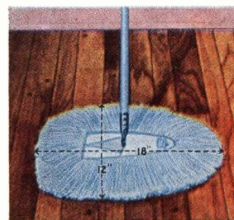
(Continued on page 90)



"Magic-Action" Swivel Socket steers mop around chair and table legs.



"Magne-Static" Action of nylon yarn attracts dust like magic.

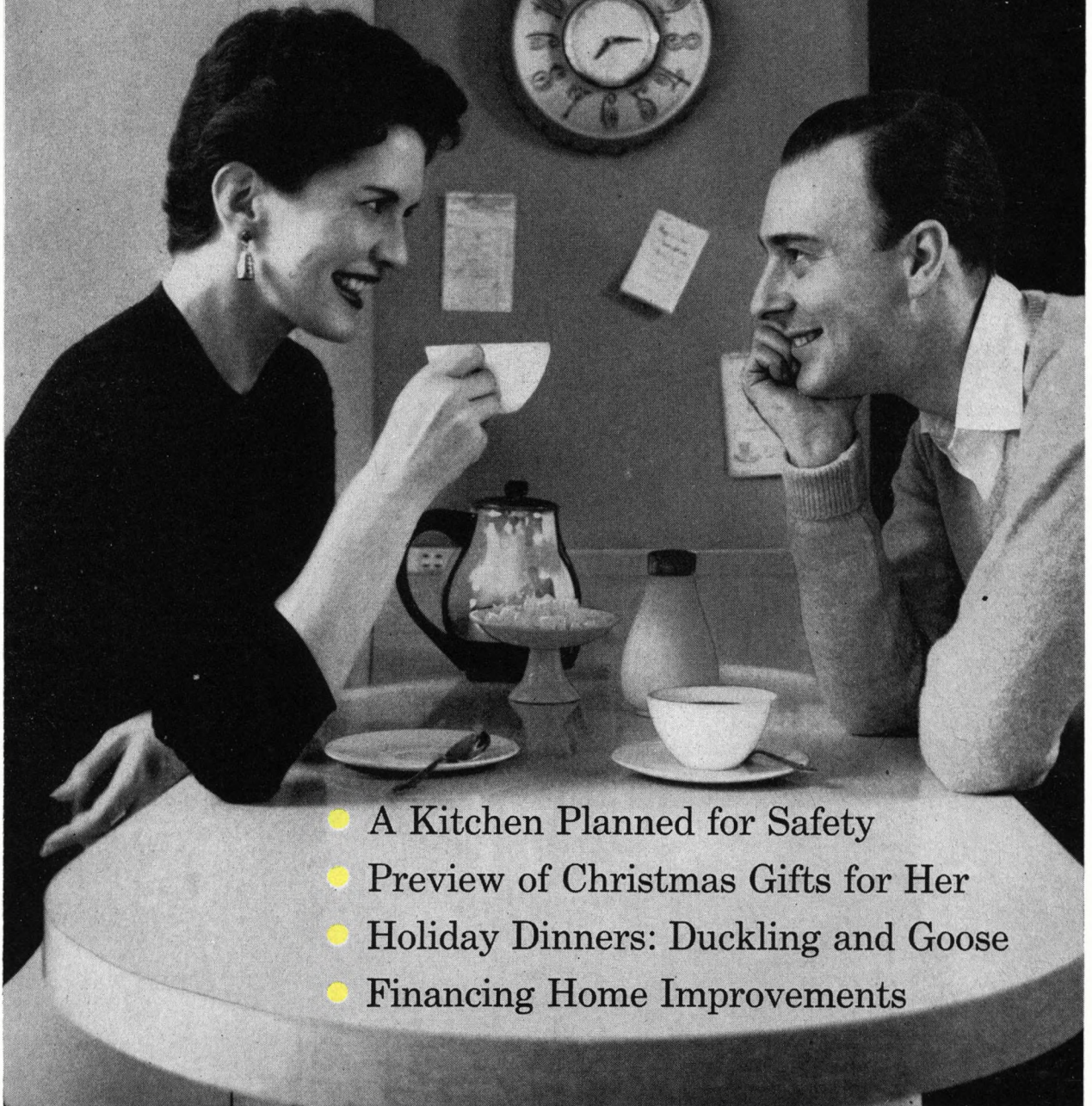


Just a twist of the handle adjusts pad to dust a 50% wider path.



# YOUNG ADULTS

*at home*



- A Kitchen Planned for Safety
- Preview of Christmas Gifts for Her
- Holiday Dinners: Duckling and Goose
- Financing Home Improvements



Photo by Paul Weller • (All jewelry in the Young New Yorker Boutique, 6th floor, Lord and Taylor, New York)



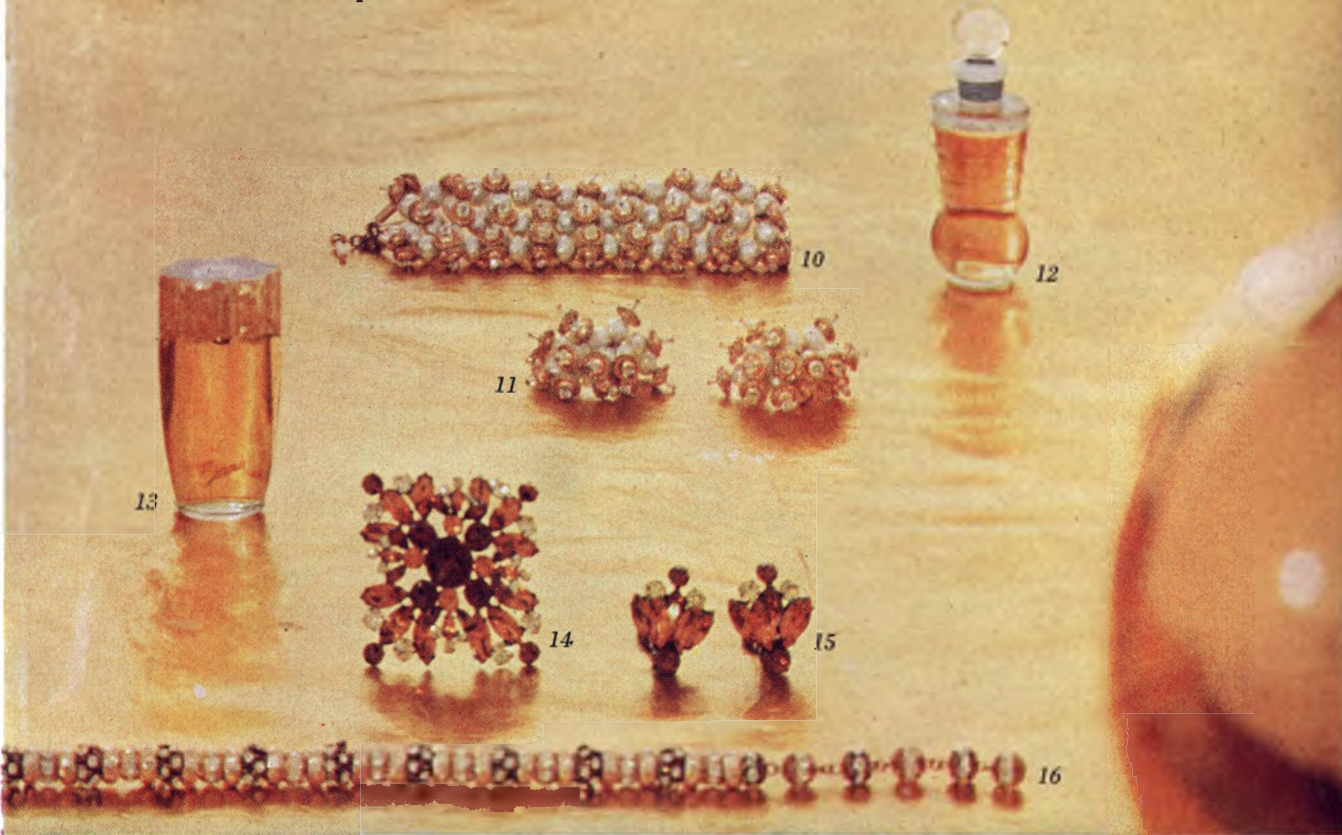
1. An exotic perfume—Noa Noa by Helena Rubinstein, ½ oz., about \$10.\* 2. Smartly striped gold-plated compact by Volupté. About \$5.\* 3. Crescent pin in textured fake-gold with square-cut crystals. About \$7.50.\* 4. and 5. Bracelet and earrings to match the crescent pin. Bracelet about \$12.50;\* earrings about \$5.\* All three by Castlecliff. 6. A rich, compelling perfume—Yardley's Flair, 1¼ oz., about \$15.\* 7. Brilliant aquamarine flexible bracelet, about \$14.\* And 8., Earrings, about \$8.50.\* 9. Dramatic pin, about \$11.\* The three, by Schreiner.



# Make Her Christmas Dream Come True —



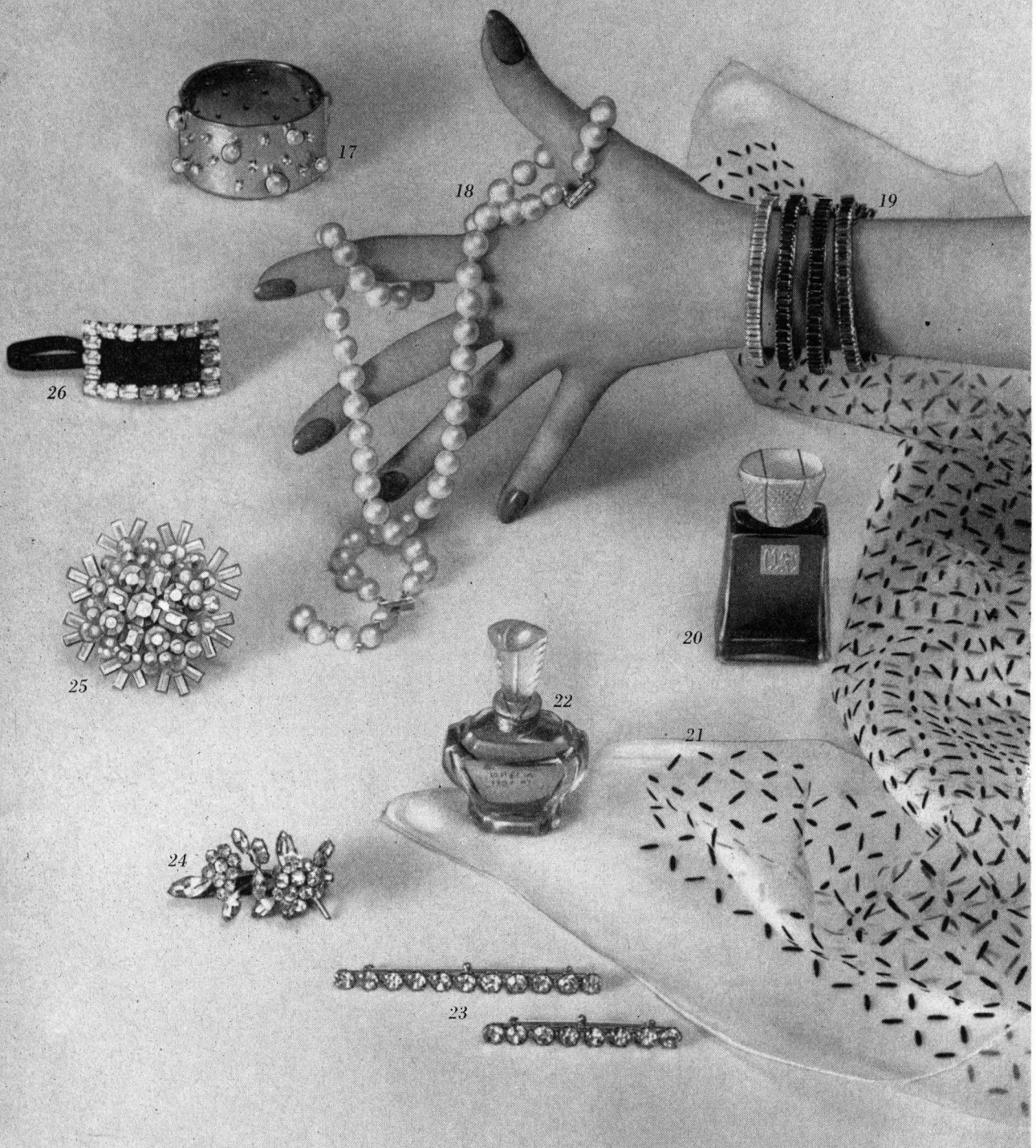
Give her the perfume  
she loves and wonderful new costume jewelry  
with the "precious look"



10. Festive bracelet, light and flexible, of fake pearl and gold with crystal. About \$15.\* 11. Shower earrings to match the bracelet. About \$8.\* Both by Arpad. 12. A perfume to captivate, predominantly floral. Ambush, by Dana. ½ oz., about \$10.\* 13. A rich floral scent with a touch of mystery—Shulton's Escapade. ¾ oz., about \$15.\* 14. and 15. Shaded mock topaz stones make this big pin. About \$12.\* And earrings to match, about \$7.\* Both by Schreiner. 16. A shining choker, like hammered gold, with sparkling rhinestones. By Arpad. About \$12.\*

\*Plus Federal Tax





17. Sparkling cuff bracelet in gilt, studded with fake pearls and rhinestones. By Benedikt. About \$7.50.\* 18. Double-strand choker of simulated pearls with a smart matte finish and rhinestone clasp. By Richelieu. About \$5.\* 19. An armful of bracelets, their baquette stones in fictitious emerald, sapphire, topaz or crystal. By Benedikt. About \$4 each.\* 20. The perfume with a ladylike charm and elegance—Coty's Muse. 1 oz., about \$15.\* 21. A sheer scarf of silk organza, in white, aqua or pink, accented with black velvet. By Kimball. About \$2. 22. A sophisticated fragrance, that speaks of flowers—Elizabeth Arden's My Love. 1 oz., about \$22.50.\* 23. Rhinestone bar pins, doubly smart worn together. By Castlecliff. Longer pin, about \$4.50.\* Shorter, about \$4.\* 24. A quivering barrette of rhinestones to sparkle in a lovely hairdo. By Schreiner. About \$7.\* 25. A blazing pin of rhinestones—this season's smart king-size. By Benedikt. About \$10.\* 26. Buckles of brilliance to twinkle and gleam on her dancing pumps. By Schreiner. About \$12.\* (All jewelry in the Young New Yorker Boutique, 6th floor, Lord and Taylor, New York)

\*Plus Federal Tax



27. A distinctive scarf of leopard printed silk chiffon, 27" size. By Cadwallader. About \$6. 28. Bracelets with the look of gold—the narrow finely etched bangles, about \$2 each.\* The wider one, gleaming with crystal baguettes, about \$6.\* Both by Benedikt. 29. A real stone ring, in turquoise, that adjusts to any finger size. About \$3. By Benedikt. 30. Handsome cigarette case of nontarnishable simulated gold mesh. Holds both king and regular size. About \$3.\* By Schloss & Hausmann. 31. A jingly chain bracelet with fake gold bells and pearls. About \$3.\* By Benedikt. 32. A fresh and sparkling perfume—Lentheric's Tweed. 1/2 oz. about \$6.25.\* 33, and 34. Cuff links—real stones, in turquoise. About \$5.\* And matching pin, about \$6.\* Both by Benedikt. 35. and 36. African inspired—this unusual flexible necklace of fake gold and rhinestone. About \$11.\* And matching earrings, about \$7.\* Both by Arpad.





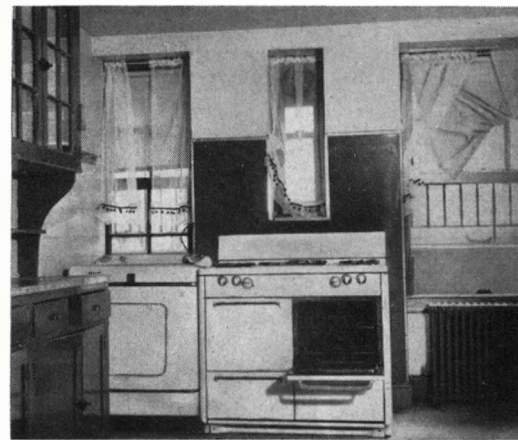
# Safety





# Planned This Kitchen

**I**t all started with the purchase of a very old house. For years Hal and Pat Cooper had wanted a home of their own—a house they could adapt to their varied activities. And now it was going to be theirs to remodel. They could finally have a kitchen for more than just cooking—a kitchen for living and working together. Hal and Pat do several television shows during the day. While Hal directs these shows, Pat Cooper becomes Pat Meikle to her television audience. (For details of their professional life, see “Between The Lines” on page 4.) The remainder of their time is devoted to their home and year-old daughter, Bethami. Many of their hours at home are spent in their kitchen; it often serves as a gathering place for family and friends. That’s why the Coopers chose it as the first room to remodel. Like most people, they decided to begin with a floor plan. But the Coopers found more than just space involved in remodeling. Upon closer study, many hazards became apparent. Such factors as poor wiring and lighting, jutting walls and awkward windows had to be considered first. Although beauty played a part, safety really dictated the plan for this kitchen. The first job in any safe kitchen—they installed adequate circuits and sufficient lighting and appliance outlets. Then the Coopers arranged the work and play areas pictured in the next pages.



*Photography by Carmen Schiavone*

*Decoration—Richard D. Hampson*

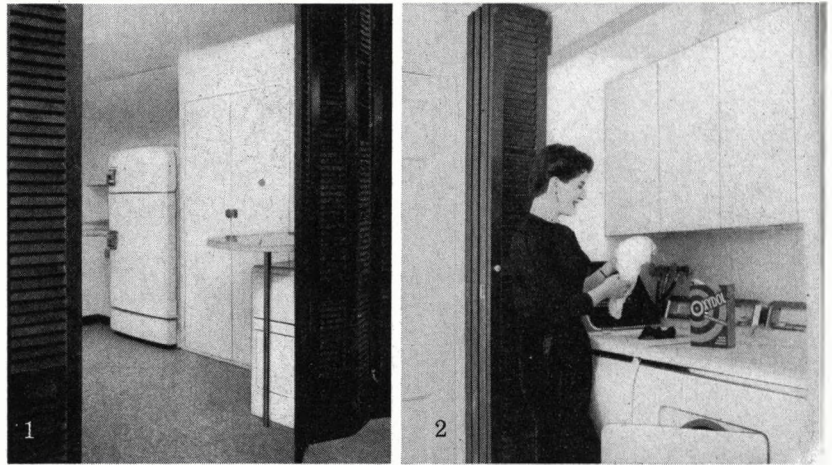
*Electric Appliances—Hotpoint*

*Cabinets—American Standard*

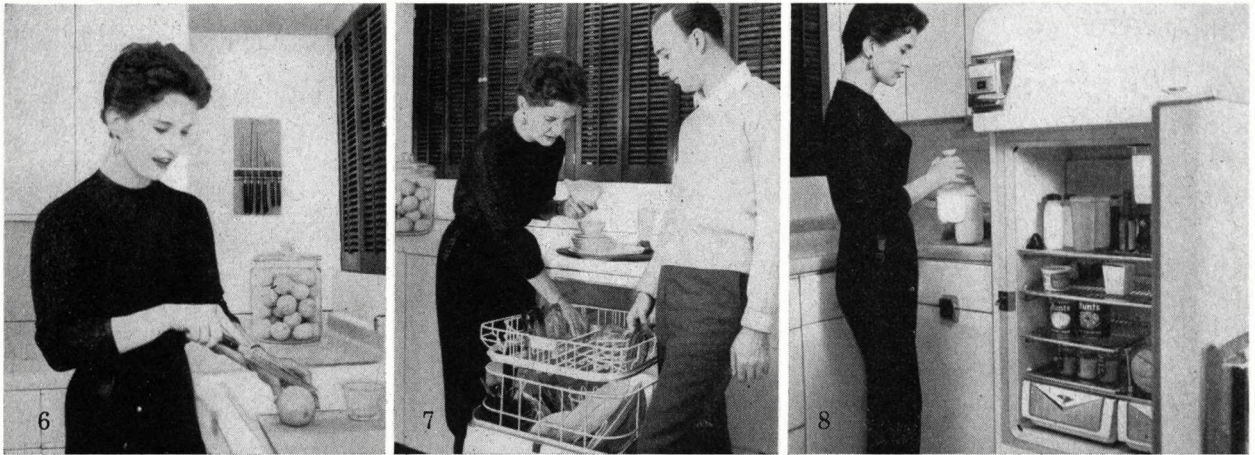




# How the Coopers remodeled their



1. Since the Coopers often use their kitchen for entertaining, they wanted a dining area that could be separated from the main kitchen. Shutters provided this privacy and added an appealing warmth to an otherwise white kitchen. 2. Pat enjoys doing her laundry upstairs, where she can be with her family. The washer and dryer stand to the left of the door into the kitchen. Pat has space here to work and shutters close off the area when it's not in use. 3. Like most people with small appliances, the Coopers found storage a problem. Hal thinks this 7-foot cabinet with sliding shelves is a



6. Essential to safety in any kitchen is the proper storage and use of knives. These knives in this kitchen are stored on a rack, out of the reach of young Bethami's hands. The breadboard kept handy near the sink enables Pat to use her knives safely. Added safety is the fixture over the sink; Pat never works in her own light. 7. With the new dishwasher sink, Hal and Pat find washing dishes fun. Counter space on both sides of the sink provides ample room for working. All the corners on the counters are rounded to prevent bumps and bruises. 8. The refrigerator door opens onto a work space where heavy bottles and other items can be placed. Pat likes this area for her mixing center. 9. \*To the right of this U-shaped kitchen is located a safety housekeeping closet,

*Lighting Fixtures—Lightolier; Floor—Gold Seal by Congoleum-Nairn, Inc.; Shutters—Shutters Unlimited; Plugmold—The Wiremold Co.; Range Ventilating Hood and Fan—Nutone Inc.; Acoustical Ceiling—Gold Bond "Travacoustic" by National Gypsum Co.; Knife Rack and Cutlery—Carvel Hall "Homemaker's Set" by Briddell; Wallpaper Panel—"Five Trees" by Katzenback and Warren Inc.; Dining Table—"Danica" by American of Martinsville; Chairs—Altamira; Cookware—"Holiday" Club Aluminum; Small Appliances—Knapp Monarch; Hal's*

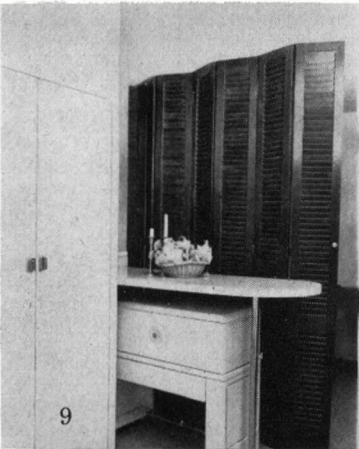
\*Details of the Safety Housekeeping Closet and information on how you can obtain the pattern for this cabinet appear on page 112



## kitchen for safety—



wonderful solution. Such items as their waffle iron, their sandwich grill and the popcorn popper are being used more often now. 4. One of the first hazards the Coopers saw to eliminate was the dangerous location of the range. Moved away from the windows with blowing curtains, it now stands to the left of the sink. Here Pat enjoys plenty of light from a fixture located under the ventilating hood. 5. This excellent arrangement for storage reduces all hazards of fatigue and confusion. Corner cabinets eliminate over-reaching and bending, and these gliding shelves provide finger-tip storage for canned goods. These features save Pat's time and energy.



a handy place to keep the cleaning materials. Where there are children, poisonous supplies can be stored on the top shelf out of reach. For dining, Hal and Pat like this space outside the main kitchen area (shown at right). The scenic wallpaper gives this area depth.

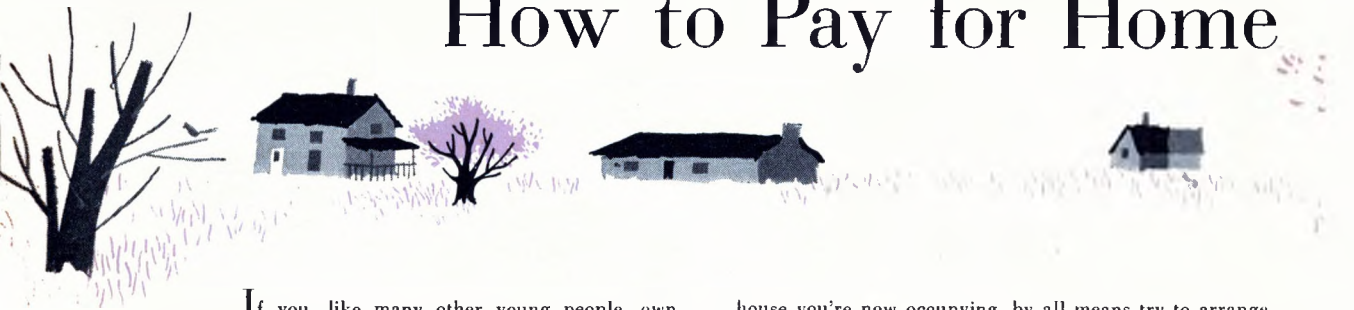


*Sweater and Slacks—Bloomingdale's Men's Store, New York City; Pat's Sweater and Velveteen Pants—Tudor Square Separates; Safety Housekeeping Closet—National Safety Council, Chicago, Illinois.*

For information on how to finance your remodeled kitchen, turn the page ▶



# How to Pay for Home



If you, like many other young people, own your own home—and more than half of today's buyers of new houses are under 35 years old—you are probably thinking about changes that will improve it. How much are these changes going to cost? Can you afford them? Where will the money come from?

Perhaps yours was a home bought in the immediate shortage years after World War II. Maybe it's a prewar house with loads of charm but somewhat short on modern improvements. Or perhaps your house was planned to your own specifications just a few years ago and has already been partly outgrown by your family.

You may want to build additional rooms in the attic, finish off rooms in the cellar, add a porch, a stairway, more closets, or a bathroom. You may plan to remodel the kitchen (see "Safety Planned This Kitchen" on page 82). Or you may feel that, when something finally has to be replaced—such as flooring or the heating system or the roof—you should use superior and more costly materials than those that were there before.

## WAYS YOU CAN PAY

There are several ways you can pay for home improvements:

- If possible, pay cash to avoid interest charges on borrowed money.
- If you can't or don't want to pay cash, try to get a personal loan and thereby avoid red tape. If you have a steady income and a clean credit record, your chances of getting a personal loan from your local bank should be good, particularly if you are one of the 10,000,000 Americans who own their own homes free and clear—without a mortgage.
- The institution or person who holds your mortgage may be willing to "open" this mortgage. That is, you may borrow the cost of the improvements and add that to the amount of money you still owe. Then you would either pay off the increased debt by a larger payment each month, or extend the number of months. If you're ready to buy a house or to get a new mortgage on the

house you're now occupying, by all means try to arrange for an "open-end" mortgage.

- You may get a home-improvement loan from an individual lender or from a savings and loan association, insurance company, commercial bank, mutual savings bank, or other lending institution.

Shop around for your home-improvement loan. You may find different rates, repayment schedules and extra charges at the offices of the different lenders.

## FHA LOAN INSURANCE

Uncle Sam, through the Federal Housing Administration, wants to stimulate home improvements by guaranteeing that you pay back your loan.

The Government insures such a loan under certain conditions. For single-family homes, there is a \$2,500 limit on the loan and a maximum period of three years and 32 days in which to repay; for homes with two or more families, a \$2,500 limit per dwelling unit up to a total of \$10,000, and a maximum period of seven years and 32 days. This Government insurance is against loss on the loan and is not to be confused with any other kind of home insurance.

The maximum allowable carrying charge on FHA-insured property-improvement loans is five per cent, and the principal and interest must be repaid in equal monthly installments. At this rate, if you borrowed \$100 for 12 months, you would start immediately to repay \$105.26, which is what the discounted loan would amount to. Your monthly payments would be \$8.78 each. (See Chart A)

Also, the improvements must either make your home more livable or increase its usefulness; they must be on the house or on things attached to it, or if detached, they must improve the surrounding property. You can get an insured loan, for example, for an air-conditioning system or a garage, but not for a fire alarm system or a dog kennel. Some of the other improvements specifically excluded (by Congress) from FHA insurance coverage are landscaping and barbecue pits.

CHART A—WHAT YOUR LOAN WILL COST YOU (at 5% interest)

COST OF PAYMENT	12 MOS. AMT. OF NOTE	MONTHLY PAYMENT	18 MOS. AMT. OF NOTE	MONTHLY PAYMENT	24 MOS. AMT. OF NOTE	MONTHLY PAYMENT	30 MOS. AMT. OF NOTE	MONTHLY PAYMENT	36 MOS. AMT. OF NOTE	MONTHLY PAYMENT
\$ 100	\$ 105.26	\$ 8.78	\$ 107.69	\$ 5.99	\$ 110.12	\$ 4.59	\$ 112.55	\$ 3.76	\$ 114.98	\$ 3.20
300	315.79	26.32	323.08	17.95	330.36	13.77	337.65	11.26	344.94	9.59
500	526.32	43.86	538.46	29.92	550.61	22.95	562.75	18.76	574.90	15.97
800	842.11	70.18	861.54	47.87	880.97	36.71	900.40	30.02	919.84	25.56
1,000	1,052.63	87.72	1,076.92	59.83	1,101.22	45.89	1,125.51	37.52	1,149.80	31.94
2,500	2,631.58	219.30	2,692.31	149.58	2,753.04	114.71	2,813.77	93.80	2,874.50	79.85



# Improvements

BY MORTON YARMON

Illustrated by Denny Hampson

In general, the improvement loan you obtain will be similar even when not insured by the FHA. If you are in moderate circumstances, you can expect to pay a discount rate of five to six per cent and get a loan of no more than \$2,500 that will run for five years or less.

## GETTING YOUR LOAN APPROVED

First, estimate how much your budget will permit you to spend on home improvements during the next five years—roughly the period when such expenses will have to be paid for. Next, establish a priority list of improvements, getting costs of each from a licensed, reputable contractor (some typical costs appear in Chart B).

You should be armed with all this data when you apply for your home-improvement loan. Keep in mind that the lender is more likely to finance work which permanently increases the value of your property than luxury improvements, such as a third bathroom in a five-room house. A plan for a bathroom on the ground floor probably would be approved, whereas your dream of a swimming pool in the back yard might be vetoed. It is unlikely that you would get a loan that would raise the value of your home to \$20,000 if every other house in your neighborhood was worth \$10,000. The neighborhood would tend to limit the resale value of your house, no matter what improvements were added.

## MAINTENANCE COSTS MONEY

It's a good idea regularly to earmark money in your budget for home maintenance and repairs. This reserve helps to protect probably the largest single investment you will ever make. Never feel that such funds should be diverted to improvements. There is a temptation to do this, particularly when months pass without a home-repair bill. But budget experts take this into account when they recommend that two per cent of the purchase price of the home be set aside each year for maintenance and repairs. This amounts to \$200 on a \$10,000 home, \$500 on a \$25,000 home.

Although repairs usually are rare while a house is new, they mount quickly later on. The home owner who has not prepared for the future may find himself in trouble when the roof leaks and the pipes corrode. And, with cities enforcing housing codes more strictly, the homeowner may be compelled in coming years to take care of neglected repairs.

Simple maintenance, including regular inspections inside and out, of course, helps avert the heavy repair bills that come when minor defects are allowed to deteriorate into major damage. These repair bills can use up funds that otherwise might go to improve the livability and worth of your home.

There is another direct connection between maintenance and improvements. Certain improvements will cut down routine living expenses: for example, insulation should reduce the heating bill; new wiring should decrease insurance premiums; a closed-in porch may provide room for a washing machine, which can help you save money on laundry bills.

## NEIGHBORHOOD ACTION

You may find, to your consternation, that the condition of your neighborhood has a bearing on your loan. Often a lending institution will be reluctant to make a loan for an otherwise justified improvement simply because the home is in a neighborhood that is neglected. If that happens to you, consider getting together with your neighbors in a joint program to improve not only every home on the block, but also the entire community. On the civic level, this may mean pressure for better schools, adequate playgrounds, parking facilities, nearby shopping centers and improved transportation.

A nationwide organization was established last year to encourage neighborhood action throughout the country. This is the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods—better known as ACTION, from the first letter of each word in its title. If you and your neighbors want guidance in getting started, write to ACTION, Box 500, Radio City Station, New York 20, N. Y.

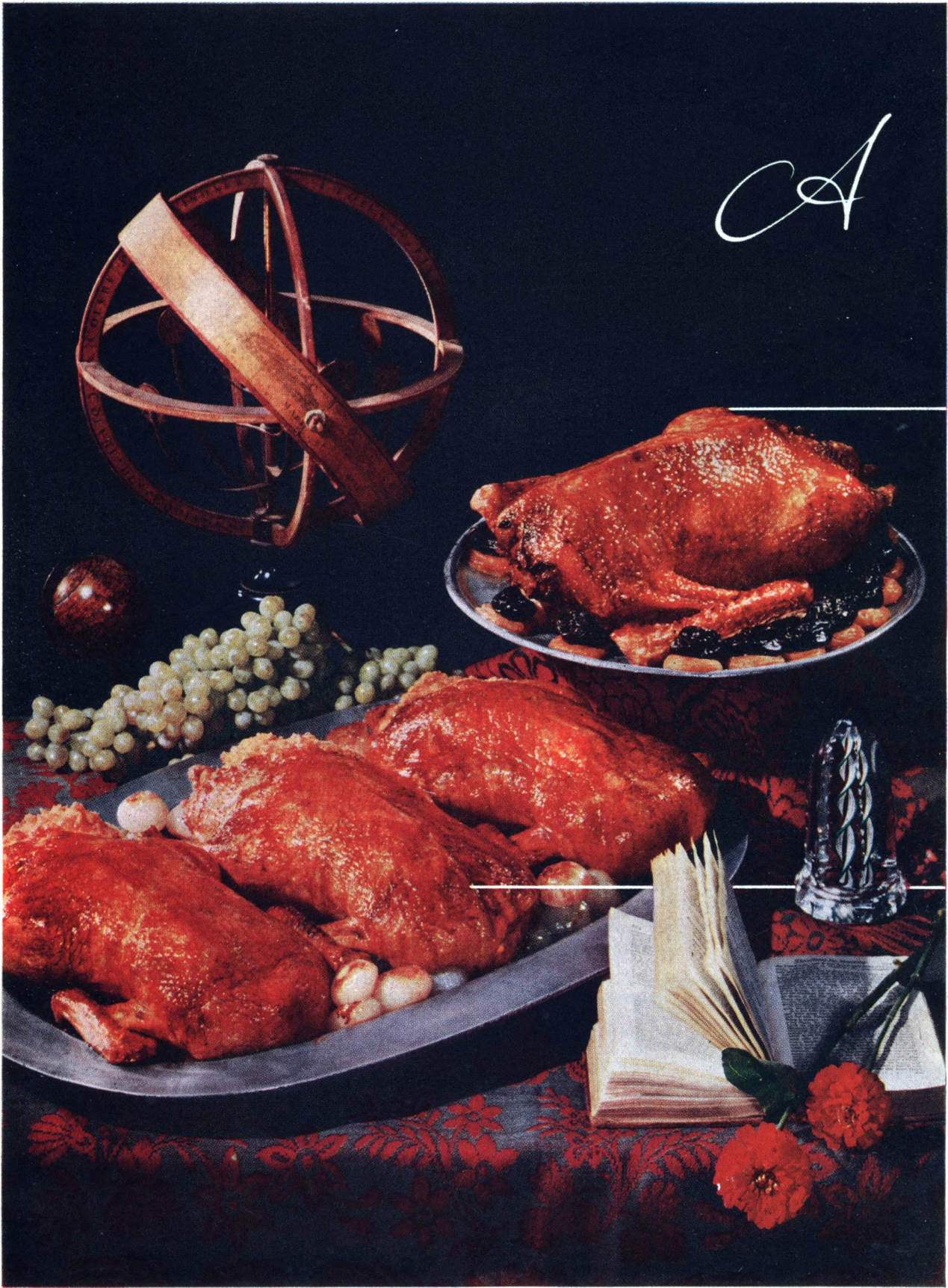
CHART B—AVERAGE HOME-IMPROVEMENT COSTS (for normal 5-room or 6-room houses)\*

IMPROVEMENT	COST		COST
Additional room (12 x 14) (where space is available, as in attic or basement) . . . . .	\$1,000	Finished attic (if dormer is necessary) . . . . .	3,000-5,000
(where addition must be built) . . . . .	3,000	(without dormer) . . . . .	2,000-4,000
Aluminum windows, double-hung (each) . . . . .	25-30	Finished basement (where floor is level) (asphalt tile floor, gypsum board wall, ceiling) . . . . .	1,500
Asbestos siding . . . . .	700	Insulation (ceiling) . . . . .	150
Bathroom (6 x 8) (including fixtures and tiling) . . . . .	1,000	Porch (8 x 12) (open sides, with roof and supports) . . . . .	650
Closet (2 x 5) (door, shelf, clothes hanger) . . . . .	275	Roofing (210 lb. strip shingle) . . . . .	300
		Stairway (1st to 2nd floor) (open, with railing on one side) . . . . .	250
		(enclosed) . . . . .	750

\*These figures are roughly standard throughout the country. They were supplied by NERSICA, Inc., a home improvement contractors' national association, with the understanding that variations often result from differences in the costs of materials or labor.



CA





# Modern Holiday Feast

made with fresh-frozen duckling and goose . . .  
tender, ready-to-cook and sized for today's young families

## Goose—

Tender-meated goose is marketed in popular 6- to 8-pound sizes and in ready-to-cook styles, fresh or frozen. You plan for one pound of ready-to-cook goose per person.

**TO THAW**, refrigerate, wrapped, 48 hours or place, wrapped, in a pan of cold water 4 to 6 hours.

**TO PREPARE** for cooking, remove giblets. Rinse with cold water. Dressed birds must be drawn first. Blot dry with paper towel.

**TO STUFF**, pack stuffing into cavities. Skewer neck skin to back. Wings may be left at sides or tucked over neck skin. Skewer and lace abdominal opening. Tie drumsticks in close to the body.

**ROAST** on rack in shallow pan, breast down. Add no water or fat. Roast a 6-8 pound ready-to-cook goose 3½ hours in a 325°F. oven. Turn breast side up when ¾ done.

### FRUIT STUFFING

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups finely chopped celery
- 5 cups bread cubes, toasted
- ¾ cup snipped dried apricots
- ¾ cup snipped dried prunes
- ¾ cup peeled, chopped apple
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup walnut meats, coarsely broken

Heat butter in a small pan and cook onion until transparent, but not brown. Mix onion with remaining ingredients and use to stuff a 6-8 pound ready-to-cook goose. Truss and roast as directed using **Apple Ginger Glaze**: Combine ½ cup apple jelly and ½ teaspoon of **powdered ginger**. Heat over hot water until jelly melts. After goose has been turned breast side up, glaze legs, crop and breast frequently during remaining roasting time.

### TOASTED CHESTNUT STUFFING

- 8 cups bread cubes, toasted
- 1 cup chopped roasted chestnuts
- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- ¾ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 10½-ounce can chicken bouillon
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon poultry seasoning

Combine toasted cubes with remaining ingredients and toss lightly to blend well. Use to stuff a 6-8 pound ready-to-cook goose. Roast as directed and garnish with **Glazed Onions**: Peel 1 dozen small white onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender, but crisp—about 15 minutes. Heat 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a skillet. Combine 4 teaspoons granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Sprinkle over drained onions; turn onions to coat them well. Cook onions in hot butter, turning to brown on all sides.

## Duckling—

Tender ducklings averaging 4 to 5 pounds ready-to-cook weight are available in quantity. This month most of them will be quick-frozen.

**TO THAW**, refrigerate 24 to 36 hours or let stand at room temperature 12 to 18 hours. Or, run warm water over duckling until giblets can be removed; then run warm water through interior until softened.

**TO PREPARE** for roasting, wash inside and out with cold water then dry well with paper toweling.

**TO STUFF**, fill cavities with stuffing. Skewer neck skin over back. Legs lie close to body; there's no need to truss duckling.

**ROAST** on rack in shallow pan, breast up. Roast a 4-5 pound ready-to-cook duck 2 to 2½ hours in 325°F oven. For crisp skin, put duck under moderate broiler heat for 10 minutes.

### SWEET POTATO STUFFING

- 2 cups cooked, mashed sweet potatoes  
(3 medium potatoes or 1 1-pound 2-ounce can vacuum packed sweet potatoes)
- 1 9-ounce can crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups cornbread crumbs  
(½ of the cornbread made from 1 package of mix)
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

To mashed sweet potatoes add drained crushed pineapple and remaining ingredients. Toss lightly to blend well. Reserve the drained pineapple juice (about ¼ cup) to use to baste duckling. Stuff a 4-5 pound ready-to-cook duckling; roast according to directions. Baste occasionally during roasting with pineapple juice. Cut remaining cornbread into squares. Split, butter and toast; serve with duck.

### GREEN GRAPE STUFFING

- Giblets from one duckling
- ½ pound sliced fresh mushrooms
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 5 cups day old bread cubes
- ½ cup chopped Brazil nuts
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon marjoram
- 1 cup seedless green grapes

Cook giblets until tender in 2 cups salted water. Add more water if needed as giblets cook. Cook mushrooms and onion in butter until tender, but not brown. Add ¼ cup of the giblet broth and cook a few minutes more until the liquid is absorbed. Chop giblets and mix all ingredients together lightly. (For moist stuffing add ½ cup of giblet broth.) Stuff into a 4-5 pound ready-to-cook duckling. Roast as directed.

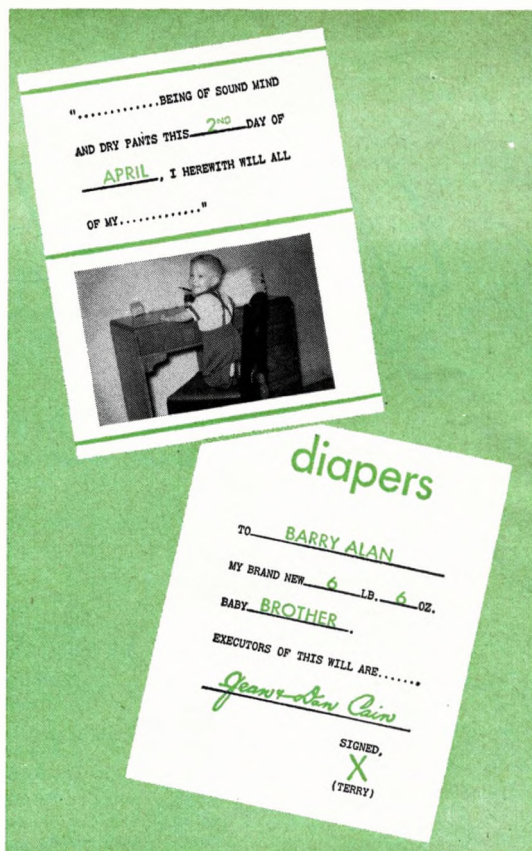


# We are Proud to Announce

Just before we became the proud parents of a second son, our first boy, who was almost two, had need of a diaper for the last time. This fact, coupled with his natural generosity—he would break a cookie into as many pieces as there were friends present—furnished us with the inspiration for this announcement.

MRS. M. D. CAIN  
San Antonio, Texas

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



(Continued from page 76)

in the waiting room. At two words. "My first—"

Dr. Holmes came in, white coat now afternoon-rumpled. "Well, Sara," he said. "How's my best customer?"

"Okay," she said. She never knew how to talk to people, how to kid back.

"Ed all right? All the kids?"

"All fine," she said. He was just being small-town polite. He had delivered the last two children, Dennis and Brian. He had seen them all through measles (and the mumps for young Eddie), and he had given 8-year-old Linda penicillin and a lollipop the time she had almost cut her finger off. But he was a busy man, and Sara suspected he would recognize all the children as Underwoods but not know a single individual name.

He listened on one side carefully, stethoscope moving in little dartlike movements. Then he went around to the other side. Dr. Holmes was a bright-eyed, sharp-nosed man, and with his head cocked, he reminded Sara of a robin listening for a worm.

"Well!" he said, straightening. "What say we make it two babies this time, Sara?"

For a minute she thought she would faint. Then she saw him twinkling, and the nurse with a grin. She remembered he had teased her the same way the last time, too.

"No, it's only one baby, I'm quite sure," he then said reassuringly. "And within the month, I think. I'll want to see you once a week from now on. What did you order this time? Boy or girl?"

A son. to be a soldier. A daughter.

to wait for a soldier and bear his children alone. A little girl. You hope for so much for them, and sometimes they get so little. Hard, being born a girl.

Sara said, "I don't care."

He began to feel her swollen ankles, frowning intently. "Let's see; how are the veins?"

She looked up timidly. "Is it all right, doctor?"

"Oh, it could be worse." He was angry—the medical refuge when you are helpless to aid. "Just wish you could get off your feet more—but, of course, you can't."

"Why, Ed helps me," she said. "And Linda helps out a lot. She's 8, you know. And Eddie. And the little boys try to help out, too. It's a wonder how much help a body can get!"

He looked at her wryly. "Sara, I'll give you a little prescription. Just remember, the squeaky wheel gets the grease."

While she dressed, Sara pondered his words. The nurse, seeing her troubled face, said apologetically, "Mrs. Underwood—don't you pay any mind to Doctor now. He's upset and tired. She's expecting, you know. Their first. Try and tell her there's almost four million babies born in the U.S.A. each year."

Sara smiled noncommittally. Doctors' nurses and doctors' wives. Did they ever like each other? "She's all right, though?"

"Healthy as a horse. If we can get her up out of bed. All she expects is to be waited on hand and foot—" She broke off, startled at her indiscretion.

Then Sara surprised herself, also. "A first baby," she said. "They should be patient with her. It's never the same again. It's sort of like being a bride the first time."

When she was dressed, she went out into the glare of the western sun rebounding from the sidewalk and the stucco building. She squinted up and down shimmering Main Street, looking for Ed. He had promised to try to pick her up and take her home, to spare her walking. He was not there.

Well, she told herself, she'd had to wait so long—the doctor was so busy. Ed just had to get back to work. But she suddenly recalled when Linda, their first-born, was on the way. Sara was barely 20, and Ed was still in the Navy then, and they lived in a trailer near Norfolk, Virginia. Sara was sick every morning the whole nine months. Ed was so afraid of the wet Eastern winter, that she might slip and fall. And afraid he would ship out before the baby came.

And when Linda was born, Sara remembered how Ed came into the ward, greener and sicker than she was, and how they clung together and they both cried, in joy and in relief from terror.

But when Eddie, Jr., was born 11 months later, Ed actually had his orders and was overseas. People said that at least in some ways it was easier for Sara. At least there wasn't any war any more. And most of all, having borne one baby, she "knew what it was all about."

She knew enough to be afraid and lonely and panicked about the other baby left with the girl in the next trailer. She had never seen the doctor who de-



livered the baby before and never saw him again. Her wardmates were strangers whose husbands came to see them, bringing ice cream.

Sometimes in the evenings when the babies were asleep she would sit in the dark, and over their gossamer breathing she would hear the night sounds of the park. A slammed door—a woman's laugh—a burst of music. Sara would think, *I'm 21. "Free, white and twenty-one." Free. . .* A car would roar away in the night, tires grating out of gravel, leaving a memory of laughter and music.

And Sara would listen for the children's breathing. Linda—quiet, even. Eddie—with funny little snorts. Even in that he was just like his daddy, that one, and it would comfort Sara. She did love Ed. From the moment she had first seen him. She would have married him then; she had wanted to. But Ma had said to wait; get out of school; get a job; have a little fun first. Well, she had finished school—but what, she had thought, could be more fun than being married to Ed?

When Ed's hitch was up, they had come back to the southwest and bought the GI house, and Ed had his garage job. And the next two little boys were born, two years apart. Dr. Holmes had delivered them.

Sara decided to cross over to the shady side of the street. It was so terribly hot and her legs hurt and her feet felt like wasps' nests. She should hurry home. Linda was there alone with the boys, the little boys. Dennis, who was five, and Brian, who was almost three. It was too much for Linda to cope with.

Especially if young Eddie had chosen to come home, too. He was a freckled roamer, that one, a ballplaying space-man, a cowboy in a cottonwood tree. His jeans came out at the knee and his socks at the heel and his shirttail everywhere. Eddie was seven now. Sara had always thought that of all the children it was Eddie who demonstrated his love for her the most. But since she had begun to show this time, he had never looked directly at her unless he thought she was unaware. Since school had let out, he had not brought any of his friends home.

What he needs is something alive of his own, Sara thought. She remembered the ranch, when she was Eddie's age, and the newborn calves, still wet like flowers after spring rain, so exhilaratingly white, so brilliantly brown. It's the whole baby *idea* that troubles him, she thought. He ought to have a bitch dog. Or a cat raising kittens. Then, thinking of kittens, in her mind she suddenly heard once again:

"Say, look's like the old cat's finally had her new litter." And Ma's irritable voice, "Ain't she a sight?" . . .

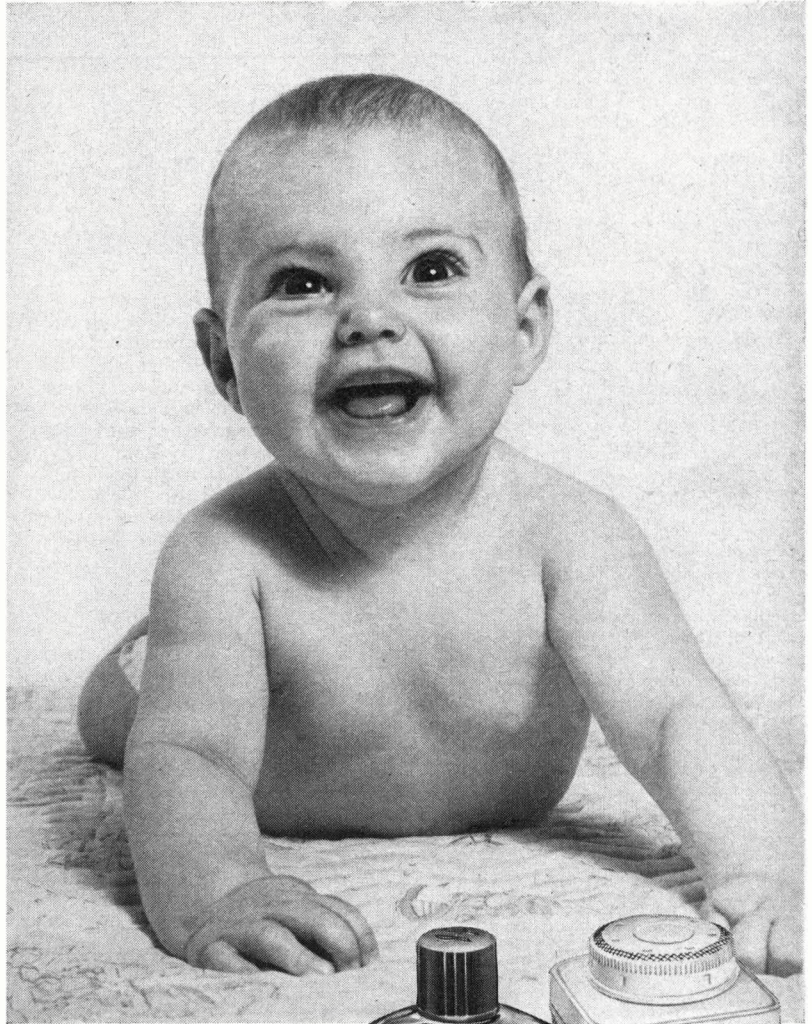
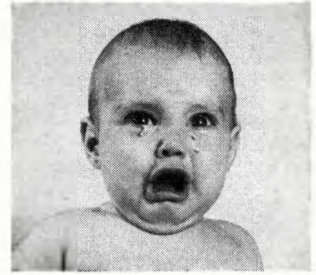
Dizzy, Sara leaned against a building wall. Her appalled mind told her: It's that he can't stand the sight of me. It isn't just not comprehending sex and babies and birth. He's ashamed of me.

Some nervous man was speaking to her. "I said—are you all right?"

Sara took her cheek reluctantly from the cool brick wall. Her head was clear now, but her heart was sick.

"Fine," she said. "Thanks a lot. I—I turned my ankle a little." It was her day to lie. Ridiculous, implausible lies. The fidgeting man was a stranger.

The difference  
between this... →  
and this... ↘



is often this... →





A tourist, she supposed, in his dark glasses and loud short-sleeved shirt. He had probably thought she was starting her labor. He hurried away with relief.

Sara waited a moment before starting on. She felt peculiarly weak and lightheaded. The heat made her gasp for air. She paused again before a store window, as if planning to buy something. She saw a sheer, ruffled nightgown, pale green like new aspen leaves. You could wear it in the hospital, with a green satin ribbon in your hair and lipstick like a spicy pink carnation. . . .

She walked again, carefully. Girls were funny nowadays. Marrying so young. Talking so wise. Why, Linda was in some ways a little woman now. She could cook and she could help take care of the house. Racing ahead, longing to learn. Just last week she had asked Sara, "Ma, does it hurt an awful lot?"

"What?" Sara had asked. High-pitched, having just scorched Ed's best white shirt.

"Having a baby, I mean. I mean—well, Gayle says her mother said it was just agony."

"Oh." She had held up the shirt and studied it critically. Not too bad. It might not show, just wearing it at night as he would. "No, honey. They give you things. It never hurts too bad."

"They say you forget," the child said in a prim foreign voice. The intonation, the words of someone else. Whom had she been listening to?

Her mother had smiled at her. Vividly she had thought of those gripping pains across the back that came out of the blue distance like a long slow freight train on the desert, thundering into the unbearable moment and then receding into the faraway. And different with the second child, the third, the fifth? *I have had this dream before. And I shall wake, in sweat and fear.*

"No," she had said quietly. "You don't forget." How do you put it? How do you prepare your daughter for what God has meant for her? How can you keep her glad she was born a girl?

"It's just that—once you have the baby, it doesn't matter," Sara had said finally. "It was worth it, anything that hurt before." Probably she hadn't said it right. Linda's face had gone blank and closed-in.

And now Sara thought: You want it for her, but I guess the hardest thing of all is for a mother to see her own daughter bear a child. Finally she could understand her own mother's inarticulate opposition when Sara had rushed off, so young and so bound and determined to marry Ed.

Suddenly it was suffocatingly hot again. The street glared dizzily before Sara. The buildings began to do a grotesque dance. Something was roaring in her head, the blood rushing away as if a dam had broken.

"I can't faint," Sara protested aloud. "Not on Main Street!"

She heard voices through the roaring. "It's Sara Underwood." . . . "Oh, heavens, do you think the baby—". . . "Somebody ought to get Doc Holmes". . . "Run down to Finney's Garage and fetch Ed—no, here he comes now." . . .

Ed was there. She knew, before

they spoke, that he was coming. She felt the touch of his firm hand and knew when his strong arms picked her up. Could not talk to him, all her senses going, except hearing and smell. But it was Ed: she knew his scent of starched khaki shirt, car grease, sweat and soap.

"I'm takin' her home. Tell Doc Holmes to come by the house. He knows where it is."

"Say, Ed—maybe you oughta take her by the hospital."

"No. It's the heat," he said. "I think she's okay, except for the heat. Poor little kid never could stand hot weather."

He was putting her in a car. Odorous, rattling. It was the pick-up truck

## Don't tell your children— show them!

"Have you ever stood next to your youngster in church? Then surely you've felt that surge of warm feeling spread over you . . . as I have. Perhaps it's the happy feeling I get at just being in church with my son. Faith has made life so much richer for my husband and me. That's why we want our son to grow up in its wisdom."—*Rosalind Russell*

*Give them a faith to live by...  
worship with them this week!*

### The Committee on Religion in American Life, Inc.

from the garage. Sara stirred and found her voice. "Oh, Ed," she whispered. "I'm so sorry. I'm so embarrassed."

"Poor little kid," he said again.

She marveled at the words. They were so ridiculous that she wanted to laugh. But somehow the laughter turned to tears. And then she was in their bed in the front room, with Linda anxiously pulling the shades and the boys ranged in the doorway like timid, big-eyed baby rabbits. Dr. Holmes released her pulse and turned to put away his blood pressure equipment. He sent the children away, ordered Ed to the kitchen for a glass of water and then looked at Sara and smiled affectionately.

"So!" he said. "Finally a squeaky wheel, are you? Now, if all my patients were so good about doing what I tell them—"

"Oh, doctor, you don't think I—"

"I don't think anything," he said, "except that you shouldn't walk about in this heat. In fact, walk about, period. I want you to stay in bed now for several days, and I think everything will be fine. No need to hurry this baby. You know what a baby looks like." Ed came back with the water. "Doc, I was coming to get her. This guy come in with a radi-

ator boiling. In a big hurry to get on to Tucson tonight. Took me longer than I thought. But then I was on my way. And there she was—hangin' on the lamp post like old Papa Gomez."

The doctor went out, chuckling.

Papa Gomez was the town drunk. "Oh, Ed," Sara said in anguish. "I'll never be able to face anybody in town again."

He gave her a capsule the doctor had left and held the glass of water for her. He brushed her hair back from her forehead with his big, hard hand. "Let everybody in town do their own worryin' for themselves. I'll worry over you."

Whatever it was, the medicine seemed to make her terribly drowsy. But Ed was still there with her. His cool hand, brushing back her hair, and his tender, loving voice. "Baby, don't scare me like that again. Sweetheart, we have to take care of you. Why didn't you wait for me? Poor little kid. . . ."

Poor little. . . .

Poor little. . . .

"Poor little Mommy." It was Brian, their youngest. He was sitting beside her, patting her cheek. "Don't die, Mommy."

"Nonsense," Sara said. "Nobody's going to die. Hi, sugar lump. Have you been a good boy?"

Now the terrible heat was gone. It was night, she could tell. No light filtered through the crack in the window shade.

"Yes," he said. "Did you have a nice nap?"

"Very nice," she answered, yawning. She felt refreshed and well and strangely isolated. "Where's Daddy?"

"Out there. Cookin'. Mommy, can I feel the baby kick?"

"Sure," she said, lifting his grimy little hand and laying it on her abdomen. The baby lurched obligingly. Brian smiled. Then he reached up and touched her breast gently.

"Here's the milk for the baby."

"I had your milk there, too."

Brian nodded, satisfied. "Yes. Now I'm a big boy. Well—I'm glad you didn't die, Mommy."

The door opened. It was Linda. "Bri-an! You woke Ma up!"

Sara thought: That's me. How I must sound with the kids. She protested: "I was awake."

The girl came up with a maternal whisk and poked at her pillow. "Well!" she said. "You gave us a fright!"

"I feel fine now. Are the kids all right?"

"Oh, sure, Ma. You know I can take care of everything." But her mother saw the relief mingle with pride on Linda's childish, freckled face.

"Linda—thank you," Sara said formally. "I appreciate it. All you've done. All the help you give."

Linda blushed crimson. "Oh, Mother!" she said, flouncing out.

Sara got up carefully. She felt very well. They had taken off just her dress. She was still in her slip. She got her seersucker housecoat and put it on and went cautiously toward the kitchen.

Ed stood at the stove. He was wearing her pink plastic apron with the hole



in it. Young Eddie was setting the table. On the floor, 5-year-old Dennis was playing with his favorite soldiers.

Tugging her forward. Brian said, "Here's Mommy. Mommy didn't die!" "You hop right back in that bed!" Ed ordered.

"Oh, Ed, I feel fine," she protested. She stared at what he was cooking. Fried onions. Fried potatoes. Fried hamburger patties. *I mustn't laugh.*

"The doctor said to stay in bed," he said. "Now, march—or I'll carry you in like I did before." They smiled gravely at each other, remembering.

Dennis had a bass voice bigger than his five years combined. His eyes were dark, and his eyelashes were like heavy silk fringe. He looked up at his mother with the stary eyes that could always make her heart turn over. He growled, "Hi, Ma. I got you a present." He took a cheese glass off the table. It held some yellow weed, two blue-bonnet sprays, one dusty orange mallow and a chicken feather.

"It's beautiful," Sara said. "A beautiful present." She touched his dark head gently. The second son, a middle child, the one the books said could be neglected and ignored. She loved him so it almost hurt to look at him.

"You can just take it into the bedroom with you," Ed said.

She hesitated. Eddie was watching her. "Ma, you better do what the doctor said!"

Then at last Sara knew what had been bothering him. She finally heard the thin pitch of anxiety in his voice. When had the boy first acted so strange,

so remote and resentful?—Right after the Martinez girl had died when her twins were born. So he had feared something might happen to her, too.

Sara laughed. "Honey, don't you worry about me. I just got a little too much heat today, walking home. Why, Dr. Holmes told me I can have babies as easy as throwing a hat through a window. I'm his prize patient, he said."

"The doctor said—?"  
"The doctor said." His mother pretended not to see the ill-concealed relieved sigh.

"But the doctor said *today*," Ed announced, "you should get to bed and rest up." He shoed her into the bedroom.

Sara lay back on the pillows. This was the attention she had thought she wanted. And she had relished all of it. Now she was all right. And impatient. Tomorrow she would get up. There was much to be done.

"You look better. Not so green around the gills," Ed said.

Sara smiled at him. "I feel grand. You know, Ed, I think I'm like an old calico cat we used to have on the home ranch. That cat was always raising a family of kittens. I used to think she was purely a disgrace. But, you know, Ed—she was sure a good mother. A proud mother, too!"

He bent and rubbed his sandpaper jaw against her cheek. "Well, just call me Tom!" he said. He went out and brought her back a plate. And then, because they felt lonely, and impressed with their mother's novelty, the children brought in their plates, too.

They sat on the foot of Sara's bed, and Ed beside her, and they made a party of it. Even the unborn baby seemed to enjoy it. It kicked and made Sara's plate bounce on her lap.

Sara steadied the plate with her left hand and hoped the baby would hurry and come and join the crowd. Now she knew, with rising excitement, that she hoped the baby would be a girl. She thought how wonderful your life could be if you were born a girl.

"Don't we have fun?" Ed said. She answered joyously, "None more."

"This is a party," said Brian. "Then where's the presents?" Dennis wanted to know. "Parties have presents. I gave her a present. Where's the other presents?"

Sara looked luminously around on her great gifts. Then she said, "I saw a present today. I'm going to get it for me. A green nightgown—with lace on the bottom. To wear in the hospital."

"Why waste it on the hospital?" Ed asked, laughing.

She winked at him and went on. "—With pink, pink lipstick!"

"—And a ribbon in your hair!" Linda cried, all womanly understanding. "Mother—you'd look just like a queen!" The eyes of the two little boys grew big.

"Aw—queens are rich," Eddie scoffed, but fascinated and wanting to believe.

"Oh," Sara Underwood cried from her fulfillment of heart and body and soul. "Oh, I *am* rich. I'm the richest, richest woman in the whole wide world!"

... THE END

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## What Veterans Should Know NOW

(Continued from page 45)

\$2,000. The total maximum entitlement is \$7,500.

*Q. What is the maximum duration of loans?*

A. Farm real-estate loans can run up to 40 years; business real-estate loans, to 30 years; home loans to 25 years; non-real-estate loans, to 10 years.

*Q. Where can a veteran obtain a loan?*

A. From any private lending institution that is willing to grant one. In rural areas where the VA finds that GI home loans are not available from private sources, it will give direct loans, but the VA is limited by the funds it has available.

*Q. Does it make any difference whether the lender grants his loan on the basis of government "guaranty" or government "insurance"?*

A. Yes. It makes a big difference. Insured loans use up a veteran's loan entitlement only to the extent of 15 per cent of the amount borrowed, but lenders usually make them only for non-real-estate, business and farm purposes. Guaranteed loans use up much more, if not all, of the entitlement and are made mostly for home loans.

*Q. Will a veteran be able to get a GI loan indefinitely?*

A. No. The deadline for World War II veterans is July 25, 1957. For Korean veterans, the cut-off date is January 31, 1965.

*Q. Can two or more veterans pool their loan entitlements to buy real estate, a business or a farm?*

A. Yes. The VA sees to it in such a case that each veteran is protected and is not liable for more than his own share of the loan.

*Q. Can a veteran get a loan for a home or business if he buys it jointly with a nonveteran?*

A. Yes, but only the veteran's portion of the loan will be guaranteed or insured by the VA.

*Q. Does the VA guarantee veterans against faulty construction or materials in the homes they buy?*

A. No. The VA does, however, make a minimum of three inspections during construction of a new house to

make sure it conforms with VA's Minimum Property Requirements.

*Q. If a veteran sells the home he bought with a GI loan, is he entitled to a new loan for purchase of another house?*

A. Ordinarily, no. But if ill health, condemnation of the property, or unforeseeable transfer to another job location forces a veteran to sell his home, the VA may grant him a second loan, provided that the first one has been repaid in full.

*Q. What can a veteran do if he wants to buy a certain home, yet the VA refuses to guarantee the loan because its appraiser has set a valuation lower than the price demanded by the seller?*

A. He can only negotiate with the seller to meet the appraised value. If he attempts to make a hidden side deal by paying the difference between the seller's price and the VA valuation, he is subject to prosecution and can lose all his veteran's benefits.

## HOSPITALIZATION

*Q. If a veteran needs medical care, what can the VA do for him?*

A. In Veterans' Hospitals, the number one priority goes to all veterans who need treatment for service-connected disabilities. Number two priority belongs to wartime veterans who have service-connected disabilities, but who need treatment for nonservice-connected disabilities. Number three priority goes to all wartime veterans who have no service-connected disabilities. In order to get treatment, members of the third group must sign a sworn statement that they cannot afford to pay for medical attention elsewhere.

*Q. If a veteran needs emergency treatment in a nongovernment hospital, will the VA reimburse him for the expenses?*

A. Yes, but only for service-connected disabilities and if there were no government facilities available and if a delay would have been dangerous. Also, the hospital must get immediate authorization from the VA for the treatment.

*Q. Can a disabled veteran remain indefinitely in a VA hospital?*

A. He can stay as long as need for hospitalization exists. After that, if his condition prevents him from earning a living and if he needs a home, he may be sent to a Domiciliary Home.

*Q. If a veteran needs a medical check-up because he doesn't feel well, can the VA give him an examination?*

A. No, the VA is not permitted to do this under the law. Medical examinations may be given only in connection with VA benefits.

## INSURANCE

*Q. Is it possible to convert Korean GI term insurance to permanent plans?*

A. Only disabled Korean veterans who have convertible term policies because of service-connected disabilities may convert their GI insurance.

*Q. Are peacetime veterans entitled to any GI insurance after discharge?*

A. They have the same insurance privileges as Korean veterans.

*Q. A Korean veteran has 120 days from discharge to obtain term insurance. If he applies early, does he lose his 120 days of free indemnity?*

A. If the veteran states in his application that he wants his insurance to go into effect at the end of the 120-day period, he will suffer no loss. He must remember, however, that the deadline for application and first payment is 120 days, not four calendar months. If he is late, he loses his entitlement.

*Q. How is GI insurance money paid out if the veteran failed to specify the method of payment?*

A. It is paid to the beneficiary in 36 equal installments. The beneficiary can select a longer rate of installment payments, but he cannot get the money in a lump sum.

*Q. If a veteran allows his World War II National Service Life Insurance to lapse, can he have it reinstated?*

A. If he has a term policy, it can be reinstated during the term period. If he has a permanent policy, it can be reinstated at any time by paying all the back premiums. In both cases, the veteran must meet health requirements.

## EDUCATION AND TRAINING

*Q. Who is classified as a Korean veteran?*

A. Anyone who served in the Armed Forces between June 27, 1950, and January 31, 1955, is entitled to some benefits of the Korean GI Bill. For service begun in this period, a veteran is entitled to educational benefits at the rate of one-and-a-half days of schooling for each day served before his discharge or the end of his first enlistment.

*Q. How much money will a Korean veteran get to finance his education and training?*

A. For full-time training he will get \$110 a month if he has no dependents, \$135 if he has one dependent, and \$160 if he has more than one dependent. This amount is for tuition, maintenance, fees, supplies, books and equipment.

*Q. Is there a VA restriction on the amount of money a veteran may earn through part-time employment while attending school under the Korean GI Bill?*



A. No. Regardless of his earnings, his monthly allowance remains unchanged as long as he is taking a full-time course in school.

*Q. What are the time limitations on the educational and training benefits for Korean veterans?*

A. A veteran must have begun his course of study within three years from the date of his separation from service. It is not sufficient merely to have made an application. Those veterans discharged on or before January 31, 1955, must finish by January 31, 1963, or eight years after discharge, whichever is earlier. Those discharged on or after February 1, 1955, must finish by January 31, 1965, or eight years after discharge, whichever is earlier.

**COMPENSATION AND PENSIONS**

*Q. What is the difference between disability compensation and pension?*

A. Compensation is payable to veterans whose disabilities are due to service. Pension is payable only to totally and permanently disabled veterans whose disabilities are not due to service and whose income from other sources does not exceed certain limits.

*Q. If a veteran's disability increases, can he have his compensation payments increased?*

A. Compensation can be increased in proportion to the disability. A certificate from a private physician will be sufficient basis to reopen a veteran's case.

*Q. Does the law provide disability compensation for peacetime veterans?*

A. Yes, at the rate of 80 per cent of the wartime scale. If the disability is due to armed conflict (during peacetime) or to extra hazardous service, compensation is provided at full wartime rates.

*Q. Can a World War II veteran still file a claim for disability compensation?*

A. Yes, he can file at any time.

*Q. If the widow of a Korean GI remarries, will she lose the monthly \$92.90 indemnity payment she has been receiving.*

A. No. Remarriage does not bar the widow of a Korean veteran from receiving full indemnity payment for 120 consecutive months.

*Q. Is there a time limit for filing claim for reimbursement of expenses for burying a veteran?*

A. Yes. The claim must be filed within two years after the date the veteran was buried. Up to \$150 is payable towards the burial expenses of eligible wartime veterans and disabled peacetime veterans. . . . THE END

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## The Biggest Bargain In Homes?



(Continued from page 61)

common. They are equipped with bathtubs or showers, full-sized cooking ranges and sinks, refrigerators with freezing compartments, automatic hot-water heaters and real beds instead of bunks. There is room to stow sewing machines and vacuum cleaners. (One of the Ericksons' neighbors has a piano as well as a TV set in his living room.) Standard trailers, which range in price from \$2,000 to almost \$7,000, come furnished with tables, chairs, couches, beds, bookshelves, dressing tables, mirrors and curtains. Some luxury models have garbage-disposal and dishwashing units.

Bill Erickson was 20 in the summer of 1950. He had completed two years at the University of Pennsylvania and was working on a vocational job for a tree surgeon in Florida. There he met Bobby Lee Burge, who had a summer job in a hotel dining room while waiting to enter Pfeiffer Junior College.

At first they planned to be married after Bill graduated; but the Korean war was on, and Bill was expecting his draft call. When he decided to enlist, so that he could choose his own service, they got married right away.

Interestingly enough, the Air Force office where Bill enlisted was a small trailer—the first he had ever entered. He was not overly impressed; certainly it did not occur to him that something similar was in his future as a home.

Home, to Bill, meant the three-story house that his parents had owned in Warren, Pennsylvania, ever since he could remember. Home meant a house and big yard to Bobby, too. She had grown up in Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, in her grandparents' house, which had plenty of room for her and her widowed mother as well as the two older people. For the first years of marriage, though, Bill and Bobby were willing to settle for small apartments.

The full impact of a housing shortage hit them in 1951 when Bill reported to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, after basic training. He was then a corporal. With allotments for wife and separate rations, his pay came to \$176 a month. They soon gave up their hope of spending no more than \$50 a month for rent.

Bobby went apartment hunting each morning, but without success. After three weeks of searching, they were desperate. They could not bring themselves to take the only place they could afford—a dismal one-room apartment just large enough for a bed, an ancient stove and a sink. It rented for \$75 a month, and the landlord insisted on a lease. The only attractive place they found cost \$130. It was a three-flight walk-up with no yard—obviously not practical for a couple expecting a baby.

Their money was disappearing fast.

After several nights in a motel, at \$7 a night without kitchen facilities, they found a room in a private home. Here they shared kitchen and bath with the landlady and her mother. Even this less-than-satisfactory arrangement was theirs for only three weeks, since the room had been promised to a permanent tenant.

They were about to become homeless again when a letter came from Bill's mother. Among other items of family news, she reported that a cousin who was settling in Chicago intended to sell the one-bedroom trailer he had used while stationed at Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Five minutes later Bill was on the long-distance telephone. The trailer had not been advertised. The price was \$1,500. The cousin was willing to waive a down payment and take \$50 a month.

Within hours, Bill had been granted emergency leave and the Ericksons were speeding toward Chicago to pick up their new home.

After 14 months of trailer life they traded in their small home as down payment on a new \$4,200 model with two bedrooms. Now young Billy had his own nursery.

The Ericksons are more fortunate than most buyers in that they did not need a down payment. Financing is usually easy to arrange, however. One-fourth of the purchase price is standard down payment with many dealers, and as much as five years is allowed for paying the balance.

Banks used to be leery of trailer financing, feeling that it was too easy for a person to hitch up a home and disappear into the night. Nowadays, though, many bankers are actually seeking this form of investment; they have found that the typical trailer buyer makes an excellent credit risk.

**T**he full economic advantage of a mobile home is not evident until you look beyond the original investment. Once a trailer is paid for, expenses drop to a surprisingly low figure. The biggest monthly outlay is generally for ground rent in a park. This varies in different localities, from as little as \$9 a month to over \$100.

The Ericksons live in the Oakdale Mobile Home Village, which is still a convenient location for Bill since he returned to school. (He is now going to Union Junior College, but plans to transfer to Rutgers University as a junior next fall.) They expect to stay at Oakdale until he graduates. They pay \$25 a month for a lot.

Their water and sewer connections are free. Electricity averages only \$4 a month, even though refrigerator, clocks, vacuum cleaner, radio, television set, iron, hot-water heater, ventilator fans and lights get plenty of use. Gas for cooking runs \$2 a month, and costs for winter heating are under \$8 a month. Insurance is \$45 a year. Although in some states trailers are taxed as personal property, Bill has no such tax. Upkeep is low. So far, Bill has spent only \$20 a year for the semiannual waxing that keeps his metal home looking like new.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Wendt, neighbors of the Ericksons and parents of two

small children, are also enthusiastic about trailer life.

"We owned a house when we were first married, and you couldn't give it back to me free," Mr. Wendt told me. "I never had time for myself. I was always having to fix the roof or the porch or the yard, spending time and money I hadn't planned for."

"Our house was beautiful," said Mrs. Wendt. "But it took half of my day to vacuum the wall-to-wall carpeting and dust the furniture. Now I can put the trailer in order in an hour, and have the rest of the day for the children."

The Fred Culbertsons bring up another aspect of trailer economy: "We paid \$125 a month for an apartment before we bought our trailer five years ago. All we would have today is \$7,500 in canceled rent checks if we had stayed there. As it is, we own the trailer and have saved enough to buy 300 acres of farmland. We are fencing it now, and stocking it with cattle. Eventually we'll move the trailer there. It's just as good a house in the country as in town."

The Ericksons were especially surprised to find that trailer communities no longer are composed mainly of a floating population. Among their permanent neighbors are a bacteriologist, a retired Naval officer, several engineers, an artist who has a second trailer for a studio, salesmen, families employed in nearby industries, retired businessmen and a student minister working for his doctorate in the Princeton Theological Seminary.

The hardest thing for the Ericksons to adjust to in trailer life was the lack of storage space. While there are several closets and bookshelves and some ingenious overhead and under-the-furniture lockers, there still isn't space for much besides what is in current use. The Ericksons send bulky winter wraps to Bill's parents for summer safekeeping, and some of their bulky wedding presents have never been used.

One frequently-heard objection to trailer parks is that the families in them are jammed too closely together. It's true that the older camps allowed only a few feet of clearance between trailers, but many of the new villages are planned for generous garden and outdoor living space.

The Ericksons' community is a good example of this trend. Oakdale Village was opened in 1947 by Mr. and Mrs. Les Barber, who have lived on wheels for 16 years. (In fact, they live in two trailers—a big one surrounded by fence, shrubs and vines, as well as a small one permanently stocked with rods, reels and waders, ready to run to lakes or mountain streams when the fish are biting.) The Barbers saw the postwar trailer boom coming. They bought 22 acres of heavily wooded land on U. S. One, built a roomy cement showroom to house their Vagabond Coach Sales and Service Company, and laid out half a dozen sites so that people who bought mobile homes from them would have a place to park.

Business grew so fast that four years ago they sold the residential portion of their land to Mr. and Mrs. Gerry D'Hont. The D'Honts bought eight additional acres, and are now expanding the Village to accommodate 150 families, plus a com-



munity center, a children's playground and a dining grove.

All this is no small investment. Water, sewer and electric lines must be installed—streets and sidewalks laid out—cement floors provided for the awning-covered verandas that serve as outdoor living rooms in summer.

At present, the D'Honts reserve only two spaces for transients. All the rest of Oakdale Village is rented to permanent tenants.

"I am proud of their record in civic interest," says Mr. D'Hont. "Last election, we had 57 qualified and registered voters, and 56 of them went to the polls. We have seven families with children of school age. Six belong to the P.T.A. This is a pretty high proportion for any community."

A trailer park packed with young families can, of course, be quite an added weight on a school system. Different communities handle this problem in different ways. At Oakdale, each tenant pays a school tax of \$1.50 a month. The children are either picked up by a school bus or are driven to school by their parents. (One of the noticeable things about any trailer park, incidentally, is the high percentage of new cars. Apparently, people who have the rent situation well in hand can afford them.)

The standard trailer is only eight feet wide, though lengths of 40 feet and more are not uncommon. Resourceful decorating makes the narrow space seem wider than it is. A soft couch, flanked by small tables, usually occupies the end of the living room. This unfolds into a double bed. Because sliding doors close off the other rooms, house guests can sleep in privacy in the living room. Tables unfold, extend or pull out from desks; they are out of the way when not actually in use. Bookshelves, lockers and closets are ingeniously concealed along the walls in easily-cleaned wood paneling.

Summer is the best time for entertaining, since the garden can then be used for the overflow of guests. Yet Bobbye gave a birthday party in January for Billy with seven children and ten adults, and also found room inside for 50 balloons!

Bobbye saves money by baking her own pies, cakes and cookies. Since housework takes so little time, she can easily manage the baking while the children have their naps. Twice a week she runs into market and stocks up on meat, milk and vegetables. On two other days she carries clothes to the laundry room, which is equipped with automatic washers and driers. There is also a yard for sun-drying, so that gardens are free of clotheslines.

Most afternoons she irons, sews, or has coffee with friends while the children play. Evenings are free for visiting, unless Bill is working. (He has had several parttime summer jobs and still does some outside work, even though his \$160 a month GI school allowance began this fall.) If they want to go out, they call in one of the many teen-age baby sitters in the Village. And if problems come up, there are enough older neighbors to give counsel and social balance.

The older residents are just as happy about trailer life as the younger ones are.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Laun, parents of a married son and daughter, are an example. They owned a three-story house with a big yard when Mr. Laun retired because of a heart condition. Mrs. Laun (herself close to retirement as a secretary for the U.S. Department of Agriculture) was away all day, so help was needed to fire the furnace and take care of the yard. Faced with this extra expense, they sold their house and bought a trailer. It has thermostatically-controlled heat, and the small garden outside is enough to keep them feeling at home.

Although there are two schools of thought about buying a second-hand trailer, Bill Erickson thinks it's a wise thing to do—especially for a young couple beginning trailer life on a shoestring. He reasons this way:

"A trailer takes its big depreciation in its first year. Furthermore, until you've lived in a trailer, you don't know exactly what kind and size suits you best. By the time you have a second-hand model paid for, you know what you want and have the money to make a good down payment on a new one."

Some of Bill's neighbors, however, feel that the average couple will do better to invest in a new trailer right away. They point out that even the most expensive trailer costs only about half as much as a medium-sized house.

Under any circumstances, it's a sensible precaution to turn to an established dealer.

Here are some of the advantages of trailer life that the owners like to talk about:

- Freedom to move with almost

no expense if you don't like neighbors, job or school.

- A chance to start home ownership at little cost.
- No major house repairs.
- Low tax rate.
- Time for hobbies instead of housework.
- A chance to see the country inexpensively.
- A chance to save money for education, investment or retirement.

On the other hand, there are disadvantages, too. When windows are open, ordinary conversation can usually be heard from one trailer to the next. Moreover, there is no place inside a trailer where a person can feel really alone.

The paneled walls and built-in furniture are functional, but they leave little room for individuality in decoration. Formal entertaining is impossible, so you'll have no place for that silver service for 12. Nor is there any room for bulky hobby equipment such as looms, power lathes or bass viols.

In short, just about every mobile home owner has the same problem that bedevils the average apartment dweller: not enough storage space. But the trailer people now claim they've found an answer for that. If you must have an attic, they say, you can get it. Two-story trailers are now on the market, complete with second bath!

... THE END

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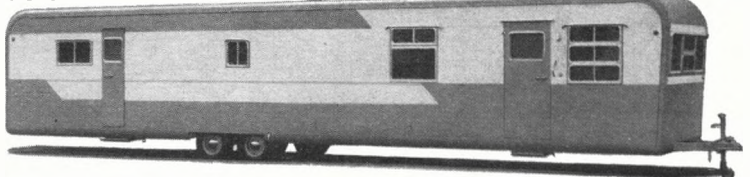
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(Continued from page 59)

Joe Loring. Would you like me to tell you what it meant, in his own words? You were in so many letters and I know them by heart."

Loring wanted to say, "No!" and "Don't!" but he could only stare at her. She had closed her eyes again. "His very first letter of this term," she said, "was full of you. 'Joe Loring is back,' he wrote, 'and looking wonderful. He is bigger than ever and not only in a physical sense. I saw him after chapel. Everybody was mobbing him and I wouldn't have intruded, but he broke away and walked across the campus with me, asking about my summer. My classmates were envious of me. After all, he is the great All-American halfback and all-round athlete. He laughs at the idea that he is famous, but he is. He dropped in this evening and we played the "Archduke Trio" on my player. It is one of his favorites, too.'"

The woman's eyes opened. "The love of music is a great bond between people, of course," she said, "but it is a miracle that you should discover that you had it in common, living in such different college worlds. Just how did you?"

It was the moment that Joe Loring had dreaded, the moment when the woman would stop talking, when a question would be asked. This was all the daydream of a lonely sophomore. He had been in it, but he did not know his role nor his lines. From where he sat, he could see the bookcase beside the record-player cabinet, the record cases with their lettered backs: Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Chamber Music, Symphonies, Overtures.

"Music meant a lot to him," he said lamely, clinging for a moment to the obvious.

He groped his way, feeling the eyes of the two women upon him. Even the obvious statement committed him. There was no turning back. The woman in the big chair had said something about the importance of kindness. It wouldn't be kind to destroy something in which she believed. But how could he explain something that had not happened? How could he describe his meeting with someone he hadn't met? The answer supplied itself. He was always meeting people, and there was practically only one way in which he ever met freshmen or sophomores.

"It seems silly now," he said, "but I met him first after one of the games. He came up and spoke to me. Something about the game."

Evelyn Elton smiled. There were tears in her eyes again. "I remember. He asked for your autograph. He told us that, this past summer, and we were astonished. It seemed so out of character that he should do so."

She went back into the summer and Loring recognized in her a desperate need for speech as a substitute for tears. She was keeping Dewey Elton alive for a little while longer, talking about him in these rooms where he had lived. Her words brought him back so that the man who had never known him, leaning forward, began to sense what he was like.

**Dewey Elton** was a boy whose father had died when he was twelve. His father, too, had been frail, a scholarly man, but young Dewey had worshiped strength. He had been ill through much of his childhood and he had never learned to play games well, but he subscribed to sports magazines, and he sent away for muscle-building courses, and he bought books on how to pitch and how to play the backfield. He was alone most of the time. His friendships never seemed to work out.

"Until you came along," Evelyn Elton said.

"Mother, don't you think that we should be going?"

Dianne Elton's voice was harsh, and grief might have made it so, but Joe Loring looked into her eyes and read a hostility toward him that seemed very close to hatred. "She knows," he thought, "and she despises me for pretending. Maybe she's right. I hadn't thought about all the bows that I've been taking for something that I never did." The thought made him unsure of himself.

Evelyn Elton rose slowly to her feet. "You'll come with us, Joe?"

"Of course."

She did not have to elaborate on what coming with them would mean. Loring had been braced for it from the beginning. When Dewey Elton's mother excused herself and went into the other

room, closing the door behind her, Dianne moved toward him. Her voice was low, controlled, tense.

"You don't have to go through with all this, you know."

Her face was white, her small hands clenched. Loring was conscious again of his size, of towering over her. "I'm not doing anything that I do not want to do," he said.

"You never knew him."

She threw the flat statement into his face, and he could not pretend with her. There was no point in pretending. "I wish that I had known him," he said.

"But you didn't! Don't you think I know? I knew Dewey." The girl's voice rose. "You didn't know him. You came over here, smugly doing your Boy Scout duty, feeling big. Do you think we wanted that?"

Her eyes were angry, scornful. She was holding herself together with those small, clenched fists. Joe Loring discovered that his own hands were clenched. He opened them, spreading his fingers wide. "What should I have done?" he said.

"I don't care what you do, or should have done! He was worth a dozen of you. You have no right to hear what he wrote to us. He wouldn't have written that way to you. There was nothing feminine about him. It wasn't anything like that."

"I never thought so."

"He didn't give a damn about you. It was the idea, the thing you are. He wanted to be like that." Her voice caught in a sob. "He never valued himself. He felt inferior to any big, muscular ox who could carry a football, or run a mile, or punch some other man's head off."

Joe Loring stared, fascinated. It was a new experience for him to be





hated as this girl was hating him. All of her grief for her brother was in focus behind that hatred. Her hands clenched and unclenched. She turned away from him, ran her fingers savagely across the backs of the albums, faced him again.

"My mother is going to give you his photograph and his records," she said. "To you, the great music lover! Because your favorite is the 'Archduke Trio!'" Her voice was scornful. "Maybe that won't astonish the juke box set."

"I haven't any right to them. I won't accept them."

"Yes, you will! You'll have to accept them or you'll ruin your whole, smug, hypocritical act."

The little flame that had been flickering for some minutes within Joe Loring, the flame that he considered safely under control, became suddenly a bright blaze. "If there's an act," he said, "it isn't my act. I didn't ask for any of this."

"You could have stayed away. We don't need your charity. And Dewey doesn't. He didn't ever ask you for anything. He was satisfied with pretending."

The girl's voice broke and she turned swiftly away. Loring took one step after her and then stopped. It would be easier to comfort her than to quarrel with her, but she wouldn't accept that from him. In her own way, she was so right, but only in her way, which took no account of his own predicament.

The knob of the door to the other room turned and the opening of the door was like a curtain falling in mid-act. Something had been started that could not be finished. There were words unspoken, an issue unresolved. Evelyn Elton made her entrance blindly, oblivious of the tension in the room. She had passed through an emotional experience of her own in her few minutes alone, and the record of it was written in the rigidity of her features, her air of consciously holding herself erect.

"You had better get your coat, Dianne," she said.

Loring offered his arm to her descending the stairs and she clung to him, not speaking. The turbulence within him settled. He had something to do. He was needed. He heard the quick footsteps of Dianne on the stairs behind him, but he did not turn his head.

Out of doors, it was cold.

The mortuary was on Webster Street, a dignified old building that had provided the setting for five decades of town and campus tragedies. Joe Loring entered the chapel behind the two women and swallowed hard when they sank to their knees on the kneeler before the coffin. There was only a single wreath of flowers—theirs. He stood behind them and looked at the still, relaxed features of Dewey Elton.

He looked so very young, and so very much like his sister—the same delicate features, small and regular, yet strangely firm, strong in a sense other than the physical. The hands crossed upon the boy's chest were thin, light-boned, with long fingers. Joe Loring, who had, just a few months before, fought from one end of a freighter deck to the other with a husky Norwegian sailor, looked at those hands and remembered that Dewey Elton had died punching the bag in the gym. It was such a

futile way to die, but he could understand it. Something within a man forever struggled to be what it was not.

He knelt behind the two women in the mortuary aisle and he prayed.

**J**oe Loring called on people. He spent hours on the telephone. He created a committee out of the sophomores on the football squad and he made them responsible for the class tribute to Dewey Elton. He talked to the big wheels of the Music Department, who should have known Dewey Elton and did not. He talked to members of the choral society, and he met students of whom he had never heard. When he rested from his labors, panic rose in him. He wanted to retrace his way, undo some of what he had done, knowing that he could not.

"I've overplayed it," he said, appalled. "It will be too big. I've made a football game out of it. That's all I know, damn it. She'll know that it's phony. She'll know."

He was not thinking of Dianne, who already knew, but of Dianne's mother—and he was wrong.

There were over three hundred students at the funeral of Dewey Elton. When Joe Loring looked at them, he knew suddenly that he, himself, was only incidentally responsible for them. They were solemn, emotionally moved, as he had been, conscious of the human warmth that they were offering too late. Their flowers overflowed to every corner of the chapel and those flowers, too, were late.

Evelyn Elton was aware of them behind her, of their sympathy, their sharing with her. She held her head high, blinking, but refusing to yield to tears. Dianne seemed awed, but after the first few moments of hesitation, she accepted the reality of this silent mass tribute to her brother. Her control broke. She buried her face in her hands and wept, accepting late the release that her mother had accepted early.

Joe Loring, from his place in the pew with the five other pallbearers, was aware of her and bleakly helpless. He was aware, too, when her weeping ceased. The quartet from the choral society sang beautifully.

When it was all over, Loring stood for a moment in Dewey Elton's rooms, with the hand of Dewey Elton's mother on his arm.

"I'm so grateful, Joe," she said. "I know now why my boy felt as he did about you." She bit her lip and looked momentarily away. "He was really well-liked, wasn't he? Even if he was quiet and retiring. So many boys! And all of them so kind, so very thoughtful. I'll never forget."

He looked at her and there were no words in him. She threw her arms around him suddenly and kissed him. He felt her hands clinging to him; then she fled to the other room. He turned and met the eyes of Dianne. She was no longer hating him.

"Will you come out for a cup of coffee with me?" he said.

She hesitated only a moment and then nodded her head.

It was cloudy and cold. The dome of the Administration Building was wear-

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- Providence, R. I. . . . . Gladdings
- Rochester, N. Y. . . . . B. Forman
- San Francisco, Calif. . . . . Macy's
- Scranton, Pa. . . . . Scranton Dry Goods
- Springfield, Ill. . . . . Myers Brothers
- Tacoma, Wash. . . . . Rhodes Bros.
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Maas Brothers, Inc.
- Tulsa, Okla. . . . . Vandever's
- Washington, D. C.  
Woodward & Lothrop
- Wichita, Kans. . . . . Allen W. Hinkel Co.



ing a stocking cap of snow and there were bright ribbons of ice on the pavement. Dianne Elton walked with her head down.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You are pretty wonderful. I was very rude to you."

"You had a right to be. I was an intruder."

"No. I was wrong about you."

"You were wrong about the music."

The words slipped out before he could check them. Ridiculous though it seemed, it was the small flick of the whip that had stung most. The girl looked up at him, her head held sidewise.

"I'm not surprised—now. How wrong was I?"

"I grew up with music," he said. "Good music."

He walked the length of three flagstones with the girl silent beside him and then shrugged. "My father was a lot like your brother. I had to be strong and athletic because he wasn't. He worked in a bank all day and played second violin with a chamber music group several nights a week. He was happy with what he had, but he didn't want it for me. He wanted me to be different."

The girl walked, small in his shadow. "He certainly got what he wanted," she said. "Was he satisfied?"

"I'm not sure. We don't seem to have too much in common."

The girl was walking with her head down again, her chin pulled into the collar of her coat. "I think that I know what you are," she said, "and I can guess a little now about what you were. Where do you go from here?"

"That's easy. I get my commission with my diploma. I'm ROTC. Infantry."

"Oh!" She shook her head. "Of course," she said. She walked three steps and then nodded her head again. "Inevitably."

They walked in silence for a few more yards; then the girl stopped. "Do you mind if we don't have coffee?" she said. Her face was pale again despite the whip of the wind.

"Certainly not. Coffee was just an idea."

They retraced their way and when they stopped on Bowler Street, the girl stood facing him—absurdly small, her chin lifted and ridiculously firm, determined. "I'm not very good at apologies." She made a helpless gesture with her right hand.

"Why should you be?"

"I can only say that I'm sorry."

Her eyes were a very intense blue and there was no wavering in them. "You'll always be a hero," she said, "in everything that you do. You can't help yourself. I never liked heroes. I was very stupid. The world needs heroes. I'm coming up next Saturday to watch you."

Joe Loring laughed at her because it seemed like a good time to laugh when there was nothing that he could say. "We are playing Notre Dame," he said. "They are figured three touchdowns better than we are. We probably won't be heroes. Not next Saturday."

Dianne Elton's shoulder moved slightly, perhaps with impatience. "Winning isn't important," she said. "The world's favorite heroes are people who lost."

She left him then, running lightly up the steps. Joe Loring watched her go; then he turned away.

On Saturday, State staged the big upset of the football year by beating Notre Dame, 26-21. Joe Loring played every quarter and scored four touchdowns. When the final whistle blew and his name rolled out across the field, he looked up. It was only a crowd, that noisy mechanism that produced his name in a series of roars, but it was no longer faceless. For once, the thing that he could do meant something. All of the faces, except one, in that swaying mass, belonged to Dewey Elton—and the other face was Dianne's.

He dressed in a hurry, and he signed the programs and the books. He met the girls of men he did not know, and he called everyone "Old Man." He heard a hundred times that it was a great game. When he got into the clear, she was waiting for him. . . . THE END

## The Children Who Need Love Most



(Continued from page 48)

tional era in child care. The orphan, for whom most of the old institutions were founded, has become a rarity; because of today's longer life spans, only three per cent of all homeless children now lack one or both parents. The real problem for institutions is no longer rescuing ragged waifs from cold and hunger, but helping troubled children find themselves.

This means studying each child's individual problems and helping to solve them. Obviously, this is no small job. The only people who can be relied on to do it effectively are those who have been trained to do it—psychiatrists, whenever they can be found, to fill top posts, but for the most part professional case-workers who can work closely with both the child and his family.

A few outstanding institutions recognize this need and are doing their best to fill it. How few are successful can be judged from the fact that, of our 1,900 institutions for children, only 75 are staffed and equipped to provide full psychiatric treatment. Many—perhaps half of the rest of our institutions—are in varying stages of transition. This means that almost half our institutions continue to warp the lives of those they are supposed to be helping.

To be most helpful to children, institutional boards of directors should represent a cross-section of the community. But many orphanages have virtually become family heirlooms, passed on from generation to generation. Their board meetings are like family reunions.

Recently, the directors of one large orphanage met to consider what to do about the fact that half the beds were empty. The board decided that each member would go out and try to bring back one orphan by the next meeting!

Ironically, some of the worst institutions are those sponsored by groups of men who sincerely want to "do something for boys"—but who insist on doing it their way. In their zeal to build "hemen," they often impose a military type of discipline that wipes out the last traces of initiative and originality that might survive in a more easygoing atmosphere.

Severe corporal punishment—common enough only a few generations ago—is almost always officially banned today. Yet examples of it still come to light. In Connecticut recently the State Welfare Commission charged a county home with disciplining children by throwing them against walls, beating them with leather belts and twisting and breaking their arms. An Arizona institution made children march barefooted through the desert for minor infractions of rules. A southern home for children punished boy bedwetters by making them dress in girls' clothing. A Kentucky institution placed children in solitary confinement. An eastern home chained problem children to bedposts.

In one place all the boys were required to wear heavy, clumsy, easily recognizable work shoes so that they wouldn't be tempted to run away. In an-

other institution, young children had to stand for an hour or more, motionless and with arms outstretched, on a particular square of linoleum, while the other youngsters passed by on their way to meals or movies. At other places, the entire group had to suffer if one child misbehaved and failed to plead guilty. Another punishment was to deprive a child of a long-awaited visit from his mother.

It's small consolation that such instances are generally not the result of calculated cruelty, but of low mentality and lack of training on the part of staff members. With salaries averaging \$100 to \$130 a month plus board, a house-mother or housemaster in an institution gets less than a night watchman, a cleaning woman or a fruit picker. Traditionally, staff jobs have been given to needy older people. After lives of frustration in the competitive world of adults, many staff members apparently use their positions in the little world of captive children to satisfy warped needs for love or power.

Even among the well-intentioned, a lack of sensitivity and insight may result in serious blunders. Mike, aged seven, liked his new foster parents, but his first night away from the institution, where he had spent most of his life, was frightening. To comfort him, his foster mother telephoned the superintendent and explained that Mike was homesick and wanted to talk with some of his buddies. "I'll fix that," said the superintendent.

When Mike took up the phone, she told him: "Don't be homesick, Mike. There isn't any home here any more. The dormitory burned down right after you left, and everybody's gone. Just think how lucky you were to get away in time!"

People on the outside often show



little more understanding than the staff members. Recently the teen-aged boys and girls of one Midwestern institution were invited to a party at the parish house of the sponsoring church. Church officials, though regarding dancing with disfavor, decided that it would not harm the children from "nice" homes. Promptly at nine o'clock, after games and refreshments, the institution's youngsters were marched back to their dormitories—while the kids from nice homes danced.

On holidays, children in institutions are showered with presents of candy, cake and dolls. There are invitations from families moved by the holiday spirit to share their happiness with homeless children.

"People on the outside don't realize that what these kids need is affection all year," said one understanding house-mother. She told me of many instances in which families become attached to an institution's youngster, invite him for weekends and vacations—then lose interest or move away, leaving the child feeling lost and unwanted.

No institution can give a child the one thing that makes everything else count—someone who belongs wholly to him and to whom he wholly belongs. Children have various ways of expressing this need. A housemother at an old-fashioned orphanage I visited told me of one eight-year-old boy who was allowed to visit his sister in a foster home. He was brought back and punished because he had wrecked the living room, then locked himself in the bathroom and cut his initials into his arm with a penknife—his pathetic attempt to carve out an identity.

In another children's home, a 10-year-old girl, who happened to have a birthmark on her right arm, expressed her need to belong by writing a paper for school called "Sally Finds a Home."

"Sally lived in an orphan asylum," she wrote. "One day they told her, 'There's a lady and a gent to see you.' They liked Sally and said, 'Would you like to be our little girl?' That night in her new home Sally asked, 'Why did you take me?' The mother said, 'Because our own little girl was stolen by a man with a black moustache.' One day on the street she recognized the man and the father grabbed him and said, 'What did you do with my little girl? If you don't tell me, I'll sweat it out of you.' The man said, 'She was crying and I gave her an injection to stop her. The needle broke off and I got scared and left her in the orphan asylum.' Then the mother ripped off Sally's sleeve and saw the mark on her arm. She cried for joy. 'Here is our own little girl!'"

At times, institutions can be extremely helpful. When children are hit by the sudden breakup of their own homes, for example, they are usually too upset to adjust to a foster family right away. For a while they need a neutral, problem-free environment where they can regain confidence in themselves and in the adult world. We need more institutions that can offer these children a healing retreat.

But the good institution knows its limitations. It does its best to make a child's visit as short as possible by re-

habilitating his own home or finding a foster home.

"Like hospitalization, institutional care can be valuable as a means to an end," says Joseph Reid, director of the Child Welfare League. "The great harm is done by imposing it on children as a way of life."

The worst offenders in this respect are the places that still accept infants under three, and the old-fashioned custodial orphanages and group homes where children are dumped because their communities don't know what else to do with them. Instead of accepting each child on the basis of how badly he needs help, these institutions consider mainly his ability to conform to a set pattern. Thus they often reject the children who need help most and take the "normal" tractable children who have the most to lose from group living.

Why is such a life bad for children? Because any child, to develop properly, needs a mother (or permanent mother substitute) who loves him and whom he loves—a requirement that no institution can meet.

The younger the child, the greater the damage done by institutional care. To deprive a child of a mother relationship before the age of three is especially bad. Most psychiatrists feel that severe, irreparable damage is almost inevitable up to five or six. Some children, of course, resist the effects better than others.

The harm done to children by group living is mainly psychological and, to untrained observers, unnoticeable. If you make a round of institutions, as I did,

you may be impressed by the clean, healthy appearance of the little boys and girls and by their quiet obedience and cheerful, affectionate manner.

At mealtime you may notice that the children have hearty appetites and eat whatever is set before them. Visitors marvel, too, at how advanced many toddlers seem for their age. At 18 months the child in an institution often can set his table, feed himself, help at dressing and undressing, and move with agility.

Few visitors stay long enough to see how these children lag in other respects. Habit training comes late, if at all. Many of the children also fail to develop a normal ability for language and reasoning. Often, because of an inability to think in abstract terms, they appear to be mentally defective.

This is borne out by a study made by Dr. William Goldfarb, a child psychiatrist. Half of his subjects had spent the first three years of life in an institution; the other half had been living in foster homes during infancy. Those with institutional histories were overactive and disorganized in school. Temper tantrums were common. They had trouble remembering songs and stories. They would ask many questions and pay no attention to the answers—just as they demanded affection without the ability to return it. Their lack of a clear grasp of others' feelings made teamwork very difficult.

Some institutions boast that their children hate to leave and love to come back. It is sad that this is often true.

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"These kids are like hand grenades," says a pediatrician who frequently donates his services to an orphanage. "They're safe as long as you keep a tight grip on them. But when you throw them out into the world, they go to pieces."

A young woman whom we'll call Alice is a fairly typical institution "graduate." She married a boy as a result of "love at first sight" and looked on him as a father, mother and husband rolled into one. But Jimmy, almost as immature as Alice, wanted a simpler relationship, and after a while he got discouraged. Alice, who had no idea of how to manage a family budget, quickly ran into debt. When they had children, she bought them lavish clothes and indulged whims to "make up to them" for the things she had missed. At the same time she demanded that her children be "the best"—without giving them any help. Before long the children were in an institution, and Alice was flitting helplessly from job to job and man to man.

How can we spare children the physical and emotional hardships of institutional life? Broadly speaking, there are three ways. First—and most important—we can make every effort to re-establish the children's own homes. If this isn't possible, we can turn to the other two possibilities—putting the children in good foster homes or having them adopted.

Obviously, these steps can be carried out only by community agencies staffed by social workers with good training as well as good intentions. And most communities today simply have no such facilities.

I found confirmation of this recently when I visited several children's courts. The atmosphere is uniformly depressing. The cases are handled as fast as the judge can skim over the typewritten reports. At the moment the defendant is Mildred, a pale, washed-out girl of 21, who is here on a neighbor's complaint that she leaves her two-year-old baby untended while she goes out at night—presumably on dates.

The police matron who investigated the case reports that the one-room apartment is littered with diapers and dirty dishes. Mildred comes from a broken home in a small town; she married the first man who promised her the affection she had never had. He left before the baby was born, but he occasionally sends

her money. Mildred loves the child but is immature; she needs firm, kindly guidance to help her grow up and become a good mother. Since this community has no such family service, the judge declares Mildred unfit and assigns custody of her baby to an orphan's home.

What about Mildred herself? "Give her time," says the judge. "She'll be back in a year with another kid to send away."

Most children in institutions come from broken homes. Many of these homes could have been saved if their communities had tried a little harder.

Nevertheless, well-meaning judges still try to solve family problems by declaring the parents unfit and bundling the children off to a nice, clean institution. No judge, after all, can investigate the family background and emotional problems of every child who comes before him; without the help of competent social agencies, he is bound to make costly mistakes.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is one of a handful of American cities that have set up committees of community leaders, social agency executives and caseworkers to advise courts on the background of every child who gets into trouble and to recommend action calculated to help rather than punish the child and his parents.

Social workers can help troubled families in a number of ways. If a mother has a long illness, for example, they may send in a professional "homemaker" to care for the children while the father is at work. If this arrangement isn't practical, they may see that the father and his children live temporarily with another family until the mother is back on her feet. The immediate cost of such casework is high, but it's much cheaper than trying to straighten out lives damaged by institutions.

Slum children are not the only ones who end up in institutions. Some middle-class parents, baffled by their children's destructive behavior, put them in institutions "for their own good." Other parents, when misfortune strikes, say they would "rather let the kids starve" than accept charity or government aid; instead of applying for relief money to help support their children at home, they put them in private institutions. Even when parents are willing to accept public aid, they may fail to qualify for it because of residence requirements or because they are not completely without money.

One large group of institutionalized children is composed of the offspring of working mothers who have nowhere else to leave them. Day care centers for the children of working mothers could be maintained for much less than the cost of keeping children in custodial institutions. More working mothers could quit their jobs and stay at home with their young children if existing allotments for dependent children were nearer the actual cost of supporting them. The Federal Aid to Dependent Children program, for example, provides for a minimum allotment of Federal funds, to be supplemented by state and local grants. The average A.D.C. allotment is now only \$252 a year. Yet, somehow, the mothers who receive A.D.C. allowances are managing to keep at home some 1,666,000 children who

would otherwise have to be cared for elsewhere. If grants for dependent children were adjusted to the actual cost of living, at least half, perhaps more, of the children now being committed to institutions could grow up in their own homes.

People who balk at the added expense of raising allotments have never considered the cost of institutional care. The minimum cost of caring for a disturbed child in a treatment center is \$4,000 a year. The average cost of maintaining a normal child in a modern institution is \$2,400. Even the old-fashioned dormitory type of institution spends about \$1,000 a year for each child. Dependent children's allotments could be doubled or tripled and still cost less than the kind of care that may turn a child into a public liability for life.

Our short-sighted policies on adoptions and foster parents also need overhauling. Nearly 1,000,000 couples are seeking babies. But only 70,000 babies are currently being offered for adoption. Marshall Field, president of the Child Welfare League, estimates that adoptions could be almost doubled if outmoded restrictions against both children and would-be parents were dropped and if adequate social agencies were financed to handle the cases.

"Just keep my baby six weeks till I get married and come back for him," 18-year-old Beverly told the social worker who talked with her in a home for unwed mothers. Hers was a beautiful, lively baby and both parents had high I.Q.s and good family backgrounds. As a member of a real home, Beverly's little boy could have had a good chance for a happy life.

At the end of the six weeks, a still-unmarried Beverly returned to give up her baby for adoption. But the law in her state required unwed mothers under 21 to present their parents' signed permission. Beverly promised to try—and never came back. Her infant son, Eddie, was sent to an institution pending foster-home placement. He just stayed there for lack of acceptable foster parents. A few months ago, five-year-old Eddie was at last given for adoption by a farm couple. But institutional life had taken its toll. Eddie, who was born with a potential for high intelligence, was returned to the orphanage after two weeks as feeble-minded.

When more people realize what it means to save infants and young children from group living, public pressure will bring about drastic improvements.

Meanwhile, when you are asked to support an institution for children, here are some pertinent questions to ask:

1. Does it exclude infants and children under five?
2. Does it do adequate casework to make sure it accepts only those who need help? And does it have a staff capable of giving this help?
3. Does its board of directors represent a true cross-section of the community?
4. Does it employ at least one trained supervisory adult for every 10 children?

Unless the answer to all these questions is yes, think twice before making a contribution. . . . THE END

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## Sometimes It Happens



(Continued from page 47)

said. She was far too kind to go in for caricature but, in a few inimitable lines, she could put on a page a gently humorous appreciation of a person or a situation. One of Owen's friends took her to an advertising agency and so, upon a bright May morning in her twenty-second year, Rhiannon Pwyll—Rhia Powell—deserted the sunlit streets for a cavernous subway. At half past nine, there was to be a copy conference in the offices of a very important advertiser down near Brooklyn Bridge.

She hurried from home to be in good time and, when she reached the platform, she was glad to see a southbound express about to halt; doors slid open; everybody else pushed into the cars, but Rhia didn't move. It was as if she couldn't. The doors slid shut and the train went on. Rhia had no feeling that she would have been in danger if she had got on; she simply *knew* she shouldn't have, and she wondered why.

She stepped aboard the next train without the slightest sense of prohibition and so quickly that she found a steel strap to cling to. A usual number of men looked her over; she had learned to absorb herself in her own thoughts and this morning she had a special little task.

Owen and she had been going over old Welsh manuscripts which their father had been rendering into English verse, and Owen had asked her to "true up" a short stanza. She had it in her portfolio.

Phil Quarriene reached Grand Central on his regular train from Westchester, ducked into the subway and pushed aboard the first train to come along. Of course, he found no seat, but he shared a strap with another passenger who was intent on someone to his right.

Two straps away was a girl who was no less than a delight to look at. He was seeing her profile—a fine forehead, the lovely line of tilted nose, beautifully formed lips and a firm little chin. She had the clearest complexion, white but with color its own. She had too much vitality for artifice—vitality and a great gentleness, too. . . . The train swung her. . . . Her eyes were wide-spaced, tranquil, thoughtful and very blue; her brows were dark like her hair.

The train slowed for Fourteenth Street; doors slid open and passengers poured out; others eddied in. No one had done anything so quaint as to give a seat to the lovely girl, but a space was abandoned almost in front of her. A broad-shouldered man had an equal chance at it, but he didn't plump down; he blocked off the incoming tide; Phil body-checked in his direction. Broad-Shoulders bestowed the space: "Yours."

"Oh, thank you," she said and turned to Phil: "Thank you, too."

She spoke in a pleasant, lively way, with an almost musical "English" modulation; but she couldn't be from any ordinary part of England—from one of the exquisite less-visited little isles, perhaps.

After she was seated, Phil had a better view of her graceful figure and her slender hands. She untied her portfolio and sorted over several pencil sketches to find a smaller sheet, which she studied. She looked away, considering; after procuring a pencil from her handbag, she wrote a couple of words. The train was losing speed; so she closed her portfolio and was tying it, when a paper slipped out and floated to Phil's feet. He picked it up, seeing a few lines of writing, beginning with "Sand and surf and—"

He had the barest glimpse before he handed it to its owner, who now was standing. "Thank you; thank you again," she said in her pleasing way, once more acknowledging his assistance in saving the seat. For an instant their eyes met; Phil surprised himself quite as much as her by asking: "You're off here?"

She nodded and was gone. He had the mad impulse to get off and learn at least for what building she was bound; but—a man brought up as he had been just doesn't follow a girl, and, in ten short minutes, the legal documents in his briefcase would be demanded of him at an office on Wall Street.

On her way to the conference, Rhia puzzled over the strange "stop" which

had prevented her getting aboard the first subway train. It was evident that nothing had happened to it, nor had anything occurred during her journey on the next. Plainly the "stop" had no meaning.

The advertiser praised her sketches and made no attempt to conceal his approval of her. Her copy chief was highly pleased and the A E (account executive) was only too appreciative.

He was a capable and attractive man, in his early forties, recently and decorously divorced; his ex-wife had remarried, so he had no alimony to pay; therefore, he had (before taxes) fifty thousand a year for himself and the girl lucky enough to land him.

The office was a unit in the opinion that Rhia could do it. She herself couldn't honestly doubt it; but she didn't want him, for all his capability, good character, good looks, early forties, no alimony and fifty thousand (less taxes) yearly. Great-aunt Llio and, even more positively, the happiness of her mother and father made a compromise in marriage impossible for her. If she went to the altar with the A E, everybody might say she had made a brilliant match, but who would dream of saying that hers and the A E's was a love allotted them at the very beginning of time?

Phil went home that evening to find his mother again on the bridal path for him. He could not argue against her. It was incontestable that he was twenty-seven years old, his Korean service was creditably behind him, he had finished both college and law school and was ad-

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mitted to the bar. It was due time that he was thinking seriously of some one of the many nice girls he knew. But he wasn't.

"And in our whole family, you're the only one who can carry on the name," his mother superfluously reminded him.

It was too true. His father had had three brothers, but since uncle Bartlett's son, young Bart, had been killed on Omaha Beach, Phil was the sole hope of his family's survival. He felt something both humorous and ghastly in the situation. It put the clan in the class of the whooping cranes, whose imminent extinction was prophesied after each gloomy recording of their dwindling numbers.

**A**t dinner, his mother proceeded with: "Dear Dorothy's coming on to stop with us a week before she goes abroad."

Phil made no comment. Dear Dorothy had been his mother's college roommate; she lived in Chicago and her youngest daughter had not yet married.

"Mildred coming with her, Margaret?" Phil's father inquired. He was on a salt free diet and found few things palatable.

"I don't know a more attractive and talented girl," Margaret declared.

"Nor I." Phil hastily agreed and set up an impasse which his father relieved by changing the subject: "Don't the designs of your new decorator, Margaret, seem much too stylized?"

Phil silently seized on *stylized*. Wasn't that the trouble with the attractive, talented girls here, in Chicago and everywhere? *Stylized* and they never suspected it, for it couldn't occur to them that sophistication can become as stylized as other characteristics. People strained to be "modern" in order to be different, but with everybody doing it, nobody was different; they were all alike in an identically self-conscious, deadly tiresome way.

But not that girl from some little English isle, who was neither self-conscious nor sophisticated but just—delightful.

Early in the morning, at the instant of awakening, Phil had an experience unique to him; the four words he had read on the page which he had picked up were spread before him, and all the rest of the verse, too. He repeated the lines to himself and, before they could fade, he grabbed pencil and paper and wrote:

*Sand and surf and the spell  
Of a deep and distant sea;  
In the forest, a hermit's bell  
Rebukes and disputes with me.*

Over *disputes with*, he wrote *contends for* and, at the side, a meaningless succession of letters: *ymryson*.

He hadn't the slightest doubt that his memory, not his imagination, had supplied him all this; he had studied enough psychology to know it was possible. Though he consciously had read and retained but four words, his subconscious mind could have photographed the entire page even in a brief glance. Ordinarily, the subconscious must keep such matters locked within itself, but under certain stresses, it could be brought to communicate them.

So she had been carrying a poem written by some young man—the youth and vigor of the writing were unmistakable. She had suggested a correction of his verse; she must be interested in him, but—she had worn neither a wedding nor an engagement band; on her slender, lovely fingers had been no ring of any sort.

Phil got aboard the same subway train as upon the morning before and he pushed through car after car, looking for her. The next morning, he did it again. On the third, he started earlier, got off at Brooklyn Bridge and posted himself in the best spot to watch the exits from the station. No result.

He telephoned a friend who knew any number of languages and drew an invitation to lunch at a faculty club.

"What do you make of this, Jimmy?" Jimmy examined the page. "You copied this?"

"Yes, from a paper I found—in handwriting."

"Where?"

"On a subway train."

"You haven't the original?"

"No," Phil replied and Jimmy, being a gentleman as well as a scholar, did not press that inquiry.

"You know the word *ymryson* is Welsh?"

"Is it? I wasn't sure it was a word at all."

"It means 'disputes, contests, contends for.' If the words were in the same place on the original page, I'd say the translator was doubtful about the best rendering for *ymryson*. 'Contends for' seems better in this connection."

"Then it's a translation? Not some modern stuff."

"About as far from it as you can get. The hermit's bell occurs in old Welsh writings—such as 'The Mabinogion.'"

"What's 'The Mabinogion'?" So she was Welsh.

"A collection of Celtic legends that

make our familiar fables read like the proceedings of a ladies' aid society. The Celts have a *Caer Sidi* where slight annoyances like disease and old age can never come. For my money, no one ever matched them in mysticism and imagination, and when it comes to romance, where do you find a better line?—'Whoever beheld her was filled with love . . .'. Like all temperamental people, some felt torn between the appeal of far voyage to adventure and the call to a life of contemplation. Is the poem clearer now?"

"Much clearer," Phil said and thought, One Welsh poet wasn't so extreme. "Whoever beheld her was filled with love." That was just about what had happened to Phil Quarriene the other morning.

**R**hia had gone through the week with a dim but agreeable recollection of the young man who had retrieved her paper. He was far from her thoughts on Friday evening when her little nephew, Davy, reminded his mother that Daddy had promised to take him to see the lions on Saturday.

Lois explained that Daddy had had to fly to California.

"Rhia!" Davy promptly demanded.

She agreed to substitute for her brother, and that night had one of her vivid dreams in which appeared the creatures of aunt Llio's version of "The Mabinogion." A great giant invaded a palace, clearing the tables and pantries, leaving nothing for the poor king to eat; the May dragons fought with especial fury until they suddenly stopped breathing fire and one turned to a little girl, who was Rhia, and said severely: "Not the lions, first—the sea lions!"

Now what in the world could be the significance of that?

On Friday evening, Phil couldn't decide what to do over the week end. Since Monday, he had been on the lookout for the Welsh girl whenever he was in the city; of course, he could go down to Manhattan on Saturday, but it would be a silly thing to do with most offices closed.

His mother had a suggestion for him, since she had a guest. This was not Mildred, who wouldn't come for another week, but was the five-year-old son of new neighbors in the subdivision next to the Quarriene acres. The little boy's mother had had to be hurried to the hospital to have her appendix out, and now Margaret, having insisted on taking care of Danny, had the problem of keeping him occupied.

"It would be kind of you if you took Danny to the zoo in the morning," she timidly said to Phil.

"Good idea," he promptly replied, astounding his mother and himself; he had never done anything like it.

"We're going to see real, live lions," Danny gloated, as they were driving to the Bronx.

"And sea lions," Phil promised. Danny hadn't known there were such animals and he wanted to see them first; so they went from the car directly to the pool.

"They don't look like lions," Danny pronounced. "But I like 'em."

"Land lions can't catch fish—and

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don't dive." A little boy beside Danny declared the superiority of this spectacle.

"There *isn't* land lions—just lions and sea lions."

"There is too land lions!"

"He can say just lions and you can say land lions, if you like, Davy," a quiet and most pleasing of all voices said and at his shoulder, with only the little boys between, Phil found the delightful girl of the subway train—the Welsh girl of the forest bell and the deep and distant sea.

Their eyes met. Could she guess how he'd hunted for her?

Rhia didn't even suspect it. She recognized him, but she had not attached any importance to her meeting him on the train; she had not connected it with the strange "stop" which had kept her off the earlier train on Monday morning and it didn't occur to her, now, to associate this encounter with the direction to her in her dream. "Why, good morning!" she said.

"We had to see the sea lions, first thing of all," Phil remarked, after returning her greeting.

"So did we."

Phil estimated the years of the good-looking little boy she held by the hand. Five; so it was improbable, yet not impossible, he was her own. Her fingers were as free of rings as on Monday.

"My mummy's in the hosp'tal," his young charge boasted. "She had her 'pendix out."

Davy was not to be outdone. "My daddy's flown to Cal'fornia, and Aunt Rhia brought me to see all the lions."

"I gather you're his aunt," Phil ventured.

"Yes, I'm his father's sister."

"Ria? R-i-a?"

"R-h-i-a—Rhia for Rhiannon. We're Welsh, you see."

"Ymryson told me that."

"What did you say?"

"Ymryson—isn't that how you pronounce it?"

"Yes, nearly."

He had puzzled her—and more. "I found out it was Welsh and that it means 'disputes with' or 'contends for,' as you wrote in."

Her lovely eyes studied him much more seriously than before; until this moment, he had stirred her not at all. Meeting him again had been agreeable to her, but excitement had been solely in him. This had ceased to be so.

"You're here often?" she asked.

"I've never been here before."

"Nor I," she told him and it was as if it frightened her. She looked down at her nephew and extended a hand that was slightly unsteady. "Davy, ready for the land lions now?"

Phil reached for Danny. "We're ready for them too, unless—" he looked to her—"you don't want us along."

She considered him. "No, come," she said at last. "Please come."

They established the little boys in a splendid place to watch the kings of the beasts; they retreated a little and could speak of themselves again. "I have to be certain," she said. "When you picked up my paper, you didn't read it; you had hardly a glance at it."

"I read just four words: 'sand and surf and—'"



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"And ymryson."  
"No, I didn't get that until I got the rest of the verse, the next morning."  
"How could you? You gave me back my copy and there's no other but my brother's. You couldn't have had his; besides, I hadn't changed his—and you knew about my change."  
"I got it from myself, Rhia."  
"How—how could you?"  
"The next morning, just before I woke up, I saw it all; before it could fade, I jumped up and wrote it down."  
"What did you write down?"

*"Sand and surf and the spell  
Of a deep and distant sea;  
In the forest, a hermit's bell  
Rebukes and contends for me."*

"You couldn't have got that—every word and my correction—in the second you were picking it up; you couldn't!"  
"I couldn't and I didn't—not in any ordinary way, Rhia, but we've extraordinary ways of getting things sometimes."  
"Yes, we have," she said and there was no denying her awe.

"It's your brother's verse, Rhia?"  
"We found it in Father's papers and were going over it."

"I've been searching for you, Rhia—every morning on the subway trains."

"I've not been in the subway since—nor in months before that one morning," she replied and her excitement claimed her cheeks; a flush deepened and spread and her lovely lips were very red. She stepped forward to the little boys whose hands went up and pulled her down to them. Oh, she had vitality and a great gentleness and tenderness, too.

As the four moved about the zoo, Phil was reminded of "She walks in beauty." This girl was in beauty, whatever she did. She was bewitching as she knelt to retie a little shoe, adorable when she bent for words which had to be whispered in her ear. Phil had known no delight nearly the equal of this day's.

A clock and the sun agreed that, incredibly, the morning was gone; the little boys were rapt over the calisthenics of the little monkeys.

"Rhia, tell me about you."

She seemed to have been waiting for it. She looked up at him. "Not yet," she said. "I mustn't tell you even my full name, and you mustn't tell me yours."

It was the very opposite of a rebuff, a refusal; she was inviting him to accompany her on some enterprise upon which she, by herself, had embarked. Jimmy had warned him: for imaginativeness, no one can match a Celt and he had found the most unmatched Celt of all. The last thing he desired was to displease her. Some time later, she took pad and pencil from her handbag and wrote for a moment.

"Is it time now, Rhia?"

"It's time for this—but you must ask me no more. On Monday—the only time in months I'd used the subway—something stopped me from taking the train ahead of yours. I could have got on it—but I didn't! And early this morning, a dream directed me to go first to the sea lions—and there you were!"

He realized, too late, that this should

have warned him; suddenly she was gone. He tried to argue that Davy and she accidentally had become separated from Danny and him, but he knew better. However, he remained near the spot where they last had been together until he found in a pocket the slip of paper upon which she had written. It bore twenty unintelligible words.

He drove Danny home and hurried back into town to find Jimmy.

"This is Welsh again," Jimmy informed him. "It's a sort of a saying: 'Happiest are the few—oh, the fortunate few!—who discover the love allotted them at the very beginning of time.' I've never happened to see it in quite that form before. The idea is that, at the beginning when everything was determined, happiness was allotted to everyone—yet each has to find the true love and test it. There's a distinct tinge of "test" in the word this girl used for discover. Do you want to tell me about her?"

Phil needed help so desperately he told everything.

"It's perfectly clear what she's doing," Jimmy said. "Twice, in a sort of mystic way—the extrasensory communications people probably can easily explain it—you've found each other. Twice strongly suggests you may be the allotted love, but leaves it far from certain; a third time ought to do it."

"How do I see to the third time?"

"That's the point; you don't. If it were in your power, or hers, it would have no meaning; so she carefully put it beyond you both. If you find her again, I'd judge it would be quite worth while," Jimmy finished, with a distinct tinge of envy in his voice.

Phil had a miserable week. He was properly polite and attentive to Mildred when she arrived with his mother's dear Dorothy; he no sooner had seen them off to Europe than his boss had to hand him the job that every junior in the office had been angling for—the Buenos Aires assignment.

His attitude regarding it puzzled his parents. "In your place, I'd jump at it," his father said.

Jump at weeks and months in South America, thousands of miles from even a chance of finding Rhia?

He had questioned Danny only to learn that Davy had never mentioned any surname; the little boy had spoken simply of Daddy and Mummy and Rhia. They lived "in New York." Danny had imparted the same sort of information.

Of course, Phil knew that some people put in "personal" advertisements for lost ones, but he couldn't think of such an appeal to Rhia. She would never look for it or act on it and it would be an automatic annulment of the test she had set up—an abrogation of the bond between them. There was a bond—mystic or extrasensory or something. There must be one and he had no choice but to wait for it to manifest itself again.

Rhia had her troubles in keeping down qualms over what she had done. In every way, she had found Phil attractive and if there was a better test of a young man's good nature than guiding somebody else's child hour after hour about a zoo, she didn't know what it could be. She not only liked him; she liked no



other man nearly so well, and suppose she never saw him again!

But she would, for it was intended; it must be intended; a third time he would find her.

Then Owen's office set the next week for his vacation. "Take yours, too." Lois urged Rhia. "There are advantages in going away early in June. We can just drive up into New Hampshire and find a cute little cabin by a lake almost anywhere."

Rhia's first impulse was not to leave New York but she recollected great-aunt Llio's recital of the tragic experiences of those who tried to outwit fate and who refused to go where it sent them. So she arranged to go with Owen and Lois and the children.

As they were to make an early start on Saturday, Lois came into Rhia's room at dawn and awakened her.

"Have you any idea what you just said to me?" Lois inquired. "You sat straight up and looked me in the eye and said: 'We must take New Hampshire twenty-eight for I'm going to the Argentine.'"

"That's odd," Rhia replied. "I haven't any connection with the Argentine. I just had a dream, but it was about a puppy—a little beagle puppy. I think I'll get one in New Hampshire for Davy's birthday."

"He'll be crazy about it," Lois approved. "I've heard they raise fine beagles in New Hampshire." She went out and soon returned. "There is a New Hampshire twenty-eight. Rhia and it looks like a good road to take—but it doesn't go to any Argentine."

On Friday evening, Phil's boss piled it on. Before going to Buenos Aires, Phil ought to have a talk with a client who, unfortunately, had gone to his summer place in New Hampshire. "But you can easily drive up on Saturday. Beyond Manchester, just take route twenty-eight. . . ."

Phil had been planning to try the zoo again, but when everything was against you, well—everything was against you. So he got away early, hit twenty-eight out of Manchester early in the afternoon, found his man, got the information he needed and was in full speed back toward New York when he slammed on his brakes to avoid hitting a beagle puppy. To make sure he hadn't hurt the little dog, Phil jumped from his car and ran back. He had the puppy in his arms when Rhia appeared from the pines beside the road.

"Rhia!" He had never seen anyone half so lovely. "Rhia!"

She came close to him. "Powell is the rest. Owen and I call ourselves Powell for Pwyl—P-w-y-l-l."

She was telling him, spelling to him what she had kept from him.

"That's over," he said. Secrecy, he meant, and separation.

She drew in a deep breath. "All over. My family's here—Owen and Lois, little Lois and Davy—and me. We've a cabin behind these trees." She put a hand on the puppy.

"Yours, Rhia?"

"Hardly an hour ago, I bought him—for Davy."

"For me. If you hadn't, and he hadn't run away, I'd have been by and never found you."

"But I did and he did and you did."

"So that goes on," he said and caught her hand and was holding it when a man, resembling her, came from the trees.

She said: "Owen, this is—"

"Quarriene." Phil quickly put in. "Phil Quarriene."

She freed his hand for her brother's grasp. "You must be Davy's Phil," Owen remarked and glanced at the car. "Stopping near?"

"Here—right here."

Owen regarded his sister. "That's good. Give the puppy to me."

Phil had her hands, and their contact was more, incomparably more to him than any embrace had been. "I'll drive my car off the road," he said and they left it under the trees.

Now she was in his arms, but she kept her lips from him. "You're fighting this, Rhia; why do you? I've met the terms you set—your terrible terms. Suppose I hadn't found you!"

"We've so much more to do. You know so little of me, and I so little of you."

"You're an artist and Welsh. I'm a lawyer and my family—Huguenot originally—has been in Westchester for generations—"

"That's not what matters."

"My darling, what does?"

"Whether it's I you want—of your own free will!"

"You're afraid you're forced on me! . . . Let me kiss you, Rhia! Let me! From the moment I saw you, you delighted me. I almost followed you from the train; all week I pushed through car after car, hunting for you. And you, my dear, my darling, barely remembered me."

"Oh, more than remembered—so much more, after that wonderful morning with you! I was so happy with you! And then I had to deny you my name and stop you from saying yours and walk away from you—for I had to make sure! There was no other way, but I never, never could do it again."

"You'll have no chance to for, wherever you are, I'll be; and you, wherever I must be. I've got a journey to make just five days away. Five! How neatly, darling, even the details were allotted at the very beginning of time!"

"You found it and had it translated!"

"Happiest are the few!" So it was allotted I find you just in time to take you with me. We're back home tomorrow and you meet my people. Monday, we apply for the license and take blood tests, then wait a day, as we must, marry on Wednesday and away together. Forever together, you and I!"

"I can't do it, my dear—not so quickly."

"My darling, you're going with me Wednesday to the Argentine."

He felt an alteration in her. "Where are you going, Philip?"

"We, darling, we're going together to the Argentine."

"Yes! Oh, my dearest, yes! I am going with you!" And her lips were on his; she was his and ecstasy found its meaning.

A tiny perplexity plagued him. How had mention of the Argentine persuaded

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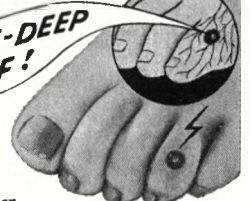
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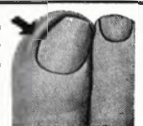
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## REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

*for Young Adults at home*

**Kitchen Knives—  
features to look for,  
types to select and long-  
lasting hints**



**What to look for:** The important feature to look for in purchasing a sturdy, long-lasting knife is the 3-rivet handle, indicating that the blade goes all the way through the handle. Because of the secure fit, the blade has less chance of breaking away from the handle—moisture and food particles will not seep through the seam.

**The basic 5:** These knives are the important ones to have on hand:



**1. paring knife**



**2. utility knife**



**3. French cook's knife**

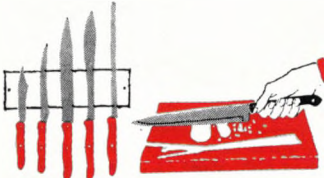


**4. roast slicer**



**5. ham slicer**

The ham slicer can double for a bread slicer; the utility knife, for a trimmer. Add specialty knives as you need them.



**Hints:** To get the best use from your knives, they must always be sharp. Keep knives in a case which has a separate slot for each one or on a magnetized holder. These holders prevent knives from getting scratched and chipped—and it's point number one in safety. Always cut on a chopping board, never on plastic or steel counter tops.

Illustrations by Lorraine Paz

her? Why had she required that, to yield?

She brought him to the cabin. "Lois, you said I spoke strangely to you when you woke me this morning."

"Why, you said the craziest thing: 'We must take New Hampshire twenty-eight for I'm going to the Argentine!'"

"I wanted Philip to hear it from you for it's not crazy in the least, Lois—Owen. We took twenty-eight; he found me and we'll be married on Wednesday so I can go with him, his wife, to the Argentine." . . . THE END

## How Lawyers Can Make Divorce Too Easy

(Continued from page 65)

where he whispers a few last-minute instructions in her ear.

The divorce formalities are quick and easy, but the fast-talking lawyer has taken no time to prepare his client for the difficult times to follow. He did not mention, for example, that the average divorced couple must somehow support two households on a salary only big enough for one—with the result that alimony makes paupers out of both of them.

Judge Paul W. Alexander of the Toledo, Ohio, Family Court Center, one of this country's outstanding authorities on domestic relations, says, "I am of the opinion that a substantial majority of lawyers, when consulted about divorce, do their best to make sure that divorce is inevitable before they proceed. However, that small segment of the Bar which makes its living from the handling of divorce cases could hardly be expected to strive so assiduously to defeat itself." To the couple involved, though, the profits from reconciliation can be immense.

Professor Quintin Johnstone, of the University of Kansas School of Law, recently studied 50 cases in which divorce actions had been started but had been dismissed before decrees were granted. Almost all of these cases involved young families with small children. Most of the couples told Professor Johnstone's interviewers that they had gone back together for the good of their children although some gave other reasons: "He said he would reform his ways;" "We didn't want all that publicity;" "I found I still had a strong feeling for my husband;" or "I realized that I had been expecting too much of my wife and that no one is perfect."

In all these 50 cases, only four lawyers had given advice or counsel on the desirability of a reconciliation. Most of the people involved, when asked if they thought such counseling would have helped them, said that it would have.

"Even without any expert counseling," Professor Johnstone says, "as many as one-third of all divorce suits are dismissed and the parties to them reconciled. Many marriages are not dead merely because suit for divorce is filed. Is it not fair to assume then that, with

skilled counseling by lawyers and others, the number of satisfactory and permanent reconciliations after divorce filings would be increased?"

Where reconciliation procedures have been established by the courts or by reputable law offices, it has been found that couples are almost pathetically eager to be reconciled. In a survey of 425 divorced women living in Detroit, the vast majority said that, if they had been brought together with their husbands by people skilled in such matters, they might have worked things out.

"I started my divorce," one woman stated, "only because my husband was having a silly spell and insisted he wanted to be free. I was angry at him, but really getting a divorce wasn't even in my mind. I thought that divorce would be so hard and take so long with the lawyers and the court calling him in and asking so many questions that he would come to his senses. But it just went right on through and all of a sudden I was a divorced woman."

"My advice is to go slow getting that divorce," another woman said. "Stay with the marriage a lot longer than the lawyer would like you to. The relationship you work out with your husband may not be all you want it to be, but it may beat living by yourself and having nothing—not one thing."

Attorney Allen M. Myers, an expert on divorce, says he is convinced "that at least two-thirds of the people who begin divorce proceedings are actually hoping that something will stop them before it is too late. They insist they want a divorce, but at the same time they are wishing that somebody would step in and straighten things out. The tragedy is that in most cases nobody does."

**A** judge in an Ohio court tried an experiment that backs up this point. An Ohio law requires a minimum six-week waiting period between the time the divorce petition is filed and the decree is signed. By rearranging his docket, this judge managed to extend this period to six months. As a result of the experiment—and with no one providing any kind of help toward conciliation—the divorce rate dropped 20 per cent.

One reason why the divorce-mill lawyer can operate with such facility is the ridiculously easy grounds allowed for divorce. The unscrupulous lawyer's best friend is the "mental cruelty" hook on which he can hang anything from nagging to eating crackers in bed.

The whole situation has become so unsavory that reputable lawyers often refuse to have anything to do with divorce cases.

The result, of course, is that divorce cases tend more and more to fall into the hands of a relatively few unscrupulous lawyers. Here, though, is a case that was handled, not by a divorce-mill lawyer, but by an attorney in general practice who was more interested in his client's well-being than in a fat, easy fee. It illustrates what a conscientious family lawyer can do when faced with a situation which, on the surface, demands divorce.

The client-husband, whom we'll call Harold Smith, owned a small hardware store, and the lawyer had done legal work



for him during the previous 10 years. Smith came to him one afternoon and explained that he wanted a divorce. The lawyer asked him how long Smith had been married. Twelve years. How many children? Three. Their ages? Two, six and ten.

"Now, Mr. Smith, suppose you tell me why you are seeking this divorce."

"Because of the quarrels," Smith said. "They've become worse and worse, and now I can't stand them any more. Last night's was terrible. Anne knows I've come to see you. She wants the divorce, too—just as quickly as we can get it. She can't stand me any more than I can stand her."

"What about the children?"

"If it weren't for them we would have done this long ago. We'll just have to work it out about them. But I can't take any more of this bickering."

"Mr. Smith," the lawyer said, "arranging an uncontested divorce for you would be easy. But if I let you rush into this thing, I wouldn't be doing a good job as your lawyer. There's a lot more to a divorce than just getting the written decree. Now here's what I want you to do—I'll put the wheels in motion, but I want you and your wife meanwhile to have a session with Dr. J. B. Burns, a psychiatrist who specializes in family affairs. I have used Dr. Burns in connection with my practice for many years now. In the meantime, on the basis of your income, I'm going to prepare a rundown on what divorce will mean to you financially."

After the first session with the psychiatrist, Mr. Smith called his lawyer and said he thought it was a complete waste of time to consult Dr. Burns any further and asked that the divorce be pushed ahead speedily. The lawyer said he was sending Smith the financial rundown.

Smith came in to see his lawyer again after he had studied the list. "Do you mean to say that I would have to pay this much alimony and this much support money? What would I have to live on?"

"Practically nothing," the lawyer replied. "That's why I feel you should make every effort to see if Dr. Burns can help your marriage before we break it up. I'll keep the matter in abeyance. If Dr. Burns can't help you to make the marriage work, then you will have to face the financial problems—plus all the emotional pains over your children, which is something else you should think about."

Smith and his wife went to Dr. Burns regularly for eight months. Eventually they managed to find the underlying causes of their quarrels and work out a solution for them—not a perfect solution, but one that will help them avoid violent quarrels.

The trouble is that not enough lawyers today are even willing to handle marital-discord cases, let alone take a personal interest in them as Smith's lawyer did. Professor Johnstone is one of many authorities who urge that reputable lawyers stop avoiding divorce cases. He also recommends that attorneys co-operate with qualified marriage counselors when they have clients in any of these categories:

Those who want to be reconciled (or whose marriage partners want to be

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We will enjoy assisting you play Santa Claus by suggesting suitable camps which we have visited. Write us fully regarding the child in question—age, grade in school, individual interests, preferred location, and approximate tuition. Address: Mrs. Ethel F. Bebb, Redbook Magazine, Room 752, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

reconciled); those who still seem to have a substantial degree of affection for their partners; those who have minor children; those who are alcoholics or who are married to alcoholics; those who show excessive, abnormal hostility to family members and others; those who are sexually promiscuous, frigid or impotent; those who look like candidates for suicide, nervous breakdown or physical injury to the marriage partner as a result of their inability to adjust to the impending divorce.

The American Bar Association, also acutely aware of the problem, suggests the following reforms. Do not call the action "Mary Doe vs. John Doe," the Bar Association advises, and thereby put the whole procedure on an antagonistic basis. Instead, label it "In the Interest of the

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Doe Family," and follow this process:

1. Submit the members of the family to private diagnostic investigation by the court's own specialists.

2. Provide psychological aid to try to solve emotional problems.

3. Provide welfare counseling to solve social-economic problems.

4. Be patient, for such treatments may last from a month to several years.

5. Submit periodic reports to the presiding judge, indicating what progress, if any, is being made. (The judge may supplement these reports with conferences in his chambers.)

6. Grant divorces *only* if treatments fail and the judge becomes convinced that the case is hopeless.

Obviously such a program would re-



quire a large domestic relations staff. But the experts are convinced that this is the price we must pay to cut down our divorce rate.

But changes in the legal machinery and in lawyers' attitudes can be only a small part of the solution to the over-all divorce problem. The ultimate solution can come only from the people with marital problems. For them, divorce experts have this advice:

See a reputable marriage counselor or a psychiatrist *before* you see a lawyer. If eventually you do consult a lawyer, avoid the divorce-mill specialist who may momentarily appeal to you because he can get a quick divorce with no questions asked.

Any divorce is bound to have serious financial and emotional consequences, and you will need a sober, reputable lawyer to help you consider them. If your family attorney tries to turn you down on the grounds that he does not specialize in divorce cases, insist that he handle this situation just as he has handled your other legal problems in the past. Do not let him avoid his responsibility.

The divorce-mill lawyer will be with us only as long as responsible attorneys are allowed to turn their backs on the people who need them most. . . .THE END

## Beware of Charm



(Continued from page 51)

Willow. She was a model, with large, unworldly eyes, and she specialized in brides. All that standing around in white lace had gone to her head. She had picked out Mary's wedding gown and sketched decorations for the church and planned the reception. Mary kept telling her that Andy hadn't proposed, but Willow had been sure he would. Now that it was all over, Willow was taking it almost as hard as if her own man had walked out on her.

She can't understand, Mary thought, that I was very fond of Andy Douglas, but that's all.

She turned the shower on cold and stepped under it. Well, more than fond. A little in love, maybe—but nothing shattering, nothing monumental. She was

sure of that, because she hadn't cried. She never cried. If she ever met the man who brought a tear to her eye, that, she knew, would be it. And that was one thing that poor old Andy had never done. She thought of him now as poor old Andy, although he was twenty-five, incredibly handsome and had just signed a contract with Palmer Studios.

An actor, she thought. I should have known.

She had lived in Hollywood for twenty-three years, the last four of which she had spent at the Murton-Bush talent agency. She knew all about actors. She knew the dentists who capped their shiny teeth and the gyms where they developed their manly muscles and the speech teachers who produced those great, throbbing voices. She also knew that their average income was somewhere around five hundred dollars a year and that they would do practically anything to get a job. This wisdom made her strong.

"Charm, phooey," she often said. "Those boys take *courses* in it. I will never," she would add, "fall for an actor."

And then she met Andy Douglas, and he seemed different. She took him to parties, she took him to premieres, she introduced him to Mr. Murton and Mr. Bush and gave him the benefit of her spot on the grapevine. On June seventh he signed with Palmer, and she went all over the office chirping the good news. Everyone was happy for her. On June eighth, Andy's picture was in every paper in town. He was drinking champagne, and the hand he was holding belonged to Mimi Mason, a starlet with bangs and a dress apparently made out of solid rhinestones.

"And I drank *coffee* with this guy for six months," Mary had said.

"Maybe," Willow offered, "he's only doing it for the publicity."

Mary threw up her hands. "Of course he is—what did I expect? He's an actor." She stared at the paper. It was bad enough being jilted, but did he have to do it in print? With *pictures*?

"I can't face the office," she moaned. "I'll tell them I'm sick. I'll leave town. Maybe if I come back with a tan no one'll know me."

"You don't need a tan," Willow said. "You need a new man."

Mary shuddered.

"I hope this experience isn't going to make you bitter," Willow said.

"I'm not bitter. I have nothing against men, except as actors. And I have nothing against actors, except as men."

So they had packed and piled into the car, and here they were. Four o'clock, June eighth.

Mary put on a play suit and opened the door. "Next," she said.

"I'm going for a swim," Willow said. "Want to come?"

Mary shook her head. "I think I'll sleep till dinner."

Willow went to the shower, dragging her bathing suit behind her. Mary stretched out on her bed and started to think. When Willow reappeared, she had come to a conclusion.

"I have decided," she said, "to have a career."

Willow looked surprised. "You've already got one."

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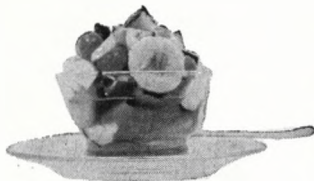
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**Cranberry-Iced Cocktail:** Put canned **pine-apple juice** in ice-cube tray and freeze until mushy. Set a **green maraschino cherry** on the center of each cube. Freeze until firm. Put 2 cubes in a glass, cherry side up and pour **cranberry juice cocktail** over cubes. Serve immediately.



**Spiced Chicken Bouillon:** Heat a 12½-ounce can of **chicken broth** in a small saucepan over low heat. Stir in ¼ cup **catsup**; blend. Serve hot in a cup or cold in a glass with banquet biscuits.



**Winter Fruit Cocktail:** Slice 2 fresh **apples** into bite-sized pieces. Peel and slice 2 **bananas** and slice about ½ pound seedless **green grapes** in half. Put ½ can of undiluted frozen **lemonade-limeade concentrate** into a measuring cup. Add enough water to make 1 cup. Pour this mixture over the cut-up fruit and let stand in the refrigerator for 2-3 hours. Serves 3 people generously.

Photos by Norman Leavitt





## Spanish Rice Pronto

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### SPANISH RICE PRONTO

¼ cup fat	1¾ cups hot water
1 med. onion, thinly sliced	2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
½ med. green pepper, diced	1 tsp. prepared mustard (optional)
1½ cups (or 5 oz. package) Minute Rice	1 tsp. salt
	Dash of pepper

Melt fat in skillet. Add onion, green pepper and Minute Rice (right from package). Stir over high heat until lightly browned. Add water, Hunt's Tomato Sauce and seasonings. Mix well. Bring quickly to a boil. Cover tightly and simmer 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

*Delicious variations:* Brown ½ lb. ground beef with the rice. Or stir in ½ cup grated cheese at end of cooking.

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## Safety Housekeeping Closet

(Continued from Pages 84 and 85)

This housekeeping closet, designed by the National Safety Council, is ideal for storage of cleaning equipment. Constructed of lightweight, inexpensive materials, it's easy to make. You can send for the pattern and build it yourself (see below). It's tailored to hold all of Pat's cleaning necessities and housekeeping equipment. Stored here:

Broom	Rubber gloves	Furniture polish
Carpet sweeper	Scrubbing brushes	Glass cleaner
Cellulose sponges	Stepladder	Insecticides*
Chamois skins	Tool box	Leather cleaner
Cleaning basket	Upholstery brush	Metal polish
Cleaning cloths	Wax applicator	Paint cleaner
Dusting cloths	Wet mop	Paper towels
Dust mop	Window squeegee	Scratch remover
Dustpan	Whisk broom	Silver polish
Electric cleaner		Scouring powders
Electric iron		Soaps
Lamp-shade brush	Ammonia*	Spot remover*
Oil cans	Disinfectant*	Upholstery cleaner
Pails	Drain solvent*	Wallpaper cleaner
Radiator brush	Furniture cleaner	Wax

\*These items are poison and should be stored on the top shelf

"Oh, well, being a secretary. I mean something big—something sensational."

"Going to show him, huh?" Willow said, getting out her cap.

"Andy," said Mary, "has nothing to do with it."

"Doesn't he now?" said Willow and closed the door behind her.

Mary lay quietly, listening to the gentle hum of the air conditioner. She drifted into a sort of dream. She was in a large, pale green office, and she was offering a bit part to Andy Douglas, who was older now and sadder and had come upon evil times. "You mean," he was saying, "you forgive me?" She smiled. "My dear Andy," she said, "what was there to forgive? A childish romance—" "Thank you," he said, "oh, thank you, Miss Bannister, thank you . . ."

And then Willow was shaking her shoulder. "Mary," she said excitedly, "wake up! Mary, I've met him!"

Mary sat up, still a little foggy. "Met whom?"

"Him. The man. Out by the pool. His name's George Towner, and he's just darling, and he wants to take me out to dinner tonight—to the Pink Wall."

"Wonderful," Mary said. But Willow was frowning. "What's wrong?"

"Well," Willow said, "the Pink Wall's four miles out of town, and George's down here with a friend, and it's the other guy's car, and he won't let him drive it."

"Why not?"

"It seems, last time George drove, the car was in the shop for three weeks."

"Oh. Can't you go to some place in town?"

"We could, but I've never been to the Pink Wall, and I'm dying to go."

"I sympathize," Mary said, "but what can I do?"

Willow looked at the floor. "You could come along," she said. "I haven't met the other guy, but George says he's nice."

Mary stiffened. "No," she said. "I couldn't. Not tonight."

"Please," Willow said. "My whole future's at stake!"

"Your future's already been at stake at least three times in the past six months. Besides, if this is really it, it won't matter where you go."

Willow looked at her accusingly. "You're bitter. I knew it."

"I'm not bitter."

"Prove it."

Mary collapsed. "All right," she said. Then she sat up. "Just a minute—these boys aren't actors, are they?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out."

Mary nodded grimly. "Do that."

Willow raced for the door. When she came back, she was glowing. "It's okay," she said. "They're both engineers."

Mary picked the orange slice out of her drink and ate the pulp. Then because there was nothing else to do, she ate the rind. They had been at the Pink Wall for four hours. It seemed like four days. She glanced across the table at Ben Kitland. He was not bad looking. In fact, as men went, he was handsome. Shoulders, teeth, nice eyes, curly hair. Most girls would have been thrilled.



Mary was not. If she ever fell again, she hoped it would be for a bald-headed man with a broken nose. The only thing in Ben's favor was that, so far, he lacked charm. But maybe that was only his condition. He had come to the desert to bake out a cold. He obviously felt vile, and his voice sounded like the bottom of a soda.

"What kind of an engineer are you?" Mary asked.

"Hm?" he said.

She repeated her question. He said something that sounded like hydrochloric dynamo and added, "Top secret stuff."

"Oh," she said. That settled the "get him to talk about his work" tack. She looked for Willow and George. They were still dancing, enveloped in that transparent whatever it is that surrounds lovers. No help there.

"I'm sorry I'm such rotten company," Ben wheezed. "Shouldn't have tried to come, but George dragged me to the car."

"We ought to get you home," Mary said hopefully.

Ben motioned toward Willow and George. "Hate to break it up." He shook his head. "Boy, is that poor guy hooked."

Mary bristled. "What do you mean, poor guy?"

"Nothing personal. I just feel sorry for any man who gets trapped at an early age."

"I suppose," Mary snapped, "you think every girl wants to marry. I suppose you think we're all just dying to scrape greasy pans and scrub floors and hang out diapers. I suppose you think it'd be a big thrill to some lucky girl to wash your socks."

"I do," he said.

"Excuse me," she said, "but you're out of your head."

He gave her a surly look. "Ordinarily I would rise up and demolish you, but I'm too sick."

They frowned at each other across the table. Willow and George came back, hand in hand.

"I think we'd better go," Mary said.

They drove home in silence. Willow and George were entangled in the back seat, and Ben's only activity was a series of racking coughs.

After breakfast the next morning, Mary put on her bathing suit. It was the knitted variety, pale beige, and it just about matched her hair. Andy had said the effect was sensational. Not sensational enough, she thought wryly.

She went out to the pool, dived in and swam a couple of lengths. When she came out, Ben was there. It was impossible to avoid him.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," he said. His voice was still scrapy, but it was better, and he looked embarrassed. "Say," he said, "I'm sorry about last night."

She took pity on him. "Skip it," she smiled. "I was edgy myself."

"You couldn't help it, with me around. But you know how it is with a cold, and I was annoyed with George for making me go."

"I don't blame you." He looked so awkward that she almost liked him. She

took off her cap and shook her hair out in the sun.

He watched her with evident interest. "You know," he said, "that bathing suit is really something!"

There it was—charm. She backed away. "Well, have a nice swim," she said, as impersonally as possible.

She spent the rest of the day safely in her room, reading and listening to the happy shouts from the pool.

That night Willow went out with George. "I hate to leave you alone," she said to Mary, "but you understand."

Mary nodded. "I know the feeling."

She walked to the market and bought some canned lobster and the makings of a salad. Then she put on the coffee pot and began to get dinner. She thought about Andy. She wondered what he was doing. She wondered if he had missed her at all. She was well on the way toward being completely miserable when there was a knock on the door. It was Ben, and he had a bottle of wine under his arm.

"Peace offering," he said. His voice cracked. He looked so startled that Mary laughed.

"It's like being thirteen again," he muttered. He handed her the wine, and sniffed the air. "Coffee?"

She nodded.

"Well," he said, "I just wanted to apologize with something tangible. I'm on my way to dinner."

There was a short silence.

"Come on in," she said. "Lobster salad."

He hesitated. "Well—" He ambled in. "As a matter of fact, I am sort of rattling around. George's off, you know, and—"

"So's Willow."

They looked at each other. "The poor kids," he said. And they both laughed.

They had dinner and started a game of gin rummy. Halfway through the second hand they gave up trying to play. They leaned their elbows on the table and talked. They discussed books and plays and argued about foreign policy and mental telepathy and whether wide screens would revolutionize the movies. Finally they got around to men, women and love.

"It isn't," Ben said, "that I have anything against marriage. Some of my best friends, and so on. But take the man's point of view. Say a big chance comes for him in his work. If he's married, he can't risk it. Say he gets a call to go off somewhere—Europe, maybe. If he's married, he can't go."

"Same with a girl," Mary said. "Take me. I'm a secretary now—it isn't a big job, maybe, but it's fun, and besides, I'm working toward being an agent one of these days. I get married; what happens? It's all over."

"You," he said, "are the first sensible girl I've ever met."

She smiled. "I like you," she said. "You know why? Because I know I won't fall for you, because even if I did, I know it wouldn't do me any good."

"Are you inclined to fall for people?"

"Well, not really, but I get little flurries now and then." (Take that, Andy Douglas, she thought.)

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Ben grinned. "I'm susceptible, myself, but so far I've always managed to pull out of it in time."

He stretched. "Good Lord," he said, "it's nearly midnight. I'm going home before I ruin your reputation."

He poured out the last of the wine. "Here's to sanity," he said.

At the door, they exchanged a firm hand shake.

The next night they all went to dinner together, and afterward they brought the radio out and Willow and George danced around the pool slowly, their swaying bodies caught in the green glow from the pool.

"I suppose," she said, "this is heaven."

"I suppose so," Ben said.

Mary felt a tinge of uneasiness. Ben's cold had disappeared, and his voice was back to normal. It was, she was happy to hear, a good voice. But there was something about it—

"Come along," he said, "let's dance."

She moved into his arms, and the cloud, whatever it was, vanished. Mary had never been a spectacular dancer, but tonight she could do no wrong. She followed the most intricate steps with ease; her feet possessed unknown talents.

"You must be good," she murmured.

"I'm trying to be," he said, and she could feel the comfortable vibration of his voice.

They danced away from the pool and into the garden, her warm cheek against his, and suddenly they were not dancing any more. He was kissing her, and she was kissing him back, with unmistakable

enthusiasm. She heard some distant part of her brain shrieking protests, but it seemed to have no effect on what she was doing. After a while they broke apart and stared at each other.

"What happened?" Ben said.

"I—I don't know."

"Willow and George," he said. "It's catching!" He sounded panicky.

"Go away," she said.

He stood uncertainly. "I can't."

He ran his finger down her cheek. The effect was immediate.

"This is ridiculous," she said. "I don't even know you."

"How do you think I feel? 'Here's to sanity.'" He gave a short laugh. "Oh, hell," he said. He opened his arms, and she moved into them as promptly as if she had been pushed.

She had been kissed before, but never like that.

"Mary," he said, "Mary—"

And a chill went down her spine. What was it? Mary. Her name. Mary. Most people pronounced it "Mery." Some people called it "May-ry." But others said "Mary," beautifully, with a gentle diphthong, the way it was supposed to be. They were the people with training. They were the people who knew.

"Ben," she said, "are you an actor?"

"Yes," he said. "How did you know?"

"Oh, no," she whispered, "not again."

She unlocked her hands from his neck. She was not angry. She was perfectly calm. "Engineer," she said. "Top secret stuff. Why?"

"Willow," he said. "You wouldn't

go out with actors—if she didn't get to the Pink Wall, she'd die. I was too sick to care."

"You could have told me later."

"I didn't think it mattered."

She thought this over. She was calm. "It doesn't," she said. She looked around. "Stars, music, desert night. It could happen to anyone. Right?"

Ben took a deep breath. "Right."

"It didn't really mean anything. Just another flurry."

"Right."

"However, it might be wise to avoid a recurrence."

"I agree," he said.

She held out her hand. "Sanity," she said.

He shook it firmly. "Check."

She turned and walked out of the garden, around the pool and into her room. She was tired, and she went to sleep at once.

**T**he next morning, Ben was gone. "He left early," George said. "Had to get back to town. Something about a part. I mean an engine."

"You can relax," Mary said. "I know your guilty secret."

"I'm sorry about that," Willow said nervously. "It was all my fault—the engineer thing—but I knew you wouldn't go if—are you mad?"

"Heavens no," Mary said. "It doesn't matter one way or another." And she was quite sure that she meant it.

Then she thought about Ben, and the way his voice cracked, and how it had been when they were dancing, and suddenly she was crying. It's all my fault, she thought. I practically told him to go. She cried even harder, and then she knew that now, at last, she was really in love, and it was too late to do anything about it.

The next morning Mary found Willow in the kitchen, sketching. There were papers all over the table and the floor. She looked at some of them.

"Wedding gowns," she said. "So it's serious!"

Willow nodded. "I could be wrong, but I think this is it!" She waved a drawing. "How do you like this? That new Empire line, done up in silk—ice blue, maybe."

"Beautiful," Mary said. "I'm awfully happy this is working out."

Willow grinned. "Me, too. There for a while I wasn't sure." She bent over her work, obviously too engrossed in her plans to talk.

Mary drank her coffee in silence. Then she put on her bathing suit and went to the pool.

Ben was there.

She couldn't believe it. She stared at him.

"Hello," he croaked. He looked at her and at the water and back again at her. Then he motioned vaguely toward his throat. "Had to come back," he said. "As soon as I hit the coast, I started wheezing again."

She managed to say, "That's too bad."

"Have to get this cold cleared up," he said, frowning. "I've got a part starting Monday, and they're hard to get."

## PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

### Dr. Martin's Analysis

of the case presented on page 36

This case deals with one of those situations in which a person is victimized, first, by strong conflicting emotions and then by events over which he has no real control.

As alcoholics, Eva's parents must be considered ill and in need of medical and psychological help. Eva was reared in a shifting and unstable home. Her nervousness can be attributed to this background. Yet, even as a growing girl, she tried to understand as best she could. She did what she felt was right—trying to restrain her parents and acting as arbitrator in their quarrels. She sensed her mother's love for her and returned it. She even helped her parents financially after she was married.

It was normal for her to long for a home of her own—a home free of the unhappiness brought on by her parents' problem. Joe cannot be blamed, either, for his point of view.

Eva was faced with the choice between her love for her mother and her love for Joe. It was an impossible choice, and she had no intention of making a final decision when she forced her mother out of the apartment. Furthermore, neither Eva nor Joe could have foreseen the accident that resulted in her mother's death.

Diagnosis No. 2 is correct in this case.

Eva will always carry the emotional scars of her experience. With professional help, however, she can learn to see the events and the emotional conflicts which engulfed her in their full perspective. Although it will not be easy and will take time, Eva can be helped to realize that what she did was right as she saw it, that the accident in which her mother died might have happened at any time, and that she isn't to blame.

### PERSONALITY POINTERS

**When you have a serious problem, try to find a practical solution, if there is one.**

**When a problem can't be solved, the only sensible alternative is to learn to get along in spite of it.**

**Are you nursing an old hurt, or blaming yourself for a situation beyond your control? If you are, you may be endangering your health. Try to put the conflict aside and concentrate on those things that you can do something to change.**



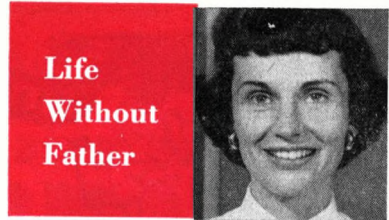
**CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE**

**PHOTOGRAPHS:**

Between the Lines—bottom page 4, Carmen Schiavone; Tops in the Shops — Pages 10-36, Binder & Duffy; Letters to the Editor—Top Page 40, Ike Vern; Life Without Father—Pages 52, 54 & 55, Tom Blau-Pix, Page 53, Wide World; Are Kings and Queens Good Parents?—Page 66, Keystone, Pages 67 & 68, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Page 69, Black Star.

She nodded. "I know."  
 Silence hung over them. She knew that, if she stayed there another minute, she would either burst into tears or melt in a heap on the cement.  
 "I—uh—forgot my towel," she mumbled and fled for her room.  
 Willow looked up from her drawing. "All settled?"  
 "Is what all settled?"  
 "You and Ben."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "The wedding, of course. Why do you think I've been slaving all morning? By the way, I can get a discount for you at Winston's on that Empire number."  
 "But that's for you," Mary protested.  
 "You're going to marry George!"  
 "George!" Willow laughed. "That's finished. We talked it out last night. Just friends. It was a touch of the sun, I guess."  
 "But what makes you think Ben—?"  
 "He's here, isn't he?"  
 "Only because his cold came back."

Willow thought this over. "Ben," she said, "is an actor."  
 Mary stood still for a moment. Then she went back out to the pool.  
 "Ben," she said, "have you really got a cold, or are you acting?"  
 He hesitated. "Acting," he said, in a perfectly normal tone. "I played a part once where I died of pneumonia."  
 "But why—?"  
 "I had to come back," he said, "and I wanted an excuse, in case you—well, no man likes to stick his neck out, and I thought—I wasn't sure—"  
 She sat down beside him. She had no choice. Her knees seemed to have given way.  
 "I was wondering," he said, "if we might get married?"  
 She studied his eyes and his shoulders and the perfect line of his jaw and his white teeth against the tan. It was terrible. He was hopelessly good looking. Then she leaned over and kissed him gently.  
 "It's no use," she said. "I love you anyway."  
 "Anyway?"  
 "Even," she murmured, "if you *don't* have a broken nose."  
 He squinted at her in the sunlight. "Someday," he said, "I will ask you what you mean. But not right now."  
 And he took her in his arms. She thought for a fleeting moment that they must look like the final close-up of a movie—young lovers, palm trees, swimming pool—  
 But there was a difference. This time, Ben was not acting. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 55)  
 other children had taken 18 hours to be born and Bill, anxious to provide diversion during the long wait, and seeing me established in 'such a nice big room, dear,' suggested that John might as well come on up."  
 Ruth's father was on the staff of the hospital and it was arranged. They had, according to Ruth, quite a pleasant little chat. Neither of the men seemed to have any idea that the "nice big room, dear" was the labor room, empty at the moment except for Ruth—nor that just one hour after their guest had taken his leave little William Franklin III would be born.  
 The four little Grahams are attractive, alert, and seem to love each other dearly. Also, according to their mother, they sometimes fight like cats and dogs. Franklin, as anybody who observes him for five minutes will know, can be a terror, but he is also friendly and sweet and very much the sort of little boy his father was. Gi-Gi, the oldest, was with them in London for a while this year, but usually the children are kept in the background.  
 A while back in a Miami hotel Ruth was busy in their room while Gi-Gi and



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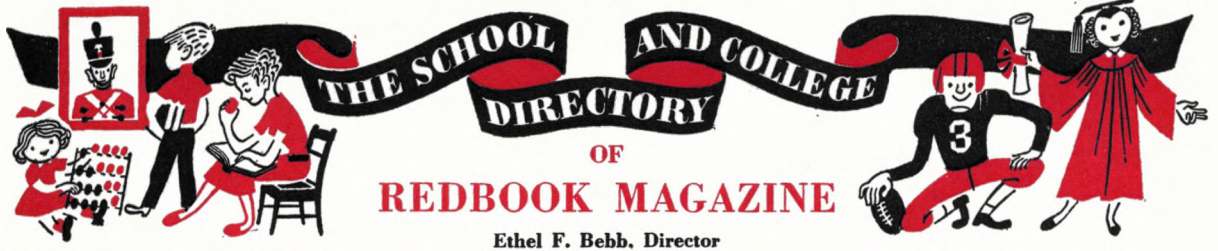


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Ann were amusing themselves on the roof garden. Bill came in, his face grim. "Looks like we've got a lawsuit on our hands this time," he said. "The girls have been throwing rocks and clods of dirt and the desk clerk just told me that a woman has been hit on the head."

Aware that a reporter not too kindly disposed to the Grahams sat just outside their door, Ruth went in search of the girls. They had disappeared from the roof garden and she finally discovered them locked in a cubicle in the ladies' room. They refused to come out until their mother threatened to crawl under after them. Marching both of them back into the room past the waiting reporter, she looked for something resembling a switch. A lamp cord was handy and she made a neat little loop with it and let them have it, trying not to think of the reporter's headlines—which she was sure would be: **EVANGELIST'S WIFE BEATS DAUGHTERS WITH ELECTRIC CORD.**

The reporter graciously ignored the whole incident, but it's a story both girls love. "Because," they giggle, "Mama broke the lamp and had to pay for it."

**R**uth gives Billy credit for being the best father in the world. His children adore him and the games of hide-and-seek they have when he's at home turn the place upside down. He enters into all the make-believe of childhood with enthusiasm as great as theirs.

Young Ann, hearing her father preach for the first time at a meeting, said with dignity in a clearly audible voice, "You'd think some things he'd keep to himself."

Warm and friendly though the Grahams are, it has become more and more apparent during the last three years that their home could not be a normal one and at the same time a mecca for sightseers. Their small chalet-type cottage is off the beaten track but at one time crowded buses were making regular excursions to their door. People wandered over the grounds, trampled shrubs and flowers, picked up souvenirs and paid Bunny ("Little ham," says her mother) to pose for photographs. Once during the summer when Ruth was pregnant with Franklin, she fled to her bedroom only to see a camera pointing at her through the window.

Some years ago the Grahams purchased for almost nothing the top—200 acres—of the mountain behind their house. They fixed up a tiny cabin there—it's little more than a room and "path"—and often go there when peace is impossible to find anywhere else. The children sleep in a loft reached by a ladder; cooking is done over the open fire and everybody loves it.

Now being built near the top of the mountain, however, is a house that will solve many of their problems. There will be glass for the magnificent view which seems to extend halfway across the world, but Ruth Graham wants a snug closed-in feeling too. "I've had enough of store-window living to last me the rest of my life." Construction will be of field stone, old brick purchased for half the price of common brick and squared chestnut logs which Ruth salvaged from a couple of mountain cabins that were being demol-

ished. The floor of the living room will be of old brick, and fireplaces will furnish some of the heat. Local workmen are building the house and the Grahams hope that in a year or two it will look as if it had grown out of the mountain and had been there a hundred years.

Ruth hopes to get that look inside, too. "But with four children it's no problem to get a lived-in look." She loves native farmhouse antiques of simple woods like hickory and pine. She does some of her own refinishing of the pieces picked up on frequent "junking" expeditions and is on good terms with every second-hand-store man in Asheville.

For a pine cupboard—or a rocker—or a four-poster which she cannot resist, she's not above putting ten dollars down and eking out the rest when and where she can spare it. Friends accuse her, she admits, of skimping on groceries to buy antiques.

But although the bank always seems to be right about the lack of funds to cover that last check she wrote, Ruth is sure it would be dull to have unlimited money. Neither she nor Bill gave a second thought to the million-dollar TV offer he received last year for a five-day-a-week program.

Although she has almost sole responsibility for her household and the children, it always surprises her when she hears somebody say, "Poor Ruth." She wonders how anyone could fail to see how much she loves her life.

Ruth's background is to some extent responsible for her attitude. Her early memories are of China, where her parents were medical missionaries and bandit raids were almost a commonplace. Her father, Dr. Nelson Bell, headed a Presbyterian hospital 300 miles north of Shanghai. The four little Bells learned Chinese before they learned English, shared in the feasts and celebrations, flew the great Chinese kites and had donkeys to ride, a homemade swimming pool in the side yard and a tree house in a huge mulberry tree that was the envy of all the children they knew. There was little money. The girls were dressed more often than not from missionary barrels, but their mother had enough pride and resourcefulness to make sure they did not look it.

When it was time for high school, Ruth was sent to the Foreign School in Pyongyang, North Korea, a boarding school which was attended by English-speaking youngsters from all over the Far East. No matter where she goes now with Billy, she says somebody is always cropping up to recall some scrape she got into. "Ruth, will you ever forget the time you held the thermometer to the light bulb and the infirm nurse thought your temperature was 108?" Or, "Remember the night you crawled into a dormitory window after a late date and were almost expelled?"

Despite teen-age pranks she had started doing some serious thinking and had decided she would go as an old-maid missionary to Tibet. As in the words of the old hymn, she had promised, "I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be. . . ." and she was very sure the Lord had accepted. In her young zeal she never doubted that He would pick out the hardest thing

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there could be for Ruth Bell to do; Tibet was the most hazardous of all mission fields and being an old maid was alien to every natural desire.

When she first met Billy Graham at Wheaton College, near Chicago, Ruth was strongly attracted to him, but it was many months before she could let herself believe it could possibly be right to turn her back on Tibet. "I was ready, even eager, to go to Tibet," Ruth says, "but it was God's plan for me to have all this—a mountain of my own, four children and, we hope, more and the most thrilling partnership in the world with a man whose work I believe in with all my heart. Oh, I'd rather see a little of Bill than a lot of any other man I know."

But when the house on the mountain is finished, what will they do if they're snowbound? "We're sure to be—and I can't wait!" But won't she be afraid sometimes up there all alone with the children? "Not at all. We have Belshazzar, a 145-pound Great Pyrenees, who has got so bored waiting for burglars that he's taken to saving our lives from the neighbors. I proved I can kill a rattlesnake. I feel equally sure I can cope with any emergency that may arise because God has been helping me all my life."

The children's prayers at night show that they feel on close terms with Him. They don't say any of the memorized prayers of childhood; they just talk to Him about the happenings of their day.

There has been much speculation on what Billy Graham's "secret" is. His wife will tell you: "He preaches the Bible—the plain, uncompromising Word of God. People are ready for it, Christians have prayed for it and God has used Bill. The prayer 'temperature' all over the world has been rising. In little Korea alone we knew of 200 cottage prayer meetings being held every night."

Many predicted that the success of 1954 could not be matched, but crowds in Scotland and England were again enormous in 1955 in spite of bad weather. On the continent, though spoken through an interpreter, the Graham message got across and many thousands more made decisions to lead Christian lives.

"But will they last?" That, says Ruth Graham, is the question people keep asking. "People don't crowd around the nursery window in a hospital and look at newborn babies and say, 'But will they live?' They know that doctors and nurses and mothers and fathers and everybody will be trying to make sure they do live! Often the reason that some of the 'baby' Christians don't last is that they know nobody at all who will help them. They're terribly in need of somebody who will teach them how to use their stumbling blocks for steppingstones, somebody who will pick them up and dust them off when they fall. There's a poignant verse in Ecclesiastes 4:10 '... woe to him that is alone when he falleth. . . .'

"Yes, there are those who do not last, as surveys have revealed. But no survey can show how the zeal of one Christ-dedicated life touches another and another and goes on and on."

The Grahams' stay in Great Britain was climaxed this year by an invitation to preach to the royal family in the private chapel at Windsor. Afterwards both Grahams were invited to lunch with Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

In Holland they were invited to the Palace at Soestdijk where they had morning coffee and sandwiches with Queen Juliana and Princess Wilhelmina, who had reigned for 50 years.

As always, the best part for Ruth was getting back home where she is sure she belongs. Billy feels that there are times when it's essential for a man in his position to have a wife at his side, but he agrees that her main job is with the four little Grahams.

Ruth tells a Dwight L. Moody story which bears repeating. The great evangelist was approached by a mother of six who said she'd had a call to preach. "You certainly have," Moody agreed fervently. "And your congregation is waiting—all six of them!"

"Even my preacher husband," says Ruth, "feels that a mother's job is the most important in the whole world and that no preacher ever gets as close to anyone as a mother does to the child she holds in her lap." . . . THE END

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**REDBOOK'S COMPLETE NOVEMBER 1955 NOVEL**



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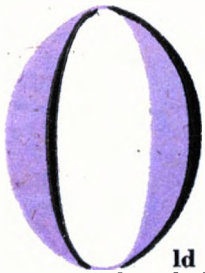


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# Stokely—Van Camp



**It was a giant step from her everyday world to the glittering one of wealth. And Jill, in a blaze of success, forgot that fame could betray—unless love also triumphed**



Id Mr. Cleveland was standing by a store window, looking out upon the familiar bustle of Cramerton's main street.

"If something's going to die," he observed, "it's good to have a cold, gray day for it."

It was Mr. Cleveland's store that was going to die.

Cleveland & Sons, Grocers to Quality, had been an institution in the Connecticut town since the year 1810, passing down from father to son rather ceremoniously, with all its celebrated stock of caviar and goose liver and fine imported biscuits. By the middle of the twentieth century, however, the housewives of the younger generation had begun to show a marked preference for the supermarkets. Young women in slacks and moccasins were quite willing to wheel their own wire baskets around the orderly stacks of staples and canned goods. They had been dispensing with Mr. Cleveland's courtly services, and they had been saving their pennies.

"It was time for me to retire anyhow," Mr. Cleveland went on, attempting to speak more serenely. "I'm an old man, Jill. I can't say I won't relish my little place in the country. An old man needs a pasture for himself, and I'm fortunate to have it!"

Jill Seaver, standing at the door of her small office, considered her employer with deepening compassion. She herself had been cleaning out her desk, garnering her lip-

sticks and magazines and candy bars in the same zestful spirit with which she had cleaned out her desk in high school two years before. She had a similar sense of adventure awaiting her just around the corner. . . . Yet she sobered as she looked at Mr. Cleveland. Normally she thought of him as a small, plump person made up of three smiling curves—the curve of his smile itself, the curve of his round chin, the curve of his old-fashioned gold watch chain looped across a fine black woolen waistcoat. At this time, however, even the curves seemed sad. . . . With quick perception, Jill spoke of the store, and not of the pasture.

"I'll always be proud to say I worked for Cleveland & Sons," she told her employer. "It will always be something that means a lot to anyone who knows Cramerton."

"Thank you, my dear! That's a very kindly thought for me to carry away," said Mr. Cleveland, "and true enough, you know! A good store is more than a collection of bins and shelves. It leaves a memory—that it surely does!"

He brightened, and, a moment later, he was able to make one of his usual jokes as he handed Jill a letter of reference with her final pay check.

"Now what's the point of it? Dan Corbett won't be needing any reference from me! And marrying Dan will be the next step for you, Jill."

"Nothing's settled, Mr. Cleveland! Dan and I have just been going together, that's all."

"I know what that means," the old man said with a chuckle. "I'm not such an ancient of days that I can't remember how it was!"

**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.



"Just the same. I'm very grateful for the letter," Jill told him.

"It's a good one, my child! I gave you full marks on character, and I put it right down how capable you are at bookkeeping and typing. I didn't mention those occasional little difficulties you have with your spelling. Nobody needs to know that after two years with a grocer you can still spell 'broccoli' with a 'k.'"

Jill laughed, and returned his warm handclasp with genuine affection as they said good-by.

It was strange to be strolling casually down Main Street on a midweek afternoon. Yet the thought of Cleveland & Sons was already fading from her mind. She was bringing a quickened interest to Cramerton's familiar shopping center, the one part of town where the residents of Jill's own neighborhood could have brief contact with those who lived in the more imposing houses lying against the background of gentle, rolling hills, as well as with the mill workers who had settled in the district beyond the railroad tracks. This small world of Jill's had again become bright with mystery and promise. As she turned down a side street which lay in the direction of her home, she took time to revel in the various delights offered to her senses. She resisted the temptations wafted by the scents of chocolate and tuna-fish from a corner soda fountain and walked with more reluctance past the wailing, rhythmic strains emanating from a minute music shop. She came to a complete pause, however, before a store window displaying a bisque-faced mannequin in a filmy pink negligee, at her feet a great gilded box spilling treasures of rhinestones and pearls. Jill considered all these items with solemn pleasure and continued on her untroubled way.

It had been decided that she would not look for a new job during the next week or two. Enough money would be coming into the house, for at that time Jill's father, a carpenter, was most lucratively employed in building an annex to the country club. Furthermore, there would be no want of tasks to be done in that motherless household. Jill, dwelling on the days immediately ahead, wondered if some new cherry-colored curtains in her brother's room would help in some miraculous way to make a better boy of him. . . . But she had come, with this thought, to the ragged rhododendron hedge that bordered the property of the Corbetts.

"Hello, Mrs. Corbett!" Jill said and smoothed back a lock of wind-blown black hair.

She was always a shade self-conscious in the presence of Dan's mother, who was removing clothes from a circular rack that stood by the side of the house.

"Looks like rain!" the older woman explained. "Here it is only the middle of the afternoon, but it's got so dark I thought I'd better bring my clothes in—Oh! But what are you doing at home? It's your last day in the store, that's it—Dan told me." Mrs. Corbett liked to talk so much that she could scarcely wait for her questions to be answered. If she could, she would answer them herself. "And it might be a good thing you're home, at that," she went on, deftly nipping a sheet under her chin, the better to fold it. "It was only a few minutes ago I looked out the window and saw your brother and Dave Grannis hustling past this house as if they were up to something. I thought to myself, 'What are they up to?' Written all over 'em! 'Freddy needs a mother,' I said to myself. As for Dave Grannis, he's got too much mother. When a woman's got only one boy, like Mabel Grannis, she thinks there's one law for him and another law for the rest of the world. Spoils him! Maybe he isn't good for Freddy."

Jill shook her head as she looked anxiously at Mrs. Corbett. "Dave just tags along. Freddy's the one who tells him what to do. . . . I think I'd better get right on home, Mrs. Corbett."

She quickened her pace for the remaining three blocks. She knew Dan's mother liked to imagine that disastrous things were about to happen to almost anyone mentioned in a conversation. It made the person more interesting. Still, Jill thought, she might not have been mistaken about Freddy.

The problem of her brother was always in the back of Jill Seaver's mind. Sometimes she resented the fact that it was her problem, but she would have felt a keener resentment had anyone suggested that she could not handle it, or that it should be shouldered by anyone else.

Jill had been twelve when her mother died, and Freddy had been only five. Their father had regarded them with a puzzled tolerance, as if they were playing some strange prank on him in being as young and foolish as they were. In the first years a friendly neighbor had helped care for the children, but since she had left the town, Jill herself had become responsible for Freddy's welfare as well as her own. She loved him with maternal intensity, never willing to admit even to their father what a difficult child he was at times. Freddy was an appealing boy with a smile no one could resist and with eyes as snapping a black as Jill's own. It was plain, moreover, that he had intelligence above the average, and it was most mystifying that his school marks were so miserably low—his charm alone kept his teachers from thrusting him into outer darkness. . . .

Jill, frowning in apprehension, reached their house on Franklin Street. From time to time her father had promised to paint that drab little house and repair the worn and sagging porch steps, but he had always allowed these promises to slip from his mind. It was chiefly Jill's concern to make the Seaver dwelling as attractive as it had been in other years. Jill's mother, a schoolteacher before her marriage, had left a few brave touches of beauty and warmth in the shabby living room, and Jill seldom neglected to polish the rosewood table just as her mother had done, or to bring home branches of pine or pussy willow to put in the handsome copper urn by the fireplace. She herself had added ornate lace curtains for the windows, glossy satin pillows for the sofa and plump golden tassels to dangle luxuriously from the knobs of the bookcase doors. It had pleased her when her father said she must have inherited her appreciation of these fine things from her mother's side of the family. . . . At the moment Jill gave the room merely a passing glance and went softly and swiftly up the short, steep flight of stairs. In dealing with Freddy, she had developed the wary instincts of an Indian. . . .

"Freddy!" She was at the door of his room, turning a frightened gaze from her brother and his friend to two costly objects on the narrow bed. "Freddy, what are those things? What have you done? Where did you get them?"

The two boys responded in the manner of their kind. They eyed each other sidewise, hitched up their trouser belts and blankly considered their possessions lying on the bed, as if disclaiming them, as if willing them out of existence.

"Aw—" Freddy muttered at last, "it's nothing to fuss about."

Jill controlled the treacherous weakness in her knees. She walked across the room and picked up the expensive camera and the fine pair of binoculars that could not have belonged to anyone on Franklin Street.

"Freddy," she said, "you've always been a crazy kid, but you've never done anything to make me ashamed of you. I never thought either you or Dave would do anything really *bad*. But this is something I don't understand! Where did you get these things? Tell me right away, you, Freddy!"

"Aw, it's nothing to fuss about," Freddy said.

"Nothing to fuss about!" "Nothing to fuss about!"



Might as well be a phonograph record! You tell me now! You tell me right away! You and Dave!"

"I got to go—" Dave interposed. "It's started to rain and my mom gets worried about these colds I get when it rains because there was this weak chest my grampa had and he went to Arizona and died. So I got to go, I guess."

"No, you don't! You've got the same kind of weak chest an ox has got, if you want my opinion," Jill said, distractedly. "You stole those things, you boys did! You must have! You stole them!"

"No, it wasn't like that!" Freddy assured her. "I'll tell you the way it was, Jill."

"You'd better!"

"Well, the door was open, see, and those things were on a bench just inside the door—and Dave kind of dared me an' I kind of dared him—and it wasn't like anything we thought of doing beforehand." Freddy assumed an air of great rectitude. "It don't count the same way it would if we'd said let's go there and swipe those things. . . . Does it, Dave?"

Jill resisted an impulse to seize her young brother by the shoulders and shake him. "Never mind Dave and what Dave says! Who cares about what Dave says, I'd like to know? Freddy, where was this house with the door open?"

"On Orchard Road," Freddy said.

"It's a guy called Amory Forbes lives there," Dave volunteered. "He's a guy makes statues and I know that for a fact because my father fixed his sink and there was a drowned mouse in it and nobody knew how a mouse could fall down a sink and get drowned."

"It wouldn't do it on purpose!" Freddy said, interested. "Say, a mouse could just be kind of skatin' around that old sink—"

"Freddy!" Jill cut in. "You're to take these things back and stop changing the *subject*—"

"C'mon, Dave!" Freddy shouted in panic. "We can't take those darn old things back and get arrested and go to jail! C'mon, Dave, c'mon!"

Generally Jill could bring her brother down with a tackle. She could sit on him, then, until some promise of greater virtue had been obtained. But this time there were two boys, capable of running interference for each other. She lunged at both of them and caught neither. They rushed past her and clattered down the stairs.

Jill was frightened. She conjured up a picture of the statue-making Mr. Forbes, a rich, snobbish man who would take great delight in putting a young boy in a reform school with a horde of vicious older boys who would destroy him altogether, body and soul. . . . She lifted her head, her cheeks flaming as she faced this imaginary Mr. Forbes. "He's a good kid!" she informed the man, ferociously. "It's just that he's going through this kind of crazy stage and he doesn't know what to do with himself—but you wouldn't understand that, would you, you with all your money and your big house and everything else!" She calmed down and faced the camera and binoculars.

After a moment she took them downstairs and wrapped them securely in a big wrinkled piece of brown paper she had fished out of a stack of odds and ends in a kitchen cupboard. Then she moved quickly before she had time to lose courage. She pulled on her old red raincoat and hurried away from the house after she had locked the back door and put the key under a brick on the top porch step.

She was not sure that the bus which stopped at the corner of Franklin Street would ramble off, eventually, in the direction of Orchard Road. In any case she felt it might be safer not to take Mr. Forbes' possessions onto a public vehicle.

Starting briskly toward the residential section near the hills, she became aware of a sudden, ominous lash of wind, and she had covered little more than half the dis-

tance when the storm came in earnest, the sky darkening to pewter, the rain descending in wild, slanting sheets. But she almost welcomed this challenge of the elements, defying her to continue on her errand. Jill had never been afraid of a storm. She lifted her head, her eyes sparkling, something elemental in her own being aroused by the unleashed furies of nature. She addressed her invisible opponents in prideful scorn. "I'll get there!" she muttered under her breath. "You can't stop me!"

Now she was moving more slowly, however, her wet hair flattened against her cheek, the sleazy wet raincoat twisted around her body. She shifted her precious parcel to a safer shelter under her arm, telling herself she must find some new plan for getting rid of that parcel. She had intended to slip it through the open door Freddy had mentioned, but it was pretty certain that any sane person would have closed his door by this time.

She found it simple enough to distinguish the house of Amory Forbes, the sculptor. It was set back on a wide lawn, an old white frame house to which a wing had been added, and this additional building, with its slanting glass roof, was plainly meant to serve as a studio.

Jill, approaching rather breathlessly, had come to a daring decision. She would put the parcel on the wide stone doorstep and knock on the studio door. Then she would run from the place so fast that neither Amory Forbes nor anyone else would ever have so much as a glimpse of her.

This plan, however, was to work only in part. She put the parcel on the step and rapped smartly on the ivory-white panel of the door, but, in starting to run, she slipped on the step and lost an all-important moment. The door swung open. A man in his early thirties, his dark brows drawn in a scowl over his rather remarkable gray eyes, reached out for her. Jill tried frantically to twist away from the lean, muscular hand gripping her slender wrist and at the same time resisted a primitive impulse to kick and scratch and bite.

"You let go of me!" she shouted at him wildly.

Her voice was lost, however, in the savage whine of the wind. Sobbing with wrath and fear, she found herself pulled over the threshold of the studio. The sculptor closed the door and laid the sodden parcel on a stone bench.

"Now!" he said, the dark scowl deepening, "suppose you tell me what this is all about!"

## CHAPTER 2

Jill made a gesture toward the parcel. "Some kids I happen to know took those things of yours as a sort of joke, Mr. Forbes. I hope you won't make any trouble about it—"

She broke off, then, for she found he was considering her with undiminished interest and paying no attention to the parcel. She did not know what to make of this curious look, and she stared back at him with all the defiance she could summon.

It was difficult, however, to stand her ground in this great, bleak, strange-looking studio, with the rain pounding down on its slanting glass roof. The only recognizable pieces of furniture were a table, a stone bench and a single straight-backed chair. In one corner of the room was a circular platform, and in another an odd object that looked



like a metal skeleton. The whole place formed a fit and sinister background for this man who was scowling down at her, studying her with a gaze at once intent and impersonal.

"So that's all I came for—" she resumed, as she edged toward the door. "Simply to bring those things back—"

"Wait a minute!" he said. "You're drenched to the skin. Come in the other room. There's a fire going."

This time it was not necessary to seize her wrist, for his manner was as forceful as his lean, hard hand had been. She found herself being led from the studio to an even larger room, the walls of which were lined almost solidly with books. Enormous pine logs were blazing in a wide fireplace at one end of this room, and Jill, shivering a little, was drawn irresistibly to that welcome warmth.

"Take your coat off!" her host ordered in his harsh, peremptory fashion. "Your shoes and stockings, too. I'll bring you some socks."

Jill shook her head with some vigor. "I'm not going to stay! But perhaps I should explain more about those things—"

"Never mind those things! You're to do as I tell you and stay here by the fire. What's the matter with you? Do you want to get pneumonia?"

He was striding out of the room before she could answer. After a moment of hesitation, Jill took off the wet coat, her shoes and stockings. She chafed her feet between her hands and held them as close as was safe to the flames. . . .

*"How beautiful they are!"*

She turned in quick embarrassment to find the sculptor standing behind her, staring at her feet. Hastily, she pulled her skirt over them, drawing them out of sight. He sent her a sharp glance.

*"Why did you do that?"*

Jill stiffened. "I don't think feet are anything to talk about!"

He dropped a pair of warm woolen socks and some soft, red, house shoes into her lap. "Then you're a rather ignorant girl," he told her. "That foot you're trying to cover up is more beautiful than one of Shakespeare's sonnets—or don't you think a sonnet is beautiful? 'Anything to talk about?'"

"I think you're the rudest man I ever met in my whole life!" Jill cried, shaking in sudden wrath. "That's a whole lot worse than being ignorant—if you'd care to have my honest opinion!"

He was smiling a little. "Maybe you're right, at that," he said.

Promptly, Jill returned the smile, all her customary warmth coming back into her eyes. "I've got a terrible temper—it's one of my very worst faults," she told him. "I hope you'll please excuse me."

"I'll do better than that! One of these days I'll tell you about the bones in the human foot and how truly extraordinary they are." He considered her quizzically for a moment. "There's not much hope of my getting over my rudeness—but you don't need to stay ignorant, you know!"

"No, I don't suppose I do," Jill said. She spoke with a certain blankness, for she had never thought of herself as an ignorant person.

"That coffee," the sculptor was exclaiming now. "I forgot it—"

Once more he was out of the room in mid-sentence, and Jill relaxed a little, for the first time beginning to find something entertaining in this experience. She glanced with interest around the room: its entire floor was carpeted in deep moss-green. There was a handsome table of gleaming dark wood, and there were any number of great, comfortable chairs, worn to a pleasing shabbiness. The thousands of books left little space for other ornaments on the

walls, but there was a single framed photograph between the two long, heavily-curtained windows. Jill shuffled across the room in the big, soft, house shoes and peered at the picture. It was familiar to her. She had seen other reproductions of Amory Forbes' most famous statue—the figure of a slim young girl abandoned to sorrow, her face buried in her hands, the very hands seeming stiff and tortured. Jill thought it was like looking at all the sadness in the world, not merely that of one young girl. It was, in a queer way, disturbing, making her feel that she, Jill Seaver, had some share in this sorrow, or could even be in some measure responsible for it. She did not want Amory Forbes to find her looking at the photograph, lest he should suspect these strange reflections that were going through her mind. She had regained her chair near the fire by the time he returned, carrying a huge, copper-handled tray. A moment later they were sitting on either side of the fireplace, solid blue mugs of steaming hot coffee in their hands.

"I'll tell you what you're thinking," he said, speaking with his customary abruptness. "I'm a pretty disagreeable sort of man, and you hope you never have to lay eyes on me again. But now that you're here, you might as well make the best of it—and anyhow the fire feels good, and you never tasted better coffee in your life."

Jill felt a warm tide of color flooding into her face.

"It isn't fair!"

"What isn't?"

"The way you try to embarrass a person!"

"I say what I feel like saying," he said.

She considered him sorrowfully. "I've figured something out about you! You don't want people to like you. That's what the whole trouble is!"

"I wasn't aware of any trouble," he assured her. "but you might put this theory of yours the other way on, while you're about it. . . . I don't want to like people!"

"Now there's no sense to that," Jill said.

"There's a morbid kind of sense." The sculptor put down his coffee mug and started knocking the ashes from an ancient brown pipe. "But before we go on with this odd little talk, we should know each other's names, don't you think?"

"I know your name!" Jill said in surprise. "Everyone in town knows who you are, Mr. Forbes—because you're a celebrity and always being mentioned in the papers."

"Is your name mentioned in them, too?"

"I'm Jill Seaver—and you know I'm never in the papers!" Jill said a bit stiffly.

"What's the matter?" He looked up in mild astonishment from the pipe bowl he had been reaming with a kitchen match. "Would being in the papers be important to you?"

Again she colored. "Who wouldn't want to be famous and rich, Mr. Forbes!"

"That's a point," he agreed. "Anyone who wasn't famous and rich would want to be famous and rich." He lost interest in the subject. "When can you pose for me, Jill?"

"I'm not going to pose for you!"

"Oh, yes, you are! But what is it? What rude, offensive thing have I said to you now?"

"It seems I must have given a very wrong impression, that's all. I'm not the sort of girl who—I mean," she went on, "I wouldn't take my—my clothes off no matter what you said about—bones—or anything else!"

"Jill! Who's asked you to take your blasted clothes off? Wait till you're hit before you scream next time, will you? I want you to pose for me looking just the way you did the minute I first saw you—with your hair wet and wild and that raincoat swept around you—"

"But I must have looked like nothing human—with my hair that way and my old raincoat!"





The sculptor sighed. "You express too many opinions on matters you know nothing about," he told her. "The fact is, you looked beautiful, and you looked—indomitable. You're going to pose for me, Jill, and I'm going to make something very good of it. Will tomorrow morning be all right?"

"No," she said, patiently, "I've got to look for a new job. How could I be doing anything crazy like posing when I've got to work for my living like anybody else?"

"Didn't you know that models get paid? It's work, my dear girl, and it's hard work! You'll get twice as much as you'd get anywhere else—I guarantee that—and you'll be here tomorrow at ten."

Having issued this firm instruction, her disquieting acquaintance waited for no assent from Jill, but strode out to the pantry with the coffee tray. She put on her shoes and stockings in discreet haste, and, by the time he came back to the room, she was ready to leave, the thin, bright raincoat over her arm. She refused his offer to drive her home, for she wanted to escape from him. Too many bewildering impressions had been crowded into too brief a time.

"The rain's stopped," she explained, "and I'd sort of like to walk anyway, Mr. Forbes."

"You should never walk! You should always run—on those slim, beautiful feet—with that wild, black hair streaming in the wind."

She looked at him, as she was often to look at him, in half-resentful doubt. She had no idea whether he was serious or not, and she was not able to find out at that moment. He had unlatched the door and was holding it open for her.

"Good-bye, Jill. Be sure you're on time tomorrow. I horsewhip a model who's late."

Returning home, she almost did fly in the way Amory Forbes had told her to. The evening was cool, and there was a freshness in the air. Overhead, the sky curved in clear, darkening blue, and on every side the gold and green leaves of elms and maples were bright and gleaming with the recent rain. The scene came to her eyes with almost startling vividness, as if it were foreign to her, for it seemed she had been gone from the house on Franklin Street for much longer than the scant hour that had actually passed.

Finding Freddy in the kitchen, she hugged him hard, as if she had returned from a long journey to discover him safe and not greatly changed. He was curiously docile, not resisting the embrace as was his custom. He considered her with a trace of apprehension in his expressive dark eyes.

"You get that junk back all right, Sis?"

She had a moment of bewilderment, for she had forgotten the camera and the binoculars. Recovering herself, she assumed an air of gravity.

"Yes. I saw Mr. Forbes. He isn't going to make any trouble about it, but that doesn't mean it wasn't an awful thing to do, Freddy. I was ashamed for you; I most certainly was."

He tugged at his ear with a grubby hand and came, then, to the important point. "You going to tell Dad?"

Her heart melted as she looked at him. There was a manly fiber in Freddy that would never permit any whining, any pleading approach. . . .



"No," she said, "not if you've learned your lesson. . . . I guess we brothers and sisters have got to stick together."

He grinned shyly at this foolish little expression that had served them as a rallying call ever since their mother had died. It had been able to make them feel at times like a whole army with banners.

It was not that either of them had ever been afraid of their father. Tom Seaver was, in general, a good-natured man. But in dealing with his son, he could never find a counterpart of himself, and that difference sometimes roused in him flashes of uneasiness, even of anger. He was more comfortable with Jill, accepting the fact that her feminine vagaries were incomprehensible to him, and he treated her with tolerance.

He came into the house shortly after Jill's own arrival. A stocky, fair-haired man in the mid-forties, he still had a certain boyishness about him. Quite often, to Jill, he seemed younger than Freddy. He was an able carpenter, and he earned a fair income for his household, but his sense of responsibility ended there. Sometimes Jill sensed the appeal he must have had for her mother, for there was something touching in the pleasure Tom Seaver took in his bowling alleys, his poker games with his cronies, his week-end fishing trips. "Like a big over-grown kid—" the neighbors would say of Tom Seaver. . . .

"Hi, you young 'uns!" he said. "I brought home a steak." He went to the kitchen sink to wash his hands. Then he reached for a paper towel, yanking a section from the roller. "It's a swell steak," he went on, "and I'm cooking it myself, Jill. You might fix us some potatoes."

"Yes," Jill said, "we have boiled ones left over. I'll hashbrown them with onions. You set the table, Freddy."

The three busied themselves about the kitchen. Tom Seaver was inordinately proud of the way he broiled a steak. When this particular sirloin was done to perfection, he served it with care while Jill removed the potatoes from the frying pan to the thick, white plates on the kitchen table. For dessert there was an apple pie from the corner bakery, and three great pieces of this pie were put on the table with the meat, together with the sizable glasses of milk they would drink with the meal. The little family was accustomed to dining without ceremony.

Jill, cutting the first succulent morsel of her sirloin, told the others about her opportunity to pose for Amory Forbes. Then she discovered her father staring at her indignantly, his knife and fork propped in his fists.

"I won't have it, Jill! No daughter of mine is going to be any kind of model or pin-up girl or any of that truck—and how did you meet this fellow Forbes in the first place?"

Jill sent Freddy a brief, reassuring glance before she answered her father. "Mr. Forbes saw me in my crazy old red raincoat and liked the way I looked for some peculiar reason. . . . Dad, it's *not* being a pin-up girl!"

"I think it would be all right for Jill."

It was Freddy who had spoken, and both his father and sister turned to stare at him.

"You'd know a lot about it," Tom Seaver said. "You'd be the one who'd know, of course."

Freddy was impervious to any irony. "A man like that Mr. Forbes, he wouldn't care about Jill. He'd just be thinking about the statue he was making."

"Where did you get all this about statues?" Tom Seaver demanded.

Freddy squirmed. "I saw some pictures in a book, I guess."

Jill looked at her father with quickening hope. "Anyway it's true, what Freddy says!"

"This is a new wrinkle, it seems to me. Freddy is now the great authority in this house."

"No, but you might trust me more than you do, Dad! I'm old enough not to get into any dumb situation. Being

a model would be just as respectable as being a bookkeeper if a girl had any sense!"

"Well, we'll see—" Tom Seaver said.

Jill looked demurely down at her plate. This comment from her father was a familiar one. It meant he had abandoned the field without conceding any defeat.

The meal was over a few minutes later. Tom Seaver left for the bowling alley, and Freddy hurried across the street to see his friend Dave Grannis. Jill, having allowed the dinner dishes to slip gracefully from her mind, went to her bedroom. For some time she considered her image in the mirror of the dressing table, even venturing a few poses that might captivate a sculptor, but in the end she was displeased by a certain self-satisfaction in the reflected face. She wrinkled a small, well-shaped nose. "Don't be an ape!" she told the girl in the mirror. . . .

She would have liked having the rest of the evening to herself. It would take some time to get used to the idea of being a model for Amory Forbes, the famous sculptor, instead of being merely an office worker and general handy woman in Cleveland & Sons. This was a giant step to take, and one that needed reflection. She was not altogether pleased to hear the doorbell ringing in the dash-and-dot code that signaled the arrival of Dan Corbett. But she went to the door and swung it open.

"Hi, Dan," she said.

"Hi!" he said. "How's Miss J. Seaver?"

"Swell," she told him, and stood aside for him to come in.

Although their farewells were sometimes ardent, they had not reached the point of being anything but casual in their greetings. In Jill's circle, a situation like this was likely to build itself slowly—dates piling on dates like bits of coral forming a reef. It would become a matter of common knowledge that a boy and girl were 'going together,' and this would place a certain obligation upon the boy. There would seldom be a dramatic proposal of marriage. In the course of time the mention of marriage would come into some conversation, naturally, as of something long known and accepted by both.

Jill, more or less aware of this convention, was not wholly pleased with it. Something stirred in her blood that wanted the distant beat of horses' hoofs and a stranger sweeping in from some far horizon.

Dan himself had no share in this restlessness. He liked being a radio-and-television repairman. He had a wonderful hand with any kind of mechanism and, in tending an ailing one, all the fervor of a young doctor in a sickroom. To have a wife as gay and beautiful as Jill and perhaps one or two children and plenty of radio and television sets to repair was all Dan Corbett would ever ask in this world. Nor would he ever have any tremendous interest in other people and their occupations, their problems and sorrows and joys. Dan believed that everyone needed simply to look after himself.

"I can't stay long," he was announcing. "I promised to go over to a place in Jackson Terrace. It seems the storm kicked up some kind of trouble with their aerial. But how about your driving over with me?"

"Not tonight, Dan! I've got to wash my hair and set it. That's something I've positively got to do."

Jill went on to explain about the new job she had been offered. She had not thought Dan would be pleased, but she was unprepared for so much anger from him.

"Say, who does he think you are, that Forbes! Doesn't he know you're a nice, respectable girl?"

"Certainly he does! And for your information, I'm going to be completely dressed when I do my posing for him. But that's something you should have taken for granted, knowing me as you do."

Dan was still shouting. "You'll start by being completely dressed, and then—who knows!"



Jill sighed. She said nothing about the raincoat because she knew Dan would not believe that for one minute. Curiously enough, she forgot that she herself had rejected the sculptor's proposal with the same suspicion Dan was displaying now. It even seemed to her that Dan was being rather dense.

"One thing—" Dan said, "leading to another! That's how a fellow like this would figure it!"

Jill shook her head in despair. "Dan, I'm afraid you're rather ignorant when it comes to people like sculptors."

"So all right. I'm ignorant! But what does your father say? Have you told *him* about this?"

"Yes," said Jill, with dignity, "and he seems to have more faith in me than you have, as it happens. I must say you're treating me as if I were a girl without much character."

Guilelessly, Dan had allowed himself to be put on the defensive. "I think you've got a lot of character! Now, you know that's what I think, Jill."

Jill followed her sound feminine instinct and became hurt. "It certainly doesn't look like it! I'm surprised at you, Dan. This whole attitude of yours is nothing less than insulting."

"I wasn't saying a thing in the world against *you*!" Dan said. "It was Forbes I was talking about!"

"In a roundabout way, though, you were taking a crack at me."

"No," he said, disconsolately, "I don't even know how this got started."

Jill softened, at once. "It was partly my fault," she assured him. "It's been a pretty mixed-up day for me."

"That could be," he admitted, "but do you want to know what I think, Jill? I think you take things too hard. Everything that comes along, you've got to take hard. That's you, Jill."

She was in no mood to argue the point, and she was relieved when, at last, she could close the door on Dan Corbett. She washed her hair and set it carefully with bobby pins. Then she manicured her nails, painting them the firecracker red a salesgirl had advised for persons with black hair. But when these tasks were done, she became increasingly restless. She would pick up a magazine, only to toss it down in a minute or so and start wandering aimlessly about the room. Even after her father and Freddy had come home and the Seaver family was settled down for the night, Jill lay awake, her mind racing toward the future. For it seemed her new career must lead to impressive changes in her life, although she could give these changes neither color nor form, and in the end they merged into the bright and shifting pattern of her dreams. Jill slept, a light breeze coming through the bedroom window to touch her dark hair and her smooth, young cheek.

## CHAPTER 3

"Your hair's all wrong!" Amory Forbes sent a scowling glance at Jill's soft curls. "I told you I wanted it the way it was yesterday."

"I didn't think you were serious," Jill said calmly.

"See here, Jill Seaver! Are you going to fight this thing every inch of the way?"

"But you know I'm not, Mr. Forbes!—Once in a while I might have an opinion, I should think."

"Then have it in silence," he murmured, turning to his sketch pad and pencils. "Are you ready for work now?"

"Yes. . . . Do I go over and stand on that thing?"

"The model's throne! Give it a name. Give everything a name."

"In silence," Jill said, demurely.

He grinned a little as he waved her to the throne. Their work was to begin, then, in good earnest.

The sculptor decided Jill was to pose stepping forward, her head high, her hands a little extended, as if she were poised for flight. It seemed to her, however, that he was a hard man to please. He kept stepping back to scowl at her; and, when she had not carried out an order exactly, he came forward to tap at her wrist, her elbow, her knee, as if she were some inanimate object to yield to his quick, authoritative touch. Dan Corbett, she thought, would have said Amory was 'pawing' her, because Dan could not have imagined a man's touching her and not becoming warm and confused about it. But some instinct informed her that Amory Forbes was not the same man in his studio that he might be in his living room. In the movies, she had seen surgeons who were about to operate behaving very much as Amory was behaving now.

She looked at him in despair. "It's making me nervous! I've never posed for anyone before. I don't feel natural. I'm all queer and stiff."

"Then try to get the feeling yourself," he said, after a moment's reflection. "You know who you are, don't you? You're a girl in a storm and not afraid of it. There's something you've got to do, and no storm's going to stop you. Let the thunder crash in your ears—let the lightning hit you! What do you care? You're going right ahead!"

"Sure I am!" she said.

"That's it!" he told her. "Now hold that."

Jill laughed aloud. "My goodness, isn't it exciting? I can almost feel the rain in my face!"

"Stop talking," he said. "Who told you to talk?"

"I was just saying—"

"Stop it!"

"All right," said Jill.

She stole a glance at him. He was sitting on the straight-backed chair, sketching rapidly, his sketch pad propped on a drawing board. For some minutes there was no sound in the room but the swift, sure stroke of pencil on paper. It was strange, Jill thought, that she was going to be paid for standing here like this, doing nothing whatever. Then she shifted her weight a bit. He roared at her.

"What did you do that for? I was just getting that knee!"

"But a person gets tired," she reminded him on a reasonable note. "Aren't you ever going to let me have a little rest?"

"Not after fifteen seconds of posing," he told her and put down his sketch pad. "Now I suppose we'd better have this out, once and for all. Jill, you're a young woman of vitality and charm. You're accustomed to getting your own way with men. I'm not saying there's any too much planning and scheming about it. Instinctively you laugh at the right time or lift your eyelashes or some other fool thing. Tell a man you need a 'little rest' and he'll fall all over himself to bring you silk cushions and a cold drink."

"No!" Jill said. "That's not true! I don't expect cold drinks and silk cushions! I just asked you—"

"Wait a minute! I told you there was nothing conscious about this—and what's more, you'd be quite within your rights in making a nuisance of yourself, under any normal circumstances. A woman who doesn't put a few hurdles in a man's way isn't worth her tea and biscuits as a woman." He considered her, then, with the scowl that was becoming so familiar to her. "But put those instincts



in the deep freeze, will you, Jill? In this studio, I'm not a man; I'm a sculptor—and you're not a woman; you're a model. We've got a job to do; let's do it."

Jill nodded and from that moment was possessed by a desire to prove her caliber. She stood with one foot planted before the other until she felt her knees trembling and both feet turning to sand. Meanwhile, some invisible imp seemed to be touching the nape of her neck with a feather as delicate and infuriating as a cobweb. . . .

"Not bad!" he informed her at last. "Take a break now."

She relaxed and began to saunter happily about the room, nursing the back of her neck with her hand. He was continuing to sketch, and, venturing to glance over his shoulder, she was startled to find that he had filled a whole page with mere indications of a figure. She stared at the soft black pencil-strokes, trying to relate these angles and curves to shoulder and hip and the long line of a thigh.

"It's not even a picture!" she cried in amazement.

"No," he said, "but it's a statue in my mind—rested enough?"

She answered with dignity. "I don't have to be pampered, Mr. Forbes."

She posed for a long time without respite, but toward noon he suggested breaking off for lunch. They were served delicious food in the dining room by a colored houseboy named Dennis. Luncheon over, Amory had coffee in the living room, while Jill, who wanted no coffee, made her first timid exploration of the sculptor's records

and books and lingered, marveling, over the great albums of Brahms, Bach and Beethoven.

"Does serious music appeal to you?" Amory asked.

"I don't know anything about it—but my mother did!" Jill added, with a certain pride. "I can even remember her telling me about concerts she'd gone to. . . . If my mother had lived, I think I'd know more about all kinds of things."

"You've time ahead," he pointed out. "Your life is scarcely drawing to a close, is it?"

"No, I don't suppose it is." She hesitated a moment. "But it isn't only music I don't know about, Mr. Forbes! To tell you the truth, I could read more than I do."

He waved a casual hand toward the crowded shelves. "Borrow any of my books you like," he said.

She thanked him. "Of course—" she said, "I'd be very careful of any book you lent me! I'd put a brown paper wrapper around it."

She walked the length of the bookshelves, running a tentative hand over the bindings of Kipling and Conrad, Lawrence and Mann. In the end she pulled out Willa Cather's "My Antonia," and the sculptor craned his neck in order to observe her choice.

"You might like Antonia," he said. "There's something about her that reminds me of you, now that I come to think of it—But what's hit you?" he added in surprise.

Jill was staring at the inscription on the flyleaf. "It says, TO AMORY FROM HIS LOVING WIFE!"

"Well—?"

"I didn't even know you were married!"





"I was married a long time ago, and it was all over a long time ago."

"I'm sorry," Jill said.

"There's no need to be sorry—if that's anything more than a conventional remark."

"I don't know how to make conventional remarks," Jill said, simply. "I meant it was too bad if things didn't work out in your marriage. It would be the saddest thing that could happen to a person. I should think."

He frowned. "For an artist, it may be the most fortunate thing! An artist needs to be in love with his work—absorbed in it—devoted to it. You'll be making a mistake if you waste any sympathy on me!"

She sent him a covert little glance, wondering why he was so vehement. It was curious, too, that he should remind her of Freddy in one of his more difficult moods. . . .

"I think your coffee must be stone cold," she observed, aloud. "Could I get you some more from the kitchen?"

He sipped from his cup. "It is cold! But just pull that bell cord, will you? Dennis can do it."

Jill pulled the cord and turned back to the sculptor with a pleased smile.

"I've seen people do that in the movies! I never thought I'd be doing such a thing myself!"

"You're a nice child," he said, his eyes warming. "We're going to get along, I think. . . . You won't mind when I have one of my grouchy fits."

Jill shook her head. "I'll know it's part of being an artist," she told him.

She passed the rest of her first day without incident and was dismissed rather early in the afternoon. At home, with ginger snaps and a bottle of root beer at hand, she settled down to read the Cather novel. She liked Antonia, and was absorbed in her adventures until it was time to get dinner for the family.

Over the meal, there was but fleeting reference to her new career, for both her father and Freddy were too ravenous to be in a mood for conversation. But Dan was interested. On his arrival, soon after she had finished her dinner, he could scarcely wait to hear what had happened to her.

"Now, there's nothing to worry about!" Jill informed him. "Mr. Forbes was more wonderful to me than you could ever imagine. . . . I even had lunch at his house! He's got a colored man who cooks for him and waits on table and everything. Dennis, his name is. He wears a white coat, all clean and starched. It was snappy as could be! I felt like the Queen of Siam, I honestly did, Dan."

"I'll bet!" Dan said.

It surprised her to find that he felt no rancor toward Amory Forbes for having Dennis in his employ.

"A guy like that is born to it, and he's used to it, and it's a matter of course," said Dan. "but having lunch in a place like that, and then coming home and having supper in the kitchen—well, this is going to make you a pretty mixed-up girl. Jill, I'm telling you!"

"You think I haven't a head on my shoulders!" she cried in reproach. "You never give me enough credit!"

It was a relief when Dan was willing at last to dismiss the subject and suggested a drive down to the Fountain on Main Street. For the rest of the evening they spoke only of matters they had in common and laughed over their own well-worn old jokes. By the time they said good night, the little bad moment between them had been altogether forgotten.

In the subsequent weeks, however, there were to be other bad moments. Amory, satisfied with his sketches, was hard at work on the statue itself. Jill, meanwhile, had begun to take an ever-deepening interest not only in Amory's work, but in the whole new world he was opening to her. It was inevitable that Dan should become more suspicious

of the sculptor, even jealous of him, and yet she could not explain how foolish this was because she could not have gone on, then, to the further truth. She could not tell Dan that, when she went to sleep at night, she was not spinning dreams about the homely-featured Amory, any more than she was spinning dreams about Dan himself. She was beginning to believe there was some man waiting for her, a stranger who was just around the corner. That man was surely to become part of her life.

Amory, knowing nothing of this individual in the shadows, was taking a sympathetic interest in Dan Corbett. He spoke of him one day after luncheon when he and Jill were sitting before the fire in the living room.

"I haven't heard you mention your television friend lately, Jill. You haven't had a spat with him, have you?"

For a moment Jill watched the sparks flash from a crumbling log. "No—not a spat—but Dan Corbett can be pretty difficult in some ways!"

"Sure it's Dan? You belong to the difficult sex!"

She turned in astonishment. "Why do you take Dan's side? You don't even know him!"

"Masculine solidarity, I suppose. Then, I rather suspect Dan's been having it a bit rough. Have you been telling him about Beethoven's Seventh?"

"I've been telling him some of the things you've told me about music and books and art," Jill admitted, "but why wouldn't he want to know about those things too? Don't you think Dan should want to elevate himself?"

"I think it would have to be his own idea."

She considered this statement. "I'm not showing off to Dan," she said slowly. "I hope you don't think I'd do that! But sometimes it's just as if we were three million miles away from each other. Sitting side by side on the sofa in my house, but millions of miles apart. I don't know how to explain that feeling."

"It's a feeling everyone knows," Amory said.

"Yes—" Jill said, her dark eyes softening, "and I've been talking too much about my own dumb little affairs!"

He smiled faintly. "I know what's in your mind. You're remembering what I told you about my marriage and you're feeling troubled about me. . . . There's no reason for it, Jill! That marriage didn't last long enough to have any importance. My wife left me three months after our wedding day."

Jill, staring at him, felt a quick surge of anger against this unknown wife of his. It seemed to her that Amory, with his stormy gray eyes and his endearing, lopsided grin, was not a man any woman could find tiresome after three short months.

"She must have been clean out of her mind!"

Amory shook his head. "I'm not sure I blame her, now I've a better perspective on the whole thing. I was at the bottom of the ladder at the time—I couldn't give her any of the little luxuries a woman craves—and I refused to give up my studio for a job in a broker's office. When the oil man from Texas came along—a hefty character in a Stetson—I wasn't much of a match for him. I had a pig-headed belief in myself—but he had oil wells."

"It hurt you more than you'll admit! It left a mark on you—Amory, I hate her for it!"

"Elinor had her good points—" the sculptor said. "I can't hate a woman for not being in love with me. I'd have to hate a lot of women, Jill!—But that's enough of this gab-fest," he concluded with some abruptness. "We'd better get back to the studio."

Jill said no more, but she was pleased to think that Amory had been ready to confide in her and to intimate in this way that he considered her a friend.

In general, Amory seemed to reject any offers of friendship that came his way. He led the life of a recluse. Save for solitary rambles in the hills, he seldom left the house on Orchard Road, and, in all these weeks with him,



Jill had never known him to have a visitor. Therefore it was almost startling when a knock came on the studio door one afternoon, and the sculptor opened the door to a slender, blonde young woman, wrapped in dark mink.

"Amory, let me in! Don't growl!" this visitor said and flashed a smile at Jill. "I'm Clare Edmonds! Amory would never bother to introduce us, you know, because he doesn't want me around in the first place—" Then she wheeled to contemplate the statue. "Amory, it's going to be simply tremendous! It won't be in the same class with SORROW—nothing could be!—but it will be tremendous in its own way."

"You didn't come over here to give me your inspired views on art." Amory was looking at his lovely caller without pleasure. "You came to nag me about your blasted party."

"I certainly did! You as good as hung up on me!"

"You know what I think of parties, Clare."

Mrs. Edmonds had stripped off her gloves. Now she was gesturing with little white hands that glittered with emeralds and diamonds. Jill observed her with awe. She had read of Mrs. Edmonds' parties in the newspapers. She knew the visitor was the widow of John Edmonds, who had been a banker of great affluence, and that she lived in the old Edmonds mansion, on a hill looking down on the whole town of Cramerton. It was astonishing that Amory should treat such a person as if she were a tiresome child. The white hands were clasped together now in a touching little gesture of despair.

"Amory, I've got to have you! I need a celebrity, for one thing—" She dismissed the thought, and went on in a voice that was oddly humble. "My parties are all I have, you know."

Jill saw a dull red creep into the sculptor's face, as if he were aware of some almost shameful responsibility for Clare and her parties.

"I'll come in for a few minutes," he said brusquely.

She was gay again. "I knew I could count on you, darling! I *knew* it!" She stood on tiptoe and gave Amory a light kiss. She smiled at Jill and waved as if Jill were on the other side of a wide street. Then she was gone. . . .

"Isn't she beautiful!" Jill breathed.

Amory stepped back to consider his clay figure and approached to gouge and pummel it in the fierce way that had become familiar to Jill.

"Your first whiff of the country club—" he observed, "and you turn pale with delight!"

"Is everyone in the country club like Mrs. Edmonds?"

"I suppose not—" he said with a frown. "That was a manner of speaking—"

Jill had become sensitive to Amory's need for silence. There were times when he would leave a remark hanging in the air like a sigh. He would retire into some mysterious inner room and almost cruelly close the door. In this instance, Jill was left to ponder over something puzzling in the relationship between Amory and that effervescent little woman with the misty gray-blue eyes.

On her way home that day her head was full of Mrs. Edmonds and her parties. She summoned up the soft lights, the champagne and music, the white shirt fronts of the men and the lovely floating dresses of the women. It almost seemed, because of her growing closeness to Amory, that she might dare to place herself in such a scene. . . . But this vision of the future faded as she reached the worn porch steps of the house on Franklin Street. She could hear the telephone ringing with that curiously angry insistence of an unanswered telephone. She fumbled for the key in her bag, unlocked the door and hurried into the house.

The call was from the principal of Freddy's school.

"If it is possible, Miss Seaver, I should like you to come to my office at once," he said.

# CHAPTER 4

Calvin Aldrich came around his desk and extended his hand.

"Miss Seaver, this is kind of you," he said.

Jill looked with some misgiving at this plump, fair-haired man with his rosy cheeks bulging like two firm peaches. She was more than a little disconcerted by his excessive courtesy—associating it with doom in one form or another.

"Has anything happened to my brother?" she asked him quickly.

He waved her to the chair by the desk. "Nothing ever happens to your brother," he told her with a rather enigmatic smile, "but with your brother in the school, anything at all could happen to us!"

"Oh!" said Jill. "I'll bet he's broken something again!"

"Merely a rule—but since a school is made up of rules, that becomes a matter of importance. . . . It is curious," Mr. Aldrich went on, "that we never have these difficulties with the other children."

"They don't seem like such angels to me!" Jill put in cautiously.

"No—but in their case it is possible to get to the root of any trouble they may have. Maladjustment—slow-wittedness—a twisted moral sense. There is *something* to lay hold of! But not in your brother's case." The principal frowned. "Today, for example, he simply failed to show up for his geography lesson. Our coach, Mr. Philipps, caught him calmly walking out of the yard—and with no excuse for it! That's the baffling thing, Miss Seaver."

"I'll give him a good talking-to!" Jill promised.

Mr. Aldrich shook his head. "Talking doesn't seem to do any good. Freddy is becoming too much of a problem, I'm afraid, for any ordinary school to handle. However, there are schools specializing in these problem children—"

"No!" Jill cried, imploringly. "Give him one more chance!"

Mr. Aldrich tapped his rosy cheek with a plump finger tip. Each time he had interviewed Freddy Seaver's sister, he had come out at the losing end, and it was plain he was making a mighty effort now to stand firm.

"We've given the boy too many chances! He's never shown the slightest sign of improvement."

"Maybe that's because he hasn't a mother!" Jill said promptly. "All these kids with mothers have more of a break, don't you think, Mr. Aldrich? But I'll do the very best I can with this whole situation!"

The principal allowed his gaze to rest for a moment on Jill's pleading dark eyes, her softly parted lips. From his point of view, it was a mistake for him to do so.

"We'll try it one more time," he assented with a sigh. . . .

It was a different Jill who confronted her young brother an hour later.

"I wonder if you know what it makes me feel like, Mr. Frederick William Seaver! I just wonder! Practically down on my knees, begging and imploring Mr. Aldrich not



to kick you right into a penitentiary for crazy kids like you!"

"Aw, old Patty-Face Aldrich—" Freddy said.

"That's not respectful!"

"All the kids call him Old Patty-Face."

"Well, never mind! The point is, what am I going to do about you? Why haven't you got any sense. I'd like to know?"

Freddy sent his sister a brief glance, a hint of perplexity in his own dark eyes. Then he went on drawing idly. Strange impressionistic pictures of both Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Phillipps shaped themselves on the rather grubby page of Freddy's notebook.

"Stop that doodling and listen to me!" cried Jill, ready to burst into tears. "Tell me why you ditched your geography!"

"I don't like geography and I don't like the teacher. That's Miss Patterson. She hasn't got enough of a neck."

"You get in a state about the battiest things—" Jill began and then dismissed the matter of Miss Patterson and her neck. "Anyhow I'll have to tell Dad about it, Freddy."

"He'll blow his top," Freddy said, gloomily.

"And whose fault will that be?" Jill demanded.

However, it was Jill who decided in the end that her father was not to be taken into her confidence.

Tom Seaver, having dropped into a tavern for a few beers, had come home in a jaunty mood. She addressed him with a certain hesitation.

"Dad, there's something I've got to discuss with you—"

"Wait a minute!" he cut in, looking injured. "If there's been some trouble about Freddy, I can skip it. I want my dinner, Jill, and I want a nice, quiet evening with the paper and the fights on TV. A man puts in a hard day, why, he doesn't want to come home and referee a lot of wrangling going on with his kids. Now you're old enough to understand that, Jill."

She turned away, feeling a little sore at heart. It had been more and more distressing, during the past few years, to see her father edging away from his responsibilities, but not until this moment had she taken reluctant measure of his weakness. She heard her young brother coming down the stairs, and she went into the hall for a brief word with him.

"We're on our own," she said.

The boy looked at her seriously and nodded as if he were aware of some significant import behind the words. She slipped her hand over his thin shoulder and tightened her hold a bit.

"But be reasonable," she added. "Try to pitch in and behave better, will you, Freddy?"

He gave her his slow, sweet smile. "I promise, Jill; I promise!" he said. . . .

That evening marked the beginning of a difficult period in Jill Seaver's life. It was not only her concern about her brother that was a weight upon her spirit. As Amory's work on the statue neared conclusion, she was compelled to look ahead, half in dread, to the day not far distant when Amory would have no more need of her. There were moments when she found herself sinking into the most abysmal depression. It seemed that the door to a new world was to be closed against her before she had had a chance to walk over the threshold. *If I'd never known Amory!* she would cry in her despairing heart. *If I'd never met Mrs. Edmonds!* *If I'd simply gone on working at Cleveland's and having dates with Dan—!* But she knew that no one had ever been able to put back the hands of the clock. . . . Heedless of her own more sensible and sobering reflections, she had begun to identify herself with the world that embraced Orchard Road and the country club area and the high hill beyond, where Clare Edmonds lived in a

mansion shining with lights. . . . Frequently Jill, leaving Amory's studio, would go home by a roundabout way, walking slowly past the more imposing residences of the town, wistfully taking little glimpses of the great houses beyond the high wrought-iron gates. . . . She knew now that even Amory could not be considered a rich man if one were to compare him with some of these others.

The names discreetly posted by the gates were by no means unfamiliar to her. These names—Peyton and Fairweather, Driscoll and Charters—belonged to those glittering beings whose lives were chronicled in the press. A girl like Jill could know almost as much as they themselves did about their debuts and engagements, their marriages and divorces, their balls and dinner parties, their trips to Europe or Florida. But they moved, for a girl like Jill, in some rarefied atmosphere, unlike anything she could imagine on Franklin Street. It was not possible to think of these exciting people discommoded by illness or boredom or sadness, by unrequited love, by uncertainty or vexation of any kind.

When she saw Roger Peyton and Lois Ingram getting out of a gleaming blue convertible late one chill afternoon, she recognized them at once. Young Peyton was the heir to Cramerton's great paper mill, and Lois Ingram was the girl with whom his name had been linked most frequently. They were going toward the Ingrams' gate. Neither of them would have noticed Jill if Roger had not dropped a thick white sweater he had slung over one shoulder and if Jill had not darted forward impetuously to pick it up. They turned as she shouted after them. "Hey!" Jill shouted.

Roger walked back at once. He was a lithe young man of twenty-five with dark hair as soft as silken plush and hazel eyes that were bright with laughter. He accepted the sweater from Jill with the grace of a young prince, and in the little act his hand briefly brushed against hers. It may have been his touch or it may have been the quick, masculine admiration in his smiling eyes that sent a warm, sweet tide of color flooding Jill's face. She could not speak for a moment, so conscious was she of the attraction between this young man and herself, instant and electric.

"It was good of you to rescue my old sweater," he was saying easily. "My mother knitted it for me with her own hands. I'd have been cut out of her will if I'd lost it."

"I can see it was done by hand!" Jill assured him.

They both looked with immense interest at the white sweater, the bond between them, and the only bond. Possibly one or the other might have found something further to say about it, had not the girl at the gate called out in playful petulance.

"Rog, I'm freezing!"

The young man smiled at Jill again and took leave of her with evident reluctance. Jill herself went primly enough along her way, but she felt bathed in a warm, delicious weakness, like some natural element she had never before encountered. . . . "*I fell in love!*" she told herself in awe and searched her memory for words she had read somewhere. . . . *Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?* . . . That was true, she thought in a daze, and in the next instant made a firm effort to amend the thought. She had met the man whom it would be possible for her to love.

Still, this sensible reflection had not changed the atmosphere which lent the town of Cramerton a new and magical quality. At any moment Roger Peyton might come strolling around a corner or might turn from a drug-store soda fountain. Her heart, ignoring any patient reasoning from her head, awaited that moment with its own senseless intensity.

"Now what's happened to you?" Amory demanded on her arrival one morning. "You look as if you'd swallowed an electric light."

"Does it show?" As she studied him, Jill's astonish-



ment gave way to concern. "But something must have gone wrong! Amory! Something's wrong with the statue—?"

He shook his head. "The statue is finished," he said shortly.

She considered him for a moment, her dark eyes puzzled, and turned to face the statue, that radiant girl moving forward so bravely.

"It won't look very different to you from the way it did yesterday," he went on to explain, "but I got up at five this morning and gave it a little slap here and there—and somehow that was it. you see. . . . It's finished."

Saying this, he made a queer little gesture of dismissal. She was silent for a few moments, sharing his pride in the statue and sharing, too, a heartbreaking sense of loss. Then she smiled and touched the sleeve of his shabby tweed coat.

"Coffee, Amory!"

"I could do with some coffee, at that," he admitted, grumbling. . . .

In the living room some minutes later she ventured to speak again about his work.

"Amory, what happens next?"

"To THE INDOMITABLE? It has to be cast, as I've explained to you—and now there's a new idea that's cropped up, but I don't know whether I'm keen about it." He reached for his blue mug and sipped the strong black coffee as he sent a scowling glance into the fire. "A well-known art critic named Norris Granville came to the studio last night and saw the statue."

"Oh! Did he like it?"

"Yes. He was trying to persuade me to enter it in a contest. It's a contest on a very high level, he assures me. The winning statue is to be given the place of honor in the lobby of a new modern-art museum in Washington."

"Why, Amory!"

"Don't 'Why, Amory' me!" Amory snapped. "This whole thing makes me feel like Mr. America, in purple tights."

"Now that's just being silly!"

"I suppose so," he said, with a glum nod. "Praxiteles himself might be entering this contest if he were still around."

"Who's *he*?"

"Praxiteles? He was a sculptor!—Jill, you'd better read up on the Golden Age."

"The twenties were the golden age of jazz, and that's all I know. . . . There isn't any *point* in my knowing anything!" Jill went on in sudden despair. "Who'd I talk about the Golden Age to?"

"You've no need to talk about it!" he said impatiently. "You should learn about these things for your own satisfaction."

"But the trouble is, I haven't any *taste*! You've told me that about a thousand times, I guess."

"It's slovenly to exaggerate. I've told you three times to the best of my recollection."

"All right! Three times. Anyway, you've told me!"

"I've also told you that no one has innate taste. It's something that has to be acquired."

"That doesn't help me one least bit." She looked at him miserably. "When I'm away from you, there's no one to say what kind of taste I'm acquiring!"

"Now you're making it personal because you're a woman," he said. "If you had more sense, you'd know there were courses of study open to you right in this town! Furthermore, you could take a trip to New York occasionally and visit the art galleries and museums. Some people have a valid excuse for ignorance, but I don't think you have," he went on in a gentler tone. "The fact is, you have a great longing for beauty in your life—and *that* was the thing that was born in you!"

Jill thought wistfully of the smiling young man whose sweater she had rescued from the sidewalk and voiced the essence of this thought without conscious volition.

"Knowing about Picasso and Beethoven and everybody wouldn't be *enough*!"

Amory stared at her. "Now what do you mean by that extraordinary statement?"

"I mean I'd like to be a lady!" she blurted out.

"A lady!"

"Don't you dare laugh at me!"

"I couldn't! I'm too—stupefied."

"I *know* it's idiotic!" she said, angrily. "I know I live in a shack on Franklin Street, and I know I haven't any money—"

"'Money!' What's *money* got to do with it?—But wait a minute! Before we go on, Jill, let's change that word 'lady' and say you want to be a 'gentlewoman.' It's the same thing, but it says more and it means precisely what it says. A woman should be gentle in the way she speaks and acts and in the way she considers other people. That's what it amounts to. It doesn't make any difference if she has three million dollars—or thirty dollars—or three. It's what she *is*. It's a state of being—and have I got that through your head?"

"I don't know," Jill said, looking at him helplessly. "I still don't know how to speak or act or anything else—gentle or not gentle!"

"I'll say something for the record," he observed, after a moment. "You know how to bring warmth into a cold room, Jill—and I've met a lot of well-born women who couldn't do that. In fact, they've made it a damn' sight colder!"

"I know you're trying to spare my feelings—and I appreciate it," Jill said slowly. "Just the same, I want to ask you one question, and have you answer it—honestly."

"I will," he promised. "What's the question?"

Jill drew a long breath. "Amory, if a man wanted to marry a girl who was a 'gentlewoman'—well, *I* wouldn't be the girl for him, would I?"

"What's this about?" asked Amory, looking extremely startled. "What's happened to Dan Corbett? Has he been sidetracked altogether?"

"Dan hasn't anything to do with it."

"I gathered as much! But to answer this interesting question of yours—yes, I'll admit you could be planed down here and there. That shouldn't be any monumental problem. You've always been quick enough to grasp a point, you know."

Suddenly Jill's eyes were glowing. "Then you could teach me!"

"Now hold on a minute—"

"Amory! You know all these things I need to know! You could educate me right from scratch!"

"I could abandon my career," he said with a wry grin, "and start a school for young ladies."

"You wouldn't have to do that!" she assured him. "I could simply go on working for you, don't you see? I could model for you when you needed a model, and I could handle all your mail for you—you'll have stacks of mail when your statue wins the prize!—and I could cook lunch for you, too, because Dennis has been wanting more time off, don't you remember?—But please, *please* let me stay!" she went on, in breathless eagerness. "I'll take everything you want to dish out. I promise you! You can be as mean as you like! I'll learn and I'll learn and I'll learn!"

He had let his pipe go out as he stared at her, and, when he spoke at last, he was smiling. "You are as irresistible, Jill Seaver, as the incoming tide."

She jumped to her feet.

"Then it's all set?"

"Sit down. You almost knocked over the coffee tray. But—yes," said Amory. "It's all set."





# CHAPTER

Jill had admired Amory's kitchen in a rather detached fashion, bringing to it none of the peculiar enthusiasm of the born cook. Considering it as her own domain, she found the room pleasant enough, with the sunlight pouring through its wide windows, striking bright gleams from its steel and enamel. Dennis kept the shelves of his cupboards and his refrigerator stacked with ingredients for his familiar dishes and for his occasional brilliant innovations. Jill, about to prepare her first noontime meal in this house, let her eyes rove over the kitchen stores until they fell on a can of beans, several ripe tomatoes, and a fresh loaf of sliced white bread. She selected these objects with the comfortable feeling of one who has met old friends.

Amory was startled when she called him to the dining room.

"So soon?" he asked.

"There's nothing to getting lunch!" Jill assured him. "You wouldn't expect me to be a real professional chef like Dennis!"

Amory stared at the table. "I'd expect better than this!"

"Why—?" she asked, blankly. "What's the matter with it?"

"The matter with it! Do you want me to tell you? It's an affront nothing short of appalling! —To the eye—to the esthetic sense—and to any feeling for gastronomic adventure that a man might have."

"In plain English!" she demanded. "In plain English!"

"All right, you'll have it in plain English! Look at those crooked table mats! Silver at all angles! And the food! Dear, merciful Escoffier, the food! A stack of bread and a bowl of beans and *sugar* on the tomatoes!" He calmed himself and took her by the hand. "Now back to the kitchen, my child! I'll show you how to make an omelet and how to mix a salad."

"You?" cried Jill.

"Cooking's an art," he reminded her, "and I'm an artist."

From this initial lesson, they moved on with increasing zeal. Amory himself was taking almost as much interest in the remodeling of Jill Seaver as he would have taken in a statue short of perfection. He discoursed on the arts, leading her to her first exciting comprehension of harmony and tone color in music, of sweep and clarity in writing, of composition and power in painting and sculpture. Leaving these exalted realms, he would speak plainly enough of her own lapses in conduct and taste. When she gave a careless 'yeah' to a question of his, he would point out the pleasing precision of the word 'yes.' When he found her throwing herself into a chair and draping her slender legs over the arm of it, he would dwell at some length on the courtesy due the beholder's eye, and in time she learned how to seat herself properly, her back erect, her small feet side by side on the floor. He was caustic, moreover, about her headlong manner of entering a room and her zestful way of gnawing an apple while she was conversing with someone on the telephone.

She accepted these instructions and many more from

Amory with wholehearted gratitude and enthusiasm. Yet even now, in spite of their growing affection for each other, there were areas of reticence between them. She had never spoken of her encounter with Roger Peyton or of the sweet, persistent conviction that she would encounter him again. Though the thought of Roger's approval gave her efforts an added impetus, it was difficult to confide it to Amory, who spoke so often about "the accomplishment in itself," as he called it. Whenever she expressed any anxiety about the museum contest, he reminded her that the statue itself was important, not prizes for it and not even other people's opinions about it. Remembering these comments, she was sure he felt she should be a lady-in-herself, without a thought of what any man would think of her.

Therefore, on this matter she kept her own counsel, convinced that a second meeting with Roger Peyton would almost inevitably occur in a town as small as Cramerton.

Meanwhile there was enough work to be done for Amory. As the days passed, Dennis became more and more willing to put the household reins in Jill's hands. There were shocking facts to be discovered. Amory, himself, would be the last person to know or care that there were only three sheets, torn ones, left in his linen closet—or that a landscape gardener had presented a bill for supplies actually ordered and received by a man named Forbes on the other side of town. It gave Jill pleasure to handle such matters in secret and with gathering competence, for Amory would become short-tempered when asked to cope with any problems of a practical nature.

His temper in general had been so bland that Jill had almost forgotten the dark and unpredictable demons that were always lying in wait for the sculptor. A bad day came without warning. Jill had arrived at the house on Orchard Road with a store of questions to ask Amory about a book she had read the night before. It was disappointing to find she was not likely to have one of her customary chats with him over eleven o'clock coffee.

"Mr. Forbes struck out early for one of his walks in the hills," Dennis reported, his brow puckered in concern. "Didn't say when he was coming home. Didn't say nothin'! Mr. Forbes, he was in one of his mean spells, Miss."

"Has anything happened?" she asked. "I mean, anything to upset Mr. Forbes?"

Dennis spoke somberly out of his more intimate knowledge of their employer.

"No, Miss. There don't need to be nothin' happen. Seems like all the mis'ry in this whole worl' can hit Mr. Forbes like it was clean out of the blue sky. No happen about it!"

"Never mind, Dennis," Jill said with dignity. "We must remember this is all part of being an artist."

She assumed a serene assurance not altogether justified by her feelings on the matter. All during that morning she kept listening anxiously for the sound of Amory's step in the hall. It was a trifle disconcerting to hear a lighter step and to discover Clare Edmonds standing in the doorway.

"I came right through! The studio door was open, as usual— Where's Amory?"

Jill rose from the chair by the great table that served her as a desk. "Amory's gone for a walk. He should be back any minute, Mrs. Edmonds, because it's almost time for lunch. If you'd like to wait for him—?"

Clare Edmonds, standing by the table, had picked up a Florentine paper knife which she was tapping impatiently against one small gloved palm. She was wearing a long mink coat with full, dark, lustrous folds and a tiny hat of gold and brown satin, braided like a crown for her shining blonde head. Jill, regarding her with round, wondering eyes, thought she was the most fascinating person she had ever seen. But it became evident that Mrs. Edmonds was



not resting content in her own loveliness, or even in the cherishing warmth of the mink coat. . . .

"No, I shan't wait for him!" she announced. "You might tell him I'm lurching at the Blue Grotto and expecting him to join me."

"I'll give him the message," Jill promised.

The other sent her a quick, resentful glance. "Tell him he's to be there! He's been neglecting me dreadfully lately, and there's no excuse for it, now that his foolish statue is out of the way. Tell him that!"

"Yes, I'll remember," Jill said.

She went to the door with the visitor and returned to her desk work, but she had hardly finished sorting the morning mail before Amory himself came into the room. He flung his shabby brown hat on a chair as irascibly as if the very hat were offensive to him.

"What's *wrong*?" Jill asked him.

"Nothing! Why should you ask 'what's *wrong*'?"

She smiled at him. "No 'good morning' or 'hello, Jill' or anything else!"

He pulled off his trench coat and threw it on the chair with the hat.

"I'm not in a mood for any bright badinage! So skip it, will you?"

"All right! But I've a message for you. Mrs. Edmonds was here and said she'd like you to join her at the Blue Grotto for lunch." Jill glanced at the little gold watch her father had given her on her nineteenth birthday. "You have time; she was here only ten minutes ago."

"I might have time," he said, "but I'm not going!"

"She said you'd been neglecting her," Jill went on with some hesitation. "I was supposed to tell you that, too."

When he wheeled around to confront her, she saw that he was white with wrath and that the twin lines between his dark brows had deepened.

"Have you no more sense than to give me such a message?"

"That's not fair!" cried Jill. "A message is a message, I should think! A person is supposed to deliver a message when a person's been asked to!"

He spoke carefully, as if his anger were impeding speech. "I do not consider I have been 'neglecting' Clare Edmonds. If I have, I don't want to know about it."

"You're in a bad *mood*! I don't believe it has one least thing to do with Mrs. Edmonds."

"Still you meddle in it!"

"I *don't*!"

"What else would you call it? There's all this impossible female conniving to get me to the Blue Grotto or whatever the wretched place is—I won't work!" he went on in mounting passion. "A man like me needs to be let alone! I can't be pushed around and 'managed' this way! Let's call it quits, Jill. You'll get another job without any trouble, and I'll do a good deal better working things out for myself. . . . And, dammit, don't look *hurt* about it!"

Her own quick temper had not flared. She saw that Amory had been speaking from some depth of torment almost impossible to conceive, and, curiously, she was reminded of Freddy, who had often lashed out in the same way when his own little world was closing in dark walls around him.

"Amory, I'm not hurt. . . . I suppose this whole thing was too good to last, that's all. It had to end some time, and it might as well end now. . . . I'm *not* hurt," she repeated, firmly.

She went to the hall closet for her navy-blue coat and the bright scarf she liked to tie under her chin. She took her handbag down from the closet shelf and fished her gloves, rolled into a small ball, from one pocket of the coat. Meanwhile, she was trying to hold back the pain that threatened to engulf her, and she prayed that she might hide that pain from Amory. She wondered if she could

call a gay good-by to him, as if she were merely going out of the house on an errand.

It was Amory, however, who called out to her.

"Jill!"

She went to the doorway with some reluctance and saw him standing by the table, a small package in his hand.

"It's pipe tobacco from a place in New York called DiCecco's—" he said in a tone void of expression. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, Amory, it came in today's mail. You said—you said all the tobacco you'd been buying lately tasted like beat-up beetroots. So I wrote to old Mr. Cleveland and asked where a person could get tobacco for somebody who was so—particular. Old Mr. Cleveland would know about things like that." She glanced away from him in considerable embarrassment. "It was only a sort of little present."

"Thank you very much," he said after a moment,

"and—where in blazes do you think you're going?"

"Home! You fired me!"

He glared at her. "You shouldn't have paid any attention to what I said. You should have known better!"

Jill widened her eyes, feeling perilously close to both laughter and tears. It was an unsettling thing, moreover, to have Amory reminding her of Freddy in a repentant mood, ready to say, "I'll be good, Jill. I promise I'll be good!" Now, as if to save Amory from any such ignominious utterance, she turned hastily and slipped off her coat, taking it back to the closet in the hall.

Amory's depression was not to lift immediately, perhaps because he had no work in progress and no plan for any work. His tramps in the hills, leaving him physically spent, did not serve to allay his inner restlessness. Yet he would give some hint of contrition almost at once whenever he became angry with Jill, and never again was he to dismiss her from his employ. Meanwhile she was becoming ever more adroit about those feminine services that would soothe him when he was in one of his most despondent moods or amuse and divert him when he showed signs of giving way to his temper.

"I'm beginning to believe you understand me!" he acknowledged one day in faint astonishment. "How could a child of your age ever have managed to do that?"

She looked at him, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "I suppose it's because I like you," she said.

This was, taken as a whole, a happy time for Jill—a time full of promise. The period of fulfillment came earlier than she would have dared to hope, and under circumstances that were all she could have desired.

She had left Amory's house and was walking toward the center of town one Saturday afternoon when she recognized Roger Peyton's blue convertible in a line of cars at the curb before a shabby old colonial house at the end of Main Street. She ventured closer and discovered that an auction was taking place. The auctioneer was standing on the top porch step, and his potential victims, all wrapped in furs and heavy coats, all ruddy-faced from the cold of the early winter's day, were examining the treasures spread out on a trampled and neglected lawn.

In the same instant, Jill and Roger caught sight of each other. At once he left his companion, an amiable-looking woman ten years his senior, and made a determined way to Jill's side.

"We don't need an introduction," he said. "I wouldn't have met you if Fate hadn't been in it!"

"I don't know if Fate can go around introducing people—" Jill looked at him with dancing eyes. "Is Fate *conventional* enough?"

"To the point of being stuffy!— Not good about names, though," he admitted with a smile. "Mine's Roger Peyton—and what's yours?"





"Jill Seaver."

"A neat little name," he said, approvingly. "It makes me think of a bright red geranium in a small white flower pot."

"For the kitchen?"

"For every room in the house!"

She flushed faintly and felt it might be well to assume an air of decorum. Discreetly, she lowered her dark lashes. "Perhaps you should be going back to your friend."

"My friend—? Oh! That's my sister—Henrietta Milbank. I had to bring her because she's soft in the head about this sort of thing, and her own car is in the shop for repairs. I'm not too keen about these auctions, myself! Are you keen about 'em, Jill?"

Rather flustered, Jill brought herself to some awareness of the scene at hand.

"I just thought I'd look around," she answered sedately.



As if to give substance to these words, she turned her attention to the articles displayed on the lawn. The assortment was bewildering. There were any number of old tables and chairs of walnut and mahogany and oak, with gilt-framed oils and lithographs stacked carelessly against them; there were huge crates and cartons of china and linen and kitchenware, open to casual inspection; there were brass candlesticks and heaps of worn books, bronze busts and statuettes, ornate bonbon dishes and plush-lined cases of cutlery crowded together on every conceivable surface. . . .

Jill drew in her breath. "There's such *sadness* about those things!" she said. "They seem to know that once they were important to someone and that now they aren't wanted any more!"

"My sister will want them!" Roger retorted, eyes bright with laughter. "Just wait and see if she won't!"

Mrs. Milbank approached them at that moment, and Roger introduced Jill as if she were a girl he had known for years.

"I'll let you off the hook." Mrs. Milbank said, turning an indulgent eye upon her brother. "I've run into Frances Sayre, and she can drive me home."

"A fine character, that Frances!" said Roger, heartily.

His sister laughed. Then she gave them both a pleasant nod, and made her way back to the bewitched gathering by the porch steps. Roger, in the meantime, had turned to Jill with an air of authority.

"We'll go have ourselves a drink!" he said. . . .

In the cocktail lounge of Cramerton's leading hotel, he ordered a root beer for Jill, a gin and tonic for himself. They were sitting side by side on a banquette in a dimly-lighted corner, the table before them fencing them into a space resembling a tiny room.

"I have luck," he told her, solemnly. "I go to a funeral service for bronze busts—and I find you!—Now will you begin at the beginning and tell me all about yourself—or shall I begin at the beginning and tell you all about me?"

"Who would be more interesting, do you think?"

They laughed together, conscious of each other's nearness, not caring much about the words they exchanged. He was charmed, however, when he heard she was a model as well as a secretary for Amory Forbes.

"I can see you have a gay life than mine!" he said.

"What kind of job do you have?" she asked, guilelessly.

"I don't know if anyone would call it a job! I drift down to the mill every morning and make a lot of very important-looking gestures. It's my uncle who really runs the place."

She looked at him with a troubled frown. "But you like to work there, don't you?"

"I don't think of it in those terms," he admitted. "It's a case of having a setup, that's all . . . You see, the mill has been in the family since the eighteenth century—and it's something more than a means of income to my mother. It's like the blood in the family veins." Roger paused and looked rather embarrassed. "It seems ridiculous to use the words 'heritage' or 'tradition' about anything as baldly commercial as a mill—but I think that's the angle my mother has on it!" He smiled then and lifted his glass. "Something's loosened my tongue—and I don't believe it's the gin!"

Jill's faint frown had not faded. "It seems a shame to be spending your life doing something you don't want to do!"

"Oh, I don't know, Jill! Maybe I wouldn't be good at anything else. I've never been blazing with any particular ambition." He looked more thoughtful for a moment. "Of course there was one time, in college, when I

had some odd little notion about going into the film industry. Documentary stuff. I had a roommate who was very hep about cameras and all that—but nothing ever came of it. The mill was waiting for me after my stint in the Air Force, and before I knew it I was on the job—as a sort of vice president in charge of nothing in particular—" He broke off with an impatient shake of the head. "I shouldn't be boring you with all this! Let's talk about something more interesting, Jill. Such as the country club—and what are you doing next Wednesday night?"

Jill sipped her root beer, holding the glass in a tight clutch, aware that her hand was cold and trembling.

"Now what does all this portentous silence mean?" Roger demanded with his teasing smile. "Do I have to fight a duel with sixteen other guys?"

"No," she said, "it isn't that—"

"Then what's the matter? I admit the club can be pretty dull in spots, but Wednesday night shouldn't be too bad. They're importing a band from New York, and the younger crowd's turning out in full force. So—what'd you say, Jill?"

"I'd like it," she said.

The words seemed inadequate to express the rapture that had taken possession of her. Her very knees seemed to be crumpling like tissue paper under the protection of the little table. Yet her sound feminine wisdom had not been altogether submerged. She knew Roger Peyton must not be made aware that she would have stayed for hours on end in this dimly-lighted corner. It was important to make it seem that she was a girl of many responsibilities, interests and pleasures. He must not suspect this had been the highest moment of her life.

She picked up her gloves and a little bright carmine purse.

"Thank you very much for the root beer," she said and smiled at him.

It crossed her mind that Amory would have said she had behaved extremely well, from start to finish. . . .

Now she thought it would not be difficult to tell Amory about Roger Peyton. Dan would be the difficult person. Although she had been seeing Dan less frequently than in the old days, they were still going together in the eyes of their world. That status would continue, with all the mysterious strength of convention, until either of them should give some overt evidence of going with someone else.

The need for confession came on the very next day.

Dan had come to the house shortly before noon, bearing one of his mother's mince pies, carefully wrapped in aluminum foil, to grace the Seavers' Sunday dinner. When Jill removed the foil and saw the gift and sniffed the delicious fragrance of it, she found herself biting her lip, trying not to burst into tears.

"Mom bakes a good enough pie," Dan said with a grin, "but you aren't going to cry about it, are you?"

Jill looked at him miserably. "It's the last time in the world you should have brought me any nice present! Because you're going to be mad at me, Dan."

"I can always take the pie home and eat it myself," he assured her, with no sense of any bad news coming to him. "Why would I be mad at you?"

Haltingly, she told him, then, about the date she was going to have at the country club. It would have been less distressing to her had Dan flared with anger when she mentioned Roger Peyton's name. Instead, he seemed stunned, even somberly impressed.

"I might have known you'd be meeting big shots like the Peytons, once you'd started working for Forbes. Might have known something like this would be in the cards, all right." Dan drew his brows together in a frown. "I guess I don't look like much, stacked up against a fellow who owns half a paper mill and gosh knows what, besides!"



"The paper mill hasn't anything to do with it," muttered Jill. "I'm ashamed you'd think I'd have any ideas like that."

Her shame was really for Dan, so respectful as he contemplated the image of that mill. In the next moment, however, his wrath blazed, all the more brightly for its delay. Dan reminded Jill over and over again that she was his girl. He considered her going to the country club with Roger Peyton an act of betrayal beyond his power to grasp.

"You said it was in the cards!" Jill reminded him. "There's no sense switching back and forth this way, right and left!"

"I said I might have known it was in the cards!" he corrected her, hotly. "But I was too much of a big sap to know it!"

She stood by the living room table, spinning the pie plate around with one finger tip. "We were going together, Dan, but we weren't engaged."

"It was the same thing!"

"No, it wasn't. A girl isn't engaged until she's wearing a man's ring. Not really engaged. That's a thing that's accepted, common knowledge."

"I'll get you a ring!"

A painful silence followed this angry remark, for they both knew it was too late for him to get the ring. In the end, Dan simply picked up his hat and made his clumsy way to the door.

"Good-by, Jill." He hesitated a moment. "But you can still call me in, you know, if anything goes wrong with your television set."

Later, when Jill was telling Amory about Roger Peyton, she told him about the scene with Dan as well.

"It broke me all in little pieces when he said that about the television set. Amory, it was such a *dumb* thing! Why did it make me feel like such a heel?"

"Because it was forgiving."

"I wouldn't have expected it of Dan," she admitted.

"He may be able to forgive you because he loves you, Jill."

"Yes," she said and looked at Amory rather anxiously. "Do you think I should marry him because he loves me—or because we've been going together all this time?"

"Hardly! Why should you marry a man you don't love? It would be no great favor to him, for one thing." Amory smiled. "I suggest you put Dan out of your mind and concentrate on this other young man."

Jill flushed. "Now that's complicated!" she said. "That means all sorts of problems!"

"Problems?"

She was surprised by his obtuseness. "I won't know how to act! I won't know what to say or think or look like! Amory, don't you understand? *It's the country club!*"

Amory found his pipe on the mantel and cradled it in the palm of his hand. "What of it?" he asked, mildly. "You've a dress to wear, haven't you?"

"No," she said, "but I saw one in Conover's window I'm going to buy."

He looked suspicious. "Describe it!" he ordered.

Jill began describing a rather vivid picture of pink taffeta and rhinestones when she became aware of the expression on the sculptor's face. She let her words trail off. . . .

"Is there anything *wrong* with it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No. It would be splendid raiment for a bareback rider in a circus." He eyed her with some severity. "Get yourself the simplest dress you can find, Jill Seaver! A pale yellow if possible—with no plunge at the neckline."

"I'll look like a waitress in a tearoom!"

"Don't be foolish," he snapped.

"All right! I'll get a simple yellow dress," Jill said with a sigh of resignation. "Then what will I do?"

Amory became slightly irate. "Why, you'll put the thing on, of course! After that, you'll let the Peyton boy pin orchids on your shoulder, and you'll go to the party! What else would you do?"

It came to her that Amory had not grasped the importance of the Wednesday-night affair and that he would be as well pleased to drop the subject. She controlled herself with an effort and, for two interminable days, gave no outward sign of the despair and ecstasy that possessed her by turn.

When the great evening came, she had a beautiful dress of soft yellow silk to wear, and there were orchids to adorn it, as Amory had prophesied. The evening began, in fact, in a manner that seemed altogether auspicious. Jill was extremely proud of her father, who showed none of Dan's subservience to the Peyton wealth. Tom Seaver gave Roger Peyton the same easy, cordial greeting he would have given any young man from Franklin Street. It was plain, moreover, that the two took an instant liking to each other, forming some sound masculine bond mysterious but most pleasing to Jill.

She suffered a small twinge as Roger drove her past the Corbett house, but, as they came nearer to the country club, any lingering thought of Dan faded from her mind. For Jill, even the approach to the club held enchantment. In the parking space ripples of laughter and merry greetings were rising from all sides. Well-groomed men and girls wrapped in soft, dark furs were moving toward the white pillars of the clubhouse, gleaming under the full light of the moon. Jill, accepting Roger's hand as she stepped from the car, felt as if she were walking into some magical scene on the stage.

"I can hear the music!" she cried.

He smiled down at her. "Jill, I like the honest way you enjoy things."

"Wouldn't almost any girl enjoy a party like this?" she asked, puzzled. "Supposing she was in her right mind at the time?"

"Maybe—but the girls I know wouldn't admit it! They like to pretend they've had it all," he explained, "and that's not as smart an act as they think it is."

They entered the clubhouse as he concluded this comment. As speedily as possible, Jill slipped out of her old navy-blue coat and left it with an attendant. She was ready, then, for Roger to lead her across a great room and present her to several of the club's committee members. The sister whom she had met at the auction was among them.

Mrs. Milbank's eyes warmed as she greeted Jill. "That's such a pretty dress, child! You look like a daffodil."

"Thank you," Jill murmured happily. "I—I like your dress, too!"

Roger seemed pleased as he led her to the dance floor. "I suppose you know you've made a great hit with my sister?"

"She was nice to me, wasn't she!" Jill said as they started to dance.

"That couldn't have been difficult," he assured her. "Jill, have you any idea how attractive you are? Henny gave it too low a pitch. You're a whole field of daffodils—with a breeze blowing."

"My, I sound *large!*" she said, laughing.

In another moment the laughing mood had left her. As Roger held her more possessively in his arms, she closed her eyes tight, telling herself she would remember this moment, this particular moment, her whole life long.

"I *knew* it!" Roger was observing in mock despair.

Another young man had ~~tapped~~ his shoulder. Jill was



scarcely allowed to circle around the room with a single partner, and she was surrounded between dances by a clamorous male army. She was aware that Roger was rather elated by her success although he was pretending to be annoyed.

Most of the young men seemed to think she was someone Roger Peyton had brought from New York, and when she told them she had been born in Cramerton and lived in the town all her life, they were incredulous, and they said she would never escape from them again. . . . It was overwhelming. . . . She had hoped merely to be accepted by Roger's friends; to have drawn such an inordinate amount of attention gave her a strange feeling of panic.

"I've got to fix my make-up!" she said to Roger hastily.

She made her way to the powder room, that immemorial feminine sanctuary, and indeed it was reassuring to step into the big room bright with mirrors, filled with the mingled scents of perfumes and powders. The girls crowded together in this room were chatting in the intimate, teasing way of the girls Jill had known in high school. Smiling a little, she stood by the door and let her eyes move from one to the other, hoping to hear a welcoming word.

Then she found she was to have no welcome here. A girl with cold blue eyes discovered Jill in the mirror before her and paused with lipstick in hand. She recognized Jill at once, and Jill recognized her. It was Lois Ingram, who had been with Roger the day of Jill's first meeting with him.

"Miss Seaver?" she asked.

Jill stepped forward. "Yes!" she said. "Everyone calls me Jill, though!"

Apparently it was the wrong thing to have said, for the others were looking at her curiously. They would think she was trying to force them to accept her, she told herself in an access of shame. At the same time it was made all too clear that she was considered an outsider by these members of her own sex, perhaps because she had been singled out for too much attention by the young men at the dance. . . .

"It's nice to be informal—" Lois Ingram was murmuring, some hint of menace under the silken tone. "That was how you met Roger Peyton in the first place, wasn't it, Miss Seaver?"

Jill became aware of the breathless silence in the room. It was closing in on her and becoming almost stifling. She straightened a little and met Lois Ingram's eyes.

"I don't think there was anything so dreadful about it!" she said.

"Who said there was? It was mighty smart of you to think so fast! You ran after him with a sweater—wasn't that it?"

Jill winked away the infuriating tears stinging under her eyelids. "I couldn't let a perfectly good sweater stay on the sidewalk!"

"No," Lois assented, "it was made in heaven, that sweater!—And how did you happen to be there, I wonder? Were you walking home from Amory Forbes' studio?" Now her voice seemed to have grown even more venomous against the continuing silence in that room. "Roger's sister told me about your being a model for Mr. Forbes, and I thought, even at the time, what a break for the man! Posing must lead to such exciting—possibilities."

Jill had been standing almost motionless, gripped by a heartbreaking sense of rejection. In this instant, however, a hot tide of anger released her. She stepped toward the other, her two small fists clenched for primitive battle.

"You take that back!" she demanded fiercely.

There was a sharp, indrawn breath from some girl in the corner of the room; as if by tacit agreement, then, a light babble of inconsequential talk arose from all sides.

Lois Ingram smiled faintly as she turned back to the mirror and began to shape her lips. Certainly it could not have been made clearer to Jill that her conduct was considered outrageous. She was left with but one impulse, the primordial impulse to escape from the mob, the alien pack. She left the group and, almost stumbling, hurried toward the coat room.

"Please tell Mr. Peyton I've gone home!" she told the bewildered maid in attendance.

Reaching the portico of the club, she knew she would not go home.

She was running now, running toward the house on Orchard Road.

## CHAPTER

Amory, wearing an old brown bathrobe over his shirt and faded slacks, had been reading by the fire. His hair was rumpled and twisted here and there into odd little peaks. He had not expected, he informed Jill, to have his house invaded by any beautiful young creature in a yellow dress.

"I'll go if you don't want me!" she said in a shaken voice.

He turned from the log he had been poking and considered her more closely.

"What's this all about? Wait a minute! I'll get coffee."

Jill managed a wavering smile, for coffee was always Amory's first line of defense, his chosen remedy for all the ills of soul and body. She sank into a chair by the fire and remembered the first time she had sat here, waiting for Amory to bring coffee from his kitchen. That seemed several centuries ago, she thought, and yet she had not changed as much as she had imagined. She was still a girl from Franklin Street, who could shock the country club with the crudity of her ways. . . . She put her head down on her arms, weeping bitterly, and so Amory found her when he came back into the room with the familiar blue mugs on the tray.

"As bad as that!" he observed with a gruff tenderness.

She reached for the big white handkerchief he was offering her and, after she had mopped her eyes, she told him about the episode in the powder room.

"I know what you're thinking!" she concluded desperately. "After all you'd taught me about being a gentlewoman, I had to go and disgrace myself!"

"A little mixed up, aren't you? It was the Ingram girl who disgraced herself."

"Amory! Don't you understand? I was ready to give her a sock in the eye!"

"Might have done her good," he said, with a faint grin. "Why don't you charge the whole thing up to experience and forget about it?"

"Roger won't forget about it!" Jill said. "They'll tell him what happened, and he'll never forgive me!"

"See here, Jill! Show some small, flickering gleam of intelligence, won't you? A man doesn't throw over a girl because she's done battle with another girl. If he's been the cause of it, it might even set him up a bit!"

She refused to be comforted. "He'll have to pay attention to what his family thinks. A man's family has got to



approve of a girl, Amory! That was something that counted—even with Dan! If Mrs. Corbett hadn't liked me, he couldn't have dated me the way he did. A man's family is more important to him than you'd ever dream!"

"There may be some truth in that," Amory assented. "No man can survive that guerrilla warfare at the breakfast table—but you've nothing to worry about in this case, have you? I think young Peyton's mother is in Europe!"

"Yes, but he has other relations—all over Cramerton! They'll hear about the kind of hoodlum I was—and I'll never, never be asked to the country club again!"

"Good Lord! Is that what you're making moan about? I'm not impressed by your sense of values, Jill!"

"A person's life can't be all books and art and music!" she cried in a sudden flare of temper. "I mean if a person isn't ninety-two years old!"

"Now you're talking nonsense! That surprises me. I thought you had more basic integrity."

Jill lifted her head, her color high. "Tell me what's wrong with the country club! You can just tell me that, Amory Forbes!"

"Nothing's wrong with it! Your attitude is wrong. You were impressed by the glitter of the place—so tremendously impressed that you saw this incident with the Ingram girl all out of proportion. You couldn't take your usual pride in being yourself—Jill Seaver—because you were too much in awe of a few stupid little society girls in a powder room!"

"That's not true!" she cried, springing to her feet.

"Then will you explain it to me?"

"What would be the good?" She paced the length of the room before she whirled around to face him. "You think you know me better than I know myself!"

"Perhaps I do," he told her placidly.

She felt her anger ebbing away. "Amory, I don't know what I'd do if you didn't like me any more!"

"I like you very much! It's merely that I see you going off the track like some little old-fashioned trolley-car—Are you too young to remember trolley-cars?"

"You change the subject the way Freddy does!" She gave him a tremulous smile. "But I'm sorry I've made you mad at me."

"As a matter of fact, I've been riding you a bit hard. Jill. I think I know what's back of this great to-do about the country club. It's the Peyton boy, isn't it?"

She nodded, her cheeks warming a little, and he busied himself with his pipe for a moment, as if to make the situation easier for her. When he spoke, his tone was casual. . . .

"I'll see you get another chance," he said. "I'll swing it through Clare Edmonds. . . . If Clare were to sponsor you, you'd be in, you know."

Jill looked at him blankly. "But I'm simply nobody! Mrs. Edmonds wouldn't have anything to do with me!"

"I think she would—because you moved out of the nobody class about an hour and a half ago. For a little while you can have all the publicity you want."

"I can?"

Amory nodded. "Tonight I had word I won the prize for the statue. You'll be a rather celebrated model—for at least three weeks. That ought to be enough for Clare."

"You won the prize!" Jill cried in astonishment. "But you didn't even tell me or let me congratulate you—"

"That's not important!" he cut in. "I want to stick to the point here, Jill. I'm trying to tell you I can help you get into this world you want. But I'm giving you fair warning. It's an experience you may have to pay for, one way or another."

The doorbell sounded imperiously even as Amory finished speaking.

"The Peyton touch," he observed, as he walked toward the door.

"Roger? It couldn't be! He wouldn't come after me!"

"He wouldn't do anything else," said Amory.

A moment later she heard Roger's voice in the hall. She felt shy and uncomfortable, but she rose hastily and faced him with all the aplomb she could summon when Amory led him into the room. He was looking extraordinarily handsome in his well-tailored black coat, the collar turned up a little. He had a fresh and glowing look from the cold winter night, and his hazel eyes, resting on her, were bright with amusement.

"You didn't have some strange idea you could get away from me, did you? I tracked you down! I went to Franklin Street, and your father said I might find you here—but what was the commotion about?"

"You must have heard what happened—" Jill stammered.

"Something about you and Lois not hitting it off." Roger turned to accept the drink Amory was offering him. "Our Jill is a rather impetuous little person, wouldn't you say so, sir?"

"I wouldn't call her phlegmatic," Amory said.

Roger finished his drink and ordered Jill to get her coat. He had an easy, charming way of issuing orders, giving them the intimacy of a verbal caress. It seemed to Jill that Amory was following the scene between them rather closely, as if it were a scene between two people in a play, and that made her self-conscious and anxious to leave.

"You weren't bothered by what happened tonight?" she asked Roger, turning to him rather hesitantly when they were in the car. "You can be honest with me, you know!"

"'Bothered'?" he repeated, with his teasing smile. "Jill, you and I are a couple of people who'll always get away with anything—so why would we ever let anything bother us?"

She was silent for a few moments, pondering this statement.

"We're not really alike," she said at last.

"No?"

"Why, no. Roger! You're so sure about everything you do. I'm not sure! I'm always taking some kind of a crazy chance on things!"

"And don't I!" he exclaimed. "I got through Yale by the skin of one molar—and it was more or less the same thing in the Air Force. But what else can our generation do if it comes to that? Who can be sure of what's around the corner in days like these?"

She nodded solemnly, pleased by the thought of belonging to Roger's generation.

"We've got to play everything for laughs," he went on, "until the next war comes along, and the laughs get bombed out of us."

Jill, sending him a covert glance, thought there was an air of courage about him, reckless and exciting. It showed in the way he handled the wheel of his car. She did not tell him so, for she was afraid it might sound foolish.

Now he was turning to smile at her as he braked the car before the little house on Franklin Street.

"I'll tell you more about life and how to live it tomorrow night—That is, we're all set for tomorrow night, aren't we, Jill?"

"You take a lot for granted!"

"But—?"

"But you can take it for granted!" she said, laughing.

He took her to the door, both of them walking softly up the porch steps, for Tom Seaver and Freddy had gone to bed. Then, holding her hands in his, he looked down at her in happy confidence.

"We'll have a better date next time! Jill, I swear it!"





Roger's impudent gaiety was infectious, but she found it waning after his departure. As she slipped the yellow dress over her head and hung it carefully in the closet, the earlier mood of despair returned to her, almost overwhelming in its intensity. She knew she would be too proud to continue seeing Roger if his family and his friends failed to accept her. Briefly that pride warred with the misery in her heart and won without effort. She was well aware that she would not see Roger in the obscure roadside taverns on the outskirts of town. If she could not walk into the country club with him as she had tonight—with her hand on his arm, and her head held high—she would not walk with him at all. . . . Only in the last moments before sleep was she to remember the promise Amory had made about Clare Edmonds. Then she had found it wholly impossible to grasp. It seemed foolish to hope that someone like Mrs. Edmonds would take any interest in a girl from Franklin Street.

In the morning, the hope no longer seemed foolish. Jill always felt wonderful in the morning. She never cared for the warm luxury of a tub, for there was little of the Sybarite in her nature. A shower was for Jill. She turned the water from tepid to cool, from cool to stinging cold, and emerged singing "Oh! Susannah!" with considerable gusto. Dressed a few minutes later, she ran into Freddy's room to tickle the sleepy boy to indignant wakefulness.

She stopped at her father's door, hammering at the panel until he shouted a good-humored response. Then she ran down to the kitchen, to put water to boil for coffee and get oranges and butter and eggs from the refrigerator. By the time her father and Freddy joined her the table was set, more carefully than it had ever been before. Two slices of bread were already browning in the toaster, and

orange juice had been poured into bright little glasses.

"Say, what happened last night?" her father demanded over a mighty yawn as he came into the room. "Did you ditch this young Peyton and go gallivanting off to see your friend Forbes as I thought? If so, that was no thing to do, Jill. When a girl goes to a dance with a man, that's the man who should be bringing her home."

"Dad, I know, but there was a hitch—" Jill began.

She broke off, her eye caught by Freddy's doodling. He had gulped down his orange juice and was now occupied in penciling a completely recognizable likeness of Roger Peyton on one of the back pages of his school composition book. It was crude enough, but it had captured the proud tilt of Roger's head, the hint of laughter about the eyes and mouth, the suggestion of a wide, straight shoulder.

"Why, that's good!" she exclaimed. "It has the *feeling!* Amory says that's the thing that counts!"

"Maybe you're not the only one in this house with an appreciation for Art with a capital A." Tom Seaver held a slice of toast in one hand and buttered it lavishly. "Now your mother could have understood that better than I can. If there's any 'feeling' in the way that boy scribbles all over every piece of paper he can find— But no more stalling, Jill! What was this trouble you had?"

She smiled at him. "Something happened that made me mad as hops last night, but this morning it doesn't seem important. And do you know what the great news is? Amory's won the prize for the statue!"

Tom Seaver arrested the toast on the way to his mouth. "Well, hooray for our side!" he said.

"It's going to make me sort of famous because I was the model," she told him with some self-consciousness. "Amory says that even someone like Mrs. Edmonds might start inviting me to her parties—the Mrs. Edmonds who lives on the hill, you know, Dad."

"Is that a fact! You're landing yourself in pretty high society, it seems to me."

"Sure is silly," Freddy observed.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Jill told him, "and for your information, it isn't silly at all! You merely think so because you're an ignorant little boy with no more sense than a feeble-minded bumble bee—but I forgot!" she went on, springing up suddenly and giving him a quick hug. "There's one of those sugar doughnuts left over for you—a little stale, but you can dunk it."

Soon afterwards, the members of the Seaver family parted cheerfully and went their separate ways. When Jill arrived at Amory's, she found he was already being deluged with telephone calls. He was extremely irritated by all the fuss.

"They started at nine this morning—reporters and a lot of assorted fools wanting to get on any known band wagon. You take the calls from now on, Jill. Tell them when I heard about the statue, I dropped dead and naturally they can't expect to talk to me—Oh!" He turned back, on his way to the studio. "After you and the Peyton boy left last night, I called up Clare and told her to feature you at one of her little clambakes. We're now off to a good start on your social life, Miss Van Fiddlefoot."

Jill looked at him with round and earnest eyes, ignoring his flippancy. "I don't know how to thank you, Amory!"

"Wait a few years!— Then you'll know whether you have something to thank me for or not."

If he was giving her a warning, she was deaf to it. With this morning she was to embark on the most exciting period of her life. Amory went into the studio and obdurately refused to emerge from it, but Jill met Carter Billings, the reporter from Cramerton's own newspaper, and gave him all the necessary information about the sculptor and his statue.



"I was the model," she added, earnestly examining her own coral-colored fingernails.

"That's swell!" Billings said in quick interest. "Local girl represents the nation!" Well, say, how do you feel about it, Miss Seaver? I'll get a separate interview from you on that angle, and Hank here would like to take some pictures—"

He turned with a sharp, imperious gesture to the cameraman who had accompanied him, and Jill knew that Billings was having a splendid time in the role of ace reporter on the trail of a scoop. That did not in any degree lessen her own absorption in the story and the pictures. Shyly she refused to cross her knees when the cameraman asked her to.

"Then you're not a good, typical American girl!" said Hank with a good-natured leer.

But eventually all three were satisfied with the shots taken, and both reporter and cameraman left Jill with the feeling that her future was all but boundless in opportunity and promise.

When she went home that day, she found further gratification in the form of a note from Clare Edmonds, written on handsomely embossed cream-colored paper. "It's an invitation to a party!" she explained to her father. "Remember I told you I might have one? But I can't believe it's true! Me! Oh, Dad, isn't it the most marvelous thing you ever heard of?"

Tom Seaver turned the sheet of note paper over in his hands curiously, as if it were a bit of papyrus from ancient Egypt. "I don't get it," he said.

"Just read it!"

Tom Seaver frowned as he deciphered Mrs. Edmonds' half-legible hand. "She says, 'I'd love to have you, even if it weren't a must for me to do what Amory says.' Now what's this 'must,' Jill? What does the woman mean by that?"

"She just means they're friends, Dad! She'd want to do anything he asked!"

"It looks to me like she's got some kind of hold on him," Tom said, his honest face still clouded.

Jill was hurt and shocked by the comment. "People do things to please their friends!" she said.

"Maybe they do, but men and women don't usually get to be such friends as all that! There's something more to it, most times." He tapped the sheet of paper with his thick, calloused forefinger. "Now take a thing like this. If it was you asking someone to a party, there wouldn't be any strings attached. You've been giving people everything you've got ever since you were able to toddle. But that's not the way of the world, Jill. I must say I'd have my suspicions up about this Edmonds woman."

It was a long speech for Tom Seaver to make and a puzzling one to Jill.

"I wonder if it isn't something else that's bothering you, Dad! You aren't thinking this is going to turn my head and make me a snobbish sort of person?"

"Of course not! I'd put my money on you, Jill, right on down the line. It's only as I said. I think you ought to be careful about what you're getting into, and I'm having young Peyton in mind as part of this selfsame deal. I like the boy, but—well, what's to come of it?"

Jill flushed a little and murmured vague words of reassurance. Her father dismissed the matter then with the air of a man who had done all that could be expected of him. Plaintively, he mumbled something about getting his dinner.

Dinner was scarcely over before Roger telephoned to say that all the New York evening papers were carrying stories about Amory and his prize-winning statue, none of them failing to mention his model. The occasion, according to Roger, called for a private celebration in the cocktail lounge at the inn.

An hour later they were sitting side by side in their favorite corner of the lounge, smiling at each other over the champagne Roger had ordered.

"We'll drink a toast to Miss Cramerton!" he said and ceremoniously lifted his glass.

"I feel embarrassed all of a sudden!" Jill looked at him dubiously. "You aren't just making fun of this whole business?"

"What on earth would give you that idea! A thing like this has a lot of interesting angles when you come right down to it."

"I don't see what 'angles' it has," she said, rather repelled by the word.

"Well, as I see it, a person would become famous in the old days, and the newspapers would play it up. But now—" Roger went on, "the newspapers pick someone to play up—and the person becomes famous! It's what my old sociology professor would have called a 'phenomenon' of our time. In any case I think it's what's happening to you, Jill, and I think you'd be a dumb little pigeon if you didn't take advantage of it. Go breezing right along with it, I mean! Let it take you wherever you want to go."

Suddenly the champagne tasted flat to Jill. Roger had a disconcerting way of sketching some picture of her future without indicating any place in it for himself. She knew it was too soon for him to propose to her, and yet she would have liked the thought of marriage to color the conversation, as it had colored any conversation with Dan in the old days. It cost some effort to speak lightly.

"I don't know if I've understood a bit of all that, but it's interesting, Roger! I'm sure you *think* about things more than you'd ever admit."

"It isn't *thinking* I mind," he said reflectively. "Just don't ever ask me to brood."

"You'll have to explain the difference."

"Brooding is thinking—with pain!"

She laughed with him and the earlier troubled moment was swept away. Roger's laughter had a way of making the problems of life seem solemn and dull. The bright mood lingered that evening even after she had parted from him.

She was to find, moreover, that Roger was not alone in his approval of the newspaper stories. As the days passed, even her father was beginning to be impressed, and Freddy was boasting to all his friends about his sister's new-found fame. Then came the invitation to appear on television, and that was the most astonishing thing of all.

On the night of the event Roger drove her to the studio in New York where the Les Helman Hour was staged. For a period of minutes that seemed endless, Jill sat before the camera answering Mr. Helman's questions with painstaking exactness. She told him that she was very proud to have posed for Amory Forbes, that she was satisfied with his work on the statue, that she had no immediate plans for the future, but that, yes, she did agree any typical American girl like her could probably find more happiness in marriage than anywhere else. These admissions having been made, Mr. Helman wound up the interview with some gracious words about the beautiful women who had inspired great artists down through the course of history.

"I didn't fall on my face," Jill told Roger afterward, "but you'll never know how idiotic I felt! I couldn't think of anything but my hands. They kept getting bigger and bigger all the time. Finally it was like having a couple of poodle dogs in my lap."

Roger laughed. "You had the poise of an empress," he assured her. "Now we'll go to the Stork Club—and hobnob with the other celebrities."

At the time, the remark did not seem altogether a jest. Jill, fresh from the Les Helman Hour, felt she belonged in a place like the Stork Club.



## CHAPTER

# 7

Clare Edmonds' party, taking place not long after Jill's appearance before the cameras, centered around Jill, rather than Amory, for he, having dutifully accepted congratulations from all sides, had made his escape early in the evening. Jill could not understand his leaving the strange and beautiful rooms with their sleek modern woods, their unexpected angles and curves, their daring blend of colors.

"I never even knew there could be a house like this!" she confided to Roger in a whisper.

"A rather sensational shack," he agreed. "Clare imported some big-time decorator to do it over after old John Edmonds died—"

"'Old'?" Jill interposed. "How old was he, Roger?"

"Pushing seventy, I think."

Some of the glow faded from Jill's eyes.

"Then she couldn't have loved him."

"Now be reasonable! A woman couldn't expect all this and love too! She'd be a little pig."

Jill reminded herself that she needed to adopt a more sophisticated view of life, for she was continually being shocked to the soul by matters which Roger accepted with the utmost calm. Now, even as she was pondering this problem, her attention was diverted by the arrival of new guests, among them Lois Ingram and her mother. The latter acknowledged Jill Seaver's existence with scant warmth, and their hostess seemed to find something most gratifying in the fact.

"Didn't you love it?" Clare murmured in Jill's ear a few minutes later. "Stella knows you got Roger away from her own precious little chick! And how she wanted that Peyton money in the family!"

"I didn't get Roger away from her!" Jill said in quick protest. "They weren't engaged!"

"Never mind! That girl was on the prowl with her little velvet paws, and she was doing rather well until you came along. Didn't you see Stella Ingram's face when she realized who you were? Etched in acid!"

Jill looked at the other with a troubled frown. "I don't know why it pleases you so much!"

"No, you couldn't know! But years and years ago Stella Ingram tried to snub me. Made a regular campaign of it! That—" Clare said, "was impertinent."

Jill decided she might be mistaken about a certain cold hatred in the other's tone, for it was replaced in the next instant by the light ripple of amusement characteristic of Clare. In any case there was little time to linger over fleeting impressions that evening, for Roger made sure she discovered her proper place among his own particular friends. The young men were as attentive as they had been at the country club, and now, in their own cautious fashion, even the young women were beginning to accept her. Roger was tactful. When the talk turned to topics that were foreign to her, he would invariably find some way to make the reference clear. "Shorty likes to carry on about Sun Valley," he would say, "but none of us has ever seen the fellow on skis! He mayn't be as good as he thinks he is." Whereupon Jill, who had not been too sure about Sun Valley, would understand the situation well enough to smile with the others.

She was swept into groups that were constantly shifting as newcomers entered and greeted old acquaintances, forming fresh centers of talk and laughter. For a moment, however, she found herself alone near the door to the great library, where a frail, elderly woman in a gray dress had paused by a table to straighten a disarranged row of books. She caught Jill's eye and made a slight, self-deprecating gesture.

"You see I'm a good housekeeper," she said.

Jill felt a quick, warm concern for the tired-looking little person and stepped into the room.

"You shouldn't be working this late!" she said. "You look ready to drop!"

"I may be just a bit hungry, my dear. I hadn't much appetite for dinner."

"Well, if that's all it is, I'll rustle some coffee and sandwiches for you!" Jill said, happily. "You stay right here where you are!"

She came back to the library a few moments later with a tray of tempting viands she had coaxed from a butler who looked too much like Amory's houseboy to be intimidating.

"Now you get yourself going on this!" she ordered, putting the tray on a table near the room's most inviting chair. "You just sit right down and be comfortable and have something good to eat!"

"Thank you!— It looks delicious."

"I'll keep an eye out—" Jill whispered. "I won't let any of the other maids catch you at it!"

"I'm afraid I'm not a 'maid,'" the little woman said with a smile. "I've been a matron for many more years than I want to admit."

In that single searing moment Jill, staring at her companion, saw that the simple gray dress was made of the most expensive satin and that the pearls in a single strand about the slender throat were almost certainly real pearls.

"It was a natural mistake," the other went on, "for we weren't introduced, were we! But I'm merely a guest like yourself, my dear, and my name is Ellen Pennoyer."

Tears of mortification were stinging in Jill's eyes. She was familiar enough with the Pennoyer name. It belonged to the family that had founded the town of Cramerton in the days long before the Revolutionary War.

"I don't know what you'll think of me!" she stammered from an abyss of despair. "I don't know what to say about all this—but I always do the wrong thing, Mrs. Pennoyer! Always! I ought to go right back to Franklin Street where I came from!"

The other's faded blue eyes were gentle.

"What was the 'wrong thing,' if I may ask, please? Was it having been so considerate of me?"

Jill turned her gaze to a small coffee pot on the tray and held it there until the shining silver blurred.

"I thought you were one of the help in the house," she said, miserably. "I'm—I'm ashamed."

"Why should you be? If anything went wrong with my dividends, I could take on a housekeeper's job and be a good one! That's what I meant, you know. I can't control my housekeeping instincts, even in other people's houses. And as far as you're concerned—" the frail little woman went on, "you must never be ashamed of having a heart full of kindness."

Jill sank into a nearby chair and contemplated Mrs. Pennoyer with something akin to adoration. In the same moment she knew that Amory would have called Ellen Pennoyer a 'gentlewoman.'

"Now tell me your name," she was saying, "and tell me about Franklin Street."

Jill answered rather timidly at first, but in no time she was pouring forth her story with such eagerness that her words tumbled over one another. Mrs. Pennoyer heard about Tom Seaver and Freddy and Freddy's school princi-



pal. She heard, too, about Amory and THE INDOMITABLE and about Roger and the dance at the country club.

"How exciting it all is!" she exclaimed, laughing.

"Sometimes I think it's a dream," Jill confessed.

"At nineteen, a girl should have many dreams—and they should all be beautiful." The older woman looked at her with deep wisdom in her eyes. "But the most beautiful is the one about Roger, isn't it, Jill?"

Jill flushed. "We haven't known each other long," she said.

"A handsome boy—" the other murmured, reflectively. "He always was! At the age of three, he was a Botticelli cherub."

"You've known him since then?" Jill's interest quickened. "You know the whole family, Mrs. Pennoyer?"

"Oh, yes! All my life! I went to school with Roger's mother."

"Is she even a little bit like you?" Jill asked, hopefully.

"Well, we weren't made in the same mold, Fredericka Peyton and I! But she is an altogether admirable person—" Mrs. Pennoyer continued in some haste. "Sometimes I think she is one of the most competent women I have ever known—and one of the most forthright."

Later Jill was to remember the words chosen to describe Roger's mother and to ponder them in increasing doubt. At the moment she had no time to weigh any impression in regard to them, or to elicit any further information from Ellen Pennoyer. Roger came into the room as Mrs. Pennoyer was concluding her remark. She turned to him with a smile.

"I wish you'd bring Jill Seaver to tea at my house next Sunday, Roger. If you're both free to come—?"

"I'd love to come!" Jill cried in honest delight, before Roger could say a word.

Mrs. Pennoyer's eyes were soft. "This is a nice child, Roger—a very nice child! Don't let her get away."

When she had left the room, Roger looked at Jill in benign approval. "You'll have the whole town on its ear before you're done. . . . Now we'd better be making tracks, don't you think?"

Jill nodded. "Yes, we'll find Clare and say good-by."

"Clare? She'll be nowhere in sight! She has a strange way of vanishing from her own parties."

"Why?" Jill asked in astonishment.

Roger shrugged. "Some sort of act, I suppose."

"Just the same, I'll have to say good-by to her," Jill said anxiously. "I can't just walk out without saying anything!"

In the end one of the maids told Jill that the lady of the house might be found in her bedroom. Directed to this room, Jill tapped on the door and waited a full moment before an impatient call came from Clare. The latter smiled, however, when she saw Jill.

"I'm glad it's you! I couldn't have endured one of those old biddies clucking around! Simply couldn't have!"

"Aren't you feeling well?" Jill asked in alarm.

"Of course I'm feeling well!—But hasn't someone told you how I duck my own parties? It's legendary, darling!" Clare's thin voice was growing shrill. "It's always the same thing, you know! I love planning my parties—down to the last cigarette—down to the last pretzel! And—more than anything else—I love that moment before the party begins—that perfect moment when my beautiful house is all gleaming and quiet and holding its breath, really—waiting for something tremendous to happen. Then come all the stupid gabbling geese! Oh, how I loathe them! Loathe all of them! Loathe them!"

Jill remained silent and distressed, having no way of coping with this passionate outburst so completely beyond her comprehension. Clare seemed to expect no response. She was staring into a mirror, studying her flushed face

above the bare white shoulders and the pale gold lace of her evening dress, caught at the breast with a shining sword of diamonds.

"Now there's an exquisite creature!" she was murmuring. "Isn't she exquisite, this little Clare Edmonds? Leader in Cramerton society—that's what she is! Widow of the late distinguished John Carleton Edmonds, the late distinguished rich John Carleton Edmonds!"

"Clare, I don't think you know what you're saying," Jill stammered. "It may be you're running a temperature. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that was it!"

Clare's tone was almost mischievous. "What's the matter, Jill? Can't you stand up to a boudoir confidence? Aren't you adult enough?"

Jill sat on the edge of a chaise longue and looked at the other steadily then.

"I'll try to be adult enough," she said, "but if you're unhappy, Clare, I think Amory is the one to talk to. He could help almost anyone! He's got so much—sense."

"Has he? Amory's a fool! The last person I'd talk to!"

Jill stiffened. "I thought you liked Amory!"

"I could kill him with my own hands! You can stop this prattle about Amory." Clare took off the diamond sword and held it high, watching the light strike blue fires from the stones. "Now will you tell me why I shouldn't be happy, Jill Seaver? I have everything I want!"

"I suppose you're in one of those mixed-up moods," Jill said, considering her new friend with an air of sagacity. "Maybe you should go to sleep—and I should go back to Roger."

Clare seemed restored to good humor. "Tell everyone to go on having fun," she said. "No one will expect me to say good night."

Jill repeated but a small part of this conversation to Roger; in her reticence there was an obscure feeling of loyalty to her sex, and she knew the same feeling would prevent her from telling Amory about the incident. If it produced any doubts about her new world, these doubts were dispelled by the call she and Roger made on Ellen Pennoyer on the following Sunday.

Mrs. Pennoyer, although she had been a widow for many years, still lived in the old colonial house to which she had come as a bride, and Jill could discover here none of the lines and colors that had startled her in Clare's remodeled dwelling. Clean, faded chintz gave a comfortable character to the sofas and chairs and still found harmony with the gleaming surfaces of mahogany and rosewood. It was a serenely perfect background for the hostess, pouring fragrant tea into the Wedgwood cups on her tea table and guiding the conversation from world affairs to modern music and the theater. Only at the end did Ellen Pennoyer make any reference to her personal life.

Jill, slipping on her warm red mittens, allowed an awed gaze to wander from the wide entrance hall to the curve of a graceful stairway.

"To think of living—" she said, "in a place that's historic!"

Mrs. Pennoyer laughed. "Yes, it almost frightened me when I was twenty. But the house has been good to me," she went on. "It may seem a rather sizable place for one person—but, after a certain number of years, a house like this can become almost sentient, like a friend."

Jill eyed her in innocent interest. "I suppose all your children have married and moved away."

"No," the other answered with no change of tone. "I had three sons, Jill, but I lost them in the last war. Jim and Brandon were in the Navy and Richard, the youngest, was in the Air Force." She smiled at the girl's stricken face. "They're still very much a part of my life! Did you think I wouldn't want to talk about them?"



"I was thinking about the atmosphere of happiness and peace in this house." Jill said soberly, after a moment. "I was admiring you, Mrs. Pennoyer."

The older woman shook her head. "You've no need to admire me, child! There is always that happiness, you know, for anyone who truly seeks it—in prayer."

Then she seemed conscious of the embarrassment flickering across Roger Peyton's handsome young face and turned from the subject with a smile. . . .

Jill had been deeply touched by this confidence, however, and given food for later reflection. Now it became possible to trace the common bond between Ellen Pennoyer, a great lady of wealth, and the humble Mary Murphy, a seamstress living next door to the Seavers, who had lost her only boy on Guadalcanal. They had found the same faith and the same smiling courage. In the light of the wisdom they shared, the smaller differences between them became shadowy and unimportant.

Jill was to find other resemblances between the denizens of her new world and those of the old, and yet she had little time to consider any import they might have for her. In these winter weeks it was becoming increasingly difficult to ponder on the changes in her path or to weigh what she might find at the journey's end. She was swept along, for the most part, on a bright tide of excitement. Roger was drawing her more closely into his own circle of intimates, and Clare continued asking her to the gay gatherings in the house on the hill and presenting her to the other leading hostesses of Cramerton. Jill was receiving more and more invitations as the holiday season approached.

The season brought her but one trace of sadness, and she was moved to speak of it to Amory.

"I've been thinking of Dan Corbett," she began.

Amory looked startled. "Is he in the picture again?"

"No—" she said, "but I was addressing Christmas cards and wondering if I should send one to Dan, and that's how I started thinking about him." She looked at Amory pensively. "I'd like to have Dan as a friend just the way I have you as a friend. But when I gave him a hint about that the last time I saw him, he acted as if I'd insulted him!"

Amory's eyes smiled. "When I was a kid, there was a popular song. The name of that song was 'After I've Called You Sweetheart, How Can I Call You Friend?' A depressing little dirge, but it had its point."

"I don't see any point!" cried Jill. "I don't want to lose people, Amory!"

"I don't think we ever lose people we've cared about," he answered thoughtfully. "Even if we never see them any more, we don't lose what the relationship gave us."

Jill was frowning a little. "I suppose that's true," she granted, "but—just the same—it hurts an awful lot to say good-by to someone like Dan!"

"What about your other old friends?" Amory asked her. "Have they gone overboard too?"

"Well, they've sort of been drifting away," Jill admitted. "I haven't been seeing as much of them as I should."

"That could be remedied, I should think. Why not give a party over the holidays? You might ask your old friends, as well as your new ones."

Jill sat up. "A party! Me give a party?"

"I can't see why not!"

"Would people come? Would I be a good hostess? Would I know how to carry everything off? Would they have a good time?"

"Yes!" he said with a sudden grin. "Calm down!"

"But it's the most wonderful idea I ever heard of!" cried Jill. "Why, I'd love to give a party more than anything in the world!"

Amory nodded. "I thought you would," he said. . . .

In great delight, Jill explained the matter to her father.

"It won't be anything to get scared about, Dad! I'm simply going to ask a few people to drop in during the afternoon of Christmas Day. Amory says that's 'open house.' Isn't that a sort of nice thing to call it? 'Open house!'"

"I'll bet your mother would have known about it." Tom Seaver observed. "She was a great one for having people drop in any hour of the day or night—but I can't say I'll be much help to you."

"That's all right, Dad! I'll manage everything," Jill promised.

She plunged into her preparations with immense enthusiasm. There was much to be done. The Seaver living room no longer looked as it had in the days before she had known Amory Forbes—for the golden tassels and the glossy satin pillows were gone, and simple chintz curtains had replaced the curtains of cheap and ornate lace. For the great event to come, however, the room was made to shine with a special cleanliness, its floor waxed and its furniture polished, and it had been lavishly adorned with branches of pine and holly.

Jill bought a gigantic fruitcake and toiled over a variety of toothsome sandwiches, while Tom Seaver, entering into the spirit of the occasion, brought home a punch bowl and glasses, boasting of the eggnog he would provide for the company.

On Christmas Day it was snowing softly on the town of Cramerton, and, when Jill's guests arrived, they were flushed with cold, the snowflakes melting on their wool coats and furs. They came gratefully into the warm room and, as Amory had predicted, chatted together without constraint, the good fellowship of the season dissolving any possible barriers between Jill's new acquaintances and her old neighbors and friends. Mrs. Murphy, the dressmaker, was discussing sleeve widths and skirt lengths with Henrietta Milbank. The beautiful Mrs. Edmonds and Bertha Laney, a cashier in Cramerton's leading candy store, were debating the relative merits of the Humphrey Bogart pictures. Meanwhile Tom Seaver, in his proper element as he presided over the punch bowl, was exchanging jokes with the young people, forging comfortable bonds with the other men, paying courtly attention to Mrs. Pennoyer.

"It's a success!" Roger said to Jill.

She nodded, her eyes growing soft. "I don't see why everything can't always be like this!"

"Like a party?"

"No—" She sought words for a moment. "I mean that it seems so simple for people to like each other and be happy! The whole world could be this way all the time. I should think."

He shook his head. "Most people couldn't stay in a mood like this. They'd begin thinking of their own interests. They'd be suspicious of each other and on guard. Of course you're never on guard!" he added rather ruefully. "You like everyone and you trust everyone. I'm not sure it's such a good idea."

She made a little face. "Old Mr. Gloom!" she said.

"I never want you to be hurt, that's all." He smiled at her. "I suppose the truth is, I don't want to hurt you!"

"But you never would!" she assured him.

In the next moment it was necessary to turn her attention to her other guests, for they were ready to take their leave. She was made to feel, in the merry little hubbub of departure, that all her friends had enjoyed their visit to Franklin Street. They gave her that warm assurance as they stood at the door, struggling with coats and galoshes before they said good-by and hurried off to cars neatly bonneted in shining snow. Amory alone had no family to claim him and was left with Tom and Jill and Freddy.



# CHAPTER 8

"You'll stay and have supper with us!" Jill said and was on her way to the kitchen when the telephone rang. "Someone left their rubbers or something," she hazarded and picked up the receiver.

At her first words, Freddy looked up in quick apprehension. He had been a trifle subdued all afternoon, but Jill had put that down to the strangeness of the occasion. She was to discover, now, that his conscience must have been bothering him.

"—and them boys smashed my window after I'd told them six times to get away from the place," the rasping male voice came over the telephone.

"It might not have been Freddy!" Jill said. "He's always the one getting the blame—"

"I seen him throw that snowball with my own eyes!" her informant cut in. "And I don't mind tellin' you I've had trouble enough with that Freddy! This time the police are going to hear about it!"

"Will you please tell me who you are?" Jill asked in a faint voice.

"The name's Charles Durkee. I run the candy shop next to the vacant lot around the corner, and I'm not havin' no more trouble on account of that vacant lot and them kids. The police—"

"Please, Mr. Durkee! Let my father pay for the window! You wouldn't talk to the police about my brother on *Christmas*?"

"That didn't stop him from smashin' my window!"

"No," Jill said, "but Christmas could stop your being too mad about it, couldn't it, Mr. Durkee?"

Charles Durkee had more to say. He grumbled. But in the end he agreed that this day alone would save Freddy from disgrace.

"I'll run over and settle it," Tom Seaver said, jingling the coins in his pocket.

He was not disposed to reprimand his son, for his own eggnog had left him in a mellow mood. Jill, waiting until the door had closed behind him, turned to her young brother in despair.

"Smashing people's windows, Freddy Seaver! Now will you kindly tell me what you mean by it?"

Freddy remained stretched on the floor, summoning his own version of Mr. Durkee's features on a scrap of paper that had served to wrap a candy box.

"Durkey the Turkey," he muttered.

"You pay attention, Freddy! You stop that doodling!"

"Wait a minute—" Amory interposed, looking over the boy's shoulder. "Freddy, have you any more of these things you've drawn?"

"Sure, I guess so," Freddy said, blankly.

"They're all over the house!" Jill said.

It was a school composition book, however, that Freddy produced. Amory turned over the pages slowly, studying each one.

"Jill, weren't you aware of the talent here?"

Slowly, Jill shook her head. "I thought Freddy was forever wasting his time—but you said '*talent*,' Amory!"

"A young prophet without honor—" murmured Amory, and turned to the boy. "Would you like to be serious about this, Freddy?"

Freddy nodded, finding speech impossible.

"Then I wonder which branch of art would most appeal to you," Amory went on without smiling. "I may be prejudiced—but have you ever thought of being a sculptor?"

Freddy was standing close to Amory now, his black eyes fastened on the sculptor's face.

"You mean I could make statues—like you?"

"Yes," Amory said, "that's what I mean."

Jill sank into a chair and looked at her young brother in respectful astonishment, as if he were some interesting stranger.

The holidays over, Jill paid a call on Calvin Aldrich, seating herself in the chair facing his desk and regarding that plump and amiable gentleman with shining eyes.

"Now about Freddy!" she said, and went on to explain about Amory Forbes and his discovery of Freddy's talent. "It seems Freddy has some kind of special, built-in, inborn thing, Mr. Aldrich, and no school could be expected to handle it!"

The principal patted his face in thought. "Who's going to take charge of this special inborn thing of Freddy's?"

"Mr. Forbes himself is teaching him!"

"That is the best news I've heard in a long, long time," Mr. Aldrich said with fervor.

"Isn't it!"

"It may keep the boy out of trouble. It may even—" he went on tentatively, "make his regular curriculum a little less abhorrent to him."

"I'm sure it will!" Jill beamed at the man across the desk. "My brother is a new character, and that's what I came to tell you, Mr. Aldrich! You aren't even going to recognize him!"

"I hope he hasn't lost the Seaver charm," Mr. Aldrich said rather gracefully.

She took leave of him and made her way through halls smelling of chalk and baseball mitts and bubble gum until she came, at last, to the elm-lined street.

During these first weeks of the new year, Jill's course continued to be untroubled. She knew she would have no more complaints about her young brother, who hurried home from school to his sketch pads and drawing pencils and his fascinating little chunks of soft gray modeling clay. She could bring the same serene confidence to her more intimate affairs, for there was no longer any lingering fear that Roger Peyton's interest in her might be casual. Roger was, without question, a young man in love. There were times, looking at her, when his face would pale a little. "My girl Jill—" he would say in a rather unsteady voice and smile in a way that made her feel not merely desired, but loved and cherished.

It was a comment from Amory, however, that gave her hope that Roger would soon speak of marriage. This came on a day when Amory was recovering from a virus infection. He was sitting in his living room, bundled up in blankets and looking very cross. Jill had hurried in from the kitchen with a fresh glass of water for him. She gave him the glass and shook two white pills from the bottle by his side.

"Take your medicine!" she said.

"Those pills are doing me no good whatever!" he told her irritably. "I've mentioned that!"

"Amory, you might be dead if it weren't for those pills. How do you know? Now take them and don't fuss."

He clapped the pills into his mouth and swallowed a mouthful of water as if it were tinctured with quinine.

"There! That'll satisfy you, I hope, for another fifteen minutes."

"It will be another three hours before you have to take any medicine, but then you'll have to take it," Jill said.



"You've been much sicker than you realize, Amory, and I think you've lost ten pounds! I'm going to make you something very nourishing and fattening for lunch."

He settled back in his chair and smiled against his will. "I suppose I'm going to miss all this foolishness when you leave me, Jill."

"When I leave you—?" she asked, startled.

"Well—? Aren't you planning to be Mrs. Roger Peyton one of these fine days?"

Jill turned crimson. "We're not engaged!"

"That's an evasive answer if I ever heard one."

"I don't mean to be evasive," Jill said. "I don't know myself if—well, nothing's settled."

"You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"Yes, Amory."

"Then, I think, it's settled."

"I don't know—" Jill said slowly. "I don't know what it is that makes a man decide to be married."

"When a woman decides she wants a man to marry her! Then, by some mysterious alchemy, it becomes a man's decision."

Jill weighed the point. "I don't see *that!*" she said, at length. "Look at all these girls who get jilted by inferior characters! Why, you even read about them in the newspapers!"

"Their own subconscious wisdom has come into play," Amory said placidly. "The girls didn't really want the inferior characters."

"Even if they suffer and cry and feel awful about it?"

"That gives them their own peculiar kind of pleasure!"

"You really believe that?"

"Yes."

She looked at him doubtfully. "Don't you think I'd suffer if Roger didn't like me?"

"I wouldn't want to think of it!" he said. "A girl like you, Jill, deserves nothing in this world but happiness."

Jill colored at these gentle words from Amory—for they were rare—and made no note of the indirection of his answer to her.

In the days that followed she kept remembering this conversation and taking comfort from it. She began building secret dreams about a wedding in the spring, the wedding assuming ever more vivid form for her, even to the selection of something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. She was sure Roger's family would want a big wedding, with Roger's mother returning from Europe for such an important event. People like the Peytons did not slip out of town to be married by some Justice of the Peace somewhere. They were married at St. Paul's, with appropriate ceremony, and they had splendid receptions afterward. There would be pictures in the newspapers of the bride and groom cutting a towering wedding cake, each one having a hand on the handle of the knife. Jill, dwelling on these pleasant matters, would reflect on her good fortune in having a friend like Clare Edmonds in her life. Clare would certainly prevent her from making any humiliating mistakes. Even Roger's mother would not be able to find a flaw in any suggestion that came from Clare.

By this time Jill felt close enough to her friend to appear at the house on the hill without a formal invitation, and she paid a casual call late one Sunday afternoon. Almost at once she had a faint misgiving about this impulse. The butler left her in the great living room while he went to seek his mistress, and Jill, looking about the room, thought it looked strange in its present emptiness. Its fanciful aspect made it an ideal background for a bevy of guests in evening garb but, in the gray light of a winter afternoon, it held no suggestion of comfort. Although there was no chill in the atmosphere of this well-run establishment, Jill hugged herself suddenly, as if in need of warmth.

She turned to see the lady of the house coming down

the stairway, the skirt of her long, blue velvet housecoat trailing on the steps. Clare was walking none too steadily, and yet she was being most careful not to spill any of the drink she held in her hand. Jill addressed her with a growing sense of discomfort.

"I hope it was all right for me to drop in—?"

Clare stood for a moment, leaning against the wall and smiling impishly over the rim of her glass. "'All right'? Why wouldn't it be? Aren't you my own dear little protégée? Shouldn't you drop in whenever you feel like it? Make this your home! Didn't Amory tell you to?" She walked to the bell cord and pulled it with unnecessary force. "Now you must let Harrison know what you want to drink."

"I don't want anything, Clare!"

"You *do* want something!—I intensely dislike these sanctimonious pretenses," Clare went on, pronouncing her words with some care, and turned to the man in the archway. "Harrison, a small sanctimonious martini for Miss Seaver!"

Jill, anxiously watching Clare making her uncertain way to a satin-covered sofa, wondered why she had never suspected that the other drank very often in secret. She had heard of women who escaped from their wretchedness through alcohol, but she had pictured these women in bleak furnished rooms or in dingy bars.

"I think I did come at a bad time," she said.

Clare spoke softly. "Isn't this something new? I believe you've always felt yourself welcome here."

Harrison appeared at that moment with a cocktail pitcher and a glass for Jill. He refilled Clare's glass before he provided a drink for her guest. Jill left her martini un tasted, and when the butler had left the room, she turned to the older woman in pitiful entreaty.

"I don't understand what you said just now! Clare, that sarcastic-sounding thing you said!"

"'Sarcastic?'" Clare repeated in a blank voice.

Jill had the sensation of walking into a dark room and pushing through cobwebs that were clinging to her hands.

"You said I've always felt myself welcome here. And—I'm *not* welcome?—You couldn't have meant that!"

Clare peered at her. "Now are you going to dramatize yourself? How tiresome of you, darling!"

Jill caught her lip between her teeth and pressed down painfully for a moment before she forced herself to go on.

"I thought you liked me as much as I like you. There was no reason to think anything else! I thought we had a true friendship, Clare."

"There is no such thing in this world," Clare murmured with a smile. "Forgive me, my sweet, but I find the word 'friendship' a bit offensive and—embarrassing. I can't talk to you like some cow-eyed schoolgirl. Will you change the subject, please?"

Jill shook her head and met the other's eyes directly. "I can't change the subject till I've asked one question . . . *Why* have you been so kind to me? *Why*—if you've never really liked me?"

Clare put her empty glass on the table before her and ran one fingertip around the rim, as if the action were important. "I do what Amory tells me to do," she explained. "Didn't you know I belong to that man?"

"I don't believe that!" cried Jill. "I *won't* believe that of Amory!"

"What is there to believe?" asked Clare in bitter amusement. "Amory doesn't know I belong to him. He doesn't know I exist! A blind man, that Amory."

Jill remained silent. In spite of everything that had been said, she had a longing to comfort the half-drunken little woman.

Clare was eying her derisively. "You were too dense to see I was in love with him? I've been in love with Amory since I was eighteen years old. I muffed it. I was



such a greedy thing. I had to marry old Mr. Wealthy-Wealthy Edmonds." Clare peered into the cocktail pitcher. "But it seems I must do what Amory wants," she went on. "That's my compulsion. I must take some black-eyed maiden from the slums to my bosom. I must 'sponsor' her, if you please! So that's what I do because I must do everything Amory says. Now don't you understand that? Is that too difficult? Not difficult. Simple. Simple compulsion."

Jill swallowed the lump in her throat. "Yes, I think I understand. I'll leave you now." She spoke more gently. "Good-by, Clare."

For the last time, she thought, she was walking down the smooth, wide drive that had become almost as familiar to her as the short stretch of cement that led to the house on Franklin Street. She tried to walk with a light, even step, but she was controlling the impulse to break into a stumbling run, as if she had been stoned from that mansion on the hill.

When she reached the house on Franklin Street, she was relieved to find neither her father nor Freddy at home. She bathed her flushed face in cold water and put on fresh powder and lipstick. Even as she turned from the mirror, she heard a car being braked at the curb of the street below, and she felt some of the soreness eased from her heart when she saw Roger Peyton getting out of the blue convertible. She still had Roger, she told herself as she stood by the window. No one had told Roger he must come to see her! He came to see her because he liked her and for no other reason on earth. She hurried down the stairs, and opened the door.

"I took a chance on your having some time for me!" he said in his usual blithe way. "Later I've got to have dinner with my uncle—a great conference, you understand, about mismanagement at the mill—the appalling cost of paper clips and one thing and another—" He checked himself abruptly. "But what's up with you, Jill? No gleam in those famous black eyes!"

"It hasn't been a good day," she admitted. "I went to see Clare and—well, I found out some things I hadn't known before."

Roger lit a cigarette and slipped the lighter back into his pocket. "I gather you found out she was an alcoholic. A shock you had to get sooner or later. Was that it, Jill?"

"That was the main thing."

"It's curious—" he said in a reflective tone, "but I believe she's managed to keep it from Amory. I don't know how, and I don't know why. Most of the rest of the town knows about it."

"There was something else," Jill went on with an effort. "I found out that Clare never really liked me."

"Now, honey! What's a friendship with an alcoholic? If I were you, I wouldn't give Clare Edmonds another thought. She isn't worth it."

"I can't feel that way. There's something about her that's good. She tries to be brave and gay, you know. She tries her best."

Roger leaned back in his chair, and sent Jill a smiling glance under his thick black lashes. "All right! I won't argue. It may be the A.A. will pull her out of her troubles one of these days, and then you can start being cosy again. In the meantime don't worry about her."

"There's one thing I'd like to know," Jill said after another moment or two. "How can you tell when people are your friends? How can you really tell?"

"When they stick around the way I do!" he told her, promptly. "Old Peyton the Patient—that's what they call me!"

She smiled at him, responding to his evident attempt to lighten her mood. She saw that it was growing dark, and she pulled the curtains together and tuned in dance music from the small radio on the window seat, keeping the

volume low. The music blended with the soft sound of pattering rain and emphasized the warmth and intimacy of the room. It was almost possible to imagine that she and Roger were married and in their own home. At the thought, she turned her shy glance away from him, for she felt that Roger, too, might have this thought in mind.

He spoke as if to confirm the point. "This is pretty nice, isn't it? I don't know how I'm going to tear myself away when the time comes. If my uncle hadn't made such a great big thing of this powwow—" Roger sketched a swift gesture of humorous despair. "He has the family attitude about the mill, naturally. A religion!"

"But you're as bored with it as ever?" Jill asked.

"Sure am! I'd like a little sympathy if you don't mind."

"I don't see how that would do any good."

"Hey! You're being too serious about this!"

"I should think it would be a serious problem," she said, looking at him with some earnestness. "I've often wanted to ask you if you ever think about those documentary films you told me about one time. Isn't there any more hope about that?"

"Well—it's queer you should mention it just now. I had a letter last week from my old roommate—and he told me he actually had some sort of deal on in Florida. He was trying to persuade me to leave the mill and go into the film business." Roger frowned. "His pitch about it made the whole thing sound pretty exciting—I'll admit that!"

"It would be exciting, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—" He looked at her pensively. "Have you ever been in Florida, Jill?"

"No, I never have," she said, her heart beginning to beat very fast.

"I was there one winter—and I liked it. This may be one of those ideas that—No, I guess not." He pulled an ashtray nearer and stubbed out his cigarette. "It's not practical, any way you look at it."

Jill was silent for a full moment, and then she spoke slowly. "If you stay in the mill, you'll be spending your whole life doing something you don't like to do."

He sent her a defensive glance, as if she had leveled an accusation against him. "Isn't that true of most people? Take your father, for instance! Is he so keen about being a carpenter?"

"I hadn't thought about it before but—yes, I think he is! He's a good carpenter, and he knows it. I'm sure that must be a *satisfaction*."

"Then he's one of the lucky ones." Roger said moodily. "With me, it can't be so simple. I can't let my mother down, for one thing."

She nodded, resisting the impulse to cross the room to his side and to hold him, as if he were a child, against her heart.

"Please don't think I'm being critical," she said.

"No—but I wish I could make you understand, that's all! It's a matter, really, of understanding my mother and the way she feels about the mill." Roger broke off for a moment and went on with a careful choice of words. "She takes a pride in it that's almost feudal. My mother speaks of the mill workers—well—possessively! 'Our people,' she likes to say. She's a throwback to some medieval castle or other. Of course I rib her about the whole thing and she laughs—but that doesn't mean I'm not the heir apparent," he concluded with a wry grin. "If I were to get out, it would be an abdication."

"I think your mother must be a person of great character."

"She is!"

Jill spoke impulsively. "Roger! Do you think she'll like me?"

"My mother has an eye for the beautiful," he replied. "You'll bowl her over, Jill, my girl!"



At the time Jill did not think of this answer as oblique, nor pay heed to his casual dismissal of the matter. He walked over to the radio and raised the volume of the music.

"Will you dance, Miss Seaver?"

Smiling, she stepped into his arms and allowed him to lead her around the room. In another moment they could no longer dance. Holding her, he spoke with almost harsh insistence.

"Jill—?"

"Yes!"

The whole evening had led to this affirmative moment. She was to look back at a later time and see how completely she had accepted the one possible meaning of that moment. It was bewildering when he released her, like a wrong note in music. Then she became aware of the faint embarrassment in his smiling gaze. It was clear he had started to ask a question he had not wanted to ask—that she had answered, ardently, when he had not wanted an answer.

"Jill, you're a dear kid—" he said and gave her cheek a caressing little stroke.

The caress was a rejection much more cruel than Clare Edmonds' gross and insulting words had been. Jill's face was flaming as she drew away and tuned down the music.

"You'll be late for your engagement," she said. "I think you should go now."

He could barely meet her eyes although he made some effort to speak in his normal tone. "You make the time go too fast, Jill! That's the only thing wrong with you!"

"I wish it were!" she said, managing a fixed, bright smile.

In a few moments she closed the door very quietly, and she heard him start the motor of his car and drive away.

## CHAPTER

Tom Seaver came down to breakfast the next morning after Freddy had gone to school. He looked his youngest at this hour, freshly-shaved and glowing.

"I took an extra forty winks," he confessed to his daughter, "because I didn't get in till late last night. I was tied up in a poker game."

"I heard you come in," Jill said.

She transferred scrambled eggs and sausages from the frying pan to his plate and buttered his toast lavishly, in the way he liked it. She busied herself about the kitchen until he had almost finished his breakfast. Then she spoke evenly.

"Dad, I hope you're not in a special rush. If you have a few minutes, there's something I'd like to tell you."

Tom Seaver put down his coffee cup and beamed at her.

"What's the big news? Wedding bells in the offing?"

"No!" Jill said quickly. "This has nothing to do with weddings! It's about my job with Amory. I'm giving it up."

"Sa-ay! This is pretty sudden, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"What's happened?" he demanded, considering her more closely. "You're looking a bit washed out, now I come to notice!"

"Dad, it's not me that's washed out. It's that whole deal I had—washed out, finished, over and done with. I don't want to see any of those people again. Even Amory! If a person's making a break, the only thing to do is to make it completely—and last night I wrote Amory a letter, trying to make him understand how I feel." She paused for a moment and pressed her fingertips against her eyes. "It was a pretty hard letter to write, after all he's done for me!"

"I still don't get this!" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Just yesterday, wasn't everything going along okay?"

"It was, until I went to see Clare. Then everything began blowing up in my face."

He sent her a sharp glance. "Did that Edmonds woman say anything out of line?"

"No," Jill said, with a poor little attempt to smile, "i was on the line! She was being honest with me for the first time. She made me understand I didn't belong in her crowd. I'd just pushed my way in. The fact is, I'm a nobody!"

"'Nobody'? You're a darn' sight too good for 'em! They're the nobodies!"

Jill shook her head. "It isn't as simple as that. I mean, I don't think we can separate the people on the hill from the people on Franklin Street, and say that one lot's good and one lot's bad. It isn't as simple as that," she repeated, slowly, "and somewhere along the line I got mixed up, I suppose . . . Dad, I don't like myself this morning!"

"Do you like the Peyton boy?" her father queried shrewdly. "How does he fit into all this?"

"He was one of the—mistakes. He won't be coming here again. Last night—" she went on, "there was one of those situations where a couple of people don't have to say a word. We understood each other. He thinks I'm a nice girl and all that—but he let me know he couldn't be too serious about me."

"The young pup!" Tom Seaver shouted. "Didn't he lead you to think he was serious?"

Jill lowered her eyes and made a careful study of the silver-plated knife at her hand. "We've got to try to understand him. He'd have to marry a girl who'd gone to a private school and had a coming-out party, and all that sort of business. If he didn't do that, his mother wouldn't know what to make of it—and he couldn't stand up to his mother!"

"I never did think that young man had enough backbone to brag about—I'd forget him, Jill!— And I still don't see what all this has to do with your job—? Why chuck that along with everything else?"

"Because I'm ashamed!" she said, forcing herself to meet her father's eyes. "I'm not the person I thought I was, and that's what it comes to. Amory wanted me to be a gentlewoman, Dad, but all I wanted was to marry Roger and give marvelous parties and—and have my picture in the papers!"

"A 'gentlewoman—' " Tom Seaver was savoring the word as he turned it over on his tongue. "Your mother was that!"

Jill nodded, humbly. "I should have remembered my mother—and tried to be like her."

"Things would have been mighty different for you if she had lived, Jill. You'd have had a nicer home." Tom Seaver's eyes grew troubled. "The plain fact is, I haven't been any kind of father to you kids. If I'd taken more of a hand from the start—well, I don't know, maybe you'd never have got in a jam like this."

She smiled at him and spoke quickly. "Freddy and I wouldn't swap you for any other father!"

"That's more than I rate—" he said, as he pushed back his chair and picked up the lunch box that Jill had packed. "Now I'd better be getting to work, I suppose."

"Yes, you'll be late as it is. But here's my letter to



Amory," she went on, in a tone she strove to make casual. "Would you put it in a mail box for me?"

"Sure you want to send it?"

"Yes! I've got to start all over again. That's the one single thing in the world I'm sure of."

She had never been so close to her father, she thought, as she started stacking the breakfast dishes. She was ashamed to think of the countless times she had nursed grievances against him. She had been too critical of his faults and not willing enough to see how many sacrifices he had made for her and Freddy, how kind he had always been to them. Now it seemed to her that, apart from Amory, her father was the finest man she knew.

"You've got a lot to learn—and a long way to go!" she informed herself grimly, over the foaming suds in her dishpan. . . .

Yet the path ahead was to be even more difficult than she had feared. She was extremely lonely. She was to find that the warm mood of the Christmas party had faded to wariness and that she had no more rightful place in her old world than she had in the new. Listening to her old acquaintances discussing the gossip they had culled from the movie magazines and the tabloids, she would bite back any mention of her own reading matter, at the same time remembering how Amory had smiled over her absorption in the books he had listed for her. "So your soul has been saved," he had said in his sardonic way. "You won't be going back to stale soda pop—after you've tasted vintage wine." She knew this cultivated taste would have been considered a form of snobbishness, and she knew there would have been even more resentment over any reference to the country club, or to the gay gatherings in the big Edmonds mansion on the hill. Only on sufferance had Jill been readmitted to the Franklin Street circle, for in some obscure fashion her old friends felt she had betrayed them, and soon she ceased making any attempt to win them back.

Tom Seaver considered her anxiously one evening. "You've got to have *some* friends!" he declared. "You can't stay at home every night with your nose in a book!"

"I'm not the most popular person in the whole of creation! I guess that's the trouble, Dad."

"Do you want to know the real trouble?" he demanded. "You're still eating your heart out over young Peyton!"

"I'd rather not talk about him," Jill said after a moment.

"All right. Maybe I should mind my own business. But have you discussed any part of this with Peyton?"

"Yes, I have. He telephoned the day I last saw him. I let him know I was stepping out of the whole situation."

"The young cub—!" her father muttered. "He took that without any argument?"

"He pretended to argue, but he understood well enough. I think he sounded embarrassed." Jill lifted her head. "I wouldn't have wanted him to telephone again! That's the last thing I'd have wanted!"

She spoke with a shade too much fervor, and she was aware of being none too convincing. Still, even to herself, she could not admit how much she longed for the sound of Roger's voice over the telephone, warm and teasing and gay. . . .

"I suppose it's better to have it settled," Tom Seaver was saying.

"*Much* better!" Jill agreed.

"It leaves you free in your mind to make other dates for yourself," he continued, with some caution. "Speaking of that, it wouldn't surprise me if Dan Corbett were to blow in tonight!"

Jill had been putting leftover pudding in a plastic dish for the refrigerator. Now she wheeled about in quick alarm.

"Dad! What do you mean? What have you been up to?"

"I haven't been up to a single thing," he said with a mildly indignant air. "I don't know why you'd jump to any such conclusion."

"You saw Dan! You must have!"

"Suppose I did? I ran into him in the barber shop, and we got to talking about this and that. But Dan was the one who kept trying to edge your name into the conversation. I can tell you for sure it wasn't me!"

"But you told him I'd like to see him!"

Tom Seaver shifted in his chair. "My attitude was. I couldn't say you'd shut the door in his face—and what was bad about that? A date now and then with Dan Corbett wouldn't do you any real harm, you know!"

"I don't think a person can go *back* to things," Jill said, looking at him disconsolately. "It's like trying to go back to a time when you were seventeen. It's embarrassing and sad and everything else!"

"Now that's what I'd call a notion with no sense to it," her father informed her. "If you ask me, I can see no reason why you and Dan shouldn't make friends all over again. So I'll give you a hand with the dishes," he added. "You'd better be getting them out of the way."

As a further expression of tact and consideration, Tom Seaver had left for the bowling alley by the time Dan's old green sedan pulled up to the curb.

"I don't want to say the wrong thing," he explained to Jill. "This is one time I don't want to put my foot in it."

She smiled at this, and yet she herself was none too self-possessed when she opened the door to Dan Corbett.

He would not enter the room at once. "You haven't got company—?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No one's here—unless you want to count Freddy. He's around somewhere—but come in, Dan, for goodness' sake!"

She was dismayed by the forced ring of her own words, a poor mimicry of her old companionable tone with him. She saw that Dan was even more ill at ease although he had made an evident attempt to appear at his best. It gave her heart a little wrench to see the garish new maroon-and-yellow tie he had put on for this occasion and the starched and spotless shirt cuffs not quite hiding the reddened wrists. . . . She made haste to cover the silence that had fallen between them.

"There's a lot to catch up on, isn't there, Dan? Tell me about the shop! Is it still keeping you on the jump?"

It had been a good question, for Dan was as ready as ever to talk about his work. He was most deeply absorbed at the moment in color television. It would not be long, he told Jill, before she would be sitting right in this living room, looking at all the programs in color. Listening to him, Jill found something appealing about his enthusiasm and decided that he resembled Amory in liking his work for its own sake. She voiced her thought impulsively.

"Dan, I've all of a sudden realized something about you! You're what Amory Forbes would call a 'well-adjusted' sort of person."

"Isn't that the sort of person to be?" he asked in surprise.

"It's the most important thing in the world to be! I never appreciated it in you before, Dan. I simply took it for granted."

Leaving his chair and coming to sit on the sofa beside her, he put his hands on his knees and looked at her sideways in the mischievous way she remembered so well.

"Maybe you took me too much for granted altogether," he said. "Are you beginning to find that out, Jill?"

"Don't lecture me!" she said, with a flash of her old spirit.

"Me? I know better! You were never a girl to take any back talk."



It was plain, now, that Dan had almost lost his self-consciousness. He was feeling so much at home that in another moment he crossed the room to spin the knobs on the Seavers' television set.

"She's working okay, is she?"

"I haven't heard any complaints," Jill said.

Nevertheless, Dan had to satisfy himself about the reception. Then he started back to the sofa, pausing by the card table that supported Freddy's latest work, a small clay model of his sister's head.

"Now what d'you know!" he said.

"Don't handle it! It's still wet!" cried Jill.

Her warning had not come in time. Dan had picked up the model with none of the care he would have brought to some delicate bit of mechanism.

"I did mash in the nose a bit," he admitted with a broad smile.

"Dan!" she cried in shocked amazement. "Why are you smiling? It's not funny!"

"Sure it is! You'd look funny with your nose the way I've got it now! You'd be all set for one of those comedy parts in the movies. You'd make a million!"

"I'm talking—" she said, slowly, "about the way Freddy is going to feel."

"About a hunk of clay he was fooling with?" Dan turned to find Jill's brother standing in the doorway. "Now, how about that, Freddy? Jill's got you mixed up with Forbes, it looks like. The well-known, world-famous sculptor, Mr. Freddy Seaver!"

Freddy had walked to the table, to stare at the ruined head. He was biting his underlip, fighting the threat of unmanly tears.

Dan thrust his hand into his pocket. "This'll fix it! Here's a quarter, Freddy. Run out and get yourself a soda."

For a moment Freddy regarded him with the relentless eyes of the very young.

"I don't want a soda," he said and left the room.

Dan spread his hands in mock despair. "You'd better explain, Jill! This wasn't supposed to be a great work of genius, was it?"

"No. . . . Freddy was trying to make something beautiful; that's all. And that—" Jill went on, "is something that should be respected by the people who care for him. It wasn't your spoiling the model that mattered—it was your not having any respect for it!"

"You've never said, 'Be respectful to Freddy,'" Dan said. "That's never been the pitch before!"

"There was nothing that could have hurt him like this before! But you can't even see how much you've hurt him," Jill said somberly. "You thought twenty-five cents for a soda would make everything all right."

"Oh, for Pete's sake, all this hullabaloo!" Dan said with an impatient gesture. "Let's say we forget it, Jill!"

She managed a smile of assent, and yet she knew she would not be able to forget the incident. She was remembering now that Dan had never had any degree of imagination about other people's problems. For Dan there could be nothing but humor in Freddy's bitter grief because Dan would not comprehend a grief that had never been his own. Almost reluctantly Jill turned that thought about Dan over in mind, even as she lent a polite ear to Dan himself, and she made no protest when he made his first tentative move to depart. The evening had not been without its own sad profit, for in one sense it had provided a shock necessary to Jill.

"I've got to stop mooning around the house," she informed her father the next day. "I've got to make a whole new life for myself! I've got to get a job!"

"Now there's my daughter talking!" Tom Seaver said in approval.

Jill did not tell him she was merely assuming this valiant attitude. Struggling against an inner apathy, she forced herself to heroic tasks in the house. She swept and scrubbed and polished; she cleaned out closets; she washed and ironed and mended.

Subsequently, having coped with all possible chores for any one day, she would dress herself with care and sally forth to make the rounds of the employment agencies. She was compelled to hide her dismay at having so little to report to the personnel workers. Now it seemed a long time ago that Les Helman had talked to the nation about the beautiful women who had inspired great artists through the ages. Sometimes Jill would wince when she remembered her interviews with the reporters, her bright smiles for the cameras. In attempting to claim a share in Amory's achievement, she had basked in a light as false as it was glittering. . . . "I worked for Mr. Forbes as a secretary and a model, and as a part time housekeeper," she would say evenly to the indifferent people in the agencies. She told none of them that she had been the model for THE INDOMITABLE.

The first week's search brought nothing, and during the weekend she sank even more completely into the lassitude that had claimed her. On Saturday she took Freddy and Dave Grannis to a movie, but on Sunday she had neither plans nor desire for plans. Not able to concentrate on the book she had intended to read, she walked aimlessly about the room. A casual impulse brought her to the window in time to see Roger Peyton slamming the door of the blue convertible shut and coming blithely up the front walk.

In the ensuing moments she had the curious impression that time had whirled back to that other gray day when she had last seen him. Once more he was holding her in his arms while the chill rain slanted against the windowpanes and a haunting strain of music came from the radio. It was like some vivid dream of that other day, but the words spoken in the dream were not the same.

"I can't get along without you!" he was telling her now. "It's no good, Jill! I've tried. It won't work." The familiar hint of laughter came into his eyes. "So we've got to act fast, you and I! Today I had a cable from my mother to say she'd be home next week. We'll be married by the time she gets here!"

"Married—" Jill repeated, blankly.

"Don't you like the sound of it? 'Married!' A good substantial word, my girl!"

"Now wait—" Jill said. "Now wait! This doesn't change anything! If your mother doesn't like me—"

"She will when she knows you! How can she help it?"

Jill drew away from him and walked to the window, there to look earnestly down on the humdrum street, as if calling upon it to keep her sensible and sane. After a moment she turned to face him.

"It isn't simply a matter of liking me!" she said. "I've had time to think of all the problems we'd have—"

"Jill, don't rub it in!"

"No. I hadn't meant to do that. I'm simply trying to say I can understand your mother's point of view a little better than I could before. She'd naturally feel you should marry someone born to wealth like—well, like Clare Edmonds, for instance. Someone who can manage a big house the way Clare can—"

"Clare Edmonds!" Astonishment had diverted Roger from his theme. "Why on earth did you think Clare was 'born to wealth'? She was a manicurist on Main Street when she was your age!"

"Clare?"

"Yes. Amory Forbes discovered her, and then old Edmonds went overboard— But why are we talking about the ancient history of people who don't matter? Jill, let's get back to my mother. The point is, you're not to worry about her. If someone like Clare Edmonds could learn to





order a butler around, why shouldn't you, I'd like to know!"

Helplessly, Jill began to laugh. "I haven't got my breath—and you're talking about butlers!"

"You brought 'em in with Clare! I'm talking about your getting your hat on and throwing a few things in your little bag—and starting on this big-time date to get married, my girl!"

"Now?"

"Can you think of a better time?" Roger demanded exuberantly. "I'm taking you to Henrietta—she's in on this and she's all for it! Then we're going to Maryland with Henrietta and her husband—"

"No!" cried Jill. "I'd have to tell Dad, and I don't even know how to get hold of him! He's at a ball game somewhere—"

"He'll like this!" Roger cut in. "He's not the kind who'd want to go through a big wedding, is he? Up the aisle in an Ascot tie to give you away?"

"What's an Ascot tie? Oh, never *mind!*" Jill said, beginning to laugh again. "He'd be relieved if I didn't have a big wedding, but at the same time—"

"At the same time he's at the ball game, and my mother's booking passage for home! Why don't we charming young people live our own charming young lives, I ask you? Darling, get that hat on!"

"All right, I *will!*" Jill agreed breathlessly.

She ran upstairs, and packed her weekend bag in frantic haste, at the last minute pulling her old red raincoat from its hanger in the closet. *For luck*—she thought. . . . At the same time she found herself walking rather slowly from the room and even more slowly she began to descend the stairs. . . . She paused on the third step and looked down at the young man in the hall awaiting her with all a lover's eagerness in his eyes and in his smile.

"Jill!" he was saying. "My girl Jill—"

She could not speak in a moment that had brought such an extraordinary shock to her—for she was seeing that upturned face as a handsome mask, reminding her of the masks Amory had shown her in some of his old albums about the stage.

"Jill—?" he was saying again more insistently.

"No!" She spoke as an awakened person, voicing the rejection of a dream. "No, this isn't *real!*"

He was almost pitiful in his bewilderment, and she pushed past her own bewilderment to find words both sober and solacing to say to him.

"It's never been real," she went on, as she came down into the hall. "It's simply been an exciting thing—for me to have known you, and for you to have known a girl who didn't belong to your own world—"

"Jill, you're talking nonsense!" he said angrily.

"No. If you had loved me, Roger, you would have told your mother about me and waited for her to come home. You wouldn't have been afraid! I know that now—I *just know* it."

She could say no more, even in answer to his more desperate protests. It was not possible to speak of that one moment of keen insight. The one important thing was to send Roger on his way, and to make that way as bearable as might be for a young man of so much pride.

When he had gone, she ran upstairs and threw her bag, unpacked, into her closet. Then she buttoned the old red raincoat under her chin in a haphazard fashion and ran downstairs and out of the house. . . .



She knocked on the door of the studio on Orchard Road, heedless of the rain flattening her wild black hair against her cheeks. She was aware of nothing but her longing for that door to be yanked open and for Amory to be standing on the threshold, scowling down at her. She would not be able to tell him how the tide of love had been released in her heart in a single all-revealing moment, yet she would be able to tell him many other things that needed to be said. No answer came to her knocking.

She found in another moment that Amory had left the door off the latch according to his custom. She ventured into the studio and called Amory's name. Then she crossed the bare wooden floor to the living room.

Nothing was changed. There were books and magazines on the long table; there were record albums stacked carelessly on the window seat. There were pine logs piled in the grate and there was Amory's favorite old brown pipe resting on the mantel. Still it seemed to Jill that the room recognized some change in her and she felt warmed and comforted as she walked about, looking at all these familiar objects with smiling eyes. . . . Amory would understand, she thought, that she could not have come back to him until she was ready to accept everything he had tried to teach her and everything that was represented by this room in which he lived. She walked almost in reverence to the photograph of SORROW that was placed on the wall between the two long windows and stood before it much as she had on the first day she had come to this room.

But a question formed in her mind as she looked at that photograph. This girl with her face buried in her hands was not unknown to Jill. Somewhere else she had seen that rather faunlike little ear, that delicately shaped neck. . . . *It was Clare*—Jill thought, slowly answering her own question. She was remembering, then, that Roger had spoken of Amory's discovery of Clare Edmonds when she was a manicurist in a Main Street shop. . . . Jill turned—her sudden rage kindling to a bright flame as Amory came in from the hall.

He had tossed his old hat on a chair. "Hello! I was hoping you'd be coming back one of these days in your indomitable red raincoat—*Jill!* What is it?"

"I hate you!" Jill cried, desperately. "I—I hate you, Amory!"

His gaze was intent upon her. "I can see it's pretty bad. I've asked you, what is it?"

"I've found out something I should have known all along!— It was Clare Edmonds who posed for SORROW! It was! You can't deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it!" Amory said. "Clare was one of the best models I ever had, but she stopped broadcasting the fact when she married Edmonds—"

"You know she's in love with you! That's why you've made a point of being halfway decent to her. It's the only little shred of conscience you had left!"

"Do you mind telling me where my 'conscience' would come in?"

"It *should* come in!" Jill told him brokenly. "I see how you manage things now, Amory. For some reason it isn't enough for a girl simply to be a model for one of your statues! No, you're not satisfied with that! You have to make the *girl* over as if she were so much clay—and it doesn't matter how much she falls in love with you and how much you hurt her! No! It's all been necessary to your vanity!"

"My 'vanity'?" He had turned a dull red. "I'm afraid I haven't much of that! My wife didn't leave me with many illusions about my homely-looking mug."

Jill stared at him for a moment. "But—Clare?" she asked in a small voice.

"From the beginning Clare has been a pitiful child," Amory said. "She could never make up her mind what she wanted in life. That's a tragedy, I'll admit, but I'm not responsible for it! I'd be a conceited fool if I thought so."

"And you're not a conceited fool!" Jill murmured in shame. "I don't know if you'll forgive me for what I've said!"

"As long as you're back, it doesn't matter what you say! I went through such plain and simple hell when you left me—" He paused and considered her gravely. "Jill, I told you one time that an artist had no need for love. That was an idiot talking! An artist is a human being with the needs of a human being. I know now there wouldn't have been anything left for me or of my work if I hadn't known you."

"I was the one who was helped, Amory!"

He shook his head. "That's never a one-way road, you know. The one who gives receives more than he gives! That seems to be some sort of law operating in the moral realm." He went on, then, with some hesitance. "But you haven't misunderstood me, have you, Jill? I've never hoped you could give me the sort of love you have for young Peyton—"

"Roger!" exclaimed Jill in bewilderment. "I'd forgotten him!"

She had time to see the incredulous joy that had flashed into Amory's face. She was in his arms then, closing her eyes as he sought her lips. . . . When she drew away at last, she lifted her hand to trace the line of his thin cheek.

"There's one thing I'll know," she said softly. "I'll know how to love you and take care of you, Amory, my darling. That's one thing you'll never, never have to teach me."  
 . . . THE END

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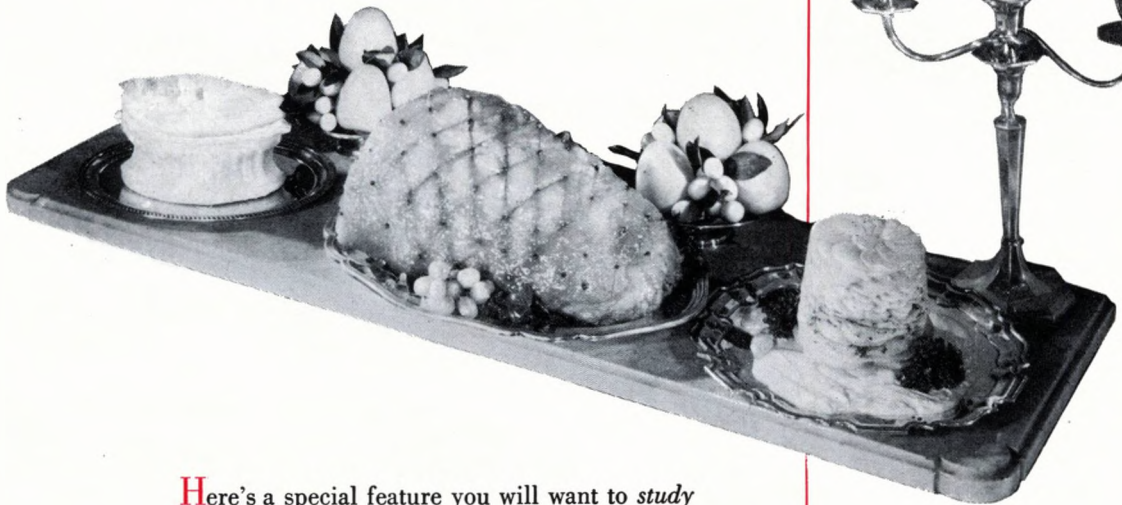




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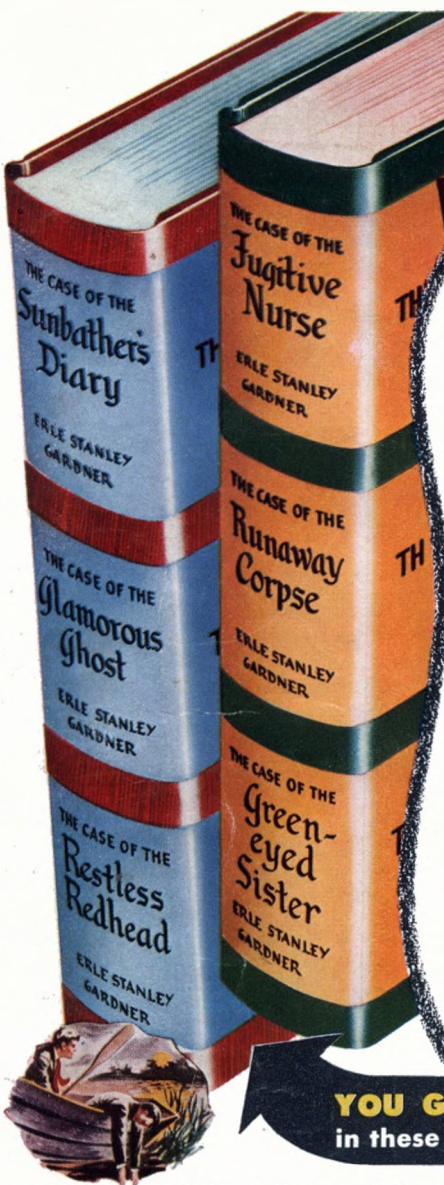
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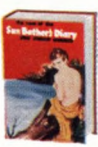
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