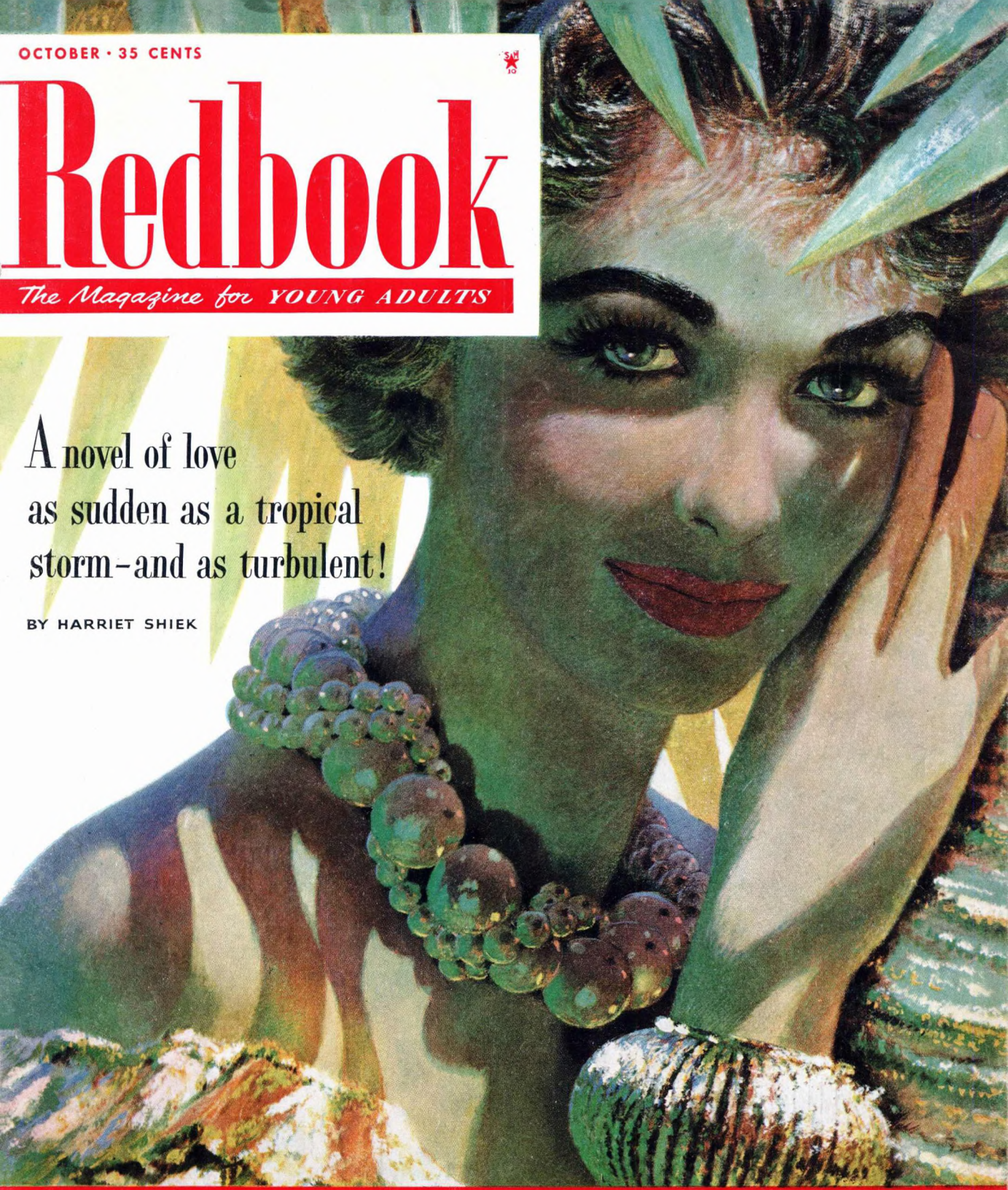
OCTOBER · 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS



A novel of love as sudden as a tropical storm–and as turbulent!

BY HARRIET SHIEK

SLOAN SIMPSON tells of her life with Bill O'Dwyer

Special bonus feature: **TIME-SAVER COOKBOOK**

THE THOMPSON TROPHY

For Airplane Racing at its Best . . .

awarded to winner of climaxing jet race at annual National Aircraft Show.

For Whiskey at its Best...

When a jet pilot breaks through the sound barrier, he hears practically nothing. But watch those conversation barriers break down . . . and pleasant talk spring up when you pass around a bottle of Hill and Hill — light Blend or mellow Straight, as you like it!

HILL AND HILL *from Kentucky*

Kentucky Blended *Whiskey*

Kentucky Straight *Bourbon Whiskey*

Both 86 Proof · Kentucky Blended Whiskey Contains 65% Grain Neutral Spirits · The Hill and Hill Co., Louisville, Ky.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Candy Cane" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.

Casual, carefree — that's the new "Bambi" hairdo. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — *and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Bobbi is perfect for this "Sweetie Pie" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings are necessary.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

PICTURE of the Month

He was the glass of fashion and the toast of Europe. He was the despair of kings, the envy of men and the rage of women in the Age of Splendor. He was Beau Brummell!

The dashing adventurer who added his name to every language (not omitting love) makes an elegant entrance in M-G-M's "Beau Brummell"—a glittering Color-chronicle that will surely make a bid for a place among M-G-M's all-time greats.

In the title role, Stewart Granger adds another beau to his impressive string of screen heroes. Opposite him, almost too beautiful to be true, Elizabeth Taylor adds, as Lady Patricia, a further fire to her ever-glowing dramatic fame.

What a rattling good story we're flung head over heart into! Life was cheap but living expensive. And Beau set the pace—in foppery and audacity. Who else would dare insult to his face the chubby Prince of Wales (the self-indulgent future George IV, a screen portrait by Peter Ustinov that ranks with his unforgettable Nero). Who else could woo the incredibly desirable Lady Patricia as if she were a chambermaid? Ordinary mortals, especially her powerful fiance, had always put her on a pedestal. Beau was the first to put her there just to get a better look!

No wonder Lord Byron called him the greatest man of his day! Here, in all its power-lusting prodigality, that day tumbles to life, under the meticulous care of producer Sam Zimbalist and director Curtis Bernhardt: the pageant of Napoleon, Pitt, Wellington; scandal-lashed Mrs. Fitzherbert: Robert Morley's rare portrayal of the mad monarch George III; scarlet coats riding to hounds; whole kingdoms going to the dogs; tumultuous canvases of harsh Hogarthian humanity. Regency beaus and Gainsborough belles; russet Turner landscapes spilling into the morning mist.

Yes, a hundred styles and many kings later, "Beau Brummell" is still setting the pace—in entertainment!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "BEAU BRUMMELL". Starring STEWART GRANGER, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, PETER USTINOV with ROBERT MORLEY. Screen Play by Karl Tunberg. Based on the Play written for Richard Mansfield by Clyde Fitch. Photographed in Eastman Color. Print by Technicolor. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt. Produced by Sam Zimbalist.

OCTOBER • 1954
VOL. 103 • NO. 6

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

COVER PAINTING BY EDWIN GEORGI

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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new mother

The love that makes a doll her baby is the beginning of motherhood for a little girl . . . the start of love-giving that will make her strive and fight for the security of those she loves as long as she lives.

Take care of your doll-baby, little girl. It is one of the world's most precious playthings.

The security that springs from love is the very heart of our living. It is a privilege known only in a country such as ours, where men and women are free to work for it.

And when we live up to the privilege of taking care of our own, we also best take care of our country. For the strength of America is in its secure homes all joined in a common security.

Let America's security be found in *your* home!

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

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

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

U.S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish. Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For *your* family's sake, how about signing up today?

If you want your interest as current income, ask your banker about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check. An excellent investment.

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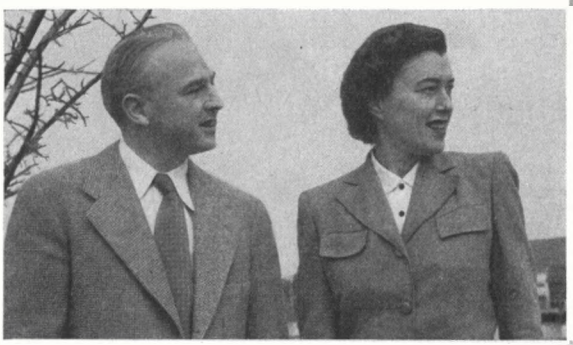
BETWEEN THE LINES

A. E. Hotchner

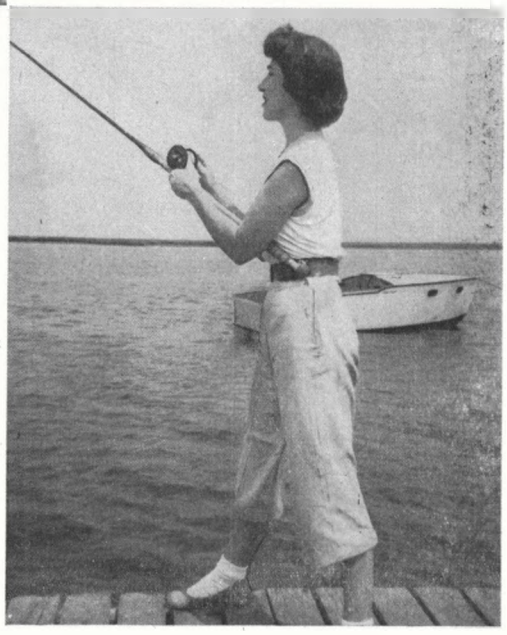


Mr. and Mrs. Spence

A pretty woman with enough spunk to go into a bullring can handle herself in any situation, as Sloan Simpson proves again and again. How she handled herself in one of the most publicized romances of our time, her own with Bill O'Dwyer, is revealed in A. E. Hotchner's article on page 34 — "She Married the Mayor." It's a fascinating story about a frank and fascinating girl. The picture of her in the ring on page 37 is no pose, as Mr. Hotchner found out. "After I wrote the article," he told us, "I was in Spain and I went to a *tienta* — that's where calves are fought for practice — with Ernest Hemingway, Ava Gardner and Luis Miguel Dominquin, the matador. Luis Miguel took Ava into the ring. She was terrified, but she stood her ground while the bull charged past her. Later, Hemingway complimented Ava. Luis Miguel then said, 'Yes, she was very brave, but the best American girl I ever saw fight the calves is your Sloan Simpson.' Coming from the world's greatest matador, that is quite a compliment."

Speaking of water, Gertrude Layden Brown, the author of our short short story (page 46), "On Approval," lives right smack dab in the midst of it. In the picture to the right she's fishing practically from her doorstep. She and her husband live on a small island just north of Atlantic City. "I love the ocean," she told us, "and when we have a good northeaster, the breakers roll over the bulkhead and the ocean and bay meet right in front of our door." We expect Mrs. Brown is going to capitalize on this watery environment with a sea adventure story, but as of now "On Approval" is her first published fiction.

A Marine's last fight seldom is in church, but this ex-Marine happened to be a minister, and that's where the combat was joined. Hartzell Spence tells about the fight — and the love affair! — in a delightful short story, "God's Sergeant," on page 26. Mr. and Mrs. Spence live in an old sea captain's house up in Essex, Connecticut, and their 35-foot sloop is moored in the river off their front lawn. In the good old summertime the Spences, including young son and daughter, go a-cruising down Nantucket way.



Mrs. Brown in her dooryard

NEXT MONTH:

Steve Allen: a study of TV's "easygoing" genius who is relaxed like an atom bomb!

Which brother will win *Sabrina* (Audrey Hepburn)—*David* (William Holden) or *Linus* (Humphrey Bogart)?

"SABRINA"

REDBOOK'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH—SELECTED BY FLORENCE SOMERS

The girl of the year is Audrey Hepburn. For her first big movie role as the princess in "Roman Holiday" she won her Oscar as the finest motion picture actress. And for her stage performance in "Ondine" she was acclaimed the best stage actress. Miss Hepburn now endows "Sabrina" with her own wonderful qualities of magic. When she's in the scene, no matter what she does, every eye focuses on her.

The plot of "Sabrina" is the old Cinderella one of the chauffeur's daughter who falls in love with the son of the family. There are a few complications, however. The family lives on Long Island in a style that very few were ever accustomed to, and that almost no one can afford now. *Sabrina* (Audrey Hepburn) goes to Paris to learn the fine art of cooking and comes back knowing much more. There's not one son, but two. *David Larrabee* (William Holden), most attractive but a heel, and his brother *Linus* (Humphrey Bogart), a brilliant executive who has never had time for love.

Sabrina loves *David*. David is supposed to marry a girl whose connections will be useful to the *Larrabee* enterprises, and *Linus* is determined to see that nothing interferes with the marriage. His intention is to lure *Sabrina* away from *David*, pack her off to Europe and return to his business affairs. There's only one hitch—he underestimates the power of *Sabrina* and her wiles. There's a merry chase between the brothers *Larrabee* and it's an even money bet almost to the end as to which brother will win *Sabrina*. Don't think we're going to give you the winner; go see the photo-finish for yourself. *Sabrina* is sure to charm you.

Loaded with amusing scenes and bright dialogue, "Sabrina" is fine entertainment. Seeing it is the perfect solution for those who want to forget the cares and troubles of the everyday world. The two men are excellent and Miss Hepburn, who can express more emotion in the movement of her eyes than most actresses do in a whole performance (small pictures, *left*), may well win another award for this picture. She can look so innocent and so helpless that every man in the east or the audience wants to rush to her aid. And every woman is fascinated by her. *(Paramount Pictures)*

Moving?

DON'T JUST CALL A VAN...

PHONE YOUR North American MAN!

End Moving-Day Worry in a Hurry with the expert help of your nearby North American Van Lines agent. He'll arrange to whisk your prized possessions to any point in the U. S. A., Canada, or Alaska, on the magic carpet of a modern North American van!

Better Move *All* Ways the North American way! Look in the yellow pages of your phone book under "Movers" for your nearest NAVL agent, and call him today. Write for FREE booklet, "The Happiest Move We Ever Made"—North American Van Lines, Dept. R1054, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

Find This Famous "NAVL OVAL" in Your Phone Book—and Enjoy the HAPPIEST MOVE You Ever Made!

North American VAN LINES, INC.

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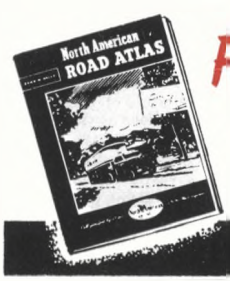


Free! Giant Road Atlas

Plan your next move now. Call local North American agent for estimate. When he has given you an estimate, you are entitled to a big Road Atlas FREE. Offer available only through NAVL agents in Continental U. S., Canada, Alaska.

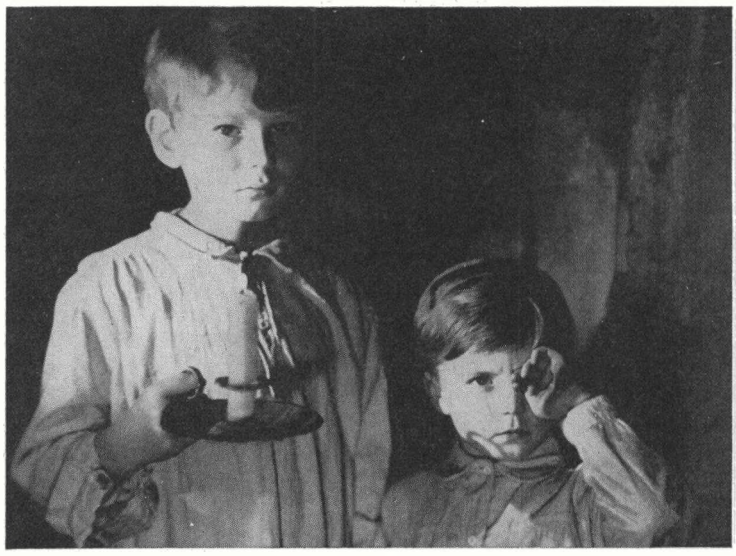
YOU'LL WANT THESE NAVL FEATURES:

- **SAFETY**—Each clean, modern NAVL van is equipped with over $1,000.00 worth of protective coverings and special furniture-handling equipment.
- **CONVENIENCE**—Your North American agent can handle the entire moving job for you—packing, loading, transportation, storage.
- **COURTESY**—Your NAVL driver is a courteous furniture technician . . . specially trained in public relations.
- **PROMPTNESS**—NAVL's nation-wide, direct wire dispatching network assures delivery of your household goods, where you want them—when you want them.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SERVING THE MOVING NEEDS OF A CONTINENT

TWO OTHER FINE



"THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS"

REMEMBER THIS TITLE because it belongs to a really fine picture. "The Little Kidnappers" is simple and unpretentious, but it pulls at your heartstrings in a way you'll never forget. It has as its stars two of the most engaging youngsters who have ever been on the screen, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter. They are healthy, happy boys, full of fun and wise beyond their years. The story is laid in Nova Scotia in 1904 and was photographed there amid the great beauty of its scenery.

As the film begins, the two boys, who talk like little old men, have traveled alone from Winnipeg to live on their grandfather's farm. They are orphans and to them a farm means cows, chickens, horses and at least one dog which they decide must be named *Rover*. The father of eight-year-old *Harry* (Jon Whiteley) and five-year-old *Davy* (Vincent Winter) was killed in the Boer war and the mother has just died. Grandfather *Jim MacKenzie* (Duncan Macrae), whom they had never met, turns out to be a respected but formidable, righteous man to whom any pleasure is a sin.

Living is very difficult in this part of Nova Scotia and there's nothing on the farm but some chickens and three goats. The grandfather means well, but he's hard on the children and he has no money to buy the dog they want so much. In desperation they build a secret hut of boughs which is really the only plaything they have until *Harry* makes a great discovery. He finds a baby under a tree and he and *Davy* keep it in their hut as a pet. *Davy* wants to call it *Rover*, but *Harry* insists that that is no name for a baby. He remembers seeing his mother take care of *Davy* and he gets milk from the goats and sneaks out at night to sleep with the infant. Eventually the boys are discovered and a very tense, dramatic courtroom scene brings a happy ending to all concerned in this most unusual film, which will linger long in your memory. *(United Artists)*

OCTOBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Betrayed—Plenty of excitement and interesting scenery in the story of the Dutch underground. Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature.

Brigadoon—The famous stage musical is given stunning treatment on the screen. Cyd Charisse, Gene Kelly. * Sept.

Broken Lance—Strong family conflict when Spencer Tracy, pioneer rancher, refuses to accept the ideas of his sons, Robert Wagner and Richard Widmark.

Dawn at Socorro—Rory Calhoun in an off-beat Western which has a lot of the same feeling as "High Noon."

Francis Joins the WACs—Francis the Mule and Donald O'Connor have always been a riotous team, but this time they're funnier than ever as part of the WACs.

Hell Raiders of the Deep—Interesting film of the work of Italian frogmen and human torpedoes in World War II.

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—Funniest picture of this or any year since the great days of Chaplin. Starring Jacques Tati. * Sept.

King Richard and The Crusaders—Film version of Sir Walter Scott's "The Talisman," story of Richard the Lion-

FILMS

"REAR WINDOW"

THE MASTER OF mystery, Alfred Hitchcock, has turned out a brilliant film of mirth and murder. Whenever the suspense becomes too great, Hitchcock introduces enough humor to relieve the tension. The story concerns a photographer, *Jeff* (Jimmy Stewart), immobilized in his apartment because of a broken leg. From watching the activities of the apartment dwellers around the court, he becomes intimately acquainted with their lives and he believes that the man opposite his rear window has murdered his wife.

Jeff interests his friends in his theory, *Lisa* (Grace Kelly) who wants to marry him; *Stella* (Thelma Ritter), his nurse; and *Tom* (Wendell Corey), a police lieutenant. Suspense develops as they try to get enough evidence to prove their theory is correct. The amusing dialogue, the romantic banter between *Lisa* and *Jeff*, and the realistic characterizations make this a fine bit of entertainment. *(Paramount)*

Hearted. Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo.

On the Waterfront—Realistic, brutal film of waterfront life, lightened by a tender romance. Marlon Brando. * Sept.

Susan Slept Here—Some very funny scenes occur when Dick Powell protects a juvenile delinquent with ideas of her own.-Debbie Reynolds and Anne Francis.

The Unconquered—Dramatization, including actual film clips, of Helen Keller's inspiring life story.

The Vanishing Prairie—Second in Disney's series of full-length nature films is as fascinating and amusing as "The Living Desert." * Sept.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

Decorating your home? The problems involved may threaten your mental stability.

MENTAL THREAT

Decorating their own homes brings on neurosis in many women, says Dr. Milton B. Sapirstein, New York psychiatrist. The job can involve numerous stresses and strains. It's a challenge to a woman's femininity and conception of herself. Whether she chooses straight or rounded lines, antique or modern furniture, can reflect her own attitudes toward herself, her own curves or lack of them, her preferences in dress, whether she's old-fashioned or modern.

Decorating brings money problems, perhaps quarrels with her husband. It pits her against professional decorators who have their own ideas, brings her up against various workmen, including "house painters who look upon every woman as a mortal enemy." She knows her friends are expecting much from her, especially if she has volubly prided herself on her artistic talents, and she knows other women may be primed to poke fun at any mistakes she makes.—Report to the American Psychoanalytic Association.

PREGNANCY TEST

A new drug, Stigmonene Bromide, offers a simple, safe and accurate test for pregnancy. It determines whether a woman is pregnant or whether her menstrual period is merely delayed. If a woman is pregnant, the drug produces absolutely no effect upon her or her unborn baby. But if she is not pregnant, it induces the delayed menstrual period, unless she has some organic pelvic trouble or certain other conditions.

Many cases of delayed menstruation are due to emotional causes, including either desire for or fear of pregnancy. The nervous tension alters the normal workings of the body. It evidently affects a body chemical which tends to prevent the transmission of the nerve impulses involved in normal menstruation. The new drug, given by injection into the arm, counteracts this chemical, thus inducing the delayed menstrual period.

SCHOOL FEVER

If your child has a temperature, he may have school fever or bubble-gum fever. An emotional upset from difficulty with his teacher may give him a slight temperature—that's the school fever. And exercise—even just the exercise of chewing bubble gum—may send his temperature to 100 or 101. So it's no great cause for alarm every time you find your child's temperature above the usual 98.6 degrees. If he has been exercising, let him rest quietly 30 to 45 minutes before taking his temperature, Dr. Fred M. Taylor, Houston, Tex., pediatrician, to the Oklahoma Medical Association.

QUICK RELIEF

For quick treatment of bad allergic reactions, a drug firm, Parke-Davis & Company, has brought out an injectable form of an antihistamine, Ambodryl Hydrochloride. It can be given for immediate easement of severe hay fever, asthma, hives or migraine, or employed for persons who fail to respond to oral doses of antihistamine.

PAINLESS SLEEP

A new anesthetic now under medical tests acts like a local anesthetic for the entire body. The patient stays conscious, can obey what the surgeon tells him, but feels no pain. Afterward, like a person who has had amnesia, he remembers nothing.

The drug, Dolitrone, is given by vein has been used successfully for painless dental surgery and for a few kinds of operations, including hemorrhoids. It promises to be useful in childbirth, permitting the mother to obey instructions which speed delivery but cause no pain or harmful effects to her or her child.—Report to the AMA by Dr. John S. Lundy of the Mayo Clinic.

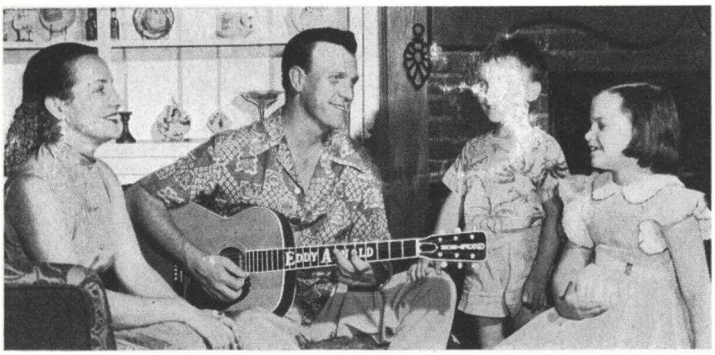
HEALTH GUIDELINES

Vitamin deficiencies can be among causes of at least 11 nervous or mental disorders. From lack of vitamin B-1 may come forgetfulness, difficulty in orderly thinking, ideas of persecution, insomnia; from lack of B-2, mental depression, visual disturbances, mild mental confusion, inability to concentrate; from lack of niacin, depression, apprehension, anxiety, irritability, memory loss, hallucinations; from lack of B-6, epileptiform convulsions, weakness, insomnia, irritability.—From a summary in the *Journal of Clinical Nutrition* of 74 medical studies.

•

Early feeding of solid foods to babies is opposed by nine out of ten baby experts writing in a forum in the *Quarterly Review of Pediatrics*. They favor giving only breast milk or formulas for the first three to six months, for most infants. There's a fad among many mothers to begin feeding fruits, vegetables, cereals or meats very early—in some cases at the age of two weeks. But solid foods given too soon may cause digestive upsets or other physical or psychological effects.

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned



At his home, Eddy Arnold entertains Dicky, Jo Ann and his wife, Sally.

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN

No other form of American music has had such an unbroken term of popularity, or remained true to its own standards for so long, as the type generally known as "hillbilly," and, in recent years, by the more dignified trade designation "country and western." "C & w" artists account for a steady 25 per cent of the industry's total sales, and the biggest c & w stars are male singers, most of whom accompany themselves on the guitar, backed up by a fiddler, a drummer, a bass player and occasionally a larger group. Their style has remained virtually unchanged over the past 30 years; it is simple, straightforward and unsophisticated singing, with a twang and a lilt that is echoed by the instruments, the suggestion of a sob or a yodel here and there, and sung in the accents—usually genuine but sometimes assumed—of the South, Midwest, West or Southwest.

The c & w repertoire is made up of popular songs, new and of the past few decades, some of them written for a general audience and others conforming to one of several distinct c & w patterns. One of the most persistent strains is of loneliness and melancholy brought on by difficulties with the opposite sex or by some other condition of life, as in "The Prisoner's Song." Another approach, set to a bouncier tempo, expresses a humorous, casual or scoffing view of the romantic situation, as in the long-popular "Seven Years with the Wrong Woman." Other recurrent themes are home, mother, and religion—the latter often with topical overtones.

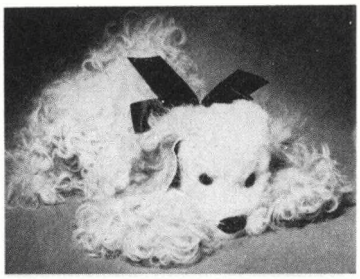
Both of the above-named songs are given top-form renditions on an RCA-Victor ten-inch LP, "All-Time Hits from the Hills," by Eddy Arnold, who is by far the most popular c & w star today—and very likely the best-selling recording artist in any category. He is also represented by a four-tune EP, called "I Really Don't Want to Know," the title number of which Arnold made a c & w hit months before Les Paul and Mary Ford turned it into a popular one; by another eight-song LP, "Country Classics," and by a ten-inch LP of "Sacred Songs." This winter, the company plans to devote one of the most lavish de luxe albums it has ever produced to an anthology of Eddy's past performances, solid evidence that c & w favorites live on beyond a few brief months of juke-box glory.

Eddy Arnold comes by his billing of "The Tennessee Plowboy" legitimately. Born on his father's farm near Henderson, Tennessee, he helped work the land throughout his early years. With some instruction from his mother and four 75c lessons from an itinerant musician, he learned to play a hand-me-down guitar and got his first musical job in his teens, with a small band in Jackson, Tennessee, and later with Pee Wee King and His Golden West Cowboys.

Since Arnold's first Victor release was issued in 1945, not one of his single records has sold less than 400,000 copies, and all together they have reached the stunning total of 30 million copies. His radio programs are heard daily over more than 1,000 stations in the United States and Canada and he has appeared frequently on television, most recently as the musical star of NBC's Sunday afternoon program, "Out on the Farm." On his country-wide tours, he has drawn capacity crowds to livestock shows and Smoky Mountain hoedowns, as well as to such citified spots as Constitution Hall in Washington, the Shamrock Hotel in Houston and the Sahara in Las Vegas.

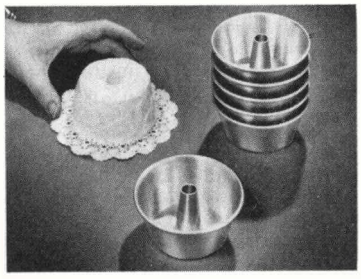
In spite of his fabulous success, Eddy remains a country boy at heart. There is no place where he would rather be than on his Tennessee farm with his wife, a Kentucky girl, and two children. This farm is a prosperous 107-acre one in Brentwood, with a herd of 125 prize Herefords and a stable of riding horses. It is Eddy's unaffected, homespun sentiment—natural-born, sincere and unchanged by any big-city influence—that gives his singing and playing its lasting appeal to millions of Americans.

Tops in the

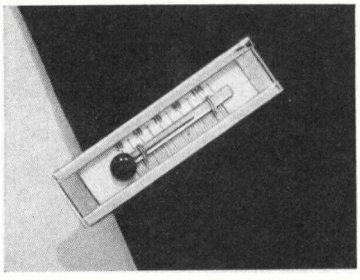


Cuddlesome cocker spaniel isn't real—but certainly looks it! Engaging little doggie embodies all the floppy charm of his real-life cousin and will capture small-fry hearts. About 15" long, his coat of creamy imported lambskin is washable. $5.50 ppd. Merrill Ann Creations, 102-R Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.

Like father, like son—perfectly detailed captain's chairs are made from New England pine and hardwoods. Light or dark pine, black and gold or antique maple finish. Adult size, 31" high, is $22.50. Child's size, 21½" high, with 12½" x 14½" seat, $12.50. Exp. coll. Templeton Craftsmen, Dept. R, Templeton, Mass.



Individual angel-cake pans will turn out miniature cakes or some highly original gelatin desserts. For a special effect, fill centers with fruits or ice cream. Of heavyweight aluminum, they measure 3⅝" across the top and 1½" high. Set of 6, $1.95 ppd. Artisan Galleries, Dept. R, 2100 No. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.

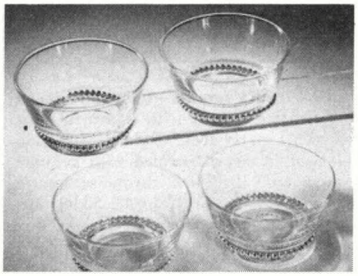


Conversation piece—if only about the weather! Thermometer tie clasp is a good gift for a guy. Honest-to-goodness thermometer, 1¾" long, mounted on a gold-plated frame, is a handsome tie accessory that will please the young in heart. $1.25 ppd. including tax. Gibson & Chase, Inc., 315-R Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

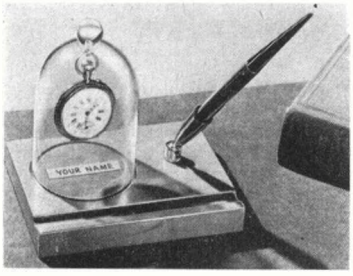
● Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless

Shops WITH PHYLLIS SCHWEITZER

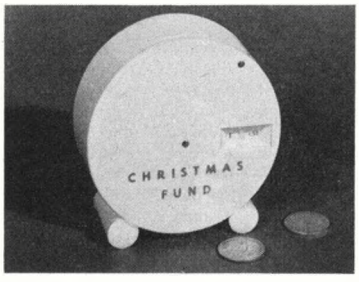
Good enough to eat—this pretty doll is really in a cake all dressed up in delicious icing. Place Miss Cakette on any inverted round cake and follow instructions for decorating. Nontoxic 8"-tall doll, of washable plastic, is re-usable. Only $1 ppd. Maid of Scandinavia Co., Dept. R, 3245 Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis 16, Minn.



Gift of the month is a set of 4 crystal-clear bowls with elegant collars of silver beading at the base. Wonderful for individual servings of crab flakes, shrimp cocktail, sherbet or fruit compote. 3¼" wide, set of four is only $5. Add 35c extra for postage. Order from Page & Biddle, Dept. R, 21 Station Rd., Haverford, Pa.



Treasure-dome desk set puts grandfather's old watch to decorative use. Lucite bell-case displays treasured heirlooms on 5¾" x 4" blond, ebony or mahogany hardwood base. With ball-point pen, $6.95 ppd. Add $1 for name plate. From Carol Beatty Co., Dept. R, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

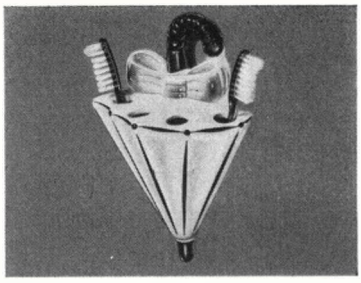


Need money for Christmas? Short of stealing, an automatic saving plan is the quickest way of getting it. Christmas Fund bank makes you save 25c a day, or date on face won't change. Start now—you'll enjoy watching the total grow. $1.99 each, ppd. From Leecraft, Dept. RC, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

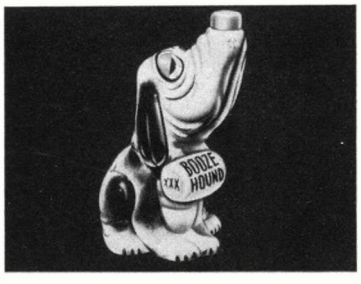
personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

In a holiday mood—mouton-trimmed jersey blouse to wear with a favorite skirt is a smart party-goer. Cuddly-soft Orlon and wool jersey is trimmed with genuine mouton lamb. In black, turquoise, mauve pink or red in sizes 32 to 38. $3.99 plus 20c postage. Order from Paris Shop, Box 390, 509 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



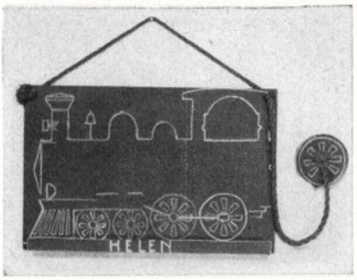
Bathroom bumbershoot is a decorative holder for the family's toothbrushes. Gay white ceramic container fastens to wall or tile with grip-fast cement. With black ribs and pink or green bow, royal blue with light blue, or grey with yellow. Only $1.50 ppd. Here's How, Dept. R, 590 Third Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



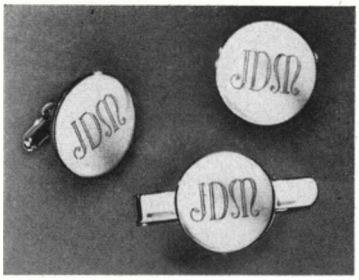
Dog-gone clever beverage bottle is a bleary-eyed canine that answers to the name of Bozo the Booze Hound. A wonderful pick-me-up for any party, his white ceramic body holds 20 ounces and measures 8" to the top of his red cork nose. $2.95 plus 25c postage. Greenland Studios, 5858-R Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

So right and tasteful with any decor—three-light candelabra, forged of heavy solid brass, is a replica of an Early American design. 9" high, it adds gleaming grandeur to your table. 2 make a handsome pair for your buffet or mantel. Each, $8.95 ppd. Pair, $17.25. Art Colony, 9-R University Place, New York 3, N. Y.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

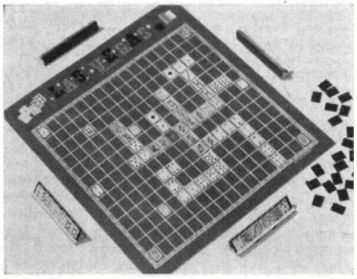


First-graders and preschoolers, too, will love a green chalk board to hang in their room. 11" x 17", with locomotive silhouetted in white, it's personalized with child's first name on red chalk ledge. Eraser is red wheel that hangs from a red cord. $2.95 plus 35c postage. Janet Forister, 200-R Monson St., Peoria, Ill.



Every Tom. Dick and Harry will love the gal smart enough to give him personalized cuff links and a tie bar. 24K gold-plated set, monogrammed with your particular "he's" 3 initials, is a good gift for father, husband, son or brother. $2 each. Complete set, $3.95 ppd. Taylor Gifts, Dept. R, Spread Eagle Inn, Wayne, Pa.

So romantic—flying angels are charming wall accents for traditional settings. Reproductions of authentic French antiques, they're made of white porcelain bisque and highlighted with burnished gold. Pair, each about 6" tall, is $2.95 ppd. Jenifer House, Dept. R, New Marlborough Stage, Great Barrington, Mass.



Las Vegas Wild is a fascinating new game that appeals to card players. Fun for the entire family, it can be played by 2, 3 or 4 players. Scoring is simple and no dictionary is needed. Complete with board, 106 tiny cards used as tiles, 4 racks and easy-to-follow instructions. $2 ppd. Miles Kimball, 22 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.

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REAL LIVE MEXICAN BURROS!

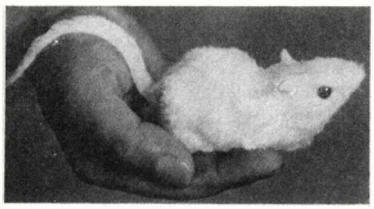
The Gift of a Lifetime for Any Youngster!

From South of the Border comes this soft-eyed gentle little pet of all Mexican children, and the hard-working friend of their parents . . . to make Christmas this year unforgettable for your youngster! You'll be the talk of the town! Everyone will want to pet your Burro.

What years of pleasure this real, live Mexican Burro will bring you and your children. Lovable, huggable, long-earred, extra tame, extremely intelligent. Friendly to other animals. Easily hitched to a small cart. Economical to raise. Eats anything—straw, hay, alfalfa, corn, oats, grass, bread, etc. Hardy, select specimens—sound, well-fed, clean.

When fully grown at about 2 years, they stand about 43" high (size of a large dog) and weigh about 200 lbs. Live up to 25 years. Thrive in any climate.

Send check or money order for amount of Burro now. Burro will arrive about 5 weeks from time we receive order, unless otherwise specified. Comes uncrated, with food and water for the journey, by Railway Express, collect, F. O. B. Laredo, Texas. You pay express charges of $20 to $40 on arrival. Mexican and U. S. duties already paid. Sorry, no exchanges or refunds. Dipped and U. S. Gov't inspected before shipping. *Guaranteed live delivery in their natural born colors.*



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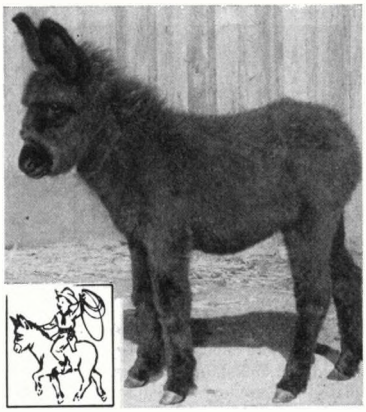
Send for Big FREE CHRISTMAS Gift Catalog



Baby—For children up to 5 years (3 mos. old—38" high—50 lbs.)
Female $95 Male $85

Youngster—For children up to 10 years (7 mos. to 1 yr.—40" high—100 lbs.)
Female $95 Male $85

Mother and Baby (Total weight about 200 lbs.) ..... Pair	$175
Male and Female (For breeding) .... Pair	$180
Female in Foal	$155
Saddle—Handmade in Mexico, genuine leather	$ 75
Bridle—	$ 15

MESS LESS PET

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

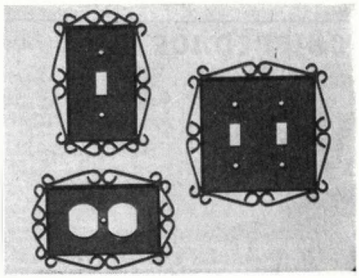
59c each ppd. ..... **2 for $1** ppd.

SPENCER GIFTS, 921 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

For the record—green metal box, gaily decorated with Yuletide designs, reminds you not to forget old friends at Christmas. 5¼" x 3½" x 3¼" with alphabetical index and 100 printed cards for names and addresses. $1.50 ppd. Red recipe box is same price. Nancy Norman, 57-R Chadwick Street, Boston 19, Mass.

The whole town's talking about the modest price of this roomy 10" x 8" genuine leather handbag. Saddle-stitched, with inside zippered pocket and 45"-long adjustable shoulder strap, in natural, white, red, luggage tan, dark brown and black. $4.95 ppd. including tax. Western Classics, Dept. RB, Box 4035, Tucson, Ariz.



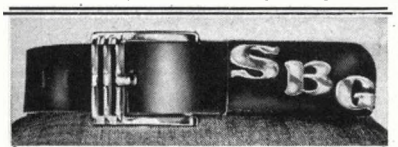
New switch plates will go a long way in adding up-to-the-minute beauty to an old house. Black wrought-iron plates, with scroll frames, fit over any electric wall switch or outlet. Single switch or outlet plates, $1.35 each; double switch plate, $1.65 ppd. Laurie & Co., Dept. R, 507 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

ADORABLE CHILD'S 6 PIECE BREAKFAST SET

Only $1.89

A hit with every youngster! Plate, Cereal Bowl all purpose Bowl, Cup, and two saucers stack into 7" clown. Pink and blue hand painted imported porcelain. Add 40c for postage.

HUSS BROS. Dept. 3R 100 W. Chicago, Chicago 10, Ill.



PERSONALIZED LEATHER BELT

Imagine getting this stunning belt with your own 3 initials and brand new brass buckle mounted on a fine grained genuine leather belt in the comfortable 1¼" width. Available in two initials, if desired. All sizes. Smart colors are natural tan, black, cherry red. Please print when ordering monogram. Add 25c for Postage. Sizes 24 to 30 $2.95. Sizes 32 to 40 $3.50. Send for Free Catalog

TAYLOR GIFTS, Spread Eagle Inn, Wayne 13, Pa.

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BABY-BEBS . . . HIGHCHAIRS

FOLD TO THE SIZE OF A SUITCASE

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KIDDY

Boxing Gloves

$2.50 pair by mail, ppd.

For that pint-size pugilist at your house! Leather boxing gloves—authentically detailed and scaled to size. We'll put "Kid Jones" (his own last name) across the tops! Ages 3 to 7. Order **PA-7215**, Mitts, **$2.50.**

Write For Free 104-page Catalog!

Miles Kimball **84 Bond Street Oshkosh, Wis.**

A PAIR OF SHOW OFFS

A special gift for the hostess who enjoys setting a beautiful table: solid copper pepper mill and salt shaker. The gleaming metal is lacquered to retard tarnish. The interior of each piece is lined with wood and the mill is fitted with lifetime guaranteed French grinders. About 4" high.

Pepper Mill and Salt Shaker $7.98 ppd.
Pepper Mill only $4.50 ppd.

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s Send for Gift Catalog

Merrill Ann Creations *102 Warren Street, New York 7, N.Y.*

KITCHEN SAW . . . FREE

Just the thing for frozen foods, cuts through foods and bones, wood and metal too! Similar saws sell for as much as $2.45 each, but we offer it FREE to introduce our catalog of household and jewelry items. You can have it at no cost. Enclose 20c coin to cover handling and shipping.

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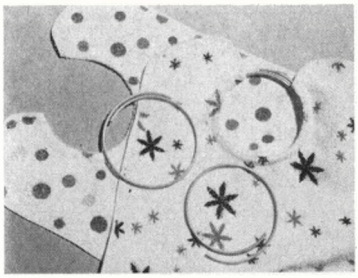
Shop by mail and save!

Exclusive maternity style house offers new season fashions by top designers, $2.95 to $22.50. Styles for morning, afternoon, sports. Also corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.) Write today!

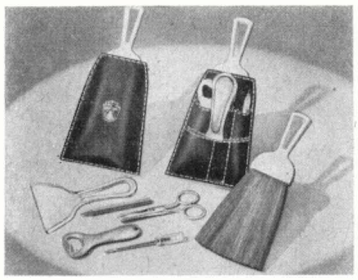
CRAWFORD'S

Dept. 43, 3015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.

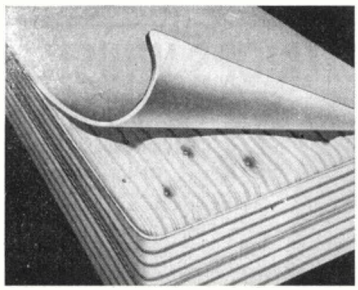
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Flip-on baby bibs are a boon to busy mothers. Unbreakable plastic ring fits into the bib neck. Bib slips off ring for easy laundering. Patterned terrycloth bib with ring, $1. Separate rings with pattern for sewing your own bibs are 2 for 50c; 5 for $1; 12 for $2. All ppd. Red Oaks, Dept. R, Box 342, Winnetka, Ill.

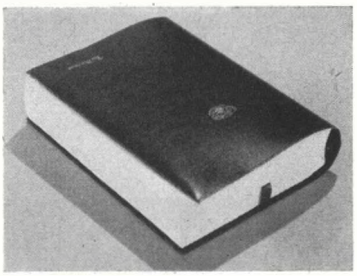


If his car is his castle, a Car-Pak will be a perfect gift. Ginger saddle-stitched leather case holds magnetic whisk broom, scissors, chrome bottle opener, screw driver, lucite windshield scraper and pencil. With embossed auto insignia, $2.50 plus 35c postage. J & J Gift Shop, 3 Mt. Hope Place, New York 53, N. Y.

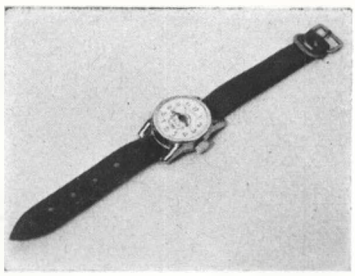


Your old mattress can feel like new again! Genuine foam-rubber pad that covers spring or button bumps offers you delightful sleeping luxury. Smooth and hygienic, soft pad is odorless and will not lose its shape. Full bed size is only $9.95; twin size is $7.95 ppd. From Sunset House, 84 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

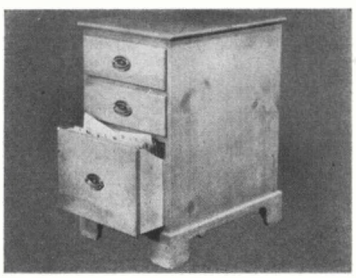


Personalized telephone book cover keeps your directory from becoming soiled. Full family name, monogram or business name is embossed in 24K gold on durable plasticized leatherette. 9" x 11" in several thicknesses to fit all large telephone books. $1.75 ppd. Send size to Sonya, 329-R West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

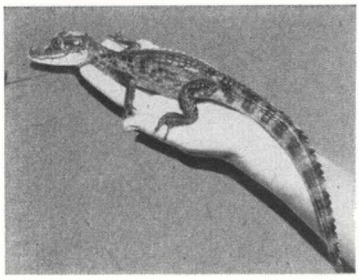


Toy watch for small fry ticks when they wear it. See their eyes shine with excitement as they listen to the "tick-tock, tick-tock." With shock-proof mechanism, unbreakable crystal and hands that move when stem is turned, it looks just like Daddy's. Only 50c ppd. Walter Drake, R-10 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 3, Colo.

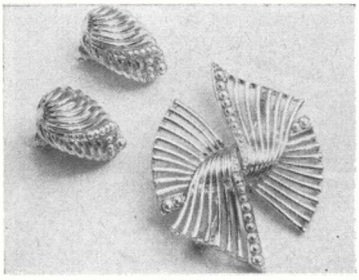
Short 'n sweet —dress-length rayon robe, worn loose or belted as a peignoir, will please almost any woman. In melon trimmed with peacock or peacock with melon, it washes like a dream. Priscilla collar, over-size pockets and cuffs are quilted. Sizes 32-38. $5.95 plus 25c postage. Fenway Fashions, Dept. R, 105-21 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.



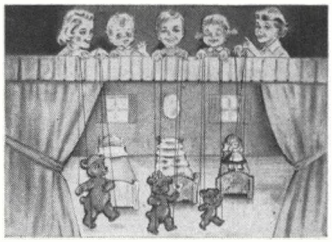
File drawer table holds important household papers. Handmade of knotty pine with brass hardware and dovetailed drawers set on hardwood rails. With 1 file and 2 small drawers, or 2 file drawers. 16½" wide, 22½" deep, 28" high. Unfinished. $27.95; antique pine, $29.95 exp. coll. Jeff Elliot, Dept. R, Statesville, N. C.



Live baby alligator is an amusing pet for a young nature enthusiast. Harmless and easily trained, "he" requires little care—just regular feedings and warmth. About 15" long, they grow to almost 5 feet in six years. Live delivery guaranteed. Only $4.95 ppd. From Spencer Gifts, 101 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



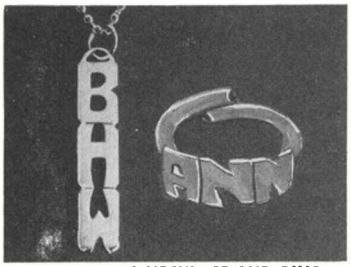
All that glitters is not gold—but this gold-plated copy is as pretty as its solid gold original. Twisted bowknot pin and earrings are studded with seed pearls or twinkling rhinestones. In 18K gold plate or heavy silver plate, set is $4.50 ppd. including tax. $2.50 each. Aimee Lee, 545-R Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



FAIRY TALE PUPPETS. Every child enjoys puppets. These new, **FULL COLOR PUPPETS** make your child's favorite story book characters come to life. Easily handled and educational, too. Comes complete with written dialogue for every character, plus stage settings. Hours of fun for young and old alike. Made of heavy card stock. Choice of Jack & Beanstalk, Three Bears or Red Riding Hood $1.00 each or all 3 for $2.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Hall Products, Dept. B, P.O. Box 5340, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

Combination sewing and manicure kit wears your first name or initials in 24K gold. Red, green or brown genuine Morocco-grain leather case has a zipper closing. Contains 5 manicuring tools, 6 reels of thread and a package of needles. $2.49 ppd. From Dressmaker Supply, Dept. R, 671 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.

Closet set for a child's room is embossed with Mother Goose characters. 15"-x-17" shoe bag holds 4 pairs of shoes. Hamper bag is 19" x 15" and garment bag, 30" x 11" x 15", stores up to 9 garments. In blue, pink or maize for boy or girl. 3-piece set is only $3.98 ppd. Weill Specialty Co., Dept. R, 1650 E. 38th St., Brooklyn 34, N. Y.



JUNIOR MISS NECKLACE AND RING

Sterling Silver

From the kindergarten set through the college crowd, fashion-wise young ladies love these monogrammed accessories. Choose the silver necklace to wear with sweaters on a "broke date"—the three-initialed sterling silver ring that adjusts to fit her finger. 18" sterling silver necklace chain. Ring and necklace come in any two or three initials you specify. Sure-to-please gifts for hard-to-please ages.

NECKLACE .....**$3.25** RING **$3.95**

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ANITA EKBERG

LIFE SIZE PIN-UPS OR GREETING CARDS

THINK OF IT! 6 LOVELIES

5 FEET TALL

IN FULL COLOR

MARILYN MONROE

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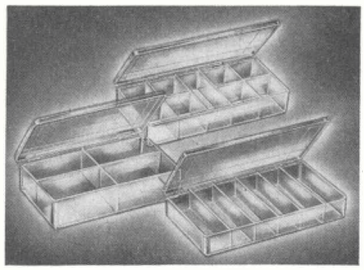
TERRIFIC GIFT or PARTY GAG!

The world's largest, most gorgeous, natural color pin-ups. They're stunning—absolutely life-like. You'll love them! The ONLY LIFE SIZE pin-ups. Ideal for den, bar, playroom on walls, doors, screens. As wallpaper, set covers area 3'2"x10'0". Plain or with greetings for every occasion! Birthday, Christmas, New Year's, Hallowe'en, Get Well, Thank You, Party, etc. Specify Girl & Greeting. (We'll sign & mail for you.) Detachable greetings don't spoil prints. Size 21½"x62". In plain wrap. Order several—ONLY **$2.00** each Postpaid. Air Mail 50c extra ea.! All 6—**$11.00** PPD. Send Cash, Check, M.O. Money Back Guarantee. **LIFE BLDG.**, Dept. R10-4, Redstone, N. H. *Send 3c stamp for ill. folder.*



"Small Things" Box Set

Don't hide little things from yourself. Put them in these clear view plastic boxes where you can see and find them. They are hinged top, compact. 8¼" x 5", 7" x 3¾", 4½" x 3"; 16 compartments in all. Handy for housewives' thread, buttons, tools, screws, clips, rubber bands, and jewelry. Ideal for the hobbyist's small parts. Beware the fisherman, he'll take them from you. Strongly made of crystal clear polystyrene. You'll find many uses for these smart looking boxes. The set of three, $1.69.

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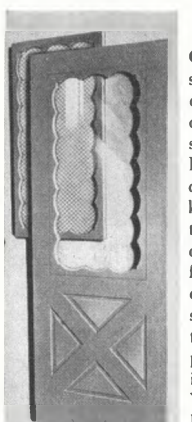

Combination storm and screen door has quick-change glass and screen panels that lock snugly with special fasteners. Of kiln-dried pine, 1⅛" thick with sturdy cross panels, door fits all standard sized openings. Shipped sanded with directions for installing, painting and finishing, $23.95 exp. coll. Yield House, Dept. R, No. Conway, N.H.

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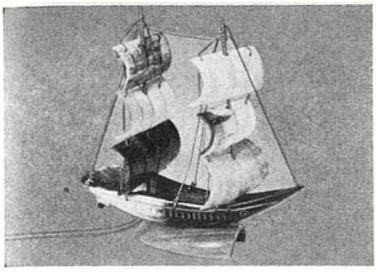
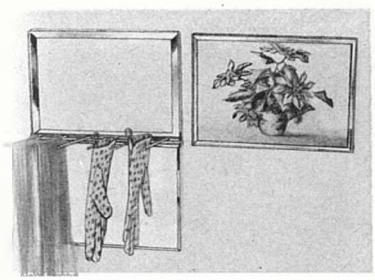
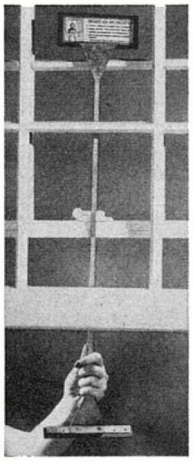
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



The better T-View with—schooner lamp throws a soft, unobtrusive light in the television room. Imported natural horn is handcarved and highly polished. Tiny electric bulb, concealed in hull, throws intriguing shadows. 8" x 9" high. Only $5 ppd. From Gilbert & Leonard, 1544-R Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N. Y.

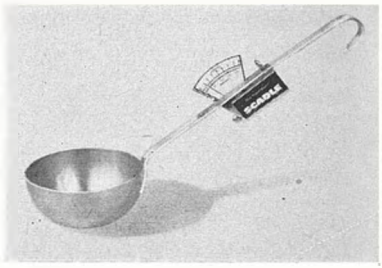


The handiest drying rack we've seen folds flat to the wall when not in use. Six 7½"-long metal drying rods with 6 clothespins are concealed behind a reversible picture mirror. When open, 12" x 8" picture drops flat against wall and drying rack pulls down. $3.95 ppd. Fischer's, Dept. R, 43-66 Bowne St., Flushing 55, N. Y.

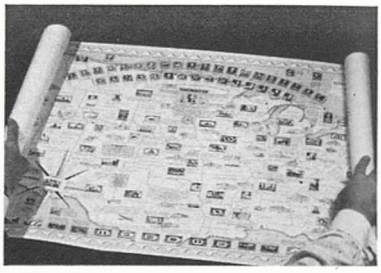


Wind-O-Wonder washes and dries windows from the *inside*. No more need for you to sit on the sill. Rubber sponge and squeegee, on a 17"-long welded-steel body, fit between double-sash windows. Hands don't touch water. Plated to prevent rust, 11-oz. unit is $2.29 plus 15c postage. Huss Bros., 100-R W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois

TOPS IN THE SHOPS



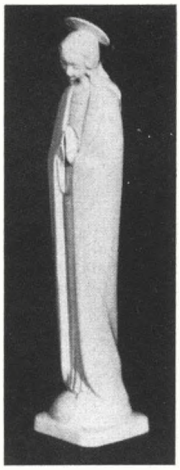
The Scadle is a ladle you'll cherish for its usefulness. Scoop is marked to show ¼, ½, ¾ and one full cup measures. As you lift ladle by the handle, little scale weighs contents in both grams and ounces. Imported from Germany of heavy polished aluminum. $2.95 ppd. Black & Co., 113 Black Bldg., Rockville Centre, N. Y.



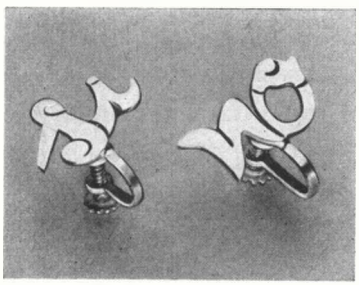
A stamp map will be a valued addition to a stamp collection and a pleasant way of learning American history. 36½"-x-21" map of the 48 states, suitable for framing, has descriptions of famous dates with spaces for mounting commemorative stamps. $1 ppd. From Elmont Stamp Co., 71-R W. 35th St., New York 1, N. Y.

SEE PAGE 87 . . . for a complete listing of all catalogs and booklets offered by advertisers in this issue.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Saintly perfection and quiet adoration keynote this genuine Hummel Madonna imported from Germany. 11½" tall, of almost alabaster-white ceramic, she's beautifully designed in the old Hummel tradition. Available once again after many years, at only $3.95 plus 35c postage. Religious Art Guild, 131-R First Street, Peoria, Ill.



"Yes"—"No" earrings, particularly in Spanish, are gay confusers. Just like a woman, one contradicts the other at the turn of your head. Crafted in Mexico of sterling silver, ¾"-long earrings are fun to wear and make an unusual holiday gift. $2 ppd. including tax. Southwestern Gifts, 630-R E. Alameda, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

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SO HAPPY in their little nest, they almost seem to chirp! . . . CHICKS are yellow—NEST brown. Highly glazed imported china. Order now for yourself and for Xmas gifts. Really cute and different. Sorry, no COD's.

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Standard Model only $9.98 . . . . .

Amazing Deluxe Model only $12.98.

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EXTENDING TOES DO NOT LOOK PRETTY!

Or If Your Toes Hurt in Front

The Newest and Cutest Stunt . . .

is to wear JANIES, the Patented, cushioned "Inside Platforms". Because when your **Feet Slide Forward** toes protrude in open shoes, hurt in closed shoes, heels slip, straps gape, instep cut! **New JANIES help Control Gravity,** correct these painful, ugly conditions, **give Heavenly Comfort. Add to Foot Beauty!**

New Improved JANIES are effective in all shoes, all heel heights! JANIES will **Double The Useful Life of Your Shoes, Saving Ten Times Their Cost!**

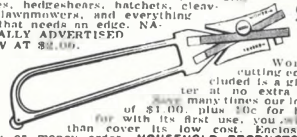
JANIES are only $1.25 a pair, plus 25c handling, **or 4 pairs for $5.00!** In Grey, Black, Brown, Red, White or Blue. **State Shoe Sizes & Colors Wanted.**

Remember, **New JANIES will help change an AWKWARD WOBBLE into a GRACEFUL WALK! ORDER NOW on our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

JANIES, 1865R University Ave., New York 53, N.Y.

SHARPEN ANYTHING INSTANTLY!

Now you can sharpen knives, scissors and garden tools instantly and skillfully as a professional! This sharpener is light weight, compact and actually lasts a lifetime. Sharpen to a razor edge knives, scissors, sickles, hedgeshears, hatchets, cleavers, lawnmowers, and everything else that needs an edge. NATIONALLY ADVERTISED ON TV AT $2.00.



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Won't mar cutting edges. Included is a glass cutter at no extra charge. Save many times our low price of $1.00 plus 30c for handling for with its first use, you will more than cover its low cost. Enclose cash, check or money order. **HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS, Dept. K-13, Scarsdale, N. Y.**

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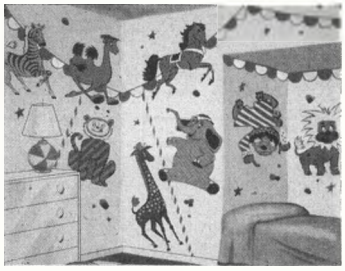

GIANT NURSERY ROOM FULL COLOR CUTOUTS. Now you can decorate your nursery or play room the way you've always wanted. Imagine these easy-to-cut Giant 22-inch full color impish circus animals complete with all the trimmings: tent poles, canopy, stars, etc. Includes decorating suggestions you'll love. Set of 4 animals just $2.00. Set of 8 animals only $3.98 postpaid money back guarantee from Ross & Wassell, Dept. 2, 5882 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

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in kits and finished

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Undressed: with clothes patterns. 14½" doll **$5.25**

Complete: as shown **$7.65**

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1" replicas of Model T Ford; '03 Cadillac; '09 Stanley Steamer. Perk them on hat, suit, dress or scarf. $2 for set of 3, (ppd., tax incl.). ALSO—Earrings; men's Cuff Links; Tie Clasp, ea. $1.50.

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No risk to you.

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Figured black silk.

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SEWING SHEARS Now

NEW KIND OF SEWING SHEARS. Revolutionary invention replaces old-fashioned shears. **Magnetic Points** pick up pins, needles. **Ruler Blade** measures as you cut. Stay-sharp, keen-cutting edges. Full 7" length. Beautifully plated. Sells like wild. *Take orders! Earn money!*

SAMPLES FOR TRIAL Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. Hurry. Postcard will do. SEND NO MONEY—*just your name.* **KRISTEE CO., Dept. 1496, AKRON 8, OHIO**

See Page 87

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Babies mean expense and sacrifice to a young man who only wants to spend his money on fun.

OPINIONS PLEASE?

The man I want to marry says he doesn't want to have children. He's 30 and has had a tough struggle all his life. He's supported his mother since he was 20 and is just beginning to see his way clear financially.

He likes kids, but they mean expenses and sacrifice, and he wants to live for himself for a change. I couldn't be happily married without children. Do you think our happy home life would change his mind?

J. T.

DIVORCE SCANDAL

You have performed a great and patriotic service to our country by publishing "The Divorce Scandal in Our Armed Forces."

I am now in real estate in a largely naval community, and never a day goes by that I do not find an empty house—empty because the Service wife has been compelled to give up and go back home because she and her husband just couldn't make the grade on the meager pay he received.

A Commander U. S. Navy (retired)

The majority of our servicemen and their wives are sweet kids, but honestly, do they think beyond the "shoes and rice" stage of marriage? Do they know that "for better for worse" is one of the vows? What would they do in wartime?

A World War II Veteran's Wife

My babies hardly know their daddy. Every time I see a civilian man come home to dinner or see him take his children to picnics, the circus or church, I think "I've been robbed!"

An Air Force Wife

Give some credit to those of us who are married to servicemen and keep our marriages alive and happy. Certainly it's tough when you are separated. But I have no sympathy for these weak and whining women who have not the strength to bear a little hardship for the sake of their marriage—they just haven't got what it takes to make a marriage in the first place.

Mrs. L. B.
Norfolk, Va.

Thank you so much for your understanding article. The stress and strain of separation is, at times, almost unbearable and is a big factor in my husband's desire to resign from the service.

Mrs. A. S. B.
Topeka, Kan.

DON'T SHOOT!

I had always looked forward to your novels. They've been good, relaxing stories, never concerned with murder, violence or intrigue. But then I opened my July Redbook to find "Who's Been Sitting in My Chair?"—a mystery. Please don't do this to me any more!

Geraldine Mackey
Chicago, Ill.

■ *How do the rest of you readers feel about mysteries? ED.*

WRITER'S REWARD

The Redbook family might be interested in a most heartwarming phone call I had from a lady who had read my novel "Dream of a Woman" in the June Redbook.

She said she would have tracked me down anywhere in the world because it was so important for her to talk to me. She has a child who has the same disease little Tommy had in the novel.

The local hospitals had given her no encouragement, and she was desperately anxious to consult the pediatrician from whom I had obtained my information. At one stage of her child's development this woman had to face the identical condition which Fran faced in our story—the heart-breaking withdrawal of a child into emotional isolation.

I sent her to a pediatrician who I think can help her child, and must say that I have never been so moved by an effect caused by anything else I have written. Sometimes all the frustration, the grinding of teeth during the night, the stomach pains and all the other unattractive concomitants of writing seem to be quite worth while.

Jay Dratler
Hollywood, Cal.

WHO'S RIGHT?

"The Dudleys: The Ledger of Love" in the July issue is the most disgusting story I have ever read. If I want that type of reading I can go to the true confessions magazines.

NAME WITHHELD

Helen Cotton is to be commended for the good taste with which she handled a delicate problem in the July "Dudleys."

Marianne Gillam
Seattle, Wash.

COMPLAINER CRITICIZED

■ *In July we printed a letter from a man who complained of his wife's nagging. The response was not very sympathetic. ED.*

If I were his wife I wouldn't bother to nag him. I'd leave his clothes right where he dropped them, so he would be sure to know where they were when he wanted to wear them again. And why bother nagging him to put up the screens—a few mosquitoes and flies would be good company for him. When the mess got too much for me I'd leave him—then he'd be free to crawl back into the cave he came from.

E. W.

Instead of complaining that she nags you to invite the boss to dinner, thank her—and invite him. Bet she gets a raise for you!

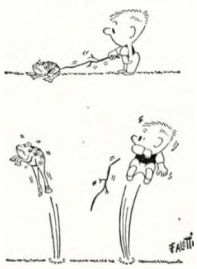
NAME WITHHELD

GLOOM CHASER

This Redbook cartoon really hit the spot!

I am an avowed cartoon fan. As a nurse I have walked closely with sickness, pain and untold hardships which man falls heir to. And I have found that a funny cartoon is the best gloom chaser ever, and does more to boost morale than medicine. I firmly believe there will be special crowns in heaven for cartoonists.

Mrs. John B. Fitzgerald
Morgantown, W. Va.



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

REDBOOK REPORTS ON:

THE SPORT THAT RUINS YOUNGSTERS

In the dirty pits of neighborhood bowling alleys, underage boys are exposed to bad habits—and a chance of lifelong injury

BY EDITH M. STERN
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

If you are one of the 9,000,000 Americans who regularly go bowling, you may be having your fun at the expense of some youngster's health, education and future happiness.

At your end of the alley, bowling is a wholesome family sport, enjoyed in attractive surroundings far removed from the cellar and saloon alleys of the past. But at the other, with only a few exceptions—according to enlightened bowling-alley proprietors, educators, churchmen and labor officials—there is exploitation and demoralization of young pin boys.

Let's go into the pits. Even if the front of the alley is air-conditioned, here you're likely to find the air fetid. Rags, paper, rubbish, even empty liquor bottles litter the filthy floor. The noise is terrific. Sweating youngsters, naked to the waist, are working feverishly.

"A pin setter serving two alleys for a fast men's league is the nearest thing to a galley slave I've ever seen!" an experienced labor inspector said after his first visit to the pits. The grownups in front have a chance to relax between turns. But for two relentless hours, without a second's rest, the pin boy leaps from alley to alley picking up pins, lowering frames, resetting pins, raising frames, returning balls. With average bowlers, rolling 16-pound balls, pin setters lift about five tons during a two-team, three-game series. Even with slow bowlers, the kids can't really win; they're paid not by the hour, but by the game.

Of the half-million pin set- *(Continued on page 96)*

GOD'S SERGEANT

BY HARTZELL SPENCE
Author of "One Foot in Heaven"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

Unruffled calm belied his fighting spirit—until he defied slander with a faith that rocked the church with excitement

Nathalia heard the door in the warehouse slam, vibrating every glass-partitioned cubicle in the office, and knew her father had returned. She glanced quickly from her ledger to the electric coffee maker, which was half-full and steaming. When Willmot Price was in a dudgeon, coffee soothed him. And it seemed he must drink twenty cups a day, so often was wrath upon him.

Now, as he entered his office, his daughter arose from her desk at the window, poured the brew, black and without sugar, and handed a cup to him. He smiled in self-satisfaction. He was an aggressive man, big-handed, stubborn-jowled and crew-cut of hair. He loved a fight. It discharged adrenalin into his system, stimulating him; he sought controversy as other men reached for a cigarette.

It was well known that Willmot Price had only three interests in life: to build the biggest wholesale grocery business in the state, to prevent "modern notions" from infiltrating his church, and to keep his daughter at home. In each of these interests he had, from time to time, found satisfactory adrenal stimuli.

This morning his business was booming, and his daughter had not offended him for some years; Nathalia therefore concluded that Willmot Price's present dudgeon must concern the Raney Park Community Church. But she said nothing. With her father, silence was always best.

"What do you think I picked up at the church today?" he sputtered at last. He flung down a crumpled invoice. "A bill for five hundred dollars' worth of balls, bats, uniforms and silver trophies! What does that fellow Sully think he's running, anyway—a church or an amusement park?"

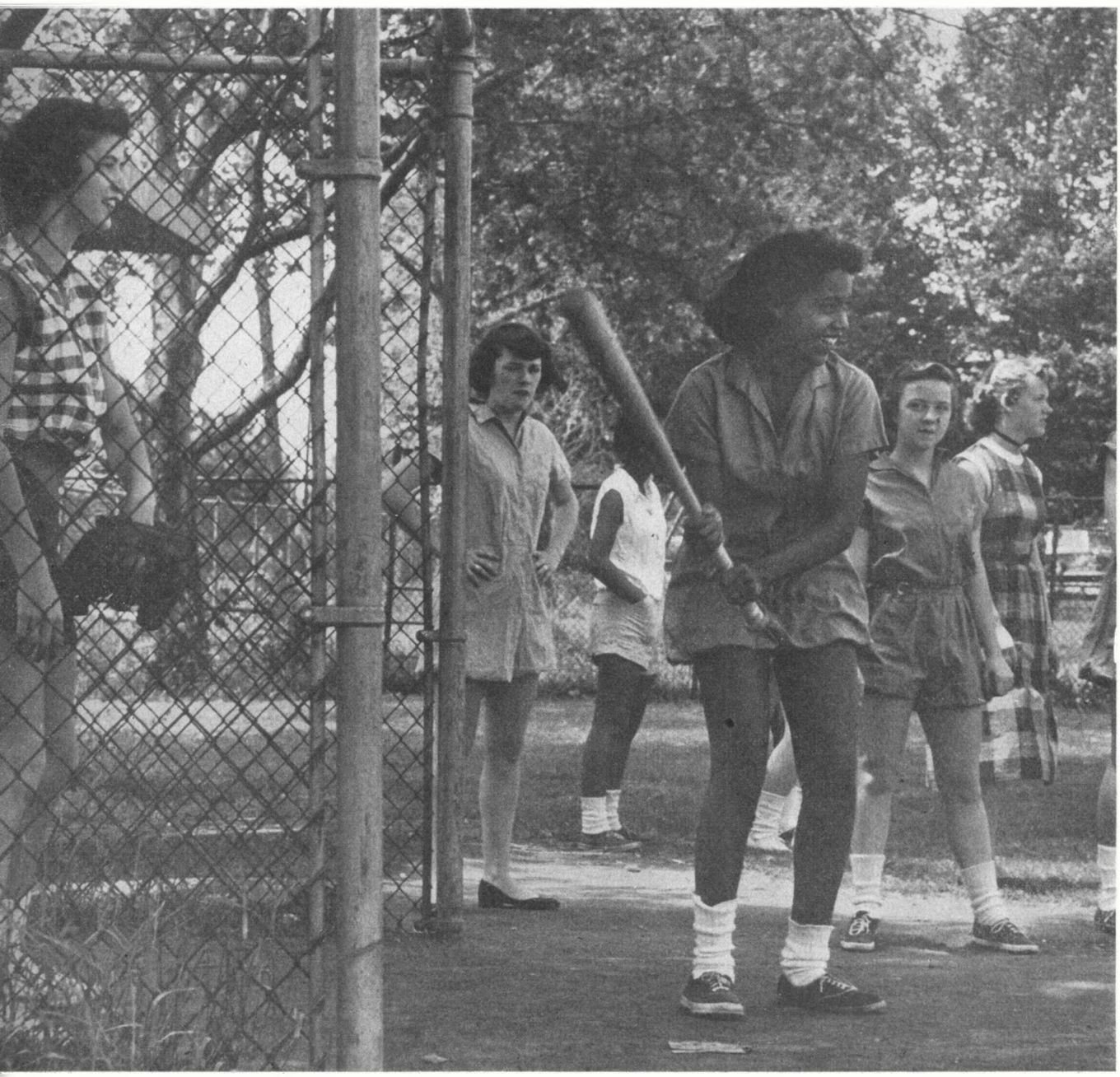
Nathalia went quickly to the coffee maker and poured a bracer for herself. Willmot Price did not notice this gesture. Had he done so, his next words would have been entirely different, and that might have prevented the biggest excitement in town since the high-school football team won the state championship in 1939.

"Tell you what," he said suddenly. "I want you to go over there and see what's happening. Your work here is well organized now; you can get away afternoons for a while. Volunteer to help, or something. Find out what Sully thinks he's doing, so I can take action before he wrecks the place. *(Continued on page 98)*

"Why did a Marine decide to become a minister?" Jack answered, "I'm still fighting the same war. I've just changed outfits, that's all."

A preview of Southern white and Negro children sharing the same classrooms:

THE SCHOOLS THAT



Children in Delaware's first integrated schools get more than textbook learning. Important lessons come

BROKE THE COLOR LINE

from studying and playing together.

What happens when white and Negro youngsters study together for the first time—in a state that has kept them apart? Here, in the experience of three small schools in Delaware, is a preview of the change facing the whole South

BY WILLIAM PETERS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY IKE VERN

The first day of school this fall in Delaware—a state in which racially segregated public education is required by law—found three public schools beginning their third year of teaching Negro and white children side by side in the same classrooms. These three schools are the first public schools in any of the 17 segregation states to have experienced the change-over now facing the entire South.

All three schools are within a short distance of Wilmington, Delaware's largest city. Two of them—Claymont High School and Hockessin School No. 29—accepted Negro students for the first time in September, 1952, as a result of a court ruling which found the corresponding Negro schools unequal, a finding upheld by the Delaware Supreme Court. The third school, Arden Elementary School, voluntarily—and in defiance of the State Constitution—opened its doors to colored children at the same time.

The instrument which began this revolution in the Delaware schools was the pen of a 53-year-old Negro woman, Mrs. Fred Bulah. Sarah Bulah, in the fall of 1950, began writing letters to local and state authorities complaining about the lack of a school bus to take her adopted daughter, Shirley, to the Negro elementary school in Hockessin, Delaware, about two miles away. White children in Hockessin who traveled no farther to their school were furnished a school bus by the State. The white children's school bus passed twice daily in front of the Bulah home.

Shirley Bulah had been abandoned by her real mother in Wilmington at the age of about one year. Mrs. Bulah read in her newspaper of the child found on a doorstep. "As soon as I read that the little girl was colored," Mrs. Bulah said recently, "I ran to the chicken yard where my husband was working. I told Fred I wanted that baby." Two weeks later, Shirley was placed in their home as a foster child. Two years later, the Bulahs adopted her legally.

When Shirley was six, Mrs. Bulah entered her in Hockessin School No. 107, the Negro elementary school. "Since there was no bus," Mrs. Bulah said, "I had to drive her both ways each day. I did that for two years." The lack of a school bus meant a number of things to Mrs. Bulah. It meant she could not work. In bad weather, it frequently meant dangerous

Big changes started because a school bus wouldn't stop

The Bulah family touched off the Delaware experiment. When the school bus wouldn't stop for Shirley, they sued to have her admitted to the white children's school.

Shirley Bulah now attends Hockessin School No. 29, along with a small number of other Negro youngsters—and rides to school every day on the bus that used to pass her by.

driving. Worst of all, the school hours at the little one-room, six-grade country school were exasperatingly irregular.

"Sometimes," Mrs. Bulah said, "the teacher let them out at noon. Sometimes at one o'clock. Sometimes two. Shirley would go next door and telephone me to come after her. I never knew when she'd be through."

When Shirley was ready to start third grade, Mr. Bulah, a chicken farmer who had lived in Hockessin 55 of his 69 years, told his wife he didn't see why the State couldn't give Shirley transportation to school. Mrs. Bulah agreed, and she telephoned the woman who drove the bus for the white children. "She told me I could write to the Supervisor of Transportation in the Department of Public Instruction, in Dover, the State Capitol," Mrs. Bulah said. "And I did, too."

Receiving no answer after several weeks, Mrs. Bulah wrote to the Governor. In due time, she received answers to both letters and an application for transportation to be filled out by Shirley's colored teacher, Miss Constancia Beaujohn. "Miss Beaujohn said I was just wasting my time," Mrs. Bulah said. "She said she had tried to get transportation before and never could. But she filled out the papers, anyhow, and I sent them in."

The answer to the application from the Supervisor of Transportation in Dover told Mrs. Bulah what she already knew: No transportation facilities were provided for Hockessin School No. 107. "I wrote again," Mrs. Bulah said. "This time I asked for Shirley to ride on the white children's bus and be dropped at the colored school. The State Board of Education answered that letter. They said bus transportation was part of a school program and, since the State Constitution required separate educational facilities for colored and white, Shirley couldn't ride on the white children's bus."

At that point, Mr. and Mrs. Bulah went to a colored lawyer, Mr. Louis L. Redding, a member of the Wilmington Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), who also serves on that organization's national legal staff. "Lawyer Redding told us," Mrs. Bulah said, "that the next step was to ask that Shirley be admitted to the white school. We had tried everything else. So I wrote again, and of course, the answer was no.

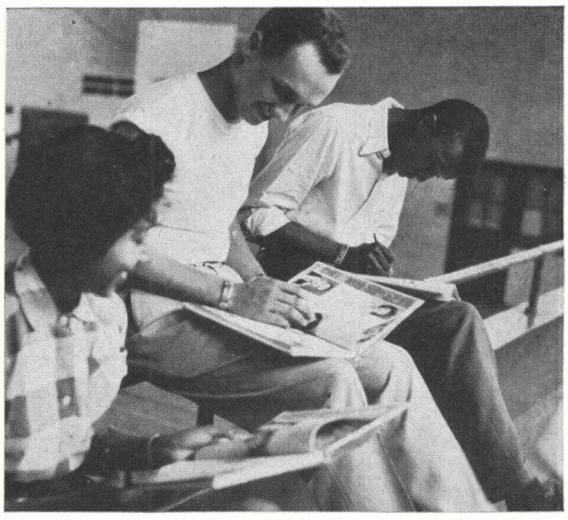
"We talked the whole thing over again, and we decided Shirley was never going to get transportation until she could go to the white school. I knew she'd be better off in every way at the white school—it's just a better school—so we finally told Lawyer Redding to go to court."

The Bulah case was not the only one Louis Redding filed in the Court of Chancery, for about that time he had learned of a number of Negro parents who had tried to enroll their children in schools around Wilmington. It was apparently a spontaneous movement. "The Shirley Bulah case involved an elementary school," Mr. Redding said, "and it was thought best to seek to open a high school at the same time. So the local NAACP got together a number of parents of Negro children who had been refused admission to Claymont High School, in the community of Claymont, about seven miles north of Wilmington. The parents of eight children agreed to have suit filed in their names."

In the days before the Bulahs' suit came to trial, Sarah Bulah found that her action had divided the Negro community in Hockessin. There were whispers that it was all because Sarah, as Fred Bulah's second wife, was a "newcomer to town." (She had lived there only nine years.) There were even whispers that, because Shirley is light-brown in color, the Bulahs thought she was white and didn't want her associating with colored children. For one reason or another, most of the colored parents seemed willing to accept things the way they were.

for a little girl....

The children show less concern about integration of the schools than their parents do. White and Negro students sit side by side in the cafeteria as well as classrooms.



At graduation, Claymont High School seniors sign each other's autograph books. When the school first admitted Negroes, opponents predicted there would be "race riots."

"I had some of them with me," Mrs. Bulah said, "and they stuck with me. There were times when I wavered and wondered if I should give up, but somebody always backed me up. And I knew in my heart that segregation was wrong. After the suit was filed, the State spent a lot of money fixing up that little colored school. They put in toilets and a drinking fountain. They put in new desks. They even planted shrubbery. But they never added a bus.

"I talked to the Reverend Martin Luther Kilson, our pastor at Chippey African Union Methodist Church. He told me he was in favor of segregation, and that discouraged me. I know he must have told some of the other parents the same thing."

"I was opposed to the Bulahs' suit at first," the Rev. Mr. Kilson said recently. "Seemed to me they were getting into segregation under the disguise of trying to get a bus for the colored school. There's always been a good relationship between colored and white in the eleven years I've been in Hockessin. We never had any difficulties until this. Most of the colored parents didn't want to end segregation. Some of them might have been afraid the Negro teachers would lose their jobs. Some just didn't see any reason to change."

On April 1, 1952, Chancellor Collins Seitz, of the Court of Chancery of the State of Delaware, delivered his opinion in the two cases involving the schools in Hockessin and Claymont. While he did not rule on the constitutionality of segregated schools in general—a ruling he indicated the United States Supreme Court would have to make—he held that the schools in question would have to admit Negro children. The schools which the colored children had been forced to attend, he ruled, were not equal, as the law required them to be.

The State of Delaware appealed the decision to the State Supreme Court. On August 28, 1952, just one week

The Story Behind This Story

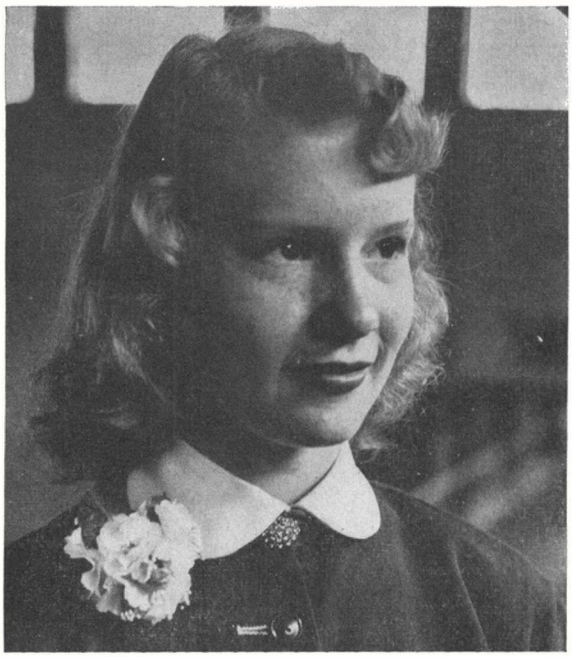
A report on as controversial a subject as segregation is a difficult challenge for a writer, a photographer and a magazine. To allow personal convictions to intrude even slightly would be to miss the mark of objective reporting—showing things as they are.

While working on this article, writer William Peters and photographer Ike Vern were often asked: "What kind of a story are you going to tell?" "We came down here," Peters told a group of Delaware citizens, "with blank paper and unexposed film. The paper is being filled with the words which you and others like you have spoken. The film is recording the things that we are seeing here. Nothing has been posed or arranged to prove a point. No one has been asked to say anything he didn't volunteer. When we leave, we'll take back the story we saw and heard being lived here—nothing more."

This, then, is their report—the simple, factual story of what Jack H. Caum, president of the Delaware State Education Association, calls "three schools daring to move out in front of official action with a warm understanding of the needs of *all* children."

he Delaware experiment has aroused strong—and differing—feelings

Mrs. Grace Moore changed her mind about segregation. As principal of Hockessin School No. 29, she became convinced that integrated schools can operate smoothly.



Nancy Stevens, an eighteen-year-old senior, had "no particular feeling" about the admission of Negro students. But she thinks that "they feel a little lonely at the school."

before the reopening of Delaware's schools, the State Supreme Court upheld the ruling of the lower court.

On the first day of school, armed with health and birth certificates and Shirley's report card, Mrs. Bulah drove her daughter to Hockessin School No. 29. She asked to see the principal, Mrs. Grace Moore. "Mrs. Moore took the papers I'd brought," Mrs. Bulah said, "and she said, 'Shirley, we are so glad to have you.' I asked to meet Shirley's teacher, and Mrs. Moore introduced us to Mrs. Christopher Vandegrift. She welcomed Shirley, too, and then she said, 'Shirley, I want you to pick out any desk you want,' and Shirley ran and picked out a desk.

"I told Mrs. Moore I had brought Shirley to school in my car and I wanted her to come home on the bus. Mrs. Moore said she'd arrange it. And that afternoon when that same bus came by my door as it always has, it stopped, and Shirley got off."

Hockessin School No. 29 is a four-room, four-teacher school covering the first six grades. In addition to its four regular classrooms, it has a wide, grassy playground, a combination auditorium-gymnasium and, of course, bus transportation. Mrs. Grace Moore, who has been the teaching principal of the school for four years, has been teaching for 43 years.

"I was born in Maryland," she said recently, "and all of my schooling was there and in Delaware—in segregated schools. I grew up with the idea that segregation was right, and when I first learned that our school here might have to admit Negro children, it bothered me plenty.

"All three of my teachers and I were terribly surprised when the State Supreme Court upheld the decision. But the biggest surprise was when Shirley Bulah was the only colored child to enroll the first day of school. A month later, two more entered, and in January, three more. We've had six colored children out of a total enrollment of a little over one hundred ever since. Most of the colored children stayed at the colored school.

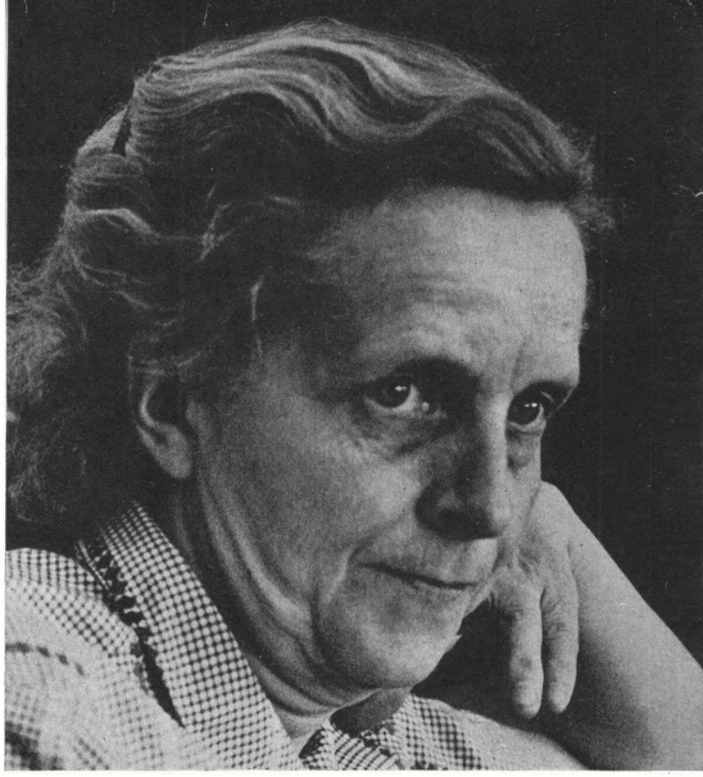
"I know now, after two years of experience with integration, that it works. It works even when some of the teachers are against it, as they have been at this school. Most teachers have too much professional pride to let their feelings interfere with their teaching. It took me a long time to see it, but I think now that integration is right. But there's no sense pretending it hasn't meant problems. The biggest ones have been with parents and teachers, not children. And also, of course, we had absolutely no preparation, and no help whatsoever. There's been absolutely no leadership from the State, and they're supposed to be the policy makers." Mrs. Moore's eyes blazed. She paused, then went on.

"We teach rhythm in gym classes—square dancing. Some of the white parents objected to having their children dance with colored children. I solved that by getting the approval of some parents I knew were in favor of integration for their children to dance in the sets with the colored children.

"One mother called me right after we admitted Negro children. 'I'd like to know why my child can't sit next to white children,' she said. I knew if I changed one seat, I'd be through. I told her I wasn't going to change anybody's seat, and after that, no one else called about seating. Most of these difficulties came at the beginning. Now, after two years, I think a lot of that feeling has broken down."

Of the four teachers at the school, Mrs. Moore is the only one who has come to feel that integration is right. Mrs. Christopher Vandegrift, Shirley Bulah's first teacher at the school, has taught school 19 years, nine of them at No. 29. Before the court order, she told Mrs. Moore she'd

Merle Anderson was given "a definite feeling of being welcome" at Claymont. She encountered no special problems in transferring there from an all-Negro high school.



Miss A. Ethel Cheyney, teacher at Hockessin, is against integration. "I just believe that segregation is right," she declares. "And not just in the schools, but throughout."

resign if Negroes were admitted to the school. "I was thinking it would mean large numbers of them," she said recently, in explanation.

"The week after Shirley Bulah entered my class." she continued, "I received at least four telephone calls from white parents who didn't want their children to sit beside or near her. Some of them threatened to remove their children from school if I didn't change the seating. Of course, I refused. I know of only one child who has actually been taken out of school since the colored children entered.

"I just don't think we're ready for integration, and I know it means trouble with the white parents. There haven't been any problems with the colored parents at all. I can't see why Negro children can't just go to their own schools, the way they did before. But if we have to integrate our school, at least I know now that it can be done. We've had colored children here two years now, and nothing very bad has happened. If I have to put up with it, I will, and I think I can be fair about it, too. I think I have been fair."

Mrs. Mildred C. Insinga, a teacher of 15 years experience, six-and-a-half of them at No. 29, had the same problem of telephone calls about seating as her colleagues. She handled it the same way. Her feelings about integration differ slightly from the others'. "My first colored pupil was a very well behaved fifth-grade boy. I couldn't help feeling what a pathetic figure he was, one colored boy in a class of thirty whites. I felt a little resentful toward the court and the NAACP for putting a child into such a situation. I just don't think we are ready for integration."

This idea that a community should be prepared for integration is obviously one which the teachers at Hockessin School No. 29 believe in firmly, yet none of them had any idea as to what kind of preparation was needed.

Of the four teachers, Miss A. Ethel Cheyney, who has taught school in Hockessin for 30 years, was by far the most outspoken against integration two years ago. She still is. "There has never been any racial tension in Hockessin," Miss Cheyney said, "until this thing came up.

"I'm against this integration, and I'll tell you why. It was done by an organization that used pressure. It wasn't done by the State Board of Education or the local people or the State itself. There's a lot of feeling against the NAACP here, and they haven't been so successful, either. You notice that a majority of the colored children still go to the colored school, don't you?

"I got my first colored children this last year—three first-grade boys. At first, I seated them together, because at least they knew each other. Then, I separated them so no one could say I was sticking them together. But they drifted back together all by themselves. So, finally, I put them together again.

"Now, you take the PTA," Miss Cheyney continued. "Mrs. Bulah comes to most of the meetings, and she usually brings her daughter. No one else brings children to PTA meetings; why should she?

"I just believe that segregation is right, that's all. And not just in the schools, but throughout. Look at South America, where all the races and creeds have intermarried, and what have they got? Lazy, unproductive, backward people. The court decision sickened me, because it gave no value to individuals. This kind of thing may lead to intermarriage, and then where will we be?" Miss Cheyney shook her head. "I'm against it," she said, "but I don't think my feelings have influenced my treatment of the colored children. We all pity them here."

As for Shirley Bulah, any *(Continued on page 73)*

Photographed by Philip O. Stearns • Flexichromed by Frank Van Steen

AT LAST, SLOAN SIMPSON REVEALS HER STORY:

Married the Mayor

For the first time, here is Mrs. William O'Dwyer's side of the famous romance that led from New York's City Hall to a stormy climax in Mexico

BY A. E. HOTCHNER

Can a young, beautiful woman marry an older man and be happy?

Many young women are faced with this problem when they begin to think about marriage. Older men can give them security; they are more traveled and polished, and seemingly have more "depth" than their young rivals. But always there is that whispered indictment:

"He is too old for her."

Five years ago, in a little fishing village on the coast of Florida, one of the most celebrated of these May-December marriages occurred. An obscure violet-eyed model named Sloan Simpson married the then Mayor of New York, William O'Dwyer. She was 33. He was 59. It was a marriage that the Mayor described as "made in heaven." It is now finished, and the Catholic Church has been asked to annul it. Why didn't it work?

Sloan Simpson had every right to expect security from this marriage. O'Dwyer had just been re-elected, and the beautiful and elegant Sloan had visions of a beautiful and elegant life in Gracie Mansion as first lady of the City of New York. But almost at once, after scandals involving members of his police department, O'Dwyer resigned from the mayoralty.

President Truman appointed O'Dwyer Ambassador to Mexico, and again it seemed that Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer would have her beautiful and elegant life—this time as mistress of the U. S. Embassy at Mexico City. Then Senator Estes Kefauver came to New York with his television troupe, and the shock waves of their revelations about O'Dwyer's administration carried clearly to Mexico and beyond.

Sloan threw lavish parties at the Em-

THE FACES OF A MAY-DECEMBER MARRIAGE

The strain of an intense courtship shows clearly on the O'Dwyers' faces during their wedding ceremony.

At Acapulco, Sloan escaped from the tension at the Embassy into a carefree life of parties, cruises and water sports.

The trouble started on their honeymoon

bassy, and she worked hard to overcome the political ghosts streaming in from the north, but it was a hopeless struggle. The tabloid press wanted juicy copy, and the young, pretty wife of O'Dwyer was perfect fodder; virile matadors were reported spending weekends with her in Acapulco, while in truth she was living with her mother and convalescing from a virus attack; mysterious and romantic visitors, of whom the Ambassador supposedly did not approve, were reported to be staying at the Embassy, but the truth is that no one ever set foot in the Embassy to whom the hot-tempered O'Dwyer objected in any way. Yet Sloan discovered that battling rumors, like windmills, is futile.

On December 6, 1952, William O'Dwyer resigned his ambassadorship, and on the same day, Sloan Simpson packed up and left him. The "marriage made in heaven" had lasted only three years.

In the months since then, a curious thing has happened—O'Dwyer has drifted into virtual obscurity, while his ex-wife has emerged as a society and show-business personality. She has a half-hour radio program that is carried on all 565 stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, and she has just started her own television show. She has recently moved into a swank New York apartment and decorated it lavishly. At theater openings, she commands almost as much head-turning as Marlene Dietrich. And recently she flew to Phoenix to engage the President of Stanford University in a debate on the subject "Should a Woman Be President?"

The rise of Sloan Simpson cannot be explained by the fact that she is O'Dwyer's ex-wife. New York and the entertainment world are much too demanding for that. Sloan Simpson is an intricate, striking, sometimes cold, sometimes vibrant woman, who has considerable raw talent and boundless energy. There are those who knew her well who say that ambition alone motivated her marriage; there are others who knew her equally well who contend that she loved O'Dwyer deeply, but that the difference in their ages caused them to drift apart and led him to an elderly man's refuge—irate jealousy. Who, then, *is* this woman of paradoxes—and what did happen to her glamorous marriage?

A few weeks ago, after a television program, Sloan went to a small French restaurant to have dinner and relax from the tensions of a day that had included a visit to the hair dresser's, a Spanish dancing lesson, a taped interview with Porfirio Rubirosa (for her radio program), and a rehearsal for her television show. She sighed.

In Spain, Sloan spent hours in the practice ring, perfecting the bullfighting skill that she had learned in Mexico.

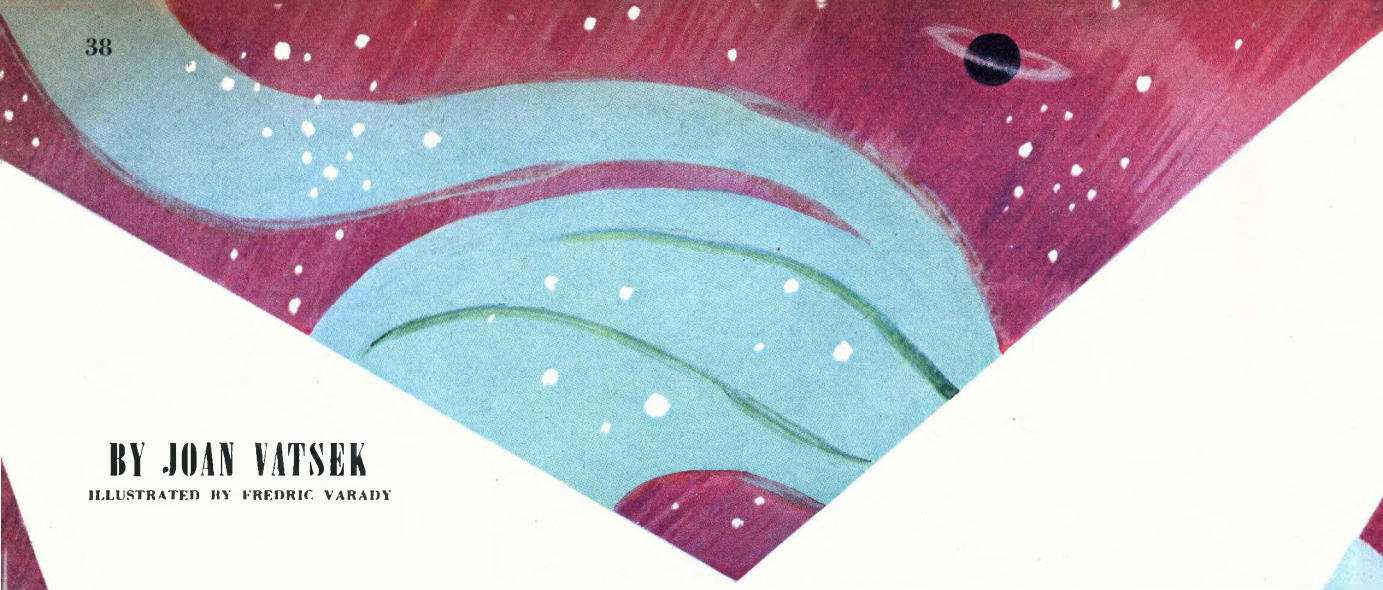
cruise, and as time went on, it got worse . . .

"There is no time for myself," Sloan said. Her voice is low and a trifle husky. "If mother weren't here to help me furnish my apartment, I don't know what I'd do." She sipped her wine and stared reflectively at her glass. "Bill and I used to 'discover' wines together," she said softly. She looked at the glass some more, and then she said, "You asked me yesterday if I thought about him often. Yes, I do. It's only natural I should. I feel terribly sorry for him now. I still like him very much, and I wish there were some way I could comfort him. Do you know what he said in an interview recently? He said, 'I'm 63, and when you get to around that age and you're an old man and broke, you've got to start thinking of where you're going—and I'm going to have to go out and make a living.' It breaks my heart to hear him talk like that.

"Many people think I married Bill because of his position, or all the graft money he was supposed to have stashed away. He was 26 years older than I, and that's supposed to prove something—young attractive women don't marry elderly gentlemen unless they have an ulterior motive. I had a motive, all right. I was in love with him. Madly in love with him.

"Don't you think I wrestled *(Continued on page 92)*

In New York, Sloan has made a success of a new career in radio and television, interviewing celebrities like Victor Borge, the piano-playing comedian, on her own program.



INCOMPLETE BACHELOR

BY JOAN VATSEK

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

Soon after the name M. FAIRFAX appeared on the mailbox of Apartment 3D. Gail Herrick began to meet a series of staggeringly beautiful girls in the hall. She usually met them around cocktail time. They made her humiliatingly aware of her own faded smock, scuffed ballet slippers and careless pony tail. When she was working she didn't care how she looked, and she was generally dashing for the mail chute, a deadline manuscript clutched in one arm.

Gail had come from a Middle Western town five years before, and now to her own surprise made a living by writing household "how to do" articles and a column for a newspaper supplement entitled "How to Get Your Man."

Her writing of the column was subsidiary to her main project of getting him.

In this she had not so far been successful, simply because her pert nose, stubborn mouth, and shock-blue eyes expressed convictions discouraging to certain types of men, and not too many of the other types had come along.

But Gail had made a great many friends, and was perfectly self-confident until she came up against the spectacular girls. They were all pointed like so many highly-bred hunting dogs toward the door of Apartment 3D.

Concurrent with their appearance were the delicious odors that began to come from the same mysterious door—the fragrance of aromatic herbs, French sauces and delectable roasts. Did M. Fairfax, whom Gail had never seen, run a cooking school? Absurd! Girls like that didn't need to cook.

But then—what? What else could explain the girls, their variety, their beauty, their faultless grooming?

One fatal evening she was assailed by the aroma of some divine kind of curry, obviously from Apartment 3D. Her deadline was upon her. Her silky brown hair was done up in a knot. There were piles of crumpled paper in the wastebasket. And there was nothing in her refrigerator.

In vain she reminded herself of her deadline. In *(Continued on page 82)*


Wedded to single blessedness, he was immune to girls.
Then came the kiss that shook
the firmament!

"My Husband's Mother

Living with Dan's widowed mother has raised a dozen problems for Connie—and threatened her family's happiness

My mother-in-law isn't exactly elderly—she's sixty-two—but she's lonely. For that reason she lives with us. When my husband's father died suddenly almost two years ago, we took Mother in, but we never dreamed it would be permanent. We didn't stop to make speeches; we just said, "Come." There would be plenty of time later for major decisions, but Mother W has stayed on and on until now, somehow, any other arrangement seems unthinkable.

But it isn't easy.

The hardest part, I think, is that I literally cannot talk with her. She lives almost entirely in a past I didn't share when her children were small. When Dan is at home she reminisces easily about "the time Fred stole the cow" or "the time when you were 13 and drove the car down to the highway after Dad told you not to."

Dan only half listens and she has a lovely time, but I don't inspire her because I wasn't there during all those "times when." Sometimes I think this might be her subtle way of letting me know she had first claim on Dan, but even if it is, I brush it aside as unimportant.

What troubles me is that I have to manufacture conversation with her and sometimes it's exhausting. She loves to be consulted. Questions like, "What dress shall I wear?" "What kind of icing shall I put on the cake?" "Do you think this corduroy will shrink in the washer?" would make her happy, but such questions don't come readily.

In the first place, they make me feel too dependent. A wife and mother ought to make such decisions in ten seconds flat and go on to something else. I *know* what kind of frosting I want on the cake; I decided last night under the shower when I thought of baking it.

In the second place, I've found if I do ask Mother W's opinion as a way of making her feel included, there's no place to stop. When I make such weak-headed appeals to Jane, who lives next door, she may shrug and say, "Do you want my opinion or are you just asking?" or she might answer, "Make it chocolate, of course. What else?" but in any case we both know I'll do as I please. With Mother, though, we have to take twenty minutes and discuss whether the cake was

How to live happily with aging parents

BY DR. EMILY MUDD

Dr. Mudd is president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, and Director, Marriage Council of Philadelphia

Connie has a real problem on her hands and her first long step toward solving it will be the honest recognition that it's *her* problem, not her mother-in-law's. That may sound surprising, but it's Connie who is upset, not Dan, her husband, not the children and certainly not the mother-in-law.

When Connie tried to appeal to Dan's mother on the basis of her needs' not being met and a "fuller" life for her, it sounded slightly phony and confusing. Mrs. W can't see anything wrong with the life she's got.

It's like a wife who sometimes decides her husband is working too hard, poor lamb, and doesn't eat right and isn't getting enough sleep, when all the time what she means is: "I want to see more of my husband." If

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY AS TOLD TO MICHAEL DRURY

Depends on Us Too Much"

made for a special occasion and whether anyone likes peppermint better than chocolate and why don't I make a custard cake because that's Dan's favorite. Then she's baffled and miffed if I don't agree with her choice on the icing after all.

She feels at home with Dan, but . . .

Mother W has two other sons, both older than Dan. One is a nuclear physicist and one is an advertising executive, but both of them might as well be men from Mars. Mother doesn't understand them and I'm not even sure she likes them very well. Dan is the local representative for a farm machinery company and she feels more at home with him.

Don't misunderstand me; I'm not selling my husband short. He's smart and well-educated and he makes good money, but he's not superambitious like his brothers. That's one of the reasons I love him. We live in a small Southwestern town where Dan comes home to lunch every day and the children go barefoot in summer and all three of them, even Sandy who is not quite four, can ride horses.

But Mother W finds it hot and dusty here. Both complaints are true, although we happen to like living here. She also thinks horses are dangerous for the children. She doesn't mind their riding, under supervision, but the way Sandy walks around among the horses' feet and the fact that the boys are learning to halterbreak a colt scares her silly.

"Mother," Dan has explained twenty times if he's done it once, "the kids have got to learn how to behave around horses. I don't want them to get hurt any more than you do, but they'll never learn by staying safely outside the corral."

It doesn't do any good. We go right on having the same argument almost every time the children ride.

Mother has never once moped about Dad W's death, bless her heart, but one of her most appalling habits is her constant allusions to her own life as being over.

"I've had my time," she'll say. "Now it's up to you young people. I'll just sit and watch."

One day when she was giving me this my-life-is-finished routine, I blurted, "Mother, that's a lot of twaddle. Dan's father may be dead, but you're not." Her face went white, but I drove on. "You're an attractive, interesting woman. You've got lots to give and the world needs you. I will not have you crumbling away under my nose." *(Continued on page 90)*

she would simply say that to him instead of getting tangled up in a nonexistent health problem, in many cases he would agree with her and do something to improve the situation. Nearly everyone likes to help others, but he resents—and resists—having their problems foisted off on him, masquerading as his own.

So Connie, in all fairness, ought to admit the truth: She, Connie, finds it hard to have an additional person in the family constantly. This will come as a shock to Mrs. W no matter how tactfully it's put because the situation has gone on so long. In a less stable family, the wife would have blown up many months ago. Yet it's only fair to say, that's often the way trouble in human relationships arises—people wait from one day to the next until it's almost too late.

Connie's next job, once she has faced squarely that the problem is hers, is to tell her husband how she feels and ask for his help and suggestions. Since it's his mother, he may want to do the explaining or, at least, to be present when it's done.

They might say, "Mother, we want to get your viewpoint on something. We love you and we're glad you're happy here, but we do feel the need of more privacy as a family. What would you say to a small house or wing of your own so we could be together often but not every single minute?"

If this is put to her honestly, not on a basis of what's-good-for-you and what's-good-for-us, Mrs. W may take it surprisingly well.

One family I know worked out a mother-in-law situation by building such a wing—a bed-sitting room, kitchenette and bath—but with the subtle and important addition of a door into the main part of the house. That door worked two ways: *(Continued on page 91)*

PREMONITION

If *you* felt you had only one day to live, would you yield to panic? Or would you hopefully fill each hour with selfless love?

BY BETSY EMMONS
ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

There seemed, at first, to be nothing ominous about the day on which Jean Albright had the premonition that she was about to die. Indeed, it was a day of sparkling weather, and when Jean wakened she could hear birds singing in the garden.

Her first thought was: "It's cool, praise heavens!" All week it had been hot enough to wilt the roses on their stems. But last night it had rained, and through the bedroom windows blew cool air, fresh with the odor of rejuvenated flowers and leaves.

The house was quiet, with the two little boys off for two weeks at camp. Beyond the bathroom door, she heard her husband showering. The duties of the day began to take shape in her mind, dimming the birdsong and the scent of roses, and by the bedside clock she saw that she was late in rising.

She'd overslept, because she'd sat up late last night, pursuing an elusive error through her checkbook. Swiftly she slipped into a tailored robe, brushed back her hair, and hurried downstairs to the kitchen. She was efficient, and breakfast was laid neatly out on the white tablecloth before her husband came downstairs, humming and freshly-shaven.

"The weather's swell!" he said with boyish pleasure. "Look; I've got an idea—"

She smiled at him, serving eggs and toast and coffee which were ready all together at the precise moment. She said, "Do you mind if I look through the paper while we eat? I've got an awfully heavy day, and I'd like to check through the August white sales."

Hugh sat down and unfolded his clean napkin. He said, somewhat less zestfully, "A heavier day than usual? Because this is the first decent weather since the kids went to camp. And right now nothing's doing at the office—no reason, really, why I should go into town—"

He looked at her inquiringly. She nodded.

"That's a wonderful idea! If you stayed home, you could clean out those flower beds, maybe paint that screen. I won't be *(Continued on page 78)*

It came like a cold, brutal thrust of steel,
or like a wind that had blown in from unknown ice fields

WHY NOTRE DAME

Irish Terence Patrick Brennan married equally Irish Mary Louise Kelley. Their children are *(left)* daughter, Denise, born last December, and son, Terence Kelley Brennan, two.

Terry Brennan, at 26, has been called a football coaching genius. Here's why he was chosen, over more experienced men, to keep the Fighting Irish winning

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

Terry Brennan doesn't scare easily. His job is probably the most important in the collegiate sports world. Almost anybody would be apprehensive, even fearful, in his place, because years of carefully-nurtured tradition require that he win—not half the time, not most of the time, but almost all of the time. Yet with millions of sports fans watching, the 26-year-old former All-American halfback stands unabashed and confident as the new head coach of America's most famous football team, the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame.

Although carrying responsibilities numerous enough and heavy enough to crush even a more experienced man, Terry is unperturbed. He is not awed that he has stepped into the shoes of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy, two of football's greatest coaches. And he is not overcome by the knowledge that he must fill 70,000-seat stadia, attract 30,000,000 viewers of television screens, and hold spellbound every Saturday afternoon the listeners of a 115-station coast-to-coast radio network.

A few years ago the United States Military Academy football team learned about Terry's fearlessness the hard way—twice. In 1946, Terry, just past his 18th birthday but already first-string left halfback for Notre Dame, had committed an error in personal safety by making the Army team appear foolish. Apparently too young to realize that Army was loaded with All-American players, including the spectacular backfield tandem of Felix "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis (Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside), Terry gained more yardage than any other man on the field in that famous scoreless tie. He became the star of the game, and to the mortified All-Americans, a marked man.

Then came 1947, and Army again.

Army won the toss and kicked off. One-hundred-sixty-five-pound Terry stood under his own goal posts and watched the ball sail skyward and keep right on going. By the time it came down, most of the Army players were waiting under it and Terry was their target. He scooped up the ball on his own three-yard line and went from there. Some 17 seconds later, *(Continued on page 86)*

PICKED BRENNAN

On Approval

The moment she heard the crunching footsteps in the sand. Mary Lawrence smoothed her dark hair, hurriedly wiped her red-rimmed eyes, and turned toward the stove, making a great pretense of stirring the clam chowder.

Tim mustn't find her crying. She had promised him that if the adoption was not a success there would be no remorse, no recriminations. And since Tim felt that taking Danny had been a mistake, there was nothing she could do now except abide by his decision. And weep when he could not see.

The kitchen door banged. "Hi, honey," Tim called. "Whatever it is, it smells good." He set his tool chest on the floor and heaped his tan carpenter's cap and jacket on a chair. "Is it ready? I'm starving."

There was a hollowness in Mary's voice. "Has been since five o'clock." Her dark eyes scanned the red wall clock. "You're forty minutes late, you know."

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

BY GERTRUDE LAYDEN BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Tim hurried to her, his arms encircling her. "And you've been crying!" He tilted her chin and patted her hair. "It's because of Danny, isn't it, honey?"

Mary nodded. "Can't you be more lenient, Tim? We've only had Danny on approval for three months. Perhaps, if you tried to like him for himself . . ."

Tim moved away, his hand nervously combing his blond hair. "I *like* him all right, honey. It's just that he's so darned inconsiderate. Always throwing his things around. Never thinks of anyone but himself!" He squirmed uncomfortably. "He *bothers* me, Mary." He shot a long finger toward the clock. "Look. Ten of six. Danny knows I want him home at five. But does he come? No!"

A bitter retort about Tim's own lateness spread Mary's lips. Immediately, guilt-stricken, she resumed preparations for dinner. Usually she looked forward to the evening meal, but tonight everything seemed futile. How could the boy she loved so much bring all this antagonism into their home?

Not that she and Tim had never quarreled before Danny came. The first year of their marriage, she had become aware of Tim's major fault—a sort of male inability to think of anyone except himself—and she had occasionally tried to change him a bit. Yet as her love for him grew brighter, her consciousness of that shortcoming dimmed. But Danny, in his eagerness to imitate his idol, had picked up Tim's bad habits, until now he stood before Tim like a reflection in a mirror saying, "Look at me, Daddy, and see yourself!" But Tim would not see. And because of that, she would lose Danny. . . .

Short, running footsteps tapped the back porch, then the kitchen floor. Danny stood before them, his face red with hurrying. A gape-toothed grin split his mouth, and his tan cap (an exact replica of Tim's) sat jauntily over one eye.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad," he called, breathlessly. "Guess what I saw down the inlet! A fox! A big, fat, red fox! Would you go down to see him with me tomorrow, Dad?"

While the words tumbled out, he held up his face for Mary's kiss. She stooped, touched his cheek, and a peculiar yearning electrified her. She wanted to gather him up in her arms and rock him, as she would an infant. No wonder! More than six years of his brief life had passed before she had found him. And now Tim wanted her to let him go. . . .

Tim's voice cut through Mary's thoughts: "I'm sorry, Danny; I'd like to go with you. But tomorrow's Saturday—my fishing day, you know." He eyed Danny solemnly. "What time do we have dinner here, young man?"

Danny blinked. "Five o'clock."

"Then why don't you get home by five?"

"Were you home at five, Dad?"

Tim stared at Mary, his eyes confused. But she turned away. Let him answer that, she thought; it's a good question. She ladled the clam chowder into dishes and walked past her men, into the dinette.

Then Tim replied, "That has nothing to do with you, Danny. Just try to *obey* once in a while—and for Pete's sake, *be a little considerate*."

"What's consid . . ." That was Danny. But Tim hastily interrupted. "No more questions, please."

A chair scraped, and Tim walked in and seated himself at the dinette table. Danny followed, pulled off his cap and jacket, and tossed them on the side chair.

Mary saw Tim wince. "Danny," he said, "put on those things. Go out and scrape the sand from your shoes. And when you come in, *please* hang up your things."

Hesitantly, Danny glanced at his mother. His blue eyes and freckled nose were pinched together, as if to force back impending tears.

A fierce desire to protect her son surged in Mary. Swiftly, she moved, smothering him in her arms. *The poor confused kid!* He couldn't understand why Tim's mimicked traits were wrong for him—and right for his father.

For a brief moment, Danny let her embrace him. Then he shook himself free, grabbed his cap and jacket, and hurried into the kitchen.

The bang of the door aroused an acute awareness in Mary. Danny was gone! Sent away by Tim. Not forever, as yet; that was true. But if she didn't *do something*, some day soon the door would close on Danny for the last time.

Trembling, she faced her husband. Tim's lips were parted, as if in attempted explanation. Mary extended her arm to silence him.

Irate thoughts of the past few months spilled out. She could hardly believe that this rising voice was her own: "*You* didn't brush the sand from your shoes! *You* were forty minutes late! *You* threw your things on a chair and set your tool chest right smack on the kitchen floor!" The flood of words went on—on—tumbling about Tim's head like pelting hailstones.

Tim blinked rapidly, struggling to his feet. A deep flush sprang from the neck of his plaid shirt, crept up his face.

A hand flew to Mary's mouth, smothering a gasp. *No recriminations!* She had broken her promise. Now, appalled at her audacity, she grew limp. But something inside of her would not yet let her yield.

A moment later, Danny charged into the room and stood between them, hugging Tim—a shield against her rage.

"Dad did, too, hang up his things!" he cried. "And he put away his toolbox, too."

Mary's eyes challenged her son's. "Dad *did!*" he insisted. "Go and see!"

Swiftly, she left the room. Tim's cap and jacket were hanging in the utility room. Next to them hung Danny's. And directly beneath them sat the tool chest. Mary lifted one arm of each jacket and gently pressed them to her cheek. When she had stopped shielding Tim, Danny had begun.

Their footsteps sounded behind her. Through blurred eyes, Mary stared at Tim. He smiled wanly and touched her arm, as if in apology. Then he was hugging her tight, while his weather-roughened cheek caressed her hair. "I'm not much of a father, am I, honey?" he asked softly. "But would you consider a father-on-approval?"

She could not answer. There was a trembling on her lips, and the threat of tears in her eyes.

Gently, Tim let her go. He dropped on one knee beside Danny, his long arms entwining the small body. "Thanks for being so considerate, son," he said.

Danny's nose puckered. "I tried to ask you before, Dad. What *is* 'considerate'?"

Tim's eyes found Mary's. "Considerate," he said, "is—well, let's say it's something like this. It's when you go to see a fat, red fox on Saturday—instead of going fishing."

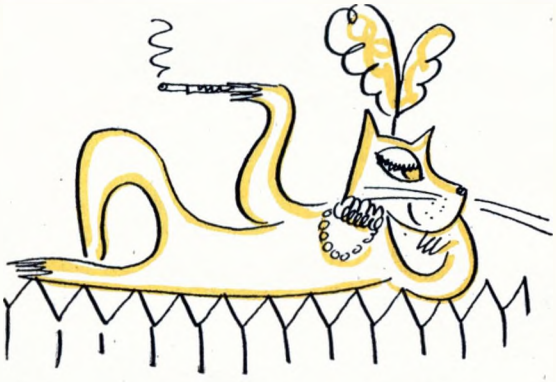
Suddenly Mary hugged both of their heads against her breast. "I'm so glad," she whispered, smiling, "that now we all know!"

. . . THE END

WHO'S ZOO

BY KAYE PHELPS
ILLUSTRATED BY ROSALIND WELCHER

The skunk went past
And as it went,
It cut me off
Without a scent. - - - The skunk.



Like true felines
Women's lives are intense–
They die nine deaths
And are always on the fence.

With some thought
And a little luck,
A slow doe can
Make a fast buck.

Before a lone wolf
Goes out on a lark
He often drops in
To see a loan shark.

A wise old owl sat in a tree
As it sang its nightly call.
But the wiser owl still was he
Who never gave a hoot at all.

The plush thrush
And his slick chick
Rarely get past
The hotel dick.

The black sheep seems
To be primarily
The only colorful member
Of the family.

When the wife's
Away–
The rat
Will play.

A Budget Vacation Plan:

SOUTHERN CALIFORN

Here's how to keep your expenses small in the lush sun country, where everything else is big

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

In southern California, everything is on an extravagant scale. The scenery is magnificent, the climate is warm and dry, trees and flowers are fascinating, highways are excellent, buildings are beautiful, entertainment is exciting and varied, stores are irresistible.

But unless you know your way around, you are likely to get the impression that prices are as extreme as everything else in this favored region.

This is not so, although some things do come at high prices. With a small amount of planning, you can keep the cost of a southern-California holiday well within the limits of your budget. This article will help you control expenses by telling exactly what you should look for, where to find it, and how much it will cost.

You may be surprised to learn that in southern California, scores of unusual attractions are as free as sunshine. Many other kinds of entertainment cost less than the price of a movie ticket at your neighborhood theater.

In Hollywood you can see broadcasts of radio and television shows without paying anything. Uniformed attendants take your car at the motor entrances of glittering Wilshire Boulevard shops; no charge. The lordly gardens and famous paintings, including Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," at the Huntington Art Gallery, can be seen free. General admission to "Symphonies Under the Stars" in spectacular Hollywood Bowl costs less than a dollar.

There is no charge for tours of the big wineries. A sight-seeing bus tour will take you inside Universal-International or Republic Studios at low cost. You can spend the whole day on a deep-sea fishing boat for several dollars, or have dinner at the Moulin Rouge, see a floor show performed by a cast of 80, and dance, all for $6.18 including tax, or dance to big-name bands at the Palladium for $1.10 admission.

You can spend a fortune on beautiful clothes, or pick up an attractive Mexican hat of fringed straw for 50 cents. In either Los Angeles, Del Mar or Caliente, Mexico, you can watch horse racing in season. There is also boxing, softball, dog racing, and just across the border in Tijuana, Mexico, there are bullfights. You can pick orange blossoms and ripe fruit off the same tree, provided you have permission. You can drive

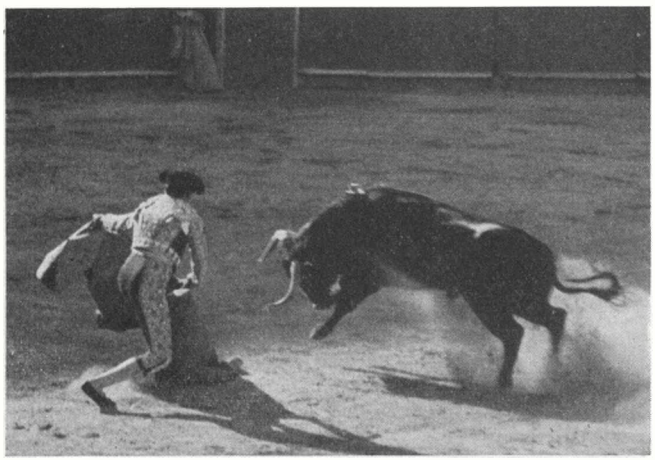
Historic old missions, like this one at Santa Ines, are still standing in many small towns of southern California.

Miles of beach, beautiful wildflowers and sunshine lure budget-minded vacationers to coastal towns.

The Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheater seating 20,000, is the scene of summer operas and concerts.

Horse racing is an added attraction in San Diego County at the Del Mar track, which advertises itself as the place "where turf meets surf."

At Muscle Beach, in Santa Monica, bodybuilders practice tumbling, balancing and weightlifting.



To see a real bullfight, you can cross the border to an arena like the Plaza de Toros in Mexico City, where great matadors perform.

In downtown Los Angeles, hopeful visitors can make a small investment in the local wishing well.

from shore to mountains to desert in the same day, and see passion fruit, zapotes, mangoes, avocados, almonds and dates growing.

To get the most out of your stay, write to the bureaus of information listed at the end of this article. Then allocate your time so you don't overlook the fascinating sights in San Diego, Los Angeles, in the coast and desert cities, and in nearby Mexico.

Los Angeles is probably the best place to start your tour. Your first stop should be the All-Year Club's Tourist Information Center. Without charging a fee, the bureau will help you plan your time for the whole area, give you carefully detailed outlines for 15 guide-yourself tours that you can take by bus, streetcar or automobile, and answer questions about lodging.

Finding friends in Los Angeles can be a problem unless you know in what section of town they live. The place covers 452 square miles—the largest city, in area, in the United States. It has a population of 2,000,000. Counting adjacent cities in the county, the population totals more than 4,250,000. So Los Angeles has five telephone books instead of one, all thick. You'll save time if you carry telephone numbers with you. You are going to need your friends as guides and also as chauffeurs, because you cannot possibly see all you should in this part of the country without some kind of motor transportation.

The sight-seeing tours are so well-organized and so inexpensive that many people prefer them to driving their own cars through the confusing traffic. If you join forces with other vacationers, you can rent a seven-passenger limousine with a chauffeur who is also a competent guide, all for less than the price of seven seats on the big sightseeing buses.

Many people from the East who are taking advantage of tourist rates on planes and trains rent cars when they arrive in Los Angeles. Cars can be rented for $6.75 a day or $35 a week plus eight cents a mile, with the rental company paying for gasoline and insurance. If four people share the costs, a rented car can save you money in fares, and in the economy and comfort afforded by motor hotels.

In comfortable lodging, Los Angeles has everything. You can find small, unpretentious hotels for as little as $4 a day for two . . . or pay $20 a day and more in one of the resorts featuring palm-fringed swimming pools and name bands. The same variety is available in motor hotels. You will have little trouble finding a comfortable motor court at $5 for two, and there are plenty of picturesque ones built around swimming pools for between six and ten dollars. Or you can rent a trailer which sleeps five for $35 a week, and be your own hotelkeeper and chef.

As in every other vacation area, it is wise to book your quarters in advance or find them early in the afternoon. Four million tourists went through southern California last year. That means competition for the most attractive places.

No matter where you go, carry a coat if you plan to be out after sun- *(Continued on page 76)*

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 50

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

1. Carol's parents were proud of their ancestry, and though poor, they tried to keep up an imposing front. Carol felt she had to measure up to her parents' wishes and to appear cheerful even when she had the normal girl's disappointments.

2. As Carol grew up she began to tire of trying to keep up the family pretense. She often felt her parents were more concerned with her social graces than her happiness. But she smothered this feeling and tried to do what was expected of her.

3. Carol fell in love with Harry, a sincere and frank, easygoing young man with whom she could relax and be herself. Although Harry had little money or "position," they were married. But Carol often wondered if her parents really approved.

4. Harry eventually achieved success. But when Carol's parents visited, they never referred to the couple's good fortune, although they often remarked how others had succeeded. Carol became despondent. Harry didn't know how to help her.

Why did Carol, who seemed happily married and pleased with her life, gradually become depressed and tense?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Carol loved** Harry, but was despondent because she longed for the warmth of parental love she never seemed to get. ☐

2. **Carol was taught** as a child to aspire to more than she had, so she was unhappy with whatever Harry provided. ☐

3. **Carol was beginning** to find out something her parents had known all along—Harry was not the right man for her. ☐

Turn to page 82 for Dr. Martin's analysis

He became aware of her as a woman, and felt something stir inside himself that he did not understand.

In a second he could be blasted to eternity—and in that second, he read betrayal in the eyes of the woman he loved!

THE GETAWAY

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME
ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

They were halfway across the bay when he heard the sound: a faint humping, a mutter that might have been part of the engine's noise. Howard Coleman bent his head, listening, hearing nothing now; and after a moment he asked Ellen Anderson if she had heard it.

"Heard what?" she said. And then, quickly, "No. I didn't hear anything."

"Sounded like somebody in the cabin."

"It couldn't be," Ellen said. "I was just down there."

"Funny," Howard said, and forgot it. He was looking at Ellen, conscious of the tension which, it seemed to him, had been between them since the first time he had seen her, two months before. He was conscious that this feeling had grown to a new intensity, a new acuteness, since yesterday. That was when she had chartered his guide boat, but said she wanted him to take her across the bay to Tampa, rather than fishing.

Now he said, "Why were you so anxious to come up here today?"

"I told you: I had some shopping to do." She did not meet his gaze, but stood with her face lowered—a tall girl with dark hair that curled close around her head and features that were delicately yet fully molded so that her face held not only wistfulness but a strangely open sensuality. "Besides," she said after a moment, "it's such a beautiful day. I knew it would be."

It *was* a beautiful day. The water was blue, the sky blue with bits of cloud like blown thistle. An east wind made rolling swells on the bay, and sometimes spray blew in their faces.

"We get some pretty weather in April," Howard Coleman said. He wanted to reach out and put his hand on hers. He had never touched her, except in showing her how to cast or to work the rod with a fish on the line—and then only when Tod Anderson, her husband, was present. When she had *(Continued on page 57)*

A part of Howard's brain was saying, *Jump for him. Try. At least try.* Then behind him Ellen cried, "Tod! *No!* You promised!"

True to young married life, Ethel (Peg Lynch) and Albert (Alan Bunce) are NBC-TV favorites.

What Chance Has a Husband . . . ?

There's a bit of a reformer in every wife. If she married a man because she admired the outdoor type, sooner or later she'll try to make him a romantic lover. It happens in almost every marriage, and it's typical of the marital foibles which are the basis of "Ethel and Albert," (NBC-TV, Sat. 7:30 P.M.), one of television's most delightful programs.

Peg, who also writes all the scripts, and Alan Bunce have played "Ethel and Albert" since it was a radio show in 1944.

Peg Lynch, who plays *Ethel* and who also writes the script for the show, is a champion at picking the small incidents which bring humor to a marriage—everyday things with which any young couple can identify—and treating them in a warmhearted fashion. On the October 2nd telecast, Peg has written a script about *Ethel's* attempt to remake *Albert*. There's no telling how successful she'll be, but the show is sure to be bright and funny.

Peg is an attractive young woman who dreamed up "Ethel and Albert" as a three-minute sketch when she was writing 250 commercial announcements, plus 12 shows a week, for a radio station in Albert Lea, Minn. And all for $70 a month. When her request for a $5 raise was turned down, Peg resigned, taking "Ethel and Albert" with her. Each time she moved, "Ethel and Albert" became a bigger production, with Peg playing *Ethel* and the local announcer playing *Albert*. In 1944, "Ethel and Albert" went network with Richard Widmark as *Albert*. When Widmark left for the stage, Alan Bunce was signed and has been *Albert* ever since. Kate Smith put "Ethel and Albert" on TV as part of her program, and they became so popular they were given their own show.

At first her audiences couldn't believe Peg could write so knowingly of marriage without being married. Now that she's Mrs. O. K. Ronning, they can't believe her husband isn't just like *Albert*. He isn't; Peg's just a very observant girl.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

The Getaway

(Continued from page 54)

gone with Howard alone he had been careful not to touch her at all, and now he checked the instinctive movement of his hand and turned so he was no longer even looking at her.

"You don't want to fish on the way across?"

"Not this morning. We'll fish coming back."

It was then that he heard the sound a second time. Ellen was staring at him when he turned and he said, "Hold the wheel a moment, will you?" She did not move, though for an instant he had an impression that she was going to block his way to the cabin; but she did not do this, either, and he went past her, down the two steps into the cabin.

Everything was in order there: The rods in their racks overhead, the tackle-boxes on the table aft, a half-carton of soft drinks on top of the icebox. Then the noise sounded again—from beyond the bulkhead at the forward end of the cabin—and he opened the door into the little toilet and storeroom.

Tod Anderson came out, stooped because the overhead was low here, holding the gun low, the muzzle pointed at Howard Coleman's chest. The other man, the one who had been on the island only a few weeks and was called Costello, crawled past Anderson, ashen and groaning. Anderson kicked at him as he went past, but the gun in his hand was steady.

"I'm sorry," Anderson said. His voice was muted by the sound of water passing the hull, the beat of the engine. "If that fool hadn't gotten seasick—"

He did not finish, or if he did Howard Coleman did not hear him. He was looking past Anderson to the canvas bag on the deck, knowing instantly what it held.

"So you are the ones who held up the bank," Howard said, and turned to look back at the open door of the cabin and at Ellen standing there, the wind in her short dark hair, her eyes wide—but with knowledge, not surprise in them. "And *you* knew all along," Howard said to her.

He thought, *Maybe I knew, too. Maybe that's what frightened me all along—and I just wouldn't admit it because I was in love with her.* And realized, with a kind of dull shock, that this was the first time he had admitted, even to himself, what he had instinctively known for a long while.

The man called Costello crawled past Ellen and half lay, half knelt, with his head over the gunwale. The boat, driving steadily through the shallow swells, began to swing off course, and Anderson said, "You get the wheel, Ellen."

She put her hand on it and steadied the boat again without moving from the cabin door. Anderson said to her, "You can find the right dock, and tie up?"

"I don't know. I've only been there the one time."

"You'll do it," he said. "You'd damn well better." His voice was tight; even the skin of his face was tight, drawn by the tension of the last hour. "I had it all planned," he said. "And everything had to go wrong. That fool guard. Then Costello getting sick."

"The radio said you were heading south," Howard said. His lips were dry, and he wet them with his tongue. "In a stolen car. A blue sedan."

"It's in your garage—in the one you rented to us. We've got another car on the dock at Tampa—one I have the title for in my pocket. You and Ellen would have gone ashore and gone shopping. Cos and I would have taken the other car. We'd have had one, maybe two days' start before anybody got any idea we'd turned north. By then we'd'a been clear. Nobody'd've been hurt. Now—"

Howard heard the word without even trying to understand its meaning. He was remembering Ellen's insistence that he have the boat at her house at nine-thirty—that he leave it there while they drove back to the store for some things she said she had forgotten. He supposed it was while they were at the grocery store that Anderson and Costello had slipped aboard.

"So you knew all the time," he said again. "The whole thing was arranged so I would do what you asked, when you asked me."

She did not answer. For a moment she looked down at him from the cabin door, then turned her face away. The wind whipped at her hair. The boat moved on over the water, and after a while Costello came back into the cabin and sat with his head in his hands. Through the windshield Howard saw the Tampa dock a quarter-mile away.

"That's it," Anderson said. "If anyone asks about the boat we'll have to say we borrowed it. That's a chance we'll have to take now." Then he was looking at Howard again—not into his eyes but at a spot between chest and stomach. "But I can't take a chance on tying you up and leaving you. You'd kick, make a noise. And after the guard it doesn't make any difference about another—"

Howard saw the gun lift, saw the muzzle seem to widen, to whirl in a dark spiral, widening, sucking him toward it.

He had first seen them one morning when he was mending a cast net on the dock behind his house. He heard a car stop out front, and a moment later they came around the side of the house—the man first: a blond, handsome fellow who moved slowly, looking around him. Howard Coleman put down his net and stood up to meet them.

"My name's Anderson," the man said. "Tod Anderson. My wife, Ellen."

Howard bowed. *She's pretty,* he thought. Anderson was saying, "I understand you have a house to rent."

"The next one, the only other one, on down the bayou."

"May we look at it?"

It was a small house, tucked back from the road with coconut palms in the

RADIO

Alaska to Carnegie Hall

● When Dimitri Mitropoulos lifts his baton on October 10th to begin the regular Sunday-afternoon concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, he will be starting the 25th year of radio broadcasts of the orchestra by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The strains of Weber's "Der Freischütz" Overture, which opened the original broadcast, will be heard by young people everywhere. Last year a twenty-one-year-old GI wrote from Alaska to say how much the concerts meant to him and his bunkmates. In Oneonta, New York, and Gainesville, Florida, groups of college students meet regularly to listen to the concert broadcasts. Fifth-graders in Fort Smith, Ark., sent money to the radio fund.

Thanks to the medium of radio, more people now hear a Sunday broadcast than have personally attended the more than 5,000 concerts the Philharmonic has given during its 112-year history. CBS radio, with an assist from short-wave transmissions, has brought America's oldest symphony to the world. —F. S.

yard and hibiscus blooming under them. Inside it was neat, clean—as orderly as a well-kept boat cabin. Howard Coleman had built the place himself, built half the furniture, and he was proud of it.

He watched the woman now, for it was the women, he had learned, who usually made the decision on houses. And from the way she looked about her with quiet pleasure, he was sure she liked the place. But she said nothing, and it was her husband who took the lead—who went through the place quickly, scarcely glancing at it, then out the back to where there was a garage and a small dock that edged the bayou. Then he turned and walked to the front again.

"Much traffic along here?"

"A few fishermen; that's about all."

"Good. I came here to rest."

For two weeks then, Howard saw them scarcely at all. Occasionally, passing down the bayou in his boat, he would see the woman standing alone on the dock, looking out across the water. When he waved she waved back—a brief, half-constrained gesture. *She looks lonely*, he thought. But his thoughts went no further than that.

He was a big man, slow-moving, slow-speaking, easy in manner. He had been married when he was twenty-three to a girl he had known all his life. She had died in childbirth a year later, and for three years now he had lived alone, though he had a dozen relatives within twenty miles. Sometimes he had the feeling that he was waiting for something specific to happen to him, though what it was he did not know.

Then one night Tod Anderson knocked on his door and said, "I understand you're a fishing guide. I'd like to go out."

"Sure. What do you want to go after?"

"What?"

"What kind of fish do you want to catch?"

"I don't care, really. Anything that will give me something to do."

So Howard Coleman had his boat alongside the Anderson dock early next morning—and it was on this day that he became aware of Ellen Anderson as a woman, an individual. She stood facing into the wind as the boat moved out of the bayou into the open bay, her head lifted, her lips parted a little as though she would like to taste the wind, the spray, the very day itself. "It's lovely!" she said. Later, she braced herself against the cabin, grinning like a child. "It's the first time I've ever been in a boat," she said to Howard. "I think it's wonderful."

"I like it," Howard said. He watched her—the sheer physical rapture that showed on her face, the way she moved, adjusting herself to the roll of the boat—and he felt something stir inside himself that he did not then understand.

Anderson was watching them from the seat in the stern. "When do we start fishing?"

"You can start trolling any time."

But the fishing was not good that day, and Anderson, obviously bored, soon quit to lean back in the deck chair and take brief but steady nips at a bottle he had brought with him. It was still an hour before noon when he told Howard to start back.

"But, Tod!" the girl said. "I'm enjoying it. Can't we stay a while longer?"

He did not answer her, and Howard said, "You've paid for the whole day, Mr. Anderson. You can fish as long as you want."

"I've already fished longer than I want. If Ellen wants more fish she can buy 'em in the store."

So he was surprised when, two weeks later, Anderson came for him again. "You can go from here to Tampa by boat, can't you?"

"Sure. But it's easier by car."

"I think I'd like to go by boat, just for the ride."

So they went, the three of them, and in Tampa Anderson went ashore to walk up and down the dock, the street, looking around him. He asked, "Is this where you always bring your boat when you come over?"

Howard nodded.

Anderson climbed back aboard. "Let's go home."

On the way back, he took an interest in the boat for the first time. He wanted to learn to start and stop the engine, to steer. But he had no feel for a boat, and turning into the channel, he would have run them aground if Howard had not caught the wheel.

"You've got to allow for drift," Howard said. "For wind and the tide." He added that Mrs. Anderson seemed to have a natural knack for it, and his voice may have had more warmth than he realized, for Anderson turned his pale, handsome face to look at first one then the other with an expression of detached and calculated interest. "She's good at a lot of things," he said after a moment.

It was after this that Anderson began to engage Howard for fishing trips and then excuse himself for one reason or another—or for no reason at all—and send Ellen alone. It was almost, Howard thought once, as if her husband *wanted* the two of them to be alone together. But he could not believe such a thing, and forgot it at once, watching Ellen develop quickly into an excellent fisherman. At her request he fished alongside her when there were just the two of them. She asked him questions about the fish, the water, the boat. And he found he could talk to her with an ease that surprised him, interrupting himself once to say in real amazement, "I'm getting as gabby as a barber!"

She laughed. "It's because I like to listen."

That day was one without wind, when the gulf had a sleek, glassy look. Around them birds circled and dived for shiners—the pelicans tilting their huge bills downward, folding their wings and falling like thrown lances, then floating on the surface with heads tilted skyward as they swallowed.

"You know," Ellen said, "three months ago I had never seen the open water; never seen a pelican or a palm tree. And now—it's almost as if I had lived here all my life! I read a book once that said there was an affinity between persons and places; that certain people were *intended* to live in certain places, and that you could yearn for a country—for the mountains or the ocean—without even having seen them. I think maybe I've longed for *this* kind of country all my life, without knowing it."

It was an idea he had never thought about, but he observed that he could never live where there was no open water. "At least I wouldn't *want* to," he added, slowly. "Of course, I've lived around it all my life. I was born in a boat."

She looked at him, and he said, "There wasn't any bridge to the mainland then. And when Dad started to take Mother across in the boat, it was too late."

"I was born in Kansas," Ellen said quietly. "In one of those little towns

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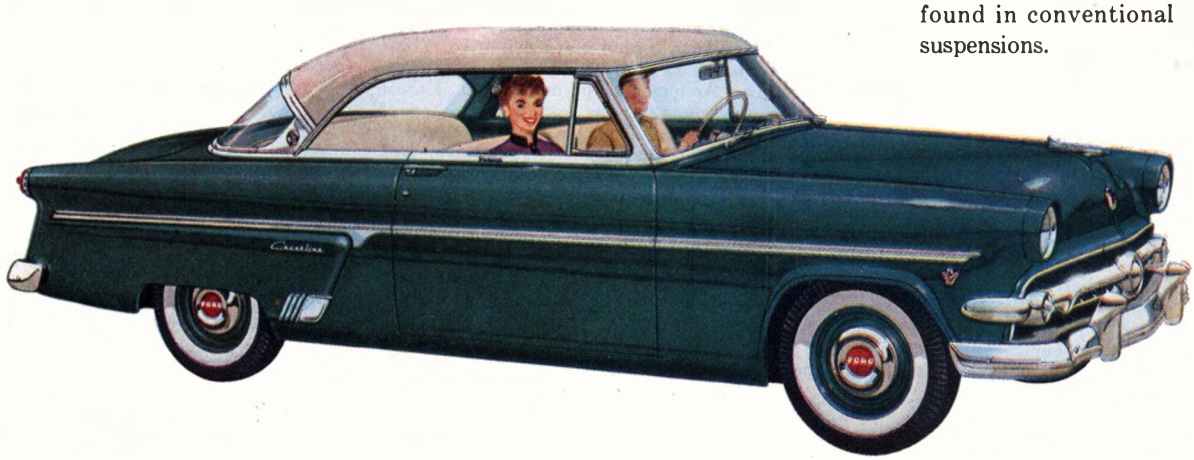

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that gets smaller every year, rather than larger. I clerked in the local drugstore. Father had died when I was not much more than a baby, and mother a few years after that. So I had to stay where I could earn a living. I suppose I'd still be there, if Tod hadn't come along."

The sense of almost physical closeness, of rapport, cracked with the mention of her husband. After a moment Howard asked, "What's his job?"

"Different things." She did not meet his gaze now. "He was selling insurance when I met him. That was two years ago."

"How long will y'all be here?"

"I don't know. He's begun to talk about leaving. But I—"

She did not finish the sentence, and for some reason he did not dare ask what she had been about to say.

It was that afternoon, with Ellen handling the wheel as they pulled alongside her dock, that Howard first saw the man called Costello. He came out of the house with Anderson—a small, dark man with dark, hard eyes and a thin mouth. And Howard Coleman, who was not usually intuitive, thought, *If he was in the movies they would cast him as a bank robber.* And then he forgot it.

The kingfish were beginning to run, and he had a charter every day then for more than a week. Then, one twilight as he came home, he found Ellen waiting on his dock for him. She caught the line he threw, helped him tie up. When he was on the dock, she said, "I want you to take me to Tampa tomorrow, across the bay."

He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I have a charter."

"Can't you get one of the other guides to take your party—tell them you just realized you made an earlier date, or something?"

"I don't like to do that. The fishing's good now, and—"

"Tod will pay you, of course, just as if we were fishing."

His face flushed. "I didn't mean that. It's just that if I make a date to take a party out, I like to keep my promise."

It was almost dark, and he could barely see her face. "I know that. I didn't mean . . . It's just that I want you to take me."

He opened his mouth to say he wanted to go with her, and stopped, and turned away to retie the bowline of his boat, that did not need retying. A night heron passed along the bayou, crying hoarsely. "Is Tod going?" he asked softly.

"No. . . ." Then, quickly: "It was his suggestion I get you to take me. He's been working, and I get lonely living out here. He said we could go and have lunch at that Spanish place in Ybor, and I could do some shopping. And I can't ask anyone else."

He stood there, the bowline still in his hand. "Please. . . ." she said.

"All right." He was aware of a growing tightness in his chest. "I'll get Bill Davis to take my party out."

"Thank you." She touched him on the arm, lightly. "Be there at nine-thirty. Right at nine-thirty."

He was on the boat at nine-fifteen the next morning when he heard the car pass along the road toward Anderson's. Probably some fishermen going to the pass, he thought. At nine-thirty he swung his boat along the little Anderson dock.

Ellen came out of the house almost immediately and said she had to go to the local store for things for Tod's lunch, and for Howard to ride up with her.

It was at the store that Howard heard of the robbery. "It just came over the radio," Benny said. "Two fellows stuck up the City Savings Bank and got away with nearly a hundred thousand bucks. They headed south toward Sarasota, and the Highway Patrol is putting up road blocks." He laughed. "Maybe they'll come out here. We could use a hundred thousand bucks on this island."

"They'd be crazy to come out here," Howard said. "There's no way to get off, and not even any place they could hide a car for very long."

"Yeah," Benny said. "We never have any luck."

Riding back to the house, Ellen was quiet. Twice she put her hand to her forehead, and noticing the gesture, noticing her paleness, Howard asked if she felt ill. "No," she said. "No. . . ." She stopped the car in front of her house. "Just let me run in and leave the groceries, and we'll go."

And now he saw the muzzle of the gun lifting, the tightening of the tendons on the back of Anderson's hand, and a part of his brain was saying, *Jump for him. Try. At least try.* And he knew there was no chance.

Then behind him Ellen cried, "Tod! *No!* You promised!"

Anderson's lips moved, but if there was sound, it was lost in the sound of the engine. Then his face contracted in a sudden spasm, his trigger finger contracted. And even as Howard flung himself forward, something seemed to knock him aside; he saw Anderson staggering backward, falling; and the noise of the shot filled the cabin.

Then the two of them were on the deck, tangled together in the narrow passage between the bunks, and he saw the gun sliding along the deck toward him, and clutched at it. He struck at Anderson's head twice, and twisted and saw Costello half stretched out on a bunk and trying to struggle erect again. Still on his knees, Howard pulled the little man toward him and lashed at him with the gun.

Costello had a gun in his coat pocket. Howard took it and went out of the cabin and locked the door behind him and leaned against it. It was only then he realized that he had not been hit.

The boat floated dead in the water. Ellen leaned against the rail, clutching it with one hand. "Howard . . ." she whispered.

He looked at her, and turned and looked at the dock, still some three hundred yards away. At the spot where he always tied up there was a Negro boy placidly fishing. Just off his bow a mullet jumped. Howard put the two guns on the cabin top just in front of the wheel. He turned the key in the ignition switch, reached for the starter button—and stopped. For a moment he stood without moving. Then his hand went again to the switch.

"You cut off the engine!" he said, almost in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Then *that* was what threw us both off-balance! That's what made him miss. I guess I thought we had run into a log, if I thought at all. But your cutting the switch, jerking the wheel over, is what did it!"

"He'd promised," the girl said. "He'd sworn you wouldn't be hurt." She began to cry and turned her back to him. "He was going away, forever. And now . . ."

"When did you learn he was going to rob that bank?"

"This morning, after it was done. I knew he was planning something. He'd been in trouble before, but not—not like this. I thought that this time it must be something not really very bad that he was doing around the house; I thought that was why he wanted you—both of us—out of the way so often."

"It doesn't matter," Howard said. And he realized that it didn't—because he was thinking of what she had said before: "He was going away, forever."

"And you were going to stay?"

"Yes."

"All right," Howard said. He put his hand on her shoulder then, gently, and turned away and started the engine and moved toward the dock.

Later, standing in the hallway of the Courthouse, the lawyer said, "I don't think the jury will be too tough on her, Howard. This Anderson, or whatever name he was using at the time, made a point of marrying women and leaving them."

"Why did he have to pick on Ellen?" Howard said. But he was not really listening. He was watching the end of the corridor across which she must pass.

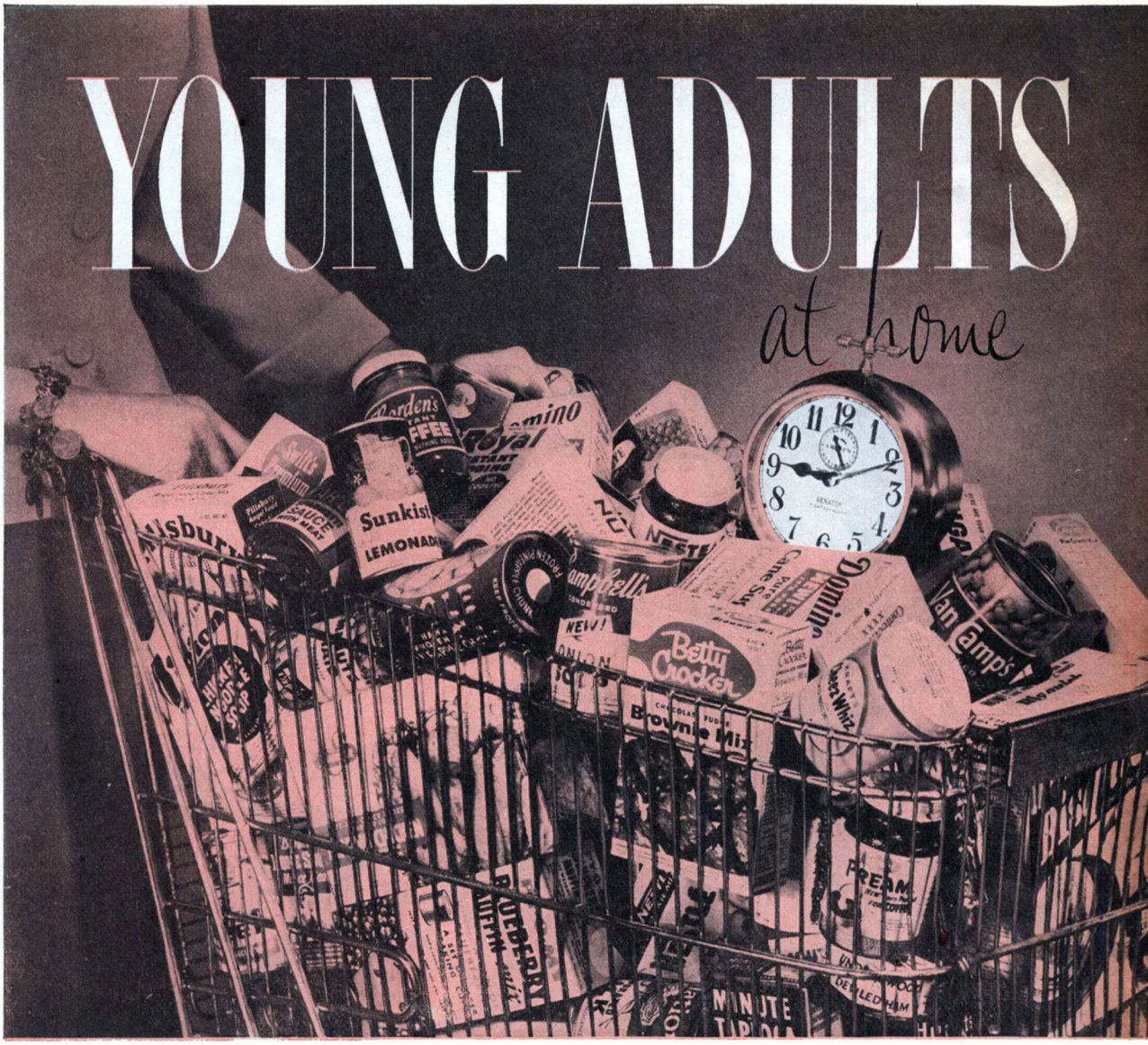
"In this Kansas town where he was working the insurance racket," the lawyer said, "he needed a front—respectability. I suppose there wasn't any local girl with money available—certainly not one this pretty. And Ellen had been born in the town. People knew her and liked her."

Howard glanced at him then, briefly, and the lawyer said, "That's the point I want to make in her defense. The town offered her nothing except a job in a drugstore that barely furnished her food and clothing; she had no hope of a future. Then this Anderson comes along—handsome, apparently well-to-do, with all the charm of a professional confidence man. To her he seemed to offer everything—even love. And she took her marriage seriously, even when she knew, at least partially, how badly she had been cheated. I'll show the jury that—"

Howard saw her then, for just a moment. She crossed the hallway with her head lifted, face straight ahead, and Howard Coleman moved and stopped again as she passed out of sight.

The lawyer was still talking, explaining what he would say to the jury. But Howard did not hear him.

He did not need to have it put into words. Because he knew that sooner or later she would come back to the island. And when she did, he would be there, waiting. . . . THE END



Time-Saver Cookbook

This heaping market basket represents more than an array of family meals. In every one of these cans, packages and jars of partially prepared foods there's a hidden premium: it's TIME SAVED. Still, modern foods for quick meals can have the individual touches we all cherish. You'll find pictures and directions in these pages of REDBOOK's timed and tested recipes.

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR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NOT ONE OF THESE DISHES WILL TAKE MORE THAN 15 MINUTES OF YOUR TIME

1. Cheese-Dipped Pretzels
2. Bite-Size Fish Sticks
3. Blue Cheese Dip
4. Consomme Reine
5. Vichyssoise
6. Luncheon Soup
7. Minted Apple Juice
8. Grape Ginger Ale Cooler
9. Golden Carrot Circles
10. Coffee Egg Nog
11. Hot Codfish Balls
12. Chicken Marengo
13. Supper Salad
14. Smoky Link Kabobs
15. Coffee and Cream Mix
16. Spiced Tea Granite
17. Clam Fritters
18. Hasty Dinner Rolls
19. Quick Lasagna
20. Baked Cheese Fondue
21. Shrimp Jambalaya
22. Macaroni-Beef Pies
23. Cherry Glazed Ham
24. Strawberry Cream Tart
25. Pastel Parfait
26. Jam Bars
27. Pink Lemonade Float
28. Coffee Cream Puffs
29. Hot Coffee Mocha
30. Brownie Peppermint Pie
31. Nutted Fudge Bars
32. Peanut Butter Candy
33. Chocolate Raisin Drops
34. Caramel Cornflake Clusters
35. Jelly Loaf

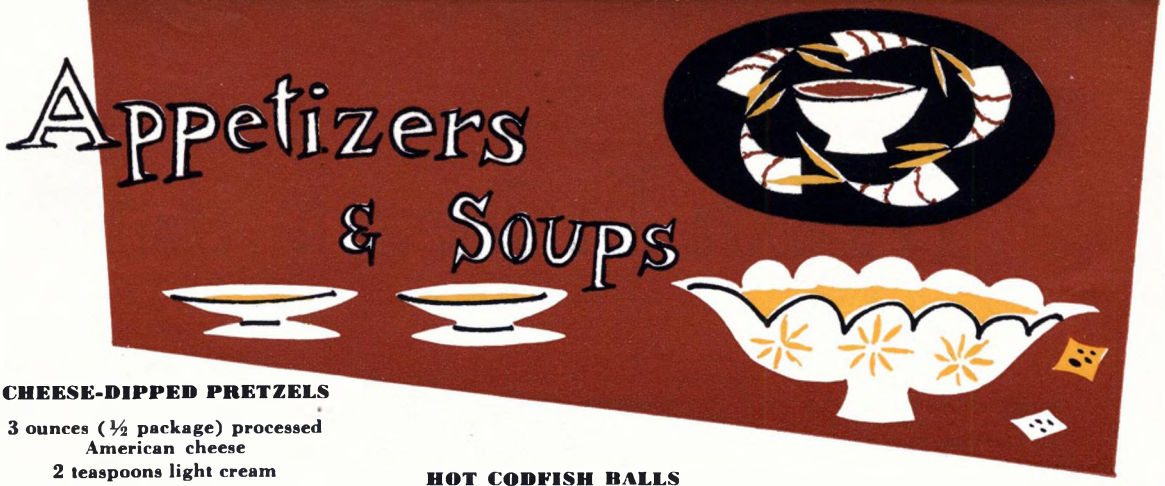
Turn the page for index of recipes for pictured dishes ▶

A REDBOOK BONUS FEATURE

The Time-Saver Cookbook

INDEX

Photos by George Lazarnick • Drawings by Denny Hampson



CHEESE-DIPPED PRETZELS

3 ounces (½ package) processed American cheese
2 teaspoons light cream
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco
24 small pretzels
Poppy seeds or caraway seeds

Cut cheese in chunks. Put it, cream and Tabasco in top of double boiler. Heat until cheese is melted. Dip pretzels halfway into cheese mixture. Sprinkle cheese-dipped end with seeds. Put on waxed paper to cool until firm. Pass with drinks.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Cooling time: 10 min.*

BITE-SIZE FISH STICKS

Preheat oven to 425°F. Cut frozen fish sticks into thirds. Heat on a baking sheet 15 minutes. Serve with prepared tartar sauce.

● *Your time: 6 min.* ● *Heating time: 15 min.*

BLUE CHEESE DIP FOR CORN CHIPS

1 2¼-ounce wedge blue cheese
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 teaspoon minced onion
⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Corn chips

Crumble cheese into a small bowl. Add all ingredients (except chips) and blend. Serve with corn chips. Makes ½ cup.

● *Your time: 8 min.*

GOLDEN CARROT CIRCLES

2 large carrots, scraped
1 2¼-ounce can deviled ham
Parsley

Cut carrots into round slices ¼-inch thick. Mound ham on each slice. Top with a sprig of parsley. Chill. Makes 16 to 20 appetizers to serve with flavored crackers.

● *Your time: 8 min.* ● *Chilling time: 30 min.*

PIZZA

Ready-to-mix pizza takes only 10 minutes of your time to fix. For appetizers, top with anchovy fillets before baking.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Cooking time: 40 min.*

HOT CODFISH BALLS

Tiny, frozen codfish balls (16 to 20 in a package) need only 12 minutes in a hot oven to make them ready to serve with a spicy dunk. To make it, mix ½ cup catsup, 2 teaspoons horseradish, a squeeze of lemon juice.

● *Your time: 6 min.* ● *Baking time: 12 min.*

BROILED SHRIMP MARINADE

1 12-ounce package frozen shrimp, cleaned and shelled
1 clove garlic, finely minced
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup olive oil
Juice of ½ lemon

Thaw shrimp so they separate easily. Mix all other ingredients in a shallow pan. Spread shrimp in marinade; let stand 2 hours. When ready to serve, arrange shrimp on broiler tray 5 inches from source of heat. Broil 6 to 7 minutes until shrimp are pink and tender. Makes about 12 broiled shrimp.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Marinade time: 2 hrs.*

TOMATO-VEGETABLE SOUP WITH FRANKS

Add a 2-ounce package tomato-vegetable soup mix and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine to 4 cups boiling water. Cover and boil 8 minutes. Add 2 frankfurters thinly sliced. Serves 4.

● *Your time: 4 min.* ● *Cooking time: 10 min.*

QUICK BISQUE

For a creamy bisque-type soup, prepare any condensed soup as directed on the can. Sprinkle over it 4 tablespoons instant powdered cream. Stir several times. Serve hot.

● *Your time: 5 min.*

QUICKIE VICHYSOISSE

2 tablespoons onion juice
2 12½-ounce cans chicken consomme
½ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 12-ounce box quick-frozen whipped potatoes, thawed *(about 30 minutes)*
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup light cream
2 tablespoons chopped chives

Combine all ingredients except cream and chives in top of double boiler over hot water. Cook until mixture is piping hot. Blend 1 minute with rotary beater. Add cream. Cool. Refrigerate at least 2 hours. Serve sprinkled with chives.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Chilling time: 2 hrs.*

CONSOMME REINE

2 12½-ounce cans chicken consomme
½ cup cold water
¼ cup precooked rice
2 egg yolks, beaten
¼ cup warm heavy cream

Put consomme, water and rice in a saucepan; bring to a boil over high heat. Turn off heat, cover pan and let stand 13 minutes. Stir in beaten egg yolks and cream. Reheat slowly. Makes 4 cups of light cream soup.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Cooking time: 18 min.*

LUNCHEON SOUP WITH MEAT BALLS

1 12½-ounce can chicken consomme
1 teaspoon dried onion flakes
1 11½-ounce can meat balls in gravy

Put consomme into a saucepan. Add onion flakes and bring to a boil over medium heat. Stir in meat balls, gravy and heat. Makes 2 bowls or 4 cups of hearty luncheon soup.

● *Your time: 4 min.* ● *Cooking time: 6 min.*

***MENU MEMO** for a Quick Lunch:*
Luncheon Soup with Meat Balls (recipe above) • Saltines • Canned Citrus Salad
**Taffee Sundae • *Hot Coffee and Cream Mix (*see index for recipe page numbers)*

Main Dishes & Salads

SHRIMP JAMBALAYA

1 #300 can Spanish rice
1 5-ounce can cooked, cleaned shrimp
½ cup water
2 teaspoons fresh chopped parsley

Put all ingredients in a skillet, simmer over low heat for 10 minutes. Stir rice occasionally to prevent sticking. Garnish with parsley. Makes 2 servings.

● *Your time: 13 min.* ● *Cooking time: 10 min.*

PINEAPPLE SPLIT SALAD

Arrange 2 drained pineapple spears on a bed of crisp lettuce. Spoon cottage cheese on pineapple, top with mayonnaise.

● *Your time: 6 min.*

MACARONI-BEEF PIES

1 15¼-ounce can roast beef hash
2 15¼-ounce cans macaroni and cheese
¼ cup grated sharp cheese

Preheat oven to 375°F. (moderately hot).

Lightly grease 4 5-inch ramekins. Press ¼ can of hash into each dish to form a piecrust. Fill each with ½ can macaroni. Top each with 1 tablespoon cheese. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 4.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Baking time: 20 min.*

***MENU MEMO** for A Company Dinner*
**Minted Apple Juice*
**Stuffed Chicken Broil*
Instant Mashed Potatoes Whole Green Beans
Canned Cranberry Slices
**Frozen Limeade Dessert*

CHERRY GLAZED HAM

1 3½-pound canned ham
½ cup brown sugar
1 #2 can red sour pitted cherries, drained
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup cherry juice
½ tablespoon granulated sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Preheat oven to 350°F. (moderate).

Open ham and discard gelatin. Place ham in shallow baking dish. Pack brown sugar and cherries on top. Drizzle butter over cherries. Pour ½ cup of the cherry juice around ham. Combine granulated sugar, cornstarch, and mustard with remaining juice. Keep for sauce.

Bake ham at 350°F. about 40 minutes, basting frequently. Remove to heated platter. Pour cornstarch mixture into juice and drippings in pan and stir over low heat until clear and slightly thickened. Serve ham slices with hot cherry sauce.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Baking time: 40 min.*

STUFFED CHICKEN BROIL

½ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
1½ cups ready-to-use bread stuffing
2 2¼-pound broilers, cleaned and split in half
Salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Preheat broiler.

Combine water and butter in a saucepan. When water boils, remove from heat: empty stuffing into saucepan and toss with a fork.

Place two broiler halves on broiler pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill each cavity with half the stuffing. Sprinkle remaining two broiler halves with salt and pepper and place on top of stuffed halves. Skewer together. Combine salad oil and lemon juice; brush on chicken. Broil slowly (about 8 inches from source of heat) for 15 minutes, brushing occasionally with lemon-oil mixture. Turn, brush and broil other side about 10-15 minutes until done and lightly browned. Serve each person half a broiler and a portion of stuffing.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Broiling time: 30 min.*

SUPPER SALAD

2 #2 cans whole potatoes
1 small onion, minced
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon sugar
1 1-pound can diced mixed vegetables, drained
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 6-ounce jar cocktail frankfurters, split in half
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
⅓ cup mayonnaise
Lettuce

Drain and slice potatoes. Place in a shallow pan and add minced onion. Pour combined vinegar and sugar over them and let stand for 5 minutes. Meanwhile, drain mixed vegetables. Add to potatoes. Add salt, pepper, franks. Toss with mustard and mayonnaise. Chill. Serve in salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Makes 4 large supper salads.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Chilling time: 30 min.*

PARTY CORNED BEEF HASH

1 medium onion
1 tablespoon fat
1 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms
2 1-pound cans corned beef hash
3 tablespoons light cream
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Dice onion; cook in fat in a heavy skillet until tender but not brown. Add sliced mushrooms (drained), corned beef hash, cream and Worcestershire sauce. Cook slowly until well browned on the bottom. Put under broiler to lightly brown top. Makes 6 servings.

● *Your time: 9 min.* ● *Cooking time: 30 min.*

SAUSAGE CORN BREAD

1 8-ounce package brown-and-serve sausages
1 8½-ounce package corn muffin mix
Honey

Preheat oven to 375°F. (moderately hot).

Put 1 package brown-and-serve sausages in 8" x 8" x 2" pan. Put in oven to heat. Meanwhile, prepare 1 package of corn muffin mix by package directions, pour over hot sausages and bake for 25 minutes. Serve hot with honey. Makes 4 generous servings.

● *Your time: 9 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*

*See index for recipe page numbers

CLAM FRITTERS

1 5-ounce package popover mix
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 egg
⅓ cup milk
1 10½-ounce can minced clams, drained
Fat for frying
½ cup chili sauce
1 lemon, cut in 6 wedges

Empty popover mix into a deep bowl. Add baking powder, egg and milk. Mix well. Stir in drained clams.

Spoon cooking fat into heavy skillet to make 1 inch of melted fat in pan. Drop batter by tablespoons into hot fat and fry until golden brown. Makes 12 to 15 fritters.

While fritters are frying, heat chili sauce in a saucepan. Cut lemon into wedges. Serve lemon and hot sauce with fritters.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Frying time: 12 min.*

SPAGHETTI-BARBECUE BAKE

2 15¼-ounce cans spaghetti with tomato sauce and cheese
1 11-ounce can wieners with barbecue sauce
2 tablespoons grated cheese

Preheat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot).

Pour one can of spaghetti into a greased quart casserole. Top with half the wieners (4). Repeat the layers with remaining can of spaghetti and wieners. Pour the barbecue sauce packed with wieners over casserole and top with grated cheese. Bake at 375° F. 25 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

● *Your time: 9 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*

CHICKEN MARENGO

1 1½ to 2-pound frozen chicken cut in pieces
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cloves garlic, chopped
½ cup dry sherry
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
1 6-ounce can whole mushrooms
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Sprinkle thawed chicken with salt and pepper, then with flour. In a heavy skillet, heat butter and brown chicken, turning frequently. Add 2 finely chopped cloves of garlic. Add sherry, tomato sauce and juice drained from mushrooms. Cook covered over low heat 30 minutes or until chicken is tender.

Add mushrooms and continue to heat until mushrooms are hot. Serve sprinkled with freshly chopped parsley. Makes 4 servings.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Cooking time: 45 min.*

SWISS STEAK LYONNAISE

2 pounds round steak (1-inch thick)
⅓ cup flour
1 can condensed onion soup
½ cup water

Cut some of the fat from steak; fry slowly in a heavy skillet. Remove chunks of fat, use drippings in pan to brown steak. Dredge steak with flour. Pound steak well with hammer or edge of saucer. Brown steak well on both sides in skillet. Add soup and water; cover and cook over low heat about 1 hour or until meat is tender. Stir occasionally. Makes 6 servings.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Cooking time: 1 hr.*

TOMATO TOWER SALAD

On a bed of lettuce place 1 slice of canned tomato aspic, top with half a hard-cooked egg, sliced crosswise. Chop remaining half egg white, mix with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise. Spoon over salad. Top with sieved egg yolk.

● *Your time: 9 min.*

BAKED CHEESE FONDUE

1 loaf brown-'n-serve French bread
2 tablespoons anchovy paste
¼ cup cheese sauce

SAUCE:

1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
¼ cup cheese sauce
2 tomatoes

Preheat oven to 350° F. (moderate).

Slash unbaked French bread lengthwise almost to bottom crust. Slice in fifths crosswise, again almost to bottom crust. Spread anchovy paste and ¼ cup of cheese sauce between slashes. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet 12 minutes. While baking, combine undiluted soup and another ¼ cup of cheese sauce in a saucepan. Heat, stirring until smooth. Slice tomatoes.

Serve baked bread with hot sauce. Garnish with tomato slices. Makes a supper dish for 4.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Baking time: 12 min.*

CHILI BISCUIT TURNOVERS

1 can refrigerated biscuits
1 1-pound can chili (no beans)
1 tablespoon milk or cream

Preheat oven to 450° F. (hot).

On a floured pastry board, press biscuits into 5-inch circles. Measure out 1 cup chili and put spoonful in center of each circle. Fold over, turnover style, and press edges together to seal. Brush with milk and bake 8 to 10 minutes. Heat remaining chili to serve as sauce. Serves 4.

● *Your time 15 min.* ● *Baking time: 10 min.*

SMOKY LINK KABOBS

6 smoky link sausages
1 1-pound can whole onions, drained
1 6-ounce can whole mushrooms, drained
¼ cup cooking oil

Preheat broiler.

Cut each smoky link into 4 chunks. String chunks of meat, onions and mushrooms alternately on 10-inch skewers. Brush with oil. Broil 8-10 minutes about five inches from source of heat. Turn and brush frequently with oil until kabobs are browned. Makes 6 servings.

If desired, serve with mustard sauce: a blend of half rich prepared mustard and half light cream.

● *Your time: 8 min.* ● *Broiling time: 10 min.*

QUICK LASAGNA

4 ounces wide egg noodles, cooked ***(½ package or 2 cups raw noodles)***
1 cup creamy cottage cheese
1 15¼-ounce can spaghetti sauce with meat
¼ cup shredded American cheese

Preheat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot).

Arrange cooked noodles in a shallow greased baking dish (6"x10"x1½"); spread cottage cheese over noodles. Pour on spaghetti sauce; sprinkle shredded American cheese on top. Bake in 375° F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*

Main Dishes & Salads

LOBSTER-STUFFED TOMATO

1 6½-ounce can rock lobster, chilled
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons sour cream
1 tablespoon rich prepared mustard
4 tomatoes, chilled
Salt
2 stuffed olives
Lettuce

Dice lobster and celery. Put into a deep bowl. Mix in mayonnaise, sour cream, mustard. Cut a slice off the stem end of the tomatoes, scoop out pulp and sprinkle inside with salt. Fill with lobster salad. Cut the stem out of the top tomato slice. Replace on stuffed tomato. Cut olives in half and place in hole in center, with cut side up. Serve on lettuce leaves to 4.

● *Your time: 15 min.*

SPEEDY CREAM SAUCE

To make 1 cup of cream sauce, measure 1 cup water into the top of a double boiler. Sprinkle over it ¼ cup non-fat dry milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour. Beat with a rotary beater only until blended. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. This is a base sauce. Season as desired.

● *Your time: 6 min.* ● *Cooking time: 15-20 min.*

CURRIED RICE WITH CHICKEN LIVERS

CURRIED RICE:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon onion flakes
1⅓ cups precooked rice
1½ cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon curry powder

CHICKEN LIVERS:

2 8-ounce packages frozen chicken livers
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Combine butter, onion flakes, rice, water, ½ teaspoon salt and curry powder in a heavy saucepan with tight fitting cover. Bring to a boil. Cover, turn off heat. Let stand 13 minutes. Brown chicken livers in butter in a skillet. Add salt and pepper. When rice is done, toss chicken livers with rice and serve at once. Makes 4 servings.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Cooking time: 13 min.*

STIRRED SHRIMP IN SHERRY

2 tablespoons butter
2 12-ounce packages frozen, cleaned raw shrimp
2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped chives
¼ cup dry sherry

Melt butter in a heavy skillet. Add shrimp. In a cup, combine the cornstarch, salt, chives and sherry. Stir until cornstarch is dissolved. Add to shrimp. Cook 5 to 7 minutes, stirring constantly, until shrimp are pink and moisture is absorbed. Serve with rice or crisp noodles. Serves 4.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Cooking time: 5-7 min.*

BEANS AND WIENERS ON TOAST

½ cup grated cheddar cheese
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
1 8-ounce can beans and wieners in tomato sauce
2 slices of toast
2 teaspoons chopped parsley

Put cheese and milk in double boiler. Heat until cheese is melted. Add Worcestershire, salt and canned beans and wieners. Cook until hot. Serve on toast; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Makes 2 servings.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Cooking time: 6 min.*

MENU MEMO:
For a Hasty Supper

**Beans and wieners on toast*
Grapefruit sections salad
**Jiffy Rice Pudding*
Hot or Iced Instant Tea

* see index for recipe page numbers

QUICK AND EASY RAREBIT

1 2½-ounce jar chipped beef
1 8-ounce jar cheese sauce
2 tablespoons milk
4 rusks
2 tomatoes, sliced

In a small saucepan combine chipped beef, cheese sauce and milk. Stir over low heat until mixture is hot. Heat rusks a few minutes in hot oven or under broiler. Serve cheese and beef over rusks. Garnish with tomato slices. Makes 4 servings.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Heating time: 7 min.*

LUNCHEON MEAT SCALLOP

1 12-ounce can spiced luncheon meat
1 cup canned sliced apples
1 1-pound 2-ounce can sweet potatoes
½ cup light corn syrup
⅓ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

TOPPING:

1 cup crushed cornflakes
2 tablespoons melted butter

Preheat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot).

Cut meat into 8 slices. Arrange in bottom of 8"x8"x2" baking pan. Slice sweet potatoes over luncheon meat. Combine apples and remaining ingredients in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil; cook for 3 minutes.

Pour apples and syrup over sliced potatoes, top with crushed cornflakes and drizzle with melted butter. Bake at 375° F. for 40 minutes. Serves 4 generously.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Baking time: 40 min.*

CREAMED BOLOGNA ON TOAST

⅓ cup ripe olives
1 10½-ounce can cream of chicken soup
¼ cup milk
1 cup cubed bologna
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
3 slices crisp toast

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Pour soup into small saucepan and gradually blend in milk. Add bologna and heat thoroughly. Stir in olives and parsley and cook 1 minute longer. Serve on toast. Serves 3.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Cooking time: 7 min.*

BLUEBERRY COFFEE CAKE

CAKE:

1 12-ounce package blueberry muffin mix
1 egg
Water as required on package

TOPPING:

¼ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons soft butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup flour
¼ cup broken nut meats

Preheat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot).

Lightly grease an 8-inch square cake pan. Combine muffin mix, egg, water and blueberries as directed on the package. Pour into greased pan. Put all topping ingredients in a small bowl; blend thoroughly with a fork and sprinkle topping evenly over the batter. Bake 25 minutes in moderately hot oven. Makes 16 2-inch squares of sweet coffee cake.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*

PARMESAN FRENCH BREAD

1 loaf brown-'n-serve French bread
¼ cup soft butter or margarine
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot).

Cut bread in ¾-inch slices, almost through to bottom crust. Spread butter between each slice. Sprinkle cheese between slices and over top. Bake on an ungreased cookie sheet for 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serve with salad, chili or spaghetti. Ample for 4 persons.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Baking time: 15 min.*

WAFFLE TOAST

Trim crusts from 8 slices of enriched bread. Spread about 1 teaspoon of soft butter or margarine on each side of every slice. Place buttered bread slices in preheated waffle iron for 3 minutes. Cut into triangles and serve hot with salads or soups.

● *Your time: 8 min.*

ORANGE HONEY ROLLS

¼ cup soft butter or margarine
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
8 brown-'n-serve clover-leaf rolls

Preheat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot).

Combine butter, honey, orange rind. Spread over bottom of a 9-inch pie plate. Place rolls, with tops down, in honey mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven for 15 minutes. Let rolls stand in pan 1 minute after removing from oven. Invert pan to remove rolls. Makes 8 tangy-topped rolls.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Baking time: 15 min.*

WALNUT HONEY ROLLS

2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts
6 brown-'n-serve clover-leaf rolls

Preheat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot).

Grease 6 wells of a muffin pan. Combine honey, butter, nutmeg and chopped nuts. Divide nut mixture evenly into each well. Place rolls in wells. Bake 15 minutes. Let stand in pan 1 minute after removing from oven. Invert pan to remove rolls. Makes 6 rolls.

● *Your time: 8 min.* ● *Baking time: 15 min.*

PINEAPPLE ORANGE ROLLS

6 brown-'n-serve pillow rolls
4 teaspoons melted butter or margarine
6 tablespoons drained crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon sugar

Preheat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot).

Make 2 lengthwise shallow cuts in the top of each roll. Brush with melted butter. Combine pineapple, orange rind and sugar. Put ½ tablespoon of pineapple mixture into each cut. Bake on an ungreased cookie sheet 12 minutes. Makes 6 coffee rolls.

● *Your time: 11 min.* ● *Baking time: 12 min.*

Breads

MENU MEMO
for an After-Game Gathering

*Hamburgers on *Onion Sandwich Rolls*
Dill Pickle Slices Potato Chips
Instant Cocoa or Coffee

**recipe below*

ONION SANDWICH ROLLS

1 14¼-ounce package hot roll mix
Water as directed on package
¼ cup dried onion flakes

Preheat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot).

Combine roll mix and water as directed on package. Let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk.

Lightly grease a 9"x12" oblong pan. Turn out dough on a floured board. Sprinkle onion flakes over dough. Fold and turn it a few times to work onion evenly through the rolls. Pat dough evenly into greased pan. Cut in 12 equal 3-inch squares with a well-greased sharp knife. Let rise again until double in bulk.

Bake rolls 15-20 minutes in moderately hot oven. Makes 12 onion-flavored rolls, wonderful for hamburger sandwiches.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Rising and Baking: 2 hrs.*

HASTY DINNER ROLLS

1 package refrigerated biscuits
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
¾ teaspoon poppy seeds

Preheat oven to 450° F. (hot).

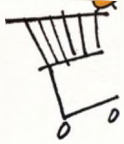
Lightly grease an 8-inch square pan. Separate biscuits. Place in greased pan. Brush biscuit tops with butter; sprinkle evenly with poppy seeds. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a hot oven. Makes 10 hot rolls.

● *Your time: 6 min.* ● *Baking time: 10 min.*

GLAZED ROLLS

For a professional golden glaze: Mix 1 tablespoon instant powdered cream with 1 tablespoon hot water. Brush on rolls, biscuits or pastry before baking.

● *Your time: 3 min.*



STRAWBERRY CREAM TART

1 package frozen whole or sliced strawberries, defrosted
1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca
1 package instant vanilla pudding
About 16 vanilla cookies

Drain berries. Put juice in a saucepan. Add tapioca and heat, stirring constantly until mixture comes to a boil. Cool. Meanwhile, make pudding according to package directions. Line 8" piepan with whole vanilla wafers. Pour pudding into cookie crust. Top with berries. Pour cool tapioca over berries. Chill. Serves 6.

● *Your time: 13 min.* ● *Chilling time: 1 hr.*

CRANBERRY RELISH CREAM PIE

1 8-inch baked pastry shell
1 package instant vanilla pudding
1 cup fresh or frozen cranberry-orange relish, well drained
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar

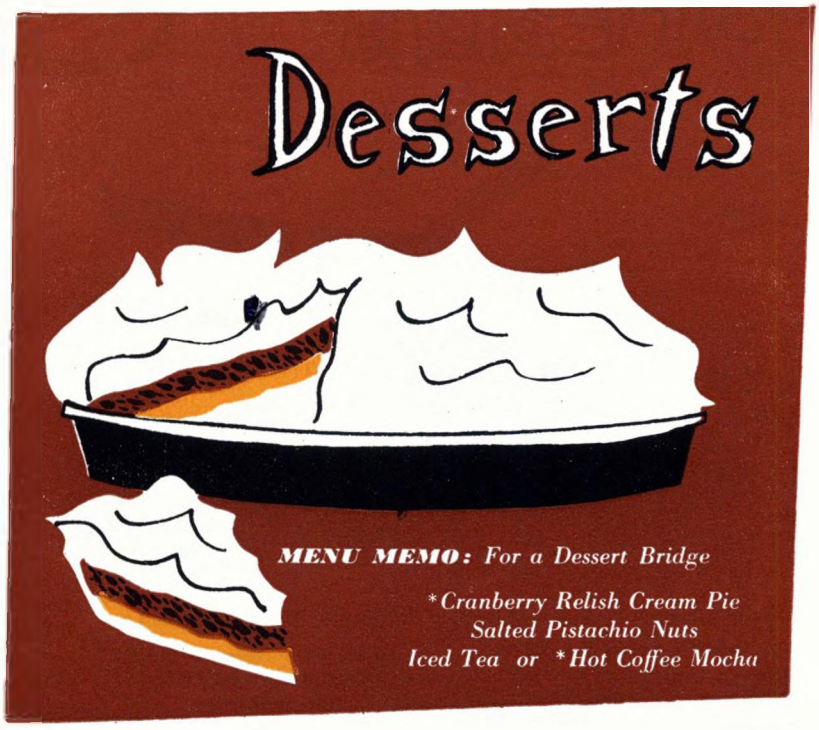
Preheat oven to 325°F. (moderate).

Prepare vanilla pudding according to package directions. Fill baked pie shell. Top with cranberry-orange relish (see note).

Beat egg whites stiff. Slowly beat in sugar to make meringue. Spread meringue over cranberry layer. Bake at 325°F. for 20 to 25 minutes until meringue is golden.

NOTE: Frozen cranberry-orange relish is a new product. If it has not reached your neighborhood, you can make it by putting 2 cups fresh cranberries and 1 orange through the food chopper. Mix with 1 cup sugar.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*



*See Index for recipe page numbers

BROWNIE PEPPERMINT PIE

1 10-ounce package of brownie mix
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
Few drops peppermint extract
1 pint vanilla ice cream

Preheat oven at 350°F. (moderate).

Prepare brownie mix as package directs. Pour into a greased 9" pie plate and bake 10 minutes. While pie is baking, melt chocolate over hot water, stir in peppermint extract. Remove pie from oven. Quickly drizzle melted chocolate over top. Return pie to oven and continue baking 20 minutes. Cut in pie wedges and top with scoops of ice cream. Makes 6 servings.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Baking time: 30 min.*

JAM BARS

***1 11-ounce package cookie mix**
¾ cup raspberry jam

Preheat oven to 375°F. (moderately hot).

Mix cookies according to package directions for rolled cookies. Divide dough into 3 parts. Roll ⅓ of the dough to fit bottom of a shallow (6" x 10") baking pan. Spread evenly with raspberry jam. Roll out remaining ⅔ dough; cut in ½-inch strips and place lattice-fashion on top of jam. Bake in moderately hot oven 25 minutes or until lattice strips are lightly browned. Cool and cut into squares. Makes 15 2-inch squares.

*If you use the 13½ or 14-ounce package cookie mix, use 1 cup of jam. Bake in 9" x 12" pan.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Baking time: 25 min.*

PARTY FRUIT AMBROSIA

Combine 1 1-pound can apricot halves and 1 #2½ can purple plums. Chill, sprinkle with ½ cup shredded coconut and dribble with ¼ cup sherry or rum. Makes 6 elegant desserts.

● *Your time: 4 min.* ● *Chilling time: 1 hr.*

PASTEL PARFAIT

YELLOW LAYER:
1 package lemon sherbet mix
Milk and water as directed on package
GREEN LAYER:
⅓ cup mint jelly
1 1-pound 1-ounce can applesauce

Make lemon sherbet as directed on the package. Freeze in refrigerator tray. While it is freezing (about 1 hour), melt mint jelly over low heat in a small saucepan. Remove from heat and stir in the applesauce. Chill.

Whip sherbet smooth as directed on package. Spoon alternate layers of sherbet and minted applesauce into parfait or sherbet glasses. Makes 6 desserts. Desserts may be prepared and stored in freezer until serving time.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Chilling time: 1 hr.*

PINEAPPLE LEMON FLUFF

1 package lemon pie filling
2 eggs, separated
1 can frozen pineapple chunks, partially thawed

Make pie filling as directed on package using egg yolks listed above. Beat egg whites stiff. Fold into cool filling. Freeze in a refrigerator tray 2 to 3 hours. Serve topped with pineapple chunks. Makes 4 portions.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Freezing time: 3 hrs.*

TAFFEE SUNDAE

Pour unsulphured molasses, right from the jar, over scoops of vanilla ice cream. Garnish with almonds or coconut.

● *Your time: 3 min.*

QUICK FRUIT ALASKA

Put a spoonful of defrosted frozen peaches and one of frozen raspberries on a slice of pound cake. Top with marshmallow cream. Slide under broiler, until marshmallow is a delicate brown.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Broiling time: 3-4 min.*

COFFEE CREAM PUFFS

CREAM PUFFS:

⅔ cup boiling water
½ package piecrust mix (1 cup)
2 eggs

COFFEE CREAM FILLING:

1 package vanilla pudding
1½ tablespoons instant coffee
2 cups milk
½ cup whipping cream
1 teaspoon instant cocoa mix

Preheat oven to 400°F. (moderately hot).

Measure water into a saucepan. Heat to boiling point. Stir in piecrust mix. Cook, stirring 30 seconds after mix leaves sides of pan. Remove from heat. Beat in eggs one at a time. Drop by tablespoons on greased cookie sheet. Place 1 inch apart. Bake at 400°F. for 30 minutes. Makes 12-15 puffs.

Combine pudding mix, instant coffee and milk in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Pour into bowl. (To avoid surface film, place waxed paper directly on surface of hot pudding.) Chill. Then beat slowly with rotary egg beater. Whip cream; fold into pudding.

Split cream puff shells in half. Fill with coffee cream filling. Dust tops of puffs with cocoa mix.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Cooking time: 30 min.*

CHOCO CRUNCH CAKE

Make batter as directed on chocolate devil's food mix package. Add 1 tablespoon peanut butter with the first liquid. Fold ½ cup chopped peanuts into finished batter. Bake as directed on package.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Baking time: 25-30 min.*

JELLY LOAF

½ package of yellow cake mix
⅔ cup preserve of whole grapes
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven at 375°F. (moderately hot).

Grease a jelly roll pan, 15" x 11" x ½". Line with waxed paper.

Measure out ½ package of yellow cake mix by emptying the entire contents of the package into a deep bowl, fluff lightly with a fork to blend. Measure the mix. One half package measures about 1¾ cups.

Prepare the ½ package of mix as directed on the box. (Be sure to use only half the liquid). Pour into pan; bake 20 minutes.

When cake is cool, peel off the paper. Cut cake into 4 strips, the short way of the pan. Spread 3 strips with grape preserve and top with remaining strip.

Dust loaf with sifted sugar. Serve plain or with ready-to-use whipped cream.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Baking time: 20 min.*

JIFFY RICE PUDDING

⅔ cup precooked rice
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup raisins (optional)
⅓ cup light cream

Put rice and milk in a medium-size saucepan. Bring to a boil over high heat. Turn down heat, cover the saucepan loosely; cook gently for 15 minutes.

Remove from heat. Add salt, sugar, cinnamon, vanilla and raisins. Cool 5 minutes. Stir in light cream. Serve warm. This easy-to-make pudding may also be served chilled by adding extra light cream. Makes 3 portions.

● *Your time: 10 min.* ● *Cooking time: 20 min.*

FROZEN LIMEADE DESSERT

CRUMB CRUST:

4½ cups bite size shredded rice biscuits
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted

LIMEADE FILLING:

3 eggs, separated
1 can sweetened condensed milk
1 can frozen concentrated limeade, defrosted, undiluted

Roll cereal into fine crumbs. Put crumbs into a deep bowl. Mix thoroughly with sugar. Add melted butter and mix again. Press half the crumbs into a 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan.

Beat egg yolks slightly; add condensed milk and beat with a rotary beater until blended. Slowly stir in limeade. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into limeade mixture. Pour over cereal crumbs in the loaf pan. Top with remaining crumbs. Place in freezer until firm. Makes 6 to 8 servings of cool, sweet dessert.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Freezing time: 3 hrs.*

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW PIE

PIECRUST:

½ package piecrust mix
2 teaspoons instant coffee
2 tablespoons cold water

FILLING:

1 package instant chocolate pudding
6 tablespoons marshmallow cream
¼ teaspoon instant coffee

Preheat oven to 475°F. (hot).

Measure mix into bowl. Add coffee, water and blend. Roll out pastry, fit in an 8-inch piepan. Bake 8 to 10 minutes.

When crust has cooled, make up pudding. Pour into crust and let set for 5 minutes. Spoon marshmallow around edge of pie. Dust with instant coffee. Serve chilled to 6 persons.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Baking time: 10 min.*

MINCEMEAT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

1 9-ounce package dehydrated mincemeat
Water and sugar as directed
1 14-ounce package gingerbread mix
Ready-to-use whipped cream

Preheat oven to 350°F. (moderate).

Reconstitute mincemeat with water and sugar as directed. While it is cooking, mix gingerbread as directed on package.

Pour mincemeat into a greased 8"x 8"x2" square cake pan. Spoon gingerbread batter over top. Bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Let cool 10 minutes; turn out of pan so mincement is on top of cake. Makes 8 generous portions. Serve with cream.

● *Your time: 8 min.* ● *Baking time: 40 min.*

MARBLE CAKE

Make batter as directed on yellow cake mix box. Pour ⅔ of batter into pans. Beat into remaining batter a mixture of 1 1-ounce square unsweetened chocolate, melted, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon soda. Pour here and there over light batter. Cut through batter with knife for marbled effect. Bake as directed on package.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Baking time: 25-30 min.*

Beverages & Sweets

CHOCOLATE RAISIN DROPS

2 6-ounce packages semisweet chocolate pieces
Few drops peppermint extract
1½ cups seedless raisins
1 package or can shredded coconut

Melt chocolate in pan over hot water. Mix in peppermint and raisins. Let stand over warm water to keep soft. Spread coconut on waxed paper. Drop candy by teaspoons onto coconut. Roll to coat. Makes 36 candies.

● *Your time: 15 min.*

CARAMEL CORNFLAKE CLUSTERS

½ pound (28) caramel candies
2 tablespoons water
½ cup salted peanuts
7 cups corn flakes

Melt caramels and water in top of a double boiler. Measure peanuts and corn flakes in large bowl. When candy is melted, pour over cereal and mix well. Drop mounds onto a greased cookie sheet. Let stand until firm. Makes about 3 dozen clusters.

● *Your time: 12 min.* ● *Cooking time: 10 min.*

NUTTED FUDGE BARS

Make fudge with instant cocoa or fudge mix. Cut into bars (2"x½"). Dip half of each bar in milk; roll in finely chopped nuts.

● *Your time: 15 min.* ● *Cooking time: 5 min.*

PEANUT BUTTER CANDY

1 package homogenized instant vanilla pudding
1 box confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup soft margarine
1 egg white
3 tablespoons milk or cream
⅓ cup peanut butter

Put pudding, sugar, margarine, egg white and milk in a bowl. Mix, then work with hands to make a smooth ball. Put candy on a board. Press into an oblong 10" x 20". Cut into 5 long, 2-inch wide strips. Spread all but one strip with peanut butter. Stack strips; top with unspread strip. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill. Cut into forty ½" slices.

● *Your time: 14 min.* ● *Chilling time: 1 hr.*

COFFEE EGG NOG

1 egg
4 teaspoons instant coffee
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups cold milk
2 drops vanilla

Beat egg in a deep bowl until fluffy. Add coffee, sugar and salt and beat until coffee and sugar dissolve. Add milk and vanilla; mix and chill. Makes 4 cups.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Chilling time: 30 min.*

COFFEE AND CREAM MIX

Mix ½ cup instant powdered cream, 1 cup instant coffee, 1 cup sugar. Store in covered jar. For hot coffee: Use 1 tablespoon of mix per coffee cup. Fill with boiling water. To make iced coffee: Add ½ cup boiling water to 2 tablespoons mix. Pour over ice in glass. Fill with cold water.

● *Your time: 5 min.*

PINK LEMONADE FLOAT

1 can frozen lemonade concentrate
6 tablespoons cranberry juice
1 quart ginger ale
1 pint vanilla ice cream

Put 2 tablespoons of undiluted lemonade in each of 6 tall glasses. Stir a tablespoon of cranberry juice in each. Add ice cubes. Fill each glass ¾ full with ginger ale. Top each with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Makes 6 floats.

● *Your time: 8 min.*

HOT COFFEE MOCHA

Measure 1 teaspoon instant coffee and 1 teaspoon instant cocoa into a small coffee cup. Fill with boiling water. Add sugar and cream to taste.

● *Your time: 3 min.*

GRAPE GINGER ALE COOLER

Freeze 1 #2 can grapefruit juice in an ice cube tray. To make an individual cooler, put 1 juice cube and 1 tablespoon grape juice concentrate in a 6-ounce glass. Fill with ginger ale.

● *Your time: 5 min.* ● *Freezing time: 1-2 hrs.*

SPICED TEA GRANITE

¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
3 tablespoons instant tea
2½ cups freshly boiled water
¾ cup sugar
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1 pint cranberry juice cocktail
1½ cups cold water

Measure spices and tea into a 2-quart pitcher. Pour boiling water over and stir to blend. Add sugar. Cover and let cool. Add all other ingredients and chill in refrigerator. Makes 1½ quarts.

● *Your time: 8 min.* ● *Chilling time: 1-2 hrs.*

MINTED APPLE JUICE

2 cups canned chilled apple juice
½ teaspoon pure mint flavor
4 strips of lemon peel

Combine apple juice and mint; stir. Serve in four well-chilled 4-ounce glasses. Garnish each with a twist of lemon peel.

● *Your time: 5 min.*

***MENU MEMO** for late Evening Refreshments:*

**Brownie Peppermint Pie* ● **Caramel Cornflake Clusters* ● **Spiced Tea Granite*

**see index for recipe page numbers*

(Continued from page 33)

problems her entry into the school may have caused are unknown to her. "I felt a little nervous the first day," she said, "because I didn't know what it would be like. The work is a little harder, but outside of that, I haven't had any trouble. I like the school and the teachers."

"I've been to most of the PTA meetings," her mother said, "and if we colored parents aren't welcome there. they certainly have put on a mighty good front. Last meeting, in May. they asked me to make cookies, and everyone there enjoyed them.

"The colored parents who have kept their children in the segregated school just don't know any better." Mrs. Bulah added. "Lots of Negroes feel inferior to whites. They're afraid to speak up. One father told me the colored school was good enough for him and it would have to be good enough for his children. But some of my neighbors—white people—have congratulated me for going ahead with the suit."

Until 1952. when the court decision went into effect. there were two Negro teachers in the one-room colored school in Hockessin. Today, Miss Constancia Beaujohn. Shirley Bulah's former teacher, teaches there alone. The other teacher was moved when the enrollment dropped because of the six children who transferred. Miss Beaujohn is defensive when she hears comparisons between her school and the white school.

"That's a much larger school," she said recently. "and for a small group of children. we have everything they have. Some of the playground equipment you see up there was given by the PTA. and you can't count that."

"I'm not opposed to integrated schools," Miss Beaujohn said. "but I've talked with some of the colored children at No. 29, and they aren't too happy there. Most of the colored children are still right here. and their parents would rather have them here. They're used to having their own school. and they like to have their children taught by a colored teacher."

Hockessin is a community still divided on the question of integration two years after it was put into effect. The division. which affects Negroes as well as whites. shows signs of narrowing with the passage of time. Integration is working. even in a divided community.

Harvey E. Stahl. Superintendent of Schools of Claymont. Delaware. is a determined-looking man with a twinkle in his eye. His job involves the supervision of Claymont's three schools: a Negro elementary school. a white elementary school and the high school. in reality. a junior high and high school combined. Until the court's decision. Negro children above the sixth grade were forced to attend Howard High School. a segregated Negro school in Wilmington. seven miles from Claymont.

"I came to Claymont 32 years ago from Indiana." Mr. Stahl said recently. "I never had any racial prejudices. and I haven't any now. When I learned that the State Supreme Court had upheld the lower court's decision that Negro children be admitted to Claymont High School, I decided right then and there that we would make integration work. I think we have."

Mr. Stahl learned of that decision a week before school opened. "On Tuesday," he said. "two days before school opened, we had faculty meetings. No official word had been received by anyone in Claymont.

"On Wednesday. our local Board of Education decided to enroll Negro children even though we had no mandate from the court. That day. eleven colored children appeared with their parents at the school. I talked with them myself. I told them they were welcome. but that this new experience would be difficult in many ways. 'I'm going to do everything I can to help you.' I said. 'but you will have to co-operate one hundred percent.'

"They all—parents and children—agreed." Mr. Stahl added. "Every one of them promised complete co-operation. And every one of them has kept his promise."

The next day, school opened. The eleven Negro children were divided among five of the school's six grades. There were no high school seniors. In a total enrollment of about five hundred. the eleven Negro students were hardly noticed by the white children. "The next day." Mr. Stahl said. "I received telephone calls from the Attorney General and the State Superintendent of Schools. Both instructed me to drop the colored children from school because the case was going to be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. They felt their case might be prejudiced if the Negro children were already in the school.

"I refused flatly." Mr. Stahl said. "I told them the children had already been admitted and that we were dealing with human beings. people with feelings, not just a legal case."

A special meeting of the Claymont Board of Education upheld Mr. Stahl's refusal. and the faculty of the high school passed with only one dissenting vote a resolution expressing the conviction that the Negro children. having once been admitted. should not now be dropped. Four days later. Mr. Stahl received the official mandate of the State Supreme Court to admit Negro children.

About halfway between Wilmington and Claymont is a small community called Arden. settled originally in 1900. In 1922. and again in 1950, nearby plots of land became available. and first Ardentown and then Ardencroft. two similar communities. were begun. For the first time in 1950. a number of Negro families leased land in one of the three communities—Ardencroft. Four Negro families built homes. One of them was Dr. Leon V. Anderson. a Wilmington physician. and his wife and six children.

When the State Supreme Court's decision was rendered. three of Dr. Anderson's children were enrolled in Wilmington's Negro High School. Two younger children had been attending a segregated Negro elementary school. The decision meant the three older children could now attend Claymont High School. which was closer to Ardencroft. Dr. Anderson called the trustees of Arden to see if his younger children could attend the Arden Elementary School.

None of the community's trustees objected, and the school principal agreed. But all were worried about integrating their school in defiance of the State Constitution and in the absence of a court mandate. The children were entered. and the trustees went to the State Capitol to attend the next meeting of the State Board of Education. They explained what they had done and expressed their desire to allow the Negro children to remain in the school. at least until the U.S. Supreme Court's decision had been rendered. The State Board refused to approve the move, but there were indications that nothing would be done to oppose it.

Arden, thus, became the third community in a segregation state to integrate its schools. At the same time, it became perhaps the first community in history to integrate a school in direct violation of its State's Constitution. For Arden, that was the end of it. Integration has raised no problems whatsoever.

At Claymont High School the situation is much the same. "Some friends of mine." Mr. Stahl said recently. "told me when we first admitted Negroes how sorry they were for me. They said we'd have race riots for sure. I said I didn't believe it. And. of course, I was right.

"Only one of our teachers had any opposition to integration. and she had taught in an integrated school in Philadelphia—a tough school in a tough area. It was hardly a fair example. And besides a united faculty. we had another tremendous advantage—Mrs. Dyson. the Negro teacher of the colored elementary school here in Claymont. I don't know what we would have done without her.

"Mrs. Dyson has taught the first six grades for colored children in Claymont since 1925. I believe she's missed exactly one week of school in that time. Three of her own grandchildren were among the eleven Negro children we admitted that first day. She's a real leader in the community, and to show you what the white community thinks of her, she was elected the outstanding woman of Claymont last year in a contest sponsored by the local American Legion and other groups.

"Mrs. Dyson talked to all the Negro children and their parents before they enrolled here. She told me. 'If any of my boys and girls cause you any trouble at all. you let me know. and I'll take care of it.' We have done that exactly twice in two years. and both times it was a child who just wasn't applying himself."

Merle Anderson is one of Dr. Leon V. Anderson's three children who entered Claymont High School in the fall of 1952. Mrs. Dyson. the teacher of Claymont's colored elementary school. is her mater-

nal grandmother. Merle's two-year experience at Claymont High School bears out Mr. Stahl's contention that there has been no trouble. Merle is an accomplished pianist and has served as the accompanist for the school chorus and glee club.

"From the first day," she said, "I've had a definite feeling of being welcome at Claymont. I've always felt perfectly free to go to any of the teachers about anything. I never had to."

Merle Anderson was graduated from the high school last June. In the graduating class with her was Nancy Stevens, a pretty, eighteen-year-old white girl. "I didn't have any particular feeling when I heard that Claymont would have colored kids," Nancy said shortly before her graduation.

"My father didn't see why they had to change things, but he didn't do anything about it. My mother had no feeling one way or another. Some of the Negro students have been real assets to the school—Merle Anderson is one. I think she's been accepted by everyone. The same is true of some others. But most of them don't mix much with the white kids. In the cafeteria, most of them eat together. I don't blame them. I think they feel a little lonely.

"Some of the white fellows were against having Negroes in the school last year, and some of them picked on the younger ones a little. It's died out pretty much this year. I think integrated schools will work, all right, and I certainly have no prejudice against Negroes. But I would hate to see the Negroes take over. You know, if there were more of them than us, they might take over in all the activities. And I think some of the colored girls would like to go out with white boys, and I don't agree with that. But so far, it's worked fine."

Spencer Robinson is one of the eight colored children in whose names the original court case was filed. Both he and Merle Anderson, each with a colored partner from another school, attended last year's Junior Prom. Merle attended the one the year before. Neither of them seemed to feel there was anything unusual about it.

"I was surprised when we won the court case," Spencer Robinson said. "Surprised and happy. I knew this was a nice school, and I wanted to go to an integrated school. Everyone has made us feel welcome here since the beginning. Oh, there have been a few remarks about my color—but nothing like what I expected. We all sit where we please, and we're all treated equally."

"There just haven't been any social problems at all," said John A. Stoops, a teacher of English, mathematics and civics. "The children—both white and colored—have adopted the social patterns of their parents. Dancing is an example. This community doesn't accept interracial dancing. At school dances, the children have just adopted that pattern."

Social dancing in the gym classes was a problem for Miss Claire Byler, the girls' physical education teacher at Claymont High School. "In classes where the colored boys and girls weren't evenly divided, I just eliminated social dancing," she said. "But we never stopped teaching square dancing. Basically, I think the white children have accepted integration. We have colored girls on the field hockey, softball and basketball teams—all teams that play against other schools, white schools. The one colored girl on the basketball team was so popular the other girls elected her captain.

"My own observation," Miss Byler said, "is that the colored students are all polite and co-operative, more so, usually, than the white children. And the credit for that goes to Mrs. Dyson, who taught them all in elementary school. She's a wonderful woman and a fine teacher."

The school where Mrs. Dyson teaches, State Line School—so-called because it is situated only a short distance from the Delaware-Pennsylvania line—is technically a two-room school, though only one room is used as a formal classroom for the 29 colored children who are Mrs. Dyson's students. In that one room, Mary Pauline Dyson, a short, stocky woman with graying hair and a warm smile, teaches the first six grades of school.

Recalling her meeting before the opening of the high school with the colored parents and children affected by the court's order, Mrs. Dyson said recently, "I told them all that the eyes of the whole world were on us here in Claymont. I told the children that their behavior in high school would affect all colored children, everywhere. It is our own attitude that is reflected by other people, I said. 'If you go to the mirror with a smile, you'll meet a smile. Expect everyone to be your friend until you find out otherwise.' And I told them to remember that the white children would have a problem of adjustment, too.

"After they started going to the high school, it got to be a habit for some of them to come back here to this little school every day to tell me about what happened that day. Sometimes, there were problems, a white boy who had punched one of the colored boys, maybe. I'd tell him we can't always hit back. But they really haven't had any problems that weren't problems all children have, whatever their color.

"I know some Negro teachers in the South are afraid they'll lose their jobs when the schools are integrated. I'm not worried about that. Whatever they do to the schools, we need all the teachers we can get, white or colored. I'm not worried about teaching white and colored

children together. I've been teaching for 29 years, and I know that a child is a child."

On the road from the State Line School to Claymont High School is a small service station owned by Louis Scarpitti, a young white man. Many of the Negro families in the company houses nearby are customers of his. "I haven't seen anything you could call a problem in the integration at the high school," he said. "The court said do it, and they did it. That's all. If there've been any white people against it, and I'm sure there have, they've sure kept quiet about it.

"I have a boy in second grade over at the white elementary school. I suppose now that the United States Supreme Court has declared segregation illegal, they'll be integrating the elementary school, too. It doesn't bother me. I grew up with most of the fathers of those colored children up at Mrs. Dyson's school. I played baseball with them and went swimming with them. Nice people. I don't see why my boy shouldn't go to school with their children."

Harvey Stahl summed it up in his office at the Claymont High School. "Of course, integration works. It works if you want it to work. And maybe even if you don't.

"Children have no prejudice unless they're taught. We had a girl in a gym class who square-danced one day in a group that included a Negro boy. When she got home that afternoon, she told her mother what fun they'd had. She mentioned, in passing, that one of the boys in her set was colored. Her mother jumped on that, asked if she'd danced with him and then threatened to call me and object. The girl put her foot down. 'If you call anyone, Mother,' she said, 'I'll never tell you another thing.'" Harvey Stahl chuckled. "I learned about that incident much later," he said. "It shows you how far ahead of us our children can be."

On May 17, 1954, the United States Supreme Court handed down its historic unanimous decision barring segregation in public schools. This month, the Court will hear arguments on how and when that decision should be put into effect throughout the South. Sometime later, a decision on those questions will be rendered.

Meanwhile, the three schools in Delaware which jumped the gun on integration hold a lesson for the rest of Delaware and the 16 other states which require school segregation by law. None of the three schools can possibly duplicate exactly the situation in any other school. None of them can be considered representative of all or even a portion of the schools throughout the South. But if the experience of Hockessin, Arden and Claymont shows anything, it shows that integration can be accomplished, even where there is strong opposition.

And the experience of these three communities demonstrates one other important fact: Where there is real leadership in the schools, leadership which is responsible and willing to try, the job is much easier.

Negro and white children can go to school together in the South. Delaware has helped show the way. THE END

A Budget Vacation Plan

(Continued from page 52)

down. California's hottest weather usually hits in September, but even then a wrap is needed at night. So are blankets. The Pacific Ocean keeps temperatures down and guarantees cool evenings. For the rest, casual clothes will make you feel at home. A low-cut cotton is fine for dancing in the night clubs. More often than not you see men in sports jackets, with women wearing gowns only for a rather formal dinner.

When you get to Hollywood, head for Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street. This is where you find the big radio studios and, a short distance away, the new CBS television building. This will give you a chance to see such stars as Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Ralph Edwards, Jack Benny and Marie Wilson arrive for their broadcasts. If you have written for tickets, you can see the shows go on the air.

The Vine Street Brown Derby is a favorite lunching place for many who are in radio and movies. Order some of the restaurant's famous dollar cakes—tiny, rich pancakes the size of a silver buck. Or try an abalone steak, a delicious seafood specialty.

A few blocks away is Westmore's Beauty Salon, run by one of the brothers who are famous Hollywood make-up artists. If you see a male star walk through the spacious dark green and beige foyer to a booth, think nothing of it. He is there to have himself dyed red or black or platinum blond for a new role. The place is big, busy, smart, but not too expensive. Permanents start at $15. Also within a few blocks is a big prize-fight arena, the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

Pretty girls are all over town. At the drive-in restaurants, little beauties dressed in cute pants run out to take your order. Kid them if you like, but don't make anything of it if they call you "dear" or "honey." Carhops, salespeople and gas-station attendants frequently call customers "dear" in this affectionate town, particularly if they are serving-women.

Everybody wants to stop for a look at the foot- and handprints of stars in the cement of the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, and is curious about the impression of Bob Hope's nose, Betty Grable's leg, John Barrymore's profile and Trigger's hoof.

You can pick up some of your holiday wardrobe in the hundreds of beautiful shops which have something for every taste and purse. There are colossal department stores in downtown Los Angeles, and mammoth Sears-Roebuck stores in outlying districts. All the way out Wilshire Boulevard to Beverly Hills, there are shops where you may find a famous star making a purchase at the next counter.

What is known as "the Strip" (because it is a strip of the county completely surrounded by the city) is on Sunset Boulevard. Schwab's famous drugstore, where everybody drops in at one time or another, marks the eastern end. Along this section you find many of the smartest late spots, as well as fine restaurants and shining little specialty shops where you can get everything from modern handmade silver to lovely Oriental imports—mostly at quite high prices, however!

Hancock Park on Wilshire (give it the English: Wilsheer) contains La Brea Tar Pits—an oily lake with slow, greasy bubbles rising through black water framed with giant cactus. This sink hole trapped mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, dinosaurs, prehistoric wolves and bears untold ages ago. Their bones were found when excavations for asphalt were started. In the park there are life-sized cement models of these animals.

Fine restaurants are everywhere. You can find every style of cooking—South Sea, Mexican, Chinese, Russian, Rumanian, Swedish, English, kosher—and at every price, from the fairly staggering tab for dinner at "Prince" Mike Romanoff's exquisite café in Beverly Hills to the five-cent meal at Clifton's Cafeterias. These remarkable eating houses are run on the honor system. The food is most inexpensive to start with. If you can't pay anything, you tell the manager and eat for nothing. If you have a little money, you can get a nickel carton of a filling all-purpose food that tastes somethink like a tamale.

At the Farmer's Market adjoining CBS's Television City, you can buy pizza, hot doughnuts, shrimp and a dozen other things to eat in garden areas or take with you. In the gay shops and stalls are pretty clothes and souvenirs, as well as a mountainous display of fruits and other foods.

Olvera Street is a restoration of one of the first streets in El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles (The Town of our Lady the Queen of the Angels), which was the first name of the city now called "L.A." by many, though its residents do not care for that abbreviation. Here you can see glass-blowers at work and weavers putting together the leather things that make *huaraches* (sandals), buy cactus candy and Mexican jumping beans, dine in a Spanish restaurant or sit under a vine and sip a *kahlua*, the Mexican cordial with a strong infusion of coffee in the brandy.

Nearby Chinatown was moved a few years ago to make way for Civic Center buildings, and so does not have the quaintness of a sector that has grown slowly. The pagoda-shaped roofs are new and neon-lighted, but there is a wide choice of excellent Chinese food.

Don't fail to go to Griffith Park and see the show at the Planetarium, an extraordinary experience. You sit in a circular hall that gradually darkens until you seem to be caged in the blackest of velvety nights. Then, with startling effect, the Zeiss projector fills the high dome with stars.

Another extraordinary tourist attraction is Forest Lawn. This cemetery attracted more than 1,000,000 visitors last year. Exquisite statues are set throughout the parklike ground. Several of its churches are reproductions of such picturesque ones as the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, where Annie Laurie worshiped in Glencairn, Scotland. There are art treasures like Moretti's glowing stained-glass version of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and Jan Styke's masterwork, "The Crucifixion," 195 feet long and 45 feet high.

If you are anywhere near Long Beach on Sunday, make every effort to attend services at the Wayfarer's Chapel at Portuguese Bend in Palos Verdes. It is small, seating 112, but most unusual. All the walls are glass. It stands on a steep promontory high above the blue sea. You look out on all sides to majestic rolling empty hills and windy sky.

Farther up the coast an oceanarium is nearing completion. It will be open next summer.

Catalina Island lies 20 miles off the coast, a two-hour trip by steamer. Flying fish and sportive dolphins frequently bounce alongside in convoy. Youngsters swim out from Avalon and flash down through the harbor water for coins tossed by passengers. Seals sun and gallop on the rocks and bark in the salty air. This is a good place for skin diving (with mask and oxygen tank), because the water is unusually clear. Or you can float in glass-bottomed boats over gardens of seaweed and colorful fish.

All along the coast are amusement piers and beaches of softest sand. At Santa Monica, a portion of shore next to the pier is known as Muscle Beach, because here strong men and body-beauti-

In Hollywood, take advantage of the free radio and television broadcasts. There is heavy demand for tickets, so get them in advance.

FOR NBC SHOWS:

Write to Guest Relations Dept.
National Broadcasting Company
Hollywood and Vine
Hollywood, California

Write as far in advance as possible.

FOR CBS SHOWS:

Do not write to Hollywood, but ask your local CBS affiliated station for a guest letter. When you get to Hollywood, take this letter to Miss Muriel Horner, Columbia Broadcasting Studios, 6121 Sunset Boulevard, for tickets for both radio and television shows.

At the same time you can make a reservation for a free tour of the CBS Television City, where you will see stages, property rooms and a show televised.

FOR ABC SHOWS:

Write to Guest Relations Dept.
ABC-TV
Hollywood 28, California

ful devotees congregate to practice tumbling, balancing, weight-lifting and acrobatics.

If I were driving to California from the East, I would stop in Palm Springs, even in summer. The big hotels close early in May, but about one-third of the smart shops and restaurants stay open. It is very hot during the day, but everything is air-conditioned, so you can depend on a comfortable night. Accommodations that would cost $14 in winter can be had for around $5.

Many movie stars have homes here behind great hedges of oleanders and flowers that pour over the low walls in fountains of bloom.

In this area, 97 per cent of all the dates grown in the United States are produced. The date gardens welcome visitors. A box of plump, homegrown dates is a charming present to ship home, and date crystals and sugar are novel gifts.

The Palms-to-Pines Highway is an unforgettable road. It starts on the desert, winds through great barren crags and crevasses of naked rock to a high upland crowned with pines, then down into valleys perfumed with orange, almond and lemon groves.

South toward San Diego you find one of the most picturesque of missions at San Juan Capistrano. In the old garden, surrounded by ancient adobe arches built long ago by reverent Indian hands, hundreds of snow-white pigeons coo throatily and flutter to your shoulder for food. The narrow church is impressive—very dim except for the altar, which is flooded with light from a concealed window.

About an hour south of Los Angeles is Knott's Berry Farm, so popular that it has 50 acres of parking lots. It features inexpensive, good chicken and steak dinners, hot biscuits and boysenberry jelly. Visiting the reconstruction of a ghost mining town is fun. It is complete with stores and a saloon with a bartender in handle-bar mustache, girls in short spangled dresses and a hard character thumping a tinny piano. You get berry juice or buttermilk at the bar, and children love it.

San Diego is a lovely city, set around a wide bay. Its population is 400,000, but the city is wonderfully compact and convenient. The airport is half a mile from the center of town. You can step off a boat from the Orient and be within walking distance of the Union Station. Or of Lane Field, home park of the Padres, the San Diego baseball team.

Five minutes away is big Balboa Park, which has a splendid art gallery and one of the most famous zoos in the world. Many of the huge collection of animals are housed behind moats, so that you look across a few yards straight into the eyes of a lion. Two of the largest bird cages in the world are here, one rising above a towering tree. You see pink and coral flamingoes, and storks and ostriches. Peacocks parade with fearless dignity among the crowds, and guides like to tell the story of the little boy, impressed by the unfurling of an iridescent tail, who shouted happily, "Oh, Mommy, look! One of the chickens is blooming."

You can get superb accommodations along the shore here or in neighboring La Jolla (such names take the Spanish "h" sound for "j" and "y" for "ll": La Hoyah), dine with the Pacific lapping at your windows, or dance high above the lights of the harbor. A brief ferry trip for an evening at the vast, elegant old Del Coronado Hotel is well worth the time.

Less than an hour away is Tijuana (Tee-huana). You need no passport to cross into Mexico unless you plan to stay more than 12 days or go 100 miles into the interior. Once through the barrier, you are suddenly in a foreign land. Many of the handsome, courteous, dark-eyed policemen speak English, but with a strong, rather musical accent.

The main business street, Avenida Revolucion, is packed with shops and shady arcades where, among the displays of flashy stuff made for the tourist trade, you can find enchanting Mexican handicrafts—lovely smoky blue, sea green and dim yellow hand-blown glassware, silver jewelry, delightful dolls of straw—all for pennies. Hand-painted skirts are $5. A skirt spattered thick with sequins is around $20. Pack your loot in an embroidered basket, and come back without paying duty if you have spent less than $10. Stay 24 hours and you can bring back $200 worth, duty free.

Hollywood has gone mad over Tijuana's bullfights, usually held on Sunday afternoons. The audience in the steep wooden ring is almost as colorful as the fight. They shout "Olé," and girls toss scarves and shoes to the matadors, who then are privileged to give the girls a cordial eye as they toss the tributes back. The show starts at 4 P.M., when a vaquero in dazzling costume rides in, sweeps off his sombrero to the judges, and asks permission to start the fight. The trumpets blare, the matadors parade in accompanied by their "wise monkeys," or assistants, and the picadors. The gate is raised, and out charges half a ton of infuriated bull, bred for ferocity. Your heart stops as the fighter swirls the snorting beast past his leaning body.

After the fight, go to the Caesar Hotel, where many of the matadors gather. You can try a *tequila*, the brandy that you drink after a lick of lemon and salt. It is fiery stuff.

In the evening you can watch dog racing and the exciting *jai alai* matches in nearby Caliente. Then you put on a topcoat and drive back up the coast with the sea murmuring on one side and the mountains rising high on the other.

No matter how long your holiday, there is always more to see and do. That's why so many people go back, year after year, to southern California. "The place is colossal—and in no small way," as they say in Hollywood.

For free booklets and information, write to:

All-year Club Tourist Information Center, 517 West Sixth St., Los Angeles.

San Diego Visitors' Bureau, 499 West Broadway, San Diego 1.

Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce, 190 West Amado Road, Palm Springs.

. . . THE END

Your child may be harder to handle when he's with friends. What should you do about it?

Your Child and His Friends

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Alan's mother would not allow other children to play with him because, she says, "They always start trouble. He'll have enough playmates when he gets to school." So three-and-a-half-year-old Alan played alone every day in his small fenced-in yard.

His mother didn't realize she was inflicting a real deprivation on him. Even a two- or three-year-old gets real pleasure from the company of another child.

And by the time a child is four, he needs his friends as much as you need yours.

Friends about the same age as your child offer him advantages that you cannot give. They share his enthusiasms and his problems. They offer him the chance to test himself in varying roles—leading in play one time, following the next. And they help him to acquire the flexibility that comes with knowing and liking different personalities.

You may find your child harder to handle when he has a friend or two to play with. He may pilfer a nickel you left on the table, or use bad language. At this point you think that if it weren't for Harry or Janie, your own youngster would be a little angel.

This is a classic parental fantasy.

The fact is that your child is just as responsible for Harry's or Janie's escapades as they are for his. All of them are making an awkward but thoroughly normal attempt to be big, to test authority, to try new stunts.

While you will want to check your child's violations of family rules, don't do it by depriving him of his friends. That will keep him a dependent baby who must look to you even for his social life.

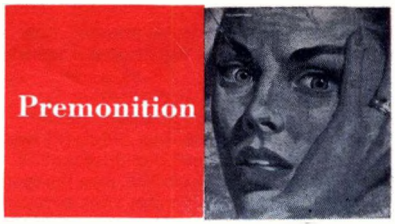
When your child and his friends act up, treat them as mutually responsible (which they are) and talk to them together. If they continue to transgress the rules, send the friends home—but see that they come back another time. And don't be touchy when Harry's mother sends your own darling home.

There are times when it is wise to check some particular friendship temporarily. If your child is the butt of the neighborhood bully, you may prefer that he play with a gentler child at first. Or you can make sure there is always another child present, so that the aggressive child won't concentrate on yours exclusively.

If your own child tends to be a fighter, encourage him to play with some slightly older children who can offer him a little healthy opposition.

But for the most part, let your child pick his own friends. And don't criticize them for every minor lapse from perfection. Nor should you praise them to your own child's disadvantage.

Your child will take your acceptance and enjoyment of his friends as a kind of acceptance of him. And basically that is just what it is.



(Continued from page 42)

home, but I'll leave you a nice cold lunch."

Hugh shook his head. "No. I was thinking we might drive out to the country. It's picnic weather, honey! What do you think? Let's do it!"

She let herself enjoy the thought. They'd done this often, when they were first married. They'd pick out any unfamiliar road and go exploring, stopping to eat somewhere they'd never been before—

"It would be nice," she said regretfully. "But, Hugh, the August sales are almost over, and I've just got to get to town and stock up on our linens. Oh, and my checkup at the dentist's! Next weekend, maybe, if the cool weather holds?"

Hugh didn't answer for a moment, as he handed her the morning paper. Then he said, rather tiredly, "Just an idea. Well, then I'll go on to the office—and I'll have to hurry for my train."

She nodded, turning to the advertisements, her mind already busy with a shopping list. "Oh, you have time for breakfast," she said absently. "Hugh, I'll get you some shirts when I'm in town, and do you need—"

It was just at this moment that the premonition came. It came like a cold, brutal thrust of steel, or like a wind that had blown in from unknown ice fields.

It was not like a voice that spoke within her, nor like a thought intruding on her mind. It was a *feeling*. Her cup clattered on its saucer; Hugh glanced up, and suddenly his eyes were sharp with worry.

"What's wrong? You don't look well. Headache or something?"

She shook her head. "It's nothing," she replied. *Nothing—except that suddenly I've got the queerest feeling that I'm going to die—*

Forcing a reassuring smile, she said, "You'll miss the train." And the smile must have been convincing, for Hugh rose from the table. She rose, too, and stood as usual by the door, to take his kiss upon her cheek.

Then she did something which was not quite usual. As Hugh backed the car from the driveway, she came out on the porch and waved. "Good-by!" she cried. "Good-by, dear!"

He looked up, pleased and startled, and she almost called him back. She almost ran out to the car and said, "Come back—come back and take me in your arms and tell me we'll still have our life together!"

But she did not break through the habits of her common sense. She went back to the quiet dining room, and

poured herself a second cup of coffee, and waited for the eerie premonition to disappear.

Returning with determination to the advertisements, she found a pencil and slip of paper. *Six single sheets*, she wrote, *four double sheets, six pillowcases*—

But she could not fight off the feeling. Casting the paper down, she leaned her head against her hands. Against her will, she thought, It's my last day—it's my last day with Hugh—I'll never see the boys again—

Oh, how absurd it was! She wasn't even thirty, and her health was perfect. She had no enemies. She'd never been neurotic—and yet this could be nothing else but sheer neurosis.

Ought she to see a doctor? She could imagine entering the office of their family physician. She'd say, "I feel quite well, but suddenly I've got this crazy notion—"

At first he would not believe her. He had seen her remain cool and competent through measles, mumps and chicken pox, and through that awful time when they were sure the older boy had polio. He'd say, with a twinkle. "Why, Jean, you're teasing me!"

But she'd convince him that she really couldn't shake off the idea. After a while, he would prescribe—what? Sedatives, a tonic, a vacation? A talk with a good psychologist?

Perhaps the last was what she needed. For, certainly, this weird obsession was utterly unlike herself. She had no nerves, her friends had always said admiringly. Things that disturbed most people never worried Jean—matter-of-fact, common-sense, efficient Jean!

Carrying the breakfast dishes to the kitchen sink, she peered into the mirror. There she was, reassuringly the same, with gold-brown hair pinned smoothly back, and vivid blue eyes.

She would dismiss the whole preposterous notion. She'd go ahead today as she had planned. A morning of housecleaning, a trip to the city for her shopping and the dentist—

Incredibly, she heard herself begin to laugh. The last day of her life—and she was planning a visit to the dentist!

Accidents did happen; people did die unexpectedly. Suppose this feeling really was a glimpse into the future, through some strange clairvoyant power. Suppose it was a *warning*.

She never had believed in such a possibility. And yet—if it were true, how would she live today? How would she choose to spend her last few hours?

She knew the answer—but it was too late. Too late for the gay, peaceful drive with Hugh, for lunch on some green meadow or at a quiet country inn. By now, he was on the train. She couldn't reach him.

But she could see her sons, at least. The day for camp visitors was Sunday, but parents were allowed on Fridays, also. And, almost without a conscious moment of decision, Jean knew what she had decided.

Today, for once, she would let duty go and spend the hours exactly as she chose.

She called the dentist, canceled the appointment, and hung up the phone. She gave herself an idle moment, sitting there, to look at her familiar living room.

It's really charming, she thought. And, ridiculously, her thoughts went on, beyond control. *It's charming, and I'd hate to leave it*—

That gracious mantel, with the silver bowl and candlesticks! She had worked hard to achieve its effect; she had worked hard to keep the silver burnished. But how long had it been since she had paused to look and to enjoy those lovely lines?

She sighed, and went upstairs to dress, choosing a silk suit and a big hat which ordinarily she saved for rare occasions. Leaving the house, she lingered in the garden, thinking that shears and trowels and insecticides had seldom left her any time to look at flowers.

Bending down, she looked into a rosebud, marveling. Then she went slowly down the sidewalk. A neighbor greeted her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Albright! Not hurrying today?"

"No, I'm not hurrying today," said Jean. Was she usually in such a hurry that everybody noticed it? *This* was a curious paradox—if it were really her last day alive, there wasn't time enough to waste in hurrying.

She walked on leisurely, enjoying the fresh grassy smells and puzzling about her premonition. It was a short walk to the railroad station where Hugh left the car when he commuted to the city. She passed the corner church which she and Hugh sometimes attended, and on an impulse she stopped in.

There it was dim and quiet, a good place to think. Jean sat down on one of the rear benches, watching the light which filtered through the stained-glass windows. She had often sat here, Sunday mornings, and planned her menus for the week. But now she found herself engaged in deeper thinking.

Some scientists believed there was a "second sight" for which the science of the future would find explanations—a strange ability that showed itself sometimes in hunches and prophetic dreams. Others believed there was a Power that sometimes granted glimpses of what could not be known through any human sense.

What did Jean think? She wasn't sure. Most likely, this cold feeling of impending death was no more than a foolish whim. And as she sat there, quietly, the fear began to ebb away, and other feelings took its place.

It was as if she were brought closer to—what? Perhaps to something in herself, perhaps to God. And there came over her the slow awareness that if death were really waiting, she had missed a great deal.

It wasn't merely that she hadn't taken time from duty to enjoy her life. She hadn't *loved* enough. Love for her friends, her sons, her husband—a lifetime wasn't really long enough for love. How she wished, now, that she had some of those lost hours back again!

Still, she felt happier when she left the little church and walked on to the

"Either you walk on all fours or we go back in the house!"

REDBOOK

parking lot beside the railroad station. As she unlocked the car, she wondered with a fresh twinge of anxiety about its good condition. But the brakes had been checked recently, and the car wasn't old. There was no reason to expect trouble, and she set off.

It was a drive of perhaps thirty miles, along good roads. She tried to be especially careful, and reached the camp shortly before noon.

At the director's office, she was told that her two boys were swimming. She walked down to the dock. There Frank was, on the float, his body smooth and golden above the brief swimming trunks, his fair hair slicked wetly to his head. When he saw his mother he yelled mightily and splashed into the water, dog-paddling like an ecstatic puppy.

"Oh, Mom; oh, Mom!" He climbed up on the dock, and she put an arm around his shoulders in a hug that spotted her silk suit with water.

Larry came up behind his younger brother, his pleasure more controlled, his tanned face beaming. He held out his hand, and Jean shook it ceremoniously.

"I'm glad you came up, Mom," said Larry. He took on a serious adult air. "Last night the kid here got kind of homesick."

"I did not!" Frank shouted promptly. "I did not get homesick! I just said I wanted to see Mom! And who you calling a kid, anyhow?"

Jean looked at her younger son. Always, he had been so confident and sunny that it was surprising to hear he had missed her. But she was glad with every fiber of her being that she had come to camp today.

"Are you okay, Mom?" the older boy was asking. "You look kind of funny. I mean, you look pretty—even prettier than usual. But are you okay?"

How sensitive he was, this boy of hers! How quickly he had caught the strangeness in her mood! She answered heartily, "Of course things are all right. I just missed both of you this morning. I thought I'd like to see you."

"You just felt like seeing us?" repeated Larry. There was a note of wonder in his voice, and Jean felt a twinge of self-reproach.

In her care for the health and welfare of her sons, had she forgotten to show them how much sheer pleasure she derived from their existence? When had she sought them out, not to give them her help and supervision, but simply to enjoy their company?

"That's right," she answered, careful to avoid a sentimental tone which might distress them. "It's pretty dull at home these days—no meals to fix except for Dad and me, no messes to clean up, no noise—besides, I like you."

The boys yelled with laughter. The whistle interrupted them, blowing for the campers to go back to their tents and dress. Jean waited, sitting on a bench and watching the blue, sunlit ripples on the lake, and then she went up to the dining hall.

The camp director had invited her to stay for lunch, and Jean ate with her sons at a small table by the window. It was a merry lunch, full of bad puns and silly jokes and comradeship.

I should have done this kind of thing more often, Jean was thinking. But she did not linger, and she kept herself from clinging as they said good-by. To the boys, this must seem like an ordinary visit.

She tried not to think about her premonition as she started the long drive back home. And yet, an almost-forgotten rhythm seemed to sing itself within her mind, above the droning of the engine. A poem which she had liked well enough to learn by heart in girlhood, although she had not understood its passion then.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near. . . .

There was a longing in her, sharper than she had known for a long time. She thought of Hugh, her husband and her lover. She wanted to be in his arms.

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace. . . .

There wasn't ever time enough for love. Not if she died today, nor if she died in thirty years. How could she have refused this morning, when Hugh in love and eagerness had asked her for a holiday together?

And in their marriage, how many times had such things happened? Why, just last night, when he had asked her to come out into the garden and look at the moonlight on the clouds, she had replied, "Darling, not now—I've simply got to balance my checkbook!"

Driving once more through the familiar streets of the suburban town, she planned the next few hours—planned not in terms of duty, but of love and joy. She stopped at a seafood place and asked for fresh-broiled lobsters—an unheard-of luxury, but a favorite of Hugh's. At home, she looked into a dusty liquor cabinet and found champagne left from a New Year's party several years ago.

She put the champagne in the icebox, and glanced at the clock. There was still time before Hugh's train was due. She took shears and a basket, and went into the garden. Ruthlessly she stripped the vines and the rosebushes. She got out every bowl and every vase. When she was finished, there were roses everywhere—on the high mantel, on the bookcases and the piano, in the dining room. The house was pervaded by the scent of roses.

She took a shower and reached into the closet for a fresh cotton dress. With her hand on the hanger, she paused. In the back of the closet hung a hostess gown, a frivolous and filmy thing that Hugh had given her once for her birthday, which she had worn once and put away.

She laid it on the bed, put on her cotton dress, and hurried to the railroad station. She watched the men descending from the train, newspapers and briefcases in their hands. And there was Hugh, with his dark, thin, earnest face, smiling as he caught sight of Jean.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," Jean said silently to Something. "Thank you for letting me see him again!"

She moved over, and Hugh slid into the driver's seat. He gave her the usual quick kiss, then looked at her with slight surprise.

"Dear, you look different. Have you changed your hair, or is that a new dress?"

She laughed with a wife's indulgence. After years of marriage, Hugh had been trained to suspect a new dress

or hair-do if his wife looked different. She reached out to clasp his hand.

"How do I look?" she teased.

He answered thoughtfully, "I don't know—very much alive, somehow." Hugh was one of the rare people who always try to formulate a thought sincerely, even though it may be difficult or unconventional.

"But," he went on, "you look a bit upset. Is everything all right?"

"Of course!" she said. "And Hugh, I've planned a kind of special evening. For no reason, except that—well, I've been awfully sorry that I didn't go with you today, on that picnic. And I thought perhaps tonight we'd have a kind of party."

He looked puzzled, but returned the pressure of her hand. "That's nice," he said. They put the car in the garage and went into the house.

There were the roses—hosts and throngs of roses—and there was the dining table, laid as for a party, with tall candles and their finest linen.

Jean watched her husband's face. Would he think her ridiculous? He did not seem to think so.

"For this occasion," he said solemnly, "I should wear a clean shirt."

While he was dressing, she went to the closet. With fingers awkward in their haste, she donned the hostess gown. And when he came downstairs into the dining room, he found her standing by the table, tall and slender in pastel chiffon, lighting the slim, yellow tapers.

It was now growing dark outside, and through the windows they could see their twilit garden. By the flames of the tapers, the crimson roses on the table looked almost black. There was an air of magic in the house, an air of mystery and waiting, and they talked with lowered voices over the gala supper of lobster and champagne.

They spoke of nothing rare and wonderful, however. Jean did not talk about her premonition. She told about her day at camp, and how well and happy she had found the boys. They talked about the weather, and the garden, and Hugh's day at the office.

The shadows deepened. Supper was over, silence fell between them, and now there was something Jean must say. She looked into her champagne glass, glad that her face could not be seen in the dim light, for she was on the verge of tears.

"Darling," she said unsteadily, "there's something I want you to know. I don't say much, Hugh; perhaps I ought to say these things more easily. But, Hugh, there's never been a moment when I haven't loved you—when I'm not grateful that we met each other."

He didn't answer for a moment. She heard him catch his breath. At length he said, "Why, Jean!" and she knew from his voice how deeply he was moved.

"You're so busy—we're both so busy, sometimes I'm not sure," he said. "Thank you for telling me."

They rose from the table and walked into the living room. Arm linked in arm, they stood by the great window and looked out across the darkened lawns. The rose scent grew more heavy in the evening dews; a cricket chirped. Hugh turned and took his wife into his arms, and their kiss was the poignant moment toward which all the hours had moved.

And the day ended. A long time later, lying beside Hugh in the warm darkness, Jean reached out quietly to the small bedside clock and tilted it to read the time.

It was now after midnight. The day on which she had foreseen her death was over, and she was alive. And, as mysteriously as it had come, the premonition was no longer there.

There was a pattern here, Jean thought confusedly. There was a meaning here, if she could understand. Why had the premonition come, why had it vanished?

Somehow, when she had refused Hugh's need this morning, she had been given warning. A warning, yes—but from within herself? Or from some outside power? She seemed to hover on the brink of vast and shining knowledge, but she could not quite grasp it.

She turned over sleepily. At least, she was alive this moment, here with the man she loved.

Roused by her movements, Hugh sat up. "You aren't asleep?" he said. "Jean, it's been wonderful. But tell me, dear—what happened?"

She was too surprised to answer. He went on. "Something has happened—something's changed you. You looked so strange at breakfast, and you didn't plan to see the boys at camp today. And tonight everything was different—"

And so she told him of her premonition, and how she had dropped her household cares and lived as if it were her last day on the earth.

"And do you know," she finished, "even if it was all nonsense—oh, I've learned so much today! Life is so precious, Hugh. I want to remember all the time how much we have—you and I and the children—"

She stumbled, hunting the right words. But Hugh put his arms around her.

"I know," he said. "I love you, Jean."

And after that, was Jean Albright a different woman? Did she fill every hour of her life with love and joy?

No, of course not. Checkbooks still must be balanced, and meals and dishes and housecleaning cannot be done by reading poetry. Indeed, Jean was herself aware that service is a part of love and living.

But, perhaps, she did pause more often to watch leaf-shadows on the lawn, or to see the first star come out across the garden. And certainly she looked more often at her sons and husband, in gratitude that they were all together.

And was the premonition a mere fantasy, a foolish whim? There is no way of knowing. But next day, while Jean was engaged in washing dishes from the night before, her husband called her from the breakfast table in a peculiar voice.

"Jean, did you tell me that you'd planned to go to town for shopping yes-

SO THEY SAY

Educator Robert N. Walker: "Youngsters really want to go back to school, but are afraid to admit it."

Educator Dr. Larell B. Harmon: "Our schoolrooms are fine for teachers, but 10° too warm for student efficiency. Children generate more heat than adults and need extra energy to keep cool in 74-78° rooms."

Zoology professor David Whitney, of Nebraska University: "The ability to fold back the tip of the tongue, as a dog does in drinking, is an hereditary trait possessed by less than 3 per cent of the population."

FRANK F. LOCHNER

IDEAS THAT MAKE MONEY

If you know how to handle figures and keep a set of accounts, there is a simple way to earn spare-time income—as a young bank clerk recently discovered. During a conversation with his local grocer, the bank clerk learned that many small-businessmen have trouble with their bookkeeping. That gave the bank clerk an idea: Why not start a traveling bookkeeping service in his spare time?

For a small fee, the bank clerk now visits a number of merchants periodically and puts their financial records in order. Since his customers can't afford a full-time bookkeeper and are unwilling to struggle over their own accounts, they are happy to have the bank clerk perform his services during his free evenings. If no one is offering such a service in your community, why couldn't you start one? It may pay off handsomely.

—MAXWELL LEHMAN AND MORTON YARMON

terday? Would you have gone to this department store?"

Jean came into the dining room, and looked at the newspaper with its shocking story. There'd been a fire in one of the department stores. Not a large fire, but there had been a panic and stampede. Two women had been killed and others injured.

Was it from this fate that Jean had been spared? Or had she simply broken through to a new knowledge, that she was losing life because she did not live it well enough?

She pressed her hand against her breast. "I don't know, Hugh," she whispered. "That store was my second choice. I might have gone there—I don't know."

Her husband dropped the paper, rose, and clasped her tightly in his arms. "Good Lord," he said, "you might have been one of those women who got killed!"

She shook her head, in wonder and thanksgiving. "We'll never know, Hugh, but it doesn't matter. There's just one thing that matters. Today—we're alive!" said Jean. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 38)

vain she struggled against her wild impulse. Driven to distraction by the tantalizing odor of curry, she marched down the hall and rang the doorbell.

The door opened promptly. Gail's mouth formed into a little round O. She was face to face at last with M. Fairfax.

Six feet tall, M. Fairfax had fine tackling-type shoulders encased in a luxurious maroon silk jacket. His black hair was jauntily wavy, his face had a look of burnished well-being and cheerfulness.

"Yes?" he asked, his dark eyes inquiring. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"N-n-no," Gail stuttered. Then, with recovered dignity, "No, thank you. I was merely curious as to what you've concocted tonight. I've been living off the savory odors from here for days."

"It's curry," M. Fairfax said. "Old English curry, Indian style. For days? Good heavens—come on in. My guest isn't coming, anyway—she just phoned."

"What do you do with them all?" Gail asked, finding herself inside the door. "Do you feed them and send them home? Or have you a trap door?"

The crow's-feet around his dark eyes fanned into laughter.

"A trap door, of course. You're the one with the wooden typewriter, aren't you? I hear it going frantically when I pass your apartment."

"Well, it keeps me in bobby pins!" Gail bridled, looking about her. In the middle of the spacious room was set a table for two, with a bowl of rust-colored mums in the middle, two tall candles, and a copper chafing dish simmering over a flame. Whiffs of curry escaped with little puffs of steam from under the lid.

"Come and get it," M. Fairfax said good-naturedly, noting her hypnotized gaze. Gail obeyed with alacrity. He heaped her plate full, and Gail could not help wondering what he usually said. It was obvious that he had shed his company manners for her and was playing the part of a good Samaritan, rather than a host.

But philosophically she fell to, and when her plate was empty allowed him to fill it again without protest.

"It's a wonder you aren't plumper than you are, if you always eat like that," M. Fairfax commented presently, with a mixture of culinary satisfaction and critical disapproval. "Coffee?"

"Black, please. Without sugar."

"Want to get it? The pot's on the stove. I take mine black, too."

"All right," Gail said. "It's the least I can do. I suppose I should sing for my supper."

"Go ahead. Tommy Tucker." She gave him a quick shy smile.

"You're sort of cute," he remarked, tilting back in his chair.

"Thanks for the crumb," Gail said. "Maybe I'll pick it up sometime."

"Proud, too. Vanity, thy name is . . . what is your name, by the way?"

"Gail Herrick. And yours? What does M. stand for?"

"Mark."

"Mark Fairfax. Sounds familiar, somehow," Gail muttered, returning with two steaming cups. "Divorce suit? Murder trial?"

"Nothing that front-page."

"Are you a fashion school? A modeling establishment? Or is this"—she lowered her voice—"a meeting place that would interest the police?"

"Don't turn me in. . . . no reward. All I did was write a book."

"Book . . . book . . . I seem to remember something about hauling in a trout, bagging a duck and entertaining a lady, that ran into a dozen editions and sold thousands of copies. . . . Oh! that's it!" Gail exclaimed. "You're it. You wrote it! You wrote 'The Compleat Bachelor'!"

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 53

Harry had a relaxed attitude toward life. He let Carol be herself, and loved her that way. With him she felt set free of all restraint and the urgency to "measure up." There was no doubt about Carol's love for Harry and her happiness with the new life she had found with him.

But while Harry was able to bring this happiness to Carol, she still felt a subtle need for something else. Harry was not responsible for creating this need, and could not be expected to satisfy it. But he should, along with Carol, come to understand it.

Carol's parents placed great emphasis on their ancestry. They felt compelled to live in accordance with what they believed their origins demanded of them. Their values became distorted. In their efforts to perpetuate the past prestige of the family, they tried to gather about them symbols of financial and social standing, and in time material things and "front" became overly important.

Carol, like every child, wanted and needed parental affection and approval. But she was never given the feeling of being wanted and approved as a person in her own right. She learned to hide her disappointment and would pretend to be cheerful.

Through conforming to what her parents valued by keeping up the family pretense of importance, Carol hoped to earn from them the love and recognition she so needed. But it never came. She began to resent the sham of the family "airs." This set up a conflict within her, for she longed for parental love and at the same time was resentful of the things for which her parents stood.

When Harry achieved success, Carol hoped that her parents would be glad for her, and that she would at last have earned their favor. But she was disappointed. They were still preoccupied with things not related to the welfare of their daughter. Carol began to feel that she would never earn her parents' affection. This crushed her and left her despondent and tense. Diagnosis #1 is correct.

Carol and Harry need to understand what it is Carol has longed for and still longs for. She must realize that it is not a lack on her part which perpetuates the gap between her and her parents. When she sees this, it will help her to stop striving futilely to achieve a relationship with her parents which their own attitudes prevent.

Carol and Harry can then be more understanding of each other and grow closer in their own love. Carol will ultimately learn to satisfy her full emotional needs in her life with Harry.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. We all like to feel important, but we should never enjoy this feeling at the expense of others.

2. Self-esteem requires that we behave respectably, but it does not demand that we give up being ourselves.

3. Material things in life are important, but they cannot substitute for love and appreciation.

He bowed profoundly.

Gail gazed at him in awe. "Were you always a Compleat Bachelor? I mean, is one born that way? Did your bachelor uncle leave you a fortune, or what?"

Mark Fairfax lit a cigarette. There was no doubt about it—he was pleased with life and pleased with himself.

"Look, Tommy Tucker," he said. "I lived in New York for three years so broke I couldn't take a girl out in the evenings, and wrote 'The Compleat Bachelor' on spaghetti and ravioli. For the hunting chapters I went to the library; for the home entertaining I bought cookbooks and drooled hungrily; for the evenings out I used my imagination. . . . Did I use my imagination!"

"And it sold!" she marveled.

He nodded. "Amazing, isn't it? Things happened. I had to look the part. I had to move into cocktail circles, and play the role of young man about town."

"And you're still playing?"

"A Compleat Bachelor has to do a remarkable amount of research."

"I know. I live down the hall, remember?"

"I'm working on a whole series of articles for men's magazines now, 'How to Take a Girl to the Opera,' 'How to take a Girl Tea Dancing.' 'How to—'"

"How to take a girl anywhere any time," Gail finished. "Well, it's about the pleasantest way to make a living that I ever heard of. I congratulate you."

"I congratulate myself," Mark Fairfax agreed. "I'm also writing a new book, 'Intimate Evenings at Home.' My publisher got several hundred rather nasty letters about some of the recipes in 'The Compleat Bachelor,' so I've taken an advanced course in cooking, and am trying out each recipe I mention."

"On the girls. And send them home after coffee. Sure. I'd hate to look in your cupboards."

Just then the musical chime rang, and her host got up and opened the door.

An incredible platinum blonde with mink at her throat floated in. "Mark, darling!" she cried. "I took dozens of pills and my headache's vanished!"

She dropped her velvet bag and gloves on the nearest table and was turning toward Mark when she noticed the interloper. "Well! It didn't take you long to find a substitute!"

She was snatching up her bag when Mark's hand closed gently over hers. "Sandra, my darling, do you really imagine I'd let you go, now that you're here?" he marveled. "This—" he glanced at Gail as if trying to identify her—"this half-starved child was just leaving . . . weren't you?"

"Why, of course," Gail said. "It's after coffee, isn't it?"

It took Gail an hour to get back to work. Never again would she be lured into the apartment of that man who slipped so easily into wolf's clothing. Never.

She met him in the hall toward noon the next day as she was getting her mail.

The trouble was, in broad daylight Mark Fairfax looked so human and appealing. His features were rugged and almost homely when not seen by romantic candlelight. In an old faded corduroy jacket and worn slacks, he seemed much more at ease than in the maroon silk. He hadn't shaved, and there was a beginning roughness showing.

But the beard, Gail noted sternly, was definitely blue.

"Hi, Tommy Tucker," he said.

"My name," she said coldly, "is not Tommy Tucker, and I'm not a half-starved child, and I'll pay you for the curry, and please step aside so I can open my mailbox."

"You're mad because I threw you out?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Why should I be? I was only a stray."

"My," he said admiringly, "you *are* mad. And there's a smudge on your nose—typewriter smudge. Allow me."

Mark whipped out a handkerchief and expertly disposed of it before she could prevent him. Grinning at her outraged expression, he dropped two hands on her shoulders.

"Come on," he said. "It's a wonderful day, the sun is shining, the birds are singing in the park, and I long to loll in the grass and munch sandwiches. How about it?"

"I've work to do," Gail said, trying to wriggle out from under his grasp. Not that the grasp was anything more than friendly.

Gail could with perfect safety, she realized, be alone with the Compleat Bachelor in the park, on the grass, in his apartment, or on the moon, for all the designs he had upon her.

So why, she asked herself impatiently, was she packing sandwiches and filling a thermos while he waited whistling in her small sunny living room?

And why, every time he suggested such a casual excursion to the park during the following weeks—why, why did she agree, however reluctantly, and let Mark assume they were friends?

They were not friends.

Gail hated him.

She despised the way he lived.

He lived with exhausting gaiety, and reveled in it, and he used the lunch hours simply to rest up before doing further research for his insufferable articles.

"Tommy Tucker," Mark said drowsily one afternoon as he lay under a maple tree, so still that a fat gray squirrel busied itself close by, "it's kind of a relief to be with you."

"Is it?" Gail asked.

"In fact, I think I might use you in some of my series."

"Use me how?" she asked warily.

"Well, the fact is that all the girls I know enjoy good food, dancing and—well, allied activities. But none of them are interested in concerts or opera or ballet. As for the suggestion of museums or art galleries—it is an open insult. So how am I going to get material? I ought to have some girl along. I do keep running into people I know." He mused a moment. "I could take you and say you're my cousin from Missouri, or something."

"Is that so! How unattractive do you think I am? Have you ever *looked* at me?"

"Sure," he said. "You're a nice-looking girl. Fresh skin, cute turned-up

nose, kind of an adorable mouth. It's just that I have to keep building my reputation with absolutely stunning girls, because my living depends on people believing I write what I live and live what I write. I find a life of pleasure is absolutely everything it's made out to be, and I intend to keep right on being the Compleat Bachelor."

"In that case," Gail said flatly, "I would be wasting too much of my time going out with you. You want to stay a bachelor, and I don't."

There was a short silence.

"I haven't seen any young men beating a way to your door." Mark said at last. "Frankly."

"I've been resting from an exhausting social life. That's all. Any time I say the word, it will start up again."

"I see. Well, meanwhile." Mark said carefully, "I would appreciate it if you could see your way clear to doing an occasional item with me, like a play."

"That's better," Gail said. "But as I am a convenience for you, and as you are a pure waste of time for me. I'll go out with you only on one condition."

"And that is?"

"Ten per cent of each article."

"Zowie!" Mark sat up. "Tommy, I'm surprised at you."

"Take it or leave it," she said. "Or get some other mildly educated girl who can enjoy the humbler things of life like Michelangelo and Beethoven."

"You strike a hard bargain, Tommy Scrooge."

"Give me a call, Marley, any time."

"I'll clank my chains at you," he growled.

"Well, I'll to work now, and leave you to the contemplation of nature, one squirrel and two doves, and the inescapable presence of ten per cent in all our economy."

"Wait!"

"Yes?"

"How about tonight? Latest play I can get tickets to?"

"Fine. I'll be ready at seven-thirty."

Gail was as good as her word. After all, a business arrangement was a business arrangement.

She had not tried to approximate the glamour of the tall girls but she had done, as she told Mark, her modest best.

She wore a yellow velvet skirt and a blue jersey top to match her eyes. She had tied her hair with a yellow velvet ribbon. Using a brush and a new shade of lipstick, she had emphasized the pert, stubborn expression of her lips, and had added a touch of perfume and gay costume jewelry.

"Well," Mark said, "a girl can but do her best."

"Thanks," Gail said grimly. "Just keep reminding me like that, won't you, that I'm wasting my time?"

Of course, the time wasn't all wasted. Gail did see any number of plays, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, "Faust" and "Lohengrin," the Egyptian collection and the American Wing, Toscanini conducting, and countless restaurants and bars she had never been inside of before.

And, periodically she received a check in the mail signed *Mark Fairfax* with FOR RESEARCH typed neatly on the back.

In addition to these tangible gains, she received sleepless nights, crying spells, violent dreams, an ear keenly attuned to the clicking of high heels on their merry way to Apartment 3D, migraine, and the gift of telepathy about when the telephone might ring, and when it would not.

This had been going on for four unstable months, and Gail was becoming so wan that even Mark noticed.

"You're not eating properly," he declared. "You grab sandwiches. Or something. Is anything wrong?"

"Worried?" she asked with a ghastly grin.

"Well, your mother would be. And she isn't around, so somebody ought to be."

"Oh, I have Friends," she said.

She straightened suddenly. They were sitting in a French restaurant on Forty-fifth Street. "Friends!" she exclaimed. She hadn't thought of them for weeks. Occasionally one had phoned, and she had said vaguely that she was busy. If ever a girl needed Friends, it was now.

"Mark," she said, taking a deep breath, "I will tell you what is wrong. I am not only wasting my time on you; I am wasting my heart. How can a compleat bachelor and a girl completely in love ever get together? So before I *am*—"

"Before you are what?"

"Completely in love—"

"Yes?" He was bending toward her with considerable intensity.

"I shall have to stop seeing you."

"We shall meet at mailboxes," he pointed out.

"Even that, I shall avoid as much as possible."

"I can call you on the telephone."

"I can put the telephone down."

"I can ring your doorbell."

"I will know who it is and never stir from my typewriter."

"But, Gail, it's been such fun. I'll miss you. I can relax with you. I mean . . . I'm really very fond of you, Tommy Tucker."

"Will you marry me?"

"Uh—"

"Exactly. You may take me home now."

"Well, when you ask a man directly like that, it takes his breath."

"Especially when his living depends on his being single."

"There's that."

"Please, Mark, take me home," she said tearfully. "I'm going to take up my wild social life again, where I broke it off."

"Um," he said. "Sure. Distraction is what you need, I guess. If there is anything I can do—"

"You can stay away from me. Completely."

They argued about it back and forth on the way home, and when it came to saying good-by Mark did not look fully persuaded. He seemed to think that there might be something, short of marrying her, that he could do.

"You're sure there's nothing?"

"Nothing." Gail said.

So he bent to kiss her good-by, and the hall exploded into comets, and they kept on falling and falling into the middle distance between Mars and Venus.

"That," Gail said, looking up at him reproachfully, "was mean. I thought better of you. Good-by."

"Well, I didn't mean to disrupt the firmament," Mark protested. "How could I know that—"

She shut the door firmly in his face.

It was true he tried to call, and when she put down the phone, came to her door. But she knew she had only to ask

one question: "Will you marry me?" and he would sorrowfully melt away.

So she did not open her door, even though Mark called appealingly through it. After several attempts, he stopped trying to see her.

Their friendship, and now their separation, was carried on with no interruption in the procession of blondes, brunettes and redheads who disappeared into Apartment 3D.

But now Gail had a procession of her own. Her friends had come through magnificently. It is possible, after all, to produce young men with occasional free evenings, even in New York.

Cousins, younger brothers, acquaintances and odd men out, were marshaled, introduced and routed to her door.

In no time at all, she was having a splendid time. . . .

Several times when she and her escort for the evening emerged from her apartment, she saw Mark's door surreptitiously ajar, as if he were checking up on her progress.

Sometimes, rather ludicrously, her eligible young men and Mark's voluptuous females met in the hall and exchanged an interested stare before repairing to their appointed destinations.

But one morning Mark caught Gail at the mailbox in her disattire of smock, ballet slippers and pony tail.

"Hi," he said happily.

"Hi," she responded grouchily, annoyed at being caught.

"You're doing all right," he said. "They really are beating a path to your door." He opened his mailbox. "Got any particular one settled upon yet?"

"In a tentative way."

"Oh?"

"He's coming to dinner tonight. That reminds me. Would you lend me your chafing dish?"

"My . . .?" He was studying, presumably, the circles under her eyes. She had stayed up most of the night.

"With the blue flame under it?" Gail said helpfully. "If you're not lighting it tonight?"

"No. I'm not. Tonight is going to be an intimate evening at home, is it? Sure you aren't cooking up more than you can . . . well, take care of? How are his intentions?"

"I don't believe he has any. But maybe I can provide him with a few."

"You have to be careful with bachelors," Mark said. "I know."

"Do write a book for young spinsters. Meanwhile, all we can do is muddle along. Anyway, I'd appreciate the chafing dish. Keeps the food hot, no matter what."

"I see. Well I'll bring it around. Anything else? Candles? Flowers?"

"No, thanks. I have all those."

Mark came early, bringing also an icy cocktail shaker full of Manhattans.

"I thought we might as well have a drink together," he remarked in an offhand way. "And I'll help with the cooking, if you like."

"That's very nice of you, Mark."

"Least I can do."

Whistling, he got started in the kitchen, and expertly assembled the ingredients of *boeuf Stroganoff*. In the end, Gail merely perched on a stool with her Manhattan and watched.

"I'm sure George will appreciate everything you've done," she said when he had bestowed the last professional touches.

Mark frowned. "I keep forgetting George. Somehow it seems as though we were going to have this meal together. Doesn't it?"

"Dear me, no," Gail replied. "*I* haven't forgotten George. I'd better get ready for him."

When she reappeared a half-hour later, Mark bolted upright.

"Gail! That's an open invitation! And not for a proposal of marriage!"

She surveyed herself in the oval mirror above the telephone table.

The ultracasual black satin trousers gleamed, and the flared Siamese coat was shot with golden thread. Nobody, she thought with satisfaction, could accuse her of plumpness. Her pony tail made her look vaguely Oriental, and her gold sandals were seductively soundless as she crossed the room and sat down beside Mark, picked up her glass, and smiled.

He took the glass out of her hand, set it down. "You've had enough," he said, visibly shaken.

"Why, I haven't even tasted it!"

The doorbell rang, and she went to answer it, aware of Mark ominously rising to his feet. She opened the door.

"Hello, darling," she said in a Marlene Dietrich voice.

George was a tall, lean and not quite cynical young man. He took Gail's hands and bent over her somewhat with the air of a praying mantis.

When Mark cleared his throat, George looked up slowly, raised practiced eyebrows, and examined Mark.

"I thought," he said reproachfully, still holding Gail's hands, "that we were going to be Alone."

"Oh, we are," Gail assured him. "This half-starved young man was just leaving . . . weren't you?"

"Certainly," Mark said icily. At the door he paused, his hand clasping its edge. "And don't expect me to rescue you."

"I can't imagine what he means," Gail murmured. But she could . . . and as the evening progressed on its predictable way, she found herself thinking rather frantically of slipping into the hall somehow and battering on Mark's door.

After the superb dinner, George, mellowed and primed, firmly ensconced her in one corner of the sofa, encircled her with one arm, and evidently intended to keep her there until the small hours of the morning. That is, if that was all he had in mind.

"George," Gail said weakly. "Please don't."

"Don't what? I'm not doing anything, am I?"

This approach infuriated her, and she gave him a vexed push.

"Look," George said reasonably. "You went to a good deal of trouble to cook me that meal, you've made yourself as enticing as possible, and now you act as though you didn't like me. It's all just a traumatic hangover from childhood; you know what you want, but you feel guilty—"

"Psychology 3. I had it at college.

TO OUR READERS:

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If you want to know the truth, you're nothing but a decoy."

"Well. I'd just as soon be shot for a duck as a wooden Indian." George said imperturbably, and proceeded to prove it. Gail gave a small alarmed shriek.

As at a signal, her door flew open, and Mark stood there in his old corduroy jacket and slacks, in a threatening attitude. "Came for my chafing dish," he announced belligerently.

"Oh, Mark, I'm so glad. . . . How did you get in?" Gail was struggling to her feet.

George relaxed his pincers, lit a cigarette, and settled back as one who intended to retain his position.

"I fixed the lock of the door." Mark said. "I recognized his type, and if you weren't so inexperienced, you would have, too."

"Oh." Gail said meekly. She certainly wasn't going to admit that she had deliberately picked the most menacing young man of her acquaintance to invite to dinner.

"George," Mark said, "I intend to see that Gail doesn't get into the clutches of someone like myself."

"Gail has a perfect right to prefer one wolf to another," George replied reasonably. "It was me she invited here tonight, and here I am going to stay."

This was far from an accurate statement, for the next moment he was lifted from his comfortable position and made a swift and comical progress across the room, expertly propelled, hat deposited on his head, and long, well-proportioned frame, somewhat debilitated by strong drink and late nights, deposited in the hall.

"My," Gail said admiringly, as Mark firmly shut the door, "one bachelor certainly knows how to dispose of another one."

"Gail."

"Oh, no," she said, backing away. "I want the stars to stay in their places. I'm no disturber of the universe. I'm a practical, peace-loving, husband-seeking—"

There was a violent spattering of shooting stars.

"Oh," she gasped indignantly. "You did it again!"

"Gail," Mark said, holding her steady, "you've made a desperate man of me. I watch through doors. I worry about you. I wonder where you are when you come home late. I can't go on like this. Now I know how men are blackmailed into marriage, against all natural inclination."

"How?" she asked.

"Bachelors marry," he explained. "to get victims away from other bachelors. It's as old as . . . as the rape of the Sabines. I just know that I can't allow it. I'll have to marry you myself, though it means the end of the most pleasant career I ever expect to have."

He exploded a little stardust on her left cheek, then her right.

"Ruined!" he murmured.

"Are you sure you want to give up so much for me?" she asked.

"What's the use of attempting to be a compleat bachelor any more, when I don't feel the least bit complete, without you?"

"Oh, darling," she said, "I'm so glad I've been rereading my column and discovered that I might try making you jealous. Burst another star. Make it a comet this time." . . . THE END

Why Notre Dame Picked Brennan

(Continued from page 45)

stocky-legged Terry crossed the Army goal line on his feet, leaving a 97-yard wake of Army would-be tacklers. Legend has it that some of them didn't know whether they had been straight-armed or poleaxed.

Last February, when Terry announced his acceptance of the post Leahy had relinquished because of ill health, a corps of sports reporters gathered on the campus near South Bend, Indiana, to witness the end of one era and the beginning of another. At the mass interview, young Brennan flabbergasted the newsmen as completely as he had astonished the Army team. But in place of his stunning breakaway, he used a smile; instead of a straight-arm, he employed a quip. Accustomed to coaches who grow lachrymose lamenting the sad prospects of their teams at the start of each season, the reporters waited for Terry to haul out the crying towel.

In their opinion, he had good reason for moaning low. In 1953 the unbeaten Notre Dame team had produced *six* All-American players, and all six would be graduated in June. Donning the cap and gown with the super six would be a whole corps of, to use Frank Leahy's description, "bread-and-butter players, the backbone of the team."

Did Terry have anything left?

A big grin. "We'll let next fall answer that question." There was neither false modesty in the grin, nor the resigned melancholy of a prophet of doom. Instead, Terry seemed to be suggesting that a student body powerful enough to turn out six All-Americans in a single season was likely to be able to do something pretty impressive again.

Would he do any tampering with the split-T formation as coached by Frank Leahy, his predecessor?

Another grin. "Certainly not. It's a winning formation, and we'll want to win."

What about that winning? Would he continue that supercharged coaching drive that had carried Notre Dame to victory in 80 per cent of its games during the last 65 years, and 90 per cent of its games over the last 14 years?

"Well, let's say I'd like to turn out a representative team." This time the grin was so disarmingly friendly that for a moment a few reporters were moved to forget just how many victories a Notre Dame team would have to win before it became "representative." Then they remembered that game of 1947 when the entire Army team, massed in a "stop Brennan" defense, recoiled each time he smacked the line. Averaging five yards per play, he helped set up two more touchdowns and then went over himself to make the final score Notre Dame 27, Army 7. They looked at him more closely then, and found it not too hard to believe that this casual, modest young man in the conservative business suit might bend an oak table by leaning on it.

By the time the meeting was over, the general impression was that the late Knute Rockne would be mighty pleased with that Brennan lad. Frank Leahy's approval—"As a coach, Terry Brennan is a near-genius"—was already on the record. All that was needed was proof.

On May 15th the proof was forthcoming, and 10 of the toughest football teams in the country—Texas, Purdue, Pittsburgh, Michigan State, Pennsylvania, Navy, North Carolina, Iowa, Southern California and Southern Methodist—made some gloomy revisions on their chances of beating Notre Dame this fall. The occasion was Notre Dame's traditional Old Timers' Game with which the varsity winds up its 20-day spring training program. The Old Timers are Notre Dame football greats of former years who return to the campus to see and feel for themselves how their successors are coming along.

What made the game particularly tell-tale this year was that the varsity was not only deprived of its six All-Americans

of 1953, hut was pitted against them—plus an assortment of All-Americans from former years who, if slightly spavined and wind-broken, were nonetheless capable of completing 236 yards by passes, one of which soared for 61 yards and another for 45 yards and a touchdown. Neither spavined nor wind-broken were such greats as Johnny Lattner, Neil Worden, Bob Williams. and Coy McGee. who had been virtually unstoppable as they shattered football teams from one end of the country to the other.

But the Brennan boys, if they didn't stop the greats, had them pretty well cooled off by the end of the third quarter. In the meantime they had moved the ball themselves. In one mystifier, quarterback Ralph Guglielmi. a man to watch this year, was in full flight before anyone knew where the ball had gone. And when about to be nailed after tearing off 22 yards, Guglielmi finally showed the battle-wary Old Timers he was merely setting up the main play, which was a lateral pass to fullback Nicholas Raich, who went over for a touchdown.

In another demonstration of black magic, the varsity went into a punt formation, and into that formation the ball vanished. When it emerged split seconds later, it was speeding like a rifle shot to co-captain Dan Shannon, another man to watch, who made the pass good for 15 yards. All told, the varsity completed 10 passes for a substantial 181 yards. and also mounted so much ground power that they were able to rush the ball 344 yards to the Old Timers 96. Final score: Varsity, 49; Old Timers, 26.

In a fair recapitulation of the game, Terry said, "I don't think the game proved too much. Our pass defense was very weak. Poor, in fact. But so was that of the Old Timers. We'll work on pass defense next fall."

There was something about the way he said it that led one observer to comment, "Right then and there I got the distinct feeling that next fall Notre Dame *would* work on pass defense."

This ability to convey impressions far more significant than his words is one of Terry Brennan's strongest assets. There is a concealed power in his speech not unlike the power concealed in his frame. As a rueful tackle, after picking himself up and pulling his assorted bones together, said, "He looks so little, and he hits so hard."

As for the power concealed in his words, this does not come out in personal interviews. At these pleasant affairs, Terry admits that he was born in Milwaukee on June 11, 1928, played football at Marquette High School there, and managed to get in four years of football at Notre Dame under wartime, man power shortage rules that permitted freshmen to make the varsity if they could. At this point the conversation mysteriously switches to the doings of Terence Kelley Brennan, aged two, or daughter Denise, born last December, and includes a cordial invitation to "Come on out to the house and baby-sit, while Mary Louise and I get dinner ready."

Though he recalls almost everything about the games he has seen and knows

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backward and forward the assets of the teams he will meet and the high school records of the individual players, he apparently encounters a mental block when his own staggering record is brought up. It is Charlie Callahan, the director of sports publicity at Notre Dame, who points out that, during his four years of varsity play, Terry carried the ball 266 times. As one of the most feared breakaway runners in the game, and consequently the man rival teams watched the closest, he averaged 4.7 yards per play.

But even this awesome record is not the whole story. As Director of Athletics Edward "Moose" Krause, the line coach of Terry's playing days, explains it, "When we needed yards, we gave the ball to Terry." When the going got toughest, with the opposition dug in before its own goal posts, the Fighting Irish relied on Brennan. The result: a total of 21 touchdowns, or an average of almost one touchdown for every 12 efforts with the ball.

Terry is of solid Irish stock. When Terry was born, his father, attorney Martin J. Brennan, a Notre Dame center of 1909, considered Terence Aloysius Brennan a name so adequately Irish that it should satisfy the whole line of ancestors down to the first clan. But, according to brother James, it did not satisfy the Irish in Terry. When he appeared for his confirmation, he had discarded the Aloysius in favor of the more resounding Patrick. He has found only one improvement. When he married his childhood sweetheart, Mary Louise Kelley, Terry found the merger with the Kelley clan so eminently satisfactory and Irish that their first-born faces the world as Terence Kelley Brennan.

Football did not entirely dominate Terry's childhood, but with a father who had played football with Notre Dame and against her as a member of the Marquette University team, it did assume some importance. The importance grew when Terry became old enough to take his place in the family backfield made up of his brothers, Joseph, William and James, and his two sisters, Eileen and Kathleen, as reserves.

In the football set at Marquette High School, however, it was brother Jimmy all the way. While his brother flashed across the gridiron, Terry sat on the bench, too small and frail, even when bathed in his brother's reflected glory, to make the team. The high school coach feared Terry would shatter with the first tackle, a fear that was soon to be realized. In 1943 Terry followed his brother into the halfback spot, and emerged with the ligaments of one knee so seriously torn that all his efforts to get into military service have been automatically rejected.

Inevitably Terry was drawn toward Notre Dame, not only through his father's love for his old Alma Mater, but also because his brother Jim had joined the Navy and been assigned to Notre Dame under the V-5 program. The clincher came one day in 1944 when Attorney Brennan and son Terry journeyed to South Bend to watch Jim in action on the football field. According to a family friend, there was action, all right. Great big action, all over the place, and all over Jimmy. A shaken senior Brennan,

At 17, Terry Brennan was Notre Dame's number one left halfback. He played four years on the first team; was named an All-American.

conceding that the game had speeded up since his days, turned to his smallest son and suggested, "Now how about that small law school we were talking about?"

To which the small Brennan, who had been slamming his shoulders into each play with Jimmy as his father winced, replied, "It's still law with me, but if you'll fix me up with an operation on my knee, I'd like to try Notre Dame. I liked what I saw today."

He got the operation. But to this day Terry has a dim view of knees. Once his knee betrayed him on the field and he went down without a hand being laid on him. It went out on him again in the Tulane game of 1947, and again in a practice session for the All-Star game of 1949. "Knees just aren't made right," he admits glumly. But he never let the threat of injury slow him down.

In spite of a somewhat widespread impression that Notre Dame is a football team with students, it is a venerable and beautiful university founded by Father Sorin and six brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in 1842. And between the two lakes where the founding fathers once strolled with only six pairs of shoes among the seven of them, some 5,400 male students in fourteen huge residence halls eat, sleep, study, pray and play together under a discipline second only to that of West Point and Annapolis. In this academic atmosphere (football players are required to keep their marks above 77, but it is preferred that they maintain an 82 average to preserve the traditional standard of the team) Terry set out to prepare for the law career he wanted. His major was philosophy, with almost as much attention to English and business accounting.

In the meantime, he found time for politics (president of the sophomore class), boxing (165-pound school champion in the middleweight division), and track (13-foot pole vaulter). He also found time to court Mary Louise, then a student at nearby St. Mary's College.

Terry was not actively preparing himself for a coaching job, but outside forces were shaping his career. For four full years he absorbed all the lightning-fast magic of Frank Leahy and he drank up the traditions of Notre Dame football as played under Knute Rockne. He was also coming under the appraising scrutiny of Moose Krause, soon to become Director of Athletics. In 1947 and 1948 he found his whole style of play speeding up under the personal attention of backfield coach Bill Earley.

But with all this expert coaching, Terry was smart enough to realize that when the pay-off play came, the one hole in the line he could always count on was the one made by teammate Bill Fischer. Fischer, twice All-American guard, and captain of the team in 1948, could be counted upon to break a hole in an ice floe, a fact which he went on to demonstrate during five years with the Chicago Cards in the National League.

On the campus Terry had as a personal friend a basketball player named Francis H. Curran. Unlike Terry, Curran wanted to be a coach and he could talk at length on how all sports had improved as a result of better coaching, especially in high schools where trained athletes were taking over the coaching duties once held by some untrained but accommodating Latin teachers.

In the classroom, too, events were conspiring to turn Terry toward coaching. Philosophy brought him into the province of a young instructor named the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., soon to become at the age of 34 the president of Notre Dame.

The ring that was making a coach out of Terry might well have remained in its nebulous stage had it not been for another event only vaguely related to football. Father Ambrose Casey, principal of Mount Carmel High School on Chicago's South Side, tells it best.

"As you know, football never rated too highly with Robert Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago," he says. "At the same time, he had a lot of hope for his very learned radio program, the University Round Table of the Air. One day—this was in 1947—he called Father John Cavanaugh, then president of Notre Dame, and asked him to be a guest on the program. After warning him that some rather deep questions would be bandied about, he finished up by saying something like, 'Oh, yes, you can bring one of your football players, too.'

"Well, sir, Father Cavanaugh brought Terry and that young man was the star of the show. Everyone was dumfounded. They knew that a Terry Brennan played football, but I do think a few suspected Father Cavanaugh of tossing in a ringer. Anyway, they had to feel his muscles before they would believe he was *the* Terry Brennan. I was delighted with the lad."

So delighted was Father Ambrose, in fact, that when Mount Carmel's need

of a coach coincided with Terry's graduation with honors from Notre Dame, he used all his persuasiveness to lure Terry into the fold. But Terry wasn't interested. What he wanted, he told Father Ambrose, was to get his law degree as soon as possible so he could marry Mary Louise Kelley.

It was then that Father Ambrose pulled his master stroke. Pointing out that coaching at Mount Carmel High School and studying law at nearby De Paul University suited Terry to a T, he artfully left it to Terry to conclude that coaching would not only put him through law school, but would also permit him to marry before he was graduated, instead of after.

What followed is a matter of record. Chicago is a city that takes its high-school football seriously. A lot of coaches from a lot of schools would like to win the city championship some day.

When Terry, at 21, moved into that league, all that was known of him was that he could play football. Whether he possessed that mysterious quality which makes a great coach—the ability to communicate his knowledge to others—no one, least of all Terry, knew.

But the boys on the team soon found out. Speaking of that first year at Mount Carmel High, Dan Shannon, co-captain this year at Notre Dame with Paul Matz, another Mount Carmel graduate, says, "We weren't so good, but Terry made us feel as if we had the making of champions. When we lost, we got the feeling we had let him down."

In 1950, Shannon and his inspired teammates set out to vindicate themselves. Often outweighed but never outplayed, they began their play with the happy, destructive unison that has become a feature of the Brennan style. Using the split-T formation and switching from steam roller tactics to incredible speed with a sort of casual abandon, they railroaded through to the city championship, piling up the incredible average of 42 points a game.

To prove the first championship no fluke, Terry did it again in 1951 and then made it three in a row in 1952 for the first time in Chicago football history. Nor did the stamp of Brennan coaching fade when his boys were graduated and went out to face the pressure of major college football. As matters stand now, he takes over a Notre Dame team already stocked with such Mount Carmel boys as Shannon and Matz, Dick Frasor, Tom Carey, and Ben Zajeski, with fullback Frank Pinn sure to be heard from when he begins his first year of varsity play this fall.

Brennan's record did not pass unnoticed at his Alma Mater. Just about the time Terry was getting ready to hang up his law shingle, having completed his work at De Paul, he was invited back to South Bend to coach the freshman football team. It was a serious step. He had spent years grooming himself for the law, and only three autumn seasons and a few spring sessions working as a coach. But the lure of the game and the challenge of working with boys won out. At once sports writers familiar with his record began to speculate. Was he or was he not being groomed for the job of Frank Leahy, who had already announced he would not renew his contract after the 1955 season?

As freshman coach, Terry not only had the responsibility of uncovering new material while building up the boys whose proved high standard of play had won them athletic scholarships, but also of pitting his freshman against the varsity, using the plays featured by the teams that the varsity would meet each Saturday. Extremely helpful to Brennan was the work of Frank "Blackie" Johnston, a guard on the 1950 Notre Dame team and a line coach of extraordinary caliber though he was only 24 years old.

Where Terry and Blackie both ran into trouble was in trying to teach the freshmen to handle the varsity ends. What Terry saw behind the brilliant performance of the ends—constant life savers all through the 1953 season—was the equally brilliant coaching of Johnny Druze. Johnny was a Leahy man from way back, having been one of Fordham's original Seven Blocks of Granite when Leahy was the Fordham coach.

Then came Leahy's collapse at midseason from an attack of acute pancreatitis and his subsequent dramatic admission, "I think coaching at Notre Dame is a job for a younger man." On January 31st he announced his resignation and on February 1st Terry Brennan was named his successor. How would Terry carry on in the steps of the master sorcerer? Would he use Leahy's staff, or would he start all over?

And now everything comes into focus. From Leahy's staff came Bill Earley, the perfectionist of Terry's playing days, and end coach Johnny Druze, the nemesis of his freshman coaching season. In as line coach went his unforgettable teammate Bill Fischer, the All-American guard and pro-football star. In as backfield assistant went George Dickson, another backfield candidate during Terry's playing days. In as coach of the B team went Francis Curran, the ball-handling magician of basketball fame, who had been coaching football in South Bend during Terry's Mount Carmel days. And in as coach of the freshman team, where the seeds of greatness are planted, went Blackie Johnston.

Somehow there is something so impressive about that picture, something so devastatingly competent about a crew of young coaches who not only know and can teach the game, but can still play it remarkably well, that Johnny Lattner, the great All-American halfback of last year, remarked wistfully, "I'd give up a year of pro football if only I were eligible to play a year under Terry."

For any optimists among Notre Dame's opponents this season, there remain such other factors as the 17 monogram winners returning from last year's squad, the six-man nucleus of Mount Carmel High stars, and the emergence of Terry's 40-man freshman squad as potential varsity material. Add to that an entire student body determined to give Terry another "representative" team and one can only conclude that the Victory March will be ringing up and down the land again this fall. ... THE END

"My Husband's Mother Depends On Us Too Much"

(Continued from page 41)

She gave me a kind of sad, sweet smile. "You don't know what it's like to be old."

"You're not *old*," I insisted, like a stubborn child, at a loss to explain what I meant.

That night I told Dan I knew what was wrong with Mother. "She wants to be a person like anybody else, though I doubt if she knows it. If I could just find some outside interest for her."

"Now, honey, don't go being an amateur psychologist," Dan said. "Leave the old girl alone. Let her be old if she wants to."

"But that isn't fair to her," I protested. That's one of my big troubles, actually: I keep being able to see too many viewpoints at once—Mother's, Dan's, the children's, my own. I play emotional leapfrog all day long till I'm ready to drop. I can get awfully angry at Mother W at times, but when her own son shrugs and says in effect that she's so old she doesn't matter, I fly to her defense. I've never been sixty-two and I haven't got a mother of my own, but I've got enough sense to see you want to matter to somebody as long as you're a human being.

To develop her outside interests I made a real effort to pry her into our community theater, which I love, or the semiannual fashion show that we stage for the downtown merchants. She was quite happy to go along for the ride, but nothing I could do would get her to take part.

I lay awake nights thinking up ways to help her get on her feet and live her own life. I wondered how she'd like a private entrance to her room or maybe even a little house of her own—heaven knows we've got enough yard and it could be built very economically out of cement blocks. Fortunately, we'd be able to afford this. When I mentioned the idea, she looked grave and scared.

"Why, Connie, don't you want me here?"

"Of course, my dear," I said quickly. "In fact, I want you to be happy here. I just thought you might like a little more freedom to come and go as you choose. It seems to me you devote too much time to us and don't keep any for yourself."

She didn't know what I meant. "But you're my family," she protested. "What else is there for me to do?"

"Haven't you ever wanted to—well, kick over the traces a little? Chuck your responsibilities and paint or run a pie factory or take up rifle shooting?"

She smiled a little. "In my day, nice young ladies put such ideas out of their heads," she said. "I've found my joys in serving my family and I'm proud of it."

I realized for the first time that Mother W wasn't brought up the way my generation was—to believe she had rights as a person in addition to being a wife and mother. She's never had any unfulfilled dreams of her own and it's a little late now for me to try to implant some.

Our life is informal and mostly we let the company we entertain shift for themselves. Mother W thinks this is terrible. The fact that I can decide at noon to have a party at night and the guests come in T-shirts and cook their own dinner, or part of it, on the outdoor grill horrifies her.

She seems to resent my easy ways and yet she complains to Dan that I work too hard and he ought to hire help. She can't get over the fact that I don't own a tablecloth and never have in ten years of married life. Three dinners out of four we eat in the backyard and when we're indoors we use place mats.

By and large, Mother W is wonderful with the children. She adores them and they think she's just about their age. One of the nicest things she does is stay in the house so Dan and I can go to a movie or visit friends. We frequently ask Mother to go, too, but she prefers to stay at home. One modern gadget she's really smitten with is television and, while I never take it for granted she'll stay with the children, she says every time I ask, "Run along, Connie dear, I'll be here anyway. It's no trouble."

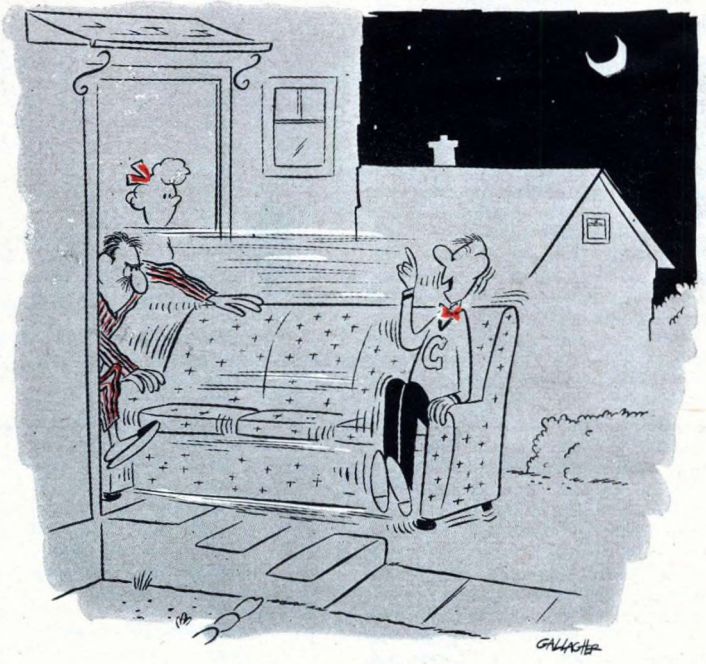
She's so good about it I think it makes her feel wanted or useful or something and it's sheer heaven for Dan and me. We haven't had so much freedom since our first baby was born. I keep scolding myself for being glad Mother W lives with us when I can use her and not glad when I can't, but I don't always remember.

It's the little things that really get under my skin. Mother doesn't eat onions or garlic or carrots; at least, she says she doesn't and gets upset if she knows she's eating them. But especially with onions or garlic, which I use a lot for flavoring, it's all right if I can sneak them in without her knowing. It means I have to be cautious with garlic and cut up onions extra fine.

Mother likes to plan, plan, plan. She wants plenty of advance information and every week to be just like the last. One Friday afternoon when we were all out riding, I remembered it was the anniversary of her husband's death and I thought she might be lonely, so I phoned her from the stables, without mentioning Dad, of course. The next Friday she said kind of puzzled-like, "You didn't phone today."

When we had Dan's brothers and their families for Thanksgiving last year, Mother immediately decided it was a custom and always speaks of it as the thing we do. But we don't and, as a matter of fact, Dan's talking of taking the whole family where there's snow this year. The children have never seen snow, but I dread telling Mother. She's more disappointed than a child if things aren't always the same.

Only a few weeks ago she found me frying chicken one night about nine o'clock.



"I'll call you, Gladys."

REDBOOK

"What are you cooking that for?"

"Why—" I waved the fork "—the Labor Day picnic tomorrow. Surely you remember?"

"Yes, but I thought we always had ham."

We did last year and to Mother W that was "always."

All this sounds kind of petty when I put it down this way. I think what I'm trying to say is that a whole new pattern of family life has been forced on us. Sometimes I'd give anything to be able to say something to Dan that I think or feel without having to postpone it till we're alone. We can't even quarrel without wondering how his mother will take it, and every couple needs a little spat now and then.

Jane says the older our children get, the more we'll have to confine our intimate remarks to our room anyhow, but oh, sometimes I long to be just our own family again. I love Dan's mother for bringing up such a wonderful son and I think we might be quite good friends if we didn't have to be in each other's hair all day.

There must be a way to make her see that without hurting her feelings. If I only knew how to find it!

How can Connie's problem be solved? For Dr. Emily Mudd's suggestions, turn back to page 40.

How to Live Happily with Aging Parents

(Continued from page 41)

it gave the older woman and the younger family each to understand that neither was being shut out, but both could come and go freely between each other's quarters. The mother prepared her own breakfasts in her own kitchenette without the noise and pressure of getting four children off to school, and later announced that she felt like a new woman. About half the time she cooked her own dinners, too, especially if the family was having company or preparing food she didn't care to eat.

Most older people enjoy having their own furnishings and possessions. If Connie's mother-in-law can be persuaded to try it, she may get comfort and reassurance from them.

But suppose she won't agree, then what?

Another family in a set-up similar to Connie's and Dan's sought the help of its local Family Service Agency and learned the simple fact that every human being needs to feel he contributes to the family and earns his own way so to speak.

The wife went home and said to her mother-in-law, "Everybody in this family has to do his part, but I would like your share to be something you really enjoy. What do you like to do?"

The older woman hesitated, then sighed and said, "Well, I can tell you something I *don't* like to do. I don't like to set the table."

The wife laughed. "For goodness sake, why didn't you say so?" Then they worked out a division of the household tasks—one liked to wash better than to iron, and so on—and the mother-in-law took two or three jobs she really liked, did well and was praised for. It was the beginning of a much happier relationship.

For any person to feel that his life is finished is a morbid attitude, as Connie suspects, and not having a task one *has* to do can often promote such an attitude. Still, Connie must realize that the concept of a life of one's own is a recent one for women, which has grown up gradually, and only in certain parts of the United States, since the end of World War I. She can't hand this idea to a woman of Mrs. W's years. Nor does it make sense to pick out an activity and try to fit the older woman into it, either. Theater and modern fashions probably bore Mrs. W, or even may scare her.

Connie might better ask, "Mother, what did you like to do with your spare time?" If her hobby was crocheting, there are needlework guilds associated with many churches and social service organizations, and the Red Cross welcomes people who will sew for overseas gift packages. If she liked to bake, charitable bazaars and special benefit cake sales and so on will give her an opportunity to exercise her talents. The local Woman's Exchange might turn her cakes into a little independent income with all the resulting self-respect that goes with it.

Connie could also inquire what other older people do in her town. She may find there is an "over sixty" club or whist or other card-playing group. I know a mother-in-law who does baby sitting for her grown children's friends, not so much for the money as for the activity.

Three generations can live together happily under one roof, but it takes love and willingness on all sides. This family seems to have that and, if a dash of imagination is thrown in, there is no apparent reason why a satisfying family pattern for living cannot be worked out.

Money is not a problem here but so often is where older people are concerned that it is worthwhile to check on their Social Security. If you don't find Social Security Administration listed in the U.S. Government section of your telephone book, your local post office can tell you how to find the nearest office. Public welfare offices in all cities are set up to arrange some financial assistance and they are good places to ask, too, about other services, such as emotional help or mental health assistance. Some of the resources which you will also find listed in your telephone directory are the Family Service Agencies, the Council of Social Agencies, the Community Chest and possibly a Mental Health Clinic. If any of these agencies cannot help you directly, they will refer you to reliable places or people.

The 1950 census showed more than 12 million people over 65 years of age and this figure is expected to increase to 21 million by 1975. More and more young families will be faced with situations like Dan's and Connie's, and it is both important and comforting to realize that there are, even now, dependable agencies which will help and, better yet, ideas and possibilities which both younger and older people can explore and pioneer for themselves. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 37)

with the age problem? Not only was Bill much older than I, but he was not well. Either there would be no children, or if there were—how long would they have a father? Many times I told myself to put him out of my mind, but that was an intellectual command, and my heart just wouldn't obey it. Bill O'Dwyer was, and is, the most charming, captivating man I ever met. There is a magnetism about him that is indescribable. You have never met such a conversationalist.

"We happened to see 'South Pacific' a few months before we were married. Mary Martin, my age, had fallen in love with Ezio Pinza, Bill's age. Should she marry him? At one point in the play Pinza said, 'I am older than you. If we have children, when I die they will be growing up.' Bill clutched my hand. This was something he had often talked about. But later in the play, Mary and Pinza sang a song that was to become our theme for as long as we were married. Mary sang, 'I've known you a few short weeks, and yet, somehow, you've made my heart forget all other men I have ever met, but you . . . but you. . . .' And Pinza's reply was the lovely 'Some Enchanted Evening.' How many times Bill, who was as deeply in love with me as any man will ever be—how many times he sang 'Some Enchanted Evening' in that wavering baritone of his. Talk about magnetism! Pinza in 'South Pacific' was just a cardboard cutout compared to Bill O'Dwyer! And people ask why I married him. . . ." Sloan sighed deeply and then smiled self-consciously.

"I **don't** know how I got off on this tangent . . . but it makes me so angry to read some of the things that have been in the papers about why I left Bill. Why can't they leave a husband and wife the intimacy of their reasons for sticking together or separating? Well, I can tell you this—I did not leave Bill O'Dwyer because of another man. All those rumors about my affairs with bullfighters and whoever else are complete nonsense. I did not have any affairs while I was married to Bill O'Dwyer. I loved him. I worked hard at being his wife.

"And then they said I left Bill because I was sick of all the scandals about him as Mayor of New York. How vicious can they get? In the first place, if the husband-wife things had been right between us, it wouldn't have mattered to me what trouble Bill was in. Trouble, scandal, all that you can take; you can take anything if the love holds up. But more than that, I don't for a minute believe what they say about Bill. All that hidden wealth he's supposed to have. Look—I lived with Bill for three years. I can't believe that he could have kept such a big secret from me all that time.

"While we were in Mexico it was I who had control of his checking accounts. I paid all the bills. If there had been a secret source of income, I would have known it. I ordered my clothes from Ohrbach's, the New York bargain store. Bill had to borrow money to finance our going to Mexico in the first place. His savings never amounted to more than $5000! Maybe some of the men around him were dishonest; I have no way of knowing. But *not* Bill O'Dwyer.

"No, if we could have gotten along as man and wife, I would never have left him. I would have stuck by him."

"When did you first suspect that you would have trouble as man and wife?" Sloan was asked.

"The morning after our marriage, sitting there on the deck of that beautiful yacht, I began to suspect it."

Sloan Simpson, called "Junior" by her father, was born in Dallas, Texas, October 18, 1916. Her paternal grandfather, Colonel John N. Simpson, known more familiarly as Hashknife Simpson, was rich even by present-day Texas standards. Sloan's father was also a military man, having run away from Harvard to join Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He was a dashing, handsome fellow who patterned himself after Teddy.

You can help the physically handicapped to find jobs

Celebrate the tenth anniversary of National Employ-the-Physically-Handicapped Week, October 3 to 9, by organizing a rehabilitation program for the handicapped in your community. Their special talents, capabilities and reliability are an inspiration to other employes, and are needed to keep our country strong.

Sloan's mother, on the other hand, was a lady of the most rarified Baltimore society, and she takes special pride to this day in pointing out that she is a direct descendant of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The Simpsons lived in a 15-room mansion (courtesy of Colonel Hashknife), staffed by a cook, an upstairs maid, a butler, a chauffeur, a gardener, a nurse, and a governess, when Sloan was born. Her father adored her, called her Puddinfoot, or Pud, depending on his mood; but mostly he called her Junior, because it helped ease the pain of not having a son. There had been a son, and there was to be another girl, but neither survived birth.

Sloan received some of her education in Dallas public schools, and she also attended parochial schools. Her mother and father were divorced when she was ten years old, but her father continued to take a lively interest in her upbringing.

He was ambitious for her; he wanted her to be an outstanding soldier, an artist or a writer, in that order, but since her sex canceled out the first, and the limitations of her talents the second and third, he settled for a modeling career. Sloan got her first job in a New York dress house, where she earned $25 a week. She stayed with this firm for three years and was earning $45 when in 1938 she met Carroll Dewey Hipp, a polo-playing insurance executive of Teaneck, N. J., whom she married. Hipp was not a Catholic, so only a civil ceremony was performed. Sloan was 22 at the time; he was 40. Sloan kept house and learned to cook.

Although the marriage lasted until 1943, Sloan says that it was an incompatible relationship from the start. They were divorced on the grounds of mental cruelty, and the Catholic Church granted Sloan a declaration of free state, which was easy to obtain, since the Church had not recognized the marriage in the first place.

Sloan went back to work. She got a job, briefly, with the Chemical Warfare Office in New York, but she soon left that for a modeling job with John Robert Powers.

At first Sloan's rate was $5 an hour, and she had a tough time getting jobs even for that amount. "Listen," she says. "Anybody who tells you modeling is a cinch is crazy. Modeling is a miserable job in which all but a very few work like dogs for low wages. Leave your photos, pick up your photos, sell people on your possibilities all the time—for what? To stand endlessly, breaking your back."

One of the models who knew Sloan when she first came to Powers had this to say about her: "Sloan knew how to handle people, including herself. She got in solid with a fashion co-ordinator—a woman in charge of fashion shows—by arranging jobs for her. Then, in return, the woman would book Sloan on those shows. Sloan was very fond of money. At parties, unless there was someone there she found interesting, she was bored to tears. That little brain of hers was always working. In general, men were not fascinated by her. They used to say she was a cold duck."

Whatever combination of talents she used, Sloan worked her rates up to $25 an hour, and she became known as the best millinery model in New York. "She wasn't just a beautiful statue like other models," a fashion photographer who used to work with her says. "She was always playing a part."

So, perhaps it was a part she was playing the night she met the Mayor of New York. It was a hot summer night in 1948 at the Grand Central Palace, where New York City was sponsoring a fashion show to celebrate the 50 years that Greater New York had been in existence. O'Dwyer had come to lend prestige to the occasion, while Sloan was one of many models.

After the show, Sloan asked to be introduced to the Mayor. She was led into a small room. "My, it looks like a speakeasy in here," she remarked as she entered the dimly lit room where O'Dwyer was having drinks with a few intimates.

"You're much too young to know about speakeasies, young lady," O'Dwyer said.

On the last night of the show, the Mayor invited everyone up to Gracie Mansion to celebrate. Sloan was asked to ride in the Mayor's car. All the servants were off for the night, and it was an impromptu occasion that everyone enjoyed. The model and the Mayor were already charmed with one another.

O'Dwyer had been a widower since 1946, when his wife, who had been a Parkinson's-disease invalid for many years, had died in Gracie Mansion. He had been living alone in the big executive house, letting an old-time retainer fend for him. "He was the loneliest man I ever met," Sloan recalls, "and I suppose he brought out some of the mother in me. His doctors had him living on a diet of plain turkey and other bland things. Bill rarely went anywhere. What a sad, forlorn thing he was!"

Sloan Simpson was quite a contrast in women for William O'Dwyer. His former wife, nee Catherine Lenihan, had been a telephone operator at the Hotel Vanderbilt when O'Dwyer had tended bar there. They were married in 1916, the year Sloan was born, and Catherine was a hearty, knowing helpmeet for Bill during the years he fought his way up as a plasterer's helper, cop, lawyer, judge, and finally a famous district attorney who broke Murder, Inc. O'Dwyer had been born in Ireland, and after studying for the priesthood for two years in Spain, had come to New York City as a penniless immigrant at the age of 20. After several jobs, he joined the police force, studied law at night, and worked his way up to judge and district attorney. During the war he served as a brigadier general in the Air Force, and in 1945 he was elected Mayor of New York City.

Now, for the first time in his life, O'Dwyer found himself with a woman who was gay, liked to dress up, go places, be seen. She brought a rush of youthfulness into his life. He told his doctors to go fly their sliced turkey, and he stopped taking all the medicines they had prescribed for him.

Sloan helped the Mayor preside over his annual press party; she was on his arm at the Sadler's Wells Ballet; she was present at Gracie Mansion functions. Reporters began pressing to learn how serious the romance had become. They cornered O'Dwyer at his desk in City Hall and asked him point-blank what was going on between Sloan and him. He took his pipe out of his mouth, put his head back, and sang a chorus of "Some Enchanted Evening" for them.

But there was one aspect of this klieg-lighted courtship that Sloan didn't like at all: She was always referred to as "the mayor's girl friend." On one occasion, she blew up at a reporter. "You fellows are writing some awful things about me," she said. "How dare you say I'm the Mayor's girl friend? It simply isn't true. We're just good friends."

But then an incident occurred that really sent tempers sky-high. O'Dwyer and Sloan took off in a police-department airplane for what they hoped would be a secret weekend at Saratoga Springs, the fashionable New York spa. But as the happy pair entered the lobby of the hotel, their arms entwined, they were greeted by eager reporters and photographers who barraged them with questions and flashbulbs.

"What do you mean by invading our privacy!" O'Dwyer roared at them. "I'm going to be as ugly about this as your city desks are. It's the end of the circus! We're cutting short our weekend and going back to New York."

By the summer of 1949, marriage appeared to be just around the corner, but suddenly the whole affair was off. There are two versions of why: (1) Sloan's version—that O'Dwyer broke his promise that he would not seek re-election. His doctors had told O'Dwyer that another term might kill him, and Sloan says she informed him, brutally, that she did not want to marry a man who was bent on committing suicide; (2) the version of some of the people who knew them—that Sloan got tired of the "Mayor's-girl-friend" theme and of O'Dwyer's procrastination over the wedding.

At any rate, Sloan got a job with a department store, as a fashion consultant, and packed off to Paris. The job paid little more than her expenses, but she had not been abroad since a tour with her mother when she was 13, and absence, she knew, was often therapeutic for a man's heart.

It was a wise move. O'Dwyer sent her cables and letters urging her to come back. He was under considerable political pressure, which caused him, toward the end of 1949, to collapse completely. His doctors moved him to Florida and reported that a difficult virus plus a mild heart condition were the causes of his trouble. Sloan came back. The plan was that one of the fanciest weddings that ever hit New York would be held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, but O'Dwyer's doctors urged Sloan to come to Florida immediately and be married there.

Sloan flew down to the little village where O'Dwyer was staying—Stuart, population 3000. They were married in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. Only a few friends, not including her mother or O'Dwyer's brother, attended. These curious omissions were caused by O'Dwyer's sharp dislike for his mother-in-law. He said flatly that he would not be married in a chapel that included her, and Sloan said okay, if you don't want my relatives, I don't want yours.

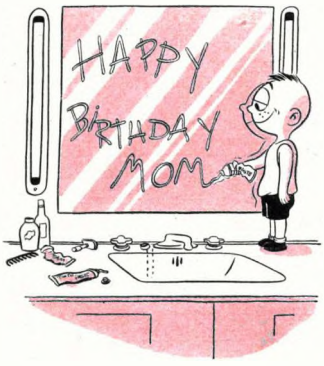
A New York tabloid summed up the whole ceremony with the banner headline NO KIN, NO GIFTS, NO MARCH. As the newlyweds left the church, it had been planned that the Stuart High School band would play "The Sidewalks of New York," but only two trumpets, a saxophone and a drum had turned out. A sky-writing plane set to work designing a big heart with the words "Good Luck" in it, but the heart blew away before the "G" got out of the exhaust, and the pilot called the whole thing off. There was no rice.

The O'Dwyers went immediately to the yacht *Almar II*, which is owned by an old friend of O'Dwyer's, Harry Matthews, of Lake Success, N. Y. The plan was to cruise leisurely to Key Largo and back. The setup seemed ideal.

"We weren't out of the harbor when Bill wanted to turn back," Sloan recalls. "I know it sounds fantastic, but Bill

How to Bring Up Parents

BY FRANK O'NEAL



Be thoughtful.

Watch out for signs of emotional strain.

Lend a hand with the shopping.

O'Dwyer had never set foot on a boat before—other than the one on which he had come over from Ireland—not even a rowboat. He had never worn a pair of shorts in his life. I honestly don't think he had ever been sunburned. This was a man who had known only work in his life—nothing else. He had never had a fishing pole in his hands, never even *tried* to swim. 'Let's go back,' he said, after we'd been under way maybe ten minutes. 'Not me!' I said. 'I'm not spending my honeymoon with that bunch of hungry reporters back there.'"

So an unhappy O'Dwyer and a disillusioned bride went out to sea. The next morning, at breakfast, O'Dwyer opened a newspaper that had been brought aboard the previous day, and saw a picture of himself and Sloan on one side of the page, and a photograph of Clark Gable and Lady Ashley, also newlyweds of the day, on the other.* "Now, that's how two people should marry," O'Dwyer observed, "when their ages are close together. I'm too old for you, Sloan. You won't have any fun with me. I'll want to sit in a soft chair and read a book, and you'll want to go places and do things. You should have married a much younger man."

"I tried to assure him," Sloan says, "that I loved him just as he was, but from that day on, so long as we were married, he harped on the subject. Only it was to get worse. Much worse, because it led him into violent jealousies. That's what wrecked our marriage. The jealousies. And that first morning out, when he sat there brooding over the picture of Clark Gable, I knew we were headed for trouble."

Sloan got him to do a lot of things he had resisted all his life. She made him wear a pair of shorts by locking him in a stateroom and threatening to keep him there until he did. She forced him to go out in a rowboat and fish. She made him sit in the sun, try to swim, play a few deck games. But when she tried to urge him onto a pair of water skis, the Mayor decided that she had gone too far and put a firm end to all further nonsense.

The occupancy of Gracie Mansion was short but not very sweet. The mounting disclosures of corruption in the New York police department involved high city officials and made O'Dwyer difficult to live with.

The resignation from the mayoralty was abrupt, and departure arrangements were hurried. It was only on the last night in New York that O'Dwyer showed any emotion over leaving a city where he had spent his life in public office. A farewell party was in progress at City Hall; suddenly the band struck up "Some Enchanted Evening," the O'Dwyers' song, and Bill's eyes filled and tears started down his cheeks. Sloan reached over and gripped his hand.

For the most part, Sloan had a fine time in Mexico. It was her first stretch south of the border, and the food, the exotic customs, the bullfights, the chic society, the language, the Mexicans themselves, she found exciting, and she met every challenge. She learned Spanish and took to her duties in the Embassy with enthusiasm. Her lavish, gay parties rarely broke up before five A. M.

She became such an *aficionada* of the bull ring that she even went so far as to take lessons from the young matador Chu Chu Cordoba. She bought a guitar and learned to play it well enough to accompany her own singing. Many nights she brought small groups back to the Embassy and entertained them until dawn with her songs.

She loved the water sports at Acapulco, and she became accomplished in balancing herself on the slabs of wood that are towed behind speed boats. The ex-cop and the ex-model found themselves on a merry-go-round—weekends on millionaires' yachts or in millionaires' palatial homes. Sloan thrived on this diet; O'Dwyer withered on it. Eventually the stretches at Acapulco consisted of Bill sitting by himself reading while Sloan raced over the surf or toured the golf course or roamed the countryside with vigorous people of her own age.

Sloan says that Bill O'Dwyer's reaction to her social talents, from the beginning, was highly negative. At an Embassy function, he would be delighted at the way she moved among the guests, putting them at their ease, but afterward, in the privacy of their room, he would berate her for imaginary flirting.

"Jealousy such as Bill's was something I had not known existed," Sloan says. "If I shook hands with a man at the door, Bill would accuse me of holding his hand too long. He had worked himself up to such a state over our differences in age that he read suspicion into everything. At first, I tried to mollify him, I tried to make him understand that my love for him ruled out any suspicions he might have, but he wouldn't accept that. Finally, I decided I would simply lead what I considered a normal life."

Toward the end of the Mexico tenure, Sloan was spending more and more time by herself in Acapulco while the Ambassador worked at his desk in Mexico City. He would phone her several times a day, beseeching her to come back to the Embassy, but she was having too good a time. An ambassador's wife on the loose was bound to stir rumors, and Sloan did. However, one incident was not a rumor; it caused an open break.

Sloan, at Acapulco, had frequently been seen with a handsome Latin who owned a string of hotels. On one occasion, after they had spent an afternoon on the beach together, they came back to the hotel lobby to find the man's wife, furiously jealous, waiting for them. Sloan went over and greeted her effusively, kissed her on the cheek—this was too much for the wife. A terrible scene ensued in the crowded lobby. When O'Dwyer phoned Sloan and charged her with this incident, she announced that she was leaving for New York, and thus a stormy and celebrated marriage came to an end.

At first, O'Dwyer wouldn't believe it. "Sloan has gone off on these tears before," he said. "She'll be back."

But in New York, Sloan continued her partying, and the gossip columnists magnified every move she made. Even-

*Gable and Lady Ashley were divorced in April, 1952—eight months before Sloan left O'Dwyer.

★ FOUR-FOOTED STARS

A **shaggy dog** has the laugh on people these days. She's Patchwork Peggy, who reputedly earns $125 a week for just being herself in Broadway's hilarious comedy "King of Hearts." What's more, Peggy has an alternate for the hot weather.

On the other hand, or foot, Saki, a nanny-goat mother of twins, doesn't get paid nearly so well, even though she takes an active part in the delightful "The Teahouse of the August Moon." In a crucial scene in this prize-winning comedy about the occupation of Okinawa, Saki tests the local brandy. She survives it and prefers it to the usual goat delicacies.

Small boy and huge dog bring big laughs to the New York stage. Rex Thompson and Patchwork Peggy, from "King of Hearts."

To John Forsythe *(left)* and David Wayne of the year's prize play "The Teahouse of the August Moon," goat Saki is a heroine.

tually, she returned to Mexico City to arrange a divorce. Her meeting with O'Dwyer was strained and cool. In her heart, she blamed him for all that had happened.

People who spent time with Sloan in Mexico swear that she never once behaved in a way to justify the rumors. "She was just running, running; all the time running," one such friend says. "She couldn't endure the jealous tirades, so she sought escape in furious activity. All that swimming, and golfing and what-not was a cover-up. And none of the rumors about Sloan and other men were justified, as far as I could see."

There were two divorces to arrange for—civil and religious. The civil divorce has been granted. Sloan filed on the ground of mental cruelty. O'Dwyer has reported the financial settlement was a payment of $11,000, plus one-half of his annual New York City pension of $6570.52.

The religious severence of the O'Dwyers is something else again. They have been granted a "temporary separation," which is the mildest form of Catholic decree. It simply frees the parties from the obligation to cohabit. The next decree that might be granted to them is that of "permanent separation," which is only obtainable on the grounds of uncondoned adultery. But neither of these decrees permits remarriage; in the Catholic Church only annulment does that, and it is for this decree that the O'Dwyers have applied. But the Church gives annulments sparingly, and only after miles of red tape have been unwound.

Sloan spent most of 1953 in Spain with her mother. She was seen often in the company of Pedro Gandarias, a very wealthy banker and rancher. She spent some more time in the practice ring, learning the bullfighter's art, and her electric personality soon made her a focal point of Madrid's social life. One of the people who knew her during this period says, "Sloan has an unbelievable magnetism. Just look what she did. Came to Madrid cold. Knew no one. Before she left, her little apartment was the hub of the city's gay set."

Toward the end of 1953, Sloan decided that she had best come back to New York and face reality. She had to make a new life for herself. Sloan worked hard perfecting her radio program, which now has sponsors and is one of the best things of its kind on the air. Whether it's Vice-President Nixon or Gypsy Rose Lee she's interviewing, Sloan does it with wit, charm and style.

She lives in an East River apartment predominantly Spanish in décor—especially the "office" in which she works. On one wall there is a six-foot canvas of Sloan in a wine-colored evening dress, painted by a young Mexican artist, Rafael Navarro. The room is painted a matching color of wine. Another wall has a smaller portrait of Sloan. Wooden shutters have been built for the windows. The largest wall in the room is covered with a magnificent jeweled matador cape, which is topped with a bull's head made of straw and surrounded by four gold-framed paintings of matadors in action.

There is a fur-skinned bull, about three feet high, that stands on the floor next to Sloan's desk. Scattered about the walls are wine skins, a fancy sword and various other objects collected in Mexican and Spanish towns.

As far as her social life is now concerned, Sloan seems determined not to have her name linked with that of any one man. As a result, she had recently been reported in the company of the crooner Eddie Fisher, a textile executive named Rene D. Bellinger, Hugh Owen, the film magnate, Dr. Xavier Barbosa, Fred Weicker of the Squibb Drug Company, an Argentinian millionaire and George Jessel.

In the meantime, O'Dwyer lives in

rather forlorn exile in a little two-room apartment in Mexico City. He went through a period of complete withdrawal, during which a memory, stirred by a fragment of music, perhaps, would cause him to weep, but slowly he emerged from this state and seems to have regained much of his equilibrium. At last report, he appears to have found companionship in several women.

His attitude toward Sloan has grown quite succinct. "Sloan's a beautiful kid," he recently remarked to a friend, "but she came into my life too late."

However, Sloan remains expansive on the subject of Bill O'Dwyer. "Most of the time he needed a nurse, not a wife," she says. "But I'm still very fond of him. *Very* fond of him. I hope that he finds some happiness in the years that are left. I know now that I must marry someone my own age. I know that marriage is only good when you can share, and it is too hard to share with someone who is a lot older than you are.

"You know the old Chinese proverb: There is a time to fish and there is a time to mend nets—well, right now I'm mending nets. But I have faith in my future. Everything will turn out all right, I'm sure. Someone once said that everybody goes through three periods in life—enchantment, disenchantment and enchantment again. I've been going through my period of disenchantment, I guess, but enchantment will come again. I'm sure it will. For good." . . . THE END

(Continued from page 25)

ters who work while you play, 100,000, at a conservative estimate, are under 16. And 16 is the minimum age at which, all authorities agree, work in the pits doesn't drain the strength of growing boys. More than half the states fail to set this minimum by law. Twelve have a 14-year limit, one 12, and 11 have no limit at all. But statutes don't tell the whole story. Since no state has enough labor inspectors, only a small minority of violations are ever prosecuted. In a sampling of 460 pin boys in 19 states, the National Child Labor Committee found about one-third working below legal age. Without effective court action, pin setters as young as nine have been found.

Usually this slow murder of young boys comes out only when there's an accident. Thus it was discovered that Richard, who had a finger amputated after it had been caught between the ball he was returning and another, and Jerry, who got a hernia when a flying pin struck him, were only 12. Tom, working at 13 in a state with a 14-year minimum age for pin setters, was crippled for life when a ball struck his ankle.

It's a well-established fact that youngsters, lacking mature judgment, are much more vulnerable to accidents than are older workers. No one knows the total national figures on injuries to pin-boys, because too many are never reported—perhaps because the boys aren't covered by workmen's compensation, perhaps because a report might be a give-away of illegal employment. One third of the pin boys in the National Child Labor Committee study had had accidents, mainly to legs and feet. One state estimates that at least one fourth of all accidents among its 12-to-16-year-olds happen to pin setters. Another found that days lost from accidents on the job were more for bowling-alley workers than the average for all manufacturing industries.

Night work takes its health-toll. In one city with 24-hour bowling, school-attendance officers found seven-year-olds working in alleys until three A.M. State regulations as to night work range from none at all to provisions that pin boys under 16 may not work after, variously, every hour from six P.M. to midnight. But here again the law may be only on paper.

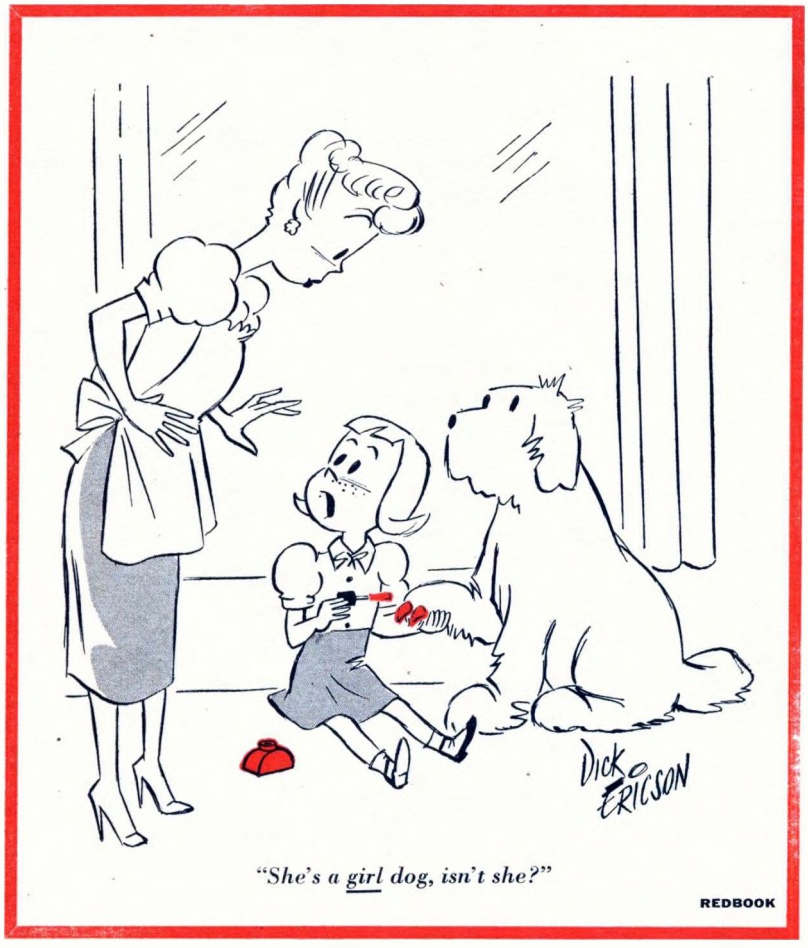
National organizations like PTA, the National League to Promote School Attendance and the National Association of Elementary School Principals, and local school people everywhere, are wrought up over the results of pin setters' late hours. Boys fall asleep in class, can't keep up with their lessons, and, discouraged, play truant. Some quit school altogether.

Some youngsters don't always go home after work. "We . . . laid down on some alley rags that they use to wipe the alleys with," reads an affidavit from a 15-year-old boy to the Juvenile Bureau of a Midwestern city's police department. "We went to sleep. . . . The reason I was staying at the bowling alley all night was because I had to set pins for the Women's League in the morning. I have also stayed all night about six or seven times in the past two or three months." The National Child Labor Committee says this is no isolated case; throughout the country, juvenile-court records contain similar stories.

Many bowling-alley proprietors provide cots to attract the bums and derelicts who are the main source of adult labor; one, indeed, built an adjoining six-cot bunkhouse to accommodate such floaters. Whether overnight or merely in the lulls between games, would you want your own son to be exposed to the language, the gambling, the drinking and the sexual habits of the flophouse crowd? One school official put it bitterly: "It's training for just one thing—to become a floater!"

There are no regular hours, no penalties for absenteeism, no checks on attendance; pin boys simply drift in and out of alleys when they please, working if there's a game on, loafing in the pit if there isn't.

The work is dreary. Unlike young



soda jerkers or ushers, pin boys have few pleasant personal contacts with customers. For most bowlers the pin setter is out of sight and, unless he is infuriatingly slow, out of mind. No matter how much time a boy spends at the alley, waiting to get to work, earnings are irregular. Youngsters are taught to flout the law. They may be instructed to lie about their ages. Many proprietors flash lights or sound buzzers to warn pin boys below legal age to hide or get out when an inspector is about. Often, underage pin boys are fired one day only to be rehired the next, when the inspector is busy elsewhere.

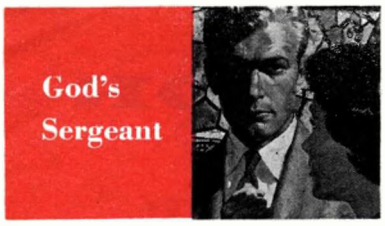
One way to spare these young boys, it has been suggested, is to have pin-setting machines. But unfortunately the fully automatic pin setter is still so expensive that its general use is a long way off. Semiautomatic machines, though eliminating some backbreaking work, still require human labor.

A more feasible solution is to maintain the 16-year minimum age, with improved working conditions; older boys, who have more bargaining power, won't take "a sucker's job." Cleveland has succeeded at this, despite a 14-year Ohio state minimum. So has Minneapolis, called "the bowling center of the world." Your community can do likewise, with citizen insistence on proper state or local regulations, willingness to spend money to have them enforced, and organized resistance to organized commercial pressure to get age limits lowered or night hours extended.

Many young adults cannot give the necessary time to club and civic activities which influence legislatures. But there is, happily, a quite direct and simple way in which you can effectively help to end the evils in the pits. *Do not patronize any bowling alley unless it displays a poster headed "My Pin Setters and I—A Guide to Good Practice."* This is posted by proprietors who promise to observe laws about minimum age and night work, provide healthy working conditions, maintain close supervision of the personal conduct of young employees, and co-operate with school authorities.

The code was prepared by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America in conjunction with an advisory committee of experts on youth headed by Monsignor Joseph E. Schieder of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Last spring it was endorsed at a meeting called by the U.S. Department of Labor and attended by representatives of some 40 agencies concerned with youth—among them the Grange, the A.F. of L., the National Recreation Association, the YMCA, the National Jewish Welfare Board and the National Association for Mental Health.

When you boycott an alley because the printed pledge isn't there, tell the proprietor why. When you bowl where you do see it, let the proprietor know right off that you expect him to follow it; then check to make sure that he does. Your power as a cash customer is enormous. It is up to you, at one end of the alley, to keep youngsters from being maimed, overworked and led into truancy and delinquency at the other. THE END



(Continued from page 26)

We're in enough trouble financially without such ridiculous expenses as these—and not one of 'em in the budget!"

He pushed the offensive invoice aside and gave his attention to business. Nathalia finished her coffee thoughtfully. Then, suddenly resolved, she scrutinized herself critically in a mirror, decided her father's orders required her new shantung suit rather than a sweater and skirt, snapped her purse shut with a decisive pop, cleared her desk with two gestures, and departed—smiling.

Her father, glancing up, thought the smile was for him; he returned it hungrily, as does a man who, long widowed and lonely, sees in his daughter's face a quick reflection of her mother. . . .

Promptly at two o'clock, Nathalia swung her convertible into the parking lot of Raney Park Community Church and stepped on very high heels to the religious education building. It was a long walk, for Community was a big church. During the depression, six starving Protestant congregations had joined into a nondenominational group, after historic delaying tactics by Willmot Price, who sincerely believed that abandonment of denominational solidarity would destroy the traditional foundations of worship. The modernists won, however, and in their enthusiasm built a million-dollar structure with a great Gothic sanctuary. A wing housed a huge kitchen, a gymnasium and a swimming pool, and on the second floor were classrooms with purple chalk boards and the latest visual aids. Out back were four tennis courts and a playground. Willmot Price had fought every detail of it, until in desperation the minister of that era had evolved the strategy of making Price chairman of every vital committee (since chairmen may preside, but may not debate!).

At the end of a long hall, Nathalia braced herself before the door to the pastor's study. She was determined not to make a boy-meets-girl entrance, even though, to tell the truth, that was how she felt. The young Reverend Mr. Sully had enough of that, as she knew; he was invited to dinner at every home in the parish in which there was an eligible daughter—except her own. But then, she was not eligible; or at least it had been a long time since she had thought herself so.

She breathed deeply, and stepped inside. The mahogany desk before the Lazarus window was untenanted, bare even of papers. How often she had seen old Doctor McKitterick there, his face serene enough to belong to a figure in the leaded glass!

"Looking for someone?"

The voice came from over her shoulder. She turned. Jack Sully—as she persisted in thinking of him, without the barrier of his titular designation—was sitting at a desk in the corner. And he was giving her a frank once-over that made him seem more the Marine-Corps Sergeant which he had been than the minister which he now was. Maybe, she thought, he thinks this wind-blown is rather silly for a thirty-year-old. If so, he did not show it as he arose and advanced admiringly.

Nathalia was embarrassed. "Why sit in the corner?" she asked, a bit too brightly, perhaps. "Nursing your wounds?"

"Not that I couldn't," he laughed. He held a chair for her. "Somehow, though, Doctor McKitterick's desk just wouldn't be right for me, would it?"

"I guess not," she agreed, but she was surprised at his answer. The Marine Corps had certainly changed him. His big, brawny figure was under perfect control, his back straight, his chest out. And except for that brazen twinkle in his eyes (which was Marinelike, too), his emotional discipline was also well in hand. Before "the" war (as she thought of World War II) he had been a cocky, scrappy kid with a hot temper, much like so many others except that he had been tough enough to captain the famous football team of '39.

She had had a terrible crush on him, then. He, knowing her father would refuse his permission, had not even asked her for a date until the day after the championship game. Then, as though his black eye and torn forehead gave him special privilege, he had come to see her—he who that day was the town hero, welcome anywhere. They had laughed together on the porch until her father had broken it up as an unseemly disturbance of the Sabbath. He had tried twice more: the Athletic Prom, the Christmas Dance; but each time, so strict was Willmot Price, that he had had no luck. Then he had gone off to college. Within a week after war was declared, his picture had been in the papers as a volunteer for the Marines, under the headline GREAT LOSS TO STATE U. (Nathalia still had that picture, too.)

How long since they had laughed together on the porch? Fourteen years! Now she was two months beyond her thirtieth birthday, which would make him—what? Thirty-two. Of course!

He had been back for six months, first as Minister to Youth at Raney Park Church; then, when Doctor McKitterick had died suddenly, he had become Interim Pastor. In all these months she had not spoken to him, except for a quick word with a handshake at the church door after services.

"What brings you here?" he asked lightly, sensing her uneasiness. "Want the Interim Pastor's advice on a love problem? I might be good at that!"

She relaxed, laughing.

"I'm a spy," she said, blurting it out. "Dad sent me down here to keep an eye on you. Curb your extravagant tendencies. Make you realize this is a church, not Hull House. He thinks afternoons, two to five, should do it nicely. Week days only, of course, until further notice. While I'm here, if I can be of any help to you—"

Her voice ebbed away. She had been deliberately flippant, risking no encounter with Jack Sully's notorious hot temper.

He walked to the window, not looking at her. From the playground tumbled happy young voices.

"We have fifteen hundred kids in this church," he said, his words perfectly controlled, though his face was reddish. "We have the best equipment in town for wholesome recreation. If it's not to be used, why was all this built? What's wrong with using what we have?"

"Because it costs money," Nathalia said, "which is always a tight commodity around here."

Jack turned to her and nodded. "Your father had certain words on that subject of the five hundred dollars this morning," he said. "He's right, too. None of this was in the budget. I shouldn't have authorized it."

"Well, are you going to—send the stuff back?"

He assumed a confusing stance which seemed to her to be partly a pulpit posture and partly the pose of a Marine on shore leave. "Would *you?*" he challenged.

"I would *not!*" she answered, instantly and emphatically. "But I'd get a thousand dollars' worth of value out of it! Now, how may I help?"

The depth of his gratitude for her response was obvious; he took her arm gaily and led her toward the gym, talking rapidly. There was plenty for her to do: the teen-agers needed a club, the Brownies lacked a leader, the girls' swimming team required a coach.

"You don't mind my being here, then?" she asked.

"I *like* having beautiful spies around," he said jauntily, "especially if they'll work. And besides, did you ever hear of *counter*espionage?"

"What's that?"

He grinned broadly. "Well, one thing it includes is using enemy spies—to your own advantage! Very useful, at times. . . . Now, how would you like to direct a play for these kids? There's plenty of talent."

Within a week, Nathalia had become more engrossed than she had ever been

in her adult life. Even when she had entered the business as her father's heir, she had never worked as hard as she did now. She began to appreciate the young pastor's problems, and shortly she was ready to report to her father a few things of which that gentleman had not been aware. She chose her moment carefully, when both her father and the cook were in good humor, so both the dinner and Willmot Price were salubrious.

She reminded him that the same circumstance which had caused her father to expand with a chain of supermarkets had affected the entire community. Raney Park, long a sleepy residential suburb, had become a city almost overnight. A steel company was erecting a giant plant which would employ twenty thousand persons. Workers were moving into homes in a prefabricated subdivision before the concrete footings were dry. Not a vacant building site remained in town, except the church parking lot. Every facility was inadequate. The schools, for example, were on morning and afternoon shifts. And there was Community Church, in the middle of everything.

"Jack Sully is receiving twenty-five new members a week," Nathalia said. She explained that many of them, uprooted from secure former homes, were unhappy and confused. Others, workers in their former churches, were eager to help, and these Sully had organized into a block association to welcome and settle new families. The church had set up a guidance clinic, a day nursery, and other perhaps temporary but much-needed services, including the youth program. "It all costs money," she concluded.

Price sighed.

"That's the trouble," he said. "We are already thousands of dollars over the budget; in fact, we're in real danger of being unable to meet our mortgage payments."

"Well, then, why don't you let Mr. Sully put on a fund drive—maybe a special one among the new members?" Nathalia suggested.

"Oh, he'd just gum it up," her father explained. "You don't consult a temporary pastor—especially one who's hardly dry behind the ears—about money matters. Finance is a job for the new Senior Minister. And I'll tell you this—we'd better find one quickly, before this fellow Sully bankrupts us!"

He pushed away his coffee cup. "Meanwhile," he continued, "keep working. Keep your eyes open—and don't spend a cent."

The telephone rang. Nathalia jumped impulsively. Her father's eyebrows shot up at once. The cook always answered the phone. Tightly Nathalia gripped her chair and beat back the flame from her face. When her father was summoned, she relaxed. The Marines surely had taught Jack Sully that in counterespionage, one must not betray the spy! He would never telephone her at home! Or would he?

Actually, by now Nathalia and he were lunching together almost every day, and they did not always even pretend to discuss church problems. In haste to organize the girls' activities, Nathalia had begun to take a lunch to the church kitchen, while she planned her afternoon's schedule. On the third day, Mr. Sully discovered her. With distaste, he took the sandwich from her.

"Everybody is entitled to a hot lunch," he said. "Come on, and I'll introduce you to a diner around the corner." He took her hand, which immediately tingled with wonderful sparks, and led her out into the sunshine.

Both were embarrassed, and as often occurs in such crises, they turned the conversation inward upon themselves. Thus at last he found an opening for a question which had obviously been on his mind:

"I thought I read in the home-town paper, when I was out in the Pacific, that you were engaged to a fly boy," he said. "He must have been a good man, to get around your father! So, pardon me for butting in, but what happened?"

"I was in college," Nathalia answered, simply. "Father knew nothing about it, until—until *he* read it in the paper. Then he persuaded Art that it was not fair for a flyer to get married and quite probably leave his wife a widow. So we waited. If we hadn't, I *would* be a widow."

"I'm sorry," he said. They turned a corner and approached the diner.

"Oh, that's all right," Nathalia said. "I'm pretty well over it, now. But it did make me an old maid! After that—what boy would come around?"

"Your father just won't let go of you, will he? I've often wondered why."

"My mother died, giving me to father. Perhaps that's the answer. He was very much in love with my mother."

She shook her head and changed the subject as abruptly as possible. "Now you answer *me* a tough one: Why did a brawny Marine with a Navy Cross, a Purple Heart and five battle stars decide to become a minister? You always were a scrapper! The new role seems—well, contradictory."

He thought that over carefully, but without apparent discomfiture. "I'm still fighting," he answered, finally. "Like most everybody else, I fought for certain ideals. Christ, for example, comes very close when you lie alone and wounded. One day the scarcely original thought entered my head that if everyone had the Christian spirit all the time, this could be a wonderful world. So I'm still fighting the same war." He laughed softly. "I've changed outfits, that's all."

After this exchange of confidences, the barriers between them were down. In a week they were still trying to hide their love, but neither was deceiving the other very much, or hoping to. It was not the first time, Nathalia thought impishly one morning, watching her unsuspecting father at his desk across the office, that a chief of staff had fallen for a spy, and vice versa.

Naturally, the day after her father's hint of a church financial crisis, Nathalia reported this development to Jack Sully. Oddly, he was not disturbed.

"Of course money's a problem now," he said. "But in five years this church will have seven thousand members; by then that two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage will be peanuts!"

Nathalia, however, was more inter-

ested in the present than in the future. Her girls, she said, needed a teen-age clubhouse. They could fix up an unused storeroom very cheaply. Did Jack see any objection if the girls installed a Coke machine and a jukebox in the gym—it might even make a nice profit. He told her to go ahead.

And that was how, one afternoon, Willmot Price, escorting his latest ministerial candidate about the church, ran into a disaster. He had already shown Community Church to half a dozen celebrated clergymen, all of whom had decided that they were too old to accept its challenge. All of Mr. Price's choices were traditionalists, bewildered by such innovations as psychiatric counseling and other social services appropriate to Raney Park's turbulent expansion; they also were horrified at the imminent fiscal catastrophe. Now Mr. Price was running out of "conservative" prospects, although determined that the new pastor must not be identified with "liberalism." Finally his hopes centered on a minister who had built a tremendous program in Texas, and he imported that gentleman for a look and a talk.

By now the afternoon program was in full voice. With the installation of the jukebox, the kids naturally had started to dance. When Willmot Price and his guest entered the gym, they found the place jumping. The shocked Texan retreated as from a cottonmouth moccasin, while Price stopped the dancing and called down anathema on his daughter for permitting such a scandal.

Next day at noon, Jack Sully was walking nervously up and down outside the diner when Nathalia arrived for lunch. He had not expected to see her. Impulsively he put his arm around her, a gesture observed—and correctly interpreted—by several women in a bus across the street.

"I was sure your father would keep you away," he said.

"I've decided to be a big girl," Nathalia answered. Her eyes flashed and her chin went up. It was a perfect pose for kissing, and the girl seemed willing enough, but the minister triumphed over the Marine in Mr. Sully, and he thrust down the impulse. After a moment they entered the diner.

Nathalia reported that the Texan had departed, but that the dancing had not been his principal objection. He had come to town on the day that $25,000 of principal and $5,000 of interest were due on the church mortgage, and had found only $2,205.13 in the till. *That* problem he could not face.

"There's something queer about that," Jack said impatiently. "I hate to say so, but it looks deliberate to me. There's no more reason for it than there is for your father's refusal to let me tell the congregation just where we stand financially. What's back of it?"

"I don't know," Nathalia said. "I have my own troubles—the first of which is that I'm not supposed to help any more until you are safely out of town. You are a vicious influence."

"Am I?"

"Yes—because this time I'm disobeying orders. I'm staying."

"You're wonderful!" he exclaimed. But after a moment he grew serious again: "Let's forego the dancing until things calm down. There's a church supper a week from Thursday. If you put on your play that night, you'll have plenty to do between now and then. Meanwhile—well, I'll find some way around your father."

"Be careful, Jack," Nathalia said quickly. "If you fight him, remember that he's good at it, too." It was the first time she had called him by his first name, aloud, since—yes, fourteen years before! But in the intensity of the moment, neither of them even noticed; at least, not just then.

"There are more ways than one to fight, though," Jack said, sounding very much the Marine, now. "I won't put the slug on him. Remember, it's not a question of what your father wants here, or what I want; but of what God needs." He paused, then said, softly, "My best offense is to go right on doing my work, with all my strength, and all my prayers. If I'm right, these problems will settle themselves. If I'm wrong—"

He smiled, and took her hands across the table. She knew that he was about to say that if he had to leave Raney Park, he would take her with him.

At that moment, Willmot Price intervened. He was standing beside their booth, and the diner was suddenly very quiet.

"A minister," Price gritted, keeping tight control on himself, "is not an ordinary person, Mr. Sully. When a minister makes love to my daughter on a public street, before a busload of idiotic women, the gossip spreads very quickly. I had hoped it was untrue. I didn't think that even you would play on the emotions of an innocent girl as a means to attack her father. Now I know better. Well, if you want that kind of fight, you'll get it. You'll be gone from here before the week is out. Come, Nathalia."

Mr. Sully rose slowly. The Marines would have been proud of him at that moment, as was Nathalia, for he said no word which twenty spectators might carry about the town. He merely watched as Nathalia quickly pulled her father away. Then calmly he paid his check and departed with his usual cheery greeting to everyone.

An hour later, in his study, Mr. Sully learned that the battle was joined. A Block-Association captain telephoned to report that Mr. Price had, indeed, a devastating weapon to use against the minister: Willmot Price had just purchased the mortgage on Community Church from the bankers for the outstanding principal and the arrears of interest: $205,000! Now he was calling an emergency meeting of the trustees for the following evening. Price, in effect, *owned* Community Church!

Thoughtfully the young pastor put down the telephone. Then he walked slowly down the long corridor, lively with women en route to a meeting of the Guild, through the babel of shouts from the gym, to the sanctuary. The organist was practicing a joyous Bach *passacaglia*. An afternoon sun filtered through the cobalt great windows on the western wall. Mr. Sully knelt at the altar. He remained for a long time. When he arose, he waved to the organist, who had been watching him all the time through her mirror, and returned to his study. But he did not go to the little table in the corner. He sat down at Doctor McKitterick's big mahogany desk as though he belonged there, and began to outline a sermon for Sunday.

Next evening, the Bible-class assembly room was filled well before eight o'clock. Not a trustee was absent. In the farther seats were half a hundred of the new members, including many of the block lieutenants and captains. They held no official position and had not been specifically invited, but they were concerned enough for the future of their church to be on hand. Mr. Sully, deliberately arriving late, saw them, and to himself said a prayer of thanks. He had not doubted what his prayers had told him, but gratitude for this manifestation strongly reassured him. Nathalia, he observed quickly, was not present. Her father, Jack Sully assumed, would keep her from sight until Jack was out of town.

Mr. Price spoke his piece. He reviewed the current expenses on what he called "public projects which should be the burden of the taxpayers." In the name of retrenchment, he demanded the immediate discharge of the Interim Pastor who had "spent the church into ruin," and the cancellation of all activity except the religious services, the Church School, the time-honored guilds, clubs and missionary societies, pending a study of the situation by a committee which he proposed to head.

He also felt a personal obligation, he said, since he was finance chairman, and therefore he would personally put up the $30,000 the church urgently needed, by buying the parking lot at that price.

Jack Sully sat up. So that was it! The parking lot across the street, the only vacant building ground in town—perfect for a new supermarket! He rejected the

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 10, You and Your Health—Ingeborg de Beausacq; Pages 12-23, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Page 24, Letters to the Editor—Ingeborg de Beausacq; Pages 34-37, She Married the Mayor—International News Photos; Pages 40 & 41, "My Husband's Mother Depends on Us Too Much"—Tana Hoban-Rapho-Guillumette; Pages 44 & 45, Why Notre Dame Picked Brennan—United Press, International News Photos; Pages 50-52, Southern California—The All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., San Diego-California Club, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Lou Jacobs, Jr.-Pix; Andre De Dienes-Rapho-Guillumette; Page 74, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 53, Psychologist's Casebook No. 50—Illustrations by Don Neiser; Page 57, Alaska to Carnegie Hall—Illustration by Richard Ott; Page 81, Ideas that Make Money—Illustration by Dink Siegel.

thought. Price was a sincere man. He would not deliberately provoke a financial panic just to—or would he? Price honestly thought himself right in preventing his daughter's marriage; he probably had rationalized this, too, by convincing himself that what he wanted was in the church's best interest.

Price continued to speak. The alternative to his proposals was simple: He would foreclose, and find a solid denomination such as the Methodists or Baptists to take over Raney Park church.

Jack said nothing. He was watching his volunteers, who now would no longer be needed or wanted, and would drift away. He looked then at the parents of some of the teen-agers who had thanked him tearfully for opening the church to the town's youth, then at several of the older members, once denominationalists, who twenty years before had united in an overflowing ecumenical spirit.

The trustees postponed a decision for one month, but they left discouraged. Price was in the driver's seat, and they knew it. The backbenchers, however, were not so overwhelmed. As they walked out, silently, each in turn made a point of shaking Mr. Sully's hand. The young pastor was tempted, as the men and women passed, to ask the officers of the Block Association to meet him at the parsonage. But a firm voice inside him vetoed the idea.

Some husbands succeed in understanding women—but by then it's too late.
—Shannon Fife

He went to his study and telephoned Nathalia, knowing that her father would not yet be home.

"Hi!" she said.

"Hi."

A **long** pause.

"Surely you didn't call me just for that."

"Yes."

"Just for that?"

"Not even for that, really. I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Does it sound all right?"

"Perfect. Same as always."

"Same as always, Jack."

"That's all I wanted to know, darling."

"How did the meeting go?"

"Very well."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. Decision postponed."

"What's so good about that?"

"Delaying tactics are a sound military maneuver. I know now that everything will be all right."

"I'm praying for you, Jack."

"And I for your father. I'll see you soon."

He hung up gently. Then he caught himself whistling the Marine Corps hymn. He cut it off with a quick smile. Nowhere in the training manual had he learned that the toughest battle of all was fought, not with Brownings and grenades and bayonets, but with faith. Or had he? The other military services always marveled at the pride the Marines took in their invincibility. Theirs was a great faith. Christians, he reflected, were like that, too. And he knew that some of them were about to prove it, although he had no idea how.

By Sunday the word of Price's ultimatum had been passed all over town. At the morning service, the church was as jammed as at Easter. Jack had not heard from Nathalia since his phone call. She sat in her accustomed pew beside her father, and encouraged him with a smile as he arose to preach. Afterward, she did not greet him in the narthex, where he shook hands with all the worshipers. She was on the lawn, talking to the block captains.

It is a peculiarity of human relations

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that the persons most concerned are often the last to learn what an entire town knows. The Interim Pastor went about his work as the new week began, unaware of anything unusual except that everyone he met seemed extravagantly friendly, and even amused about something.

He heard, too, that Willmot Price had persuaded his original choice for the vacant pulpit, a big wheel named Doctor Stone whose books Price liked to quote, to return to Raney Park for another look. The minister would appear in time to address the Thursday-night parish supper—an obvious gesture to restore harmony.

Nathalia did not approach him.

He was a very lonely young man when, at four o'clock on Thursday, he propped open the door of his study as an invitation to consultation with the candidate. He saw Doctor Stone pass his door, accompanied, oddly, by the other four members of the pastoral-relations committee rather than by their chairman, Willmot Price. The church was not, perhaps, at its best for this inspection. The chancel was being decorated for an eight-o'clock wedding, and the organist was rehearsing a girls' chorus of eighty voices. The pool was full of Cub Scouts; a basketball game rattled the gym so that no one could hear the frantic dress rehearsal of Nathalia's play on the stage. Out in the kitchen, twenty laymen racketed with pots and trestle tables, for this was "Mother's Day—Out," with the men cooking and the wives as guests.

Suddenly Willmot Price, alone, pushed into the pastor's study. He was in one of his dudgeons, and he shook his fist toward the ex-Marine's teeth.

"You have gone too far, Sully," he shouted, "and I'll have you up on charges this time. You're not fit to be in the Christian ministry."

"I have often had the same doubts, sir," Jack Sully replied, rising. "What's your complaint?"

"This boycott of my business. It's despicable, and it's got to stop."

Even in his anger, however, the older man became aware that the young minister did not know what he was talking about.

"You didn't start it?" Price gasped.

"Why should I?"

"Well, somebody did." Price went on. "My salesmen haven't written an order this week. Customers I've had for twenty years—old friends—give me no explanation. My markets are practically empty. It's not the competition; I've checked that. It's not the merchandise; I have the best line in the business. It's an organized boycott, and who would do that to me—except you?"

Jack Sully smiled. "God, perhaps?" he suggested.

Price knew that the younger man was not joking, and suddenly he was afraid.

"Why? I've done nothing to anger Him."

"I think perhaps you have," the minister went on, easily. "You have boycotted His work in this church—ordered everything to a standstill, threatened to put us out of business. It is quite possible that the good people to whom you sell, most of whom are members of this church, have decided not to deal with a man who does not deal fairly with God." He paused, then added. "It may not be the right answer, but it fits."

"I don't believe it!" Price snapped. "This was *organized*; it had to be."

They were aware now that they were not alone. The ministerial candidate, his guides and Nathalia stood at the door.

"May we come in?" Nathalia said. "I can answer Dad's question."

"You!"

"Yes, Father. It was my idea."

Price, for once, was speechless.

"We didn't do this to you, but *for* you," Nathalia went on, and Doctor Stone, a knowledgeable smile on his face, went forward and shook Price's hand.

"She's right, sir," he said. "Think it over a moment and you'll see the wisdom of it. This church needs you, Brother Price, but you also need it. Your friends are just trying to help you understand. This is no boycott, Mr. Price. It's—what did you call it, Miss Price? Ah, yes, counterespionage."

Jack Sully broke into a wide grin.

Nathalia went quickly to her father and took his arm.

"You know we would never do anything to hurt you, Dad. But when you sent me to help Jack, I learned that what he was trying to do was right for this church. Everybody agrees with me—even the older members."

Price did not know whether to be angry or chagrined. He turned to his idol, Doctor Stone, for whose judgment he had such great respect.

"What do you really think of our program here?" he asked.

"It's one of the most exciting things I've ever seen," the visitor replied. "It's a miracle that this young man has been able to carry on by himself."

"I've had a great deal of help," Jack interjected.

"That's its essence," the minister went on. "You have *everybody* working." He turned back to Price. "Believe me, sir, in a community like this, with a surging, unchurched, unrooted flux of humanity, this church has given a tremendous demonstration of Christian stewardship. Don't, I beg you, do anything to curtail it. And don't worry about the money. It will come. It always does."

Under such weighty authority, Willmot Price was finally convinced.

"And you will lead us?" he said.

Dr. Stone shook his head.

"Has it occurred to you—as it has to your daughter—that you have right here the man you have been scouring the country for? Mr. Sully has carried on this program for some months with great success. Give him a couple of strong, young assistants, and with your fine body of lay members, I'm sure you could do no better anywhere."

"I can tell you who one of those assistants would have to be," Jack Sully intervened.

"Who's that?" Price knew, but he had to put the question.

"Your daughter, sir," Sully answered, and put his arm around Nathalia. The Marine had landed, and the situation was well in hand. . . .THE END

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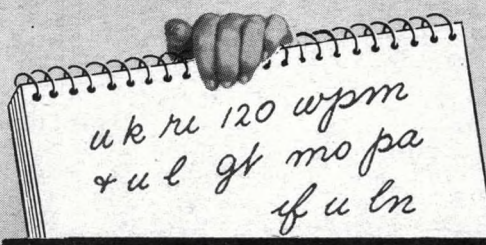

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Shadow at His Shoulder

BY HARRIET SHIEK

"It's wrong to play God with other people's lives." Anne's protest shocked Dave, but he did not heed her warning—until, caught in a storm of criticism, he knew self-guilt had been the lash that drove him

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE OCTOBER 1954 NOVEL

Chapter 1

There was a stillness in the damp Florida air that Friday evening in October. The moon, bright and white, was a welcome sight to everyone on the west coast, for twelve hours ago the radio had said that a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico was heading this way; but according to the last report it had veered off in another direction and was blowing itself out harmlessly in distant waters.

In the little town of Druid, people sat on their porches and lawns, fanning themselves and talking about the storm which they had escaped. Druid Beach, an island connected to the mainland by a three-mile causeway, was crowded as it always was on a hot night. It was almost as bright as day there, with the moon shining on the white sand; and the tepid water in the Gulf looked cool, even if it wasn't.

Despite the warmth of the evening, one group of picnickers near the pier—the Druid High School faculty and their families and friends—had started a campfire on the sand. With no breeze to fan its flame, it burned steadily, straight up. The men and women and children sitting around it were toasting marshmallows while they sang an old folk song, and their voices carried along the whole length of the island.

Dave Harding, principal of the high school, wore bathing trunks, as did most of the other men. His voice, a deep, sure baritone, set the pace for the singing, and all eyes were on him. He was an extremely tall man, not quite thirty, with a hard, lean strength in his tanned body. The firelight, playing on his face, showed a strong chin, straight mouth and high forehead. His brown hair, damp from swimming, was thick and rich. Every time someone caught his eye, he smiled—a friendly, magnetic smile that made the person smile back at him.

They were almost at the end of the song now and lowered their voices gently. Dave, hearing one high, childlike voice going on loudly, felt his throat muscles tighten up. It was Beth Harding—Mrs. Rick Harding—his dead brother's wife. The other singers, trying so hard for perfect harmony on the last note, pretended not to hear her reedy voice waver, off-key, spoiling the final note. They didn't seem to mind, though, and waited for Dave to start another song. When he didn't, they began to talk and laugh goodnaturedly among themselves.

Reluctantly, Dave looked at his sister-in-law sitting on the other side of the fire. To look at her, you'd think she was like any other pretty young girl, but there was something lacking. Her tiny, perfectly-formed body was nineteen years old, but her mind . . . who knew what age her mind really was? It had been a long time since Dave had looked at her past records in the permanent files in his office at school; but the one thing he could recall all too clearly was the fact that her teachers had noticed a remarkable improvement in Beth's school work after she and Rick had become friends. It was so like Rick to be attracted to someone like Beth, to give something of himself to her. He'd always favored the weakest pup in a litter and stood up for the smallest boy in a fight. Beth—backward, shy, lonely and new in town—had been a natural pitfall for Rick.

She wore a pink ruffled bathing suit tonight, and her long yellow hair, parted in the center, framed her face. In her lap lay a white kitten which someone had given to her a few months ago. It was always in her arms, in her lap, or frolicking around her feet. As she stroked it now, gently, lovingly, her pale blue eyes looked across the fire at Dave worshipfully, like a child's. Smile at me, her eyes always seemed to say. Tell me you like me.

He wished desperately that he *could* smile at her, could like her. It wasn't easy to live with hate gnawing at you. But every time he looked at her, he saw Rick's body lying lifeless and broken, and he couldn't help hating her, couldn't help feeling bitter.

Dave hadn't wanted to bring her to the picnic tonight. He saw as little of her as possible. Because she had no relatives anywhere—he'd checked into that thoroughly after Rick's death—he supported her and let her live in his home with old colored Selina and himself, but that was as much as he could force himself to do for her. And he didn't know how much longer he could do even that. For almost two years now, her very presence in the house had been a constant reminder of the way he had failed Rick.

It was Selina who had forced him to bring Beth to the picnic. Tall, gaunt Selina, who had run the Harding house long before Dave was born. "Take the child, Mr. Dave," she'd said. "They'll be glad to have her. Go on, Mr. Dave—let her have some fun."

So Beth had ridden over in the car with him and apparently was having a good time. People treated her kindly, seemed to like having her around. And why not? To them she was a pleasant little thing—a bit pitiful, yes, but always friendly in her shy, childlike way. But . . . when she was your own kid brother's wife; when you knew that your brother would be alive today if you'd stopped him from marrying her . . . That hurt. Dear God, how it hurt.

Dave wished, not for the first time, that he hadn't taken her into his home at all. He could have entered her in some private school or put her in a home somewhere. He still could. No one was forcing him to keep her. He could send her away tomorrow if he wanted to. And one of these days, when he could stand it no longer, he'd have to do it.

Abruptly, he stood up. Pushing Beth out of his mind, he asked cheerfully, "Anybody ready for another swim?"

Several of the teachers and some of the children went into the water with him. He played with the kids a while, having as much fun as they did while he let them splash him and duck him. But when Beth shyly joined the group, he eased out of the game and swam away.

Anne Larimore, the new commercial teacher at Druid High, sat with the others around the fire and watched Dave Harding play with the children, watched him swim away alone. She was a tall girl, wearing a one-piece bathing suit of dazzling white that contrasted with her hair. Her dark eyes watched everything with the interest of a newcomer. And she listened with the interest of a newcomer to the conversation around the fire.

"Dave's wonderful with kids, isn't he?" someone said.

"He certainly is," someone else agreed heartily. "He should have kids of his own. I wonder when he'll ever get married."

Anne had come to Druid only a few weeks before, when school opened, but she'd heard quite a bit about her principal, the town's favorite son, and everything about him interested her. The first time she'd seen him, she'd actually whistled under her breath. Head and shoulders above most men, it was his magnetism and vitality that had first impressed her, rather than his startling good looks. Not that he was handsome in the pretty-boy way of the collar ads; she hated that kind of look in a man. Dave Harding's face was rugged in its way—square and bony, with strong, clean-cut lines.

For three generations Harding men had been leaders in the community, helping it grow from a sleepy rural crossroads to the prosperous little tourist town it was today. Dave was the last Harding left now, for his parents had died when he was in his teens. After getting his master's degree at the state university in Gainesville, he'd served as an officer in the Navy, and Anne wished she could have seen him in his uniform. With that height and those shoulders,

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he must have been something to see. When he returned from Korea three years ago to a hero's welcome, the town had waived the requirement that a principal must have several years' teaching experience behind him and had asked him to accept the appointment.

Well, they certainly had a conscientious principal. Anne had never seen a busier man or one who enjoyed his work more. It was a common saying that he took more interest in the children than most of the parents did. One of the older teachers had told Anne that since his brother's death, Dave had grown almost too wrapped up in the school for his own good. He never entertained any more, and seldom accepted social invitations unless they were connected with the school in some way.

Now, as Anne listened to the conversation around the fire, someone mentioned Rick Harding, the brother, and added, "They were more like father and son than brothers, with the ten years' difference in their ages—and both being left alone so young."

"It's a shame how it worked out, isn't it?" a woman said. "Rick's being killed in the accident and leaving that poor little Beth on Dave's hands. He's mighty good to her, taking care of her as he does."

It went on like that, and Anne heard no word of criticism as they continued to talk about Dave Harding. Just praise. But after a while it became a bit too much for her. Could anyone be that altruistic? And she wondered if she'd been the only one to notice the way he had looked at his sister-in-law across the fire a while ago. He'd frowned and clamped his jaw tight, and an expression had come into his vivid blue eyes that she couldn't quite name—a mixture of pain and cold resentment. Or had she imagined it?

Well, it's none of my business, she decided. Guess I'll have another swim. As she left the fire, the people were still praising their Dave Harding.

Dave had enjoyed a brisk swim out to the raft, and was now coming back. His arm accidentally hit someone swimming ahead of him, and he said at once, "I'm sorry! Did I hurt you?"

"Not a bit, Mr. Harding." It was Anne Larimore.

They faced each other, treading water. Knowing her only these few weeks, Dave wasn't sure yet how he felt about her as a teacher. One thing he had to admit: she was a lovely thing to look at, here in the moonlight or anywhere. She came from New York, and her skin, white, untanned, was not yet used to the Florida sun. The clothes he'd seen her wear were smart, attractive.

"Hope you're enjoying the picnic," he said.

"Oh, I am. Weren't we lucky the storm didn't come?" She wore no bathing cap, and ran a hand over her wet hair as she bobbed up and down in the water. "I've never seen a hurricane."

"Let's hope you don't," he said, smiling. "They can be pretty rough sometimes."

There was a little silence until she said, "Well . . . see you," and swam away.

He started to swim again, too, downshore, his thoughts still on Anne Larimore. Earlier in the evening he'd watched her help the other faculty women serve the picnic supper, and she'd talked and laughed with all of them. They liked her, had already accepted her wholeheartedly into their fold. He liked her, too, but somehow, he had an uneasy feeling about her. Not that her credentials and recommendations from New York weren't first-rate. And the students certainly liked her. But he'd thought that someone as young as she was—twenty-two—and someone who'd worked under no other principal before would adapt herself more easily and quickly to his ideas.

But at the first faculty meeting she'd shown an inner self-confidence that was surprising in anyone just out of college. He could still see the frank questioning look on her face when he said to the fifteen members of his staff facing him in the school library, "I know you'll all be on hand at the football rally next week to mingle with the youngsters and keep your eyes open."

Everybody had indicated silent approval . . . everybody except the one new teacher, young Miss Larimore, who had asked rather bluntly, "What shall we watch for, Mr. Harding?"

"Why, almost anything, Miss Larimore. I feel there are ways we can guide our students, help them and influence them in their personal lives outside of school as well as inside. Last year, for example, on her way home from the junior-senior dance, one of the teachers discovered four boys and girls parked in a car and drinking beer. She reported it to me at once, and I went down there and had a talk with them and broke it up."

As he paused, Miss Larimore's dark-eyed. candid gaze aroused a brief flare of annoyance inside him that he couldn't understand. "Druid is a pretty small town, Miss Larimore," he said, meeting her gaze. "The lives of the students, their families and teachers overlap in ways that are hard to believe for anyone from a city like New York." He was conscious of a defensive note creeping into his voice, and he tried to quell it as he finished, smiling, "You'll soon understand what our town and school are like. I guess you could compare us to a big family. That's why we feel that as a faculty our responsibility toward our youngsters doesn't end when the last bell rings."

She had answered respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Harding," but it sounded almost too respectful, as though she'd said it merely because he was boss and not because she understood the point completely or accepted it completely.

Well, she was young, inexperienced, and he knew that college courses didn't cover all the angles of teaching. He had a fine, loyal, co-operative faculty, made up of men and women who were not only his employees. but his friends as well, and he was sure it would work out that way with Anne Larimore.

Now, across the water, he heard her frightened voice call out, "Mr. Harding! My foot's caught in something. Mr. Harding, I can't get it loose!"

He got to her in two or three powerful strokes, surface-dived, reached for her feet, and in the darkness under the water felt the tangle of seaweed that had wrapped itself around her ankle. It took only a few seconds to free it, but by the time he reached the surface she had panicked and apparently had gone under once and choked on the warm, salty water. Coughing and struggling wildly, she grabbed his shoulders, and the unexpected weight and force almost pushed him under. Treading water, he pulled her hands down off his shoulders, then circled her waist with his left arm and held her head and shoulders above water.

"Relax!" he told her. "Stop struggling and just relax."

She was still coughing, but she must have understood, for her long, firm body went limp. With his free arm, and using a scissors stroke with his legs, he swam toward the beach with her.

They were farther downshore than he'd realized, for the spot on which they landed was empty. Nobody had noticed their struggle in the water, and the campfire was far up the beach.

She lay on her stomach on the sand, still gasping for air, her long, slender legs and arms very white in the moonlight.

Dave, panting slightly from the exertion himself, kneeled down and started to give her artificial respiration, but she turned over on her back, put one hand up on her forehead, and murmured. "I . . . I'm all right."

"Just lie still and rest," he told her, and sat down beside her, watching her to be sure she really was all right.

Minutes passed. Then she pushed back her hair, sat up, and smiled apologetically. "I . . . I guess I'm not used to salt water. All I've ever been in is pools. I . . . I don't know how to thank you . . ."

He started to say, "Anybody would have done the same thing," but stopped on the second or third word and forgot what he was going to say, for all at once he had all he could do to restrain his left arm—the arm that had held her and brought her here—from reaching out to hold her again. They sat staring at each other, and as the moment lengthened, her smile died and something electric seemed to quiver in the moon-bright night around them. She sat as motionless as he did, breathing softly.

Before he knew it, it was happening. His arms were around her and his lips were pressed on hers, feeling their softness, their warmth, and for one blinding moment everything else in the world ceased to exist.

With a little gasp she moved out of his arms and stared at him as though stunned, her eyes very large.

He felt as stunned as she looked. His voice was low and husky and suddenly self-conscious as he said, "I . . . I'm sorry." Then, "No, I'm not . . . Anne." It was the first time he'd called her Anne, and it seemed good, natural. "It . . . it's sort of taken the breath out of me, too. I didn't know it was going to happen. You . . . you're very lovely, Anne." He grinned at her. "And if I'm stammering like a freshman, I can't help it."

"I . . . I feel sort of like a freshman, myself . . . Dave. It . . . it was such a surprise."

"To both of us."

They sat looking at each other, trying to adjust themselves to the newness of it all. He wanted to hold her again, kiss her again, and there was a bright, expectant glow in her eyes that told him she felt the same way.

But just then, behind her, he noticed a couple coming toward them. When he recognized the boy and girl, he frowned. They were Margie Reed, a senior, daughter of Ty Reed, a fruit-packer, and Jim Collins, a tourist student, also a senior, who was spending the winter on Druid Beach with his mother, a wealthy divorcee.

Staring at them as they approached, Dave wondered with concern, When in the world did those two get together? They both wore bathing suits and must have just come out of the water, for they were still wet.

They stopped, their hands entwined. "Hello, Mr. Harding and Miss Larimore," Jim Collins said, smiling.

"Hello." Margie echoed him.

Dave and Anne answered their greeting; then Dave asked, "Where are you kids headed?"

"Oh, nowhere," Jim said. He was a tall, good-looking boy, with curly black hair and broad shoulders that were going to help the Druid football team this year. "It's a swell night, isn't it?" he went on. "After all those warnings about the hurricane. Mother and I saw a little one in Miami last year, but it wasn't much. Margie says everybody has to leave the beach if a real one comes. Was she just kidding me, Mr. Harding?"

"No, she wasn't kidding you, Jim."

Margie, a tall, willowy girl with her thick brown hair tied into a pony tail, said in her soft Southern voice, "Well, 'by now," and started to lead Jim away.

Dave stood up and spoke again, stopping them. "What do you hear from Link, Margie? How's he getting along?"

Looking down at the sand, she answered in a small reluctant voice, "Just . . . fine, Mr. Harding. He . . . he's a corporal now."

"Good. Tell him hello when you write, will you?"

"Yes, Mr. Harding." She stood very still for a long moment, then turned around, and with Jim following a half-step behind, she started to walk back the way they had come. Just before they got out of earshot, Dave heard Jim ask, "Say, Margie—who's this Link, anyway?"

Anne asked the same question as Dave sat down again: "Who is Link, Dave?"

"He's the boy who's dated Margie since ninth grade and who kissed her good-by at the depot a few months ago. He's a good, solid kid whose father works with her father at the fruit-packing plant. He's in the Army now, stationed in Texas, but there'll be a day when he comes home again, and he'll expect Margie to be waiting for him . . ."

Anne said nothing for such a long time that he asked, "What is it? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Only . . . why should you . . . ? I mean . . . when you spoke to Margie, she . . . she was terribly embarrassed by what you said."

"I know," Dave admitted. "I didn't like doing what I did, but felt I had to. Jim Collins is bound to find out about Link sooner or later, and the sooner the better."

"But . . . shouldn't Margie be the one to decide when and where to tell Jim about Link?"

Dave felt the same unreasoning annoyance rising in him that he'd felt when she spoke up at that faculty meeting. Twice, now, she'd had this effect on him. Why?

But as he looked at her, so quiet and serious, his annoyance died, and all he felt was a deep desire to make her understand. "Look, Anne," he said earnestly. "If Jim Collins is giving Margie a rush, she's bound to be overwhelmed by his good looks, his convertible and the money he has to spend. I don't know any seventeen-year-old girl with Margie's background who wouldn't be impressed by all that. The Reeds are very poor and live in a run-down house by the tracks at the edge of town. There are five children besides Margie. Her older brother is in Tampa, working and going to trade school nights; the other four children are younger than Margie, and a lot of the work at home falls on her shoulders. Link comes from a large, rather poor family, too; in fact, the two families have been friends for years. Jim Collins, on the other hand, will go north again in the spring, and Margie will be left just where he found her, with a new discontent inside her. I've seen it happen before. It wouldn't be deliberate on Jim's part. It's just the way things are in a beach town like ours. The tourist kids—a lot of them are rich—come down here and have fun making a big splash in front of our youngsters; then, when winter's over, they disappear, leaving broken friendships and dissatisfaction. Margie's too sweet a girl to be hurt like that. Don't you see?"

Again, Anne was silent a long time before she said doubtfully, "I . . . understand it better now . . . I guess." Then, "I . . . I'm sorry I said anything," she apologized politely, and all at once they were a principal and a teacher again; not a man and a woman who a minute ago—just a few minutes ago—had kissed each other. "It isn't my place to . . ." As she spoke, she rose to her feet.

He stood up, too. He couldn't believe that the warm, close mood of a while ago had vanished so completely. "Let's forget it," he urged her. "Shall we swim back?"

"No," she answered. "I . . . I think I'll walk back."

Before he could say anything more, she had turned and started up the beach. He stood still, watching her, feeling utterly confused. What had happened? For a while, there, she'd completely forgotten she was a teacher. Why couldn't it have stayed that way?

Slowly, frowning to himself, he walked down to the water and started to swim back toward the campfire.

As she walked up the beach, weaving in and out and around the people who were sitting or lying on the sand, Anne was frowning, too. She could still feel Dave's arms around her, feel his kiss on her lips. He had, for a moment, literally taken the breath out of her. No man—in college or anywhere up home—had ever affected her like that. She'd been astounded, not only by the fact that he had kissed her, but by her own reaction—a wild, sweet thrilling sensation that was almost too wonderful to bear. She would have let him—had *wanted* him to—kiss her again and again.

If Jim and Margie hadn't come along . . .

Her steps slowed, and she scuffed at the sand with her bare toes. All right—so she'd liked his kiss, his arms. The very first time she'd seen him she'd been affected by his magnetism, and since then, like everyone else, she'd been impressed by how much he gave of himself to the students. Unlike her own school days, whenever he walked into a classroom, the students brightened and grinned at their principal instead of cowering or stiffening. They literally worshipped him.

Why, then, did this thing with Margie Reed bother her? His explanation had certainly sounded reasonable. Maybe it was his intensity, the kind of warped, dedicated intensity people sometimes developed when they went overboard on a certain subject. Of course a teacher could be a good influence on her students, and there were any number of ways you could help them outside of the classroom, but wasn't *he* going a little *far?*

And yet . . . she seemed to be the only one on the whole faculty who didn't approve of him, one hundred per cent. Maybe I really don't understand the town yet, she thought. She knew she'd been the only applicant for the job. They probably would have preferred a home-town person to fill the vacancy, and you couldn't blame them. She would have preferred staying in her home town, too.

For the first time since her arrival, she felt homesick for New York as she walked along this sandy shore with the tropical night all around her. She pictured the leaves on the trees in Central Park. They would be starting to turn yellow and red, and the fall air would be crisp, stimulating. Aunt Gay would have a bowl of golden chrysanthemums in the window of her little dress shop near Columbus Circle. The new fall clothes would be in, and business would take an upswing. Aunt Gay's apartment, above the shop, so stifling all summer, would be cozy and comfortable now.

Aunt Gay was forty-five—a thin, dynamic woman with bony cheeks and dramatic black eyes and hair. Everything Anne knew about clothes and make-up and a million other things, important and unimportant, she'd learned from her aunt, who'd been mother, father, brother and sister to her since she was five years old. There was no one like Aunt Gay, and right now Anne missed her cheerful company like the very devil. It would be so good to sit down and talk with her, tell her about Dave Harding.

It hadn't been Anne's idea to come down to this strange town in this strange state and get kissed by a man who took her breath away one minute, then did something in the next minute that made her walk away from him. Funny, when you thought about it—if she hadn't caught a cold last winter, she wouldn't even know that Dave Harding existed. She'd just finished her midterm examinations at Columbia, and was exhausted, but had insisted on helping Aunt Gay paint the walls of the shop. Before she knew it, she was in bed with pneumonia. Penicillin had worked its miracles on that, but for weeks afterward she was so tired it was an effort to go to classes. When summer came and she still felt listless, the doctor suggested she get a teaching job down South or out West for the winter.

A week or so later, one of Aunt Gay's customers, who had spent the previous winter in Druid, Florida, said she'd heard while she was down there that they needed a commercial teacher. With nothing more than that to go on, Aunt Gay had insisted, "Write them a letter, baby."

So she'd written the letter, and here she was, walking on the sand of Druid Beach . . . and walking away from Dave Harding, though his kiss, still warm on her lips, made her wish she were still in his arms.

Chapter 2

While Anne was walking up the beach, somewhere ahead of her Jim Collins' mother, wearing a white satin bra and briefs, was lying on a blanket on the sand with the man she planned to marry next spring. Cleo Collins, at thirty-five, was still as slim and attractive as she'd been at eighteen, when Jim was born. The most striking thing about her was her shining auburn hair, which formed a widow's peak and was brushed back from her face in a smooth, casual way.

Tony Chappell, also thirty-five, a lanky, sandy-haired man with a mustache, was saying as they smoked their cigarettes and watched the moon ride higher, "You know, I like this town, dead as it is. Hope K.D. doesn't take a notion to move on too soon."

"I like it, too, Tony," Cleo answered. "It would be nice to settle down here when we . . ." She hesitated. "I mean, you wouldn't have to go with him, Tony," she went on, referring to Tony's hypochondriac boss, K. D. Owens, a famous cartoonist who used Tony's talent to produce two popular comic strips for newspapers all over the country. She flicked her cigarette into the sand beyond her feet. "You could stay here and get to work on that strip idea of your own. It's good, Tony. It would sell."

"That I doubt."

This was an old argument between them—as old as the one about when they should get married. If Tony would break with K.D., she knew he could go to the top with his own work. Not that he didn't make good money ghosting for Owens. Tony had even saved money, invested in some sound stock; but there was no pride nor satisfaction in his work, and a man had to have that to be happy.

K.D., a rich, indolent bachelor who'd made his name and money long ago, could retire tomorrow and it would make no difference to anyone. Tony stayed with him because it was a thing to hang onto. an anchor, and Cleo hated to see him sell his fine talent that way and receive no recognition for it. But she didn't want to go on with the subject now. She'd already spoiled his mood by even bringing it up.

She and Jim had arrived a week before school opened and rented a cottage here on the beach just a mile from the hotel where Tony and K.D. were staying. Tony had seemed his old self the first week after her arrival, but now the restlessness was creeping up on him again. Last season, in Miami, she'd sensed it in him, and she knew he'd dated a girl or two this summer while he and K.D. were in Maine and she and Jim were at Virginia Beach. It worried her, of course, but she had no right to object. After all, it was she who refused to be married yet.

Last year in Miami, just before they parted for the summer, Tony had said, "Cleo, we love each other—right?"

"Right, darling."

"And this is the second winter we've played around together. Who was it that said no relationship can remain static? It has to move either forward or backward. In our case, you refuse to marry me, you refuse to have an affair, and yet you want to remain friends. Do you honestly think that's possible?"

"But I've told you, Tony, I can't marry you until Jim's eighteen. That'll be April, next year. Can't we just be friends until then?"

Sighing, Tony had said ruefully, "Okay, baby. We'll try."

He *was* trying; she knew that. But it was six months yet before Jim's eighteenth birthday. How restless would Tony get by then? He was a strange person—so smooth and sophisticated on the outside; yet underneath she knew he was lonely, as sick of drifting as she was, sick of belonging nowhere, and she dreamed of the day when she could make a home for him. But until that time came, she had to keep him from getting too bored, too restless.

"Tony," she said eagerly, "let's go sailing tomorrow, shall we? I'll pack a lunch, and . . ."

"Ouch!" a voice interrupted her.

Both Cleo and Tony raised up on their elbows. Below them, standing on the sand, a black-haired girl in a white bathing suit was balancing on one foot as she bent down and rubbed the heel of her other foot. Glancing over at them, she said, half-laughing, "This seems to be my night for putting my feet in the wrong place. First it was seaweed; now it's a burning cigarette."

"Gosh, we're sorry," Tony said, and Cleo noted how he stared at the girl. Well, what man wouldn't? The moonlight was high-lighting every curve of her tall, graceful figure—and Tony always had a casual, somewhat professional, interest in beautiful girls. After all, he was an artist at heart, even though he drew comics for a living.

"Come on," Tony said. "Sit down on the blanket. I'm not exactly the first-aid type, but let me have a look at your foot."

As Cleo moved over to make room for the girl, she said, "I'm afraid it was my cigarette. I'm certainly sorry."

"Oh, it's nothing really. Just smarts a little."

Tony was holding her foot in his hand, examining it in the glow of the flame from his silver cigarette lighter. Cleo, watching silently, thought, The way he's acting, you'd think it was a case of third-degree burns.

"It's pretty red," he said; then, turning to Cleo, "Have you got any of that Kip-tannic stuff at the cottage, Cleo?"

But the girl drew her foot away. "Thanks, but that's not necessary. One of the teachers brought a first-aid kit; I'll get something from her. We're having a picnic up there where the fire is."

"You're a schoolteacher?" Cleo asked. When the girl explained that she taught commercial subjects in the high school, Cleo said, "Then you must know my son. Jim Collins. He and his girl, Margie, are roaming the beach somewhere."

"Why, yes! I saw them a while ago. I'm very glad to meet you, Mrs. Collins. I'm Anne Larimore."

Cleo introduced her to Tony, and as the two of them smiled at each other, Cleo remembered Jim's saying the first or second day of school, "You should see my typing teacher, Ma. What a doll! And there's a girl named Margie sitting next to me in typing class, and . . . well, all I can say is, I'm going to like this town."

"I'm glad, Jim," Cleo had answered. "I like it, too." But now, watching Tony and the "doll," Cleo wondered if she'd spoken too soon.

Jealous? Yes, for the first time she was jealous—and it was a brand-new feeling; one that took her by surprise.

I'm being silly, she tried to tell herself. I have no reason to be jealous. Why, five minutes ago Tony had never even *seen* this girl!

But he was grinning with amusement and interest, not the least bit bored or restless now, and he was saying, "That's the first time I've ever held a girl's foot before I knew her name. Gives a fellow a queer feeling, believe me."

Anne Larimore laughed, then said, "Well, I must go." She stood up, being careful to keep her heel off the sand. "I enjoyed meeting both of you. If you're ever around school, Mrs. Collins, drop in to see me, won't you?"

"Well . . . thank you."

After saying good night, Cleo watched Tony watching Anne Larimore walk away toward the campfire. When she could stand it no longer, she got to her feet. "Let's go up to my place, Tony. I feel a drink coming on. How about you?"

"Okay," he said absently, as he rose. He picked up the blanket, shook the sand off it, and folded it over his arm.

As they walked toward her cottage on the other side of the road, Cleo thought, *Damn* that cigarette! Why didn't I put it out before I tossed it away?

The blanket felt hot and itchy on Tony's arm. In fact, his whole body felt uncomfortable, what with the heat and the salt water which had dried on his skin, leaving it taut and scratchy. "Sometimes I think sea water's for the birds," he said.

"A half-hour ago," Cleo answered, "you loved sea water."

"That was a half-hour ago. Now I say, give me a pool any time, or a lake." He'd been born in Minneapolis, and swimming in the lakes was the one thing he remembered of the place with pleasure. All the rest of his childhood—his bickering parents, their divorce, his running away from boarding school at seventeen—he'd put out of his mind long ago. As far as he was concerned, life had begun at seventeen when he landed in New York and got a job waiting table in Greenwich Village and attended art school at night. The dream of becoming a great artist had gone the way of most dreams, but there'd been compensations. Good money, traveling, interesting friends. From what he'd seen of marriage as a child, he'd decided long ago that marriage wasn't for him. Then Cleo had come along, and there was no explaining it, but his theory on marriage had collapsed like a punctured balloon. All he was waiting for now was for Cleo to say the word . . . and the waiting was damned hard.

They had reached the road now. Across it, her cottage, a flat-roofed, modern place set on high concrete blocks, waited with all the lights burning.

"I guess Jim's not in yet," she said. "His car's still outside. If he'd taken Margie home, it would be in the garage. They're probably over at the pier having a hamburger."

Tony said nothing. If he spoke, he knew he'd say something irritable. And he had no particular reason to feel irritable, except that he wished she didn't always have Jim on her mind. Not that Tony didn't like Jim. He was one kid in a million—smart, but not smart-alecky; easy to get along with, but not wishy-washy. Tony knew Jim liked him, too. The most remarkable thing about Cleo and Jim was that in spite of her constant concentration on the boy, she didn't baby him and apparently never had.

When they reached the breezeway of the cottage, where Tony's car was parked, he dropped the blanket on the steps and said, "I think I'll go on home, Cleo. I feel so damned sticky in this wet suit."

"But don't you want to shower here and have that drink and a sandwich or something?"

There was an outside shower connected to a guest room at the end of the patio, and Tony kept some old clothes and shoes there for times like this when they came to her place after swimming. But tonight he wanted to get back to the hotel. Work, maybe. Tony always worked best late at night. But if he stayed with Cleo a while, he knew how it would be. They'd have their snack, a couple of drinks. Then they'd sit on the glider on the dark front screened porch while music from the record player drifted out from the living room. They'd talk a while, and then her nearness, the scent of her perfume, would make him take her in his arms, and after one kiss, two, they'd want each other so badly it would seem nothing could stop them. It was Cleo who always summoned the strength from somewhere to say, "No, Tony. No." And the evening would end in an argument, with his saying, "Then marry me, damn it, Cleo!" Tonight he simply didn't feel like going through that.

As it was, though, he went through it, anyway, and this time the frustration drove him to say something he'd never meant to say to her.

He leaned down, planning to give her just a quick goodnight kiss, but it didn't stop there. Almost at once they were holding each other hungrily, her body, warm, vibrant, alive, pressing against him . . . until she whispered, "No, Tony."

"Then marry me! Now."

She tore herself out of his arms. "No, Tony. Not until Jim's eighteen."

"Listen," he said, his hands grasping her shoulders and shaking her a little. "You know Jim doesn't need that damned money. You want to squeeze those people to the limit, just to get back at them, that's all. Admit it!" It was a cruel thing to say, even if it was true, and he wished he could take back his words.

But she said bitterly, "All right, I admit it!" Her head was tilted back as she looked up at him defiantly. "They tossed me out, tossed my child out. He's just as good as they are! Let them pay! That money *belongs* to Jim,

and I'm going to see that he gets it . . . every last penny of it!"

Tony wished, not for the first time, that he could get his hands on the man who had done this to her. She'd been seventeen, a dancer in a Chicago night club, when Winston Collins III, of the railroad family, had dazzled her with attention and married her, eloping to Maryland. For five months the Cinderella-dream lasted, on trains and ships and in resort hotels. Then, back in Chicago, the bubble had burst in her face. Winnie, his family lawyer told her, had just been amusing himself. If she signed the divorce papers, Winnie's family would pay handsomely. Bewildered, pregnant and scared to death, she'd signed, not realizing how the settlement would affect her own life. As long as she didn't remarry, she would receive fifteen hundred dollars a month. When Jim reached eighteen, the income stopped. Jim didn't know that, nor did he know what a good-sized nest egg Cleo had put aside for him. Tony wondered sometimes how many other chances to marry she'd turned down. A woman as warm and passionate as Cleo didn't go through life alone except by choice . . . even if the choice was motivated by revenge and made her miserable.

But what had been gained by making her admit it was revenge? Nothing. "Okay, Cleo," he said, and released her shoulders. "Good night, baby." He turned, got into his car. As he backed out onto the road, his headlights swept over her. She was walking out to the clothesline with the blanket. She still had the graceful, alluring swing of a dancer in her walk, and, watching her, he was tempted to stop the car and go back again. He loved her, wanted desperately to be with her . . . but they had hurt each other enough tonight.

When he reached the hotel and had showered and dressed, he was in no mood to work. All right. He'd try to do some of his own strip. He took out a clean sheet of paper, taped it on the board, and sketched in the heading: TONKY AND THE MOON WORLD. Idly, listlessly, he began to sketch some vague lines on the paper. They took shape, became a face that was recognizable. But it wasn't Tonky's little-boy face or the face of any of the odd characters Tonky would meet on the moon. It was a girl's face. A beautiful young girl with short black hair. Her eyes were wide, dark, expressive. She was smiling at him. Her name was Anne Larimore.

He looked at it a long time before he threw the pencil aside and left the board. He went to his room, poured himself a shot of rye, and walked to the window. Far up, toward the pier, he saw the campfire that belonged to the faculty of Druid High School.

"Well, Cleo," he said quietly, "where do we go from here?"

By the time Dave Harding reached the campfire again, after swimming back, the picnic was breaking up. His eyes sought out Anne immediately, but there was no chance to talk to her, for she and two other teachers were the first to say their good nights and leave in Hallie Ross' car. His own car was parked near the pier, and he saw Beth walking toward it, carrying her kitten in one arm and holding a pail of seashells in her other hand. She would make necklaces, bracelets, dolls and other trinkets out of the shells she'd gathered, then give them to anyone who would take them. Selina had fixed up a work table for her on the side porch, and that was where Beth spent most of her time.

All the way home, driving across the causeway and up Sunset Drive, Dave avoided looking at Beth while she sat curled up in her corner of the seat, hugging her kitten. "It was a nice picnic, Dave," she said. "I had a wonderful time. And I found so many pretty shells."

"That's good." He knew he sounded cold, hard. But whenever she was this close to him he tightened up in every nerve; he couldn't even make himself act civil.

How could Rick have married her? Rick. Married and dead within a week, while his older brother, the only family he had, didn't lift a finger to prevent any of it. If only a person could actually turn time back and not just relive it in his mind . . .

It had been Dave's first year as principal, and the fact that he'd taken his responsibility much too lightly, letting the school more or less run itself while he enjoyed the prestige and social angle of it, was all tied up with the way he'd neglected Rick. Dave had just returned from Korea late that summer, glad to be at home and not too much concerned about the future. The big house on Sunset Drive was still there; Rick was still there; and old Selina Jones was still there to look after them and run the house on the income from their father's estate. Dave had considered going into politics, for the challenge and activity of public life appealed to him. But when the school board offered him the position as principal, he had thought, Why not? He liked schools. He liked books. He liked children. It looked like a pleasant way to spend his time . . . that's all it had meant to him then.

"Well, Rick," he'd teased the night he came home from the school-board meeting with the news that he'd accepted the appointment, "How are you going to like having your big brother for principal?"

Rick, who would be a senior that fall, was eating a piece of Selina's chocolate cake at the kitchen table. His thin, mobile face had broken into a grin. "Gee, Dave. I'm sure proud of you."

Dave had rumpled Rick's hair, saying, "I'm depending on you to help me keep the senior class in line this year."

But Rick didn't finish his senior year. Instead, he met Beth Morrow, a tourist girl who had come down from Milwaukee with her grandfather and entered Druid High as a sophomore, though she was seventeen. Dave knew Rick was seeing her now and then outside of school, taking her sailing and fishing and riding around in his jalopy. But all he'd thought of the matter was, Oh, the kid will be dating someone else next week or the next. That girl couldn't interest Rick long; she couldn't interest any boy for long. Even when several months had gone by and the teachers said Rick was being such a wonderful influence on Beth, Dave still didn't take it seriously. He heard that Beth's grandfather, a questionable character and an alcoholic, had had a stroke and wasn't expected to live. He knew Rick brought Beth home to Selina frequently for meals when he, Dave, wasn't at home. Knowing all that, he still went his own pleasant way and didn't give any of it much thought.

He wasn't even alarmed that rainy night in February when Rick all but drew a diagram of the situation. Dave had been upstairs in his room, packing his overnighter for a trip to Gainesville, where he was going to make a speech at a principals' conference. He heard Rick come into the house, heard him come slowly upstairs.

"He's dead," Rick said from the doorway.

Dave looked up from the freshly laundered shirts he was putting in his suitcase. "Who, Rick?"

"Mr. Morrow."

"Oh, Beth's grandfather? I'm sorry to hear that, Rick. I'll call Price's Nursery and have them send some flowers. Or would you like to do it?"

"Flowers won't help Beth much," Rick said soberly. "I don't know what's going to become of her. All her grandfather had was a railroad pension. It's stopped now. And she hasn't any other family anywhere. If only . . ."

"If only what?"

"Oh, darn it, I just wish I was through school and had a job, that's all. Then I'd marry her."

Even those words had failed to disturb Dave. He knew how teen-agers went off the deep end sometimes when confronted by death. So all he said was: "Oh, now, Rick, look. I know how you feel, but don't get any crazy notions and . . ."

But Rick was gone.

For a long moment Dave had stood there in his room, wondering uneasily whether Rick just might be so foolish as to . . . Good Lord, no. Rick was upset, but not that upset, he told himself, and resumed his packing.

It was raining again the night Dave returned from the conference. He was tired and stiff after the long drive from Gainesville, and as he ran the car into the garage and carried his bag to the back door, he was relieved to be at home after his five days' absence.

As he walked inside, Selina came out of her room near the kitchen, her black pigtail hanging down her back, a flannel robe over her nightgown.

"Did I wake you, Selina?"

"No, Mr. Dave."

"Lord, it's cold out. Is there any coffee left?"

She reheated the coffee, and after he'd had one or two good hot swallows, she said, "I'se got news for you, Mr. Dave."

Sitting at the table, he looked up and grinned at her. "Don't tell me Tessie has made you a great-grandmother already."

"No. It's Mr. Rick."

"Oh? Where is he?"

"He's in Garland. Been gone four days. He'll be back tonight or tomorrow. He . . . he's married, Mr. Dave. They . . . they must have lied about their ages."

Dave stared at her, finally got out one word. *"Beth?"*

She nodded. "But now don't get upset, Mr. Dave. She's a nice girl. They're mighty young, but it'll work out."

He didn't listen to her. Feeling numb with shock and disbelief, he just sat there. Then came the terrible anger at Rick for throwing his life away. At last came the realization that he, Dave, was responsible. He was older than Rick, supposedly an adult. If he'd paid more attention to Rick, if he'd spent more time with him, made him stop seeing that girl. If . . . if . . . if . . .

But the depths of his regret and guilt came later that same night after the phone call from the county sheriff's office, after the trip to the scene of the accident between Garland and Druid. The rain poured down on the smashed car which had skidded on a corner known as Deadman's Curve and crashed into a telephone pole. He identified Rick while the sobbing girl who was Rick's wife stood by. She hadn't been scratched. Dave looked at her standing in the rain like a drowned kitten, and he thought, Why in God's name couldn't it have been she? Unable to touch her or offer comfort of any kind, he said only, "Come on," and took her home to Selina because he didn't know what else to do with her.

He'd learned to accept the fact of Rick's death. Time did that. But time didn't take away the feeling of guilt. The only thing which helped that was to do all he could for the other teen-agers like Rick.

He saw to it that new warning signs and a lower speed limit were put on the curve where Rick's car had skidded. He added two new positions on the teaching staff—a boys' counselor and a girls' counselor. Most of his time, effort and thought went into one thing—protecting and helping Druid's boys and girls. There was nothing he wouldn't do for them. . . .

Now, as he drove home from the picnic with Beth beside him, his thoughts turned to Margie Reed. Maybe he should tell Mrs. Vail, the girls' counselor, to have a talk with her. No, that probably wasn't necessary. Surely his mentioning Link tonight on the beach had stirred up Margie's conscience and would make her stop seeing Jim Collins.

He was still thinking about Margie when Beth spoke again. "We're home!" She peered out the open car window as they drove past the front of the house to the driveway. "Do you know what our house looks like at night in the moonlight, Dave?" she asked.

"No."

"A big white wedding cake."

He glanced at the tall three-storied house where he'd been born. Wide porches circled it, and intricate gingerbread hung from the railings and eaves and cupolas. Its white paint sparkled in the moonlight tonight, and it did look a bit like a wedding cake . . . or might to someone like Beth.

He braked the car in the cement driveway, reached around Beth, and opened the door on her side. She slipped out, still holding her kitten and bucket of shells. "Thank you for taking me, Dave."

He mumbled some kind of answer and sighed with relief as she started to run toward the back porch, calling, "Selina, Selina, we're home!"

As he released the brake and started for the garage entrance, some sixth sense made him glance to the side and see Beth running this way again, toward the front of the car. She had dropped the pail and was crying out, "Kitty, kitty!" as she ran right for the front wheels.

A picture flashed before his eyes: the car hitting her, her body crushed on the cement. If he did nothing, let the car continue forward . . .

For one frozen instant he remained motionless.

Then he was slamming on the brakes, and the car vibrated as it came to a standstill. Sweat broke out all over him. He'd almost hit her . . . almost *wanted* to hit her.

She appeared at the car window again, the kitten in her arms, her face beaming. "I caught it in time!" she said triumphantly. "Poor little kitty. She jumped right out of my arms."

Dave stared at her, appalled, unable to move or utter a sound. It couldn't be true, his *wanting* to . . .

But it *was* true. In that one instant before he'd slammed on the brakes, he'd felt it, clear, unmistakable: the urge to kill this girl whose very existence rankled deep within him.

He shut his eyes, breathed a prayer of thanks that nothing had happened. But this settled it. He *had* to send her away—for her sake and his own, too. Tomorrow he'd write to the State Welfare Board and ask them to recommend a school, or a home, or . . .

"What's the matter, Dave?" he heard her ask anxiously.

Anger came now, reaction from the shooking thing he'd just experienced. "Go in the house!" he shouted at her. "Go in to Selina!"

Chapter 3

Druid High School, a two-storied building of white stucco with a red tile roof, stood on a palm-lined street. It had been built many years before the depression, so it lacked the modern innovations of newer schools, but had a certain air of old-world charm and dignity. Every time Anne Larimore approached its wide arched entrance and stepped into the cool hall, she felt as if she were entering an old Spanish hacienda. But the moment you were inside, that feeling left you, and you knew you were in a school with its unmistakable sounds: slamming locker doors, shuffling feet, laughter and high youthful voices.

On the Monday after the faculty picnic, Anne entered the building, then turned right and went into the secretary's office, which was connected to Dave Harding's private office. Several other teachers were clustered around Miss Tanner's desk, signing the register and having their morning's chat. Anne lingered a moment, hoping for a glimpse of Dave. She had managed, by now, to talk herself into ignoring what he'd done to Margie Reed Friday night. If

she knew seventeen-year-olds, Margie and Jim weren't going to pay any attention to a thing like that, anyway . . . if they were really interested in each other.

Thin, white-haired Miss Tanner announced, "I've put several new notices on the bulletin board, and . . ."

Anne stopped listening, and her heartbeat quickened as the door to Dave's inner office opened.

"Good morning," he said, his smile brightening the whole room. As he walked toward Miss Tanner his eyes met Anne's, and for the briefest second there seemed to be no one in the room but them. His look—just the look in his eyes—made her knees go weak, and she leaned carefully against the wall. His back was to her now as he talked to Miss Tanner. For a long moment Anne gazed at him, conscious of his vitality, his tallness, his wide shoulders in the well-fitting gray suit. She'd been anxious, yet afraid, to see him this morning, wondering if what had happened Friday night had been just a mood of the moment to him which he'd regretted afterward. But here they were in this crowded room in the bright daylight of Monday morning, and his eyes had just told her everything that his arms and lips had said Friday night.

Smiling at no one, at everyone, she left the office and walked down the long hall to her classroom at the south end of the building. Already the sun was streaming in the windows onto the neat rows of black-covered typewriters. By noon it would be very hot in the room, but she liked the heat. In fact, she liked everything—her job, the students, the faculty, the town, her room at the Druid Inn. Everything was perfect!

Humming to herself, she walked to the windows to stare out at the grove of orange trees beyond the school yard. Was this *love?* Did it really happen this way? A month ago, she thought, I didn't even know him! And now . . . now . . .

The three-minute warning bell clanged out in the hall. She whirled around, went to her desk, took out her roll book. As the students came in, they said, "Good morning, Miss Larimore," and she practically sang the words, "Good morning!" in answer. The last two to enter the room were Jim Collins and Margie Reed. Jim was carrying Margie's books, and after they sat down side by side at their typewriters in the front row, he leaned over and carefully placed her books on the shelf under her chair. "Thanks," she said. They smiled at each other, then turned to face Anne, who smiled back at them and thought, They're sweet kids. Mrs. Collins must be terribly proud of a son like Jim.

Remembering her meeting with Mrs. Collins and that man—what was his name?—Tony Chappell, Anne continued to smile. What was it Tony Chappell had said? "That's the first time I've ever held a girl's foot before I knew her name. Gives a fellow a queer feeling, believe me."

Mrs. Collins hadn't been too happy about introducing them; Anne knew that. From the moment she'd sat down on the blanket, she'd sensed the wariness and watchfulness in Mrs. Collins. Which was rather silly. A woman as attractive as Mrs. Collins shouldn't have any trouble holding onto her man. Anyway, nice as he was, who wanted him? Here's to your man, Mrs. Collins . . . and to mine!

It was almost noon. Dave sat in his office, waiting for Miss Tanner to bring him Jim's and Margie's class-schedule cards. He knew now that his mentioning Link last Friday night had not had any effect on Margie, for on his way to church yesterday he'd seen her and Jim heading for the causeway in Jim's blue convertible; and this morning he'd seen them drive up to school together in the car. They'd been on his mind all morning, but this was the first moment he'd had to give the problem his complete attention.

Both Margie and Jim were honor students. In certain cases senior honor students had the privilege of skipping the first period every day if their schedules could be arranged so they had no class that period. If either Margie or Jim were free that period and didn't come to school at the same time . . . that would break up their riding to school together. And with Jim tied up in football practice every afternoon, they couldn't see much of each other right after school. Dave knew that separating them here at school wouldn't solve the whole problem, but at least it was a start that would make it easier for Margie.

When Miss Tanner brought him the cards, he saw at once that Margie and Jim were in the same class the first period. Typing. Under Anne Larimore.

Anne. For a moment it came rushing back—the feel of her in his arms, the warmth of her . . . but he forced it all out of his mind instantly, as he'd done earlier this morning after that one stirring look they'd given each other. School was not the place to think of Anne as anything but a teacher. This period, the fourth, was her free one.

He shoved back his chair and stood up, telling Miss Tanner on his way out of the office, "I'll be in Miss Larimore's room."

Walking down the hall, he listened to the hum of activity all through the building, almost like a doctor checking the pulse of a patient. Over four hundred boys and girls—and he was responsible for all of them. Sometimes it was a frightening thing to think about.

He rapped on Anne's door, then opened it and walked in. She sat at her desk, a blue pencil in her hand, correcting some typing papers. She looked up and seemed to glow as she smiled and said, "Hello . . . Dave."

He hadn't realized what seeing her alone like this would do to him. School or not, he wanted to take her hands, draw her to her feet, and fold her in his arms. Her black hair gleamed in the sunlight, and she was sitting perfectly still, as if caught in some magic spell. Looking at her, Dave had all he could do to stay where he was, just a few feet away from her. "Hello, Anne," he said at last.

They smiled at each other, and the room was so quiet they could hear each other breathe.

Before he broke the spell he promised himself, After we get this business done, I'll ask her to go out to dinner with me tonight.

He pulled a chair out from one of the typing tables and sat down by her desk, facing her. "Anne," he said, indicating the cards in his hands, "Jim Collins and Margie Reed are both in your first-period typing class, aren't they?"

"Yes, Dave," she answered, but at mention of Jim and Margie a questioning look had come into her eyes.

"And you have another advanced-typing class the fifth period, right after lunch?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to make a slight change, and I'd like you to make it on your roll. Starting tomorrow Margie will be transferred to your fifth period."

"That class is already full."

"Then we'll have to transfer someone else from it to the first period."

A long silence followed his words; they were a principal and teacher again. Her dark eyes met his steadily.

"Anne, I don't . . ." He paused, for his voice had risen defensively. He lowered it, went on, "I don't expect any new teacher to understand everything at once; but please trust my judgment. Please believe I'm thinking of Margie's welfare in doing everything I can to make her see less of Jim Collins. Changing her typing class will help."

She answered politely, "I'll make the change on my roll."

The politeness in her voice hurt him, but he heard himself say just as politely, "Thank you." With that he stood up, walked out of the room, and found himself going down the deserted hall feeling frustrated and angry with both her and himself. What was the matter with them, anyway? Why did the sparks have to fly every time they

talked about Margie, spoiling the otherwise good feeling they had about each other? And why had that defensive note crept into his voice? He wished suddenly she weren't one of his teachers at all; wished he could have met her in any other way.

The next day, Tuesday, Cleo Collins and her son, after a late-afternoon swim, were eating supper on the patio of their cottage. It faced west toward the Gulf. Streaks of vermilion from the blazing sunset were reflected on the placid blue-green water at the horizon.

"It's almost too beautiful, isn't it?" Cleo said, watching the sun disappear an inch at a time. "I wonder if Tony's watching it." As she said that, she glanced down the shoreline in the direction of his hotel. She hadn't seen Tony since Friday night. She had telephoned him Sunday, but he'd said he was working to meet a deadline.

Coming out of a thoughtful silence, Jim asked, "Where's Tony been all weekend?"

"Just busy. Working."

"He never used to work weekends."

That was true. There'd been a time, before this restlessness seized him, when Tony had never missed a Saturday night or Sunday with her. Was that why Jim had sounded critical of him just now? "Don't you like Tony, Jim?" she asked.

"Sure, Ma. Of course I like him. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

She watched him consider the question while he buttered a roll. "Tony's a swell guy, Ma." he said at last. "I like him a lot. He's always treated me okay. But there's something about the way he treats you lately . . . Oh, heck, Ma—you know what I mean."

"No, Jim, I don't," she said, and knew she was lying.

"Well . . ." Again he hesitated before he blurted out, "I know you love him, Ma. And there was a time . . . well, last year I kind of thought you were going to marry him. But now . . . gosh, Ma, how come you didn't marry him while you had the chance?"

"Well," Cleo said quietly, wryly. "Well." She looked at her son and thought, How do kids get that smart, that wise? They seemed to know everything these days. Sometimes Jim awed her, he was so far beyond what she had been at his age.

"Look, Jim," she said in a tone that she hoped sounded casual and light. "Leave it up to your ma to know how to get her man whenever she's ready. Don't you worry about her. And now, tell me—how do you know so darned much about other people's love lives?"

His sudden grin was impish. "Didn't you know? I'm in love myself." Immediately he became serious again, as he'd been a few minutes before.

"Well," Cleo said again. "Where've I heard that before?"

"Oh, but this is different," Jim said earnestly. "It's not like any of those girls I've known other places. Gosh, I used to date a different one every week last year in Miami. This time . . . it's real, Ma." And he actually blushed.

Seeing the blush, Cleo thought, Maybe this *is* real. She felt a mother's qualm then, because it hadn't occurred to her that he would get serious about any girl for years yet. But kids grew up so fast these days. Boys jumped from football uniforms into Army uniforms, and their girls either jumped into life with them or had to sit back and wait.

"Margie?" she asked.

"Who else? You like her, don't you, Ma?"

"Very much." Jim had brought Margie to the house a number of times. They'd played records, popped corn, gone swimming together, and she'd liked Margie's honest blue eyes and her healthy young laugh. The girl didn't seem to have anything to wear except cheap cotton home-made skirts and little sleeveless blouses. Not that clothes meant a thing, but Cleo had thought a couple of times what fun it would be to dress up a pretty girl like that. Now . . . it stunned her a bit to think about it . . . now it looked as if she just might get that chance. A son *and* a daughter? Oh, but that was jumping ahead. Jim wasn't talking *marriage*. Though when the day came that he did, there would be no interference from her. Jim had his own life to live. And if he made mistakes, he even had a right to do that. God knew she'd made mistakes. Who didn't? That was part of living.

Jim had settled back in his chair when she said she liked Margie. But now he frowned, and with elbows on the chair arms, he clasped his hands together. "I knew you liked her, Ma," he said. "And I thought everything was fine, but . . . you know what?"

"What?"

"She won't see me any more outside of school."

"Well, for heaven's sake, why not?"

"I won't even get to see her in typing class any more. Today Miss Larimore transferred her into the other one, and when Margie asked her why, she just said Mr. Harding had told her to do it."

"Who's Mr. Harding?"

"The principal. Ma, he's doing every darn thing he can to break up Margie and me!"

"But that's ridiculous," Cleo protested. "Why would he want to do that?"

"Well . . ." Jim stared down at his clasped hands. "There's another boy who . . . likes Margie. He's in the Army. His name is Link something." Jim looked up again, his eyes troubled. "She isn't engaged to him; she hasn't promised him anything; but she thinks now she shouldn't go out with me any more because of him. She didn't think that way before Mr. Harding stuck his nose into our business!"

Cleo lit a cigarette. "A principal has a right to change students to other classes, Jim. Whatever his reasons, he has a right to do that. And maybe you're all wrong about this other. You must be."

"Oh, no, I'm not," he said positively, and went on to tell her that on the beach last Friday night Mr. Harding had talked to them and mentioned Margie's old boy friend. "I hadn't even heard of this Link until then," Jim said. "And when I asked Margie who he was, she started to cry. For a while, after she told me about him, I felt kind of funny about it, myself . . . taking a girl away from a guy who's in the Service. But I swear she doesn't care for him like she does me. She can't help how she feels, any more than I can!" Jim stood up, shoving his fists into the pockets of his robe. "I'm going to drive over and see Margie tonight and have one more talk with her. If I can't change her mind about going out with me any more, then the next thing is to talk to Mr. Harding. I'll ask him point-blank what business it is of his who Margie's friends are. I've got a right to do that, haven't I, Ma?"

Cleo, not quite sure why she felt the sting of tears behind her eyes—unless it was because her boy seemed to have grown up while she wasn't looking—nodded her head. "Yes, Jim, I think you've got a right to do that."

He leaned down, kissed the top of her head. "Thanks."

"For what?"

"Oh, just thanks," he said, and went inside to dress.

Cleo remained on the patio with her cigarette and her thoughts. She couldn't get over how he seemed suddenly so *grown-up*. Then, for no reason at all, she remembered admitting to Tony that Jim didn't need that "damned money," that she just wanted to get back at "those people" by squeezing them to the limit. It didn't sound very pretty, put that way. And certainly she'd brought Jim up to be independent and self-reliant. But he was *entitled* to the money. From the very beginning, she had put aside a hundred dollars a month for him, sometimes two hundred, and in the six months left she could add to the fund considerably. She didn't care what Jim did with it. That wasn't important. The important thing was to get all she could for him out of those holier-than-thou people, and if Tony wanted to call it revenge, let him. To this day she could remember the voice of that lawyer in Chicago as he told her in roundabout, impersonal legal terms that the Collins family would pay well to get rid of her and the child that wasn't even born yet.

Well, she'd kept her side of the bargain. Now let them do the same . . . down to the very last penny.

Margie had finished the supper dishes, and now she was sitting on the front steps, leaning back against the wooden railing and gazing up at the first star. "Star light, star bright," she said to herself, "first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might . . ." But what was the use of wishing?

Jim, she thought longingly. Where was he right now? What was he doing? Was he thinking of her?

The evening train hooted in the distance, then gradually came closer and roared past, shaking the house and making the wood railing vibrate against her back. She watched it impassively—watched it stop up near the depot, then disappear into the darkness. She should have written to Link tonight; should have seen that the letter got on that train. But ever since the first day Jim had smiled at her in typing class, it had become harder and harder to write to Link. Now . . . now that she wasn't going to go out with Jim any more, maybe it would be easier to write to Link again. Maybe.

Suddenly she saw a car come across the tracks and turn down into her street, and she knew who it was at once, for her heart started to beat faster, faster. By the time he'd parked the car and got out of it, she was halfway down the walk. They met there, and he reached for her hands, held them tightly.

"Margie," he said. "I couldn't stay away, Margie. You didn't mean it . . . what you said today . . . about not going out with me again, did you?"

"I . . . yes, Jim." She turned away and went back to the steps, and he followed her. Sitting there, he held her hands tightly in his again, and they looked at each other in the faint amber glow from the street light. "Mr. Harding . . ." she began.

"That's what I want to talk about, Margie. It's all so crazy. What business is it of his if we're friends?"

"It . . . it isn't that it's his business, Jim. You see, he knows Link and Link's folks, too . . . and—well, it *will* hurt Link if he comes home and finds things changed between us."

"But, Margie, you told me you hadn't promised him anything."

"No, but . . ."

"Then why can't you go with me, be my girl?"

"Because," she said soberly, "I know Mr. Harding wouldn't have done what he did on the beach Friday night and he wouldn't have changed my typing class if he didn't think it was right for us to stop seeing each other."

"But for Pete's sake, honey! Who in heck is Harding to do your thinking for you? He's just a school principal!"

"He's much more than that," Margie said defensively. "You don't know him as we do. He's the . . . the most wonderful man in this town. He helped my brother Ned get a job in Tampa, helped him get into a radio and TV school. Why, in a way, I look up to Mr. Harding almost as much as to my own pop."

"All right," Jim said. "So Harding's a swell guy. My first day at school, he stopped and talked to me out in the yard about football, and that's more than I can say about any of the other stuffy principals I've known. I thought he was great. I still do. But let me ask you two things. First, has your own father or mother objected to your going out with me?"

"No," Margie had to admit.

"Okay. Second, if Link was here and you could choose whom you wanted to go with, would it be him or me?"

She looked into his eyes a long time, then whispered helplessly, "You, Jim."

Still holding her hands, he leaned forward and kissed her. It had happened twice before, and each time it was like soaring up on magic wings and being carried away for a timeless moment into another world where you *knew* everything was good and right and beautiful.

When the kiss ended, he said seriously, "I love you, Margie. There are lots of things I don't know—where I'll be next year, whether it'll be college or the Army . . . what I'm going to do for a living—I don't know any of those things. But I know this one thing: I love you. This is real. For keeps. And some day, when I can, I'll ask you to marry me. Do you believe me, Margie?"

She could hardly see him now, for her eyes were blurred with the happiest tears she'd ever shed. This couldn't be wrong, what she and Jim felt for each other.

"Yes, Jim," she said. "I believe you. And I love you, too. For keeps."

He kissed her wet eyes, first one and then the other. Then he said softly, grinning, "Hey—you know what? This calls for a celebration. How about a date with the jukebox over on the pier?"

"It sounds wonderful, Jim." She jumped up. "I'll go tell Mom. . . ."

Chapter 4

On the following Tuesday afternoon, a week after he'd transferred Margie to the other typing class, Dave was at his desk when the three-thirty bell rang. He rose and went to the window, as he did so often at this time of day, to watch the students streaming down the front walk. Some of them got into the big yellow

buses waiting at the curb. Others hopped onto their bikes or into their jalopies, and the rest wandered down the sidewalks in both directions, homeward-bound. His eyes and thoughts followed them all. . . . There went Laura Brent. She looked too thin this fall. Next time he saw Mrs. Brent, he'd suggest that they send Laura to a doctor for a checkup. And there was Tommy Myers, jumping into his stripped-down Ford and heading God knew where. Where did that kid spend his time? He had no mother; and his father, night watchman at the fruit-packing plant, never knew where the boy was. I'll have to have a talk with Tommy, he decided.

He was still thinking of Tommy when he saw Margie Reed go down the walk to one of the buses, her pony tail bobbing on her shoulders. The poor kid—going home to dishes, work and brothers and sisters to care for. You couldn't blame her for liking a taste of Jim Collins' kind of life. But that's all it would have been—a taste that could never be fulfilled. Dave was sure Margie's conscience was guiding her, now that he'd taken the first step for her, and as he turned away from the window he felt relieved that her problem had been solved so easily.

But that same night, driving back to school to watch the band practice, Dave saw Jim's convertible just pulling into a parking place in front of the Palm Theater. Jim and Margie were sitting close together, laughing at something.

So . . . nothing had been solved, after all.

Now what? Dave thought as he drove by them and headed for the school. Now what can I do? Talk to Margie? He was reluctant to do that . . . yet. It would be so much better if her own loyalty to Link could guide her.

All during band rehearsal, she was on Dave's mind. What can I do to help her? he thought as he was driving home. He couldn't *forbid* her to see Jim. Only Margie's parents had a right to do that. But he didn't want to go to them except as a last resort. They had troubles enough. He knew the Reed baby was sick again and the constant financial load on Ty Reed's shoulders was enough burden for any man.

As he turned the car into his driveway, he gave up the problem of Margie momentarily. That helped sometimes—to push a thing into the back of your mind and let it simmer there while you went on to something else. And that something else was the letter he planned to write tonight concerning Beth. He'd already written to the Welfare Board, asking them to recommend a suitable home or school, but their reply hadn't come yet, and he was getting impatient. Tonight he was going to write to a psychology professor he knew at Gainesville. Old Doc Burns would surely know of some place for her.

He put the car in the garage for the night, deciding to walk down to the post office when he had his letter ready.

While Dave was writing to Doc Burns, four blocks away Anne was writing a letter to her Aunt Gay. Her room was on the second floor of the Druid Inn, a pleasant old-fashioned home which had been remodeled into modern one-room apartments. Anne sat at the small blond desk, holding her pen, but not actually writing. She was doodling on the paper, making senseless little circles of all sizes. She'd never been a doodler.

Crushing the paper into a ball, she tossed it into the wastebasket. Then she looked wistfully at the telephone on her desk. How much did it cost to call New York? It would be good to talk to Aunt Gay instead of writing a letter. But what would she say? The weather's wonderful . . . I like my work . . . I've gained a couple of pounds . . . I go swimming a lot . . . ?

Hallie Ross, who taught freshman English, lived here at the Inn and had a car. She loved the beach as much as Anne did, and they went over every day after school and on weekends.

All in all, she could tell Aunt Gay, I have a nice setup. When I come home I'll have a good tan and some money saved, maybe, and a year's teaching experience behind me.

Well, she could write all that, couldn't she? None of it was important enough for a telephone call.

On a new sheet of paper she wrote: "Dear Aunt Gay . . ." Suddenly she was writing very fast, but the things she'd planned to say took a different turn. ". . . swimming is wonderful . . . had a faculty beach picnic last week . . . Dave Harding, the principal, had to rescue me from some seaweed . . . wish you could meet him . . . an interesting person, but . . . we don't see eye-to-eye on how to treat seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds . . . Aunt Gay, when I was seventeen didn't I make up my own mind about most things . . . didn't I at least choose my own friends? Dave thinks . . . Dave says . . . Dave believes . . ."

Soon she'd filled four pages. On rereading them, she found Dave's name on every page. All right, admit it. It was Dave she wanted to talk to Aunt Gay about, Dave who made her doodle, Dave who made her stare into space. All this week she'd avoided him, even while she ached to see him, be near him. One noon in the cafeteria she'd had to sit next to him at the faculty table, and it had been torture the way an invisible wall of politeness and restraint separated them. Who or what could tear down that wall, she did not know. All she knew was that it could not be she as long as he acted like a dictator with Margie.

She sealed the letter, then phoned Hallie. "Feel like walking down to the post office with me?"

"Sure. Meet you in the lobby."

Hallie was a large girl with brown, sun-streaked hair. She had a breezy, easygoing way about her that Anne and everyone else liked. The first thing she said when she joined Anne in the lobby was: "Wow. That's quite an outfit you're wearing, gal."

Anne looked down at her black toreador pants and white scoop-neck blouse. "Why? It's all cotton. What else can a person wear when it's so warm?"

"It's not the material, dear," Hallie said, her eyes teasing. "It's the way the cotton *fits* you. Oh, come on—I'm just jealous. Of your figure. *And* your clothes. How do you do it on a teacher's salary?"

Anne explained about Aunt Gay's shop. "So I get all my clothes wholesale."

"You lucky so-and-so," Hallie said with good-natured envy. "Not that wholesale clothes would help me, even if I could get them. I'm no clotheshorse, and I know it."

"Neither am I."

"No?" Hallie replied. "Don't you know you've got all the men at Druid High watching you every time you walk down the hall?"

Anne laughed. "Don't be silly."

"Silly? I've even caught Dave Harding himself following you with his eyes."

This time Anne didn't laugh. To cover up what hearing his name did to her, she said, "Dave Harding himself, huh? What am I supposed to do—swoon?"

Hallie gave her a quick, curious glance. "I thought I was giving you a compliment. Why so huffy about it?"

"I wasn't huffy."

"I know a huff when I see one." Hallie sounded half-annoyed, half-amused. "Listen, gal—this is my fifth year in Druid. When Dave became principal every unmarried woman on the faculty tried to impress him . . . and I don't mean with her teaching. As you can see, none of us made the grade. Now you come along and without even *trying*, apparently, you . . ." She stopped talking abruptly and nudged Anne's elbow. "Look who's coming out of the post office," she murmured.

They had just reached the wide cement steps and were starting up them. Coming out of the swinging door above

them was Dave. The light from the street lamp shone on his face, and he seemed deep in thought. When he noticed them, he paused a couple of steps above them and said with his quick magnetic smile, "Hello, there."

"Hello, Mr. Harding," Hallie answered, smiling up at him. "Warm night, isn't it?"

"You can say that again."

Anne hadn't said anything yet, and it seemed too late now to say hello. "I . . . I've got a letter to mail," she said, hearing herself stammer. Flushing furiously, she walked around him and went on up the steps, Hallie following.

Inside, while Anne dropped the letter in the slot, Hallie stood beside her, staring at her. Finally Hallie said, "Well, I'll be darned. It just dawned on me . . . why you got huffy. You and Dave . . . it's *serious*, whether you both know it yet or not. And it makes sense. Good sense. Why, you'd be the best-looking couple in town."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Anne answered in a low, angry voice.

Hallie grinned. "No?"

"No! And furthermore, there's something about him I don't even like. Even if he is my boss, he . . . he does things I just don't approve of!"

"Such as?"

"Such as playing God. Why, the way he takes it upon himself to interfere with other people's lives is . . . is . . ."

"Whose lives?"

"Kids like Jim Collins and Margie Reed. They're two perfectly wonderful people . . . and I mean *people*, not children . . . and if they want to be friends, I don't see that it's any business of Dave Harding's."

"Margie Reed?" Hallie said. "I had her when she was a freshman. Jim Collins must be new; I don't know him. But tell me about it. What's all this about Dave interfering with them?"

Standing there in the silent, deserted post office, Anne told her. When she was through, Hallie said thoughtfully, "The way you put it, it does sound as if he were interfering. But he's thinking of Margie and Link, Anne. They're home-town kids, and he's pretty hep on that subject."

"Maybe he is," Anne admitted, "and maybe his motives are fine, but I still think he's going pretty far. How does *he* know Jim isn't the right boy for Margie instead of Link? And even if it turns out Jim *isn't* right for her, who is Dave Harding to act as judge; to interfere?"

Hallie shook her head. "You've got it all wrong, Anne. It isn't really interfering. Whatever he's doing, it's for Margie's sake. Why, he lives for that school and those kids." She touched Anne's arm. "I wouldn't go around criticizing him to anyone else, Anne. Not around Druid."

So Hallie wouldn't listen. And Hallie represented Druid. Anne sighed. She was getting a headache. "Okay. You know him better than I do. Forget what I said, Hallie." Anne, herself, could not forget what she'd said, though. She'd meant every word of it and still believed it, despite Hallie's protests.

"Well," Anne said. "Are we going to spend the rest of the night in the Druid post office?"

But Hallie didn't seem to hear her. With her elbows resting on the edge of the stamp counter at her back, Hallie said slowly, "Now that I think about it, I wonder . . . I wonder if you might be right about Dave." She went on, with obvious reluctance, "I remember another time . . . it was last year. . . . We graduated a girl who wanted to go into nurse's training, but Dave talked her out of it. Her grades were high, but he felt she just wasn't the type to be a nurse and wouldn't like it when she got into it. She put up quite a fuss at first, but he convinced her and her parents. This summer she eloped with a boy in Garland. Last week when I was down there, I met her on the street. She was pregnant, and—well . . . I felt rather sorry for her and didn't quite know why."

"It's because you knew darned well she'd been cheated. Even if nursing was wrong for her, she should have had the privilege of finding out for herself!"

Hallie frowned. "But he does so many *good* things, Anne! He's wrong so seldom."

"Maybe. But messing up even one life is too often. He has no right to shove those kids around like checkers on a board." Then, in a troubled voice, "I wonder what makes him do it. He's like a man possessed."

They were both silent until Hallie said. "You know what I feel like? A traitor. I've never said a word against Dave . . . and never heard one until now. You've mixed me up, Anne."

"Sorry."

Hallie studied her. "You're pretty mixed up, yourself, aren't you, Anne?" Her voice was sympathetic now. "But if you feel about him the way I think you do and are letting this . . . this disapproval of him hold you back, you're crazy. Dave Harding is one guy in a million, and you know it as well as I do."

"Yes. . . ." Anne admitted in a low voice. "I know it, but . . . Oh, come on, let's go."

After leaving Anne and Hallie on the post-office steps, Dave walked aimlessly down the block. At the corner in front of Eddington's Drugstore he paused uncertainly. The clock on the bank across the street said ten. He didn't feel like going home yet, though that had been his intention when he came out of the post office.

He went into the drugstore, sat at the counter on one of the end stools near the window. "Hello, Ed. Coffee, please."

"Right, Mr. Harding. Warm night, isn't it?"

"Certainly is," he answered automatically, and glanced out the window as someone walked by. It was an elderly man and woman whom he didn't know. Tourists, probably. He lit a cigarette, sipped his coffee, and continued to glance frequently out the window. A man walked by, then a woman, and the disappointment he felt each time finally made him ask himself why he was sitting here. Was it just to get a glimpse of Anne again? She and Hallie had to go by here on their way to the Druid Inn. Was he sitting here like a mooning kid, just to see her pass that window?

All this past week at school the strained feeling between them made him wish it were possible to go back to where they'd been that night on the beach when he'd kissed her and start over from there. He wanted . . . what did he want? He didn't know for sure. Her understanding, her friendship, at least. Maybe he should talk to her once more about Margie—try to make her understand. Not at school, but some place where they could have the time and privacy really to talk it out. The Yacht Club in Garland, maybe. The dining room was large and quiet. They could drive down for dinner some evening and . . .

He saw her through the window then, and his pulse leaped, just at the sight of her. Hallie, walking on the inside, glanced into Ed's; then Dave saw her touch Anne's arm and apparently suggest that they come in.

"Hello, again," he said when Hallie led the way to the two stools at his end of the counter. She took the far stool, leaving the one between her and Dave for Anne. Good girl, Hallie, he thought.

They ordered Cokes; then Hallie said, "Guess I'll get a couple of things while I'm in here." She slid off the stool, and Ed followed her to wait on her.

Anne, her eyes lowered, sipped her Coke through the two straws. She hadn't said a word.

"Anne?" he said gently. Slowly, she lifted her head and looked at him with her dark candid eyes.

"Anne, would you . . . would you go out to dinner with me some night? We could drive down to Garland to the Yacht Club. It's rather a nice place, right on the Bay."

She hesitated, finally said, "Yes . . . I'd like to."

"Then you'll go?" The eagerness in his voice was juvenile, ridiculous, but he couldn't help it.

"Yes," she answered, and smiled.

"Saturday night?"

"That will be fine," she said.

"I'll pick you up at seven," he said, and she nodded.

The girls left before he did. After they'd gone, he asked Ed to pour him another cup of coffee and knew he wouldn't sleep because of it, but he didn't care. He had a date with her! Their first one. He'd had many first dates with girls in college, in Druid and while he was in the Navy, but none of them had filled him with the anticipation that this one did. He was sure it was a new beginning . . . of something special. It had to be, or he wouldn't feel like this. Everything's going to work out right, he thought excitedly.

Chapter 5

The weather was unseasonably warm the rest of that week. In bedrooms all over town people kept fans running at night, trying to stir up the humid air and create a breeze. An old fisherman told Cleo on the beach one day that it was hurricane weather for sure, but the only disturbances were daily thunderstorms late in the afternoons that left everyone stickier and hotter than before.

Friday night, when Jim left the cottage an hour before the football game was to start, Cleo followed him out on the front porch and said, "Luck, son."

"Thanks, Ma. From what I hear of the Blue Springs team, we'll need it." He paused on the steps. "Don't forget—Margie will meet you and Tony at the gate. Don't miss her now, will you?"

Cleo smiled. "We won't miss her. Though why she wants to sit with us instead of kids her own age, I don't know."

"*I* want her to sit with you. When I look up at the bleachers I want to see my girl and my ma together."

"Okay. Together we'll be."

He grinned, then hurried down the walk to his car. Still smiling, Cleo went into the house to dress.

Tony was late. By the time he arrived, she had been waiting almost half an hour. Tony, in gray slacks and a white sport shirt, ambled up the walk as though he had all the time in the world.

"We should be on our way," she said, crushing out her cigarette and picking up her purse as he came in the door.

"We've got time for a drink."

"But we haven't, Tony!"

"Sure we have." He went to the kitchen, came back with two highballs.

"I didn't want a drink, Tony."

He set one down on the coffee table. "So I'll have two," he said, taking a long swallow out of the first one.

"Oh, Tony." It was a reprimand, a protest, and her voice sounded like that of a nagging wife. Be careful, she warned herself. He's just restless, impatient. And she didn't blame him. Probably any man, especially one with Tony's temperament, would become restless and impatient under the circumstances. But she hoped he wouldn't bring up the subject of marriage tonight.

He was pacing around the rattan-furnished livingroom, taking quick drinks from his glass. He switched the radio on, then off again before it even had a chance to warm up. She stood helplessly by the door, anxious to get to the game on time, but not daring to say anything more.

He paused in his pacing, looked at her from across the room for a long silent moment, then set his drink down and came to her, his eyes holding hers until he reached her. He took her in his arms and pulled her close to him, saying, "Cleo, I love you and want you. Don't you know yet that I can't keep coming here, being with you and then leaving you?"

Whenever he was like this, it was as difficult for her as for him. She wondered if he realized that. With his arms around her, his eyes like magnets on hers, she could so easily give in to him. After all, she was human, too. Sometimes she asked herself, What difference would it make? We'll be married soon.

But something always held her back, as it did now. Even as she clung to him and they sought each other's lips, she whispered, "Darling, no. It's just a little longer till we can be married. We can wait, Tony."

Always, with tender words and soft coaxing, she won out. She won out this time, too, but there was a difference. After one kiss—one hard, feverish kiss—he drew back, and his arms dropped to his sides, abruptly releasing her. "All right," he said, and there was a note of weary finality in his voice. "All right, Cleo."

She'd never seen him like this, and it frightened her. Never before had he given up without a furious argument. "Tony . . ." She touched his arm. "Are you mad, Tony?"

"No."

The way he said it—as if he'd given up and didn't care enough to get mad any more—almost made her say, "All right, Tony. Let's get married." But even as the thought came to her, she knew she wouldn't do it . . . not until she had all that money for Jim.

The Druid football field, surrounded by orange groves, was one block north of the school. There was no grandstand—merely wooden bleachers facing each other across the field. Floodlights glared down on the hard-packed, sandy earth, while the perspiring people in the bleachers used their programs for fans.

Anne, sitting with Hallie in the first row, said with a laugh, "This is the first time I've gone to a football game in a cotton dress. Feels good."

"Hm—sounds as if you've got sand in your shoes already," Hallie said.

Anne had heard the expression before. It meant you liked Florida—wanted to stay there the rest of your life. *Would* she want to, if . . . if . . .? She cut off the thought, not daring to look ahead that far.

Dave appeared, walking to the bench with Coach Lindsey. It wouldn't have surprised Anne to see Dave don a uniform and play in the game himself. Was there *anything* he let the kids do on their own? And she frowned for a moment.

A lusty cheer rose in the air as the Druid team came running onto the field in their orange-and-black uniforms. Anne found herself cheering, too, and she spotted Jim Collins at once. Just before he sat down on the bench he scanned the crowd, then lifted one hand in a salute and grinned at someone above and behind Anne. She turned around curiously and looked up. A few rows above her was Margie Reed, waving and smiling at Jim. Beside her was Jim's mother, also waving. And on the other side of Mrs. Collins Anne saw that man, Tony Chappell. He gave Jim a casual little wave with his right hand, in which he held a cigarette. Just as he was bringing the cigarette to his mouth he happened to glance downward, and his hand paused momentarily in mid-air as his eyes met Anne's.

She'd been caught staring, but there was nothing to do about it except give him a friendly smile and turn around again. She glanced down at the bench where Dave sat now among the boys. Had he seen Margie with Jim's mother yet? Margie and Jim were acting just as Anne had thought they would: paying no attention to Dave. Would he give up now and leave them alone?

Just before the kickoff, little Beth Harding, carrying her kitten, came by and found a seat beyond Hallie. Anne hadn't seen her since the picnic. She said, "Hello, Beth."

The shy, grateful way Beth answered "Hello, Miss Larimore," told Anne how lonely the girl was in this crowd. Why in the world didn't Dave see to it that she had someone to come with? The way he fathered every other kid in town . . .

Anne stood up. "Change places with me, will you, Hallie?"

"Sure."

So Anne sat beside Beth and talked to her until the game started.

Blue Springs, though a larger school than Druid, had to fight hard to make one touchdown in the first quarter. During the second quarter, Druid tied the score. Anne couldn't remember any big college game she'd enjoyed so much. By the time the whistle blew for the half, the score was still a tie and she was as excited as any of the students.

Between halves, Anne and Hallie took Beth with them to the soft-drink stand by the gate. While they stood there drinking Cokes, a girl from Anne's Shorthand I class came up with a man and woman, saying, "Miss Larimore, I want you to meet my mother and father." While Anne talked to them a moment, she got separated from Hallie and Beth in the moving crowd of people. Just as the student and her parents moved on, Anne heard a voice at her side say, "Miss Larimore, I'd like you to meet my mother and father, too, but they didn't come tonight."

Turning, she found Tony Chappell beside her—lanky, loose-limbed and handsome in his casual, expensive clothes.

He grinned at her. "Corny, wasn't I? I'll start over." With mock formality, he said, "Good evening, Miss Larimore."

"Why, good evening, Mr. Chappell," she answered in the same mocking tone.

"How are you this evening, Miss Larimore?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Chappell. And you?"

"Able to take nourishment, thank you, but I guess they're fresh out of Martinis here." His eyes were filled with amusement and interest and something of a challenge that brought amusement into her eyes, too. Her gaze didn't waver from his as she waited for his next comment, whatever it would be. He took the half-finished Coke from her and placed it on the counter, then said, "May I buy you a Coke, Miss Larimore?"

"Thank you, Mr. Chappell. I'm very thirsty."

He bought two, handed her one with a flourish, then lifted his for a toast. She raised hers, too, and they clinked the bottles together. "To the girl whose foot I held before I knew her name," he said.

His reminding her of that spoiled the harmless fun she was having, for it brought back a vivid picture of Mrs. Collins sitting on the beach with him and being annoyed by Anne's appearance. Mrs. Collins must be sitting back there in the bleachers now, waiting for him. Whatever they were to each other, Anne was sure Mrs. Collins wouldn't appreciate being kept waiting again by the girl whose foot he'd held. Well, it had been fun while it lasted.

Anne set her bottle on the counter. "I think it's time to go back. Thanks . . . and 'by.'" She turned to walk away.

"Anne, wait a minute!" She paused, and was surprised to hear him say, "Are you busy tomorrow night?"

"Why, yes, I am." Tomorrow night, Saturday, was her dinner date with Dave.

"May I call you some other night then?" Tony said.

She hadn't meant to get this involved. But there was a simple way to end it. "Look, Tony," she said frankly. "I've seen you only once before tonight. The first time you were with Mrs. Collins and tonight you're with Mrs. Collins."

"True," he admitted casually. "And I've been with Mrs. Collins innumerable other evenings for a couple of years. I still say, May I call you sometime? We could drive to Tampa . . . or go swimming . . . or dance somewhere. I'm a good dancer, incidentally."

She had to smile. And she found herself thinking, He'd be fun on a date. As for Mrs. Collins . . . he must know what he's doing.

"Are you in the phone book?" he asked.

"No, but I live at the Druid Inn. It's listed."

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere."

Laughing, she said, "If you ask me, we'd better be getting back to that game. Good night, Tony." She turned and walked back to the bleachers by herself, with people passing her on both sides. Tony Chappell didn't pass her, but she could feel him a few paces behind her—could feel his eyes on her all the way.

With only a few minutes left of the fourth quarter, it was obvious Druid had the game in the bag. Dave, pleased and proud and grinning, congratulated Coach Lindsey, said, "Good work, fellows," to the boys clustered around the bench, then hurried away. If he was near the gate when Anne left, maybe he could take her home.

Walking by the bleachers, he saw her and Hallie and smiled, but didn't stop. Too many people would notice. Then he saw Beth beside them. He wished to heaven Selina would keep her at home—not let her wander around. What a relief . . . what a tremendous relief it would be when he was no longer responsible for her. There still hadn't been any answers to the two letters he'd written, but surely he'd hear soon. . . . In fact, he could hear from Doc Burns tomorrow, if Doc answered right away.

Everyone stood up in the bleachers and cheered for the last time. The game was over.

Dave hurried to the gate, and at once people were crowding around him, talking excitedly about Druid's victory. Smiling, talking to them, he noticed several parents go by without nodding to him. In this crowd he wouldn't have given it a thought . . . but it had happened once before this fall, at the first general PTA meeting. Well, it had been rather crowded there, too. . . .

The people were thinning out now. Over someone's shoulder he saw Margie Reed approaching, and he won-

dered if she had a date with Jim. Probably every boy on the team would celebrate tonight with his girl. But Margie *wasn't* Jim's girl.

Dave frowned, wondering if the time had come to talk with Margie. As she came closer, he realized she was with that strange man and woman he'd seen sitting beside her in the bleachers. Margie was smiling at the woman in a young, adoring way. Who could they be? You always assumed that any stranger in town was a tourist, but how could Margie have become friendly enough with these two sophisticated-looking people to come to the game with them?

Dave stepped forward, easing away from the group of people still lingering around the gate. "Hello, Margie," he said.

"Oh . . . hello, Mr. Harding." She would have walked on, but the woman had paused, too.

She was an attractive woman, with flawless skin and dark red hair. Looking up at him with frank curiosity, she asked, "Are you Mr. Harding, the school principal?"

"Why, yes, I am."

"I'm Mrs. Collins, Jim's mother."

"How do you do, Mrs. Collins?" he said, meeting her gaze. So it had gone this far . . . Jim's mother bringing Margie to the game and encouraging their friendship. Jim must have told her everything, for her eyes were not only curious, but held a faintly defiant look.

"Mr. Harding," she said casually, "Mr. Chappell."

Dave shook hands with the man, wondering. Boy friend? Fiancé? Relative? "Jim played a very fine game tonight, Mrs. Collins," Dave said, filling in the rather awkward silence. "You should be proud of him." He meant what he said, was sincere in his praise.

"Thank you. I am proud of him."

Margie, standing to one side, shifted her feet uneasily. Dave felt sorry for her and wished for the hundredth time he could find some way to protect her from being hurt by these people.

Chappell held out a silver case. "Cigarette, Mr. Harding?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Chappell."

Mrs. Collins, completely at ease, accepted one and let Chappell light it for her. She made no move to leave. People kept walking by, some of them nodding and speaking to Dave and Margie.

"How is my son doing in his classes, Mr. Harding?" Mrs. Collins asked, flicking the ash off her cigarette. "Or perhaps that's a foolish question. Perhaps it's impossible for you to keep up with all the students' grades and have them at your fingertips when some parent asks about them."

Dave thought, She must know Jim's far above average. Was she leading up to something about him and Margie? "Our school is rather small, Mrs. Collins. Less than five hundred students. So it isn't hard to remember. As I recall, Jim is in the upper third in all his classes. He's a very good student."

Her eyebrows lifted slightly. "You really do keep track of them all, don't you? I don't see how you do it, though, even with less than five hundred. That's quite an accomplishment."

Before he could figure out whether she was being sincere or sarcastic, Margie broke up the conversation by saying eagerly, "Hello, Miss Larimore and Miss Ross and Beth!"

As Anne and Hallie paused, with Beth between them, Dave started to say, "Mrs. Collins, may I present . . ."

Chappell spoke up: "We've already met Miss Larimore."

"Oh. . . ." So Dave introduced Hallie Ross; then, without actually looking at Beth, he added, "My sister-in-law, Beth Harding." As the conversation turned back to the game, Dave stood silent, wondering where Anne could have met Chappell and Jim's mother.

He noticed that Mrs. Collins was as silent now as he was . . . and Chappell didn't seem so bored. The man was even smiling . . . at Anne. Dave smiled at her, too, and for the moment forgot everyone else. Tomorrow night at this time, he thought, I'll be alone with her.

She said to him, while the others talked among themselves, "Hallie and I will drive Beth home, if it's all right with you."

Without thinking, he said. "You needn't bother," and knew at once it wasn't the right thing to say.

"Bother?" she echoed, giving him an odd look. "Why, we're glad to. . . ."

Then Mrs. Collins was saying, "Ready to go, Tony?"

There were good nights, the group broke up, and Dave found himself standing alone. A few stragglers went out the gate. The floodlights were turned off, and still he stood there, feeling that he had failed Margie and failed himself.

Sighing, he started for his car. He *had* to make those people leave Margie alone. But how? Talk to her? He doubted now that a talk with Margie would do any good; she was in too deep to take advice from anyone. Jim? If Jim were a problem student . . . a troublemaker . . . impertinent to his teachers . . . anything like that would serve as justification to expel the boy. But how could you find reason to expel a polite, intelligent, industrious kid like Jim?

There was only one other thing to do: talk to Margie's parents. He hated to do it, but now he felt he had to. Getting into his car, he headed for the Reed house on the other side of town.

Ellen Reed, filling baby bottles with formula, said to her husband, "Go see who's knocking on the door, Ty, before it wakes up little Barry."

A minute later she heard Ty say with pleased surprise, "Well, Mr. Harding! Come right in!"

Ellen, a small, too-thin woman, forgot the baby's bottles and quickly smoothed back her gray-brown hair. A quick glance around the kitchen assured her everything was clean, if shabby. It had been a long time since Mr. Harding had come to call.

She whisked the coffeepot onto the stove and turned to greet Mr. Harding as Ty brought him into the kitchen. What a smile that man had! It was wonderful to see him again. After getting him and Ty settled at the table, she busied herself at the cupboard, cutting some of the cake Margie had baked yesterday.

The men talked about Ned for a minute, and about the weather; then she was rather surprised to hear Mr. Harding say, "I really came to talk to you about Margie, Mr. Reed." He said he hated to bother them, but he was doing it for Margie's sake. Then he went on, suggesting that perhaps Margie shouldn't go out with Jim Collins any more. Hearing him say that, Ellen almost burst out, "But *why*, Mr. Harding?" But she kept still. Ty was the one to answer. Just then the baby whimpered in the next room, and she had to excuse herself, saying, "Little Barry's got a terrible cold." After attending to him, she hurried back, and Mr. Harding was saying, "Yes, Jim *is* a nice boy, Mr. Reed, but when he leaves I'm afraid Margie's going to be discontented and unhappy. Tonight she sat with Jim's mother at the game. They seem to be wealthy people, used to things that most of our girls in Druid don't have. You know what I mean—so many of the tourists live a different kind of life from ours. Margie's seeing a way of life that Link may never be able to give her, and it's going to hurt both her and Link."

Ellen wanted to say, "But she and Link weren't serious!" Margie hadn't confided in Ellen yet about how she felt toward Jim—any girl liked to keep her love secret for a while—but all you had to do was look at Margie and *know*. The way she sang to herself these days and went around all starry-eyed. . . . Why, she'd never been that way with Link!

Silently, watching Ty, waiting for him to speak up, Ellen brought the coffee and cake to the table and sat down between the men.

But all Ty said was, "Well, she's only seventeen, Mr. Harding. Just a kid. . . ."

"I know," Mr. Harding said, "but seventeen is such an impressionable age. It's going to be quite a letdown to her when Jim leaves, and we'd all hate to see that happen."

Ellen frowned. She hated to speak up and disagree with Mr. Harding, but she seemed unable to stop herself. "Maybe . . . maybe Jim won't leave, Mr. Harding. What if . . . well, what if it was meant that he should be the one for Margie instead of Link? You don't know what I'd give if my girl could have . . ." She glanced around at the shabby, old-fashioned kitchen, then reached out and touched Ty's hand with hers. "Ty, you know what I mean, don't you, Ty? I've always had such big dreams for Margie. She's so smart and pretty and . . ."

Her voice trailed off as big, husky Ty shifted in his chair. "Yeah, Ellen," he said, "but maybe Mr. Harding's right. I hadn't thought about it before, but I see what he means. It was nice of you to come and talk to us like this, Mr. Harding. We sure appreciate it. Like you say, that boy's decent enough and all that, but he's just a tourist, and he's already put fancy ideas in Margie's head. You know the way she primps all the time these days, Ellen, and goin' to shows so often . . . and riding around in that blue car—why, that's enough to turn any girl's head." Ty picked up his pipe and started stuffing tobacco in it, and the firm, steady way he went at it told Ellen it would do no good for her to say any more.

After quite a bit more talk, she found herself reluctantly admitting that maybe they were right. Lord knows she wanted to do the right thing by Margie. And Mr. Harding should know what was right.

It ended with Ty's saying, "I'll lay down the law to Margie. She can't go out with Jim again."

Chapter 6

On his way to pick up Anne on Saturday evening, Dave was tempted to stop at the post office to see if there was a letter from Doc Burns in his box. Doc would answer promptly—would treat Dave's questions about a school for Beth as a personal favor; not as a routine business matter, as the Welfare Board would. But he didn't want to take the time to go into the post office now. It could wait until tomorrow. Right now he didn't want to waste a minute of his evening with Anne.

He still planned to have that talk with her about Margie. It shouldn't be hard to make her understand now, when he told her about his visit with the Reeds last night. The girl's own parents certainly knew what was best for her, didn't they?

He parked in front of the Druid Inn, strode up the walk. After ringing Anne's buzzer in the lobby, he picked up the evening paper lying on a chair and looked at the bold black headline: NEW HURRICANE THREATENS. A new one had been spotted in the Gulf, the article said. It had missed Key West and was heading north, following the coast-line. If it didn't change its course, it would hit the Tampa Bay area, which included Druid, and . . .

Hearing footsteps on the stairs, he turned, and as he saw Anne coming down, he dropped the paper, forgetting the hurricane, forgetting everything.

She wore blue—a soft thing with a full skirt and halter top that left her shoulders bare. Over her arm she carried a white stole. Her black hair was brushed into a cloud about her face; her eyes seemed darker than ever, but brighter than ever, too. She'd never looked more beautiful.

Their eyes met as she came toward him, and he meant to say hello, meant to tell her how lovely she looked, but as they stood there not a foot apart, her nearness affected him as it always did, and he wanted only to take her in his arms and hold her close and never let her go.

I love her, he thought, and stood motionless, stunned by the realization. He knew it shouldn't surprise him so, for she'd affected him from the very beginning as no other girl ever had.

But it was too soon to tell her he loved her; it was almost too soon for him to realize it fully, himself. The right time to tell her would come . . . sometime. . . .

He reached for her hand. "Shall . . . shall we go?"

"Yes, Dave." Just then she happened to glance down at the newspaper on the floor. "Another hurricane?" she said, pausing.

He picked up the paper, showed her the headline. "It missed Key West. It'll probably miss us, too, though it's heading up the coast. But there's no use getting alarmed yet."

He tossed the paper onto a chair, smiled, took her hand again, and led her out into the warm, still night.

The drive to Garland along the coast had never seemed so short to Dave. Anne talked and he talked—about dozens of things that told them more and more about each other as each mile and each minute passed. They covered their childhoods, her life in New York, his parents, Selina, her Aunt Gay, his Navy experiences, her days at Columbia. Druid High wasn't mentioned. And Rick wasn't mentioned until Anne said, as they were nearing Garland, "Tell me about your brother, Dave. His name was Rick, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"What was he like?"

"He was an unusual kid, with a heart too big for his own good. As I look back now, he must have been pretty

lonely in a way. All the time I was in Gainesville and in the Navy, the only person he had was Selina. And when I came back, I . . ." He almost couldn't finish the sentence, for he had never said this to anyone. "I . . . I was to blame for what happened to Rick."

"Oh, but, Dave!" she protested. "An accident . . . no one can prevent accidents."

"There wouldn't have been an accident if I'd prevented his marriage." The bitterness in his voice lingered in the air long after he was silent.

He felt Anne looking at him, and he kept his eyes on the road while he tried to think of something to say to change the mood. How had they got on the subject of Rick? He didn't want to talk about Rick, even to Anne.

Before he could change the subject, she said quietly, "I think it's very fine of you to give Beth a home and take care of her, Dave. It must be hard to do all that for her if you feel Rick's marriage was a mistake."

"I'm not at home much. I see very little of her." He let it go at that, not mentioning that he was planning to send Beth away.

"Here we are," he said, relieved that the sober discussion of Rick and Beth could end now. "This is the Yacht Club."

He found a spot in the crowded parking area and switched off the motor and headlights. Immediately the sober mood of a moment ago was gone. All around them was the silver glow of moonlight. A few hundred feet ahead of them was Garland Bay and the dock where yachts and sailboats of all sizes moved gently on the water within the confines of their anchors and ropes. From the low, sprawling clubhouse came the strains of orchestra music. A waltz. A love song.

Dave turned to Anne, and she turned toward him in the same instant. "Anne," he said, and his arms went around her. He drew her close, found her lips. She returned his kiss with a deep, tender warmth, and he could feel her trembling as much as he was.

"Anne . . . you're the nicest thing that's ever happened to me."

"I'm glad, Dave. It's the same with me."

Their voices sounded low, drugged, and their lips were touching as they spoke.

"We've been fools," he said, "wasting days . . . evenings . . . when we could have been together."

"Yes, Dave."

"Even that first night, we wasted time . . . that night you walked away from me on the beach . . . I felt awful."

"I was miserable, too, Dave, after I left you."

"And all these days . . . every time I've seen you, I've wanted to reach out, touch you, take you in my arms."

"I know, Dave; I know."

They talked on in whispered half-sentences between kisses, and his thoughts wove in and out with their words as he looked ahead to the day when he would marry her, take her home and say, "This is yours, darling. Everything I have is yours." And he'd say to Selina, "This is Mrs. Harding, Selina. This is my wife."

They became aware of loud voices. Two couples, laughing and joking, were getting into a car not far from them. Their noise broke the spell, and Dave sighed, then grinned. "You know, I just remembered something. Seems to me we came down here for dinner."

Anne smiled, too. "Did we?" she teased.

As they got out of the car, Dave decided not to spoil the rest of the evening with talk about Margie or school. All he wanted to do was sit with Anne at a candle-lit table, share a glass of wine and food with her, dance with her. There would never be another first evening like this for them again. It should be theirs—theirs alone.

The Garland Yacht Club dining room was large and dim and air-conditioned. The orchestra sat behind the prow of a ship, the men wearing white captains' uniforms and visored caps. They looked trim, smart, and to Anne their music sounded as good as any in the best New York night clubs.

Sitting across from Dave at a table by a large window that looked out over the water, she lifted her glass of sherry, but took only one sip, then set her glass down. She needed no wine to stimulate her; in fact, was afraid it would dull her senses, rather than stimulate them. And she did not want to dull the feel of Dave's kisses, which still warmed her lips, nor the remembered feeling of gentle strength in his arms when they had held her. Smiling, glowing, she watched him, listened to him as he ordered their sea-food dinner. She was proud of his dignity, his sureness, the friendly way he spoke to the waiter. No wonder everyone loved him. She did, too, so much that it almost hurt, and tonight, feeling as she did now, it was easy to forget that he was her boss, and the principal of Druid High School.

"Dance?" he said when he'd finished ordering.

She nodded, and they rose, went out on the floor. Just before his arm went around her and he started to guide her, she held her breath, wondering how it would be.

It was . . . wonderful. He was smooth, sure of himself, and had a perfect sense of rhythm. She closed her eyes, feeling small, protected and beloved in his arms.

At one o'clock the orchestra played "Good Night, Sweetheart," and the nostalgic promise for tomorrow in the song was reflected in their eyes as they looked at each other with regret because tonight was almost over.

It hadn't cooled off much outside. Driving home, she sat close to him, his arm around her, and they said little. She felt pleasantly, dreamily tired.

When they reached Druid, Dave slowed the car before crossing the railroad tracks at the edge of town. Down a little side road Anne saw a row of clapboard houses. The lights were on in one of them; all the others were dark.

"What do you suppose is keeping those people up?" she murmured, thinking out loud rather than really asking a question to which she expected an answer.

But Dave answered her. "It's probably the Reed baby. He's sick."

Anne straightened and looked back at the house as they drove on. "Then that's where Margie lives."

"Yes."

Anne faced the front again. The dreamy mood had left her; she was wide awake. "How many children did you say there were in the family?"

"Six, counting Ned who's living in Tampa right now."

"In that little house! . . . Is the baby very sick?"

"A cold, Mrs. Reed said. I . . . I went out to see the Reeds after the game last night."

"Oh . . . ?"

They were in front of the Druid Inn now. Dave parked at the curb, switched off the key. For a moment after the hum of the motor stopped, there didn't seem to be a sound; then Anne heard the nightly chorus from the croaking frogs in the empty lot across the street.

Dave appeared to be deep in thought as he took out his cigarettes, lit one for her, then one for himself. "We . . . we might as well talk this over, Anne. I meant to tonight, anyway." He drew on his cigarette once, then seemed to forget it. "I mean Margie."

"Yes, Dave?" Anne waited, already afraid of what she was going to hear, though she had no idea what it would be.

"After I saw Margie at the game last night with Jim's mother," he said, "I decided to have a talk with her folks. I didn't like to bother them—they have enough other problems—but I felt something had to be done. Now I'm glad I went. They agreed it isn't good for Margie to continue seeing Jim, so they're not going to let her go out with him again. It's too bad they have to lay down the law to her, but if that's the only way to protect her, it had to be done. I wanted to tell you about it because . . . well, because of the way you felt before. You see now that I was right, don't you, Anne? Now that the Reeds agree with me and are doing something about it?"

The evening, so perfect until now, was blotted out, ruined, as she stared at him, unable to believe what she'd heard. Had he actually done what he said? Gone to the Reeds and talked them into *forbidding* Margie to see Jim?

Until now, whenever Anne had thought about what he was doing to Margie, she'd felt indignant, angry. At that moment, though, after hearing how far he'd gone this time, she felt alarmed rather than angry. Not that talking to the girl's parents was wrong in itself. He had every right to do that if he felt it was a necessary part of his duties as principal. But to have that much power over people? To step into their private lives and with his strength and magnetism be able to dominate them as he was doing? It was wrong, wrong.

Dave—oh, my dear, she thought, why do you do these things? What odd, dark, twisted compulsion was there behind his actions that led him to believe he *must* do them? For he did believe that, she knew. He honestly thought everything he did was right and necessary, and he seemed completely blind to the fact that at times he went beyond reason and good judgment.

"You . . . you're very quiet, Anne," Dave said uncertainly as he threw his unsmoked cigarette away.

Hearing the uncertainty in his voice, she thought, Why, he knows somewhere deep inside himself that he's wrong, but he can't see it and won't give in. That's why he waited all evening to tell me about his visit to the Reeds. That's why he took so many words to explain it to me. Whatever was driving him, he didn't know what it was, but until he was free of it he'd go on and on, just as he'd been going.

How could she help him? How?

"Yes," she answered at last. "I'm very quiet. I've just been thinking, Dave."

"About Margie?"

"Yes . . . and about you." Where could she start; what could she say? Caution made her hesitate, made her search for words to express what she was thinking. But it was all so vague, even in her own mind, that she felt helplessly inadequate to speak of it. If she'd known him longer, knew what went on inside him . . . but who ever knew that about another person? As it was, though, she felt that in some ways she knew him better than his friends here in Druid did. They'd been too close to him all his life; and though they loved him, they didn't love him in the way she did.

"Dave . . ." She decided to speak bluntly, because she didn't know any other way to say it. "Dave, why are you so concerned about the boys and girls in Druid? I mean, why do you take such an intense personal interest in them and try to do so much for them?"

His answer, which came immediately, astounded her, because it was so obviously the real answer and she'd failed to see it. "Because of Rick," he said. "I let him down and I'm trying to make up for it by doing all I can for the other kids in town; that's all."

Of course. That was the answer. And it had been right in front of her eyes. Those things he'd said earlier this evening should have made it plain to her: "I was to blame for what happened to Rick. . . . There wouldn't have been an accident if I'd prevented his marriage."

But . . . now that she knew this much, she felt almost as helpless as before. If guilt was driving him, the guilt must be wiped out of him. And how did you do that? She was no psychiatrist. Just the woman who loved him.

"Dave," she said, and reached out to touch his hand resting on the steering wheel. "You do so many wonderful things for those kids—truly wonderful—but don't you think sometimes that you get carried away and go further than you should? Guilt is . . . sometimes it's an unhealthy, destructive thing. Once it gets hold of you, it's like having the devil at your shoulder, prodding you on, making you do things you wouldn't ordinarily do. Of course you feel bad about Rick, but . . ."

He interrupted: "I knew Rick was headed wrong, and I did nothing about it. Do you expect me not to do anything when I see other kids are headed wrong?"

"But you can't always *know* when they're headed wrong! And even if they are . . ." She felt his hand clench the wheel tighter, and she took her own hand away.

"I know what I'm doing, Anne. And I'll continue doing it . . . for Rick. It's the one way I can make up to him for neglecting him and letting him marry that . . . that girl."

That girl. The way he said it, with such deep, dark bitterness, revealed more to Anne than anything else he'd told her. He must actually hate Beth, resent her very existence. Every time he saw her, he probably thought of Rick's being dead while she was still alive. And it was his hatred of Beth that kept his guilt alive. . . .

"Dave, listen to me. I've seen Beth several times. I've talked to her. And I've heard how much good Rick did for her. Perhaps she wasn't as wrong for Rick as you think. She's such a friendly little thing. And you say he was lonely. How do you know they didn't love each other deeply and need what they could give each other?"

He ignored her question and went on in that dark, bitter way: "I was a fool to take her into my home, and there's going to be an end to that."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sending her away. As soon as I find a place. A home, a school, wherever they'll take her."

"Oh, no, Dave. You can't!" Anne's voice rose. "If you do, you'll always hate her . . . never get over it. You talk about her as though she's a piece of baggage, but she's human, Dave! She's a *person*. That's what you've forgotten about all those other kids, too. They're human, I tell you, and you have no right to play God with their lives!"

"And you have no right to tell me how to handle my own affairs or my job!"

"You're right!" she retorted in a harsh, furious voice. "I'm just a teacher and you're my boss and that's the way we'd better keep it!" Blindly, she reached out and pushed down the door handle. Then she was out of the car, running away from him, away from his voice calling after her in a desperate way, "Anne! Anne!"

Not until she'd gone through the lobby of the Inn and up the stairs and was safe within her own four walls did she start to cry.

Chapter 7

Tony, wearing only a pair of shorts, worked practically all night Saturday, while K.D. slept in the next room with an electric fan blowing. The two strips Tony was working on had to be mailed Sunday morning, so they could reach New York by airmail on Monday. It was four A.M. when he shoved the papers into a big envelope and sealed it.

"Man, it's hot." he muttered to himself as he walked out of the studio into his own room. He stretched out on top of the bed, hands clasped behind his head. Four o'clock. Was there any hour in the twenty-four when a person felt lower than this? He wished he weren't such a night owl. You spent a hell of a lot of hours alone when you turned night into day. Maybe Cleo would help him get out of that habit if they got married.

If they got married? He used to think of it as "when," not "if." But after last night . . . no, Friday night, the night of the game . . . he wasn't sure how he thought about it any more.

That scene he'd had with Cleo before they went to the game was no worse than any other, but he was getting tired . . . so tired of arguing with her. By the time they reached the football field, he'd been almost ready to call it quits rather than go through six more months of arguing. As for what had happened at the game . . . when he returned to the bleachers after talking with Anne, Cleo had said, "What took you so long, Tony?"

"I ran into a friend. Anne Larimore. Remember her?"

"Yes . . . I remember her."

That's all they'd said about it, but later, when Cleo had been talking to Harding at the gate and Anne came up and joined them, Cleo had suddenly grown silent. Lord, he hadn't set out to make her jealous or anything. Sure, he'd got a kick out of talking to Anne those few minutes at the soft-drink stand, and he knew she had enjoyed talking to him, too. But whether he would actually ever call her or not, he didn't know. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now . . .

Oh, hell, admit it. There was no one like Cleo—no one—and so help him, he loved her, even if she was driving him crazy by refusing to marry him now.

His eyes closed and he slept, but when he woke up he felt logy and heavy and sticky with the heat. It was almost six. Only two hours' sleep, but he'd had enough of this hot bed and hot room.

He rose, put on some bathing trunks, and went down the silent corridor to the elevator. The boy on duty greeted him in his soft drawl. "'Mornin', Mistah Chappell. Havin' an early swim, ain't you?" His smile was a flash of white in his young dark face.

"Trying to wake up, Curly—that's all."

"Seen the papers yet, Mistah Chappell?"

"No. What's doing?"

"That new hurricane. Might be we're in for it. Tomorrow, mebbe, they say. Me, I ain't comin' ovah to this beach tomorrow. Takin' me the day off, I am."

"That so? Well, maybe it will miss us like the last one."

"Mebbe," Curly said doubtfully.

When Tony got outside, it was hard for him to believe it could be this hot so early in the morning. The sun was coming up, fiery and glittering. The palm trees lining the boardwalk down to the beach stood tall and still; not even one frond rustled. No one was in sight; nothing moved anywhere, except two pelicans which swooped up from the sand into the air, away from him.

He waded into the warm, shimmering water and swam out a short distance, then came back. By the time he got out of the water, he felt almost human again . . . and hungry.

After he'd showered and dressed, he picked up the telephone and dialed Cleo's number. This wasn't the first time he'd wakened her by calling at six or seven in the morning. She was always a good sport about it—pleased to see him at any time. With the whole day ahead of them, maybe they could go somewhere and forget the unpleasantness of Friday night. Maybe, if he talked to her calmly and didn't lose his head as he usually did, he could even make her see things his way. How about putting it to her this way: "Okay, baby—here's your chance to show how much faith you have in Tonky and me. I know darned well I'll never go ahead with it alone. I need you for moral support or whatever you want to call it. If you'll marry me now, I'll give K.D. notice, we'll buy a house here, and I'll settle down to work and make Tonky the best darned strip in the country. How about it?"

If he knew women, Cleo might give in to a plea like that. Faith in her man . . . the desire to stand by him, help him. . . . How soap-opera-ish could you get? But he was ready to try anything.

She answered the telephone sooner than he expected and sounded wide awake.

"Hi, baby," he said.

"Oh . . . hello, Tony."

"What are you doing up at this hour?"

"I couldn't sleep."

"Why?"

"It's Jim. We sat up talking half the night, and . . . but I won't go into it now. What did you want, Tony?"

"Breakfast with you. Then we'll drive over to town and mail some strips. After that, we'll decide how to spend the rest of the day. The dining room opens here in fifteen minutes. Want me to come over and get you and bring you back to the hotel for breakfast?"

"No, I'll fix something for you here, Tony. I want to be around when Jim wakes up."

"Well, okay."

He found her sitting at the kitchen table, smoking a cigarette, wearing white shorts and halter. Her dark red hair was a rich, tumbled mass, damp and curly at the ends from a swim or shower. Even without make-up and even this early in the morning, she looked stunning.

The kitchen was bright with sunlight and filled with the good aroma of breakfast coming up—bacon frying, coffee perking. The whole scene was domestic as hell, and he, Tony Chappell, who'd always been a cynic and a drifter before Cleo came into his life, liked it just fine.

He put his hands on her shoulders, bent down and kissed her. "Sorry about Friday night, baby."

"So am I, Tony. But we've fought before . . . and I guess we will again." She said it almost absent-mindedly, as if her thoughts were elsewhere.

Feeling rebuffed, he took his hands from her shoulders and pulled out the chair across from her. It scraped the floor, and she said, "Sh! I want Jim to sleep as long as he can. The poor kid. It's the damnedest thing, Tony. I've never seen Jim so mad in his whole life as he was last night. And I don't blame him." She ground out her cigarette in an ash tray with a quick, angry twist of her hand. "Of all the nosy busybodies I've run across in my life, that Harding man takes first prize."

Tony lit a cigarette and waited for her to go on. This was no time to bring up the things he'd planned to say to her; he could see that. They'd have to wait. True, there were times when her concern for Jim wore on him, but if the boy really was in trouble . . .

"Do you know what that Harding man has done?" she demanded.

"No, Cleo."

"Ever since Jim started going with Margie, Harding's been trying to break them up. Jim went over to her house last night . . . they had a date to go to the show . . . but when he got there she said she couldn't go out with him any more. And do you know why?"

"No."

"Because Harding went to the Reeds after seeing Margie with us at the game Friday night, and whatever he said to them made them put their foot down. No more dates with Jim Collins, they ordered. My Jim. *Jim.* The nicest, sweetest kid she could ever meet. And I'm not saying that just because I'm his mother. You've said it yourself and other people have said it."

"Sure, Cleo. But the whole thing sounds crazy. Are you sure Jim isn't imagining most of this?"

"It *happened*. Just the way I told you."

"But what earthly reason would Harding have?"

"That's what we want to know."

Tony was silent as he drew on his cigarette, then crushed it out in the ash tray. He thought of Harding, their meeting after the football game. He'd seemed like a decent sort and had said some nice things about Jim. That's about all Tony could remember about him, except his size. Quite a guy, that Harding. Tony thought of Margie then—a sweet kid, obviously, from a poor family, but as bright and lovely as any young girl he'd ever seen. Her eyes, whenever she looked at Jim, shone with the kind of love Tony had never experienced—the kind that came only when you were seventeen. And it was in Jim's eyes, too, whenever he gazed at Margie. Maybe it would last, maybe not, but where did Harding fit into the picture?

"I don't get it." Tony admitted. "What's Harding's angle? Someone should go and . . ." He paused, gave Cleo a long, significant look. "If I were your husband, Cleo . . . and Jim's stepfather . . . I could go to the guy and ask what it's all about."

She stood up, went to the stove. "Don't talk marriage now, Tony. I've got enough on my mind. Anyway, Jim's going to talk to Harding, himself. Tomorrow at school."

Tony tried to tell himself that she hadn't meant to sound so curt, so impatient. Naturally, she was upset if Jim was, and she probably didn't even realize how her words had sounded. Nevertheless, they made Tony feel about as useful as a stranger who had wandered into the house by mistake.

The breakfast, which had smelled so good when he arrived, had lost some of its appeal by the time they started to eat it. But she didn't notice he wasn't eating, for she sat staring out the window beyond him.

He said after a while, "I've got to get over to the post office by eight-thirty. Come with me, Cleo?"

"I can't. I told you I want to be here when Jim wakes up."

"Ye gods, Cleo—you act like the kid's sick. What can you do for him if you do stay here?"

"It isn't what I do. It's just being here. But you wouldn't understand, I guess."

Meaning he had no son of his own and couldn't possibly understand the desire to comfort one when comfort was needed. Well, maybe he didn't understand.

"Okay," he said casually, and shoved back his chair, stood up. "Thanks for the breakfast, Cleo."

Just then there was the sound of footsteps in the other room. "He's up," she said, and rose swiftly.

Tony walked to the door, paused, said, "So long, Cleo."

"So long, Tony," she answered, not turning around, because she was busy putting strips of bacon into the frying pan.

Tony smiled as he walked to his car. It was a cynical, one-sided smile, and it stayed with him as he drove across the causeway and down Druid's quiet Sunday-morning streets. Marriage, huh? Maybe his old ideas on that subject had been right, after all. Maybe every marriage had the cards stacked against it before it even existed. Would Cleo ever be able to share herself between a husband and her son? How she'd avoided making a mama's-boy out of Jim was something for the books. This situation with Harding was typical of her whole relationship with the boy: she was there, ready to listen, ready to comfort him, but it was Jim who was going to confront Harding tomorrow. That was best, of course. The boy had guts enough to handle his own problems. And maybe Tony Chappell really was completely unnecessary, but . . . oh, hell, skip it.

As he parked in front of the post office, he saw a tall man hurry down the steps and go swiftly down the walk. Dave Harding, in the flesh. He certainly was in a hurry. In a hurry or not, Tony thought ruefully, I'd yell at him and make him stop and answer a few questions . . . if I were Cleo's husband. As it was, all he could do was sit there and watch Harding walk away.

Sighing, Tony got out of the car. After mailing the big envelope he came out of the post office again, wondering what to do with the rest of the day. He glanced down the street, both ways. The public-telephone sign on Eddington's Drugstore caught his eye, and he jingled some coins in his pocket. "I live at the Druid Inn. It's listed." Anne had said. Okay. Why not? It was still rather early, but she couldn't be sleeping in this heat. If she hadn't had breakfast, he could stand a second one. Then . . . well, the car was full of gas and there were plenty of places to go.

Feeling a slight stir of anticipation, he started walking toward the drugstore.

Dave did not sleep at all Saturday night. After Anne had got out of the car and run from him, ignoring his voice calling out her name, he had sat there as though made of stone, refusing to believe what had happened. After a time he went through the necessary motions of starting the motor and driving the short distance home. He'd put the car away, closed the garage doors, and walked into the house as he had hundreds of times before; but this time he had an eerie feeling that a dark, invisible shadow was at his shoulder, walking with him. Standing in the middle of the hall, before going up to his room, he actually glanced around quickly to see if something was there.

What's wrong with me? he wondered, suddenly furious with himself. Aside from the desolate feeling of loss inside him—loss of Anne—was he losing his mind, too?

He climbed the stairs, wishing he could hold onto his fury, for it helped to fill the terrible aching emptiness inside him; but by the time he reached the upper hall, the anger was gone. In his room he switched on the light and stood irresolute, staring at nothing.

Was it possible that Anne was right . . . right about everything? Was there actually a shadow named Guilt at his shoulder, prodding him into doing things he shouldn't?

Dazedly, he shook his head to clear it. What nonsense. Utter idiotic nonsense. A man's heart could break, he was learning, but that didn't mean your mind had to crack, too. Forget you love her for a moment, he told himself. Look at her objectively, and what do you see? A twenty-two-year-old girl, inexperienced, immature. Twenty-two was an idealistic age, a romantic age. Why, she was only a few years away from high-school age herself. She would naturally identify herself with Margie and rebel at authority as all young people did.

He did not doubt that she believed the things she'd said. But he believed in himself, too. Good grief, he knew

this town and these kids better than she did. As for Beth and all that talk about guilt driving him . . . sure, guilt *was* driving him; he was the first to admit that, and if she wanted to call it a shadow, all right. But all the rest of it was the imaginings of a twenty-two-year-old mind, and if he let it influence him in any way, he was a fool. The thing to do was forget everything she'd said—forget it and never think about it again. And when they saw each other . . . He remembered his voice shouting at her: "You have no right to tell me how to handle my own affairs or my job!" But she'd driven him to it. And her answer told him how it would be from now on when they saw each other at school: "You're right. I'm just a teacher and you're my boss and that's the way we'd better keep it!"

He undressed, got into bed, but sleep would not come. The last time he'd stayed awake all night was the night of Rick's accident—the night Beth had come to live in this house, without Rick.

Beth. Dear God, to be rid of her . . . never see her again. There *was* a letter from Doc Burns waiting at the post office; he could feel it with every instinct he possessed, and he wished now he'd stopped earlier this evening and looked in his box.

Morning came, hot and still and humid. Before Selina or Beth was up, Dave dressed and left the house.

The letter was there. Standing in the comparative coolness of the post office, he ripped it open, read it quickly.

Dear Dave:

I suggest you look into the Frost School in Atlanta, Georgia. It is a boarding school for the mentally retarded and is rather expensive, but I know Mrs. Frost personally and her staff of teachers and nurses is of the highest standard. I have visited the place often and can recommend it unconditionally. If you write to Mrs. Frost, mention my name.

However, unless your sister-in-law shows psychotic tendencies, I would not recommend sending her away. From your letter, I would say that it's possible she is not actually mentally retarded, but is merely suffering from a remediable emotional disturbance that goes back to early childhood. Dr. Franklin Lee in Tampa is one of the finest psychiatrists in the state. Have you taken her to him? If anyone could help her, he's the man. Since he's so close to Druid, she could remain at home—in familiar surroundings with people who love her—while undergoing treatment.

In my opinion, a normal human being—and that can include anyone at the top or bottom of the intellectual scale—needs two basic things in life to be content: love and a feeling of usefulness. There must be some activity or work that interests this girl. Encourage her in that. If you give her these two things I speak of, you are doing all you can beyond seeking professional help from such a man as Lee.

In any case, let me know what you decide to do, and I hope you will visit Gainesville soon.

Sincerely,
WELDON J. BURNS

Dave continued to look at the letter long after he'd finished reading, but he no longer saw the words. Take Beth to Dr. Lee? Keep her here while he treated her? Not send her away at all? Have her around forever?

No. *No.* He rejected the whole idea with such silent violence that his hands shook and the typewritten lines on the letter blurred before his eyes. There were good doctors in Atlanta, too! Mrs. Frost could handle it. He'd furnish the money. This Frost place sounded perfect, and he was going to phone Mrs. Frost immediately—today. And if it was all right with her, Beth could leave for Atlanta tomorrow.

He refolded the letter, jammed it into his coat pocket. Then, hurrying, he walked out of the post office and down the steps, not even glancing at the car pulling up to the curb.

When he reached the house, Selina was stirring around in the kitchen, making breakfast; Beth was on the side porch, sitting at her work table, fiddling with her shells, her kitten curled up at her feet. Beth looked up as Dave passed the open French doors on his way to the library. "Good morning, Dave!" she said. "Want to look at the necklace I'm making?"

"Some other time," he answered evasively, as always, and went on by. In the library he picked up the telephone and dialed long distance.

Around eight-thirty that Sunday morning, Anne was moodily contemplating the design in the wallpaper beyond the foot of her bed. Wearing only a nylon nightgown, she lay on her back with two pillows behind her head, a cigarette in her hand. The ash tray on the bedside table was full. The room reeked with the smoke from the cigarettes she'd smoked during the six and a half hours since she'd left Dave. If she kept this up all day, she'd be in fine shape to teach tomorrow.

Teach. Yes, simply teach. Must she also try to protect her students from a man who wanted to play God with them? What was it to her what he did to them? Why couldn't she close her eyes, just let herself go, love him as he was? No one was perfect. And, as Hallie had said, he did so many fine, good things to make up for his few mistakes. But . . . when you controlled other people's lives, your mistakes could be dangerous ones.

I did all I could, she thought. I tried to stop him by telling him the truth about himself. But it had been like trying to stop the tides in the Gulf. If he really loved her, wouldn't he have listened to her, considered what she said?

The shrill ring of the telephone on her desk startled her. When she stood up and walked across the room, her head felt dizzy from smoking so much and her knees were unsteady. She had to clear her throat before she could say, "Hello?"

"Hi. Anne. It's morning. Didn't you know?"

"Who . . . who . . . ?"

"Tony Chappell. Hey—if I woke you, I'm sorry."

"Tony . . . ? Oh. No, I was awake."

"Had breakfast?"

"No."

"Got any plans for the day?"

"N . . . no."

"How about our making some together, then, over bacon and eggs and coffee at Eddington's? It's the only place open, as far as I know."

Her head was clearing. Tony Chappell couldn't know what he was offering her: a chance to get out of this smoke-filled room, to talk with someone, to get through the day without thinking and brooding. She grabbed at the chance gratefully. "I'd love to, Tony."

"Good. I'll give you twenty minutes."

In less than the twenty minutes he'd allowed, she was dressed and waiting in the lobby, looking, if not feeling, fresh and cool in a yellow cotton dress. When she saw a gray coupé stop outside and saw Tony come striding up the walk in his loose, limber way, she put on a big smile for him and vowed, I'm going to be gay today.

The day was very gay, starting with breakfast at Eddington's and moving on to Martinis and dinner at a steak house and later, after dark, to Cuba Libres and dancing on the roof of the Sea Gull, a lush hotel in Coral Bay, fifty miles north of Druid. A dozen different things had caught their interest between breakfast and evening: speeding along the hot highway with the tires singing; stopping for cold orange juice at roadside stands; visiting a peacock farm; watching a blimp land at an airport.

All through the day, as the sun rode higher and became hotter toward noon, then blazed through the afternoon and finally sank into the Gulf, Tony played up to her gay flirting mood, but seemed to watch her curiously all the time; or maybe she just imagined that.

Sitting across the table from him on the roof of the Sea Gull, she laughed delightedly at something he'd just said and lifted her third drink to her lips. He was fun—wonderful fun. Lots more fun than the great Dave Harding, she kept telling herself. She wanted to forget the great Dave Harding. Forget, forget. So, smiling at Tony, who looked a little blurred to her by now, she said invitingly, "I want to dance again, Tony. You're a divine dancer."

She wasn't sure, but she thought she saw one sandy eyebrow rise slightly. It gave him a sophisticated, wolfish look that fitted her mood perfectly and made her tease him, tempt him with her eyes.

"Divine?" he said. "Odd word for you to use. In fact . . ."

"What's odd about it? You *are* a divine dancer." And she smiled again, provocatively, over the rim of her glass, which was empty now.

Looking at her steadily, he rose, and she did, too, after carefully setting her glass down. Things whirled a bit, but she didn't care. Thinking they were going to dance as she'd suggested, she started to bum the tune the orchestra was playing, and, swaying slightly, she tucked her arm through his and looked up into his eyes.

But Tony was beckoning the waiter and opening his wallet. Then he was saying, "Come on, Anne," and leading her out of the place.

Walking to the car, she protested like a disappointed child: "Why did you do that? Why are we leaving? I was having fun!"

"Yeah, I know," he said.

"I don't want to go home yet. My room's full of smoke and I won't sleep and . . . and . . . please don't take me home, Tony!"

He had her in the car now and was rolling the windows down, starting the motor. She closed her eyes, but the darkness made her dizzier, so she opened her eyes again and stared hard at the dashboard, willing it to stay in one place. She heard the crunch of gravel as they backed out, then felt the warm wind on her face and heard the singing of the tires on the highway, as she'd heard all day. Only now the singing was taking her home . . . home, where she didn't want to go.

A long time went by before things cleared a little and she discovered she was crying; and she noticed it then only because the silly tears were falling down off her cheeks onto her hands. Why should she cry, anyway? She'd had a good time all day with wonderful, divine Tony. If he just wouldn't take her home . . .

The car swerved to the right, went down a road for a short distance, and came to a stop with the headlights shining over the water. Tony switched off the lights, killed the motor.

"We're almost home," he said matter-of-factly, "but we're going to sit here a while."

"Why?"

"So you can cry."

"I'm not crying!" What a lie that was. Suddenly she was sobbing out loud, her face buried in her hands.

Tony put one arm around her, drew her against him comfortingly. "Okay," he said. "Just let go and get it over with."

It lasted quite a while, but finally there wasn't a tear left in her. She sat up straight and took the handkerchief he offered. When she was breathing normally again, she said, "And I was going to be gay."

"Oh, you were gay," he told her dryly. "Too bad you had to work at it so hard."

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, Tony Chappell is quite an authority on women."

She said in a small, embarrassed voice, "I . . . I was pretty silly and obvious, wasn't I?"

"Obvious, yes. Silly, no. And now that you're sober and in your right mind, so to speak, let me warn you that you're on your own from here on. I'm through playing your Uncle Tony." As though to prove it, he slowly drew her into his arms, kissed her with the same deliberate slowness, then said against her lips. "I liked that. Did you?"

"I . . . yes . . . no . . . I mean . . . I don't know." She really didn't know, and felt as confused as her words sounded.

He released her and asked curiously, conversationally, "Who's the guy? Someone in Druid or back home in New York?"

"Druid," she answered automatically, then said with amazement, "You . . . you really do know women, don't you?"

"Not always. Cigarette?"

She nodded, and he lit two, placed one in her lips, telling her, "You have the loveliest mouth I've ever seen—do you know that? And that's quite a compliment, coming from a man who thinks of himself as an artist. But to get back to this other guy. Want to talk about him?"

"I wouldn't know where to begin."

"Oh, it can't be that complicated. Try."

"Well . . . I . . . I love this man very much . . . but there's something in him that makes him do things I don't approve of."

"You mean something drives him to drink, gamble, chase women . . . something like that?"

"Maybe . . . maybe it could be compared to things like that. People are always driven to those things by something inside them, aren't they? They're all mixed up some way. With Dave, it's . . ."

"Dave?" Tony interrupted.

She hadn't realized she'd said his name. But it was out now. And she knew instinctively she could trust Tony to respect her confidences. She nodded. "Dave Harding. My principal. You met him at the football game Friday, remember?"

"Yeah, I remember." Tony was silent then, while he seemed to be turning things over in his mind. This puzzled her until she reminded herself that he was Mrs. Collins'

friend and probably knew all about Dave's interference with Jim and Margie.

For a moment Anne wished she hadn't mentioned Dave's name. Whatever he did, he deserved loyalty from her as a teacher. But she felt nothing like a teacher right now. And Tony was her friend. He'd proved that tonight. And who else was there to talk to about Dave? She ached to talk about him to someone.

"So Dave Harding's the guy," Tony said. "You and Cleo ought to get together. She's pretty burned up about the things he does, too."

"You mean the way he's treating her son?"

"What else? But Jim's not going to take it lying down. He's planning to go to Harding tomorrow and have it out with him. Jim's no fool. I guess he's been pushed around just about enough by that man, principal or no principal."

Anne was silent, wondering uneasily what would happen when Jim went to Dave. But then it occurred to her that perhaps something good might come of it. Maybe, if Dave met enough resistance in an out-of-town student who wasn't awed by him, it might open his eyes to what he was doing.

"What's his reason for riding Jim, anyway?" Tony asked.

Anne explained it as best she could, repeating the logical-sounding reasons Dave had given her for wanting to protect Margie. But she didn't tell Tony about Rick or Beth, and how Dave was letting guilt and hate warp his judgment. That was too personal, and she had no right to discuss it with anyone.

Tony accepted her half-explanation without question, saying, "I suppose the schools in a place like Druid do have problems with the tourist kids coming down for a while each winter. But Harding's going a little far in protecting the home-town kids, seems to me." He gave a rueful little laugh. "You know, this is funny, in a way. I mean my sitting here talking about Harding. I'm right back where I started from. He's the first thing I heard about this morning and the last thing tonight."

"This . . . morning?"

"Yes. You should have heard Cleo. She was so wound up when I went over there this morning, she wouldn't . . ."

". . . wouldn't go out with you today, so you called me."

"Guilty," he admitted. "But why did you agree to go?"

He had a point there.

"So," she said, "all day long we've both been trying to forget someone else."

"I almost succeeded," he said. "How about you?"

"I don't think either one of us succeeded."

"But it was fun trying," he insisted.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And maybe it'll be easier the next time we try." He reached out, switched on the car key, but kept on looking at her in his deliberate, challenging way.

"You really think there should be a next time, Tony?"

"Why not?"

"Yes," she answered finally, returning his look. "After all, why not . . . ?"

Chapter 8

On Monday morning the first thing Dave did when he woke up was switch on the radio by his bed to hear what news there was of the hurricane. While he dressed, he listened attentively to the report. Hurricane warnings had been hoisted from Pico to Linda Cove. The weather bureau was still uncertain that the storm would actually strike, but warned all towns along the coast, especially in the Tampa Bay area, to be on the alert and wait for further advisories.

The telephone rang in the library as he was going downstairs, and Selina answered it, then came to him in the hall, saying, "It's for you, Mr. Dave."

It was the mother of a student, asking if there would be school today. "Yes," he told her. "If the storm actually comes, there will be ample warning by radio, and the students will be sent home. Don't worry."

"All right, Mr. Harding," she said with relief.

The phone rang again and again while he ate breakfast. Before leaving the house he told Selina what to say to the parents, how to reassure them. Beth hung around, wide-eyed, holding her kitten, and asked as he walked toward the door, "Will it be bad, Dave?"

And Selina said, "Maybe we better wait, Mr. Dave . . . I mean with that other thing."

By "that other thing" she meant packing Beth's things and putting her on the train tonight. Beth didn't know about it yet. Dave was leaving it up to Selina to tell her and get her ready. During his long-distance call to Mrs. Frost in Atlanta yesterday morning, everything had been arranged with amazing speed. She had a private room available. The fee was not as high as Dave had expected. Mrs. Frost would send someone to meet Beth's train when it arrived in Atlanta. They spoke of Doc Burns for another moment or two, and that was that. So simple. So easy. He should have done it long ago.

Right after the phone call, he'd given Selina her instructions and ample money to buy whatever Beth needed to take with her. Disapproval had been plain in Selina's wise brown eyes and she'd asked, "Why are you sending her away, Mr. Dave?"

"Because it's the thing to do."

"That ain't no answer, Mr. Dave. What'll become of her up there?"

"She'll be well taken care of. They've got doctors, nurses, teachers."

"But she'll be all alone, Mr. Dave."

"The school is full of people. She'll be anything but alone."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Dave. There'll be nobody that belongs to her. If you asks me, I . . ."

"I didn't ask you, Selina. Now, do you understand what to do?"

"Yes, sir," she'd said, and turned away.

Now, in answer to her question, he said, "There'll be no change in the plans, Selina, unless the storm really comes. Other hurricanes have missed us, remember. This one may, too."

"Yes, Mr. Dave," she muttered.

He drove to school, parked at the north entrance. The students clustered in groups around the side door were talking excitedly about the hurricane.

"Think it'll hit us, Mr. Harding?" a boy called to him.

"Will you let school out, Mr. Harding?" someone else asked.

Smiling at them, he answered, "Can't tell yet."

In his office he turned on the small radio he kept there and waited for the next weather report; and just to be on the safe side, he sent out orders to the school bus drivers to remain parked at the school until further notice.

The eight-thirty broadcast stated that the storm was hovering in the Gulf, not moving at the moment. The nine-o'clock broadcast was a repetition of the eight-thirty one. Shortly after it, Miss Tanner came in, saying, "Mr. Harding? If you're not busy, a student would like to see you. Jim Collins."

"Jim Collins?" Dave repeated with surprise and a faint wariness. "All right. Send him in, Miss Tanner."

The tall, well-built, curly-headed boy came in, wearing brown slacks and a white sport shirt. The features of his

good-looking face were set and determined. "Mr. Harding," he said, stopping just inside the door, "I'd like to talk to you."

"Of course, Jim. Sit down."

"I'd rather stand, sir." Jim straightened his shoulders; then, holding Dave's eyes with his own, he said, "Mr. Harding, why did you make Margie Reed's folks stop her from seeing me?"

Dave returned Jim's steady gaze and found himself admiring the self-confidence and nerve it must have taken to come in here. He felt sorry for the boy, too, who was in no way responsible for the circumstances which made him the wrong companion for Margie. He was probably fond of Margie, as what boy wouldn't be? But he was not good for Margie.

"Sit down, Jim," Dave said again.

This time Jim sat down on the edge of the chair which stood on the other side of the desk. But he didn't relax, and his steady gaze didn't waver.

"Jim," Dave said, "I'll try to explain as simply as I can. Perhaps I should have done it before. You know Margie has a boy friend in the Army. She and Link grew up together. They may marry some day. I feel that the few months you're here, giving Margie a whirl, will make her dissatisfied with the kind of life she's used to and will have after you've gone. That's my reason, Jim."

"Who says it's just a whirl? And what right . . . !"

"What right have I to do anything about it?" This was the thing Anne didn't understand, either. Was there no way to explain it? Once more, Dave tried. "I don't believe you've ever lived in a small town like Druid for very long, have you, Jim? You've traveled and attended many schools, but you've never been a part of one like ours. These boys and girls in Druid High—I've known their parents all my life, and their parents knew mine. We're like a big family, Jim. We care what happens to each other. It's impossible for me to look on Margie or any of the others as just students who no longer concern me when they walk out of this building at three-thirty." He'd said those same words to Anne at that first faculty meeting; and he could see by Jim's set jaw that he didn't understand them any more than Anne had.

"You mean," Jim demanded, "you check up on all these kids and keep track of everything they do outside of school as well as inside?"

"Well, Jim, that isn't quite the right way to express it. I like to help them, guide them."

"This guiding . . . helping, then . . . whatever you call it, you do it with all the kids, all the time?"

"I try to."

Jim jerked to his feet, his face flushed now. He glared down at Dave and said angrily,

"Yes, I've gone to a lot of schools, Mr. Harding, but I've sure never run into one like this! I'm used to picking my own friends, see? Without any help from a principal. Maybe the other kids don't mind being bossed by you, but I do!"

Dave rose, too, as angry as Jim now. "Jim," he said, trying to control his anger and be fair before he did the drastic thing Jim was driving him to do, "do you wish to apologize for speaking as impertinently as you just did to me?"

"Apologize? No, sir. I meant every word I said."

"Then I'm forced to expel you. As of this morning. You may get your things and leave now."

"Expel me?" Jim's face lost its color. His eyes were wide, uncomprehending. "You're putting me out of school?"

"Yes, Jim."

"For . . . for how long?"

"Indefinitely." Then Dave heard himself say, "I'll omit this from your permanent record." He hurried on: "Since you and your mother are not permanent residents of Druid, you could go elsewhere for the rest of the tourist season and enroll in another high school. I'll see that you have no trouble transferring. You could go to Garland . . . Tampa . . . Coral Bay."

Jim continued to stare at him unbelievingly. When he finally spoke, his voice was hard, bitter, accusing. "Mr. Harding," he said, "who do you think you are? God?" Then he was gone.

Staring at the door Jim had closed behind him, Dave sank down on his chair again. In the quiet room he seemed to hear Anne's voice saying, "You have no right to play God with their lives!" And now Jim Collins' voice, echoing hers. Both voices saying the same thing, accusing him . . .

Sudden self-doubt brought a queer taste into his mouth. Could they be right? *Was* he going too far? Was that why he'd told Jim he would omit this on his permanent record?

Dave swallowed, stood up, and paced the room. They *couldn't* be right! They simply didn't understand and apparently never would. Why, he loved these Druid kids—every tall, lanky boy in this building and every young bright-eyed girl like Margie. There wasn't a thing he did that wasn't for their own good.

He looked at his watch, saw it was nine-thirty-five, and reached out to turn the radio on again. The announcer said something about latitude, longitude and wind velocity. Then, ". . . approaching the coast . . . will hit Tampa Bay in nine or ten hours . . . prepare . . ."

It was coming, then. Time to get into action. Dismiss classes; alert the bus drivers; get volunteers among the teachers to remain in the school building and help handle the evacuees who would come here from the beach for shelter.

"Miss Tanner!" he called, hurrying to her door.

Cleo was ironing some of Jim's sport shirts that she thought were too good to send to the laundry. While she worked, she kept wondering how Jim's interview with Mr. Harding was going. She'd had the radio on for a while, but all that yakking about the hurricane made her nervous, so she'd shut it off. She wished it *would* storm. Maybe it would clear up the muggy air.

When she saw Jim come in the driveway, she turned off the iron and met him at the front door. "Jim? What is it? Why are you home?"

He walked past her, hands in his pockets, shoulders slumped, and said only, "Hi, Ma."

She followed him into the living room, made him sit down on the rattan couch. Sitting beside him, she said, "Now. What is it?"

"I've been expelled."

"Expelled!"

In a dull, defeated voice he told her the details of his talk with Harding. When he was through, Jim said tiredly, "He wins. Even if he lets me back in after a week or two, I can't miss that much school and keep up an A average with football and everything. Whatever college I decide on . . . well, they're all tough to get into these days, even with A's. I've got to get in another high school. We'll have to leave Druid."

"Leave Druid?" Cleo was furious, indignant. "Oh, no, we won't. I'll go to that man myself and . . ."

Jim shook his head. "It's no use, Ma. I thought it all over on the way home. We're tourists. We don't live here, vote here or pay taxes here or anything. We don't mean a thing to him or anybody in this town."

"It's still a public school!"

"Yeah, but what do we do for it? I come here and use it, that's all. I tell you, I've thought it all over, Ma. It's not as if it were our home town. . . ." He went on wistfully, "I was just thinking . . . it must be nice to have a home town like this and belong . . . like Margie does . . . and have people care about you." He got up, said, "Excuse me, Ma," in an odd, tight voice and walked to his room.

Cleo did not move for a long time.

A home town. The way he'd said it. . . . That wistfulness in his voice. . . .

Slowly, painfully, it came to her that she'd failed to give him the one thing any kid should have. A home and a town to grow up in. Roots and the feeling of belonging. Instead, he'd had resorts, hotels, apartments . . . and revenge money. Thinking of that money waiting for him in the bank, she suddenly wanted to cry. The way she'd hoarded it . . . like a mean, spiteful miser . . . and refused to marry because of it. . . .

How could I be so wrong? she thought sickly. How could I?

She felt as defeated as Jim now. So they'd move on to another town. What did it matter? That's what they'd always done, hadn't they? They'd move on and leave Margie . . . and Tony. Thinking of Tony was almost unbearable. Tony, who had loved her, had wanted her for two years. She could tell him now, "The money no longer matters, Tony. I can marry you now; I can make a home for us now." But what would their home mean to her, knowing it was the one thing she'd deprived Jim of until he was almost eighteen and ready for a life of his own? Nothing. She'd done a lot of wrong things, but that was one she couldn't do. She'd never marry Tony now.

Hearing a sharp knock on the front door, she dragged herself to her feet. A uniformed officer stood on the porch, his beach-patrol car parked in front, the motor running. Without any greeting, he said, "They're telling all the people from this end of the beach to evacuate to the high school on the mainland. Take food and blankets and flashlights with you. Leave all pets behind with food and water." She stared at him stupidly.

"The hurricane," he said a bit impatiently, pointing toward the pier. A black and red flag was flying there. "Haven't you got your radio on?"

She shook her head, then looked beyond him at the brilliant blue sky.

"It won't be like this long, lady. I'd advise you to start getting ready."

Even as he spoke, she seemed to see the sky darken far out over the white-capped water that she noticed now was churning strangely.

"Anybody here with you?" he asked.

"My son."

"Well, you both better get out of here by noon. Clear your porch and patio and the yard. Set everything inside the house or garage. Turn your radio on and do what they say."

"Yes . . . yes, we will."

He tipped his cap and hurried back to the car, and she watched him drive on to the next house. A gust of wind came up from nowhere and banged the door shut in her face. "Jim!" she called.

While they worked, the radio told them. ". . . people from the north end of the beach go to the Presbyterian Church . . . south end to the high school . . . take flashlights and . . ." The telephone rang, and Cleo turned down the radio on her way to answer it.

"Hi, Cleo," she heard Tony say on the other end of the line. "Seems we're in for a blow. Everybody at the hotel is heading for the high school. Get ready and I'll pick you up."

"You don't need to, Tony. Jim's here. I'm going with him."

There was a long silence before Tony said. "Oh. Well, okay." He hung up without saying good-by.

As she slowly replaced the phone, Jim asked, "Did he want to come by for you?"

"Yes." But she'd said no . . . probably for the last time.

"Why didn't you let him?"

She'd taken just about all her emotions could stand in the last hour or two. To keep from bursting into tears, she answered. "Because, damn it, I'm going with you! Now get busy!"

It was noon when Cleo and Jim left the beach, after a hasty lunch. Cars were streaming across the causeway toward town. The hibiscus and Turk's cap bushes, planted in rows on either side of the causeway, had taken on a queer shade of gun-metal green. Jim had put the top up on the convertible, so the sudden rain squall that came up didn't bother them. Loud claps of thunder accompanied the rain; but a few minutes later, when they reached town, there were patches of blue sky again between the clouds. On the main street they saw men boarding up plate-glass windows on the stores.

"It must be really serious." Cleo said, frowning as she looked around. "or they wouldn't go to all that trouble."

"The high school," Jim said, as if that were the thing that bothered him most. "Do we have to go there?"

"That's what they said." She could understand his reluctance to seek shelter in the place he'd been thrown out of. As for herself . . . if Harding was around . . . Well, she'd like one last word with that man before she left this town.

Anne, with five other teachers, had volunteered to remain in the school through the storm. By noon, when the first evacuees began to arrive, a committee of PTA women had taken over the home-ec room, where they were making coffee and sandwiches.

If it hadn't been for the worried expressions on the faces of all the people and the tense, excited talk, it would have been almost like a social gathering. Stationed near the front entrance, Anne answered questions and gave in-

structions. Women with babies in arms and toddlers were supposed to go to the library, which was fast changing into a temporary nursery. Older children were sent to the gym, where they could play and run around. But people of all ages were milling around the hall or sitting on folding chairs while they talked nervously about other hurricanes they'd seen.

"This your first one?" an elderly man asked Anne.

"Yes, it is."

"Well, we're safe here," he told her.

Every time the big doors opened, gusts of wind swept in; through the tall windows on either side of the door Anne could see the fronds of the palm trees at the curb being whipped around like tattered rags while papers, twigs, leaves and other objects tumbled over the yard.

Underneath her growing concern about the storm, she was still deeply disturbed over what had happened earlier this morning. During the first period, Jim Collins had come to her desk and asked if he could be excused to go to the office and speak to Mr. Harding.

Looking at his set, determined face, she remembered what Tony had told her last night about Jim's decision to have it out with Dave, and she knew this was it. "Yes, Jim," she told him, and as she watched him walk purposefully out of the room, she'd wished she could follow him and be an invisible witness in Dave's office.

Just before the bell had rung, ending the first period, Jim came back, picked up his typing book, then stopped at her desk and said. "I . . . I want to thank you for everything, Miss Larimore. I won't be coming back. I . . . I've been expelled."

Before she could say a word, he'd gone, the bell had rung, and her next class came streaming in. Work had to go on, no matter how disturbed she was. She had just started to give them a brief-form test when Miss Tanner came around with the announcement that school was being dismissed because of the hurricane. Then there'd been the hurried meeting of volunteer teachers in Miss Tanner's office. Dave, brisk and businesslike, had appeared for only a few minutes, just long enough to give instructions. Anne hadn't seen him since; but before leaving the office she'd asked Miss Tanner if she knew why Jim had been expelled.

"Why, yes. Miss Larimore, but Mr. Harding's being nice enough not to put it on Jim's permanent record. He was impudent to Mr. Harding. But, as Mr. Harding says, the boy and his mother can go on to another town so he can enter another school right away. They're just tourists, you know."

"Jim . . . impudent?" Anne's voice rose on the word.

Miss Tanner said stiffly, "I don't know what the boy did, but if Mr. Harding said he was impudent, he was impudent."

Anne nodded, said vaguely, "Yes . . . yes, of course," and turned away.

Now, standing by the front doors, watching and hearing the storm build up as she talked automatically to the people coming in, her thoughts were still with Jim and Dave. What had happened? What had been said? Whatever had occurred, Anne was convinced Jim had not been impudent. Determined, defiant, a bit carried away by Dave's injustice, perhaps, but never deliberately rude or impertinent. Dave was doing this to get Jim away from Margie. Apparently nothing, no one, could stop Dave Harding. He was like the storm out there—a power unto himself—and she couldn't take it any longer. She'd resign, go back home. Leave this place. Forget it . . . and forget *him*.

Tony drove to town alone. K.D. had gone to Tampa early this morning to see a doctor, so he'd probably ride out the storm over there.

But Tony's thoughts were not on K.D. as he drove across the causeway; they were on Cleo, and he kept remembering her words over the phone: "You don't need to, Tony. Jim's here. I'm going with him." So she didn't need me this time, either, he thought, and made himself accept it philosophically. Okay. He'd catch on eventually, he guessed. Or maybe he already had, for he found it quite consoling to turn his thoughts to Anne.

There were dozens of cars already parked around the high school. He found a spot about a block away, and after closing the car windows up tight, he faced into the wind and headed for the white building.

Going through the big doors with several other people, he saw Anne at once. She wore a slim black skirt and white blouse. Smart. Neat. He stepped up to her and said, "Well, hi. Are you the reception committee?"

"That's what I felt like for a while, but it's worn off. Now I just feel scared. Listen to that wind, Tony."

"Yeah. And the worst won't come for hours yet." He tilted his head, sniffed the air. "Is that coffee I smell? And is it for the refugees?"

"It's in the home-ec room. Down there, to the left."

"Could I bring you some?"

"You could, and I'd love it. Maybe it'll calm me down. And Tony . . . I'd like to talk to you if we can find time."

"We'll find time," he assured her, and turned away, letting his nose lead him to the home-ec room.

When he rejoined her and handed her the paper cup of coffee, she said, "Mrs. Collins and Jim came a minute ago."

"Did they?" he said, and took a sip of his coffee.

"All I had a chance to say to them was hello. They headed for the north end of the hall."

"Did they?"

"You're trying awfully hard to pretend you're not interested," she said, then asked, "How come you didn't come over from the beach with them?"

"We just didn't. Now, how about that talk you wanted?"

"It's about Jim . . ." A few new arrivals interrupted her. When she'd taken care of them, she told him that Jim had had his talk with Dave Harding and been expelled.

Tony's first instinct was to swing on his heel and go hunt up Harding to have a showdown with the guy, himself. But he had no right, no authority, to fight Jim's battles for him. So all he said was, "You know, this coffee's good."

Anne studied him. "What's the matter with you, Tony?"

"Not a thing. I've merely come to the conclusion that our concern over Jim—I mean yours and mine—is rather useless. Why beat our brains out over something that's as far beyond our control as that storm out there?"

"I was thinking the same thing a few minutes ago. But . . . this means Jim and his mother will be leaving Druid."

"So they'll be leaving Druid." And that will be that, he thought. The end of the Cleo episode in his life. A sharp, clean break, with no necessity to see her again and be reminded that another dream had gone the way of most dreams.

"Let's forget Harding and the Collinses," he said. "Let's enjoy our coffee and watch the storm." He stepped to the window and looked out. There was no blue sky anywhere now—just low, dark clouds. The wind was really beginning to kick it up, bending all the palm trees in the same direction, to the northeast. "Come and look, Anne."

She came to his side, but turned her back to the window. "I . . . I don't like to look at it." Then she said, "I've decided to leave Druid, too, Tony. I'm going to resign and go back to New York."

He looked down at her, so frightened and unhappy . . . and attractive. And he heard himself say, "My boss and I will be heading for New England, come spring. I get

down to New York quite often." There went Tonky. One more dream.

Anne looked up at him. "Really?"

"Really."

"I'd love to see you, Tony."

"You will," he promised.

Chapter 9

By two o'clock Dave had done everything that could be done at the school: stationed teachers in the rooms; talked to the Red Cross nurse when she arrived and showed her which room to take over; gone through the whole building with Smiley, the janitor, and checked the windows, leaving certain ones open to equalize the pressure later on; inspected the grounds to see that nothing loose was left outside; delegated some boys to wrap and tie tarps around the most valuable bushes and plants; sent downtown for supplies of candles, kerosene for lamps and flashlight batteries.

Now, in his office again, he stood before the radio, listening to the latest report. He knew the people in the building were anxious for news, so he told Smiley to set the radio out in the hall, then said, "I'm going to run home now and attend to things there. I'll be back in an hour." Selina would have done all she could, but she couldn't handle everything. And she'd want to go to Tessie, her granddaughter, in the colored section of town, and sit out the storm with her own people. He'd drive her over there when they'd finished readying the house. As for Beth—he'd have to bring her to the school. There'd be no train through Druid tonight; she'd have to leave tomorrow night.

On his way out of the office and going toward the side door at the north end of the hall, he nodded to the people he passed. He saw Mrs. Collins with Jim beside her, and for a second it looked as if she were going to step forward and say something, but Dave strode on by before she or anyone else could delay him. He had no time to talk now.

At home, he found Selina on the back porch, shoving furniture inside. Beth was trying to help, her kitten following every step and mewing. He got to work, telling them to take care of the potted plants and smaller things.

By the time they were through, the wind had risen and it was raining steadily. Streaks of lightning cut through the grayness, and the rumbling thunder seemed to make the old house shake.

Dave looked at his watch. Four o'clock. Had he been here two hours?

"Okay, Selina," he said, shrugging into his slicker. "Get your things. I'll take you over to Tessie's now. Let's snap it up."

"Yes, Mr. Dave. Come on, Beth—get your raincoat on, child. You're goin' back to the school with Mr. Dave. You won't be goin' on no train tonight, that's for sure."

"I . . . I'm glad, Selina. I didn't want to go on the train."

When they were ready to leave, Beth, huddled in a red plaid raincoat with a scarf tied over her long yellow hair, was holding her kitten in her arms.

"Put the cat down," Dave told her.

"But she's going with me, Dave."

"You can't take pets with you. Selina, put the cat in the kitchen and leave water and food for it. Then let's get going!"

Beth started to cry, but Selina did as Dave had told her.

Outside, he walked ahead of them to block them from the wind. Finally he got them in the car, Selina in back and Beth, still crying, in the front. He passed only two cars on the way to Tessie's.

"Thank you, Mr. Dave," Selina said, and patted Beth's shoulder as she got out of the car.

He made a U-turn, headed back. The rain grew heavier, coming in wind-swept sheets that blurred his vision, even with the headlights on. This still wasn't the center of the hurricane—it would be several hours before the worst of it hit—but even now the wind, screaming in the treetops, was so powerful it took all the strength Dave had to keep the steering wheel steady. The windshield wiper was almost useless, for the down-pouring water was like an air-borne flood in front of the car. Up ahead, as a streak of lightning cut through the gray torrent, he saw a tree bend menacingly over the street. He passed under it, holding his breath, then plowed on through the water that was gushing like rapids and was curb-high in the street.

When they reached the school he double-parked in front of the building, as close to the entrance as he could get.

"We're here!" he shouted above the wind, and reached around Beth, opened the door for her. She was still crying. "Get out!" he told her. "Run inside!"

As she slid out of the car, she sobbed, "My kitty! I'm going to get my kitty!"

He saw the wind tear the scarf from her head, saw her long yellow hair, instantly wet, slap around her face as she started to run . . . in the wrong direction . . . back the way they had come.

He sat taut, motionless, and it was like that other time when he'd been sitting behind the wheel of his car, knowing the car would hit her, visualizing her body being crushed . . . by a tree this time . . . or being washed along the street in the water.

A second . . . an hour . . . an immeasurable time went by before he realized he was moving. He lurched across the seat, flung himself out of the car. With the roaring wind at his back and the hard rain pounding at him, he started to run after her.

He saw the spot of red plaid in the grayness ahead of him falter, fall, rise again. He followed it, drew closer, shouting. "Beth! Beth!" But it was useless to call to her. She couldn't hear.

She crossed the street, the dark, swift water lashing up at her. When she reached the far curb she fell once more. This time she didn't get up.

Stumbling, gasping, he reached her at last and bent down, scooped her limp body up into his arms. Her arms and legs dangled. Her head hung back, eyes closed, hair streaming down while the rain fell on her white face.

For the space of a breath he stood perfectly still, looking down at her. Just then a streak of lightning somewhere above him—just at his shoulder, it seemed—hissed through the air almost simultaneously with its crashing, smashing thunder. Then there was a flash of light—pink and blue and white. He knew, in some part of his mind, that it was a transformer burning out with its hot wires being shorted on the ground. But in that moment while he stood motionless, he was aware of Beth only as he felt her slender body move with each breath she took and felt the beating of her heart against his chest.

What was so strange about this moment, about holding her like this? Why was he standing so still, as though something had frozen him to the spot?

With the question unanswered, he turned around, facing the wind now. Protecting Beth's face from the rain as best he could against his chest, he bent his head into the gale and started back toward the school.

The eerie, unreal sounds all around him deafened him, and each breath pained him. His legs felt as though they were treading water in a dream, and he moved with maddening slowness against the wind that was like a solid wall holding him back. The school, with its faintly-lighted windows, seemed an impossible distance away.

A jagged streak of lightning stabbed at a palm tree ahead of him, split it, sent it crashing to the ground in an agonized way, just missing him. He stopped, stared at it,

the weight in his arms growing heavier as he realized how close the tree had come to them. Some of the palm fronds had brushed against him; he could still feel them, whipping and slapping at him.

Tearing his eyes away from the tree, he looked ahead, made himself move toward the lighted windows. When he reached the school grounds his feet sank in the sodden grass and earth, making each step slower and harder. There was the door up there. Someone was holding it open for him. But it was still so far . . . he'd never make it . . . he couldn't take another step. . . .

But stumbling, sloshing, almost bent double, he made himself struggle on and reached the front walk . . . then the steps.

The next thing he knew he was out of the rain, safe inside. He barely saw the people around him, barely heard their voices. Someone tried to take Beth from him, but he held fast to her, and as he stood panting for breath, water pouring from him, he looked down at her, feeling that same strangeness he'd felt when he first picked her up.

And then it came to him—the profound shocking realization that until he picked her up out there, he had never touched her before . . . *literally never touched her*. . . .

"Dave, please," someone said. "They want to take her to the Red Cross nurse."

It was Anne. He stared at her dazedly, and under the noise of the howling wind and the confusion in the hall, he spoke in a low, horrified voice that only she could hear. "Anne . . . I've never touched her before . . . not once . . . for almost two years . . . *two years* . . . I treated her like a . . . a thing that was beneath my touch . . . I . . . Anne . . . do you know what I'm saying . . .?"

Anne's dark eyes met his with no understanding in them at first, then widened as his words took on meaning to her. "Oh, Dave." It was a soft, compassionate whisper, and her hands reached out to him and Beth.

But someone said, "We'll take Beth now, Mr. Harding."

Gently, he placed her in the arms that waited, then pushed back a strand of hair from her forehead and said, "Take good care of her, won't you?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Harding."

"Come on, Mr. Harding," another voice said firmly. "Let's get you dried off and find something hot for you to drink."

Still dazed, he nodded dully and let himself be led away.

In the science room of the school, the barometer went down so fast at about six o'clock that the people watching it could see it move.

"My ears are popping!" a boy said. "Feel it?"

Wind was rushing through the building from the windows that Dave and Smiley had left partly open to keep the pressure equalized. The hall was crowded with men and women standing around the radio, listening in sober tense silence to the reports being relayed from radio patrol cars: all plate-glass windows downtown that hadn't been boarded up were crashing outward; roofs on dozens of houses were being blown off; the beach was already a shambles, cabanas floating away, most of the houses flooded, sea walls collapsing; fruit groves were being stripped; trees were crashing in the streets; live wires hung everywhere; help was on the way to three people stranded in a car at the foot of the causeway. . . .

At a quarter to seven the lights flickered once, twice, then went out and the voice on the radio died.

Now there was nothing to do but wait. The people switched on their flashlights and sat around, stood, or walked back and forth, talking nervously under the shriek and roar and other frightening noises.

Anne's classroom was full. She and Tony sat there with the other people, not saying much, just sitting at the typewriter tables and waiting in the light of the kerosene lamp standing on the desk.

Anne flinched every time there was a new noise, a new streak of lightning. How long would it last? And where was Dave? What was he going through after the terrible emotional shock he apparently had experienced with Beth? No one else had heard what he said to Anne in the hall—not even Tony, who'd been there with her—and even if they had heard, they wouldn't have understood as she did that the man who came in carrying Beth and said those words was not the same Dave Harding they'd all known before. She'd wanted to stay with him, but when they led him away, there was nothing she could do.

Tony, she was sure, knew something had happened out there in the hall and he must be wondering what it all meant; but he did not question her, and she was grateful for that. She couldn't have talked about it even if she'd wanted to, for she didn't fully understand yet what had happened, herself.

Wait. That's all she could do now.

Down at the other end of the hall, Cleo and Jim were sitting in Hallie Ross' room, where another kerosene lamp cast weird shadows on the walls. Cleo could hardly bear looking at Jim, he seemed so miserable, sunk low in the chair beside her, hands stuffed in his pockets, not saying a word. Was he thinking of Margie? She wished they had never come to this town, wished he had never met Margie and she, Cleo, had never met Tony.

Earlier in the evening she had seen Tony with Anne Larimore in the hall, and though it hadn't surprised her, it had hurt her more than she'd expected. It's going to take me a long time to get over that man, she thought. A very long time.

In the Red Cross room, Dave was unaware of time or of the storm outside as he sat by the cot where Beth lay. Smiley had produced dry socks and somebody's shoes for him. Miss Tanner had brought him hot coffee.

The Red Cross nurse had taken care of Beth—stripped off her sodden clothes, rubbed her dry, then wrapped her in blankets and given her hot soup. Then a doctor in the building had come to examine Beth and said, "She's just suffering from shock and exposure. Rest will fix her up."

The doctor had gone now, and the nurse was across the room, attending to a woman who felt ill and was lying on one of the other cots.

While Beth slept, Dave watched her with awe and a deep humility.

". . . never touched her . . ." he said to himself, still stunned by it. He thought back to the night of Rick's accident, remembered how he'd led Beth to the car, brought her home to Selina without a word of comfort, without even taking her hand or touching her arm. In the house all these months, he'd always avoided even brushing past her in the rooms or hall or on the stairway. And the few times she'd been in the car with him, he had reached around her—*around* her—avoiding any contact with her, to open the door for her.

He still found it impossible to believe. How could he—how could any person—treat another human being like that?

A human being. That meant she had a heart and feelings. That meant she was capable of loving and being loved . . . by Rick. Who knew . . . who knew what she might have meant to Rick? Who knew how much they really might have loved each other? Maybe the marriage wouldn't have worked out; maybe in some ways it had been a mistake. No one would ever know that for sure, but . . . *who was Dave Harding to judge?*

"Who," he said softly to the sleeping girl, "who in the name of heaven did I think I was?"

He knew now what he was . . . or had been. Anne had told him, hut he'd refused to listen. A man living with a shadow at his shoulder. A shadow named Guilt. The guilt could have taken other forms. could have twisted him in other ways, probably. but the one way it happened to affect him was to make him believe he must protect every boy and girl like Rick. And when a belief became an obsession . . . when it was kept alive by hate . . .

He lifted his hands. rubbed his fingers up and down on his aching forehead. He was tired, bone-tired. But there was something he wanted to do. Now.

He rose slowly, aching in every joint, and gazed down at Beth's closed eyes once more. The next time those eyes said, Smile at me, he'd be able to do it.

He told the nurse. "Call me when she wakes up," and left the room.

He sat in his office a long time, studying the lamp as it cast shadows on the wall.

From his inside coat pocket he took out Doc Burns' letter and laid it on his desk. ". . . it's possible," Doc's letter said. "she is not actually mentally retarded, but is merely suffering from a remediable emotional disturbance that goes back to early childhood. . . ."

Beth's childhood? No family. Brought up by an alcoholic old man. Unloved, unwanted all her life . . . until she found Rick . . . then the shock of losing Rick . . .

". . . two basic things in life . . ." Doc's letter said, "Love and a feeling of usefulness . . . there must be some activity or work that interests this girl. . . ."

Her shells. Dave thought. The souvenir and gift shops around town sold novelties like hers. Who knew what she could do. with a little encouragement?

Once more, he looked at Doc's letter. ". . . Dr. Franklin Lee . . . Tampa . . . have you taken her to him?"

"No, Doc," Dave said quietly, "not . . . yet."

He put the letter back in his pocket.

Pausing at the window, he watched the storm for a while. It must be at its height. He was used to the roar and scream of the wind and rain and crashing trees now, in the way you get used to pain if it keeps on long enough.

How many times had he stood here at this window and watched the students come and go, thinking. This one needs that . . . that one should do this . . . I must tell that boy . . . speak to that girl's parents . . .

How many times did I go too far? he wondered painfully. How many times was I wrong?

As he stared outside, no longer seeing the storm, he seemed to see Margie Reed hurrying to a bus, her pony tail bobbing on her shoulders. Then he saw her walking on the beach with Jim Collins. their hands entwined . . . and saw her sitting with Jim in the blue convertible . . . heard them laugh together. . . .

He turned quickly, went out to Miss Tanner, who was talking to some people. and said. "Jim Collins is somewhere in the building, Miss Tanner. Would you find him for me, please, and bring him to my office?"

She rose at once. "Yes, Mr. Harding."

When Jim appeared, carrying his flashlight. Dave asked him to sit down. The boy did so, looking up at Dave with wary, distrustful eyes. Dave stood with his back to the windows and knew the light from the lamp on the desk was playing full on his face, revealing how unsure and uncomfortable he felt.

Not that he was unsure about what he wanted to do, but only about how to do it. He could not remember having admitted he was wrong about anything for a long. long time. How did you start? What did you say to a boy like Jim after you'd treated him unjustly and wanted him to know you were sorry?

You said it that way, the simple way, the way you were thinking it.

"Jim, I've treated you unjustly, and I'm sorry."

Jim's eyes widened with surprise, but he said nothing.

"I had no right to interfere in your friendship with Margie Reed," Dave went on. "And I had no right to expel you for coming to me this morning and speaking to me about it. If you'd like to stay in our school, we'll be glad to have you."

Jim just sat there, eyes round now, eyebrows up. "Well . . . gee . . . !" he blurted out, suddenly very boyish. He got to his feet awkwardly. "Thanks, Mr. Harding. How come . . . I mean, thanks, Mr. Harding."

"You want to stay?"

"Well, sure. Mr. Harding. I like it here. I like it a lot. And you mean even if I don't belong here . . . don't live here, I can stay?"

"A public school is for any boy or girl who walks in its doors, Jim." And Druid, Dave thought, is no different from any other school in the country. It had been only the principal who was different.

"Yeah," Jim agreed, "that's what my mother said; it's a public school. Gosh, she's going to be glad we don't have to leave. She . . . she likes Druid, too."

"Fine." Dave smiled at him.

Jim's answering smile was good to see.

In Hallie Ross' room, the windows rattled as the rain lashed at them and the lamplight flickered in the wind currents that filtered through the building. Cleo had moved to a seat near the blackboard. as far from the windows as she could get. She listened to Jim's news, then said, "But why? Why did he change his mind?"

"I don't know, Ma. I figure that's his business. All I know is, he was swell. And we're staying here, Ma, we're staying! Look, we couldn't live here, could we? I mean for good. Get a house and make this our home town from now on? Then, wherever I go—college or the Army—I could come back here on vacations . . . to you and Margie."

"Why, I guess so, Jim . . . if there's a town left after tonight." Maybe it *would* be nice for him to have a home

to come back to, wherever he went. For the first time the fact that he would be leaving her soon became real to her and she thought with a shock, I'll be all alone then.

Jim was getting up from the seat beside her. "The phones are dead," he said, "so I can't call Margie yet, but I've got to tell somebody. I'm going to go tell Miss Larimore."

Cleo wanted to follow him, for wherever Miss Larimore was, that's where Tony would be. She was suddenly lonesome for Tony, wanted to see him, hear his voice, touch his hand. I'll need you when I'm alone, Tony, she thought. I never realized that before. Wanting to tell him that, she rose, then hesitated. What about Anne Larimore? Well . . . what about her? At my age, Cleo thought, I should know how to get my man back from a girl in her twenties.

Head held high and walking with assurance, Cleo went out into the hall. It was a long hall, filled with people and noise and winking flashlights. She started down it, working her way between the people and looking into all the rooms she passed.

"More coffee?" Tony asked.

"We've had so much," Anne protested, shifting in her chair and glancing nervously at the windows, expecting them to be shattered any minute. "All right," she agreed suddenly. "Let's have some, anyway." She could see that the waiting was making Tony restless.

He untangled his long legs from the typewriter table, said, "Two coffees coming up," and headed for the home-ec room once more.

While he was gone, Jim came barging into the room, saying, "Miss Larimore!"

She went to him, stood with him by the door, and listened to what he had to say with mounting excitement. "That's wonderful, Jim," she told him. "I'm so glad for you." And glad for Dave. She didn't understand it all yet, but that didn't matter. She could wait, had to wait.

Jim left her, sauntered down the hall, whistling to himself.

She told Tony at once when he returned, "Jim was here. Dave's letting him come back to school. I think Dave knows now how wrong he was. I . . . I think everything's all right."

Tony nodded toward the door. "Maybe it is."

In the dim light Anne saw Dave's tall body filling the doorway, and something about the anxious, eager way he looked around the room until his eyes found her made her heart go still, then race wildly. "Excuse me, Tony," she said softly, rising. "He . . . he wants me."

"Yes." Tony spoke slowly, a bit wryly. "Even in this poor light, it's easy to see that he . . ."

But Anne didn't hear the rest, for she was already going toward Dave.

Tony watched the doorway a moment after Anne had disappeared. Plenty was going on here that he didn't understand and probably never would. Where had she gone with her Dave? Where did a man and his girl go when they wanted to be alone in a school filled with people while a hurricane raged outside? Well, the guy was principal of this place, wasn't he? He must have an office somewhere. He'd be a fool not to make use of it. Of course there'd be some talking between them first. Whatever had made Harding back-track with Jim would have to be discussed first before anything really happened in that office; but if ever a man had looked ready and willing to discuss things, it had been Harding standing in that doorway a moment ago, his eyes anxiously seeking out Anne among all these people. And she'd gone to him, young and fleet, with wings on her feet. Well.

Tony sighed, feeling suddenly old and weary, and lifted the paper cup of coffee to his lips again. He took a swallow, then grimaced. If the rain didn't flood him out of here, the coffee would.

He stood up, went out into the hall where people still stood around in tense groups, winking their flashlights on and off.

What now, Tony Chappell, old boy?

As he stood there, he thought he saw Cleo coming down the hall toward him. Could it be? It had to be. No two women had that certain shade of auburn hair with a widow's peak . . . or walked with that certain alluring swing.

Cleo, Cleo, he thought. There's no one like you. No one.

And then she saw him, and the way she smiled at him made him stand very still, waiting, feeling amazingly young again.

In Dave's office, the talking was almost over.

It hadn't been easy to face the truth about himself and put it into words for Anne, but Dave had made himself do it, and with each word a feeling of peace was spreading through him.

"You were right, Anne," he finished soberly. "Right about everything . . . Rick, Beth . . . Jim, Margie . . . everything."

She said something then that he would always remember and love her for. "I could have been wrong, Dave. Anybody can be wrong and make mistakes."

They stood looking at each other wonderingly, as though they could not get used to the new understanding that existed between them.

"Oh, Anne . . ." was all he could say.

She came into his arms then, and he held her close, silently, tightly, his cheek pressed on her hair, his eyes closed. How long they stood there like that, he did not know, but they didn't become aware of the world again until they heard voices in the hall shouting, "The barometer's going up! It's going up!"

They walked to the window, he and Anne, and looked out, seeing nothing but the gray rain. Beyond it, Dave knew, Druid was a torn and battered town. Hurricanes did that.

"You've seen a hurricane now," he said quietly. "Florida at its worst."

"Yes, Dave."

"It's hard to believe, Anne, but by morning, when we all go out and get to work cleaning up, the sun will shine in a clear blue sky as it did yesterday. The air will be fresh and sparkling. And the storm will become a thing of the past . . . but no one will ever forget it." He reached for her hand. "At least you and I won't, will we?"

"No, Dave," she said, her hand warm in his, "we'll never forget."

. . . THE END

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