SEPTEMBER • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

BONUS FEATURE!

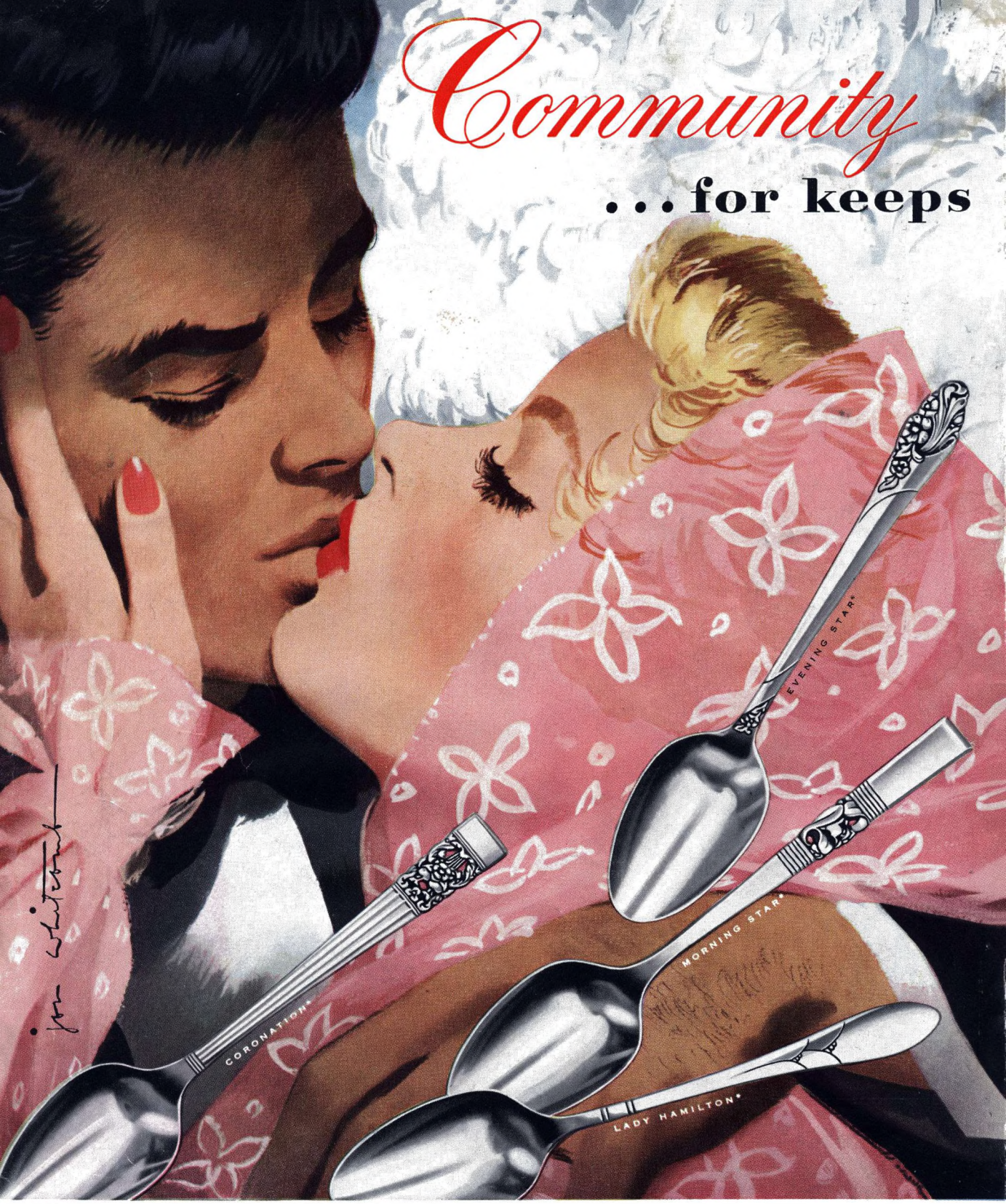
My Son's Story

BY JOHN P. FRANK

The heart-warming account of the fight for a baby's life

Which Mothers Should Work?

Surprising new answers to a vital modern problem —PAGE 52



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The LION'S ROAR

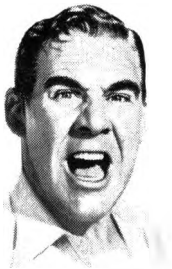
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

You may imagine that angels are responsible for the hilarious goings-on in M-G-M's "Angels In the Outfield".

★ ★ ★ ★

But we think it's the human factors—like the colorful Paul Douglas and the talented young beauty, Janet Leigh.



★ ★ ★ ★

Douglas is a loud-mouthed, blasphemous sports manager named "Guffy" whose verbal barrages can be conveyed on the movie sound track only by a wordless roar.

★ ★ ★ ★

Janet Leigh is an enterprising columnist who first exposes him as a terrible-tempered tyrant, then takes a personal interest in the guy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor is she the only one. It seems as though angels themselves are suddenly sparking Guffy's dispirited team.

★ ★ ★ ★

We can't tell you more! But it's the most extravagant fun of the year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Keenan Wynn, Lewis Stone, Spring Byington and Bruce Bennett give amusing assists to the screen play that Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells based on a story by Richard Conlin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarence Brown not only directed and produced the picture but also discovered a new child star in 8-year-old Donna Corcoran.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has a solid hit in "Angels In the Outfield"—a new and wonderful picture for the millions of movie-goers who loved "The Stratton Story".

—Leo

P. S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

SEPTEMBER • 1951
VOL. 97 • NO. 5

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

COVER PHOTO BY ZOLTAN FARKAS

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

REDBOOK MAGAZINE is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation. Marvin Pierce, President; Lowell Shumway, Vice-President and Circulation Director; Francis N. McGehee, Vice-President and Advertising Director of Redbook; Francis Hutter, Secretary; J. D. Hartman, Treasurer. Publication and Subscription Offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered, but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: $2.50 for one year, $4.00 for two years, $6.00 for three years in U. S. and Pan-American countries. Add 50c per year for Canada. Add $1.00 per year for other countries. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. SEPTEMBER ISSUE, 1951. VOL. XCVII, NO. 5.

Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.

Printed in U.S.A.

Medal of Honor

Sergeant Charles Turner, of Boston, Massachusetts—Medal of Honor, Korea. On September 1, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Turner took over an exposed turret machine gun on a tank. Despite fifty direct hits on the tank, he stayed by his gun and destroyed seven enemy machine gun nests before he was killed.

You and your family are more secure today because of what Charles Turner did for you.

Sergeant Turner died to keep America free. Won't you see that America *stays* the land of peace and promise for which he gave his life? Defending the things he fought for is *your* job, too.

One important defense job you can do *right now* is to buy United States Defense* Bonds and buy them regularly. For it's your Defense Bonds that help keep America strong *within*. And out of America's inner strength can come power that guarantees security—for your country, for your family, for *you.*

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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Off to Work!

Nona Coxhead

Logan Carroll

Ann Head

Edith M. Stern

John and Lorraine Frank

Between the Lines

Some have to and others would like to, but—"Which Mothers *Should* Work?" The startling answer is given by Selwyn James on page 52, and to highlight this article, REDBOOK asked pretty model Betty Anderson, wearing a Davidow suit, to appear as a young mother bound for work in our cover photo by Zoltan Farkas.

How does a girl learn to walk the tightrope between losing her man and losing her reputation? The way *Patricia* learned is told in Nona Coxhead's story on page 44, "It Takes Sophistication," and we think you'll like its frankness. Miss Coxhead is the author of three novels. She lives in Fairfield, Connecticut, with her husband and two children.

When her husband's reserve outfit was called into service, *Martha* tried desperately to salvage some of their life—and saved the wrong thing! Her story is told by Logan Carroll on page 60, in "Reminder for Tomorrow." Mr. Logan is a former newspaperman.

"Farewell to Innocence," this month's novel, is about a girl caught in womanhood's most poignant tragedy. The girl is pregnant and without a husband. Ann Head tells the story of *Bonny's* ordeal, and her valiant struggle for maturity. In its sincere facing up to a sorry situation, this novel is both sympathetic and deeply purposeful.

The right way to start a youngster's schooling is explained rewardingly in "That Extra-Special Day in Your Child's Life" (page 43). The author, Edith M. Stern, found after three novels that her main interest was in real people and their problems, and she's been writing articles ever since. She and her husband live in Maryland.

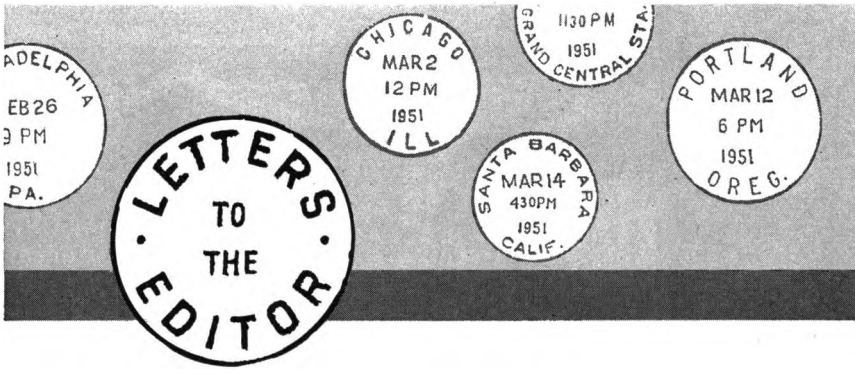
Don't miss the great human document on page 17. John P. Frank, a teacher of law at Yale, and his wife, in the interest of public good, have put aside natural reticence to speak out on an extremely personal problem—the life of their little son, John Peter, a retarded child. "My Son's Story" is an expression of the magnificence sometimes found in the people around us who suffer great personal tragedies.

Every girl has to grow up sometime, but Hollywood tried to keep Jeanne Crain in blouses and bloomers even though she had three kids of her own! The story of her dilemma is told in "She's a Big Girl Now" (page 40) by Kirtley Baskette, a specialist on film celebrities.

Kirtley Baskette, with daughter Martha

NEXT MONTH:

● What can a wife win when her marriage fails? Read the inside story of NANCY SINATRA!



CENSORSHIP CONTROVERSY

Rarely have I been more enlightened than I was yesterday by Collie Small's article "What Censorship Keeps You from Knowing" (July).

MRS. RETTA B. MONASH
Fargo, N. Dak.

There are numerous factual errors and misrepresentative references in the article by Collie Small. . . .

Among these is the misstatement which says that "the 1933 campaign" of the Legion of Decency resulted in the Production Code. The Legion of Decency campaign was in 1934. The Production Code was originated in 1929 and was adopted by the Association of Motion Picture Producers, in Hollywood, in February, 1930. Its adoption was ratified in March, 1930, by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., the parent body of the Hollywood association. . . .

MARTIN QUIGLEY
Publisher: Motion Picture Daily
Motion Picture Almanac, etc.
New York, N. Y.

■ *We suggest that Mr. Quigley read page 800 of one of his own publications (Motion Picture Almanac, 1935-'36) and learn* REDBOOK'S *source for this "misrepresentative reference":*

"The Production Code, a reincarnation of the Studio Relations Department of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., began to function July 1, 1934."

Thus, if the Legion of Decency did not create the Production Code, it did cause the code to be reincarnated *and put into effect, which is much the same as creating it.* *ED.*

I have been representing Mr. Burstyn in "The Miracle" case, and his office forwarded the copy of Collie Small's article on censorship. The article is a wonderful one. You may be sure that if an appeal to the Supreme Court is necessary, reference to the article will be made, either in my brief or argument.

EPHRAIM S. LONDON
New York, N. Y.

Although I am not an avid article reader, and usually prefer your fiction offerings, I read Collie Small's censorship story at my husband's insistence.

The outstanding thing was that it not only told clearly what was wrong with today's censorship, but it also told what we as individuals could do about it.

I have not missed an issue of your magazine since my fourteenth birthday, but since I've been married, I've had to take a lot of kidding about my passion for a so-called "woman's magazine." With the publication of this article you have won an admirer. The highest compliment I can offer you is my husband's comment, "From now on, REDBOOK isn't your magazine . . . it's ours."

MRS. KENNETH R. MACGOWAN
Chicago, Ill.

I'm mad! I'm roaring, spitting, hopping, fighting mad! I'm writing this in all rationality, but I'm mad! I've just read your article on censorship and you've said what I've thought for years, but you haven't said it strongly enough.

When I think of Americans letting someone else do their thinking for them because they are too lazy or indifferent, then I get furious ———— and a little disgusted.

Please, in all calmness, *do* something!

JIMMY CRESSON
Norfolk, Va.

■ REDBOOK did *something, Mr. Cresson; what have* you *done?* *ED.*

GOOD IDEA

I was interested in your article on "Something for Nothing" (July) because we had an instance of it here in our city.

A number of the churchwomen wanted to have some silverware for the church dining room, so they banded together and each one paid $1.00 for an offer made by one of the large companies of a setting for the table of certain silverware.

Through their efforts the church now has a setting for 75 people, and it is very good-looking silverware, too.

MRS. C. L. DWELLEY
Anacortes, Wash.

BETTER JOB

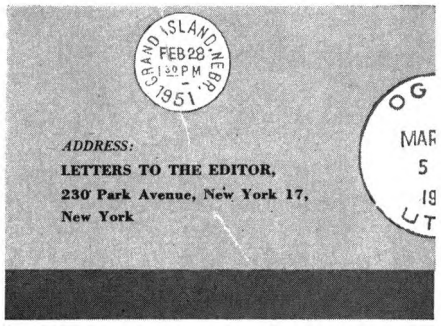
Thanks very much for the fine article, "Let's Abolish Report Cards!" in the June, 1951, issue. Articles like this are very helpful to school people who are trying to do a better job of letting parents know how their children are progressing in school.

FRANCES NELSON
Consultant, Superintendent of Schools
Ventura, Calif.

DICTIONARY LESSON

With reference to the novel "A Double Surprise," by Helen Davis Szold in the July REDBOOK, I would like to point out that the expression *misogynist* was used in the wrong sense.

The sentence I am referring to says, "Janis was not a misogynist; she liked a great many people, but spoiled children were simply too much for her."



I assume that the writer wanted to use the word *misanthrope*. The words *misogyny* (hatred of women) and *misanthrope* (a hater of mankind) are of Greek origin.

ETHEL KRIEGEL, PH.D.
Ottawa, Canada

■ *You're right.* *ED.*

PLEA FOR MAIL

I sent an answer to Sgt. Wilbur F. H. Radeline in regard to his letter entitled "Plea for Mail," in the May, 1951 REDBOOK. I would like to know if you forwarded the letter as I had requested, because I have not received an answer as yet.

MARTHA J. BOLKA
Cleveland, Ohio

■ *The response by* REDBOOK *readers to this request that civilians write to lonely servicemen in Korea was so enormous that Sgt. Radeline has found it financially impossible to pay for the postage needed to answer all the people who want addresses in Korea. Moreover, it is forbidden to give out any names or addresses of men overseas. Therefore, Sgt. Radeline requests that readers send their letters for servicemen to him in care of* REDBOOK *with overseas postage (6¢), and he will forward them himself to men in Korea.* *ED.*

OUTRAGEOUS INSULT

Not in quite some time have I seen anything that disgusted me like that article titled "Why Daddy Looks at Television" (June). It is an outrageous insult to American men to say that they watch television to see scantily clothed girls. . . .

KENNETH ST. CLAIR
Norwood, O.

■ REDBOOK *is really not responsible for the girls on TV, scantily clothed or otherwise; it does, however, report from time to time what is going on in that strange and sometimes wonderful world.* *ED.*

GOOD EXPLANATION

The omission of "Psychologist's Casebook" in March and again in July was a great disappointment to me. Being a psychiatric social worker . . . I am constantly searching for ways to interpret the meaning of emotional factors in nervous disorders . . . I hope this omission does not mean that you plan to discontinue this feature.

JEAN M. HIRONS
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

■ *It doesn't;* *see page 63.* *ED.*

REDBOOK'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH—SELECTED

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

Lonely and away from home, *George* (Montgomery Clift) enjoys the companionship and understanding of *Alice* (Shelley Winters), a fellow worker, and a romance soon develops.

Then he meets *Angela* (Elizabeth Taylor), who fascinates him, and he is torn between his desire for the pleasures of her wealthy, carefree world, and the loyalty he owes to *Alice*.

BY FLORENCE SOMERS

A REDBOOK SILVER CUP CANDIDATE

Three young people, caught in a dramatic chain of circumstances, are the central characters in this powerful film, a new version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." With Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters and Montgomery Clift giving the best performances of their careers, and with George Stevens adding his expert direction, "A Place in the Sun" becomes one of the year's finest pictures.

George Eastman (Montgomery Clift), a young boy whose strict religious upbringing has denied him the usual fun and gaiety of adolescence, comes to work in a factory belonging to a wealthy uncle. For the first time in his life, he sees how the rich live, but, ignored by his uncle's family, he strikes up a friendship with a fellow worker, *Alice* (Shelley Winters). She's sympathetic and understanding, and a romance develops between them despite a strict rule against workers associating with each other.

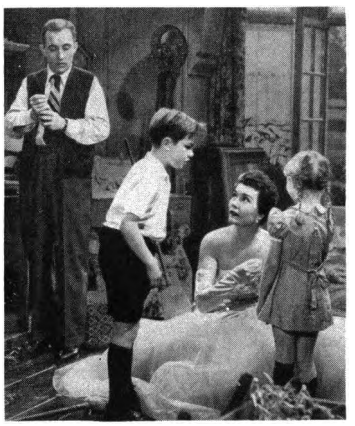
The night *Alice* has planned a birthday celebration for *George*, he is invited to his uncle's house. Introduced to *Angela* (Elizabeth Taylor), he is fascinated by her, and she is intrigued by him. *George* finally leaves the party and goes to *Alice*, who tells him she's going to have a baby. He intends to marry her, but he is reluctant to break off relations with *Angela* and surrender his chance to enjoy the carefree world in which she lives. He leads a double life until *Alice* demands he marry her. Then, torn by conflicting emotions, *George* plans to murder her. In a rowing accident, *Alice* drowns. *George* is caught and brought to trial. It's up to the jury to decide whether he's guilty of murder or not.

Since director Stevens has kept his people so real and so human, audiences will find this an intensely moving film. His characters evoke sympathy; their reactions to their problems are natural and easily understood. Because the actors underplay their parts and because the difficult scenes are handled with subtlety and discretion, audiences will easily identify themselves with this picture. "A Place in the Sun" is what moviegoers have been looking for — a thoroughly adult and absorbing film which is entertaining. *(Paramount)*

• • •

For more about movies, turn the page ——→

Three Other Fine Films



"HERE COMES THE GROOM"

Watch your local theaters, sign up your baby-sitters and make way for "Here Comes the Groom," one of the best comedies in years and a film you won't want to miss. First of all, it's the most amusing story Bing Crosby has ever had. Next, Jane Wyman proves she's a comedienne to be reckoned with, and she's not forgotten how to sing and dance, either.

After waiting three years for *Pete* (Bing Crosby) to come home from a European newspaper assignment and marry her, *Emmadel* (Jane Wyman) says it's now or never. When *Pete* gets home, complete with appealing orphans (Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn), he has to marry *Emmadel* in five days, or the orphans go back to France and *Pete* goes to jail. The hitch is that *Emmadel* has decided to marry her boss (Franchot Tone) in five days, and he's handsome, talented and wealthy. So *Pete* has quite a problem but it's one that will amuse you. *(Paramount)*

"JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN"

Jim Thorpe is a magic name in the athletic world—the mention of it excites any sports fan. Thorpe was the greatest American athlete, and the story of his life furnishes plenty of material for an interesting picture. Burt Lancaster has the build and the ability to give a convincing performance as *Thorpe*, the famous Indian.

From a lad who ran about the reservation for the sheer joy of it, *Thorpe* develops into the greatest American football player, the winner of the 1912 Olympics, and a great professional baseball and football star. But he never fulfills his ambition to be a great coach, and he is disqualified as an Olympic champion. Sharing his triumphs and his disappointments is his wife (Phyllis Thaxter), and the problems of her life will be readily understood by all women. So, with plenty of action for the men, and a pretty heroine with whom to sympathize, what more can you want of any film? *(Warners)*

Best Bets in your Neighborhood

Alice in Wonderland—Walt Disney's version is a gay romp through a world of fantasy, a delight for young and old.

Bright Victory—REDBOOK writer Baynard Kendrick is responsible for this very moving, inspiring story of a blinded veteran. Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow and James Edwards. *Aug.

Capt. Horatio Hornblower—In the best tradition of exciting adventure films. Gregory Peck is the handsome English hero and Virginia Mayo the beautiful heroine of a thriller. *July

The Law and the Lady—Greer Garson and Michael Wilding team together to live by their wits and eventually find they're in love.

Rich, Young and Pretty—What better place for romance than Paris, especially for Jane Powell and Vic Damone?

Showboat—For entertainment you can't beat the wonderful Kern tunes and the appealing story of this classic. A colorful, fast-moving show with Ava Gardner and Howard Keel. *Aug.

"PICKUP"

This is what can happen when a man starts out to buy a dog. The man is *Jan* (Hugo Hass), a middle-aged widower anxious to replace his pet dog. He meets a cheap blonde, *Betty* (Beverly Michaels), who marries him as soon as she's sure he has a bank account. She can't stand the loneliness of his railroad job and, when his hearing fails, she persuades him to apply for his pension.

While *Jan* is on his way to the supervisor's, he is hit by a car, and the shock restores his hearing. Before he can break the news to *Betty*, he overhears her plotting his death with his young substitute. *Jan* keeps his hearing a secret, bides his time until the two quarrel; then he sends the boy on his way, throws *Betty* out and, at last gets a faithful companion, a puppy.

Intelligently handled and well-acted, this unpretentious picture has a good deal of suspense and satire, and is entertaining. *(Columbia)*

Suicide Attack—Fascinating documentary compiled of actual Japanese war films including their attacks on Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, and the training of their Kamikaze pilots.

Tales of Hoffmann—Extravaganza in color of opera and ballet which has breathtaking moments of beauty. Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann. *Aug.

That's My Boy—Martin and Lewis are everybody's boys when it comes to comedy. This is a honey. *Aug.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

NEWS ABOUT MEDICINE

BY EDWARD T. WILKES, M. D.

The Kids Won't Balk at These Inoculations

Parents and children alike will be delighted when a new spray injector replaces the hypodermic needle for vaccinations, penicillin and other shots. The Hypospray jet injector, an instrument for giving injections under the skin and into the muscles without a needle, is already on the market in two counties in Ohio.

The spray goes through a hole one-twenty-second the size of the finest hollow hypo needle with such speed that it penetrates to the desired depth with little or no pain. And it is much better psychologically for children because there is no long needle to frighten them.

Car Sickness Controlled

Emetrol, a new antivomiting drug, is being used to prevent nausea. In a test, eleven children subject to nausea when traveling in autos were given a teaspoon or two of Emetrol before starting. Repeated every hour during the trip, this dosage prevented car sickness in every case. Diet can also help control motion sickness. The day before, omit milk and citrus fruits; on the day of the trip, keep the diet low in fat, low in residue foods like meat and celery, and high in starches.

Penicillin Prevents Blindness in Infants

From the Department of Obstetrics at Johns Hopkins Hospital comes the report that of 9.241 newborn babies treated with penicillin to prevent gonorrheal eye infection, not a single case of blindness developed. They recommend that physicians use penicillin ointment on the eyes of the newborn as the safest, least irritating and most efficacious agent for protection against blindness from gonorrheal infection. Most hospitals now use silver nitrate solution, which produces nearly three times as much local irritation.

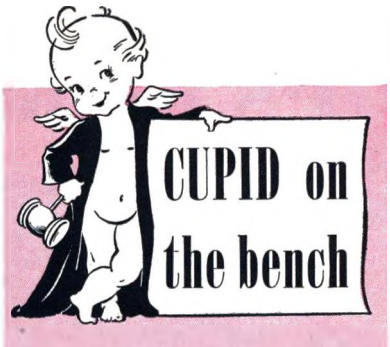
Inoculations

The opening of school is an excellent time for parents to consult with their doctor and review the immunization needs of their children. Vaccination against smallpox is usually repeated at the age of six, again at thirteen, and at twenty. Unless your child has had a diphtheria toxoid inoculation within the past three years, he should be given a booster shot before school opens. Whooping-cough protection is routine in early infancy, and is usually repeated at two and a half years. Protection against other diseases is usually given on an individual basis, and is not routine.

Relief for Painful Menses

Dr. William Filler of Bellevue Hospital in New York reports that twenty-two women did not have their usual severe menstrual pain when given small doses of the male hormone, methyltestosterone, orally. This dosage is well below that which produces masculinity. The patients were given tablets three times daily for six days before the estimated time of ovulation.

Histories for these patients were recorded for four years, and in only one case was the treatment unsuccessful.



CUPID on the bench

A girl in California thought she was keeping company with the owner of a shoe store. She married him, then found out he was just a clerk in the store, and asked for an annulment.

The Supreme Court of California ruled: "No annulment." The justices said that if this girl hadn't been in such a hurry to marry she would have discovered her mistake before she got to the altar.

■

On her honeymoon, a bride said she disliked the hotel room her husband had picked, accused him of flirting in the lobby, criticized his table manners and his taking off his shoes in public. Should the husband be distressed?

A husband and everybody else knows that woman in her "hours of ease" is "uncertain, coy and hard to please," ruled the Supreme Court of Mississippi.

■

During courtship, a man told his sweetheart he was a college graduate. After the wedding, she discovered he wasn't. Can she get an annulment?

Marriage is not a business transaction in which you can return merchandise if not as good as you thought, ruled the New York Supreme Court refusing the annulment. A girl should expect a little bragging by a suitor eager to make a good impression.

■

A wife in Louisiana told her husband she hated him. But she thought she was still entitled to support. Was she?

A hubby who is told he is hated owes nothing to his wife, ruled the Supreme Court of Louisiana, because: "For a wife to state to a husband that she has ceased to love him, is the end to connubial felicity, and neither law, justice, [nor] reason demand that the husband under such circumstances shall be condemned to a condition of penal servitude."

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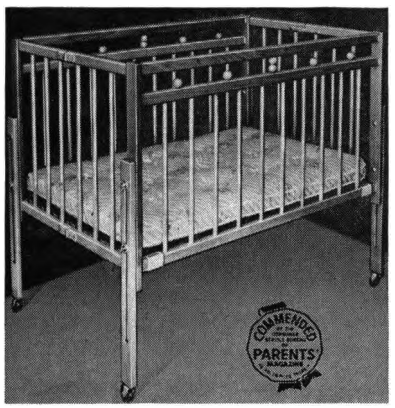

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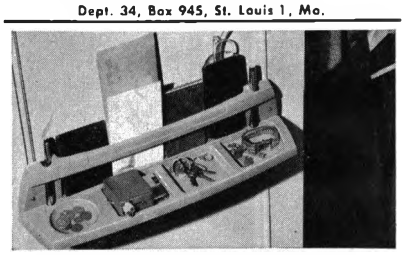

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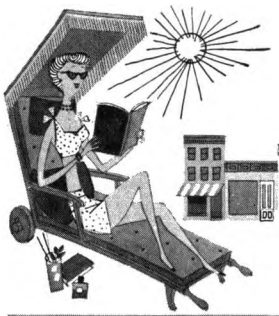
Janet Forister, Dept. 73, Bloomington, Ill.

Send..... pairs @ $1 a pair. Size..... *Specify Small, medium, or large, or give dress glove size.* Special Large size for men, $1.75 pr. Send for Circular.



TOPS in the

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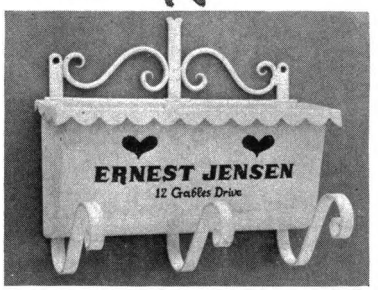
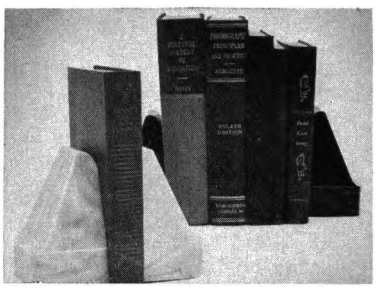
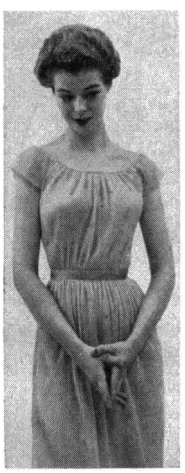


Handsome mailbox — a distinctive addition to any home. Rustproof black or white wrought iron box, 11½" long, is personalized with name and address. Has outside newspaper and magazine holder. And the low price is news! $8 plain; $9 with name, ppd. From L. F. Black & Co., Inc., 100-47 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.



Something new in bookends — self-closing, self-expanding and non-tipping. Bookmaster is a pair of nicely-styled book ends joined underneath by a canvas band wound on a roller to maintain constant tension. Adjusts to hold one magazine or several books. Ivory or black, $4.95 ppd. Lordell Corp., 219 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.



Pleated nylon nightgown — last word in luxury. Permanently pleated sheer, 15-denier nylon tricot gown never needs ironing. It washes, dries like a dream. Front panel from scoop neck to hemline is pleated. Elasticized waist for proper fit. Black, white, coral; sizes 10-20. $14.99 ppd. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. L-14, 62 W. 14th St., New York 11, N.Y.

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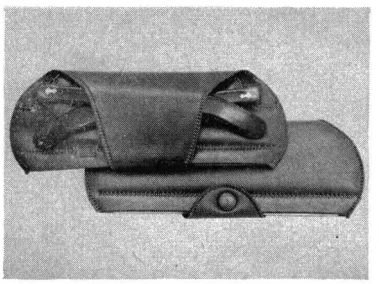
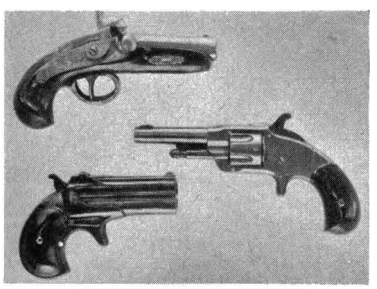


Something new in an eyeglass case is this clever one that polishes and cleans your lenses inside the case. Kleen Kase has a chemically-treated pocket which protects your glasses and keeps them clean. Vinyl case comes in red, blue, green, brown or tan. Entire case is washable. $1 each, ppd. Spencer Gifts, Dept. R-9, Atlantic City, N. J.



Antique pistols authentically reproduced for collectors of the unusual. Cast in plastic from originals of the Philadelphia Derringer (used to assassinate Lincoln), the Smiths .38 and the Remington .41. Felt-backed for hanging, each is boxed with a short history. Set of 3 is $6.95 ppd. The Game Room, 1538 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

A good basic for your autumn wardrobe is a casual, go-everywhere gabardine dress. Ideal for marketing, P.T.A.-ing or driving the children to school. One-piece wing-collared rayon gabardine in charcoal gray, red, cocoa brown or green. Sizes 10-20, $8.95; sizes 14½-24½, $9.95 plus 25¢ postage. Lobells, Dept. R-9, Hanover, Pa.

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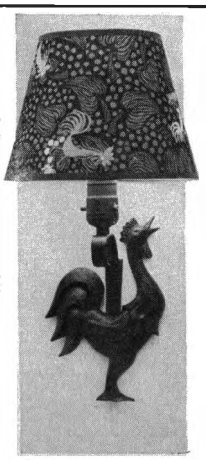

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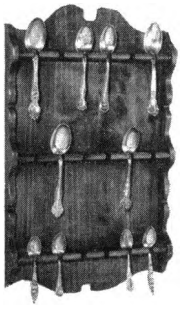
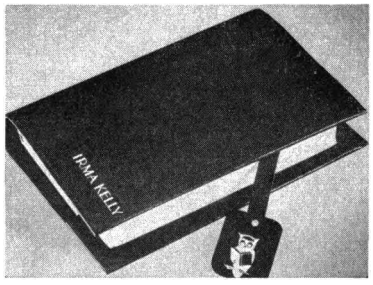
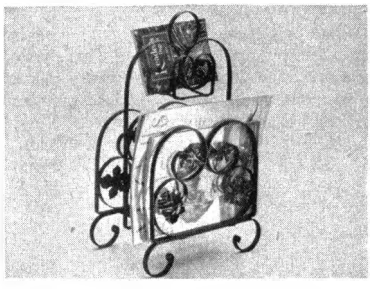


A treasured collection of fine silver spoons will be decoratively displayed in this hand-rubbed pine rack. The rich, mellow antique finish is designed to please even the most particular fanciers of Early Americana. Rack holds 18 spoons. Attractively priced — $3.95 plus 25¢ postage. From Helen Gallagher, 413R Fulton, Peoria 2, Ill.

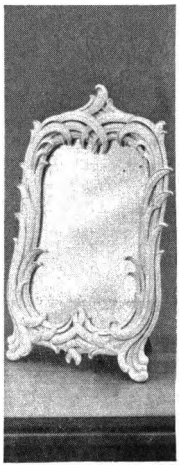


For an avid reader—a bookjacket to protect his treasured volumes from wear and tear. A thoughtful present for the bookworm who likes to carry his current reading with him. Durable red, blue, brown, green or black leather-like plastic. Full name is imprinted in gold. $1.25 ppd. Sonya, 329 West Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.



Double decker magazine rack holds digest-size periodicals in its 2 upper compartments. Plenty of room below for larger magazines. Graceful scroll and maple leaf design. Verde green or black wrought iron rack with handle is 12" wide, 19" tall. $6.95 ppd. plus 50¢ west of the Miss. Mastercraft Products, 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

Vanity fair. A baroque and frankly feminine mirror designed to grace a vanity table. A flattering gift for a fair lady from her doting husband. Syroco wood mirror, 21" x 13½", comes in off-white or French gold. Plate glass mirror has easel back. Could also hang on wall. $8.95 ppd. Henry Rosenzweig, 723 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



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REDBOOK Bonus FEATURE

My Son's Story

BY JOHN P. FRANK

This is an account of real people, told in their own words. It is a penetrating story of great courage in the face of one of life's most tragic experiences. By telling how they groped their way through, these parents offer hope to others who may be sorely tried

This is a story about my son, who is sick in a particularly terrible way.

The publishing of it is a ripping apart of his privacy and ours that requires me to face the question: Why do it?

The answer has three parts: First, the American people ought to know more than they do about an almost unknown, and yet common, tragedy in their midst. They ought to know, because if they know, they can do a great deal to improve the handling of it. Second, certain people, doing a magnificent if lonely job trying to handle the situation now, deserve a public recognition. And finally, our experience is so many other people's experience that perhaps our account of groping our way through may help the next fellow along the same path.

This is a story about real people, and there has not seemed to be much point in thinly disguising names. The only exceptions to this are the doctors and Sisters. There were so many that it is less confusing to use letters than to put in their actual names.

We have variously called our son John Peter, Peter and Petey. We went through stages of each. I have referred to him here by the name we were using at each stage of his life.

This story makes its own acknowledgments, for our debts are obvious. I would pay special tribute to my wife. She met her problems with more courage and sacrifice than she gives herself credit for.

I would also acknowledge the unremitting aid, tangible and spiritual, of her parents and mine, her sister Ruth, my sisters Jane and Dorothy, and our brothers-in-law, who have felt our misfortunes as keenly as they possibly could their own.

Lorraine started with the greatest possible affection for her baby. I, on the other hand, was a little objective about him—mothers have more imagination than fathers, at least to start with. But after a few weeks of acquaintance, I'll admit to being *very* fond of John Peter, too. As I watched him grow, I began to think that he wasn't *so* homely; and as my own imagination started working, it went into some fine fantasy-thinking of its own. What would my boy be when he grew up? Would he perhaps want to be a historian? The historian whom I most admired was Charles A. Beard. Perhaps this child could be encouraged to go further in directions on which Beard had begun. In short, there was some mighty hopeful thinking going on in John Peter's room at two o'clock in the morning, whenever I took over the job of his night feeding.

From his birth on January 18, 1947, in Bloomington, Indiana, John Peter's days were unvarying. There was the occasional trip to Dr. A for inspection, with the report each time of "all's well." There were, of course, the lesser adventures: the bath, which he enjoyed; playing in the sun on a blanket; a little foolishness with the neighbors; "talking" to his father in the evening; and long periods of playing with his mother. And there were frequent visitors. Grandparents came from New York and Wisconsin; dinner guests were likely to come in to say hello, and Sunday afternoon was open house for my law students and other friends, before whom, I must admit, we showed John Peter off a little.

John Peter was brought up by his mother with a con-

stant eye on the books. There were three books, two of them by Drs. Spock and Gesell, respectively, in widespread use around the country. In addition, the local dairy distributed a monthly bulletin prepared by a doctor of some note in Chicago. The monthly bulletin described the child at one month, the child at two months, and so on.

It was reading the dairy bulletins that gave me my first doubts. The bulletins said cheerily, "Your child is now" however many months old he was. "This month," the bulletin continued, "he began to reach for toys on the side of the crib," or "he began to push himself up on his forearms," or "he rolled over."

But John Peter didn't, or at least he didn't that month. What the bulletins said he would do in any one month, he usually did a month or two later. I understood that these descriptive pamphlets of course described an average, or typical, child, and that any particular child might be healthy in all respects and still far from following the pattern. I was not worried, and was somehow a little amused, in a smug way, that my child should be starting slowly; I don't believe it ever occurred to me that he might never catch up.

When June came, we headed for Washington, where I was to be in a large law office for the summer. John Peter's development over the summer continued slow, and his appetite was not always quite as good as it had been. In July, at six months, he weighed 12 pounds, 12 ounces. One day we visited friends and noted with some surprise how much more their child of the same age was eating. In August, Peter, though eight months old, was not yet sitting up by himself, and could only maintain a sitting position when placed in it if he had some support. Nor had he completely mastered rolling over. He rolled from his back to either side, but seemed to be stuck with his own arm in the way when he attempted to complete the trip. But there was no ground for concern, since he was obviously on the verge of learning how to complete that maneuver.

At the beginning of September, in Washington, it happened. The days were extremely hot. For a day or two John Peter almost stopped eating altogether, and vomited once. Lorraine had to run an errand, picking up some clothes at a cleaner's. While Lorraine stepped into the cleaner's, the maid, Fanny, held John Peter. Suddenly the baby grew limp, and was unconscious, though his eyes were wide open.

Fanny ran into the cleaner's with John Peter. Lorraine took him and screamed, "Something's the matter with my baby!" She asked for a doctor and was told that there was one a few doors away. Rushing to that address, she found Dr. C, who immediately began to work over John Peter.

In a few seconds, John Peter regained consciousness. Dr. C said, "He'll be all right in a moment."

Lorraine picked up a phone to call me. She struggled for a moment to compose herself, and when I heard her voice it was calm and informative. John Peter had fainted—doubtless the heat. She was at a doctor's office, and just wanted me to know what was going on. I shouldn't be alarmed. Then she heard a noise from the next room, where the baby and the doctor were, and, keeping me on the line, she dashed in to see what was happening. In a moment she was back, saying:

"He's vomiting now."

Then for a moment composure left her voice, and sheer terror held it.

"You'd better come home, John. Come right away."

By the time I could reach the house, Lorraine and John Peter were at home. The baby was in his crib, conscious, moaning and whining occasionally, with a temperature still high. Lorraine had already called Dr. B, the pediatrician, and he had agreed to come out as promptly as he could.

In early evening Dr. B arrived, examined the baby, and suggested that the cause had been heat prostration. However, for safety's safe, he thought it best that the baby spend the night at the hospital. Lorraine could sleep in the hospital room with him. What that night was like in the hospital, I will never quite know. It was an old, dark and unpleasant hospital, the baby was restive, and Lorraine was frightened beyond measure. She didn't sleep much.

But the next morning when I called, all was well. John Peter had awakened cheerful and fever-free. Dr. B's careful examination showed nothing wrong. Heat prostration seemed to cover the situation, and we were delighted to accept it as an explanation. I brought my family home again, with Lorraine determined to keep John Peter adequately cool for the balance of the summer.

A few weeks later we left Washington, and took a trip back to Bloomington, where I taught law at Indiana University. Under careful instructions from the doctor, ventilation in the car was carefully controlled, and we did not drive through the hottest hours of the day.

The trip was leisurely and pleasant. We were in good spirits over getting home. John Peter obviously had suffered no injury from the half-forgotten episode of the summer.

He and Lorraine amused each other with the kind of games mothers and babies play. I had not realized that he could laugh as loud and hard as he did then.

The only cloud on our return was the lack of a place to live. There was no real rental housing to be found, except for the University Apartments, a miserable settlement of half-converted Army barracks. Ugly, poorly insulated and badly heated, they consisted of three rooms and a very small kitchen. The walls were no more than beaver-board partitions. The whole project had been hastily put up in the middle of a meadow, and it was a frequently unsuccessful battle to keep mice and rats out of the apartments. This was at a time when the same kind of buildings were being used for displaced-person camps in Europe, and we had to settle down in the DP camp, as it was known locally. On September 26, 1947, John Peter, as if he was aware of our annoyance, was extremely cranky and would eat very little. Finally, as we were about to have dinner, he was put in his crib.

On some impulse, Lorraine went back to his room in a few minutes. In a moment I heard her scream, "He's gone again!"

When I rushed in, I saw him as Lorraine had described him to me in August—limp, obviously unconscious, but with eyes wide open.

I rushed for the phone and called Dr. A, the family doctor who had presided at John Peter's birth. Happily he was home. "It's probably a convulsion," he said. "Put him in a tub of lukewarm water, and call me if he doesn't return to consciousness right away. He'll probably be all right before I could get there."

Back to the bathroom. Into the tub went John Peter, to be massaged with lukewarm water. It is a picture as vivid in my mind as if it were today—the baby lying in the tub as if lifeless, and yet staring, staring, staring.

Back to the phone. Dr. A said, "Keep it up; I'll be there at once."

In a few minutes, he arrived. With that peculiar reliance which laymen have on doctors, we assumed that it would somehow be all right once he was there. But it wasn't. Dr. A had brought a device for irrigating Peter's colon while in the tub, and thus reducing his evident fever; but to no avail. Finally A said, "Take him to bed."

At the bedside, A examined John Peter briefly and said, "He needs oxygen. We'll have to get him to the hospital at once. Call them and tell them to have oxygen ready when we get there."

In a small town, everything is close. Quickly we bundled John Peter into a blanket, and whisked him into the doctor's car, and within ten minutes he was on a surgical table at the same hospital in which he had been born, an oxygen mask over his face. He was still unconscious. Dr. A, a nurse, Lorraine and I were with him.

For the first time in our lives, we were faced with the question of survival itself. Lorraine turned to me and said, "Do you think he's going to get well, John? Is he going to die?"

I didn't know.

But an instant later we were even more doubtful. John Peter began to convulse violently. There he lay, naked on the table, his arms and legs moving not in little tremors but great jerks. And he was still unconscious. Dr. A administered a sedative by injection, then listened to his heart as the convulsions grew more severe, and said, "I can't promise that he's going to pull through."

"John Peter slept, though restively. I never felt so helpless in my life."

Then, quickly, it was over. The convulsions stopped. As John Peter grew quiet, his eyes slowly closed and his breathing slowed to normal. He was asleep. A said, "I think he'll be in the clear now."

Lorraine sat down for the first time in two hours and a half.

It was quickly agreed that beginning the next morning, John Peter should have three special nurses on eight-hour shifts, to watch him constantly for a day or so in case there should be recurrence. For this night, Lorraine and I would take turns, she sitting from 10 P.M. until 2 A.M. and I taking over until the 8-A.M. nurse came on. In case of trouble, we would call the doctor.

John Peter slept, though restively. I remember thinking, in a confused way, that perhaps he would rest better if I were to walk with him. It was silly and purposeless, but for some reason I picked him up, well covered, and walked up and down his room, up and down, up and down. As the darkness faded into morning, there was plenty of time for thought, and my mind kept working aimlessly.

I never felt so helpless in my life.

For the next two days, John Peter stayed at the hospital, slowly recovering his strength and his spirits, though he remained a little feverish. At least he did wake up in the morning, and though he occasionally moaned miserably, there was no sign of a recurrence of the blackout or the convulsions.

Dr. A examined him closely, and explained to us that there was nothing perceptible the matter—that the root of the trouble was something he couldn't diagnose. Dr. D, he said, was head of a great hospital at Indianapolis. Dr. D was the state's outstanding pediatrician. He would arrange an appointment for us with Dr. D.

As soon as John Peter seemed well enough, Lorraine and I drove him to Indianapolis. If necessary, he was to stay on in the Indianapolis hospital for observation, and Lorraine carried her own suitcase, ready to stay in an Indianapolis hotel for a few days.

Dr. D examined John Peter very closely. He found what seemed the root of the trouble. Deep within one ear was an infected area. D lanced and drained it, then and there.

When he was finished, he explained. "Convulsions and comas in nondiabetic children are not uncommon, and are not necessarily dangerous, or ominous. There are three possible major sources. One is as a result of high fever, flowing from an infection. This ear was infected, and that was probably the source of the trouble. A second possible source is a vitamin deficiency. If your child has such a deficiency, it will show in X-rays of his wrists, which I want you to take before you leave the building. A third possible source is a disorder of the central nervous system.

"If this child convulses again, we will have to make a close examination of his nervous system. But so far, I don't think it's warranted. The infection is quite sufficient by itself to account for the trouble. If you have further difficulties, it will be time enough to go into the more elaborate examination."

"Are you sure it's safe to let it go?" Lorraine wanted to know.

"I can't give you any guarantees. But a child is not very likely to die in a convulsion, and a complete neurological examination is expensive and unpleasant business. All I can say is that if it were my child, I'd wait before doing anything more."

We were done! John Peter was all right! It was nothing more than an ear infection! In wildest good spirits, we started for home, Not even DP-camp living would look so bad.

October and November, 1947, were peaceful and busy. With a little good-natured accommodation, the DP camp turned out to be passable. Lorraine contrived to turn a three-foot-wide closet into a place to stack books and glasses, and convinced me that we had a large and sumptuous place indeed.

Certainly John Peter, always amiable, had no objections. At the age of ten months, he was disposed to go along with our proposals. He played in the apartment, sunned himself in his carriage, and made regular Sunday-afternoon visits with us to friends.

One evening with student friends sticks in my memory. The couple had a child about the same age as John Peter. As we exchanged reports about the children, it developed that their youngster was pulling himself upright, while John Peter could not yet sit upright unaided. Our hostess said, in friendly good humor, "You must have a mighty backward kid. Why, my boy was sitting up weeks ago."

The youngster across the hall seemed to be making what seemed to us astonishingly rapid progress, too. At least it was much faster than John Peter's.

But no very serious doubts assailed us. Certainly the baby was cheerful and contented. Each afternoon as I came home he seemed happy enough, and a session of sitting on my lap and pulling my tie usually had him in good humor at the evening meal.

Lorraine noted nothing markedly odd about his behavior, though we occasionally spoke of the fact that his progress certainly was not as rapid as that of some children.

At the end of November, John Peter's crankiness was obvious, and his appetite fell off. On December 2nd, he was the worst possible trial to Lorraine, crying, complaining, and not eating much. When I came home that evening, he had vomited what little supper he had eaten. Lorraine was extraordinarily tired, and I volunteered to make a cheese rarebit for supper—a dish easy for husbands to turn out. At 7:30 it was done, and we sat down. John Peter, who was to go to bed as soon as we finished, was idly handling a toy.

At 7:40, John Peter screamed as though in great pain. Lorraine rushed to him, picking him up. "John, he's going again. Look!"

John Peter's eyes were slowly blinking, and looked somehow glazed. Lorraine, holding him, called, "Petey, Petey! Don't go. See—here's Mommy."

It was as if she supposed that somehow she could reach his consciousness and hold it. He seemed for a moment really to hear her. But the next instant he was limp, completely unresponsive, with eyes wide open.

I dashed for a telephone. Dr. A, I knew, was out of town. After frantic calls to several doctors, all away from home, I finally called the hospital. Lorraine put a cover around John Peter and rushed for the car.

By 7:50, we were out of the apartment. Lorraine returned to it only once more in the remainder of her life. John Peter was never in it again.

The intern had not the remotest idea, it turned out, of what to do with an unconscious child. I called Dean Gavit. Dr. A's good friend, and asked him whom A would want us to get under the circumstances. He responded immediately, "Get Dr. F. He is certainly the man A would want you to have."

A call to F's home told me that F was at a meeting of the hospital board. I went to the meeting, got F, explained that my child was unconscious upstairs, and asked for his help. He brought other doctors with him from the meeting. It was nine o'clock, and John Peter had been unconscious for about ninety minutes.

F and his associates made an examination. They gave

John Peter a sedative, and about ten o'clock he slipped out of unconsciousness into sleep.

At the conclusion of the examination, Dr. F gave the verdict for himself and the others: "It's CNS."

Maybe, given such a firm, if mystifying, diagnosis, we could do something about it. We asked for explanation.

"CNS means central nervous system," said Dr. F. "This child has no infection. You say that the examination at Indianapolis showed no vitamin deficiency. The likelihood is then overwhelming that it is a disorder of the nervous system itself."

How did we find out what was the matter? What should we do?

"You had better take him up to Dr. G at Indianapolis as soon as he is ready to go. Put him into the hospital there, and let G make a thorough examination. He is one of our best neurologists. He can find out what the trouble is."

We settled it that the next morning, John Peter would go to Indianapolis. The nurse was later to tell us that John Peter repeatedly called "Mommy" that night. If he did, it was the only time in his life he ever made that sound.

Lorraine and I went back to the DP camp, cleaned away the debris of a supper never eaten, and packed bags for John Peter and for her. Early the next morning we were back at the hospital to find John Peter depressed, but conscious. Arrangements were quickly made for his transfer to an Indianapolis hospital. By shortly after noon he was in Methodist Hospital—pleasant in atmosphere, and staffed by a set of nurses both cheery and efficient. John Peter had a room on a floor for children, with Lorraine's bed in with him. I could return to the university for classes knowing that he was under constant attention.

That evening, Dr. G came in for a first look at his patient, and for a case history. Young brisk, efficient and quick, he soon knew all about John Peter's background. Then he began his physical examination—unlike any we had seen before.

He attempted to encourage John Peter to roll over, and studied his inability to do it. He put him into various positions, with knees this way and that.

When he seemed to be done, we asked if he had any opinions. He said, "It would be too soon to tell you. I have formed some impressions, but they are only impressions. Tomorrow we will take X-rays of the baby's skull, and then we will take an electroencephalogram. If we're not clear about it then, we may have to make an air study."

X-rays. Electroencephalograms. Air studies. We had heard of the first, of course, but hadn't the remotest notion of what the others were. Dr. G explained. "There may be some pressure of the skull on the brain. If so, the pictures will probably show it. The electroencephalograph charts brain waves. Wires pasted to the head pick up impulses from the brain, which are magnified and operate pens which make a pattern of lines on paper. If the pattern is abnormal, we may know where to look. It is difficult to make a good test with a young child who is certain to be frightened into unusual reactions, and we may have to try it several times."

As John Peter, Lorraine and I settled down to wait for the tests of the next day, we felt a little relieved.

Somehow we still had the conviction that no ultimate disaster *could* befall us. The complacency of those who have never known any serious misfortune was ours. Terrible things happen, but they don't happen to one's own family.

The nurses buoyed up hope. John Peter, with his curly hair and endearing smile, was a remarkably lovable baby even to a stranger. The nurses came in frequently to amuse him, or to make jokes about curly hair being wasted on boys, or to carry him down the hall to look at the pictures on the wall in the solarium. If there was anything at all wrong with John Peter, they obviously couldn't see what it was. Their acceptance of the baby as perfectly normal somehow made us more composed.

The days that follow blur in my mind. For John Peter there were constant tests. On his second day in the hospital X-rays were taken, and an electroencephalogram was attempted. He cried himself into exhaustion in the course of it, and it was not successful. Meanwhile Lorraine or I or both of us were fairly constantly in his room, or in an adjacent waiting room; and I commuted to my classes at the university.

After another encephalogram, Dr. G came in to recommend an air study. "The brain and the spinal column are filled with fluid. X-rays show the outline of the brain and its relation to the skull, but they do not show details. To make an air study, we tap the spinal column, draw off the fluid from the brain, and replace it with air. We can then take X-rays which, when greatly magnified, will show the brain in very great detail."

We asked whether it was dangerous. Dr. G said, "Yes, I do want you to know that there is some danger to it. There will be no evil after-effects, other than a severe headache for a little while; but there is a very slight hazard in making the study itself. I have done a great many of them, and nothing has ever gone wrong. Yet I cannot tell you that this is assuredly danger-free."

"Do you recommend the air study?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then please do it."

The next day, it was done. As we waited, we stood on either side of John Peter's crib, talking to him. He looked cute and perky and cheerful. Lorraine cuddled him and told him to be a good boy—that it would all be over soon.

A nurse came to get him. Lorraine and I were left alone.

In a few minutes, Dr. G came in to say that he was about to make the study, and to give us a last warning. "I do not want to alarm you, but it is my duty to tell you that there is some slight danger. I shall come back as soon as I am done."

Lorraine and I sat down to think about slight dangers. Lorraine said, "I'm frightened, John."

"So am I, dear."

She was nervous. She didn't cry. My wife is pretty good in a pinch.

At last Dr. G was back to report. "It's all over, and completely successful."

And then they brought in John Peter, and put him back to bed.

I'm glad we had the air study. It was needed, and it was extremely useful. But I wouldn't advise anyone to put a child through it unnecessarily. It was a mighty sick baby who came back into that room, more lifeless than any I've ever seen. Drugged, almost inanimate, but in obvious pain, he whimpered and whined pathetically for hours. During the evening his temperature climbed, and no one was available except a house doctor who was unable to relieve his discomfort.

We still didn't know what was the matter with John Peter. Doctor G was to study the pictures the next day, and tell us his final opinion then. We spent a depressed and nervous night.

The next morning, while Lorraine was at breakfast and I was with John Peter, Dr. H, the pediatrician who worked in collaboration with Dr. G, came in.

He examined John Peter perfunctorily and then turned to me. He had a hard time getting started on what he wanted to say. "Ah, Mr. Frank . . . ah. Mr. Frank, sometimes in these cases Dr. G likes me to make a preliminary statement for him. It is, ah . . . very difficult."

I said, "Yes."

"Mr. Frank, later in the day Dr. G will talk to both you and your wife. But you ought to know in advance. We have read the pictures. There is no doubt about them. A large area of the brain is dead. It will never function."

"What does that mean in terms of his future?" I asked.

"It means that he has no future. He will continue to have convulsions. He will never develop fully."

"Is this epilepsy?" I asked.

"Epilepsy," said Dr. H, "is a rather meaningless term. Insofar as it means that a person is subject to convulsions, your child is epileptic. But that is the smallest part of his troubles. The brain injuries are of a far more severe order of disease."

I looked at John Peter. He seemed to smile back at me. He didn't know that he had no future at all.

"Doctor, what can we do? Isn't there someone who can do something?"

Dr. H thought for a moment. Then he gave me the best advice that could be given to a parent in my position. "Mr. Frank, your impulse is going to be the normal one. You will slowly absorb what I have told you, and when you have com-

"Sometimes a child may be perfectly normal in appearance, and yet . . ."

pletely absorbed it, you won't believe it. You will look at that attractive youngster, and you won't believe that anything is very seriously wrong. More than that, you will suppose that whatever is the trouble can be cured.

"At that point, you may start shopping from doctor to doctor, in hopes of a medical miracle.

"Don't. You shouldn't take the word of Dr. G or me on your son's case. You should go to some other doctor for confirmation. I don't think we are wrong, but conceivably we might be. What I recommend to you is that you go to one other doctor—the best you can find. Get him to study this case thoroughly.

"If he agrees with us, then stop. I have seen tragedy after tragedy with parents who would not believe the truth. I must warn you that there are charlatans in our profession still—men who will promise miracles at high prices. I know a family which has a child who is a Mongolian idiot. They have traveled over the United States and Europe looking for a cure. They have spent far over $10,000 in medical bills. The child is a Mongolian idiot still."

Dr. H made sense. I asked him whom he would recommend as a doctor who might investigate John Peter's case more thoroughly. He replied, "Probably the foremost specialist in the United States on convulsive disorder in children is Dr. J, of Milwaukee. Dr. J has had thousands and thousands of these cases. People come to him from all over the country. If you can go to him, you should."

Dr. H's suggestion was a touch of good fortune. My mother's home, Appleton, Wisconsin, was not far from Milwaukee. I didn't want to take my child and my wife back to the DP camp. I could take them both home to Wisconsin and to Doctor J at the same time.

"Doctor," I said, "my wife will be back in a few minutes. I have to go to Bloomington now. I don't want her to know about this until I can be with her. Would you please say nothing to her, and set the appointment to get the full report from Dr. G for eight this evening? And thank you."

H left, and I stood at my son's bedside waiting for Lorraine. Because this is Petey's story, what his father thought and felt in that ten minutes doesn't really matter. What his father said was, "Peter, I don't know if it's possible to get you out of this. If it is, we will."

At eight o'clock, Lorraine and I were waiting in John Peter's room in Methodist Hospital, and Dr. G joined us there. He said, "Let's sit down while I tell you about this. It will be a long story."

We sat down nervously and waited for him to begin. Slowly, and with great difficulty, he did. "Sometimes a child may be perfectly normal in appearance, and yet something can have gone wrong between conception and birth. We do not understand the causes of this, but sometimes the brain is the only thing injured.

"When that happens, the child may begin life as any other child, but his rate of development may be very slow. In such a case, we say that the child is retarded.

"That is what has happened to John Peter. The vital part of the brain, the part particularly essential to the functioning of the nerves and of the body, is called the cortex. In John Peter's case the air study shows that the cells of large parts of the cortex are dead. This is called cortical atrophy."

Lorraine sobbed for a minute, but quickly composed herself. "How about the convulsions?" she asked.

"When brain cells are dead," said Dr. G, "impulses coming to the brain may be shunted off in wrong directions. These are convulsions. Sometimes they are so large that he loses consciousness. The convulsions can be controlled, now that we know what is causing them. But they cannot be cured. When the cells are dead, nothing can recall them again. John Peter will never develop as a normal child."

Lorraine and I sat quietly, too stunned for questions. Dr. G understood. He said, "This is enough for tonight. Get what rest you can, and I will see you tomorrow."

He left. Lorraine, John Peter and I were alone together.

Eventually Lorraine said, "John, we three may as well go home now."

I told her that as soon as John Peter was well enough to travel, we would go to Wisconsin. Basically, our reaction was one of incredulity. We kept coming back to the fact that John Peter looked so perfectly normal. There he was in his crib. before us. How could anyone suppose that this child, weak now but more cheerful, was a hopeless mental case? True, he was slow about things, but he was still less than a year old. How could a child who responded so immediately to his mother have a defective brain?

We weren't ready to give up.

As the evening went on, Lorraine became more and more tense. I was anxious that she get some sleep, and I telephoned Dr. G to ask if some sedative would be advisable for her.

He said no. "I gave it careful thought and decided against it. The sorry fact is, Mr. Frank, that at this moment. you, and she, suppose that this is the worst day of your lives. It is not. Your days will get worse and worse as you understand John Peter's condition better. The reason we are being so blunt with you today is that this kind of situation can only be met head-on. It's a terrible thing to have to say, but if you think she needs a sedative now, wait until you see her tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that. Don't start it."

I was persuaded. It was a restless night.

The next day, I had a private interview with Doctor G. I said, "Doctor, I have to take care of my child and I have to take care of my wife. Have you anything more to tell me that will help me to do either? What is John Peter's future?"

He said, "Mr. Frank, I may as well give you both barrels. It is too bad that John Peter did not die at the time of that second, severe seizure in Bloomington. If his case runs in the normal pattern, it will go something like this: He will be very slow in everything. He may be able to sit up when he is two. to stand between two and three, and perhaps to run around sometime after that. He will never be able to talk.

"Sometime between the ages of four and six, if he can run around, he may be impossible for your wife to manage. He may be hitting and biting. If you bring him back at that time, I may be able to do an operation which will have the effect of slowing him down a little, and you may think thereafter that he is improving. But he won't be. He will sooner or later get some kind of simple infection. Because his resistance will always be extremely low, what would be a simple ailment for someone else will become very serious for him, and he will die. There is nothing left to hope for except that he will not be too miserable until that time comes."

"Well, Doctor," said I, "he's our boy. Apparently there's nothing for it but to make the best of it, and to keep him as happy as we can. Can't we at least avoid the convulsions?"

Dr. G said that we probably could avoid them. "I'll give you a prescription for phenobarbital. Give it, or something that serves the same purpose, to him twice a day."

"For how long, Doctor?"

"For all the rest of his life."

"But," I remonstrated, "the stuff leaves him dopey and inert. Look at him now!"

"You can reduce the dosage," said Dr. G, "although I wouldn't until you get him to Wisconsin. As long as he has

phenobarbital it will depress him somewhat. After a time, you may be able to experiment with taking him off it, but if you do, he may convulse again."

That evening, we completed our arrangements. I talked to my mother in Wisconsin on the phone, and asked her to arrange an appointment with Dr. J.

And so John Peter's Christmas trip began.

In my mother's home, it was almost impossible to believe the worst. It is a small house, on a high hill overlooking a wide river and a large park. The very atmosphere was at war with tension. And John Peter himself belied our fears. Then just short of eleven months old, he played spiritedly with his crib toys, laughed and gurgled as a baby should, and responded with condescending amusement to funny faces and odd gestures. When we left for our appointment with J, we were capable once again of hoping for miracles.

We have learned, in respect to John Peter, to hope for less and less, and always to hope with the original intensity of the first hope. Where once I had hoped that it was nothing, now I hoped that it would be "only" that epilepsy which I had so recently feared. After all, epilepsy wasn't so bad. Many great men, and so on, and on. Anything but devastatingly final atrophy of the brain.

We had expected to find the great J to be the master of a kind of sick children's assembly line, and were pleased to find his offices small and quiet, and the methods very personal. We were asked the usual questions, and then John Peter went in for his electroencephalogram with the new equipment of the office.

We were later to see encephalograph equipment many times, and to learn that it is completely innocuous. The whole contrivance is about as harmful as taking one's pulse. But it is frightening for a child, and although the room was many doors away, we heard, or thought we heard, his cry.

A cry can be a wounding thing.

An hour later it was done, and we went in to Doctor J, who was to make his own examination. It was thorough. We hoped John Peter would put his best foot forward, and were distressed when he did not. "Usually," said Lorraine, "he tries to roll over better than that." Or, as he was in a sitting position but slumped over, "His sitting is usually much straighter. He's very tired."

Finally came the examination of the eyes. J looked into them with lights, and kept returning to them for further study. At last he said, "You may dress him now," and went to his desk.

While Lorraine dressed John Peter, J thumbed the sheets of the encephalogram which had been taken earlier. This was a great wad of paper, and he looked at it a long time, saying nothing. We sat, and waited, and waited.

Finally, J spoke. "It is cortical atrophy. There isn't any doubt of it. I will send for the air study, hut it can only confirm what the examination shows."

He thought for a moment, and continued, "I shall prescribe a diet. In six weeks you may bring the baby back, if you care to, and I will look at him again."

"Doctor," said Lorraine, "how did it happen? Will it happen again?"

"I don't know how it happened. Sometimes a development goes bad, and we have no adequate explanation of it. But it so rarely strikes twice in the same family that you may he confident that it won't happen again.

"The thing for you to do is to have five more children. You cannot save this one; but a few more will save the parents."

We returned to Appleton.

In the sense of hoping for a normal child, who might somehow be altogether cured, we never hoped again. But as John Peter's prospects seemed worse and worse, our affection and determination to help him grew stronger and stronger.

Letters came that were helpful. From one particularly cherished friend:

> One has to learn to live with pain and to crowd it into the background with the affirmative thought and activity of life at its best. As you work on the problem of salvaging all that you can for John Peter, you may find values emerge as excruciatingly sweet as the pain is acute. He has a fine little personality now, which may develop in its own way, shining forth like the sun's rays from behind a cloud. But whether or not such a reward can materialize, you will know the fierce joy of the fight you will wage. . . . When one chances to have to bear the brunt of a defeat, whether temporary or lasting, his kinship with the best that is calls on him to take the loss, yield nothing he does not have to, and strive for compensating gains.

It ended up as a beautiful Christmas. It was John Peter's first Christmas, and it might, for all we knew, be his last one. We wanted it to be a good one.

Lorraine's parents came to join us, and Christmas day came with a houseful of grandchildren and adults. The tree was never more lovely, never piled higher. My mother gave out the gifts, seemingly picking at random from under the tree but always in such fashion as to keep the flow even among children and adults. Each gift was opened, admired, and, in the case of toys, played with as the opening went on.

For John Peter there were presents galore, and everything had wrappings with which he could play. His gifts were more than he could manage, because, weak and tired, he became exhausted easily. We decided that he should have Christmas every day for a week, and his presents were put in piles and divided so that there might be a gift time every day. He cast no pall over the Christmas of his cousins, and enjoyed his own Christmas very much.

A day after Christmas, I had to go to Chicago for a meeting of the American Law School Association. I tried not to be long-faced, but a few friends knew of our situation and were deeply interested. What was surprising was the discovery of the frequency of such misfortunes as ours. This man whom I had known for years had a retarded child. So did that one. With another it was someone in a remoter part of his family, and with a fourth a next-door neighbor.

In a way that I had not understood before, we were not alone.

And most of these people had placed their children in institutions.

That came with the force of a completely new idea. Institutional care for retarded children had not even occurred to me before that moment. Now for the first time I caught the sense of what Dr. G was probably trying to suggest when he painted so exceedingly gloomy a picture of John Peter's future.

On the way back, I stopped overnight in Chicago with a good friend who is a very experienced lawyer. He said, "John, what are the boy's prospects?"

"Not very good. The net effect is that he will live until he gets an infection of some sort, which may carry him off." (Dr. J later gave a very tentative estimate of John Peter's life expectancy as seven years.)

"Yes," said my friend, "and because you will devote full effort to it, you can keep infections away. It will end up as a job that Lorraine can't possibly handle. It will sap her life, and seriously injure yours. It will create a home atmosphere that will be impossible for future children. I have seen families in this situation before. Let me urge you to place your child in an institution which can take care of him."

I explained that I hadn't given the matter serious thought; that I didn't know anything about institutions; that I had no idea what their function was, or how good they were.

"When you want more information," said my friend, "let me know. I'll get up a report on those available in this area."

The advice was unanimous. I turned to Dr. T, our Wisconsin family physician, for guidance.

With rare perception and feeling, he stated the case. "Once it is clear that a child is hopelessly subnormal, there isn't any question about the wisdom of institutionalizing the child. Your wife won't want to, but her life is as much at stake as any other. You can't do the child much good by keeping it at home; indeed, you may do it harm. You can't do yourselves anything but harm by keeping it at home."

"How does one go about finding a suitable home for a handicapped child?"

"I can tell you a good deal about that," said Dr. T. "Let me say to begin with that some are not good and some are prohibitively expensive, and there are not so many to choose from. One suggestion—see if you can place your child in a Catholic institution."

I was surprised. Dr. T is a Protestant and I am a Jew.

Dr. T went on, "A mentally defective child is absolutely

"I was sure that Lorraine had never thought of the possibility of relinquishing John Peter."

helpless. The main reason that you will be hesitant to institutionalize him is because he will be so completely at the mercy of whoever takes care of him. If he has any complaints, he will never be able to communicate them.

"It takes the patience of an angel to care for the mentally defective. The Sisters are more likely to have it than anyone else. Your own peace of mind will be greater if your child's care is entrusted to someone who sincerely believes that the spirit of God is in that child, and who regards her own task, not as a job to be gotten over with, but as a duty done in a great cause."

By the time Dr. T was finished, I was completely persuaded that if John Peter were to go into an institution, it should be a Catholic institution if possible. I asked him whether it was possible.

"It may be impossible," said T. "There are not so many, and they are crowded. You may not be able to do it. But it's worth a try."

By the end of January, 1948, I had made up my mind. John Peter's problems were medical problems. He himself would be far better off with expert care than he would be with us. Lorraine needed other children for her own emotional recovery from John Peter's misfortune. Yet how could she have them, in fairness to them, if the main attention of her life was to be given to John Peter?

My own life and professional career were also involved. The work I had set myself to do in this lifetime would never get done if I were in a state of incessant worry over my wife and my son. And if our whole lives were devoted to the care of John Peter and to nothing else, it wouldn't do him very much good.

Pretty cold and emotionless? It wasn't. It was a desperate judgment made with a sense that every hope of life was falling about my ears, and that somehow I had to salvage as much as I could from the wreckage.

Three great obstacles were ahead of me. First, I had to persuade Lorraine, which might prove impossible. Second, I had to find a suitable institution. Third, I had to find some way of financing the arrangement.

The first was the hardest. I was sure that Lorraine had never even thought of the possibility of relinquishing John Peter. The very existence of institutions for that purpose was completely unknown to her. Every day she was rededicating herself to John Peter's care. It would not be easy to induce her to let go.

Meanwhile, there was the problem of finding the right institution—no small job.

The first step was to explore the possibility of finding a suitable Catholic institution. For all I knew, such institutions might draw a religious line. It was a matter in which some good Catholic friend would know far more than I, and I promptly appealed to two. The first was Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy. My other appeal for help was to Mrs. Gertrude Sensenbrenner Bergstrom of Neenah, Wisconsin, an old family friend.

Mrs. Bergstrom sent letters all over the United States, trying to locate Catholic institutions, or good institutions of any type. Here are a few excerpts from her letters to me:

> A well-known surgeon in Boston writes: "Private institutions are . . . expensive, and state institutions will not accept children so young. I know of no Catholic institution [he is Catholic] that accepts this type. One that is reasonably priced (about $150 a month) is [school number 1]. Another, less reliable and more expensive, is [school No. 2]."
>
> The director of the Wisconsin child-welfare division knows of no institution accepting a child under six. I'm off on another lead.

Inquiries sent in every direction were equally discouraging.

While Mrs. Bergstrom was discovering that the Catholic institutions did not take children under five, Justice Murphy was learning the same thing. A letter from his office brought me up to date on this:

> I haven't much encouraging news for you. The Justice has made many inquiries on your behalf, but has been unable to find any Catholic institution which will accept children under the age of five years. There is one possibility, however. There is a non-Catholic institution in Boston that is said to accept children of any age . . . . He is in Michigan at the present time, and he said he would make further inquiries while he was there.

Finally, a letter from the National Conference of Catholic Charities seemed to close the door altogether. It sent a list of six Catholic institutions for mentally handicapped children, but reported that none of them took infants. The Conference's letter concluded:

> Since there is really no value in a group program for an infant who cannot participate with other children in activities, agencies now recommend boarding-home care for such children. . . . The rate of board for such children in foster homes is very high as compared with regular board rates, but it is usually no higher than the institutional rates.
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> Public and nonsectarian facilities for mentally retarded children are more numerous than Catholic institutions of this type.

This was a discouraging prospect. On almost the same day that this advice came, I received a letter from Dr. G, the Indianapolis neurologist who had diagnosed John Peter's case. I had written him asking for any advice he could give us. He replied:

> In answer to your recent letter, I see no reason why you should wait until your son is eighteen months old to decide about institutionalizing him. This would only make it harder to separate from him.
>
> I have discovered that there is such a home where he would receive the best of care.
>
> It is my feeling that the sooner such a transfer is made, the better it will be for the entire family.

This was, in a sense, the most discouraging letter of all; for the institution recommended by Dr. G was the one which Mrs. Bergstrom had so carefully checked and which reported, in the letter quoted, that it did not take infants.

As my friends began to turn up places worth checking, I took over the task of correspondence. Since I was drawing blanks on Catholic possibilities, I began checking carefully on others.

As the responses began to come in, I developed some picture of the problem confronting parents with retarded children. A list of private institutions for retarded children, compiled by the American Association on Mental Deficiency, includes about 100 places. As the Association makes clear, inclusion on that list is not to be understood as a recommendation. They ranged, as I came to understand, from extremely good to extremely bad, and in price from $80 a month to at least $300 a month.

Two of the most expensive were so far beyond my financial reach as to make even a minute's consideration impossible.

One of them wrote:

> We seldom take children as young as your boy, as we find it necessary to require that they have a special attendant. This cost is almost prohibitive for the average family. The rate for these young children, with special care, is $250 a month.

As I studied bulletins from such schools as this, I came to understand that there are vast differences in levels of children's incapacities. Some subnormal children learn to golf, to ride, to participate in dramatics. More unfortunate are the children who learn to dress and feed themselves, to run about, and, in a faltering way, to talk. Almost at the bottom of the scale were those like John Peter, who might never learn to walk, and who would almost assuredly never learn to talk.

I had yet to learn that there are more ghastly tragedies that can happen to children than ever were to happen to mine.

One other friend was at work. Dr. Esther Brown of the staff of the Russell Sage Foundation, something of an expert in the field of medical care, sent inquiries to many friends and put her secretary to work at making a complete report.

It was most informative. Based on interviews with six organizations in New York concerned with either mental hygiene or child welfare, it concluded with brief descriptions of several places, and began with a preface:

> Facilities for mentally defective infants are greatly limited. Most institutions have a waiting list. Those in the East are no better than those elsewhere. . . .
>
> For the mentally ill at least, there are a few excellent private institutions; but beyond those, they must be examined with the greatest care. Some private ones are distinctly bad, with standards below what would be permitted in a state institution. However New York State does not accept children under six years of age, and it is possible that the same is true of other states.

The report itself turned up fourteen institutions, mostly in Middle Atlantic and New England states. For most of them, the fees were listed as "$100 a month or more." As to six of the fourteen, no other information was available than the location and the price. A few were described in a little more detail, as "Will not accept the seriously defective child nor one peculiar in appearance; luxurious facilities; fees $200 and $300 a month, depending on the needs of the child." Or, "Accepts seriously retarded children from birth to six years; prefers younger children; gives custodial care with habit training; has been visited by an observer: $100 a month." As to the others, there was the phrase "standards very high," or "very good school."

Nothing could more fully reveal the lack of attention America gives its retarded infants. A poll of six national organizations devoting themselves to mental and child care turns up only eight places on which there is enough knowledge to base a recommendation; those eight all together can not handle more than a few hundred children, and some of the eight don't take infants.

My inquiries left me with a sense of public despair, but of some private victory. The United States may have no fit way of caring for its retarded children, but I had found the possibility I had been looking for all the time. When despair had been the worst and the reports the most hopeless, I found what is apparently the one Catholic institution in the United States caring for infants. The National Conference of Catholic Charities' report had been incomplete; there was a new institution not on their list.

The suggestion came first in a letter to Dr. Brown from the Dean of the School of Nursing Education at Catholic University. She reported a school, "considered very good, although I do not have too much personal contact with it. It is conducted by the Felician Sisters. The principal of the school is a graduate of the Department of Psychology here, with her Ph.D. degree, and is a very fine person. The school is St. Rita's School, Buffalo, New York."

There *was* one! One, and apparently only one, Catholic institution for retarded infants in the United States and Canada (for I had looked into Canadian possibilities, too). My first need was to find out more about it.

We learned that the proper name was St. Rita's Home, and the address Williamsville, a Buffalo suburb. Justice Murphy had inquiry made with the branch of the Felician Sisters in Detroit, and got a very good report. Other inquiries were encouraging.

A vital question remained: Was St. Rita's restricted to children of Catholic parents? I wrote to the Superintendent, explaining that we were not a Catholic family, and asked if this were essential.

Back came the Sister Superior's answer:

> Our home is open to all, regardless of religious denomination, race or nationality. Therefore your not being Catholic would not be a disqualification.

(The truth of this was later confirmed. St. Rita's does not ask the religious affiliation of parents until after arrangements are completed, and then only for statistical purposes. Negro and white children are cared for there.)

More details came in another letter, which included one fact so discouraging that I almost abandoned the matter altogether:

> A patient whose parents are able to conform with our financial requirements may be admitted as a private case upon application of a parent or guardian. That application is filled out upon admission. However, prior to this, in order to ascertain whether the child is eligible for admission to our Home, a complete medical history must be submitted by the attending physician and a recommendation by a psychiatrist or a psychologist must be filed referring to the child as a mental defective.
>
> We have a regular staff of physicians who care for all children here at the Home. If the child in question happens to be an epileptic, we could not place him on our waiting list, as we admit all lowest types of mental defectives with the exception of the convulsive type.

Had we come so close, to be defeated by the exception? John Peter was, without question, convulsive. If their rule was absolute, we were defeated. But the medication was in this respect successful, and controlled the convulsions very well; perhaps that permitted a deviation from the rule.

And then something occurred which made me put the whole matter of institutionalization aside for a time, though I made many more inquiries and went on the St. Rita's waiting list. Lorraine became pregnant, and her doctor advised me not to let her consider separation from Peter until late in her pregnancy, to avoid the possibility of miscarriage due to emotional strain.

Learning to live with a beloved but mentally defective person presents a multitude of problems. We were desolate, but we were obviously going to survive, and we had to make the best of it. Lorraine's pregnancy was intended to be a tonic for our spirits, and was successful. The housing problem was solved when a generous friend lent us a house in Bloomington for the rest of the year; when I took Lorraine and John Peter home in February, the DP camp was a thing of the past. But there were other tasks—first, the business of relaxing. This problem was primarily Lorraine's, and she recognized that she needed diversion. The great task was to learn to leave the baby for short periods of time with a baby-sitter. The first time Lorraine went to the store without the baby, the first time she went out for the evening, she went through misery. But she worked it out so that there was always at least one of us within reach of a baby-sitter's phone call.

The greatest of the problems was one in social relations. By the time of our return to Indiana, Peter was thirteen months old. He sat only when placed in a sitting position, and then needed a back rest for occasional assistance. Moreover, he couldn't crawl, though he might move a little by rolling, and wasn't remotely close to pulling himself upright. His responses were also backward. To our great pleasure, he could play "pat-a-cake," but he couldn't feed himself even in slight degree, he couldn't wave bye-bye, and so on. These things were still true when he was fourteen, fifteen and sixteen months of age.

On the other hand, he weighed less than eighteen pounds, was cute in appearance, and had a fair amount of energy. In short, he looked about the same as a nine-months-old baby.

A perfectly natural impulse of a mother in those circumstances is to hide the baby, letting as few people as possible see him. The trouble is that it is hard to hide the baby without hiding the mother, too. This is the withdrawal that can isolate a mother from life.

"No one who knew his age could now doubt his condition."

Avoidance of this isolation was easier for Lorraine than it would be for many mothers. Peter was not odd in appearance. The mother of a retarded child whose retardation is accompanied by some deformity would have a much more acute problem. And Lorraine felt so completely surrounded by genuinely affectionate friends that there was never a sense of nasty curiosity.

The best way to live with a retarded child is to live with candor. If the baby or anything about him is hidden, the parents develop a sense of shame and guilt. We didn't try to dissemble.

There was one exception—questions by strangers going to Peter's age. It's amazing how often such questions come up. Strangers seeing an attractive baby in a carriage will ask, "How old is he?" Workmen around a house will, too. Or the question may come up when the baby isn't present, as when a parent stops at a toy store to find something for a retarded child, and the clerk asks the age in order to make suggestions.

On this one thing, we lied. It was perfectly credible that Peter should be eight or nine months, and incredible to anyone who knew anything about children that he should be fourteen or fifteen months. To avoid explanations, we usually replied, "Nine months." Every lie gave us a twinge, the more so as the lie grew bigger, because it somehow seemed faithless to Peter to make him younger than he was. To this day, when I have to buy "year-old" toys for my four-year-old son, I have some little difficulty about how to respond to the salesperson.

The days after our return to Indiana fell into routine. Normally Peter woke at a reasonable hour, was put into his low eating table, and was fed a little breakfast. After his breakfast he might sit in his table for a time, or in a bouncy child's chair in which his feet touched the ground. The theory was that he might exercise his legs. The object of his sitting a good deal was to strengthen his back. After enough of such quiet exercise, he went into his play pen and amused himself with the usual infant's toys. He particularly enjoyed things he could shake or move easily. In the late afternoon, he and his father would amuse each other with teasing games or tie pulling or bouncing about.

Meanwhile, during that spring of 1948, we had expenses to worry about. A young professor in almost any educational institution in the United States has a hard time making ends meet even when he has no unusual drains. Peter's illness threw us into a state of continual emergency. The individual bills were extremely moderate by any objective standard, but their aggregate was overwhelming. A full third of my after-tax income in 1948 went directly to medical expenses.

The first decision was whether to stay in teaching, or to go to practice or government. Here the decision was fundamentally Lorraine's. I felt that she was entitled to a better kind of living than she could have on what would be left from a teacher's income after taking care of Peter.

My wife can be very stubborn. She dug in her heels and said, "No. I don't care if we have to live poorly. We can get along. You know that the only things in life that really interest you are your work and your family. You're *not* going to lose part of your family and the work you want to do at the same time. I made the DP camp habitable, and I'll make the next place habitable. I don't want to hear any more about it."

With economical management, summer employment would tide me over into the academic year 1948-49. We could postpone abandonment of my preferred work a little longer.

In June, 1948, I went to Washington for the summer. Toward the end of June, Lorraine and Peter joined me. Peter was seventeen months old, and Lorraine was five months pregnant.

The months of July and August were the hardest of any period of Peter's life except that of the December previous. The law firm with which I was associated got considerably less than their money's worth out of their summer help. Most of that summer is lost in a miserable haze. The days were full and tiring, and so were the nights. Peter ate poorly and slept poorly, crying a good share of the time. Night after night one or the other of us was up with him, trying to give him some comfort or at least to keep him quiet enough so that the other could sleep. Lorraine, feeling that this was her duty because I had to work all day, gave up hours and hours of sleep so that I might have some rest. But her days spent caring for Peter in a hot house weren't really any less strenuous than mine in an air-conditioned office, and occasionally, at least, I tried to relieve her in the nighttime. Eventually we discovered that a drug which had been prescribed for Peter as a sedative was, in his case, having the opposite effect. By August 1st we were all three exhausted. I was ready to concede that Peter's case was hopeless, that there was very little we could do for him, and that, indeed, we might be giving him less than an institution might. No one who knew his age could now doubt his condition. When Peter turned eighteen months in mid-July, his development was still that of a nine-months-old child. He still could neither crawl nor get himself into a sitting position. He appeared to be years away from standing or walking. Though sometimes responsive to words and gestures, he was sometimes apathetic. His amusements were simple. He liked to play with cradle toys, or to pound his cup on his table. He liked to play with his father and mother.

He was still, to us and I think to others, a lovely and friendly child.

Lorraine was consulting Dr. N on matters connected with her pregnancy while in Washington. I called N and asked whether Lorraine was, by August, at the stage where her pregnant condition was not likely to be prejudiced by considering separation. Dr. N said, "Go ahead. And do it now. It isn't going to get any easier."

At the same time Peter, while in Washington, was under the care of Dr. B, the distinguished pediatrician who had been his doctor the summer before at the time of his September flare-up. Dr. B told me that the time had come for separation. I said, "I'm going to have a terrible time selling that to my wife."

"Let me help you. When you are ready, I will come out for an evening's conversation. I may be able to persuade her."

"But," said I, "I'm not sure I have found a suitable place, or that I can get Peter in." Explaining briefly about St. Rita's, I explained that while it was well recommended, I had not seen it myself.

"I think," B said, "that I can help you there. A very fine pediatrician, who is head of a hospital in Buffalo, will certainly know all about it. He is a friend, and I can ask him for a candid report."

B got back a prompt and enthusiastic recommendation. It was time to put the whole thing up to Lorraine.

She is temperamentally indecisive, and I supposed she might have trouble making up her mind. She didn't. She said, "No."

Her position was simple. She loved Petey devotedly, and she asked nothing better than the opportunity of giving so much of her life as he could use to looking after him.

We went over the situation from every angle. Finally she agreed to discuss it with Dr. B, though only for the purpose of considering every aspect fairly, and not with any great hope of being persuaded.

He told her, "Mrs. Frank, this is something you should do. There are a good many reasons.

"In the first place, you can't give your son the care he

needs at home. This is a job for more than one woman, or one woman and her husband, or even for a woman with a full-time assistant. Caring for retarded children has to be done lovingly and affectionately, but it has to be done with a certain impersonality, too. The strain is too great when one is completely tied up herself with every move of a child. It's a job that needs to be done with fixed hours, and with time off, and with holidays.

"When a mother attempts to do the job herself, even a retarded child will feel the atmosphere of strain."

Lorraine thought for a moment, and finally said, "Doctor, I think that's wrong. You're comparing our living here against institutional care. But the institution will cost money. If we put the same amount of money into having more space and some help, why can't we do the same job at home?"

"Believe me, Mrs. Frank, when I tell you that it can't be done. I suppose I have been a doctor longer than you have been alive. I've seen home care for badly retarded children tried every way there is to try it, and it always fails. In one case not far from here, the family was wealthy enough to have plenty of help, and the mother herself was a nurse. Those people's lives were seriously injured before the child died.

"And think of the child to be born. You don't really suppose that a child can grow up normally in a house with a youngster as ill as Peter? The tension is bound to communicate itself to the second child, who will become nervous, irritable and unhappy. You yourself will not be able to give the second child the love and attention it deserves."

That hit Lorraine hard. It was so obviously true.

Dr. B went on, "Mrs. Frank, unless you separate your son from yourself, you will risk every important value of life for yourself, for your future children, for your husband; and you will give your son nothing but an increasingly neurotic mother in return."

When Dr. B left, Lorraine raced for Peter's bedroom. She was standing over the crib when I caught up with her.

A few days later, after a particularly exhausting, hot day, when Peter had suffered an especially trying time, I had what seemed to be the start of a nervous breakdown. My temporary collapse shook Lorraine as nothing else had. When, a day or so later, I told her that I wanted Petey to be in an institution, and would insist on it unless she objected terribly strongly, it would be too much to say that she acquiesced. Rather, for the first time, she said, "When?"

"Soon."

We have never, from then until now, discussed her thoughts about it. I have always supposed that she bowed, not to please me, but to save me from strains greater than she thought I could manage. We have always tried to look after each other.

On Tuesday, August 31st, I talked to Sister Superior, the head of St. Rita's, on the phone. She heard my story. She thought about it. The time of her thinking was very long. Finally she said, "You may bring your boy."

"When?"

"I'm not sure. I think one of our patients is leaving Saturday. If he does, you may come then."

We agreed that I would call her back on Thursday, September 2nd. That night I told Lorraine that he had been accepted, but that I did not know how soon he would go, though it would be soon. On Thursday Sister Superior said, "He may come Saturday."

When the phone went back on the hook, I was a profoundly relieved and at the same time unhappy man. I didn't want him to go, either.

But there was too much to be done to permit of much contemplation. There were arrangements to be made. My sister Dorothy quickly agreed to come out from Wisconsin to help get things ready and to be with Lorraine while I took Peter. Certificates had to be obtained. Packing had to be done. And we had to compose our minds.

Lorraine, as always when the chips are down, was magnificent. Dorothy was a big help, particularly with the packing, because her brisk efficiency helped prevent a breakdown with every garment sent or packed away, or every toy handled.

A photographer came over to take some last pictures. Peter performed wonderfully. We gave his age as nine months, and I doubt if the photographer knew that he was ill.

The day came. A friend drove Peter and me to the airport. We had agreed that there was no use prolonging the misery of parting, and Lorraine said her good-by at the house. She turned and fled from the car. We pulled away, Peter sitting on my lap and playing contentedly.

It was September 4th, 1948. Peter was nineteen and a half months old.

He was delighted with the plane trip, laughing with delight when the plane hit air pockets that turned older passengers slightly green. The stewardess came back to admire him. "What a lovely baby! How old is he?"

"About nine months."

"He's certainly the best passenger on this plane. I'll bet he grows up to be a pilot."

Grow up to be a pilot. As we traveled, I thought back to the fantasies of those nights a year and a half before when I had dreamed of my son as a historian carrying on in the tradition of Charles A. Beard. Beard had died a day or so before; I suspected that his funeral might be on this very day. It seemed so very final that an old ideal should die and a young one be blighted at the same time.

During a stop at Pittsburgh, I changed Petey's diaper. Between Pittsburgh and Buffalo he ate a little.

And then we were there. We were getting out of the plane at the airport, and in the small crowd waiting I saw Sisters, dressed in an unfamiliar habit of dark brown with heavy wooden crosses about their necks. They smiled and waved, and in a moment Petey and I were meeting Sister R, the assistant superintendent of St. Rita's, and Sister S, who was to be in immediate charge of Petey. They were warmly cordial, and Petey went to them without demur. They headed for the car which was to take us back to St. Rita's, while I rescued the baggage.

When I rejoined them, they had just completed changing Peter's diaper. Sister R waggled a finger at me and in a voice of teasing good humor said, "Mr. Frank, did you change him on the way?"

I confessed that I had.

"No wonder that his suit was on backward! Mrs. Frank will scold you when she knows that!"

With small jokes about the basic incompatibilities of fathers and diapers, we set out on the ride to St. Rita's.

Later, as my call to Lorraine went through, my heart was almost light for the first time in months. "Darling," I told her, "it's all right. It's a wonderful place. He should be happy there."

"John, are you *sure?*"

"I'm very sure. It's far, far better than I had imagined any home might be. I saw many children this afternoon, and they are all happy. I didn't see a scowling child, or a sullen child, or even a crying child. He should really like it."

The tone of misery lightened in Lorraine's voice. "I'm so glad."

The best feature of St. Rita's is the personnel.

The capacity of the Home is forty children, all under five years, and fairly well distributed in age from a few days old to the top age.

To care for the children there are usually seventeen or eighteen Sisters, and three or four girl employees. In addition, there is a chauffeur to pick up supplies and run necessary errands, and there are yard men frequently on hand to mow the lawn and do miscellaneous outdoor work. A staff physician makes frequent visits.

Taking only the Sisters and the women attendants into consideration, the ratio of adults to children is better than one adult to two children. This is a remarkable ratio, and a thoroughly necessary one because of the great amount of care retarded infants need. When it is remembered that many of the children are extreme feeding problems, slow to eat and incapable of feeding themselves, the one item of getting food into the children three times a day is an enormous task.

The children's building is on two levels. In the basement is a large playroom for the older children who can walk. Upstairs are several dormitory rooms, a playroom for the younger children, a dining room which contains the phonograph, a visitors' lounge, and necessary attached facilities for office work, medical care and reception of new patients.

The children include every imaginable, and some almost unimaginable, types of handicapped human beings. A few of the cases are monstrous. Normally about thirty-five of the

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forty children at the home are not blind, and are not physically grotesque. They include every variety of brain injury, the birth injuries, the brain atrophies, the children who began life normally but whose brains were devastated by disease. Most of the children, however, are of the type known as Mongolian idiots, or Mongoloid types.

The Sisters spend a good deal of their time playing with the children. and encouraging them into developmental activities. I have often observed the Sisters dancing with circles of children, and encouraging them to sing. The few most advanced older children learn to do songs and dances by themselves, and greatly delight in showing off their accomplishments.

Some of the children are almost as inert as so many vegetables. Others are active and interested in life. The object of care is to help the vegetables to grow as nearly as possible into real human beings who find some pleasure in life.

A typical day begins with the children bathed and dressed, the older children on chairs at the foot of the beds waiting their turn, the younger or more handicapped children necessarily waiting in their cribs. After breakfast the older childen play in the large room downstairs, while the next age group, which includes Petey, play in the upstairs playroom, or sit up in sit-up toys observing the world, or, for part of the time, play in their cribs. When weather permits, the older, ambulatory children play on the lawn with a large variety of outdoor toys, while the younger ones get out less often. A favorite play-place for the middle group, in which Petey is, is a playpen; while slightly more advanced children of this age can "ride" the rocking toys.

But there is much work beyond taking care of the children directly. The place itself must be kept clean, and it is kept so immaculate as to be incredible. Let the best housewife rub a hand on her own floors, and she is likely to soil it a little. I have seen children playing on the floor at St. Rita's for hours without getting dirty at all, and have rolled around the floors in white shirts while fooling with Petey without having any trace show on the shirt.

Laundry and clothing repair is another job of no small proportion. I have never seen a child there either in soiled or tattered clothes, which in itself must be something of a record for an institution. Menu planning and food buying are other jobs, as are record keeping and office routine. And the day is not over when night comes; someone must be on night duty for emergencies.

One time I asked one of the Sisters how she avoided feeling depressed from the plight of the children.

She replied thoughtfully, "If it were not for our spiritual exercises, we could not do it at all."

When I came back the next day to visit him, Petey was already becoming a part of the Home. I found him in a playroom, sitting in a rocking toy and slowly moving it up and down as he looked over his new surroundings. When I left him that day and returned to Washington, I was sorrowful, but was at least free from remorse. I was confident that no injustice had been done Petey.

One cannot know what goes through the mind of a sick child, but so nearly as outer evidences were concerned, he adjusted quickly and did not miss us long. In mid-October we received a letter "from Petey," with "a little help" from Sister Superior:

> I know that you are almost continually wondering about your precious little darling, so here I am with some news of myself. I have adjusted to my new home very well. My appetite is very good, and in spite of a little fuss over certain foods, my nurse is very patient and encourages me to eat, explaining what good it will do me. My weight at the present time is 18½ pounds. I have plenty of toys to play with, and keep myself busy during the hours of play. In my room there is a very practical table with a seat in the middle of it, and I occupy it much of my time. Nurse has taken some pictures of me, and these we will forward to you as soon as they are developed.
>
> As Mommie has no idea how my new home looks, nurse gave me these snapshots enclosed with the hope that they will give Mommie some idea of my present environment.
>
> With all my love and an everyday thought about my dearest ones, I remain, your loving baby,
>
> PETEY

The Sisters occupy their spare moments with handwork, and a few weeks after this letter, Petey sent a little handmade button box as a baby present to his little sister Gretchen, just born.

At Christmas, I went to see him. Gretchen was only six weeks old, and Lorraine had to stay with her. This Christmas visit was an immense success. I found Petey well adjusted. He and I played together for two days, and opened some packages.

Petey was still at the stage where the wrappings were as interesting as the gift, and it was hard to make him understand that there might be something *inside* a package worth burrowing for. Whether he had a toy bunny wrapped in paper, to throw around as a closed package, or whether he had a toy bunny to throw around as such didn't make much difference. Whatever it was, he enjoyed throwing, and I certainly enjoyed picking up.

For a year, I had to look back at the Christmas, 1948, visit as the last moment of real pleasure with Petey, because at the time of the next two visits, he was going downgrade. Lorraine and I came together in June, 1949, and again in September.

At the September visit, Sister Superior gravely warned us that we must he prepared for the possibility that Petey would not live long. He was feeble, and completely apathetic. At the June visit, he had been able to locomote a very little bit on a kiddy car, moving it very slowly about ten yards in pursuit of a bright ball held out as a lure in front of him. At the September visit he could be moved on a kiddy car only by having his legs held up; else they would simply drag.

When we left Petey, we drove quietly for hours. One of us voiced the thought of both:

"If only he could have a little fun out of living before he dies."

And then, miraculously, he began to mend. Perhaps new foods, or perhaps cooler weather helped. When we were back at Christmas, 1949, he was very much alive again. His legs were not so rubbery, and his smile was more frequent. He was beginning to pull himself upright. For Christmas, we gave him a very light small car that he could sit up in and, theoretically, move around. At the same time the sides were high enough so that he couldn't fall out. He has learned, by a series of lunges, to move it around somewhat.

He is now—1951—between four and five years old, and has been away from us for almost three years. He has for a year been crawling well. He can get into a sitting position easily, and hold it. He cannot walk at all by himself, but he can pull himself upright, and will take several steps if someone holds his hands. He does not talk, but is beginning to take a slight interest in music, seeming to listen pleasurably to very marked rhythms. His weight is about 31 pounds. He is less alert than a ten- or eleven-month-old child, but his de-

velopment is roughly analogous to that of a child of that age.

But we are still hoping. We very much hope that he will be able to walk one day.

My return from Buffalo after taking Petey to St. Rita's brought me back to a home quiet with the quiet of emptiness.

There was not, until new functions could be worked out, much for Lorraine, particularly, to do in the business of living. We could still think about Petey, and talk about him. Most important, we could think and talk about him as one still living and, within his limitations, doing.

The first adjustment of Petey's absence was how to treat the fact of absence. We rejected the possibility of being completely cut off from Petey, and we also rejected the possibility of ever bringing him home again. We would visit him, but not so often as to torment ourselves needlessly or be a nuisance to the Sisters. Three or four visits a year, each of two days' duration, has proved a good arrangement. The distance of Buffalo and the expense of travel to it have helped maintain that pattern. It is just as well that a Home should not he around the corner. Frequent telephone calls were a great help to peace of mind.

But the larger problems of managing the fact of separation occur day to day. The range of problems includes such simple matters as whether Petey's welfare was something to be discussed with close friends; what to say to the stranger who asks, "And how many children have you?"; eventually, what to tell Gretchen.

We decided that candor at all points was the best solution, and I believe that we were right. What was the truth? We had a son, whom we loved, and who needed care that we could not give him. There is nothing to keep secret. On the other hand, the facts are fairly personal, of concern primarily to us; there was nothing to advertise.

Since we were about to leave Washington to return to Indiana, I wrote good friends there:

> We finally decided that we could not manage John Peter's care, and have been lucky enough to be able to place him in a very good Catholic institution near Buffalo, New York. When we return to Indiana in two weeks, we shall be without him. Will you please tell our close friends there about this, so that they will not be surprised?
>
> When we return, we shall think of the whole subject as one neither to be dwelled upon nor avoided. Our interest in his welfare will always be keen, and we will be in close touch with him.

When we got back, friends asked about Petey, and we reported. Thereafter the matter worked out as it normally would. Old friends, who knew him, occasionally inquire. Newer friends, who did not know him, have very little occasion to ask. With very close friends, he may occasionally turn up in the conversation. With less close friends, there is very little reason why he should be mentioned, and he is only rarely. Pictures of both our children are mounted in our living room.

Gretchen by now understands that she has a brother whose name is Petey, that he is the baby in the picture, and that he is away. When she asks more about him, she will be told that he is sick, and can't live with us. When she is older, she'll know as much about her brother as she cares to. In normal course, I would expect this not to be very much.

Most of our acquaintances probably are unaware that we have two children, not because of a practice of concealment, but because there is no reason for them to be informed. That is to say, one frequently does not know how many children his acquaintances have, whether the children are at home or elsewhere. As for strangers, we have sometimes been deceptive, simply because deception was easier than explanation.

This discussion may suggest an excessive self-consciousness. If so, I have discussed it out of proportion to the reality of the problem. It was simply one of the small problems that had to be faced.

With some other problems, we did less well. One was that of our own, individual, social relationships. We were each extremely unhappy. Neither wanted large pieces of time on his hands to be spent being miserable. But we reacted oppositely. Lorraine, normally no extrovert, wanted to be with people as much as possible, almost preferably with near-strangers in whose different interests we might be preoccupied. I strongly preferred the association of very old friends only, to the extent that there were not more than a very few people in Washington or Indiana with whom I was eager to be. Whether fortunately or not, my professional work is of the kind that can occupy one day and night, and my strongest temptation was to retire into it.

The result was a certain floundering. Gretchen, as she grows, has been an enormous help in bringing her parents back into a normal routine. There is nothing of which I am more fully convinced than that the best step for the parents of a retarded child is to have another child as soon as possible.

But Gretchen gives us another problem of adjustment. Our experience with Petey perhaps makes us cherish a child more than we otherwise would. It certainly makes us self-conscious about her welfare. We've had to guard against a tendency to watch her overmuch.

Gretchen almost died when she was born. It was just one of those inexplicable things. Lorraine was having a perfectly normal delivery when suddenly the obstetrician noticed that Gretchen's heartbeat was falling away to nothing. He got her out of there in record-breaking time, and the baby was fine a moment later. But one of the causes of brain injury is oxygen loss in childbirth, and we did a certain amount of worrying about whether the delivery episode might have somehow done her some harm. That poor baby had a thorough examination by Dr. J, including an electroencephalogram, before she was two months old, "just to check up." Dr. J told us to quit being silly worriers—that she was perfect.

All the same, when Gretchen was a little behind "the book's" schedule for rolling over, we worried, and when, at about eight months, she experimented with an odd kind of blinking for a few days, we were terribly troubled.

Those worries seem preposterous now. Our daughter at two and a half is a model of health and, if a father may be permitted his immodesty, is mentally slightly precocious.

Problems of financial adjustment were acute. St. Rita's is a truly charitable institution, and its fees are certainly moderate; but they are beyond the reach of a still-beginning professor living on the income of at least one state university I know. To them had to be added additional medical bills, transportation for visits and occasional charitable contributions.

(As for contributions, let me say categorically that there has never been any suggestion from St. Rita's that we ought to make any offerings beyond Petey's agreed-upon bills. The very thought has never been implied. But we have felt, and that strongly, that we wanted to make whatever contribution we could, so that others might have the help that we are getting. We hope that for the rest of our lives we will be able to make some annual contribution. Contributors who care to do so may make offerings in the names of others, which are recorded in metal plaques. We are pleased that so far we have been able to add two, in recognition of the charitable friends who helped us: one "In memory of the Hon. Frank Murphy," the other "In honor of Mrs. Gertrude Sensenbrenner Bergstrom.")

We might have been able to make financial adjustments which would have permitted us to stay in Indiana; but my asthma, always worse in the Middle West than the East, was becoming so acute as to be a real burden to life. For a combination of reasons, we finally moved East, when I joined the faculty of the Yale Law School in 1949.

The final adjustment is the one that time takes care of. That's peace of mind. It's like interest on a savings account; nothing can be done to speed it up—it just comes.

One last word. Anyone reading these pages has been aware that our experience was in some respects exceptionally fortunate. Strong friends and brave families gave great assistance. No one knows exactly how many retarded children there are, but something over 10,000 of Petey's general class are born every year. I wish that families less well situated than ours could come out as well. Our fellow Americans, and we, as a people don't do nearly enough to provide for these sick children.

In a sense, our experience is over. Petey and we are on our feet now, and we'll manage for the rest of his life. With the blessings of the law of averages, we won't have another handicapped child.

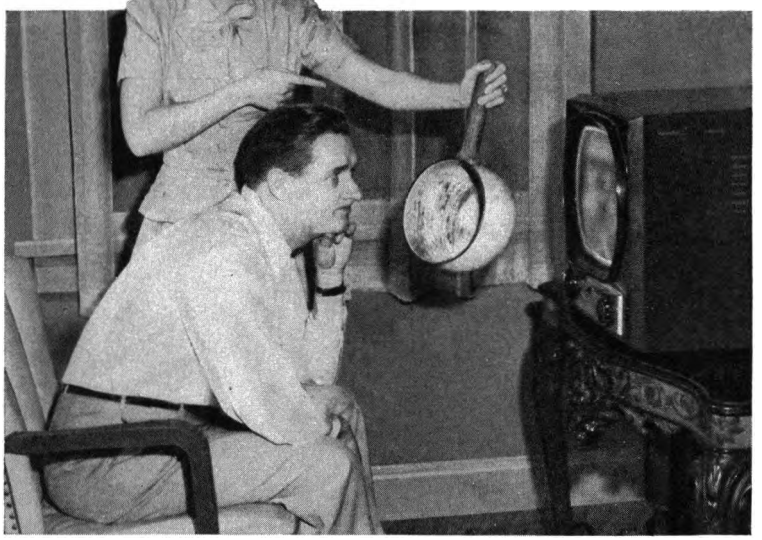
The greatest help throughout has been Petey himself. As one of those old friends said, "He has a fine little personality now, which may develop in its own way." If the next Petey should come to any reader of these pages, I hope he's as nice a little boy.

... THE END

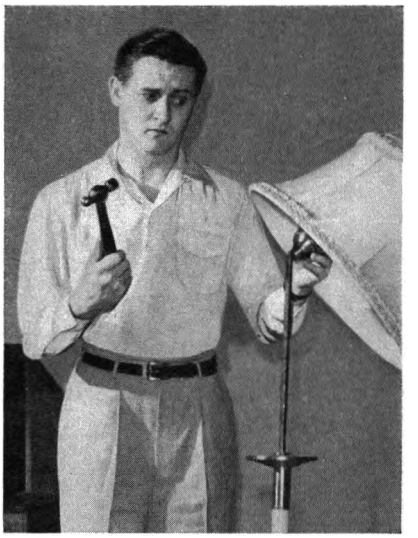
This is a condensation from a book to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

TELEVISION

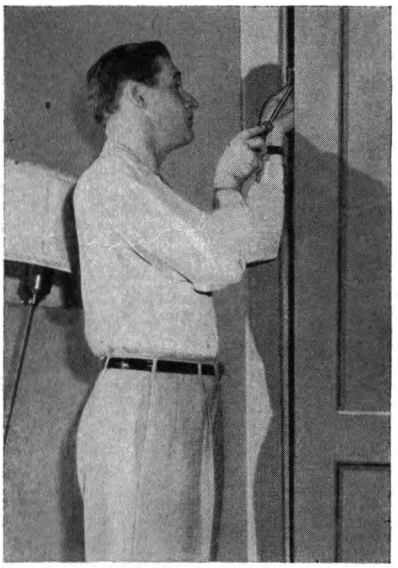
Nothing Like a Man Around the House!



Young people get a kick out of Alan Young's TV show because he is continually faced with situations they understand. He portrays the average man humorously but sympathetically. A typical skit from his show has to do with pot mending.

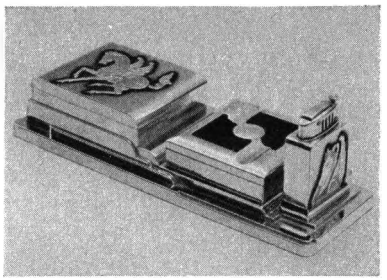


Leaving his television, Young starts to fix the pot and discovers the light is bad. In two minutes he has the lamp apart.

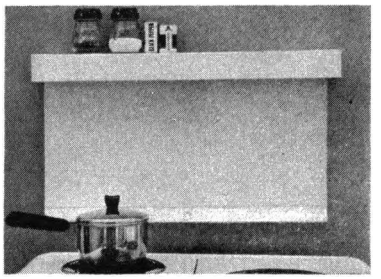


On his way for more tools, he notices a squeak in the kitchen door. In no time at all, Young has the door off its hinges.

Hours later, like most husbands, Young has the room in a shambles, but the pot is still not mended. As an artist, Alan has a great sense of comedy. His programs on CBS (Thursdays, 9 P.M. EDT), with Candy MacDowell, are hilarious.

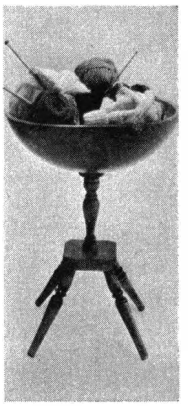


Smoker set for a smart hostess. A four-in-one combination—cigarette box, ashtray and push-button, automatic lighter and stand. The antimony set has a silvery finish and would be equally good-looking in the office or on your best table at home. A lot of value for $5.50 ppd. Shrell Products, 609 S. Federal St., Dept. RBE, Chicago 5, Ill.



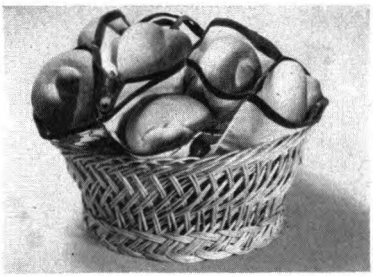
Spatter-proof shelf serves a double purpose when hung above the kitchen range. 30" plasticized spatter guard rolls down to protect your wall from grease spots. Wipe it clean and roll it up when not in use. The 24" shelf is enameled in white, red or yellow. $3.95 ppd. The Fitzgeralds, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Ball and jacks bracelet for the campus crew. Agnew's tricky bracelet has conversational dangles to remind the girls that not too long ago they were playing jacks on the front stoop. Gold-plated link chain with its chunky charms makes a perfect back-to-college gift. $3.69 including tax and postage. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 16, New York, N. Y.



Colonial knitting bowl — lovingly copied by skilled craftsmen. Useful, too, as a catch-all for odds and ends, a giant-size bowl for salad, potato chips, fruit, etc. Selected hardwood bowl, 15" in diameter, 21" high, is hand-rubbed to a rich mahogany or antique maple finish. $14.95 ppd. Templeton Craftsmen, Dept. R-9, Templeton, Mass.

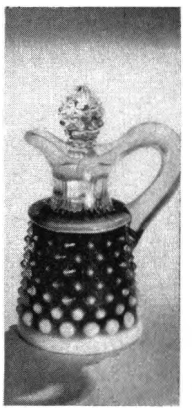
Spread the welcome mat and eliminate the nuisance of mud tracked indoors. Doubly useful — for the house number (6 digits or less, even ½'s) is molded right into this all-rubber 4-lb. door mat. Powder blue, green, black or brick red. $3.45 ppd. Mitchell Rubber Company, 21-20R San Fernando Road, Los Angeles 65, Calif.



Rolls and buns stay warm in this useful Bun Cozy. Just tuck them into the cozy's 12 pockets, pop into oven to warm, then serve in the Italian willow basket. Effect is a flower-like centerpiece that serves a purpose, as well. Flowered chintz cozy and basket are $1.50 each; $2.69 for both ppd. Breck's, 907 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

Tag-a-long purse for a child insures the safekeeping of lunch money or bus tokens. No "losers-weepers" when this purse is securely fastened to a child's belt, buttonhole or suspenders. Easy to open and close without detaching. Tan sheepskin purse has first name branded on flap. $1 ppd. Evelyn Dinsmore, 969-R Green Terrace, Lancaster, Pa.

Thousand-eye cruet filled with pure vanilla extract makes a delightful gift for someone who appreciates Early Americana. Hand-made old-fashioned opalescent glass cruet is bluish-white. Stands 4½" high and holds 2 ounces of aromatic vanilla extract that retains its flavor. Just $1 ppd. From Carl R. Forslund Inc., 122 Fulton, Grand Rapids 3, Michigan.



Hello Everybody!
Many people ask me how I keep my hair so soft and lustrous. Well, my secret is Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg! The fresh whole egg is wonderful for hair. It turns out so curly and wavy yet so easy to manage! And look — It's a bargain!

Wanda Hendrix

Starring in Allied Artists' "The Highwayman"

Helene Curtis
SHAMPOO PLUS EGG

The shampoo containing fresh WHOLE egg... so good for your hair

BY WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE

This can be the most important article you have ever read—a reassurance that it is possible, after all, for you and your family to survive an enemy attack. It is the grippingly dramatic story of what happens to you and yours if a bomb explodes near by, and of what you can do to prepare yourself

The sun of an Indian-summer morning strikes golden through elm branches on the cream-colored stone of the courthouse. A block away in the square, girls are still wearing gay summer dresses as they set about the day's shopping. A county-seat town of 5,000 people, friendly, hospitable. Carlinville, Illinois.

Sixty miles south, in a wide bend of the mud-brown Mississippi, lies the Gateway to the West—St. Louis, Missouri, site of the largest small-arms factory in the country, center of chemical manufacturing, heavily loaded with aircraft construction, the second greatest railroad center in the world. Stretching for miles along the west bank of the mighty river, it raises its factory chimneys and church spires into the blue autumn air.

A mile to the south of St. Louis' mammoth Union Station, in the yard of a brick house on Park Avenue, two children are playing in a sandpile. . . .

Yesterday it was chilly, and Mommy made them put on sweaters, but today it got hot again and Mommy said they could play in the sandpile in just sun suits. Only Ellen, a dignified six-year-old, wore a sunbonnet because it matched her suit. She filled her pail with sand and upended it, pulling the pail off carefully to make a cake. Carlie, who was only four, reached out his shovel and said, "I cut it for you, Ellen," and she had to grab his hand to keep him from spoiling it. "I wanna cut it. . . ."

Their shadows struggled beside them on the white river sand. Then the shadows paled and Ellen's shadow shot out in a different direction, straight over Carlie, as the sky flashed white. Then it was as if somebody, playing rough and nasty, had pushed her down, bumping into her brother. The sun dimmed. And the sand was tearing away under her fingers in a roaring torrent of air. Ellen felt the ground shudder. When she could get her breath she screamed, "Mommy!" and got to her feet, stumbling toward the back door. The wind spent itself, then suddenly it drove the other way, knocking her down. It ripped off her sunbonnet and whipped dust in her eyes. But she had seen enough—the house wasn't there any more.

Carlie was on his back, as if he had fallen asleep. Ellen cried again, "Mommy! Mommy! Something . . . hit me . . . and I hit Carlie, but not on purpose." And then Carlie started to howl, and Ellen crawled over to him and started to hug him, telling him not to be such a baby because really he wasn't hurt much. Finally she shook him. "Listen, Carlie—you hush up now and listen. Ellen's got to find Mommy. You stay right here and don't you dare move."

"I don't wanna stay here. I want my Mommy!"

Unutterable stillness settling over a city of ruined buildings is the way artist William Pachner visualizes the results of enemy raids. But even here civilian defense would save many lives.

"Well, we'll *find* her. Don't be such a baby."

Their house was nothing but a heap of bricks, and one side was all by itself with the wallpaper looking all bare and lonesome. Ellen could see where she had been bad when she was little and had marked on the paper with crayon, only there wasn't any floor or room there; it was just a wall. Mommy had been in the house; she was downstairs, working the washing machine!

Ellen began to scream, "Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!" and then she ran over to where the cellar door was, only there was nothing but bricks and pieces of wood sticking out, and there was smoke coming up from under the bricks.

Suddenly she felt tired, and so she sat down, and then she lay forward on the grass that was all yellow now and smelled funny. She was so tired she knew she was going to sleep. Carlie was howling over and over, "I want my shovel. I want my shovel. I want my shovel."

When Ellen opened her eyes again, Carlie's yell had died down to a snuffle. She sat up. "Carlie! What's the matter with your feet?"

They were red, where they had been sticking out before him—when the bright light came over them her shadow had covered him except for his feet. Now they were all red and bumpy.

Carlie was patting her and saying, "Ellen, get up!"

She must have fallen asleep again. There was a long piece of something like tissue paper in Carlie's hand, and she saw that it was wet and horrid-looking and said, "Carlie, drop that; it's dirty. Where did you get that?"

Carlie said, "I got it off your back. Your back's all funny. . . ."

Ellen began to howl then herself, not because it hurt but because she was so scared and it was all dark and dusty with things breaking. And Mommy didn't come.

But somebody in boots and a raincoat with a hood was climbing over the pile of bricks where the house next door ought to be. It was Mrs. Carroll from across the street, only Ellen called her "Joan" because she used to take care of them when Mommy and Daddy went to the movies.

When Joan reached them, big drops of rain had started to fall. She said, "Come on, kids—we've got to get out of here."

"*Where's Mommy?*"

Joan knelt down. "She can't come now. She wants me to take care of you. Now come on, kids—beat feet!"

Something went *whoom* in the house next door, and fire began roaring through all the broken stuff. Joan had them by the hands, hurrying them toward the street.

Ellen looked back to see if Mommy was coming,

The imaginary attack described on these pages shows the effects of bombing on an area organized to help itself. Would you make out as well in your community?

but it was so dark and dusty that she couldn't see. She started to whimper. Joan said, "I'll get a bandage on you in a second, honey. Does it hurt bad?"

Ellen didn't know what she meant.

The smoke was getting thicker. Finally Joan stopped and set Carlie down on part of a brick wall to keep his feet out of the dirt. Then she took off her raincoat and took off her house dress and stood there just in her slip right out on the street. She was tearing the dress up, too, and that wasn't right.

She folded a piece of dress and put in on Ellen's back, pressing it down hard and tying it in place with strips of cloth. "That'll have to do, honey. We've got to make tracks." Ellen's back began to throb at the edges like when you have bumped your head and it starts to ache. Then she had to laugh, because Joan had tied strips from her dress on Carlie's feet and they looked like little boots.

Some of the street was clear and some places were full of broken houses. As they hurried along, the roaring sounds behind them got worse, and a wall fell down like thunder. All around were the noises of things breaking, and people far away were making noises, only Ellen couldn't tell if they were crying or laughing and she couldn't tell sometimes if it was people or dogs. But if it was dogs they must have been run over by a car. That's when you have to get a policeman to shoot them.

From far away there came a boom, boom, boom like a drum, and on looking back Ellen saw an enormous black smoke with fire leaping through it and curling. It was going straight up in the air, and a cold wind was blowing toward it so hard she could barely walk.

Ellen knew where they were going now—over to Lafayette Park. Only she didn't want to go to the park at all; she wanted Mommy, and it was too dark and smoky.

Joan sounded sort of cross, and Ellen thought that maybe it was because all the trees in the park had lost their leaves and looked bare and funny. A truck was rolling toward them right over the grass, and when it stopped a man got out.

Joan called to him and he shouted back, "Pile in."

But Joan didn't get in the truck. She sat down and took a roll of adhesive tape from the pocket of her raincoat. She tore off a strip and wrote something on it with a pencil. Then she pressed the tape right on Ellen's chest and made another one for Carlie. Then she kissed both children. "Ellen—don't let Carlie pull off his tape. It has his name and address on it. Don't let him. Promise Joanie!"

Ellen promised, and the man lifted them into the back of his truck. He turned and watched Joan hurrying back the way they had come, and then he said, "Boy, that babe's got what it takes, huh?"

The smoke was getting worse, and more children were coming. One was a big boy, and he was being carried on a door by two men. Ellen saw that there were bones sticking out of his leg. He was asleep.

When the truck was full of people, a lady came running up holding her dog. The driver said, "Lady, we got no more room. There's other trucks coming. Well, maybe you can crowd in, but you'll have to leave the pooch."

The lady looked tired and she just stood there, and the dog reached up and licked her face but she didn't mind. Then the driver said, "Okay, hop in. Only don't let that hound get loose."

The lady squeezed in beside Ellen, and the dog was whimpering. Ellen said, "Please, may I pet him? Look, Carlie," but Carlie was leaning up against her on the other side and falling asleep with his thumb in his mouth. It was nice to have the dog; he was a little black-and-white one. The truck bounced and jolted out of the park and around a bulldozer that was pushing bricks away in the street. Then Ellen pushed the dog back to the lady. Ellen was going to be sick.

Out through the back of the truck she could see the street going away from them, and sometimes people came out and ran behind the truck shouting and then fell down when they couldn't run any more, but the truck was too full and lots of people were being sick. The boy with

It is hard for Americans to accustom themselves to one important fact about civil defense: it is here to stay. In this air-atomic age, military defense is only half the job. Our cities are now within range of global bombers. Our people are potential targets for the deadliest weapons of modern warfare.

A strong civil-defense program is a "must" for our country. We must be ready to protect our lives, and homes, and jobs against attacks that may come at any time. We must be able to face with calmness and courage the devastating effects of those attacks. We must train ourselves and our families in the basic facts of self-protection.

We are doing the things that must be done to build an adequate civil defense. Once organized, however, that civil defense must be firmly maintained. It must be a part of our lives for years to come. We must get ready, and stay ready, even though danger may confront us for twenty years or longer.

MILLARD CALDWELL,
Administrator
Federal Civil Defense Administration

Americans are not alive to the possibility of being unnecessarily dead. New York, one of the principal atomic targets, can avoid frightful and needless casualties only by preparing *now*, before a bomb is dropped without warning and thousands die without reason. This is equally true of every other major city in the United States.

Your own active support of the civil defense program, your own practical knowledge of the facts of atomic warfare, are the only real defenses against an attack which could come at any moment, without warning, as Pearl Harbor did almost ten years ago.

COLONEL LAWRENCE WILKINSON,
Chairman and Director
New York State Civil Defense Commission

the bones sticking out of his leg moaned and began to roll over, but somebody caught him and held him still.

When they stopped bouncing at last, the man came around and let down the back of the truck. They were in front of a schoolhouse with a Red Cross flag out in front.

Inside the school the classrooms were full of people waiting, and in the gymnasium they were lying on mattresses on the floor. A doctor looked at Ellen's back and then said, "Are you thirsty? Drink this, anyhow." It was a big glass of water which tasted salty, but she drank it.

Suddenly she missed Carlie and began to call him, but a doctor whose shirt was sticking to him with sweat said, "Your brother's okay, young lady. You've got to go to sleep now." Something bit her arm and she howled. but soon she felt herself falling asleep fast.

When she woke up, she was crying and being sick. It was a different place, and it was night. She was in a bed, and something was tied to her arm. A lady with a flashlight came in and said, "Hush, darling—let me clean you off."

Ellen's back was hurting now, and in the light of the flashlight she saw that a bottle was hanging up by the bed and a rubber tube was coming down to her arm. She was hot and stuffy and was tied up tight all around her chest. "I want a drink of water. I want Carlie. I want Mommy."

The water wasn't salty this time. The lady was very nice, but she said Carlie was with the younger kids and Ellen must go back to sleep and not worry about Mommy, either. "You're Ellen and Carlie's your little brother. You see—I know all about you."

"Where is this?" Ellen asked.

"This is a place called Carlinville. This is where you are going to wait for Mommy and get better. You've got a bad burn. but if you stay quiet and do just what we tell you you'll be fine."

The next time she woke up, there were other kids crying and some were being sick. Her back felt better, but she still had something tied to her arm that made it ache. Two men came in and took a girl in the next bed and put her on a little bed with handles and carried her out, and Ellen tried to tell them that the girl couldn't breathe with her head all covered with a sheet, but then they were gone.

Sometimes children fell out of bed and screamed, and sometimes they screamed before they fell out. But the next day a very nice little girl was put in the bed next to Ellen's. They could talk to each other and make believe. And there was lots of ice cream.

It didn't seem like a whole week until the day when one of the ladies said. "Ellen—surprise, surprise." And Mommy was there right by the bed!

When Ellen hugged her. she said. "Oh, please—be careful, baby. Mommy's ribs are sore."

"Mommy, why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't, darling. Mommy was down cellar and couldn't get out. Guess what—they had to dig Mommy out with picks and shovels."

Carlie was upstairs, and when they all got ready to go to their new home Carlie was crawling because his feet were bandaged, but he was fine.

They went to live with some people who were old like Grandpa and Grandma, named Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson.

And finally Daddy came back to them. They all lived upstairs. with the Fergusons downstairs, and Ellen started to go to school—but that was after Christmas. There was a Christmas tree in their own room. and Carlie was learning to walk all over again and his toes were all together in one piece. but he learned to walk fine.

One night Ellen heard Mommy say to Daddy, "It's horrible—she'll never be able to wear an evening dress."

Daddy said, "Listen—when her generation gets to the evening-dress stage, those scars won't be any novelty. They'll be a decoration. They're Ellen's Purple Heart."

That is the story of two American children of the future. But the story is based on a number of *if*s.

If Joan, the block warden, had not known enough first aid of the atomic age to put a dry compress on Ellen's back where it was burned in the heat flash, the child might have died while being evacuated.

If the first-aid station had not had morphine, tetanus antitoxin and plasma, the child might have died of shock or infection.

If Ellen, with a third-degree burn and radiation sickness combined, had not received whole blood and careful attention at the emergency hospital, she might have died.

If there had been no supporting community, like Carlinville, equipped to house seriously injured children in nursing homes and able to give them constant care through trained nurses' aides, the story might have ended differently.

If evacuation plans in St. Louis had not been carefully worked out ahead of time and administered by a trained corps of auxiliary police, the children might not have gotten out at all. *(Continued on page 94)*

Showdown

Even though she'd married another man, Thorne vowed he would have her some day—on his own terms!

BY HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

Thorne Griffin was coming home. Each pulse of the big engines brought him closer to—what? He leaned back and closed his eyes and was grateful that the seat next to him had remained vacant ever since they left LaGuardia. Not because he didn't like people, but because he had to get his thoughts in some kind of order before they landed at Wold-Chamberlain. And that would be soon. Too soon.

The interior of the giant plane was hushed and quiet; most of the passengers were dozing, but little pinpoints of light revealed a few still reading. A smooth flight. New York to Minneapolis, nonstop. One of the pretty young stewardesses paused a moment at each seat, taking orders for coffee. When she came to Thorne, she hesitated, wondering if he were asleep, thinking again what an attractive man he was and asking herself why she thought so.

Goodness knows, handsome men were no novelty to her after making this run so many times, and this man was not especially good-looking; but there was something about the graceful way he handled his tall, rangy body, the controlled force of his movements, that had caught her eye as he boarded the plane. She had watched him settle *(Continued on page 81)*

She's a Big Girl Now

Long cast as a tender, innocent juvenile, like the dewy-eyed college freshman she played in "Take Care of My Little Girl" *(above)*, Jeanne Crain still gets mash notes from smitten teen-age boys. But off-screen she is a mature and talented woman of 26, mother of three boys *(below)*, Paul, Jr., Michael and Timothy Brinkman.

One afternoon last March a Hollywood actress named Jeanne Crain stepped into a mirrored cubicle at Twentieth Century-Fox studios, sank into a red leather chair, and stared at herself with mixed emotions.

From the glass the innocent, hazel eyes of *Char, Julia, Margie, Ruth, Peggy, Ann* and *Liz* seemed to stare reproachfully back. They were the adolescent girls she had played in the eight years which have made her a famous screen star.

Jeanne lifted her hand and hesitantly pushed back her curls in a familiar teen-age gesture.

"Could you raise your chin just a little, honey?" requested Irene Brooks, the studio's hair stylist. "Now—hold still, please."

With a few expert snips, Miss Brooks sent Jeanne's shoulder-length tresses tumbling to the floor in chestnut heaps. And with them dropped away pretty Jeanne Crain's own contradictory life and her outgrown legend.

From the remains, the hairdresser fashioned an adult, sophisticated coiffure, but for Jeanne that womanly accolade came a little late. At this turning point she was almost twenty-six; on the previous New Year's Eve she had celebrated her fifth wedding anniversary, and already she was the mother of three boys, aged four, two and one. But this was the first time her hair had been cut short since she was four years old.

Jeanne Crain's overdue haircut was for her equally overdue adult role in "People Will Talk," a film in which she plays a woman pregnant by one man and in love with another. The picture is to be released this September. But until now, Jeanne has shuttled back and forth between two sharply contrasting worlds.

For most girls the passage from late adolescence to early maturity is a one-way trip, and the scenery changes abruptly once the twenty-first birthday is passed. On one side, juvenile acts seem cute and charming—on the other, they are frowned upon and to be forgotten. But while thoroughly grown up in her real life, Jeanne Crain has kept right on playing junior lasses for the cameras.

All in a day, she was called upon to bring security and serenity to her children, adult love and companionship to her husband at home—and eight miles away, at her studio, to emotionalize an uncertain, tormented and often frivolous girl for the screen. Doing this, Jeanne has encountered some schizophrenic moments which might send the average young wife scurrying to the nearest psychiatrist.

One night two years ago, for example, Jeanne gave a party for two hundred of her husband's friends and business

The screen myth of Jeanne Crain's sweet and perpetual adolescence is no more. She had to wait for five years—now she's acting her age

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Jeanne Crain gets her first adult role in "People Will Talk" (released this month), in which she stars with Cary Grant. To make her look old enough, the studio had to cut her long, girlish hair.

associates. A gay canopy covered the terrace, gardenias floated in the floodlighted pool, and Hawaiian entertainers throbbed tropical rhythms, all of which Jeanne had painstakingly arranged. As a gracious hostess, she moved among her guests in a décolleté dinner gown. But that morning, as a fifteen-year-old in middy blouse and black ribbed stockings, she was having her knuckles cracked for not eating her oatmeal in "Cheaper by the Dozen," and that afternoon while dancing a comic bunny hug with her screen father, Clifton Webb, Jeanne felt the first stirrings of her third baby, Timothy.

A few months later, on his nurse's day off, she carried her five-weeks-old son on the set of "Take Care of My Little Girl," in which Jeanne played an eighteen-year-old sorority pledge. Her cosmopolite director, Jean Negulesco, frowned over the bassinet.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Jeanne sighed with maternal pride.

"Your baby is indeed a beautiful sight," acknowledged the director drily. "But not in a sorority house!"

Having spent the first six years of her adult life building up her legend of tender innocence, Jeanne is now faced with the formidable job of tearing it down. Since most audiences firmly believe what they see on the screen, Jeanne's little girls keep tagging along after her like pesty kid sisters. In her daily mail, mixed with unmistakably adult tax statements, bills and charity appeals, are sticky notes from smitten high-school boys and poignant requests from bobby-soxers for advice on puppy-love problems. Not long ago, a nun at a Carmelite orphanage asked Jeanne's mother for a print of the adolescent *Margie* to entertain her young charges. "And couldn't your little girl play with our little girl afterward?" she invited. Mrs. Crain said she was afraid not—her *little girl* was expecting a baby.

Ironically, too, the success Jeanne has made playing adolescents has retarded her maturity as an actress at the very studio where she won that success. Her pervasive juvenile image influences even her associates, who should know better. In fact, Jeanne won her long-delayed chance to grow up on the screen only because Anne Baxter, originally cast for "People Will Talk," took the pregnant-woman part too literally, became pregnant herself and out of the picture.

Interviewing Jeanne, who wanted the job badly, Joseph Mankiewicz, the director, sized up the tailored suit and smart accessories which she had purposely worn.

"I'm surprised to see you looking like this," he told her. "Frankly, I think of you as a sweet, naïve, itty-bitty girl. But the actress who plays *Deborah* must be thoroughly grown up, experienced and sophisticated herself."

"Well," came back Jeanne, "that's exactly what I am."

The director grinned skeptically. "Now tell me the truth," he demanded. "When you go to a cocktail party, don't they usually offer you ginger ale?"

"How did you know?" exclaimed Jeanne Crain, and added anxiously, "I'm beginning to get just a little worried about myself!"

The girl who grew up to face such puzzling confusions got off to a shaky start in Barstow, California, where she was born Jeanne Elizabeth Crain on May 25, 1925. At six months, Jeanne was moved to Los Angeles, where at three she contracted pneumonia complicated by empyema. In the surgery to drain her pleura, she lost part of a rib.

The combination of delicate health, a schoolteacher father and a poetic Irish heritage from her mother's side made Jeanne a quiet, introspective child buried in books and daydreams. For her sickbed days, she got, not nursery rhymes, but volumes of Greek mythology, travel and elementary astronomy. By the time she was settled in St. Mary's Academy, a Catholic convent, Jeanne was a strange kind of problem child. She was too smart.

In third grade, for example, Jeanne took a standard achievement test. To the Sisters' consternation her comprehension curve zoomed up off the elementary chart into twelfth grade of high school. "We didn't know quite what to do with her," one of the Sisters recalls, "except recommend to her mother that Jeanne have a private tutor." Mrs. Crain, who had separated from her husband by then, decided against that step for financial reasons, and Jeanne adjusted herself the best she could to being a prodigy, a role she secretly disliked.

"I used to make mistakes deliberately in class," she has confessed. "I wanted to be like the rest of the girls."

But whiz-kid Jeanne was not like the rest of the girls in another respect. She was not only too smart; she was too beautiful. "There were black eyes and bloody noses all over our front yard," her younger sister, Rita, remembers. "Boys fighting over Jeanne." At Inglewood High School, where she switched sentimentally in her senior year to study under her father, a former classmate recalls Jeanne "floating around the campus trailing that long, red-gold hair and looking like a beautiful saint by Raphael. Everyone was a little in awe of her. She didn't seem exactly real."

Curiously, Jeanne's out-of-this-world aura was what brought her the first popular *(Continued on page 74)*

That Extra-Special Day in Your Child's Life

You'll have pangs of sadness at "losing your baby" when he enters school. But it can be a happy time all around—if you plan it right

BY EDITH M. STERN
ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

As the time came near for six-year-old Bobby Jackson to enter school, his mother and father were well aware that the first day of school would be an extra-special one for their son and for themselves. It would mark the first one of those big steps away from home which would go on through graduations to the fully adult, separate life.

With due thought and conscientiousness, therefore, the Jacksons made what they considered proper preparations for the Great Event. All summer long they impressed Bobby with the necessity of being a good boy at school by obeying the teacher, and of doing well in his work so that he would do them credit. They took hours out of his play time to drill him in the alphabet and counting, and they even taught him to read and write a little, "so that he would have a head start on the others."

The night before school opened, Bobby was put to bed more than an hour earlier than usual. Next morning his mother scrubbed him behind the ears, presented him with a pencil case stamped ROBERT JACKSON, warned him not to scuff his brand-new, delightfully squeaky shoes, took him by the hand, walked him to school, and went with him right into the first-grade classroom. There she lovingly removed his sweater and hung it up for him, and delivered final *(Continued on page 80)*

Two worlds were Patricia's:
the safe one her parents knew,
and the dangerous one they did not understand—
a world where

It Takes Sophistication

Patricia Price, putting on her lipstick carefully by aid of her magnifying mirror, could hear assorted sounds from her parents which told her something quite plainly. The steady buzz from the bathroom told her that Dad was going to the trouble of giving his chin a once-over with the electric shaver. And Mother was running the carpet sweeper swiftly about the living room. Her parents, thought Pat, pressing together two dewy-red lips, were assuming things about her dates with Steve.

It was very distracting. She had quite enough on her mind, quite enough to manage, without this pressure.

She stood up, got her black dress with the quilted skirt and sleeveless top, and put it on in front of the long mirror. She was not entirely satisfied with the fit. She turned sideways and frowned. There was no question about it—it did not go in enough under the bust.

Oh, darn it, darn it, darn it! Why had she let Mother talk her into it, anyway? Sure it was cute—but that was all. It didn't have what she wanted for tonight. It didn't have dash.

It all went to show that you just shouldn't count on parents for anything that really mattered. For these things, you just had to use your own judgment. She looked at her slender, pertly accentuated young body with absolute disgust. It was all she could do not to cry. Nothing, but nothing, else to wear that he hadn't seen!

"Honestly, Mother, look . . . !" She turned with anguish as Mrs. Price came quickly into the room.

"Oh, it's darling—just darling!" said Mrs. Price, pleasure lighting her eyes. "It makes you look so blonde and young! And very, very sweet!"

Pat looked at her a moment—then *(Continued on page 77)*

BY NONA COXHEAD
ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

"Let's go back," whispered Steve. Pat knew what he meant. There was a back entrance to the rooming house. . . .

Is Your Man Obsolete?

Gals will be gals and brag about the incredible things their men can do. That's okay, except Hubby has to make good

Almost every American man is foredoomed to play *Superman*, a role for which he is as well suited as a firecracker is for atom warfare. He may be a nice Joe, who loves his wife, will put up with her nonsense, help her with the kids, pay the grocery bills, and take her out to dinner or to the movies once a week. They could make lovely music together, but his wife insists on foisting upon him a galaxy of alien virtues which transform him into a character whose resemblance to any real person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Although she has a vivid imagination, she didn't dream up this fantastic husband alone. Copywriters and movie scenarists have billed her husband as *Superman*. Aided by old wives' tales (mostly her father's) and the deadly American compulsion to run neck and neck with the neighbors, she embroiders the legend. Her husband ornaments it himself with an array of trumped-up character traits gleaned from the sports page, haberdashery art and true-science fiction.

Thus man and wife together create a monumental sham—the Perfect American Husband. It usually begins like this:

Before the wedding ring is warm on her finger, *Mrs. Superman* presents her husband with a tool chest. He smiles wanly and puts up a few coat hooks at random. This is the starting gun for a lifelong campaign of mutual deception.

Whenever any partner to an American marriage is ready to admit that he wasn't born with a monkey wrench in his mouth, the myth gets another shot in the arm. His wife tells him how the man next door has actually put in a new heating system with his bare hands.

In the face of such social pressures, who would dare relinquish puttering to the experts?

Then a man must have financial know-how (blow-how), too. He starts his wedded life trying to catch up with the folks on the block. This keeps him out of

BY JANE WHITBREAD AND VIVIAN CADDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY KELLY OECHSLI

mischief indefinitely. No sooner has he reached the neighbors' income-tax bracket than his wife decides to move to a bigger house in a better section, and they start all over again. He is propelled from bracket to bracket with the aid of a good deal of hot air. In general, the slower the climb, the bigger the blasts. Thus the bank runner, one step advanced from a drugstore cowboy, pretends to know more about the "Street" than the president of the Exchange.

As for lovemaking, the average man may not have a balcony, a pair of tights and a fifty-foot death leap at his command, but even without them he can emulate the Bogart-Garfield-Ladd school of attack and treat his wife rough. After a hard day at the office he occasionally finds this approach somewhat taxing. But to play the gentle lover would cast a slur on the virility of the American male.

His wife, though publicly maintaining her loyalty to the caveman school of lover, privately admits that that type is more appealing on the screen than in the flesh.

She really longs to be wooed, tenderly cherished, and showered with attentions like her Victorian grandmother. But the closest she comes to admitting her romantic nature is to drop well-timed hints before sentimental dates to insure an occasional heart-shaped box of bonbons. To confess that she could enjoy sex, too, if encouraged, would betray her failure to appreciate a real man.

Thus they both pretend to want something they don't. This makes for a beautiful sexual life solidly grounded in soap opera.

Despite the fact that a man no longer lives by his biceps, the myth of his superior strength is kept alive by physical-culture writer and sports columnist alike. However, the chief propagandist for this angle of the *Superman* fantasy is woman. She may spend most of her day carrying twenty pounds of wash back and forth from the line, exercising her back muscles through mopping, sweeping and bedmaking, but she carefully puts on the brakes when she comes to a door and lets her husband open it for her.

When the guests forgather of an evening, she falls weakly on the sofa. "Put up the card table, dear," she carols languidly, just as if she hadn't moved every wing-back chair in the house that day for the weekly cleaning. Hercules arises and performs his labors.

When age prevents him from being an active athlete, custom demands that he be an ardent spectator. To brazenly admit that he is not the muscle type would be a confession of failure as a man.

The American man must be family boss, a role which is as inappropriate to the Twentieth Century as the flowing beard. He invariably assumes this role just when everyone's having a good time over their hot dogs. Mindful that an effective head of the family must have instant obedience, he insists that the children toe the mark. In no time the place is a shambles, the children are crying, and he's telling his wife how to prevent such outbreaks.

This causes him, as well as the rest of the family, such acute distress that he acts like an ordinary human being for the rest of the week.

His discomfort in this boss-man role is aggravated by the sneaking suspicion that women are not as incompetent as they are sup- *(Continued on page 109)*

The Case of the Casual Comic

He's a pianist who can't finish "Rhapsody in Blue"; he's a sailor who can't go to sea. But to his fans, Dave Garroway is the one-man rest cure of radio and TV

BY EDWIN H. JAMES

One Sunday evening last June, on television screens throughout the country, a shapeless blur slowly focused into a lanky young man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a bow tie. He blinked at the audience through the dark rims as if startled from a spell of woolgathering.

"Oh," he said, "it's you."

With this rousing introduction, Dave Garroway, an island of calm in the turbulence of big-time television and radio, went on the air.

Whether they realized it or not, viewers were seeing one of the phenomena of the entertainment world. For Dave Garroway, who is only thirty-eight years old himself, has successfully blended a relaxed, confidential way of speaking and a young cast of singers and dancers to build shows with special appeal for young viewers and listeners. He has blended them so successfully, in fact, that he makes a quarter of a million dollars a year doing it.

In only a few years he has developed a style which by all previous radio-TV standards should have assured him an early return to straight radio announcing. Instead, because of an almost serene confidence in himself and firm faith in an idea, he has become a familiar and popular personality in millions of American homes.

The idea, which apparently never impressed any other top-flight performer, is so simple it probably scared anyone who might have thought of it. Most young Americans are living tense, strained lives in a troubled world, Garroway reasons. When they sit down to watch a television show or listen to a radio program, they probably would like to relax—mind and body at rest. So help them relax. Instead of jarring them out of their chairs with frantic noise and frenzied activity, why not give their nerves some relief with leisurely routines and calm, deliberate dialogue?

To audiences belabored by the uproar of quiz shows or the bedlam of slapstick comedy, Garroway's programs are a restorative antidote. Like many other TV and radio presentations, Garroway's has singers, dancers, comedians and orchestras, but their performances mercifully forego the convulsive exertions favored elsewhere. The unruffled pace of Garroway's supporting talent is copied from Garroway himself. He is a tranquil individual whose voice seldom rises above a confidential murmur, and who is so at ease that he seems at times to be falling asleep in the middle of a sentence. *(Continued on page 98)*

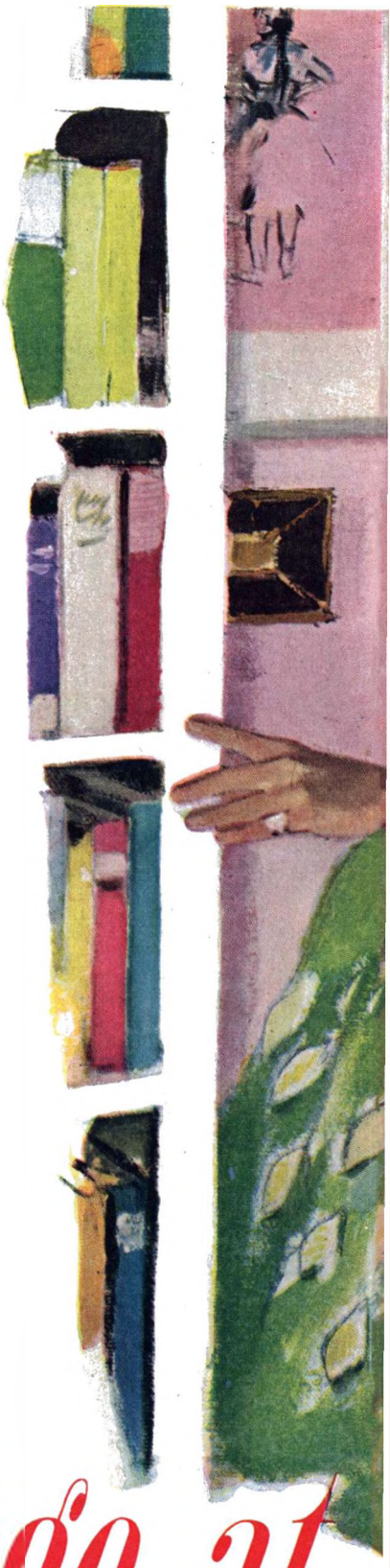
For a fellow as easygoing as Dave Garroway, he drives mighty fast cars. He explains his interest in auto racing as therapeutic. His present pride is this English Jaguar.

With Marriage at

Aglow with hope, Mary felt confidently beautiful—until, with despair, she read jealousy in her mother's eyes

BY ELIZABETH ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



Mary adjusted her figure skates carefully, methodically. It was late in the season, and she wanted to enjoy the ice rink as long as she could. There were many things she meant to enjoy. Life wasn't going to end, just because Dan Pierce was going away.

She swung herself over the railing and onto the ice, her skirt flaring sharply above her long legs, her childish brown hair blowing back from her face. It was a good face—not beautiful perhaps, but her warm dark eyes gave it a vivid piquancy. She made a "patch" and began working on figure-eights. Around and around. Around once more. There would be lots of things to make her days full and interesting—*and it would all be just like this, going around in little circles, the same thing over and over again.*

It was Dan's fault. Until he had come along she had been perfectly content with her lot. She had an indulgent if preoccupied father, a comfortable home which her lovely stepmother kept running with grace and charm, things which were fun to do, and even a job she liked. People occasionally said to her, "But, darling—you should meet some nice boy." She was twenty-five. High time she was getting married. Sometimes they even said, with a touch of playful maliciousness, "Zoe isn't stealing your boy friends, is she?" Her stepmother was so beautiful. But she hadn't even minded that. Daughter and stepmother were good friends. No, it was Dan who had changed things.

She left her patch and did a few spins and leaps over the ice. The usual thrill was gone, even though her timing was perfect, even though she didn't make a slip. Oh, she was a fool. She had known all along that he would go away. He was in the city on a consulting engineering job, and had already stayed much longer than he had planned. There was nothing to hold him here, since she could not.

"Say, Mary, where's that good-looking mother of yours?" called one of the attendants. "Doesn't she come with you any more?"

"She begged off last year," grinned *(Continued on page 102)*


Stake

Which

One morning recently Mrs. Joan M., a harassed young mother of South Bend, Indiana, was trying to pull four-year-old Johnny out of a temper tantrum. At the peak of his lusty screaming the telephone rang. Mrs. M., thankful for the interruption, went to answer it.

"This is Jeb Taylor," the voice said, scarcely audible above Johnny's yells. "You used to work for me—remember?"

Joan did indeed remember. Mr. Taylor had been her boss—a good boss, too—at the big engineering plant during World War II. She'd quit her job in 1946 when Frank, her GI husband, was discharged after forty months' service in the Pacific theater. While Frank had been away, Joan had saved enough from her pay envelope to make a down payment on their home, and she'd never forgotten the thrill of being a part of America's war effort.

"Can you come back to work?" Mr. Taylor inquired. "We're getting a lot of defense orders, and we sure could use a good parts inspector!"

Joan hesitated; she couldn't bring herself to say yes—or no. She glanced down at tear-stained Johnny. His tantrum had subsided, and now he was nagging for his midmorning cookies and milk. She wondered how he would adjust to a day nursery. She had a strange feeling of excitement as other questions raced through her mind. Would Frank approve? Why did she want

BY SELWYN JAMES
PHOTO BY ZOLTAN FARKAS

Can a woman hold two jobs? Can she be both a mother and a breadwinner? The answers from the top social scientists will surprise you

Mothers Should Work?

to work? Was it the money? Would it be fair to the child? How would she feel about preparing dinner for the family after a day's work at the plant? Would leading a double life be too much for her? What would the neighbors think?

Mrs. M. is one of the thousands of young American mothers who, as U. S. defense mobilization gathers speed, are struggling with the question "Should I go to work?"

Today nearly 2,000,000 mothers with children under the age of ten are working in factories, offices and stores across the nation. A sharp upsurge in their number during the remainder of this year and throughout next is forecast by the U. S. Labor Department and such country-wide private social agencies as the Child Welfare League and the Family Service Association.

Social workers in scores of towns and cities are already besieged by mothers seeking advice on whether or not to take a job. In many places former employers are frantically urging the women to return to factory benches, and some defense plants have opened child-care centers as a lure in recruiting mothers.

In Minneapolis so many mothers are streaming back to work that the female labor force now stands at seventy-five per cent of the World-War-II years. Statistics tell much the same story in such important centers of production as Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Wichita, Boston and Los Angeles.

Should mothers of young children work? During World War II they were generally advised to stay home unless dire financial need forced them into jobs. Today, after a decade of studying the problem, the country's child-care specialists no longer condemn the idea of mothers working outside the home. They are now willing to admit that some mothers—even those with three-year-old toddlers—may be well advised to take a job.

"It is dangerous to assume that a mother with small children should not work," declares Ruth Schley Goldman, deputy commissioner in Chicago's Department of Social Welfare. "There has been too little recognition that some mothers are *better* mothers if they are employed, and that some children are *happier* children because their mothers work."

Thus the question in 1951, significantly rephrased by America's top social scientists, is: "*Which* mothers should work?"

The real basis of a mother's decision, they emphasize, should be the truth about what is best both for herself and her children. The truth, however, is something that she may find difficult to determine. When she wonders about taking a job, it isn't so much the number of children she must care for that should concern her, but rather the *quality* of the care she gives them. A woman, for example, may respond warmly to her children in *(Continued on page 92)*


All those attractive
women he met every day...
like a parade,
with Fay leading them

BY HARRIET SHIEK

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

The Unsure Wife

As **Jeanne cleared the table** after their Sunday dinner, she thought uneasily. It's going to happen again. In a minute Tony will say he has some work to do at the office and he'll go down there and stay for hours.

This morning, she had brought him the paper to read in bed while she fixed breakfast. For dinner, they'd had his favorite dish—broiled chicken. She was wearing her black woolen dress, though it always felt itchy, because it gave her what he called a saucy French look. All that, and perfume, too—a drop behind each ear.

Putting the place mats away in the buffet drawer, she glanced into the living room. Tony, tall and boyish-looking, stood by the window, watching the slow dripping October rain. Even standing perfectly still, his body had a restless look. Tony . . . restless? Tony, who used to spend Sunday afternoons lying on the couch, rereading the paper, looking up to grin at her and say, "Come here, funny-face, and give me a kiss." She would go to him and, holding back a giggle, would curtsy and say with exaggerated meekness, "Yes, my king." He would pull her down on the couch and after a roughhouse with laughs and kisses, he'd say, "You do make me feel like a king, funny-face." She would answer, "Aw, quit kidding, mister," while her heart wore his words like a sweet shining medal.

She hadn't been unsure of him then.

Now, what was he thinking, standing there like that? Better not ask. Last time, he had answered with forced patience, "Jeanne, I'm not thinking about anything."

He came into the dinette as she was straightening the bowl of asters between the silver candleholders. The candleholders were wedding presents. Only two years old. She touched one with lingering fingers as he stood beside her.

"Honey," he said casually, "I think I'll run down to the office. Crofton wants me to rush those blueprints for the Dunbar house."

The funny thing was, it was true—up to a point. Crofton did want Mrs. Dunbar's blueprints finished quickly. Tony would work all afternoon, probably into the evening, and who could criticize a man for that? The thing that made *(Continued on page 70)*

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The water lapped up level with the edge of the washbasin and a thin trickle edged over, and then it was a three-sided waterfall, splashing on the blue tile floor and spreading in a widening and deepening pool.

Georgie braced himself in the doorway, watching it with wide eyes. Inside, he felt sick and scared and shaky, but he couldn't look away except to dart a glance now and then at the closed door to Mom's bedroom.

Over the soft singing of the radio, he could hear the crisp ticks of Mom's high heels as she moved around the room, and he could picture her, looking so cool and unhurried and yet never wasting a lift of her finger. Mom often laughed and said she was a disgustingly efficient woman.

When she turned off the radio and opened her door, then she would hear the water. Georgie hunched his shoulders defensively. He felt awful, just awful—worse than the time he had busted the big mirror. And he would feel even worse after he lied. He knew he would.

But he would say he had been in the living room the whole time and hadn't heard the water at all.

Then Mom would say, "Oh, this means I won't be able to go out with Mr. Cullen tonight. I'll have to stay home and clean this up. And you help me, Georgie."

And he would. They would stay home together, just the two of them, and he would help. He would just let her maybe hand him the mop, and he would do the rest. Then Mom would realize how she needed him and what a help he was to her.

As Daddy had meant him to be. Sometimes Georgie couldn't quite remember exactly how Daddy had looked and talked. But he still knew that last thing Daddy had said to him before they took him off to the hospital. He had said, "Always take care of your mother, Georgie. If I don't come back, you be all the help to her you can."

Daddy hadn't come back. But Mom never needed any help. Mom was so quick and cool and easy, the way she did things, that all he could do was tag at her heels and watch her and wonder why she didn't know about the ache inside him, the wanting to help that made his eyes burn sometimes. Only Mom didn't know, or she wouldn't turn and tell him to go out and play because he was in her way. He would trail out, head hanging, squeezing his eyes tight against the burning. Mom had heard his promise to Daddy, and yet she didn't seem to know she was making him break it, never giving him a chance to keep it. That made him feel worse almost than the time she was so sick and he was shut out of her room.

The water was all over the floor now, right into the corners. They would be all evening wiping it up.

He would meet Mr. Cullen at the door and say, "Mom can't go out with you tonight. Mom is busy at home and I'm helping her. Mom says good-by, please."

And Mr. Cullen would turn and go away and never come back. Georgie knew. He had heard Mr. Cullen say he only had to be told once that he wasn't wanted.

Georgie sighed unconsciously, and his lower lip stuck out. Mr. Cullen was a nice man. He understood about important things like the secret place under the willow tree and sleeping with Tedjie, even if Tedjie had been washed and sewed up and washed again until he was yellow and lumpy.

But lately Georgie had run out of the house and pretended to be very busy playing whenever Mr. Cullen was there. Because Mom had started saying that since Daddy had been gone so long and wasn't coming back any more, Mr. Cullen would like to live with them and have Georgie be his little boy.

He would like being Mr. Cullen's little boy just fine. And Mom went all sparkly from deep inside her when Mr. Cullen was around.

But if Mr. Cullen were around all the time, living with them, jumping to pick up Mom's gloves and find her purse and always ready to get in his car to run an errand, then Mom would never need Georgie to help her with anything at all. It would always be Mr. Cullen, not Georgie.

Georgie screwed his face up tight. Any minute now. Any minute the bedroom door would open and Mom would come out and see the water.

And she would never believe him if she saw him standing there. Feet dragging, Georgie pulled himself out to the living room. He could hear the water slapping over everything, soaking the rug and the wastebasket, all the pretty things in the bathroom. But he had pulled the scales out into the hall, because scales spoiled and rusted if they got wet.

Georgie felt so miserable and guilty he had to push his lower lip very far out and stare hard out the window, or he couldn't have stood it. Then all at once he gasped, and for a minute he felt just like when he went tumbling down, down, down in a nightmare.

Because that was Mr. Cullen's green car pulling to the curb. Mr. Cullen was early. And Mom hadn't found the water yet.

Mr. Cullen came up the walk and opened the screen door and said, "Hello, Georgie. Is your mother ready?"

"Not yet," Georgie gulped. "Maybe—maybe you better come back later."

Mr. Cullen tilted his head, listening. "Don't tell me she's still— Where's that water running?"

Georgie couldn't say a word. He didn't know what to say. He hadn't planned it this way.

"The bathroom."

Mr. Cullen pushed right past him, and Georgie wanted to run out the door, run and run and run to the next block and across the forbidden car tracks and hide somewhere. Only Mr. Cullen was looking at him from the hall, from him to the bathroom. Then Mr. Cullen stepped right in the water and turned the tap off.

Georgie remembered and said very fast, "I was in the living room all the time. I didn't hear it, Mr. Cullen."

Mr. Cullen got a thinking look on his face, but Georgie would have sworn there was a twinkle in his eyes, even if his mouth was pulled down.

"Maybe—" Georgie plunged blindly, "I think maybe you'd better come back later. And Mom will say she's busy and I'm helping her and she can't go out with you."

Mr. Cullen's eyes looked so funny all at once. Like he'd stepped barefoot on a sharp stone and been surprised at the hurt. Then he saw the scales, and his mouth pulled up.

Mr. Cullen said, as if they were talking secrets, "Why, I've got a better idea. It's a good thing these scales just happen to be out in the hall and nothing's really hurt, so that we can fix this up before she even knows anything about it. We can do it if you'll help me, Georgie. How about it?"

All in a breath, Georgie felt like Sunday school. No, better than Sunday school—better than just feeling clean and not had any more. More like Christmas, all sparkled up for lovely surprises.

Help me, Georgie. Mr. Cullen had said that. If Mr. Cullen were around all the time, asking Georgie to help him and help Mom, instead of Mom always going right ahead and never thinking to ask— All the deep, dark ache burst away like a popping balloon.

"I'll help you, Mr. Cullen!" Georgie cried, and ran for the mop. . . . THE END

BY HOPE CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Help Me, Georgie

Georgie felt awful—just awful. And he knew he'd feel even worse after he lied.

BY CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY
ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET NIELSEN

Test-Tube Fabrics Take the Stage

Every new synthetic fiber is "rehearsed" in the role it is to play for you. The result —homework made easier and cheaper

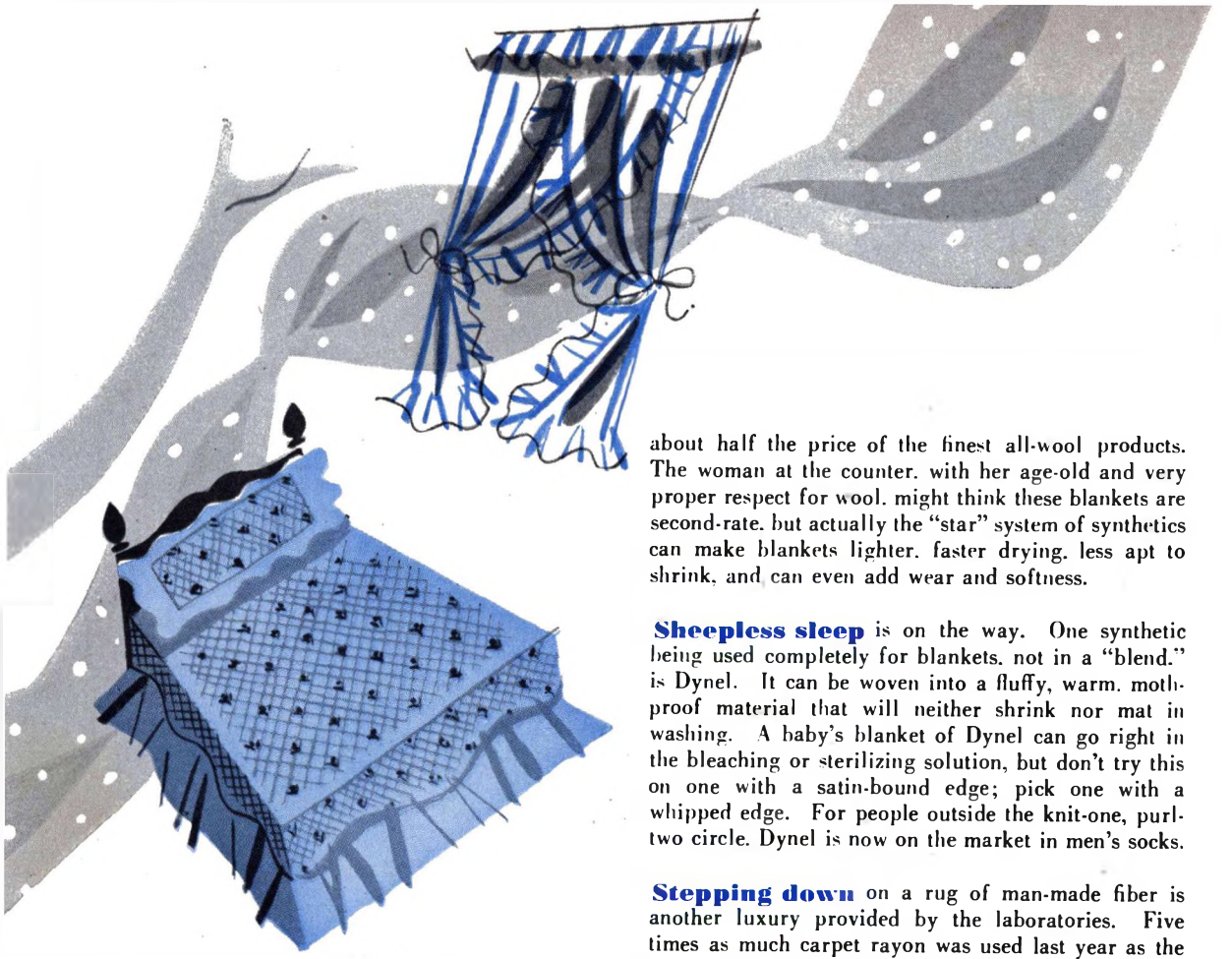
For thousands of years people used the same fabrics to cover themselves and decorate their homes—fur (if that's a "fabric"), wool, linen, silk and cotton. Now, almost overnight, chemists have turned out for us a whole new set of test-tube fibers to be woven into an endless number of appealing new fabrics.

But why so many—surely we don't need them all? The answer is that manufacturers have developed a kind of "star" system. Before it goes on the market, every new chemical fiber is put through its paces; then it's given starring roles where it performs best.

Does it have luster? How will it take dyes? Will it dry in a flash? When nylon, for instance, is found to be twice as strong and twice as light as the same-size aluminum thread, right away there are special uses for it. When rayon can take a hundred forms, yet be kept low in price, we're going to welcome it for the sake of luxury with economy.

Timing plays a part, too. War shortages and rising prices send producers hurrying to bring out fibers to fill the gaps—brand-new stars that were only understudies before. And the synthetics are pushing up standards. When Dynel proves shrinkproof, when Vicara is heavenly soft, when Orlon can "take" acid fumes, other fibers must meet these new standards or take a back seat. We, of course, get the benefits from these new, better-than-good "goods."

Window dressing is an illustration of the "star" system in action. I haven't found any laboratory fabric with the identical crisp look of cotton organdy, but some come pretty close to it, and the synthetics wear well, soil slowly, and wash easily. Orlon (among other things) puts up an outstanding fight against the rotting effect of blazing sun. If you live in a sun-scorched area, it stars for you. If dirt is a problem,



try nylon. It comes in weaves of marquisette, ninon, organdy and lace, sheds most of the dirt, and washes easily when necessary.

You'd like something fireproof? Fiberglas meets that test. Now on the market are smart designs in drapery materials, and Fiberglas won't feed moths or mildew, and needs no ironing. Rayon added to nylon brings softness, rich finish and color depth to curtains. Incidentally, about these "blends," I find manufacturers are rather slow about putting full fabric-content information on drapery material (probably because they think we customers don't know that "mixed" fabrics often have special advantages). We should know what different fibers do, and insist on proper labeling on fabrics just as on anything else we buy.

Dollar stretcher worth your while is nylon for knitting. Nylon hand-made socks and sweaters wash and wear well, won't mat, and offer no temptation to moths. And nylon yarn costs less than wool. (There's no law that says you can't design your own—I've seen socks done with initials, symbols of hobbies, and fraternity letters. On a squared-off sheet of paper outline an area with squares equal to the number of rows of knitting one way, and squares for the number of stitches per row the other way. Then block out squares in color to make a design, and follow the colors as you knit.)

Now that price looms large, we're going to see "blend" blankets piled high on store counters—at about half the price of the finest all-wool products. The woman at the counter, with her age-old and very proper respect for wool, might think these blankets are second-rate, but actually the "star" system of synthetics can make blankets lighter, faster drying, less apt to shrink, and can even add wear and softness.

Sheepless sleep is on the way. One synthetic being used completely for blankets, not in a "blend," is Dynel. It can be woven into a fluffy, warm, mothproof material that will neither shrink nor mat in washing. A baby's blanket of Dynel can go right in the bleaching or sterilizing solution, but don't try this on one with a satin-bound edge; pick one with a whipped edge. For people outside the knit-one, purl-two circle, Dynel is now on the market in men's socks.

Stepping down on a rug of man-made fiber is another luxury provided by the laboratories. Five times as much carpet rayon was used last year as the year before, indicating a sharp upsurge in use of synthetics for floor covering. Shopping around, I find more and more wool combined with specially-developed rayon. It not only brings prices down to popular levels, but also lends itself to glorious colors with a "frosty" luxurious luster. If long wear is what's on your mind, you'll discover that carpet rayons give a rich, springy pile that doesn't tend to mat or shed, and that rayon-and-wool rugs wear as well as all-wool products of similar construction (in some cases even better).

Give "combination" rugs the same care as all-wool—vacuum frequently, remove spots promptly, have the rug cleaned occasionally by an expert.

Stepping out this year are some new clothing developments from the world of synthetics. My new winter coat has a Milium lining. Milium isn't a fabric; it's a process in which material is sprayed with metal powder. Insulated in such material, your body keeps itself warm or cool.

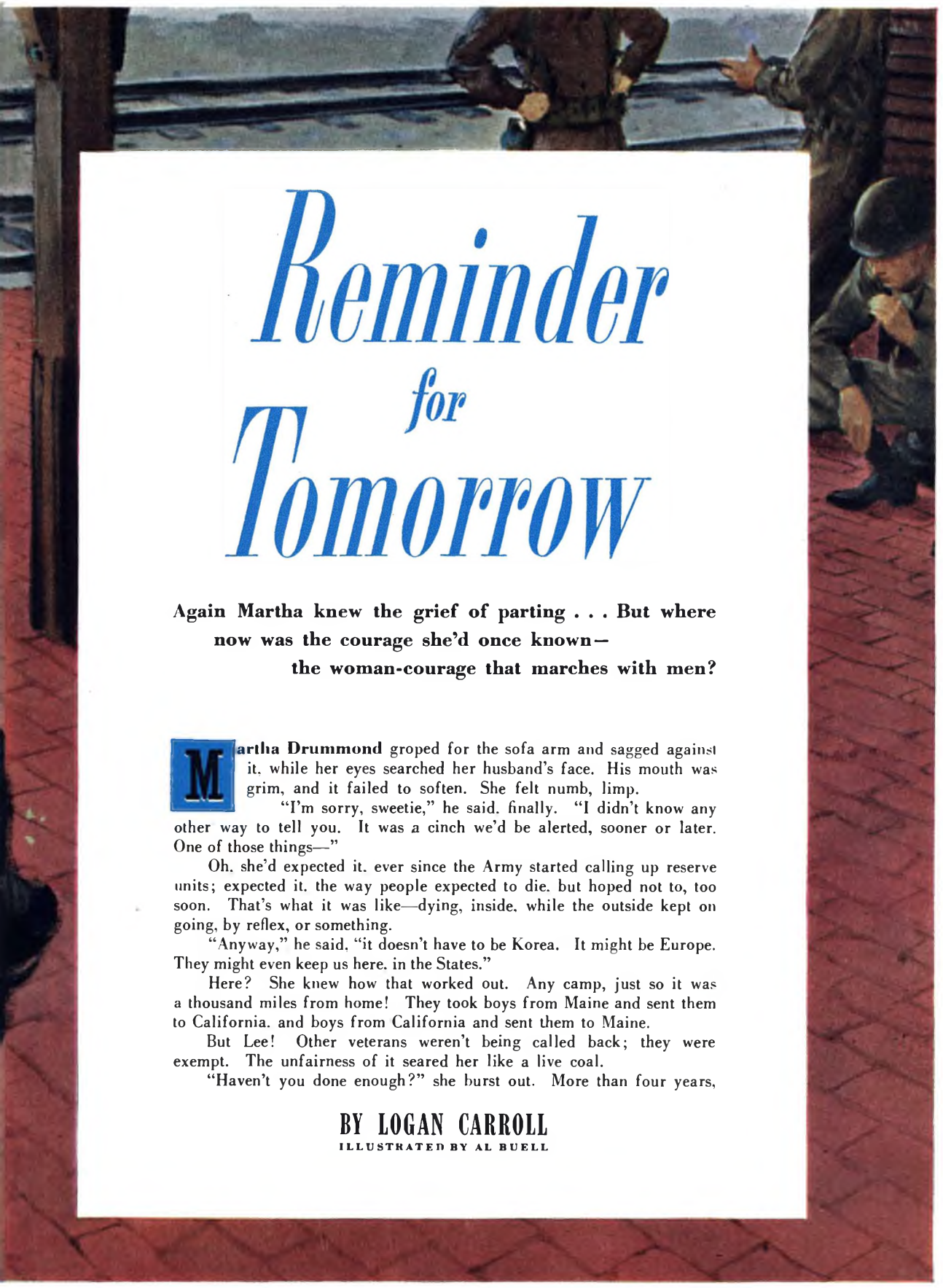
Other new processes (one is called De Cetex) make fabrics shed water, so rain rolls or shakes off.

And a material called Dacron is being used in a "blend" to make men's suits that keep looking fresh and pressed even on hot, humid days.

Orlon is worthy of attention outside the home. Its sun-resistant quality gives it future promise for auto tops, awnings and beach umbrellas.

For care of synthetics, one overall rule is "not too hot." Water should be comfortable to the hands; set irons at the lowest setting—and warn your tailor if your suit is of synthetic fabric. . . . THE END

Surely once should have been enough—once in one lifetime.



Reminder for Tomorrow

Again Martha knew the grief of parting . . . But where now was the courage she'd once known— the woman-courage that marches with men?

Martha Drummond groped for the sofa arm and sagged against it, while her eyes searched her husband's face. His mouth was grim, and it failed to soften. She felt numb, limp.

"I'm sorry, sweetie," he said, finally. "I didn't know any other way to tell you. It was a cinch we'd be alerted, sooner or later. One of those things—"

Oh, she'd expected it, ever since the Army started calling up reserve units; expected it, the way people expected to die, but hoped not to, too soon. That's what it was like—dying, inside, while the outside kept on going, by reflex, or something.

"Anyway," he said, "it doesn't have to be Korea. It might be Europe. They might even keep us here, in the States."

Here? She knew how that worked out. Any camp, just so it was a thousand miles from home! They took boys from Maine and sent them to California, and boys from California and sent them to Maine.

But Lee! Other veterans weren't being called back; they were exempt. The unfairness of it seared her like a live coal.

"Haven't you done enough?" she burst out. More than four years,

BY LOGAN CARROLL

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

the other time. Nearer five. Must they give up *all* their best years? Lock their hopes away, till they were mildewed and yellow and useless!

"How much is enough?" he objected, mildly. "With things the way they are? I guess we just quit too soon, last time. Should have got rid of all the dictators, while we were at it."

But surely half their married life was enough. Ten years, and so little of it their own. Not even time to begin living, before Lee had to go, in 1941. Only getting started now, in 1951. Their new house; her beautiful things!

What had she ever wanted, except a place of their own? And just when she had it, everybody and everything seemed determined to take it away. Well, they couldn't do it. She wouldn't let them!

She had been provoked with Lee when he had signed up again and started attending the drills. It wasn't as if he'd *had* to do it.

How could he have forgotten, so soon? The hurry, and worry, and trouble. If she were a hundred, she'd still remember those awful camp-town places they'd had to live in, before he went overseas. Never a decent apartment to be had.

But the last place! One filthy bathroom, shared among half a dozen tenants. How astonished they were, when she cleaned it, herself, and scrubbed it with disinfectant.

Roaches two inches long! "Water bugs," Lee said. "They won't attack humans, unless attacked." But they looked at her, out of the cracks, and waved their feelers, and she was simply petrified.

That horrible hurricane. The stinging rain. It blew for three days, and pushed the gulf in, and flooded everything. She'd had to camp at the city hall, with hundreds of other people; and her clothes were all soaked, so that her fur coat mildewed.

What a time, after the storm, with the stores closed, and the broken windows boarded up! No lights; no ice for the leaky icebox; hardly enough water for drinking, and that had to be boiled.

Two weeks after that, Lee left for the port of embarkation. Most of her clothes were still wet, when she went home, to stay with her parents and her kid sister, Carol.

She still remembered, distinctly, the very words Lee used, when he finally came back and put on a decent suit.

"The only way they'll ever get me back in the Army is to drag me," he said.

He'd done his part. They'd earned the right to think about themselves, and the home they never had had, in five years of marriage. No more wars, in their lifetime. Anyway, if there should be, Lee certainly would be too old to go.

He had a good job, in the advertising department of a good firm. So they worked and saved, and bought their furniture at the store, where he could get a discount, and financed the house with a GI loan.

Why couldn't Lee have been satisfied? What did he have to worry about? It seemed so inconsiderate, so unlike him, to jeopardize their whole future.

Perhaps she was unfair, though, to blame him, with things in such a state of turmoil and tension that nobody was sure what would happen next. But she had argued. The drills took his time, and summer camps always spoiled their vacations.

"There are lots of younger men—fellows who haven't done anything at all," she told him. "Give them a chance!"

But he was gloomy; he acted as if he were responsible for the state of the world.

"Next time, they'll draft everybody," he said. "It'll be total mobilization." But it wasn't. Lee was thirty-two now, and they weren't drafting anybody that old. No veterans at all.

"I hate like the devil to lose those stripes," he said, another time. 'After all the grief I went through to get 'em."

Was a set of sergeant's chevrons worth more than their home, and their life together? Sergeant Drummond; General Drummond. Was *that* important?

But he signed up, and this was the result. She hadn't been able to face it as a mere possibility; now she certainly couldn't accept it as a hard fact. All her courage had been used up, the other time.

"**Lee, what** are we going to *do?*" Her throat was tight, and pinched the words.

"Why, I don't know," he admitted. "Haven't had much time to think about it. Kind of depends on what you want to do."

"Lee, we can't—we mustn't lose—"

He shook his head. "No, we can pay out, all right. It isn't like sixty a month, for a room, on a buck private's pay. Matter of fact, the house would pay for itself, if we wanted to rent it."

"Rent it!" Not their *home!* "Oh, Lee!"

People wouldn't take care of it. Why, they set wet glasses down anywhere, and made unsightly rings on the varnish. Yellow cigarette stains on her piano keys! Burns in the upholstery!

Her flowers! The geraniums ought to go out, for the summer. Could she trust anyone with the pots of fuchsia, her white poinsettia, the little African violets? Her roses. The bulbs to be taken up and replanted.

"Lee, I couldn't possibly leave," she said, in sudden agitation. "Nobody could take care of my flowers. Not even Mother. They'd all die!" She got up then and faced him apprehensively; not defiant, but ready to be, if she must, because Lee seemed against her, somehow; on the other side; the side that wanted to take their home away from her. But he didn't argue.

"Well," he said, in a discouraged tone, "it was just an idea. Not such a hot one, I guess."

"Besides, there wouldn't be any place—to come to, if we let anybody have the house," she said. "What if we wanted it—and they wouldn't get out?"

He rubbed his face. *(Continued on page 107)*

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 16

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

1. **Kay was** an only child, and her parents were very proud of her. They helped her constantly at every stage of growing up. But as she dressed for her first party date, Kay felt self-conscious about trying on her dress for her parents to see.

2. **Kay was** popular and had dates frequently. But whenever she left the house with a boy in the evening, she had a queer feeling about her parents. They were friendly and enthusiastic, but somehow Kay felt that actually they disapproved.

3. **Kay liked Herb** best of all her dates. Her parents never said so, but Kay thought they showed more approval when Herb spent the evening at her home than when he took her out on a date. Kay felt they still treated her as a child.

4. **When Herb asked Kay** to marry him, she said she wanted to do so very much, but that she couldn't because her parents would disapprove of her leaving home. She explained they refused to accept the fact that she was already an adult.

Is it wrong for a girl to be self-conscious because she enjoys the love and attention of her parents?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Kay** is unsure of her love for Herb, and instead of facing the issue squarely she is using her parents' action as an excuse. ☐

2. **Kay** is afraid to grow up, really does not want to leave her home, and therefore accuses her parents of what she feels herself. ☐

3. **Kay** feels that she will have to give up the love of her parents if she marries Herb, and therefore she cannot decide. ☐

Turn to page 105 for Dr. Martin's analysis

1945 Bess Myerson of New York City is now Mrs. Alan Wayne, wife of a businessman, mother of three-and-a-half-year-old Barbara Carol, and a frequent performer on television. A Hunter College graduate, she also has lectured. Bess places the welfare of her family ahead of any career; has time left to do outside work which she finds stimulating.

1946 Marilyn Buferd, a Los Angeles girl, is now in Rome playing lead roles in Italian movies. Picture at left shows her on a movie set. She attended the University of California at Los Angeles and had dramatics training. After winning the "Miss America" title, she used her $5,000 scholarship to study languages at the University of Berlitz in Rome.

Beautiful but Smart

In careers, in private lives, recent "Miss Americas" are proving they can do more than fill bathing suits

They're crowning another of the new-type "Miss Americas" at Atlantic City this month. So the girl who wins the 1952 title will have all the obvious natural resources — youth, health, beauty — plus some that won't fill out a bathing suit. Like any of the last half-dozen "Miss Americas," she will also possess brains—and personality and talent to match.

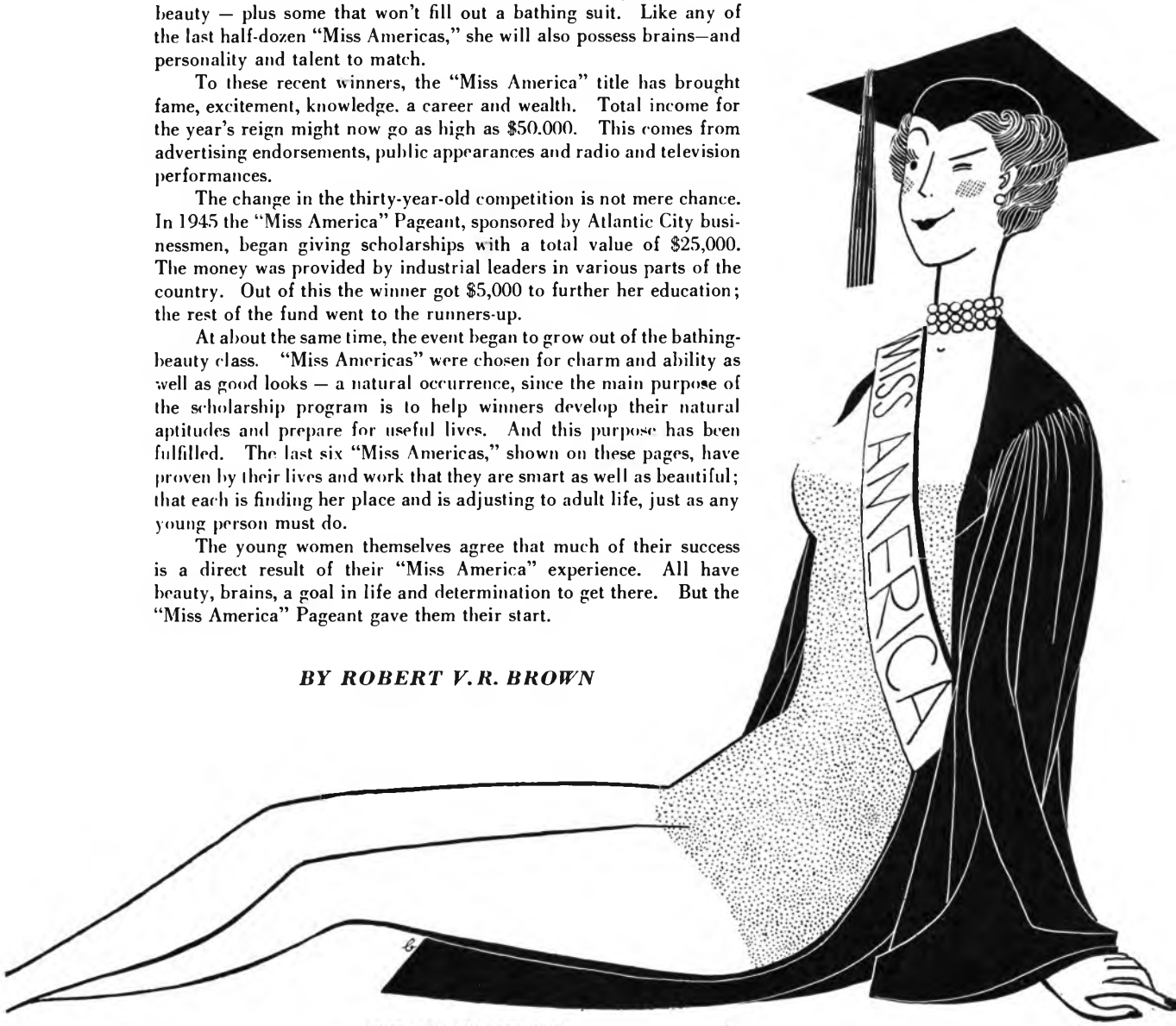
To these recent winners, the "Miss America" title has brought fame, excitement, knowledge, a career and wealth. Total income for the year's reign might now go as high as $50,000. This comes from advertising endorsements, public appearances and radio and television performances.

The change in the thirty-year-old competition is not mere chance. In 1945 the "Miss America" Pageant, sponsored by Atlantic City businessmen, began giving scholarships with a total value of $25,000. The money was provided by industrial leaders in various parts of the country. Out of this the winner got $5,000 to further her education; the rest of the fund went to the runners-up.

At about the same time, the event began to grow out of the bathing-beauty class. "Miss Americas" were chosen for charm and ability as well as good looks — a natural occurrence, since the main purpose of the scholarship program is to help winners develop their natural aptitudes and prepare for useful lives. And this purpose has been fulfilled. The last six "Miss Americas," shown on these pages, have proven by their lives and work that they are smart as well as beautiful; that each is finding her place and is adjusting to adult life, just as any young person must do.

The young women themselves agree that much of their success is a direct result of their "Miss America" experience. All have beauty, brains, a goal in life and determination to get there. But the "Miss America" Pageant gave them their start.

BY ROBERT V.R. BROWN



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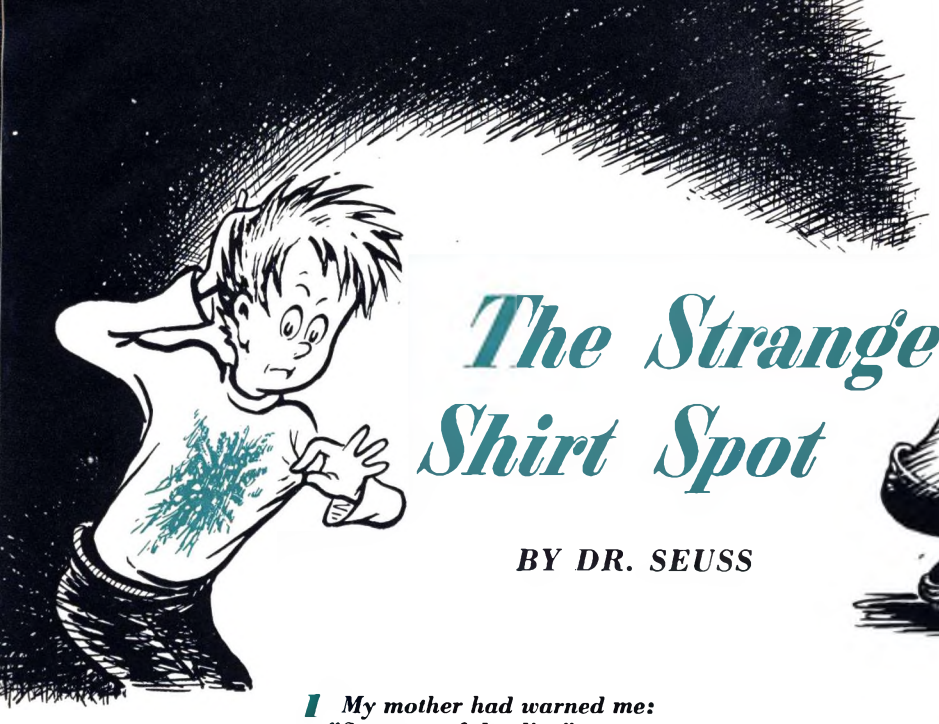
1947 Barbara Jo Walker was engaged to a young intern and was a senior at Memphis State College when she won at Atlantic City. She refused all Hollywood offers; said her career would be marriage. After graduation she was married to Dr. John V. Hummel, now a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. They have one baby, John Andrew. Barbara Jo wants 3 more.

1948 BeBe Shopp aspires to be a concert vibraharpist. Since grade-school days at Hopkins, Minnesota, she has been interested in percussion instruments, and the vibraharp has always been her favorite. She has completed three years at the Manhattan School of Music in New York City. Besides studying, BeBe appears on television; hopes to have her own TV show.

1949 Jacque Mercer wants to be a lawyer and is preparing for law school at the University of Arizona. She has unusual poise and a talent for public speaking, possibly developed during her dramatics studies and modeling career. After becoming "Miss America," Jacque was married to her childhood sweetheart from Phoenix: Douglas Cook, an art student.

1951 Yolande Betbeze, a Mobile girl of Basque-French descent, is aiming at an operatic career. She has been studying voice since she was fourteen; has sung lead parts for the Mobile Opera Guild. She went to school at a Catholic convent and the University of Alabama. Yolande won last year, but is "Miss America '51" under the new titling system.

For this little fellow, a



The Strange Shirt Spot

BY DR. SEUSS

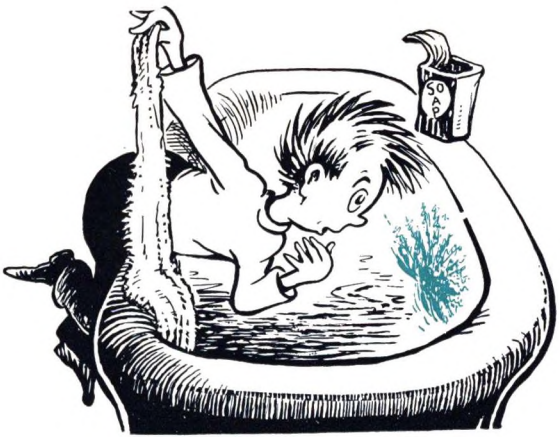
1 ***My mother had warned me:***
"Stay out of the dirt."
But there, there I was
With a spot on my shirt!
My brand new white shirt! And that spot was so sticky,
It wouldn't shake off. It was gummy and gicky.
A terrible spot. This was real gooey goo.
And, brother, I knew what my mother would do
When Mother came home and she saw all that dirt . . . !
I had to get rid of that spot on my shirt!

2 I hurried upstairs, and from over the tub
I grabbed a big towel and I started to rub.
I rubbed at that spot and I rubbed it real keen.
I rubbed it till, finally, I rubbed the shirt clean.
But then . . . ***then*** I looked, and I let out a howl.
That spot from the shirt! It was now on the towel!
Now I had to get rid of the big spot of dirt
That had moved to the towel when it moved from my shirt!

5 Had to clean up that broom before Mother would find me.
I grabbed a big cloth that was hanging behind me.
I went at that broom with a wipe and a swipe.
Then I saw what had happened. I let out a "***Yipe!***"
For that strange and peculiar, mysterious dirt
From the broom, and the tub, and the towel, and the shirt
Was now on the cloth! This was really a mess!
For the cloth that I'd used was my mother's best dress!

6 This spot! It was driving me out of my mind!
What a spot—what a spot for a fellow to find!
My troubles were growing. The way it kept going!
Where would it go next? There was no way of knowing.
Oh, how could I stop it? Now what could I do?
Then, in walked the cat. And the next thing I knew
The cat bumped the dress. And I almost fell flat.
For the spot from the dress, it was now on the cat!

spot on a shirt becomes a gigantic problem

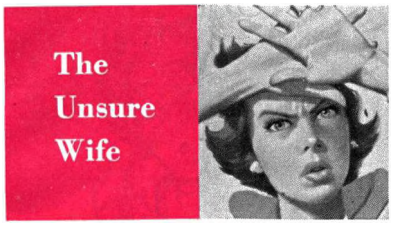


3 I filled up the bathtub. I let it run hot.
I took lots of soap and I scrubbed at that spot
From quarter past three until quarter to four
Till, finally, the spot wasn't there any more.
Now the towel was all right. It was perfectly white.
My troubles were over. But . . . oh-oh! Not quite!
For the spot that had moved from my shirt to the towel
Was now on the tub! I was sore as an owl!

4 What kind of a spot ***was*** this spot I had found?
The way the darned thing kept on jumping around!
Now the ***tub*** needed cleaning! I ran from the room.
I ran to the kitchen. I brought back the broom.
And I swept at that spot till I'd swept it away.
But everything seems to be crazy today!
For that spot from the tub, from the towel, from the shirt
Was now on the broom! This was mighty queer dirt!

7 Then the cat started running all over the place,
With me running after. And, boy! what a chase!
I chased him downstairs. Tumbled down the whole flight.
But, finally, I nabbed him. I grabbed him real tight.
Then I got an idea! I knew just what to do.
I'd put him outside! I'd get rid of the goo!
I laughed. And I put the cat out through the door.
That spot couldn't bother me, now, any more.

8 ***But OOW! Then I looked and I saw that the dirt***
Had rubbed off the cat. It was back on my shirt!
Right back where it started! I just couldn't win.
And then, at that moment, my mother walked in.
And, oh! the fast talking that ***I*** had to do!
I told her the terrible things I'd been through
With the towel, and the tub, and the broom, and the dress
And the cat, and the shirt, and she said, "Well, I guess
"You're lucky you didn't get terribly hurt.
But please, in the future, STAY OUT OF THE DIRT!"



(Continued from page 55)

it off-key was that there'd been a time when Tony would have let one of the draftsmen do part of the work. As for Mrs. Dunbar and her house plans—Jeanne would have bet her last dollar that Fay Dunbar had no intention of building a house. Young blonde divorcées of Dunbar's type just didn't fit into bungalows. This was the third set of plans Tony had worked on for her. She could well afford changing her mind that often and paying architect's fees in triplicate. What did she care if it took the architect out of his home on a Sunday afternoon?

Jeanne wanted to say, "Don't go, Tony. Stay home today with me." Instead, she straightened his tie and kept her voice as casual as his. "All right, darling. If you must. The folks were expecting us, but I can go over for a while alone . . . I guess . . ." Her voice trailed off as she smiled at him.

"You don't mind?" he asked, like a lovable kid who wanted Mamma's blessing before he went off to do something she didn't quite approve of.

She had the darnedest desire to say, "Yes, I do mind, but plenty!" She wished she dared to come right out and ask what in heck was happening to them. But she was afraid to. As long as you ignored something, you could make yourself believe it didn't exist.

She said, still smiling, "No, I don't mind, Tony."

"Okay, honey." He kissed her short brown hair, somewhere near her ear. "Mm. You smell good," he said, extravagant with compliments now. He moved quickly through the living room to the hall closet, and took out his hat and raincoat. "I'll get a cab at the corner so you can have a car, Jeanne."

"But I don't mind a cab. You take the car, Tony."

"I don't want it!" His voice was edgy. He picked up his briefcase as though it were his ticket to freedom. "Tell your folks I'm sorry I couldn't make it. . . ."

But you could, darling, she thought wistfully. You just don't want to. And it isn't because you don't like visiting Mother and Dad. You'd be just as anxious to get down to the office if we were planning to stay home . . . especially if we were just planning to stay home. You . . . you just act as though you can't wait to get away from me. Why, darling? Why?

If he didn't leave right now, she'd be clinging to him, asking questions that no tactful wife should ask.

He patted his pockets to be sure he had cigarettes. Jeanne walked to the desk and found a package. "Here," she said, bringing it to him.

"Isn't that the last pack in the house?"

"I guess so."

"You keep them, then. I'll pick some up on the way."

She followed him to the door and dropped the cigarettes into his coat pocket.

He jerked them out in sudden irritation. "Oh, for Lord's sake, Jeanne! Keep them!" He thrust them at her, and they fell to the floor.

Stunned by his outburst, they stared at each other until he said in a strained voice, "I'm sorry, Jeanne. I don't know what got into me." But he didn't take her in his arms. He merely picked up the cigarettes, stuck them in his pocket and said hurriedly, "Good-by." Then he was gone.

"It's the way people handle their mistakes that counts." These were words of compassion, not condemnation—words Bonny waited a long time to hear.

Turn to page 113 for

"FAREWELL TO INNOCENCE"

BY ANN HEAD

Jeanne stood very still. She heard his heels cross the porch, go down the four steps, then down the sidewalk.

Unsure? It was more than that now. She was frightened. She couldn't ignore things any longer. Tony had never acted like that before . . . yelling at her, as though he couldn't help himself. He'd lost his temper before, of course—as her father did occasionally, as any man did—but never at *her*. She hadn't said or done anything to justify such an outburst. Was he so dissatisfied and unhappy that her very presence could irritate him? How many scenes like this did you go through before your marriage began to crumple . . . die?

Her king. Not any more. Where had she failed?

A new fear mushroomed inside her, and she shivered. There were so many women around, willing to make a man feel big and important. The girls who worked in the office . . . or those he met while keeping business appointments in restaurants, bars, clubs. Or clients. Like . . . Fay Dunbar. *No.* Tony wasn't like that. He wouldn't . . .

But . . . was any wife *sure?*

How did you fight women like Fay Dunbar? They were better-armed enemies who stood in the dark at every corner, ready to pounce. She couldn't fight them. The only weapons she had were her love for Tony and a marriage certificate; and what did a marriage certificate mean these days? She wasn't armed with beauty, or wit, or cleverness. She was small, quiet, with a triangular face and blue eyes that always looked surprised. That's the way Tony used to describe her, with fondness in his voice. "My surprised funny-face," he called her. Other people called her sweet, generous, but never beautiful.

All those attractive women he met every day. . . . Like a parade, with Fay Dunbar leading them, their unknown faces filed past in Jeanne's mind, and she thought, I've done everything I can to make you happy, Tony. If you aren't satisfied, I don't know what else to do. I just don't know. . . .

Listlessly, she walked to the kitchen and stared at the unwashed dishes. On Tony's plate were the bare drumsticks; on her plate lay the bones from the wings and back. Foolish girl. You'll have to do better than that. And soon. You can't save a marriage with a few choice pieces of chicken . . . or a snug black dress . . . or perfume . . . or . . .

What, then? What was there to do that she hadn't already done?

From habit, she reached for her apron. You were supposed to wash dishes, no matter what was happening inside you. But she couldn't. Not now. She didn't even want to look at these blue flowered dishes that she and Tony had picked out together. He had wanted the blue ones, though she preferred plain white.

And those wooden cupboards—he had designed them when he planned the house. She'd followed his taste willingly, for he knew much more about houses than she did. Now, she felt warm tears of frustration in her eyes. There wasn't a thing wrong with wooden cupboards, unless you had a hidden whimsical desire for metal ones.

So I stand here crying about cupboards, she thought. At a time like this.

She roamed through the dinette, into the living room, glancing around as though searching for something she'd lost. Everything seemed to be Tony's, not hers. "This is your home, darling," she'd told him when they furnished it, "and you're going to have what you want in it." She'd vowed she was not going to be one of those wives who filled the bedroom with pink ruffles and expected a man to like it, or cluttered the living room with fragile chairs and tiny ashtrays. So Tony had the sturdy coffee table he wanted, the dark green rug, the big brown chair.

That brown chair. How dull it looked in here. This room needed a splash of red or yellow. She had run

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into a slip-cover sale downtown a couple of weeks ago and, on impulse, had bought a cherry-red cover for the chair; but she'd given it to her mother without even showing it to Tony. If he liked brown, so did she.

The woolen dress itched her throat. The saucy French look? For a man who wasn't here? She ran to the bedroom, changed into comfortable slacks and a soft chambray blouse. Now what? Go over and visit the folks . . . alone.

From the hall closet she took out her hat and coat, as Tony had done. He went one way, she thought. And I'm going another. There was something frighteningly symbolic about that.

Outside, the rain fell slowly, steadily, and the air was cold. As the car moved forward on the elm-lined street, her thoughts moved backward, searching for a reason for the change in Tony.

She remembered the crisp fall afternoon two years ago when they'd driven to the airport, with rice still clinging to their clothes. Silver wings had taken them to Biloxi, Mississippi, a lovely, lazy sunny place on the Gulf of Mexico. Tony had asked her where she'd like to go for a honeymoon, and she'd said, "You choose, darling! I'll love any place where we're together."

He'd kissed her in that strong but tender way he had, and said, "Sounds as though you're going to be easy to satisfy, honey, because we're going to be together a good long time!"

It was one of the many sweet tributes he gave her, and she'd never forgotten it.

She loved Tony so much it hurt sometimes; and if there was a bit of gratitude mixed up in her love, that was natural. An only child, she'd always been a quiet, shy girl whom people didn't notice. Her father was a building contractor, and she used to love going with him to inspect new housing projects. That's where she'd met Tony, in a model home that he had planned. For some reason, he noticed her. She asked him later why he had, and he'd said, "Oh, maybe it was the way you treated your dad. You held a match to his pipe and . . . well, you looked so darned earnest and sweet, as though you loved taking care of a man." She had admitted that she'd probably learned it from her mother, who spent her life taking care of Dad, though Dad was a grumpy kind of man who didn't half appreciate it.

It took a lot of effort for Jeanne to live up to the picture Tony had of her; but if that was the thing which had made him love her in the first place, it was worth *any* effort.

He thought a lot of the folks, and they loved him, too; but lately, there'd been a strained feeling between them all. And why not? Mother and Dad knew Jeanne spent more evenings alone than she should. True, Tony had to keep some appointments at night, but it happened too often. And now . . . Sundays. Last time, Dad had asked, "Does he *have* to work on Sundays, Jeanne?"

"Yes, Dad," she'd answered, trying to protect Tony and herself, too. "No one gets ahead these days unless he goes after things. Tony's ambitious."

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But not that ambitious! Lots of men gave all their time and energy to their work; but in the private lives of those men you usually found dissatisfaction of some kind. No man was born for work alone. Tony used to like puttering around the house, taking it easy once in a while. The change in him had been so gradual, it was hard to figure out when it had actually started.

They'd known each other only four months before being married, so they had the thrill of learning new things about each other every day. Had he learned all he wanted to about her . . . and been disappointed?

Every tiny thing she'd discovered about him made her love him more. She'd laughed when she found out he couldn't abide mystery programs on the radio, and she had never turned one on after that. She'd cried a little when he told her about the time he'd missed seeing the circus because his mother decided to go to a party instead.

"How could she?" Jeanne had asked, "How *could* she?"

Tony had smiled, his dark eyes full of remembering. And there'd been a reluctant admiration in his voice. "Oh, Mother could do it, all right. She was beautiful, spoiled . . . and Dad and I let her get away with anything."

Beautiful. Spoiled. Those words fit Fay Dunbar, who would never build a house, but kept Tony drawing up one set of plans after another. Jeanne had met her in the office one day when she'd gone down to pick up Tony, and once Mr. Crofton had taken the three of them out for a cocktail. Fay Dunbar was one of those smart *assured* women who knew exactly what she wanted and how to go after it. If she happened to want Tony . . .

Jeanne frowned, annoyed with herself. In a strange way, she felt guilty. And that didn't make sense. Just because she let a fleeting doubt of Tony cross her mind! Of course he was too fine, too . . . *honest.*

What would she do if Tony ever came to her and said he wanted . . . someone else? Die a million deaths, probably, and say meekly, "All right, Tony. If that's what you want." A woman like Fay, in the same situation, would no doubt tell her man, "The hell you say! You're mine!" Jeanne, unhappy as she was, couldn't help smiling

as she tried to picture herself saying a thing like that.

The rain was heavier now. She turned the car onto Trent Street, where she'd lived all her life until marrying Tony. The houses were old and substantial here, built for marriages that lasted a lifetime . . . until natural causes ended them.

After parking the car, she went up the familiar walk, and the door opened before she reached the porch. Her mother, small and rosy and warm, took her wet things, saying, "What a horrible day! Where's Tony? Busy again?"

Jeanne answered vaguely, kissed her, then walked to the fireplace, where her father was sitting with his pipe, reading the Sunday papers. "Hello, Dad."

He looked at her over his glasses while she warmed her hands in front of the fire. "Alone again?" he asked.

She nodded, and suddenly her loneliness for Tony brought tears to her eyes. She went to the couch and sat down, unable to speak. Mother sat beside her, said sympathetically, "Tony shouldn't . . . neglect you like this, dear. I can't understand it. You're so good to him, Jeanne!"

Dad leaned toward the fireplace and knocked his pipe against the bricks, making a little shower of ashes. "Maybe you're too good to him," he said slowly.

"Too good!" Jeanne cried indignantly. "How can you be too good to anybody? I love him. I'd do anything for him. Is that wrong, when you love someone?"

"No . . ." Dad sighed, "I guess not. Forget it." He reached to the mantel for his humidor.

Mother said apologetically, "Oh, it's empty, Sam. I forgot to get your tobacco yesterday while I was shopping. I'm sorry."

"Doesn't matter," he muttered, stuffing the pipe in his pocket.

Mother stood up, said she'd make some coffee, and went to the kitchen. Jeanne sat still, feeling uncomfortable in the silence. Dad didn't say a word.

The back door slammed, and Jeanne hoped it wouldn't be any of the neighbors who'd seen her car and wanted to come over to visit. The minutes dragged. No one came.

Then, hurried footsteps sounded on the front porch, the door flew open, and Mother came in, dripping and windblown. "I locked myself out the back door!" she exclaimed, shedding her wet coat and scarf. "My, it's wet out. Here, Sam—here's your tobacco."

He stared at her. "Where'd it come from?"

"The drugstore. I ran down . . . I didn't mind."

His face turned red. He lifted the pile of papers from his lap and slammed them to the floor. "Martha!" he exploded. "If I'd wanted tobacco, I'd have gone after it! Why can't you—" He didn't finish. He stood up and walked out of the room, the way Jeanne had seen him do many, many times. He always went somewhere else until his temper cooled.

This time, Jeanne felt her own tem-

per rising. How ungrateful of him! How rude and childish! Mother had run out in the rain to do something for him, and that's the thanks she got. If he felt ashamed because he hadn't gone out himself for his own darned tobacco, why take it out on Mother? You do a kind thing like that for a man . . . you do a million kind things for your man . . . and how does he thank you? Jeanne was suddenly sick to death of the unfairness of it all, and she didn't know who irritated her most—the selfish, ungrateful men, or the foolish women, including herself, who made slaves of themselves.

Poor Mother. Putting up with Dad's temper all these years. She was pouring the tobacco into his humidor now, as though nothing had happened. When she finished, she tossed the cardboard box into the fire and smiled at Jeanne. "Your father's just in one of his grumpy moods. We'll have our coffee, shall we? He'll be back in a minute."

Yes, Dad would be back. Because he couldn't get along without Mother, he would always come back. Tony was . . . different. Some day, Tony might not come back. But before that day came, Jeanne wanted to grasp once more at a thing which she'd lost, somewhere, since getting married: Her self-respect. Her *right* to be a person, to have desires and ideas separate from her husband's.

And she knew, ridiculous as the gesture might be, exactly what she was going to do. It would be, somehow, a gesture for all women, including her mother, who submerged themselves in their men.

"Never mind the coffee, Mother." Jeanne stood up. "Where's that red slip-cover I gave you a couple of weeks ago? You've never used it. Could . . . could I have it back, Mother?"

"Why, of course, dear. It was too big . . . you want it *now?*"

"Please."

She talked down her mother's objections about leaving right away. Calling good-by to Dad, she grabbed her coat and hat and the package with the slip-cover in it, and ran out of the house.

At home, she ripped the paper from the package. The red slip-cover tumbled out. Clumsily, she held the bulky bundle of material in her arms and tried to figure out how to put it on the chair. The piece for the cushion was easy. She zipped it on first, set the cushion on the floor. Beautiful color! Now . . . the chair part. Which was the top? She held it up, and it looked like a giant, limp toy animal whose stuffing had fallen out Those funny angles must be for the arms. She held it high over the chair, let it down slowly and tugged at both sides, trying to make it slip down. *Slip*-cover? Whoever had named these things must have had a queer sense of humor.

Breathing hard, and perspiring, she pulled, she tugged, she broke a fingernail. The chair sat there stubbornly, refusing to give in. The cover had moved all of three inches down one side when she heard someone on the porch. Tony? So early?

Behind her, his voice said at the door, "Hi, Jeanne. I called your mother . . . she said you'd left."

Jeanne turned slowly and could have bawled, or laughed out loud, she didn't know which, because in her own eyes she looked so darned ridiculous. Here she was, sprawled over the chair, her self-respect half on, half off.

"What's doing?" Tony asked curiously. "What's that red thing?"

"My self-re . . . I mean, a slip-cover. But it . . . doesn't fit. I can't get it on!" She gave up and crumpled in the chair. To heck with it. It was a silly notion, anyway.

Tony dropped his hat and coat on the couch as he walked toward her. He took her hands, drew her to her feet. "Let me help you."

"But it won't go on!"

"Let's see."

Silently, she took one side while he worked on the other. It was quite a struggle, but finally the cover was on, the last wrinkle smoothed out, the cushion back in place. And the whole room had changed.

"Hm," Tony remarked, studying the chair. "Looks sort of good."

"You . . . you like it?"

"Sure." He put his hand on her shoulder, said, "Sit down. Try it."

Any other time she would have said, "You try it, darling. It's your chair." She took a good long look at that chair. Self-respect. She didn't quite know why, but her reason for wanting it was different now. Somehow, it was all tied up with Tony's respect for her. The two things were *one*. It would take quite a while for her to make it fit on herself, but . . . maybe . . . with Tony's help . . .

Slowly, she sank into the chair . . . like a queen. Why, yes! I can still treat him like a king, she thought; but while I'm doing it, I don't need to be his slave. I'll be his queen.

She put her feet on the hassock, leaned back in the chair and asked casually, "How are the Dunbar house plans coming, Tony?"

"Oh, I guess it's off. She's going to take a cruise instead."

Jeanne almost purred, thinking, I *knew* Fay Dunbar wouldn't get anywhere with him. Why was I ever . . . unsure?

"Tony . . ." she said, with her usual sweetness, but with something—a new strength—added, "I'd like a cigarette."

After the faintest hesitation, he said. "Why, sure . . . funny-face." He gave her the cigarette, then struck a match. He leaned toward her, and while the little flame burned bright between their faces, the queen held back a giggle. He looked just as though he were bowing.

. . . THE END

(Continued from page 42)

triumph for which she yearned. The football captain informed her one day, "We want you for Grid Queen, because you really look like one." Before Jeanne was graduated at fifteen with a straight-A record, her future was plainly an open contest between beauty and brains. It seemed certain that Jeanne would wind up either a Ph.D. or "Miss America."

As a matter of fact, she missed a chance at the latter distinction by only a few votes. Pushed up on the stage by her Inglewood High rooters at the Long Beach Auditorium one night in 1941, Jeanne stepped down with the title "Miss Long Beach." Later, at the Los Angeles Memorial Colosseum she lost the "Miss California" contest to Rosemary LaPlanche, who went on to become "Miss America."

Anywhere around beauty-conscious Southern California such notice could not possibly go unrewarded. Crowned next "Camera Queen of America," Jeanne postponed plans for college to pose for commercial photographers Paul Hesse and Tom Kelly, and for William Mortensen, an artistic recorder of feminine charms, who shot over 5,000 negatives of Jeanne around Laguna Beach. Mortenson calls her "the most beautiful face and figure I've ever photographed."

The late Ivan Kahn, a Hollywood talent scout who discovered, among other stars, Olivia De Havilland, Joan Fontaine, Linda Darnell and June Haver, spotted Jeanne in the audience of Max Reinhardt's experimental theater one Saturday night in 1942, and the next Monday ushered her into the office of Lew Schreiber, a Twentieth Century-Fox executive, after telling Jeanne's mother confidently, "In six months your daughter will be the best-known young actress in Hollywood." Kahn missed his prediction by another six months. It took a year.

Half of that time, Schreiber, a shrewd man of twenty-five years' show-business experience, remembers flirting with a breakdown of indecision. Left in charge of talent while Darryl Zanuck was away in the Army, he couldn't make up his mind whether or not to sign Jeanne Crain to a stock contract at $100 a week.

"This girl got my goat," he recalls nervously. "When she came into my office I'd never seen a more gorgeous face. I ordered a test, but when I saw it I was shocked—on film she wasn't the same girl at all! I called her in again and ordered another—same thing. Finally she brought me over some 16-millimeter color film shot on a roof somewhere—and there she was. We signed her right away. But I almost went crazy first."

The mystery is clear by now, but also ironic. Jeanne's tests were too grown up and glamorous. In the amateur film that turned the trick, she wore no make-up and her hair fell free. What came through convinced Schreiber he hadn't been seeing double.

Darryl Zanuck, however, is credited with launching Jeanne Crain's adolescent movie career. Home on leave to look over the new talent, he summoned Jeanne to his office. She got the call at home

after a beach outing. With no time to dress, Jeanne slipped on slacks and hurried over, sunburn, sand, wet hair and all. Zanuck is said to have blurted, "Why, you're just a kid!" But he knew what to do. He slapped Jeanne right away into the rustic "Home in Indiana" wearing pigtails and jeans.

Henry Hathaway, who directed the film, remembers the artless seventeen-year-old girl who reported for work, still fogged by her conception of how a movie actress should look. "She was plastered with lipstick, her hair was set, and I spotted a cap on a front tooth," he says. "I took out my handkerchief and wiped off the make-up, combed out and braided her hair, yanked off the cap. Then I said, 'Look—you're just a kid—and this is just a kid you're playing. Be yourself.'"

The formula worked, and halfway through the film, shot in Kentucky, Hathaway wired his boss: "Better raise this girl's salary—she's going to be a star!" He was right. When "Home in Indiana" was shown, Jeanne Crain inspired one critic to rhapsodize, "She is the freshest, sweetest, loveliest creature to grace the screen since Janet Gaynor made 'Seventh Heaven'!" The picture grossed $3,000,000, and Jeanne got her raise—to $250 a week. She makes over $2,500 today.

But while her salary kept soaring astronomically, Jeanne Crain's private existence stuck right with her roles, in sweet, naïve girlhood, until the late afternoon of December 28, 1945. Then, playing the last scene of a typical Jeanne Crain job opposite Cornel Wilde in "Centennial Summer," she ran into trouble.

"I couldn't figure it out," recalls Otto Preminger, who directed the picture. "Usually Jeanne was a one-take girl, and this was a simple scene. Wilde was asking her to go somewhere with him, and her line was: 'I'm sorry—I can't. I've got something very important to do!' Somehow, she just couldn't say it."

The reason for her fluffs, soon revealed, was that Jeanne had indeed something very important to do. She was on the point of taking off on an adult life of her own. When she left the studio that day, she climbed into the car of a tall, dark-haired man with an amazing resemblance to Errol Flynn. He raced her off downtown to the Los Angeles Hall of Records. His name was Paul Brinkman.

The morning papers listed the marriage permit, but by then Jeanne had disappeared. She stayed out of sight for three days, the waiting period prescribed by a precautionary California "gin-marriage" law then in effect. Then, at seven-o'clock Mass in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood on the last morning of 1945, with her family conspicuously absent, Jeanne became a married woman.

The event would have been just another Hollywood elopement except for the sharply-contrasting reputations of the bride and groom. While Jeanne Crain was regarded as a placid, tractable *Elsie Dinsmore*, Brinkman qualified for that loosely-bestowed title of Hollywood wolf. A former San Franciscan, turned

Hollywood man about town, Paul Brinkman's dashing good looks prompted him to dabble in a few movie bits before turning to the manufacture of radios. Seven years older than Jeanne, he had chased her car through traffic down Sunset Boulevard to copy her license number, later caught up with her at the Farmer's Market, and boldly conjured up a former meeting. They carried on a secret romance for two years, which Jeanne later explained simply by: "The one you really like is the one you don't talk about." Paul Brinkman's reason is equally brief. "She was," he says, "the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen."

A publicity man at Fox who sweated out the romantic ordeal viewed it in a less rosy light. "There was hell to pay around here," he says.

Now, it is always unsettling to both mothers and Hollywood studios when their young beauties elope, especially with dark, handsome and older strangers. Jeanne's mother reserved her blessing on general parental principles. But at Jeanne's studio there was more pertinent cause for alarm. On the eve of her startling elopement she had been cast for the fifteen-year-old title role of "Margie," a nostalgic film of adolescent torment. Lochinvar, it was feared, had ruined her for that.

But the front-office aspirins soon dropped back into desk drawers. After a brief honeymoon in bleak Death Valley —of all places—Jeanne returned, a radiant bride, and traveled with her new husband along to Reno, Nevada, to make "Margie," as advertised. There, while she finished off her honeymoon, the new Mrs. Brinkman slipped into bloomers and old-fashioned frocks before the cameras to bring poignantly to life a wistful girl with no beaux who attends her first dance with Father.

"It did seem awfully strange, with my new married state and all," Jeanne reflects. But it made no difference whatsoever in her performance.

"She looked and acted so young," Henry King, her director, recalls, "that we had to dismiss the University of Nevada coeds we'd hired to surround her, and substitute Reno High School girls." "Margie" made two million dollars.

But Jeanne Crain had already made a start on something far more valuable to herself and to her screen future, too. By plunging boldly into marriage, she began emotional preparation for the inevitable day when the little Hollywood ingenue must be told good-by. With a man in her life, Jeanne blossomed quickly, even sensationally.

The Brinkmans set up housekeeping in a three-room Santa Monica apartment, where Jeanne's maternal stirrings prompted her to bring home a lioness cub from a circus bazaar, "because it looked so lonely." Shah-Shah, as she christened it, quickly brought an eviction notice and a threatened suit for damages from the landlord. Later, at their new home, the cat prowled happily around terrorizing neighbors, who called the police. Shah-Shah was carried off to a zoo.

Disturbing rumors also trickled in that Jeanne had been seen shooting guns, taking off in planes and on skis. But studio visions of disaster to their fragile star were climaxed by a report that she had almost drowned in the Pacific. Actually what happened was that Brinkman had his bride in deep water with his arm around her when he spied a flock of geese flying overhead. "Look!" he yelled, disengaging to point skyward. He got no response; Jeanne had sunk out of sight. It was the first he knew that she couldn't swim.

About the same time, Jeanne started showing up in daring decolletage at night clubs and fashionable parties around town, and once arrived at a screen-colony costume ball as a harem slave clad in transparent trousers, jeweled brassiere and bare midriff. Jeanne explains her sudden abandon now by: "I guess that's what happens when an introvert turns extrovert."

Most Hollywood observers, however, ascribed Jeanne's change to the influence of her gregarious, athletic mate. But the same observers now concede that Paul Brinkman has settled down to make Jeanne a devoted, industrious husband. Hollywood's most aggressive gossips have ceased hunting for incompatibility clues and agree that the Brinkmans are among Hollywood's happiest pairs.

As for Jeanne's prolonged screen immaturity, her husband, who calls her "Doll," enthusiastically approved. Several times he has vetoed cutting her long hair. "I like Jeanne looking just the way I first saw her," he explains sentimentally. "Besides, it's flattering to any man when people say, 'Your wife looks like such a girl!'"

The Brinkmans live today in one of the most dramatically situated houses in Hollywood—a low, glass-fronted redwood snugged into a seven-acre mountain cove with a framed view of Los Angeles spread out below. The *décor* and furnishings are ultramodern, the colors vivid, and tropical vines climb inside. In front is a curving pool, and in back a waterfall.

In this sophisticated setting Jeanne has centered all her adult interests, except for periodic excursions to Mexico City, Palm Springs or New York at the end of every adolescent role—"a kind of purge," she explains, "to get the fudge out of my system."

At home, the once-shy girl has learned to be an accomplished hostess with a flair for unique entertaining. Her guests include musicians, writers, architects, businessmen and professors as well as actors. She has revived a girlhood talent for painting, studies the piano and ballet, participates actively in a sewing class and charity work at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and is still what her husband calls "a walking bookcase." She is a modern mother, too, and her three sons, Paul, Jr., Michael and Timothy, are all thriving, well-adjusted specimens. All have had nursemaids, necessarily, but have slept in her bedroom throughout babyhood. "Lucky me," she smiles, "with all the men around."

Jeanne has been pregnant making three pictures, and started as many only weeks after motherhood. She read the script of "Pinky" in the maternity ward, three weeks later started the picture. On this occasion, a Hollywood columnist wrote: "Jeanne Crain, the good little girl of Fox, as a reward for being her studio's sweetest baby doll has been given the prize part of 'Pinky.'" The phrasing was slightly off key, since "Pinky" was the first hint of Jeanne's delivery from those baby dolls, also the first time she summoned emotions from her adult experience to put over a performance.

The climax of that film was a long scene where the light-skinned Negress *Pinky* breaks off her antisocial alliance with a white doctor. It called for Jeanne to break into tears a few feet from the camera.

Crying is difficult enough for actresses, but crying at a given signal is almost impossible. Jeanne told Elia Kazan she couldn't imagine how she could do it.

Emotional Security in adults results from disciplines kindly administered but well learned in childhood years. Erikson, in his recent book "Childhood and Society," makes this statement: "From a sense of self-control without loss of self-esteem comes a lasting sense of autonomy and pride."

In other words, there are certain necessary disciplines which build emotional security and teach self-control. To neglect these in the formative years of childhood is to fail to prepare a child to live in an adult world and to contribute fully to his family, society and country.

Often the objective discipline, the give-and-take of boarding-school life, will contribute much to emotional and social growth, as well as to successfully prepare for college.

For the child who is different, who deviates from the normal, there are "Special Schools" offering individual attention in a more controlled atmosphere. The School Directory in this issue lists these under a "Special Schools" heading.

The staff of REDBOOK'S Department of Education are experienced in helping parents locate a suitable school, camp or college. They will gladly confer with you or answer your letter promptly and confidentially. Address:

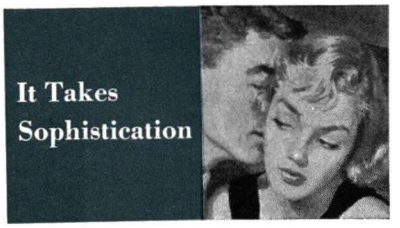
Ethel F. Bebb, Director
Department of Education
Redbook Magazine
230 Park Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

The director replied she would have to think of something in her own life which could hit her that hard. "When you look at Bill Lundigan," he suggested, "just think, 'This is the end of my hope of ever having a son!'" For a mother who had just had one of her own, it was strong medicine. The part won Jeanne an Academy nomination and praise from Ethel Barrymore as "the most vibrant young actress I've played with in Hollywood."

Since "Pinky," the arrival of Jeanne's screen maturity has been only a question of time. As Darryl Zanuck told her when he saw the results in "People Will Talk," "This is like a commencement. It marks the beginning of a whole new career for you." And he backed up that statement by handing her another adult assignment in a forthcoming film, "The Marriage Broker."

So at last Jeanne Crain's two conflicting lives mesh into one, and her success in that life, both on and off the screen, seems even more assured now that the emotional crosscurrents of two opposite ages flow together at last. To her new Hollywood maturity Jeanne can bring a woman drawn from the present experiences of her daily life, instead of a girl from the fading vistas of her outgrown past.

But Jeanne Crain's sentimental pangs for her departed girlish glory were real, and they were understandable. It is always sad to bid girlhood good-by—even if it is only a make-believe girlhood. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 44)

decided to say nothing. It was hopeless. They just *didn't* understand.

"Better hurry, dear. It's just about time for him." Mrs. Price looked into Pat's face and hesitated a moment. Then, apparently deciding not to add anything, she hurried away.

Mascara, thought Pat, pursing her lips grimly. She saw the mascara. Nothing but the merest touch, but she doesn't like it, of course. They were so hopelessly dated in their ideas. You just had to give up expecting them to see the changes in things since they were young. "And only brown, too, not black," she muttered, jerking about irritably and putting on her rhinestone earrings. "Gosh!"

As she stared with hard appraisal at the finished product, both at close and distant range, an inspiration lighted her face. She dug about in a bureau drawer and brought forth a wide velvet belt. It fitted firmly about her minute waist, hugging the blouse to her own lines.

Her eyes glinted with approval, and she smiled at herself, faintly, with just a suggestion of restrained meaning . . . that look that Steve couldn't seem to resist. Okay, she thought. That did it.

As the bell rang, she put an unhurried touch to her short, soft curls and perfume in just the right places for appreciation. Then, satisfied that her appearance was all it possibly could be, she snapped off the dressing-table lights and stood for a moment in contemplation.

Sometimes, she thought, looking around the little room that had been hers ever since she was born, she felt that she lived in two separate worlds—one in which she was "the Price youngster," the "good, wholesome kid" of eighteen who had a cute line and lots of pep but not a thought in her head that couldn't have been examined by her parents and their friends any time of the day or night—and another, where all the real things of life existed, in secret.

Downstairs the voices of her parents mingled with Steve's just as if the two worlds were only a dream: her parents' trusting, encouraging, gay; Steve's, oh-so-innocent. Naturally, the tones seemed to say, only the very noblest of thoughts would occur with regard to such a sweet, clean-living girl as Patricia. Naturally, because we have brought her up so right. Naturally, because I am such a decent young man. . . .

Pat frowned and shrugged. There was something you couldn't tell them, your parents. Young men did not propose—marriage, that is—as often as one was led by parents to expect. They proposed other things—and the trick was to

get by, somehow, walking this secret tightrope between losing one's man and losing one's reputation. It took a lot of —of—sophistication.

Take Steve, for instance. It took everything she had to hold him and yet resist him—it was an art that a parent knew nothing about. And right now, art was not quite succeeding. Something told her that tonight's date was going to decide a great deal. Either she'd yield (which was of course, much, much more tempting than any parent understood—where did they think their children had got such special strength?), or she'd lose him. It was not as parents taught one at all. This "sex business" was not secondary—it was the only thing people were really, truly interested in! Perhaps you didn't call it by its name—but what was all the eying and sighing and sly laughing and whispering and expectation? And what did parents *really* expect one to do? As if boys and girls were all the same, as if dancing did nothing at all to one's senses, as if a kiss were merely another form of Aunt Minnie's peck!

Pat sighed deeply, somewhat sadly. Oh, how wrong and out of step with reality their notions were! They confused one so! They put a nasty little tug of guilt into everything one couldn't help but want. . . .

Well—she would see. Perhaps it was best to class them as naïve, and do a good job of fooling them indefinitely.

"Yes," Steve Edgeworth said. "Yes, of course, Mrs. Price!" And that nice, easy, reassuring laugh as they backed together away from the smiling parents to the door. "She's in good hands."

Pat threw them an impatient kiss. They believed him—why not? Wasn't he a neighborhood boy, "decent family," all that? Wasn't he a good worker, steady—and such a clean-cut type, with his clear brown eyes, good chin, nice mouth, big, sturdy shoulders! He would have a "future," would young Steve Edgeworth; you could see that already at twenty.

They all fitted everything very nicely, all of them, even her gray-headed Dad and quite chic-looking Ma—everything but the truth.

The truth lurked the minute they'd driven out of sight of the house.

"You weren't serious about going to Sue's, were you?" smiled Steve.

"Of course not," said Pat, with a sidewise glance. She thought, a bit regretfully, that he did have such a nice smile. . . .

He was so compelling in the movies! Going to the movies with a young man was just so different, she was sure, than anything that parents ever imagined it was. What did they think—that holding hands was no more than one paw touching another, that no sparks could fly from close-woven fingers, that palms could not talk to each other of oh-so-many things? And if it only stopped there . . . !

What a good thing one did not light up like phosphorus from one's emotions! It was all she could do to hold in check the effect of her turmoil. Everything Steve's arms and cheek insisted was a question she wanted to answer, both from within herself, and from fear. . . . She knew at least three girls who would be only too delighted if Steve lost interest in her!

But there was still a chance. Steve was attracted, terribly attracted. If only she could be clever. If only she could think of just the right things to say, to do. . . .

Dancing at the inn afterward, sipping beer, she began to lose the last little bits of hope.

"You're terrific," he told her, as she did her best not to resist his ardor, "really terrific! You've got everything!"

Her facial control was marvelous, even if she said it herself. He could not have guessed that the thrill of his closeness was terrifying her.

It was her parents' fault. If they had not filled her head with such a bunch of unreal nonsense, she could just have gone ahead and done what so many girls she knew did—in secret, of course, without all this silliness. What she and Steve felt for each other was what life really was, what life was really made up of.

"Let's go back," whispered Steve, kissing her ear gently.

She knew where he meant. Al Grobin was away. They could go to his room. There was a back entrance to the rooming house, and no one would know. They had gone there once just to kiss, but she knew it could not be like that again.

The moment had come. She knew

what would happen if she drew away. It had happened quite a few times now since high school—the boys did not come back. Oh, some did—but they weren't the ones one cared about, anyway. No—this was it!

She took a deep breath, nodded. She must just push her parents' sentimental picture out of her mind, where it belonged, and be a realist.

"You love me, Steve?" she asked, looking her prettiest.

"I do, I do!" said Steve, almost hugging the breath from her.

She smiled wistfully. She could not quite believe it.

The entrance to Al's rooming house was dimly-lit, and there was no one around. It was a clean place—there was nothing against it, thought Pat, but her legs began to tremble as she and Steve went quietly upstairs.

To hide her shaking, she asked Steve for a cigarette, and smiled confidently behind its smoke, while he unlocked Al's door.

As he pushed it open, snapping on the light, and she saw the neat room furnished in maple, with stiff, clean curtains and friendly photographs around the walls, she felt a flash of regret that they could not use it just to be alone, to sit around comfortably together and play the phonograph.

He smiled down at her, and drew her close for a moment. She closed her eyes tightly when he kissed her, and her body felt as rigid as wood. Whatever response she had had any other time with him, seemed to have vanished.

"I love you," he whispered, his voice quite unfamiliar, with an almost harsh sound to it. There was something shaken and urgent about his face, when she opened her eyes.

As though she were waking up from a dream that had suddenly become a vivid, detailed reality, she jerked away from him, and with a little sound that was half apology, half despair, she began to run—to run as if her life were dependent upon her escape.

"No—no—" she moaned as she heard Steve coming after her. "No, Steve, no. . . ."

But he overtook her. "Pat! Pat, darling, what is it? What's wrong?" All the ardor in his face had given way to question, to bewilderment. He pushed her back gently to the wall and held her there.

She tried to pull away, but though his grip was gentle, it was firm.

"Don't just run away, honey," he said softly. "You don't have to run away from me—don't you know that?"

She avoided his eyes. Why was he bothering so hard with her? He could be so nice. . . .

"Come back, darling. Let me talk to you—please!" He drew her face around and tried to make her look at him.

Pat jerked her chin out of his hand, and lifted it. "There's nothing to talk about, Steve." She tried to keep her voice low, but it rose, and she looked down the stairs fearfully. "I'm just not the kind of girl you want, that's all," she whispered. "I'm sorry." She tried once more to pull away.

"Nobody's one year old, dear—Daddy is just punishing the electric company for sending us a big bill."

Steve shook his head at her. Then he nodded toward the room. "Come on, Pat—listen to me a minute, will you?"

She cast her glance down the halls. It would be terrible to make a scene. Besides, she couldn't believe Steve would actually use force. . . . "Well," she said coldly, "just for a minute."

She would not take off her jacket, and sat primly beside him on the couch.

Steve took her tense hands forcibly in his. His eyes had a wonderfully soft look. "Look, Pat," he said gently. "I guess I've been all mixed up on things. If I'd have known you had so much against this"—he indicated the room with an embarrassed glance—"it's the last thing in the world I'd have suggested to you . . ."

Pat's blue eyes opened wonderingly on his face.

"It was just plain clumsiness, I suppose, darling—just not knowing. You see, honey,"—he looked away from her a moment, and frowned—"it's hard to know what to do. What I mean—"

"Yes . . . ?" Pat felt that there was need to help him.

"Well—" He looked at her directly again. "The thing is that so many girls are different from what my folks taught me was right, that I'd just about decided my folks'd got left way behind somewhere. I just thought this was the only way to hold you, honey. That you'd think I was a drip . . ."

"Gosh!" breathed Pat. "Gosh, it was all my fault, Steve. The way I kissed you and everything. . . . I thought I'd lose you if I didn't. I was just trying to be, you know—sophisticated. . . ."

"Darling!" He looked at her in silent reverence a minute. "I was bitter there for a minute, too. I thought you'd hear it in my voice."

Pat remembered how harsh he had sounded. "You *were* hating me, weren't you?" she asked, her eyes full of dismay.

"No—just kind of disappointed. But now . . ."

They looked deeply, questioningly into each other's eyes.

"**Pat . . .**" began Steve.

"Yes?"

"Is there any chance you could forget this . . . and maybe, some day . . . if you love me . . ."

"Yes . . ." Pat's heart was beating in an extraordinary way, almost too fast to breathe.

Steve's voice was low, apprehensive. "Marry me . . . ?" he finished.

"Oh, Steve, Steve, Steve!"

Perhaps, thought Pat, from deep within Steve's great hug, the reality of things was not so important. Perhaps parents really did know all about it, but could not admit how helpless it made them feel. After all, no rule could apply to everyone, anyway. Perhaps the most important thing was what parents hoped for. One had to confess that nothing else was as wonderful! ... THE END

An income is something impossible to live without or within. —SHANNON FIFE

That Extra-Special Day in Your Child's Life

(Continued from page 43)

adjurations to be sure to behave, to "learn a lot," and to remember "You're a big boy now." Then, with mingled pangs at losing her baby and thrills over his new independence, she left him among strangers.

Unhappily, however, Bobby didn't get on very well. He needed an undue amount of waiting upon by his teacher. He felt lost in the strange big building, so different from home. He cried in class because he "wasn't learning anything" and was afraid his parents would be disappointed. He had to be pried out of bed each morning. He didn't like school—and this worried his parents, who knew that first experiences often influence the whole later attitude toward learning.

What could have happened, they unhappily asked each other, when they had tried so hard to start him off right?

The answer is that they had tried all right, but their efforts had been misdirected. For one thing, according to experts at the U. S. Office of Education and U. S. Children's Bureau, it's a mistake for parents to try to anticipate schoolteaching. Nowadays it's not expected or even considered desirable that a youngster just ready for school should know his ABCs, and certainly not reading, for which very few children are ready early in first grade. If a child can count to ten—because most of his contemporaries will be able to do that—and perhaps print his name, that's about all the specific academic achievements he need have. Furthermore, not only is it unnecessary for parents to beat teachers to their jobs, but also, doing so may be harmful. In effect, it is putting on intellectual pressure and thereby adding one more burden to a child already going to be burdened by taking in many new experiences.

This doesn't mean, of course, that you should keep your child in a mental vacuum until he steps inside a schoolhouse. Every time that you read aloud to him, answer his questions, help him to increase his vocabulary, or explain such things as seeds, the stars, or the frost on the window, you increase his knowledge and interests and therefore his readiness for more formal learning.

But even more disastrous than their efforts to push Bobby intellectually was the Jacksons' mistake of trying to change him over night from a mother's baby to a "big boy." It can't be done. Real preparation for entering school begins not hours or days or weeks before school opens, but almost from birth.

There is, for instance, the matter of learning to be self-reliant. Poor little Bobby, who had been waited upon and kept dependent all his preschool life, couldn't possibly stand on his own feet as well as his classmate Sue, who had always been encouraged to do and think for herself as much as possible. By the time she was ready for school Sue, although of course she needed some supervision and reminding, was pretty much able to take care of her own dressing and washing. She was in the habit of helping with the housework, in such ways as tidying her own room, setting the table, and washing vegetables. In that way she had skills and a sense of taking part in what went on about her which stood her in good stead when she took part in school activities. Also, she had been brought up to make many of her own little decisions—for example, which of a choice of dresses to wear, and what friends she wanted to invite to her parties. Consequently, unlike Bobby, she did not feel helpless when Mother wasn't at hand to direct her.

Indeed, almost nothing which is part of good child-rearing isn't also part of good preparation for entering school. Your child, by the time he is school age, ought to have well-established habits of sleeping, eating and elimination. Not having to give thought to these, he will be free to give his full attention to his new experiences away from home. Also, taken-for-granted routines will help to assure regular attendance. It's easy to be on time for school if for all of your previous five or six years you are used to regular times for meals, going to bed, and rising; but it's mighty hard if you have to make a sudden shift from your own sweet time to a schedule!

Middle age finds folks inclined to settle down, notably around the hips.

Likewise, the ability to get along in a group is definitely part of good equipment for school. By the time your child becomes a kindergartner or first-grader, he should, under your supervision, have learned fair play in general, and specifically such social and health considerateness as using a handkerchief and covering the mouth during coughing.

No more than you can give your child a suitable school character at the last minute can you give him suitable school health. Shortly before school begins, a checkup by a physician, with particular attention to vision and hearing, is desirable, but it is not enough. Preschool checkups, both medical and dental, ought to have been annual, with various recommended immunizations completed.

It's important, too, to prepare gradually for independence, lest the experience of being away from Home and Mother come as a shock. Before your child is five or six, see that he has some experience in getting along without his parents. First he should learn to play alone in the back yard, Hazel F. Gabbard of the U. S. Office of Education recommends; later, to go about in the immediate neighborhood. Arrange to have him visit now and then with a friend; in short, accustom him to meeting new people and being in strange places long before the first day of school.

Similarly, well in advance of the event, gradually prepare your youngster for traveling to and from school. Go over the routes with him. Impress upon him that he must stay on the sidewalks, cross only at corners, look both ways before he crosses, walk straight, obey the patrols, and come directly home after school. Be sure that he knows his name, address and parents' full name. But in the beginning, of course, no matter how thoroughgoing the preparation for his going by himself, you will want to accompany him.

Indeed, it is an excellent idea to visit the school building with your child before classes commence. A tour about the building, with identification of the drinking fountains and toilet rooms and places for wraps, will do a great deal to reduce possible bewilderment when he is on his own.

Some schools make a regular practice of having parents and teachers meet before children start school. Even if yours doesn't, try to have a talk with the principal and kindergarten or first-grade teacher so that they can learn something about your child, and you about how you can best co-operate with them.

At registration time, you need to have with you your child's birth certificate and immunization record (most schools require vaccination). Be prepared, too, to give information about any illnesses and serious accidents your child may have had, any unusual tendencies he may manifest, the members of your family and your family background, and the names, addresses and telephone numbers of two or three people to be notified if you can't be reached.

By and large, most parents don't have too much to worry about when it comes to their children's having the right anticipatory attitude toward school. Normally, most youngsters look forward to entering. True, your child may have heard from some older boys or girls "School is awful," or "The teachers are mean." But if you talk pleasantly and favorably about school, if you discuss the teacher as a friendly, helpful person whom your child will like, and don't use her as a threat by making such ill-advised statements as "She won't like you if you suck your finger," or "She'll scold you if you talk that loud," if you tell him about the games, songs and stories he's going to enjoy, any doubts and anxieties he might have should be more than counteracted by curiosity and eagerness for a great new experience.

But suppose you have failed to give your child the proper kind of long-term preparation for entering school; perhaps, for example, he is woefully dependent. In that case, although there's no denying that he starts out with a handicap, he is by no means doomed to failure throughout his school life. Your best course is frankly to discuss the situation with his teacher. Perhaps she will permit you to stay near him at school—gradually shortening the period of your standing by—until he is emotionally weaned. If he has been kept exaggeratedly away from other children, because

they are "too rough" or "too dirty," it won't be easy for him to make friends. But normal sociability, too, can come with your and the teacher's co-operative patience and willingness to ease your child gradually into group activities.

Once your son or daughter has embarked upon school life, for better or for worse, the best thing you can do for all concerned is to relax. For a while you may find a somewhat alarming reversion to babyish behavior, or wakefulness, or lack of appetite. But unless such symptoms persist, they need not worry you unduly; they are likely to be caused by the confusion or overexcitement of being in a new world.

Avoid asking your child, "What did you do today?" because at this stage of his life he's incapable of giving a consecutive account. After a while, if you show interest in work he brings home and make him feel it's important, if you encourage his successes and try to ignore his failures, if you don't make him lose faith in his ability by comparing him with others, you'll get spontaneous reports.

And above all, remember that the most important part of your kindergartner's or first-grader's learning has nothing to do with the three Rs. His adjustment to school life, his ability to get along without your protection, are what count, just as the health- and character-building experiences he has had from birth count most in fitting him for this first real venture from home.

. . .THE END

(Continued from page 39)

himself in a seat near the tail and had later hung up his expensive overcoat.

"Coffee, sir?"

Thorne opened his dark eyes and smiled in a way that set her heart to pounding queerly. "No, thanks. How soon will we be in?"

"In about an hour, I think."

"Fast trip." He closed his eyes again, and the stewardess moved on. A pretty girl. The world was full of them. New York was full of them. So was Chicago and Dallas and San Francisco. . . . He ought to know.

Why hadn't he stayed with any of the pretty girls in any of those places he had hung his hat during the past three years? Here, suspended in space nine thousand feet above the earth, he could admit it to himself—because none of them had measured up to Abigail Carwin, who wasn't pretty at all. Unless you happened to think she was beautiful. . . .

Thorne had left Minneapolis bag and baggage the day after she married Jim Carwin. A nice guy. A dead guy. Killed in a hunting accident several months ago, but Thorne had heard about it only yesterday from a mutual friend who had caught up with him in New York.

He had immediately canceled his business and social appointments and reserved a seat on the first plane he could get. He knew Abby inside and out. She would be wild and rebellious at the blow fate had dealt her carefully arranged plans; and he also knew that he would be the last person on earth she would ever turn to if she were in trouble. Still, he had to go. Even if it meant facing the scornful challenge of her green eyes. Even if it meant losing his temper as he always did when he bumped up against the hard core of her independence. . . .

Abigail Paige and Thorne Griffin had grown up together in adjoining big old houses overlooking Lake Harriet, and the summers were never long enough fo all the activities the two tireless youngsters tried to crowd in—swimming, fishing, sailing, baseball, basketball; and in the winter, skating, skiing, ice-boating. Thorne was a strong, beautifully co-ordinated boy who delighted in all forms of outdoor activity, and only Abby, thin, incredibly wiry, stubborn, could keep up with him. He was stronger, but she was cleverer, a positive genius at dreaming up ever bolder and more daring exploits for them to try. Thorne secretly preferred her to any of the neighborhood gang, although he wouldn't ever have told her so.

He smiled wryly now as he remembered the one time he had pronounced himself captain and tried to order her around; she had refused to obey him, and he had used his superior strength, twisting her arm in a painful hammerlock, forcing her to her knees. She had not uttered a sound, and suddenly rage had shaken him.

"Give up," he had panted between clenched teeth. "Give up, damn you, give up—"

She had raised her head, her enormous eyes brimming with tears. "No, Thorne—not if you break it—"

Frightened and defeated, he had released her.

And the other time, several years later, coming home from a high-school dance, when they had been jammed so closely together in the back seat of a car that Thorne had for the first time become aware of the fragrance of her hair and skin and the sweet curve of her full mouth. She hadn't looked like Abby at all that night, but like some new, strange, provocative girl he had never seen before.

Instead of his usual careless "So long, I'll be seeing you," he had lingered on her front doorstep, talking aimlessly, trying to work around to a kiss. He had kissed a lot of other girls, but he had never kissed Abby; he had never even thought about it. But now he wanted to—badly.

His chance came when she reached down to remove a pebble from her shoe and losing her balance, fell against him, laughing. He put his arms around her, but she turned her head so quickly that his kiss landed on her cheek instead of her lips. He felt her stiffen immediately.

"Don't, Thorne—please. I can't stand it."

"What can't you stand? Me?" He tried to say it lightly, but he was puzzled and hurt.

"No, of course not. I like you. You're one of the nicest boys I know. But I don't want you to kiss me—especially not you—"

"But *why?* That's the dumbest thing I ever heard!"

"I—I don't know why; really I don't. If I did, I would tell you."

"Abby—"

"Good night, Thorne. It's getting late. I'll see you tomorrow."

The huge plane droned on. Thorne could never remember a smoother flight, and he had done a lot of traveling by air. He pulled back the curtains and looked out on the clear night. A full moon, stars so brilliant they didn't look real, a dense mass of silvered clouds below. . . . Suddenly he grinned. Minneapolis weather, of course. Spring might have begun a tentative invasion of New York, but Ol' Man Winter wasn't nearly ready to release his grip up here. He'd bet snow was still piled two feet deep all over the city. He opened his little vent and sniffed the clean cold air, and abruptly his thoughts veered back to what they had been trying to avoid—that last talk with Abby. It had been winter then, too. . . .

They had been sprawled in front of her fire after a skating party, sipping big steaming mugs of hot buttered rum, when Abby had said almost casually, "I'm going to marry Jim Carwin sometime this spring."

He remembered how he had laughed, and his surprise when she hadn't joined in. "You aren't serious, Abby. You couldn't be! Jim. Jim *Carwin?*"

"Yes. Jim Carwin."

He had set his mug down carefully, because his hand was beginning to shake. "I don't mind a joke, honey, if it's a funny one—but this one isn't even mildly funny. Why, Carwin's no more the man for you than—than—"

"You are?"

He had smiled down into her eyes, holding them with his own special magnetism. "No, honey," he said softly. "I *am* the man for you, always have been, if only—"

"Yes?" Her faint smile mocked him.

"If only you'd stop fighting me! If only you'd let go and"—his voice roughened as his arm crept around her—"let me show you how much I love you. Abby," he pleaded, "haven't we wasted enough time?"

"No." As always when he touched her, she remained passive, denying him any response, frustrating him again and again. "No, we haven't wasted any time. I'll never marry you. You want to own me, to possess me completely, to—to smother me. You always have, Thorne. And it frightens me. I couldn't give myself to you or any man that way—"

"But you don't love Carwin!" he had raged, giving her a furious shake. "You don't even know what love is yet. You'd be nothing but a damn prostitute in a marriage like that!"

She turned very pale. "I didn't expect you to understand, Thorne. Let's just skip it."

"Let's just skip it!" he mimicked, his shock turning him nasty. "Let's just skip the fact that you're going to marry a man too soft, too civilized to give you one moment of real ecstasy. But he's decent, Jim is—too decent to have a lousy trick like this played on him!"

"I'm not playing a trick on anybody," she said evenly. "Jim understands. He respects my feelings; he's satisfied with what I have to give—and he doesn't demand more than that, or make me feel guilty because I don't—I can't give more."

Thorne was silent. He knew Abby permitted other men liberties she had never granted him; but he was still the only man in the world who really knew her—knew how much she was capable of giving if he could only free her, make her see that complete surrender for a woman to a man she loved and respected *as a man* was the necessary beginning of real fulfillment.

He wanted no phony substitutes. So he had waited—waited too long—

Thorne rose to his feet. "I don't believe you mean to go through with this, Abby; I don't believe you mean to marry anybody but me—but if you do, remember just one thing. I'll have you some day—on my own terms!"

He had picked up his skates and, without a backward glance, left her house. The night was so bitterly cold it had slammed the breath back into his

lungs before he had reached his own front door. But it had not cooled his anger . . . or obliterated the soft "No, Thorne, you won't" which had followed him out.

Thorne collected his bag and found a seat in the limousine headed for downtown Minneapolis. There were many homes in which he would have been a welcome guest, but he had reserved a hotel room and told nobody that he was coming; he wanted to remain completely free of entanglements, even pleasant ones.

He enjoyed the ride into the city down familiar, snowy streets, and he could not seem to get enough of the clear, biting air; his lungs were still clogged with the humidity of New York, of Chicago, of Washington, of all the places in which he had hungered for just one whiff of the dry cold that had invigorated him all of his life.

Downtown, people were striding purposefully along. Thorne grinned. You didn't amble in Minneapolis, at least not in the wintertime. There were, of course, softies who fell from their overheated homes into their overheated Cadillacs and had to run off to Florida to get away from it all; but for those who met the challenge of the fierce weather head-on, who got out in it on skates or skis or their own two legs and defied it to do its worst, there was no more stimulating place in the country to live.

Once in his comfortable hotel room, he wasted no time. He leafed rapidly through the phone book, wondering if Abby had stayed on in the Carwin house after Jim's death. Probably. He couldn't imagine her in a furnished apartment anywhere. There it was . . . Carwin, James Vincent. Poor devil. The man was gone and the number remained. A Dupont number. He'd try, anyway. If she wasn't still living there, perhaps whoever was could tell him how to get in touch with her; he didn't want to contact any mutual friends unless he had to.

With the phone in his hand, Thorne hesitated. His watch showed close to eleven. Too late. He ought to wait until morning, but the thought was intolerable to him. He checked the time again and could have shouted with relief. Of course. How could he have forgotten? There was an hour's difference here; it was only ten o'clock in Minneapolis—not too late to call anyone. He gave the hotel operator the number and waited, dragging impatiently on a cigarette.

"Hello? Hello, Abby. This is Thorne."

"*Thorne!*" There was unmistakable gladness in her clear voice. "How wonderful! Where are you, darling? In Minneapolis, I hope?"

"Yes." He found it difficult to speak for a moment. "I'm in Minneapolis on—on business. I thought I'd better check up on you. Are you all right?"

There was a pause. "Yes . . . I'm all right."

"I just heard about Jim's death yesterday, Abby. It—it was a shock. And I wanted you to know that I'm sorry—damn sorry. He was one of the best . . ."

"You didn't always think so, Thorne."

"Listen," he said roughly. "The phone's no good. I'm coming out. I'll be there in fifteen minutes—"

Again that odd pause. "Same old Thorne. Did it ever occur to you that it might not be convenient?"

Thorne took a deep breath. "The only thing that occurred to me was that if it wasn't, you'd say so. Don't tell me you've changed—gone polite or something?"

She laughed—the amused, faintly derisive sound that had goaded him into a hundred harebrained ventures when he was a kid. "No, I haven't changed, and it doesn't sound like you have, either. Of course I want to see you. You know that. It's just that—well, you're always so highhanded; you don't give me a chance to decide *what* I want."

"Any day." He grinned into the phone. "Remember me? You can decide what we'll drink tonight, Abby. I'll be there before you get the first shaker mixed, and I'm warning you now, I'm going to kiss you hello!"

He did, too, but as always, she was too quick for him, turning her head so that his kiss missed its mark. Then they stood off and surveyed each other with unconcealed delight, as old friends will who share a thousand heart-warming memories going far back into childhood.

Thorne felt wonderful; he kicked the snow off his shoes, hung up his coat and hat, and followed her into the big living room, where a birch fire crackled on the hearth and the tray of drinks was waiting.

Abby curled up on the couch and watched him as he paced back and forth in front of the fire, holding out his lean, strong hands to the blaze, staring curiously about the elegant, very conventional room.

He chuckled. "You seem comfortable enough . . . too knickknacky for my taste, but each to his own brand of hashish."

"We didn't change anything after Jim's mother died. He liked it the way it was, and—"

"You didn't care."

She stiffened. "Thorne, I asked you to come out; I'm genuinely glad to see you, but I will not be probed and analyzed and dissected like some bug on a piece of cardboard by you or anybody else. Just let me alone. Surely there are other things we can talk about."

"But I don't want to talk about other things. I came here to see how the beautiful experiment worked out,"—he ignored the warning flash of her green eyes—"and I intend no disrespect to Jim's memory; I want you to believe that. As everything but a husband for you, he measured up—always." He leaned back, sipping his drink, watching her intently. "How did you enjoy your three years of married life, Abby? Surely you can tell me that?"

She clasped her hands tightly in her lap. "I'm not so sure that I can. We were happy—happy in a way you wouldn't understand."

"I know. Never exchanged a cross word. I betcha."

She shot him a defiant glance. "That's right. There's beauty in quiet things, too, Thorne, although you've never

been willing to acknowledge it. Contentment. peace, a sense of individual worth—"

"Contentment! Peace!" he jeered. "At twenty-five? Who are you kidding, Abby?"

"Nobody." She stared into the fire for a long moment before she said, "Do you remember my mother?"

"Not too well." He shook his head in a puzzled way. "And that's funny. because I should; when we were kids I was in and out of your house as much as my own."

"Do you know that there isn't anybody who remembers her very clearly, Thorne? I think it's because she had no real existence apart from my father; she submerged her personality completely in his—"

"What are you trying to tell me, Abby?"

"Only that my mother was a beautiful and intelligent woman who chose to become a shadow. a pale shadow of a man who—who wasn't worth her little finger. It used to make me sick!"

"People don't 'choose' to live a certain way, Abby; they live the way they *must*. Don't you understand that? Perhaps she found her happiness. after all—"

"She didn't!" Abby cried passionately. "She couldn't have! Not with a man who was selfish and demanding and couldn't bear the thought of her having any interests or desires of her own that didn't include him."

Thorne reached over and gently opened her clenched fingers. "And you think that's the kind of a husband I'd make—is that it? How wrong you are! I'd be demanding all right, but not in the way you think."

"No?"

"No! It's true I'd insist on a high level of emotional response. Why not? You have it to give, and I wouldn't settle for anything less. But I'd want you to grow independently. Abby—to develop every potential you think you possess."

Her eyes were unreadable, but a little smile quirked her lips.

"Why?"

Thorne frowned thoughtfully; then he burst out laughing. "I cannot tell a lie. I suppose it's because it would make you more interesting, more desirable to me as a woman—which reminds me: what have you been doing with yourself since you're alone? If you tell me sleeping till noon. shopping and bridge, I'll warm your bottom!"

She shrugged indifferently; none of the rebellion Thorne had expected was in evidence. "Painting a little. Some volunteer work at the hospital. I thought of getting a job of some sort. but between my folks and Jim I've been left so well off it just didn't seem right. Besides. there isn't anything I really want to do. . . ."

Thorne pricked up his ears. "Painting? What kind of painting? I'd like to see some of your pictures."

"You won't like them."

"Never mind," he insisted. "Trot 'em out. Where are they?"

"A few of them are over there in that big leather book. but remember. I warned you—"

Thorne rose and ambled over to the secretary. There was no sound in the room but the hiss of the fire until he began to mutter. "My God . . . no . . . I don't believe it. . . ."

Abby did not turn her head until he was standing over her. one of the pictures clutched in his hand "Will you please tell me what the hell you're doing painting these pusillanimous pastels? Look at this!" He held the picture under her nose. "Don't tell me you *enjoy* doing this stuff? By God. it's a crime against nature!"

"Oh. Thorne. calm down. Of course I enjoy it or I wouldn't be doing it. Some people think they're rather good. Jim always liked them—"

"Jim should have painted them!" Thorne shouted, and was immediately ashamed of the remark. He returned the picture to the album. and continued to study the insipid little scenes until he came to a picture tucked carelessly in the back of the book that riveted his attention as surely as if he had heard a cry for help.

So! Abby did not always paint pastels. This one was so boldly conceived, so imaginatively colored. that Thorne studied it for a long time. He had seen Abby ride her little mare. Mutzi. at breakneck speed many times. but he had never before seen a horse and rider caught in such furious flight. And what a horse! It was a stallion all right, but unlike any stallion that had ever existed on land or sea. Impressionistically conceived, the great beast was hurtling along, teeth bared. spume flying from its distended nostrils. ears flat. mane and tail stretched to the uttermost. The rider, a nude woman with long yellow hair, which the wild wind had wrapped around her body and throat. was looking back over her shoulder into mist so cold that Thorne shivered involuntarily. There was a figure dimly perceived in the mist, but it was shrouded. and he could not make out whether it was a man or a woman.

Holding the picture carefully as if it were something precious and breakable, Thorne carried it back to the couch. "Would you care to tell me what this pearl is doing mixed up with all those swine?"

Abby looked, then stifled a yawn. "I can't remember. I don't know how it got in there. Anyway. it isn't any good. Give it to me, please, Thorne."

"No. But you can give it to me. I want it."

She laughed chidingly. "I thought you knew pictures, but you aren't a very good judge. after all; everything in the world is wrong with that picture. Here, I'll show you—"

Thorne handed it over. and realized her intention one second too late. With a swift movement she crushed it and flung it into the fire, where it burst into bright flame.

For a brief moment he thought he was going to be physically ill. but the wave of nausea passed and he watched in silence as the greedy flames devoured the picture.

"Why did you do that? . . . You didn't have to do that."

"It was a silly picture." She rose and moved over to the tray. "A nightcap. Thorne? It's getting late."

"Throwing me out, huh? All right,

Abby, I'll go. But not before I find out one more thing. Paul Huston caught up with me in New York, and that's how I finally found out about Jim. He also told me something else—something I couldn't believe." He put his hands on her shoulders and swung her around. "Is it true?"

Abby was silent until he raised her chin and forced her to meet his eyes. "If you lie to me," he said softly, "I'll slug you—"

"I won't lie to you. It's true. I'm going to be married again. Not right away, though—in a few months."

He dropped his hands and moved away, shaken by feelings so violent that he did not trust himself to remain near her.

"Thorne."—she took a hesitant step toward him—"please . . . won't you even try to understand? I can't—I can't live alone any more. Jim wouldn't have wanted me to—"

The contempt in his eyes was a live thing as he said slowly. "You're a hot number, Abby . . . a real hot number. . . . No, I don't suppose you can live alone! You know," he continued dreamily, "I used to sit up in my bedroom window and wait for you to come home from some of those club dances I didn't go to. Three, four o'clock in the morning. You didn't get out of those cars right away—sometimes it was a half an hour—and you weren't playing patty-cake, either! But you never spent five minutes in a car with me, did you?" He whirled around, and the word cracked like the lash of a whip. "*Why?*"

Abby swayed slightly as she groped behind her for the chair into which she sank; she knew Thorne was waiting grimly for an answer, but she could not explain. Thorne . . . Thorne . . . how can I tell you? How can I tell you that you are the only man I've ever known who is a real threat to me . . . to the self I will not give up. I'm not afraid of you, darling. . . . I'm afraid of myself . . . ever since that first time you twisted my arm, every time you've ever tried to kiss me. . . . I knew you wanted too much. The others never did . . . that's why they didn't matter.

"No," she said wearily, "I don't suppose we did play patty-cake. But none of it mattered. Bodies aren't that important—"

"Yours obviously isn't, judging by what you plan to do with it—again! Don't tell me the name of this new sucker. I don't want to know it! I want to go back to New York and think about you—how cozy you'll be." He was striding back and forth, his hands clenched into fists. "I can see you at the club, the symphony, the opera, the theater, the big parties. . . . You're a beautiful woman, Abby; you have beautiful clothes and you know how to wear them. You'll always look lovely, but you'll be dead. Do you hear me? Dead, dead, *dead!*" He stopped and pulled her to her feet, his face congested, his eyes deep wells of fury. "But I'll stick around," he whispered with murderous softness. "I'll stick around to see that it gets engraved all right: Died at twenty-five; buried at seventy-five!"

Her carefully imposed self-control snapped, and she slapped him with all her strength. Abby, for all her slimness, was no weakling, and the blow stung. He grabbed her roughly and began to kiss her—hard, brutal kisses in which there was no love, only punishment. He knew how she hated them. He was glad she hated them! Once started he could not stop, and he did not notice when she turned from a statue into a woman, when her body began to tremble against his, when she no longer tried desperately to avoid his kisses but returned them with a hunger to match his own. . . .

Finally, he released her and ran a bewildered hand over his face. "I—I must be going crazy. I didn't mean to hurt you, Abby. I don't see how I could have when—when I love you so much—"

She was staring up at him wonderingly. "It's all right, Thorne. I never felt like that before. I—I thought I was drowning. . . ."

Reassured, he pulled her back into his arms. "That's the way you're supposed to feel, darling!" He laughed exultantly, hope beginning to sing in his veins like sweet music. "They say it's a pleasant death."

He barely heard the faint, "But it's a death."

Thorne sobered. "Not for a woman, Abby. You'll see. It's *life*—a more wonderful life than you ever dreamed possible." He kissed her again, this time gently. "I'm going back East on the first plane and start winding up my affairs. This is the only place in the world I ever really wanted to live, and I can open an office here as well as any place else. It will take a few months, though. . . . Will you wait for me?"

He held his breath as her eyes went over his face. She seemed to be seeing him for the first time; finally she reached up and touched his cheek.

"Yes," she said unsteadily, "I think I will. I think I've been waiting for you all my life, only I didn't know it." She hid her face against his shoulder and murmured, "Hurry, Thorne. . . . Hurry back as fast as you can." . . . THE END

Save Waste Paper!

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

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

Fall

A. Eye-catching tweed. Convertible neckline suit with three-button double-breasted jacket. Straight-line skirt. Tailored by Joselli in 100% wool tweed. Colors, as shown and in rich heather, plum and gold, flecked with brown. Sizes 10-18. About $45.00. Kraemer pin, Glentex scarf, Aris gloves, Lesco handbag. At: Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Beverly Hills; Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D.C.

B. Fall Elegance in a yarn dye flannel suit by Donnybrook. New diagonal button closing with nipped-in waist and softly rounded hipline. Colors, oxford gray as shown and in banker's gray, pearl gray, brown and tan. Sizes 10-18. About $55.00. Glentex scarf, Kraemer pin, Aris gloves, Lesco bag, and Grace Walker pumps. Available at: Bloomingdale's, New York; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

All hats by Mary Goodfellow • Hosiery by Gotham

Color photos by Francesco Scavullo

BY RUTH DRAKE

Looks This Way . . .

. . . in a perfectly fitted suit—the backlog of any wardrobe. The look is softly curved, the fabrics lovely and practical, the colors rich and muted

C. Handsome Costume Alliance in a new blend of wool and rayon. An over-plaid top coat and suit jacket with harmonizing tweed skirt. Shown in copper and black, also comes in gray and gold, wine and navy. By Swansdown. Sizes 10-18. About $40.00 each. Eisendrath gloves, Napier jewelry, Van S handbag. Available at: B. Altman & Co., New York; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis; Gano Downs Co., Denver.

Fall Looks This Way...

E. Fashion's favorite look. Gabardine suit tailored by Handmacher. Note softer details in the fitted jacket. Four-gore skirt. Colors: sable, black, red, green, burnt orange and gold. Sizes 7-15, 10-20, also in young proportioned plus sizes 10+-20+. About $60.00. Amrose hat, Alan Miller bag. Available at: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Loveman's, Inc., Chattanooga; Schuneman's, Inc., St. Paul.

PHOTOS BY ELEANOR MURRAY

D. Neat and new town suit in worsted pin check with removable velvet collar. Double-breasted, nipped waistline. Six-gore skirt. Green, gray and brown tones predominate in multicolor check. By Braetan, Jr. Sizes 9-15. About $50.00. Madcaps hat, Alan Miller bag, Richelieu pearls, Aris gloves. Available at: Davison, Paxton Co., Atlanta; B. Siegel Co., Detroit; Hale's, San Francisco.

MORE FASHIONS ON NEXT PAGE

Coats Look This Way...

F. Handsome and practical. 100% wool tweed coat cravenetted for water repellency. Milium lined for warmth without weight. Leather belt and tabs on sleeve. By Sherbrooke. Blue, red and green tweed. Sizes 8-18. About $60.00. Betmar hat, Hill and Dale shoes. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Best's Apparel, Inc., Seattle.

G. Texture and silhouette in this coat of 100% wool Chungtone by Lassie Maid. Modified fullness, sunburst yoke and adjustable-length sleeve. Colors: red, gold, spice, purple and green. Sizes 8-18. About $60.00. Stetson hat, Greatrex bag, Mademoiselle pumps. At: B. Altman & Co., New York; Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D.C.; The Emporium, San Francisco.

For listing of additional stores see next page ⟶

FALL LOOKS THIS WAY

Keyed fashions (A to G) shown on pages 86 to 90 also available at following stores:

ARIZONA
Goldwater's, Inc.....Phoenix (G)

CALIFORNIA
Helen Smith's.....Pasadena (C)
H. Liebes & Co.
....San Francisco (E)
Macy's..... San Francisco (A)

COLORADO
Denver Dry Goods Co.
....Denver (E)
Gano Downs Co.....Denver (B,C)

CONNECTICUT
Worth's.....Hartford (B)
Worth's.....Waterbury (B)

DELAWARE
Wanamaker's.....Wilmington (E)
H. Braunstein, Inc.
....Wilmington (F)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.
....Washington (E)
Lansburgh & Bro.
....Washington (C,A,G)
Woodward & Lothrop
....Washington (D,F)

ILLINOIS
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
....Chicago (D,F,G)
Morris B. Sachs.....Chicago (C)

INDIANA
George Wyman & Co.
....South Bend (E)

IOWA
Wolf's, Inc.....Des Moines (C)

KENTUCKY
Stewart Dry Goods Co.
....Louisville (G)

MARYLAND
Hutzler Bros.....Baltimore (F)
Stewart & Co.....Baltimore (G)
Lazarus.....Cumberland (B)

MASSACHUSETTS
Filene's.....Boston (E)

MICHIGAN
Crowley, Milner Co.....Detroit (B)
Himelhoch's.....Detroit (E)

MINNESOTA
The Dayton Co.....Minneapolis (F)

MISSOURI
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
....St. Louis (E,C)

NEW JERSEY
Hahne & Company....Newark (D)

NEW YORK
Flint & Kent.....Buffalo (E)
The Addis Co.....Syracuse (C,F)
Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
....Utica (D)

NORTH CAROLINA
Ivey's, Inc.....Asheville (E)

OHIO
The Gidding Co.....Cincinnati (F)
John Shillito Co.....Cincinnati (E)
The Higbee Co.....Cleveland (F)
Gregg's.....Lima (E)

OREGON
Bedell's.....Portland (G)
Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
....Portland (C)

PENNSYLVANIA
The Blum Store
....Philadelphia (E)
Gimbel Brothers
....Philadelphia (G)
John Wanamaker
....Philadelphia (A,B)
Frank & Seder....Pittsburgh (C,G)
Joseph Horne Co.
....Pittsburgh (F)

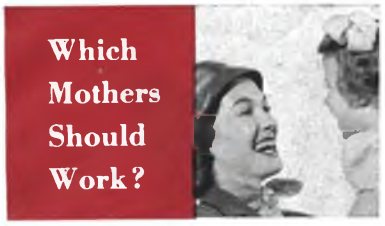
SOUTH CAROLINA
Meyers Arnold Co.
....Greenville (E)

TENNESSEE
J. Goldsmith & Sons
....Memphis (A)
Cain-Sloan Co.....Nashville (G)

TEXAS
Frost Bros.....San Antonio (E)

WEST VIRGINIA
The Diamond.....Charleston (G)

WISCONSIN
Bitker, Gerner Co.
....Milwaukee (G)
T. A. Chapman Co.
....Milwaukee (C)
Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
....Milwaukee (E)



(Continued from page 53)

the early part of the day, only to become exhausted and irritable with them long before bedtime. Is she superior to the employed mother merely because she hovers over her offspring every moment of the day?

The honest answer—endorsed by U. S. Government psychiatrists and private social agencies—is best summed up in the words of Dr. Irene Josselyn, member of the Institute of Psychoanalysis and consultant to some of America's biggest welfare agencies: "Many women are capable of being fairly adequate mothers if that role is not a matter of a twenty-four-hour complete preoccupation with their children. Many mothers are able to combine the responsibilities of motherhood and employment in such a way that positive values result in the mother-child relationship. Women happy in their responsibilities are able to transfer these feelings to their children."

What reasons are mothers giving for wanting once again to assume the dual role of homemaker and breadwinner?

Most of them point to the rising cost of living and the growing opportunity for interesting, well-paid jobs. Others report that their husbands' take-home pay has shrunk since 1950 because of heavier withholding taxes. To some extent working replaces the bite Uncle Sam takes out of the husband's pay check, and provides a few luxuries for the family as well.

Some women, with husbands in the armed services, complain that their dependency-allotment checks have been delayed, or that their standard of living will fall drastically unless they add to the family income. Others readily admit that extra money is not a compelling need, and that a feeling of restlessness in a time of national crisis drives them to activity outside the home.

Many more in this group of wives stress that working is the best antidote for simple loneliness.

These are obvious and believable reasons for the swelling ranks of mothers in industry. But they are by no means the only ones. What most women evade when they contemplate employment is an honest evaluation of themselves as mothers, and a serious consideration of how their day-long absences will affect their children. Without some clear thinking on these vital matters, no mother can be sure that the step she takes is not harmful to both herself and her kids.

The case of Mrs. Joan M., taken from the latest files of the Family Service Association in South Bend, reveals one interesting facet of the problem. A housewife and mother for four years, she was frankly intrigued by the job offer of her former boss. Indeed, she was so eager to reach a quick decision that she called in her mother-in-law to look after Johnny that same morning. Then she hurried downtown to lunch with her husband.

Frank, a quiet, easygoing fellow, listened gravely as Joan spoke enthusiastically about returning to her factory job.

"Okay," he finally said. "If you want to do it, go ahead. Remember, though, we don't actually need the money. So if ever you want to quit, that's okay, too."

Oddly, Joan seemed to resent her husband's approval. Instead of being grateful, she launched into a list of household items—a new toaster, a television set, a new paint job for the nursery—which Frank's salary had not yet provided.

Frank was worried by her arrogance. "Don't get me wrong, honey," he said. "I think it's a good idea. You need a change. Looking after the kid all day must be a grind."

For a moment after Frank had made this well-intentioned remark, his wife looked at him searchingly. Then she let go with a burst of self-righteous fury. "Are you accusing me of neglecting Johnny?" she stormed. "Why, you're out of the house by half past eight every morning and never home till six—what right have you to criticize the way I handle Johnny?" She broke off suddenly. Tears welled up in her eyes as she apologized to Frank. "I can't make up my mind," she wailed. "I don't know whether I want to work or not."

That night Joan had a headache; she couldn't sleep. Every time she thought of Mr. Taylor's phone call she was oppressed by a feeling of guilt. At times, during the week, she would get as far as talking about a day-care nursery for Johnny. She even drew up a new housekeeping schedule. Then, just as Frank believed she'd come to a final decision on her own, she would abandon the whole idea of a job; and somewhat irrelevantly she would deny that she was trying to evade her responsibilities as a mother.

Finally, on the advice of a friend, Joan, still nervous and uncertain, put her problem before a social worker of the Family Service Association. Now at last she blurted out the truth.

"I feel stifled by household drudgery," Joan admitted. "The loneliness makes me want to scream! It's a never-ending round of cleaning, cooking, laundering and picking up after Johnny. I guess I'm a flop as a mother, too. Johnny's constant whining drives me wild. He's not a well-adjusted child, and sometimes I slap him. We seem to get each other down; it makes me feel terribly guilty."

Joan got to her feet. "I'm a shirker," she concluded. "I'll forget the job and try hard to be a good mother."

But the social worker waved Joan back to her chair. Then she introduced her to some important facts of motherhood. Like countless other women, Joan lacked the capacity for full-time maternity. This was nothing to be ashamed of. Keeping Johnny clean, cooking three

meals a day, hearing "Mamma!" too often, exhausted her patience, forcing her to drop her role as a mother and to use Johnny as an outlet for her anger and frustration.

"You have just so much to give," the social worker went on. "and you can give it intensely for a few hours. But spread over an entire day, it soon wears thin. Demanding more of you arouses resentment. You can't be expected to meet the child's emotional needs if you're preoccupied by your own distress.

"Perhaps you didn't know that employment can he used as a tool to build a healthier mother-child relationship. My advice is to take the job. I know dozens of working mothers who return home each day stimulated and eager for the short period of love and companionship with their children."

Today Joan is working on the nine-to-five shift at the engineering plant. She has lost her feeling of futility, regained her pride and a sense of purpose. She no longer regards Johnny as an obstacle to her happiness. On tbe contrary, she now gives him, cheerfully and genuinely, the warmth and consistent affection any youngster has a right to expect of his mother. Young Johnny's experience in the day nursery has been tremendously beneficial to him.

What if Joan had turned down the job? Would she finally have reconciled herself to full-time maternity? The incontestable fact was that Joan was what Dr. Josselyn describes as a "rejecting" mother. Although she wished to be a good parent, she was struggling with actual hostility toward the child. After all, Johnny was the principal reason why she was saddled with household duties she had come to loathe, deprived of the satisfying adult companionship she'd known as a wartime worker.

This underlying hostility, set in the midst of true love for the boy, naturally erupted feelings of guilt and uneasiness in Joan. One moment she would treat him with cruel indifference; then she would smother him with kisses to appease her own anxiety. What Joan needed was a diversion which would satisfy her own needs for happiness.

Few will disagree that motherhood is a woman's most important function, but it is folly to believe that every woman is fulfilled by it or succeeds at it. Undoubtedly, thousands of mothers who must work do so for the simple and unanswerable reason that they need the money. But what about those working women whose husbands' salaries adequately cover family expenses? The truth is that young mothers like Joan are terribly disillusioned; they're incapable of bridging the gap between the sentimental expectations of motherhood and the practical reality.

Take a look at a survey of 247 mothers—all of them in their early thirties—made last year among graduates of two women's colleges. Many were quick to admit they were staggered by tbe emotional adjustments they had to make to homemaking and motherhood. Thirty-six per cent of them disclosed that raising children was an "effort." One mother wistfully commented, "Often I think longingly of former freedom and interests, status gained from jobs, free evenings, less fatigue and more fun." Another intoned, "I loved my job; by comparison housework seems monotonous, inconsequential, repetitive and dulling."

No wonder then that some of them suffer severe conflicts when the opportunity for outside work comes their way!

Almost any woman who gloomily elects to stay in a rut will develop a resentment of motherhood. And inevitably her children will sense it—and react with fears that she does not love them. Pulling herself out of the rut and into a congenial job may well transform the mother's entire attitude toward her youngsters, and, of course, theirs toward her.

But why do so many of today's twenty- to thirty-five-year-old women—especially in the middle-income group—find motherhood so taxing? The best explanation, shared by scores of America's child specialists, comes from Dr. Weston LeBarre, professor of anthropology at Duke University.

"The middle-class pattern is a constant almost slavelike attendance of the young mother upon her children," he states bluntly. "Certainly in no other class is motherhood so all-absorbing and demanding a role. And we are well aware that an overacted maternal role may involve underlying resentment and guilt in the mother which shape an exploitative and demanding child."

Should the nursery be the exclusive interest of a young mother? From Elinor Zaki, chief consultant on family problems at the New York headquarters of the Family Service Association, comes this warning:

"Slavish devotion to your children can be as harmful as deliberate neglect. Every mother must have other gratifications and experiences—other healthy outlets for her emotional energy."

The problem of a mother's unwholesome dependence on her child is most likely to occur in women who are without their menfolk—divorcees, widows and servicemen's wives. Some women, frightened and alone in the world, fill the void of a husbandless existence by turning to their children for their lost love and security. They keep their children constantly at their side; they may be overly sentimental, perhaps even subject to self-pitying weepfests in the child's presence. And this sort of conduct is not inspired by any strong maternal feeling.

Frequently the needs of a lonely, insecure mother are gratified by the new sense of usefulness she gets by working, and by the adult companionship of fellow workers. "Until she finds other security," declares Dr. Josselyn, "it is preferable that she seek it in the world of employment rather than in her relationship with her child."

Suitable day care for the children is naturally a prerequisite to any proposal that a mother find a job. Grandparents or some other relatives may be glad to pitch in, but this arrangement can possibly lead to family friction. Many towns and cities run day nurseries for preschool children, and after-school play programs for older children. Your community welfare agency will recommend a good public or private day-care cen-

RECORDS

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

The Lyrical Mr. Hines

Month in, month out, no project in the record industry has produced such agreeable results as the series of Columbia LP's called "Piano Moods." At their best — **Bernie Leighton's** "East Side Rendezvous," for example — they are simply superb. A new one by **Earl Hines,** who may well be the greatest hot pianist of all time, belongs with the project's loftiest accomplishments. Here—in numbers like "Diane," "These Foolish Things," and Hines' own "Rosetta"—is the nimble glory of a pianist with a fantastic beat and probably the most lyrical right hand in the business.

But the authentic measure of "Fatha'" Hines' genius (which is discussed informatively and astutely in the album-cover notes by George Avakian) isn't fully apparent until it's compared with the work of **Ralph Sutton,** a relative newcomer who can be heard on a Columbia release, featuring eight Fats Waller compositions, and also on a new Commodore LP. Sutton is probably the most promising jazz pianist to have come along in years and these two records prove it, but, for all his impressive endowments, he's no Earl Hines. But who is?

There are three other eminently satisfactory popular LP's out this month—a Columbia of songs by the affecting **Josephine Baker;** Sharkey's "Southern Comfort" (Capitol), which is genuine New Orleans jazz; and the Alec Wilder "Octet" (Columbia), which presents a deft, beguiling chamber ensemble.

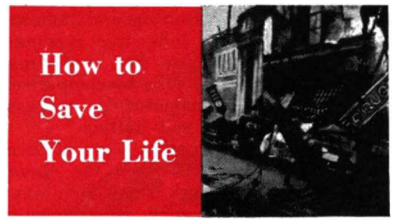
Among recent singles are three offering lovely old show tunes — Rodgers and Hart's "It Never Entered My Mind" by **Gordon Jenkins** and the **Andrews Sisters** (Decca); the same collaborators' "Manhattan" by the gifted trumpeter, **Jimmy McPartland** (Prestige), and Cole Porter's neglected "I'm in Love Again" (RCA Victor), which is notable, not for the dreary **April Stevens** vocal, but for the sensitive orchestral background.

ter. Fees in the public nurseries are based upon the mother's ability to pay; often they are as low as a dollar and a half per week, and seldom more than fifteen dollars. The average charged by the private nursery is between ten and fifteen dollars.

Mothers of every economic level are today grappling with the problem of whether to take jobs or not. The decision is an intensely personal and individual one, with no hard-and-fast social rule to influence it. Among those already at work are some who've found the physical exertion too great; they are so wearied at the end of the day that they've no energy left for their children. Part-time jobs have proved successful in many of these cases.

Mothers who work primarily to keep the family budget balanced are rewarded by the satisfaction of helping provide their children with the necessities of life as well as some of the luxuries. And there is that army of women—factory workers, salesgirls, stenographers and talented career girls—who have discovered that working offers a wise solution to mounting strains in their relationships with their children.

"It's nothing but an ancient myth that mothers work to demonstrate equality of the sexes, to flaunt their independence or to bedeck themselves with finery," observes Elinor Zaki of the Family Service Association. "Most young mothers of 1951 work only because in one way or another they greatly benefit themselves and their children. And they need never feel guilty about that!" . . . THE END



(Continued from page 37)

If trained rescue squads had not been able to plunge into the inferno of the badly shattered area a mile in every direction from "ground zero"—above which the enemy's atom bomb exploded—the children's mother would never have been saved from the ruins of her house.

If records had not been kept of the children's names and destinations and these checked with the mother when she had recovered from injuries, the family might not have been reunited for weeks or months. If Carlie were too young to know his last name and his address, some grief-crazed mother might have claimed him as her own and he might never have been returned to his own family.

The list of *ifs* could fill pages. But there is one last one which overshadows all the others: *If* Civil Defense had not been tightly and efficiently organized with trained personnel and supplies, the country's productive forces which feed the machinery of war might have bogged down. The war might have been lost. And the children might not have had a Christmas tree at all—it might have been forbidden by the "People's" Government as a "bourgeois superstition" which wasted timber.

For our typical example of how well-organized Civil Defense would work, we chose St. Louis and Carlinville for a number of reasons. St. Louis because it has a double tactical value to the enemy as a target: (1) Its tremendous production volume and (2) the effect on the rest of the country if a city as far inland as St. Louis were knocked out. Yet St. Louis is as vulnerable as Chicago or Detroit. Experts claim that if the Army's radar screen, antiaircraft batteries and fighter squadrons can down thirty per cent of the enemy planes, this will be an all-time high.

Carlinville is the home town of General John Homer, Deputy Director of Illinois Civil Defense. The model plan for a small town's organization in support of a major city was worked out for Carlinville. When I visited County Clerk Denby Boring, heading the local Civil Defense outfit, he was all set to go as soon as the state legislature passes the proper bill giving Civil Defense legal status and powers.

In St. Louis, Director of Civil Defense Raymond R. Tucker and his assistant, General Francis P. Hardaway, have been steaming ahead with a public educational program with special emphasis on school children. But at the time I talked to them, there was still no Civil Defense legislation in Missouri.

In both of these communities everything has been done by Civil Defense and Red Cross leaders that can be done, and the citizens are defense-minded far above those of most other places. Yet public apathy is present even there, to some extent.

Almost everywhere, in talking to community leaders and Civil Defense authorities, I heard the same story: "The apathy of the public is appalling. Legislatures neglect to pass Civil Defense bills. And the voters aren't stirred up enough to put the heat on their representatives. Folks just aren't aware of the danger."

Question: does *your* state have a law giving the Civil Defense organization full legal authority to act? If you don't know, telephone your local newspaper and find out. And if there is no law as yet, the paper can tell you who your representative is at the state capital. Few of us know who these men are, and fewer still make their opinions known by letter or telegram.

"The folks just don't realize the danger." When I set out to learn some of the reasons for this "public apathy," I collected a number of opinions. One official in Washington said, "It has been a hundred and thirty-six years since an enemy has invaded the American homeland. It has been ninety years since Americans have seen their homes going up in smoke as a result of enemy action. But, by God, we're tenting tonight on the old campground. Since the first of the year the Federal Civil Defense Administration has had not one nickel from Congress. It's had one million from the President's emergency fund and $700,000 from the National Security Resources

Board: total, $1,700,000, or about *one third* the cost of *one* B-36 bomber. There's been a tendency for the states to look to the Federal Government for help, and the small towns to wait on the state apparatus. Result: no stockpiles of plasma and drugs and no trained personnel. And with proper Civilian Defense we can cut our casualty list in half when the bombs finally fall!"

A **nice-looking** Austrian girl, wife of an ex-GI, was driving a taxi in a large Eastern city. She said, "When first the Civil Defense was announced, I signed up for auxiliary police training. I know how terrible it is, panic, and how always there are some persons who steal from stores and attack girls when the authority is not enough, in a bombing. But so far no classes are organized. Nothing has been done. I am just waiting."

An old farmer said, "Country's too durn well-off and comfortable. Folks are waiting for somebody else to get up and turn off the alarm clock."

A professor: "Our own propaganda on the fearsome qualities of the atomic bomb has paralyzed many imaginative citizens into a fatalistic coma."

A housewife: "I think people are kind of punchy from all the exaggerations they hear. Advertisers and news commentators and editorial writers—they've been screaming at us for so many years about so many things. It's like the boy that kept shouting 'Wolf! Wolf!' until nobody believed him. Everything somebody doesn't like has been called a 'threat to the American way of life.' Now that there really is a big threat, we just don't believe it. But I'm signed up for a Red Cross course in home nursing. Things like that are useful whether war comes or not."

A hard-bitten member of the American Legion: "What's the sense kidding ourselves? A bunch of us in the Legion post have trained as auxiliary firemen. But for rescue work and stretcher bearing you need husky young fellows. And you won't get 'em without an all-out campaign. It's got to start from Washington and fan out to every single family—people have to catch fire with the Civil Defense idea. Civil Defense has got to become the core of American life. Otherwise there just 'ain't going to be no core.'"

Last of all, an ex-Communist: "The majority of Americans still tend to think of an enemy in terms of a foreign state acting for the best interests of its own people, even if criminal or mistaken. When Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels issued their 'Communist Manifesto' in 1848, they ended it with these words: 'The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions.'"

Marx and Engels set in motion a tiny army of atheist messiahs, devoted to spreading their economic gospel by words first and by fire and sword when the time is ripe. For them there is no such thing as peace as long as any group of armed men or unterrified civilians disagrees with them. They are committed to a fight to the finish. Their military action is held in check only by the limitations of their power. When they are strong enough they will attack—if they consider America weak enough in Civil Defense to knock *us out*.

"We were at Dorothy Dunkle's house, counting her measles."

REDBOOK

In the U.S.A. we now have one million trained people for all Civil Defense jobs. As of right now, we could cut our casualties from five to ten per cent, as compared with what they would be in a situation of total unpreparedness. For maximum safety we need 20,000,000 Americans trained in modern first aid and 17,000,000 of these trained for warden service, fire fighting, rescue work, nurses' aides, communications, radiation detection, auxiliary police and other special duties. This will be the biggest training job ever undertaken in the world's history. And seventy per cent of the Civil Defense workers will be women.

In World War II "civilian" defense was aimed at protecting the lives of civilians during air raids with ordinary explosive and incendiary bombs. But there have been some changes made.

Major Lenox R. Lohr, Illinois Director of Civil Defense, said, "The next war will start by the enemy trying to knock out our productive capacity first. And the only answer to that is *civil defense*—which takes in not only the protection of civilian lives but also the preservation of our industrial production which equips our armed forces to strike back at the enemy and ultimately to defeat him. This means fire fighting to protect *our* industrial plants and emergency housing so that we can keep every essential employee on the job. The military has its task and is going ahead with it. But one out of every eight Americans *must* be trained in some Civil Defense job and be ready to pitch in at a moment's notice. Just to give you some idea of the size of the problem—Chicago is equipped to take care of not more than a hundred orphan children at one time. Yet every atom bomb exploded 2,500 feet above a densely populated area will mean ten thousand orphans."

The world's most popular stationery is the pay-envelope.
—Shannon Fife

The **atom-bomb** raids which will open World War III will strike at from twenty to thirty target cities. This is no military secret—it's just what we know is going to happen. Furthermore, as good as our radar screen is, it cannot, as of now, be depended upon to warn us accurately of planes flying close to the ground or shielded by mountains. The rural areas of Montana are as important to the country's survival as are any other areas. A network of aircraft spotters is being organized in rural areas, but this network must literally cover the country.

The oceans that wash our coasts are no barrier to enemies now. The sky is their road. Go to your window, look up at the sky. Take a good look. That's where they'll be.

Many air-raid wardens during the

last war were either people who liked to boss others around or devoted citizens who felt a bit self-conscious in white steel helmets because they knew that the threat of large-scale bombing just wasn't real. But it's real today.

We won't have to run around enforcing blackout regulations—the radar-scopes of enemy planes give them an accurate map of any city on the darkest night. The problem will be lighting a city, if they manage to flatten the power stations. Which is one reason why you should carry a pocket flashlight, starting now.

A power shut-off in an emergency is a great breeder of panic, while a few flashlights in the hands of calm people can restore order and save lives.

There is only one way to prevent panic: adequate training beforehand. Every able-bodied teen-ager and adult must have training and a definite job to do when the crisis arrives. Roy Wingate, chairman of the St. Louis chapter of the Red Cross, is a veteran with twenty-eight years of Red Cross service in every sort of disaster: earthquake, flood, fire, hurricane and tornado. He told me: "The way I look at it, an atom bomb on this city would be no worse than a bad tornado—except for the people directly under it in the 'ground zero' area. The big danger is not lingering radiation, but fire. And panic. And the only way to prevent lives being lost from panic is a thoroughgoing campaign of education beforehand. Unless the people know what to expect, what to do if it comes and what to do afterward, you'll have panic—with fatal results."

The Red Cross is training classes in first aid as quickly as they can be organized, but in most places the housewives of the country just aren't signing up.

Answer quickly: if your child were badly cut on the cheek by flying glass, how would you stop the bleeding?

When the A-bomb falls you won't be able to call a doctor or an ambulance. The telephone lines will be down or jammed with official messages. Doctors won't be in their offices; they'll be hurrying to their emergency stations. Many of them will be dead. Very well—*how would you stop that bleeding?* A first-aid course will teach you.

Answer quickly: if your child is suffering from loss of blood or severe burns, what substitute can you use in an emergency for whole blood or plasma? It's a solution made from supplies you already have in your own kitchen, and you make the child drink it. But what are the ingredients? Take your Red Cross course and learn.

Dr. Milton W. Buehrig is an energetic young physician who is head of the blood-bank collection in Carlinville. He said, "It seems to me that the immediate stockpiling of plasma is a job for the Federal Government. Right this minute we only have fifty pints of whole blood in the Carlinville area. You can keep whole blood for only twenty-one days in an ice-box. But plasma keeps indefinitely. It takes two and four-tenths units of whole blood to make one unit of plasma. I think our town has a better record for blood-bank donations than many others—the American Legion and my own outfit, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, have done a lot. But consider this: three A-bombs over St. Louis will mean 495,000 casualties. Carlinville can take care of five hundred. But if we get five hundred A-bomb casualties we'll need 1,500 pints of whole blood during the first three weeks. That's just one detail.

"Get this: One patient, severely burned, who needs all the medical resources available at the present time to save his life, will require forty-two tanks of oxygen, three nurses, two and seven-tenths miles of gauze, thirty-six pints of plasma, forty pints of whole blood, and adequate supplies of morphine and antibiotic drugs.

"We're getting the nurses—just last week sixty-five women in the county completed the twelve-hour home nursing course with two hours of Civil Defense training. We had three hundred women enrolled even before we got instructors.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

	HOUSEWIFE	OFFICE WORKER
EVERYONE	***Informed Citizen:*** The entire civil defense program depends upon the informed citizen who has read at least one defense manual and understands the basic rules of self-protection, who knows that the difference between life and death may well be his ability to keep calm and make	
	First Aid Trainee: After a bomb hits, there would not be enough time for doctors to visit every person who is hurt, nor will there be enough roads open. You will have to know enough basic first aid to give at least emergency help to your family, perhaps even to yourself, before	
	Blood Donor: Now is the time to prepare for the incredible quantities of blood which would be necessary immediately after an attack. In New York City alone, for example, informed estimates show that approximately 35,000 people would be victims of shock and would require some	
TARGET CITIES	***Block Warden:*** The person on the spot who inspires confidence and knows all the answers: where the shelters are, what precautions are needed before the bomb, what is necessary afterward. ***Canteen Worker:*** Able to prepare or serve food under difficult conditions to evacuees and emergency workers. ***Welfare Aide:*** Thousands will be homeless and helpless, in need of shelter, food, clothing, money, advice. Supplying these is up to the welfare aide. ***Nursery Worker:*** Before—care for the children of defense workers; after—care for orphans and homeless and frightened children. ***Medical Aide:*** Non-professional help will be desperately needed by overworked doctors and nurses everywhere. ***In addition*** there are jobs too numerous to describe in detail here, such as car and ambulance drivers, messenger, communications workers, radiation monitors, spotters, etc.	***Communications*** are vital in a disaster. Fire, police, welfare, medical and every other department will depend heavily upon thousands of calm volunteers who can operate radios, telephone switchboards, act as dispatchers, clerks, typists, etc. ***Filter Center:*** Secretaries are ideal for receiving and translating onto maps the information from air-raid observation posts. ***Clerical Worker:*** Typing, filing, and other office skills are needed in all defense organizations, especially at welfare centers to record casualties, trace missing persons, and regulate the flow of evacuees and wounded.
NEIGHBORING TOWNS	***Medical:*** Emergency medical aide with some training to give non-professional help to overworked doctors and nurses caring for injured evacuees. ***Nursery:*** Children are the most helpless victims of disaster. Volunteers are needed to give physical, emotional and spiritual aid to homeless and orphaned babies and younger children. ***Welfare:*** The thousands made homeless by a bomb will be desperate for food, shelter, clothing, advice and information about missing relatives. Welfare will be one of the most important opportunities in neighboring towns. ***Canteen:*** Cooks, servers, kitchen police to feed evacuees and defense workers under emergency conditions in mass feeding stations.	***Spotters:*** Neighboring towns will be called upon to supply thousands of volunteers to operate observation posts—about 30 per post for round-the-clock operation in an emergency. ***Communications*** will be almost as pressing in neighboring towns because large portions of the city system will be destroyed by a bomb. Telephone and radio operators, dispatchers, clerks, typists, etc., will be vital. ***Clerical Work:*** Neighboring towns will require enormous amounts of clerical work to keep track of evacuees, both before and after treatment and shelter has been found for them. This branch of welfare will be one of the most important in all civil defense.

IN CIVIL DEFENSE

MEN ONLY	MEN & WOMEN	CHILDREN
others calm, to squelch all rumors instantly, and to avoid panic, no matter what happens. Experienced civil defense men are fearful that if a bomb were dropped tomorrow on any target city in the country, at least as many people would be killed by the panic that resulted from the bomb as would be killed by the bomb itself.		
you can be taken to the hospital areas. The Red Cross offers a standard 18-hour course plus a 4-hour atomic course. New York State has been the first to develop a specialized atomic training course which is short enough (8 hours) to be a *must* for everyone concerned with "Self-Help and Neighbor Help"—and today these are concerns of everyone.		
70,000 units of plasma *within six hours.* At present, the entire plasma production of the State of New York is only 15,000 units a year. A large part of the immediate requirements can be filled with whole blood, but the need for plasma is becoming more and more urgent. Remember, a contribution once every 8 weeks is little enough to save your own life.		
To the men falls the heavy work of restoring the stricken city to a semblance of its former efficiency. This will require rescue teams of first-aid men, construction engineers, laborers and stretcherbearers to remove the injured and trapped from wrecked buildings; Auxiliary Police and Fire volunteers to work directly with the regular officers; and roadclearing gangs to restore minimum transportation. Various types of emergency repair crews will be vital to repair leaking gas and water mains and to shore up partially demolished houses — or to destroy them completely if safety requires; radiation monitor crews and ham radio operators and a hundred other varieties of masculine ability will be absolutely necessary.	***The jobs*** available for both men and women are too numerous to discuss here in detail. They range from monitoring crews for measuring radiation to drivers in the motor corps evacuating wounded and carrying official personnel; from emergency medical aides to block wardens. Welfare work will be such a tremendous job that there will be plenty of room for both men and women — provided you volunteer now and learn where you can be of service. After there is an attack, there will be no time to organize and train the necessary volunteers.	***Children*** were extremely valuable during the Battle of Britain as bicycle messengers and couriers. Given a job to do, they can be far more dependable than most adults realize—provided they are also given an understanding of the importance of what they are asked to do. City children must be just as well-informed citizens as their parents. Teen-agers especially can be spared infinite pain if they are given a clear idea by their parents what could happen.
Men in neighboring towns will almost certainly be called upon to assist the men in cities, to add to the roadclearing and rescue teams, and to work with the fire and police departments. In addition, temporary mass feeding stations and dormitories will have to be erected to care for the thousands of city dwellers who have had their homes destroyed by the bomb. All these operations will require supervisors as well as unskilled laborers.	***Outside*** the target area, civil defense jobs will be just as numerous and just as important. The infinite varieties of welfare workers needed to clothe and feed and house evacuees and defense workers range from interviewers and clerks to register them to cooks and servers and kitchen police to feed them. In addition, car and truck drivers, blood donors and handlers, financial advisors, nursery workers and teachers will be essential.	***Children*** in the country can be especially useful in comforting other children—evacuees who become separated from their parents or who are awaiting medical treatment. The inspiration and example of children who have not been bombed and who are not frightened can be a steadying influence on horrified city children and keep them calm.

But where are all the supplies going to come from? And half of those casualties will be kids."

Question: who is going to pay for stockpiles of medical supplies? A box of sterile gauze pads measuring 3″ by 3″ can be bought in any drugstore. You will pay 75 cents for a box of 25 pads. And if you get badly burned you are going to need 2.7 *miles* of gauze.

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a city of 40,975, Civil Defense has enlisted the local pharmacists' association: when an alarm sounds. each druggist will prepare a package of drugs and first-aid supplies and take it to a depot designated by the head of the Civil Defense Medical Committee. As of today, that is almost the only source of first-aid equipment except what the Red Cross has on hand for disaster work.

The supplies will have to come from the small towns. When the bombs land, mobile relief units, drawing on the re-

sources of small towns and moving with the precision of well-drilled troops, will have to converge on the stricken areas. There is no other way to save our industrial resources—men and equipment—and win the war.

This is going to be a civilians' battle.

When the frontier was pushing into Kentucky, the frontier woman was the family medico. Also, she took the precaution of carrying a rifle with her when she went to the spring for water. She could never afford to say, "I don't think the Shawnees will raid *our* settlement."

If you have young children, do they have identification tags? Do your children know what to do if they are playing outdoors and see a blinding flash in the sky? Do you?

Let us return to our little A-bomb victims in the fictional introduction to this article. Ellen and Carlie survived in that fable only because their city was *completely* organized for Civil Defense, and a town in the support area was ready down to the last detail. But St. Louis and Carlinville are not really ready—not completely and not yet. Most communities have very little else than plans on paper and lists of things they will do—when enough citizens can be aroused to sign up, study and learn how to do them.

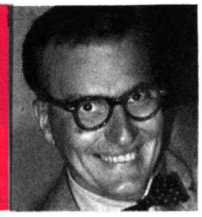
Now go back and consider the story of Ellen and Carlie again. If the bomb falls tomorrow, they are not fictional characters—they are your kids. And if it falls tomorrow, your community is *not* prepared.

Then the story is different, is short, and is this:

Those children are dead.

... THE END

The Case of the Casual Comic



(Continued from page 49)

He is a sort of one-man rest cure of the airways.

Garroway flouts the widely-held belief that to be successful a performer must pin his audience to its seats by sheer, overpowering energy—a technique that one embittered critic has described as implying that anyone who dares to tune out a show will be instantly shot for desertion. Garroway is unique. He demands nothing.

"Stick around if you haven't anything better to do," he often tells his audience. "Put your feet up on whatever is handy. There'll be small songs and other doings. Won't hurt a bit." In television and radio, suggesting that audiences *might* have something better to do than listen or watch is akin to heresy.

Garroway's vocabulary matches his leisurely ways. It runs to understatement. He describes a jazzy orchestration of "Darktown Strutters' Ball" as "a pretty virile thing;" or, commenting on a torch singer's anguish, "Girl makes a sound, doesn't she?" Returning to the air after a vacation in Europe, Garroway struggled to his highest pitch of impassioned eloquence to describe the French Riviera. Of his sojourn in that delightful region he enthused, "No agony at all."

Garroway's introductions of performers on his program are apt to be laconic. At the beginning of a recent show he announced, "Nice people are in the cell tonight," which is about as rapturous as he ever gets in describing his associates.

He has a store of unusual endearments which he draws upon to address not only his friends but also his audiences. "Hello, old tiger" is one he frequently uses. Others include "old devoted," "old dear" or, in the case of an uncommonly young and graceful individual, "my fanciful." Abhorring hackneyed conversational exchanges, Garroway shuns the use of "good-by" to indicate a leave-taking, and instead intones the simple statement, "Peace," usually accompanied by a languid hand raised in benediction. Occasionally in an expansive mood, he elaborates on his usual word of parting. Not long ago he closed a program in a fit of rare exuberance. "Some love and some peace, old dear," he muttered.

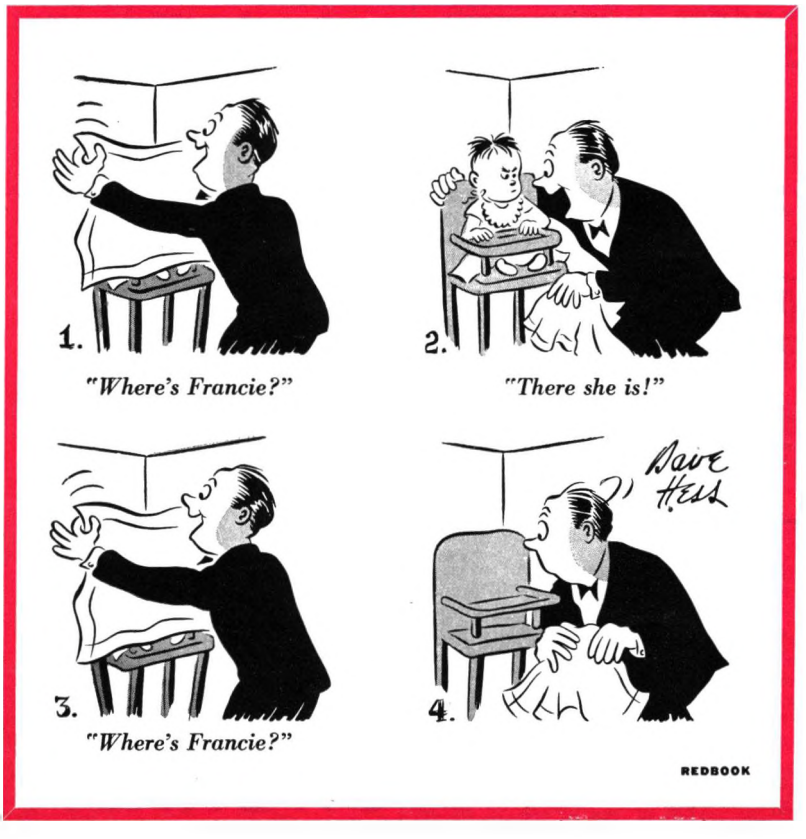
The significance of Garroway's pet expression of farewell is not clear, even to him, although he surmises it may represent a wish that our times were not so belligerent. On some occasions he has abandoned "Peace" entirely and has ended his show with the hollow cry "Help," a morose recognition of the tension in the world.

Garroway's place in the entertainment world is not easy to define, although he comes closest to being a master of ceremonies. His function on his weekly television program, which will resume at a new time early this month, and his radio show, a midday, fifteen-minute program Mondays through Fridays, is to introduce singers, comedians, dancers and other entertainers. But Garroway is like no other master of ceremonies on the air. Where others rely on gags or rapid patter to maintain what they regard as the proper state of frenzy to keep a show on the move, Garroway engages in haphazard discourses that frequently have no connection whatever with the rest of his program.

Not long ago, at a moment when he was supposed to be introducing an instrumental group, he fell to brooding about box lunches, for no apparent reason. "Food that comes in a cardboard box has a subtle poison all its own," he concluded darkly. "I can imagine nothing beautiful or good being done by a man who has just eaten at his desk. Here's the Art Van Damme Quintet."

During another radio program he launched into an impromptu essay on the importance of the thumb. "If you and I didn't have a thumb, old saber-tooth, we'd probably still be living in caves," he said. After devoting several minutes to expressions of relief that progress had not been stalled by the absence of a fifth digit, he finally remembered that Jack Haskell was waiting to sing, an event having no perceptible association with thumbs, except that Haskell has two of them.

At times Garroway has become so immured in a monologue as to forget the rest of the program entirely. One night on a record show he spent more than an



hour psychoanalyzing himself, it apparently having slipped his mind that a large audience was listening to his candid confessions. His self-appraisal on this occasion became so critical that several listeners telephoned the studio in a state of alarm. They feared he was on the verge of destroying himself.

Garroway probably has the most diverse supply of information in his head of any star in radio and television. At various times he has avocationally dabbled in astronomy, chemistry, electronic engineering, auto racing, gem cutting, interior designing, golfing, serious card playing, photography, book collecting, psychiatry and piano playing. He knows something about almost everything and likes to talk about it, in the informal, easy way of a well-read man chatting with a friend over a glass of beer.

The identifying mark of his television and radio production is a fresh informality, a spirit that reflects the youthful planning of his shows. Garroway, at thirty-eight, is the oldest member of the group that creates his programs. The others, all in their early thirties, are Charlie Andrews, writer, Ted Mills, producer, and Bill Hobin, director. Unlike many popular stars who would be struck dumb if left to their own resources, Garroway works without a script. He feels he would be suffocated if he committed lines to memory or read his comments. What he says while on the air is often as much a surprise to him as to his coworkers.

Garroway's relaxed manner and roving mind were developed in his childhood. His father, a General Electric Company engineer, was transferred so frequently from plant to plant that Dave was wearing long pants before he realized that moving vans were not normal fixtures at every curbstone. His family's wanderings began two months after he was born, at Schenectady, New York, July 13, 1913, and did not cease until he was grown. In the eight years of his elementary education he attended thirteen different schools. At an early age he learned not only to survive change but also to admire it. He became an intellectual nomad.

An only child, he was obliged to amuse himself, since he was seldom in residence anywhere long enough to make many friends. At one period, when he was nine and living in Belmont, Massachusetts, he became engrossed in chemistry and spent hours at a time at work in a laboratory he had constructed in the cellar. He conducted such furious experiments that the fumes from the Garroway basement sometimes could be smelled through the entire vicinity. By a stroke of fortunate timing his father was transferred to Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, just as the neighbors of Belmont, Massachusetts, were springing to arms.

Garroway's absorption in chemistry was left with his retorts and beakers when the family moved. He then became interested in electronics and began building radio receivers which gave off more noise but less smell than his chemical laboratory and thus were not quite as severe a social handicap for his family.

At about this stage, his mother, hoping to arouse in him an interest that would make his company acceptable to others, persuaded him to take piano lessons. Dave studied assiduously for three years. His progress was so encouraging that his mother bought a new grand piano, thinking the splendid instrument would inspire him. Dave indeed was fascinated by the gleaming piano, but not in the way his mother had anticipated. It had hardly arrived in the house before he took it apart to its last string and hammer. Happily, Garroway's innate mechanical ability enabled him to put the instrument together again and tune it reasonably close to its original pitch, but the exercise of disassembling and restoring it left him feeling he had explored the subject of pianos as deeply as he cared to. He never took another lesson. The exact stage at which his piano training ceased is plainly evident. Today Garroway can romp through the first half of "Rhapsody in Blue" without an error. Beyond a certain bar in the middle of the piece, he cannot play a note.

When Garroway reached high-school age, his family settled in University City, a suburb of St. Louis. Garroway stayed at the University City High School long enough to graduate, and at Washington University, also St. Louis, long enough to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree. Through these eight years Garroway was dismayed by the fact that although many of his classmates were already bent on following specific careers, he was unable to make up his mind about what he wanted to be.

For a while, during his high-school years, he considered becoming an astronomer. While this mood was upon him, he built three telescopes, grinding the intricate lenses himself, and spent most of his nights peering into the sky. To this day, when he feels he may be attaching excessive importance to some problem, he goes to a telescope that he still keeps in his apartment and scans the heavens.

"Say, old tiger, you ought to look through a telescope once in a while," he told his radio audience recently. "Look around out there. Things out there are pretty big and beautiful. Makes you realize that quarrel with your girl may not be the end, after all. It's a good idea to look through a telescope at least once a year. Restores your perspectives."

The day Garroway graduated from college, his family moved to Boston. Garroway went along, with his college degree and no definable future. Feeling it was time he began to earn some kind of living, he took a job selling piston rings to garages. During several months of tedious canvassing among automobile mechanics, he found a universal lack of interest in the brand of piston rings he had in his kit, and he finally took a vacation in New York on the theory that a change of scene might inspire a new sales talk that Boston garagemen would find irresistible.

In New York he met a college friend who invited him to attend a bridge party. Garroway, having become a skilled bridge player some years before, profoundly impressed the guests at the party by his shrewd play. By the end of the evening he had won not only an im-

moderate share of the stakes, but also a new job, the latter through the personnel manager of the National Broadcasting Company, who was a guest and victim.

So Garroway became a uniformed NBC page at $15.80 a week.

He adapted himself to life in New York as resourcefully as he had to life in other communities. He and two other pages engaged living quarters above Leon and Eddie's, a night club celebrated for its floor shows. The first thing Garroway and his friends did upon taking occupancy was to drill a hole in the floor through which they were able to get a bird's-eye view of the girls dancing beneath them. Although their rooms were modest, the view of the night-club belt was among the most diverting in New York.

You are on a main traffic artery when occupying an aisle seat in a movie theater.

Within a year after he went to work as a page, Garroway became a trainer of NBC guides, a job then commanding $20.19 a week. Meanwhile, he studied announcing. He was mustered out of his guide's uniform when hired as an announcer at KDKA, Pittsburgh. A short while after joining KDKA he became the station's director of special events, a term used in radio to describe those broadcasts that try to overcome the handicaps of a small budget by being bizarre.

The events that Garroway directed were special indeed. On various occasions, talking all the while, he carried the KDKA microphone into a soaring balloon, a coal mine, a submarine submerged in the Allegheny River and a canoe in which two adventurers were setting out to retrace the route of Lewis and Clark. The canoe broadcast ended with an unscheduled gurgle when the craft capsized in midstream.

On another and drier occasion, Garroway, an expert golfer who in his astronomy period had learned the game to give himself something to do in daylight, played a round against the defending champion in the Pennsylvania state amateur tournament, keeping up a running commentary into a portable microphone as he toured the course. The champion was so ruffled by the sight of his talkative opponent addressing not only the ball but also a vast unseen audience that Garroway won the match.

In 1940 Garroway went to work for the National Broadcasting Company in Chicago. Not long afterward, he married a girl friend of his college days, Adele Dwyer, who was working for a Chicago advertising agency. Along with a wife, Garroway acquired a new interest. His bride, who had a knack for jewelry design, and Garroway, who had a knack for almost anything, got started in the hobby of polishing and mounting precious stones. Before long the two of them were operating a fully-equipped lapidary establishment, Garroway cutting and grinding the gems and his wife mounting them in rings, pendants and other baubles. The Garroway apartment had begun to look like the back room of a jewelry store when their life together was suddenly ended. In December, 1942, Garroway joined the Navy as an ensign.

He was assigned as communications officer aboard a fleet minesweeper. The moment the ship left her moorings at the Alameda, California, Navy Yard, it became clear that the Navy had made a dreadful mistake in sending Ensign Garroway to sea duty. He immediately was stricken with the most inconvenient disorder a sailor can have. He was seasick for four months, until he was finally removed from the ship at Pearl Harbor and hospitalized because of a ruptured stomach. When he recovered, he was put in charge of a school for yeomen in Hawaii, where he spent the rest of his Navy career.

It was during this time that he began to develop the broadcasting style that he has now perfected. Nights, he worked as a disc jockey on KGU, a Honolulu station. He presided over a program of recorded music sponsored by a small massage parlor with a name that could have been invented only in the dreamy air of the islands—the Honolulu Body-Sculpture Center Institute.

"I didn't think anybody ever listened," Garroway said recently of his Hawaiian broadcasting, "so I began to drift away, saying whatever came into my mind. All of a sudden the telephone began to ring, and mail started arriving. A revelation."

He continued to drift away, further and further, and for the first time was putting his vast store of information to commercial use. He talked about chemistry, gem cutting, astronomy, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and such a variety of subjects that no matter what he said at any given moment some segment of his audience was bound to find it familiar. Being a man of taste, he also was careful in selecting the records he played between his comments. The program became one of the most popular in Honolulu before Garroway was obliged to quit when the Navy issued a general order restraining its officers from holding civilian jobs.

Back in Chicago after his discharge from the Navy, Garroway began a disc-jockey program from midnight to 2 A.M., over WMAQ, the NBC station. In no time he became the most talked-about performer in Chicago radio. He was admired not only for his free and easy style of comment that sometimes occupied more time than the records he played, but also for his choice of music. He sought the unusual or the classics in jazz. Although his audiences embraced people of all ages, his principal appeal was to those young enough to react to a Dixieland rhythm without suffering a stroke. As Garroway himself describes his taste in music, "I am not a Guy Lombardo man." His following became immense.

Garroway's success in Chicago encouraged NBC in 1947 to engage him for a national network program—a weekly half-hour production featuring, in addi-

tion to him, an orchestra, singers and guest entertainers. Although now cast as the master of ceremonies of a program involving live performers instead of recorded music, Garroway basically remained unchanged. He continued to talk almost at random between other acts and to choose the music on his program as carefully as he had picked his records. He has since taken on the television program and the daily radio show.

All of Garroway's programs begin with the playing of his theme song, "Sentimental Journey." The music fades and Garroway drifts in. "Hello, old tiger," he may say. "Well, here it is today. Next thing you know it will be tomorrow. And what will you have done—anything beautiful?" Between vocal and dance numbers by members of his cast, Garroway saunters from one scene to another, stepping over electric cables, stumbling into cameras, and generally committing what would be regarded as unpardonable informalities on other television variety shows. Somehow, through it all, he manages to preserve an air of complete nonchalance.

Although his television and radio commitments force him to work harder than he ever worked before, Garroway still finds time to satisfy his restless craving for new interests, which are even more important to him now that he and his wife are divorced. Their marriage, like many others of its time, was sorely tried by the separations of war. So the former Mrs. Garroway and their daughter returned to St. Louis.

One of Garroway's current interests is photography. Another hobby is one he has been indulging for several years—collecting antique and sport cars. He has owned nearly two dozen and raced some of them, including Duesenbergs, a Mercedes-Benz, Alfa-Romeos and Bugattis. His present pride is a Jaguar which was judged the handsomest car in its class at the annual meeting of the Sports Car Club of America in 1949 and won sixth place in a field of fifty, with Garroway at the wheel, in the leading American road race that year.

The Garroway crouched at the controls of a racing motor car seems a contradiction of the Garroway who is so easygoing on the air. Garroway explains his interest in racing and tinkering with fast automobiles as therapeutic. "It helps me blow off steam," says the man who to his radio and television audiences looks as though he could not get up a head of steam with the aid of a locomotive boiler.

Like everyone else, Garroway lately has been subject to growing tension. He, however, makes a serious effort to keep events in a rational, if sometimes impractical, perspective.

Returning from his first trip to Europe, Garroway announced a formula for world peace. He had arrived at the formula by traveling through the Alps, which awed him.

"Too bad everybody can't have an Alp around handy," he said wistfully. "If you could have an Alp around whenever a dictator came along, you'd be all right. You could just stand the dictator up with a large Alp behind him. He wouldn't amount to much. Well, old tiger, peace." . . . THE END

"When I Was 21"

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE
Radio's Most Famous Interviewer

My most exciting dream came true when I was twenty-one," says Mary Margaret McBride. "Ever since I was a little girl I'd wanted to be a reporter on a New York paper. I got the job just after my twenty-first birthday."

When Mary Margaret was growing up, in Paris, Missouri, her family was poor, but a wealthy great-aunt agreed to put her through the University of Missouri — after she graduated from the high school that had been founded on an endowment left by the great-aunt's late husband. But Mary Margaret got the shock of her life when her aunt flatly refused to allow her to prepare for a newspaper career by studying journalism at Missouri.

"I have a much more ladylike future planned for you," her aunt said. "When you graduate from college I shall have you appointed principal of the high school."

Their dispute lasted for hours. Her aunt threatened to withdraw all further support of her education. But Mary Margaret wouldn't give in.

Her aunt carried out her threat. Mary Margaret received no financial assistance from her, but she did major in journalism at Missouri. She got a ten-dollars-a-week job on the Columbia *Times*, working nights until midnight.

Mary Margaret finished the four-year course in three years, and graduated from Missouri when she was twenty. She had just turned twenty-one, when a former colleague in the publicity office where she was working telephoned her. He was city editor of the New York Evening *Mail*, and he needed a girl reporter who could cover fires dramatically. He offered her forty dollars a week. Mary Margaret proved that she could write dramatically about anything from a strawberry festival to a political convention. She had become a $100-a-week columnist when the Evening *Mail* went out of business some years later.

Her best newspaper stories had always been sympathetic interviews, and after her paper folded Mary Margaret turned this talent to magazine writing.

During the depression, Mary Margaret turned, without much interest, to radio. Her first job was on Station WOR—at forty dollars a week. Today she has 8,000,000 listeners to her five-day, hour-long program on the ABC network!

"I'm still a reporter," she points out. "I'm sure I'm better at it than I would have been as a high-school principal. And what I'm doing isn't so very unladylike, is it?"

CHARLES SAMUELS

With Marriage at Stake

(Continued from page 50)

Mary. "She says I should be able to stand up by myself, now, and she wanted to retire before she became a permanent chilblain."

Zoe had never learned to skate really well, and she'd hated the rink and was always miserably cold, but they still remembered Zoe here—as people did.

It was early in the afternoon, but Mary decided she'd had enough. She changed her clothes and walked out into the bright street. Outdoors it was much warmer than the rink had been; it was April, and the sun had just come out after the rain; something too sweet, oppressive, hung in the air. She looked up; there were pale green leaves on the dark branches above her, looking almost artificial against the fresh sky. A restless ache and longing filled her. Spring was a time to fall in love; it was no time to say good-by. And she had to say good-by to Dan. Tonight.

If only she could have kept their relationship entirely casual, the way he apparently wanted it! The first time they met, she'd struck exactly the right note; she had walked into her father's book-littered study, that rainy October evening, wearing a yellow wool dress and carrying a branch of bittersweet; he had looked at her and said, solemnly, "Just what I need to brighten up my life. Really, Dale,"—he'd turned to her father—"you must let me take her home with me." "Oh, you don't want *her*," Dale Cartwright had said. "She's an athlete. Terribly expensive to feed." "Yes I do want her," the stranger went on, crossly. "And have her wear that dress." "The bittersweet," Mary told him demurely, "is extra."

He hadn't taken her home with him, of course; only to a party. That was how it started. At first he had just been someone to take her places. He was older; he had been on expeditions all over the world; he was far more interesting than boys her own age. She went with him to parties and concerts, and they shared a liking for sports. A big, vital-looking man with quiet eyes and a mouth which seemed to never quite stop smiling, she had thought him attractive and a good companion.

Zoe warned her not to fall in love. He had been married before, disastrously, and was not likely to want marriage again. "That woman was horrible to him and then left him," Zoe told her. "And he's only been divorced a year. Besides, he's older than you are, Mary. He's nearer my age than yours!"

Well, she certainly hadn't meant to fall in love. It was just that, suddenly, the day was lost unless she saw Dan, unless he called, unless she at least heard his name. And Dan—was he in love with her? He never said so. She was

a playmate, someone to have fun with, and he had used her laughter to erase the memory of his unfortunate marriage. I ought to hate him, she thought now, getting into her little car and starting it rather savagely. But she did not hate him.

Mary drove through the streets of the small city, where people wandered along carrying their coats, bemused by spring. She had her hair done. "Do something different with it," she told the operator listlessly, not really caring. She went to pick up the birthday cake for Mickey, one of the orphans at the institution where she taught nursery school. She and Zoe always furnished cakes for the children. "Oh," she said, stricken, to the clerk, "I forgot to tell you to make it chocolate; this child adores chocolate—"

"Your mother called in last night and said Mickey wanted chocolate," the woman smiled. "She remembered, from last year. My, doesn't she have a sweet voice, though!"

"Oh, I'm glad she remembered. Yes, her voice is lovely; she was trained for the stage." People always spoke of Zoe.

She delivered the cake and hurried home. Dan was coming for dinner—"just a few people," the family had promised—and she must freshen up and look her best. She intended to be very nonchalant about saying good-by to him, however. She had been a friend, an acquaintance, nothing more. No, that wasn't quite right, either; there had been Christmas Eve, when they had been walking slowly up the drive by the big spruce tree, joking about the perfume he had given her—"Jungle Madness," something like that—when suddenly they had both stopped laughing and turned to each other and kissed. There had been other moments, too. *Oh, he had cared!* It was only that he did not care enough.

Mary maneuvered the car skillfully around the circular drive which led up to the big house, put it in the garage, and started up the walk. As she opened the front door she could hear her father and Zoe talking excitedly in the study. They always had something to talk about.

"That *beast* of a Tolstoy," Zoe was saying. "There he has poor Varenka and that stupid man—he brings them together—you *know* that they'd be perfect for each other, but nothing comes of it, simply because—" She broke off. "Oh, hello, Mary!"

"Hello," said Mary. "Who is Varenka?"

"In here." Zoe waved a copy of "Anna Karenina." "It's just so unfair. I could *kill* Tolstoy."

"I have been waiting for Zoe to discover the Russian novelists and see what effect they'd have on her," Mary's father explained gravely. "What I did not anticipate was the effect Zoe would have on the Russian novelists. She is about to exorcise Tolstoy's ghost and shoot him."

"I don't even remember Varenka," Mary said.

"A minor character, dear. They always interest me, because I always played them in my greasepaint days—I was never good enough for anything else. But forget Varenka. What have you been doing, Mary?"

"Oh—finished up at school. Had my hair done. Picked up Mickey's cake. And I was at the rink for a while."

"Ah, me," sighed Zoe. "To have that youthful exuberance!"

Mary smiled at her. Zoe might not have exuberance, but she had everything else: red-gold hair which always seemed to have the sun on it, violet eyes, a sweet mouth firmly set in her fragile face. As a little girl Mary had looked at her stepmother and, with the intimacy children often have with the Deity, had prayed, "Make me like Zoe. If I could only be like Zoe! Please." It was a wish she held no longer. If you had straight brown hair there was no use in longing for shining waves, nothing could change dark eyes into blue, and if you were plain, you could never be really beautiful. There was not even much point in working on your looks—who would notice her, beside Zoe?

She went upstairs to dress, leaving her father and stepmother in animated discussion again. Dale Cartwright was immersed in the grinding detail of a big business all day long, and when he came home there was something about Zoe which at once stimulated and refreshed him. Zoe, on the other hand, found in this very matter-of-fact yet erudite man the type of audience she liked best; he gave her the admiration which she needed as much as she needed air to breathe. Mary considered them a perfect combination.

The phone in the hallway was ringing as she reached the second floor. Dan? She grabbed it, determined to be calm.

"Mary? Dan speaking. Thought I'd send you some flowers tonight. Our last evening, you know. . . . What would be good with whatever you're wearing?"

"Why—" He was only sending her flowers. No need to think he might have called about anything else. "Dan, how nice. I'm wearing a striped affair, I think."

"H'm. The florist may be fresh out of striped flowers."

(A joke, Mary. Laugh. Where's your bounce?)

"Anything you'd like to send would

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 14, Tops in the Shops—Thomas Yee; Pages 48 & 49, The Case of the Casual Comic—N.B.C.; Pages 64-67, Beautiful But Smart—Eileen Darby-Graphic House, Ed Carswell-Graphic House, Bob Towers-Pix, F. Patellani-Pix, Wide World, International News Photos; Page 72, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Suit shown on cover and page 52 by Davidow at Bonwit Teller; Hat by John Frederics; Kramer pin; Roger Van S bag; Aris gloves.

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Beginning with this issue, and getting bigger and bigger in October and November, TOPS IN THE SHOPS will provide you with Xmas suggestions right up to the time Santa hitches up his reindeer.

Why not clip these pages during the next three months and have your gift suggestions on file? TOPS IN THE SHOPS will help you solve many a perplexing gift problem. From back-to-school suggestions, to household aids and gift surprises for the entire family—TOPS IN THE SHOPS will make your shopping easier.

Just turn to page 14—don't miss page 30 either—choose your item and drop your order in the mailbox. What a streamlined way of playing Santa!

be wonderful," she said. "See you soon, Dan."

She went to her room. It was full of Dan. There was the ribbon they had won together in the badminton tournament this winter; a book which was a gift from him lay on her bed table; she had a whole shelfful of symphony records they had selected and enjoyed together; a picture of them taken at a night club. Dan looking very handsome with that touch of gray in his dark hair, was on her dresser. *Dan, we could have quite a life together, you and I.*

She sighed and turned to her closet. The striped dress was hanging there, colorful, jaunty, the kind she always wore. She never tried to be soft and feminine. Maybe that had been a mistake. Now, Zoe— Abruptly she crossed the hall to Zoe's room. Zoe had given her permission to wear any of her clothes at any time, but she never had; they were the same size but not the same type. Now she paused before Zoe's wardrobe and selected a soft green with a trace of drapery on the skirt. *If I could only be like Zoe.* Well, maybe it wouldn't hurt to try and be a little like her, after all.

She showered and dressed. Why, she looked, really, rather well. Her hair had been softened and shaped, and the childish bang guided into a becoming swirl; the dress did something for her. She looked *almost*—

"Mary?" A wrinkled face peered in the door. It was old Maggie, the housekeeper, who had been with them ever since Mary was a baby. "Mary, you look *beautiful!*"

"Really?" No one had ever called her that before. No one.

"Mr. Dan's downstairs. He sent up this box. Mary, you do take my breath away. Isn't that a dress of Mrs. Cartwright's, though? She won't like that. She won't even like you looking so nice. Mrs. Cartwright likes to be the belle of the ball herself."

"Oh, Maggie!" Maggie was the only person Mary knew who hadn't succumbed to Zoe's charm. A bitter old woman, deadly capable, humorless, she could not understand someone like Zoe.

Mary opened the box. Dan had played it safe. They would look well with the green. She jabbed the corsage into her dress and started downstairs. Dan was waiting.

At the foot of the stairs she saw him, standing there, urbane and relaxed, talking to a small group in the hall. I wonder if he'll know I'm here before I speak, she thought. I always know. I know whenever he enters a room.

"Mary!" He turned at that moment and walked toward her. It was impossible not to smile, not to feel alive with happiness, not to dare hope for what she knew could not be.

Then she saw Zoe looking at her from across the room. It was a curious look—speculative, searching. She'd never seen Zoe look at her in quite that way before.

"Glad you discarded the stripes; you look like a dryad," Dan was saying. "A queen of dryads. . . ." He was actually staring at her, as though he had never seen her before. "But come along and help me pick out a canapé. There's an amazing assortment. You made them all yourself, I suppose?"

"I was up at dawn, slaving away," she told him. They were back at their usual bantering; casual, light. She didn't care. It was enough to be with him.

"Darling." It was Zoe, her voice very sweet. *Too sweet?* "If you wanted to wear a dress of mine, dear," she whispered, "why didn't you ask me? That particular one isn't quite suitable—a bit tight at the waist, too."

"Oh—I didn't think you'd mind—" Mary said, confusedly.

"This *child.*" Zoe was speaking to Dan now, her voice quite clear. "She's so athletic, and of course that's marvelous—look at that straight, lovely back! But honestly, I wish she'd level off a little. A fine thing when she's getting so muscular she can't even wear my old-lady clothes without them pulling a little!"

"She looks pretty good to me." Dan was unsmiling.

"Good! Oh, she always *does.* I mean, I've always thought we ought to use Mary to advertise breakfast food or something. But, Dan—come with me for just a moment. I've some very dear friends in Chicago I want you to look up, should you go there. Mary, darling, we'll only be a moment."

Mary stared after them. Zoe just didn't do things like that! Maggie's acid comments came back to her now—Maggie, who had steadfastly refused to be charmed by Zoe. She'd always thought Maggie just didn't see Zoe as she really was. Perhaps, instead, it was she, Mary, who was looking at the real Zoe for the first time.

The disloyalty of the thought made her uneasy, and yet it persisted. She spoke to friends, nibbled a canapé, adjusted a vase of flowers, and all the time was uncomfortably aware of Zoe and Dan, deeply engaged in conversation. Dan didn't look exactly at ease, but he was making no move to disentangle himself. "Mary!" several people said to her. "You're looking positively ravishing!" People often told her she looked well, but no one had ever said she was ravishing. Had something—the spring, or being in love, or the green dress—really given her a touch of real beauty? *And was Zoe, for the first time, a little jealous?*

"Hello. I believe I'm taking you in to dinner." It was a tall, rather too good-looking young man with an accomplished smile—one of her father's junior associates. Mary had never liked him. "Your mother," he began easily, "suggested—"

"I am taking her in to dinner." Dan was there before he finished the sentence. "Must be a mixup. Sorry. Come along, Mary."

"Mary—" It was Zoe, again. "Could you dash into the kitchen and see about the salad? You know I'm not good at *anything* domestic, and the cook simply doesn't understand salads."

Mary knew her cheeks were burning. There was probably no reason to feel as though she were Cinderella being ordered back to the pantry, but that was how she felt.

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

Continued from page 63

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS:

It is normal for us to defend ourselves when our security seems threatened. However, the real reasons we feel insecure are sometimes so distasteful to us that we cannot admit they are a part of us. We literally hurl them away from us and avoid facing them by attributing to others the very motives of which we are guilty ourselves.

Everyone does this to a certain extent; Kay did it more than most. She enjoyed the attention and pride of her parents to the point of feeling self-conscious about it when she was old enough to have her first party dress. She was torn between feeling more comfortable in the protective atmosphere of her parents' home and feeling grown-up enough to go out on dates. She was ashamed of this strong feeling of need for her parents, and to avoid admitting it she unconsciously blamed her parents for wanting to keep her at home. Because she actually did not want to grow up, she began to think that her parents treated her like a youngster. When Herb proposed, Kay was unable to give up a childish need for her parents and accept the role of an adult woman. She was afraid to grow up, really did not want to leave home, and therefore accused her parents of motives which were actually her own. Diagnosis #2 is correct in this case.

Kay's problem is a common one, but it need not prevent her from happiness with Herb. She needs to understand that her parents wanted to help her to grow up. As she realizes her unconscious reluctance to leave one phase of her life and accept the next, she will be better able to enjoy her parents' admiration and at the same time embrace married love with Herb.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. Are your parents really demanding, or is this just an excuse for your dependence on them?
2. Do your children actually neglect you, or are you refusing to let them live their own lives?
3. Do others misunderstand your intentions, or do you avoid understanding yourself?
4. Before you accuse others, examine yourself for traces of the same undesirable traits.

"Tonight," Dan said firmly, "somebody else can understand the salad. I've got first claim on this girl." And he led her away.

The buffet table was loaded with good food, but Mary hardly noticed what she put on her plate. Eating dinner with Dan, she was conscious of a subdued constraint. She had known constraint with him before, and felt it to be a part of the unacknowledged emotional tie between them; but this was different. She couldn't even talk naturally. Dan was being very amusing about something which had happened on one of his expeditions. "Yes," she said. "Oh?" She felt wooden, stupid. One reason for this was Zoe, who was talking quite loudly across the room, about her stepdaughter's athletic prowess. She was saying nothing derogatory, and yet she was, somehow, making Mary out a complete freak, and revealing herself as the really desirable type—feminine, helpless, clinging. Mary had never been quite so uncomfortable in her life.

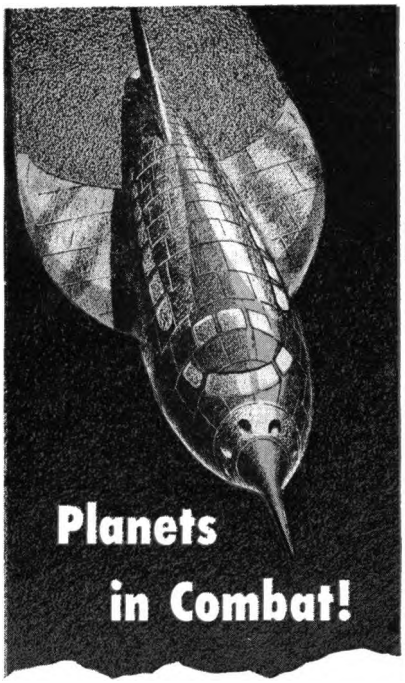
"Oh, and Mary—*darling*—would you be an angel and run up to my room and get me some cigarettes?" Zoe rose and walked toward her, her slim body moving easily. She never made a graceless movement. "I can only smoke those Turkish ones, you know."

"All right." Mary was glad of an excuse to leave the room. She got up, became somehow entangled in the drapery of her skirt, and collided with Zoe. To her horror a whole platterful of food spilled down the side of the green dress. "Oh—and this is yours—" she said painfully, scrubbing at the mess with her napkin.

"You might have been a little more careful," snapped Zoe. Then she quickly controlled herself. "Oh, that's all right, dear. Heavens, don't let it upset you—this is your evening!" But there was unmistakable anger smoldering under the limpid voice. "It's the dress you got me in Paris, Dale," she said quietly, to her husband. "Mary borrowed it—the child doesn't seem to have a decent stitch of her own. Now Mary, dear, run up and change. Forget about the cigarettes and don't worry about the dress." But as Mary went up the stairs she could hear Zoe say, plaintively, "Yes, it's one of the few things I did get in Paris. I'd always wanted just one, from a big house."

Oh, horrors! Mary yanked off the dress and tried to sponge it. It looked hopelessly stained, to her—why had she taken the pickled beets, anyway! She hung it up and grabbed one of her own dresses. It didn't matter to her which one it was. She was a muscle girl; she wouldn't try being a dryad, again. Everything had gone wrong. Why, *why*, was Zoe doing this to her? Strange how, by just her attitude and a few adroit remarks, Zoe had been able to make her feel callow and awkward and miserable. Mary was sorry she had ruined the dress, but she knew it wasn't because of that mishap that Zoe had snapped at her. No, her stepmother's behavior was motivated by something deeper. *I thought Zoe loved me. She hates me.*

She went back downstairs only be-



EVEN THOUGH the time of this story is far in the future, it opens on the eve of war. The powers in dispute are Earth and Venus. And, 18-year-old Don Harvey, who was born in space, and lived as a child on Venus is being called back from school in New Mexico to join his folks on Mars!

But first he had to be cleared by the Security Commission – and he was in trouble with the Security Police because he had talked to the dragon from Venus called Sir Isaac Newton. Then there was the matter of the ring that it was his duty to place in his father's hands. Already one man had died because of that ring. And interplanetary travel might be cut off at any moment by actual war!

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September—

cause she had to. Dan was in the little group around Zoe now, laughing and talking with her. Zoe had a way of magnetizing men. Before Dan could turn and find her, Mary busied herself clearing ash trays, carrying out empty plates, stopping to chat with someone. Throughout the rest of the evening she deliberately avoided Dan. She had a feeling that he was sorry for her, that he felt only pity for the clumsy youngster who had been his playmate this winter, and the thought was more than she could stand. As people started to leave, Mary went upstairs without even seeing Dan again. She was being rude, but she didn't care. She didn't care about anything. She sat in her room and watched the cars roll around the circular driveway. Her party was over. *Her party.* It had been Zoe's party. They were always Zoe's parties.

She could see, from her window, the big spruce tree where Dan had kissed her that Christmas Eve. But there is no comfort in remembering someone's kiss when you are sure they will never kiss you again.

The phone shrilled suddenly in the hall. She went to answer it. almost automatically, not really thinking.

"Mary!" It was Dan. "I can't do it. I thought I could leave you; I was so sure I didn't want to tangle my life up with anyone else's, again. . . . But I can't go away without you. Mary—come with me."

This couldn't be Dan. Not with such urgency in his voice. Dan was always joking, always pleasant and easy.

"Mary—do you hear me?"

"Yes, Dan."

"Will you come with me? Will you?"

Dan. He wanted her, after all.

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

"Meet me at the big spruce. Lord knows how we'll explain this to Dale, but I'll fix it up someway. As for Zoe—Mary, why didn't you *tell* me how things were!"

But she hadn't realized how things were, until tonight. She swallowed painfully; she couldn't seem to talk.

"You were breath-taking tonight as you came down the stairs; that was what she couldn't stand," Dan said grimly. "Zoe can't share the limelight. But let's not waste time talking about her. We can dash off across the line and be married, tonight. Darling—do you know that I've loved you all along? Could you guess—"

"Then why didn't you tell me?" She had to say it.

"I was thinking only of myself, of being hurt again; then, tonight, the way you were being treated made me start thinking of you. That's all I've been able to think of all evening. Mary, it's going to be only you, from now on. Hurry, darling! I'll be waiting."

"All right, Dan." It couldn't be true. It just couldn't be.

"Mary—one more thing."

"Yes?"

"Mary, I love you. I want you."

She went back to her room in a dream. But this wasn't a dream; it was real. Frantically she yanked out a suitcase, a coat, hardly knowing what she was doing. Then she stopped, frozen. Someone was standing in the doorway.

"It's all packed, Mary."

Zoe. "What in the—"

"I packed it. Just enough, and not so fancy that it looks suspicious. If that Dan didn't ask you to elope and escape with him tonight, after the wicked-stepmother act I pulled, he's not the man I think he is."

"Zoe, you—you were acting! You had me completely convinced! I despised you!"

Zoe patted her hair complacently. "Wasn't I poisonous? And to think of those stupid directors who told me I had no fire. Of course, you played right into my hands, borrowing my dress."

"But Zoe, what made you put on the 'act'? Why—"

"Varenka. Tolstoy's Varenka. This man wanted to marry her, and they would have been wonderfully happy, but he was afraid of marriage. He was thinking only of himself, and no one gave him a push to make him think of *her,* of making her happy, and what it could mean to them both. Just like you and Dan. I," Zoe concluded happily, "pushed."

"But—I don't want an unwilling love, a forced love," Mary cried out suddenly. "I want a love like yours and my father's. . . . Do you think it's fair, to trick a man as we've tricked Dan?"

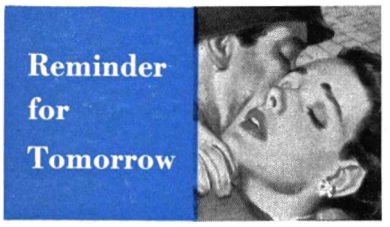
"You make him happy and forget about the trickery," Zoe said sternly. "You speak of your father and me—what a time I had with him! He thought I was too young for him, he thought I'd miss the stage, he thought all sorts of things, yet I was sure he cared for me. I had to get stranded here in a bad play and convince him I'd starve if he didn't do something about me. To cinch things," she said plaintively, "I think I fainted."

"Zoe, you devil!" And Mary was laughing wildly in Zoe's arms.

A moment later Mary stole down the stairs and made her way cautiously toward the side door. Why hadn't she been able to guess that Zoe was only pretending her subtle little cruelties? Zoe, who was selfless enough to spend miserable hours at the rink just to help her little stepdaughter learn to skate; who was thoughtful enough to remember that it was chocolate cake that an orphaned child loved most! Zoe, a woman who enjoyed appearing at her best, but who had, tonight, exaggerated all her little weaknesses and vanities to appear at her worst—playing the villain so that she, Mary, could play the heroine. All the time Zoe seemed to be seeking attention herself she was actually throwing a spotlight on me, Mary thought, wonderingly. Dan would never have realized he loved me—except for Zoe. Crazy, marvelous Zoe! If she cared for someone she would do whatever she could for them. She was wonderful.

The old childish prayer returned: *If I could only be like Zoe.* But she was not thinking now of the shining hair, of the eyes or the voice; she was thinking of her kindness, her understanding of another person's heart. Maybe some day she would learn to be a little like Zoe.

She was out the door now, and into the soft spring night, and she started to run, forgetting about Zoe, because she could see Dan waiting beside the spruce tree. ... THE END



(Continued from page 62)

the way he always did when he was worried. "I guess you could manage here, all right," he said, finally. "Maybe better, that way. Maybe Carol could stay with you. Certainly no fun for you, chasing all over the country after me. Hardly expect you to go through all *that* grief again. No reason both of us should. Anyway, I might go across, in a couple of months. At least you'd have this."

That was what she meant. She'd have this. It was so hard to explain—her feeling about their home. Before they had it, she always had felt so inadequate—incomplete, as if they were only half married, and she were only half a wife.

It wasn't because she loved Lee any less, that she couldn't bear to leave, this time. Their life was being wrecked again. but she absolutely wouldn't let the *Army* take away their home! She could save that much.

They were standing there, a few feet apart, just looking at each other, when the door opened and Carol bounced in, then stopped abruptly.

"Ding!" Carol said. "Round one. Both fighters come out slugging."

"Hi, cutie," Lee said.

"Now kiss and make up," Carol admonished.

"Don't be ridiculous," Martha told her.

"You won't! Well, I'll kiss him and make up," and she did, on tiptoe, leaving a red patch of lipstick on his chin. Lee put an arm around her, and squeezed.

He used to call *me* "cutie," Martha thought, in sudden anguish. Or "baby." He used to squeeze me that way, and act rough, while being really tender.

Not that she was jealous. How could she be, of her little sister? It always had pleased her, that Carol liked Lee so much. Carol was only seventeen, so young and foolish. That's why Lee treated her as he did.

"No fight." Lee said. "Just bad news. Army's calling me up."

"Oh, no! You mean they really *are?* Oh, Sis! I'm sorry." And she put her arms around Martha.

"I've just got until the twenty-seventh." Lee said. "Not a lot of time to get things in order. Still, Camp Mays is not so far. I guess the outfit will be there a while, for training."

"Oh, Sis, honey!" Carol said. "Don't you worry. You can go, too, and look after him."

But that was just what she couldn't do! Martha felt the tears welling up. She shook her head. and turned her face away. "Not this time," she sobbed. "I can't—this time!"

"What do you mean?" Carol said. "Why not?"

"We've got the house now," Lee explained. "It's a kind of responsibility. All our stuff. Martha's flowers—"

"Flowers! Furniture!" Carol sounded shocked. "Good gravy! What's a house?"

"It's a lot." Martha said, dabbing at her eyes. "When you don't have any, and want one, and don't know whether you'll ever have it."

"Oh, Lordy!" Carol said.

Lee had to go back downtown, and Martha went home with Carol to tell her parents.

"You poor lamb!" Mrs. McReady said. "It does seem you've had more than your share of trouble. I suppose there's no help for it now, but he might have had more consideration, for you."

"What do you expect *him* to do?" Mr. McReady objected. "Somebody has to straighten out the mess we've got ourselves into."

"Mom, she's nuts," Carol said. "She's not going!" Carol still couldn't understand it.

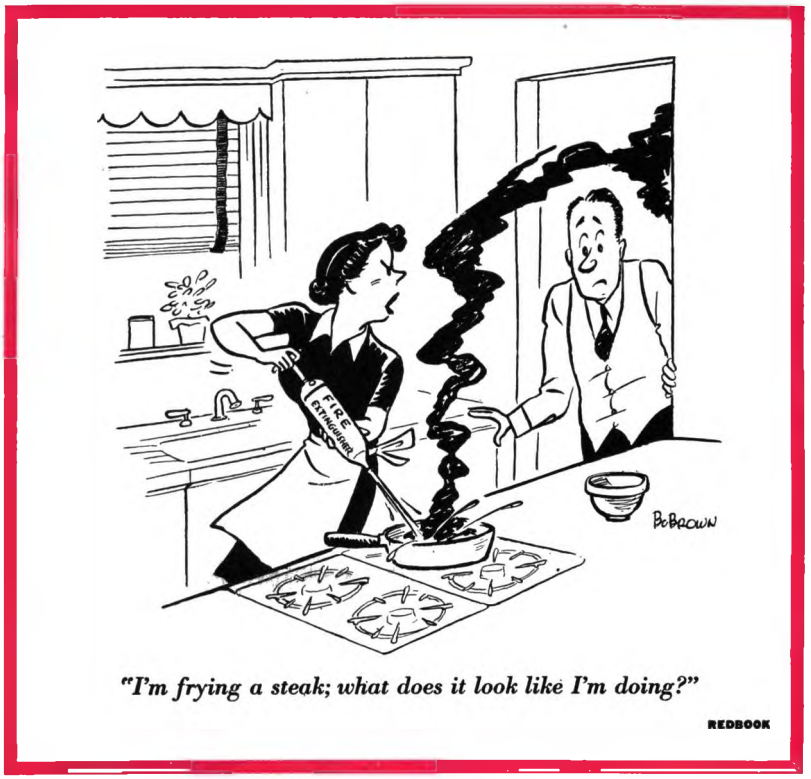
"I think she's being very sensible," her mother said.

"Who wants to be sensible?" Carol scoffed. "When things aren't sensible? If I had a husband, do you think I'd let anything keep me away from him? In a pig's eye!"

"Carol!" Mrs. McReady said. "Such language."

"Well, I wouldn't. We'd dig us a foxhole for two, and be foxes."

But Carol didn't know. It was different when you were young and silly. Martha had felt the same way once.



"I'm frying a steak; what does it look like I'm doing?"

REDBOOK

Carol didn't realize what it was like, to live around those camps. Live! It wasn't living at all. Mostly, one sat and waited. What Lee called "sweating it out." Carol didn't know about guard details, and extra duty, and overnight marches and maneuvers.

"Of course she'll stay," her mother said. "And move in with us. You can have the large bedroom, Martha."

"Oh, no, Mother!" Martha said. "I'm going to stay home, where I belong."

"In that house, alone? At night? Nonsense!"

"Now, don't crowd her, Mother," Mr. McReady said. "Nights aren't any worse than days."

"I simply won't hear of it," Mrs. McReady said. "Not alone, at night."

"Nothing to prevent Carol keeping her company, is there?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, goody!" Carol said. "Sis, we can have fun. Throw a party. A real whing-ding."

"Carol!" her mother said.

The station platform was a scene from an old nightmare, only she couldn't wake up and make it go away. Lee would shake hands with her father, kiss her quickly, and swing aboard the dirty old train.

Surely once should have been enough —once in one lifetime. But this just kept on.

"Take care of yourself, sweetie," Lee said. "I'll be all right. Call you from camp, soon as we pull in."

An echo! A mocking echo, that had lingered here for ten years, in this dingy old station.

"It isn't like the last time. Not as if I didn't know the ropes. No tough sergeants, pushing me around. I'm the tough sergeant."

It wasn't like the first time, in another way. She could let him go then, and feel some pride, along with the hurt; she had expected to join him, and did. This time, there wouldn't be any joining. This time, too much was demanded of her. She felt cheated. But also she felt a sense of guilt. Did he really understand? Did he think that she had let him down?

Carol thought so—Carol, who had come with them, to see him off—Carol, with her arms around his neck, kissing him, just as if he belonged to her.

"Practically certain we'll be there a month or two, before we ship anywhere," Lee said. "This outfit needs a lot of training. I'll wangle a furlough and come home, very first chance."

She couldn't speak—not any of the words that cried out to be said. Lee's cheerful reassurances were superficial and forced and hollow. Whatever he felt, he glossed it over with trite admonitions.

"Take care. Be good. Don't worry."

Her heart was a wisdom tooth, shot full of novocain, and pulled. The empty place ached.

She hardly felt his kiss. His arms, suddenly holding her possessively, were as suddenly gone. Then the bell on the engine began to clang, and the Legion band, back on the platform, started to blare again.

The train jerked, backward, forward, and slid away, while disembodied heads bobbed in half-raised windows, and protruding arms waved grotesquely. Then the coaches disappeared, one by one, swallowed up in a curtain of dark smoke.

"Darn it," Carol said. "I've got to blow my nose."

"Well," her father added, inadequately, "I guess I'd better take you girls home."

Carol stopped off with Martha, while their father drove on home. They did the luncheon dishes, that there hadn't been time to do, then sat in the living room, which suddenly seemed so empty.

"I don't get it," Carol said. "Don't you love Lee any more?"

"Of course I do," Martha defended, with heat. She did, too. More all the time, and resented any implication that she didn't.

"You sure don't let it show much."

"You can love somebody without being—demonstrative about it, I guess."

"Not me," Carol said. "I want to demonstrate. That's the part that's fun."

"You don't understand," Martha told her.

"About what?" Carol demanded.

"Why—about life."

"Who wants to understand it? I just want to live it."

So did Martha want to live it. But how could she, when the living always was being interrupted; when she could live it only in little snatches?

In midafternoon, Carol went home to get her toothbrush and pajamas, and Martha began cleaning out the guest-room cupboard. There were some boxes on a high shelf, and one of them fell off. It broke open as it struck the floor, and its contents scattered.

She saw an identification card, with her picture stapled to it—a pass to a post commissary, backs of used-up ration books, a bundle of letters, from which the ribbon had come loose. Lee's letters to her, when he first went away, before she joined him!

Lee had written to her two or three times a week, faithfully. Would he do that, now? Such wonderful letters, some of them. Just handling his letters seemed to soothe the ache in her heart.

This one called her "sweet thing," and this one "dear plum pudding." Other lines caught her attention:

. . . overnight march, in the rain. Slept in a pup tent, and nearly froze. Have the world's worst cold, and used up all my handkerchiefs.

She had felt so sorry for him, and so worried, that she borrowed her mother's pinking shears, cut up some old sheets, and sent him fifty handkerchiefs that could be used and thrown away. He'd used them, too, and saved his good ones.

That reminded her, sharply, of the time he came down with pneumonia, and had to go to the station hospital. Hadn't Lee always been subject to chest colds? What if he didn't take care of himself?

There was the time he fractured a rib, on the obstacle course, and the Army took X-rays. But they shipped him out that night, to another camp, and the rib healed before the X-rays ever caught up.

We fall out before daylight, and line up in the road, while a one-eyed sergeant, with ulcers, calls the roll. He picks out half a dozen for the latrine detail, and

the garbage detail, and three or four to sweep and scrub the barracks, so everybody tries to get behind everybody else. That guy has only one eye, but he never misses me!

Poor darling! Well. he wouldn't have to scrub latrines or barracks now. He could order somebody else to do it.

Fifty men in this barracks, and three mirrors, for shaving. Fancy ones. Stainless steel—not glass. Only somebody tried to polish them with sand soap, so now they aren't mirrors. Guy might cut his throat, using those things to shave.

Fifty men in one room! That was what Lee had hated most about the Army —the lack of privacy. How grateful he'd been to have any sort of place to come to, when he finally got permission to live off the post.

That shanty they had, near the waterfront. She'd made curtains of mosquito net, and set little sea shells in the windows—colorful little ones that she found on the oily, littered strip of shore.

"Why, it's wonderful, sweetie," he'd said. "It's like home."

Home! It was a terrible place.

Here was the letter he'd written after she'd asked him if she ought to come; when she was afraid they'd ship him overseas soon.

I wouldn't ask a dog to live in this place, but if you want to come, maybe we can find something passable. After all, I hate to stop living, before I have to, war or no war. . . .

Stop living! That was the awful part. You couldn't, until you were really dead. You wanted to stop, and start back where you left off, but things only rushed on past, and you never could really get back.

. . . Besides, it isn't just somewhere to park a toothbrush and sleep that I want; it's you, sweetie.

Sudden tears blurred the rest of it. Martha dropped the letters into the box and left them there. Soothe! They made her feel worse! She twisted her fingers together, to stop their trembling. She walked the floor.

She stood in the middle of the living room and looked at her beautiful things—the rugs, her piano, the television set, the sofa and chairs that they had selected together; she looked, and felt no joy in them.

In the glass-enclosed sun porch, she looked at her flowers—trusting little things, that depended upon her. Now she almost resented them. Weren't they really demanding little tyrants that stole her time?

Home! Was this home? It should be, and it wasn't. She had no home, and she knew it. Not any more. Might never have!

As she turned away, she heard the front door open, and met Carol coming in. Carol stopped and stared.

"Golly!" she said. "Are you ill? You look like you just swallowed a fly, or something."

"Carol," Martha said, "I've lost it! I wanted to keep it, but I've lost it!" Then she began to cry.

"Are you batty?" Carol demanded.

"I'm going, Carol. Just as soon as he gets there. As soon as he calls. If we can't find any place, I guess we can get a tent—or just dig a foxhole—and be foxes!"

She knew, now, that she had tried to save the wrong thing. Home! That took two. All she had was a house. It wasn't a house she wanted, nor the furniture. It was Lee!

"Goody!" Carol said. "I'll help you pack." . . . THE END

(Continued from page 47)

posed to be. But he stifles every impulse to consult with his wife, or defer to her judgment for fear she will think he has lost his grip on the family.

There is probably not a man in a carload who enjoys trying to live this manifold hoax of *Superhandyman*, *Superfinancier*, *Superlover*, *Superathlete* and *Superboss*. Left to himself, he might have abandoned the whole project long ago. But the social pressures which have forced him into the mold of an obsolete *Superman* leave him neither the time nor the initiative to consider his plight. He and his wife continue to dance a mad mazurka to a tune called by the far-flung salesmen of our culture.

The time is ripe for our hero to take a long lunch hour some day, find a quiet beer joint without a television set, and ponder his plight. A few minutes' thought will inevitably lead him to throw off his shackles and settle down to being himself.

He would observe that sex, like the garment industry, has come a long way since the cave man. Then he could stop acting like *Alley Oop* and make love to suit himself and his wife with amazingly pleasant results.

He might decide to save some of his strength for fighting his way through crowded busses, playing with the children, and making a living, instead of throwing it away on athletic tours de force.

There is no reason for a Twentieth-Century man to pretend he's living in a thatched-roof cottage stuck together with his own special mud. He might conclude that there's nothing wrong with puttering, but it's not essential.

He might stop pretending to out-Morgan Morgan, and when he considers his role as family dictator he will admit that it makes him intensely uncomfortable.

In short, he might stop acting like second cousin to neolithic man and make the most of the fact that he was born in the Twentieth Century. . . . THE END

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Ethel F. Bebb, Director

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Farewell to Innocence

by

Ann Head

ILLUSTRATED BY AL TARTER

What can a girl do when the man who is the father of her child refuses to marry her? Bonny, swept into sudden maturity, made the only possible decision—knowing that although she could never escape her guilt, she might some day find her way to happiness

Chapter 1

Though she was small, she had an assured and knowing air which often led people to believe she was older than her eighteen years. She sat stiffly on the straight-backed chair in the doctor's office, her hands folded tight in her lap where she hoped the doctor would not see their trembling.

"Are you sure?" she said for the second time, knowing perfectly well that he was sure, just as she was sure in spite of the fear that made her stubbornly hopeful.

"You are well into the second month," the doctor said. "But you are in fine shape. Nothing to worry about."

She stared at him, confused by his suavity and the benign smile until she remembered he was not Dr. Peters, whom she had known half her life, but a strange doctor in a strange town who called her "Mrs. Tyler" and believed it.

She twisted the dime-store wedding ring, bought for the occasion, and bit back her tears.

"Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

"I guess not." She stood up, pulling on the tweed coat her stepfather had brought her from England only three months ago. Three months ago, she hadn't even met Ty. She'd been Elizabeth Bonsall of Holdridge, Long Island, with not a care in the world.

In the reception room, the nurse handed her a card with MRS. TYLER typed across it, and a date. The date, she supposed, was the day the doctor expected her to come back.

"Now if I may have your address," the nurse said.

"I'm moving away," Bonny stammered. She fumbled in her purse. "I had better pay you now."

"Did you tell the doctor?" the nurse said. "He might be able to suggest a doctor where you're going."

"I'm all lined up, thank you," Bonny said quickly. "That will be five dollars, then."

Finally, she was out on the street. It was late afternoon, the time when most offices were closing. People milled past her, looking purposeful and intent. They, she thought forlornly, knew where they were going.

She paused before a display mirror in one of the store windows and unbuttoned her coat, but the doctor's verdict had wrought no damning change. If anything, she had lost weight in this past worried month.

The sight of her car, a dark blue convertible, gave her a fleeting sense of identity. She hurried toward it and climbed behind the wheel. Out on the Parkway, she pushed her foot down on the gas and switched on the radio. Speed and sound! It had become important to keep moving and to keep distracted.

"Now," the anouncer said, "Station KDX brings you the sports news of the day," and suddenly the car was filled by a brisk, familiar voice. Ty! Bonny's heart jumped crazily.

The day she first met Tyler McLaughlin had held no premonition of enchantment. The 12th of May, 1949. It had started off badly with her mother's announcement at the breakfast table that she and Bonny's stepfather planned a trip to Mexico that summer.

Always she had dreamed that some day they would let her go along, whether it was to Europe or Mexico or simply in to New York to the theater. Bonny held her breath and prayed that this was to be the time, the exception that would prove that she was as loved and wanted as she yearned to be. She hadn't really wanted to go with them and her half-brothers on the Canadian camping trip, and she hadn't minded missing England last winter, but in another month she would graduate from a finishing school, and the summer loomed ahead empty and planless.

"Your mother and I thought," her stepfather said, and Bonny, watching him, tried not to let the longing show in her eyes, "that while we are gone you might like to take some courses just in case you should change your mind about college."

"I'll not change my mind," Bonny had managed to say around the lump in her throat. "I've never wanted to go. It would just be a waste of money, Lee Dad."

He had started to retort, but her mother gave him one of her "Please, darling, not now" looks, and he had retreated behind the morning paper. Bonny sat numbly pushing the egg on her plate into the shape of a star and wished she had the courage to ask them to please let her go with them just this once. But the very thought brought a flush of shame to her cheeks, and the words would not come.

"Is today Claire's party?" her mother said, and Bonny knew her mother guessed her wish and her indecision and sought to distract her.

"Yes, it is," Bonny said and pushed back her chair. She knew she should be excited, happy. This would be her first New York cocktail party, and she was staying over the night with Claire and her husband, Frank, a privilege she usually looked forward to, but a cloud seemed to have settled over the day.

She arrived at Claire's at noon, still feeling dreary. "You look all in," Claire commented. "Were you out late last night?"

"It's one of my witches' days." Bonny managed a smile. She couldn't explain to Claire her disappointment over the trip. It would sound like so trivial a thing to be sad about. She had never been able to talk to any one about this left-out feeling. She didn't entirely understand the feeling herself. No one could have a more generous stepfather than Lee Dad. He gave her presents all the time.

She helped Claire arrange flowers and prepare canapés, telling herself all the while that she simply must snap out of this recalcitrant mood; but it wasn't until many hours later, when at the height of the party she looked up and saw the tall young man with the quizzical eyes talking to Frank, that some core of hurt and anger within her seemed to give way. Mexico. Lee Dad and her own youthful inadequacies were forgotten. She had the curious feeling that this had all happened before, this room full of laughing, chattering people, this man, a stranger, and her own overwhelming sense of awareness.

Eventually she cornered Claire in the minute kitchen where she was arranging fresh canapés.

"Who's the divine man talking to your Frank?"

Claire peered through the tiny square of glass in the door. "That's Tyler McLaughlin, the radio announcer," Claire said. "But he's not for you, chicken. He and a girl named Gerda have been in love for years. They're just waiting until he gets his law degree before they marry."

"Where is *she?*" Bonny stood on tiptoe, peering over Claire's shoulder.

"She's not here today. Her father has just died. And she's gone home for a couple of weeks. But listen, my wide-eyed little one—besides being all tied up. Ty's much too old for you."

"I'm no child," Bonny said crossly, and lifted the canapé tray out of Claire's hands. As she swung through the door, she turned and winked at Claire. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," she chanted and floated off in the direction of the two men.

"Hello. I'm Elizabeth Bonsall." She held out the canapé tray as though it were an offering and smiled her most provocative smile.

"A fugitive from the suburbs," Claire's Frank added, and for a moment Bonny was terrified that he might add "and a fashionable finishing school." But he didn't, and she put the canapé tray down on the nearest table and

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begged a cigarette. Tyler smiled ruefully; he didn't smoke. Frank supplied a cigarette and matches.

"Your voice is familiar," Bonny said to Tyler, pretending great perplexity. "Yet I'm sure if I'd ever met you, I would remember it."

"I told you," Frank nudged Ty, "that you might become the dream boy of the airwaves if you weren't careful."

"Do you work in radio?" Although Bonny's surprise was affected, her admiration was not.

"I'm only an announcer," Tyler said, amused by her enthusiasm. "Announcers come a dime a dozen."

"I was auditioned once," Bonny offered, "for a local benefit, but they told me that my voice lacked impact." She sighed, and the men laughed.

"Too bad that was before television," Frank said, "when your total impact was wasted."

"You might try television, at that," Ty said pleasantly. "Have you ever had any acting experience?"

"Only school productions," she said and added quickly, "*years* ago."

"If you two will excuse me," Frank said, "Claire is giving me her 'get on the job' look."

"What do you do now?" Tyler inquired politely.

"I'm studying art," she said on impulse. It was partially true. She and some of the other girls who didn't know quite how to fill up all their time this summer had signed up for a course in water colors once a week at the Holdridge museum.

"So you are still in school?" He was obviously surprised.

"Goodness, no! Whatever made you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. How old *are* you?"

"I'm twenty-two," she lied glibly, having already decided on that as a likely age. "And you?"

"Does it matter?" His eyes scanned the room as though he were looking for some one else to talk to, and Bonny's heart sank.

"Can't we sit down somewhere?" she suggested.

"There's an empty chair about six yards and twenty people away," he said amiably. "Shall we make a try for it?"

Bonny felt much more in control of the situation sitting down, with Tyler perched on the arm of her chair. Catching Claire's eye, she couldn't resist a triumphant smile.

It was difficult to talk above the mounting hilarity of the party, but Bonny was content to sit quietly, intensely aware of the rough material of his coat against her bare arm. Presently he went to fetch them a drink, and when he returned she saw that he was drinking ginger ale.

"I've a broadcast at eight-fifteen," he explained, and disappointment engulfed her. She had hoped when the party broke up to persuade him to stay for a pick-up supper with Claire and Frank. She was stunned by this turn of events. She knew, with painful honesty, that her impression on him had been meager, the chances of her ever seeing him again nonexistent. His girl would return from wherever she had taken herself, and that would be that.

"I've always wanted to see the inside of a broadcasting station," she said abruptly. "May I come with you?" Her eyes betrayed none of her anxiety.

"There's nothing to see." He smiled down at her indulgently. "I sit in a two-by-four room, all alone, and read the news from a ticker tape. You wouldn't even be allowed in there with me."

"Please!" Her hand touched his in a light, pleading gesture. "I'll be good, and quiet as a mouse."

Claire and Frank seemed surprised when they left together. "Don't be too late getting in. After all, I am responsible for you when you stay with me," Claire admonished, to Bonny's intense embarrassment.

At the radio station there was, as he had said, little to see. He left her in an employees' lounge with a magazine, over the top of which she observed the young men and women who came and went, listening intently to their jargon so that she might remember some of it to ask Tyler its meaning. Bonny was enchanted by the atmosphere of consequence and urgency, and delighted to be even so vicarious a part of it.

"I hope you weren't too bored." It was Tyler back again.

"I've had a wonderful time!" Her eyes shone and her cheeks were flushed.

"You are very easy to entertain." He smiled and took her hand. "Come along and I'll show you what makes it tick."

Afterward, they went across the street to a place which served sandwiches and coffee.

"This isn't very grand," he apologized. "But, you see, I'm still just a schoolboy."

She had forgotten Claire's reference to law school. "Is law your hobby?" she asked, so innocently that he laughed aloud.

"My profession, I hope," he said. She couldn't imagine anyone's giving up a job as glamorous as the one he already had. Anyone could be a lawyer.

She applied herself to her food and afterward opened her compact and remade her mouth. She felt him watching her and tossed back her hair, revealing the sleek firm line of her throat. For the first time, he was viewing her with subjective interest.

Riding home in the taxi, they were silent. At Claire's door, the fear that she might not see him again

gripped her once more. With an audacity that surprised her, she put her hands on his shoulders and tilted her face toward his. "Aren't you going to kiss me good night?" She saw the hesitation in his eyes and closed her own against the sight.

She had experienced her share of light lovemaking with a variety of youths, and at a slightly more intense level with Colin, her most faithful and beloved swain. But nothing had prepared her for the sudden melting joy that enveloped her as Tyler's uncompromising mouth closed over hers. She clung to him, her fingers moving with some new knowledge along the lean lines of his jaw, through the curling stubble of his hair.

"This," Tyler said presently, holding her away from him, his eyes crinkled and smiling in the half-light, "will never do."

"And why not?" she said softly, rather pleased with the sauciness of her question.

"I'll call you in the morning," he said abruptly.

"When?"

"I've classes until noon."

"But I'm leaving at noon." She had no intention of leaving at noon.

"I'll call you at noon," he repeated. He opened the door for her and gently shoved her in.

In the morning, Claire awoke her with a tall, cold glass of orange juice. Bonny put the juice down on the bedside table and rubbed her eyes, regarding Claire sleepily through her crooked fingers. "I'm in love," she announced suddenly, sitting up. "I'm in love with Tyler!" she exclaimed, smiling at Claire and deliciously aware that the joy of last night was still with her and that she looked radiant.

"What about Colin?" Claire asked, smiling.

"Colin?" Bonny said dazedly. What did Colin have to do with this?

"I thought *he* was the man in your life," Claire said.

"I—" Bonny hesitated. "We—" she began. But what did she plan to say? What *was* Colin in her life? Playmate? In the terminology of their crowd, boy friend? A part of growing up that she had, in the space of a few short hours, outgrown? "Colin is grand," she said finally. "But I've never been in love until now. Not really in love. Honestly, Claire, I know it sounds silly, but I feel as though all my life I've known that some day I would meet someone like Tyler."

"And what is Tyler like?"

"Strong and mature and sophisticated," Bonny stated dreamily. "The sort of man that stands out in a crowd. Just being with him makes me feel glamorous and exciting."

"Honey," Claire said, "if I thought for a minute you were serious, I'd sit right down and talk you out of it before you break your silly heart."

"He's calling me at noon." Bonny hugged her knees and rocked back and forth. "May I stay over tonight?"

"He is calling you? Whatever for?"

"Because he likes me, I suppose, and because I like him."

"Listen, child," Claire said. She sat down on the side of the bed. "Have fun with Tyler if you must, but don't start playing around with boys who are too big for you."

"Nobody is too big for me this morning."

"You must remember Gerda is a friend of mine, too."

"And who is Gerda?"

"The girl Tyler is going to marry in a matter of months. They are very much in love." Claire spoke gently, as though warning Bonny of an illness she should stay away from. "They have waited a long time, and it hasn't been easy for either of them."

"Pooh!" Bonny protested. "If they really loved each other, they wouldn't have waited."

"They have no money, and Gerda wanted Tyler to get this degree, and he wanted her to finish studying with Velotti, the singer. In order to do that, they both have to work, too. They each have a terrific schedule and decided it would be better not to get married until they had more time for each other, and for a home."

"I still say if they are so madly in love they could find a way."

"Of course, they *could*—if all they wanted was to sleep together! But they want to build a marriage, and that happens to take a little more money and leisure than they have right now."

Bonny yawned. She was bored by all this. "What's Gerda like?"

"Well," Claire considered, "the first word that comes to my mind is 'strong,' but that isn't entirely the right word because it also implies a kind of grimness, and she's not in the least grim. She's of Swedish extraction and grew up on a farm in Minnesota. She's one of the most natural people I know, and she has a really lovely voice."

"I don't mean that," Bonny said impatiently. "I mean, is she pretty? Is she as pretty, for instance, as I am?"

"You *are* a child!" Claire exclaimed with some annoyance. She rose. "Not many people are as pretty as you are. But, even so, I wouldn't, if I were you, waste one more minute trying to sidetrack Tyler. He and Gerda have a singularly indestructible relationship. They love each other very much."

Bonny stifled a smile. Love, indeed! This kind of love sounded very prosaic, very dull. Love didn't wait for law degrees and singing lessons. Love, she told herself, was the way she felt this morning—tremulous, excited, wildly impatient.

He called her a little after noon. He sounded busy and driven, his voice almost drowned in the sound of clattering plates somewhere in the background. He said that he had enjoyed the evening, asked her to thank Claire again for a good party, and seemed about to hang up when Bonny said, desperately, "I'm not going home this afternoon, after all. I'm staying over tonight. Can I see you?"

"Sorry—I can't hear you. What did you say?"

"What time are your broadcasts tonight?" she shouted, close to tears.

"The last one is at ten."

"I'll meet you afterward in the employees' lounge," she said, and hung up before he could answer.

Afraid that Tyler might not show up and not wishing Claire to witness her defeat, she took her suitcase with her when she left Claire's and planned to catch a late train home to Holdridge.

She wore a dress which her mother had condemned as too sophisticated—a black silk with a neckline so low she was afraid Tyler could literally see the beating of her heart as he came toward her in the lounge.

"You look like something out of a Jacques Fath sketch," he said. He picked up her suitcase. "I thought you were staying over tonight?"

"I decided to take a late train home," she murmured. In her intense relief, her precautions now seemed foolish.

"Have you had dinner? Of course you have," he answered himself. "But I haven't. Perhaps you'd like a drink while I eat."

She nodded, too excited to talk. She had had all day to think of this meeting, and now she felt weak and anxious. She was aware immediately that whatever emotion she had aroused the night before had not been enough. Tyler's manner was kindly, cheerful and painfully impersonal. The last train for Holdridge left in two hours. She must somehow, in those two hours, make him want to see her again.

He took her to a restaurant with an unpronounceable name, where a tiny orchestra played Hungarian music. She would have preferred musie they might have danced to, but the candlelit atmosphere was intimate, and, with the aid of a highball, she began to relax.

"Why did you want to see me tonight?" he said casually after the waitress had taken his order. For a moment she was tempted to tell him why, beginning with the first moment she had seen him; or even before that when, as a child growing into adolescence, she had dreamed of someone like him, mature, exciting and unfathomable, who would come into her life and lift her out of the home she found difficult, the life she found bafflingly dull; lift her out of herself and into some new grown-up world where he would keep her safe and beloved, happily ever after. But she could not tell him this yet; the time was not ripe, and besides, she reminded herself, he thought she was twenty-two, and instinct warned her that he must go on thinking so, for a while.

"I asked you a question," he prodded gently.

"And I was trying to think of an answer." She thought, If I'm to be twenty-two I'll have to do better than this. "I find you attractive," she said finally. "Isn't that enough?"

He grinned in obvious relief. "I was afraid you might be under the illusion that I could help you get a job. In which case I felt it only fair to tell you I've about as much influence around the studio as the janitor."

"If I'd wanted a *job*,"—she paused to give her fringed-lashes look—"I would have applied through the proper channels." Pleased with her badinage, she was surprised to hear him ask with a certain intensity exactly what it was that she did want of him.

She considered this, sipping at the drink which had begun to lend her confidence, and said finally, letting out her breath on the word, "You."

"*In toto?* Or in part?" He was regarding her curiously. She felt with a sudden sinking sensation that her entire future with him depended on giving him the right answer.

"In part," she hazarded, and knew from his quick easy smile that that was what he had wanted her to say.

"You see, I've already got a girl," he said.

"I know. Claire told me. Now may I have another drink?"

Whether it was that brief interchange or the whisky, some barrier seemed to have been removed. When he finished his dinner, he ordered a brandy for himself and a third drink for her. She had never before in her life had more than one drink, but she didn't want him to know this. He seemed to find everything she said immensely amusing, and he told her a story of his own about his first dance and some liquid shoe polish which he had thought was hair tonic. It was turning into a very gay evening.

Once Tyler reminded her that she had a train to catch, but she couldn't bear to think of it and pretended not to hear him. However, even in her bemused state, when their taxi drew up at the station hours later she was belatedly distressed by the knowledge that now there would be no train for Holdridge until seven in the morning. She didn't divulge this fact to Tyler, but stood guiltily by while he questioned ticket agents and redcaps.

"I'll have to take you back to Claire's," he said finally. "I hope she won't mind being roused at two in the morning."

"Oh, but she will," Bonny said unhappily. The dank air of the station had sobered her enough to know she was not quite herself, and that Claire would guess it and there would be a dreadful row.

"Then it will have to be a hotel," he said. "I hope you've got enough money, because I'm cleaned out."

Forlornly she showed him the contents of her change purse, which consisted of a ticket to Holdridge and seventy-five cents. "Maybe if you just have a studio couch or something . . ." Even as she made the suggestion she knew it was dangerous, wrong, but there was no longer room in her heart or mind for reason or doubt. She thought only, "I'll have him to myself a little longer."

"I do have a couch," he said slowly. "But won't your parents be worried?"

"Oh, they'll just assume I changed my mind and stayed a day longer with Claire," she said breezily.

Riding from the station to the brownstone house where Tyler had his rooms, the full implication of what she was doing seeped through to the part of her consciousness not yet entirely numbed by his exciting presence. She even began to compose what she would say to him, should he have "misunderstood" her suggestion.

As she walked ahead of him up the two flights, she felt his eyes on her and carried herself with conscious grace, acutely aware of the simple provocative power of being a woman.

He unlocked the door and stood back for her to enter. A light from a theater marquee across the street revealed the shadowed outlines of the room. Tyler closed the door without turning on any lights. His arms reached for her and she melted against him, resolution, hesitation, even fear forgotten in the intensity of his embrace.

"You're lovely," he said, his lips against her ear. "I hope you know what you are doing."

"Of course," she whispered, glad that he had reminded her not to let him suspect that she did not. . . .

"Today at Pimlico," Tyler's voice was saying. Abruptly Bonny clicked off the memory-evoking radio, sighing unconsciously as she did so. Well, he'd have to see her now.

Several times in the anguish of the last weeks she had composed letters to him, but she hadn't sent any of them, and she was glad, now. It would be easier to confront him with fact, not just fears.

She parked her car in the driveway of her stepfather's house. Through the lighted windows of the living room she could see him, a gray-haired, powerfully built man who was beginning to stoop. He sat with his evening paper and a highball while his sons, her half-brothers, Ted and Francis, romped wildly around his chair. Viewing the familiar scene, a lump rose in her throat, and she stood for a moment unable to take the few remaining steps that would bring her into their innocent trusting midst.

She would have preferred to go straight to her room and to bed, but she did not dare. Her mother had already begun to comment on her moodiness, and her stepfather, although not apt to notice anything so personal, had remarked that she looked peaked.

"Hello!" Her mother smiled at her over the top of Lee Dad's bent head. "Where have you been? The phone has been ringing all afternoon."

"All your boy friends," Ted proffered.

"Just Colin," her mother corrected. "He called three times, and Janice Merrill once."

Colin and Janice, phantoms from another world!

"What did they want?" She shed the light spring coat and sank into a chair. She wished now that she had eaten something before she got home or that she'd gone straight to the kitchen. Emptiness gnawed at her and would, if not appeased, turn into nausea.

"Colin wanted you to go to the movies with him, and Janice didn't leave any message."

"You never get any sleep," Lee Dad growled, eyeing her speculatively. "You're beginning to look like a beat-up debutante."

"I can't help it if I'm popular," she grinned, aware that it pleased him to have a stepdaughter who was pretty and sought after. But all at once the grin turned to a grimace as she leaped from the chair. She just made the lavatory under the stairs in time to lock the door and turn the water on full force. When the seizure was over, she washed her face in cold water and leaned against the basin until the shaking had stopped.

"You look ill, dear." Her mother spoke from the other side of the door. "Is anything the matter?"

"I gulped a hot dog on the way home," she lied, unlocking the door. "I guess it didn't agree with me."

"You must be tired," her mother said. "I do hope you won't go out tonight."

"Perhaps I won't," Bonny agreed, delighted to have an excuse.

At dinner, shielded by the boys' squabble over a wishbone and the elders' absorption in each other's account of the day, Bonny inwardly rehearsed her approach to Tyler. She would go to him. Time was important. And, of course, he would have to marry her. There was no possible alternative. Actually, if they were married right away, no one need ever know the truth. Seven-month babies were no rarity, and doctors had been known to help with the myth of prematureness. Under pretext of a letter to be mailed, she would slip out after dinner and call Ty. Nothing, she told herself tremulously, was insurmountable once you faced it squarely. It was the weeks of not knowing that had been the worst. Again she sighed, as a child will sigh over a half-finished problem when the end is in sight.

Upstairs in the room Fran Bonsall shared with her husband, Fran heard the front door open and close—and she looked at her watch.

"Is that Bonny going out at this hour?" she addressed Lee, who had just come upstairs after his nightly checkup of doors and windows.

"She said she had a letter to mail," Lee said, shrugging out of his coat "I gave her the key and told her to turn off the lights. Hope she remembers."

"What an odd hour to be mailing a letter." Fran murmured. "It must be frightfully important."

"At that age everything is important," Lee said. He sat down on the edge of his wife's bed and ruffled her hair. "Another mystery?" He thumped the cover of the book she held, examining its lurid cover.

"I don't think she looks at all well," Fran said. "Or happy."

"Who?"

"Bonny."

"Growing pains," Lee said, and got up to undress.

"Her manner with me has changed." Fran continued. "She's withdrawn, evasive."

"She never was exactly confidential. I wouldn't worry about her." Lee said with some impatience. "She's got everything a girl could want."

"Oh, my dear," Fran said quickly. "I know that. You have been wonderful to her."

"And so have you." Lee spoke quickly, too. It was almost as though the phrases were too familiar to them to bear emphasis.

"I sometimes think I don't give her enough of my *time*," Fran said. And Lee at once protested that quite to the contrary, she spoiled the child.

And Fran listening thought, Yes, we both spoil her—you because you can't give her love, and I because I am too busy and too happy and too timid to do anything about it.

"How would you feel about taking her to Mexico with us?" she said, and at once knew she had inserted the suggestion too abruptly.

"And what would that accomplish?" Lee was immediately alert.

"I thought a change, travel, being with us—"

"Being with us!" Lee interrupted. "God, woman, we are never alone. If it isn't Bonny it's the boys! The only way I can ever have you to myself is to take you away on a trip."

"It was just a thought." Fran picked up her book.

"If it's what you want . . ." Lee turned away, disappointment etched in every line of his broad, stooped back.

"I've never asked to take her before."

"I *said* she could go, didn't I?" He turned, his eyes cold with annoyance. "I have never refused you anything, have I—you *or* Bonny?"

"Not refused," she said with unusual candor, "but I can see that there would be no point in taking Bonny."

"Women!" Lee exploded, glaring down at her as though she were some utterly exasperating puzzle. "First you want something, and the moment it's granted you cease to want it. And as if *that* weren't enough inconsistency, you pretend the wish was never granted in the first place."

"It was just an idea," Fran repeated. "and apparently a bad one. I probably wouldn't enjoy it any more than you would," she conceded lamely.

"Enjoy what?"

"Having Bonny along." Fran said. "It would be almost like having a stranger around. We both indulge her, Lee, but we don't know or—or understand her."

But now that the matter was settled, Lee was no longer listening. He seemed, instead, to be entirely absorbed in unfastening a pair of recalcitrant cuff links. For all his air of preoccupation, he would later, she knew, make love to her. This was always so after they had had one of their infrequent discussions of Bonny. It was, she supposed, his way of asking for understanding. Eyeing the stubborn back of his neck with a look of loving patience, she smiled and closed her book.

Gerda Lenquist balanced her tray as she moved between the tables in the crowded restaurant with the caution of a skier on a wooded trail. Her eyes, now that it was eight P.M., kept vigil over the corner table where any minute Tyler would appear. Presently she saw him let himself down into the leather-cushioned chair and look around for her. She stood still, savoring his smile of recognition, then went into the steaming, noisy kitchen and got him a cup of coffee.

Their lives were made up of these small arrangements. It was the only way they could ever be together. Each day had its separate schedule into which they fitted in a few moments or hours together, wherever and whenever the day permitted. Today, Thursday, was one of her favorites. She got off from her waitress job at nine instead of eleven, and Tyler's last broadcast came at seven-thirty. They would go to his apartment, because it was nearer than hers, and she would cook for him while he studied.

Bending to place the coffee before him, it was hard to resist the impulse to let her cheek touch his for a moment. Later, walking the few blocks to Tyler's apartment, they held hands, and once inside, he took her in his arms.

"Only four more months," he said, and they smiled at each other.

The telephone rang then, and with the smile still on his lips, he picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said, and, as the thin, faraway voice answered him, he glanced toward the kitchen, where Gerda was tying on an apron. The unshaded light bulb shining down on her blonde braids gave her a peculiarly fragile look.

"I've simply got to see you," the voice was saying. "Tomorrow."

"I can't make it tomorrow." Gerda was looking at him now with an expression of mock curiosity.

"This is terribly important." The voice grew thinner, farther away. "To both of us."

"Very well," he said reluctantly.

"At your apartment then? At five?"

"No," he said quickly. "At the Commodore bar." It would be easier in those surroundings, untainted by shameful memory, to tell her for the last time that he had been a fool—that they both had. . . . Putting down the

receiver, he felt a twinge of anxiety, not unmixed with remorse.

"I can always tell when it's a woman on the other end of the line," Gerda said. "Your voice gets softer."

"It *was* a woman," he said. He walked across the room to his desk, making a great show of getting out books and paper. For the thousandth time, he wondered how he had ever got entangled with the girl in the first place.

The day after Claire's party, he had almost not called her. She had disturbed him enormously, and the one thing his long, deliberately celibate courtship of Gerda had taught him was that the women to stay away from were not so much those whom he might fleetingly desire, but those who desired him.

His entanglements, with the exception of a teacher while he was still in high school and now Gerda, had been casual and brief. He was inclined to classify women as promiscuous or pure, an estimate which left little room for the variables of background or temperament. Bonny he had placed in the former category.

He was unaware of his preoccupation until Gerda's voice startled him by saying, "Whoever the woman was, she has upset you."

"It was a girl named Bonny," he said, wishing suddenly he could tell Gerda the whole miserable story. Immediately he recognized the wish as the ultimate in selfishness. "I met her at a party Claire gave while you were away," he added.

"I don't believe you mentioned her," Gerda said carefully.

"Probably not." An understatement if there ever was one! "She was dark and thin and had a spoiled, pretty face. She's the daughter of some big shot, I gathered, and used to getting what she wants."

"Does she want you?" Gerda smiled. "I can't say I blame her."

"Not me," Tyler lied unhappily. "I think it's my radio job that she finds attractive."

"But you *are* going to see her tomorrow?"

"I couldn't seem to get out of it."

"You're perfectly free. We're not married yet." She turned away, and he walked behind her and folded his arms around her shoulders.

"Look, my darling—I'm not free, and I don't want to be. You know that. I've no more interest in this girl than I have in—" He hesitated.

"In any other pretty girl who finds you attractive," Gerda supplied, tilting her head back against his shoulder.

"Check." He kissed the tip of her ear. "And tomorrow I shall tell her so."

At four-thirty, Bonny alighted at the Long Island Station and looked at her watch. More than a half-hour to kill! She found a mirror, replenished the lipstick outlining her full, faintly childlike mouth, and adjusted the saucy little navy blue hat to the back of her head. Her hands felt clammy and her head ached. She decided to walk across town.

In spite of loitering before shop windows, she was five minutes early at the Commodore. All the corner tables were occupied. She sat down at one in the center of the room and tried to keep her gaze riveted on the door. At five past five her heart fluttered crazily as he came toward her. "Smooth" was the adjective she had first applied to him, but today she revised it to "distinguished." Tall and thin, with merry eyes and a sober mouth. The sight of him awakened passionate memory, and she flushed as he smiled down at her and drew up the chair opposite.

"Have you been here long?"

"Not long." Tom-toms beat against her temples.

"You're a Scotch-and-soda girl, as I remember." He beckoned a waiter.

"Today I'll just have sherry."

"Good. I've a broadcast in an hour, and I'd better have the same."

"In an *hour?*" She couldn't keep the distress out of her voice. How could she ever arrange what must be arranged in an hour? The room began to swim. Ty reached across the table and encased her hand in his. The room steadied.

"Listen, Bonny," he said. "I met you here today only because I feel I owe you that much, but the sooner we both forget what happened the better."

"But supposing we *can't* forget?" If he had been looking at her, he would have seen the tears in her eyes, but he was looking at the tablecloth with seeming absorption.

"You make me deeply ashamed," he said.

"*I'm* not ashamed. I'm just scared," Bonny said. "When you love someone, you're not ashamed."

"You never mentioned love before," Ty said. "And I'm sorry if this hurts you, but I thought we understood each other. I still think we did, *then*."

"Everything is different now," she said quickly. "You see, I am going to have a baby."

He considered this for a moment, withdrawing the protection of his hand. "I don't believe you," he said presently. "You've just got some crazy notion that you're in love with me. But believe me, Bonny, what we had wasn't love. I know that—and some day you will, too."

"But I *am* going to have a baby," Bonny persisted.

His hand shook slightly as he placed his sherry glass on the table.

"And what do you suggest that I do about it?" he said slowly.

"I think we ought to get married. Soon." Surely that was obvious, Bonny thought wildly.

"Why?" He leaned toward her, regarding her through narrowed eyes. "Why should you and I, who scarcely know each other, plan to spend the rest of our lives together because you think you are going to have a baby which may or may not be mine? Why?"

She staggered under this unexpected blow, stared at him blankly. She had expected sulkiness, even anger, but not this humiliating doubt.

"I won't be dragged into this, Bonny," he added. "You were old enough and experienced enough to know what you were doing."

"I'm only eighteen," she almost whispered. "And there's never been anyone else."

"You told me you were twenty-two," he said coldly, still not believing her. "And you implied in every way that you had been around."

"I wanted to impress you." Her voice was barely audible. "I was afraid that if you knew the truth, you wouldn't see me again."

"Oh, my God." It was more groan than swear word. "Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes."

"What was his name?" He took a pencil and small notebook out of his pocket.

"I can't remember." She honestly couldn't. She had simply gone to a strange town and looked in the directory. "But I do know the address." She gave it to him. "Only if you're trying to check on me, I didn't use my own name. I called myself 'Mrs. Tyler.'"

He made a note of the doctor's address.

"Have you told your parents?"

"Oh, no!" Her hand flew to her mouth in an unconscious gesture of silence. "They mustn't know! Ever. Especially my stepfather." Suddenly she began to cry. Mutely he gave her his handkerchief. "We could get a divorce later," she pleaded in a choked voice, "and then you could still marry Gerda."

"Listen," he said gently. "I don't know whether you are eighteen or twenty-two, whether you were lying to me before, or are lying to me now. I don't even know whether this mess is my fault or someone else's. However, I'll do anything I can to help you, short of marrying you. There's no sense in ruining both our lives."

"There's no other way you *can* help me." She wiped her eyes. "And *my* life is already ruined."

"Let's get out of here," Tyler said. "I'll take you to your train."

"Train?" She was dazed. Nothing, after all, had been settled.

"Let's get out of here," he repeated as she gathered up purse and gloves. As they emerged on Forty-second Street, he tucked his hand through her arm in a protective way. This, his first kindly gesture, unnerved her.

"Please, please, don't leave me!" she cried, and his hand on her arm tightened reassuringly. Out here in the open impersonal air, he found it easier to be gentle.

"This has come as a terrific shock," he said. "You must give me time to think. I'm sure there are people, places where this sort of thing is taken care of. I'll try to find out. Here's a taxi."

They sat in almost complete silence. I'm no longer a person to him, she thought dully, much less a girl. I'm just a problem that he feels bound to solve the quickest, easiest way possible.

In the station, they found a train left for Holdridge in fifteen minutes. They went into the waiting room and sat facing a clock.

As the hands ticked off the few minutes left to her, his refusal to marry her began, painfully, to sink in. At first she had been too wounded by his doubt to realize that except for his dubious promise to "think about it," she now faced the problem entirely alone. Panic seized her.

"I simply can't tell my mother," she whimpered. "She'd never understand."

"You certainly had me fooled," he said unhappily.

"I loved you."

He put his arm along the back of the wooden bench on which they sat, and she wanted to lean back into its sheltering curve and never move again.

"I'll call you in a couple of days," he said. "Don't do anything until you hear from me."

Chapter 3

Bonny remembered nothing about the train ride to Holdridge. Once there, she emerged from the train like a sleepwalker and stood dazedly on the platform until a friendly arm jostled her shoulder and a familiar voice said, "Going my way?" It was a neighbor, Mr. Piper. Docilely she walked with him to his car before she realized that she had driven her own to the station only a few hours ago.

At home, the lights seemed phenomenally bright, and there were a number of cars parked at the curb. Too late she remembered her mother was having a dinner party, though where else she could have gone she did not know.

"We thought you would never get here!" Her mother met her at the door wearing a black chiffon dinner dress and looking pretty and distracted. "I need you to serve the salad. How long will it take you to change?"

So, Bonny thought dully, it was to be a buffet, and there was no way out for her as there would have been at one of their more formal dinners. At these she was never included.

She dressed carefully, spending a long time over her make-up—a powder base to conceal the unusual pallor of her skin, and rouge to distract from the deep hollows under her eyes. My mask, she thought, surveying the results. She gave her face a final pat with the puff and walked stiffly down the stairs.

The party was at the second-drink stage, and she made her way all but unnoticed into the crowded living room, but there the first people she encountered were the Remberts, Colin's parents. They were not particularly close friends of her parents. She was surprised to see them, and caught off guard by the warm familiarity of their faces. She felt suddenly exposed and ashamed. For years they had made her at home in their house. It was almost as familiar to her as her own—the old-fashioned dining room with its archaic lamp suspended above the table, the kitchen where she and Colin had made innumerable sandwiches and once even a cake, and the living room where Colin had first kissed her, experimentally, on the tip of her ear.

Bonny held out her hand and forced a smile, sure that they could see right through the smile to the grief and fright it so flimsily concealed.

"How nice to see you, my dear." Mrs. Rembert's hand in her own was as warm as ever, and her eyes held no perplexity. "Where have you been keeping yourself? We miss you. You must come over soon."

"Thank you," Bonny murmured helplessly, and could not think of another word to say. With relief she saw that her mother was signaling from the door that they were going to serve supper now. Gratefully she took her place behind the immense salad bowl, glad of something to do.

When everyone had been served, she hoped she might take her plate and slip away to her room, away from the voices and the perfumes and the eyes. But halfway up the stairs her mother waylaid her. "Darling," she pleaded, "don't desert me now; please be a lamb and go and sit at the table in the corner with old Mr. Gunn. No one seems to want to." Bonny nodded a weak assent. "And, darling," her mother added, "after supper some of them will want to play bridge, so if you'll just stick around in case we need a fourth somewhere—"

Bonny and Mr. Gunn talked about the unseasonably late spring; they talked about Mr. Gunn's daughter, whom Bonny remembered vaguely as a spinster of thirty-odd, and finally Bonny was called away to the telephone. It was Colin.

"Hear your family are having a turnout over there tonight. Wouldn't you like to escape the confusion? A bunch of us are going out to Janice Merrill's to open a keg of beer."

She didn't want to see Colin. She didn't want to see anyone. She wanted to be alone. But she couldn't be alone here, and anything would be better than an interminable game of bridge with her mother's friends.

"I'll see if I can be spared," she said.

"I'll be there in about half an hour," Colin said, and hung up before she might protest. He had managed to sound confident enough when he talked to her, but putting down the receiver, his forehead puckered in a frown. Disconsolately he shuffled into the room he shared with his older brother Bob. Bob, suspenders dangling, was fussing with the buttons of his tux. Bob, Colin thought unhappily, had no problems. Out of college two years and with a good job, he was engaged and would be married as soon as he and Carlotta could find an apartment in New York.

"What's got you?" Bob said amiably. "Is Bonny playing hard to get?"

"I don't know what she's playing," Colin said, and went to the closet, where he rummaged through Bob's array of suits, slacks and tweed jackets until he found his own old windbreaker.

"How'd you like to wear my new jacket? Scotch imported, and it would look savvy with those trousers," Bob said magnanimously.

"Bonny probably wouldn't notice if I were wearing sackcloth and ashes," Colin said. He fingered the heather sleeve of the Scotch import reflectively, and shrugged. "But no point in looking a gift horse in the mouth. Thanks." He laid the jacket out on the bed and chose a tie from the tie rack that hung from the closet door.

"Maybe you need a change of chick," Bob said, sitting down on the edge of his bed and tugging on his shoes. "Maybe Bonny is too sure of you or you got too sure of her. Maybe a scare wouldn't hurt her."

"Oh, I've tried dating other girls." Colin dropped the tie across the back of a chair and sat down and lit a cigarette. "Just last night I took out a mighty entrancing redhead. It didn't help. Bonny's *my* girl, but I don't know what's happened to her lately."

"Another guy, maybe."

"I don't think so." Colin shook his head in a baffled way. "I think I'd know, or somebody in the crowd would know, if it was that. Holdridge isn't that big."

"How has she changed? Is she turning down dates?"

"Not so much that." Colin blew a wide and competent smoke ring and absently poked his finger through its center. "It's mostly the way she acts. Bonny used to be more fun than anybody, and now she just doesn't seem interested. Not in anything—dancing or swimming or tennis or me," he finished morosely.

"Sounds to me as though all she needs is a firm hand and a couple of ultimatums." Bob grinned and began to comb down the cowlick at his temple. "Nothing like an ultimatum now and then to keep a woman in line," he said into the mirror. "Once they think they can twist you around they'll do it every time, but there's not one of them that doesn't like to be told who's calling the numbers once in a while."

"Think so?" Colin said hopefully.

"I know so."

But Colin knew as soon as he saw Bonny edging her way toward him through her mother's guests that this was no time for ultimatums. She looked, he thought, as though she had had no sleep for three nights running.

Seeing Colin's lean young face with its ready smile, Bonny experienced a fleeting sense of loss, almost of homesickness.

"Hiyah, handsome!" she greeted him as she always did.

She sank down into the familiar lumpy seat of "The Skylark." Colin's name for his beloved assemblage of tin and tires, and hoped that the smell of gasoline and grease which clung to everything would not make her feel nauseated.

As the car rattled away from the curb, he put his hand over hers on the seat. "What's wrong?" he said. "You look as though you'd been trying to put salt on owls' tails."

"Heavens, is it that bad?" She tilted the windshield mirror and tried to apply more lipstick as they went by a street light.

"I've been trying to catch up with you long enough to tell you I've got a job for the summer."

"How wonderful. Where?" She tried to sound as though it mattered.

"At the Y, teaching swimming and other wholesome sports to all the young hellions in Holdridge who can't afford camps. Also, the old man has upped my allowance because I made an A average last term. So,"—he turned to wink at her—"sew the buttons on your glad rags. I've got a big summer planned for us."

The suggestion that there might be a time beyond the terrible present had not occurred to her. She listened with a kind of wistful earnestness as he outlined plans for picnics and dancing.

At the Merrills' they climbed out of the Skylark and walked around the house to the large lawn where several couples were gathered around an outdoor fireplace. The girls wore brightly colored skirts and off-the-shoulder cotton tops.

"Hello, stranger." Janice Merrill extricated herself from the leaning arm of a sandy-haired youth. "Where have you been hiding? Honestly it's been weeks!" Words that only a few weeks ago Bonny would have accepted as part of the teenage pattern now put her on guard. Was Janice just making conversation, or did she really think it queer?

There was no need for Janice to introduce any one of the number of boys and girls who waved or shouted greetings; there was no reason to feel strange or shy, but it was like the time she had had to recite Gray's "Elegy" before the entire grammar school. When she had found herself on the stage staring down into all the faces which she knew to be familiar faces, they had suddenly worn the look of strangers. She had been terrified, rooted to the spot, unable to go forward, unable to turn back. These faces turned toward her now had the same effect upon her, and she became tongue-tied and awkward.

It seemed years before they were climbing into the Skylark again, which would take her home to the divinely comforting shelter of her own room and bed.

"What was eating you tonight?" Colin stepped on the starter. "The company or the food?"

"Neither. I thought it was a grand party. Why? Did I act funny?" Tears of exhaustion stung her eyelids.

"Something is wrong," Colin blurted. "You've changed. You don't even look the same."

"Everybody changes," Bonny said, and burst into tears.

"Now, honey," Colin admonished miserably. He drew up by the side of the road and turned off the ignition. "I didn't mean anything. You know me better than that." He reached for her, but she pulled away from him, and they sat in silence until her sobs subsided.

"I'm tired," she said then. "I shouldn't have come out tonight in the first place."

"Maybe you're tired of me," Colin said. He started the car and edged back onto the road.

"Don't be silly!" Bonny said, fighting back more tears.

When he left her at her door, he did not try to kiss her good night, and she was humbly grateful for the omission.

For all her weariness, she slept fitfully and awoke toward dawn to wonder feverishly exactly when she would hear from Tyler and what he would say when she did hear. But she did not hear from him on that day or the next. She met the postman at the door and was afraid to leave the house for fear Tyler might call. After three days of this anguished waiting, she realized that her mother and even the boys were beginning to wonder why she never went out; so that when her closest friend Janice Merrill asked her to go shopping with her for a new evening dress, Bonny did not dare refuse.

There had been a time, and not very long ago, when a shopping expedition had been the gayest of all diversions, second only to dating; and as she and Janice drove off together, Bonny tried to work up some enthusiasm.

Janice was a big girl who would probably some day be beautiful. Now, at eighteen, she had the look of a coltish Venus—good lines and a smooth brow beneath which a slightly tilted nose appeared out of place. She lit a cigarette and offered Bonny one.

"I haven't seen you, have I," she said, "since I've gone all out for Britain? He is but divine—an exchange student, who's spending the summer here. That's what the dress is all about," she added. "He's taking me to dinner *and* the theater afterward. Can you *imagine?* So I must look my *soignée* best. If I don't find what I want here, I'm going all the way into New York."

"You've got it bad, haven't you?" Bonny said.

"Well," Janice said philosophically, "summers can be so boring if there is no man in your life. Speaking of which, how goes it with you and Colin?"

"Fine," Bonny said quickly, and wondered if the question were as innocent as Janice had made it sound.

"Rumor has it that he has been seeking solace elsewhere," Janice continued blithely, "but I don't believe it Colin is the loyal type."

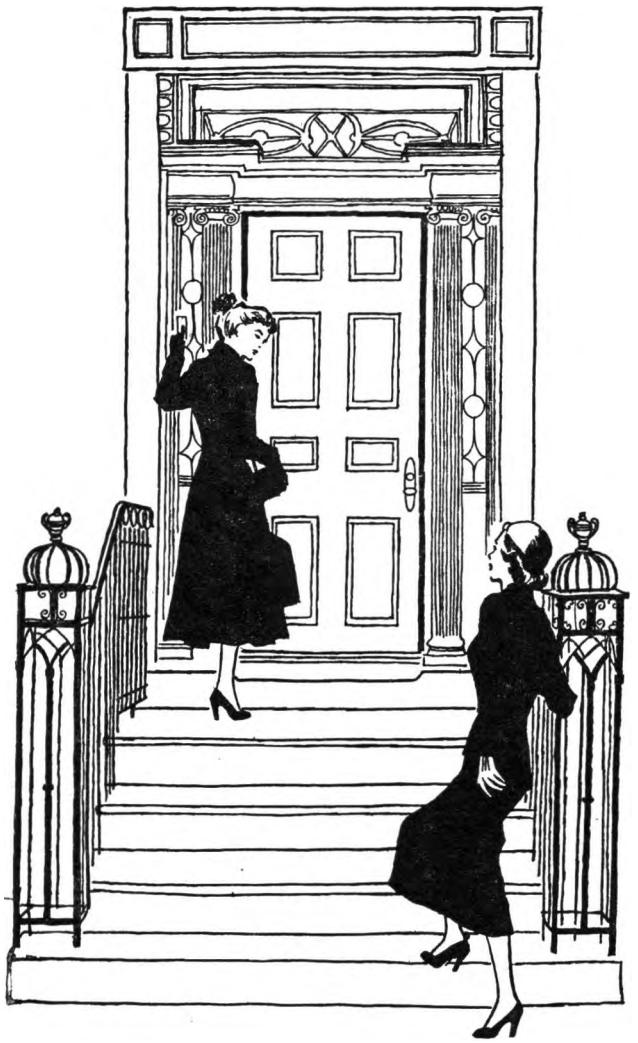
"What if he does date other girls?" Bonny said hotly. "I don't own him. And vice versa!"

"Now don't get mad at me." Janice gave her a sidelong glance, and Bonny forced a smile to meet it.

"I'm probably just jealous because I've spent all my clothes allowance and can't buy something today, too," she fabricated.

Indifferently Bonny watched Janice try on a black tulle, a jade linen and an unbecoming pink lace job, and wondered what perversity made her want to recommend the pink.

On the first floor of the store, Janice lingered over some scarves and then stopped to watch a woman demonstrating a new foundation cream. Once, Bonny would have been equally fascinated, but now, sick with sus-



pense, afraid that Tyler might have called while she was out, she insisted that they start home.

Janice regarded her oddly. "You *have* changed," she said, and in sudden unreasoning terror Bonny stared at her blankly, unable to speak. If Janice noticed her panic she pretended not to, and in a few blessed moments they were out of the store and in the car. But the sense of terror, of things closing in on her, did not leave Bonny. First Colin, now Janice. Please, Tyler, hurry, she prayed inwardly. She could not keep up this masquerade much longer.

After Tyler had put Bonny on the train for Holdridge, he'd gone straight to his broadcast. There wasn't time to go over the script as he usually did, and he'd fumbled a place name and barely caught himself before skipping a line.

He had planned to meet Gerda for supper, but as sensitive as she was to his moods she would guess that something was wrong. He called her and told her he had to stay at the radio station for a policy meeting. Her trusting acceptance of the lie added to his misery.

He went back to his room and tried to lose himself in his books, but it was useless. Bonny's face, a face no longer vacuously pretty but hurt and frightened, kept coming between him and the pages of the text.

The longer he thought of her as she had been today, forlorn and confused, the more difficult it became for him to remember what tricks of manner and attitude had led him to believe that she was a sophisticated and adventurous girl who would be able to dismiss the episode with the same expedient logic with which he had dismissed it.

He got out the notebook in which he had written the address of her doctor, and stared at it. He had no intention of checking with the doctor. He now believed at least that much of her story. But what did he intend to do? What could he do?

He thought of Gerda, and his heart ached with compassion. Whatever happened, she must not hear of this. He didn't know what it would do to their relationship, but he did know it would hurt her deeply, and she must not be hurt. He could not, for the time being, reason beyond this. Whatever he might or might not owe Bonny, who had trapped him along with herself, he owed Gerda far more.

And even though he knew that in the assurance and depth of her love for him, Gerda would eventually forgive him, she shouldn't have to. There had been nothing in the sweet, even flow of their love, nothing in her unawakened state, to help her comprehend the impersonal fevers that can overtake a man.

Abruptly he got up from his desk and went to the bureau. There he rummaged for an address book. He had a medical friend, a young intern at a New York hospital. It was worth trying.

Had he been better versed in such matters, he would have known a reputable doctor would be the last person to give him the kind of help he wanted.

"If I were you, Ty," the young intern said crisply, "I'd marry the girl. It might be easier in the end. We get the women when those abortion boys are through with them. At least, we get some of them. Others go straight to the morgue."

It was neither a helpful nor a heartening interview. But the young doctor finally agreed grudgingly that when Tyler did find someone, he would check on the man. A few of them, the "better" ones, he said, were registered doctors with separate legitimate practices.

In the end, Tyler found the man he was looking for through a fellow student at the law school. When Tyler called the young intern again, he sounded angry and regretful of his promise, but he kept it. He looked up the man Tyler inquired about and reported that he was a registered physician and added sardonically that he had apparently had no casualties—to date.

Tyler borrowed some money on his insurance. Then he wrote a check in Bonny's name and enclosed the doctor's name and address in the same envelope. He knew it was a stark, cruel message, yet he could not think of any way to soften it. Once he had seen the envelope disappear into the mailbox, some of his guilt left him and an exaggerated feeling of relief took its place. Now he could call Gerda. He had not seen her for three days.

But he discovered that whereas until now he had stayed away from Gerda lest she sense his unease, he must now hold his elation in check. The moment she met him at her door, her face lighted.

"Something good has happened to you, Tyler darling," she said, taking his hands in hers, drawing him into the little room which was both living room and bedroom. "Tell me about it."

Her choice of the word "good" staggered him. He was flooded with shame.

"Nothing has happened," he said wearily.

"I could have sworn you'd gotten a bonus or an A on an exam." She smiled uncertainly and shrugged. "It just proves you should never assume you know any one completely."

"I think one *can* know a person completely," he said defensively, out of his overwhelming need to believe this was so. "One can know a *person* completely and yet not know all the facts."

"You don't sound like a lawyer," Gerda laughed, and went to get her coat.

When she returned he took her in his arms, comforted by her physical closeness, which, he told himself unhappily, would have to suffice until he could shake this sense of guilt.

When the letter finally came from Tyler, Bonny took it to her room and shut the door. At first, she was baffled by the check, the address and the lack of any explanatory note, and then she realized they needed none.

She put the check and the address in her pocketbook and sat staring emptily out of the window. All these frightful days of waiting, and he had still in a sense left her alone with the problem.

Across the street Ted and Francis were kicking a football around with the Turner boys, and downstairs she heard the cook clattering pots and pans as she prepared the evening meal. In a little while her mother would come dashing in from a bridge game just in time to bathe and change her clothes before Lee Dad got home. Everything was usual; only she herself, as Colin and Janice had remarked, had changed, had become exiled, cast adrift.

For several days Bonny did nothing about the address Tyler had sent. She felt strangely apathetic and confused. She didn't know what she should expect, and she shied away, as much as possible, from thinking about it. She supposed, afterward, that when she did allow her mind to dwell on the mechanics of the undertaking, she visualized the elderly kindly doctor who would say "there, there, child" and put her to sleep and take care of everything.

Now that panic was no longer her chief emotion, the isolation of her predicament filled her with a new loneliness. She wished there were someone with whom she might talk over her troubles, share her anxiety. When she finally set a day for the inevitable trip into New York, she realized she could bear this aloneness no longer. She called Janice. She told her only that she was driving into New York and wanted company. To her mother she said only that she was going into New York to shop and, despising herself for the old worn lie, that she might stay over the night with Claire.

She had no idea how long her bout with the doctor would take, but should it take longer than she anticipated, she would simply have to think of some further excuse when the time came.

"I'm so glad you called," Janice exclaimed, climbing into the seat beside her. "My British beau is off on a visit and I've been awfully bored." She sighed. "Now tell me what this little jaunt is all about. Over the telephone, you were positively mysterious."

"I—" Bonny began, and stopped.

"Now don't tell me anything you'll regret," Janice said airily. "Remember the Dartmouth fiasco?"

"Will I ever forget?" They both laughed. It felt good, to Bonny, to laugh again.

"What babies we were!" Janice said. She was referring to their first college week-end, when they'd gotten together afterward to compare notes, holding out on their one most "precious" memory only to discover when they finally had broken down and told that it involved the same boy.

"I'd like to be that kind of a baby again," Bonny said wistfully. "Or better than that, I'd like to turn right around and start over again."

"You sound morbid. Maybe you *had* better tell me."

"I don't know where to begin."

"Begin at the end," Janice encouraged. "That's always the hardest part."

"I don't know the end; that's why I'm going in to New York today," Bonny said, and Janice reached out a hand to steady the wheel which Bonny had all but forgotten in her agitation.

"Man trouble?" Janice prodded.

"The worst kind," Bonny said, and flushed. "I'm going to have a baby."

"Dear God!" Janice exclaimed and removed her hand from the wheel. "Colin?"

"Of course not." Bonny was curiously angered by the assumption.

"Then who?" Janice said, blunt with astonishment.

"No one you know."

"So that's where you've been keeping yourself," Janice said wonderingly. "But I never would have believed it. *You* of all people!"

"Why me-of-all-people?" Bonny was stung by the implication. "It can happen to anyone. I'm not so different. I'm not so wicked or bad, if that's what you are thinking. I—"

"Honey," Janice interrupted, "don't get me wrong. I just meant I can't see why. You've got everything. Usually it's the girls who aren't pretty and popular who—" Janice hesitated.

"Who go too far?" Bonny supplied, and Janice nodded. "But I loved him."

"I know," Janice said. "Once I almost went too far myself."

"Were you in love?" Bonny said dubiously.

"Of course."

"Then what held you back?" Clearly she believed that had Janice really been in love, she would not be speaking with such righteous complacence now.

"Nothing really held me back," Janice said thoughtfully. "Something inside of me just refused to go forward, I guess. I remember thinking all of a sudden that if he loved me he would take care of me, but if he didn't love me I'd have to take care of myself and fast, and so"—Janice shrugged—"that was the end of a not-very-beautiful romance."

"I couldn't have thought if my life depended on it," Bonny said.

"And now what?" Janice queried. "Are you going to New York to see *him?*"

"I've seen *him*. Now I'm going to New York to see a doctor who will get me out of this."

Gradually, she told Janice the whole story, omitting only, with a kind of perverse loyalty, Tyler's name, though she couldn't resist divulging that he was in radio.

"Have you ever thought of having the baby?" Janice said when she had finished.

"I told you he won't marry me."

"You could still have the baby. I understand there are ways, places," she added vaguely.

"Sure—homes for delinquent girls," Bonny scoffed. "Wouldn't that be fun!"

"It was just a thought."

The girls were silent as Bonny steered through the downtown New York traffic. The address Tyler had sent was in a district with which Bonny was not familiar. Twice they had to ask a policeman to direct them. The street was only a few blocks long. It looked surprisingly respectable. The place they wanted was no exception. As they mounted the shallow steps and rang the doorbell, Bonny resisted the childish desire to clutch Janice's hand. Even Janice, she saw, looked a little pale and anxious.

An elderly woman in a starched white uniform opened the door. The moment the door had closed behind them, Bonny felt frightened and trapped. It was dark inside, and all the doors leading off the hall in which they found themselves were closed.

"Which one of you wished to see the doctor?" the woman said, and Bonny reluctantly stepped forward. "Your friend must wait here," the woman said. There was not even a chair in the long, gloomy hall. Bonny cast Janice a glance of commiseration and followed the starched white uniform down the hall and into a small office. Here there was at least a window. The woman sat down behind a desk and motioned Bonny to the chair opposite.

"Your name?" she said, pencil poised.

"Mrs. Tyler," Bonny stammered.

The woman asked her some of the same questions the first doctor had asked her. If it hadn't been for her air of cold indifference, her thoroughness would have been reassuring. When she had done with the questions

she took her into still another room, where she listened to her heart and took her blood pressure.

"Are you the doctor?" Bonny asked.

"No." She seemed annoyed by the question.

"When will I see the doctor?"

"You won't see him. You will just have to trust us," the woman said with the faint contempt of one accustomed to dealing only with the desperate.

"But—" Bonny protested. The woman, as though she had not heard, went on:

"Everything seems to be in order. I'm sure we can take care of you. You must return in five days. *Alone*," she emphasized.

"How long will I have to stay?" Bonny said tremulously, the idea of spending more than five minutes in this dreadful place already beginning to haunt her.

"You will be here overnight," the woman said crisply. "We don't believe in taking any chances. It will cost you three hundred dollars, to be paid when you arrive."

"Yes," Bonny said weakly; and the woman led her back through the outer room into the dusky hall.

Bonny's eyes flew to the spot where she had left Janice. The blurred shape of a woman was outlined, leaning wearily against the wall.

"Janice?" Bonny spoke hesitantly, something unfamiliar in the shape filling her with a vague uneasiness. The woman turned, and she was not Janice. This was a woman with metallic hair and a slack mouth. Her tired, ancient eyes slid over Bonny's face in a look that contained a forlorn friendliness. You, too, the look seemed to say.

"Where is my friend?" Bonny cried in sudden, unreasoning panic. "What have you done with her?"

"She's probably waiting outside," the woman in the white uniform said crossly, and Bonny let herself out into the bright, clean-smelling day.

"I needed air," Janice explained, getting up from the steps where she had been sitting.

"I thought something dreadful had happened to you," Bonny said, and smiled shakily. "That place gets you."

"I know," Janice said. "It even got me."

"For a minute I felt as though you'd been spirited away and thrown in the witch's cauldron," Bonny said, and giggled nervously.

They walked toward the car in silence. "Well?" Janice said finally, giving her a searching look.

"I don't know," Bonny shook her head. "I can't seem to think. I just feel afraid. I can't seem to think at all."

"When are you supposed to come back?"

"In five days," Bonny said miserably. "But I don't think I shall. I don't think I can go through with it, Janice." She stopped and stared at her friend helplessly. "What am I going to do?"

"You could tell your mother," Janice said. "She will help you."

"I just can't tell her," Bonny wailed. "I don't know where she's been all these years, but she still thinks of me as about twelve."

"She's given you an awful lot of freedom for a twelve-year-old," Janice said crisply. "You've always been allowed to go more and stay out later than the rest of us."

"She just doesn't *notice*," Bonny said miserably. "She doesn't realize how much I *do* go out most of the time. And then all of a sudden she wakes up and clamps down for a little while until she forgets about me again. I couldn't tell *her*, Janice."

"But what else?" Janice said, and Bonny shuddered, remembering the dark hallway and the woman who waited her turn.

"Well," she conceded, "maybe I'll have to tell her. But not if Lee Dad has to know. I couldn't stand it if *he* knew."

"I don't see why he would have to know," Janice comforted. "After all, it isn't as though he were your real father."

"I wish he were!" she said surprisingly, and recognized in the admission a familiar but heretofore unnamed pain. "I mean," she qualified, unwilling to let Janice suspect this secret sorrow, "if he were my own father, he might not be so *mad* if he found out."

The morning after the trip into New York, Bonny woke struggling free of nightmare dreams, only to be caught in the larger nightmare of the day ahead. She was determined to get the scene with her mother over with as soon as possible, but the real problem proved to be finding a moment when her mother was at home and alone. She realized as she dressed that the house was abnormally quiet for this hour of the day, and discovered when she got downstairs that her mother had taken the boys swimming at the club. She spent a restless, waiting morning. When her mother finally appeared, it was for the purpose of changing her clothes to go to a luncheon.

"What time will you be back?" Bonny said with aching uncertainty, watching her mother fold her hair into the little curls on the top of her head.

"I really don't know. They may play bridge. But I'll be back before Lee gets home," she added virtuously. "I always am."

The afternoon stretched ahead interminably. "Are you going out tonight?" She'd simply have to get this over with today. She couldn't bear another like it.

"No. The Brannons are coming here." Her mother's eyes smiled at her in the mirror. "Did you want to have some of your friends in? There's always the sundeck, now that it's so warm."

"I hadn't thought of it," Bonny said, and drifted disconsolately back to her room. She put a record on her portable phonograph and threw herself across her bed, but the music, reminiscent of a life that was now forever over, was intolerable. She turned the instrument off and went downstairs. Ted and Francis, surrounded by comic books, were sprawled in the two comfortable chairs. She found their abandoned comfort wildly irritating.

"It's high time you two learned some manners," she exclaimed.

Francis grinned up at her hazily. "Manners?" he queried vaguely.

"Hasn't any one told you to offer a lady your chair?"

"Cripes, no," Francis said with good-natured bafflement.

"Well, I'm telling you now," Bonny said with sudden inexplicable rage, and snatched him by the back of his striped jersey and pulled him to his feet.

Francis, taken completely by surprise, flailed the air, turning on her a crimson face. "Who do you think you are anyway? Madame Queen? You and your old stuck-up ways. When I see a *lady* I'll get up, and not before."

He dived for the chair again, drawing his knees up against further attack.

"Oh, you!" she screamed and fled the room, tears of rage and frustration blinding her eyes. She hated them, hated them, hated them! But worst of all she hated herself.

"Why, Bonny!" Her mother, dressed for the luncheon, stood in the door frowning with annoyance. "This isn't like you!"

"How do you know what's like me?" she said crossly, and walked past her mother and up the stairs. In her room she closed the door and leaned against it, weak and out of breath.

"Bonny, I must speak to you." Her mother turned the knob and Bonny moved away from the door.

"You'll be late for your luncheon," she said, grasping at a straw.

"I've still fifteen minutes," her mother said, coming into the room and closing the door behind her. "What was that fracas all about downstairs? You are usually so good with the boys."

"I don't know," Bonny said morosely and sank down onto the bed and began to play with the pillowcase. "Francis really doesn't have any manners. You *should* do something about it."

"It isn't only today that I'm concerned about," her mother said. "You've been acting strangely for months now. Ever since you became such friends with Claire Barnes, now that I think of it. Not that Claire isn't a fine person, but she *is* much older, and it does seem to me that you've been spending an awful lot of time with her."

"Please sit down," Bonny said breathlessly. "There's something I must tell you."

For the briefest second Bonny thought she detected a look that was close to panic in her mother's eyes, and then Fran drew up the little boudoir chair and sat down, smiling at Bonny with encouraging blankness.

It had been hard telling Tyler, and in a way even more difficult telling Janice, but this was far worse than either. She stared at her mother mutely, her heart pounding.

"Yes?" her mother said, and looked at her watch.

It was this gesture, familiar and annoying, that released the block. How many times over the years had she been made to feel outmaneuvered and in the way by just this quick, furtive glance at the little jeweled wrist watch.

"I'm pregnant," she blurted.

"You are *what?*" Her mother's voice sounded as though it were pushed through layers of cotton.

"Pregnant," Bonny repeated. "With child," she said and wished she had thought of the phrase before.

"How do you know?" Her mother leaned forward, twisting the rings on her left hand. "Why, I doubt if you even know what you are talking about," she said, her voice rising hopefully. "Young girls can get all kinds of mistaken ideas about such things."

Oh, God, Bonny thought. In another minute she'll tell me about the birds and the bees. "But I'm not a *'young girl'!* And I am not mistaken about this."

"Who is the boy?" her mother quavered.

"No one you know." Bonny hadn't considered this before, but now she knew she could never tell her mother Tyler's name or anything about him. She couldn't face the humiliation to herself or to him were he to be dragged before the high tribunal of her mother's anger.

"How can it be no one I know? I know all of your friends." Her mother's chin trembled. "If you are really sure, you must, of course, get married right away."

"He won't marry me," Bonny said.

"Of course he will marry you." Her mother appeared dazed. "Have you talked to him about it?"

"Yes; but it's no use."

"Your stepfather will talk to him. He'll make him see. Oh, poor Lee," she interrupted herself. "How can I ever tell him?" She began to cry.

"But you mustn't tell him. *Please*, please, Mother." Bonny was almost crying, too. "He'd only be furious, and it can't do any good. No good at all." Somehow, she thought, wild with distress, she must deflect her mother. "You see," she said, "he's already married."

"Oh, Bonny!" her mother gasped, and covered her face with her hands. "How *could* you?"

"I loved him," Bonny said. "I thought I could make him love me."

"Love? What has this business got to do with love?" Her mother stood up. Tears running wetly down her cheeks, she began to pace the room. Bonny tried not to look at her, but there was nowhere else to look. The telephone rang, and Bonny leaped to the door, glad of an excuse to escape.

It was the woman who was giving the luncheon that day.

"I hope you told her I'd not be coming; that I was ill," her mother said when Bonny returned.

"I told her you would be late."

"You should have told her I wasn't coming." Her mother moved slowly to the door. "I'm going to lie down for a while and try to think."

From behind her mother's closed door she heard her mother's voice crying to someone over the telephone, and knew with sickening certainty that it would be Lee Dad. Hastily she threw pajamas and toothbrush into an overnight bag and scribbled a note saying she had gone to Janice's for the night. She got out of the house before her mother had even put down the receiver. Fran started to call Bonny, then decided it was just as well that Bonny would not be here when Lee got home. In a sense this was as much of a blow to him as it was to her. The disgrace that had descended upon their house would, if not quickly dealt with, affect them all, even the boys. She began to cry afresh.

When Lee came home, she was reading aloud to Ted and Francis. Except for her tear-swollen eyes it might have been any other day. Except for that and the fact that Lee's first words were: "Where is Bonny?"

"She's gone—for the night—to Janice's," Fran said, and tried to make it known to him with her eyes that the boys had already sensed something amiss, and that they should not speak in front of them.

"Couldn't face up?" Lee said in a harsh, bitter voice. Fran spilled Ted off her lap and stood up.

"We can't talk here!" she said shakily.

"I'm going up to change for dinner. Will you come? And I could use a drink. A double Scotch. Get the maid to fix it."

Fran made the drink and a smaller one for herself, and took them upstairs on a tray that trembled in her hands.

"Of course," Lee said as soon as she had closed the door and given him his glass, "the boy will have to marry her. It isn't Colin, is it?"

"No," Fran said, "it is an older man, and Bonny says he is already married."

"Who is he? What is his name? Where does he live? Married or not married, he should be made to pay for this."

"Now that I know he can't marry Bonny, I don't want to know any more about him," Fran cried. "I don't ever want to hear another *word* about him. It's Bonny I'm concerned with now. What are we going to do about Bonny, Lee?"

"I don't understand it," Lee said. He shook his head and took a large swallow of his drink. "Why should she do a thing like that when she had everything to make her happy? Why should a girl like Bonny turn profligate?"

"But she's not profligate, Lee. You mustn't say such things. She's young, stupid perhaps, irresponsible, but you must not call her names."

"And why not? That seems small enough punishment for what she has brought down on our heads. What do you expect me to do? Condone it, excuse her, pat her head and say 'there, there,' and turn her loose to wreak more mayhem?"

"If she were your daughter, your own child, you wouldn't be so cruel!" Fran said, her cheeks hot with anger. "If she were your own, you'd want to help her."

"If she were my own, this never would have happened," Lee said. "It's because she *isn't* my own that I have given in to her, watched you spoil her rotten and not lifted a hand to stop it."

"You think you give in," Fran said, "but you don't—you never have. All that Bonny ever really wanted from you was love."

"In a minute you'll be saying that everything that has happened is my fault."

"Oh, no," Fran wept, aware now of the terrible things they were saying to each other. "I didn't mean that. Forgive me. I'm upset, Lee; I'm half crazy with worry."

But the thing was out of hand now.

"It's because you see the father in the child that you love her so," Lee said slowly, "spoil her so, give in to her. In her eyes you see the eyes of your beautiful young husband; even her willfulness is dear to you because he was willful. You once told me so."

"But that's all so long ago," Fran said wearily, "so far away. How can you hold it against me, against Bonny—now?"

"You only married me to make a home for his child," Lee said cruelly, and they stared at each other, their eyes dark with anger. The words hung between them in the suddenly silent room, and all at once Fran crumpled and stumbled into his arms and clung there crying.

"How did we ever come to be doing this to each other, saying such dreadful things?" Fran said. "It's Bonny, not us, who is in trouble. Remember?"

"Yes." His voice seemed to come from far away.

"After all, we've the boys to think of. We must work out something soon," she said. "But what?"

"I'll attend to it," Lee said softly. "Just trust me and try to forget it until tomorrow. Haven't I always taken care of you?"

"Always," she said, and hated herself for not adding, "in your own way."

That night Bonny lay awake in the Merrills' guest room and wondered fearfully what Lee Dad's reaction would be. She remembered once, as a little girl, trying to make him angry. Eloise, his daughter by his first marriage, had come to spend the Easter holiday with them. Though Eloise was plump and wore braces on her teeth and couldn't swim or ride as well as Bonny, though she was four years her senior, Lee Dad always seemed happier, gayer even, when Eloise was there.

He and Eloise, it seemed to Bonny, never stopped talking—about the books Eloise was reading, about the natural history she was studying in school, about her hobby of collecting and mounting butterflies. And Bonny could prance and jump about them all she wished, shouting, "Look at me!" as she leaped a stone wall or balanced on a fence rail, but they never seemed to notice.

In later years Bonny had learned to accept Eloise's visits with philosophic indifference, but that first visit had been dreadful. Bonny had tried in every way she knew to insert herself into the disturbingly complete picture comprised of her stepfather and Eloise.

She had put a worm in Eloise's bed, only to have Eloise consult her "Natural History Encyclopedia," where she discovered the worm to be a very rare specimen. She had given the diving board on which Eloise was poised an extra bounce just as Eloise took off, causing her to land flat on her stomach, only to have Eloise boh up with a smile which laid hideously bare the braces on her teeth. "I seem to be slipping," said Eloise. "I'll have to try that again."

It wasn't until she spilled the bottle of red ink across the pages of the book that Eloise and Lee Dad were reading aloud together that she felt she had really got their attention. For a moment she'd had the delicious, powerful sensation of having aroused their anger. Lee Dad rose from his chair, the blood-red book dripping in his hand. His thin face seemed to swell, but just when Bonny was sure he would explode, his face softened.

"I'm afraid," he said ruefully to Eloise, "that Bonny has little respect for the life of the intellect."

If he had slapped her, it would have hurt less.

Bonny turned restlessly in the strange bed, and finally toward morning she slept. Janice woke her at ten to tell her she was wanted on the telephone.

It was, it turned out, her stepfather's secretary, Miss Baynes. Mr. Bonsall, said Miss Baynes, wished to see her at his office at eleven.

"Why at his office?" Bonny moaned to Janice. "It sounds so cold, like a summons."

"Well, at least you'll know where you stand, what to do next," Janice comforted.

"You know what I'd like to do?" Bonny said, scrambling into her clothes. "I'd like to get in my car and just start driving and not stop until all this was over."

"And afterward?" Janice said gently.

"That's right," Bonny said slowly. "There isn't going to be any afterward, is there? This is for the rest of my life." She turned away from Janice and jerked on her shoes and went to stand before the mirror, comb in hand. "You're stuck with this for the rest of your life," she said to the face in the mirror, but the mirrored eyes stared back at her, large and unbelieving.

Her stepfather's office was in downtown Holdridge, only a twenty-minute drive from Janice's house. She walked stiffly through the cool foyer of the familiar office building to the door at the far end marked BONSALL AND DAWSON. Bonny felt sure her stepfather would see her right away. She was surprised when Miss Baynes motioned her to a chair and gave her a magazine to read. It was almost noon before she was called into the inner sanctum.

She stood quaking before his desk, waiting for him to look up from some papers he had piled there, but he did not look up. "Sit down, Elizabeth," he said.

His voice was cold, and he had called her *Elizabeth!* "I'd rather stand," she said tremulously.

He selected one of the papers and spread it on the desk before him and cleared his throat. "I have made arrangements for you to go to a place out West which handles cases such as yours." He still had not looked at her. Was it shame, she wondered, that kept his eyes downcast, his voice cold? "You will have the best of care. The offspring"—he slurred over the word as though he found it distasteful—"will be put up for adoption through the proper agency channels."

He was not shamed, Bonny realized dazedly; he was not even angry. He spoke as though she were a stranger toward whom he felt only an unsavory sense of responsibility.

"You may tell your friends," the disinterested voice continued, "that you are going West to a dude ranch. You can receive mail in your name at a neighboring ranch, or in whatever name you may choose that is not your own at the place at which you will be staying. I have made reservations for you on a train leaving New York in two days. Have you any questions?"

Questions? Yes, she had a question. "What if I don't want to go?" she exploded. "What if I don't want your charity?" She wheeled toward the door, giddy with despair. "What if I have a plan of my own?"

"You've not only yourself to consider." The inexorable voice followed her to the door. "You've the child to consider now."

Somehow she found her way to her car. For a while she drove with blind aimlessness. She thought once of returning to Janice's and simply staying there until her departure, but even in her present confusion she realized that if she wanted to make this preposterous "trip" appear normal to her friends, she would have to make everything leading up to it appear normal, too. Chastened and miserable, she headed the car toward home.

Bonny's plan to go West for a few months, "maybe more if I like it out there," was accepted without question by all of her friends except Colin. She had not seen or heard from Colin since the night of the Merrills' party, and she shrank from calling him, so that he heard of her intended trip from someone at the country-club bar one afternoon. He had just finished nine holes of golf and was halfway through a Scotch and soda. He put the drink down on the bar and walked out of the big, noisy room. He was already behind the wheel of the Skylark before he remembered that he had a date in an hour with "the redhead." He returned to the club, called her, and told her he would not be able to make it. Too honest for phony explanations, he gave none. He knew that she probably would not see him again, but at this point nothing mattered beyond the fact that his girl was leaving town, and he had had to hear about it from a stranger. All of the hurt and the confusion he had felt in the past few months seemed focused in this one final insult.

He shoved the accelerator to the floor, and the Skylark, exploding with effort, clanged through the streets of Holdridge unmindful of stop signs, speed limits or pedestrians. By the time he drew up in front of the Bon

salls' house, though the Skylark was emitting steam from the radiator, he had cooled off somewhat. Bonny's mother met him at the door and, with what seemed to him an anxious, pitying look, asked him in. He waited for Bonny in the hall, where he lit one cigarette after another, crushing them out in a majolica umbrella stand. When Bonny appeared, she was wearing blue jeans and a faded red shirt. Her hair was tied back from her face with a yellow ribbon; she looked about twelve. All the angry words which had been so ready to spill out dissolved in his throat.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going away?" he said, but his voice was soft and he reached to take her hands in his. "I heard it at the club. From a stranger."

"I only knew it myself a few days ago," she said, but she refused his proffered hands and her eyes would not meet his. "And I've had such a dreadful lot to do."

The door opened behind them, and Ted and Francis tumbled in. "We can't talk here," Colin said. "Will you come for a ride?"

He drove to the outskirts of town and turned left onto the Hill Road. At the top, where the road curved to start its downward swing, he pulled over to a small parking ledge and stopped. From here they looked down on the town, made hazily unreal by the setting sun, and watched for a moment in silence the lights begin to go on in the little toy houses.

"I suppose you are happy about this," he said presently.

"Oh, yes. I've always wanted to travel." There was something almost prim about the way she said it, and he sensed that she was withholding some part of her plans.

"Who are you going with? Your family?" he hazarded, and offered her a cigarette.

"I'm going alone," she said, and still there was the primness.

"Are you visiting friends? Family? Or what?" He didn't really care. He was only trying to make conversation, break through to her, but he felt her stiffen, and thought unhappily that it was because she didn't consider this any of his business. Not any more.

"I'm going to a ranch—a dude ranch," she said. "Cowboys and horses and everything. It's really awfully exciting. I'll give you my address."

"Do you really want me to write?"

"Of course. Why not?" She gave him a searching glance and looked quickly away.

"You'll probably meet a lot of people," he said. "A lot of men—older men. I'm sure you'll have a big time. It's selfish of me to wish you weren't going, but I can't help it. When will you be back?"

"I don't know. A month, two or three. It all depends on how I like it out there. I might even stay and take a job. It would at least be something to do," she said.

"Why are you leaving me?" he said, suddenly sick of all the hedging, all the months of hedging. "Have you forgotten what a good time we used to have together? Have you forgotten the Saturday nights at the club and the picnics outdoors? And the nights in high school when we used to study together in front of the fire in our living room, and the time you wore the low-cut dress and I got so mad at the way people looked at you that I took you home, and the time you got mad at me for dancing four times with the Turner girl?"

"No, I haven't forgotten." But she sounded as though she had.

"Listen," he said with final desperation. "I'm not going to talk marriage to any girl until I can back it up, and I can't now, but you must know how I feel about you. You must know that I've loved you for as long as I can remember."

"Dear Colin." She was more moved than she dared let him see. She leaned toward him on the seat, intending only to kiss his cheek lightly in farewell, but he caught her in his arms and held her to him, brushing her hair with his lips. His nearness and gentleness unnerved her, and for a moment she contemplated the sweet release of telling him the whole ugly story and throwing herself on

his ardent young mercy. Then she leaned away from him and regarded him thoughtfully in the fading light, wondering where and how to begin. But as she looked on the familiar face, made less familiar by a look of weariness and misery, she found herself tongue-tied. She couldn't tell him.

"You are making much too much of this," she said. "And I'm really not worth it. It has been grand, but you'll find when I've been gone a while that it was mostly habit. You are much too attractive to sit around moaning for long. No one will let you."

"That does it!" he said, and moved away from her and started the engine.

Something lost and bleak in the stiff profile turned toward her clutched at her heart, but there was nothing she could say that would not hurt him more than she had already hurt him.

Somehow she got through the remaining two days. There was so much to be done and so little time to do it, but on her last night her mother and Lee Dad went out to dinner and she was left with the long, empty evening ahead.

She had supper with the boys and afterward in a mood of nostalgic fondness played rummy with them until their bedtime. She wished, after they had gone, that she had asked Janice over. Disconsolately she went up to her room. It already looked vacated. The pennants and snapshots which had lined mirrors and walls had been taken down and put away in the chest which held the stuffed animals and the silver mug of her childhood. Her suitcases stood by the door as though waiting for a porter to carry them away.

The room, she thought, shouldn't look so bare. She was taking so little with her—none of the bright cottons and pastel voiles she had bought when she had so naively thought she would be wearing them for Tyler, nor the golf clubs and tennis rackets which heretofore had been an integral part of her traveling gear.

There was nothing left to be done. Idly she checked the contents of her handbag. Tyler's check was still there. What did she want with it now? What had she ever wanted with it? Hush money—that was all it amounted to. She started to rip the check across the middle, but some instinct prompted her not to destroy this, her one point of contact with him. Impulsively she got out an envelope and put the check in it. She addressed the envelope to Tyler, and in the left-hand corner she wrote *Mrs. Tyler* and the address her stepfather had given her.

And then, because she could think of nothing else to do, she undressed and got into bed. The minute she turned out the light she knew this had been a bad idea. She got up and turned it on again and padded downstairs in search of a book. As she entered the darkened living room, a board creaked under her foot and she began to tremble. She had heard the same sound a thousand times before, but now she stood frightened and irresolute, trying to hold her jaw tight against the chattering of her teeth. Finally her stepfather's car rolled into the yard, arousing her to some sense of reality.

Quickly, so that they should not discover her here, lost, teetering at the edge of hysteria, she ran upstairs and leaped into bed, pulling the covers close to hide her trembling. In her haste she had not closed the door, and presently her mother came and stood in the doorway, looking chic but troubled in the light that shone from the hall. Bonny pretended sleep as her mother tiptoed into the room and bent above the huddled form, her perfumed hand gliding lightly across Bonny's cheek. It had been years since her mother had come like this in the night to look at her sleeping child.

Bonny pushed back the covers and clutched at the hand against her cheek.

"I'm so afraid," she whispered. "I don't want to go away. Couldn't you come with me?"

Her mother shook her head, and Bonny felt a tear, which she knew was not her own, splash against her face.

"Not even at the end?" Bonny pleaded, knowing it was useless, impossible.

"I wish—" her mother said faintly and left the sentence unfinished.

"Is it terrible having a baby? Does it hurt much?" Bonny loosed her mother's hand and turned, trying to read her mother's look in the dim light.

"One forgets," her mother said, and began to move away from the bed. "You must try to look on this as an unpleasant interim—a punishment, if you will. And then when you come back, we can decide what you will do with the rest of your life." She was at the door. In another moment she would be gone.

"I want you to know"—Bonny spoke hurriedly because there seemed to be so little time—"that I'm not a bad girl. I didn't mean to go so far, I didn't really want to; it was just that I wanted him to like me."

"You must try to go to sleep," her mother said, crisp with embarrassment. And Bonny remembered too late that her mother had never been able to cope with the slightest allusion to sex. "Good night, my dear."

Long after Bonny heard her stepfather come upstairs and go down the hall to his room, she lay dry-eyed, staring at the ceiling. Finally she got up in the dark and felt her way to the chest in the corner. She fumbled through the layers of clothes until her fingers touched the plush, mangy body of a long-discarded Teddy bear. With this tucked under her chin, she eventually went to sleep.

When Tyler first picked up the letters which had been pushed under his door, he shoved the one with the Arizona address to the back of the pile. He knew no one in Arizona. In the same mail there was a note addressed in Gerda's square, reasonable hand. He had seen her only the night before, and she rarely wrote, even when she went away. Some prescience of trouble compelled him to tear open the envelope without waiting to close the door or take off his hat.

He read:

My darling:

Often in the past few weeks I have wanted so desperately to ask you what has gone wrong between us, but always when I would start to speak I would become afraid. Afraid that you might try to tell me that I was imagining things, and should you say this I would be able to read the lie in your eyes. This I could not bear. So I will not ask you what has changed you—only how much have you changed? And toward me?

Always yours,

GERDA

His first impulse was to reach for the telephone. He could only guess at the distress that had prompted the letter, and he wished to comfort her at once. He heard the dial signal and spun out the first two letters of her exchange before he realized that he could say nothing of any real comfort to her.

He could tell her that he loved her, but he had told her that often in the past weeks, and it had not proved enough to blind her to the fact that something *had* happened to him. He replaced the receiver in its cradle and thoughtfully thumbed through the rest of the mail. Absently, he opened the letter from Arizona. A slip of paper fell out, and bending to retrieve it, he saw that it was a check for three hundred dollars made out to Elizabeth Bonsall. He was too astonished for a moment to recognize it as his own check. Gingerly he turned the envelope over and read the return address again. His mind refused to function beyond the completely incongruous fact that a Mrs. Tyler of Arizona was returning the check he had sent to Bonny. Suddenly he remembered the warnings of the young intern. His heart hammering, he sat down and stared at the empty envelope, his thoughts ricocheting from one dreadful possibility to another. What had become of Bonny? And why had she not used the money? And then his eyes focused on the name, Mrs. Tyler, and held. He remembered now Bonny's saying in a small, embarrassed voice, "I called myself 'Mrs. Tyler.'"

Gradually his mind cleared. She had not used his check. She was apparently somewhere in Arizona calling herself "Mrs. Tyler." This could only mean one thing. This must be her way of telling him that she intended to go through with things.

Though he seldom smoked, he saw on the table a half-empty pack of cigarettes someone must have left, and reached for them. He lit one, hardly aware that he had done so. He choked briefly over the unfamiliar fumes, and the telephone rang.

It was, as he had somehow felt it would be, Gerda. She sounded breathless and oddly shy. "Writing notes is silly," she said, "but I didn't know how else—" She faltered and stopped.

"It was a sweet note. We'll have to talk about it sometime." Could this be Gerda that he was talking to in this guarded way? He must, he told himself, pull himself out of this confusion long enough to give her some comforting word, something she could hang on to. But what? He already felt that he was beginning to lose her.

"My darling," he said; his hand holding the telephone was cold and an emptiness was in his stomach, "I'll be around to see you later if you'll be at home."

"I will be," she said, her voice lifting.

He hung up, regretting that he had committed himself to seeing her while he was still so upset. But there was really no alternative. They couldn't go on with this unstated barrier between them. The question was, could they go on once the barrier had been removed?

He had thought when he arranged for the doctor and sent Bonny the check that he could dismiss the matter—not entirely, perhaps, but at least enough to spare Gerda the burden of his guilt. Now it would seem that he had spared Gerda little but the facts. She had sensed the inner working of conscience—the conscience that, like an unfilled tooth, nagged him awake at night, and in the daylight hours stalked between him and his love like some demanding ghost. In vain he had told himself that he

could not have handled things differently, that he owed Bonny nothing and Gerda so much. Though he had long since forgotten the look of the girl to whom he had made such ill-advised love those months ago, he could not forget the look of the one who had confronted him with her appalling news in the Commodore bar, weeks later.

The summer heat had not settled in yet, but his room felt stuffy and confining. He took a shower and decided he would walk the mile to Gerda's room. He did not know yet what he would tell her when he got there, and once out in the cool night air he was aware only of the physical release of walking. He arrived at the house where Gerda lived, with nothing decided. He walked around the block, stalling for time, but it was no use. Unless he told Gerda the whole truth they would be no closer than they had been before. And with what he now knew, there was no use telling her the truth until he knew what he intended to do about it.

His hand on the buzzer, he hoped that he could somehow bluff his way through the evening, but as soon as he saw Gerda waiting for him at the top of the stairs, her hair a bright frame for her gray, troubled eyes, his throat constricted with tenderness.

"If only," he thought, "this child were ours," and realized that he had for the first time accepted the coming child as a reality, as his own. He paused for a moment, his eyes absorbing every familiar detail of the girl who waited for him, wanting always to remember her thus and himself climbing the stairs to meet her. Afterward, he supposed it was then that he had made his real decision, then that he knew what he would do about Bonny.

Chapter 5

"**The Farm,**" as the place was called, was an enormous, rambling, white clapboard house on a hill overlooking a river. Mrs. Browning, the owner, a wiry, gray-haired woman with soft brown eyes, showed Bonny around on the afternoon when she arrived.

"We do all of our own work," Mrs. Browning explained, throwing open the double doors that led into the kitchen, where four girls were occupied cleaning vegetables and washing and drying dishes. Mrs. Browning introduced them all by their first names: Leah, Ethel, Dotty and Marie. Marie, Mrs. Browning told Bonny, was to be her roommate. Marie was a large, freckle-faced redhead who gave Bonny a fleeting, incurious smile.

Through the back door, Bonny saw that there was a vegetable garden where two girls wearing blue jeans worked with trowels. They appeared slim and carefree—just as she herself had looked only a few months ago. Self-pity enveloped her.

"Would you like to meet them?" Mrs. Browning said, following her gaze. "Their babies are a month old. They'll be leaving any day now."

"I'll meet them later," Bonny said in a stifled voice.

Suddenly she was tired. She wished the energetic Mrs. Browning would let her return to her room and rest, but she hadn't the courage to suggest it. She was hustled through a tour of the living room and dining room, shown the sewing room and the clinic. A doctor came once a week. Mrs Browning explained, even though the babies were delivered at a hospital.

"But we do have a nursery. Would you like to see it?" Bonny nodded helplessly, and Mrs. Browning threw open the door to a large, airy corner room. It looked like a room some fond grandmother had thrown together for visiting daughters and grandchildren. Mrs. Browning tiptoed to one of the cribs and beckoned to Bonny, who gingerly peered down at a minute bald head.

"This is Benny," Mrs. Browning whispered. "His mother is taking him home next week."

"Home?" Bonny gasped.

"Only the babies who are going home are brought back here from the hospital," Mrs. Browning said matter-of-factly. She went to lean over another crib. "This is John," she said, and patted the squirming bit of humanity which at sight of her had begun to cry. "He's hungry," she said, smiling fatuously into the squinched red face.

"I'm afraid I don't feel very well," Bonny said, clutching the side of the crib. "May I go back to my room now?"

"Poor child," Mrs. Browning exclaimed. "You *are* tired, and this is all new to you." They were on the threshold of Bonny's room now, and away from the nursery. "I only wanted you to see that you are not alone."

"Oh, I knew there would be other girls here," Bonny said easily. "I expected that."

"I meant alone in another sense," Mrs. Browning said. "I like to think of this place as a refuge. Now go and rest," she added brusquely, giving Bonny a little shove toward her room. "We're having fried chicken tonight. You must be ready to do it justice."

"I love fried chicken," Bonny said. She would have liked to say more, but for some reason of pride she could not let Mrs. Browning know that she was the first person who had treated her with respect and understanding in all these recent weeks.

She tried, after supper, to write to her mother. But once she had written that the trip had been easy, that the Farm was all right and that she liked Mrs. Browning, she could think of nothing more to say.

Though her mother wrote faithfully once a week, Bonny found it increasingly difficult to answer the stilted, anxious little notes. And though she purchased picture postcards from the neighboring dude ranch and wrote convincing accounts of ranch life to Colin and to Claire and to Ted and Francis, Janice was the only person to whom she could write with any real feeling or honesty.

When she had been at the Farm a month, she wrote Janice:

> At first it was horrible. You would think it would make you feel better to be surrounded by people in the same boat, but it doesn't. My roommate, Marie, was in a chorus before (everything here is "before;" it's very depressing), and she would be fun if she didn't cry all the time. She went with this guy for five years, and then he went and married someone else the minute she told him the bad news.
>
> Even though some of the days seem to be years, the weeks slide by amazingly fast. I am learning to *cook!* Can you believe it? And last week I helped can a hundred jars of tomatoes. It's amazing what you can get to like doing (almost) when there's nothing else for entertainment.
>
> Of course we never see anyone but each other, which is tiresome, and Mrs. Browning, and once a week the doctor and the "sob sister." The "sob sister" is our name for the social worker. Also, we call her "Rehabilitation Rose." She comes and talks to us about what we plan to do *later* . . . oh, heavenly day! . . . and about putting our babies up for adoption.

Though it wasn't the fashionable attitude, Bonny rather liked Mrs. Rutledge, the plump, breezy social worker. She had the air of a woman who finds nothing extraordinary. Even when Bonny was stubbornly secretive about Tyler, Mrs. Rutledge seemed to understand.

"There are a few things," Mrs. Rutledge said, "that we like to think are no one's business but our own, but if you could just give me some idea of his background and physical characteristics, it would be a great help to us."

Bonny was embarrassed at how little she knew about his background, how little she actually remembered of how Tyler looked. She lay awake that night, listening to Marie's muffled crying in the next bed, and tried to conjure him up before her mind's eye, but the details eluded her. All she could remember was the effect his presence had had on her, and the agony of losing him. When she was sure Marie was asleep at last, she, too, gave herself up to tears.

"I got a letter from Colin," she wrote to Janice later. "It sounds as though everybody is having a wonderful

summer, but it all seems so far away." She paused and stared out of the window for a moment and then wrote with a kind of frenzied haste: "I felt the baby move today." She read the sentence over several times, and then with a little inward smile tore the sheet in two. She could never convey to Janice the overwhelming quality of that experience!

It was her week for dishwashing, and she had been standing in front of the sink, her arms immersed in the warm suds, when she'd felt, like butterfly wings, the stirring against her ribs. Startled, her hand flew to touch the spot. Leah, who was drying, smiled.

"It's a good feeling, isn't it?" Leah said, her rather harsh features seeming to blur softly. "You know now that you're not alone."

Again the child moved, and this time Bonny was flooded with warmth and lightness. "You are not alone," Leah was saying—just as Mrs. Browning had said on that first day, meaning something different—or perhaps not so different, after all.

We are in this together, Bonny thought, he and I, my child and I. She wished the dishes were done so that she might escape to her room with this new knowledge.

The next day, Mrs. Rutledge told her they had found a home for her child. "They are people who have waited a long time," Mrs. Rutledge said. "The mother lost one child and can never have another."

They were also, it seemed, people of means and position. Mrs. Rutledge had seldom, she said cheerily, been more pleased with a placement. She smiled gently and leaned back in her chair with an air of satisfaction.

"I didn't know everything was settled so soon," Bonny said faintly.

"Nothing is really settled,"—Mrs. Rutledge regarded her curiously—"but in a case like yours where adoption appears to be the best solution and the mother wishes it, we naturally get to work on it."

"But I am not sure I do wish it," Bonny said quickly. "I *was* sure, but now I'm not."

"What has changed you?" Mrs. Rutledge said quietly.

"I don't know," Bonny said doggedly. "I just know that he's mine—and I want him."

"And have you thought about how you would manage to keep him?"

"No," Bonny said. Her voice was shaky. She felt dangerously close to tears. "I could go to business school," she suggested hopefully.

"I'm glad that you feel that you want the child," Mrs. Rutledge said. "We won't go any further, then, with the adoption plans until you are quite decided." She smiled absently and riffled through some papers on her desk. "As you say, the child is yours." She paused, seeming to choose her words cautiously. "But, of course, no one of us ever truly *owns* a life. We can only try to direct those lives for which we feel responsible in whatever direction will bring them most happiness."

Bonny felt a helpless rage against this imperturbable woman who smiled so benignly as she talked about responsibility and happiness. Unable to speak, she rose abruptly, hardly trusting her legs to carry her out of the room. In the hall she encountered Mrs. Browning carrying an armload of towels. She threw her arms around the older woman's neck, scattering the towels to the floor, and like some wounded, heedless child blurted that everyone was against her.

Mrs. Browning led her to her own room off the kitchen and went to make her a cup of tea. "There's something about hot tea that quiets the heart," Mrs. Browning said.

Left alone for a few minutes, reason returned to Bonny. "I guess I really don't want to talk about it, after all," she told Mrs. Browning, as she returned with the tea tray. "I guess this is something I'll have to figure out by myself."

"I picked up your mail." Mrs. Browning handed her several letters. "Thought it might take your mind off your troubles."

But Bonny was in no hurry to read the letters. This pleasant room reminded her a little of Janice's mother's room in Holdridge. Simple and gracious and smelling faintly of cedar. She tucked the letters into her jumper pocket and didn't look at them again until she was combing her hair before supper. Then she took them out of her pocket. One, as she had known it would be, was from her mother; another was from Colin, and on the bottom of the pile was one from New York. With trembling fingers she ripped open the envelope, her eyes skimming down the page to the signature. When she saw that it was from Tyler, she went into the bathroom and locked the door. It was the only place she could be sure of real privacy.

The letter read:

> My dear Bonny:
>
> I shan't try to offer any explanations for my long delay in getting in touch with you. Suffice it to say that I have been doing a great deal of thinking, and do finally believe that we should, in all fairness to ourselves and the child, get married at once. Many marriages are contracted with less purpose, and work out quite happily for all concerned. I have arranged for leave from the station so that I can come out there or meet you somewhere else at any time within the next two weeks. We can make more specific plans for the future when I see you.
>
> Affectionately,
>
> TYLER

Stunned, Bonny reread the letter. "And do finally believe," she read aloud to the empty room, "that we should in all fairness to ourselves and the child get married at once."

The supper bell rang. Mechanically she put the letter back in her pocket and opened the door. Outside of the dining room she could hear the forced gaiety of the girls as they gathered around the table. *Poor things!* she thought. Then she walked into the room, her head held unconsciously high, her feet moving lightly beneath the weight of her body.

She slept that night with the letter under her pillow; her dream was that she and Tyler were standing before a minister, and that there was a baby clutched in her arms. Tyler and the baby were faceless, unreal, but the minister, when she looked closely, turned out to be Mrs. Rutledge, the social worker, who spoke in a solemn, clerical voice: "No one of us ever truly owns a life," she said, and Bonny said, "I do." She woke up feeling cold and shaken.

She did not write to Tyler for two days, nor did she tell Mrs. Browning her news until after she had written him.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Mrs. Browning said uneasily, after she had heard Bonny through. "Are you sure this is best for everyone?"

"Of course it's what I want," Bonny said, cross with disappointment. "And even if it weren't, I'd do it anyhow—to give my child a name and—and a *home*."

"But," Mrs. Browning persisted softly, "your child has already been offered a name—and a home in which there is a great deal of love."

"I thought you'd be on my side!" Bonny cried.

"There are no sides," Mrs. Browning placated. "Only solutions. And in some cases there is no *right* solution, no way of wiping out the sin you have done yourself and the wrong to your child. No, sometimes there *is* no really happy alternative. In cases like this, my dear, all that one can do is try to choose the alternative that offers the most good there is to be got out of the situation; the one least likely to pile new wrongs onto the old ones. You are a good girl, Bonny," she said, and patted Bonny's hand, "and I'm sure you won't make a wrong choice."

"But I've *made* my choice! You talk as though it were still undecided. He'll be here soon. *Please* be happy for me."

"Of course, I'm happy for you," Mrs. Browning said, and smiled at last. "I'm always happy when things go the way the people I care about want them to go."

A week later, Tyler telephoned from Phoenix; Bonny took the call in Mrs. Browning's room. Her heart hammered wildly, and her voice sounded as though there

were a vibrator pressed to her throat. Fortunately, he did most of the talking. He could, he said, come out to the Farm if there was anywhere for them to talk. She found her breath to suggest that they meet at the dude ranch up the road. There was a restaurant there where they could have dinner, and a bus ran out there from Phoenix. "At six then," Tyler said, and hung up.

Absently she held the receiver in her hand until her heart stopped its crazy beating; then, slowly, like a sleepwalker, she climbed the stairs to her room. Marie looked up from her book as Bonny heard herself saying, quite as though it were the most natural thing in the world, "I've got a date, Marie. I've a date for supper down at the ranch. What on earth will I wear?"

"A date!" Marie exclaimed, and then understanding lit her pale eyes and she jumped up, tossing her book aside. "But how grand! And what *will* you wear?" The two girls stood for a moment staring with solemn calculation at Bonny's blue jumper. "I just can't go anywhere in this," Bonny moaned.

But Marie was already at the closet. She held up the navy blue gabardine that Bonny had worn when she arrived. "Now if we just put a panel in here, and let out this seam, and—"

"In *three* hours?" Bonny said despairingly.

"Leah used to be a designer and Dotty is fast with a needle," Marie said. "I'll be back in a minute."

Although she was distressed by the publicity, Bonny could not help but be touched. They all came—Leah, Dotty, Penelope and even Sarah, the new girl who had spoken to no one in the week since she had been there. All of them chattered and buzzed about her, eager and wistful. Sarah insisted on a shampoo and wave, which she herself administered. Dotty contributed earrings and white gloves, and Penelope a clip. They asked no questions, but they knew, they *knew*. Their faces reflected all the imagined happy endings, the prince-on-the-white-horse who had failed to rescue them but who nevertheless existed, still, in the minds of all of them.

At five-thirty, they all gathered in the downstairs hall to witness the result of their labors. Bonny, too moved to speak, waved a white-gloved hand. She knew that she looked pretty, and was humbly grateful that they had made this possible.

She had looked forward to the three-mile drive to the ranch in Mrs. Browning's station wagon, which she had borrowed for the occasion. To be behind the wheel of a car again gave her a sense of independence and of freedom. She concentrated on the ribbon of road and tried not to think of the meeting ahead. But the very effort of concentration brought it into focus, and then she experienced a moment of absolute panic. She honestly could not remember what Tyler looked like! In vain she searched her memory for some clue, but she could remember nothing—not the shape of his head or the color of his hair or eyes. Her hands on the wheel grew clammy as she imagined herself walking right past him like some victim of amnesia. Finally, at the edge of hysteria, she saw the ranch ahead. That steadied her.

She parked the station wagon in the driveway of the main building and looked in the windshield mirror. Fuller cheeks, a firmer mouth, eyes that had lost some of their sparkle; not the face he was familiar with. But it would do, she concluded, feeling a new assurance.

Walking across the patio that led to the main building, she was aware of the stiffly upright carriage enforced by the weight she carried. She hoped he would not see her until she was sitting down!

In their brief, self-conscious interchange on the telephone, they had neglected to specify just where they would meet. The main lobby of the ranch and the dining room were in separate buildings. She stood, undecided, at the main building. Then she saw him coming toward her, a tall man with a lean face—a total stranger.

"Hello, Bonny." He took her hands in his and held them for a moment. Briefly, their eyes met.

"You're looking well," he said with intended heartiness, and she found herself flushing.

"Perhaps I should have warned you," she stammered. "I mean, told you how *different* I might look to you."

"You look fine," he said, his voice rising a little. "They tell me the dining room is here." He indicated the building to the left of them and took her arm, forcefully, in his.

The dining room was self-consciously rustic, and so were most of its occupants. Bonny and Tyler were divided by a potted palm from an hilarious group who were clad in riding clothes.

"A man's not dressed in here without his spurs," Tyler commented, and picked up the menu. "Shall we have champagne? After all, this is a celebration." His smile was gentle.

"Of course," Bonny said quickly, grateful for any suggestion that might melt this paralyzing shyness.

While he discussed vintages with the waitress, Bonny observed him cautiously, still feeling the sensation of strangeness.

"That's done," he said finally, leaning toward her across the table. "Now, shall we decide on food?"

The champagne came, and with a little flourish Tyler filled her glass. "To us," he said, and she wondered if she only imagined that his voice sounded hollow.

"To us," she repeated prayerfully.

The champagne helped somewhat. Tyler told her an amusing story about an argument he had overheard in Phoenix between a policeman and a woman driver who looked as though she could outspit any man. He had seen her, he continued, while on his way to the courthouse to inquire about a marriage license. Getting a license here was easy, he said, as though commenting on the purchase of a theater ticket. There were no waiting laws in Arizona; nothing was needed but a justice of the peace.

She scarcely heard what he was saying. Suddenly the studied atmosphere, the champagne, "because this is a celebration," the raucous groups around them, herself and Tyler caught in the midst of this papier-mâché gaiety sickened her. It isn't fair! she thought wildly. We're two strangers arranging a marriage as though it were some necessary but incidental business to be arranged in a hurry so we can enjoy our food.

The waitress came with their dinners. Bonny waited until she had gone, and then, because it seemed imperative to her to break through this mannered pantomime, she opened her mouth to ask Tyler about his law school—about anything, in fact, that was real to him and therefore to her. She was shocked when she heard herself asking about Gerda. The question simply slipped out without plan or warning. She stared at him abjectly, her hands fluttering in useless apology above her plate. He looked away, startled out of whatever role he was playing, but not before she had seen the naked wretchedness in his eyes.

"We mustn't talk about Gerda," he said harshly, grasping a package of cigarettes that lay between them on the table as though it were a steadying object. With a short, jerking motion he spilled a cigarette out of the package and handed it to her. Then he lit it for her, the match trembling in his hand.

She sat watching with feigned absorption the smoke that drifted from her cigarette, while Tyler began with desperate precision to carve his steak. The people at the adjoining table laughed with good-natured abandon at something funny only to themselves. Bonny felt alone. She was sure she was suffocating.

Phrases, like those past images which purportedly appear only to the drowning, crowded her mind. Her stepfather's voice, cold with reproof: "You've not only yourself to think of now." Mrs. Rutledge's, kindly, detached: "They are people who have waited a long time. The mother lost one child and can never have another." Mrs. Browning's: "Are you sure it's best for *everyone?*" Claire's, so long ago and far away: "They are very much in love. They have waited a long time and it hasn't been easy." The room began to swim before her eyes.

"I've got to get out of here," Bonny said. She pushed back her chair.

"But you haven't eaten," Tyler said, his face a perplexed and troubled blur before her.

"I *can't* eat! I'll wait for you in the car." She stumbled blindly past the tables and out into the night air. She was aware then that Tyler was following her.

"Are you ill?" His hand on her shoulder was gentle.

Bonny shook her head.

"You *are* upset, though," he said, and led her to a corner of the patio where there was a wrought-iron bench. He sat down and drew her down beside him and held her hands between his own as though he found them cold and wished to warm them. But still she said nothing, and, prodded by her silence, he continued with his diagnosis. "I know tonight has been a strain. You'll feel better tomorrow. *We can be married tomorrow.*"

"Can we?" she said uncertainly.

"I told you I've already arranged everything. All you have to do is pack your things."

"It sounds so simple, doesn't it?" she said wistfully. "I just pack my things and off we go. Where? *Where do we go,* Tyler, you and I?"

"There's a town in Iowa," he said, "where there's an opening for a young lawyer."

"I didn't mean exactly that," she said. She still had not sorted out all the feelings and convictions that had compelled her to fly from the dining room—and in a sense to fly as well from Tyler and all that he offered. But she did know now that this was no sudden compulsion brought about by his reaction to her question about Gerda. It was the result of some deeper compulsion which had been growing in her, unbidden and denied, ever since that day when she had first felt life.

"Do you think it would work?" she said finally.

"It has to work," he said patiently. "Have you forgotten the reason for all of this?"

"But this is no solution." She shook her head. "This isn't *right.*"

"You're talking nonsense," Tyler said. "We are marrying to give our child a home. What could be righter than that?"

"A lot of things," Bonny said, all at once grateful that his words had clarified the issue for her. "A lot of things could be righter," she repeated thoughtfully. "Loving each other, for one thing; making a home first and then a child to go into it. This way is unfair. Unfair to everyone—to you and to Gerda and to me, but mostly to him. What chance has *he* got with us, Tyler?"

"What chance has he got without us?" Tyler said reasonably. "That's the point, after all; not you or me or Gerda."

"I should have told you before you came out here, that there's a couple who want him. People who have wanted him for a long time—people who have been married a long time and know that they love each other and that they want a child."

"And you would be willing to give him up?" The statement was more accusation than question.

"Under the circumstances, I would." She spoke slowly, thinking as she went because she felt that only now was she getting to the heart of the matter, the issue she should have understood and faced long ago. "I think it would be cruelly selfish and willful to keep him. Don't you?"

"If the marriage didn't work, couldn't work," he amended, "we could get a divorce. You'd still have the child."

"I guess we both know the marriage wouldn't work," she said. He had loosed her hands, and now she took one of his and cradled it in both her own as though he were the one to be comforted. "So let's suppose it wouldn't, and we get a divorce. What sort of break is that for him?"

"There are many children—" Tyler murmured, and then he was silent.

"Oh, it would be all right if there weren't any alternative. But, you see, there *is* an alternative! And I can't seem to add up anything we have to offer against what he has already been offered."

"But what will become of you?" Tyler said.

She hadn't really thought of that yet. There had been so many other decisions crowding her mind and her heart, but at his reminder that, after all, her life would not end with this parting or even the more terrible parting that must come later, she shivered and stared thoughtfully at her hands, twisting the white gloves in her lap. "I guess I'll go back to Holdridge, take a secretarial

course, or something. I can't just pick up where I left off, and I don't really want to. I hope," she continued, more to herself than to him, "that none of this has leaked out. But even if it has, I can take it . . . now," she added and looked at him.

She saw, to her astonishment, that his eyes glistened darkly in the uncertain light. She had never seen a man with tears in his eyes before, and while she knew they were tears of emotional release, she knew, too, that they were partly for her and because perhaps for the first time he really cared about what would become of her.

"I'll be all right." She tried to smile through stiff lips, then gave up the meager effort. "I would like it now," she said instead, "if you would kiss me."

He bent his lips to hers and kissed her deeply and tenderly and without passion. We are closer, she thought wonderingly, than we have ever been—closer than we could ever have been again, if I had let him sacrifice himself.

In silence he walked with her to where she had parked the station wagon and held the door while she climbed in. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said. "If you should change your mind, I will still be here."

"Good-by," she said and pushed her foot down on the starter.

"Good-by, Mrs. Tyler, and bless you," he said.

As she headed the little car down the dark, uncertain road she experienced no sense of achievement or even of relief at having arrived, as Mrs. Browning had known she eventually would, at the only solution that held real promise for the future of her child.

Driving through the night, she held to the small immediate hope that some one would have left the porch light on at the Farm and that perhaps Mrs. Browning would still be up and would make a cup of tea for her.

Tyler stood and watched the diminishing lights of the car until they were absorbed in the night. Feeling desolate and empty of purpose, he went into the bar and stared unseeing at the many labeled bottles lined against a mirror.

"What'll it be?" Even the bartender wore a Stetson.

"A double bourbon." Tyler was surprised that his voice betrayed so little emotion.

"You from the East?" The man standing next to him was evidently feeling lonesome. Tyler nodded and picked up his drink and took it over to a table in the corner. He was in no mood for strangers. He was in no mood for anything except possibly a couple more of these, or as many as it took to dull the edge. Dull the edge of what, he asked himself, and to that he could find no answer. Actually he felt nothing. He wondered if he would ever feel again. He had sacrificed Gerda in order to pay for his sins, and now he was left with nothing.

Fleetingly he thought once more of Bonny, and the word "valiant" came to his mind.

Chapter 6

Bonny's daughter was born at four o'clock of a February morning. She never saw the child. She was told, still in her anesthetic haze, that the little girl was a fine baby and weighed seven pounds. That was all that they ever told her.

On the second day they moved Bonny downstairs, away from "maternity." They said this would make things easier for her. She wondered if they also did this for the mothers whose babies hadn't lived; she wondered, too, whether those mothers felt wasted and hungry with yearning, as she did. Or if they felt worse.

Once, lying awake in the night, she remembered that Mrs. Rutledge had told her that the people who wanted her baby had lost a child of their own. Somehow she found this momentarily comforting.

Another time, she remembered that her mother had said she would forget the pain. Now she lay very still and tried to forget. But her pain had been mixed with despair. She tried to forget how she had screamed for the anesthetic and then at the last fought sleep so that she might see her child. But she hadn't seen her. Had she heard the birth cry, or had she only dreamed it? She must forget. She recited aloud to the empty room all that she could remember of a part she had in a high-school play. She recited Lincoln's Gettysburg address and finally the Twenty-third Psalm. She was halfway through the Psalm a second time, when from her heart came the prayer: "Dear God, please do not let my sin affect my baby." Then she slept.

Mrs. Browning came to see her one day, bringing flowers and a novel in a gay jacket. Mrs. Browning told her all the news of the Farm, and when all the words had run out, she sat and held Bonny's hand and did not seem to think it strange or even sad that they now had no more to say to each other and probably never would.

The nurses said she was a wonderful patient, but that was because she never asked for anything. There was nothing that she wanted.

She heard the doctor outside her door one day talking to one of the nurses. He described Bonny as "apathetic," then said some other things to which she paid no attention, and finally he said, "After all, she will be leaving in two days."

Leaving in two days!

After that everything changed. The nurses no longer thought she was a wonderful patient. She didn't eat; she didn't sleep. She did nothing but cry, sometimes silently, lying straight on her back, fists clenched, the tears soaking her nightgown and the pillowcase, and at other times in great racking sobs that brought the nurse running with a pill and finally, on the second night, a hypodermic.

"You've got to pull yourself together," the nurse said. "You're leaving tomorrow." She couldn't have said anything worse, and of course Bonny was not able to leave on the morrow—or the next day, or the next. Then another doctor came, a stranger, and sat down in the chair beside her bed and asked her why she did not want to go home. Her mother, he said, had telephoned the hospital long-distance to say they were expecting her. Her mother, he said, had sent her love. Of course, he could understand that going home wasn't going to be easy, but none of what she had been through had been easy, had it? And now it was almost over; the worst part was over. She made no answer, and for a while the strange doctor sat silently and seemed to be staring out of the window.

Presently he said, still staring out of the window, "Your baby is doing very well in her new home, they tell me."

"Then she isn't here?" Bonny said. They were the first words she had spoken for days.

"She hasn't been here for three days."

"Then I might as well leave tomorrow," Bonny said. After that the tears dried up, and she hid her grief from every one.

But now that she was more than ready to leave, they would not let her go until she had spent two days on her feet up and around the hospital.

There was no need to go back to the Farm. The few clothes that she would be taking home fitted into one large bag, which Mrs. Browning brought in to her. Mrs. Browning took her to the station, talking briskly all the way about reservations and the change of trains in Chicago. At the train Mrs. Browning held out a brown, calloused hand, and Bonny clutched it, honestly not wanting to let it go. The older woman's eyes were veiled and noncommittal. Please, please, Bonny wanted to cry, let me stay here with you. *I can't go back. I can't, I can't!*

"*Bon voyage*," Mrs. Browning said, and withdrew her hand. Suddenly her veiled eyes clouded. She turned and seemed almost to run up the cement ramp and out of sight.

The doctor had given Bonny some pills to help her sleep. As soon as she got aboard the train she had her berth made up, although it was only three in the afternoon. She took two of the pills, and slept until eight o'clock the next morning.

The ride from Chicago to New York seemed the hardest, the longest. It gave her too much time to think. She tried to read the novel Mrs. Browning had brought her in the hospital, but the motion of the train made it difficult to read. Late in the afternoon, wanting a change of scene, she wandered down to the club car and ordered a glass of beer, but she was still weak, and the taste of the beer made her feel ill.

Beside her, a young man with a crew cut tried to strike up a conversation. She was glad in a half-aware way for this indication that she was still attractive, but she had lost the easy give-and-take of youthful companionship, and she found the hackneyed setup, boy-meets-girl-on-train, distasteful. Finally she was quite rude to him.

The next morning, half an hour out of New York, she went into the ladies' room and sat down in front of the mirror. It was the first time in months that she had looked at herself in anything but the most desultory way. She saw a slender face, hollow cheeks and hair that needed waving. For the mirror's benefit she tried on a smile, but only her lips responded. She looked, she decided, neither as old or jaded as she had feared nor as unchanged as she had hoped. Vigorously she combed her hair and applied lipstick. Mrs. Browning had wired her mother the hour of arrival, but Bonny didn't know whether or not her mother would meet her in New York. She hoped that she would. It would be easier to bridge the awesome gulf of the past seven months in the hurly-burly confusion of Grand Central Station.

Fran Bonsall awoke on the morning that she was to meet Bonny's train with a gnawing sense of misery. And then she remembered. Bonny was coming home. She found Lee's voice raised in song above the skitter and splash of the shower obscurely annoying, and turned over and pretended to sleep.

She simply could not make herself cheerful even for him this morning, nor did she wish to be questioned about her frame of mind. She didn't understand this mood herself. Everything was over. She should be happy, relieved. There was no need now for this feeling of dread, this reluctance to face Bonny. She didn't expect the child to look the same, and, being prepared for this, it should not be awkward for either of them.

Lee came out of the shower and planted a kiss on the top of her head. "Lazybones," he said, with a proprietary air, and went whistling into his dressing room.

Slowly she climbed out of bed, and when Lee came back she was dressed. She suspected he had forgotten this was the day of Bonny's return, but she knew her "city" suit donned at this hour of the morning would speak for itself. He regarded her for a moment, his eyebrows questioning; then his face darkened and the brightness seemed to go out of his eyes. "Of course, you will meet Bonny today," he said, quite as though it were his own idea. In a gesture that she hardly recognized as pleading, she tucked her arm through his and smiled up at him.

"Yes, and it will be good to have her back. I've missed her."

Francis and Ted didn't need to be reminded. They pleaded with Fran to be allowed to cut school and go with her to the train. She did not dare let them see how desperately she wished they could. Lee, of course, would not hear of it.

Thus, walking up the ramp from the train, Bonny saw her mother waiting alone at the gate. She hadn't remembered that Fran was so small. She looked, Bonny thought pridefully, young and somehow special standing in the group at the gate. Delicately they kissed cheeks, and the dreaded moment of meeting was over.

Bonny would have welcomed the release of driving, but she saw that her mother was driving a new car, probably Lee's, and she did not dare ask to be allowed to take the wheel. As they eased out of the parking zone and started across town, toward the parkways, Bonny inhaled the familiar odors of the city air. It was still New York. It always would be, and it looked mighty good. Then her mother, short-cutting a traffic jam, unwittingly turned onto the street where Tyler had lived, drove slowly past the house in which he had had his rooms. It was the first time Bonny had seen the house in daylight, but the address was printed indelibly on her heart. She shrank back against the seat and looked up at the third-floor windows. The windows told her nothing—not even whether he still lived there.

Tyler did not see Gerda for several months after he returned from Arizona, and then it was quite by accident. He knew the moment he walked into the department store and saw her bright head with its wheat braid, bent above some gloves two counters away, that he had never for a moment relinquished her. He had simply been waiting. He went and stood beside her, his heart hammering, all the trivial words of greeting frozen in his throat. When she looked up, her eyes widening in startled recognition, he could only nod his head like some voiceless puppet.

"Hello," she said. He saw that the pulse at her temple was throbbing unevenly and remembered, then, that she had had no way of knowing that he had not married Bonny, after all.

"When you've done with this," he said, indicating the gloves spread like empty shriveled hands on the counter's edge, "will you come and have a cup of tea with me?"

She looked at her watch. "I'm afraid—" she began, but something in his look must have stopped her. "Very well," she said.

Out in the street he took her arm and they walked quickly, her shoulder stiffly upright, touching the tweed of his coat. He had wanted to wait until they were seated in some warm place with the hot tea steaming between them to tell her that he was free, but this strangeness between them was unbearable, and he blurted it all out as they made their way through the late-afternoon crowds.

"I didn't marry her," he said. "She wouldn't have me. She had something else worked out. A home for the child more complete than I could give it. I couldn't come back to you. Not right away. I didn't know whether you would have me. I still don't." He glanced sidewise, but her face told him nothing except that she was thinner than he had remembered. And there was something different about her mouth. It had lost some of its softness.

In the tearoom she drew out a cigarette. Above the match he lit for her she smiled tremulously, her mouth curving into the remembered softness. "It is good to see you, Tyler," she said, and his heart fell. Her voice was the voice of a kindly friend.

"Have you changed, Gerda? Have you changed toward me?"

"You know I don't change," she said evenly.

"But you *have* changed."

"I've become confused," she said, "but I have not changed."

"Then you *will* let me see you?"

"Oh, Tyler, I don't know. You've caught me so off guard. I don't know what to think, how I feel." Her eyes, through the smoke of her cigarette, pleaded for understanding. "Until half an hour ago I thought you were married and that I would never see you again. I had learned to live with the fact."

"I must unlearn you," Tyler said and smiled weakly at the forlorn joke.

"I'm no longer sure that we could be happy together," she said, but this time the flatness of her voice encouraged him. It was as though she were repeating something she did not really believe.

"We were before," he said. "So happy."

"But were we? Were we, Tyler?"

"My God, have you even had to tell yourself that? Are you bent on destroying *everything* between us in order, as you said, to learn to live with what I did to you?"

She did not answer him. She did not need to.

"Darling," he said, "forgive me. I can hardly blame you for anything you have come to believe, but you know that most of it isn't true; in your heart you know it."

"I'm out of the habit of using my heart," she said. "Don't you see? I can't turn around at a moment's notice and change everything I have become in the last months."

"And what have you become, my changeless one?"

She smiled ruefully at being caught in the inconsistency and thoughtfully mashed out the cigarette. "I didn't change; I just died." She touched her chest. "In here I died."

"What you mean, then, is that you cannot forgive me," he said tonelessly.

"Or myself," she said.

"For what? You did nothing," he said, and thought with terrible sadness, we are talking as though this is the end.

"I kept you waiting too long," she said, "and let another woman, a girl, a child, become the victim of my caution."

"Let us say we both waited too long. But don't let's call it caution. We used to call it love," he said wearily. "Remember?"

"I don't want to remember. If I'm to forget the bad part I have to forget the good, too. Memory is like that. It makes no compromises; all or nothing. And so I have forgotten. Won't you believe me? I have forgotten!" Her voice had come to life, and her eyes glittered with unshed tears. "Now I must go. This is only hurting us both." Her hands fumbled for her gloves, and he covered the groping fingers with his own.

"Let's finish our tea. I won't talk any more," he said.

They finished their cooling tea in silence and in misery. She did not want him to walk with her the six blocks to her room, but he did, anyway. At her door she turned toward him, her hands playing with the strap of her pocketbook, her head bent in sudden shyness.

"Did you have a son?" she said. "Or was it a girl? I kept wondering."

The question caught him unaware. His heart lurched with a familiar pain. "I don't know," he said and touched her arm lightly in farewell, then turned abruptly and walked away. Halfway down the street he heard her calling after him, but he didn't turn around, and then he heard the sound of her running feet.

"Perhaps," she said breathlessly, "some day . . . when I've had a little time—"

"I know. I understand." He tried with stiff lips to smile reassuringly.

"I keep thinking about her," she said in an embarrassed little rush, "and how terrible it must have been for her. Must still be."

"Yes, I know," he repeated.

"New memories," she murmured, half to herself. "We'll have to build new memories before we can go on together—"

"I'll be waiting," he said. "When you are ready to start building, I'll be there."

She smiled fleetingly, hopefully, through misted eyes, and this time when he walked away from her she did not try to stop him.

On the parkway it began to snow, and Bonny and her mother had to drive slowly. The stillness of the snow and the slowness of the car's motion enclosed mother and daughter in an awkward silence. Fran's manner from the beginning had made it clear that what had been had been —that she considered the "episode" closed. That left them, Bonny reflected wryly, precious little to talk about on the ride home.

"How are the boys?"

"Just fine. They wanted to come with me to meet you, but of course they couldn't. School, you know."

"And Lee Dad?"

"Never better."

Here the conversation seemed almost to collapse.

"And the trip to Mexico. Was it fun?"

"Dreadful," Fran said. "I got ptomaine from some Mexican vegetable, and Lee got bitten by a special sort of Mexican spider. His whole arm swelled up like a balloon. But heavens, that was last summer. I'm sure I wrote you."

"I remember now," Bonny said.

By the time they reached Holdridge the snow was falling heavily. The car almost had to crawl through the streets.

"It hasn't changed at all," Bonny said wonderingly as they entered the drive of her stepfather's house.

"Did you expect it to have shrunk?" Fran laughed.

"No," Bonny said. She hadn't expected anything. She hadn't thought about the house in Holdridge, but now that she saw it again, she believed that she had missed it.

Her own room looked strange—so very tidy and unlived-in.

"Can I help you unpack?" Fran hovered in uneasy attendance.

"There is only this." Bonny indicated her suitcase.

"Then hurry and come downstairs. I've a fire in the living room, and lunch is almost ready. And by the way," —in her effort to sound natural, Fran sounded strained— "I've asked Janice for lunch. She's home for the weekend. I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not. You were sweet to think of it," Bonny said.

"I thought perhaps," her mother said, "that if you start seeing people and get used to it slowly, you'll be better prepared."

"Prepared?" Bonny was confused.

"With your story about your life in the great West," her mother reminded gently.

"Oh," Bonny said.

"I mean it would be a shame to bungle things now, darling, wouldn't it?"

"Like learning a part in a play?" Bonny said slowly.

"Exactly." Fran smiled encouragement.

"Do I look as though I had been riding the range, or should I put on more rouge?" Bonny said.

"I think for a while perhaps you should wear *some* rouge," Fran said, and went downstairs to answer the doorbell.

Bonny heard her mother's effusive welcome and Janice's well-bred reply. Poor Mumsy, she thought with a new awareness. I must remember that this is the worst part for her.

The firelight in the living room lent a softness to everything. Janice's cheeks were pink and her eyes just as merry as Bonny had remembered them. And from the kitchen came the odors of hot dough and of coffee. It was suddenly wonderful to be home.

"Well, well," Janice said. "Did you lasso any cowboys, rope any steers, and is it true what they say about Arizona?"

"I don't know what they say about Arizona," Bonny laughed, "but it *is* beautiful in an arid sort of way."

They chattered on until lunch, the three of them, nobly playing the game. Bonny consoled herself that after lunch she and Janice could slip away to her room and be themselves. But after lunch Janice looked at her watch. "Maybe for a few minutes," she conceded, "but I only get home once in a while, and there's always so much to *do*. I'm meeting Lolly Gay at Seward's in half an hour. We've got to buy dresses for the senior spring dance."

But even up in Bonny's room with the door shut and cigarettes lit, and sprawled across the bed in the old way, Janice seemed to wish to continue the game. They talked about Janice's college, which she said was "terrific," and they talked about Janice's new beau, an All-America football player who danced like a bear on snowshoes. But they didn't talk about Bonny at all. It was obvious that Janice did not want to. Perhaps, Bonny told herself, Janice thinks she's being tactful.

"Incidentally," Bonny interrupted an account of a ball game, "it was kind of interesting at the Farm—not nearly the dreadful place I had expected."

"Your letters gave me the creeps," Janice said. "Besides, that's over now." There was something embarrassed in the way Janice said it.

"I thought you'd be curious," Bonny said. She was puzzled. She hoped she did not sound hurt.

"I should think you'd *want* me to forget," Janice said. "Anyhow. I have." Perhaps if she had looked at Bonny as she spoke, it would have sounded less like a dismissal. But she did not look at her, and ten minutes later she left.

At four, Bonny found herself unconsciously watching the clock. Only one more hour before Lee Dad would be home. He had written her once at the Farm near the end of her stay. He had said he hoped all went well and that they were looking forward to her homecoming, when they would discuss plans for her future. In spite of the crispness of the note, she would have been pleased by it had she not been so sure her mother had prevailed upon him to write it.

At four-fifteen she took a bath and chose from the closet of left-behind clothes a dark blue dress she had always hated, but which gave her a decorous look she was sure Lee Dad would approve. She had just brushed the last hair in place when she heard the boys come pounding up the stairs, and her door flew open.

Ted plummeted into her arms, but Francis, grown, it would seem, a foot, held out a manly hand and grinned.

"Gee," Ted scowled in appraisal, "you don't look like you've been living on a horse."

"He expected you to be wearing spurs and a Stetson. He's just seen 'Annie Get Your Gun,'" Francis explained.

"Now tell us," Ted ordered, and leaped for the one chair.

"Yeah, tell us," Francis echoed, and sat down on the floor, his back against the bed.

For a moment she looked down blankly into the eager upturned faces. "I don't know where to begin," she said finally. "I guess you'll just have to ask me questions."

"Did they treat you like a dude?" Francis said. "Or were you really on the in? Roundups, and all that?"

"Who cares about that?" Ted interrupted. "What I want to know is, did you see rustlers or coyotes or Indians? Stuff like that."

"One at a time!" Bonny laughed. She wished she were better prepared for this inquisition, but by combining everything she knew at second hand, and the little she had seen at first hand, she was able to give them what they wanted—a lively account of her life among cowboys on a ranch. This sort of game-playing was quite different from the sort she had had to play with her mother, and she became carried away with the telling of a week-end pack trip. The boys' wide-eyed acceptance made her almost believe the tale herself.

"Next time we'll all go," she said. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor and did not hear Lee Dad's step on the stair or see him behind her in the doorway.

"Hello, Elizabeth," he said, and she turned, flushing to the roots of her hair. How much of her fairy tale had he heard? This was not the way she had planned to meet him at all. Guiltily she scrambled to her feet.

"Hello," she said. She had forgotten how stern he could look. The boys, sensing some indefinable unpleasantness, scattered, and Lee Dad said:

"I hope your journey home was a pleasant one."

"Yes. Yes, it was, thank you," she said, and like the child she had once been, shifted her feet.

"Tomorrow morning, if you will come to my office, we can discuss plans." He smiled stiffly and moved on down the hall to his room. She stared after him, clenching and unclenching her fists, hating herself, hating him.

"I won't," she said aloud, but his door had already closed, and anyway, she had spoken as much to herself as to him.

In their room Lee Bonsall took one look at his wife and knew that she had been listening to every word that had passed between himself and Bonny, and also knew that what she had heard had distressed her. She was sitting before her dressing table in a white peignoir pretending to comb her hair, but her eyes in the mirror rested on him with speculative concern.

"Well?" he said to the mirrored eyes, "I did *my* best, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes," Fran said quickly.

"I can't say she has matured much for her experience," Lee said, "or even taken it very seriously. When I came upstairs,"—his voice rose indignantly—"she was making up yarns about coyotes and pack trips and telling them to the boys almost as though she believed them herself."

"Would you have her tell them the truth?"

"That's a silly question!" he growled. "But I would like to see her show a little decent regret."

"Really, Lee," Fran said with eloquent restraint, "she's hardly had time to show anything."

"Maybe I am a little hard on her," Lee conceded.

Fran watched him as he shaved for dinner, his head tilted crookedly to one side. It was not often that she looked at her husband like this, from a distance which for the moment dissolved all association. When she had heard him talking to Bonny, she had shrunk from the coolness in his voice as though it were herself to whom he spoke. And later, when he issued the order, and that *was* what it amounted to, that Bonny meet him in his office, she had cringed with shame for the child and for herself. Looking at him now, she thought, He is a hard man and selfish; how is it that I love him so? It made her feel good to see him so clearly. It made her feel strong and as though she were, for all her softness, defending her child.

When he had finished shaving, he came and kissed her shoulder where the peignoir had slipped, and lightly she touched his cheek with the tips of her fingers. His face no longer appeared selfish or hard. It was simply Lee's face, dear and intimately familiar. "Please," she said, "do be nice to Bonny at dinner. I mean, treat her, if you can, as though she had never been away."

"Of course," Lee said.

And he did try. It was Bonny who made things uncomfortable. She deliberately waited until after dessert, when Francis and Ted had asked to be excused and Lee Dad had lit a cigarette, and then she said, "Lee Dad, there is no point in my coming to your office tomorrow.

I have already made my plans. Is there any reason why we can't discuss them here?"

"Well—" Lee looked for help to Fran, but her eyes were on Bonny.

"I would like to take a secretarial course," Bonny said breathlessly. "I want to get some sort of a job in the afternoons to pay for my tuition, but I'm afraid it won't be enough to support me, so I'll have to stay on here for a while—if I may," she added hastily.

"Sounds all right to me," Lee said slowly. "Yes, indeed—sounds as though you've been doing some thinking. Had you any special school in mind? Any special job?"

"I haven't really thought it all out." Bonny flushed and hoped he would not realize she hadn't thought at all until a few hours ago. "Of course, the job would depend largely on what I could get, but a dress shop would be what I would like. I do know a little about clothes."

"I'm afraid I can't help you there." Her stepfather was almost jovial. "I've no connections in women's apparel."

"Claire Barnes has." Bonny said quickly, and at Lee's scowl and her mother's anxious glance, she knew she had said the wrong thing.

"This Claire woman," Lee said, "from all reports is hardly a good influence."

"You are very much mistaken," Bonny said, and was astonished at the steadiness of her voice. "She is a very fine person. She has a friend, a Miss Agatha, who has a dress shop in the East Sixties. Claire buys all of her clothes there and could perhaps get me an afternoon job there. That would mean going to secretarial school in New York instead of Holdridge, but I could commute."

"Of course," he said in a baffled way. Her mother looked from her to Lee Dad with an odd little expression of triumph that tilted the corners of her mouth and made her eyes shine.

Much later, when Bonny was in bed and almost asleep, her mother came into her room and turned on the light.

"We've hardly had a chance to talk," she said, and settled in the armchair near the foot of the bed. For one sweet breathless moment, Bonny thought her mother had come to hear about the baby.

"I didn't want to write you much about your friends while you were away," her mother said. "I was afraid it might make you homesick. But I have kept track of them at the club and here and there. Colin is as dear and handsome as ever. Asks about you every time I see him. I hear rumors that one of the Miller twins is engaged, but I haven't the remotest idea to whom. They'll all be home for the spring holidays in a few weeks, and then you can find out for yourself."

As her mother talked, Bonny nodded now and then, pretending to listen, but she was not really interested in what her mother was saying. She wished with mounting hopelessness that her mother would give her the opening she must have before she could pour out to someone, to anyone, her anguish and her sense of loss. Her mother had had three children. Surely she would understand the desolation and the pain.

"Perhaps we can have a party for you when all your crowd gets back," her mother's voice went on. "A small tea dance—or a dinner party with dancing afterward. Would you like that?"

"I don't think so," Bonny said. "I mean, thank you very much, but I really wouldn't bother if I were you. It isn't as though I'll be seeing much of the old crowd this winter."

"Well, I do hope you'll make an effort to see them some," her mother said. "I'm afraid they'll find it very strange if you don't. I imagine you feel out of things and shy, but you'll soon get over that." Apparently afraid that the conversation might be getting out of hand, she got up and came to plant a good-night kiss on her daughter's forehead.

"Mumsy," Bonny ventured softly. Her mother had already opened the door, and light from the hall shone into the room. "I had a girl child. Did they tell you?"

"Yes, dear. They told me." But her mother did not close the door and come back into the room as Bonny had hoped that she would.

"Did they tell you anything else?" Bonny asked eagerly. "Anything about the color of her eyes or hair; what she looked like; anything at all?"

"No, dear," her mother said, silhouetted in the doorway, "and you must stop thinking about it, brooding. It's all over now. And the sooner we all forget about it, the happier we will be. Good night, my child." Her mother blew her a kiss and was gone, leaving her alone in the dark room with her memories and her fears and the silence pressing in all around—the silence from without and the silence from within.

Presently Bonny got up, turned on the light, and settled in the armchair with the novel Mrs. Browning had given her.

Down the hall, with the lights off and sleep not far away, Lee drew Fran's head to his shoulder. "Bonny seems to be on the right track," he mused aloud. "Business school, a dress shop. May be just the thing."

"Mmm," Fran murmured.

"Hard on the kid, though, I suppose."

"What? Working?"

"No, giving up the child," Lee said.

"Mmm." Fran murmured again. She didn't want to discuss Bonny with Lee. She felt a new fierce loyalty for her first-born, and the beginnings of respect. Perhaps if long ago she had felt thus . . . but the "ifs" would not bear scrutiny. She closed her eyes tight and buried her face on her husband's shoulder.

Chapter 7

Getting a job proved remarkably simple. A telephone call to Claire, and two days later an interview with Miss Agatha, settled it. Finding a secretarial school that would take her on at mid-term was more difficult, but she finally was accepted by one not very far from Miss Agatha's shop.

She found her schedule painfully wearing. She had to leave home by seven-thirty in the morning and seldom got back before eight at night. She attended classes from nine to one, snatched a drugstore-counter lunch, and reported at the shop at two. However, she was grateful for the fullness of these days which left little time to think beyond the immediate present. And at night she was tired enough to sleep.

"As busy as you are, you still should *make* time to go out, see people," her mother said finally, noting her pallor and a drawn look about her eyes. "This is no life for a young girl. Haven't you met any young people at your school that you would like to see more of?"

"Don't worry about me. I'm happy as I am." No sense in telling her mother about the energetic young Princeton graduate who had come to the school to give them a lecture on merchandising and had asked her to have dinner with him, or about Miss Agatha's charming and wayward nephew who was studying ballet and whose invitations to lunch, dinner, the theater, anything, were becoming more insistent all the time—because she had no intention of going out with either of them. Her mother would never understand this unwillingness to expose herself to people, this reluctance to emerge from the shell of self-sufficiency which, with the aid of school and the shop, she was slowly building around herself.

"Well, Colin and the gang will be coming home next week," her mother shrugged off the problem. "Then perhaps we'll see some life around here."

"Next week? So soon?" The thought was unsettling. She had not heard once from Janice since she had returned to college, and she had received a letter from Colin which had bothered her even more than Janice's silence. He had said only that he was looking forward to seeing her. She hadn't answered the letter. She didn't want to see him. She didn't want to see anyone.

"I thought we might start planning a party," her mother was saying. "I had thought, at first, of something small, but I think now that the larger the better."

"I'm already much too much of an expense," Bonny hedged. Her job barely covered her tuition. She still had to depend on Lee Dad for transportation and lunch, and though she kept an account of everything he gave her, intending with her first full-time job to pay it back, the dependency distressed her.

"You know Lee Dad loves to do this sort of thing," her mother persisted.

"Yes, I know." It had always puzzled Bonny that her stepfather should always be so generous with her—more generous than with his own children.

"Then," said her mother, feeling that she had won the point, "let's have it at the club: that's always so much easier, and if we make it a tea dance it won't go on all night and we can ask more people."

"Please, Mother," Bonny cried, "I don't want a party. I just want to be left alone. Don't you *understand?*"

"I think you might try to understand, too," her mother said coolly. "Your absence was certainly no normal absence; your return, like a thief in the night, hiding from every one, was hardly a normal homecoming. A party for you would silence any rumors that might have got under way. Surely you will do that much for us."

"For you and Lee Dad?"

"And the boys."

"I'm sorry I was ungrateful; of course, now that you put it that way—" Bonny stammered, trying to make amends.

Alone in her room with the blank piece of paper that she was to fill with the names of the people she wished to ask, she wondered why she wasn't able to cry and relieve this tightness in her chest, the aching in her head. But where tears had once flowed so freely, there seemed now to be only stone, heavy and burdensome. It was as though she had left all of her tears in a hospital room in Arizona.

She knew that in a sense her mother was right. She couldn't go on hiding forever. *Janice* she wrote tentatively at the top of the list and paused, wondering again about Janice's self-conscious behavior on the day of her return, but it still didn't make any sense. She shrugged, and after *Janice* wrote *Claire and Frank*. This she thoughtfully drew a line through.

The invitations went out. They had gotten Steve Blount's orchestra and hired a caterer. The club, of course, would attend to the bar. They were making, Bonny reflected unhappily, as much fuss as though this were her debut. It was touching—and frightening, too. For herself she didn't care, but for her mother and Lee Dad this party seemed to have become a sort of symbol, a canceling of the past. Bonny had a strange certainty that if all went well and the party was a success, her mother and Lee Dad would forget that anything had ever happened to threaten them or their home, or herself.

The dance was scheduled for the middle of April. On the twelfth, Colin got home. He called her first thing, his voice sounding deeper and less eager than she had remembered, but she was too tired to see him. She really was, she told herself; in fact, she ached in every bone. The next night, when he called again, she hesitated, trying to find an excuse, and over the telephone Colin heard the hesitancy and laughed. "Maybe I can help you think of an excuse. I'll be over in half an hour," he said and hung up.

Seeing Colin again was not the ordeal she had expected it to be. His welcoming grin was infectious, and if he thought she looked strangely thin and pale after seven months in the great outdoors, he did not say so.

"I'm glad you are going to school," he said. "Now maybe you'll stay put for a while."

"I'm working, too," she said with pride.

Lee Dad, her mother and another couple were playing bridge in the living room, so Bonny and Colin routed the boys out of the den. Bonny sat cross-legged on the big lumpy sofa, and Colin sprawled in his favorite chair. It could have been any one of a dozen other such nights when Colin had come over to do homework or listen to a favorite band, except for a kind of superficial airiness which hung between them like so much theatrical gauze. Colin was working hard at college, he said, and liking it. It had taken him, he said, three years to learn how to study, but now it was paying off. She told him about Miss Agatha's and how hard it had been at first to remember that she wasn't on a shopping spree with Janice and that no matter how dreadful a "creation" looked on someone, she mustn't let them know—at least not unless they asked her.

"And then I suppose you say, 'Why, if I had your hips and calves, I wouldn't be caught dead in the rag,'" Colin said, and they laughed together.

Later, they made coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen. It was really very much like old times, except that Colin never once tried to kiss her or to touch her in any way. After he had gone, she wondered idly if he had found another girl and knew that he must have; it would explain a certain new maturity and the platonic ease with which he had handled the evening.

Dear Colin, she thought. I hope she's a nice girl. I hope she makes him happy. She also hoped that Colin would drop in again.

He dropped in again the next night without calling first. "I was afraid you'd tell me you were too tired," he said, looking sheepish and pleased with himself all at once, "so I brought a small hypodermic,"—he grinned and drew a flask from his coat pocket—"a shot in the arm, after which I hoped you would be ready for anything, which in this case is a call on my brother, Bob, and his bride. Someone finally unloosed some servant's quarters over an old stable, so they got married."

Bob and Carlotta's apartment was, Bonny thought, rather wildly artistic. There seemed no end to the color, nowhere to rest the eye, but Carlotta was immensely proud of the paint job which she and Bob had done together on his days off, and of the curtains and slipcovers which she had made herself. Carlotta, Colin told her on the way home, was a great planner. She never, Colin said, made a move without knowing just where it would lead. She was wonderful with budgets, and Bob seemed very happy—but personally, Colin said, he would go nuts in that kind of organized setup. "Why," he finished with lofty scorn, "you should hear her lecture on planned parenthood. No helter-skelter babies for her! She's got it all figured out right down to the month the poor child will be born—about five years from now."

Listening, Bonny smiled, not once thinking of her own unplanned parenthood until she was at home and Colin had gone, and she must once more fight her way toward sleep.

As the party approached, she was finding it increasingly hard to get to sleep. Often she awoke in the night feeling shattered and exhausted and as though she must have had a nightmare, though she could not remember dreaming. Tonight there was only one night more between her and the party. And no matter how hard she tried to close her mind to it, she lay tense and wide-eyed, wishing it over and herself free once more to pursue her lonely way.

Her mother had insisted on a new dress and then hadn't liked the one Bonny had brought home at a discount from the shop. "Too daring," her mother said, and trotted her down to a local shop to drape her in white tulle like some vestal virgin. Looking at herself in the three-way mirror, a woman dressed up to look like a little girl, Bonny had experienced a kind of pitying tenderness for her mother's wishful thinking.

On the afternoon of the dance, Lee Dad and Fran left early for the club, Bonny would come later with Colin. Thank heaven for Colin, she breathed shakily as she stood before her mirror, pinning on his corsage. His stalwart presence would take some of the edge off her nervousness. Something would have to. The hand holding the corsage shook so that it was difficult to get the pin

in the right place. There was no reason, she told herself, to be so uneasy. These would all be people she knew—boys and girls she had grown up with. But nothing that she told herself helped. Afterward, she was always to believe that she had had a premonition of what awaited her.

She and Colin were in plenty of time. The big upstairs room engaged for the party had been simply but effectively decorated with foliage and a few sprays here and there of larkspur and hyacinth. In one corner the orchestra leader conferred blandly with Lee Dad, while her mother in a last-minute spurt of nervous energy rearranged hors d'oeuvres on the caterer's long table.

"Think I'll beat it down to the bar for a quick one before the people begin to get here," Colin said, and was gone.

Though the guests had been invited for five-thirty, no one came until six, and then they all seemed to come at once. Bonny stood with her mother and Lee Dad and greeted them, the young men looking restrained in their sober blues and browns, the girls pretty and eagerly clinging to their arms. Bobby Thomas and Isabel Wright, the Hastings twins with the two Reynolds girls, Sue Jarvis and Danny Roark, Betsy Barket and Lionel Smith—a brief clasp of the hand, a fleeting, distant smile. At first Bonny thought that out of her own unease she imagined the coolness, the covertly curious eyes that never quite met hers, the boldness of those that did. In the background the orchestra tuned up softly, and a waiter began passing the punch.

Janice was among the last to arrive. "So nice to be here," she murmured and floated off to dance in the arms of a youth who must have been her All-American. Bonny had somehow counted on Janice, but for what or how she could not say. Behind Janice there was Colin, returned at last. There was nothing fleeting in the way that *he* smiled down at her, nothing covert in his glance as he asked her to dance. Darling Colin, she thought as they moved out across the dance floor.

They danced through two waltzes and a bumptious rendition of "Good Night, Irene" before Bonny's eyes began to stray to the stagline. It was not impressively large, but the other girls seemed to be getting their share of breaks. "Everybody *has* to dance with the hostess sooner or later." Bonny told herself, but it wasn't like old times when she had hardly had a chance to dance five steps with the same man.

"Did you say something?" Colin asked.

She shook her head.

Eventually Bobby Thomas cut in, and after a decent interval one of the Hastings twins followed him. But something was wrong. No one was comfortable. No one seemed to know what to say, and in the little intervals between dances she and her partner were left to stand in awkward isolation among the groups of laughing, chattering couples. It was while she was standing thus, waiting for the music to begin again, that she felt eyes upon her and turned to find Sue Jarvis regarding her with a look of such naked speculation she could feel herself begin to shrink. Sue *knows*, she thought with startled conviction. She must!

The music began again, and Bonny hid her face in her partner's shoulder and tried to stop thinking, but she could not. It was all too clear to her now—the coolness, the awkwardness, the no-one-knowing-what-to-say. They all know, she thought, and over her partner's shoulder she saw her mother's face straining toward her from across the room. Oh, God, she thought. Oh, God!

"Please excuse me a moment," she said as she broke away from her partner and made her way to the powder room. She needed a moment alone. But as she opened the powder-room door she heard the high, tinkly voice of Isabel Wright:

"Honestly, you'd think Colin would catch on, wouldn't you? Everybody *else* has. Janice says Colin—"

"And just what does Janice say?" Bonny was surprised at the hardness and the clearness of her voice in the suddenly quiet room, surprised at the courage that seemed to flow from some unknown source to give her strength.

"Why, nothing—" The tinkle rose and fell like water from a spigot which had been suddenly turned off, and Isabel's face seemed to fall apart and come together again in a crimson blob.

"Janice is my friend—my best friend. I'm sure anything she says can be told to me." Bonny looked straight into Isabel's wavering eyes. "Or can't it?"

"Honestly, Bonny, I don't know what you're talking about." Making little dabs at her nose with a powder puff, Isabel pulled herself together. "In fact, I can't even remember what *I* was talking about."

"What's all the tension?" Unheard by Bonny or Isabel or the girl who had been Isabel's audience, Janice had come in. "You all look like something out of 'Suspense.'"

"Perhaps you can help," Bonny said levelly. "Perhaps you know what Isabel was about to say about Colin and why she thinks him stupid because he doesn't know what everyone else seems to know."

"Oh, God." Janice moaned. She sank down on one of the dressing-table benches and looked at Bonny with stricken eyes.

"So you told," Bonny said, aware that the other two girls, like figures in a pantomime, seemed rooted to the spot.

"No!" Janice cried. "I never said a word—not until the whole story was out. It was in one of your letters—one that you wrote from—" she hesitated—"from out West. Sue Jarvis saw it on my desk, lying open. I—"

But Bonny didn't want to hear any more. It didn't really matter. In a way, it was a relief. Blindly she pushed her way through the powder-room door.

Outside, the orchestra played "Some Enchanted Evening." Bonny walked over to the first masculine back that she saw. "I seem to have lost a partner," she said, smiling in the old provocative way. Bobby Thomas held out his arms, and she waltzed into them and was spun and whirled around the room which had suddenly become a cage from which she must escape. Over her partner's shoulder she saw Janice and Isabel and their dates bidding her mother and Lee Dad good night, but she could tell nothing from her mother's expression. Like her own, it had become a mask, grotesquely animated.

"Wonderful party," Bobby Thomas murmured in her ear as on and on they whirled.

Her eyes searched the spinning room for Colin and saw him gazing at her from the sidelines with such trusting absorption that her throat tightened in compassion.

Other couples, following Janice's lead or compelled by their own embarrassment, were beginning to leave. The next time the music stopped, Bonny stole a look at her watch. It was only seven, and the orchestra had been hired to play until eight.

"Is there another party tonight that they're all going on to?" Bobby Thomas inquired in a baffled tone, and she nodded a grateful affirmative.

"Must be another party on tonight," Colin said, cutting in, and Bonny knew by his troubled smile that he believed it.

By seven-thirty it was over. Lee and Fran stayed on to pay the help, and Bonny, unable to meet their eyes or speak, slipped out with Colin.

"Food?" Colin said, holding the door of his father's sedan. She nodded mutely. They drove in silence to an inn on the outskirts of town. The fresh spring air against her cheek and Colin's quiet presence were soothing. By the time they reached their destination, she felt somewhat restored. But as Colin held the heavy glass door of the inn for her, she stopped, and her hand in a little unconscious gesture of despair flew to her throat. The place wasn't very full; in fact, if it hadn't been for four tables made up of Janice and the others from the dance, it would have been virtually empty.

"I can't go in there," she said. "I simply can't." She turned and saw Colin staring over her shoulder, comprehension beginning to cloud his clear-cut features.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "It might be a good idea to go in there. What have *you* got to lose? They are the ones who were rude."

"I can't!" She fled past him to the car. He followed her and climbed in beside her and lit a cigarette for them both.

"You're too touchy," he said calmly. "Where shall we try next?"

"Please, I'd like to go home."

Colin looked at her oddly and started the car. "You didn't use to be so touchy," he said. "Why should it bother you if a bunch of people are rude enough to leave a perfectly good party before it's half over? Of course I'm just as baffled as you are about why they left, but I can't see that it's very important."

"No, you can't," she said suddenly. "But why you can't is beyond me—beyond every one. They think you're dumb, Colin—dumb and blind and so damned trusting it's pitiful. And I do, too!" She wanted desperately to cry, and again she could not.

Colin made no answer. As he steered the car through the dark, silent streets, she studied his profile in the light from the dashboard. He looked hurt and as though he did not know why he was hurt as he tried to puzzle out the meaning of what she had said.

"I only love you," he said presently. "I always have. Is that dumb?"

They had reached her house, and he turned off the engine and shifted sidewise on the seat to look at her, but still he did not try to touch her. "Is that so dumb, Bonny?"

She looked at him—at his mouth firming into manhood, his level gray eyes, his stubbled hair. She was conscious, perhaps for the first time, of the quality of the man—the sweetness, the kindness, the growing strength. "How *can* you be so innocent?" she cried, overcome with the hopelessness of their situation. "Everyone knows but you. Everyone! Don't ask me why any of them came tonight, but I do know why they left. Can't you see, Colin, that I'm not the happy-go-lucky, wholesome high-school girl you fell in love with? Can't you see that I've changed beyond any going back—that I'm tired and finished? Did you really think I'd gone West for the *fun* of it? *Did* you, Colin?"

"Yes, I did," he said softly. "What are you trying to tell me, Bonny?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I'm what they call a bad girl, but I don't feel like a bad girl. I feel only like a woman who has had a baby and had to give it away. I'm telling you because that is what I am and that is what happened."

"*You* had a baby?" Colin's gray eyes were no longer clear and level; they burned with their own anger and their own pain. He stared at her for a moment as though he waited for her denial of the ugly lie, and then his lips formed a word. "Cheat!" he said into the trembling silence.

She opened the car door and climbed out, forgetting her bag, so that she had to reach through the window to retrieve it. Colin was already starting the engine, pressing his foot to the clutch, and she saw that tears were mingled with the anger in his eyes and that below his eyes his mouth was twisted with fury and with despair.

"I'm sorry," she whispered to the empty dark as the car jerked away into the night. Clumsily she picked her way up the path. She looked up at the windows of her mother's and Lee Dad's room, hoping that they would be dark, but through the drawn shades a light shone palely. Climbing the stairs to her room, Bonny closed her ears against the low murmur of voices that came through her parents' closed door. At the top of the stairs Bonny hesitated, wishing she had the courage to tell them how sorry she was for what she had done to them.

In this moment of indecision she realized that she had never told Lee Dad she was sorry about any of it. She had expected him to know without being told. She supposed that she still did, because she could not bring herself to open the closed door at the end of the hall, could not find the words to tell them what was in her heart. She went to her own room and opened the window, turned off the light, and got into bed without taking off anything but her shoes and the wilted corsage Colin had sent her such an unbelievably few hours ago.

Fran had sensed, almost from the beginning of the party, that it had been a mistake. She couldn't help but see that while the young people greeted Lee and herself with cheerful courtesy they displayed toward Bonny none of the old easy camaraderie of the past.

"They know," she whispered to Lee in a stricken aside, but his answering glance was composed, and he made no reply.

She watched, with mounting anxiety, the indifferent stagline, saw Bonny's smile grow taut with strain as she danced on and on with the same boy, saw Bonny finally make her escape to the powder room and saw her return seconds later looking dazed and numbly determined.

Through all the rest of the dreadful evening Fran felt that this was some final punishment, some merciless purgatory from which there was no escape. She must stand, proud and smiling, and witness the final accumulation of all her mistakes and her inadequacies.

She was vaguely sorry for the man who stood so stolidly at her side through this agony of awareness, but tonight her heart was stripped of all save one loyalty, one love; and it seemed to her now that from the start, she had failed her child. She had closed her eyes and her ears and led Bonny straight to this hot, heavy, scented club room with its myriad of knowing faces.

"I only wanted her to be happy again," Fran said afterward to Lee in the terrible quiet of their own room. But even as she said it, she knew it was not entirely true; she had wanted them *all* to be happy again, and secure, and as though nothing had ever happened to change anything.

"We couldn't know. We couldn't have guessed," he said, and she noticed that now that he no longer had to play the game, he, too, looked drawn and bruised.

"She never wanted the party. It was something I made her do. She wanted to be left alone, to find her own way, and I wouldn't let her." Fran looked at Lee, waiting for him to deny her guilt as he always did, needing the denial as she never had before. But he said instead:

"I was proud of Bonny tonight. I would like to tell her so."

"Proud?" It was the last thing she had expected him to say.

"She carried through," Lee said thoughtfully. "If she had had her way I think she would have left, walked out on the whole pack of them, but she stayed and carried through for us."

"We never should have let her in for it," Fran moaned. "From the very first, Lee, we shut our eyes to what had really happened. I know that I did. I didn't want to believe it, so I pretended it wasn't so, and I wanted Bonny to pretend it wasn't so, but she couldn't, because it did happen. It happened to her. When she came back I should have encouraged her to talk to me. I hadn't realized until tonight how alone she has been."

"I would like to tell her," Lee said again, "that I am proud of her. Is she home yet?"

"No," Fran said, but as she spoke they heard a car door slam and in a few minutes slow footsteps on the stair.

"Maybe tonight isn't the time," Lee said, all at once abashed. "Maybe she's too upset to care."

"I think she would like to know," Fran urged. "She has always wanted you to be proud of her."

"You see, I've never really loved her," he said, and Fran thought that she had never heard his voice so gentle, or so humble.

"I know," Fran said softly. "Sometimes we can't help those things."

"But all things considered, I've done the best I knew how." His eyes asked for confirmation of this, and she smiled tenderly and touched his hand with the tips of her fingers in a gesture of agreement.

"Now go and tell her that you are proud of her," she said. He smiled uncertainly and opened the door, but he was back in a few minutes.

"She was asleep," he said with some relief. "Tomorrow will be time enough."

"Of course, my darling," Fran said. She knew that by tomorrow he would probably not get around to it, nor the next day nor the next, but it didn't matter. His new respect for Bonny would make itself felt eventually, and now that he had acknowledged to himself and to her the basic flaw in the whole intricate relationship, the burden of it seemed miraculously lightened.

Bonny awoke late the Sunday morning following the dance. Sunlight streamed into the window, and the April air was sweet against her face. Dreamily she opened her eyes to the disordered room, to the crumpled white tulle in which she had gone to sleep, and to the aftertaste of misery. Slowly it all came back, but like a reel wound backward, memory started with Colin's tortured exit and ended with Isabel's high-pitched voice emanating from the powder room. Aimlessly she tossed aside the covers and climbed out of bed.

In the steaming shower she wondered what to do with the day and wished almost that it were not Sunday. She hadn't played golf since her return from Arizona, and today, clear and warm, was just the day for it, but she shied away from any contact with the club, and the public courses were always jammed on Sundays. For a long time Claire had been after her to come and spend some time with them, but she didn't feel able yet to cope with the mental associations of Claire's apartment or with any chance remarks Claire or Frank might make about Tyler. Rubbing herself dry with the thick, fluffy towel, Bonny dismissed golf and Claire. But she couldn't imagine staying at home all day, shut in with her mother's and Lee Dad's shame and her own unhappiness. She would have to find *something* to do. It was then that she decided to go to church.

The boys had finished breakfast by the time she got down, but her mother and Lee Dad were still lingering over coffee and the Sunday papers. They both looked up as she entered, both smiled, and Bonny thought, If I am ever going to tell them how sorry I am, now is the time, and opened her mouth—but it suddenly seemed to her that the words of regret had no place in this room at this time with her parents smiling at her and the April sunshine pouring in through the windows. For a moment Bonny stood in the doorway, savoring the bright room, the odor of hot coffee and her relief that her mother and Lee Dad were not angry about the party.

"What are your plans for today, my dear?" her mother said.

"How about a round of golf?" Lee Dad suggested gruffly. He had never before asked her to play golf with him. She knew the effort it must have cost him, and the sacrifice. He loved his Sunday-morning game in his own "foursome."

"I hope you'll give me a rain check," she said, weak with gratitude, "but I thought today I'd go to church."

"A fine idea," her mother chorused. "Our minister hasn't set eyes on any of us for weeks. Would you like to have me come along?"

"I'm not going to our church," Bonny said, and her glance fell to her plate. "I thought I'd go somewhere else, this time."

"It seems a shame to waste a church attendance on a strange church," her mother said worriedly, and Bonny saw Lee Dad give her mother a look that was half reprimand, half amusement. And her mother, absorbing the look, added quickly, "I think it's fine that you want to go to church, and I am sure it doesn't really matter where you go."

Six miles west of Holdridge, Bonny found a white country church with dogwood blooming at the door and children romping among the gravestones while their elders within listened to a solemn young minister. Bonny supposed afterward that she had expected some miracle of comfort from this pilgrimage, some gift of inner serenity, some surcease from pain, but though she enjoyed the bare, clean little church and the lusty way the congregation sang the hymns and the young minister's sermon on peace, she did not feel any less burdened than she had before she came.

She drove home slowly, wondering what to do next. She thought with a fleeting sense of nostalgia about Sundays at the Farm, the long afternoon walks, and afterward tea in Mrs. Browning's room and sometimes after supper, as a special treat, a movie. Mercilessly memory carried her even farther back, to the Sundays of long ago when she and Colin used to loaf through a whole afternoon listening to records or the radio. Colin! Suddenly she felt empty and sick. What, she asked herself, driving through the empty Sunday streets, had compelled her at the last to throw away everything that she most needed and most wanted—security, devotion, her own place in the scheme of things? Was it honor? Or was it love? She did not know.

She discovered in the weeks that followed that whereas losing Tyler had been acute and final pain, the loss of Colin was a dull ache that seemed to enlarge rather than diminish with time. She found herself like some old lady whose youth is done, recalling all the little things that had made it happy. She would catch herself, as she rode the train to and from her work, smiling at some memory of Colin and herself as they had been before anything had happened to change them.

And then one morning she woke up and realized that it was her birthday and that she was only nineteen years old. The idea seemed ludicrous. She would just as soon have forgotten it, but Lee Dad gave her a bright plaid golf bag and her mother some money to buy "the gayest thing in your shop." It was then that she realized just how withdrawn she had become; she determined, albeit halfheartedly, to do something about it.

She found a municipal golf course in a neighboring town that wasn't too crowded on Sundays, and with the money her mother had given her she bought a blue moire cocktail frock. The next time Miss Agatha's ardent young nephew asked her to have dinner with him, she astonished him by accepting. She had her hair swept to the top of her head and made a great pretense of finding the restaurant and his company enchanting—though she hardly dared confess even to herself how dull the evening had been. However, the outing had broken the ice of her isolation. And after that she went out with him several times. In a sense she was beginning to live again. And she no longer gave in to daydreams of the past and of Colin.

She began to believe that she was waiting for something to happen that would release her from this emotional apathy. She had no idea what this would be or what form it would take. She felt only, with a kind of curious, detached faith, that she had done all that she could do, and that now she waited.

The day that the "something" happened began like any other. There was the wild scramble to catch the eight-o'clock train, and once on it, the inevitable letdown of having to sit and stare out at the same monotonous scene as the train poked along, collecting its human cargo to feed into the hungry jaws of Manhattan.

She had been out the night before, and she was feeling more than ordinarily tired and a little concerned about a shorthand test that would be coming up in the first period.

Later she remembered all this, each detail of the day having, in retrospect, acquired special significance. Her train was late, and she arrived at school in time only for the last half of the test, which meant she would have to come in Saturday morning to take the first half.

From shorthand she went into one of the lecture rooms, where the young man from Princeton whom Bonny had all but forgotten appeared again, this time to talk on filing systems. Afterward, he caught up with her in the hall and asked if she would have lunch with him. Bonny explained that she had to be at her job by two, which left her no time for anything more than a counter sandwich, but he assured her that this made no difference. They sat on high red-leather stools, and he introduced her to his own special luncheon sandwich, a combination of peanut butter, ham and lettuce, which he insisted contained all the energy and vitamins she would need for the remainder of the afternoon.

"I've worked it all out," he said. "In fact, that's what I'm most interested in—time and energy and how to conserve them."

"What do they call someone who conserves time and energy?" she inquired, mildly entertained at the idea.

"I call *myself* an industrial engineer," he said grandly. "Some day I'd like to have offices of my own, but right now I'm getting experience."

In a way he reminded her of Colin, with his enthusiasm and his clear, even features, but as soon as she had drawn the comparison she regretted it. She had been enjoying his company, and now she felt unreasonably let down. She looked at her watch, and was grateful to find that it was almost two.

"What are you doing tonight?" he said hopefully. "Please say you'll see me tonight."

"You *are* persuasive," she laughed, and held out her hand. "And awfully nice. But not tonight. I missed half a quiz today, so I'd better get caught up." And besides, she was thinking, looking up into the candid boyish smile, you are much too much like Colin. Wistfully she watched him go whistling off down the street.

Miss Agatha's was a tiny shop in a good neighborhood. She had started it, after her husband died, as more of a dressmaking establishment than anything else, but gradually, with the aid of an excellent seamstress and a yearly trip to Paris, she had built up, by word of mouth, a reputation for unusual gowns. When Bonny had first come to work for her, Miss Agatha had hovered in the background during every sale like some nervous director feeding lines to the cast. Gradually, however, she had given Bonny more and more of a free hand and today greeted her with the announcement that she was going out for an hour or two. Bonny was delighted and a little awed by this chance to play proprietress. Mrs. Cummings, the seamstress, would be there, but she never poked her nose out of the fitting rooms.

For a few moments after Miss Agatha left, Bonny experienced a kind of stage fright. The shop was never crowded, but hardly anyone who came in left without buying something, even if it was just a piece of costume jewelry or a scarf. Suppose that today of all days she should not make one sale! Catching her own look of anxiety in one of the mirrors, Bonny stopped and practiced a smile. She was interrupted by the arrival of a woman and her teen-age daughter who were looking for "something in navy blue suitable for traveling, but not tailored exactly—something," the woman added with a hopeless glance at her plump, rather sullen daughter, "with a touch of bravado."

Forty-five minutes later they left, having purchased an eighty-dollar pink wool dress which, though it was certainly not suitable for traveling or for daughter's lumpish form, had all the bravado of an advancing army. Feeling rather pleased with herself, Bonny sat down for a moment's rest.

She saw the woman first through the window. She was young and very fair, and something radiant and absorbed in the way she regarded the velvet-clad mannequin in the window caught Bonny's attention. Bonny felt drawn to the woman at once and wished that she would come into the shop so that she might see her better. As though sensing Bonny's gaze and the wish that accompanied it, the woman looked up suddenly. Their eyes met through the glass, and the woman smiled, her eyes and face lighting with such sweetness and gaiety that Bonny felt a sudden lifting of her own spirits.

"I'm looking for a suit," the woman said, coming into the shop. "This is Miss Agatha's, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But I'm not Miss Agatha. She's out just now. Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, I'm sure you can." The woman's voice, like her face, was warmly expressive. "A friend of mine who knows Miss Agatha sent me here because she swears by the place. I've never been able to afford it before, myself." She smiled and added as though it were the most extraordinary confession, "You see, I'm getting married, and this is to be my trousseau—my *entire* trousseau." She laughed. "So you see, the sky is the limit."

"What fun!" Bonny exclaimed, and they grinned at each other like conspirators.

"Where shall we begin?" Bonny said. "With the limit? Or slowly with the suitable and sound?"

"Slowly by all means," the woman said. "This is the first and last trousseau I'll ever have."

Bonny brought out a boxy tweed so sound and suitable that again they both laughed, but already Bonny had decided on just the one that she would choose and planned to save it for last so that this young woman would have the fun of trying them all on.

"Now this," the stranger said, doing a prim little turn before the mirror and sucking in her lips as though she were very old and quite toothless, "would be just the thing for our fiftieth anniversary."

"But you skipped one," Bonny cried, and held up an elaborate cerise suit. "The matron's delight. You've aged much too rapidly." She was so bewitched she did not hear Miss Agatha come in until her voice cut through the entrancing game, stunning them both.

"And is thees how you entertain your friends when I am gone?" Miss Agatha said. Bonny flushed and began as fast as her frightened hands would allow to gather up the clothes.

"But we weren't playing," the stranger said in her lilting voice. "Or at least not entirely. You see, I really do want a suit." She fixed upon Miss Agatha the full radiance of her smile.

"Excuse eet, please." Miss Agatha bowed her way back into her role of gracious proprietress. "Now if you'll wait a moment, I've just the color and texture for you."

"It's for her trousseau," Bonny interpolated. "Something *very* special."

"*That* I guess," Miss Agatha said, and went to one of the enclosed hangers and brought forth just the pale lavender cashmere-soft suit that Bonny had had in mind all along. And just as Bonny had known she would, the woman gave a little tremulous sigh at sight of it and reached out her hands to touch the filmy wool.

"How clever of you, Miss Agatha," she said. "Because this is just the suit your young lady had already chosen for me. Am I not right?" she addressed Bonny.

"Yes," Bonny said, and began to smile, "perfectly right."

"Then you may complete the sale," Miss Agatha said with stiff magnanimity, and retreated to the back of the shop.

"Thank you," Bonny breathed when she had gone.

"You've nothing to thank me for." The woman chuckled. "The minute Miss Agatha brought the suit out and I saw your face, I knew that it was the one you'd decided on."

"But you *do* like it?" Bonny said. "I mean, you still don't *have* to like it."

"Like it? I love it. Now let's try it on, shall we? Though I intend to take it even if it fits like a flour sack."

But it didn't fit like a flour sack; it fit beautifully and did wonderful things to the woman's eyes and to the lights in her hair. "You must be very happy," Bonny said impulsively, "to look so lovely. You seem to shine, almost."

"Ah, I *am* happy," the woman said softly—and then suddenly, like the wavering of a light, the bright face clouded. "So happy it sometimes hardly seems fair," she said, and then with a little shrug the radiance returned. "But it has to be fair to be so right, doesn't it?" she said, as though that ended some private argument of her own.

When Bonny came back from having the suit wrapped, the woman was holding a scarf up to the light. "It's just the right color, isn't it?" she said wistfully, and Bonny agreed. She could already see it knotted at the neck of the lavender suit.

"But I mustn't," the woman said firmly, and began to fold the scarf back into its place.

"Oh, but you must," Bonny said. "It's so right."

"Then I will because *you* want me to," the woman laughed, drawing Bonny into the joke, and opened her purse. "Only I've not enough money," she said. "Why I should ever have thought I did, I can't imagine. I seem to be growing more irresponsible every day."

"You could charge it," Bonny said. She had no authority to accept a new charge account, none whatsoever, but she felt much too lighthearted to care. She could deal with Miss Agatha later.

"I suppose," the woman said thoughtfully, "that I could charge it to my friend Claire—Mrs. Frank Barnes, that is," she interrupted herself to explain to Bonny. "She's the one who recommended the shop, and she has an account here. But no—" she amended quickly before Bonny could agree or say that she, too, knew Claire. "I'd better charge it on my own and not go bothering people. Charge it to Miss—" she said to Bonny's poised pencil and again stopped and smiled at some inner reminder of happiness. "But by the time the bill comes I'll be married. Charge it," she said with a gay, self-conscious little smile, "to Mrs. Tyler McLaughlin, at—"

She gave the rest of the address, but Bonny never heard it. She stood, the pencil frozen between her fingers, her eyes on the blank, lined slip of paper which she held balanced in one hand. Somehow she managed to bring her eyes up to meet the eyes of the woman, the stranger, Gerda; somehow she managed a smile, sickly and out of tune with everything that had gone before.

"I can't thank you enough." The rich voice flowed around her like something in a dream. "And I do hope Miss Agatha will forgive us both." A hand, firm and gentle, touched her own. "Some day when I can afford it, I'll be back, but you won't be here then. I'm afraid."

"Perhaps not," Bonny said numbly, and watched Gerda move to the door, turn in a little half-gesture of farewell, and disappear.

She stood quite still, staring at the closed and empty door until she suddenly felt tears, like rain on parched earth, spring from her eyes; felt their wetness on her cheeks and on her neck. She stood, straight, her hands loose at her sides. The pieces of the puzzle fell into place. Claire had *planned* this. She knew nothing about the baby. Bonny's long absence and new seriousness could mean only one thing: that Bonny had not forgotten Tyler. Claire, older and wiser, took the chance that Gerda's shining happiness would show Bonny how wrong she had been ever to hope that anyone except Gerda would be right for Tyler. "And no wonder," Bonny said, and she was surprised to find she had spoken aloud. "No wonder," she repeated again, crying, crying, there in the carpeted center of Miss Agatha's elegant establishment.

Finally, crying still, she bent her arm and crooked it across her face to catch the purging tears—tears for her baby, for Tyler, for Gerda, for Colin; tears for all the lost people and all the lost chances in all the world. There was no bitterness in her, anywhere—only love.

By the time Miss Agatha discovered her, her grief was spent and she was quite composed.

"But, child," Miss Agatha exclaimed, "your eyes! So red—and your poor, swollen face. Is it that you cry?"

"Yes, I cry," Bonny smiled reassuringly. "But it's over now. Here—let me help you." She unburdened Miss Agatha's arms of their load of newly-arrived dresses. "Shall I make out tags for these?"

"It's six," Miss Agatha said. "Time for you to go."

"It won't take long," Bonny said. There was a curious lightness in her heart which for the moment could find no expression beyond this little wish to help.

It was six-thirty when she left the shop. A glance at her watch told her that if she were to catch the seven-o'clock train for Holdridge she would have to take a taxi. It was a bad hour for finding one, but she didn't mind. She was glad to loiter at the curb inhaling the crisp evening air. All around her people moved, like herself homeward bound, glad to leave the giant buildings behind them.

"It is a beautiful, beautiful evening," Bonny murmured, and finally waved a taxi to a screeching stop.

She was still feeling inexplicably gay as she boarded the train, and for a while she gazed contentedly out of the window, wondering about the people so fleetingly seen in windows, so occupied, so unaware. Then, because she was tired—warmly, gently tired—she leaned her head back against the seat and slept. Miraculously she awoke to the conductor's announcement that the next stop was Holdridge.

At home she drove the car into the garage and, humming a little tuneless song, picked her way across the lawn to the house. But all at once she stopped and caught her breath. Colin was waiting beside the big maple tree. His being there seemed right. She could look at him now that her heart knew no bitterness—at the dear, familiar shape of his head, the square, firm line of his shoulders.

"Bonny?" he said, and she stood and waited for him to come toward her, filled with wonder that he should be there and then with dismay at what he might have come to say.

"Bonny," he said again, but this time it was not a question. It was an acknowledgment, and with the word he came forward and put an arm across her shoulders, tenderly, as a father might. "I thought you'd never come," he said. "I've been waiting for hours."

"Have you?" Still not entirely sure why he had come, she tried to withhold the joy from her voice.

He was leading her away from the house and toward his car, which was parked on the street. "Will your family worry if you don't show up for a while?" he said, with a nod in the direction of the house. "We can call them from somewhere. We've so much to talk about and so little time. I've got to be back at school first thing in the morning."

"I'll call them," she said.

Once they were settled in the car, he lit a cigarette for each of them, but made no move to start the motor. "I guess this is as good a spot as any," he said. "I can see a sliver of moon to my left and you to my right. How's your view?"

"Perfect," she said, and in spite of anything she could do, her voice shook over the word. Colin's hand came down over hers where it rested on the car seat.

"I wanted to come before," he said presently, "but it wouldn't have been fair to either of us."

"Fair?"

"I was angry," Colin said. "For a long time I was angry and baffled. I couldn't come back until I'd stopped being angry—until I'd squared things away with myself."

"And now you have? How did you manage it, Colin? How was it possible?"

"How was it possible?" She felt sure he was smiling in the dark. "It was unbelievably simple, though until you asked me I hadn't exactly analyzed it. But what I did was to stop thinking about me and what had happened to me and start thinking about you and what had happened to you. Not the details, you understand." His hand tightened on hers, and he went on, "Not the who or the where or the when . . . but what you must have been through. The suffering you had to take alone. The decisions you had to make alone. How lonely you still must be. When I'd felt my way through all the other things, the jealousy and the anger and the hurt, then there wasn't anything left but love and a new kind of faith in you."

"Faith?" How could he have faith?

He mashed out his cigarette and turned toward her. "Yes, faith," he repeated slowly. "When you come right down to it, it's the way people handle their mistakes that count. There must have been some easier ways out than the one you chose. But you didn't take them. You saw the thing through the best way you knew how."

"Oh, Colin, dear Colin," she murmured helplessly, unable anywhere in her bursting heart to find words full enough and whole enough to tell him of her gratitude and the slow-growing largeness of her feeling for him.

"And have you forgiven me, too?" he said, and moved his hand to cup her chin, lifting her face closer to his.

"For what?"

"For calling you names and then tearing off like a bad-tempered schoolboy just when you needed me the most."

"Of course," she said. "What else could you possibly have done?"

"This," he said and pulled her head down against the rumpled wool of his shoulder. "Some day,"—he spoke quietly, close to her ear—"when we've got the kids to sleep and a long, rainy evening ahead and you feel like talking, I want to hear all about this past year, or most of it, but right now, if you're interested, I'd like to talk about us."

"If we must *talk*," Bonny said, and laughed softly and turned her head against his shoulder so that he need only bend a very little way to meet her lips.

I don't deserve so much, she thought, as Colin's arms tightened about her shoulders, and then she remembered what Gerda had said—Gerda, so radiantly in love. "Anything that is so right," Gerda had said, "must be fair." That of course was the thing she must remember, though perhaps if long, long ago she had thought a little more about what was right and what was fair, it would have saved a lot of people a lot of suffering.

"It's such a complicated world," she sighed into the safety of Colin's shoulder, "and so beautiful in a number of ways."

"So are you," Colin said tenderly. "So complicated—and so beautiful in a number of ways." . . . THE END

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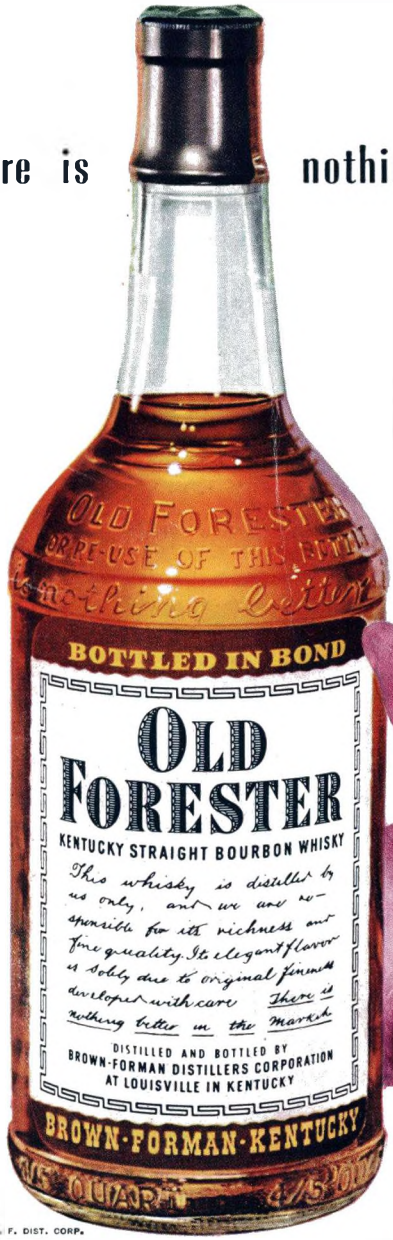

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