SEPTEMBER · 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

JON LINDBERGH

The dramatic story of a young man's remarkable attempt to meet the challenge of his father's fame

ALSO

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY MAY MELLINGER

Color Magic

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SEE PAGE 58

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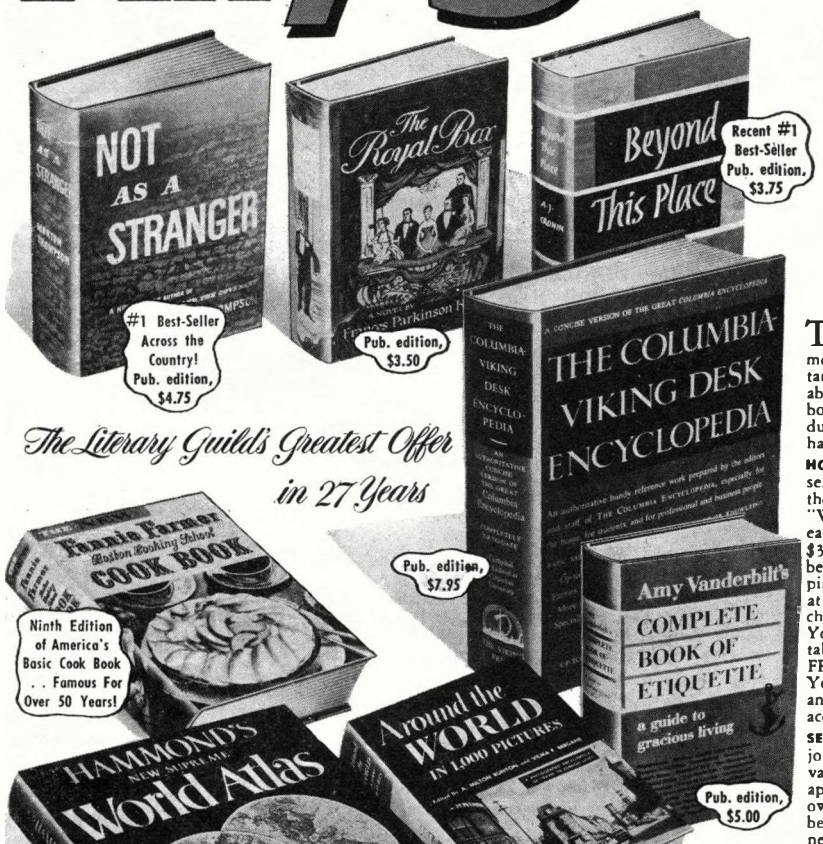

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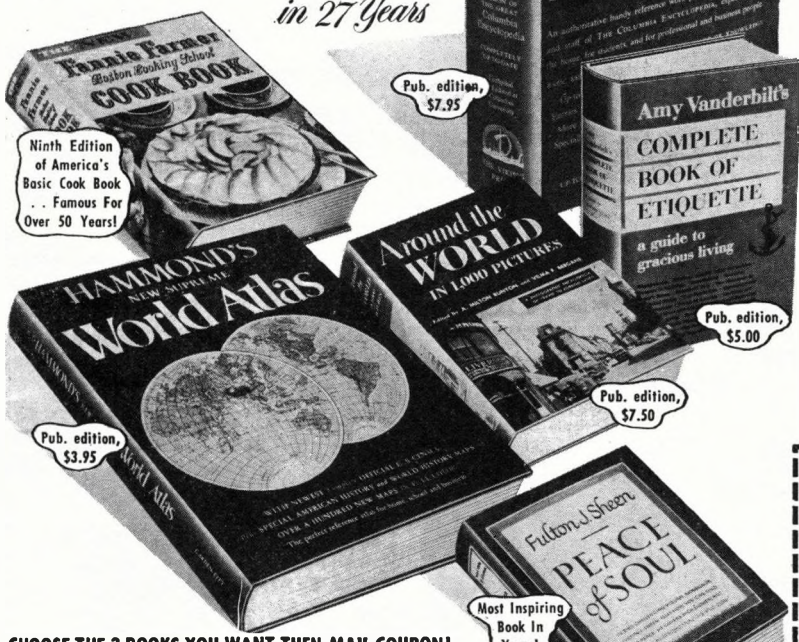

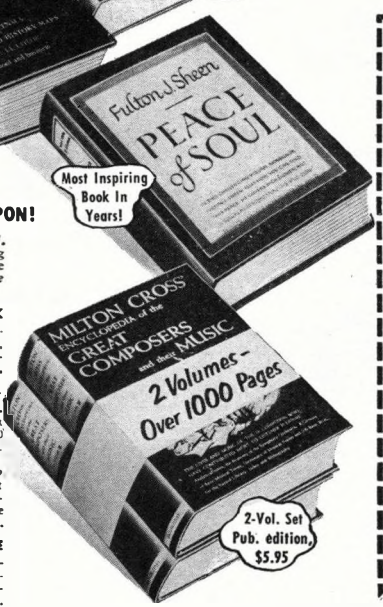

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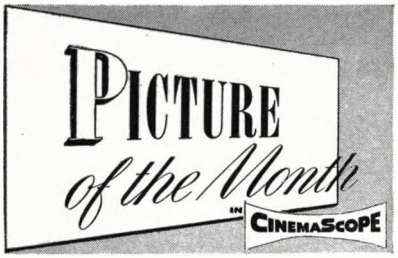
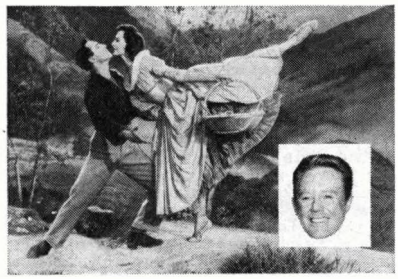


A dream has come true! We wanted, we hoped, we watched for the famed Broadway musical stagehit "BRIGADOON" to come to the screen. It's here and thank you, M-G-M, for making a superb film entertainment out of it.

Now, inimitable, ingenious Gene Kelly is "The American in Scotland," we're glad to say. He's as fleet of foot, as free in fancy, among the heather hills and Highland vales, the tartan-clad lads and the dimpled-kneed lassies of "Brigadoon" village, as he was among the lovelies of Paris.



Gene's co-stars are Van Johnson (How that Van can dance!) as a free-wheeling sidekick; Cyd Charisse (How that Cyd can entrance!) as Fiona, in whom the secret charm and charming secret of "Brigadoon" both blend and bloom, and luscious Elaine Stewart, as the Manhattan play-girl Gene tries to leave behind him.

The prize-winning songs and the story of "Brigadoon" were incomparable when Broadway cheered them for 581 performances. They're even more unforgettably enchanting now, liberated and enlarged by the many movie magics of CinemaScope and glowing color. The same producer, director and writer who made the Academy Award-winning "An American In Paris" with Kelly bring "Brigadoon" to pulsing, prancing life. They are, respectively and respectfully, Arthur Freed, Vincente Minnelli, Alan Jay Lerner. The latter wrote the original book and lyrics of the stagehit "Brigadoon" as well.

Frederick Loewe's melodies are fresh and probably immortal. Your heart may already have memorized "Almost Like Being in Love," "There But for You Go I," "Come to Me, Bend to Me." And it will really take you to the Highlands when the irrepressible Gene and the oh-so-pressable Cyd sing and dance and devastate in the spectacular "Heather on the Hill" extravaganza.

The whirling sword dance, the skirling wedding bagpipes, the gathering of the clans, the battling of the sexes, the reckless roamin' in the gloamin' and kissin' in the glens—all wonderful in CinemaScope and all-luminous with color—make us sure you can't see "Brigadoon" a day too soon!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE "BRIGADOON" in Color by ANSCO, starring GENE KELLY • VAN JOHNSON CYD CHARISSE with ELAINE STEWART BARRY JONES • ALBERT SHARPE • Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by Alan J. Lerner. Music by Frederick Loewe. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Arthur Freed.

SEPTEMBER • 1954
VOL. 103 • NO. 5

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANE AND ALLAN ARBUS

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

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Morton Yarmon

BETWEEN THE LINES

You can laugh off a lot of things—and you should, too—but take the attitude of "Ho-ho, ha-ha, it's only money!" and you're in trouble. Sure, it's smart to enjoy the things you can afford. On the other hand, "livin' it up" is the philosophy of birdbrains; there ought to be a little something left over . . . So, "What do you do with your extra money?" That's the title of the first of a series of short articles on family finances which will appear from time to time in the section called "Young Adults at Home." Look for it this month on page 62. As the series develops, you'll find concise, down-to-earth information on the most frequently recurring problems involving family money matters, and you won't need a degree in economics to understand the answers. Morton Yarmon, who will conduct this feature, is an expert on personal finances. He is a member of the staff of the New York *Times* and the author of several books and many magazine articles. His most recent book, published earlier this year, is called "Put Your Money to Work for You."

A love worth waiting for is excitingly recounted in May Mellinger's new novel "Harvest of the Heart," on page 99. We are happy to have this warm, engaging storyteller with us again; it's her first magazine fiction since "Cloak of Laughter" made a hit with REDBOOK readers several years ago. About the charming picture the author sent us from her home in Los Gatos, California, she said, "I wanted my son and daughter to pose, but they would have no part of it. They take a dim view of Mother's writing, regarding it as a tiresome eccentricity. I wrote 'Harvest' partly in the middle of the night and partly while swarms of children yelped past my desk." Anyway, it came out just fine, and it will be published as a book this fall.

Living in the shadow of his father's fame surely has marked Jon Lindbergh, but not with the blight of ineffectualness which so often afflicts the sons of heroes and leaders. You will meet this astonishing youth, called an individualist by his friends and an eccentric by some others, in Flora Rheta Schreiber's article on page 28. In the course of running down the story, Miss Schreiber even visited the spot in Los Trancos Woods six miles from Stanford's campus where young Lindbergh lived alone in a tent through most of his college days. "Jon had moved out, and all that was left was the tentsite," she told us, "but the enchantment and beauty of the place remained, and standing there, listening to the bird songs, I came to understand Jon better." A native New Yorker, Miss Schreiber has a varied career as a writer, college instructor and broadcaster.

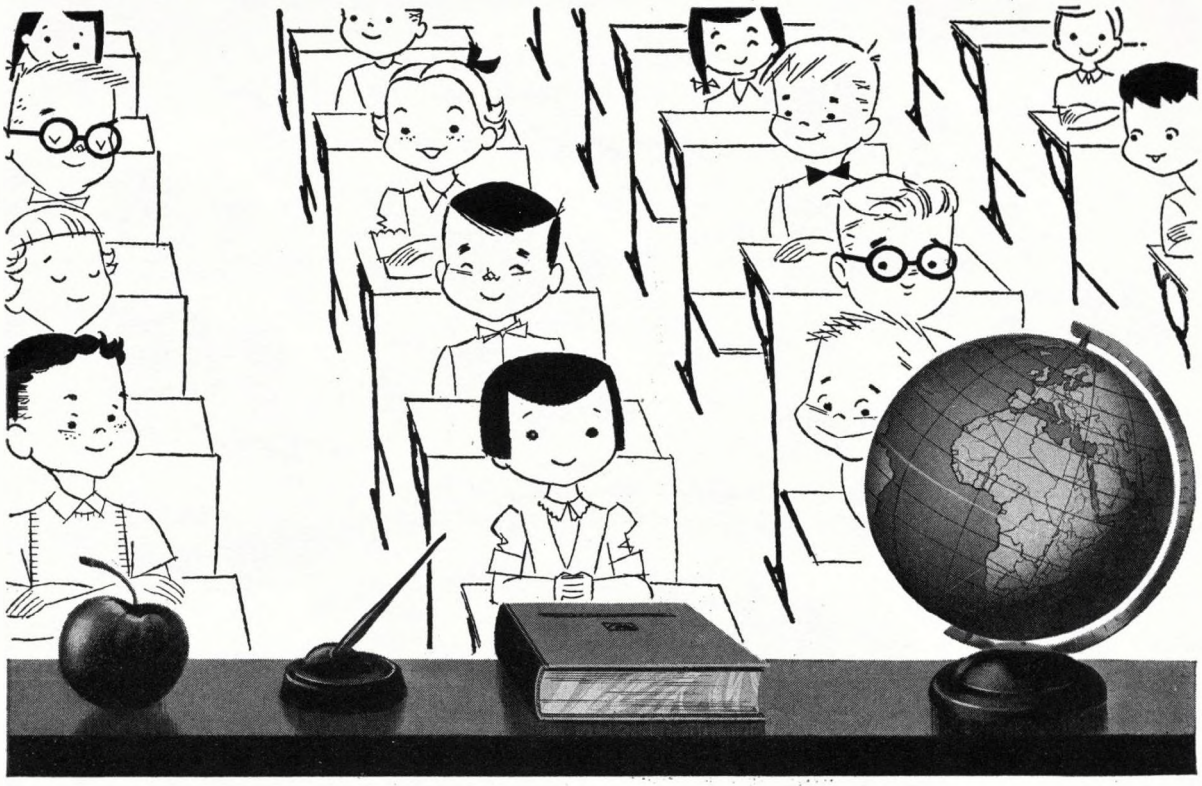
May Mellinger

A story as unusual as "Papa and the Bomb," by William Iversen, on page 32 deserves something special in the way of illustration, and that's exactly what artist Louis S. Glanzman provided. When we admired his painting, he told us how he works. "I try to make the picture 'read' well," he said. "That is, I try to construct it as pleasingly with paint as the author has with words. But since my part is visual, I hope to give it attention value, too, and lastly I try to complement the author's work by maintaining the mood." We predict the story will linger in your memory as a compliment to both author and artist. Mr. Glanzman, now 32, sold his first commercial art when he was only sixteen.

Flora Rheta Schreiber

Louis S. Glanzman

***COMING NEXT MONTH:** The inside story of Sloan Simpson's stormy marriage to Ex-Ambassador William O'Dwyer*



They're waiting for the teacher

. . . maybe it's you!

Ever think you might make a good teacher?

Ever consider how much satisfaction there is in helping to mold and guide the personalities and futures of young Americans?

Today, you have an unparalleled opportunity to enter one of the finest and most respected professions in the world. It's a profession in which you, yourself, can develop and use your talents to their fullest.

And it's a profession that needs you—because the kids need you.

America's postwar babies have suddenly started pouring into the schools. In fact, there are so many of them that, today, the elementary schools alone need *over 70,000 new teachers a year* to handle these children.

By 1960—with over 8 million more children entering our schools—the need for qualified teachers will be even greater.

So think it over. Think of what it will mean to you—to your community—and to America, when you decide you're going to become a teacher.

The kids, too. They're waiting for you to make up your mind. They're hoping you'll say, "Yes"!

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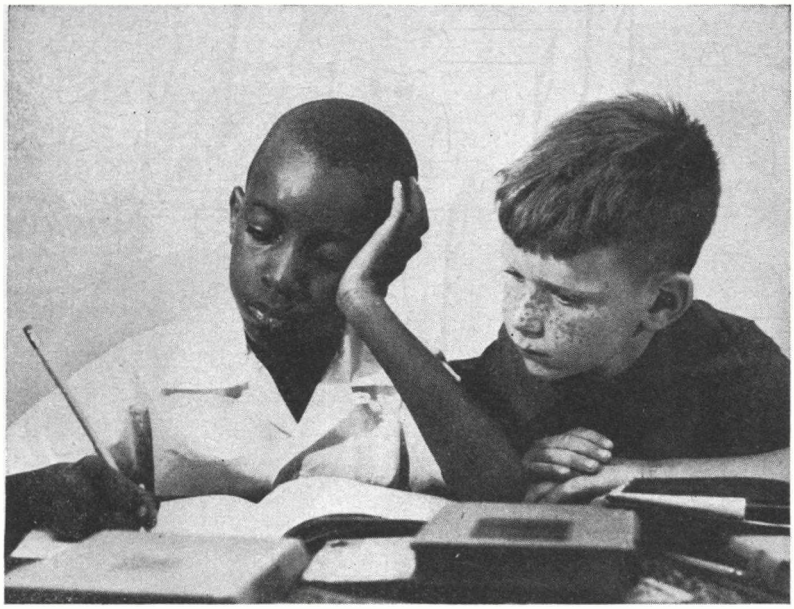
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Thoughts of scenes like this upset a young father, seem natural and right to his wife.

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

Now that the Supreme Court has declared segregation in the schools illegal, white and Negro children will be going to school together in the South.

My husband wants to send our little boy to a private school where he will be with white children only. He insists that it is only natural for people to want to be among their "own kind."

I believe that our "own kind" is the human race. Perhaps some of your readers will write to help convince my husband he is wrong.

B. L. M.

DEBASING BABY SITTERS?

Why has REDBOOK, our once favorite magazine, degraded itself by printing such filth as "Who's to Know?" which appeared in the June issue? Can any so-called "young adults" allow a magazine which prints such stories to be in the bookcase within reach of teen-age baby sitters?

MRS. AUGUST LEVONDOWSKI
Stevens Point, Wis.

■ *We believe "Who's to Know?" is a highly moral piece. The point of the story is that any girl who is not chaste before marriage cheats herself.* *ED.*

TSK! TSK! MR. JAMES

Selwyn James, author of "Billy Graham: God's Angry Young Man" (*June*), must be the acme in journalism. He could almost convince me that the Billy Graham team was living off the fat of the land by the financial gifts of 10,000,000 Americans and Canadians with the mentality of 12-year-olds, and that Dr. Graham was a two-headed creature who, heaven forbid, can't even remember the names of his offspring. (Tsk! Tsk! Mr. James—is everyone out of step but you?)

The sad thing about this article is the subtle method used to make a laughing stock of a group whom God has seen fit to use in a tremendous way.

GENEVIEVE HUDSON
Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. James is to be congratulated for his unbiased and truthful article. It will do much to touch the hearts of the thousands who read it—and will bring glory to the God that Billy Graham preaches of.

MRS. A. WAHLEN
Racine, Wis.

I don't know whether Rev. Graham's methods are strictly ethical, but I do know that his message is absolutely correct.

MRS. HENRY O. LAMB, JR.
New Orleans, La.

MARRIAGE

I read your article "Bad Advice Broke Our Marriage" (*June*) and can't seem to agree that even a good marriage counselor can help much. My husband and I quarrel a lot, and once we nearly broke up. But we work these things out by ourselves, and I think that's the best way.

NAME WITHHELD

■ *Marriage counselors are for those couples who are not able to solve their problems alone and need help in gaining a greater insight into their difficulties.* *ED.*

JOB GUIDE

Kenneth Robb receives my vote of approval for "Three New Jobs a Minute" (*June*). I expected a plea for more Government employees, and was surprised and delighted to find an objective, well-written guide for the potential civil-service worker. Mr. Robb doesn't hesitate to tread rather heavily on the Government's feet in his list of disadvantages. His article should be read by anyone contemplating a civil-service career.

MARY NELL FERRACHE
Fort Worth, Tex.

PARENTS VS. LOVE

■ *In June a young woman who wanted to marry a man her parents disliked asked for your opinions. Here's what you said.* *ED.*

Parents, God bless 'em, are so often right. Did you ever stop to think that yours might be? But if you're really determined to marry this man, at least agree to wait a while and give your parents a chance to adjust to the idea and perhaps lose their resentment.

MARY SAUNDERS
Miami Beach, Fla.

Marry your man. Your parents have no right to interfere. If they love you they will "come around" when they see how happy you are.

NAME WITHHELD

BIRTH OF A STORY

■ *Florence Jane Soman, author of many short stories for* REDBOOK, *received a fan letter from an aspiring writer about her story "Many Happy Returns," which appeared in our May issue. The young woman wanted to know how Mrs. Soman planned and worked out her stories. Here is an excerpt from Mrs. Soman's reply.* *ED.*

Florence Jane Soman

I'm afraid I never block out a story structurally beforehand: I just "daydream" it, and then start writing. "Many Happy Returns" took me only three days, because it was such a simple story—the kind I like best to write. With just the bare outline of the theme in mind, I let myself wake up with the lonely girl on her birthday and let her take me from incident to incident.

I write all my stories this way—starting out with a mental beginning, middle and end, and then letting the characters pull *me* along instead of my pulling *them*.

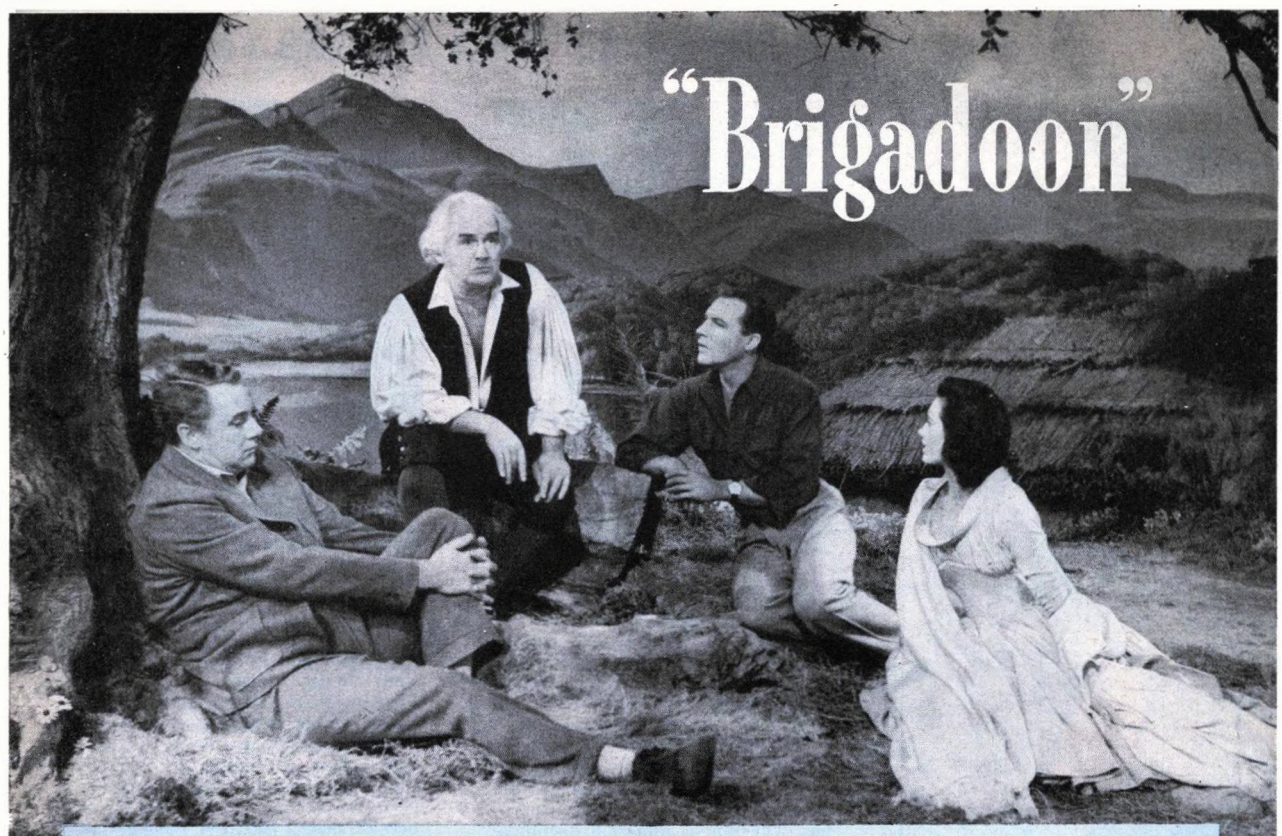
I must admit that while some of them skip ahead very obligingly, others balk like mules and won't move from the first page. And if they won't move, I can't move, either!

As for exact dialogue and scenes, I could never plan them beforehand: they just develop by themselves as I go along.

FLORENCE JANE SOMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

"Brigadoon"



A REDBOOK SILVER CUP CANDIDATE

Every young adult sometime or other dreams of escape. His flights of fancy may take him to the South Seas; Never Never Land, or, if he loves enough, to "Brigadoon." Two happy-go-lucky Americans, *Tommy Albright* (Gene Kelly) and *Jeff Douglas* (Van Johnson), in Scotland for the shooting season, lose their way and stumble across the untouched village of Brigadoon. It seems like Paradise, but there is a strangeness about it which mystifies them until *Mr. Lundie* (Barry Jones), the schoolmaster, explains that Brigadoon only comes to life once every hundred years. Having so little contact with the world, it is untouched by evil. Strangers can live in Brigadoon if they love someone enough to give up everything, but the miracle of its loveliness will be lost if anyone ever leaves the village.

Tommy and *Jeff* join in the festivities, and *Tommy* loses his heart to *Fiona* (Cyd Charisse; see page 48), whose sister is being married. They picnic on the moors and dance at the wedding, but as the day closes, *Jeff* persuades *Tommy* he must go back to New York. At home, *Tommy* knows that nothing but Brigadoon and *Fiona* will ever satisfy him again, and his love is so great that, miraculously, he returns to Brigadoon and his girl.

This prize-winning stage fantasy has been brought to the screen by the brilliant team who created "An American in Paris"—Vincent Minnelli, Arthur Freed, Alan Lerner, Johnny Green, Irene Sharaff and Gene Kelly. The sets even outdo Scotland at its best, and the production is filled with such beautiful tunes as Frederick Loewe's "Almost Like Being in Love," "Heather on the Hill," "I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean" and the title song. Its exciting production numbers, such as the gathering of the clans for the wedding, make "Brigadoon" well worth seeing. *(M-G-M)*

Mr. Lundie (Barry Jones, *top center*) and *Fiona* (Cyd Charisse) explain Brigadoon to *Tommy* (Gene Kelly) and *Jeff* (Van Johnson, *left*). *Tommy* and *Jeff* celebrate with the villagers, human and animals.

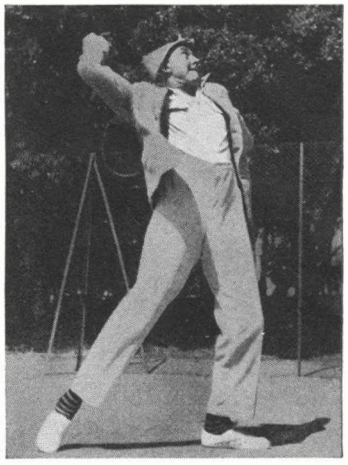
REDBOOK'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH SELECTED BY FLORENCE SOMERS

THREE OTHER FINE

"ON THE WATERFRONT"

THE KEFAUVER Committee's investigations fascinated the country with their revelations of the close tie between the gangsters and unions. "On the Waterfront" is the story of a young man, *Terry Malloy* (Marlon Brando), who becomes involved in a fight between the gangsters, the unions and an investigating committee. The film is almost a documentary, since it was based on articles about waterfront activity and was filmed along the New York harbor.

Terry, an ex-fighter once owned by gangsters, has become an errand boy for gang leader *Johnny Friendly* (Lee Cobb). *Friendly*, afraid that *Joey Doyle*, a longshoreman, is about to squeal on the mob, tricks *Terry* into taking a message to *Doyle* which leads him to his death. Horrified by what he has done, *Terry* joins forces with *Doyle's* sister *Edie* (Eva Marie Saint) and *Father Barry* (Karl Malden) in trying to bring the mob to justice. With the mob using every means at its disposal to avoid capture, *Terry*, *Edie* and *Father Barry* are in constant danger. Might is on the side of right this time, and they are successful in outwitting gang law in this tense, realistic melodrama. *(Columbia)*



"MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY"

THIS IS A FILM you'll want to see more than once—it's so fast and furiously funny. Lovers of hilarious comedy owe a debt to Jacques Tati for producing, directing, writing and playing the leading role in this picture. He's as funny as Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton at their best, and the fact that he's French doesn't matter because the film is almost complete pantomine.

The picture is just the story of *Mr. Hulot's* (Jacques Tati) holiday. He's a tall, bumbling, well-meaning soul who tries to be helpful and who always gets into trouble. When he goes rowing in a fold boat, the boat suddenly collapses and he floats along looking like a man in a shark. His automobile, sort of a bathtub on bicycle wheels, is continually breaking down, and once his spare tire gets taken for a funeral wreath and is placed on a tomb. Somehow *Hulot* manages to get the jack under the car so that it raises the seats and his startled passengers, rather than the axle. Everything happens when he lights a match in a shack filled with fireworks. Whatever *Mr. Hulot* attempts never works out right, but his failures make life all the merrier for his audience. *(GBD Films)*

SEPTEMBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

About Mrs. Leslie—Revealing story of a woman's past, with prize-winning Shirley Booth and Robert Ryan. * August

The Caine Mutiny—An expert, all-star cast dramatizes the best seller. Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson. * August

Garden of Evil—Violence and suspense sustain this story of three soldiers of fortune and an adventuress. Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark.

Hell's Gate—Unusual Japanese color film which won the Cannes Grand Prize.

Hobson's Choice—As a widower with three single daughters, Charles Laughton has plenty of chance for impersonation.

The Magnificent Obsession—Lloyd Douglas' best-selling novel, starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. * August

Ring of Fear—Mickey Spillane plays Mickey Spillane and Clyde Beatty plays Clyde Beatty in this circus melodrama.

FILMS

"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

THIS YEAR Walt Disney walked away from the Academy Awards with his arms full of Oscars, and if "The Vanishing Prairie" is a criterion, he'll do it again next year. Very seldom is a sequel as good as the original, hut "The Vanishing Prairie" is just as fascinating as "The Living Desert."

Opening with such unusual shots as those of whooping cranes in a mating dance—birds so rare that they are almost never seen—it tells the story of the vanishing wildlife of the prairie. One sequence shows the birth of a buffalo and the mother's instinctive efforts to keep it alive. Shots of sage grouse dancing are proof that the Indians copied their dances from the antics of these birds. Anyone who feels troubled by the world will decide he has an easy life compared to the prairie dog. The badgers, the coyotes, the snakes and the falcons are out to get these prairie clowns.

The music is a great addition to the film, especially when big-horn rams battle with their horns clashing in time to the "Anvil Chorus." "The Vanishing Prairie" is unique—it is timeless and something everyone will enjoy. *(Buena Vista)*

The Royal Tour—Intimate glimpses of Queen Elizabeth on her world trip.

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers—Seven times seven laughs in this jolly, bouncy musical. Jane Powell. * August

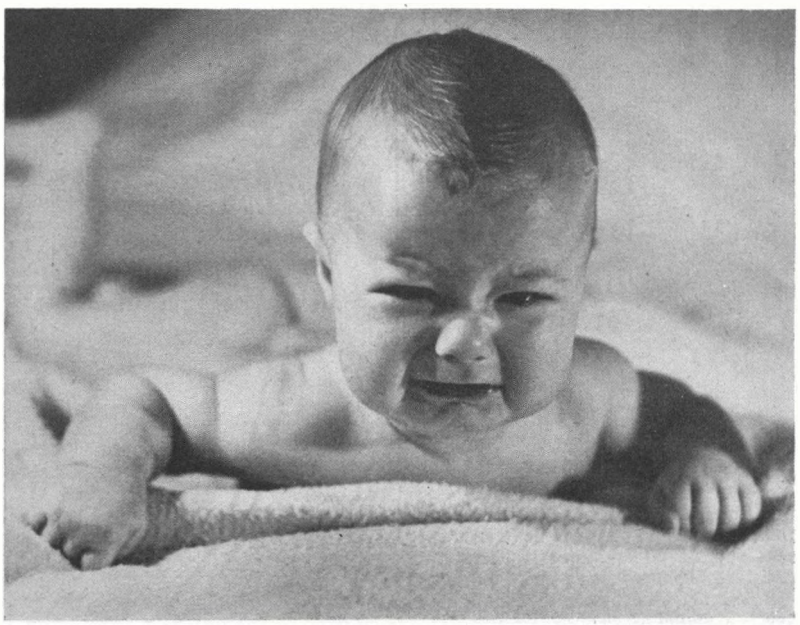
Scotch on the Rocks—A small village's desire for a road becomes a British national crisis—all in mild fun.

Ugetsu—Based on a Japanese classic; notable for its pictorial composition.

Valley of the Kings—Interesting story of archeology, photographed in the Nile valley. Eleanor Parker, Robert Taylor.

*Previously reviewed in Redbook

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH



WHY DO BABIES CRY?

Babies cry because parents expect them to and therefore teach them to cry! This idea is advanced by Saul Rosenzweig, a St. Louis child-guidance expert, who thinks babies cry to express their needs because parents don't look closely enough to understand normal baby talk, and thus leave the baby with no choice except to cry. From watching his own and other babies, Rosenzweig says a baby may smack his lips or stick out his tongue to tell you he's hungry, may squirm or tremble to say he's cold, perhaps sneeze to tell you he's wet. He thinks observant parents can catch these "talk" signals even at a distance. But if nothing happens when the baby talks this way, then his only resource is to yell. He has learned that crying when he's in pain or sick gets him prompt attention.—In *Mental Hygiene.*

TB VACCINE LEAD

Extracts from TB germs hold promise as a new vaccine against tuberculosis. The chemical extract from killed TB germs does create significant protection against TB in mice. It evidently sets up an immunity against the invading TB germs. The extract can be made both from virulent or dangerous types of TB germs and from nonvirulent types.—Report by Drs. Frank W. Weiss and Rene J. Dubos of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research to the National Tuberculosis Association.

ASTHMA AID

Special deep-breathing exercises can sometimes help overcome or prevent bronchial asthma. Calisthenics or other exercises also are used to strengthen breathing muscles and improve general physical fitness. Ten of 23 patients had good results from the exercises, and nine showed some improvement.—Dr. Karl Schutz, New York State Veterans Camp at Mount McGregor, N. Y., to the New York State Medical Society.

PREGNANCY DIET

The most important food tip for a pregnant woman: Eat all the essential nutrients in adequate but not excessive amounts. You need more food than you ordinarily do, but shouldn't try to "eat for two." A weight gain of 15 to 20 pounds during the entire pregnancy is sufficient. The average pregnant woman should consume from 2,500 to 3,000 calories a day. Her daily diet should give her 1½ pints of milk, one serving of citrus fruits or tomatoes, one serving of meat or fish or substitutes such as beans, eggs or cheese, one serving of potatoes, at least two servings of leafy green or yellow vegetables, some eaten raw, one serving of whole-grain cereal, and four slices of bread with a square of butter, plus eggs and cheese three times a week.—Dr. Frank E. Whitacre, Nashville, Tenn., in the AMA *Journal.*

IMPETIGO CHASER

For impetigo, that stubborn and annoying skin infection, an ointment containing the antibiotic neomycin, looks good. It clears up the infection in one to

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

three weeks, often works when other antibiotics fail.—Dr. Ronald Church, Sheffield, England; *British Medical Journal.*

PENICILLIN REACTIONS

Mixing an antihistamine drug with penicillin sharply reduces the risk of reactions from penicillin shots, reports Dr. Harold S. Nemser in the New York State *Journal of Medicine.* Penicillin can cause severe and painful reactions, sometimes even death. Of 1,750 persons given penicillin mixed with the antihistamine Chlor-Trimeton, only 2/10ths of one per cent had reactions. Usually 8 to 10 per cent of persons getting penicillin alone suffer reactions. Dr. Nemser tells of a person apparently dying from a penicillin reaction who recovered within 30 minutes after an injection of the antihistamine and caffeine.

THE BLUES

A new pill looks excellent so far for lifting you out of the blues or a depression after some big disappointment, a broken engagement, or other emotional setbacks. It's a brain stimulant and "mood-lifter," but unlike other blues-chasing drugs, this one doesn't steal away your appetite or interfere with sleep.

The drug, Meratran, helped 90 per cent of many patients suffering from mild depressions. One was a girl who was bored, troubled by insomnia and headaches, and afraid to meet friends after her engagement blew up. Six weeks of treatment with the pills made her self-confident, free from nervousness and headaches.

The drug has been undergoing careful clinical tests and should be on the market soon. It will be available through physician's prescription only.—Report to the American Psychiatric Association.

FATIGUE

Feel tired in the morning but peppy at night? You may have a lazy thyroid gland, and perhaps can be helped by small doses of thyroid hormone. Morning fatigue—evening peppiness is a main sign of thyroid deficiency, if coupled with one or more other symptoms such as feeling cold or easily becoming cold, lack of perspiration, dry skin, or brittle nails. Thyroid treatment helped most of 200 persons overcome this lazy thyroid trouble. The condition is apparently not uncommon, but may not be easily recognized.—Dr. Bernard A. Watson, Clifton Springs, N. Y., to the New York State Medical Society.

TRANSFORMATION

BY RHODA SUTTON CURTISS

AM

Face shaved	Eyes drowsy
Pants pressed	Hair a-feather
Trim tie	Drape shape
Unmessed	Scuffs of leather
Clean shirt	She's half
He's dressed	Put together

PM

Collar loose	Face fixed
Hat tilted	For the street
Coat wrinkled	Dress crisp
Step stilted	Shoes on feet
Day's done	Day's done
He's wilted	She's neat

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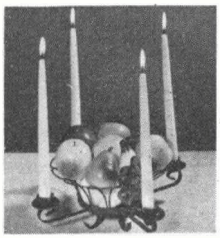

DECORATIVE TABLE MAGIC

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BLACK MAGIC BEAUTY to transform your table into an exciting focal point of interest. Heap the generous bowl with fresh fruit or dewy blossoms and light the tall tapers (not incl.). This lovely centerpiece is a decorative gem for you and your friends. 14" width, of Swedish black wrought iron. Buy now for impressive gift giving. Write now for FREE catalogue of distinctive gifts—in color.

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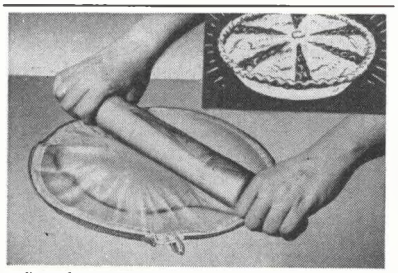

Roll Perfect Pie Crust in Seconds—Without Waste!

Clear plastic "Trusty-Crusty" makes neat pan-perfect pie crusts in magic seconds. Drop in your dough . . . zip "Trusty" closed . . . run your rolling pin over it a few times, unzip and PRESTO . . . you've got a smooth, even-thickness pie crust. Just lift "Trusty" . . . turn it over and drop the perfect 9-inch crust right into your pie tin. No cutting—no wasted dough—no rolling pin or pastry cloth to wash. Jam-proof zipper. Dough can't stick to the plastic! Only $1.00 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s, please. *Order today!*

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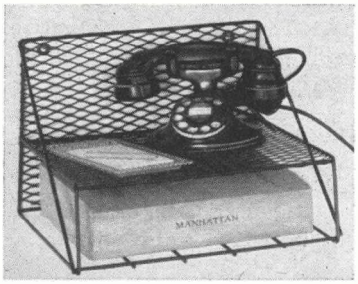
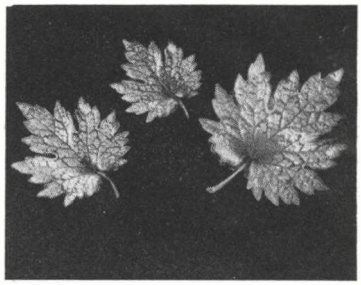
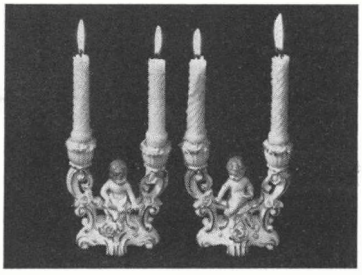
Tops in the



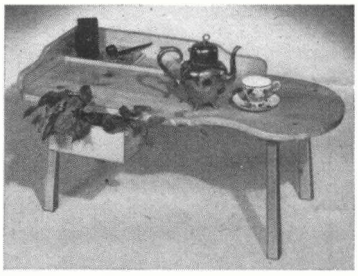
Call on a special shelf to help keep telephone essentials handy. Smart, black wrought-iron utility rack hangs on the wall. 10" long, 10" high and 13" deep, with 3¾" between shelves, it can be used for books and magazines, too. $2.98 plus 35c postage. Order from Green Gable Gifts, 1554-R Third Ave., New York 28, N. Y.



Autumn leaves fluttering lazily on sweater, dress or scarf are crisp fall accessories. Worn singly or as a set, 3 graduated maple leaves are just $2 ppd., including tax. Of heavy-gauge copper, lacquered to retain unique luster, sizes range from 1¼" to 2¼". Roslyn Hoffman, 656-R Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.



Angelic candelabra in the Victorian manner complements bedroom or living room. Two cherubs perch pensively between twin candlesticks. Of highly glazed china, 6" high x 5" wide, and decorated with pastel rosebuds and gold scrolls. Pair, $3.95 plus 35c postage. Order from Helen Gallagher, 413-R Fulton St., Peoria 2, Ill.



Old-time cobbler's bench, authentically reproduced, needs just a coat of paint, wax or stain to make a fine but inexpensive coffee table. Of sturdy, finely-sanded knotty northern white pine, 17" x 37" x 18" high. Drawer pulls out on either side. $14.98, exp. coll. on 18 lbs. Howard House, 106-R Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.

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

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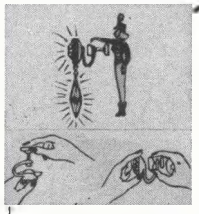

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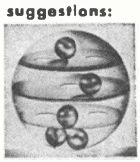
For everyone from the one-year-old to Grand-dad . . . a 4" crystal clear acetate ball with 5 colored marbles and three platforms. The object is to manipulate the ball till all 5 marbles drop through the holes in each platform and reach the bottom. It's fascinating! It's fun! Small fry, too, love to play with it in the tub because it floats. Only $1.00 ppd.



BODINE'S

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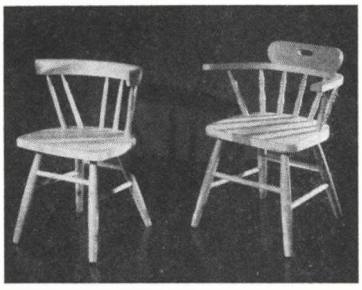
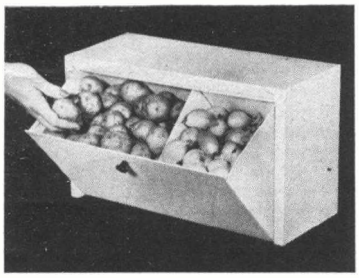
Shops WITH PHYLLIS SCHWEITZER

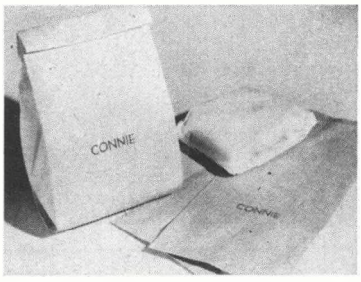
Grandma Moses dinnerware combines the charm of provincial with the grace of modern. Each piece, with a different scene in full color, bears Grandma's signature. White ovenproof earthenware can be put into washing washine. 16-piece starter set for 4 is $13.95 exp. coll. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. R, Orange, N. J.



Growing families find ready-to-paint captain's chairs kind to budgets. Completely assembled and smoothly sanded, chairs need only to be painted, stained or lacquered. Colonial or modern, in solid birch or maple. Minimum order of 2 in same style, $14.95 exp. coll. Meadowbrook Industries, Dept. R, West Hempstead. N.Y.

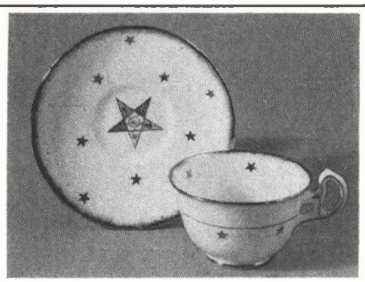


Tater-Bin brings your vegetables out of the dark. Place it on a shelf or hang it on the kitchen wall. Holds 5 pounds of potatoes and 3 lbs. of onions in bin that removes for washing. Of baked enamel in red or yellow with white, or all white. 16½" x 9⅜" x 6⅝". $7.95 ppd. Renard, 38-R W. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.



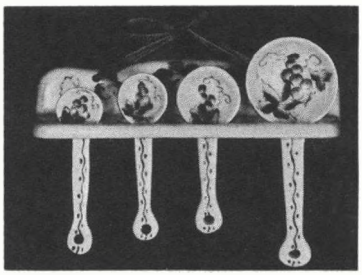
No misplaced lunches for your child to worry about if he carries his noonday fare to school in a personalized bag. Each 5½"-x-12½" expanding kraft lunch bag is imprinted with child's name in big red letters. 50 are only $1 ppd. 100 for $1.75. Order from the Burgess House. Dept. R, 426 S. 6th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

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



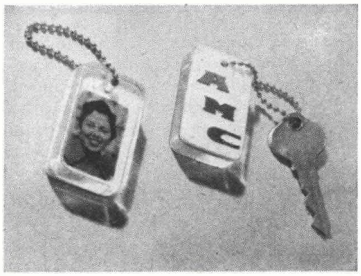
Eastern Star teacup and saucer of English bone china bear the crest of the order --women's auxiliary of the Masons—mothers, wives, daughters, sisters. A find, too, for collectors. $3.25, plus 15c west of Miss. Send for new catalog. The Vermont Crossroads Store, Waterbury 5, Vermont.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

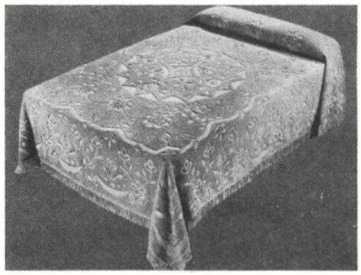


For good measure hang a set of china measuring spoons in your kitchen. Gaily-decorated tablespoon, teaspoon, half teaspoon and quarter teaspoon will turn favorite recipes into bona fide successes. 4 graduated spoons in matching china rack, 6" long, $1.25 ppd. Zenith Gifts Inc., 55-R Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.

For bonnie lassies—wee Scotch purse is a miniature version of a clansman's tam-o'-shanter. 3½" in diameter, it holds all the change you'll want to spend in a month of Sundays. In bright red plaid, straight from Scotland to you, for $1.80 ppd. Camalier & Buckley, 1141-R Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

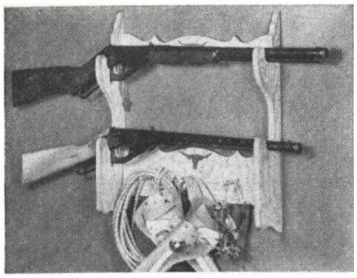


Someone special merits *your* picture encased in clear lucite on the end of a key chain. Rustproof chrome initials are permanently affixed to reverse side. A good gift idea—at only $1 ppd., you'll want several for family and friends. Send any black and white or color print to Larga-Pic, Box Z-138, Brookline 46, Mass.

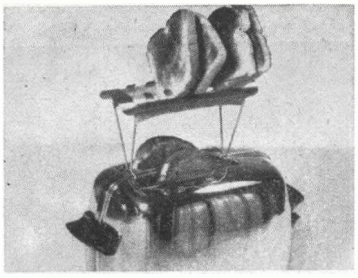


Colonial charmer — heirloom-type bedspread is woven of fine preshrunk cotton yarns. Reversible, with lovely fringe and hand-woven look, it needs no ironing. In antique ,or bleached white and pastel shades of pink, maize and green. 96" x 110" or 82" x 110", $14.95 ppd. Godell's, Dept. R. 31 W. 27th St., New York 1, N.Y.

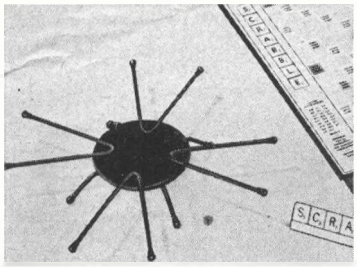
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



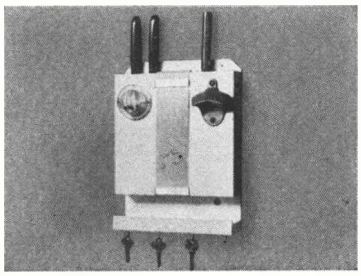
At cleanup time youngsters will corral their toy guns and cowboy gear on a rack made by Arizona Bill. Pine rack with clear finish sports a real calfskin cutout of steer's head and will be branded with any 2 initials. Measures 18" x 20" x 4½" deep. $4.95 ppd. The Branding Iron, 3441-R Blacklidge Drive, Tucson, Ariz.



Toast that's toasty is a breakfast treat enjoyed by the entire family. Keep toast warm by stacking it in a stainless-steel rack that clips on any standard pop-up toaster. Rising heat waves keep as many as 6 slices of toast warm and ready for buttering. $1.98 ppd. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 772 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N. J.

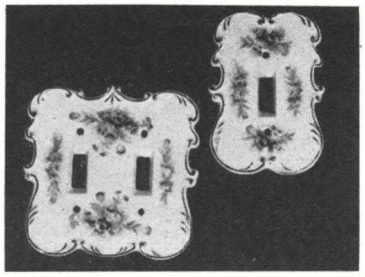


One good turn on the Scrabble board deserves a playing surface that revolves easily. With a Scrabble Board Susan your friends won't have to read words upside down. 12½" in diameter, of black wrought iron, it can be used with a plate as a Lazy Susan for serving. $2 ppd. Mastercraft, 212-R Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

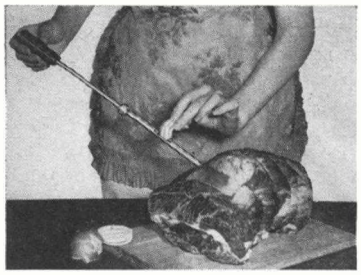


Compact kitchen rack combines 6 handy aids. 9" x 12" x 2", it comes with a 70-foot memo-pad roll, bottle opener, knife sharpener and holds 8 knives. Bottom tray is for pencils or matches—4 brass hooks for keys or potholders. White, red, yellow or green. $7.95 ppd. Bodine's, 444-R E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

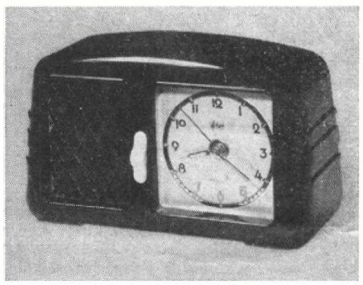


Porcelain switch plates are charming accents for traditional settings. Imported of fine white Limoges-type porcelain, they are hand-decorated with pastel floral bouquets and 24K gold. Single socket style, $1.50 each; pair, $2.75. Double socket, $2.75 each; pair, $5 ppd. Seth & Jed, Dept. R, New Marlborough, Mass.

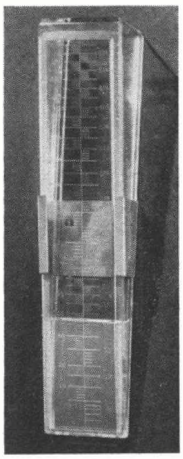


Sunday roasts will be more tender and a lot more tasty if you season them from the inside. Flavor-Maker injects spices or any liquid or solid seasoning into the very core of the roast. 11½" long, of aluminum with a teakwood handle. Just $2.98 ppd. The Weld Co., Dept. R, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

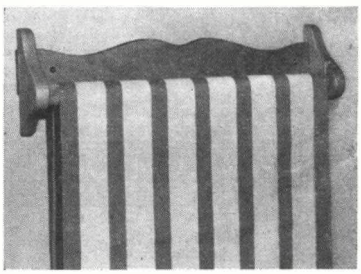
Doll collectors will greet these two additions with glee. Little Navajo girl and hula dancer have heads and arms that move and eyes that close. 7¼" high of plastic, they're dressed in authentic costumes handmade in the Southwest. $2.25 each, ppd. Kendrick Kerns, Box 8057, 120 Mesilla St., N. E., Albuquerque, N. Mex.



Musical alarm clock wakes you up gently to the "Blue Danube" and other old-time favorites. Imported from Germany, 4½" x 2½" x 1½", it looks like a tiny radio. In ivory, ebony, russet or magenta with luminous numerals and hands. $9.95 ppd., tax included. Thoresen's, Dept. RMC, 352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

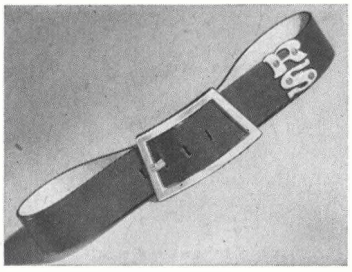


When it rains you'll want to know exactly how much water your garden and lawn have soaked up. Gauge, used by Government agencies and nurserymen, tells at a glance just how much rain has fallen. Measures from 1/10 inch to 6 inches of rainfall. With rustproof aluminum mounting bracket, $4.95 ppd. Ward Phillips, Dept. R, Carpentersville, Ill.

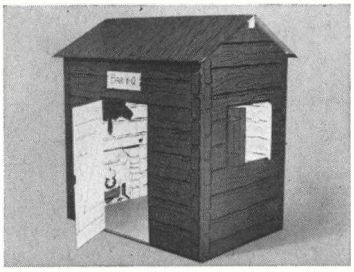


Old-fashioned kitchen roller towel is a copy of the one Grandma used many years ago. Hand-rubbed Vermont hardwood rack, 20" wide, fastens to the wall in kitchen, bathroom or workshop. With red-and-white striped towel, $5.95 ppd. Add 35c west of Miss. Order from Vermont Crossroads Store, Dept. R, Waterbury, Vt.

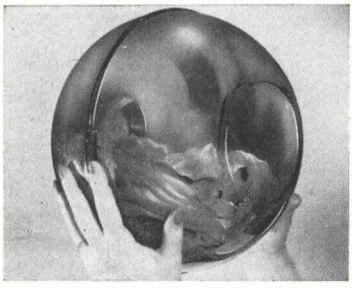
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



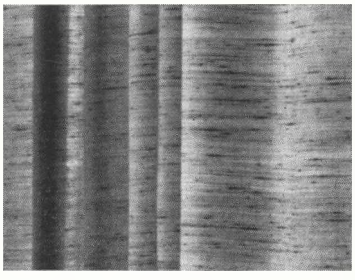
In the Puritan manner—personalized belt, borrowed from the Pilgrim Fathers, is now as modern as can be. 1½" wide, in jet black, cherry red or turf tan genuine leather. Smart large buckle and your two initials are of polished brass. Sizes 24-32. $1.98 ppd. Vernon Specialties Co., 156-R Fourth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



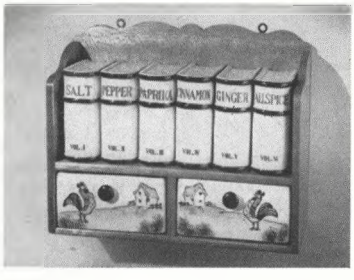
Walk-in ranch house is a realistic play cabin for boys and girls. It's 48" high, 44½" long and 30" deep, of heavy corrugated board with colorful printed interior. Doors and windows actually open and close. Easily assembles by interlocking tabs. $7.95 exp. coll. From Guaranty Sales, Box 176, Dept. H8, Teaneck, N. J.



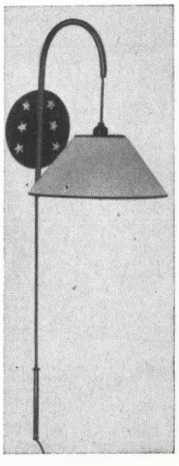
Left-us toss salads an easier way! Sala-Tossa quickly and uniformly coats greens with dressing without bruising them. Twin bowls, 10½" in diameter, of green styrene fit together and are leakproof. Use bowls alone for serving or mixing. $2.95 ppd. House of Schiller, Dept. 82F, 180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.



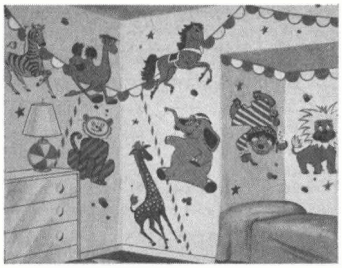
Drapery fabric of nylon and cotton comes in 23 luscious colors, resists fading, and will stay lovely for years. At only $1.75 a yard you can treat your windows to several pairs. Custom-made, 50c a yard extra. Postage collect. Send 10c for swatches to Carabao Special Prods., Dept. R72, 950 Columbus, San Francisco, Calif.



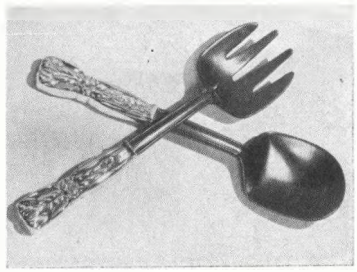
Kitchen library adds spice to favorite recipes and is a decorative wall rack as well. Six books with spicy titles are ceramic shakers that fit on 7½"-wide-x-9"-high hardwood rack. Use bottom two drawers for matches or as planters for ivy. Complete, only $3.50 ppd. Welcome House, 1133-R Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.



Pin-up lamp adjusts to the proper height for reading at the desk or in bed. Merely raising or lowering the cord brings it to the position you want. Of gleaming black metal and trimmed with brass stars, it comes with a white perforated shade, 13" in diameter. $6.95 plus 35c postage. From Foster House, Dept. R, 430 So. Jefferson Ave., Peoria, Ill.



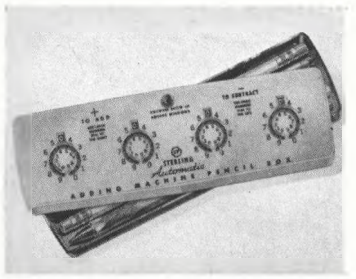
GIANT NURSERY ROOM FULL COLOR CUTOUTS. Now you can decorate your nursery or play room the way you've always wanted. Imagine these easy-to-cut Giant 22-inch full color impish circus animals complete with all the trimmings; tent poles, canopy, stars, etc. Includes decorating suggestions you'll love. Set of 4 animals just $2.00. Set of 8 animals only $3.98 postpaid money back guarantee from Miracle Sales, P.O. Box 587, San Pedro, Calif.



You won't believe that such elegant-looking salad servers could cost so little! Handles, coated with miracle Brillium, look like silver but won't discolor or tarnish. 10½"-long fork and spoon in ebony plastic wipe clean with a damp cloth. Set is just $2 ppd. From Albin of Calif., Dept. SS, 1401 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

A house is not a home—but an ash tray, hand-painted with a tiny cottage and a young couple's name, is a good housewarming gift. Ceramic tray, 5½" square, with any family name or two first names, is a nice way of remembering happy occasions. $1.95 ppd. Stratton Snow, Dept. R, P.O. Box 1898, Delray Beach, Fla.

Adjustable closet bar grows with your children and holds their clothes within easy reach. Aluminum guides, attached to wooden crossbar, hook over any closet rod and adjust to 7 heights. Hang your purses and belts on it, too—it will double your closet space. $1.50 ppd. From Frank Berlin, 1356-R Main St., Sarasota, Fla.



Adding-machine pencil box will be a welcome companion for back-to-school youngsters. Precision instrument adds and subtracts when numbers are dialed—answers pop up automatically. Box holds ball-point pen, 3 lead and 2 color pencils. Complete, $1.69 ppd. Kalfred Arthur, Dept. R, Box 254, Forest Hills, N. Y.

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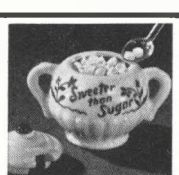

Rid your dining table of unsightly medicine bottles. This charming white ceramic Saccharin or Sucaryl bowl holds up to 400 tablets. 2" high. Crystal clear spoon. Gift boxed. Write for FREE Gift Catalog

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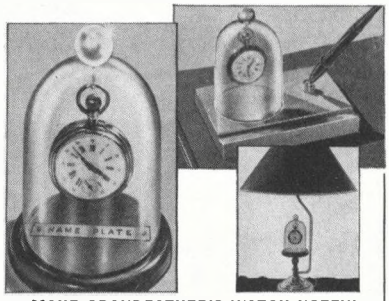

MAKE GRANDFATHER'S WATCH USEFUL

Graceful "bell-case" displays grandfather's heirloom watch. **Treasure Dome** (T. M. Reg.) makes modern, timepiece fit for desk of a king. Easy-to-wind. Of crystal clear DuPont Lucite, base of blonde, ebony, mahogany. $3.95. **New Treasure Dome Desk Set.** Black and gold swivel ball-point pen; ebony, blonde, mahogany base. (5¾"x4") **Complete $6.95. Lamp** in brass, 20" high. Shantung shade in red, green, beige, $9.95. With Treasure Dome, $13.50 (as shown). All ppd. With personalized name plate (3 words) add $1. No COD's. Carol Beatty, Dept. 109-A, 7410 Santa Monica Bl., Los Angeles 46, Cal. FREE catalog.

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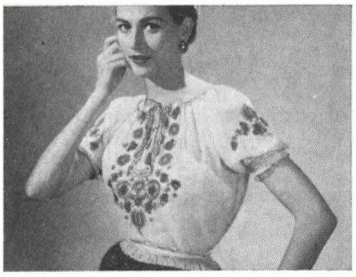
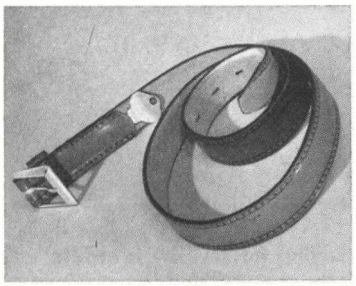
FREE BOOKLET

TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Imported from Europe—hand-embroidered, multicolored peasant blouse, unobtainable since the war, is now available for your prettiest wear. Washable, too, although delicately worked on fine Swiss voile. Colors will not run or streak. Sizes 32 to 40. $5 ppd. Order from The Old Mexico Shop, Dept R, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Perplexed pachyderm anxiously asks "What Have I Forgotten?" and serves as an amusing reminder for the entire family. 7½" high by 6½" wide, of blackened aluminum, it's a cute wall pin-up or a trivet. Send one to the friend whose birthday you overlooked. $2.50 ppd. Garret Thew Studios, R-6, Westport, Conn.



Spare-key belt is a smart gift idea for the man of the house. Invisible pocket in genuine top-grain cowhide belt becomes a secret hiding place for spare car or office key. Perfect for the perennial key-loser. Mahogany or suntan with metal buckle; sizes 30-42. $2 ppd. Lane & Lane, Inc., 481-R Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

You'll thank your lucky star you can wear your zodiac sign as a sterling silver charm. Gold-embossed zodiac figure is mounted on mother-of-pearl under a crystal dome. First name and birth date are engraved on back. $3.50. Sterling bracelet, $1.20 ppd. Tax included. Lowy's, 260-K 116th St., Rockaway Park, N. Y.

SEE PAGE 91 . . . for a complete listing of all catalogs and booklets offered by advertisers in this issue. . . .

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TURN TO PAGE 91.....NOW

in his hand

Wrap the big hand around the little hand . . . for now begins a little heart's journey into prayer . . . the guide is Dad, the goal is a security not even he can provide.

But the pattern is security, and it is Dad's privilege to supply his part of it for the little hearts in his care.

In this binding, enclosing love life finds its finest answer.

The security of our homes is our worthiest goal. And providing it is a privilege unique in a country like ours, where each of us is free to choose his way.

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

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Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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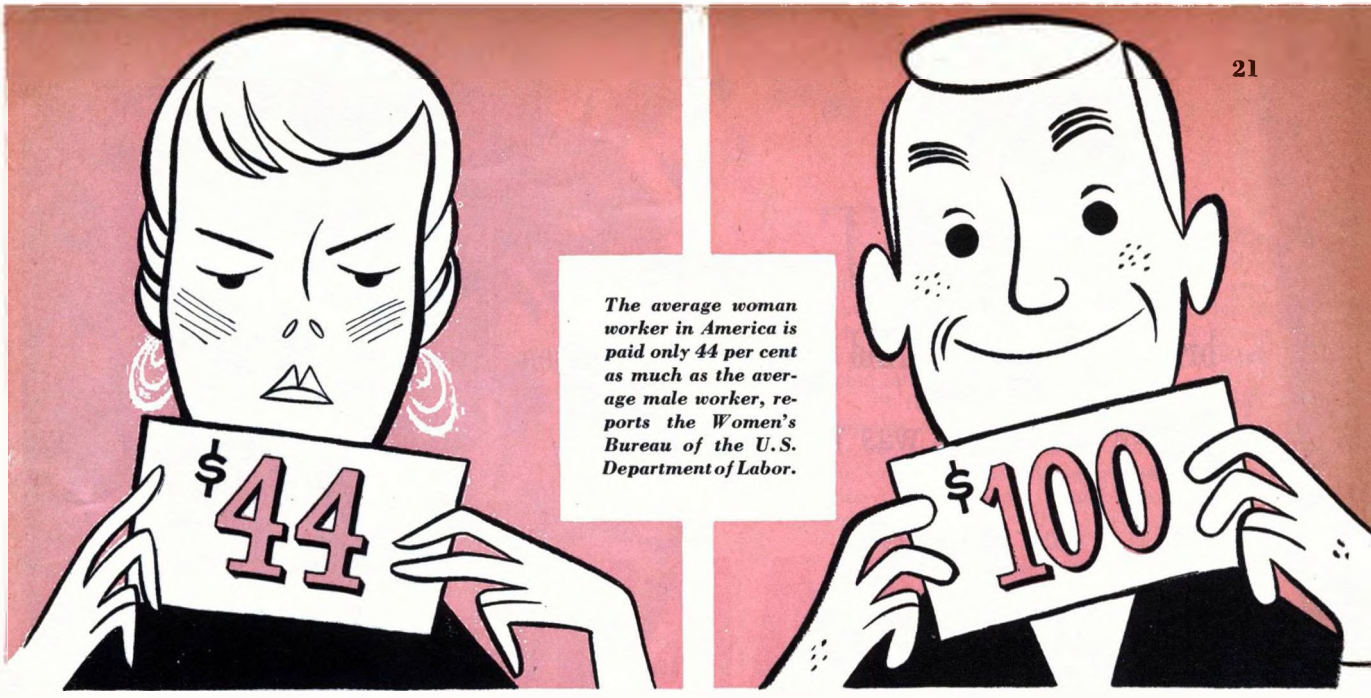


The average woman worker in America is paid only 44 per cent as much as the average male worker, reports the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor.

REDBOOK REPORTS ON:

THE LOW PRICE ON WOMEN

Should women receive lower pay than men? Should a woman be paid less than a man who has a wife and children, when both the man and the woman are doing the same kind of job?

Fairness dictates that the answer be: No. And, as a matter of oft-recorded fact, most people are as much against discriminatory pay standards as they are against sin—but with about the same results.

The list of champions for equal pay for women is imposing. It includes the Republican and Democratic parties, the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organizations and almost every prominent women's organization.

But progress toward raising women's wages to the level of men's is discouragingly slow. The Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor reports, for example, that the average woman worker is paid only 44 per cent as much as the average male worker.

This startling difference between men's and women's pay is not the result of sex discrimination alone. There are other causes: Many women have jobs which pay low wages even to males; women have only limited experience in many fields; many women work only part-time; women have less seniority and less opportunity for promotion. But taking all this into account, it is still clear that women's incomes are much lower than the value of their work.

Because of prejudice and fear, many people continue to resist the principle that it's the work done, not the person who does it, which should determine the rate of pay. There are those who want to discourage women from competing in the labor market. Some men resent having to work with women, and also are afraid women will lower the entire wage scale. Some women are fearful that their husbands will lose their jobs to other women.

Actually, equal pay for women will do the opposite. It will give men greater wage and job security because it will discourage employers from replacing men with women at less pay. This, in turn, means more economic security for housewives and their children. In addition, equal pay will protect fair employers from the unfair competition of those who try to use women to undercut men's wages.

Unfortunately, many people remain unconvinced by these arguments. After 100 years of industrial revolution, only 13 states (Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Montana, Washington and California) have equal-pay laws, and all but Montana and Michigan acted after the start of World War II.

But laws—even including a proposed Federal law—aren't enough, for enforcement is difficult. Most important in the struggle for equal pay are the opinions of you, the reader, and of your fellow citizens. Until *you* want a change, women workers will continue to receive less pay, mainly because they happen to be women.

What compulsion drives a wife to the brink of infidelity? And why should two men forgive her? That was the secret of

THE CABIN

BY HARRIETT PRATT
ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

She was not sure exactly what had happened. She remembered only her panic and confusion, and Max somehow getting her into the car and driving off down the bumpy road to the highway. She had cried a good deal, and then she must have slept, because it was dark now, and the car clock said eleven-thirty.

She glanced at her husband. His shoulders were a little hunched, as always—the professorial slouch, he called it—but his face was alert, and he drove purposefully.

"Max," she said.

"Yes?" he said quickly. "Are you all right?"

She hesitated. She wanted to ask him where they were, where they were going, but something stopped her. She had not trusted anyone for a long time, but now she would have to trust Max.

"Do you have a match?" she said. "I can't seem to find mine."

After all, it did not really matter where they were going. Any place would do, so long as it was away—away from Mauro, and the cabin.

She leaned back, holding her cigarette carefully, watching its small, dappled glow. Her hands were quite steady now, and the dull ache in her head was gone. But the humiliation was still there, around her, and in her, like a sick, dragging weight.

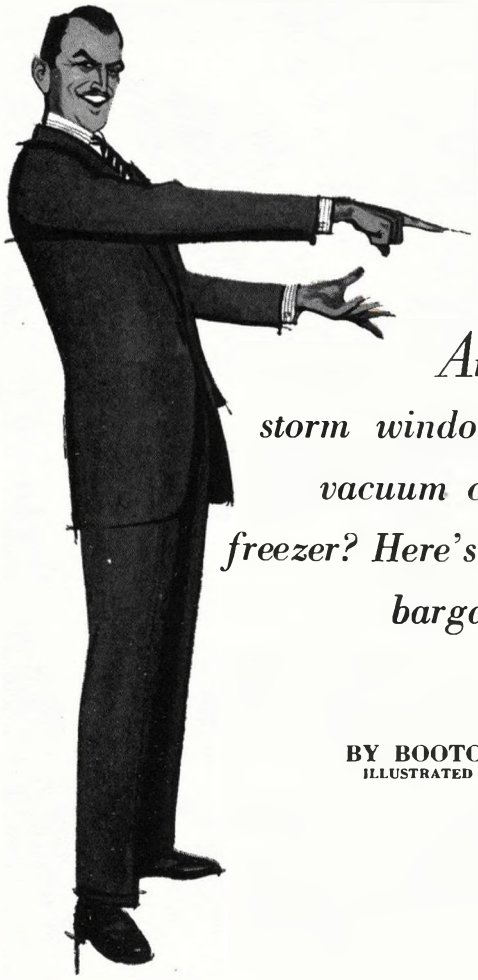
How did it happen? she thought. How could it possibly have happened to me? How could I have been such a fool?

Because she had been a fool. Such things did not happen in a minute. There must have been a beginning, and somewhere along the way there must have been warnings that she had failed to see, or perhaps ignored. How did it begin? Was it that moment in the kitchen, and Max saying, "By the way—guess what I heard in town"? Was it the night of the fish fry, or the afternoon she had told Mauro about her father? Or was it earlier, even, than that?

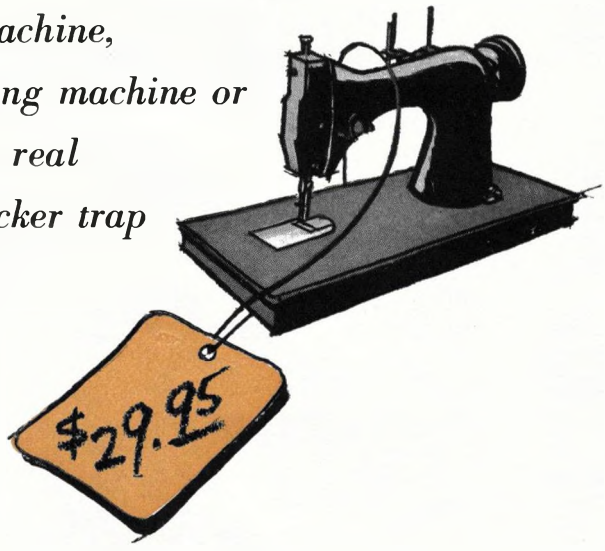
She frowned, remembering the first time she had seen Mauro Killka. It was a dark day—the lake and the sky were gray, and the woods looked sodden and desolate. She had stood for a time by the window and watched the handyman cutting *(Continued on page 90)*

In his eyes Kay saw passion, confusion, regret. She knew he would never have touched her if she had not goaded him into it.

THE WORST



Are you looking for a new car, storm windows, sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, washing machine or freezer? Here's how to tell a real bargain from a sucker trap



BY BOOTON HERNDON
ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SIEGEL

Are you looking for a bargain? How about a new sewing machine for $29.95? Or a factory-rebuilt, guaranteed vacuum cleaner for $12.95? Would you like to trade in your car for $500 more than it's worth, or have a slip cover made for any chair in your house for one dollar?

Tempting? Sure—so much so that many thousands of people all over the United States are eagerly placing orders—and painfully discovering this truth: *Such bargains don't exist,* but an equal number of extremely vicious rackets do. Purchasers are being victimized by smooth-talking sharpies and induced to give away their money.

Most susceptible to this kind of swindle are young married couples struggling to get their homes on an even financial keel. They need to stretch their dollars, but often they are handicapped by inexperience in buying and in managing a household. Moreover, for the first time in their adult lives, excepting a brief period in 1949-50, they are in a buyers' market.

There are now ample stocks of almost everything. Buyers again have a choice, and sellers must compete for business. In desperation and greed, some unscrupulous peddlers of products and services are resorting to old, dishonest—even cruel—schemes for unloading their wares.

Almost anyone can be "taken" by at least one of the hundreds of shady practices now current. Look what happened to the Zacks family.

Mr. Zacks and his son-in-law had a small paint-contracting business with only one vehicle—a pickup truck. They wanted an automobile which could be used at work and which the younger man and his wife could use evenings and weekends. Mrs. Zacks would contribute $200 as a down payment, and the son-in-law would handle the rest.

"The ad was a mistake"

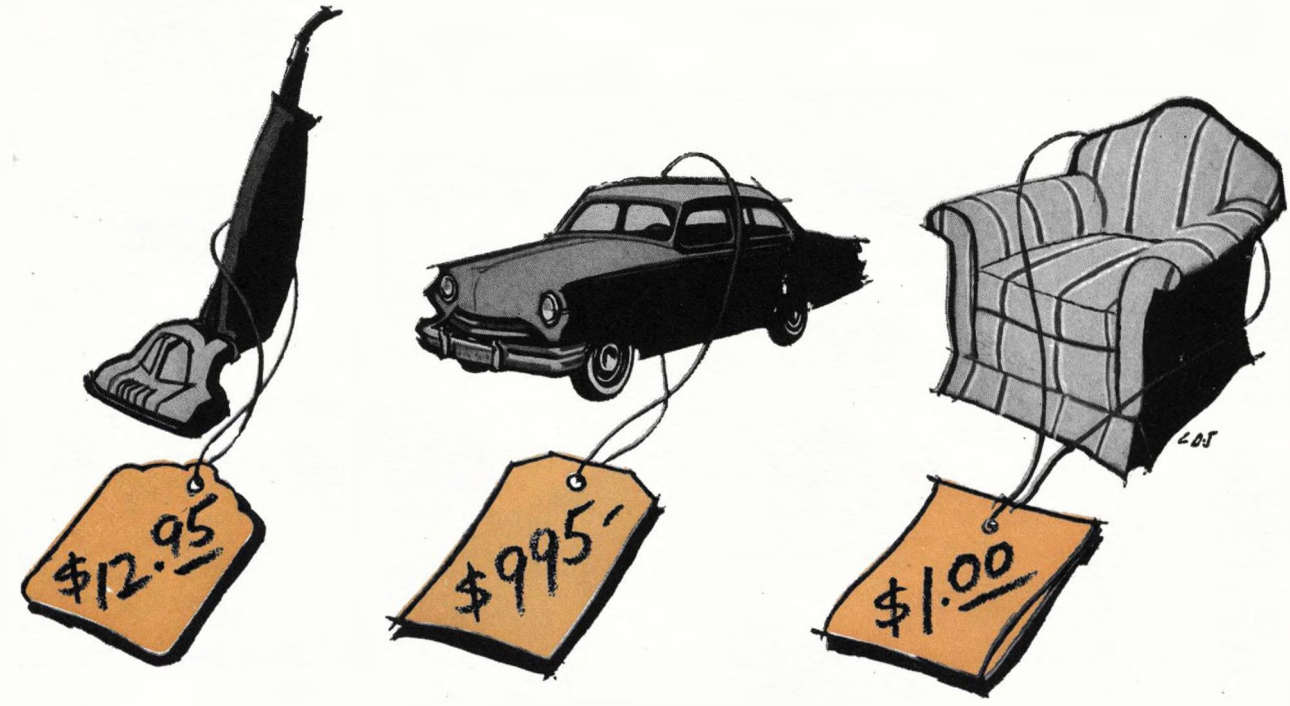
In a newspaper they saw an ad for a 1951 Chevrolet convertible. It had been repossessed from its original owner, the ad said, and the price was $995. Friends said that was below market value. The family went to look at the car, and liked it. When the salesman told them the ad was a mistake and the car actually cost $1295, they were acutely disappointed.

"We only intended to pay $200 down," the mother-in-law explained.

"If that's all that's troubling you, lady," the salesman said, "you have just bought a car. Tell you what I'll do. I'll throw in the license free."

He pulled a contract out of his pocket. It was a

BARGAINS YOU CAN BUY



simple document—no fine print. "Sign here," the salesman said, "and the office will fill it out while we're putting your free license plate on your car. How do you want to pay this?"

The young couple agreed on $20 a week, and signed the contract. Mrs. Zacks gave the salesman a check for $200. The salesman ushered them to the car, somebody brought a sealed envelope which the salesman handed them with the offhand comment that they'd already read the contract, and off the happy family drove.

That night a member of the family remembered the contract, and took it out of the envelope. Figures had been typed in over the signatures. There was $1295 for the car, $200 down payment, $1095 remaining. . . . But what was this?

Balance due on car	$1095.00
Insurance	151.41
Official fees	1.00
Finance charge	427.59
Balance owed	$1675.00

The charge for installment financing was fantastically exorbitant—almost half the price of the car, but there was no way of getting out of the deal. In addition, the young man had to buy a new top and two new tires. Later, he found he couldn't meet all the payments. He turned the car back with $1238.34 still due, after he and his mother-in-law had already paid out $600. They got none of their money back.

The "would you take?" racket

Better Business Bureaus are receiving more complaints about used cars today than ever before. Have you received a card in the mail recently, or found one stuck under your windshield wiper, offering you several hundred dollars more than you know your car is worth? This is known as "bushing," or the "Would you take?" racket. When you get to the dealer, if he's an authorized agent selling big cars, he may well make you a legitimate offer. Most agencies can afford to discount a few hundred dollars on a $5,000 sale.

More often, however, the salesman claps his hands to his head in despair. He had a customer for a car just like yours, he says. Fellow who wouldn't take anything else and was willing to pay extra. Just an hour ago, worse luck, he found exactly what he was looking for.

Instead of money, you get a ridiculous story. But the point is, you are there. You are a living, breathing sucker. If you don't watch out, you'll not only get a worthless car, but also be *(Continued on page 76)*

How Many Kisses?

He had a system
(scientific, of course);
she played her hunches
(infallible, but natch).
So it's anyone's guess who won

BY MURIEL ROY BOLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

The odds are a hundred and three to one," George Loomis said, "that I'm going to win." George wasn't used to talking to strange girls in restaurants, even when they were pretty, as this one was, but he felt he owed her a warning, and his tone was sympathetic as he looked across the small tea-room table.

"I feel pretty sure of winning myself," Dorothy Ann answered stubbornly, disliking the young man's confidence and wishing that the crowded state of the restaurant hadn't forced them to share a table two nights in a row.

But he hadn't talked to her last night, except to say "Please pass the salt," and at least this was the best table for their purpose—nearest the wide front window of Bettye's Buffet, where a tall apothecary's jar stood, filled with candy kisses wrapped in orange-colored wax paper, officially sealed at the neck with tape and a notary's stamp. At the base, a large sign stood propped against it, and it read: HOW MANY KISSES?

Another large sign said: GUESS THE CONTENTS AND WIN A THREE WEEKS GLORIOUS TRIP TO HAWAII!! Below the words was a picture of a girl in evening dress, on deck, happily surrounded by a cluster of athletic-looking young men.

Dorothy Ann had a deep longing to be that lucky girl, and a strong hunch that she would be.

"I wouldn't have said anything," George explained, "only I couldn't help seeing the number you wrote down last night, and unless you change your system, you're not even going to get to the post."

George was a Junior Stockbroker and a Horse Race Fan; he read the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Racing Form* with equal zeal, and he saw life as a race on a heavy track—a capital investment where the odds and profits could be accurately figured on a percentage basis.

Dorothy Ann pointedly ignored his warning, chewed on her sandwich, and looked dreamily at the jar, waiting for inspiration to strike. But he had disturbed the concentration necessary to get a really good hunch.

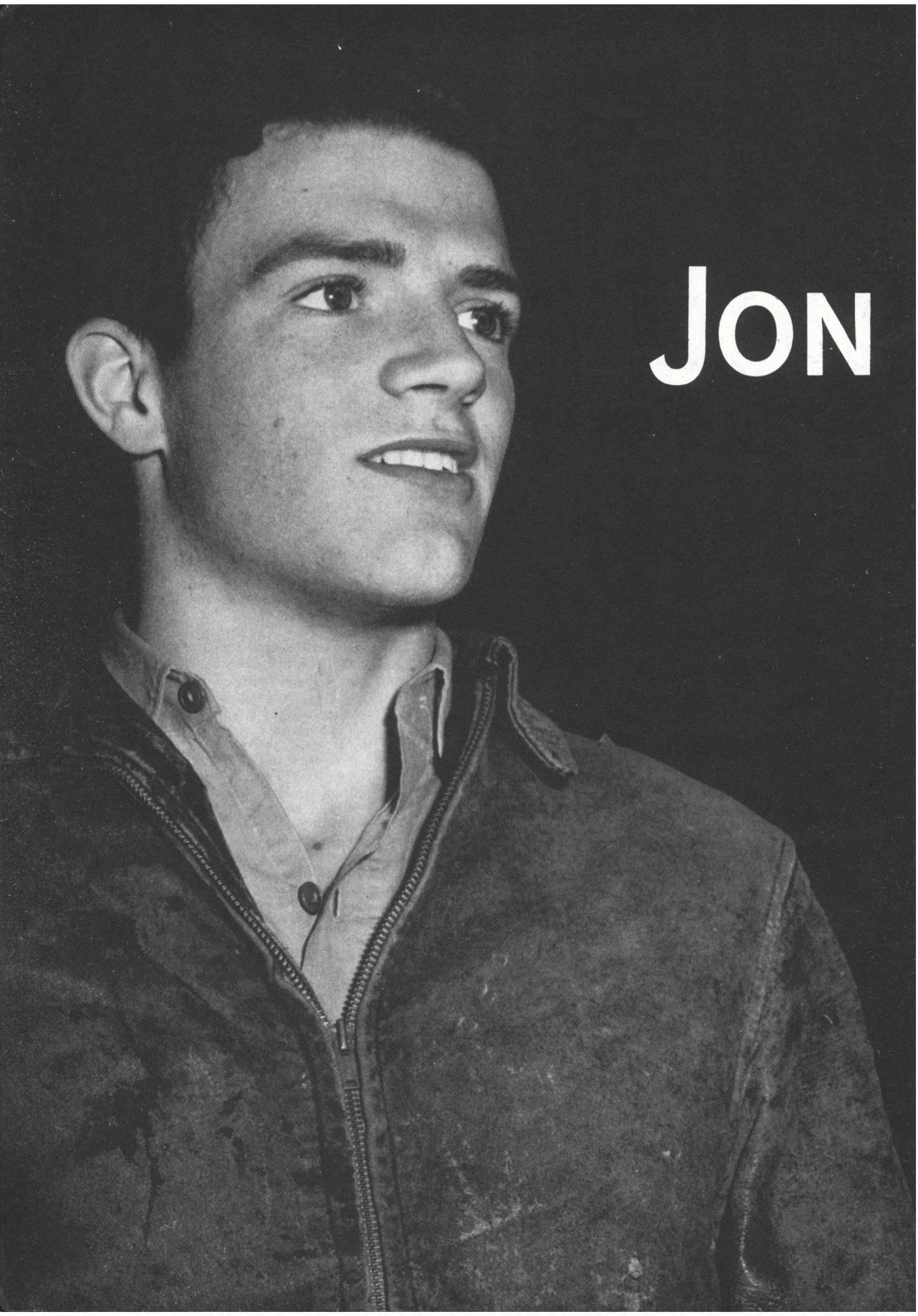
He felt her disapproval and said placatingly, "You see, it's simply got to be a sure thing for me, because I promised Paula."

"But the vacation's just for one," Dorothy Ann said, "so how could you take your wife?"

"She's not my wife. Yet." George sighed. "She's my fiancée, or will be when her mother finally agrees to the merger. Her mother wants to find her a husband with lots of coupons, so she took Paula off to Honolulu almost five weeks ago. But I've told her I'm coming up fast!" His eyes returned resolutely to the jar in the window; he took out paper and pencil and figured with rapid competence.

Dorothy murmured with some dissatisfaction, "Three hundred and twenty-seven kisses," and turned her dinner check over to write in her name, address, date and guess.

George shook *(Continued on page 72)*


JON

LINDBERGH:

How a bold young man met the challenge of his father's fame

BY FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

At the age of 22, a tall, fair-skinned young man named Jon Lindbergh has reached the climax of a remarkable struggle against two great problems: (1) the towering obstacle of his father's fame, which at one time threatened to send him through life known only as "Lindy's son," and (2) the atmosphere of seclusion and distrust in which he grew up, as a result of the kidnaping and murder of his brother Charles Augustus a few months before his own birth.

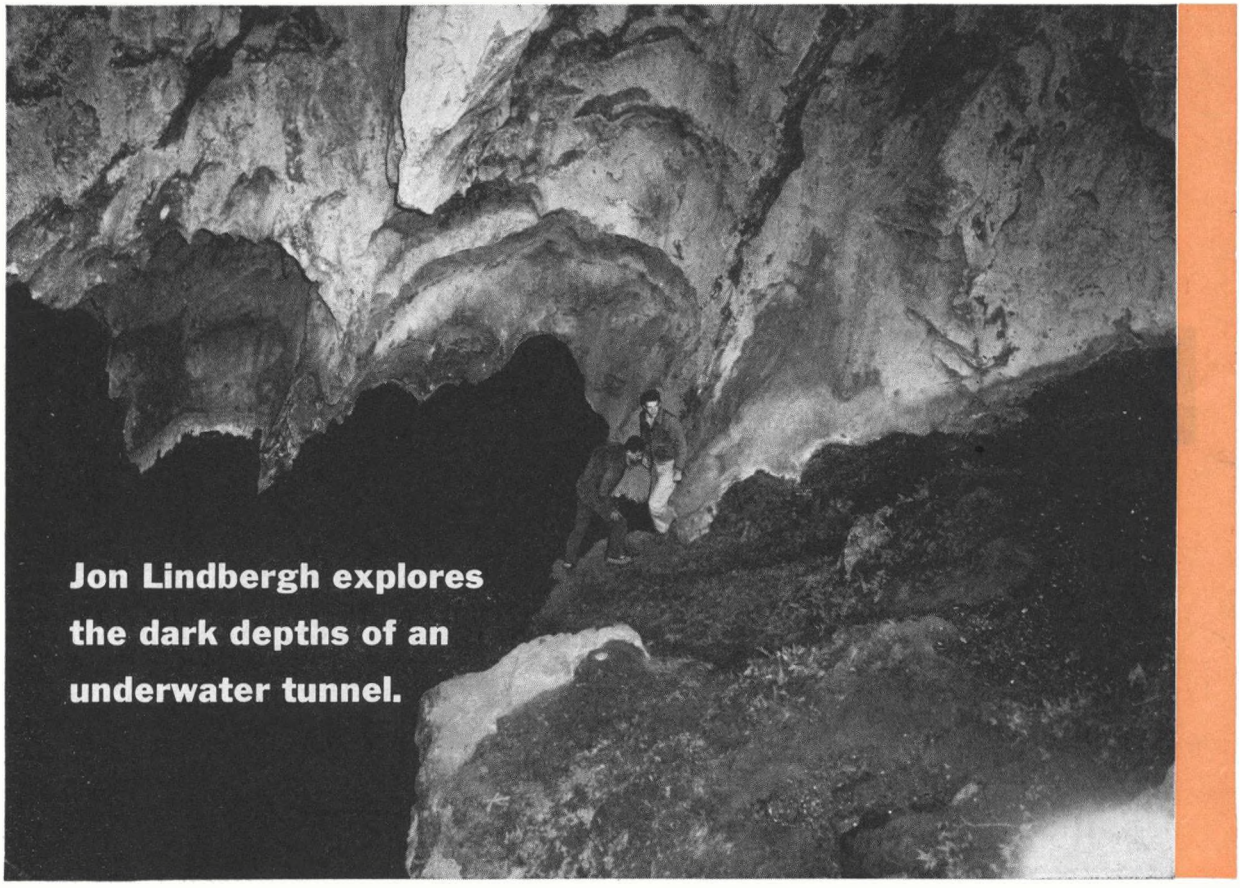
Jon Lindbergh has met both these challenges. In a series of dramatic exploits, he has established his own reputation for daring —as an explorer of underground caves, as a mountain climber, and as a promising marine biologist. At the same time, he has fought against being labeled "eccentric" or "strange" because of some of the unusual behavior he has developed while fighting to establish his own identity.

To find out what Jon Lindbergh is really like, I interviewed his friends, teachers, classmates, companions on expeditions, relatives and neighbors—in short, those who have known him at various stages of his life. And I spoke to them at the time newspapers throughout the country were carrying headlines: "Jon Lindbergh Wed in Secret Ceremony" or "Jon Lindbergh and Bride Due Back on Stanford Campus."

The bride was Barbara Helen Robbins, the daughter of a mining engineer. She is five feet six, has brown hair and warm brown eyes; is athletic, yet feminine, lively, yet quiet. Jon had loved her since they were both freshmen, but it had taken him three years to get her to say "yes."

The wedding took place on March 20, 1954, in Northfield, a Chicago suburb, at the home of Barbara's uncle and aunt. When Jon's parents arrived for the wedding, he took them to the kitchen and showed them three lobsters spread out on a poncho. He had

Barbara Robbins Lindbergh was courted by Jon for three years. Often they were thousands of miles apart. But he finally won her.



Jon Lindbergh explores the dark depths of an underwater tunnel.

caught them for his own wedding dinner—a characteristic gesture of self-reliance.

Jon Lindbergh has shown such self-reliance since childhood. To make spending money at the age of ten, he used to set out lobster pots just off shore near the Lindberghs' Darien, Connecticut, home. Often, to check his pots, he had to go out in a small rowboat. One day he was caught in a storm. Realizing that it was impossible to go on rowing, he just drifted in the storm. Finally he reached land, took some materials out of the rowboat, built a makeshift tent, and remained until the storm was over. When he got home, he wasn't even wet.

As he grew older, he craved adventure more and more. At the Darien High School he was restless. School work bored him. When he was 15, he spent a summer in Europe alone, sleeping in station houses or at the feet of statues. He spent the three summers before entering college at a camp near Mancos, Colorado. He rode, hiked, and went rapid-shooting. And, during the last of these summers, he rode the white waters of the wild Cataract Canyon.

Such youthful displays of courage—and the even greater adventures that were to follow—seem to have their roots in the unusual circumstances of Jon's birth and upbringing. He once confessed to a friend that in early childhood, living against the background of the kidnaping and murder of his brother Charles Augustus less than six months before his own birth, he had often been afraid.

His parents, heartsick about the loss of their firstborn, could not even bring themselves to give this new child a name. For more than two months they just called him "Baby."

They were fearful for the new baby's safety, because there were repeated threats against his life, too. A curly-haired child, toddling around Grandmother Morrow's estate in Englewood, New Jersey, or her Penobscot Island home in Maine, he was always under the watchful eye of a nursemaid and of a big black German shepherd dog.

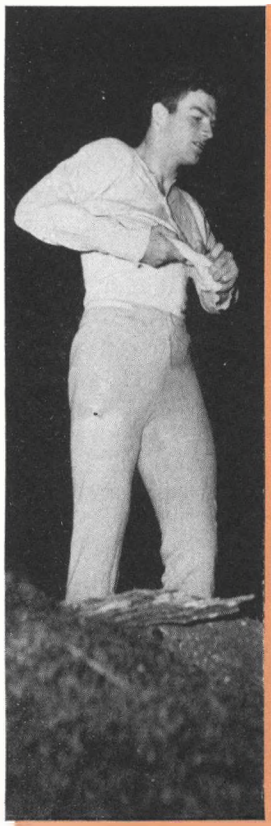
When Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the kidnaper and murderer, was arrested, Jon had to be kept under heavy guard. Finally, unable to bear the strain, his parents took him to England, to Long Barn, their fourteenth-century home in Kent. He remained abroad from the time he was twenty-eight months old until he was almost seven.

One day an American newspaperman walked toward Long Barn. Anne Lindbergh saw him, clutched the child, rushed into the house, and bolted the door.

Jon converted the fear of his early childhood into high courage, and, as he grew up, he learned to cope with another problem that he had inherited as the son of the famous Charles A. Lindbergh.

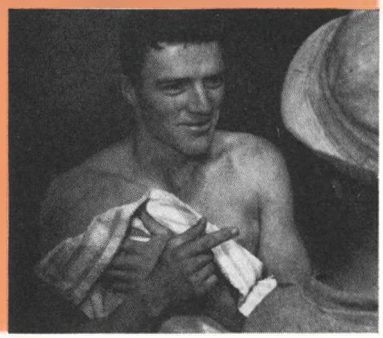
Jon had discovered early in life that, as the son of a national hero, he couldn't enter a restaurant without hearing the familiar, annoying whisper, "That's Lindbergh's son." He couldn't even trust people who sought his friendship. There were always some who were interested only in being able to say, "Oh, Jon Lindbergh, the son of the flier—oh, yes, a good friend of mine."

Knowing that sons of famous men often fail, Jon made up his mind to succeed. And to succeed in his own



Jon puts on heavy underwear under his frogman's suit as he prepares to explore a tunnel in Bower Cave.

Plunging into the icy waters on his third and final exploration of the tunnel, Jon went 150 feet through the dark passage and discovered a huge new underwater chamber. Back on the surface (right), he dries himself after the ordeal.



way. His father had conquered the skies. Jon went in the other direction—exploring the depths of the ocean and of underground caves.

Entering Stanford University at the age of 18, he immediately made it clear that he was going to be an unusual undergraduate. Instead of moving into a dormitory, he rented a plot of land six miles from the campus in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. There he pitched a tent and lived in it for most of his four years at the university.

Jon's tent was on a hill thickly covered with mimosa and live oak, with purple and green rocks. Most of the time, he lived in it alone. Above his cot, he had tacked a picture of Barbara Robbins, which he had cut out of a campus publication. When company was expected in the tent, the picture came down.

Strong winds blew around the tent, and there were storms. It was rumored that during one storm neighbors had urged him to spend the night with them, but he had declined because he just wasn't domesticated, thank you.

He cooked on a small camping stove and used the creek below for water and the woods for other conveniences. What he ate didn't matter as long as there was lots of it. One favorite food was rattlesnake, served in chunks or in slices, cooked, fried, barbecued, curried or stewed.

What he wore mattered *(Continued on page 79)*

Jon examines plankton collected on a 12,000-mile cruise. He will become a marine biologist after Naval service.

PAPA and the BOMB

There is laughter in this story,
but as you smile, you will be warmed by faith—
young faith that is the hope of tomorrow

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN
ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

"This bomb," my father said, holding the coffee can for all to admire, "is not for destruction. It could be the saving of the whole human race."

Sometimes I really worry about my old man. All my life he's been coming up with these wild ideas, so I guess I should be used to it. But I'm not. He can still surprise me.

For instance, the other night I'm sitting in the kitchen doing my geometry homework, and my mother is also in the kitchen baking a honey cake, when up he comes from the cellar with this expression on his face, and I could see he had another brainstorm.

So my mother was busy putting the cake in the oven, and I ignored him. I mean, I tried to ignore him, but he wouldn't let me. Down he sits in the other chair and starts drumming on the table with his fingers. He made me so nervous I made a blot on my paper, which means I got to start over from scratch because in this crazy class I'm in neatness counts ten per cent. But I still pretend to ignore him; only my mother makes the mistake of looking at him, and all my efforts go for nothing. Once he catches your eye, he feels free to talk.

"Well," he said with a big sigh. "Well, I got it."

My mother washed the mixing bowl with her back to him, but by this time it was too late.

"At last," he said, sighing again. "At last I got it."

There was only one thing to do now, or else this could have gone on all night.

"What?" I asked. "What have you got now?"

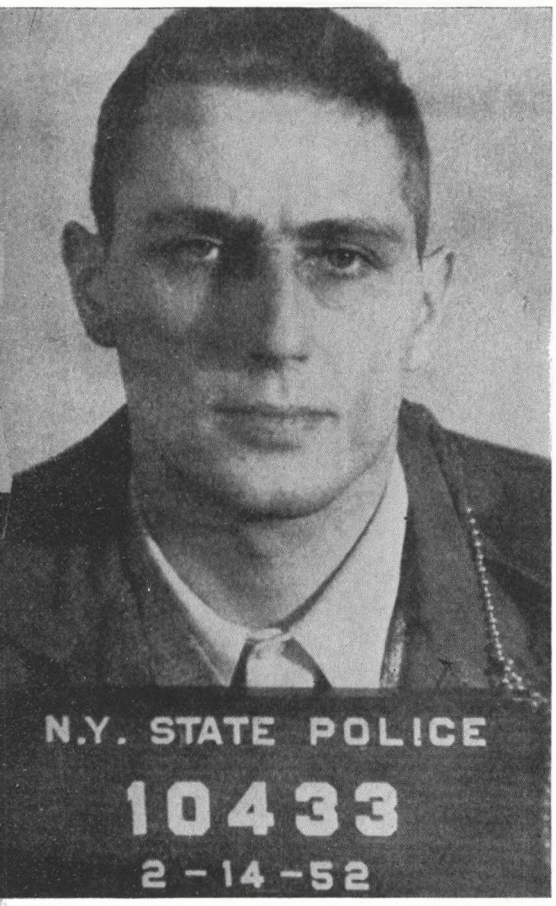
"I have got," he announced solemnly, "—the bomb."

From the way he said it, you could tell he didn't mean just any old bomb with an alarm clock attached, like some guy tries to blow up Grand Central Station with. He meant The Bomb.

"The bomb?" my mother said. And she muttered an expression in Yiddish, which roughly translated means: "This we need like all our teeth should ache top and bottom, so they got to be pulled out by a one-armed blacksmith."

But the point is she wasn't any more surprised than I was to hear my father had The *(Continued on page 66)*

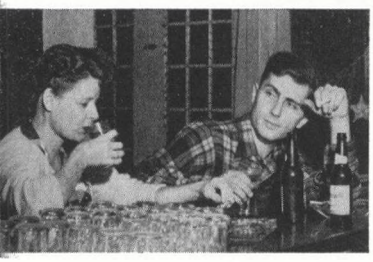
"I sent myself to JAIL"

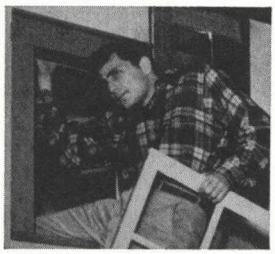


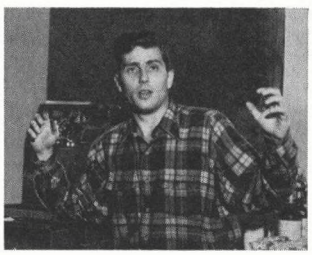
To get the facts about a special brand of human misery, a young father went behind bars—as a common thief

BY WILLIAM B. HARTLEY

Photos by Newsday







Don Kellerman's "crime": To get into prison, he staged a burglary of a tavern. After sitting around to arouse suspicion, Kellerman broke in through a rear window and was "caught."

One morning Don Kellerman, a handsome, clean-cut young man, kissed his wife Joan good-by and, after a quick look at his sleeping baby daughter, left his suburban home for work.

The next morning Don Kellerman, dirty and unkempt, awoke on the cold cement floor of a jail, where he was being held for suspected burglary.

But Kellerman was no ordinary criminal. He was behind bars because he *wanted* to be. He had committed a crime with only one purpose in mind: to get caught and sent to jail.

A police reporter for *Newsday* in Long Island, N. Y., Kellerman had often come home nights unable to sleep because of what he had seen—policemen callously mistreating suspected offenders and even innocent youngsters.

One day he had seen a 12-year-old boy, who had run away from home, brutally slapped until he finally blurted out his name and address.

Another time he had watched a police officer slam his fist into the face of a 17-year-old boy accused of a minor offense—while the boy's mother stood by. As the youth collapsed, bleeding from the mouth, the woman rushed toward the policeman, screaming, "Why did you do that to my boy? If I leave him here, you'll kill him!"

After Don Kellerman had a child of his own, such brutality shocked him even more. It could happen to *anybody's* child. He began to wonder how youngsters were treated behind bars—when there was no one to see what went on. Shouldn't other fathers and mothers know about that? And wasn't it a reporter's job to find out for them?

Don talked it over with his wife Joan. They decided there was only one place where he could get the information he wanted. In jail.

Don went to Alan Hathway, managing editor of the paper, and outlined his plan. An experienced newspaperman who knows initiative when he sees it, Hathway saw immediately that here was the making of a great story. He took the idea to *Newsday's* publisher Alicia Patterson, who agreed that Don would have to be arrested for a crime and jailed, *with no one in authority knowing the facts.*

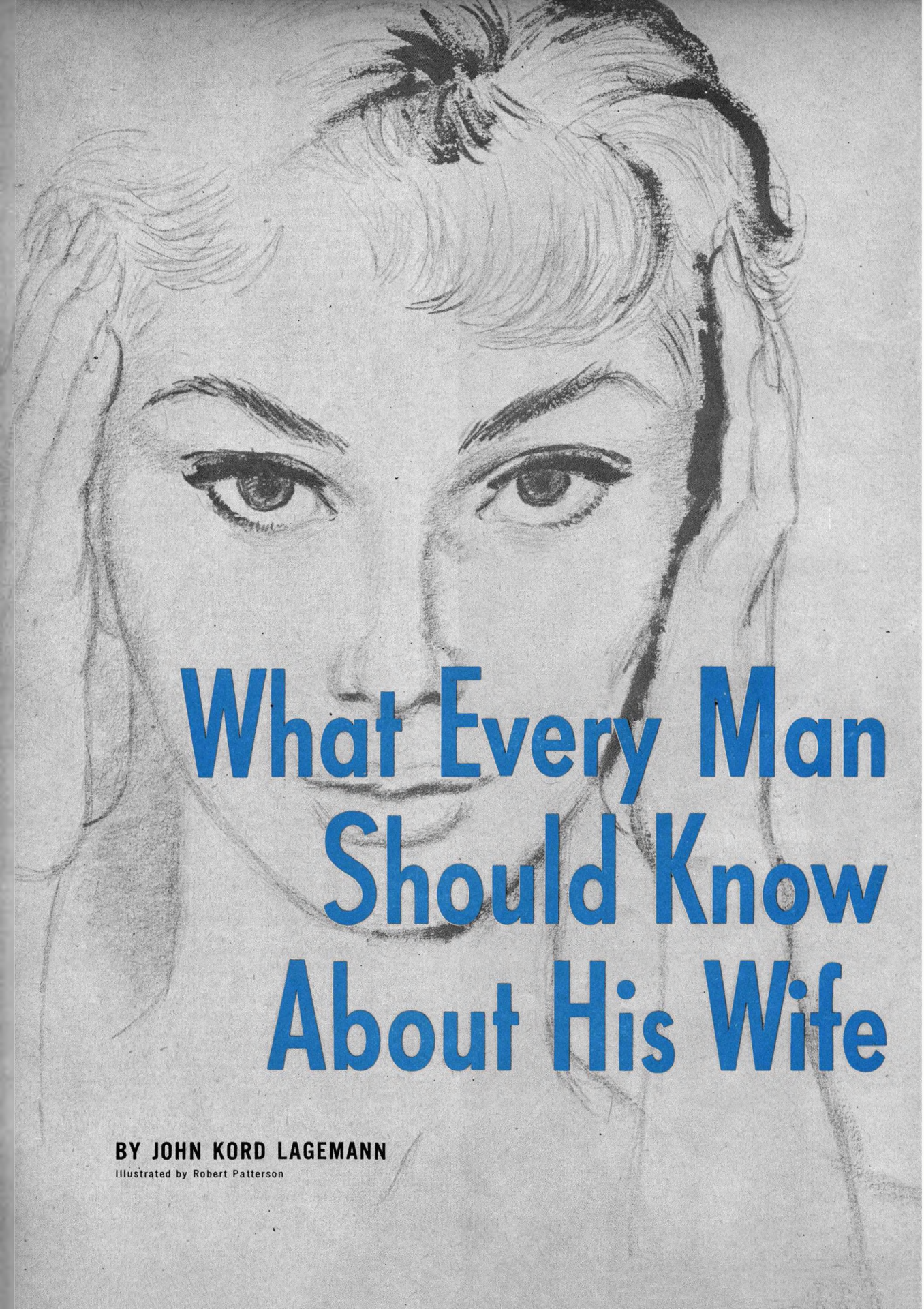
The best procedure, it was decided, would be for Don to get caught "robbing" a tavern near the State Police barracks. This tavern was not in the same county where Don worked as a police reporter, so there was little chance of his being recognized by the policemen at the scene of the crime, or later at the station house. Youthful in appearance, he would tell the police he was an 18-year-old drug clerk named David Crandall, out from New York City for a spree.

The danger was considerable. A trigger-happy cop might shoot at him. No one could tell exactly what would happen at the scene of the robbery. And no one knew what dangers of disease or ill-treatment Don would have to face behind bars.

Don felt Joan and the baby would be better off in her mother's apartment while he was away. Very much worried about them, he considered giving up the whole project for fear that something would happen to him and Joan and the baby would be left alone. Finally, feeling pretty grim about the whole affair, but determined to *(Continued on page 88)*

Joan Kellerman shared her husband's ordeal. She couldn't tell even close friends where he was—or why.

Photo by Ike Vern



What Every Man Should Know About His Wife

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Illustrated by Robert Patterson

How can a man understand a woman's feelings?

Is there any way he can predict how she will act? Here is what science has discovered about the fascinating changes that every young woman goes through every month— and how a man can learn to live through them with her

● Why do men have so much trouble understanding women? In the past few years, science has found important new answers to that question. These answers have come from discoveries about the remarkable physical changes that a woman goes through each month—and how these changes influence her emotions and actions from day to day.

What makes understanding so difficult for a man is that he goes through no comparable chemical ups and downs. The powerful sex hormones that regulate his body chemistry decline gradually with age, but they vary little from month to month or even year to year. In a woman, they change daily —and each change predisposes her to feel and act in certain ways.

A woman's various sex hormones are poured into the blood stream in amounts and ratios that follow a fairly regular cycle of 23 to 35 days—the menstrual cycle. If husbands and wives understood exactly what happens during this monthly experience, they would be prepared to avoid much pain, embarrassment and disharmony in married life.

Each menstrual cycle is a drama in which the stake is human existence. No two women ever perform it the same way, and even in the same woman, no two performances are exactly alike. But the plot is always the same: nature's struggle to create in woman's body the conditions necessary to produce a new human being.

Most men and women regard the period of menstrual discharge as if it were the entire production. Actually there is never a moment during a woman's reproductive lifetime when her mind and body are not affected by the ebb and flow of the sex hormones that regulate the process. It is only in our own generation that science has enabled us to follow the entire cycle, act by act.

Before we witness the play, let's see how the stage is set for it during the years from conception to puberty. To begin with, sex is determined at conception by the chromosomes of the mother's egg and the father's sperm. The embryo reveals no clue until the sixth week, when ovaries begin to form in the girl and testes in the boy. It's only in about the ninth week that the accessory sex organs begin to appear.

Before the baby girl is born, her ovaries have formed and stored her lifetime reserve of eggs—an estimated 400,000, of which about 400 will come to maturity during her reproductive years. During the first 12 to 14 years of life, however, the ovaries, like the testes of the male, are dormant—until they are awakened by the magic wand of the pituitary gland. This bean-shaped gland at the base of the brain begins to release into the blood stream a hormone that causes the ovaries in girls and the testes in boys to start secreting their own respective sex hormones.

Femininity and masculinity are not just chemical reactions. But the sex hormones have a lot to do with each. Woman's ovaries secrete two main kinds, estrogen and progesterone. In addition, her adrenal glands, located near the spine just over the kidneys, produce in very small amounts a form of the male hormone, testosterone. The male likewise secretes a little estrogen along with much larger amounts of the male hormone. Thus every normal man and woman represents a mixture of male and female, but a predominance of one kind of hormone over the others makes all the difference.

During adolescence the secretion of estrogen into a girl's blood stream causes the primary sex organs and breasts to grow to mature size. Under its influence the voice changes, hair grows in feminine patterns, and changes in bone structure and fat distribution make up the body contours of mature womanhood. Menstruation begins, and with it subtle changes in personality and outlook on life.

In the male, the secretion of testosterone produces the characteristics of manhood. For him the reproductive role is relatively simple. All that is required of his body is that it manufacture large quantities of sperm and deposit them where they have the best chance of meeting an egg.

In woman, on the other hand, the sex hormones must fluctuate constantly *(Continued on page 63)*

Mr. Lynn

Seldom can a girl outrival her husband at his job; even fire him — and then turn his jealousy into self-respect

BY WILLIAMS FORREST

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

Darling—?" Lynn said, her husky voice uncertain—

Joe Wilder stretched amiably. He was a tall, smiling, blond young man; his face was alert, his eyes clean, blue and tolerant. It was Friday evening, and they could forget the office, where they both worked, until the alarm rang Monday morning. "Yes'm?" he asked.

He drew her onto his lap. Lynn was light and fragrant, and Joe allowed his senses to feast on her—on the clean perfume of her shining chestnut hair and smooth skin, the pulse and breathing of her small, slender body, the arch of her cheek.

"I think we ought to go out to dinner," said Lynn. "To a nice, intimate place—where we can hold hands and talk, and hear soft music—"

Joe groaned. "We can have all that here," he said. "Why go out?" He hated to leave the sanctuary of the apartment. The strain of worrying about his job had made him desire this closed-in, safe place. "If you're tired, I'll do all the cooking," he said. His voice became exaggerated: "I'll be ze great chef. Why, I'll even do the dishes by myself!"

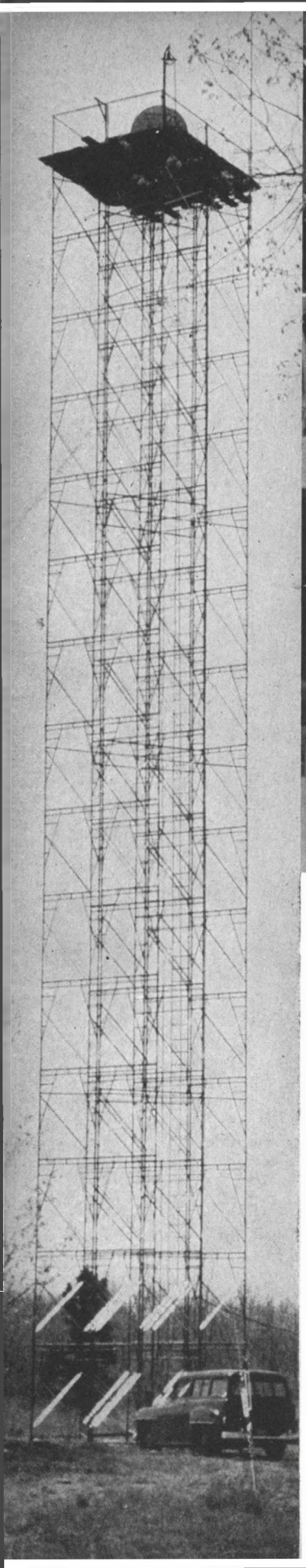
Lynn returned his grin with a wan smile. There was something she had to tell him tonight, and she couldn't say it here. They'd had this apartment ever since their marriage a year before, and the memories that had been dreamed within its walls were beautiful; she must not make a bad one their companion.

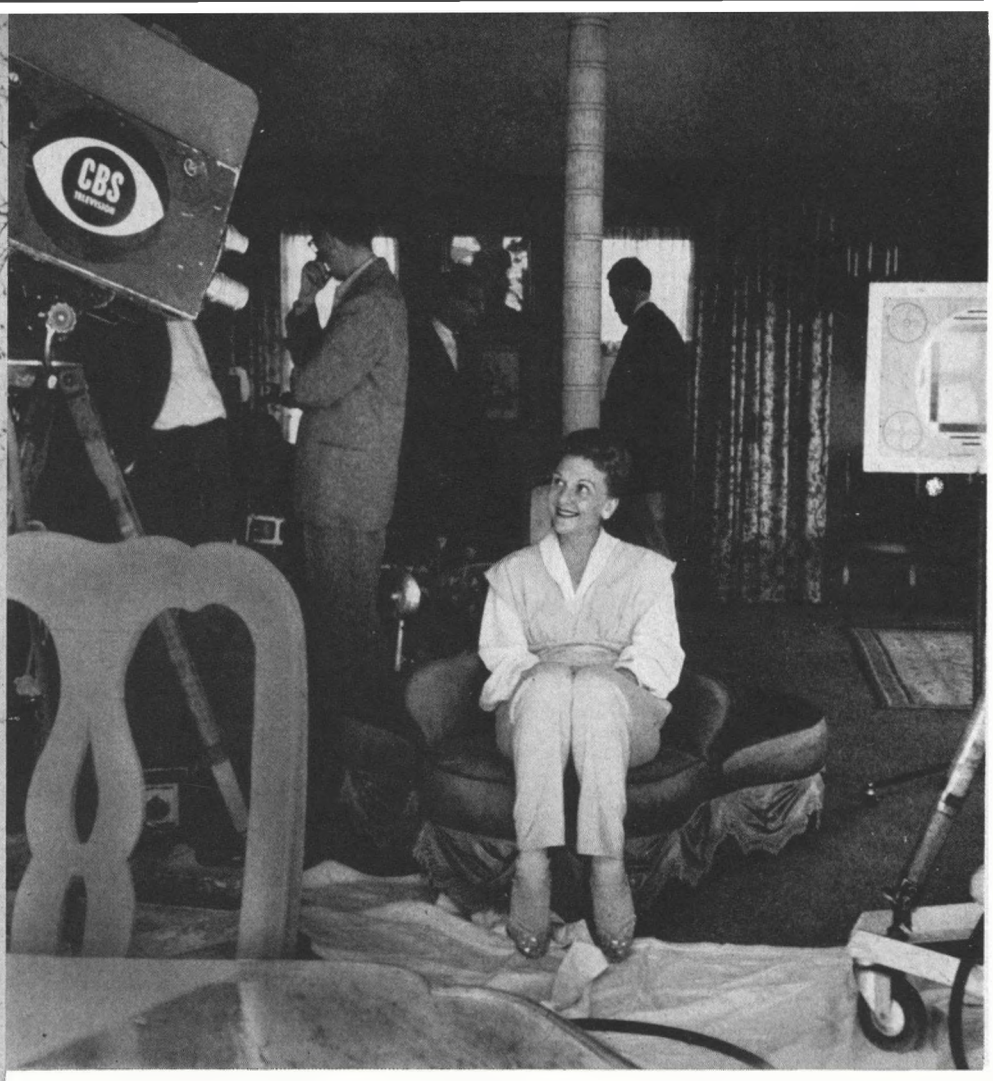
She, too, acted a beguiling part. "You're not proud of your wife any more? You don't wish to display her to the envious mob? For shame!"

"I'm so proud of you," he countered, "that I want to keep you all to myself."

Lynn straightened on his lap, patted her hair, then stood up with a single supple motion. Now she looked brisk—the young, authoritative businesswoman who in the past six months had moved ahead of Joe in the company.

"All kidding aside, I do *(Continued on page 81)*





Several days before "Person to Person" went into Mary Martin's home, the telephone company erected this 100-foot tower *(left)* to send signals to New York.

From noon on of the day of the show, Mary rehearsed with the four cameras and thirty-four technicians distributed throughout various parts of the house.

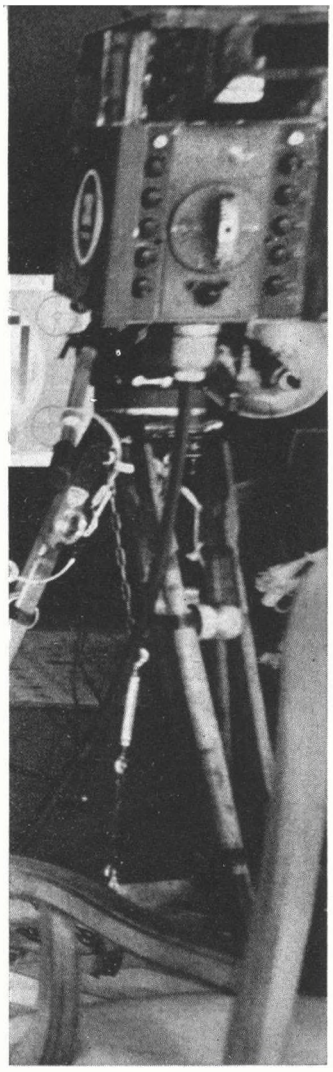
Getting to Know MARY MARTIN

The inside story of how Edward R. Murrow interviewed Mary Martin on his "Person to Person" show

BY FLORENCE SOMERS
PHOTOS BY ZINN ARTHUR

• The delightful surprise of last year's television season was the instantaneous success of Edward R. Murrow's revealing show "Person to Person" on CBS-TV (Friday 10:30 P.M.). The finest program in this series of interviews with prominent people was the visit to Mary Martin's charming home in South Norwalk, Connecticut. Mary, who had been feted by everyone during the sensational run of "South Pacific," never experienced anything as thrilling as the public's reaction to this program. Thousands of viewers wrote in for copies of a Chinese proverb that Mary worked into a hooked rug. We reprint the proverb on page 82 of this issue.

These pictures show the preparations necessary to put on this show. The production staff visited the home a week ahead in order to select the sections to be photographed. On the day of the telecast, Mary and her husband, Richard Halliday, entertained everyone working on the program and a few neighbors at a lavish buffet supper.



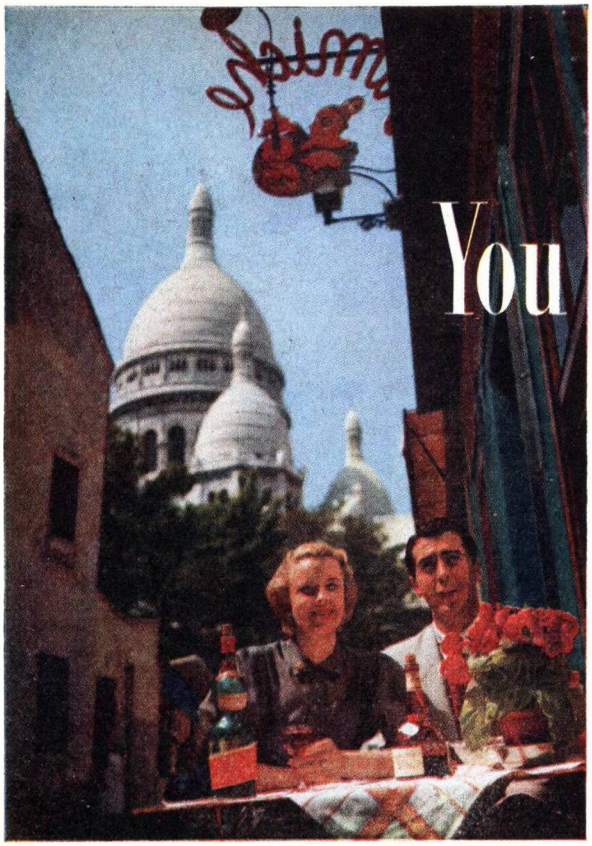
Young Heller Halliday, Mary's daughter, was recovering from the mumps when the telecast took place. She made this sign, which was televised, and watched the preparations from afar.

The celebrities, who are not paid for their appearances, wear portable microphones such as this one resembling a brooch, which Chuck Hill, one of the program's directors, adjusted.

Mary wore a full skirt to conceal the batteries fastened around her waist. When men appear on the show. batteries are put in their pockets.

Although Heller was not seen on the show, her voice was heard. She listened in her bedroom until technicians gave her the cue to go on. The dress in the glass case on the wall is the first gown designed by Mainbocher for her.

Edward R. Murrow, who had talked with Mary prior to the telecast, waited in his CBS studio in New York for Mary's image to appear on his screen. Then, in his delightfully informal fashion, he took his enthusiastic audience to visit Mary.



You Can Afford This

Here's how to plan that vacation of your dreams. Now you can make the entire tour at surprisingly low cost

BY HORACE SUTTON

FRANCE
You can eat, drink, and enjoy Paris in a sidewalk restaurant.

ITALY
The turreted beauty of Atrani, a fishing village on the Tyrrhenian seacoast, is a traveler's delight.

Trip to EUROPE...

SPAIN

It's fiesta each spring when gay, well-to-do people in holiday costume ride on horseback to the Seville Fair.

IRELAND

The awesome serenity of Killarney can be enjoyed by a person riding by boat across the three connected lakes.

Have you ever dreamed of walking through the heather of a Scottish moor? Or thought of sailing a Norwegian fjord? Or imagined that you were strolling under the chestnut trees along the Champs Elysees on a fall afternoon in Paris?

What did you do? Forget the dreams and hope they might come true when you were older? If so, I don't agree with your decision. As a professional traveler who visits Europe several times a year, I say the time to go to Europe is when you're young.

Lack of money needn't be a barrier. If you plan your trip for the fall thrift season, you can save from $80 to $100 on your plane fare, $15 to $30 on your passage by ship. Besides, some countries offer reductions up to 25 per cent on hotels and meals during the winter months. Furthermore, you can pay for some tours on the installment plan. So far as really seeing Europe is concerned, the cities come back to life during the thrift season when the summer rush of tourists has gone home.

It is possible to spend 28 days, four full weeks, on a trip to and around Europe, at a total cost of $460. This includes round-trip passage in an air-conditioned cabin on a new ocean liner which specializes in tourist-class facilities, and it also includes 10 full days in Europe. If you want to spend more time in Europe, you can take passage on a ship which crosses the ocean in half the time, but which does not provide special accommodations for tourist-class travelers.

In any case, you will need extra money only for wine, souvenirs, tips and occasional extravagances. Surprisingly, Europe can be visited at even less cost if you are extra careful in your planning. And that's not all. Several transatlantic airlines have devised plans which permit you to go now and pay later. If you earn $300 a month, you can sign up today at your travel agent or airline ticket office and be eligible to leave *four days from now.*

The cheapest way to get across the sea is still by ship. Check the charts on page 86 and compare the rates. Bear in mind that some ships, notably the *Ryndam* and the *Maasdam* of the Holland-America Line, the *Kungsholm* of the Swedish American Line and the new *Olympia* of the Greek Line, have been built with private baths, air-conditioning and swimming pools, and offer virtual run-of-the-ship, all at standard tourist-class rates which begin at $165 for the one-way run from New York to England or France.

If you haven't the time to go by ship, tourist-class aircraft now fly you over in 12 to 14 hours for as little as $372.80 round trip, figuring New York to Shannon, Ireland, in the thrift season. Check the charts for comparative

SWITZERLAND

You can sit on top of the world on the Gorner Grat, a 10,289-foot ridge. An excursion from Zermatt will take you to see this finest view of the Alps.

AUSTRIA

People of the Austrian Tyrol often dress in Old World clothes. This man and girl are wearing costumes popular in the Tyrol for the past 150 years.

costs, but remember the planes are usually the same whether you go tourist or first class. Tourist planes carry more passengers, dish out less food and frills.

Tip: Icelandic Airlines, a scheduled carrier, flying DC-4s, can beat the price of all other scheduled airlines by anywhere from $85 to $120 on round-trip fares. Rates are lower because Icelandic carries more cargo. Seats are standard, complimentary meals are served, and there are flights three times a week to Scandinavia and Germany.

The two big questions, once you've decided that you're going, are when to leave and what to visit. Europe in fall, winter and spring has theater, ballet and city life in full swing. Reservations are easier to make, rooms are easier to find, prices are generally lower. Transatlantic air transportation, as you see from the chart, offers a great inducement to travel during the off season.

And you can visit southern Europe, play on the fabulous Riviera of France and Italy, idle away a weekend at Capri or Sorrento the way the Russian dukes and Polish countesses of another era escaped the deep freeze of the Slavic winter. Down in Sicily the season really never gets started until the middle of December.

Tip: If you must go in the summer, bear in mind that the picture-book ski villages of the French Alps are in their low-cost off-season in summer.

Where to go? Well, there are 21 countries to choose from, and if I were you I would visit *(Continued on page 85)*

MONEY-SAVING TIPS

1. A married couple can save $10 by getting just one passport for both of them. Unless husband or wife travels part way alone, there's no need for separate passports, which would cost $10 for each.

2. Buy your foreign currency in the U. S. and you'll save from four to ten per cent, since the official exchange is better here than abroad. However, check the amount of money you're allowed to take into each country.

3. If you plan to fly, check the savings you can make from Icelandic Airlines, possibly transferring at Hamburg if you're not visiting Scandinavia. Round trip to Oslo is $118.40 less than tourist fares of other lines.

4. You can save 12½ per cent on railway travel in the British Isles by buying railway coupons before you leave the U. S. You'll get 1000 miles of third-class travel for $18, or 1000 miles of first-class travel for $27.

5. Last fall, Italy announced a thrift-season reduction of 25 per cent on meals, rooms and transportation for all tourists booking through recognized travel agents. France has a similar plan afoot for hotel rates in Paris and the Riviera.

ENGLAND

Typically old English is The Duke of Cambridge Inn, near London, on the road from London to Hampton Court Palace.

SCANDINAVIA

"Delicious" is the word for Scandinavian cooking. Some of the most tempting dishes are served in the Wivex Restaurant in Copenhagen.

HOLLAND

The round cheeses of Alkmaar are much sought after. Each year they attract many tourists to the famed market place.

SEPTEMBER'S SAD

BY ZOA SHERBURNE
ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Judith watched him windmilling his arms into his jacket, and it was a temptation to reach out and brush back the lock of dark hair that drooped engagingly over his forehead. It was a temptation that she sternly resisted, for there was a feeling of hostility in the unnatural quiet of the breakfast room.

She got up and moved about the kitchen, gathering up the breakfast dishes. The taffeta of her housecoat made a satisfying whoosh-whoosh as she moved from table to sink and then back again, and she was aware that Larry's eyes followed her with a certain wariness. Was he expecting another argument?

Judith's chin came up, but she kept her voice carefully light:

"Better hurry if you don't want to be late."

This time it was impossible to mistake the relief in his eyes. Judith's heart twisted a little, but she turned her head so that his good-by kiss barely grazed her cheek. There was still time. He could still smile, if he wanted to, and say something like "How about coming along?"

Then the moment was gone.

She stood very still until she heard the quiet closing of the front door. In the darkened hallway she drew the curtain aside for a last glimpse of his hurrying figure.

There was new confidence in the way he squared his shoulders, in the carefree swing to his step. Judith's eyes blurred as he reached the corner and was out of sight without even a wave or backward glance.

She turned slowly, and her eyes fell on the wedding picture. Her own wedding picture. The hall mirror threw back her reflection as she picked up the photograph and looked at it for a long unsmiling moment.

Even this early in the day, Judith's hair was brushed up into satiny wings, and her lipstick had been carefully applied. Early in her marriage she had sworn never to let herself fall into the untidy habit of half-dressing for breakfast. She wouldn't be caught dead in the loose kimono and slippers that her mother used to wear. *Her* home life was going to be serene and dignified. A shining, clean house and well-balanced meals. A gracious, serene wife and mother. . . .

She stared hard at the face of the Judith who had made these fine-sounding vows. Somewhere along the line she had failed . . . but where?

Almost against her will Judith found herself remembering one of her mother's gentle warnings. Her mother's warnings weren't always gentle . . . sometimes she lost her temper and shrilled like a fishwife. That was another thing Judith was determined not to bring into her own marriage. Temper.

But she remembered the warning all the same: "The quickest way to kill love, Judith, is to smother it."

Of course it didn't apply to her. Maybe she was a little possessive, but . . .

She put the photograph back on the hall table and turned toward the kitchen.

She left the breakfast dishes to soak and hurried through the living and dining rooms, adjusting the blinds with quick, impatient fingers. A sickly September pallor sifted into the room, touching up the faint dust on the high gloss of a table top. Judith stayed her hand just before she swept the dust away with a flick of her handkerchief. Maybe there were other things in a home more important than gleaming furniture and stiffly starched curtains.

Her mother hadn't minded a feathering of dust along the carpets, and her mother's home had always had a relaxed, lived-in feeling.

"Dad and all of us kids were happier at home than anywhere else." She said the words aloud and waited, feeling on the verge of some important discovery.

"The best way to hold people you love is to tie them loose." That was another of her mother's quotations. Funny that she should be thinking of it this morning.

She should have seen it coming long before this. The way Larry pulled against her love . . . her—why not admit it?—her possessiveness.

She had been so sure that Larry planned to have her go with him. She had planned to wear her blue suit and the off-the-face hat with a single rose on the tiny brim. Larry's eyes had approved the hat the day she brought it home from the store, but . . .

"I'll wear my blue suit tomorrow," she had told him gaily yesterday. . . . Was it really only yesterday?

Then she had seen his face, his eyes veering away from hers and his mouth sulky. .She had known then, even before he said the words.

"I'm going by myself."

The doorbell's summons jangled through the house, and Judith flew to answer.

With her hand on the doorknob, she waited a moment. Careful, now. Be casual.

"Did you forget something?" she would ask. Yes, that was the right note . . . casual.

She opened the door, but it wasn't Larry standing on the porch. It was her mother.

The woman came in and pressed a swift kiss on Judith's cheek. "Hi, honey . . . I thought you might be feeling lonesome today. . . ."

Judith hugged her. "I was just thinking of you. Oh, Mom . . . I'm so glad you came!"

Her mother was taking off her coat and hat and hanging them in the hall closet. The look she tossed over her shoulder was faintly questioning. "Glad you're here, Judith. . . . I was a little afraid I might have to sit on the porch steps and wait for you."

Judith shook her head, and her smile was steady.

"Nope. He didn't want me to go."

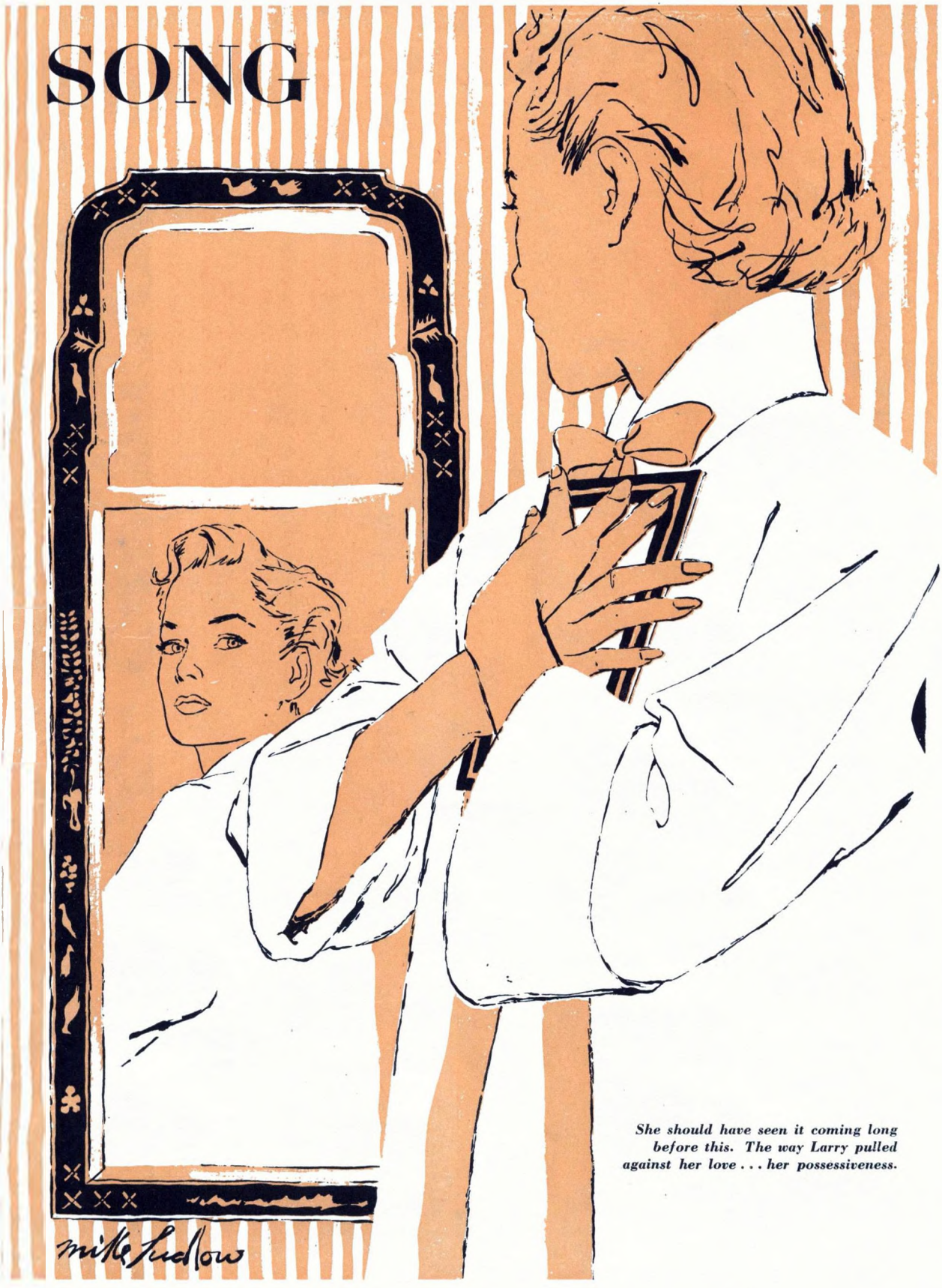
Then she caught the little twinkle in her mother's glance and spoke in a firm no-nonsense tone of voice.

"But just the same I think it's terrible, letting a little bitty guy like Larry trot off all by himself on the first day of school."

Her mother laughed warmly as she, in her wonted way, had the last words: "You know, dear, that's what we have to do to keep them from being little bitty guys all their lives."

. . . THE END

SONG



She should have seen it coming long before this. The way Larry pulled against her love . . . her possessiveness.

"MY MARRIAGE COMES FIRST"

When Cyd Charisse married Tony Martin, she put her career into the background. The result: success—as a wife and one of Hollywood's loveliest dancers

BY LLOYD SHEARER

Shortly after she married singer Tony Martin in 1948, Cyd Charisse was offered an eleven-minute dance routine in a major Hollywood production. She refused, explaining that she wanted to be with her husband on his three-month singing tour of Europe.

A studio executive, hearing of her decision, refused to believe it. "Send that girl up to me," he ordered. "I'll talk some sense to her."

When Cyd appeared, he asked mildly, "You've been dancing since the age of six. Right?"

She nodded.

"You've been trying to get a break in Hollywood since the age of twelve. Right?"

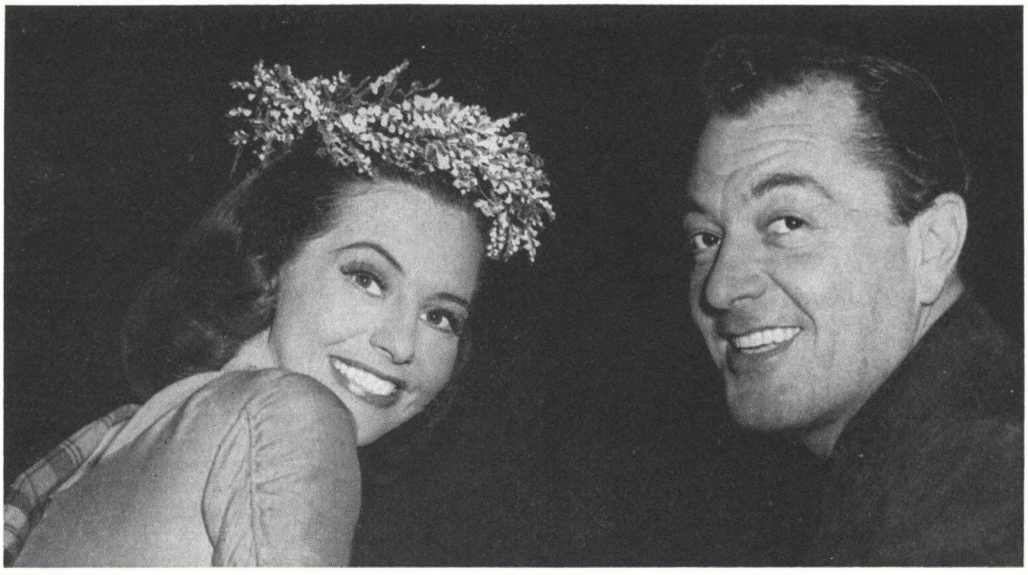
Cyd nodded again.

"Then, why in heaven's name," the executive roared, "are you turning down this number? Aren't you interested in your own career?"

Cyd smiled. "A career is a very wonderful thing," she said softly, "only you can't take it in your arms on lonely nights. I know. I've tried."

With that, she walked out of the office, drove home, packed her bags, and went off to Europe—a course of action that helps to explain why six years later Cyd Charisse is one of the happiest married women in Hollywood. Ironically, her career, which was at a standstill before she married Tony Martin, has been flourishing under this kind of "neglect." At the age of 31, she has danced her way to stardom in two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musicals,

Cyd stars with Gene Kelly in "Brigadoon." Her first big success with him was "Singing in the Rain."



The Tony Martins believe that a husband and wife should be together whenever possible—so they are!

"Singing in the Rain" and "The Bandwagon," and will be starred in two forthcoming productions, "Brigadoon" and "Kismet."

Actually, Cyd Charisse's success in her marriage and her career are closely related. When she and Tony returned from Europe in 1949, she was assigned the leading role opposite Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris," a musical which was to win the Academy Award as the best picture of 1951. Naturally she was thrilled. But a few weeks later, she walked into the producer's office and without a sign of regret announced, "I'm sorry, but I won't be able to be in your picture. I'm going to have a baby."

Later she explained her attitude to her agent. "If I'm ever going to become a big star, a few years won't make much difference. They *do* make a difference to my marriage."

Such mature understanding did not come easily to Cyd Charisse. Much of it is the result of an unsuccessful earlier marriage and of fruitless years of intense devotion to getting ahead as a dancer. Two lessons now seem clear to her: A relaxed and happy woman has a better chance of succeeding in her career than a tense and overambitious one. And even if she doesn't succeed, the happy woman is much better prepared to accept failure.

But tall, lovely, long-legged Cyd Charisse was not always "a relaxed and happy woman." How she got that way is one of Hollywood's most fascinating personal stories.

Cyd Charisse was born in a white-pillared house in Amarillo, Texas, on March 8, 1923. Her name then was Tula Ellice Finklea. She was christened this way at the suggestion of her father, Ernest E. Finklea—the owner of an Amarillo jewelry store—who wanted her named after Aunt Tula and Uncle Ellis Norwood. Her renaming started early in life, however, when her older brother had difficulty in pronouncing "Sis." The best he could do was "Sid"—and the name stuck; the spelling was changed to "Cyd" years later by a movie executive who thought it looked more exotic that way.

Cyd began taking dancing lessons at the age of six, because she was too thin. "Always tall and thin," her mother recalls. "We gave her vitamins, cod-liver oil. Nothing helped. We finally decided that dancing lessons might help her work up an appetite." They didn't. But they did help her work up a consuming ambition to become a dancer.

Dancing teachers told the family that Cyd had great talent. The summer she was twelve, they all went out to Hollywood, and Cyd auditioned for Nico Charisse, the former ballet master for Fanchon and Marco, who had just opened his own dancing academy. "If your daughter will stay here and work," Charisse told Mr. and Mrs. Finklea, "she can become a star."

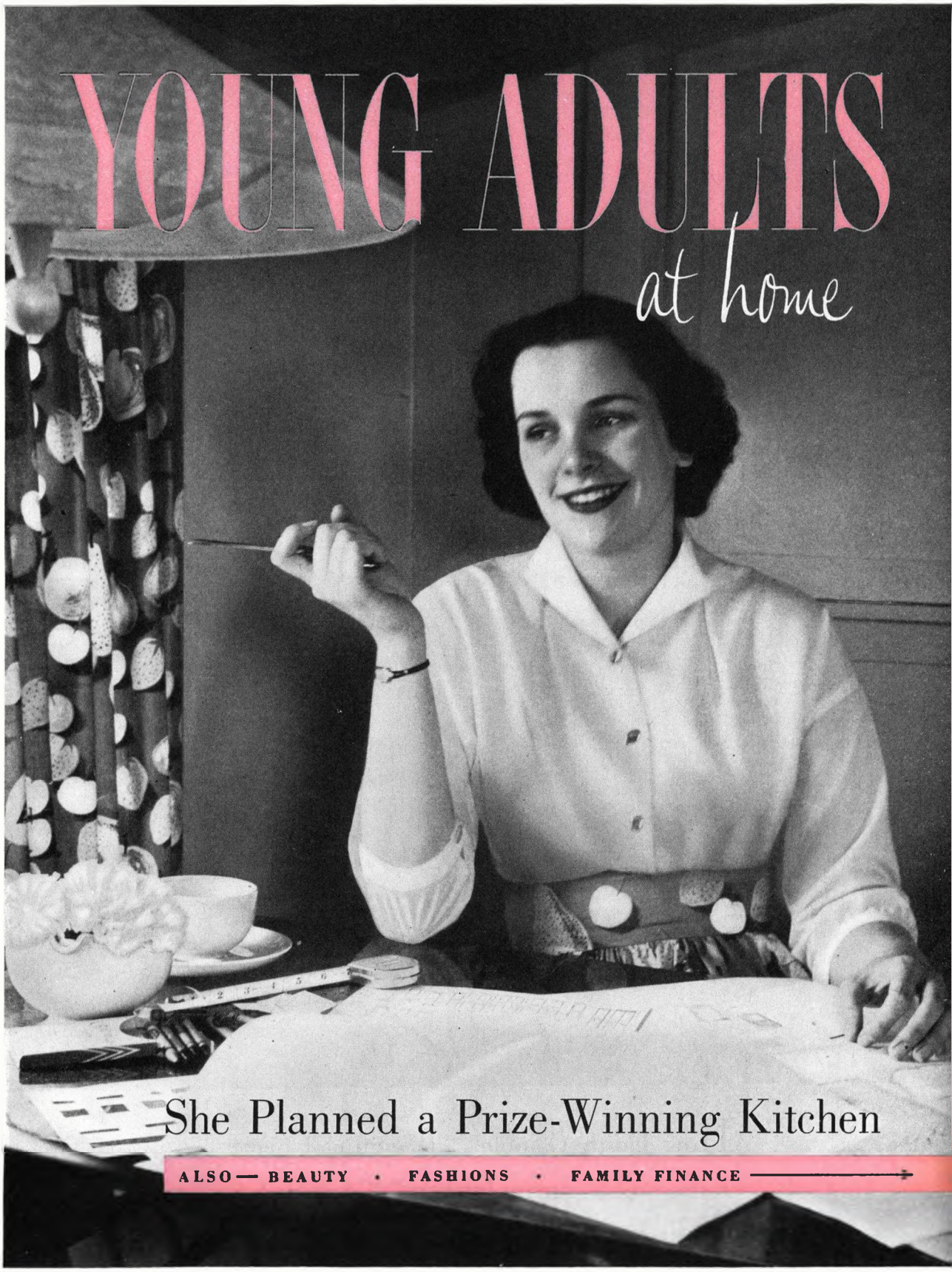
That night Ernest Finklea had a long talk with his wife. In the morning, they told Cyd she was to be enrolled in Nico Charisse's academy; she would keep up her regular studies in a Hollywood school for professional children, and she would live with a local family.

For three years, Cyd studied dancing with Nico Charisse. She practiced eight, ten hours a day and lived only to dance.

"Those were happy days for Cyd," Nico Charisse recalls. "But for me they were torture. Here is a young girl left in my charge. As she begins to grow up, I start to feel strange things. 'It's not right,' I tell myself—but that doesn't help. She is a beautiful young woman, and I find myself falling in love with her and hating myself for it. The child worships me because I've been father, brother and teacher to her. But what does she know about love between a man and a woman? It was terrible."

When Cyd was 15, she auditioned for the Ballet Russe and was given a contract to tour the United States and Europe at $125 a week. A few days before the Ballet Russe was to leave for London, however, Cyd's father died. She left the company and went back to Amarillo, but there was nothing for her to do at home. Her mother urged her to rejoin the troupe, and Nico Charisse was asked to take her to New York.

"I put her on the *Ile de France*," Charisse recalls; "a sad, beautiful young girl. When the boat was two days out on the Atlantic, I *(Continued on page 71)*


YOUNG ADULTS
at home
She Planned a Prize-Winning Kitchen
ALSO— BEAUTY • FASHIONS • FAMILY FINANCE

She Planned

How Judith Gamble's "face-lifting" plans for an old, dreary room won a "dream kitchen." We share her ideas as inspiration to others who must cope with outmoded kitchens

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

a Prize-Winning Kitchen

Photos by Tom Yee
Drawing by Pat Prichard

It would be hard to find a more inviting, more convenient kitchen than the one pictured at the left. Its predecessor, as you see above, bears hardly the faintest resemblance to this charming room. The young woman who wrought such magic is Mrs. Judith Gamble, twenty-three, and it won for her a first prize in the Crosley "Plan Your Kitchen" Contest.

When Mr. and Mrs. James Gamble of Mears, Michigan, purchased the 7-room, forty-year-old house on a fruit farm, the kitchen was its dreariest room. It was long and narrow, with sloping eaved roof at one end and a trio of twenty-year-old equipment placed haphazardly under the two narrow windows. There were only the barest essentials typical of many old, inadequate kitchens.

Almost from the first instant Judith began to visualize her new kitchen. It would take months, even years to replace outmoded equipment with new appliances—but plan it she did. And with the announcement of the contest Judith began to measure and to sketch in earnest.

She decided early on the two-wall arrangement, with two major structural changes. Into the low north wall went a large window, and in front of the window, facing the orchard, Judith placed her dining area. The door entering the kitchen was moved to confine traffic through the kitchen to one end of the room.

Other radical changes are apparent in the sleek new appliances, the carefully planned work centers under the two side windows, the pecky cypress wall paneling at one end, and the row of small soffit cabinets for out-of-the-way storage. The delicate pink of the walls is accented by vivid red counter tops and chartreuse vinyl plastic seats on stools and chairs. The three windows are curtained in a maple-ground cotton chintz, with coral, white, and yellow "Have One" print. "Spatter" pattern floor covering has predominant dots of green and coral.

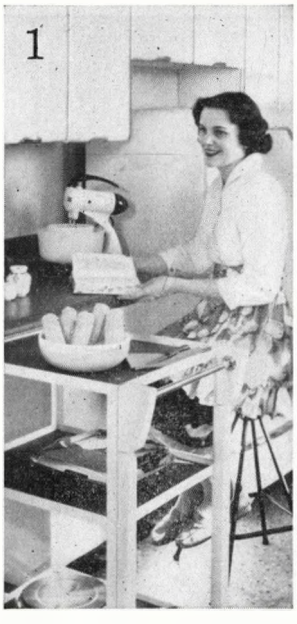
The result is a kitchen that keynotes warmth and hospitality—a glamorous kitchen, yet in keeping with the Gambles' modest style of living. And this, we think, expresses the best kind of achievement in the art of homemaking. (For more details see next page.)

When a kitchen combines many features for family living, it becomes more than just-a-kitchen!

1 Judith Gamble, perched on a comfortable back-rest stool, at food storage center. Baking supplies and electric mixer are handy for preparation of baked foods. Silent Server in foreground rolls under countertop and can be used anywhere.

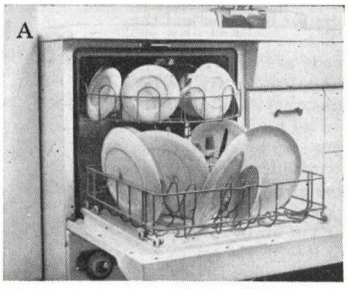
2 The cooking center has an automatic electric range with two big ovens. Big capacity range is grand for farm cooking and a growing family! Maple cutting board is handy to both sink and cooking. Accessories on wall include memo board near entrance. The two windows of old kitchen, which now overlook countertops, are curtained to match the dining area.

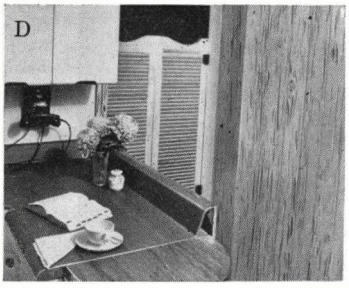
3 Handsome dining area, so essential in a farm kitchen, is located near cooking area for convenience to cooking. Table of black steel tubing has a durable plastic wood-grain top. Matching chairs are upholstered in chartreuse vinyl plastic. Hanging lamp is designed to direct most of light downward. The slated wood shade also diffuses a soft spray of upward light.



MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT IN THE GAMBLE KITCHEN

Kitchen equipment—Crosley Division (Avco Mfg. Corp.); Fabrics—Jofa; Lighting Fixtures—Lightoller; Stainless Steel Flatware—The Gorham Co.; Table Linen—Simtex Mills; Glassware—Libbey; Pyrex Ovenware—Corning Glass; Dinnerware—The Taylor, Smith & Taylor Co.; Floor Covering—Armstrong Cork; Decor Doors—Stiles, Inc.; Paint—Martin-Senour Co.; Osterizer—John Oster Mfg. Co.; Scotch Cooler—Hamilton Beach; Cook-N-Fryer, Sandwich Grill, Percolator — Westinghouse Electric; Howard Miller Clock; Kitchen Utensils—Ecko Mfg. Co.





MORE "WORK-FREE" FEATURES!

A. Front-opening dishwasher is easy to load and unload, right from sink. Smooth top gives room for stacking dishes. Judith merely scrapes and rinses dishes, then stacks them in dishwasher—they wash and dry by themselves. No hand-dishwashing or drying for this busy farm family!

B. Judith finds a freezer not only practical but necessary for farm living. Her freezer has a top-opening, with shelves in the lid. Wall cabinets hold freezer packaging supplies, and are hung so they do not interfere with opening of lid.

C. Handy to the range is this open shelf for condiments and seasonings all within easy reach. A ventilating fan is set flush with the wall and keeps cooking odors out of the kitchen.

D. Judith's planning desk is near refrigerator, and is often used for "parking" groceries and as a serving counter. Note pecky cypress paneling and smart louvered doors leading to dining room. Doors are spray-painted to match the walls.

Add-a-unit planning centers and suggestions for modernizing detailed on next page ——→

Does your kitchen lack efficiency, beauty?

Then plan now to modernize

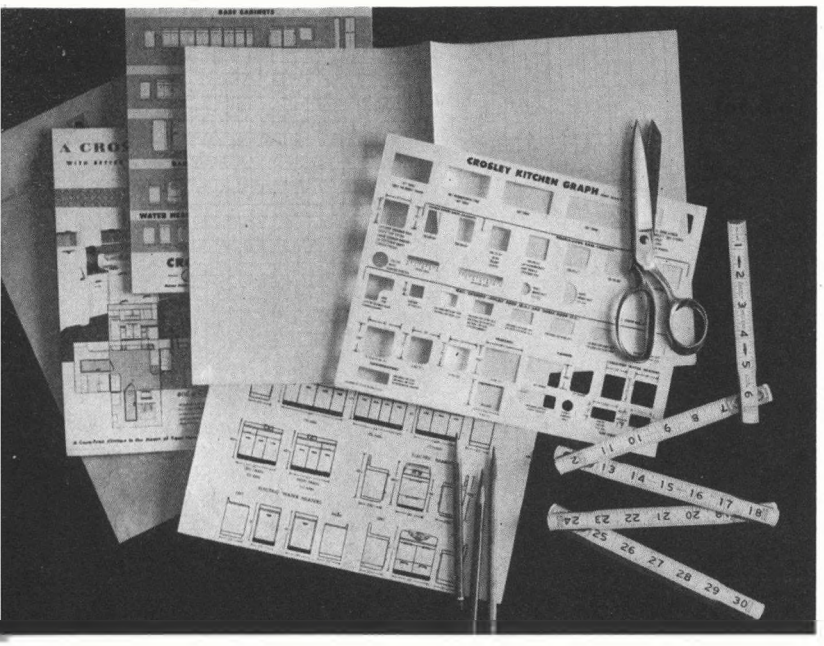
The kitchen re-do you've just seen is proof that you can start with an inadequate, poorly arranged room and turn it into a top-performer. With new paint, new accessories, you can make it look less like a "workshop," yet keep its solid efficiency intact. And best of all, you need not do the actual modernization all at one time. You can spread the cost of appliances and installation over a period of months, even years. But to achieve harmony at the end, you *do* need a basic plan.

A good practical beginning is first to think of appliances in terms of "work centers." Both from an appliance-purchase and installation standpoint this is the common-sense approach. The basic centers (you see them on the next page) are, (1) cooking and serving, (2) food storage, (3) cleanup. Related areas include the laundry and dining areas. Ideally, the basic work centers form a triangle to allow the fewest steps between each one. But whatever your plan, there should be a continuous flow of work from *storage* to *food preparation* to *serving*. Combine these areas with as much work surface and storage space as size permits, and you have a kitchen where ease and harmony are made to order!

Next make a rough sketch of your present kitchen. It's important to *measure* accurately all areas of the kitchen, noting location of present appliances. Measure doors and windows, including trim. Jot these measurements down on your sketch, using a scale of one inch to one foot. Now you are ready for a revised sketch, planning your new kitchen around the work-center arrangement. Remember, there is no hard and fast rule. You simply arrange units in the way most convenient to you.

Finally, you choose and fit into your plan the appliances and cabinets you plan to buy. If your remodeling is extensive and immediate, and you'd like the advice of a kitchen expert, keep in mind that most appliance manufacturers offer this service free of charge. Your local dealer is the man to see. Either he or the manufacturer will review your plan, supplying ideas, costs and installation information.

Kitchen Planning Kit for You—



Here is a basic planning kit that will show you how to plan your kitchen just as professional planners do. It is yours for only 25c and the coupon below.

Kit is made available to us by the Crosley Appliance Division of AVCO. It explains, very simply, the "how" and "why" of kitchen planning—shows you step by step how to present your ideas. You'll have all the tools you need except a yardstick and pencil.

For your kit, fill in coupon, and mail it with 25c to:
Redbook Magazine, Dept. C, 2225 McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio
In Canada, write to:
Redbook Magazine, 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Canada

Please send Kitchen Planning Kit to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE_____ STATE_____

These well-planned work centers can be added to your kitchen a unit at a time

Cooking and serving center is the "hub" of the work-center triangle. Place it as near to eating area or dining room as possible for quickest serving. Center has automatic range and base cabinets at either or both sides for storage and work surface. Store large pans and kettles here, and use smaller drawers for utensils, extra towels. Overhead cabinets take your staples—coffee, tea, sugar—and serving dishes. Wall vent or fan above range will keep your kitchen clean and odor-free. Electric wall outlets near range are handy for toaster, coffee maker, hand-mixer, fry-kettle. Have permanent cutting board here for preparation of vegetables, meats and fowl.

Food storage center should include both refrigerator and food freezer. They may be combined in one unit or two separate appliances. Adjoining work surface cabinets are ideal for your baking and mixing, and for packaging of foods for freezer. Store bowls, baking dishes, electric mixer here in base cabinets—also mixing spoons, spatulas, scrapers. Paper towel rack is handy. Food freezers now come with top opening or front opening. Choose the model best suited to your kitchen plan and family needs. Install refrigerator so door opens away from work surface, and freezer so lid or door does not interfere with cabinets. Strategically placed wall cabinets take mixes, sugar, flour. Allocate one cabinet for freezer packaging supplies.

Cleanup center is usually located near or under a window, but always near the source of water. Today's cleanup center has sink, food-waste disposer, automatic dishwasher. You'll find them worth their weight in gold, because they end the once-fearsome chore of kitchen cleanup. Dishes rinsed and put in dishwasher are hygienically washed in water hotter than your hands can stand. They can remain right in dishwasher until the next mealtime. Whether or not you can have a food-waste disposer depends on local plumbing codes, so be sure to check before buying. Cabinet space is important here for brushes, hand-soaps, towels and other cleaning supplies.

Drawings by Margaret Nielsen Fleming

Two of Mrs. Gamble's Favorite recipes

COUNTRY STYLE MEAT LOAF

2 pounds ground beef
1 package frozen mixed vegetables
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1½ cups (4 slices) soft bread cubes
1 medium onion
1 can condensed tomato soup
3 tablespoons soft butter

Preheat oven at 375°F. (moderate).

Put ground beef into a deep mixing bowl. Add mixed vegetables, salt, pepper and parsley. Let stand until vegetables are partially thawed and separate easily.

Meanwhile, cut bread into cubes. Mince the onion finely. Add to ground-meat mixture with half the tomato soup. Mix well to blend.

Grease a 2-quart baking dish with half the butter. Pack meat into pan. Pour remaining soup over top and dot with the rest of the butter.

Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Let stand about 10 minutes before slicing. Serves 8.

MILK-AND-HONEY APPLE TART

1 unbaked 9-inch pastry crust
5 medium apples
½ cup white sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon allspice
4 tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup rich scalded milk
½ cup honey

Preheat oven to 425°F. (hot).

Make up ½ package piecrust mix or your favorite recipe for a single 9-inch piecrust. Put into 9-inch pie plate. Peel apples. Cut in quarters and arrange in crust.

In a deep bowl, mix sugar, salt, spices and cornstarch. Gradually add milk; stir constantly. Add honey. Pour mixture over apples in the pie crust.

Bake in hot oven, 425°F., for 10 minutes, then lower heat to 375°F. (moderate oven) and bake for another 30 minutes. Let cool before slicing. Makes 8 servings.

NOTE: To prevent oven stains, if honey bubbles over edges, put aluminum foil on oven rack below the pie. Do not put foil on rack with pie.


beauty
accents
...color

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

Our Cover: The model wears Toni Viv lipstick in vivid red. Lanolin Plus Liquid Make-up. For fashion information, turn to page 60.

Gone is the pale beauty. This fall the emphasis is on color, not only in fashions hut in make-up. We present here the vibrant lipstick with immense color-depth; definitely colored eye make-up to add brilliance to the eyes—your most expressive feature.

The lips have it—color richness in any one of six new intense shades, from pink to plum, to complement your complexion and this season's fashion colors. Our Miss Pretty-mouth chooses Toni's new Viv lipstick in vivid coral. Something to talk about —the cardigan sweater aptly called "Kiss-Met" with its mad arrangement of cutout felt lips is by Goldworm. The bright nail polish is "Cute Tomata" red by Cutex.

The eyes have it—glamour through color. Hazel, blue, green or brown, there's an eye make-up in a subtle shade especially for you. Here, Miss Hazel-eyes wears jade green eye shadow, Everpoint brown Eye Pencil (both come in a golden-metal stick container), and nonsmearing Waterproof brown Mascara. All by Helena Rubinstein. Her cashmere sweater in a new bright pink, by Bernhard Altmann. Jewelry by Miriam Haskell.

On the following pages—Fashion Accents . . . Knitted Wools

For a booklet on "Make-up Tricks to Improve Your Looks," see page 74

Photos by Diane & Allan Arbus

fashion accents ...knitted wools

Never before have knitted dresses rated so high—they're a natural for the busy life you lead. Versatile and comfortable, woolknits shed wrinkles, pack easily, hold their shape, and give you that wonderful look of easy elegance. Choose one of the new vivid colors or a neutral and add a colorful accent.

A. The smart charcoal sheath and matching cardigan jacket in pebble knit wool. Available in other colors. By Goldworm. In 10 to 18. About $50. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Dachette hat.

B. A bulky knit collar with a soft bow front distinguishes this slim red wool knit dress. Also available in black. By Goldworm. In 10 to 18. About $40. At Bloomingdale's, New York. The red felt breton, by Madam Klari.

C. Two-piece gray wool chenille dress with a flattering detachable white knit Puritan collar. Also available in other colors. By Rosanna. In 10 to 16. About $30. At Arnold Constable, New York; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati. Hat by Madam Klari.

D. Coat-dress in lightweight Zephyr knit, navy and white striped, with softly flared skirt. Also in black and white, and brown and white stripes. By Lass O'Scotland. In 10 to 18. About $25. At Abraham & Straus, New York; Higbee Co., Cleveland. Dachette hat by Lilly Daché.

E. Scoop-neck dress in periwinkle wool chenille knit with rhinestone studded belt and gracefully gored skirt. Also in red, black, beige. By Lass O'Scotland. In 10 to 18. About $35. At Frank R. Jelleff, Washington, D.C.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.; J. J. Haggarty, Los Angeles.

F. Chamois-color wool knit dress with ribbing to accent the V-neck, waist and big pockets. Also in charcoal, black, olive green, and mahogany. By Goldworm. In 7 to 15. About $40. At Lord & Taylor, New York. Dachette hat by Lilly Daché. An M M bag in orange velveteen.

Our Cover Girl wears a Zephyr wool knit sweater by Drake, designed by Claire McCardle. About $11. Her leather jacket, lined in black and white striped topsail, by "Lady Russell." About $50. Both at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Kislav gloves in knit and leather.

Jewels by Hobé • Gloves by Fownes


B


C


F


E

You will find budget help for your family in this first of a new REDBOOK service series

What do you do with your extra money?

BY MORTON YARMON

Drawing by Mary Suzuki

The possession of income above expenses is no longer reserved for a privileged few. In recent years the nation's income has been spread widely, and today more than two-thirds of our families earn money over and beyond current expenses.

What do you do with *your* extra money?

Maybe you go out each Saturday night and spend it, so that you're back at zero Monday morning. But if you hold on to your surplus dollars, you should think about developing your own personal investment program, to help you get the most out of those dollars.

THE BURDEN OF EMERGENCY

With the right investments, you would be better able to take care of your family. We all assume family obligations hoping that our income — even if it remains at current levels — will continue above outgo. But nothing is guaranteed in this uncertain world, with business failure, sickness, accident and death always close by. To minimize the burden of such calamities, look to savings and life insurance first.

Suppose you lose your job, or 3-year-old Johnny suddenly needs an expensive operation. You may be able to borrow from friends or relatives. How much more satisfactory, though, to walk into the bank and withdraw a few hundred dollars to tide you over until income and outgo are back to normal. A savings account — at a commercial or savings bank, or with a savings and loan association, or in the Postal Savings System — is the best place for such emergency funds. The Federal Government insures these funds; you receive interest (1½ to 4 per cent, depending on where you go), and the cash is always available.

Life insurance is designed to protect the family against the premature death of the breadwinner. A small payment from each member of the insured group provides protection for their dependents. You, as a policyholder, pay premiums regularly to the insurance company which, when you die, turns over a certain sum to your beneficiaries.

HOW MUCH?

Rule-of-thumb: Your emergency funds should total three months' income; for the family with $7,500 net income, $1,875 should be available.

Life insurance is more complex; how much depends on the number and kind of dependents, the breadwinner's health and age, what he can afford, the kind of work he does. Also, can the family look forward to any aid through Social Security or a pension plan at work? Is the wife of the family prepared to earn her own living if necessary?

Fortunately, life insurance is so flexible that a policy can be easily written to meet your own particular situation. The Institute of Life Insurance recommends an insurance program which represents protection of four times your annual net income. At that rate, premiums take 6 to 10 per cent. That is, the family with $7,500 net income should own $30,000 worth of life insurance, for which the annual premiums would be $450 to $750.

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

Investments other than savings and usual life insurance are more suited to meet other family wants. The best road to a comfortable home, or to college education for the children, is through endowment insurance, United States Savings Bonds or high-grade stocks or bonds; the preferable path to carefree retirement is through annuities.

GREATER RISKS

In the entire field of investment, remember, the greater the yield, the greater the risk. Therefore don't look to the higher yields of industrial stocks and bonds, real estate and mortgages until your extra money has taken care of family protection and basic wants.

But no matter what kind of investment you ultimately make, get frank and realistic answers to these questions: Is it safe? Is the yield ample? Is it liquid — can you turn it into cash at any time? Is it protected against inflation — will the real value stand up even if the value of the dollar goes down?

HELP YOURSELF

While America historically has been self-reliant, in recent years there has been a tendency to feel that a paternalistic government would help with many of our problems. The recent change in administrations in Washington, however, clearly shows how economic philosophies shift, and how foolhardy it is to leave the answers to someone else — even the Government.

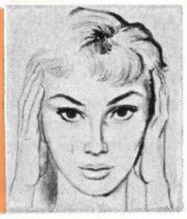
Social Security may be here to stay, but it cannot provide much more than a minimum. Neither can Unemployment Insurance. As for the good things of life, no one but ourselves will get them for us. A sensible investment program, therefore, should be a basic concern of every self-reliant American family. And it is never too early to start. . . . . THE END

Sadly, no type of available investment will be 100-per-cent satisfactory on every score. Here is a check list that tells at a glance how you should make out with whichever investments you select

CHOOSE YOUR INVESTMENTS FOR YOUR NEEDS

TYPE OF INVESTMENT	AVERAGE YIELD	HOW SAFE?	HOW LIQUID?	HOW MUCH PROTECTION AGAINST INFLATION?
LIFE INSURANCE	2½ per cent	HIGH	HIGH	LOW
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS	2½ per cent	HIGH	HIGH	LOW
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS	3 per cent	HIGH	HIGH	LOW
BONDS	3½ per cent	MEDIUM	HIGH	LOW
STOCKS	5½ per cent	LOW	HIGH	HIGH
MORTGAGES	6 per cent	MEDIUM	MEDIUM	LOW
REAL ESTATE	8 per cent	LOW	LOW	HIGH

What Every Man Should Know about His Wife



(Continued from page 37)

to regulate a highly complex monthly cycle. How these fluctuations affect a woman's emotions can be seen clearly in patients who receive hormone treatment when their ovaries fall down on the job. The emotional upsets—depression and weeping spells—which sometimes follow the slowing down of the ovaries in later years are usually relieved by the administration of hormones. When the sudden drop in hormone production following delivery of a child is accompanied by feelings of sadness and despair, hormone injections can often relieve the symptoms. Most women who have been given hormones to make up for a serious shortage in their blood report an immediate gain in self-confidence and the feeling of well-being.

The emotional effects of the sex hormones vary according to individual temperaments. But while every woman reacts in her own individual way, biochemists and psychiatrists working together have been able to establish a fairly constant parallel between the organic and the emotional effects of the sex hormones.

In a recent experiment at the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, the psychoanalyst Dr. Therese Benedek and the biochemist Dr. D. B. Rubenstein made an intensive study of the menstrual cycle in 15 women between 25 and 31, most of them married. At frequent intervals during each of several monthly cycles, Dr. Rubenstein measured the amounts and ratios of the two ovarian hormones in the blood stream. Working without any knowledge of those results, Dr. Benedek estimated what the hormone balance of each woman would be from a study of her emotional states in a series of psychoanalytic sessions. Altogether, 152 cycles were studied in this manner. When Dr. Benedek's estimates were finally compared with Dr. Rubenstein's chemical tests, the findings were almost identical!

In everyday married life, how can a husband and wife follow the changes which always take place during the menstrual cycle and see how these are apt to affect a woman's disposition?

The simplest way is to break down the menstrual drama into five distinct "acts." The timing of each act can be designated by the number of days which have elapsed since the beginning of the flow at Day One. Naturally, the duration of each act will have to be lengthened or shortened according to the individual woman's average, which may vary from 23 to 35 days. Even after an average has been established, allowances must be made for monthly variations. But taking an arbitrary average of 28 days, the acts of the monthly drama can be divided up roughly as follows:

ACT ONE: "Renewal"—Days 1 to 5
ACT TWO: "Anticipation—Days 5 to 14
ACT THREE: "Readiness"—Days 14 to 18
ACT FOUR: "The Quiet Period"—Days 18 to 26
ACT FIVE: "Upheaval"—Days 26 to 28

ACT ONE: "Renewal"—Days 1 to 5

Most men and women regard this period as if it were the entire production. Actually it is only the epilogue to the previous performance and the prologue to the next. The new lining formed each month in the uterus is intended to serve as a nesting place for the egg only if it is fertilized. If the egg is not fertilized, it does not take root—and the menstrual discharge merely carries away the preparations that were made in the uterus for the arrival of a fertilized egg. Even while the unused lining is being expelled, preparations for ripening and releasing a new egg and the eventual growth of a new lining have already begun.

What makes up the discharge? Because it is thought of as "bleeding," it is associated with all kinds of fears and superstitions. Some people have the notion it is poisonous or dangerous. Actually, as Amram Scheinfeld points out in his book "Men and Women," this is a misconception which has caused women untold misery. The flow consists mainly of mucus similar to that which is found in the respiratory passages, plus broken-down cell tissue and some lime and other minerals. There is only enough blood to give it a red color. During two or three years, a woman loses no more blood than she would give in a single donation to the Red Cross.

At the start of the flow, the hormone content of the blood is at a low ebb. Just as a thermostat turns on a furnace when the thermometer drops below a certain point, so the pituitary gland registers the shortage of sex hormones in the blood and signals the ovaries to begin secreting more estrogen.

The emotional state corresponding with the rise in estrogen is a dawning sense of well-being which many women recognize at about the second or third day of the flow. In the women observed by Dr. Benedek, excitability decreased and feelings of fear and loneliness were greatly relieved. Toward the end of the flow, there is normally a renewal of sex desire—unless, of course, other factors intervene.

ACT TWO: "Anticipation"—Days 5 to 14

Throughout this phase the ovaries spill increasing amounts of estrogen into the blood. The egg is brought to maturity, sometimes in one of the two ovaries, sometimes in the other. As the egg ripens, it pushes its way to the surface of the ovary, much as a bubble rises in thick pancake batter. The ovary has no particular opening, and the egg may emerge anywhere along its surface. That is why the ovaries of older women are covered with tiny craters, each marking the spot where an egg made its exit.

As the egg approaches the surface, the surrounding cells cling to it and form a thick protective coating or follicle, which grows to the size of a marble and causes a bulge on the surface of the ovary. The egg inside the follicle is now ready to break through.

The emotional state associated with this phase is a happy one. At first, the end of menstrual discharge gives most women a sense of liberation. This, with the rise of estrogen stimulation, contributes toward a definite increase in sex drive. In a study of 287 women who recognized periodic ups and downs in their sex responsiveness, Dr. Katherine Davis found that a majority placed one of the peaks in this phase. This has been confirmed by similar studies and by observations of gynecologists. If sex satisfaction is thwarted during this period, the increased drive may be expressed in other activities—or in restlessness and irritability.

ACT THREE: "Readiness"—Days 14 to 18

For nature, this is the climax of the play—the only time when conception can occur. The wall of the follicle nearest the surface of the ovary opens to spill the egg into the abdominal cavity. This tiny egg finds its way to the entrance of the Fallopian tubes, where it is wafted inside. If pregnancy is to occur, the egg must be united with a male sperm during its two- or three-day journey to the uterus.

Usually, of course, this does not happen. But nature takes no chances. The moment the egg is released, a wonderful transformation takes place in the follicle from which the egg has escaped. Instead of wasting away, it turns into a completely new organ, which watches over the egg during the rest of its career. It does this by secreting the hormone called progesterone, which causes the lining of the uterus to grow new tissue and store up blood to nourish and protect the egg—when and if it is fertilized.

The secretion of progesterone into the bloodstream is associated with the tendency to feel calm and self-centered. Dr. Benedek identifies this hormone with "the passive tendency which acts to secure the functions of pregnancy," estrogen with "the active tendency the aim of which is to secure the sexual act." Ideally, then, the blending of progesterone with a high content of estrogen should fuse active desire with passive receptivity and thus serve nature's purpose by giving woman the greatest satisfaction when she is most likely to conceive. Actually, few women are conscious of any increase of desire at this point. Dr. Benedek concludes that failure to experience heightened desire usually results from sex inhibitions and fear of pregnancy. Because of unconscious restraints present in almost all women, the increased biological readiness for sex at this time only mobilizes their defenses against it and may thus increase their feelings of frustration and tension. Other

authorities on these matters have pointed out that decreased activity of the adrenal glands could also account for the leveling off of the sex drive in this phase. The adrenals secrete a powerful sex stimulant which is chemically related to the male hormone.

ACT FOUR: "The Quiet Period"—Days 18 to 26

The egg has reached the uterus without being fertilized. Since it cannot take root in the special lining which has been prepared for it, the egg disintegrates. Estrogen production, which reached its peak at ovulation, is now on the decline and with it the active emotional tendencies of the previous days.

Progesterone reaches a peak in this period, and then gradually falls off. The predominance of progesterone promotes a tendency to inwardness and passive preoccupation with self. This phase is comparable with the "quiet period" of the lower mammals.

ACT FIVE: "Upheaval"—Days 26 to 28

With the decrease of both estrogen and progesterone in the blood, the stage is now set for the expulsion of the unused lining of the uterus—and the beginning of the flow. For its blood supply this lining depends on tiny arteries which coil up through the soft, spongelike tissue from the underlying muscles. As the estrogen content of the blood falls below a certain point, these arteries contract and shut off the blood supply. After a few hours, the arteries open up again; but by now the breakdown of the lining has been accomplished, and the additional seepage of blood merely helps to detach tissue and carry it out. Even as the menstrual flow begins, the ovaries are beginning to secrete more estrogen, and a new cycle is on its way.

At this point sex-hormone secretion reaches its lowest ebb, and if any unstable tendencies are present in a woman's personality, they are always intensified. In the U.S. over 80 per cent of the crimes of violence committed by women occur during or just before the onset of their menses. Is it surprising, then, that so many domestic quarrels should erupt during the same stage?

"Some of the worst quarrels in marriage could be avoided entirely," the prominent marriage counselor Dr. Lena Levine told me, "if only husbands and wives would learn to check the calendar."

I know of one husband who for years has made a point of bringing his wife flowers or paying her some special attention when his desk calendar tells him that her menses are approaching.

In some women there is a brief but intense flare-up of sexual excitability during this phase, and many doctors have observed that when this is satisfied, the symptoms of premenstrual tension are often relieved.

"There are two general types of premenstrual behavior which any layman can recognize," the well-known gynecologist Dr. Raphael Kurzrok told me. "Type A feels weepy and depressed, lacks energy, and has to force herself to do the smallest chore. For a few days or a week before menstruation, the world seems down on her. She's jumpy, easily annoyed, resents husband, boy friend and men in general.

"Type B, on the other hand, is restless and supercharged with energy; she pitches into housework or office jobs with a frenzy, quickly loses her temper, and resents being told to relax."

Husbands of Type-B women can often tell when menstruation is approaching when their wives start picking up after them, blowing dust specks off lampshades, rearranging the furniture, or—an even more reliable sign—deciding that they've simply got to wash their hair.

I know an executive who once startled his married secretary by asking her when she was going to have her baby. "But I haven't told a soul," she gasped. "How did you know?" "Very simple," said the boss. "For years you've rearranged my desk drawers every month. For the last couple of months, you haven't touched them."

The emotional reactions of Act Five and the physical symptoms of Act One, which follows immediately, make them the easiest to recognize. But with a little practice husbands and wives can learn to follow the entire menstrual drama. Just as a knowledge of the hidden forces which regulate the atmosphere enable us to explain and sometimes predict changes in the weather, so a knowledge of the hidden forces which regulate a woman's body can help us understand her changing moods and behavior.

How menstruation affects a woman's emotional life is determined not only by how menstruation makes her feel, but by the way *she* feels about menstruation. There is, of course, no reason to feel humiliated or guilty because of a body process which is as natural as breathing or digestion. Yet many women regard it as an affliction or "curse." Much of the pain and discomfort can be traced directly to superstitions and misconceptions which are passed from one generation to the next. Some women grow up to think of menstruation as a punishment or as a disease. Very often a doctor can clear up severe symptoms, even in older women, simply by sitting down with his patient and explaining what menstruation is all about.

Another common fallacy is the confusion of menstrual and excretory functions. As the distinguished psychoanalyst Dr. Clara Thompson points out, the fact that the menstrual discharge cannot be controlled causes some women the same embarrassment they'd feel if they could not control other body excretions.

Naturally such attitudes interfere with the development of feminine personality. If a wife considers her female organs somehow unclean and inferior, she cannot help feeling somewhat the same way about sex. As Dr. Thompson points out, "Acceptance of one's body and all its functions is a basic need in the establishment of self-respect and a full married relationship."

Of all the functions of the female body, menstruation has until recently been the least understood and the most maligned. It's only in our own generation that science has freed women from the vicious superstitions that have always surrounded it. Today's young husband and wife can accept and appreciate this basic cycle of human life—and, as a result, enhance the privacy, dignity and romance of marriage. . . . THE END

The Child

who cannot make a good adjustment in the average school environment in most cases can progress if in a special environment suited to his needs and capabilities. Competition with children who have not his problems often results in a feeling of inferiority which may be the cause of personality disturbance. If relieved of competition with children of superior ability and placed with children of his approximate mental age, he gains confidence in himself. If he is guided by teachers trained in working with slow learners, he will learn to co-operate with the group. Security and a desire to progress will be the result.

Retardation may be due to a number of causes: injury to the brain before, during or after birth, encephalitis, hemorrhage, etc. The problem may be the result of emotional disturbance, rejection or nervous abnormality. Speech problems are often based on psychological as well as physical difficulties. Correction is often possible under the guidance of trained speech therapists. Children with superior intelligence sometimes do not fit well into the average group and develop emotional and behavior problems. These children also need a special type of school. There are schools accredited by their state accrediting boards specifically designed to meet the needs of this group.

To recognize that one's child deviates mentally, emotionally or physically from the norm, and then to actively do something about his problem, is realistic. To allow him to mark time and do nothing about it is evading a responsibility.

Staff members of REDBOOK's educational department have personally visited many schools designed to meet special problems. They know the directors and philosophy of these schools and will gladly make suggestions of the most suitable to you. In writing, give as full information as possible about the boy or girl for whom you are selecting a school—the problem, age, present grade, desired location and amount you are willing to spend for tuition for the school year. Address:

Ethel F. Bebb,
Schools and Camps Editor
Redbook Magazine,
230 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 49

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

1. Vivian worked in the central office of a large company where Hugh was the office manager and her boss. He was very handsome and thought of himself as popular with girls. When Vivian first took the job, she noticed that he was attractive.

2. Hugh seemed to advise and help Vivian much more than he did the other employees. At first Vivian appreciated this, but she soon became self-conscious about it and began to resent it. Hugh, sensing her attitude, began to tease her about it.

3. The more Vivian showed her resentment, the more Hugh delighted in "ribbing" her. Vivian became very bitter and, unable to tell him what she thought of him because she needed her job, used to wish that something terrible would happen to him.

4. One morning Hugh did not report for work. At eleven o'clock, news came that he had been seriously injured in an auto accident. At first Vivian felt glad, but soon she began to feel terrible. She became so depressed that she had to go home.

Did Vivian really dislike Hugh—or did she secretly love him? Why was she so upset when he was injured?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. Vivian needed Hugh's advice and was depressed because she feared losing her job without him there to help her. ☐

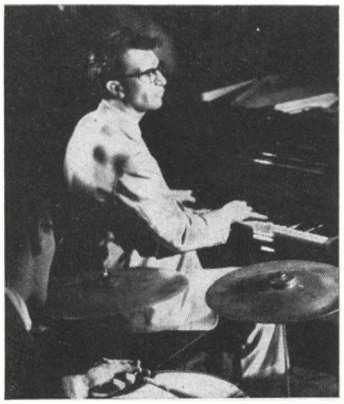
2. Vivian, bitter because Hugh did not return her love with tenderness, nevertheless was sad when he was hurt. ☐

3. Vivian was glad to be rid of Hugh, but felt guilty because she had wished something terrible would happen to him. ☐

Turn to page 88 for Dr. Martin's analysis

What's New in Records

BY CARLTON BROWN



Dave Brubeck

The vigorous, American-born style of instrumental music known as swing, which reached its greatest popularity in the Thirties and Forties and then went into partial eclipse, has been enjoying a steadily mounting revival within the past year or so. The college-age audience, as in the first swing era, is again the moving force behind the trend, which shows every sign of emerging as the dominant one in popular music on the campus.

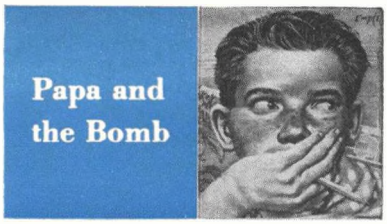
Among the major record companies, Columbia has done the most to encourage the swing renaissance, first with its series of reissues of jazz and swing classics, and more recently with its program of recording jam sessions by established jazz groups and collections of performances by the most talented newcomers to the field. In the latter category, two of Columbia's groups give outstanding demonstrations of two of the main currents in today's swing. One, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, in a 12-inch LP called "Jazz Goes to College," puts the intricacies of bop, or progressive jazz, within the framework of a regular beat, and thereby makes this experimental type of music more acceptable to a general audience than it has been heretofore. The other, Les Elgart and His Orchestra, represented by a 12-inch LP, "Sophisticated Swing," and a 10-inch LP, "Just One More Dance," has established its claim, within a mere year, to being "America's College Prom Favorite," by means of smooth and swinging big-band music designed primarily for dancing.

The Brubeck album is made up of performances recorded at concerts which the quartet gave at three midwestern universities early this year. Thanks to the solid jazz beat maintained by drums and bass, several of the nine numbers in this collection would be fine for easy-going dancing, but the improvisations of Brubeck on piano and Paul Desmond on alto sax can be enjoyed most fully when they are given the listener's undivided attention. Though they work with the themes of popular music and the basic rhythms of swing, they employ counterpoint, atonality and other harmonic and rhythmic conceptions of classical and contemporary "serious" composers. "Balcony Rock," a Brubeck composition which occupies a full ten minutes in this recording, is a particularly impressive demonstration of the quartet's great skill and inventiveness. Based on a blues structure, it is made up of extended improvisations by Desmond and Brubeck which hold to no one melody and yet create an integrated piece of great beauty and shifting dramatic mood. In their renditions of popular tunes such as "Out of Nowhere," "Take the 'A' Train" and "The Song Is You," the melody serves as a point of take-off and return for some fascinating and frequently amazing explorations which often go "far out," as the bopsters say, but never lose their way or the listener's interest, as the works of the more extreme modernists are inclined to do.

Les Elgart, who has played lead trumpet with the bands of Bunny Berigan, Harry James, Charlie Spivak, Woody Herman, and CBS staff orchestras, has scored a greater success than any other leader who has formed a big new dance band in recent years. His orchestrations are filled with echoes of the devices of a number of the earlier swing bands, and the group's strict adherence to a clear-cut two-beat time and a generally moderate tempo is a throwback that has brought dancers flocking to the ballrooms again wherever the Elgart orchestra has appeared on its recent tour.

Of the twelve tunes in the "Sophisticated Swing" collection, several are "originals" based on folk songs such as "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Coming Through the Rye," done in much the same spirit as Les Brown's variations on "Little Brown Jug," and the rest are new arrangements, with restrained touches of the progressive influence, of time-tested dance-band favorites. The "Just One More Dance" album contains nine updatings of tunes that were popular twenty and thirty years ago. Under the Elgart band's modern but tradition-based treatment, the tunes—and the style of swing the band has helped to revive—are finding a new, enthusiastic audience.

Larry Elgart



(Continued from page 33)

Bomb, because it seemed only natural that sooner or later he would take his place as an equal among nations. I could actually see the whole thing in my head like a newsreel—all the different countries sitting around the U.N. arguing—the United States, the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R., Ecuador, Sweden—and right in the middle my father, with his own microphone and a little sign reading SAM PITKIN.

Not that he would be trying to start trouble, you understand. Because even though he was in the first World War and was promoted to the rank of corporal under combat conditions, my father has a very peaceable nature. The only time I ever heard him mention his experiences in France was once he told me about going to this famous restaurant in Paris, and when he pointed to something on the menu, the waiter set fire to a blintz. So his whole attitude would be more to talk things over quietly and see if they couldn't arrive at some kind of a deadlock. But if trouble came, he would be ready for it. I mean, since before I was born, my father has owned this Army and Navy store, and with just the stuff he's got on hand he could put six divisions in the field tomorrow.

He's got things you wouldn't dream of in that store, all surplus from World War II which he bought up by the carload—brand-new parachutes, never been opened, two thousand sets of ski-troop underwear, official Army footlockers, three hundred gallons of khaki enamel, squad tents, Signal Corps radios, battle jackets, pith helmets, file cabinets, mess trays, felt slippers from a Navy hospital, double-decker bunks from the WAC, Coast Guard searchlights with five-mile beams, two complete field kitchens in crates, mildew-proof tarpaulins, cargo slings, MP whistles with white nylon nooses. Practically anything you need to fight a war my father has in his store, including rubber life rafts that hold ten men and a week's supply of water—and now he had The Bomb, also.

I mean, it wasn't beyond the realm of possibilities that in all that junk he had found a machine for smashing atoms, and in fussing around with the thing in the cellar he had accidentally hit on the real goods.

So I questioned him logically.

"You got an atom bomb?" I asked.

"Better than that," he told me.

"An H-bomb?"

"More powerful."

"Where is it?"

"Here."

He held up a used coffee can of ordinary one-pound size. My mother looked at me; I looked at her, and I thought this would be the night I would have to phone my married brother and

break the news that they finally came and led Pop away.

"This coffee can is a bomb?" I asked, figuring everybody should have a second chance.

He nodded emphatically. "That is correct."

"Better and more powerful than any existing weapons known to present-day science?"

"That is correct."

"I see."

Again a silence, and the air was filled with a hot puff of cake smell as my mother peeked in the oven and gently shut the door.

"So what's new at the store today?" she asked, trying to change the subject so maybe he'd snap out of it.

"What do you mean—what's new?" he said indignantly.

"You didn't tell us anything that happened."

"What could happen? I was talking to the Queen of England? Some movie star came in for a pair of overalls? What?"

"**That crook** didn't come around for his bowling shoes yet?" my mother inquired.

My father folded his hands and sighed. "If he comes around, I'll tell you," he said.

"Six months ago he ordered them," my mother reminded him.

He sighed again, twiddling his thumbs to keep calm. "I can wait."

"A dozen pairs, all sizes!"

My mother shook her head sadly at the thought, and I really had to sympathize with how she felt, because this thing with the bowling shoes could easily turn out like it did with the red satin windbreakers. I mean, in addition to Army and Navy supplies, my father also carries a complete line of sporting goods, and whatever he hasn't got in stock he'll order for you, with special discounts to teams.

So about two years ago, this team of about twenty guys came in and ordered windbreakers out of the club treasury they're supposed to have, and my old man has them made up to their individual measurements and gets a ten-dollar deposit. So what happens, the windbreakers arrive and meantime the team has disbanded, and my old man is stuck with the merchandise.

He went around to see some of the guys' parents, and the only satisfaction he got was they promised to give their sons a good talking to so it shouldn't happen again in the future. And to make matters worse, the club president and the secretary and treasurer were now in reform school for swiping a bread truck, which will give you some idea of the type of neighborhood my father's store is in. When I go there sometimes on Saturday to help out, I first wrap up all my change like candy kisses so the coins won't jingle in my pocket, or else I would never make it alive from the subway.

I also have to take the precaution of not wearing my windbreaker, which has this team's name on the back in bright blue letters—THE ARISTOCRATS. Also, it has a big number on the left sleeve and one of the guys' names stitched over the front pocket. In my particular case it's JOE, and since my real name is Irving, I always carry a whole flock of pencils and ball pens to make the flap stand up and hide it—which is something I wish my mother would do with hers. I mean, she wears this thing to the store all the time because it's easy to slip on and off, but to me it's embarrassing. For instance, I'm sitting on the stoop with this girl, Beverly, and I look up and see my mother coming up the block in number 7, with two full shopping bags—ROCKY.

Well, with the bowling shoes it could work out the same way, which is why my mother always asks did the man come for them. I mean, all we need is a dozen pairs of bowling shoes to add to our wardrobe of twenty red windbreakers. Even with hard wear I'm going to be buried as number 13—SWIFTY.

So, by this time my mother was rinsing out a few things in the tub, my father was scratching his back against the chair, and I started once again to draw an isosceles triangle. But once again he interrupts me, suddenly aggravated because my mother reminded him about the bowling shoes.

"Go ahead," he says to me, "—go ahead, study hard, be an accountant."

"I'm not studying to be an accountant," I told him, even though he knows it perfectly well. "I'm only trying to do my geometry homework."

But he wouldn't even listen.

"Draw straight lines," he went on. "Perfectly straight, with a ruler."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" I asked. "You want me to pass, don't you?"

This was purely a rhetorical question, because anything below an eighty average he throws a fit all over the place that I'm not taking advantage of the

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

I am enclosing the birth announcement which I designed and recently used to herald the arrival of our new daughter.

Although our family name is Berndt, it is pronounced "burnt," and it inspired my husband and me to try to devise an original card. These match folders are the theme which finally pleased us most.

MRS. R. E. BERNDT
Clifton, N. J.

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

"Guess what Junior's learning to play."

REDBOOK

education he's got to sweat to provide.

"With a ruler," he repeated. "It's inhuman."

"What's inhuman?"

"Never mind, never mind," he said with a sigh. "Just remember—there are no straight lines in nature."

"So what's that got to do with anything?"

"Everything—it's got everything to do with everything. It's unnatural to have a straight line. A straight line is strictly for a machine."

That's what I mean about my old man; you can't figure him. Now he is irritated by straight lines. So much so, he tells me they're strictly for machines, which is about the worst thing my father can say about anything, because the thing that bothers him most in life is any kind of a machine whatsoever—even an automatic can opener you hang on the wall drives him wild. He hates machines.

"Look," I told him. "If it makes you any happier, I'll draw crooked lines; all right? Freehand."

He blew his cheeks out, looking at me, thinking.

"It's not a question of my happiness," he said. "It's the happiness of the whole world I'm talking about."

"So all right then; I'll throw away my ruler and everybody will be happy."

"Don't be funny."

"I'm not being funny. I'm merely carrying your argument to its logical conclusions."

"I'm not arguing," he argued. "I'm telling you something. . . . The whole trouble with the world today is caused by too many straight lines."

"By what?"

"By too many straight lines," he insisted. "By rulers, by measuring to the billionth of an inch, by taking pulses and blood pressures."

"What are you talking about?" I groaned. I mean, I was actually in pain by this time. "What's wrong with taking pulses and blood pressures?"

"It leads to the fallacy."

"What fallacy?"

"That by taking the pulse you can know all about how it is with the heart."

"Nobody thinks that—no doctor believes such a thing!"

"Maybe not in theory, but in practice he does. A man goes to him with a pain in the chest; the doctor listens and takes his pulse. The man could be dying from sorrow, but if the pulse is regular, there's nothing wrong with him . . . Go home, take it easy, have a couple of pills before meals!"

"Sure," I agreed. "Sure, because as far as the doctor can tell there's nothing physically wrong!"

"Maybe not physically, but could he count the feelings? Could he tell from hearing the drum beat what kind of music the orchestra is playing?"

"Of course he couldn't. That's not the doctor's business!"

"It's everybody's business!"

"Papa's right," my mother said, standing behind him with a handful of wrung-out clothes and making big eyes and nods to agree with anything, just to keep peace before bedtime.

"Listen to Papa; Papa knows. If a man is feeling sad, everybody should try to cheer him up."

"That's right," I said, willing to let the whole matter drop. "But with the medical field what it is today, the ordinary doctor hasn't got time to make jokes with everybody who comes in his office!"

"Time!" my father shouted, slapping the table so everything jumped. "Clocks! More measurements! Without clocks a doctor would have time!"

And then I had to listen to him go on and on about clocks and watches, and how they're killing everybody—especially my Uncle Max, who's a big wheel in men's neckwear.

"All day long in the office with five minutes for this, and five minutes for that, like life is a lot of hard-boiled eggs! I go in to see him for five minutes, and there he sits behind the desk, gray in the face from trying to keep up with the clock! With such a complexion, even in person he looks like he's on TV!"

My mother hung up the clothes in the bathroom, put out the milk bottles, and still he's raving—without arguments any more; just sitting there saying, "Tick-tock, tick-tock," and waiting for somebody to disagree with him. It was already twenty minutes after ten, and no homework done.

"Look," I said finally. "Look, Pop—let's not discuss it any more tonight, huh? All I meant was if somebody is unhappy, you can't expect an ordinary doctor is going to cure him. This needs a psychologist."

"A psychologist!"

He threw up his hands like he was shooting for a basket with ten seconds left to play.

"After all," I said, "you started this whole thing because I was trying to draw a straight line with a ruler. But whether you like rulers or you want to abolish clocks is beside the point, because the whole world happens to feel otherwise, and without these things we would have no civilization like we know it today!"

He smacked his head with his hand and waved his arm around the room. "This is civilization?"

"Yes!" I replied emphatically, because I could see my mother felt bad that he was picking on her kitchen. "Yes, and if you hadn't sat here and ate a big meal tonight with two helpings of food which was shipped by trains that run by clocks, and was cooked in machine-made pots with gas that engineers with rulers figured out how to send through pipes all the way from Texas, you wouldn't be sneering at civilization! You'd be walking up and down complaining, 'Where's my dinner?'"

He was amazed at the sharpness of this line of reasoning, but still he tried to squirm out.

"A man's got to eat!" he protested, like I was trying to take the bread out of his mouth.

"So you haven't missed any meals yet," I told him. "What are you complaining?"

"I'm not complaining, but civilization isn't just a matter of three meals a day. Civilization is what happens afterward—it's what a man does when the stomach is full."

"Like falling asleep in the easy

chair," I said, punching home my final points. "Like going down the cellar to shake the furnace and inventing a bomb to destroy our entire material culture—is that being civilized?"

"Wait!" he said, holding up his hand. And I could tell from the gleam in his eye that this was what he had been leading up to all along. "Allow me to explain something."

"Sure," I said, knowing the worst was yet to come.

"If you don't mind, that is."

I shrugged.

"All right, then," he said, settling down for a long, windy night of it. "Try to listen to what I have to say for a change. Just for a change."

He picked up the coffee can, slowly, so I wouldn't miss anything, like a magician getting ready for a trick.

"Now," he began, squinting his eyes thoughtfully. "First of all."

My mother looked at me with a dark glare, like Now-see-what-you-did-with-your-big-mouth.

"This bomb," my father went on, holding the coffee can on the tips of his fingers for all to admire, "—this bomb is not for destruction. This bomb could be the saving of the whole human race."

"Good," I said. "I'm glad to hear it."

"In addition, it solves the one big problem that all the greatest scientific brains couldn't solve so easy."

"What problem is that?"

"The problem of how to deliver it. All the time you read in the papers that the one thing that is constantly stumping the experts is how to deliver the bomb. This bomb you can deliver by the millions. It's small, it's portable, it's light."

"And the price is right," I agreed, but he didn't notice.

"Besides," he said, smiling dreamily to himself, "who would suspect a coffee can? A coffee can could get through the Iron Curtain, and nobody the wiser."

"And then what happens?" I asked, trying to nudge him along so I could maybe get started sometime before three A.M.

He looked surprised.

"What happens? It blows up."

"Not in here!" my mother said, frowning. "Out in the street with that thing!"

"Don't worry," he told her. "It wouldn't hurt anything—no noise, no smoke, no damage. That's the beauty of it."

"What have you got in there?" I asked.

He took the lid off the can, and my mother backed away just in case. I looked inside and saw my face reflected in the tin bottom.

"It's empty," I told my mother.

"It's loaded," my father insisted. "Look again—can't you see?"

"See what?"

"The possibilities. It's full of tremendous possibilities."

"Possibilities for what?"

"For bringing peace to the world," he said, and his voice was almost a whisper as he leaned across the table. "You could put something inside."

Suddenly, in the bright kitchen light, his face was like a painting. It wasn't a pretty face, but it was kind and very tired, and in it I could see a thousand ancestors looking across the table at me—people I never even heard of, going back for hundreds of years, and always hoping and always trying to figure out some way to make a dream come true. I couldn't joke about his bomb any more.

"I see what you mean." I told him. "What would you put in it?"

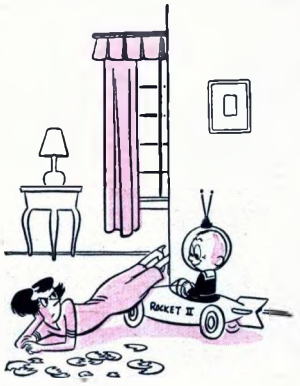
"Something—a message. I don't know."

He sat looking down at the linoleum, holding the empty can like a begger, thinking.

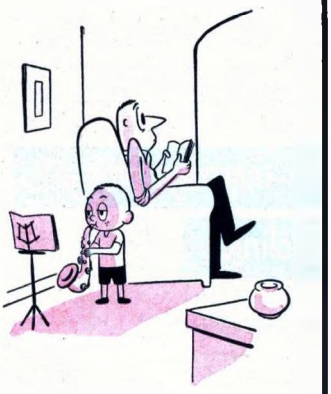
"You could write something on a piece of paper," he said. "—some words that everybody could understand—something about please, for God's sake, let's cut out this crazy nonsense and live together like human beings. About giving kids a chance to grow up and make a better world without this constant wrangling. About forgetting all about rulers and clocks, and inches and minutes, so we could have instead miles and years that the heart could fill with things that matter, and no more of these big ideas and fancy theories that come from the mind alone . . . that always end up behind barbed wire with guns in their hands, marching in straight lines like machines. . . . Let's get together, you

How to Bring Up Parents

BY FRANK O'NEAL



Help them over the obstacles of the future.



Music. To cheer them up.

Laugh with them.

could say. . . . Let's have some peace and quiet . . . and if you can't do something decent or think of anything good to say . . . then just shut up and take it easy."

It wasn't anything new that he said—anything that would change the world overnight. My English teacher would have flunked him for not being fully prepared, but to hear him tell it, you could almost believe it was practical—that such a note in a coffee can could make a difference in history.

My mother sat there listening, holding a potholder in one hand, like she expected his thoughts were going to be too hot for her to handle. She sighed.

"Ah, the trouble," she said, "the trouble. If they blow everything up, what? With the cities in ruins, who could live there?"

"It isn't the cities so much," my father said. "It's more the neighborhoods—the neighborhoods and towns where people live their lives. I could feel sorry for a factory, maybe, or a bridge or a skyscraper, but what would be worse to me is all the four-room apartments, the two-family houses and corner grocery stores—somebody's little house in the suburbs he's working fifteen years to pay off. And the parks and the libraries and the playgrounds, with the swings hanging empty and the sparrows dead, and lying on the ground a wheel from a baby carriage."

Half of me sat looking at my father, seeing the terrible things he mentioned, and the other half of me stood outside looking at the three of us sitting around the kitchen table, knowing it was getting later by the minute, and unless we were bombed before nine A.M., I still had to do my homework. . . . Meantime, we sat there breathing.

"Write the message," my mother said quietly. "Write what you feel, Sam, and put it in there."

He looked into the can, staring deep down inside, like it had no bottom.

"I couldn't write it," he said. "Only Shakespeare could write such a thing, or the men who wrote the Bible."

My mother turned to me.

"Maybe Irving . . ." she said, holding out the potholder like she wasn't sure, and my father slowly nodded.

"Maybe Irving," he agreed. "Maybe Irving, if he studies hard and passes all the tests, not just in school but in the streets and in life—maybe Irving will some day be such a poet, such a prophet with words, that he could write it down in all languages so everybody could read and understand and remember."

Which is just another concrete example of what I mean about my father—one minute he's sneering that I'm going to be an accountant, and the next minute he's making a poet out of me. And not just for birthday cards or get-well-quick, but to write some whole big thing etched in brass that's going to reform the entire human race. I mean, it's all I can do to squeak through English and make a synopsis of "The Return of the Native," and he's got me composing these tremendous limericks like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

But he was serious, my father. He put the can back on the table, and his eyes said, "Fill it." And with that, the weight seemed to go from his shoulders.

"The cake smells done," he told my mother with a big yawn and a stretch. And when she brought it out, he could hardly give it five minutes to cool before he had to have a piece.

We had a piece also to join him, and with his he drank about a quart of milk. After that, he gets up from the table satisfied, and while my mother washes the plates, he's already in there brushing his teeth so it sounds like somebody scrubbing down the walls. Then my mother kisses my ear good night, and the next thing I hear is the alarm clock winding, followed by two minutes of silence before the snoring starts.

And there I am, alone with this coffee can.

Originally, I had only three problems to think about—one with the isosceles triangle, one with a rhomboid, and another to show how to construct a tangent to a circle from a given point without using the center. But now, at eleven-fifteen P.M., I had in addition my father's bomb. I mean, he could go to bed and forget it, but there it was, right in front of me, and I couldn't get it out of my mind.

It just sat there looking so empty I couldn't think of anything else. Like in that poem, "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge, where the albatross hangs from the guy's neck; that's how that coffee can got to be with me—a burden, a thing I couldn't shake off. In a whole half-hour of solid staring at it, I got nowhere with the problem of what a person could say in so many exact words that would have the effect my father wanted. In fact, I gradually came to the conclusion that there weren't any exact words, but only wishes and feelings.

I **don't** know; I may have been just sleepy, but when I opened the can after a while, it wasn't empty any more. It was filled to the top, and not just with possibilities, but with all the feelings my father had put into it. Sitting there in the quiet kitchen, I could see added to them the hopes and prayers of everybody lucky enough to still be able to hope and pray, myself included, and the first thing I knew that can was really loaded. Then I put the lid back on, shutting in the reflection of my face smiling at me in the tin bottom.

That's what I mean about my old man—he's contagious. He may be a little nuts; he might make foolish mistakes in business; but he's got such a bad case of humanity, it's catching. Just to hear him go on, night after night, getting mad at things like rulers and machines and straight lines—just to hear him snoring in the other room even—gives you the feeling that no matter what happens, mankind is somehow going to come out on top. This is the bomb my father has—the most powerful weapon on earth, and he doesn't even know he's got it.

But that wasn't what made me smile. I smiled because I suddenly remembered that I could let my homework go until the next day. Every Friday morning, between physical training and geometry, through some odd freak in the schedule I got a study period. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 50)

couldn't control myself any longer. I phoned her."

A few weeks later, Charisse closed his dancing academy, took a ship to Europe, and was married to Cyd in the south of France.

When war broke out in Europe, they came back and rented a small apartment in Hollywood. After their son Nico, Jr., was born, Cyd was hired for a dancing specialty in a musical film. That seemed to be a turning point in her marriage to Nico Charisse. The 20-year difference in their ages had started to tell earlier, and as Cyd began to concentrate more and more on her career, the marriage simply fell apart.

"I was much too young," Cyd now admits, "to know what marriage was all about. I was interested only in myself and my career."

The Charisses were divorced in 1947. Cyd lived quietly with her mother and son, and her dancing career went ahead well but without spectacular success. She earned $250 a week and got small dancing parts.

In 1948, when she was 25, Cyd's life suddenly changed—in many ways. At a party given by her agent, Nat Goldstone, Cyd met another of his clients, singer Tony Martin. Their first meeting was unpromising. After she had been introduced to him, Cyd asked innocently, "What do you do, Mr. Martin?" Tony answered with a shocked look.

They had dinner at a restaurant where Tony spent most of his time visiting with friends at nearby tables. Cyd was furious. At the end of the evening when Tony asked for another date, she refused flatly.

The next time they met, it was again under the auspices of their agent. Goldstone phoned one afternoon and asked her if she'd like to attend a premiere that evening. "I should warn you," he added, "that your escort will be Tony Martin."

"I'm brave," Cyd answered. "I'll try anything twice."

Cyd's bravery was rewarded. She and Tony got along very well that evening. A few months later—in May, 1948—they were married.

That's when Cyd began turning down important film assignments in order to be with her husband. "I had learned the hard way," she explains, "that whenever possible a husband and wife should travel together, especially in show business."

As a result, the Martin family's travel budget now ranges from $25,000 to $40,000 a year. When Tony is playing the Flamingo in Las Vegas, for example, Cyd is usually with him. If he's booked into Chicago's Chez Paree, they both catch the same plane. When he works in New York, she flies in over the weekend or whenever her work is finished. A few months ago, Tony was on location in Florida. Cyd went down with him and got a small part in the same picture, "Easy to Love."

"No marriage," Cyd says, "can be really successful unless a wife devotes herself to her husband. In my marriage, Tony comes first. By pleasing him, I please myself."

In her first marriage, Cyd volunteered criticism blatantly, she now admits. She would tell Charisse how to run his business. Today she takes a deep and active interest in Tony's career, but she has learned an important lesson: "Never deflate your husband's ego." When Tony finishes a number at the recording studio and asks how she likes it, she frames her criticism—if she has any to offer—in a tactful question: "How do you think it would be, Tone, if you turned up the volume on the last four bars?" or "Isn't it better, Tone, to mix them up rather than sing too many ballads?"

After their son Tony, Jr., was born, Cyd began to fit her career into her family life—and as a happily married woman she suddenly found it much easier to become a successful dancer. She made tremendous strides in popularity in "Singing in the Rain" with Gene Kelly and "The Band Wagon" with Fred Astaire. "Cyd is a professional," Astaire remarked after making the film; "one of the best I've ever worked with. Any time they want, they can give me *that* girl."

Today Cyd is earning $1,250 a week—with even more in sight. But her main concern is still apparently her marriage and her family. She likes to stay home, but Tony likes to go out—and so the Martins spend a good deal of time dining out. He, in turn, is always buying her dresses, blouses, expensive jewelry.

He is a little puzzled, however, by her attitude toward shoes. Cyd has 85 pair neatly put away in a special closet, and whenever a new model comes, she buys a pair. Not long ago she came home with a weird pair consisting mostly of straps. Her French poodle got hold of them and left them in shreds near the swimming pool.

Next morning, Cyd confronted Tony with the remains. "I know you didn't like them," she teased him. "But really, Tone, you didn't have to go this far."

Tony grinned. "Honestly, honey, I'm innocent," he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her.

Just then, Cyd's 13-year-old son came into the breakfast room. "Cripes," he exclaimed, "don't you two ever do anything else?" . . . THE END

Tony Martin, Jr., aged five, was born in time to keep his mother out of an Academy Award picture. "He was more than worth it," she says.

(Continued from page 27)

his head. "But last night you wrote five hundred and seventy."

"You stick to your figuring; I'll go by my hunches," Dorothy told him squelchingly. "Every day since the contest started, I've entered two guesses, and I don't really see how I can miss."

Dorothy Ann had high romantic hopes about the trip. She'd heard those luxury liners sometimes lurched around a little, which might help a rather shy girl to lurch into the acquaintance of an attractive, unattached man . . . the kind she absolutely never met in her secluded job as teacher of domestic science.

"Would you like to see a picture of my reason for going to Hawaii?" George was asking hopefully, and she held out an unenthusiastic hand toward the snapshot he was adoring. Of course she took an instinctive, feminine dislike to the beautiful, long-legged size-twelve blonde in the size-eight bathing suit.

"Prettier than a ticket on a Derby winner, isn't she?" George proudly asked. "You can see why I don't want her out on loan to Hawaii."

"She has her mother to guide her."

"Her mother's phony as watered stock. And letters, even when her mother lets her out of harness long enough to write, are nothing but margins for error. But I'll be there in just two weeks!" Then, remembering she was a losing contestant, he added, "I'm really sorry you can't win, too, Miss . . .?"

Dorothy Ann never gave her name to strange men, but this one was engaged, so it didn't matter. "Warnack . . . Dorothy Ann."

"There was a mine named Dorothy Ann," George said. "Or was it a two-year-old that paid ten to one? Anyway, my name's Loomis . . . George . . . and you can see how important it is for me to get there. I can't afford a long trip like that right now, and after all, it's different for you," he assured himself as well as her. "I mean, there's no one in Hawaii you've promised to meet."

Dorothy resented his implication that her romantic life was so desolate. "No," she said, "not exactly in Hawaii."

"On the boat?"

"Well . . . yes . . . I hope to meet him on the boat."

"What's his name?" George asked politely, thinking that since he had borrowed her interest, he should refund a little.

"Anthony," Dorothy christened the unknown. Yes, if she were lucky, she'd meet Anthony, and he'd be tall and blond and crisply English. She made a mental note about learning to make Yorkshire pudding, just in case.

"Anthony what?"

"Le Marechale," she said, clear out of left field, but hearing it, she knew she hoped Tony would have some romantic French blood in him. She could already make crepes suzette.

"Government bonds?" George asked. "I mean, is he American? He sounds foreign."

"Well . . ." Dorothy said vaguely, "he travels a lot." Which certainly cleared that one up.

George's mind brooded over Anthony Le Marechale's traveling nationality, and it interfered with his figuring. "Is he in the diplomatic service?"

"He may be later," Dorothy answered evasively. Yes . . . they might live in India for a while, and she'd have to learn about chutney and curries. "He explores places . . . and writes. . . ." Then she got too carried away by the possibilities of the unknown, and added, "He'll paint, too, I think."

"Don't you know?"

Feeling more than a little foolish, Dorothy answered severely, "Tony doesn't brag about his accomplishments." And there was silence till Dorothy got up and nodded good night.

As she walked toward her parked car, she worried about how awfully sure George seemed. Although she'd always had pretty good luck on her hunches, they still weren't an exact science.

Helpmate

My yen for her diminishes,
Becomes far less compelling,
Each time she blithely finishes
The story I am telling.

—Richard F. Armknecht

She automatically slowed her steps as she passed an auctioneer's lighted window, seeing, in the corner, dusty among tarnished silver, a tall apothecary's jar exactly like the one used in the contest. Impulsively, Dorothy went in and asked how much.

"Four ninety-five, as is," the man said. "And if it didn't have that little crack there in the base, where nobody can even see it, it'd be twenty bucks at the least."

"Thank you," she said, and started out. Five dollars was five dollars, and then there'd be all the candy kisses to buy to get the right answer.

"Two fifty," the man said quickly. "And mama! what a bargain!"

So Dorothy walked out carrying a large, awkwardly wrapped bargain. She had to stop at quite a few stores for enough of the right-sized candy, and it was eleven-thirty by the time the jar was full of three-hundred and forty-six kisses, and she was full of molasses and dismay because all of her hunches had been wrong.

She had a quick luncheon at Bettye's Buffet next day, wrote "three hundred and forty-six," had an indigestible chocolate malt at three, wrote "three hundred and forty-seven," and approached her dinner biliously.

George Loomis looked like he'd swallowed something inedible, too, as he stopped beside her table on his way out.

"You're a female," he accused her. "So maybe you can give me the right quotation on this." He sat down and thrust an envelope addressed in backhand green ink at her. "What's a woman mean when she says maybe it would be a waste of my time if I came, but if I'm coming, get there for a dance on the fourteenth?"

"It seems clear enough to me," Dorothy said incautiously, after reading the short note and taking a look at the accompanying snapshots. "She simply wants to have her cake and eat it, too." But then she stopped herself quickly. "You'll just think I'm being catty."

"What cake does Paula want?" he demanded.

"Well . . . you, and this young man in the snapshots, maybe. Who is he?"

"Just a friend of her mother's . . . happened to be on the boat, and he's been sprinting around after them . . . but Paula hates that grinning, muscle-bound type!"

"Is she forced to play leapfrog on the beach with all her mother's friends?"

"Naturally, she has to feed him a little sugar, for politeness," George said, but he glared at the smiling, glossy faces.

"I don't know how polite Paula generally is," Dorothy said cagily . . . (but she did know an impolite female trick when she saw one) . . . "and I don't know which one she's trying to make jealous. Maybe you, so you'll get there faster; maybe Muscles, so when he sees you coming, he'll ask the question. If it's Muscles, then she'll remind you that she warned you not to come."

She stopped, because he was regarding her as though she'd just claimed American T and T never paid dividends.

"Obviously you and I are speaking of two different girls," he said coldly, and stood up. "But thank you, and good night."

She felt awfully sorry for him, in love with a girl who was obviously using him for competition. The line in the note about telling him to be sure and get a new dinner coat because the dance would be black-tie . . . what if he couldn't afford a new dinner coat and black tie? But Paula wasn't worried about that . . . she just wanted to impress Muscles.

Dorothy felt even sorrier for him when she stood near him in line near the cashier's desk, and saw the number he'd written on his check. Impulsively, she reached out and caught his arm.

"Don't turn that in," she muttered. "It's way off."

He was startled by the authority in her voice. "Did you just get it from the horse's mouth?"

"Add fifty, and at least you'll have a chance! Go on!" And she thrust her pen at him.

Bewildered, he obeyed the command in her voice and slipped aside to correct his figure, while she hurriedly paid and left, annoyed at herself. Why give him the benefit of her research? Why throw away an advantage she'd paid for just because she was sorry for him?

She was unlocking her car door when she heard his voice. "Here's your pen . . . thanks for the tip," he said, but

he was looking at her warily. "But I hope it wasn't one of your hunches . . .?"

"You may as well see what it is," she shrugged. "It's at my apartment. Have you got a car?"

"It's parked over there."

"You'd better ride with me, anyway," she told him resignedly. "My street curves around like spaghetti."

From the doorway of her one-and-a-half-room apartment, practically everything was visible, so he saw the jar as soon as she turned on the lights. Dorothy had been silently uneasy during the ride, wondering if he'd think it wasn't quite cricket to try and win this way, but looking at the tall glass jar surrounded by spilled kisses, George began to laugh, and it was a nice laugh, clear and full of amusement.

"That's really winning by a head!" he said, and looked at her and laughed again. But then his laughter stopped, and he looked puzzled. "But why let me read your ticker tape? You want to win . . . to see your fiancé . . . what's his name —Le Marasomething?"

"Christopher might not be on that particular boat," she said truthfully. "And even with this to help, it's still a matter of guesswork as to how they're packed in, so either one of us could win."

"I thought his name was Anthony."

"Yes, it was . . . is Anthony Christopher." Her two favorite names. "I sometimes call him by his middle name."

"Oh," George said, and his tone disliked both names almost as much as she did Paula. "Well, the thing to do—" he advanced determinedly toward the jar—"is to run the course about a dozen times and then take a mean average."

"Three hundred and twenty-nine," George announced glumly an hour and a half later. "Even give or take twenty each way for the packing, not one of my calculations was right."

"You're still got three days to go," she reminded him.

"Thanks to you, I'll still be in the running." He smiled broadly.

"Why do you keep grinning at me like that?"

"You've got some of the orange wrappings off the candy stuck on your front tooth," he said. "Makes you look funny. Do you usually eat the paper, too?"

"Must have stuck to the candy," she said, catching it with her tongue.

"Let's go get some hamburgers, to cut the taste," George suggested.

"Might as well be good and sick," Dorothy agreed, "as the way we are now."

They went to a place where the hamburgers were hot and well accompanied by onions, the way George liked them, and Dorothy liked them that way, too. The juke box played "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," which was her absolute favorite, and his, too.

"This Le Marechale," George said thoughtfully as he munched. "You said he might not show. On the boat."

"I hope he will," Dorothy admitted fervently, because hearing George rave about Paula had made her feel very lonely.

"He doesn't sound like a real capital gain to me. How long have you known him?"

"Why?" Dorothy countered.

"Well, you're a gullible little type that might get fleeced into a gold-brick deal . . ."

Dorothy bristled. "What makes you think I'm so naïve?"

"Take tonight, for instance," he said sternly. "You had no business driving me home to your place. The odds are more than even I might have been the wolf that ate Grandma."

"Well, I certainly wouldn't have done such a thing ordinarily," she defended herself. "But I know how much this contest means to you . . ."

He cut her off, but magnanimously. "It was all right this time . . . a clear track and a sunny day . . . but that raises the odds against you for next time, so don't do it again. Now . . . this Le Whatsisname . . . what do your folks think of him?"

"They haven't met him yet."

"Why not?"

"Well," she hedged, "I thought when things were more settled, I'd take him back to meet them. They live in Chicago."

"That's not far for him, if he's so fast on his feet. Better have them get a statement on him."

"And what do your folks think of Paula?" she demanded.

"When they know her better, they'll

"Say—that's clever! And you can use the other as a spare."

REDBOOK

be crazy about her." He quickly changed the subject. "Want to cope with a 3D, just to discount some time?"

They coped with glasses that slid down their noses, agreed it was an amazing medium, had some beer and a long argument about religion, life, sex and horse racing which ended sleepily after two.

"Listen." Dorothy Ann said the next night when George sat down at her table, and she talked as though an impatient cork had been pulled out of a nervous bottle. "I know it isn't any of my business, but do you think you ought to go running off after her . . . competing with characters like Muscles on his home ground? It seems to me, if people don't have sense enough to value a person like you, then you'll be starting off on the wrong foot to let her get away with this 'come, but don't come' business."

"Paula's skittish as a one-year-old in some ways," George said defensively. "Pretty young yet."

"Well, if you like crazy mixed-up kids," Dorothy shrugged.

"She's only twenty-two," George spoke indulgently from the height of his twenty-eight years. "Barely out of college."

"Old enough!"

"I don't know. Look at you . . . you're about Paula's age, and you'd be preferred stock in anybody's market, but you're yearning over some brisk trader who probably has a filly in every port and'll never come up to scratch with any of them! I'm sorry to put it so bluntly, Dorothy," he said hotly, "but I think you're a girl who ought to live in the winner's box, and everything you've told me about this Le Maraschino makes me wonder what in hell you see in him!"

One thing led to another, and it was a stormy evening, with intermittent hot and cold warfare lasting through a two-hour parking period outside her apartment. They wielded the names of Paula Blaney and Anthony Christopher like sharp weapons, and said a good many times, "Obviously, you know nothing about women . . ." or "Even a blind carthorse could see he's no trust fund!"

It ended with slamming car doors and furious farewells. Dorothy, of course, had the last word.

"I guess she's just what you need!" she said bitterly. "A girl who wears her bathing suit so tight it stops all your mental processes!"

Then she ran in and cried for a while out of sheer fury at his stupidity. "And you!" she addressed the imaginary Anthony Christopher, "I wish you'd never been born."

The next night, she sat at a table in a far corner of the tearoom, feeling as if she had a cold coming on, carefully not looking at George, who sat in another far corner, his back implacably toward her, and she left without finishing her dinner.

"Men are such fools!" she told herself, and laughed lightly to show how little their antics meant to her.

Her phone was ringing when she opened the door, and she ran for it. It was George.

"Fair is fair, Miss Warnack," he said with impersonal dignity. "And you've got a right to half my ticket. When I win the contest tomorrow, and I will, because I entered six bets today, I'll split the take with you. I'll pay half of your round trip on that boat, take a week of the time there, and credit the rest to you. A week'll be enough to straighten Paula out . . . and have you got any baking soda or something?" George asked piteously, and his voice echoed wanly from the suffocating phone booth. "All that tearoom food today . . ."

By the time he arrived, she had a lineup of remedies waiting for his choice, and they sipped hissing glasses of seltzer together.

Dorothy gestured toward the sofa. "Why don't you rest there till you feel better?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I've got to trot along." But he sat down gingerly on the edge, then moved back and sighed accusingly. "Couldn't sleep at all last night!"

Dorothy was about to resume the battle, but he and the sofa were now parallel, and his eyes were closed. They stayed that way for an hour or so, and peeking at him now and then, she thought he looked awfully cute. She liked the way he slept, his curved mouth fitted neatly closed, his breathing deep but quiet. She knew she shouldn't watch him, and it was unfortunate that when his eyes suddenly opened, she found herself looking straight into their brown depths. For a strangely intimate moment, everything in the world seemed silent and stopped; then she could feel her heart begin to beat again. But it was a different heart now, because he affected it as the moon does the tides.

When he smiled, said "Thanks for the sofa, the seltzer and the sympathy," her heart moved faster on an upward curve. When he got up to leave, it sank. At the door, when he awkwardly leaned toward her cheek, then drew back, her heart lurched, and when he left, it protested.

"But how stupid of you!" she ac

cused it. "When you know he's wearing somebody else's colors!"

And then it really began to pain, burned by jealousy.

The results of the contest were to be announced at eight the next night. George picked her up, and they ate together, not talking very much; then they waited, with a few other eager competitors, to hear who'd won.

"We're off!" George muttered, and she nodded, but they didn't look at each other.

The tall jar was officially opened and the contents counted out in front of a couple of bored news photographers by Mr. Bettye, sole owner of Bettye's Buffet, and Mr. Sayers, one-tenth part owner of the new luxury liner *Gloria.*

"Three hundred and seventeen!" Mr. Sayers announced, beaming for publicity. "And the lucky winner, who will enjoy a glorious trip on the *Gloria,* all expenses paid, excellent cuisine, superb service, salt- and clear-water pools, dancing on deck, first-run motion pictures nightly, radio in every de luxe cabin, phone-to-shore convenience, public secre . . ."

"Who won?" Mr. Bettye asked.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Sayers said, and looked at the check he held. "A Miss Dorothy Ann Warnack, 811 Olympia Drive. A very close thing . . . just by one. Mr. George Loomis was second, with three hundred and sixteen. We'll notify Miss Warnack immediately . . . or is she here?"

"She's here!" George said loudly, and made a way for her toward the table, the jar and the judges, talking to her in a low tone as they went. "It was a photo finish, but I'm glad you won it, Dorothy . . . I really am. I'll wait for you in the car," he said, as she was pulled away from him, toward the exploding flash bulbs.

She was posed between Mr. Bettye and Mr. Sayers, where she felt confused and unhappy.

"Smile, will you, doll?" a photographer said. "And moisten your lips."

Dorothy did neither. She grabbed at Mr. Sayers' arm. "I want a recount!" she said.

He stared at her. "But you won!"

She took a quick look to make sure George was out of hearing. "That Mr. Loomis . . . he claims it was a mistake. That he won."

Mr. Bettye laughed, "Honey, we've got the notary public's seal to show it's right. The count tonight was just for publicity."

"I know," Dorothy said urgently. "But he claims it was a fixed race . . . said you wanted a girl to win, just for the cheesecake pictures."

Mr. Bettye and Mr. Sayers exchanged a long, thoughtful look.

"We wouldn't want him messing up the publicity!" Mr. Sayers came to a quick decision. "Get rid of the newsboys, Bettye, and we'll have a fast recount by ourselves." He patted Dorothy's arm consolingly. "But don't you worry. It'll be three hundred seventeen, no matter how many times we count."

But it wasn't.

It was three sixteen, George's winning number, counted first by Dorothy, then an annoyed Mr. Sayers and an upset Mr. Bettye. They simply couldn't see how it had happened, and were profuse in their apologies.

Dorothy didn't say very much. She was anxious to get away. "It's all right," she muttered. "Accidents do happen. I'll go tell him."

She hurried out to the car, where he was waiting, looking very gloomy till he saw her coming; then he smiled heartily.

"George! You won!" she said breathlessly. "We had a recount, and there was one less than they said! You won it!"

He was looking at her intently. "One less? How come? And who asked for a recount?"

"Some loser . . . I don't know . . . but now you can go. You're the winner, and I don't want to hear any more about sharing your ticket!"

"But why not?" he demanded. "Are you cooling off toward this Le Marshmallow?"

"Oh, well . . ." she said, "I can probably meet him somewhere else sometime . . . and you really need to go."

"Well, how do you like that!" he said wonderingly, still watching her closely. "A dark horse . . . a sleeper . . ." he said obscurely, and then he began to smile. He pulled her into the car and slammed the door. "I'm going right over to Western Union . . . send Paula a telegram!" He drove swiftly, talking and laughing. "I had a letter from her today, telling me to be sure and come. She misses me terribly, she says, and Muscles has left."

"Then the track's clear, and you and Paula can have your merger," Dorothy tried to say cheerfully, but while he was in the telegraph office, she dismally wondered if she'd have had a chance with him if he hadn't been able to see Paula for a while. Maybe he'd have forgotten . . . . But no . . . he was too far gone. . . . Look at the way he was grinning in there, writing out a lover's telegram.

"She's certainly going to be surprised when she gets this," George said. He tossed a copy of the telegram into Dorothy's lap.

She picked it up distastefully, hating him, and her eyes were moist with coming tears, but she finally focused on the printed words:

NOT COMING. ACCEPT TERMS OF YOUR PREVIOUS LETTER. NO PROFIT IN IT FOR EITHER OF US.
NO LOVE
GEORGE

Beside her, she felt him shaking with laughter. "I never saw anything so funny since the day Roving Lad ran the wrong way! That expression on your face! And that little bit of orange wrapping paper stuck to your eye tooth!"

She turned swiftly to glare at him, but then she saw his eyes—laughing, but soft and loving, too.

"The odds are eight million to two," he said, "that if I kissed you now, you'd taste of molasses." He leaned closer to test his percentages, and after that, how many kisses they shared was anybody's guess! . . . THE END

If your child said, "I don't want to pet the dog, Mommy—I'm scared!" would you know what to do?

Help Your Child Conquer Fears

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

What does your child fear? Does he fear the dark, animals, the water—or have strange dreams of witches and other imaginary horrors?

Don't worry. Every child has fears. Here's why—and what to do about them.

Your child's fear may have an easily understandable origin. His fear of dogs may have started when a barking dog chased him; his fear of water, when a wave knocked him down.

You can handle such fears easily by patiently re-educating your child. The child who is afraid of dogs may be led to approach a cuddly puppy. The child who was frightened at the beach may regain his courage after a few days spent at the water's edge.

Be patient with your child and give him time to regain confidence after being frightened.

The more puzzling fears are those which appear to have no basis at all. One child fears the sound of people in the apartment overhead. Another screams at a harmless bug. There are various reasons for these odd fears.

Your child may literally "catch" a fear. If you clutch him nervously during a thunderstorm, he'll be afraid, too. You can help him by recognizing your own fears and trying not to show them.

Your child may become fearful as the result of careless threats. If an irresponsible grownup tells him that a policeman will come for him if he's naughty, he has reason to be apprehensive about policemen. So avoid baseless threats—and don't permit other people to make them to your child.

Well-meant warnings may also frighten your child. If you remind him "Watch out—you'll fall" every time he gets on a high place, he may become terrified of all high places. Keep warnings for moments of real danger, and make them positive. "Hold on" is better than "You'll fall."

If your child is prey to strange and fantastic fears, perhaps you are too demanding. If you expect too much of him, or are too severe with him, you can put him in constant fear of doing something wrong. This fear often extends to become fear of all sorts of imaginary horrors. Let your child know that you don't expect perfection.

Remember always to take your child's fears seriously. Never shame him for being afraid. Play along with him about any of his fears until you can re-educate him. If he is afraid of the dark, get a little night light for him until you can convince him it isn't necessary.

The best antidote for fear, real or imagined, is strength. You can help your child to build this important resource. Show him that you have confidence in him. Encourage him to assert himself. The fearful child may become stronger through independent play—sometimes even aggressive or destructive play.

Your acceptance of him—no matter what he fears, or how he works his fears out—will prove to him that you are on his side.

The Worst Bargains You Can Buy

(Continued from page 25)

trapped, like the Zacks family, into paying incredible financing charges.

"People believe," Joseph Murnane of the Baltimore Better Business Bureau explained, "that they are protected by law from high interest rates. That's true, in most states, but only when you borrow money. When you buy merchandise there's rarely any limit at all on the interest you can be charged. In Maryland they finally got a law passed, limiting this finance charge to 16 per cent."

Next to reading before signing, the most important rule to remember when considering a give-away offer, is to check first with your Better Business Bureau. It is supported by the honest, reliable merchants of your community to keep you from getting cheated, and to restrict unprincipled competitors who give all business a bad name.

In Roanoke, Virginia, on one item, at least, you won't even have to call the Bureau. There, an out-of-town company took time on a local radio station to offer a sewing machine for $29.95. After the station had received several calls, two salesmen popped into town. They were not, of course, selling $29.95 sewing machines. Instead, they pushed a Japanese-built machine, listing, they said, for $189.95, less $40 for the inevitable chip in the paint, plus as much money as they thought they could get for a carrying charge.

Complaints got back to Frank Sherertz, manager of the Bureau, and he called the radio station. The advertising was canceled immediately. For no matter how much any radio or television station may like those fat checks, without the good will of the community the station cannot survive.

Some local television stations haven't yet learned this.

One evening recently, after the children were in bed, Joe and Betty Jarman were watching their television set when the offer of a guaranteed, factory-rebuilt vacuum cleaner for $12.95 was flashed on their screen. Joe and Betty looked at each other. When they got married, Betty's mother had given her an old, worn-out cleaner, and they'd been struggling along with it ever since.

"Why don't you call them, honey?" Joe asked. "I guess we can afford ten bucks."

The next night, when Joe came home from work, Betty was strangely quiet. "What's the matter—didn't it come?" he asked. She nodded. "Well, let's look at it, then," he said. Still she hesitated. "Isn't it all right, honey? Isn't it what you wanted?" And then she broke into tears.

For this is what had happened: The salesman had called that afternoon, brought in the vacuum cleaner, and

sprinkled some baking powder on her rug.

He plugged in the vacuum cleaner, ran it over the rug. Nothing happened. The powder was still there. The salesman cut the cleaner off in disgust.

"There must be easier ways of making a living," he said. "Look—I'll be frank with you. This is a piece of junk. I can tell from the looks of your house you wouldn't be satisfied with this machine."

"But they said on television it was rebuilt and guaranteed," Betty protested. The salesman shrugged.

"But my husband . . ." she said. "He said I could have one!"

The salesman looked at her for a moment. "You know," he said, "you may be in luck. I've got a real vacuum cleaner out in the car. The family who bought it has been suddenly transferred out of town and asked me to take it back."

The salesman brought in a bright, flashy cleaner. It whisked up the baking powder. "How do you like it?" he asked.

"But—but how much is it?" Betty stammered.

"Well, it's $119.95," he said. "But wait a minute—I think you and I can work something out. You see, it's been unpacked and all. What would you say if I said you could have it for $109.95?"

Betty hesitated.

"Do you have an old machine? Okay. Even without seeing it, I'll give you a 10-dollar allowance on that. *Now* what do you say?"

"I'll have to ask my husband," Betty said.

The salesman shook his head sadly.

"I'm not coming back out this way for a couple of days," he said. "By that time the machine will be gone. . . ."

The first thing Betty knew, she had written him a check for $15, signed a contract to pay for it over a 12-month period. If Joe didn't like it, the salesman said, he'd be glad to come back and pick it up. No obligation.

Joe exploded. "How could you have done such a thing?" he shouted. He looked at the machine. "Not even a reputable name!" When he asked to see the contract she'd signed, Betty said the salesman had taken it into the office to fill it out and mail to her.

Even after Betty promised to send the machine back, it wasn't over. She tried to call the salesman, but he was never in, and nobody else seemed to know anything about it. She even went to the office, but got the same runaround. Then came the crusher. From a finance company they received a payment booklet, with carrying charges of $20.13 added to the price. Betty and Joe were helpless. She'd signed her name.

Too late, they realized they could have bought a nationally-advertised cleaner from a reputable dealer for less than they were paying. Moreover, they would have had servicing and a guarantee that meant something.

This trickery in unloading a product, known to the trade as "bait" advertising, is becoming more and more prevalent. Better Business Bureaus are trying their best to stamp it out, but even they are helpless after the harassed and flustered young housewife has signed a contract.

Actually, of course, the $12.95 factory-rebuilt vacuum cleaner does not exist. The models the salesmen carry are merely old machines, sometimes even deliberately plugged up so they won't work. The whole scheme is a way to get the salesman's foot in the door.

When someone offers to send a salesman to your house—with a guaranteed vacuum cleaner for $12.95, think about it for a moment. The man making the delivery can hardly make a trip to your home, counting depreciation of his automobile and the fact that not everybody is going to buy, for less than five dollars a visit. That leaves $7.95 for a guaranteed vacuum cleaner, not counting the cost of the advertising which attracted your attention in the first place. There is obviously something wrong. Call your Better Business Bureau before you bite.

I simply would not have believed, a few weeks ago, that intelligent young Americans could fall for such frauds. Since then, however, I've spent days in several cities talking with people who have been taken—and cruelly so. I've talked with college graduates and people who never finished high school, with newlyweds and established people you'd think would know better.

In a suburb of Baltimore, I talked with a young housewife whose purchase of a sewing machine had led through such complications that she had actually become hysterical. She was placed under a doctor's care, and the children were sent to Grandmother.

"I don't regret losing my temper," her husband told me, unconsciously clenching and unclenching his fist as he talked. "If you came home from working hard all day to find your wife had thrown away a whole week's pay, you'd get mad, too. No, all I regret is that I took it out on her. What I should have done is find the guy who did this to us. He'd be crippled by now."

I talked with Mrs. Sprague, a woman who had answered a radio advertisement of an interior-decoration firm which offered to provide slip covers for one chair for one dollar. The salesman arrived at 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Sprague was recuperating from an illness, and had gone to bed, as had the children. Mrs. Sprague picked out the material she liked best, then discovered that to get one slip cover for one chair for one dollar, she would have to get slip covers for the sofa and another chair, too. Total cost, $164.48. Naturally she didn't want to go ahead without her husband's approval of material and price.

The salesman said he understood perfectly, but that this material was very scarce. If she gave him a 10-dollar deposit, he could hold the material, and if her husband didn't like it, the money would be cheerfully refunded. The salesman hammered away at her until 12:30, Mrs. Sprague told me. She finally gave him the money and signed the paper.

Mrs. Sprague didn't say anything to her husband next morning. Instead, she went to a reliable department store. There was the fabric—plenty of it. She

described the pieces of furniture she wanted covered, and the store gave her a price—$114—which was $50.48 less than the salesman's "bargain," even including the offer of one chair re-covered for one dollar.

Before 11 A.M., she called to cancel the order. It was too late, she was told. The material had already been cut. Her story about the deposit and the refund was of no avail.

For days Mrs. Sprague tried to reach the salesman, tried to cancel the order, tried to get back her deposit. She didn't want to worry her still-ailing husband, so she telephoned from a neighbor's house, and was always first to get to the mailbox.

When finally she was permitted to buy her way out of the contract for only $50, she almost felt that the company had granted her a favor.

Another woman saw a display of a five-piece dinette set on her television set. The demonstrator hit the top of the table with a hammer, even touched fire to it. Just right for the kitchen in a home where three active children lived, and the price was only $39.95. She asked her husband, and he said go ahead.

The next day, a man arrived with a shoddy-looking chair and a piece of the table top. They talked briefly; then the salesman said he simply couldn't bring himself to leave such flimsy merchandise in a home with three children. He dashed out, brought in a red chrome chair. It was a much better product—but the price was $152.50. The housewife knew she couldn't afford it, but the salesman told her that she could always get her money back if her husband didn't approve. She gave him a deposit, signed a few papers which he assured her were mere formalities.

She quickly learned that her husband did *not* approve. She called to cancel the order. A few days later, a truck pulled up outside her door with a load of furniture. She sent it back. When I talked to this woman, weeks after the whole thing began, she was almost a nervous wreck. A collection agency is still dunning her.

Why do people sign a blank piece of paper, obligating themselves to pay for something they don't want with money they don't have? Many victims tried to explain to me how they had let themselves be taken in.

In Baltimore, for example, a tall, articulate man named Hank White told how he had bought storm windows and doors for his home—when he already had a full set stored in his basement.

The salesman told Hank that it was for that very reason—because Hank was known in the neighborhood to be the type of homeowner who always had what was necessary—that he had come to Hank in the first place. He didn't want to sell Hank anything. No, rather, he wanted to give him an opportunity to make some money. He wanted to hang his brand-new aluminum storm windows and doors on Hank's house. He wanted to put a small, tasteful sign on the house saying where they came from. For every sales lead he got, he would pay Hank $50. Hank signed a few routine papers. The storm windows were installed. Then Hank got a notice from a commercial bank. He owed $863.

Hank fell for what is known as the "model home" racket. All kinds of building materials are unloaded this way.

A new twist has recently been added to the model home racket—"mastic paint." This is offered as a form of plastic giving lasting protection. Actually, mastic, while definitely having a place as a covering, has not been fully established as being all that some unscrupulous salesmen claim. As the San Francisco Better Business Bureau says in a special booklet, "Mastic is *not* fantastic."

A racket which is particularly lucrative is phony termite extermination. Sometimes the men working this racket carry their own termites or flying ants with them. Termites *are* a menace to a home, and it is easy for spurious pest exterminators to frighten unknowing housewives.

In Wytheville, Virginia, a man named Magellan Burgess, representing the Carolina Exterminating Company operating out of Tennessee, was arrested after he had given a woman a bill for $623.16 for termite control, and had accepted $300 part payment.

Brought to trial, Burgess could not identify any of the chemicals on his truck, their use, or precautionary measures to be taken. Shown pictures of an ant and a termite, he could not tell which was which. After he testified that he had fumigated the attic of the house for termites, reliable experts in pest extermination testified that there was no evidence of termites ever having been in the attic, and that fumigation was not effective in that part of the country, anyway.

Burgess was convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Against young people who have bought houses since World War II, the furnace inspection racket is very successful.

A man knocks on your door, flashes a badge, and identifies himself as a furnace inspector. Under the guise of inspecting, he actually pulls your furnace to pieces and leaves it that way. Next, a furnace-repairman shows up. It's too bad, he says, but your furnace is too far gone. Fortunately he can give you a discount on a new one. Some dealers—particularly in Boston, Cincinnati and Detroit—sell furnaces exclusively by this method.

There are hundreds of ways for gyp salesmen to separate you from your money. Here is a quick rundown on how to avoid the most common frauds.

TV repair. A reputable TV-repair service can not possibly send a man to your home for less than three dollars, and that doesn't include profit. The only way the "free-service-charge" repairmen can make money, therefore, is to sell you something, whether you need it or not. Cut-rate repairmen have been caught red-handed replacing tubes in your set with those taken from an old one, and then putting your tubes in the next customer's set. For reliable TV service, ask the nearest distributor of the make of set you own, and be willing to pay him. TV repairs average a dollar a week plus the size of the picture tube—about $75 a year for a 20-inch set.

Food-freezer plans. A food freezer is a great convenience, but beware of fantastic promises. Although membership in reliable plans may give you as much as a 30-per-cent saving in perishable merchandise, provided you have been eating well all along, you must avoid excessive carrying charges. In California, many victims of a food plan found that they had actually put up their furniture as security on their freezer.

Unordered merchandise. You don't have to pay for it or send it back, either. Just don't use it.

Coupon books. The telephone solicitor will tell you that you are getting $65 to $100 worth of free merchandise for $2.98. A typical example of this free merchandise, however, is a shampoo: unless you want to walk out of the beauty shop with soap in your hair, you pay extra for a rinse and wave-set. Some coupon-book plans are advantageous, but remember to examine the book before handing over your money. Don't accept telephone sales talk at face value.

Telephone or radio quiz question. If the announcer says that you will win a big prize by identifying the mystery tune, usually something about as mysterious as "Jingle Bells," try deliberately sending in the wrong answer. You'll win the prize anyway—a few dollars off the price of a piece of off-brand merchandise the dealer can't sell any other way.

Washing machines and driers. Unfortunately for the high-pressure boys, a washing machine can not easily be demonstrated in the home. What you have to watch out for here are misleading advertisements concerning the word "automatic." Before buying an off-brand "semiautomatic" machine at a "prices-slashed" appliance store, check the same type of machine with a reliable authorized dealer in an established brand.

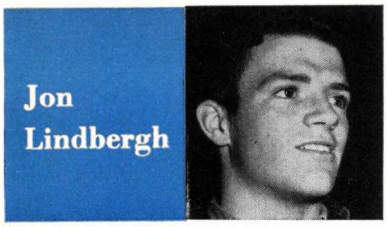
Photography. Beware of free offers—photographers who try to get your business this way usually high-pressure you into overpriced "retouching" and picture frames. And don't fall for the "beautiful baby" racket and pay someone a fee to list your baby as a model.

Although greater pressure is being placed on you, the potential customer, today than at any time in the past 15 years, you won't be stung if you keep your wits about you.

Buy reputable, nationally-advertised merchandise from your established local dealer. Buy used cars from a franchised dealer only. Read every word of everything you sign, and make sure the blanks are filled in.

Don't buy something for "a dollar a week" without first multiplying the amount of the payment by the number of weeks. Sometimes the result is surprising.

Finally, if there is the slightest doubt in your mind, call the nearest Better Business Bureau. That's what the BBB is there for. . . . THE END



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even less. For he didn't hesitate to slice his old pants into swimming trunks, or to resole old shoes instead of sending them to a shoemaker or buying a new pair. For years he wore battered ski pants that had been his mother's and were too small for him.

Occasionally, while living in the tent, Jon would accept an invitation to dinner. Where another guest might bring a box of candy, he would bring an abalone that he himself had caught. He usually persuaded his hostess to let him prepare it. He would pull the fish gently from the shell and cut the soft part away. The big solid muscle which remained he would wash, rub with salt, wrap in a towel, and pound with a wooden mallet, an old milk bottle, or with anything else that would do the job. For abalone steaks are made tender and palatable only through pounding.

Even when he left the tent, it was often as though he were alone. "Jon, will you have some milk?" one of his weekend hostesses asked. "Yes, thank you," he replied. And absentmindedly he proceeded to finish the whole bottle.

At college, Jon decided to make the sea his life's work. He majored in marine biology and went on two underwater exploring expeditions. The first, aboard Stanford's own research vessel *Orca*, was in the Gulf of California. The second, aboard the ocean-going tug *Kevin Moran*, was sponsored by Columbia University and several other organizations. It took Jon 12,000 miles from New York to Boston, to Ponta Delgada in the Azores, to Dakar in West Africa, to Recife in Brazil, and back to New York.

Jon was in charge of collecting plankton—floating animals and plants. The plankton net did not go as deep as he wanted it to go. And so he built two wings to push it down. The tools which he used for dredging the samples proved inadequate. So he built tools of his own. And always, whenever there was need to go underwater, it was Jon, with mask already in hand, who would volunteer.

Waves would sometimes wash the deck, drenching those on board. But the wetter it got, the better Jon liked it.

He slept in the forecastle with eight other men, and there was little privacy. And there was little leisure. But in his few free moments he wrote more letters than anyone else and read "The Caine Mutiny." In bits of conversation he told of bicycling through Africa, of motorcycling through France; of a 37-day exploration of the St. Elias Mountain Range in Alaska, where his party mapped unnamed peaks, took snow measurements, and several times came close to death.

His dad, Jon told his buddies, had learned to fly in the Army; his mother has a pilot's license and a radio operator's license, and as long ago as April, 1930, was co-pilot and navigator on a record-breaking high-altitude flight from Glendale, California, to New York City.

He talked a little of his 17-year-old brother Land, who, like him, enjoys boats and river-running, and who now operates the lobster pots that once were Jon's; a little of his sister Anne, whose childish efforts to write poetry amuse him. And he said in passing, "I've got a girl." He was being hopeful about Barbara Robbins.

In May, 1953, Jon explored Bower Cave, near Yosemite National Park. Raymond de Saussure, of the Western Speleological Institute, had told Jon that he suspected that there was more to this cave than was known. Jon volunteered to dive into a submerged tunnel and follow it wherever it might lead.

Wearing a frogman's rubber suit and swim fins on his feet, and breathing with the aid of an Aqualung air tank, Jon made trips underwater on three different days. On the third trip, after he had gone about 150 feet through a dark passage, he discovered a large underwater chamber which, upon further exploration, may prove to be one of the largest in the West.

On this trip, the rope which was Jon's only link with the outside world became tangled inside its container. The quick action of his companions in clearing the tangle saved his life.

When he stepped from the chilly waters he was soaked, because he had torn a hole in the seat of his frogman's suit. He warmed himself by a roaring fire and sipped hot coffee. He sputtered nervously and wrung his hands only when called upon to talk to reporters. He himself, explaining the calm he had felt underwater, wrote in the Oakland *Tribune* of May 11, 1953: "There is not much danger in cave-diving if it is properly done and if adequate precautions are used. If you are conservative in what you attempt to do, you are safe."

He wrote, too: "You become part of a whole new world with an Aqualung and a face plate. You are almost like a fish, and you see underwater surroundings with a different perspective that isn't just like swimming or looking down into water. You have a fish's-eye view of things." One newspaper described him as the "lone fish" to parallel his father's "lone eagle." This disturbed him as the swim itself never had.

Jon's adventures brought radio and television offers. He turned them down. Columnists announced that he would play the role of his father in Warner's forthcoming movie based on Lindbergh's "The Spirit of St. Louis." Jon was merely amused.

Old ladies wrote that they were proud that Jon was carrying on the tradition of a fine name. Other people wrote: "I hate you!" Girls sent their pictures and asked him to marry them. A local California columnist reported that Jon and a Los Angeles coed were

engaged. Jon had never seen the girl. Yet, with his wry sense of humor, he carried the clipping in his wallet.

At Stanford, girls attended meetings of the Alpine Club, of which Jon was an active member, just to have a look at him. And he opened his post-office box one day to find his own photograph staring at him from the cover of a national magazine. Though he is usually clean-shaven, the picture, taken just after the *Kevin Moran* had arrived in Hoboken, showed him with a beard.

Jon put his hand to his head, a gesture he uses when he is perplexed or annoyed. When he discovered that there was 17 cents postage due on the magazine, however, the irony made him laugh.

To the campus he was a colorful figure in his hiking boots, his tan or gray khaki, his plaid flannel shirts. He would usually walk swiftly across the campus, greeting people with a distantly friendly, shy smile.

He would lunch outdoors with a few Alpinists or, after most of the boys had gone, would lunch at El Toro alone or with Bill Dickenson, his closest friend. Jon joined El Toro, a campus eating club, for convenience rather than for sociability.

He would not join a fraternity, didn't play cards, and rarely attended campus social functions. He liked dancing and sometimes went folk-dancing. But according to one girl, he just thumped his way along. And this in spite of his great physical agility. He joined the Rifle and Pistol Club and, though he was a good shot, dropped out because a sport for him must be connected with his own strong interests.

Jon sometimes tried to come out of himself by playing practical jokes—a trait he inherited from his father. There was a grin on his face when he set off an alarm clock at a campus Sunday-night movie, or when he terrified a girl by pulling a rattlesnake instead of lunch out of his mountain-climbing pack, or when he toyed with the idea of launching an alligator in a lake near the campus.

He also came closer to people when they were in danger. On a Yosemite climb, one of the Alpine girls couldn't make her way over the pitch. So Jon, as expedition leader, ruled that if she went back down, everybody would have to go with her. When the others refused, Jon took her farther up the mountain and tied her to a safe place. Everyone was delayed, but Jon never takes chances—especially with the safety of others.

On a diving trip, another of the Alpine girls was caught in an undertow. It was Jon who rescued her, brought her to consciousness, and got her home safely.

When the Alpine Club, with Jon again as leader, set out to climb Mt. Shasta, a 14,161-foot peak, Werner Edgar Hopf, a member of the party, fell down a steep cliffside into an icy crevasse and lost his life. Jon felt the loss keenly. Nor has he forgotten it. He frequently sees Maribelle Hopf, the 19-year-old widow, and he sees to it that other Alpinists also do their best to help her forget the tragedy.

And so the campus picture of Jon was that of a leader in all deeds of valor, but as a shy, withdrawing boy. The campus was accordingly quite surprised when, during the holiday before the last quarter of his senior year, the news broke that the shy boy had gotten married.

The ceremony took place in the living room of the Northfield home of the bride's uncle and aunt. Jon wore a business suit and Barbara an afternoon dress. Her father led her down a long staircase to join the Reverend Walter D. Wagoner and Jon, who were waiting in front of the fireplace. At the moment of the exchange of rings, Reeve, Jon's nine-year-old sister, the youngest of the Lindberghs, came up with a bouquet. Jon's father later told the minister that he has always been greatly touched by the warm attachment between brother and sister.

The climbing of Mt. Shasta ended in death for a fellow Alpinist. Jon helped to bring down the body.

Barbara's brother sang the Lord's Prayer and a hymn. The Lindberghs and the other Lindbergh children—Land, Anne and Scott—and Grandmother Morrow watched. And so did Barbara's aunt and uncle, her sister Wendy and a few friends. But Jon's friends were not there. Some of them had known since November that Jon was to be married, but not when. None of them had talked of the marriage, for each thought that he alone had been taken into confidence.

When Barbara had transferred from Stanford to Northwestern after her sophomore year, friends were afraid that she would never marry Jon. When she went to the Sorbonne in Paris, everyone was even more certain. And Jon's close friends were disturbed because he had told them that she was the only girl he had ever loved. They knew that he sensed in her the same strength and serenity that other people seem to find when they say "Bobby is special."

When she was no longer on the campus, he occasionally dated other girls, but he told his friends—he even told the girls themselves—that each of them reminded him of Barbara. Each of them had to be very feminine, for masculine women exasperate him. But he made it clear that the women he dated were his platonic friends and could become nothing more.

And so Jon and his platonic friends fished and climbed mountains. They joked and exchanged ideas. They sometimes even danced. At times these girls were his confidantes. But always his thoughts were for Barbara. He pursued, persevered, and after three years won her. They were engaged in August, 1953, when she returned from the Sorbonne and her father and Jon's parents met for the first time.

Barbara brings out the sensitive part of Jon's nature—the part he himself often subdues. She shares some of his outdoor interests—a taste she acquired during her early years in Alaska, where her father managed mining properties. And though she will not settle for resoling an old shoe, her tastes are simple and her demands are light.

After the wedding, Barbara returned to Stanford with Jon. But return to the campus did not mean a return to the tent. The couple rented a house in suburban Menlo Park. There they stayed until both were graduated from Stanford in June, 1954.

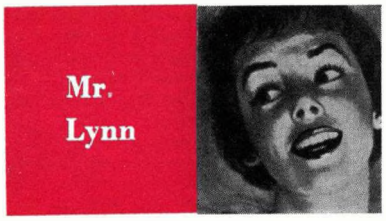
At Stanford, Jon had joined the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps, and then, deciding last October that the Navy was closer to his interests, he resigned from the Air Force to join the Naval Reserve. Last summer he spent six weeks at the Naval ROTC Camp in Long Beach, California.

Now, with college behind him, he has been selected for Naval Officers' Candidate School and is expected to go on active duty when he completes the course. Barbara is with him and plans to follow him around as long as he is in service.

And when service is behind him, Jon wants to do graduate work in marine biology. If he wants to, he can work at Columbia University's Lamont Observatory with Dr. Maurice Ewing, who gave him his job on the *Kevin Moran*. He has begun to look into the development of synthetic materials from underwater natural resources.

He approaches his future with a new-found quality—a quality that was clear soon after his return to the Stanford campus after his marriage. When he dropped in at El Toro, one of the boys grinned and, yelling from a distance, asked, "Hey, Jon! Is marriage better than spear-fishing?" Jon turned and smiled quietly. "Yep," he said.

One campus wag summed it up: "Happy ending for a hermit." THE END



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want to go out, Joe. I know you don't really mind." She was cool, adamant—and Joe looked at her strangely, then hid his surprise.

"I can deny you nothing," he said.

"I heard about a simply fabulous steak house . . . one without sawdust and horns on the wall. The Golden Cow, or something."

"The Golden Steer," said Joe. He managed a grin. "Okay, then; steak it is."

Lynn had succeeded in getting him to go out—but felt tainted with hypocrisy.

He held the door open. "Onward, into the night!" he cried, pretending gaiety.

The Golden Steer was a deep, narrow supper room, with leather booths and dim amber lighting. There were candles on the tables, and brave music was piped among the diners.

At last, with stern tenderness, Joe said, "Something's wrong. Out with it, little pet. Now!"

A drink and a cigarette had strengthened her. But as she spoke, she drew back into shadow.

"Joe," she began, "some people—some people are made for one thing, some—some for another. We all aren't—" she stopped, took a firm grasp of herself—"aren't capable of doing the same tasks. Usually, that isn't anything against us. . . . It just means we are in the wrong place—that we should change—should—should—find our real niche—" Halting as her words were, she suddenly saw they were enough. Everything seemed to stop around her. He looked as she had been afraid he would.

"Do you mean—I'm fired?" he asked. The dimness could not conceal his flush.

"Yes."

She bit her lip, and her planned words of advice and encouragement would not come. He was too hurt to accept them.

"Did it—did it happen this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "They'll tell you officially on Monday. I—I couldn't wait until then, knowing." Her chin was lifted. Her voice was clear and honest. There must be no deceit or misunderstanding. "I—I didn't fight for you, Joe."

His face was fumbling for an expression, any usable expression, but it could not find one.

Their backs were tightly against the leather seats; they were straining to clothe their faces with the shadows.

The waiter came and asked them what they wanted, but when they did not reply, he moved off with mechanical discretion. . . .

Lynn was remembering all Joe had done for her. He had become her adviser and protector on the first day she had gone to the office to be interviewed for a selling job. It was a wan April day, a year and a half ago, when she stepped off the elevator onto the gleaming tenth floor of offices above the warehouse. The company—Courtney, Hughes and Moore, food wholesalers—never had had a woman in the field for them, and Lynn was determined to be the first.

She started for the transparent glass doors of the reception room, and then, knowing the inadequacy of her business experience, got the shakes.

Suddenly, a hand was under her elbow and a grin was at her shoulder. As she was propelled along the hall, she protested. But in a few moments, she found herself at a table in a quiet, pine-paneled room. A dignified waiter brought tea and a plate of thin cakes.

"**You had** a funny look," said Joe, "as if you were going to faint."

He rarely did anything as spontaneous as this—it had happened as if a force outside himself had compelled him.

"I'm all right," she insisted, "really all right." She glanced at her watch with panic. "I have an appointment—with Mr. Courtney."

"Jay Courtney? Well, someone's in with him. It'll be about twenty minutes or so. Now, drink your tea."

She didn't quite trust his judgment, but her hands were still shaking, and it would be better to be late than make a fool of herself. Then Joe (confounding himself) lifted her hands in his, and held them warm and steady—so steady. Then he let her go.

She drank. "Delicious," she murmured.

She was relaxed; she had a friend inside the citadel.

"It's unusual to have a tearoom like this," she said, chattily.

"It's part of our tradition," he said. "We started as a tea company (it was English originally)—and anyone who comes here can have the stuff."

"I think it's a grand idea," said Lynn. The hot tea was soothing her, and her self-confidence was renewing itself. "What do you do here?"

"Salesman," he said. He spoke proudly.

"Oh—that's what I want to be!"

His heavy, long brows raised. Didn't this girl realize that C.H.&.M. never—?

"It's an old company," he said, gently. "This new building is the first modernization—"

Lynn interrupted, eyes bright now, with her quick resiliency: "And I'll be the second!"

Joe was gratified by the change in her, and respect appeared in his eyes. This girl was high-strung, but there was courage underneath. "What's your experience?" he asked.

Her face fell a little. But her voice was still persuasive. She bent toward him—and with delight Joe realized she was practicing on him.

"I've been a demonstrator," she said: "of fine foods, in department stores. And—"

Joe shook his head. "Ladling out a

paper cup of vichyssoise for a pack of women is hardly—"

"It's the same thing as ladling it out for big chain buyers." She bit her lip. "In a way . . ." She paused, cried, "Yes—it is!"

Joe was about to side with her doubts, feeling it would be better if she didn't expect too much. But his instinct stopped him. Until two years before, when he had decided that he should be able to practice what he taught—and make a much higher income doing it—he had been an instructor in selling and sales promotion in the business school of the city college. As a teacher, he had responded to anyone of glowing determination and vitality. This girl's passionate ambition and vibrant personality might make it possible for her to project exciting sales ideas. . . . All she needed was a vehicle. The thrill Joe had always experienced when he sensed the great possibilities of a student rose and filled him again.

"If you just go into Jay Courtney's office," he said, "and sit primly on a chair, give him your nice smile, and tell him your experience, he'll sit back, think—Hmmm, very pretty girl, and then he'll politely stifle a yawn and ask you if you've ever considered secretarial work."

"Oh?"—in a small, unbelieving voice—

Joe grinned. "But wait a minute. Jay Courtney is tough, very British, but he's the first hot-shot businessman this firm ever had. Why, he built this atomic-age warehouse and office. I'll tell you what to do—ladle for Courtney! Prove what you told me before—that you can sell something to a man like him as easily as to a shopper."

Her eyes were big. "What will I sell him?"

Joe sat back, happily. The sensation of creating confidence in another person made him forget his own inability to use theatrical methods. He was a natural director, who floundered shyly if he tried to act a part himself.

"Sell him his own damn tea!" he said. "How can you lose? He loves the stuff."

"But—how? Just talk about it?" She sharpened, like an actress ready to learn a role.

He shook his head. "Startle him! Serve him—a cup of tea. He takes it every afternoon—it's early yet—but serve it to him—as if he's a buyer. And give him a spiel about it—in his own words. Listen!" And he told her about their tea. Where it came from, to whom it was sold, what famous tasters had said about it. And the girl blinked and absorbed and digested.

"Got it?" he asked.

Breathless, she nodded.

"Now to get the tea," he said—and ordered another cup, with cakes.

He took the plates, and the girl followed him out.

"Mr. Courtney free?" Joe asked the girl in the outer office. "Would you announce Miss—Miss . . . ?"

"Wendel."

Then the door of the inner sanctum was open, the tea and the cakes were handed her, and she stood frozen on the threshold. Jay Courtney was standing behind his desk. He had a lean, handsome face. He wore a mustache, and carried thin military shoulders in careless tweeds.

Lynn glanced sidewise, and saw Joe standing against the wall, his hand upraised in the V salute. She went forward—

"Mr. Courtney—!"

Lynn got the job—and that night Joe took her out to celebrate.

"I'll bet you hit the old traditions right in the solar plexus," he said. "Wish I'd seen it!"

Her voice sang. "You helped me so much. You pushed me the right way! I feel as if I'm flying—as if I'll never stop." Swiftly, she forgot about herself in her gratitude. Her eyes were respectful. "You know—no one ever made me feel so sure of myself as you did."

Joe laughed happily. "I used to be a teacher—they say a pretty good one." Modestly, he added, "But I guess I'm rather like that guy who taught champion swimmers—he couldn't swim."

They acted intoxicated, although they had drunk little. Joe began to imitate how Courtney would describe Lynn's coup at the next Friday-afternoon sales executives' meeting in his office. "He'll play it up," said Joe. "I'm sure of it. He's trying to bring some fresh air into the company."

Mary Martin's Favorite Proverb

When Edward R. Murrow interviewed Mary Martin on CBS-TV "Person to Person" (story on page 40), she showed a hooked rug she had made which was inscribed with an old Chinese proverb. So many viewers requested copies of the proverb that we reprint it here for REDBOOK readers.

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character; if there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the family home; if there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation; when there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

It turned out that Joe's picture was almost completely accurate. It also turned out that from that time on, Courtney (like Joe, but in a different way) watched Lynn with intense interest.

Lynn burgeoned under their attentions. For Joe, whose wife she became, she reserved her astonishing emotional power, her female need to hold and be held, all her softness. And for Courtney she displayed a forceful gift for selling.

Joe's emotions about Lynn's success were mixed. He had pride in her because she was his wife, and pride in himself because he could help her. And yet—he was not in fact a teacher any more; he was a salesman, and he could not suppress envy of her ability nor determination to do better himself.

This envy, however, did not deter him from giving her what amounted to a full course in the art of salesmanship. Lynn did not find it peculiar that he should instruct her, even though her selling efforts were rapidly surpassing his. She listened, avidly, and with full comprehension of the use to which she could put his information and counsel.

Six months after their marriage, Lynn left the office at four o'clock, immediately after the Friday executive meeting to which she—*she!*—had been invited. She had not stopped to tell Joe the news of what had happened at the meeting. She must tell him at home, over the most superb dinner she had ever cooked.

She had left word for Joe not to wait for her, and at six o'clock he rushed into the apartment, afraid that she was ill.

When he saw her in the blue cocktail dress, shining as she stood waiting, and when he saw the flowers, the champagne and the glitter of the table, he stopped short, staring, as if he'd opened the wrong door into a dream.

"Lynn, what's going on? What's the celebration?"

"I was promoted," she cried—"promoted, promoted—"

"To—what?"

"Sales manager of the fine-foods division!" She stood away from him, swinging her skirt out gracefully.

His brows puckered. It was incredible. A girl—or, rather, a young woman. C.H.&M. never— But they had!

Now she was one of the executive sales group—reporting directly to Jay Courtney. One of five—in the whole sales department. The fine-foods division was the smallest, in volume and profit, but it *was* a division, and she *was* an executive.

"M—my gosh," he stammered. "Darling—"

Lynn took his arm. "You're going to wash up—and then we'll have a feast. The finest of fine foods—meaning mine!"

Joe laughed outright. She kissed him and dashed to the kitchen. And then it hit him.

She was not only an executive—she was his boss! In any matter pertaining to fine foods, she could tell him how to sell, to whom he should sell, and for what price!

He clumsily started to undress. He'd take a quick, reviving shower— Why! just a year ago he'd met her in the hall, and she'd looked as if she were going to faint . . . and he'd . . . Would a dinner jacket be overdoing it? No, he supposed not. Odd. . . . She *was* his wife; and he hadn't wanted competition with her. And they had started even— No, he'd started way ahead, such a short time ago! It might have been different if he'd met her and married her when she already was an executive. In that case, he would have had to accept it—probably would have been proud that he had attracted such a woman. . . . But his own wife, the bright, sometimes fearful one

. . . and it was so unexpected—unbelievable—

"Joe?"

"Almost ready, darling!" he called. "Almost ready."

During that whole evening, Joe was emotionally far behind her. Lynn's spirits, on easy dancing limbs, flashed over the hours, and he stumbled along, knowing he could never catch up.

It was like that all weekend, and Sunday night he went to bed feeling that the office would never be comfortable again. His jealousy was a bitter bedfellow.

When he woke, he was dumfounded to find Lynn sitting in a chair by the closed window.

"What's wrong, darling—what's *wrong?*"

Her cold face was turned up to his. "S-scared!"

He straightened, stood above her. On Monday mornings the divisional chiefs gave rapid-fire sales talks to the entire selling force. The five Courtney lieutenants went to the dais one after another, in front of two hundred professional salesmen, and talked for ten minutes each—giving fact and inspiration. Lynn, all through the weekend, had not mentioned the Monday meeting—he hadn't thought she was to be initiated so quickly.

"Lynn. Tell me. Do you get up there this morning?"

"Y—yes. . . ."

Lord! "Why didn't you tell me?"

Her eyes rolled in misery. He understood. She had wanted her thrill, her happiness . . . with the fear of Monday morning pushed out of mind. He looked at the clock. She had an hour and a half before the meeting; that was all.

"Two hundred m-men," she wailed.

Joe suddenly laughed. "Honey," he said, "you can handle two hundred as well as one." And he got to work. He drew a hot bath, and carried her bodily to it, and put her in. "Steam awhile," he ordered. "Daddy has some other fish to fry." He laughed at his own poor joke, and wondered what the devil was happening to him. Was this his task in life? Being the husband, *Mr.* Lynn? He'd be damned first, he told himself. And yet he went about his preparations with interest.

While he got a light, fortifying breakfast on the stove for her, he went over in his mind the scores of Monday meetings he had attended. They'd been dull in the beginning, but now the carefully picked Courtney lieutenants were introducing revolutionary methods of exploiting sales ideas. Okay.

Lynn was a girl, a pretty girl, and young, and that—partly—was what frightened her. The unconscious swing of hip, the feminine enunciation, could seduce the respectful interest of one man or a few in comparatively limited surroundings—an intimate office or a conference room—but the same girl on a stage could cause shattering glee—especially in a hyped-up crowd like the men who would be there this morning. The atmosphere, of late, had been like that of an old-time evangelical meeting.

His mind raced. Lynn had to startle them. He had it! There was an old gag: a girl has been trying to thumb a ride—no dice. When the next car comes along, she ostentatiously draws her skirt up above her knee; much business of the car stopping as if a wall had sprung up in front of it—

"Gentlemen!" (Lynn stands erect, no sex now, her skirt again in order.) "Gentlemen—the world hasn't too many fine things." (Calm in the pause for their appreciative laughter.) "But there are some. Consider." (Pause so they can consider. She smiles slyly, for transition; murmurs:) "Consider, gentlemen, our fine-foods division—"

And she had them beaten!

Joe stood above the stove, smiling, and found nothing wrong with his idea. . . .

At nine-fifteen that morning, Lynn stepped to the dais. The two hundred men stirred and glanced at each other, and a ripple of sound spread through the auditorium. And then—she slowly hiked her skirt—and the expectant, baffled salesmen were caught like creatures under a hypnotic light.

"Gentlemen!" she said, in a voice that they would always remember—

Now, six months later, in the Golden Steer, Lynn was thinking about that earlier Monday—her first as chief of the division. She smiled, reminiscently. She wondered what would have happened to her if Joe hadn't prepared her. But he had helped her again that day, and continued to in the following months. And her success had been steady and substantial. She had had two large increases in her weekly "draw," and her commissions, the best criterion of success in selling, had skyrocketed. While Joe?— She and Joe had continued to live in the same apartment they first rented, mainly because his income had not increased, and she had been unwilling to suggest that they live on a scale her earnings made possible.

She set in motion a train of useless regret. She tried to tell herself that she could have acted in another way this afternoon. But could she have?

Two months ago, the first mention had been made of cuts in the sales force. It had happened during one of the Friday executive meetings in Jay Courtney's office.

Courtney had been standing behind his desk. Suddenly, he grinned, staring at them. "I say! We have almost as many salesmen as products. Old company inventory—drags on us! We've got to streamline. Don't want to be left behind!"

Courtney was fierce, but fair. The following week, each division chief received a memo requesting suggestions for "streamlining" the force. Each candidate for discharge was to be openly judged during Friday meetings. As such things will, the rumor got out, and caused unrest among the salesmen. "It shall shake down—" said Courtney. "Expected, expected—"

That had been two months ago, and today, this afternoon, Courtney had paused before beginning the last half-hour of the meeting; that was reserved for consideration of dismissals. His

tawny eyes had settled on Lynn, and he cleared his throat in his habitual grating manner. But about him, like a glow on rugged stone, there was a gentleness Lynn had never seen before.

"Miss Wendel," he said— "Miss Wendel, do you care to be excused?"

"What?"

He frowned, because she was not alert enough and was causing unpleasant explanations.

"Ha-rum. Ha. Eh—Miss Wendel, we wish to discuss your—your—Mr. Wilder."

Lynn flushed, and could not move. Courtney tapped his desk with a pencil. Then, in a sudden fog, she got up and started for the door. One of the men opened it for her, and she stepped out. She stood, unseeing, in the outer office. She had known that Joe was not one of the top salesmen, and she had known that he was perfectly aware of it. But they had not discussed the question of whether he would be among those fired.

As it had so long ago when she felt frightened and trembling, when she first came here, a hand fell on her arm. Joe's.

"Darling." He spoke in a low voice. "You look awful. Come along—I'll get you tea."

She felt numb. "Joe—what're you doing here?"

"Have to see Courtney as soon as the meeting's over. A report to make. Come along, darling."

Trancelike, she was looking at him. She felt her love for him moving through her like coils of loyal fire. What would Joe do for her in a case like this? She thought she knew. She had to go back in there and fight for him; he would not get a chance to speak for himself. "I can't—I have to go back in the meeting."

He glanced swiftly around, and finding that Courtney's secretary was bent over some work, he kissed her.

Inside the office, Courtney looked up, stopped what he was saying. He nodded: "If you wish, Miss Wendel; if you wish. Come in. Objective, though—objectivity's the thing. This business doesn't belong to us . . . it's our trust. Duty to everyone."

Courtney presented the case. Mr. Joseph Wilder. Two years employed. (1) No new accounts opened, vs. average of ten for top forty per cent of salesmen. Hmmm? (2) Below quarterly quota for past two quarters. ("Ha" suppressed.) (3) Only twice received semiyearly bonus, vs. 100 per cent of top third of salesmen. (4) No promotional ideas submitted, vs. literally scores from top men. (5) Income by commission in bottom ten per cent.

Courtney finished, pinched his nose between two fingers, closed his tired eyes a moment. Said ."Any veto, with cause?"

Silence. Her love for Joe could not command her in this room. If men were to be fired, his record proved him one of them. She bowed her head to impregnable justice.

Courtney's tawny eyes fell on her. Softly, he said, "That is all I have for today," and they filed out.

Joe was sitting in the outer office. He rose. Lynn stood beside him. They said nothing. In a moment, Courtney's secretary called to Joe: "Mr. Wilder. Mr. Courtney is very tired—could it wait?"

Joe sighed. "Home, baby?"

"Home," she said.

Now, she had thought it all through, from the first day up to this evening in the Golden Steer, and she had not found a thing to say to him that would soften the fact that she had not stood up for him.

"Shall we have dinner?" Joe asked. He had no feeling inside him. He was a wasteland. He knew he wouldn't feel so if he'd been fired in a circle of the world that did not also contain his wife; if he could have taken his defeat home to a fiercely partisan girl. But he had no champion to cry indignantly, "They must be dopes, Joe!"

They both pretended to eat, but they were poor at it. Suddenly, Lynn's head began to ache.

"Joe, take me home."

"Yes, of course." He sounded so stupidly formal to his own ears.

At home, they faced each other in the living room, like strangers. Neither could find a word to say. Lynn felt helpless against his disappointment and embarrassment. She wanted to tell him that it did not matter; that he must return to his true vocation . . . but she could see he would not want to listen.

Joe could barely look at her. Bitterly, he understood his firing was just . . . and he felt weakened and uncomfortable with her. A man's wife should be able to look up to him—should have some illusions about her husband.

"I have to take an aspirin," said Lynn, and left him in the living room.

They stayed up as late as they could, fearful of the struggle to sleep. Once in bed, they kept each other awake for an hour more, moving restlessly. At last Joe heard the rhythm of her breathing. He was listening to it when he fell asleep.

Then he heard his name called, sharply; a cry—"Joe!"—and repeated—"Oh, Joe—" and he woke.

He heard a sound, small in volume but of such a quality of sorrow that it made him sit up tensely in the dark. It was a thin wail that he heard—from Lynn's throat. He turned on the lamp on his side of the bed; its narrow, downcast shaft did not strike her face, but revealed it—and he saw she was asleep, crying.

She's hurt, he thought; as much as I am. And he knew it must not remain that way. In his feeling for her now when he saw the pain of her sympathy for him, he began to forget his futile pride . . . or rather, it was slowly replaced by an older, familiar one. He must not injure what he himself had made by his teaching.

He knew what must be done. Gently, he woke her.

"Yes?—Yes, Joe?" she asked. "What is it, darling? Are you all right?"

He knew it was possible to take the shadows from her dreams, her thoughts—take away her fear that she had been disloyal. "I've been lying here thinking about you, and I'd like to tell you about it. I was thinking," he said, "that I love you more than ever because of today—"

"No, *no*—you couldn't!" She still had the doubts, the guilt, that had lived in her dream.

"I do," he said. He waited a long moment. "When you first came to us, to the company, your hands shook—and I held them a moment—and then you were braver—remember?"

"I remember, Joe," she said.

"And then—then when you were promoted—you were frightened . . . but—I helped. I've done that all along, in times of crisis and otherwise. It's what a man should do for his girl. Believe in her, be proud of her—protect her. Do you see?"

"I—I—" She could not speak.

Joe went on: "And today—when you came from—from the inner office . . . I saw the strain on your face. I—I was very tired this afternoon—but it didn't seem to matter when I saw that you were. I kissed you—I kissed you, darling, to make you stronger. And then you went back inside, and you were strong."

Her arm was flung across his chest; her fingers were clutching the sleeve of his pajamas. Her body felt quiet. Joe had a sense of triumph and peace.

But then he realized something was wrong. Her small body began to tense. He had the feeling that turbulent thoughts were rushing through her mind.

Suddenly Lynn broke from the circle of his arm. She shook her head. The aftereffects of the dream were dissipated in the lighted room. Her tears were dry. She knew what he had been doing for her. Now, with communication between them again, she could tell him what she thought.

"You're trying to help me again," she said. "Everything's for me. But—darling!—you've missed something. It's for you, too! You're supposed to help people. Me—people like me. You're a teacher! Oh, Joe." She bent to him, put her hands on his shoulders. "Don't you see? It would've been tragic if you had been just good enough to avoid getting fired. This is the best thing that ever happened." Her words were rushing, now, and were confident. "The heck with what teaching pays—be yourself—do the thing you can do so wonderfully! Oh, darling." And she was in his arms again. "You know it's true!"

Joe was silent. She was lying against him, waiting for his answer. He smiled wryly to himself. What else could he do but agree with her?

But he felt her closeness, and his pride in her filled him. He had *not* failed completely. *She* was living proof of that!

Her hand touched his cheek. He felt a surge of hope, and then of relief. He had been successful—through Lynn. And he could—he could—go on and on, teaching others!

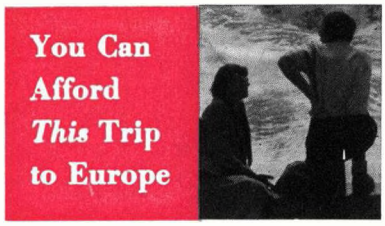
His arm held her tightly. "Thanks, darling," he said. "Thanks."

He felt her smile tickle his cheek.

"Turnabout," she said softly, "is fair play." . . . THE END

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. S. E. Wilhoit, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia, has been selected, in its survey of men's reading interests, as the typical man reader of the May 1954 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.

THE EDITORS



(Continued from page 44)

just a few countries, instead of running through a dozen in two weeks. Choose according to your pocketbook and personal preference. There are several countries where your dollar will stretch farther. They are Portugal, Spain, Ireland, Norway and Austria. Here's what you can expect:

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL: If Portugal and Spain fire your imagination, see them together, for they are handy to one another, both are inexpensive, and both are wonderfully picturesque. In Lisbon coffee is four cents a cup, and the cab meters start at seven cents. Not long ago I had dinner with two other Americans in one of the city's best restaurants, and with wine the check came to barely $3.50 for all of us. If you're looking for something to tell the folks back home, there is a place in Lisbon where for 35 cents you can climb into a ring and try your skill as an amateur bullfighter. In Portugal the bull wears padded horns and is never killed. The bull is expected to be equally chivalrous.

Sardines are the staple of Portugal, and a grilled one on a piece of toast will cost you a cent and a half. Once I ate a steak dinner in Lisbon for 60 cents, French fries included.

If you are handy with a camera, you will have a field day on Lisbon's waterfront. When the colorful sardine boats come in, be sure to take pictures of the black-shawled women who race to fill the wide baskets they carry through the streets on their heads.

Spain is just emerging from 10 years of being virtually shut off from the world. To the tourist, everything will be new and different, romantic and inexpensive. In Seville you will still find old grilled windows with jasmine blossoms twining through them, and orange trees growing in the courtyard of the cathedral where Columbus is buried. In Seville and in Granada, you can watch the Gypsies dance in their caves and see the fierce flamenco dancers stamp the boards of open-air cafés. In Spain the bull ring is an essential part of every town. If it's your first bullfight, don't pay extra for seats down front. You won't want to see that well. Seats on the shady side cost a little more, but it's worth not having to look into the sun all afternoon.

A de-luxe pension (cross between a guest house and a small hotel) in Spain costs about three dollars a day, all meals included. A good dinner runs about a dollar. Inside the country, a seven-day excursion through Andalusia (Seville and Granada), run by Melia Tours. will cost $98, including all expenses. Plane fares are about the cheapest anywhere: Madrid to Seville costs $12.90 one way, no tax.

Tips: A good winter locale is the little-known Canary Islands, 75 miles from Africa and 650 miles from Cadiz, Spain. The temperature is never below 65, the hotel rate hardly ever above five dollars with meals, and pensions are even less expensive.

IRELAND: The fiery temperament that forged the republic and the leprechaun humor that made the Irish famous are two things you'll remember about Ireland. It is emerald green, too, and preoccupied with horses and racing. Bookies are legal, and they set up shop like any respectable merchants. You will find their places of business lettered with the sign TURF ACCOUNTANT. Here you can buy your ticket for the Irish Sweepstakes right at Sweeps headquarters in the suburbs of Dublin and watch the tickets being mixed to music by uniformed colleens.

Ireland has superb fishing and rural accommodations in made-over castles. An easy way to get around is to hire a small eight-horsepower car that will carry four people. Price for a week, including 700 miles of driving: $38, or $9.50 per person. Ireland, particularly Dublin, has excellent hotels, and the price, even when it is as low as two dollars a night, will include a full four-course breakfast. I once had an Irish waiter refuse to bring me one egg. He insisted on serving me two, and a slice of ham and a bowl of porridge to boot.

NORWAY: I don't think you'll find any other trip quite like the train ride out of Oslo through the lake and timber country. The hucksters come through the cars every few minutes with extra-long hot dogs and extra-short rolls, ice cream, beer and cold chicken. You are so busy eating that suddenly you notice there are no more trees. The train has pulled up beyond the timber line, where there are summer ice floes in the mountain lakes. A spur line or a bus will take you down an incredibly steep grade to a tiny village by a fjord. You stay overnight in a delightful country inn, hemmed in by the sheer canyon walls, and in the morning you board a steamer at the dock and slip off down the maze of fjords that lead eventually to the sea.

Package tours starting by rail or bus in Oslo and continuing by fjord steamer, offer a variety of combinations at roughly $12 a day, for transportation, twin-bedded rooms, meals, tips and taxes.

One of the things you'll never forget about Norway is breakfast. The Norwegians' idea of an eye-opener is a great buffet table loaded with liverwurst and bean salad, fourteen assorted kinds of herring, a side of beef, a dozen cheeses, and all manner of bread from cardboard-thin slices to great chunks of malty black. A breakfast like this carries you through most of the day and cuts down your eating bill considerably.

AUSTRIA: Austria is a big stein of beer and a light glass of pale white wine; a waltz, an operetta and whipped cream in your coffee. In short, Austria is a good time, and it is one of the cheapest good times in the world. It is a rare country hotel that charges more than $4.50 a day for all your meals and a room with a

private bath. And a meal may include *wiener schnitzel* and a Salzburg knockerl, which, like an Austrian operetta, is a great big ball of sugared air with a little egg beaten in just to hold it together. Lovely inns in the cool of the Bregenz forest in the near end of Austria are two dollars a day for *everything*, and Bregenz itself, on the shore of Lake Constance, blooms each mid-July to mid-August with a festival of music.

Right in the middle of Austria, down from the music town of Salzburg, in the villages of Alt Aussee and Bad Aussee, villagers (and guests, too) deck themselves out with plumy hats and short leather pants worn with leather suspenders and high white socks. The shadows of the mountains cut patterns in the still lakes, which you can glide over for three dollars or four dollars a day, including all living expenses. Villages around the famous town of Innsbruck, in the heart of the Tyrol, are off the expensive track and yet are centers for excursions into neighboring Italy or over to Salzburg. Seefeld or Mayrhofen in the Ziller Valley, or Pertisau, nestling on Achen Lake, are three typical places, charge about thirteen dollars a day with meals, have swimming, flower-picking, walks into the mountains and rousing evenings of songs and beer in the local inns.

ENGLAND: Not all the low-cost countries in Europe will be the ones you have heard the most about. Some travelers will feel that the one trip of a lifetime must take them to the places of their dreams. There are, indeed, bargain-and-budget ways of covering almost any land. In Britain, it is not at all difficult to live on an inexpensive scale. The stiffest handicap is the London hotels, where you can figure on paying about seven dollars for two in medium-priced accommodations and about $5.25 for two in inexpensive places. The advantage is, however, that almost every hotel price in England includes a substantial breakfast.

I have found that after an English breakfast, I can get along very well (and sop up local color simultaneously) by lunching at a pub. Go to London's famous old George, a renowned pub in Southwark, and have yourself a Cornish pasty.

My wife did. British pubs don't discriminate against women, and since the bar is frequently manned by a barmaid, ladies will not feel out of place.

For dinners go to Soho, which is filled with small, good foreign restaurants where dinner will be less than two dollars. And you can have an exciting time at the theater, and even see the American hits in London, at a fraction of Broadway prices. Figure about $1.40 to $1.75 for the average price in the stalls (orchestra).

A full day's excursion up to the half-timbered villages of the Shakespeare country and Oxford comes to less than six dollars, and for $1.75 you can see the current production at the famous Shakespeare Festival. At no outlay at all, you can view London's story-book pageants—the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the Horse Guards Parade. Trooping the Color on the Queen's Birthday, the State Opening of Parliament and the Lord Mayor's Show. And don't miss the Tower of London (28 cents), where Henry VIII's wives were beheaded and Rudolph Hess was the most recent famous prisoner. A look at the British crown jewels in the tower will set you back another shilling (14 cents). Nine days of unlimited travel in Britain costs $24 third class aboard British Railways. A tour of Scotland is pegged at $25, including everything but lunch. You should be able to keep your British budget within $10 a day, even including admission prices to famous places and a night or two at the theater.

Tip: In getting from England to France, try the air ferry operated by Silver City Airways. Take the bus from London's Victoria Station down to Lympne near Folkestone, board the freighter that takes two autos and a flock of passengers, cross the Channel in about 20 minutes, landing in Le Touquet. Have a look at Le Touquet, a famous French resort, then board the train for Paris. Total cost: about ten dollars, and you get a first-hand idea of the countryside of both nations.

FRANCE: If you feel no trip to Europe would be complete without seeing Paris, you will find it *can* be done inexpensively. First, forget the famous hotels and restaurants. Choose a hotel in the residential section and forego the idea of a private bath. It will be clean, it will be

EUROPE BY AIR

Rates quoted are round-trip from New York during the thrift season, Nov. 1st to Mar. 31st. For midseason rates, in force from April 1st to Oct. 31st, add $80 to round-trip figure in first class, and $97 to tourist class. There is no U. S. transportation tax to Europe. Rates apply to all scheduled airlines except Icelandic Airlines (see page 44).

Round-trip off-season fares from New York

PORT	FIRST CLASS	TOURIST CLASS
Shannon, Ireland	$587.80	$372.80
London	$640.00	$425.00
Paris	$676.00	$461.00
Madrid	$705.60	$479.60
Rome	$797.00	$551.40
Zurich, Frankfurt or Copenhagen	$708.60	$493.60
Stockholm	$758.10	$543.10

EUROPE BY SHIP

Rates quoted are average round-trip thrift-season fares from New York. Midseason fares are approximately $30 to $60 higher in cabin and tourist class, and can run higher in first class. There is no transportation tax to Europe. The *Maasdam*, *Ryndam*, *Kungsholm* and *Olympia* provide preferred accommodations for tourist-class passengers at no increase in fare.

PORTS OF CALL	FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS	TOURIST CLASS
England and France	$430 to $760	$400 to $460	$320 to $340
Italy, Riviera ports & Gibraltar	$560 to $670	$450 to $460	$350 to $410
Scandinavia	$530 to $810	$430	$350 to $470

SHOPPING HINTS

IRELAND: Heavy tweeds; Beleek chinaware; at Shannon Airport, duty-free liquor and cigarettes.

BRITAIN: Cashmere sweaters; woolen wear; men's clothing; Argyle socks; English chinaware; English cars.

FRANCE: Perfume; gloves; gowns; modish sweaters and blouses; paintings; duty-free brandy.

ITALY: Gloves, especially doeskin; Florentine leather goods; men's silk ties; silk shirts; Venetian glass; hand-worked silver; laces.

HOLLAND: Delft porcelain; tiles; diamonds; Zeeland silver jewelry.

AUSTRIA: Petit-point bags; blouses.

SPAIN: Tiles; shawls; lace mantillas; fans; toreador's belts; sherry.

PORTUGAL: Cork products; embroidered bags; blankets; watches.

SCANDINAVIA: Stainless-steel tableware; ceramics; modern furniture; fine glassware; heavy wool sweaters.

GERMANY: Cuckoo clocks; cameras; binoculars; cutlery; toys.

BELGIUM: Lace; blouses; linens.

SWITZERLAND: Watches; watches; watches; also clocks.

comfortable, and it will cost you about three dollars a day for two. The gigantic lunch and dinner meals favored by the French will leave you groggy and broke. Eat the local rolls-and-coffee breakfast and go along with the French in a full-fledged lunch which consists of hors d'oeuvres, fish, meat, vegetables, potatoes and cheese or a sweet. It need not cost more than two dollars, but check the menu you will always find posted outside a restaurant. At night you'll find you can get by with a ham sandwich and a hard-boiled egg at a local café.

Use the Metro, Paris' wonderful subway. Take it to the Arc de Triomphe, to the Eiffel Tower, to Napoleon's Tomb. And take it at night to Montmartre, and from the terrace in front of the Sacré Coeur Cathedral, high above Paris, look out over the prairie of roofs and dancing lights.

If you want to see more of France, stay in the *logis*, small provincial hotels which have been buttressed with Government loans to help them maintain low prices and high standards. Go to Alsace, where a double room and a bath down the hall will run about three dollars a day for two, including tips and taxes. (Paris to Strasbourg, second class, costs 11 dollars.) Travel the bus service of the French Railroads from Strasbourg to Colmar for less than three dollars. There, if you want to spend a dollar, you'll get beefsteak or chicken, and for $1.50 there will be *pâté*, chicken cooked in Riesling wine, other Riesling to drink, and meringue with whipped cream.

Tip: The Grand Hotel aux Trois Epis, a half-hour from Colmar, is brand new; charges roughly six dollars for a room with a balcony, and three meals.

And here is an added tip for honeymooners: If you can show a marriage certificate dated within the last six months, the French Riviera gives you your seventh day free, plus 20 per cent off the price of local excursions, 30 per cent off the cost of a night-club tour, and a souvenir photo, a gift, and a chance to win another Riviera trip free.

ITALY: As for Italy, the rates of its biggest hotels are in the upper stratosphere, but the pensions are wonderful. On the romantic Isle of Capri, a two-hour ferry trip from Naples, pensions like the Margherita will take care of your room and board for about four dollars a day. Then you are free to sip a Campari in the little square, with the tile clock in the tower clanking out the leisure hours and the fashionable international world sitting alongside you. A horse carriage or an ancient touring car will take you rolling down to the blue sea, and a donkey will take you up to the ruins of the castle of a Roman emperor who lived in splendor on the hill, with a view of Sorrento across the water.

Almost anywhere you can stay half-pension, which includes breakfast and lunch, at about $2.50. A loaf of bread costs about four cents, ham for a giant sandwich for two is 20 cents, and a jug of wine comes to a quarter. Up in Venice, a pension with breakfast and one meal is $1.75 to two dollars a day, and walking in the famous square of St. Mark's and fraternizing with the pigeons is memorable and free. In midsummer, even hotels like the Regina, right on the Grand Canal and part of the famous CIGA chain, charges 3.500 lire, less than six dollars, per person for a double room with bath, two meals included. For the one meal outside the hotel, choose a *trattoria* instead of a restaurant and eat a cartwheel of cheese and dough with tomatoes and anchovies. All this plus a bottle of wine will cost you 50 cents.

In Rome you can live in a pension at the top of the famous Spanish Stairs with a view of all Rome and the dome of St. Peter's rising above everything else. The cost: two dollars a day, breakfast included.

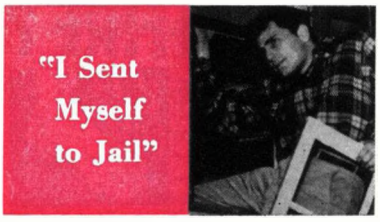
★ ★ ★ ★

As a first-time Europe traveler, you will find it easier if you get help in planning your trip. Seek the aid of a reputable travel agent in your home town, but I would steer clear of conducted tours, since few of them are planned on a low-cost basis. On the other hand, for what they offer, they are somewhat cheaper than the same trip bought individually. The best bets for travelers who must keep their trip within limits are foreign independent tours. You will hear your agent call them "F.I.T.s." You follow a prescribed route, you know in advance how much your trip will cost, but you travel alone with a tour conductor or a party.

The best F.I.T. I ever heard about is one called "Europe 100," developed by the House of Travel, which is available through 2,000 travel agents all over the country. "Europe 100" offers units of 10-day tours each pegged at $120 complete with land transportation, hotel space (two in a room), meals except when in London, Paris and Rome, where only breakfast is included, transfers from terminals to hotels, sightseeing with guides, and tips. Some of these 10-day units cover England and Scotland, others roam through the Low Countries and France, or the Low Countries and Germany, and some take in Italy and Switzerland. There are also five-day units at $50 for Paris or Vienna, or Innsbruck and Salzburg, and these may be added on to other units by paying a small linkage fee.

Another arrangement set up by the Haley Corporation and available through agents all over the country gives you two weeks in England, Holland, Germany and France for $190. This pays for two meals a day except in capital cities, where just breakfast is served. Another plan, pegged at $195, will take you through Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France, and it, too, includes all your transportation, all your hotels, your sightseeing, transfers and meals. You can roughly figure the total cost of Europe for you by adding the cost of your transatlantic passage to the price of one of these tours.

Just for the fun of it, try it with pencil and paper. I will bet you a Dubonnet, payable at a sidewalk café on the Champs in Paris, that it is cheaper than you thought. Remember, if you haven't got cash, you can still go now and pay later. Europe is a sparkle of lights way over there, but it is no longer a rich man's dream. It can be everybody's reality. Why not yours? . . . THE END



(Continued from page 35)

see it through, Don wrote a note for Joan —just in case. He gave it to her father. Later, Don said, "I had nothing else to leave Joan, so I wanted to be sure she at least knew how very much I loved her and how reluctant I was to put her through this thing."

Departure time was set for 10 P.M., February 13, 1952. During the last hours, the young couple played records that had been popular during their courting days.

And they had their silent thoughts—thoughts of when they were engaged—hut miles apart, because Don was in the Army in Germany; thoughts of Joan's days as a secretary—a job she had left to be a full-time housewife, and later, a mother; thoughts of their home.

Thoughts of their baby daughter Carol—and of the other children they hoped to have.

Then it was time to go.

It was cold outside of the white stucco tavern selected for the "job." But it wasn't only the cold that made Don tremble as he entered.

He sat at the bar and ordered a glass of beer. Trying to look as suspicious as possible, he glanced from time to time at the cash register. Finally, at 2 A.M., the lights were dimmed and the proprietor, a middle-aged man, asked him to leave.

Don mumbled unpleasantly, went out the door, and hurried to the rear of the building. When he heard the owner and his wife drive away, he climbed through the kitchen window, cutting his hand in the process.

He stood behind the bar, where the cash register was kept, and waited. It didn't take long. Suddenly the lights blazed on, and the proprietor, whose suspicions had been aroused by Don's behavior at the bar, entered with a whisky bottle for a club.

"Stay where you are!" he yelled. His wife called the police.

The State Troopers arrived and took Don to their headquarters, where he was interrogated and fingerprinted. He became Number 10433 in the files of the New York State Police. Shortly after daybreak, a justice of the peace looked him over drowsily and set bail at $1,000. He was driven to a Long Island jail—a dingy red brick building that was erected about 40 years ago. At that, it's better than many correctional institutions. According to James V. Bennett, director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, "Of the 152 state prisons and reformatories housing about 150,000 adults, about one-third are more than seventy years old and many are more than a hundred years old."

Don was turned over to a man in the waiting room. He checked Don's belongings, frisked him and said, "Okay, boy . . . You go into detention until the doc examines you. If you're okay, we'll send you to the Grand Jury Minor tier." Prisoners were kept in the detention tier while awaiting examination by the doctor or transfer to another institution. Sometimes a drunk or disorderly prisoner was kept down there for a while.

There wasn't a single vacant cubicle in the long, dark tier. The odor was horrible—a mixture of stale cooking smells, sweaty men and faulty sewage disposal. Dirty barred windows lined one side of the corridor, dirty cells the other.

The guard told Don to sit on the cement floor in the corridor. The doctor would be there in a few minutes, and he would be taken upstairs. Don obeyed. Almost at once he fell asleep.

It was eight hours later when he awakened to the grim sights and sounds of the tier. From his cement bed beneath the gray-smeared windows, he could see the interior of one of the cells. A stained, blackened mattress had been placed on the floor as resting place for a man who stared out somberly. Behind him was a commode, with water seeping from its base toward the mattress.

A guard and a tier boy (a prisoner who was delegated the sweeping and cleaning chores and did odd jobs about the prison) were outside the gate with food. The tier boy was carrying seven tin bowls and spoons on a tray.

"Here, you, Crandall," the guard ordered. "Pass this stuff into the cells."

There were six cells and six prisoners. The last bowl was for "Crandall." Although he had not eaten since the night before, he was too nauseated to touch the soup. It was supposed to be clam chowder—a gray, greasy concoction containing a few elderly potatoes and a cluster of hairs.

One of the prisoners called Don over to his cell. He was a 17-year-old safecracker named Jim—a dark, curly-haired youngster.

"You'll get used to it," he said with a short laugh. "Here, fella. One thing they can't louse up is bread."

He offered a few crusts he had hoarded. Don wolfed them down.

Since he was able to wander up and down the exercise corridor, Don could visit with the prisoners. One was a blond youngster of about 17. He said Don would be better off upstairs, and invited him to peer into his "home." It was about as long as an oversized coffin and a little more than a yard wide. The walls were scabrous, the floor filthy. A huge dirty picture had been drawn on one wall.

The young occupant was a parolee who had served time at Elmira Reformatory. He had violated his parole by getting drunk and noisy. His wife was expecting a baby. His voice shook when he said he'd be sent back to Elmira, an attitude Kellerman found true of every man who had served time in this New York State institution.

There was a 17-year-old sex offender in another cell. He was the clown of the tier. A 60-to-70-year-old sex maniac called "Pop" occupied cell Number 5. He was bearded, filthy, verminous, and addicted to insane fits of screaming. He received no medical

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 65

When we wish for something unpleasant to happen to someone—and it does—we may feel responsible, and this feeling of responsibility may weigh us down, as was the case with Vivian.

There was no evidence of love in the relationship which grew up between Vivian and Hugh in the office. Vivian was self-conscious at being singled out for attention by Hugh. When he sensed this attitude in her, Hugh thoughtlessly began to tease her. And her feelings toward him gradually developed into resentment.

Vivian was at a disadvantage in her dealings with Hugh, for she needed her job and could not afford to express her feelings freely. So she kept them to herself. Not being able to translate her feelings into actions of defense, Vivian began to wish that something terrible would happen to Hugh, so that she would be rid of him and his teasing.

With the automobile accident which resulted in Hugh's being injured, Vivian's wishes came true. At first she was relieved and glad that she would be free of him. But soon she was overwhelmed by a deep depression. Even though her wishes were in no way responsible for what happened to Hugh, Vivian felt responsible and was overcome with guilt. Diagnosis No. 3 is correct.

People who have wished that something terrible would happen to a disliked person often feel guilty when their wishes coincidentally come true. They can be helped to understand that their wishes did not cause the unpleasant happening and therefore they are not to blame.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

Do you know people who:

1. **Are embarrassed by praise?**
2. **Blame themselves for the acts of others?**
3. **Belittle their own efforts?**

These people show symptoms of a sense of personal worthlessness or guilt.

attention that Don could find out about, although it was obvious that he belonged in a mental institution. When he was released a few months later, he committed suicide by eating rat poison.

The doctor came that night, glanced at Kellerman apathetically, and certified him for the Grand Jury Minor tier—the residence for prisoners under 21. He was taken upstairs to Cell 7.

Prisoner David Crandall arrived in what seemed to be the middle of a fight. At one end of the corridor, two men were slugging it out. The guard paid no attention whatsoever. Don noticed, to his surprise, that the men only struck body blows. He was witnessing a game—a brutal game designed to provide exercise for prisoners who had no normal outlets for their energies.

Don, when his turn came, had to fight a muscular 18-year-old farm boy. He won, thus joining the "club."

He learned the strange new practices of jail life—the hourly turning on of lights during the night, the days of boredom, the unending routine of clanging doors, bad food and indifference.

At the end of the first week, Don received a visitor. A guard called his name, and he was conducted downstairs to the visiting cubicles.

He looked through the visitors' barrier. There stood Lois Roberts, a close friend of Joan's. Her lips moved slowly, and Don could make out the words "Oh, my Lord!" He bent to the voice tube.

"Lois, are you alone?"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she shook her head slowly.

"I brought her, but I don't think . . ."

With crew haircut, beard and loss of weight, Don looked frightful. And then suddenly Joan was there. She smiled and formed the words "I love you." That was all.

Joan didn't come to the jail again. She couldn't stand it. "I was in sort of a prison, too," she says. She cared for the baby, stayed home with her mother, and worried. Every other day she'd call Hathway for news; a communication code between Don and the office had been arranged through another reporter.

Once Joan sent a package that precipitated a brutal battle. Don shared the contents with the other inmates, then lay down to sleep. He was awakened by a scream. Half a dozen inmates were beating a fellow prisoner with scrub brushes. Don dove into the fight and managed to stop it.

The victim was a 17-year-old nicknamed the "Comic Book Kid." He was bloody and bruised. The "Kid" had been arrested for stealing three comic books from a store. The crime had been committed weeks before; since then, the boy had been awaiting trial.

"Whatsa matter, Crandall?" one of the men asked Don. "He stole that pack of butts you just gave me. That stuff don't go."

The guards ignored the "Kid's" battered face except for making jokes about the scratchy mattress he had in his cell.

One guard was always drunk. Another, it was rumored, tried to shake down prisoners. A third was a huge man who weighed 220 pounds, stood an inch over six feet, had a paunch, pig eyes and a perfect willingness to slap a kid over the head. He liked to bring his young son to jail and laugh mockingly at the inmates in the boy's presence.

Three weeks after Don's arrival in jail, Joan received an odd phone call. It was from a recently released inmate, who said that David Crandall wanted bail raised for him and that he had mentioned Mrs. Kellerman as knowing some of his friends. Joan at once got in touch with Hathway, who visited the jail as Crandall's "Uncle Irving."

Don talked glibly about his case, and at the same time managed to show Hathway a small capsule he had purchased from one of the prisoners. He indicated that it was dope.

A few days later, a reporter posing as a lawyer visited Don, and they were allowed to be alone in the counsel room. Don slipped him the capsule, which was later analyzed and found to contain an opium derivative—proof that dope was peddled in the jail with no interference by prison authorities, either because of their extreme negligence or their connivance with the peddlers.

Don was shocked most of all by the almost inhuman indifference displayed by the prison authorities. Indifference to bad food, to accommodations for humans that would revolt a dog; indifference to the need for medical help for some of the prisoners, to filth, to depravity, to the mingling of hardened offenders with inmates who were little more than children; indifference to fights among prisoners, to dope peddling within jails, to human dignity itself.

He saw boys beg for religious counsel and not get it. One kid wanted a priest. After days of pleading, the request was granted. But the boy never saw his religious adviser. The guard wanted to go home and wouldn't wait for the priest to show up.

Don's miserable little group never attended Protestant services. They were held on another floor.

During a period of seven weeks, he had twenty minutes of outdoor exercise.

One inmate slipped and fell in the shower room, bruising himself severely. He received no medical attention.

A county probation officer told one of the prisoners, "This place isn't fit for pigs. I don't know how humans can stand it."

Guards joked and laughed coarsely about the letters one boy wrote to his family.

One youngster who slept on Don's tier started fires in his cell every night, using newspapers for fuel—while the guards played poker. Finally the strain of prison life became too much for him and he burned a hole in his forehead with a lighted cigar. He is now in a state mental institution. The state put him there—in more ways than one.

After six weeks, Hathway bailed Kellerman out. Somewhat later, he appeared before Judge Fred Munder, who killed the burglary indictment because of lack of criminal intent. Don's story was featured in *Newsday*, and he later

received various awards—one from the New York Criminal and Civil Courts Bar Association.

Curiously enough, the ordeal was not over for the Kellermans with Don's release from jail on March 26th. His series of articles didn't appear until October. And until then, Joan had to bear the humiliation of not always being believed when she told where Don had been—and why.

After the articles came out, a commission was appointed by the County Board of Supervisors to conduct a survey of correctional institutions. Alan Hathway believes much good was accomplished by Don's exposé.

"We're a little like the cop on the beat," he says. "There's less chance for abuse when they know we are watching."

"We all had a sense of mission," Joan says. "But the happiest day of my life was when Don came home."

"I hate to remember the poor devils I met," says Don. "Their lives are wretched and dull. No one has the right to treat humans so badly. If I did some good—well, that's wonderful."

There are many ways by which young adults can learn at least a part of the truth about their local jail. Reporters, lawyers, parole officers, judges, clergymen and doctors can often provide information sufficient to launch an investigation—if protected against reprisals. Church and community organizations can support honest young seekers for public office, with the understanding that election will be a mandate for inspection of police and jail procedures and the hiring of competent, well-paid prison personnel.

Joan and Don Kellerman have done the spadework in their own community. Now the job is up to other young people throughout the country. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 22)

the lawn. He used a scythe, and the movement of his arms and shoulders was singularly graceful, regular as a pendulum. Over and over, the cruel arc of the scythe lifted, swept toward his legs, and swung free.

She sighed. She and Max had been at the cabin for less than a week, and already she was bored and nervous. There was nothing to do. The weather prevented swimming, and she was tired of reading. From the next room came the steady click of Max's typewriter. She opened the door gently and stood there, waiting for him to notice her. In a moment he glanced up.

"How are you getting along?" she said.

"Fine," he said, with a polite and distant smile, as though she were someone he had just met at a party. Max was like that when he worked—pleasant enough, but a little difficult to communicate with.

"Would you like some coffee?"

"Uh—no. Thanks very much."

She stood irresolutely. "Well," she said, "I guess I'll go for a walk."

Max completed the journey from wherever he was to the present. His face changed, and for the first time he really looked at her.

"It's too bad the weather's so rotten," he said. "I'm afraid this is pretty dull for you."

"I don't mind."

"Would you like me to go with you? A walk might do me good."

She knew that he hated walks and was concerned about her. She leaned over the table and kissed his forehead. "Keep working, darling," she said. "After all, that's why we're here. And for heaven's sake, don't worry about me. I'm fine."

She put on a jacket and slipped out the back door. The handyman was by the well, drinking. (Had she really meant to take a walk? Or had she wanted, even then, to meet him? It was impossible to say.) He tossed away the extra water, hung the tin cup back on the nail, and nodded.

"Do you think you'll finish before the rain?" she said.

He glanced at the sky. His face was tanned and rugged, and his eyes very light blue. "I hope so," he said. "I sure hate to stop work in the middle of the afternoon."

She noticed the scythe, which was leaning against a tree. "Wouldn't a lawn mower be faster?"

The man shook his head. "This grass is too tough for that," he said. "I guess it hasn't been cut in a long time."

"Twelve years," she said. "No one's been here for twelve years."

"This place belong to you folks?"

"No," she said abruptly, "it's my father's." She caught, too late, the sharpness in her voice. The man had asked a perfectly natural question, and she had snapped at him as though he were prying. She smiled, by way of apology, and said, "I don't suppose you need any help?"

"Oh no, ma'am, thanks."

"But I mean it," she said, and suddenly she *did* mean it. "I really haven't a thing to do."

The man went to his car, got out a pair of clippers, and handed them to her.

"You can go around the trees with these," he said, "and the edges of the house."

She nodded, and clipped a few stalks of grass experimentally. "By the way," she said, "Mrs. Henderson told me she was sending someone over, but she didn't mention your name."

Mrs. Henderson was the cleaning woman—a local widow with rakish eyes and an uncertain reputation, who had said she knew "just the man."

"My name's Mauro Killka," the handyman said, and then, before she could speak, he added, "It's Finnish."

They both smiled at this reading of her mind. She liked so few people. She was, as a rule, stiff and unresponsive. It was strange that with Mauro Killka there had been, from the first, none of the usual barriers of mistrust that she felt between herself and others. Maybe it was because he was only a handyman, a person who did not count, a person who could not possibly hurt her.

They worked for nearly two hours without exchanging a word. Then, when she was on the north side of the cabin, there was a wild clatter of thunder, and

"Here it is! . . . Painters' Local No. 642! . . ."

REDBOOK

the rain swept in a sheet across the lake. She stared for an instant, the clippers poised, and ran to the door, plunging into the kitchen head down, as if she were entering a cave. Mauro Killka was close behind her.

She called Max, and the three of them drank coffee, sitting around the little stove. The cabin was as dark as if it had been evening. She lighted a lamp, and the light glinted on Max's glasses and outlined his heavy, rather handsome face and the straight black hair that grew far back on his gleaming temples.

Mauro had taken off his cap and coat. He wore a plaid shirt, and his hair was blond and clipped close to his head, like a Prussian's.

The men talked earnestly about boats and bait, lakes, pike, bass, the best resorts, spinners and sinkers. And as Mauro went on about the habits of the muskie, she saw Max, who would soon be the head of the department of English in a large university, nod his head respectfully and say, "I see."

That night, for the first time since they had come to the cabin, she slept well. There were no troubling dreams, no hours of lying awake, remembering. She was pleasantly surprised, and decided that perhaps all she had needed was a little hard work in the open air.

If **that** illogical happiness had lasted, she might have questioned it. But it did not last. Because that day, at noon, when she opened the mailbox, she saw the letter. She knew without looking at the return address that it was from her father. He used long gray envelopes of heavy paper. He had used them for years, and they were connected with a dozen dreadful crises, with her own fury, and her mother's tears.

> My dear Kay and Max [her father had written]: I hope that the cabin is in fairly decent condition, and that you will hill me for any necessary repairs. I'm delighted, of course, that you can make use of it. For my own condition, note the papers. Yes, we are having our first heat wave. I am quite alone. Even the cleaning woman has taken herself off. I manage beautifully, having learned to poach a neat egg and make passable coffee.

When Max read the letter, he rubbed his hand over his jaw and cleared his throat. "We really ought to ask the old fellow to come up for a couple of weeks," he said.

Kay flushed. "I don't feel that we owe him anything."

"It isn't a matter of owing. It's just that you're all he has in the world. He's an old man, and he's lonely."

She stood up, unable to control the sharpness in her voice. "He should have thought of that sooner."

"I'm afraid," Max said mildly, "that you're not a very understanding person, Kay."

"I'm certainly not," she cried. "Do you remember what he left my mother for? A manicurist from a barber shop!"

"I know," Max said, "I know. But you never met her. You have no idea what they both must have gone through, or how it seemed to them at the time. I don't say you should excuse what he did. It was terrible, of course. But excusing and forgiving are different things. We all make mistakes, you know."

"When you make mistakes," Kay said, "you pay for them. He never wanted to pay. He thought he could say 'I'm sorry,' and everything would be fine. Well, it isn't that easy. He was deliberately cruel, and he was a fool. I couldn't forgive him then, and I can't now."

Her father's action was bound up in her mind with all the sordid things of the world—headlines in papers about love nests, pictures of fat men pinching secretaries, ads for girlie shows. She had a vivid mental picture of the manicurist—a plump woman with white hands and full lips and tightly-curled blonde hair. She realized that Max would never be able to understand how she felt about this. Max had gone into Chicago once on a business trip, and looked her father up. Since then, the two men had corresponded regularly. Kay never read the letters. She did not want to.

"No," she said abruptly, "I won't have him here."

Max turned away, as though he did not care to look at her. Kay caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror. It was, ordinarily, a beautiful face, with large, dark eyes, and fine features. But now it looked ugly and distorted.

"I'm going for a swim," she said, moving quickly toward the bedroom.

She was angry with Max. Coming to the cabin had been his idea. "I could ask your father for it," he had said. "I need three months of quiet to finish the book, and we can't afford a resort. The cabin would be a godsend—that is, if it wouldn't upset you to go back." "Why should it upset me?" she had snapped. "Go ahead and write to him."

She had carried off the business of returning to the cabin rather well. She had been casual—neither reluctant nor eager. Max had never seen the dread in her heart.

She stood in her bathing suit and looked about her at the bedroom—the iron bedstead, the old bureau, the white pitcher on the washstand. Her father's bedroom, her father's cabin. She hated it, and him, and even herself. Her father's daughter, she thought bitterly. She walked out, slamming the screen door behind her.

Mauro Killka was sitting on the bench under the trees, eating his lunch. She could, of course, have nodded and gone on. But she felt a strange need to talk to someone—anyone.

"Did you finish the lawn?" she asked.

"All done," he said. He moved over a little on the bench, although there was plenty of room, and she sat down.

"You know," he went on, "these trees need some work. You don't want to lose good trees. That basswood'll have to go. But we could save the old oak."

Kay had never looked at the trees before. The oak was tall, and knotted with age, and crowned with glistening leaves. "Yes," she murmured, "we should save that."

They talked for a while about various trees, and she felt the sickness and anger draining out of her. There was

something comforting about Mauro. He spoke slowly, in a deep, level voice, almost a monotone, and his gestures were slow and strong. He lived in a world she had scarcely been aware of—a world of weather and boats and hard physical work. Even his name was different—Mauro Killka. He was Finnish. She tried to picture Finland, imagining cold, quiet lakes and dark forests.

"There's a lot to do around here," he was saying. "This place is sure run down."

"It might be fun to fix it up," Kay said. "I'll talk to Max about it. Maybe you'd have time to help me."

"I sure would," Mauro said. "I need the work."

He needed the work—she needed it, too, or so she had thought. She needed to be busy, to let her mind go blank, to concentrate on a paint brush, or a hammer. She needed to be tired enough to sleep, and she needed refuge from the yawning void of the days. It was as simple as that.

Mauro came three or four times a week. He drove an old black Ford, and on Mondays he brought Mrs. Henderson, the cleaning woman, saving Kay a trip into town. They painted the cabin inside and out, and repaired the doors and shutters. Sometimes Mauro turned guide and took Kay fishing on the lake.

As the weeks wore on, she learned a little about him. He was married and had four children—three boys and a girl. His wife had been ailing for some time, and was confined to her bed. Mauro had spent many years away from home. He had been a construction worker, and a lumberjack, and a guide. But now his wife's condition made it impossible for him to leave. Kay sensed his longing to be free and on the move again; she admired the gentleness with which he spoke of his sick wife.

There were many things about Mauro that she admired. As she told Max, his talents were different from theirs, but just as important. He might never have heard of Proust or Faulkner, but he knew which way a tree would fall, and with an ax, or a saw, he was swift and efficient.

Max agreed. "He's a good man," he said. "We're lucky to have him," and Kay felt a sudden, oddly familiar glow of pleasure. At the time she had been unable to identify it, but now she realized that it was much the same feeling she had had when she first brought Max home and her mother had said, "He's nice, Kay. I hope we see more of him."

She should have known, then, what was happening. But she did not. For one thing, Mauro always treated her with formality. He addressed her as "Mrs. Van Leeuwen," or "Ma'am." Kay was amused and puzzled at his deliberate emphasis of the gulf between them. It seemed out of place and a little old-fashioned. She put it down to his foreign background. Now, thinking back, she saw with humiliating clarity that Mauro had been very wise, and that she had been incredibly foolish.

Except for occasional letters from her father, it was a calm and pleasant time. Mauro talked very little, and seldom laughed. They seemed able to communicate ideas without words. On the lake, when they saw a loon slapping along the water in prelude to flight, it was not necessary to point and exclaim. They merely glanced at each other, and smiled. And when she decided that it was time to go in, she often discovered that Mauro was already turning the boat toward home.

One day she told Mauro about her father. They had finished painting the boathouse and were sitting on the bench outside, having a cup of coffee, and somehow she found herself talking about him.

"He was such a fascinating man," she said. "Everybody liked him. He was away a good deal during the winter, but the summers at the cabin were wonderful. I was rather a lonely child. I didn't have any brothers or sisters, and we moved around so much that I never made many friends. I used to spend all year planning and waiting for June to come around."

She thought of her father, tan and smiling, in his old plaid shirt. He would take a minnow out of the pail and bait her hook. "Let's see you catch a whopper, Kay honey," he would say. She would have fished for a whale to please him. She would have cut off her hand, or given up her jade beads, or dived to the bottom of the lake, if he had asked it.

"You know how children are," she said to Mauro. "I worshiped him. I thought he was perfect."

"I guess no one is," Mauro said.

"Maybe not. At least he wasn't."

And she remembered that day—the summer of her thirteenth year—the last day of her childhood. Twelve years ago, but the memory was clear—too clear. It was as though it happened over and over, were still happening—as though, if she went into the cabin now, she would hear her mother's sobs, and her father saying loudly, "You've got to let me go, Marian—you've got to!"

She told Mauro about that day. She had come in early from her swim. She stood in the living room, shivering in her wet suit, unable to believe what she heard from beyond the bedroom door. Her mother crying, her father shouting—it was like a nightmare.

"I'll give you anything you want," her father said. "I'll give you every dime I have. Look, Marian—I did what you asked. I came up here with you for three months. It's the hardest thing I've ever done. I stuck it out. But now the time's up, and nothing's changed, and I can't stand another day of this damned cabin. I'm leaving tomorrow. And if you won't give me a divorce, I'm leaving anyway."

Kay stood frozen with shock. "The damned cabin," he had said. He had said that about *their* cabin, *their* summer. Only gradually, as he went on, did she understand about the divorce. He was in love with someone. He wanted to marry her.

"And what about Kay?" her mother said. "I won't let you have Kay."

Kay waited tensely for the words that would save them. Her father would never give her up. It was impossible.

"Of course," he said, in a strange, low voice. "Of course, Kay will stay with you."

"When I heard that," Kay said to

Mauro Killka, "I ran out of the cabin and down to the lake and I lay there and cried until I was sick and then I cried some more."

"A thing like that's hard on a child."

"Yes," Kay said, "it was hard."

She had lain on the damp ground, her face pressed against the grass. She thought of running away, and she wished desperately that she could die, right there, to punish her father. But would he care if she died? "The damned cabin," he had said. And "Of course, Kay will stay with you." The truth came over her slowly, but with agonizing force. He was giving her up, for some stranger. He was leaving her behind; he would never see her again. She had loved him more than anyone in the world. He knew that, and it did not matter. He had lied to her. He had never loved her. She had been fooled and betrayed.

She lay there for hours, staring up through the trees. She heard them calling her, but she did not move. At last she walked up to the cabin. She was still in her bathing suit, and she was trembling with cold. She slipped quietly in the back door and went to bed. Later, when they found her there, she pretended to be asleep, holding her eyes tightly shut, and the covers over her head.

The next morning she had a cold. Her father came in and tried to explain things to her. He said that he and her mother had been unhappy together for a long time. He said that she could come to visit him for weekends, and vacations, and that when she was older, she would understand. Kay refused to listen to him. That afternoon, when he left, she did not say good-by, and she did not cry. It was impossible to cry. Even when her cold grew worse, and she was ill, and nearly died, she did not cry.

"And the strange thing is," Kay said to Mauro, "that I've never cried again."

She looked at the cabin, with its shining walls and neat green shutters. "I didn't think I could bear to come back here," she said. "It was awful, at first. But now somehow I don't mind. Maybe it's because the place seems so different since we've done it over."

Mauro looked at her and frowned slightly. "Maybe that's it," he said.

After Mauro had gone, Kay sat on the bench for a long time, thinking of all that she had told him. Maybe, she thought, it was just as well that her parents' divorce had come when it did. She had learned very young a lesson that some people never learned. Her father's marriage to the manicurist had not lasted, and within two years he was writing to Kay's mother, asking for a reconciliation. Her mother wavered, but Kay was not fooled. She read the letters, and found them maudlin and disgusting—nothing more. The reconciliation fell through.

They lived in a college town, so when Kay graduated from high school she stayed at home and went to the university. Although she was pretty, she had never been popular, or wanted to be. Her manner was reserved and sometimes sharp, and when, occasionally, a boy asked her for a date, she usually turned him down. Boys her own age seemed flighty and immature.

Max was her professor of English. She was his star pupil, and their after-

"Let's do something else."

REDBOOK

class conferences turned into coffee dates, and dinner dates. Max was ten years older than she, and when she was with him, she felt safe and relaxed. They had a great deal in common—they liked the same books, the same people. When Kay was a senior, her mother died. Kay had no close relatives, and very few friends. It seemed natural to turn to Max for help and advice.

On the night of graduation, he proposed. "It's funny," he said. "At first I thought I was interested in you because you turned in the best term papers. Later I thought it was because you were alone, and needed someone. Now I find I can't even imagine being without you. I guess I've been in love with you for a long time." He took her hands in his. "I don't want to rush you into this," he said. "I want you to be happy, even if it means losing you. If you want to go away for a while, or think about it—"

She put her arms around him. "I don't want to go away," she said, "and I *have* thought about it. I love you, Max."

And she did love him—with certain reservations. Now and then she came perilously close to loving him too much, but she always caught herself in time. She knew too well the dangers of loving. She and Max had been married for four years, but she still felt independent and secure, and she was sure that if the time came when she must lose Max, she could get along without him. There was to be no indispensable man in her world. And the emptiness and restlessness that she sometimes felt did not matter. Emptiness, she had decided, was better than pain.

One night in August, she planned a picnic. She and Mauro fished all afternoon, and Max joined them by the lake at dusk. Mauro cleaned the fish and built the fire while Kay spread out a blanket and prepared the food. Max tried to help. He was not much of an outdoor man, and he looked a little incongruous in his sports shirt and slacks. His face was pale—he had not had time to spend on the beach—and his eyes looked tired. Her own face was dark, and her hands were brown and calloused.

Max started to chop some kindling. He had a hard time of it. The branches slipped about, and half the time the ax gave a dull thud as he missed, and hit the chopping block, or the ground. Kay glanced at Mauro, over the glow of the fire, and they both smiled. A strange feeling came over her. She and Mauro were together. It was Max who was the guest, the outsider.

Mauro fried the fish. She watched him as he moved about the fire. She had never really looked at him before. He had been someone to be taken for granted, like a gardener or a delivery man. Now she noticed the strength in his arms and hands—the powerful wrists, the long fingers. His thick, short hair was bleached almost white by the sun. His face was hard and weather-beaten, but his features were good, almost elegant. If she had met him under different conditions—at a party, or on the street—she would have known at once that he was extraordinarily handsome.

Mauro looked up. She realized that she had been staring at him. She turned quickly away, and busied herself with the coffee.

For the rest of the evening, Mauro was unusually quiet. Kay felt a certain shyness and tension that she could not explain. He apparently felt it, too. They avoided looking at each other, and the few words they exchanged were stiff and formal, like a conversation between strangers.

That night she lay awake for a long time, listening to the wild, melting cry of the loons from the lake below. She was restless and confused, for no reason, and it was dawn before she finally dropped off to sleep.

The next afternoon, when Kay was working in the kitchen, Max came in from a trip to town. It was a hot, sultry day. Max took a long drink of water, dropped the dipper back into the bucket, and flopped on a chair.

"I think I'll break down and go for a swim," he said. "I'll bet it's a hundred in the shade."

"I'll come along," Kay said, "as soon as my cake's done."

Max nodded. "I'll go and change. By the way—guess what I heard in town."

"What?"

He looked around. "Where's Mauro?"

"Down by the lake. The boat has another leak in it. Why?"

"Well, according to local gossip, we, my dear, are sheltering a guilty love."

"What do you mean?"

"Mauro and Mrs. Henderson."

Kay felt suddenly cold. "No," she said. "Mauro's not that kind of a man."

Max shrugged his shoulders. "Apparently he is. I gather that we're the only people around who didn't know about it—except Mrs. Killka, of course."

"No," Kay said, and her heart was pounding. "I don't believe it."

"I admit it's rather a cliché," Max said. "The cleaning woman and the handyman." He stood up and stretched. "I won't be long," he said, and ambled off toward the bedroom.

Kay sank to the empty chair. She was sick with fury. She thought of Mrs. Henderson, and clenched her hands until the knuckles were white. Then she hurried out the back door, and along the path, and scrambled recklessly down the steep incline toward the water.

Mauro had brought the boat to shore east of the beach, so as to be in the shade of the cottonwoods. The boat was upside down, and he was painting over the patch. He straightened up when he saw Kay, and waved.

She made her way with difficulty across the beach, her high heels sinking in the sand. When she reached Mauro, her legs were shaking so that she could scarcely stand.

"Mauro," she said sharply, "I want to talk to you."

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 6, Letters to the Editor — Larry Fried-Pix; Page 10, You and Your Health — Tana Hoban-Rapho-Guillumette; Pages 12-19, Tops in the Shops — Binder & Duffy; Pages 28-31, Jon Lindbergh — Wide World, International News Photos, Robert B. Stinnett, Roy Williams; Pages 42-45, You Can Afford This Trip to Europe! — Horace Sutton, Philip Gendreau, Phil Burchman, Bog Leahey-Shostal, Ewing Krainin, Duncan Edwards and Kronfeld-Free Lance Photographers Guild; Pages 48-50, "My Marriage Comes First" — Phil Burchman, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Page 51, Young Adults at Home (title page) — Tom Yee.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 21, Redbook Reports on: The Low Price on Women — Illustration by Albert Aquino; Page 65, Psychologist's Casebook No. 49 — Illustrations by Don Neiser.

He looked worried. "Is something wrong, ma'am?"

"Yes, there is." She looked at his fine, honest face and new rage poured over her. "I simply can't believe it," she cried. "I've always liked you and respected you—"

"I respect you, too," he said steadily.

"Is it limited to me? What about your wife?"

Mauro frowned, and put down the paint brush. "If you heard something—" he began.

"*If* I've heard it! Of course I've heard it. Everyone in town's talking about you and that woman! Do you deny it?"

He hesitated, and Kay thought for a plunging moment that Max had been wrong.

"No," Mauro said, "I don't deny it."

The hurt was worse after that instant of doubt. "I'll have to ask you to leave," she said. "I won't have anything like that going on around here."

For the first time, Mauro grew angry. "Nothing's going on around here," he said, "and what I do on my own time is my own business."

"It is *not* your own business," Kay said, and realized that her voice was rising to a shriek. "Don't you see when you do something low and filthy you hurt everyone who has faith in you? What about your wife? What about your children? What about me?"

Mauro was breathing heavily, and his expression was hard and ugly. "Look, Mrs. Van Leeuwen," he said. "I didn't think about you. I didn't know you cared enough what I did to—"

He stopped.

"To what?" Kay demanded.

"To be jealous."

She struck him hard across the mouth.

They stood there staring at each other. They had never been so close before. Kay saw Mauro's eyes, the fine lines around them, the heavy line between his brows, the touch of blood in the corner of his mouth. Her heart, which had seemed to stop beating, thundered slowly in her ears. An unfamiliar warmth flared over her, and she knew that she was blushing. She tried to turn away, but it was impossible. She swayed forward, and Mauro caught her, lifting her almost off the ground. When his lips met hers, she closed her eyes and locked her arms about him. This, then, was what she had wanted from the beginning. This was the refuge she had sought. His arms grew tighter. She pressed her face against his throat, and suddenly the strength went out of her.

"Kay!" Max called. "Are you down there?"

Mauro let her go, and for a moment neither of them moved. In his eyes Kay saw passion, confusion, regret. She remembered the distance he had always kept between them, and she knew that he wanted her, and that he would never have touched her if she had not goaded him into it.

"Please," she whispered, "don't come back."

She fled up the hill to the cabin, staying in the woods and out of Max's sight. She crept into the bedroom, and flung herself on the bed, remembering Mauro's kiss and the strength of his arms about her. She could scarcely breathe. It was as though there were an iron band over her chest and throat. Wild, impossible plans went through her mind. Write him a note? Go to his home? Wait in town, on the chance of meeting him?

Max appeared in the door. "Oh, there you are," he said. "I thought—is something the matter?"

She could not bear to look at him, and put her hands over her eyes. "I have an awful headache," she said.

"Do you want an aspirin?"

She shook her head. "No, thanks. I'll be all right."

Max went out and closed the door gently behind him. In a few minutes

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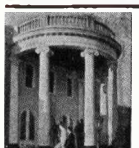

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she heard the familiar sound of Mauro's car rattling off down the road. She tightened her hands about the iron rails of the bedstead. She would never see him again. Mauro Killka, guide and handyman. It sounded impossible, sly, like the stories of rich women who ran off with their chauffeurs. But it was nothing like that. Other people might not understand, but this was different—entirely different . . .

Is it? said another part of her brain. Is it really different? Is this a delicate, spiritual attraction you feel? Or is it something very grand? Are you Antony and Cleopatra—you, and this handyman with a crippled wife and four children? Or is it different just because it's *you*? Only then, the enormity of what she had done struck her.

She lay very quietly, and shame crept over her like a paralysis.

Max stuck his head in the door. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I think something's burning in the kitchen. Don't get up. Just tell me what to do."

Kay sprang to her feet. The kitchen was filled with smoke. She grabbed a hot pad and snatched the cake from the oven. It was burned to a cinder.

"Oh, Max!" she said. "It was for dinner, and now it's too late to make another one."

She began to cry, sobbing with pain. Max, who had never seen her cry before, looked surprised. and then put his arms around her and drew her to him.

"What is it?" he said. "Kay, what's happened?"

And without really meaning to, she told him the whole story. Max led her into the living room and sat beside her on the sofa until she was calmer. Finally she pulled away from him.

"Max," she said, "I'm so ashamed."

He took her hand. "Do you want to see him again? Is that it?"

She was shocked. "No, of course not. I don't— He doesn't mean anything to me. I must have been crazy."

"Then you're taking this too seriously. It was a mistake—an accident. You kissed a man; that's not so terrible."

"No," she said, "it isn't just that. It's—Max, what if you hadn't called me?"

He did not reply. In the silence, she could think of only one thing—the worst thing of all.

"Max," she said, "I'm just like him."

"Like whom?"

"My father. He tried to explain. Mother understood. But I didn't. I didn't want to understand."

She looked about the room. She had made so many changes that it no longer seemed to be her father's cabin. The fresh white walls, the new linoleum, the flowered curtains at the windows—all hers.

But underneath, it was old and rotten. Her cabin.

She shivered uncontrollably. "I've got to get out of here," she said. She tried to keep her voice level and reasonable, but the tears came through. "You've got to take me out of here," she cried. "I've got to get away!"

Over her sobs she heard Max saying, "All right; we'll go. We'll start

now. I'll pack a few things, and—Kay, do you understand? We're going—"

We're going, Kay thought, but where? It was dawn. Traffic on the highway was heavier now, and they passed through a number of towns. She began to notice the road signs. CHICAGO, 102 MILES. CHICAGO, 87 MILES. CHICAGO, 54 MILES.

Her father. Of course. She should have known. They were not going away, after all. They were going to see her father.

She turned to Max. He glanced at her, and then back at the road. She felt frightened and confused, incapable of fighting.

"Max," she said, "I—" But the words would not come. "Maybe you—maybe he won't be there."

"He's there," Max said. "I telephoned him from a gas station last night when you were asleep."

She sighed and leaned back. Her own resources, the strength she had been so sure of, were gone. She stared, unseeing, at the winding ribbon of the road.

At eight o'clock they reached her father's apartment. Max looked down at her and brushed a lock of hair back from her forehead. "Your father hasn't seen you for a long time," he said. "I wonder if he knew you'd grow up to be a beauty."

She did not reply. What will I do? she thought. After all these years, and all I've done to him, what will I say? I'm sorry? But that was not enough. She had said so herself. There were no magic words. You made mistakes, and you paid for them.

I can't face him, she thought. I can't stand another scene. Not now.

She turned to Max, but it was too late. His finger was already on the doorbell.

The door opened almost at once. For a moment, Kay was shocked. Her father was old. His hair was white, and there were deep lines in his face. But his eyes were the same, and his voice, when he spoke, was the voice that she remembered.

"Kay!" he said. "Max! Come in."

They sat down, and her father and Max began to talk. Their conversation was effortless, prosaic—the weather, the news, the condition of the highway. And as they went on talking, she realized that there was to be no scene.

How much the two men had discussed, how much was instinctive, she would never know. She knew only that they were trying to help her, to make this impossible moment easy for her. Why? She, who had never forgiven anyone in her life, was being forgiven so easily, without questions, without bitterness. Gradually she understood what they were trying to say. That they loved her. That whatever happened, she would never really lose either of them. That all the years when she had been quite sure she was alone, she had not been alone at all.

After breakfast, they sat in the dining nook and drank their second cup of coffee.

"Are you going to be in town overnight?" her father asked. "Because if you are, why don't you stay here?"

Kay hesitated. She knew that Max was watching her. "No," she said, "we're going back to the cabin. But we hoped, Max and I, that we could persuade you to come with us."

Her father's hand tightened on the cup, but other than that he gave no sign. "I'd like to, very much," he said, "but are you sure—"

Kay turned to Max, and the look that passed between them was that of two people who are suddenly very close. "Of course we're sure," Max said, still looking at her. Then he smiled. "Anyway, you have to see the cabin. We've done it over, and it looks just like new—doesn't it, Kay?"

She smiled back. "Yes, darling," she said. "Like new." . . . THE END

Harvest of the Heart

Starr is a girl you will remember. You will share the magic of her young happiness, cheer her fortitude in protecting the innocent, grieve at her loneliness—and believe, as she did, that love is a glory worth waiting for.

BY MAY MELLINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL TARTER

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE SEPTEMBER 1954 NOVEL

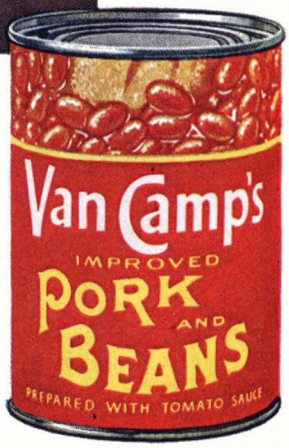
The Best Cooks way to QUICK MEALS

2 QUICK-TO-MAKE DISHES *made more delicious with*

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

Grilled cheese and tomato with Van Camp's Pork and Beans—ready to HEAT . . . EAT . . . ENJOY.

Stokely-Van Camp



Van Camp's Pork and Beans—rich with secret, savory sauce—in indivdual casseroles with onion rings.

VAN CAMP'S • THE LARGEST SELLING BEANS IN ALL THE WORLD

ory Cooper laboriously made out the first check she had ever written. It was in the amount of five hundred dollars, and would be a down payment on her first home. Concentrating on this extraordinary effort, her deeply tanned face was impassive; both upbringing and the trace of Indian blood within her demanded that. Nevertheless, she gave fleeting thought to the fact that she had picked enough cotton and dragged it down the long rows to bury that small house many times over. The potatoes that had passed through her roughened hands would overflow the street on which it faced. The water with which she had washed down the walls and ceilings of the more fortunate would slake a large field. Fourteen years she had saved to have this secret hoard. Now the Coopers need not be evicted again. She handed the check to Perry Taylor, and he gave her several papers on which she carefully wrote her name.

Her husband, Bert, would sign later in the places marked with an X. He was not enthused about the house. He wanted something with a barn and a place for chickens. "I ain't looked at nothing with barns," she had told him. "We can't afford it, and I can't say as I care. If I never see another chicken or hog or cow any way but cut up for fryin', it suits me fine!"

The children would finally have a *home*. Beau, who was fifteen, was working in a war plant, claiming to be eighteen, because he was big, and did not care to go to school. His father heartily approved of the change; he did not hold with a lot of bookishness. Good jobs were still easy to come by. Bert himself was a welder, and made good wages. For once, he had plenty of beer. His back had not bothered him in this job half so much as it had in previous years, when he had picked cotton and mowed lawns and done all the worrisome things a man must do when married to a driving woman. He still said he did not like it in California; but Cory knew he would never go back to Oklahoma alone. She had made it clear to him that if he did return to his folks, he would do so without her or the children.

Ann Marie, the pretty, fast-developing youngest of the family, was easygoing and neighborly. Even at eleven, she would fit in almost anywhere one dropped her, like a kitten.

What Starr, the thirteen-year-old, would feel about the move, probably no one would discover. She had not talked much for years. She read books. These days she observed high-school girls gravely—what they wore, how they spoke. She would enter high school in the fall, and had been, so far, a brilliant student. High school was a strange world to Cory, who had dropped from grammar school early and married at sixteen. Starr definitely would not be married at sixteen.

Cory's children had never slopped pigs nor killed hogs nor gone barefooted for lack of shoes. These things she had changed for her own family, with her own strong back, agile hands and dauntless determination. It was a triumph.

Walking tall and proud, Cory left the real-estate office, and set about moving immediately.

Home was Number 45—a small house, made mostly of chicken wire and plaster. It sat on a narrow lot on narrow Angello Street, among fifty of its twins. It was a war-housing house, in a development born of the avaricious dreams of Perry Taylor, a real-estate man who had hungered during the depression and fattened with war—all on money furnished by his wife. He would be repaying her all his life, no matter how wealthy he grew. Eventually his investment on Angello Street would net him several times what he had gambled on it. Moreover, he was praised for initiating the very low down payment. It added luster to his civic importance—and he had high hopes of political recognition some day. In civic and financial matters, he was making great strides—and he needed to do so, for the very contemplation of his domestic life made a lump like a vast indigestion somewhere inside of him.

The low down payment was deeply appreciated by the denizens of Angello Street. The plaster was hardly dry on a house before it was furiously inhabited by the ignorant, violent poor—all well supplied with ferocious children who screamed and fought while their parents worked. By day, the only adults at home on Angello Street were a few old grandparents, gap-toothed, slow and vindictive, and a few night workers trying to sleep in the broiling heat and the noise. Occasionally they pulled back their shades and shouted curses and obscenities at the children.

Gradually the law and the social workers learned to shake their heads at the mention of Angello Street, but to the Coopers it was an enormous step forward. They were now people of property, with a flower garden, with the privilege of paying taxes.

Certainly Starr Cooper's life was deeply influenced by Angello Street, but she never was quite assimilated by it. In a detached fashion, she knew all its residents, though the population was a shifting one, due to frequent evictions. She knew the women in their gaudy satin best dresses, with their cheap frizzy permanents. She knew the Bedeau family, who screamed and threw things. Ann Marie was always bosom friend or mortal enemy of Teresa Bedeau, a pixielike child as sleek and slithering as a young eel—as sly a thief as lived on the street. David, her brother, was old beyond his years, with a world-weary acceptance of violence and evil. Ann Marie admired his dark good looks; even his catlike indifference to the fate of others did not offend her.

At first, in the war years, there were plenty of bicycles and sleepy dolls and many guns and knives on Angello Street, over which the children fought terrible wars. Starr stood aloof from the violence.

On Saturday nights there would be many parties on Angello Street, most of which broke up in fights and loud voices, and Starr was grateful to be in the comparative safety of her bed.

The Whitcomb family was about as stable as the Coopers. They lived at the far end, where the street faded into sagebrush and sand and the land belonged to the horned toads and to the gophers, as it must have done since time pushed this valley out of an ancient sea.

Mrs. Whitcomb's husband had been killed in an industrial accident, and she received a small pension. It was much steadier than the wages of her late husband had been. Of course she had to work to supplement it. Her eldest son, Jerry, recently had quit school and gone to work, and she said she was sorry, but she couldn't blame him.

Jerry knew that his mother had not cared whether or not he finished school. He was eighteen, clever with machinery, and had a steady hand—so he was a catskinner. His wages would have made his late father's eyes bulge in disbelief. His father had been a whimpering little man abroad, and a mean, tyrannical one at home. Jerry knew they were well rid of him.

Jerry had observed Starr at length. Since she was fourteen he had claimed her as his girl—though she was not an easy companion, in his opinion. She read too much. Still, she had class, and Jerry had been shrewd enough to observe the difficulties which beset a man who grows wealthy and finds himself with a wife having no class. Starr cost him a lot of patience, but he planned to be wealthy some day, and Starr was the only girl he knew who would not disgrace a wealthy man. He was not one to talk a lot of mush, but he treated Starr with a deference alien to Angello Street. He never took her to rough places. No rougher than Angello Street, anyway.

Teresa Bedeau, who panted if you breathed down her little dark, dirty neck, once asked Jerry if he ever "got next" to Starr, and Jerry slapped her. "I bet you think you will, though," Teresa mocked, backing away. Her curiosity was like a virus. "I bet you a dollar you can't," she said maliciously. "She thinks she's a princess!"

Starr herself rarely heard such things. She was not perturbed by her unfortunate address. It was a proud thing to have a home to come back to. Her studies took most of her evenings. Summers she worked at whatever she could find to do, earning money for the simple clothes she wore to school. She used most of her spare time for reading. The gap between the reality of Angello Street and the wide streets of which she read did not disturb her. These were separate things. Far from expecting romance on Angello Street, she viewed most of the boys there as one composite octopus with arms beckoning and dragging the girls toward sex. It was a nuisance, but a fact—and one with which she was familiar. Some day she might marry Jerry, of course. She knew of no one else who might be inoffensive enough to have about the house.

Not that he was entirely satisfactory. Like her father, he did not enjoy talk; and Starr wanted to talk and to listen. It seemed to her that sometimes she would simply burst with ideas and questions never expressed. Sometimes when she was coming home from a movie with Jerry, she would begin, "Jerry, don't you think . . ."

But Jerry would say, "Baby, I don't think much, and I don't talk about it." He would put his arm about her and kiss her, which was interesting, and sometimes even thrilling. But just the same, she went on thinking. Once she wrote some of the thoughts in a composition book, and Teresa Bedeau and Ann Marie found it and read it aloud. She had written:

> A person should to be allowed to live in peace as long as he doesn't hurt anyone. Fighting and howling hurt more inside than ever shows outside, and make you quiver a long time. It's like being burned.

"My Lord!" Teresa said in loud wonderment. "I thought this was a diary, and we'd find out what *happens* to Starr! They ain't a word in it about boys—not even Jerry!"

Starr took the book and tore it in two, and dropped it into the wastebasket. "In case nobody told you, Teresa—and I *know* somebody's told you, Ann Marie—it isn't nice to prowl through other people's things. Now you both keep your hands out of the one drawer I can call my own."

"But we didn't find out nothin'," Teresa said, wide-eyed.

"Not because you didn't try!" Starr said. She was not so much angry at the invasion of her privacy as she was sad that she might as well have written in a foreign tongue. But thoughts were wayward things, and maybe each person suffered his own in his separate loneliness.

Once Starr paid a hard-earned dollar for a painting of an ocean wave breaking on a beach. She had never seen the ocean, but just to look at the picture made her feel cooler on a hot day. Bert said it was a waste of money. "Waste not, want not," he quoted, as he very often did, in spite of being the only wasteful member of the family.

Starr ignored the admonition. She imagined herself curled on the clean sand by the cool wave forever about to break and never breaking. She hung the painting near her bed in the living room—or what would have been the living room if she and Ann Marie had not used it for a bedroom. Beau slept in the dining room on a couch; Cory and Bert had the one bedroom. The painting was very personally Starr's own property. Other members of the family seemed hardly to notice it.

When Starr studied at home, she sat where she could look up to rest her eyes on The Wave, and every year it seemed more a friend. By the time she was a senior in high school, it was part of her life.

Christmas that year was not so rich a time as previously. Bert's back had suffered greatly since the end of his welding job, and Cory carried most of the financial load. Beau now worked as a roughneck in the oil fields, and he made good wages, but only a trickle of his money found its way into the household. Bert said he should pay more for board and room.

Cory, fiercely protective of her children, maintained that Beau paid plenty. She could not bear the thought of his going away and living among strangers. Who would wash and starch and iron his shirts and work pants until they looked brand new every day? No! Cory, with the aid of her telephone, could always find work. But she was not smiling very much that Christmas. A weariness seemed to have settled upon her, and she had circles beneath her eyes.

On Christmas Eve, Beau disappeared into festivities of which his family knew nothing, and Bert went out with some of his Angello Street cronies to get drunk. Starr was asleep beneath the picture of the wave when her father returned, but his falling about awakened her. Cory was trying to get his shoes off and get him quietly into bed. He was singing and resisting Cory's aid, tilted on the edgy difference between being singing drunk and sullen drunk. Starr went to see if she could help.

Her father was pushing a hand into Cory's face, and Cory, caught off balance, fell awkwardly, striking a chair as she went down. It was not the first time Starr had seen Bert slap Cory about, but somehow this time her anger rose and made a hurting lump in her throat. She ran to her mother. Cory's face was crumpled with repressed tears. She raised herself to her knees, and Starr helped her to her feet. One eye was puffing with a blue bruise.

"He didn't know what he was doin'," Cory said quickly. "It was an accident, like. He ain't hisself right now." She

steadied herself against Starr's arm, and Starr looked at her father. For the first time in her life, she hated him.

"If he's not himself, what's he doing here?" she asked. "Whoever he is, why doesn't he go somewhere else and let you alone?"

"Starr!" Cory said, shocked. "He's your father!" She put a hand to her throbbing eye. "He'll be sorry tomorrow. Sorry as can be!"

Bert stared back at Starr with glazed animal eyes. "Interferin' womenfolks," he said thickly. "Man can't have a lil . . ." He slid to the floor, asleep. Starr continued to look at him—his mouth open, his beard dark on his face. She shuddered.

Cory tugged at her arm. "Don't think ill of him," she said. "He don't mean me no harm."

"I hate him." Starr said, almost dispassionately. "I hate him for every time he ever hurt you. I hate his nothingness; I hate everything he is, or was, or ever will be! I'm sorry he's my father!"

Cory stood tall, and her glance was intimidating. "Don't let me hear you say such things!" she said. Starr looked steadily at her, and moved by shock and compassion, Cory burst into tears. Starr led her to the kitchen, and they bathed the eye to no avail.

"I do feel a mite low in my own mind." Cory said finally. "I been elected to have another baby, come June. Your pa don't know."

"Nor care!" Starr said, wrapping her old flannel nightgown tight about her.

"A baby's mighty important, but it thins down a woman's work. I'd hate to get down, with you finishing school and all. And it costs, of course." Cory was apologizing to Starr!

It embarrassed her. "Make no mind," she said to Cory, in Cory's own words. She could do more housework and study later. She didn't really need to buy anything else this year, and she still had fifteen dollars left from last summer's work.

When Cory was in bed, and the lights were all out once more, Starr lifted the shade and looked at the night sky. The sounds of revelry on Angello Street were quieting, and a wind tossed the sea of bare branches on the trees that grew near the river bed. What was once a river was now a long, narrow desert of white sand, bordered by woods. These woods rested the eyes and the spirit in a land of few trees. "Dear God," Starr said in the general direction of the tossing treetops, "help us to help each other! It's sometimes so very hard." She did not know much about praying, but surely a prayer could find its way to God on Christmas Eve.

One of the pleasantest things in all high school for Starr was her occasional work with Dashell Taylor, who was president of the student body. She was not fool enough to have a crush on him. He was the most popular, most handsome boy in school. He was the son of Perry Taylor, real-estate man and local politician. He managed the football team and was a pole vaulter of local renown. But his most endearing feature was his smile. It was always personal—especially for the recipient, whether teacher or schoolmate or friend, and it warmed each one who received it. Watching Dash in study periods, Starr recognized that actually his face was sad—almost sullen—in repose, and perhaps it was the contrast that made the difference. When someone touched his shoulder, in the flick of an eyelash, he seemed to break some dream of sorrow with that special smile. And what, Starr often wondered, could distress so fortunate a boy?

As Dash passed through a crowd of students, an almost inaudible wake of sighs rose, like a breeze whispering through a forest. Prince Charming passed this way, it said; there is no Prince Charming, of course—but Dash looked like him.

And Dash never seemed to notice.

Whenever Starr had business to discuss with him, he gave her his full, courtly attention, and helped as if it were always a particular delight to work with her. She was quick enough to agree with Ann Marie's adoring comment on Dash: "Don't you think he's simply too *dreamy*?"

"Of course!" Starr said. "Everyone thinks he's wonderful. And he is!"

"Are you sweet on him?"

"Silly! He belongs to Priss Walker. He always has, I guess. But I'm glad we're in the same class. He's nice to work with; he's nice to know."

There was no use trying to explain to Ann Marie that the world was full of things one might admire and enjoy, and yet never have to keep. It was wonderful that larks sat on the barbed-wire fences and sang; the black lace frameworks above oil wells were beautiful against a sunset sky; it was also a joyous thing that Dashell Taylor lived in the world. It added to the pleasure of living—that was all.

For that matter, Priscilla Walker was something to see. Dash couldn't have happened to a prettier girl. Her father

owned sleek herds of expensive cattle and great frothing acres of cotton. Starr had picked cotton in the long rows of his fields. Priss was small and golden and beautiful. She wore sweaters softer than a rabbit's ears, and skirts that cost a whole semester's wardrobe for Starr. She had a cascade of golden hair worn in a perky ponytail, and she was a study in motion. Her eyes danced, her feet danced, her hands forever anticipated her speech.

She was as popular as Dash. They were an envied twosome. She was not above trying her power over Dash, however. When he assumed that he was taking her to the Senior Prom, she was coy, and said she had not decided yet.

"Then I'll get another date," Dash said in quick, almost thoughtless, retaliation. Starr was passing, between classes. He smiled and fell into step beside her.

Starr supposed he had some idea to discuss about the seating of parents at graduation. That was part of her job. She had casually noted Priss, pouting and pretty, but it meant nothing to her. Priss pouted so attractively she often did it for effect.

"Are you going to the prom, Starr?" Dashell asked.

Starr had never been to any of the dances or parties; she thought of them with only fleeting wistfulness. "I hadn't thought of it," she said cautiously.

"Why don't you think of it, and let me pick you up for it?" he asked. He smiled and stood waiting.

Involuntarily Starr glanced back at Priss, still watching them. Priss turned on her heel and walked away. "But I thought you and Priss always . . ." she began, overcome with shyness.

"Couldn't I call for you about eight—if you haven't made a date already, of course?"

"Oh, no! I mean I haven't any date," Starr said confusedly. "I'd love to go, of course. I never went to a prom."

"Then it's high time you did," Dash said thoughtfully. "See you then?"

Starr nodded, almost beyond speech, and Dash raised one hand in salute before they went into separate classrooms. Immediately the difficulties of Starr's situation enveloped her pleasure in panic. This would be the Cadillac crowd. When the Cad crowd went formal, they left no glitter unturned. It was three days until the prom, and Starr had neither a dress nor the money with which to buy one. Of course, she could always telephone Dash and say she was sick.

She *would* be sick if she couldn't go with Dash! There must be some way to improvise something to wear; there *must* be some way, this once! She clasped one hand tightly in the other, as she often did in times of great stress. She would go and see Aunt Artie. Aunt Artie was a great hand for improvising.

Aunt Artie was cashier in a sort of semirestaurant, semi-nightclub. She sat there behind the cash register fiddling with figures, her two inches of hair fashionably on end. She wore black, of course, that being the color of servitude; but there was nothing to forbid junk jewelry, and that she wore in ropes and strings and bracelets. Her ears were all but concealed beneath a delicate branching of wires supporting dubious gems, but her eyes were warm with interest and concern.

"Kid," she said, after listening to Starr's predicament, "most of a girl's troubles are men, but a lot of 'em are clothes."

After work she took Starr to her room to look over her own wardrobe for possibilities. There was little to make Starr hopeful. Then suddenly she noticed the bedspread. It was of raw silk, very heavy and taffetalike, with a border of small pale blue figures. It had been made of two lengths of material sewed together. Aunt Artie's glance followed Starr's in amazement.

"I could rip it down the middle, make a skirt of it, and then put it back together for you later," Starr said. "But I still would need a blouse, a wide belt, and a pair of slippers."

"A boy friend of mine sent it from Japan," Aunt Artie said. "I didn't know what else to make but a bedspread of it."

Starr took it from the bed, folded it, and tried it for length. The heavy material stood out; it rustled. Her eyes shone over it to Aunt Artie. "With a yard of that gold-flecked material at Hartell's I could make a blouse," she said. "But it costs five dollars."

Aunt Artie found the five dollars, and the belt, and the white sandals which could be glamorized with gold paint for a dollar ninety-eight. "I'll pay you back when I get a job," Starr said. "Oh, what would I do without you?"

"Kid, it's a graduation present," Aunt Artie said. "I'll pay for it with tips. See, I smile at 'em like this. . . ." She made a horrible leering face, and Starr kissed it. It was a tired face, lightly eroded with tears and crosshatched with laughter, and perhaps it had looked with favor upon too many no-account men. But there was warmth and wit and compassion in it. "Forget it, kid," she said to Starr.

Aunt Artie had said "Forget it" to a multitude of relatives of varying degrees for two decades. Three husbands had disappeared from her life. She lived from payday to payday. One of the reasons she always chose to work in restaurants was that food was a certainty there—enough food to support life if one could find no other. Like most restaurant workers, she hated all cooks with consistent venom; but to everyone else in the world she turned a hopeful, friendly face. She was lonely most of the time, and Starr was both diversion and a great pride to her.

When Starr told Jerry about the date with Dash, he was angry with her for the first time. He had never doubted his prowess with the girls of Angello Street, but Dash was clearly a more potent rival than the neighborhood ones; he was a boy with class. "You know what he wants of a girl like you?" he asked her darkly, and she answered honestly enough that he wanted to put his own girl in line—Priss had grown too sure of him.

"I haven't been to any of the parties or dances," Starr said, "and now I have a chance to go to just one, with the very head man at school. But I won't go if you don't like it."

Jerry would not tell her that there was a certain prestige in it, even for himself; it confirmed his own selection of Starr. He caught her by the shoulders, something of his violence in the strength of his fingers. "You're my girl—just remember that!" he said. "I ain't afraid of him."

Cory, clumsy with advanced pregnancy, was excited by Starr's date. Ambition for her first-born daughter stirred within her. "You might marry into that crowd," she said. "You can do better than Jerry." And Ann Marie, pinning her hair into wet snails, standing in a sleazy slip, enviously said that Dash was the very keenest boy in school.

It made Starr self-conscious. They did not seem to understand that this was only *one* date, and not the beginning of some romantic attachment.

On the night of the prom, Starr bathed and dressed in a slow dream in the reluctant dusk. The gold-flecked blouse and the rustling skirt were right; they highlighted her hair and her whole coloring. She still thought that Dash might not come. Hope and the lack of it fluctuated through her for hours beforehand, but she kept her own counsel. Only Cory noticed that often she stopped whatever she was doing and was quiet for a moment, as if she sought to draw patience about herself.

But the Cadillac did arrive before the narrow lot, and Dash stepped out wearing the first evening clothes any of the family had ever seen. He carried a spray of yellow speckled orchids in a box like a bubble, and his smile was radiant. "These were most like you," he said to Starr. "I hoped they'd match your dress—and they do!" He waited on the porch while she pinned on the flowers.

Her hand trembled with the flowers and the pin. Cory finally pinned them securely. "The *pretty* things!" Starr said, hugging Cory briefly. "Did you ever *see* anything so pretty?"

"They match your dress," Cory said thoughtfully. The plainness of Starr's costume and the exotic flowers were part of a world unknown to Cory. She looked at her daughter, so young and happy, and added, "The flowers and dress, they ain't either one pretty, really. But they *do* look like they belonged with him." She nodded toward the porch, where Dash was waiting, and patted Starr's shoulder almost shyly. "Have a good time!"

She watched them go, her eyes softened with affection.

"Gee!" Ann Marie said gustily. "The luck of some people!"

"It's not all luck," Cory said. "How would you and Beau like to go to the movies?" She doled out the change from her purse, knowing that Bert would ask to be dropped in town near

some tavern—which he did. Then she was alone, and she could let her thoughts wander as she washed the dishes and straightened the house.

Vaguely she felt that tonight was memorable—either the beginning or the end of a long, difficult journey. Or maybe just a sharp corner in it. Anyway, she needed a quiet time in which to look forward and back.

A Cadillac and an orchid and the most popular boy in school—Starr's triumph even for one evening! It would be something pretty to remember always. In a few weeks Starr would be graduated in a white robe and a square cap. Cory was proud enough of Starr to strut at the thought of her. But these days Cory tired so easily! When she finished the dishes, she pushed a comfortable rocker outdoors, and sat alone in the half-dark.

She rocked, and she remembered the hard, hard road that led to a prom and the curious freckled flowers that cost more than the picking of two hundred pounds of cotton.

Beau and Ann Marie were always predictable. Of course Ann Marie was boy-crazy just now, which was normal. It saddened Cory that Beau was escaping into the masculine pursuits and silences that made most men strangers to their womenfolk. But then, a boy *would* grow up, and she had to expect he would probably be like his father.

Starr had always been the separate one. Cory had worried less about her than the others, even though she sensed in Starr an awareness that left her as open to wound as if she had been born without a skin. Maybe her very name had something to do with it.

Starr had been born only a few months after the Coopers came to California. In the need for haste, Cory had gone to the County Hospital for the occasion. How large it had seemed, and sinister with the smell of strange medicines! She had been embarrassed to have the dust of the cottonfield washed from her young body. But the woman doctor had been so gentle and kind! Cory was surprised at how easily a baby could be born. Old Doc Jones back home hadn't minded her suffering with Beau. Claimed it was natural, and the result of sin. But Dr. Starr gave her a pill that made her so sleepy she hardly knew which end was up. And a good thing, too, with her so beholden and shy! Cory took the liberty of naming the baby girl Starr.

When Bert came to see her next day, his shirt was unironed, and Cory felt shamed. However, she would not name that baby Sadie for Bert's ma. It sounded like faded kitchen aprons and stockings with runners in them. And "Starr" was such a pretty name.

It was there in the hospital that she first put her foot down about going back to Oklahoma with Bert. She had been putting off going home until after the baby was born. She loved Bert, and was used to him. She had borne him two babies. But she was nineteen years old, and it was time she took a stand, before she grew bent before her menfolks and afraid to risk her own judgment. "I ain't goin' back, ever," she said steadily to Bert. "You can go if you got your heart set on it. But I've slopped my last pig and milked my last cow. I can make out here somehow, even with the children—and I ain't goin' back. I never meant to, to tell the truth. I ain't *ever* goin' back, Bert."

Bert had argued angrily that a wife had to go with her husband.

Cory shook her head. "I'm willin' to work here," she said. "I'll pick cotton or scrub floors, or whatsoever I can. But I'll be paid for it; I can *buy* things—clothes and food and maybe a little radio. Maybe even a home, in time! I've got a taste of livin' out here, and I like it real well." A certain contrition made her falter, but she continued. "It ain't that I care less for you, Bert; I never wanted no other man, and I guess I never will. But I won't go back—not ever. I can taste the dust and smell the pig pens. Hoein', hayin', renderin' lard—and all the dust that blows, Bert! It's awful hard work, and it don't pay nothin'."

Bert had stormed and had argued, but she turned her face to the wall. It was a gamble. But he had not gone back, and Cory had resumed work in the fields in less than two weeks, frantically trying to make enough money to see the family through the time when the present crops were gathered and the new ones not yet ready for harvest. It was about that time that Bert's back went bad. Later, Dr. Starr had tried to discover what ailed it, to no avail. "You can't X-ray a pain," Bert would say with a certain mournful pride.

The moon rose while Cory rocked alone, while Starr was at the prom and the others had gone out for the evening. Cory was glad that Bert never had beaten Starr hard, as she had been beaten as a child. Starr had always been such a gentle little one, she thought. Take the time the hot-rod car killed Mr. Chotter, their cat. Starr had gone into the street and gathered up the pitiful bloody furry thing, and Cory came home to find her wild with grief and loss. They had all loved that cat—grown so handsome from the handful of dragtail kitten bones that came to them one rainy night. And Starr had seen someone deliberately run him down.

Cory had taken Starr straight to the pound, to select another cat. Starr had shuddered in that house of death, knowing that most of the animals must die. She still maintained that no cat could ever be the same as Mr. Chotter, and the tears streaked her face as she looked at the small puff of tiger-stripes that had straddled his clumsy way to the edge of the wire cage and looked up at them with the blank blue eyes of the very new. She took the kitten into her hands, still weeping. "Not to take Mr. Chotter's place, but just to feed and keep," she said.

At least Starr was willing to learn. And Tiger Q. Catt did somewhat fill the hole left by Mr. Chotter. "When something dies, you have to look around quick and find something to take its place," Cory said, stroking Tiger Q. "It takes up time and keeps your mind from going back. Cat, dog—even a baby—you can't bring 'em back. But you can offer the place to somebody that needs it. It ain't no disrespect to the dead—it's the good in them, living on and put to use. You can't stopper it up and let it turn sour."

It was a pity that Starr could not go to college; she loved learning so much. Who was the teacher she had loved so dearly in her tenth year? Now she remembered—Caroline Shell. Starr's face would light up at the mention of her name. At Christmas she had been crushed because there was no money to buy a present for Miss Shell. But Starr had found one!

High in a tree formidable with thorny growth, there was a great mistletoe plant with exquisite waxy berries. Starr climbed that tree—in some danger, and with considerable pain—and she brought the mistletoe down, preserving whole each leaf and delicate spray of berries. It took a long time. There was no pretty card—no shiny wrapping paper. Starr carried the plant clear across town to Miss Shell's house, then was seized with shyness. She laid the mistletoe on the porch, knocked, and ran away. "It got some blood on it from a cut in my knee," Starr told Cory. "I wiped most of it off with the hem of my dress, though." Cory had not minded washing out the shabby little dress.

No wonder Starr had loved her teachers! They told her what she wanted to know. Bert hated her questions, and Cory was too busy to answer—if she knew the answers, she amended humbly. Starr had even pursued Beau with questions. Looking at the plain stretching north as far as the eye could see, Starr would ask what was farther than that. Suppose you walked and walked—would there always be more flat fields and tumbleweeds and crops—or was there a mountain so far you couldn't see it? What was on top of the mountains to the east? Snow in winter sometimes—that you could see. But did people live there? *Was* the air blue there? Did wild animals live there? Was another country on the other side?

"What do you care?" Beau would ask in surprise and irritation. "We ain't goin' there."

Starr almost wept with frustration. "I'll go there some day," she said, "so I can see!"

Cory slapped at mosquitoes and rocked gently in the balmy early summer night. It was nearly time to go to bed. She was thirty-six years old now——and expecting this late baby. Well, she had to admit it would be nice having a little one again, seeing the other three were growing up so fast. She would have liked to stay awake to see Starr when she came home from the dance, but it was too great a luxury. She had to conserve her strength, for she must not get down just when Starr was finishing school. She did wish she might peek into that dance without being seen, though. She would have liked to see a fine sight like that—all the flowers and pretty dresses and pretty youngsters—and Starr. Slim-waisted, proud-stepping Starr at a ball.

The purring car was light to the touch. "You'll be the most beautiful girl at the prom." Dash said happily to Starr.

"That's silly!" she said promptly. "Priss is much prettier." But she did not care; she would not have minded being a disembodied spirit at the dance.

"I didn't mean pretty." Dash said. "Beautiful. An exotic beauty—an international sort of thing. What will you do with it?"

It might be only a routine compliment, she considered forthrightly. "If it were true—and nobody has ever said so but you, Dash—it wouldn't make any difference. I can't choose. I just do what I can and I must."

"That might prove very interesting," he said. "Now you watch tonight, how I'll have to fight all the wolves in Statsville for dances with you. But the real test will be the girls. If they all hate you on sight—you'll never need any more proof. You'll know."

The clubhouse was glittering with mirrors and fragrant with flowers, and Chinese lanterns made dim pools of light under the trees on the wide lawns. Starr forgot Jerry, forgot her family. She lived in one detached night, she walked in her golden sandals through the fairyland of lanterns and tall trees. It was all an enchantment.

At intermission she caught a reflection of herself and Dash in a long mirror, and was startled. She did not look like the other girls in their filmy party dresses; she looked like a distinguished young guest. With that knowledge, she knew poise for the first time. She was rushed, too, as Dash has said she would be. She declined all invitations with grace.

For even if this night were too beautiful to bear, and the new confidence a gift more golden than the orchids on her shoulder, she would not presume upon it. Tomorrow, and all future tomorrows, would not necessarily be one whit changed for her. Only *she* would be changed, and that need not show.

After the dance, eating scrambled eggs with Dash at a diner, she suddenly put her hands flat on the clean table top and said, "You've done a lovely thing for me! I thank you."

"It was my good luck," Dash said, with no smile at all, his voice warm and kind and oddly mature. For a moment the two of them were very close in understanding.

After the dance, everything was almost the same. Dash never telephoned. But there was a restlessness within Starr. She had seen a spaciousness of living that made Angello Street and its narrow houses shrink. It made the noise and the obscenity more unbearable.

Even Jerry may have shrunk in size and importance after the prom; but this Starr would not consider. He was less objectionable than most of the boys. He worked steadily. And he loved her, she was sure.

Yes, some day she would marry Jerry. Not right away, but some day. One worked with what materials came to hand. She and Jerry might have a home—perhaps an old one that wouldn't cost too much, on a very quiet street. She resolved to be more cordial to Jerry, but his invitations grew more widely spaced. When she thought of it at all, she thought that he was being considerate, knowing that final examinations were at hand, and school matters occupied much of her time. And these things were separate from Angello Street and Jerry.

Starr sat in the waiting room with the expectant fathers, holding a textbook from which she would take an examination at school the next morning. She knew that Bert ought to be there instead, but he was out getting drunk, after the fashion of fathers on Angello Street.

Not that Starr had wanted this baby, arriving so inconveniently in the last few days of school. Cory had known it, and had apologized in a way—which shamed Starr deeply. If Cory could take on still another responsibility, the least the family could do would be to help and encourage her. Starr's heart melted toward her, remembering the tremendous toil and steadfast courage and gentleness which Cory had maintained through the years.

When finally Cory was wheeled out on the high cart, Starr ran to her, tears in her eyes. She held her mother's hand. "Are you all right, Mom? Was it a boy or girl?" she asked, all in one breath.

"A girl," Cory said, her voice tired. "We had a little trouble." She smiled with obvious effort. "Got out of practice, I guess. Run see your little sister before they hide her away."

The nurse stopped for a moment, and Starr looked at the baby, already asleep, ringlets damp, petal fingers closed. Why, expecting a baby was nothing like the reality of seeing it! When Starr raised her eyes, the nurse stood straighter and smiled in the reflected radiance. "She's perfect!" the nurse said proudly, as if she had personally managed the whole matter.

Starr ran back to Cory. "She's the *prettiest*, most wonderful baby you ever saw!" she told Cory. "Oh, Mom! When you first told about her, I truly didn't want her. I'm sorry now!"

"Why," Cory said roughly, "it's a natural way to feel until you learn better!"

They named the baby Caroline. It was a singing name. The baby was infinitely dearer for having it. Starr had suggested it, remembering the teacher who had meant so much to her.

Starr asked Jerry to drive her to the hospital to bring Cory and the baby home. She had not seen him for weeks. It was on that trip he told her that he could not take her to the movies Saturday night.

"I'd better tell you the whole thing before someone else does," he said, and there was something in his tone that gave Starr warning. "I've been working for Ethan Hart, and he can give me lots of work—almost the year around. I have to work late sometimes, and then he asks me to eat with them—sometimes at home, and sometimes at a restaurant."

"Them?" Starr asked.

"He has a daughter named Shirley. About twenty."

"Pretty?"

"Yes. And a lot of fellows know it. She has a roadster."

Shirley Hart. A name on the society pages of the paper—but Starr could not remember much about it. She was probably only idly interested in Jerry, because he was rather good-looking. Starr let the subject slide through her mind, but it left a wake of doubt and confusion. She was alerted to that extent.

Jerry thought himself both honest and adroit. The affair of Shirley might die in its hot budding. She was a girl who knew what a man thought before he knew it himself; and nobody had said no to her in her whole perfumed, expensive life. He would have to hold out *on her*, for she would not want to marry him—not at first. Teasing him on, and then scratching and clawing. . . . But not for long!

"I've been offered a job in the office at Overton's Stationery Store," Starr said suddenly. "The shorthand teacher told me about the vacancy. Of course, I have to say I'm eighteen."

They brought Cory and the baby home, and it was nearly a month before Starr realized that Jerry had not taken her out once, nor even been around to see her.

She thought of it when Ann Marie reported that some girl in a red roadster had honked outside the Whitcomb house and Jerry had come out all dressed up and gone away with her. A streak of panic fled like sheet lightning through Starr's mind, but her voice was steady as she said it was only Shirley Hart. Jerry worked for her father.

"Yes, but Teresa said she brought him home real late night before last, and she saw . . ."

"Never mind!" Starr said angrily. "Doesn't she ever stop spying, even to sleep?" That hushed Ann Marie, but doubts grew like young thistles in Starr's mind.

She was working on her first job, and trying to make a good showing. She hated Hank Overton, the owner's son, who breathed down her neck and tried to wrestle her whenever Horace Overton's back was turned. But he would go back to college in the fall. Horace Overton himself was very much a lodge member and every inch a backslapper, and Starr was none too fond of him; but at least she did not have to hold him off with main strength.

She threatened to report Hank to his father. "He wouldn't believe you, honey-chile," Hank said; and she knew it was true. But in time, he did go back to school.

Finally she telephoned Jerry and asked if they might not go to a movie—they had not seen each other for ages. She was now a little less pressed for time.

And Jerry hesitatingly agreed. He took her to the town's one fashionable cocktail bar first, however, where Starr had lemonade because she was too young to have a cocktail. They stayed until a certain group arrived, in which there was a girl with cropped red curls. She was called Shirley, and Starr did not have to be introduced to know which Shirley she was. Starr and Jerry left immediately. Whether he had stayed to show Shirley that he already had a girl, or whether he had left because Shirley had caught him with another girl, Starr could not know. But in the car in the drive-in, he put an arm about her, and it was comforting—an easy touching she had known almost since childhood.

This time, however, Jerry kissed her and continued to kiss her, even when she tried to draw back. There was roughness and demand in him—why, he was like Hank Overton! For a moment repugnance rose within her. And as the struggle grew more difficult, Starr's bewilderment increased. "You know better, Jerry," she said. "I always trusted you not to . . ."

"And why should you, baby?" he asked, his voice rough. "Didn't you think I was human? Didn't you ever talk to the big girls?"

He *sounded* like Hank, too! "Jerry," she said, near tears, "I don't think you know what you're doing! It must be the cocktails—take me home!"

"Maybe *you* don't know! I waited all this time for you to grow up, and you won't!" The starter whined. "I'll take you home, all right! For good!"

He jerked the car around and headed toward Angello Street. Still bewildered, Starr said after a long silence, "Whatever I thought was between us never was at all! You like another kind of girl better."

"There never was anything between us," Jerry said, "and that was the trouble! But I'm going to marry Shirley Hart, anyway, so you might as well know it now."

They were then at Starr's gate. She opened the car door, stepped out, then reached back inside and slapped his face with all her strength. "That's for being a sneaky wolf!" she said furiously.

Jerry leaned toward her in the moonlight, impressed anew with her. "Honestly," he said, "you can't blame a guy for *trying*, can you?"

Starr was already running toward the house. "*I* can," she said furiously. "I hope I never see you again!"

But after that, the weeks passed very slowly. All the other girls had fellows—even Ann Marie. Starr resolved to save a little money every week, and next summer she would take a vacation and go to some beach. There must be some healing in the great, clean, impersonal expanse of the ocean. It was something to look forward to—but not enough. She needed something, someone, now!

For a couple of months she accepted occasional dates with roughnecks, catskinners, truck drivers—the unattached males native to Angello Street—and each gave her another fragment of disillusionment, or an evening of intense boredom. None read books—none! She had nothing in common with any of them. Finally she made no more dates, and one day Cory asked why.

"I find I don't like men," Starr said. "I guess I'm going to be an old maid."

Cory's lips hardly quirked. "You have to make allowances for them," she said. "They're different from women." But Starr said nothing. "When Mr. Right comes along, you'll change your tune," Cory continued. "You're young. He'll come along—sure he will! And you'll be happy with him, and think he's the most wonderful thing in the world."

"Did you think that about Pop?"

Cory's mind swung back to the young man she had loved—straight, confident. . . . Then it swung again to the man, now stooped, a bit mean, just a little slippery with the truth. Where did the young love go? she thought. Dear God, where did *he* go, and when? Maybe when I first stood up to him and wouldn't leave California? "I thought the sun rose just to shine on him," Cory said, her voice soft with the long-ago remembrance.

Starr was hostile. "You've fed and clothed him all these years, and you know it," she said. "You could have done better."

It was the truth, the bitter truth, but Cory compromised. "What would your pop have done?" she asked. "He was used to me. And he ain't real vicious, like some. It's hard for a woman to fix leaky roofs or crank a cold car. And even a poor sort of man keeps all the others away—that's something. He's handy to kill snakes and build fires and nail things. . . ."

Sickened, Starr backed wordlessly out of the room. She motioned to the dog and began walking away from the house. Was this the net result of romance? It was cowardly, ugly, degrading! And the books and magazines all lied!

She walked toward the trees in the late afternoon. Ordinarily, she would not have walked there. Tramps dropped from trains into the dry sand of the riverbed and went into the woods. There had been murders in those woods. But today Starr saw nothing but the cool green of the trees. The dog ran ahead of her.

Presently, when she was within the woods, she heard the dog; he was hurt. When she found him, he was caught in a steel trap, but the jaws were old and weak. His foot was not seriously damaged. He ran for home when released.

"Hey!" said a voice behind her, and fright rose within her as she turned. A large, dirty tramp stood beneath a tree, blocking the path by which she had come—so far, so far into the woods! Quickly she turned and ran toward the river bed. The trees were sparse there, and someone passing on the highway a few blocks away might see her.

"Hey, wait!" The man was running after her; and, in panic, she prayed not to trip. It was no use to scream in the silent woods, filled only with the double running footsteps, even if she had the breath to scream. She broke from the cover of trees and very nearly ran over a young man. He faced the sand of the river bed with a paintbrush in his hand, and before him was a half-finished painting on an easel. He caught her awkwardly, dropping his paintbrush.

"Please," Starr said breathlessly, "a dreadful man . . ."

His comprehension was almost instant. "Sit down!" he said cordially. "I was expecting you—you're late!" He folded a paint-smeared shirt and invited her to sit on it in the sand.

The tramp came on, but slowly. "The young lady dropped her purse," he said when he was close enough. "I was trying to give it back." And it *was* Starr's purse. Amazed, defeated, she gave him all the money in it, which was fifty cents. He went back into the woods.

"I was scared," Starr said to the young man. She was embarrassed by her exploded fears. "I knew better than to walk alone in the woods, but it looked so cool. . . ."

"It's all over now," he said. "My car's up there on the highway, and I'll take you home when you get your breath back." He began to clean his brush. He was a tall, rather thin man, about thirty, she would guess, with dark-blue eyes and dark-brown hair that waved slightly back from his face. The face was quirked for a smile even when it was serious. He was different from any man Starr had ever met, and she felt as if he were a pool of calmness in a violent world.

"My name's Jeffery Mayfield," he said. "I'm a geologist. I work for an oil company—sometimes in town, and sometimes out on the desert. I've been here only a few weeks, but I've visited here several times before, because I had a classmate who grew up here. Questions?"

"No. I'm Starr Cooper. I'm the stenographer in the stationery store. It's my day off, and it must have gone to my head, or I wouldn't be here interrupting you. I never saw anyone paint before." She arose and looked at the partially-finished canvas. "You painted water!"

"I like my rivers to have water in them."

"But if you were going to paint an imaginary river, you didn't need to come and look at this sand!"

"Painting gives me an excuse to sit here. Wouldn't it look odd to be sitting here without doing anything?"

"Why?"

"I feel the need for an excuse. I'm no artist, of course; but if Churchill can try, why can't I?" He smiled. "Are you interested in painting?"

"I don't know. Once I bought a painting, just a cheap print—a wave at the beach. But I never saw the ocean. I've never even been out of this county."

He unfolded a paper bag and brought out a rather unattractive cheese sandwich and a small vacuum bottle. He broke the sandwich in two, and gave Starr half. He poured pop into the lid of the vacuum bottle and handed it to her, also. "Breast of turkey and champagne," he declared.

He was easy and quiet; Starr felt no fear of him. Later, they tramped to his car, getting their shoes full of sand, and they dumped the sand together. Jeffery wriggled his toes in his sock and announced that Starr was the very first girl with whom he had ever emptied shoes on first acquaintance, and he regarded it as a fine omen.

He was a kind person, but a man, and Starr reminded herself that she was through with them. When she told him the route home, he did not try any long way around. She did allow him to interest her in a game of miniature golf when they were fairly close to home. It was daylight, and a public place. And the game *was* fun, with him. However, she directed him to drive the length of Angello Street before he dropped her at home. That ought to discourage any further attentions. "You see?" she said, motioning vaguely, wondering if he would understand.

He looked straight into her eyes, and his own were disconcertingly kind. "I see," he said. Then he added with a certain shyness, "I wish we had some mutual friend to introduce us properly. If you had time, I'd like to see you again."

Suddenly she was deeply grateful to him—especially for a delicacy which she had never known in any man. "You can telephone me sometime if you want to," she said.

"I will, then." He smiled again. "Next time, I'll come in, and meet your folks. Thank you for the afternoon." And he was gone.

But there was a stillness within Starr where there had been only seething when she left the house. She read for a time under the picture of the wave, and went to sleep with a sense of calmness for the first time in many months.

She knew he would call, and two weeks later he did. He wanted to take her swimming. When he came to the house, he came inside and met the family. Cory liked him on sight. Even the baby crawled to him, and he picked her up as if he liked her.

That first day he had to stop by his own place to get his swimming trunks. He had a cottage near the garage at the back of a huge, lovely house set in spacious grounds. It was at the very edge of the most fashionable district in town. "My friend Dick built this 'studio' when he was in college, and I visited here," Jeffery explained. "He doesn't live here any more, so his mother lets me use his cottage. I'm to scare the burglars away when she isn't here. Deceitful small package of fluff, that Mrs. Maple. Completely lined with stainless steel. I love her."

From the first there was an ease as of old acquaintance between Starr and Jeff. They swam, and they danced in solitary splendor to a juke box in a pavilion, before the neons went on and the crowds came. He had brought a lunch, not very elaborate, but plentiful, for which he apologized.

"It's a good lunch—fills you up," Starr said. "I've been a bit hungry most of my life, so I eat a lot when I can." It was easy to be frank with him.

He said a few square meals oughtn't to fatten her unfashionably—not that he was complaining. And she viewed his long, thin legs critically and suggested that he was not overburdened with weight, himself. "It's my great brain that gets all the nourishment," he explained solemnly.

They were mutually delighted to find that both read books. "I thought it was a lost art!" he said. "I thought modern girls read only to ease the frightful strain!"

"That was my trouble," Starr said. "Nobody liked to read—not even my own family. It makes you lonely, doesn't it?"

"Lots of things make me lonely," Jeff said, with no smile. "Maybe loneliness is the natural state—most of the time."

It was a new thought for Starr. If it were so, it made everything more understandable. In bed that night she thought more about it. If loneliness were natural, no one ought to fuss about it. If Shirley had not made up her mind to marry Jerry, Starr would have married him, and she would have been lonely all her life—all of it! She never would have known what companionship was.

The days were round and full of it now. Jeff *shared* with her. He telephoned her—not to go out and drink, nor to wrestle her in the obscure dark, but to enjoy the things he enjoyed. He loaned her books.

Finally she trusted him enough to go into his cottage to select books, or even to listen to the absent owner's beautiful records. He made no move ever to touch or kiss her; and to herself she called him "the cool one." Sometimes she thought she detected a warmth in his glance, or a special smile when she amused him or turned a facet of thought which was new to his exploring mind.

That winter passed quickly, in a delicate sifting of rain. Starr taught Jeff to pick mushrooms in the wet fields. They walked miles in the filmy curtains of mist. Lone larks sat on the wire fences and falsely proclaimed that it was spring.

"Why don't you paint a lark on a wire, with tumbleweed behind him? He's the happiest thing in the world." Starr watched the lark.

Jeff watched her. "Who paints a song?" he asked. "Who paints the sound of spring itself? Only color goes on my canvases." He pulled his hat lower, watching Starr's damp face framed by the kerchief. "If I were a real artist, I'd paint you instead of the lark, and name it Spring." And Starr silently treasured the compliment.

The lupine and the poppies began to bloom early in the foothills, and Starr looked at the world through Jeff's eyes and found it exciting. Sunday afternoons he always came to take her for a drive or for a walk. One afternoon when the wildflowers were at the peak of blossom, Jeff drove into the canyons, doubling back and forth over the narrow roads until they came to a sort of plateau. He had brought food and his painting equipment. He had selected late afternoon because of the light. He showed her how it fell dark blue in the canyons and brighter blue on the lupine-covered hills in sunlight, and all the distances were misty blue with haze and golden with sun.

"When I was small I planned to come to these mountains and see what was here," Starr said. "They're lovelier than I might have seen them if you hadn't shown me."

Jeff's glance was strange. "I've been here before," he said. "In the fall they're tawny, like a lion asleep, and almost more beautiful than they are now—especially at dusk, with a cobalt sky."

"Did you come alone, Jeff?" Suddenly her question seemed very personal, and she never had asked him personal questions.

He smiled, mixing colors from his tubes. "I came alone," he said. "I brought my paint brush, of course, to make it decent and endurable."

For a long time she thought of him here alone on the lion-colored hill at dusk. He was painting without words, very busy and fast, as if he had only this one day of all time to catch this blue and gold on canvas. He stopped when the light was too dim for accuracy. He put away his materials then, and Starr spread out the lunch under the incandescent blue sky. There was such peace in her whole being that she felt part of the sky and hills, still and complete.

As they ate, the first great stars appeared in the darkening sky. The moon was a glow below the horizon, lightening the eastern rim of the mountains. "It's waiting," Starr said. "Something's waiting, holding its breath before the moon comes up. Can't you feel it?"

"Yes," Jeff said, very low. "I feel the waiting. But I had hoped you wouldn't yet. Not for a while." There was sadness in his voice.

Starr hastily began to put food and napkins back in a box, hunting them in the dusk. "We don't have to stay for the waiting," she said quickly. "The moon's rim is over the mountain, but we can leave."

Jeff caught her hand and pulled her close beside him. Brightening moonlight made the planes of his face light, and his eyes all shadows. "We can't run away from the waiting in a car," he said quietly. "I can't run away from it ever."

Starr had never touched him except in dancing, and now she leaned against him, sympathetic with him for whatever trouble saddened him. She reached toward his shoulders with an instinctive comforting gesture—and was suddenly melted with shyness, her hands halfway.

"Put them around my neck, this once," he said; and she did, quickly, laying her face against his coat. He tilted her face up and kissed her mouth. It was the most perfect and natural and joyous thing that she had ever known. But nothing in the world was ever the same for her afterward.

It was Jeff who disentangled her arms and yet held her close. "One kiss surely can't hurt you, and I have wanted it such a long while," he said. "But now I have to spoil it, while I have the courage. Put your head there on my shoulder, so I can't see your face." He held her quietly. "There's no easy way to tell you. I can never say I love you. I can never ask you to marry me. I had no right to kiss you—no right even to want to kiss you."

"You're married." It was a bleak statement, but forthright.

"Yes, darling. In a way I've lied. I told myself maybe you were lonely, too. I said companionship never hurt anyone, and I could leave you lots of free time to see other men. I said if I evaded the subject, there would be no lie. I told myself a lot of things, but there is no defense for me. I can't even say I'm sorry and mean it." His arms tightened about her.

Starr put her hands together and held them tight, as if they hurt; that was all. She did not look at his face.

"Maybe I should have guessed," she said. "But you don't expect love to hurt any more than you expect the coming of spring to hurt, do you?"

Chapter 3

Starr was in Jeff's arms for the first time, and probably the last, and the very earth seemed quiet and sad with the quenching of joy only half ignited. "Where is . . . your wife?" she asked.

"Louise," Jeff said. "She's in Alabama, where her aunt looks after her."

"She's—an invalid?" Words were so painful.

"You might say so. She's—not responsible. She drinks, and can't help it. Sometimes she's in a sanitarium. . . . And there's nobody but me to pay for her. It takes a lot of money, Starr. I can't talk about it. She writes me letters of—of a good child."

"How long has this gone on? I have to know. Even if it *is* hard for you."

"Seven years. Right after Pearl Harbor, I was in training, and she was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen. And a bit tipsy—so was I—at this beautiful old Southern mansion. I knew nothing about her, but we were married in a matter of days. Must I?"

Starr nodded against his chest, half numb with misery.

"She was an only child, motherless since babyhood, and devoted to her father, who had died a few months earlier. She was eighteen, and hadn't been entirely sober since her father's funeral. She had nearly driven her Aunt Nettie out of her wits. Aunt Nettie was on the verge of proud starvation in her run-down old house, that she shared with Louise.

"It took me six months to acknowledge that Louise's drinking was serious. There would have been a baby, but she had a fall. After that, she had to be watched and treated, so Aunt Nettie took her back. Sometimes she improves, and remembers me and plans for our future, but it lasts at most only a few weeks. That's all; that's all there is."

Starr put her hands on his shoulders and held them tight and steadily, putting her cheek against his face. "Thank you for telling me," she said. "It hurts, almost more than I can bear. But you've nothing to be ashamed of—nor I."

"Not yet," Jeff said. "But we couldn't keep it this way. A thing grows, or it dies. You had better say good-by to me tonight. You're so very young and beautiful, Starr!"

Then Starr held up her face for a kiss. Their very touch was mixed promise and despair, confused and entreating. He pushed her away. "You see?" he said. "Even you can see, my darling!"

"Of course. It's only that I have to lean on somebody sometimes—even if it's only for a minute!"

Once in the car, she said, "I'm all right now. I'll be all right." But Jeff said nothing, threading through the deep canyons and over the round rims of hills, until they were at 45 Angello Street. Then he said, without touching her, "Good-by, Starr. I'll miss you . . . all my life."

His face was in shadow. She touched his hand on the wheel, then ran into the house.

And after that the days were colorless, but very regular—work, helping Cory, minding Caroline, sleep of a sort, more work. Caro was a comfort, knowing no sorrow and few words, and she laughed all day long.

The days slid beneath the broiler of the sun, each longer than an evil dream. Even Starr's time for sleep was disturbed. In her dreams, she and Jeff would be touching fingers through a heavy wire fence that stretched up to heaven itself. She would wake in tears, murmuring, "It's not fair; it's not fair."

When Cory asked what had become of Jeff, Starr said they had agreed to disagree, making it sound quite commonplace. And writing it in tall letters in her own blood would have cost her no more effort.

Starr now hated the silver-green sheen of young cottonwood leaves, and the blue-on-blue of blended hills and sky. Better I had never learned to look at color, she thought perversely. Nothing, nothing healed her inward wound. Every telephone was huge with temptation, but she succumbed to none of them. Once or twice she did put a hand upon one and remember Jeff's number with such yearning that she thought his phone must ring for the very wishing.

After four weeks, she answered the telephone one sticky Sunday afternoon, and it was Jeff. "Oh, Jeff!" She put both hands to the receiver, aware that her voice had betrayed all the dignity and denial she had fostered in stillness. . . .

She did not care why he had come; they drove without speaking far into the baked countryside—simply savoring happiness that was like restoration from death. There was no shade, no patch of green grass; Jeff was driving aimlessly. Finally he pulled the car from the road, across the sand into the skimpy shade of a tree dying of its burden of mistletoe. "I got you into this, Starr, and I'll try to help you out," he said finally. But she protested that she hadn't asked for help.

"I know," he said gently. "I can't undo what's done, but I can try to help you change direction. It would help my self-respect if you'd let me try."

"The time," Starr said, her voice unsteady. "What to do with all the time? You can't read it all away, and other men don't interest me any more. What's to become of me? Of us?"

"I've been thinking of you for weeks," he said. "What's second-best for you? And I have an idea. You know God didn't give us brains just to fill out under our scalps. You don't belong on Angello Street, and should escape from there while you're young and pretty. I want to help you plan. I can't stay here always—oil men move and move. So we had better plan to launch you in the world as soon as possible. First, we'll find you a better job, and you will have to acquire a wardrobe. Some firm will gladly pay for it."

"But how can I buy expensive clothes when Mom . . ."

Harshly he said, "I'm trying to separate you and me. I'm trying to separate you from your family. You deserve more from life than Angello Street. You can be made so exquisite that you can marry any unattached millionaire before he knows what fell on his head."

"I don't *want* to marry a millionaire."

"You might change your mind some day. It's something I can give you in return for—a wound, perhaps. And it would give me an excuse just to see you sometimes. I promise to keep our relationship light—oh, quite impersonal—if you will help me a little to keep steady."

Her eyes were wet, looking at his hands holding tight to the steering wheel. "I have no choice," she said quietly. "I *have* to see you if I can, as you will. When I do, I think everything's all right in the world—even when I know it isn't! It's like a magic . . ."

He put his arms about her gently, and when she had finished weeping, he drove her home. "I'll find a job for you as quickly as I can," he said. "Is Starr Cooper your full name? It sounds like a barrel of stars."

He was working at the job of being impersonal. She moved closer to him. "Stop being afraid for me, or for us," she said. "There are days, and even weeks, when we still can see each other."

"I could take lessons from you in the matter of fortitude."

"No. It's only being thrifty. I've seen old dresses made into aprons, and old aprons sewed together and boiled for dish towels. I've seen new handles put on old hoes. . . . I'm thrifty with what materials I have—that's all."

When she left the car, she smiled back at Jeff. He smiled uncertainly, his eyes somber. As long as there's another meeting, she decided, we can still smile. And hope flooded the world for her.

On her next day off, she went to visit Aunt Artie. There could be no one better informed in the field of love and its disasters. She found her suffering a hangover. "Ah, men!" Aunt Artie said with a grin that was imperishable. "I never should've had the third highball—never!" She sat up in her bed and held her tousled head while Starr prepared coffee on the hot plate.

Starr said that Aunt Artie seemed to like men, nevertheless.

"I don't find enough of 'em to fill up the evenings," Aunt Artie said, "but I mortally can't afford a steady husband. *That* always costs me money. First one sold everything not tied down and left. Second one took just the bank account and a long-legged brunette. Last one didn't take anything—but I had to pay his income taxes. Oh, yes, they cost you if you marry them! But they're no expense, and sometimes even buy your dinner if you *don't* marry 'em! It's simpler and cheaper that way. Lonesomer, but simpler." She touched her forehead and groaned.

"Didn't you want any children?" Starr asked.

"Once I did—real bad—more than anything," Aunt Artie said quietly. "But seein' how things panned out, I guess it wouldn't have been right for a kid. I like 'em all right! Look at that Caroline—gee, that's a sweet baby!"

"Aunt Artie—is it too personal to ask if you loved all your husbands?"

Aunt Artie considered gravely. "You can't look back and be sure," she said. "The first one, for sure. The second one—maybe I fooled myself. The third one—it was a pure relief to be shut of him! I knew better than to marry him. But, Starr," —her eyes were very sad and vulnerable—"sometimes a woman gets desperate just to have something alive around the house."

Starr had to turn her face away. Aunt Artie deserved better. Maybe she would have fared better if *she* had married a millionaire when her first young love failed her. Once Aunt Artie had been a real beauty. The traces of it still sat behind her eyes, like some shimmering force lightly caged with years and netted with delicate alien lines and wrinkles. Starr could have wept for her helplessness and ultimate defeat.

On Thursday, Jeff took Starr to a movie, and explained that he had found a position for her as private secretary to an oil tycoon. It paid fifty dollars more per month than she now earned; surroundings were pleasant. But she would have to make an impression—appear to be a cross between a model and a debutante.

"I have a hundred dollars," Starr said dubiously, "but . . ."

"You couldn't find a thing here; and it'll take at least three hundred. I'll advance you a couple, and you can pay me back from your increased wages. Just don't tell your folks that you earn more on the new job."

"But three hundred dollars—for *clothes!*" Starr felt guilty. Cory had never had more than one "good" dress at a

time, and even that was shabby now. "Where will I get them, then?" she asked.

"I have a friend in Westwood whose mother is a shopper," Jeff said. "She could make it easy for you. I have to go to Long Beach on business this weekend. I could drop you off, you could shop Saturday, and I could bring you back Saturday night or Sunday. Maybe we could go to a dance or a show, even, if my work permits. Since this is a small town, perhaps you'd better buy a ticket to the first bus stop out of town, and I'll be waiting for you there. Catch the six o'clock tomorrow night." Seeing her face mirroring embarrassment, he added, "I hate the little covering-up as much as you do, but I intend to protect you wherever I can."

She bought the ticket on the way home, but somehow she did not feel exactly right about it. Moreover, when she began to pack on Friday night, and explained to Cory and Ann Marie that she was going to Los Angeles for a day's shopping, Ann Marie pleaded to go along. When Starr refused, the ever-present Teresa observed her suspiciously. The two younger girls actually accompanied her to the bus depot to be sure she was not lying. She was thankful that she already had her ticket.

She had promised to buy Cory a blouse; both of hers had torn out under the arms. Decades of hauling heavy cotton sacks, of stooping, lifting, bending, using the endless energy of her fine body—and she asked for nothing but a three-dollar cotton blouse for herself! The thought made a problematical millionaire somewhere in the future more attractive to Starr.

Cory had cautioned her to be careful. "They's wicked people in big cities," she said.

And wicked people everywhere, Starr thought on the bus. It would be hard to find a place of greater wickedness than Angello Street, with its brawls and knifings and its drunks and has-beens. But one is not afraid of the familiar, no matter how ugly the face of it.

Jeff established Starr at his favorite motel in a pleasant detached room; took her out to dinner, then to a stage show. It was her first, and she loved it. There was constraint between them on the way back to her room, but Jeff dispersed it with talk of the next day's shopping. The shopper he knew would be available; the appointment to meet her was already made. He gave Starr one chaste good-night kiss, said he would telephone her when he got back, and left for Long Beach. And Starr wished she might have kissed him again—he was so sparing of personal contact. But that would be silly; even dangerous.

Before Starr left her room the next day, Jeff telephoned to say that his business would be concluded in the early afternoon, and arranged where he would meet her. That settled, Starr went to her engagement with the shopper on winged feet.

Mrs. Romaine had a faintly French accent, and she knew her business and loved it. She had a marvelous figure, blue-white hair cleverly cut to the curves of her pert head, and a wide, wise mouth which opened in a laugh at the sight of Starr. "One gets so tired, trying to make size forties look like size elevens," she said happily. "What do you want to look like, and how much money can you spend?"

Starr was excited and enthused before they had galloped about for an hour. And as her wardrobe took shape, something new crept into her manner—an assurance which seemed as right as the new clothes. Mrs. Romaine even took her to a hairdresser briefly, where Starr's hair was cut and she emerged in careless short curls. Looking into the mirror above the hairdresser's white bib, Starr saw her own grave new beauty for an instant, and she rejoiced, because of Jeff.

She saw Jeff before he saw her, and she watched the swing of his walk and the set of his head—so special to himself, so particularly dear and familiar. Then he saw her, and his whole face changed, filled with surprise and tenderness, so that Starr was deeply touched. Quickly she filled the moment with nonsense, putting out her gloved hand as if she expected him to take it. "You may kiss us," she said regally, holding the hand high as he approached.

He ignored the hand. "I may kiss the ground you walk on!" he said, completely off-guard for once. "I thought I'd know exactly how you would look. But I didn't—I didn't at all!"

To bridge the awkward moment, she began to chatter about the fun of shopping with Mrs. Romaine. But she could see that he was proud and even shy of her, and she could have danced in her sleek new slippers and lovely suit, there on the street.

He took her to the Farmers' Market for lunch, and they threw pennies into the Wishing Well. ("I'll probably be wishing I had them back," she noted thriftily.) And as they lazed over lunch, Starr smiled across the table at him—infinitely glad to be there rather than anywhere else in the world. How tasteful were his own clothes, how clean he was, what a darling! She reached out and touched his hand on the table.

"Darling Starr—be careful!" he said, and he smiled slightly, though his voice was charged with emotion. Where their hands touched, some exquisite current crackled. After that, he rushed them through lunch, then back to the car. He threaded through traffic for more than an hour, then told her to shut her eyes until he told her to open them. She closed her eyes and wished the car never would stop, so that she and Jeff could never be separated.

Jeff said, "You can open your eyes now," and when she did, she saw the wave breaking on a beach not fifty feet away.

"Oh, Jeff!" She squeezed his arm, her eyes on the surf. "Let's go to it; let's go . . ." He laughed and said she would need this. She took the paper bag, and a blue wool bathing suit fell out . . . .

Running from the beachhouse to the ocean, Starr shouted through the crash of breakers, "Jeff, this is the loveliest present in the whole world! Nobody but you would know how thrilled I would be!" She caught his hand and they ran into the surf. Jeff held her when the slam of the wave took her breath away, and he kissed her there in the surf, holding her with hard, wet arms—a kiss wild and tangy with salt. It was an enchanted afternoon.

They had early dinner, and agreed to go back to the beach in the morning; they would return home on Sunday. "And tonight I'll open every single package and box," Starr said. "I can't wait to see all the pretty things again."

Jeff also wanted to see them. He sat and watched and commented approvingly on colors and styles as she displayed her purchases. Then Starr opened a box containing a robe of Oriental style, tan and gold and blue. "I guess I got some other woman's package," she said regretfully. "Surely a pretty thing, though, isn't it?" She held it up, then slipped her arms into the sleeves.

"It's yours if you want it," Jeff said, his voice uneven.

She ran toward him, reaching for his hand. But when she clasped it, she found herself unable to remove her own. It wanted to stay there in his, as if it had a stubborn life of its own. A flame of excitement danced in it, too. Very slowly she raised her eyes to Jeff's, to see if he were so afflicted. He had risen to his feet, and now wordlessly he set his hands on her shoulders, pulling her roughly close. His hands slid down to her elbows, to her waist, pulling her closer, closer. He bent his head above her own, and the excitement between them was like a starshell bursting in the night sky. She crept as close to him as she could.

His endearments were a torrent, and his kisses all demand, and Starr did not know whether she knew more exultation or defeat, but she could not keep back the tears. He was instantly aware of them.

He picked her up as if she were a child, and sat in a chair with her, pressing her face to his shoulder. Weariness registered in his arms, and in his voice. "You're right," he said. "Not like this; not for us, my darling. Stop crying."

She was quiet, though still tremendously shaken. She was especially touched at his thought for her.

Very seriously he said, "You know I love you. I can't help it, no matter how difficult the future may be. Some way, I'll have to get a divorce. Then we can be married—there's no other answer. It may not be the best thing for you, but I can't let you go."

"I know; I know! The trouble is, I love you, too! I love you all the time, every which way. I don't want to go away from you; I don't want to marry a millionaire. I want to marry you."

He left her soon after that, and she thought that she was too excited to sleep, but eventually she did, happiness flowing through her with every beat of her heart.

Waking early, she decided to make a quick toilet and go to find Jeff. Still in her slip, she ran to a mirror to see what marks love and happiness had left tattling in her eyes. Only

silken happiness! The joy within her was like bird songs in the morning. Dressing quickly, she went to the door, cutting off Jeff's knock. She let him in and opened her arms. "I missed you," she said. And there was no strangeness between them, ever again.

"I missed you, too," he said. "I would have liked to see you open your eyes this morning. I want to see you open your eyes every morning, all the days of my life!"

Jeff asked if she were ready for a visit to her wave again, and she said she was. "I wish I lived within sound of it," she said. "Do you suppose something told me when I first looked at its picture that it was all tied up with everything that mattered for me?"

"Superstition!" Jeff said. "You need some breakfast and some suntan lotion. How can one explain a sunburn acquired on a shopping trip?"

They both laughed and made up big lies to account for it. "But I'm already brown," Starr said finally. "I won't burn any more." She leaned her head against his shoulder. "I'm happy!" she said. "I'm drunk with happiness—I've never been so happy in the world!"

"Don't be," he said, holding her closer—but gently. "Don't be quite so happy. It might be unlucky for us."

They had to consider once more "the looks of things" in returning to Statsville. They must arrange all of Starr's packages so that she might conceivably carry them on a hus. They had to stop on the way home to find out when a bus arrived in Statsville, and time their arrival to it. "It's the shabby sort of thing that makes me squirm for you," Jeff said moodily. "I simply hate the covering up. I'm proud! But I'll write Aunt Nettie right away and tell her about the divorce. The financial burden of the two of them still will rest on me, though—even after the divorce. Starr, I'll hardly make enough for the two of us to live on, when I've paid their expenses."

"Why *should* you pay for them, forever?" she asked. "For a mistake made years ago? How would they have managed without you?"

"I don't know," Jeff said, quietly. "I only know there's nobody else to pay."

"I can work," Starr said. "Mom has worked all her life."

"I'd hate it." He looked straight ahead, his face stern. "Things might have been neater if we hadn't fallen in love at all."

"I guess love isn't very neat or easy, ever," she said, leaning her head briefly against his arm. "But surely it's a glory, and worth working and waiting for."

He kept his hands on the wheel and his eyes on traffic, but he leaned his cheek against her hair. His voice was ragged. "I'll never forget it, my darling," he said.

The lies began when Starr arrived home. Teresa was there again, and she and Ann Marie were friends at the moment. They had just passed the bus station on their way home. "Why, you didn't get off the bus!" Teresa said, her eyes lighting with interest, her curls bouncing back from her face.

Starr thought fast. "There were two buses," she said. "I had so many bundles I called Jeff to bring me home. Want to see what I bought?" That distracted them. She had to tell what everything cost, dividing by three so as not to appear to have spent so much. She began to feel easier. Then her damp bathing suit came out.

Ann Marie held it in her hand. "You went swimming!" she said. It was almost an accusation.

"I went swimming." Starr said. "I always wanted to see the ocean. This afternoon I did. I loved it."

Ann Marie and Teresa looked at each other thoughtfully.

Being watchful and wary took some of the exaltation out of Starr. She would have liked to shout that she was engaged. As Jeff had said, even little lies were a great burden.

Chapter 4

When Starr appeared for her interview for employment the next day, it was as if she had taken from Jeff some tangible poise and certainty, and nothing she sought could escape her. She knew the job would be hers even before she was interviewed, and it was. She resigned from the stationery store with considerable pleasure, since Hank had returned to work there for the summer.

In her new job, Starr sat behind a mahogany desk on which was a fresh rose in a silver bud vase every day. It was plain to her that she had been selected because she fitted well into the beautiful office. Her employer was impersonal, but human, and he gave her an increase in pay in three months. By that time she had repaid Jeff his loan. She did not see him too often, but now they had an easy companionship that made a sort of song running through her days. She did not mind waiting the necessary year for his divorce to be final.

One day when she took the mail to the post office, she noticed an announcement of an examination for stenographers and clerks for Government service. On an impulse, she filed an application. It was always sensible to be qualified in as many fields as possible, although she was only vaguely interested in the locations to which stenographers would be sent: Washington, Arizona, a desert air base—everywhere!

She took the examination one Saturday, and afterward she telephoned Jeff to come for her. They went to his cottage, and she told him about the examination while she prepared lunch. On many cherished Saturday afternoons they read and played records together. But this time she realized that he was distressed about something, and finally she asked about it.

He handed her a letter from the table. "Whichever way I turn," he said, "I fail someone who trusts me."

Starr read the letter from Aunt Nettie.

> I wonder it hasn't happened before this [she wrote]. You can't stay tied to Louise all her life, and she no wife to you. No, nor support her and me. We can do on less, Jeffery; we can even get along on nothing, rather than burden you.
>
> Louise doesn't understand about the divorce just now. I've told her, but at the moment she confuses you with her father. She got away last week, taking five dollars, but she came straight home, and I found her walking the rails again, to prove she was sober.

Starr asked, "What does she mean, 'walking the rails'?"

"There's an abandoned logging road not far from the house," Jeff explained. "Louise thinks that if she can balance herself and walk the rail, she cannot be drunk. I can see her walking the rail, down between the pine thickets. She wears wide skirts, and her feet are small, and her hair hangs down her back like a little girl's . . . . You have to be sorry for her."

In a small voice, Starr asked if maybe he liked helpless people. But while the bacon burned to charcoal, he reassured her: "I like people who are brave and competent! I love you with a terrifying torrent, and I don't want that love to destroy smaller beings who look to me. You don't, either."

A wind arose and tapped a branch against the window. Starr went to the door and looked to the west, and the dust was coming—a murky cloud traveling fast and blanketing the face of the earth. "Dust storm," she said.

"Oh, that'll be *fine* for the meeting tonight!" Jeff said, then explained, "There's an office affair, and I have to go. It's one of those things that simply isn't skipped." He grinned, "I *might* even be promoted!"

He arose and closed all the windows and doors tight, and Starr enjoyed the hour of togetherness and companionship. She started a record playing, knowing the music would make a quiet place in Jeff's spirits. They sat down to late lunch.

Looking across the table at his face, Starr thought it more dear than when its newness was an excitement and a wonder. It was not handsome, but sensitive—and alive and eager.

The wind buffeted the small cottage. Then there was another sound at the door. Jeff opened it and stepped back. "Louise!" he said, and Starr instantly knew who this was. A surge of courage ran through her.

A blonde girl stood at the door. She wore a blue coat, and her face had the innocent beauty of a child's. She looked like a fairy princess who had stepped from the pages of a book. She dropped her bag and clasped her arms about Jeff's waist. "Don't be mad at me, Jeffery!" she said, almost sobbing. "I know you didn't tell me to come, but . . . Well, here I am! I ran away from Aunt Nettie."

Jeff's face betrayed such misery that Starr's heart twisted for him. "This is my secretary," he told Louise. "We were having lunch. Miss Cooper."

"Please join us," Starr said stiffly.

"Oh, no, dear!" Louise said, peeling the gloves from her white, dimpled hands. "I just had a little something for courage!" She measured an inch or two in an imaginary glass,

then covered her face in mock consternation, looking at Jeff from between her fingers. One finger wore a wedding ring. "Jeffery doesn't approve," she said to Starr. "But, darling, it was such a teensy drink, after such a long trip on the plane!" She laughed, with something of the quality of Caro's gay chuckle, infectious and innocent.

Jeff asked her to sit down, then asked her where she got the money. "I found it," Louise said. "It was in a purse."

As he questioned her, she looked sidewise at him, and her voice grew smaller and smaller. She had found the purse on a counter in a store. What store but Trilby's? Where else did one buy anything decent? No . . . she had not looked to see whose it had been. She had thrown it in the woods. She did not know how much money was in it—she did not like to count. Like a chastised child, she handed him her purse. "Aren't I lucky to find all that?" she asked, smiling anxiously at him. He counted out two hundred dollars and some change, and calculated swiftly the cost of tickets and meals and taxi fare with other money from the purse. He sighed, almost inaudibly.

The sandstorm beat outside. Fine dust began to infiltrate the cottage, and premature dusk descended. Starr turned on a table light. "I'd better finish your work another time," she said to Jeff.

He sat down at the desk and typed very quickly. "Stand by—please stand by! I have to go to that meeting, and someone has to watch Louise. I can't even stay here tonight—it would be a breach of divorce or something, I think. Can you help?"

"Then I'll have to come back later," Starr whispered to him. "Would you lend me your car keys so I could run home for a while?"

Jeff handed her the keys. The wind pushed the sound of a train whistle clear and close.

"Trains! I love trains," Louise said. There was no more suspicion or resentment in her lovely face than there might have been in Caro's, Starr thought, and it troubled her. She opened the door, and the dust-laden wind swooped in. "Honey," Louise said in her velvet, affectionate Southern drawl, "you can't go out in all that dirt! You can't see your way!"

"Don't worry; the storm is not really bad yet, and I'll hurry," Starr said as she left.

She had to fabricate a lie for Cory as to where she would spend the night, and it sickened her. She was back at Jeff's cottage shortly after five. The lights all were blazing.

Jeff slipped a note to Starr, telling her that he had smuggled Dick's liquor out of the cottage to the garage, that there was food for dinner, and that she was not to lend Louise any money—he had left her only five dollars. In case of emergency, he would be at the Hotel Stats later.

Before he left, he said to Starr, "I'll need this typing as soon as possible. If I don't get back before midnight, you'll know I'll be detained all night—so you stay here with Louise, will you?"

"I'll be all right," Louise said. "But he often gets detained," she explained to Starr.

"I don't want either of you to stick your nose out of this house," he said. "A dust storm's dangerous! You might be run down by a car."

Louise wrinkled her pretty nose at him. "Pooh to cars!" she said. "Isn't there any beer, Jeffery? I can't find any. I've decided never to drink anything but beer—it's only soda pop, you know—not ever again! Isn't that good of me, Jeffery?"

Jeff said easily that there was no beer; that it could wait. Louise was to get their guest some dinner, instead.

When he was gone, Louise still opened cupboards and drawers, and finally said that she must go to the nearest grocery. Would Starr direct her? Very reluctantly, Starr agreed to go with her, afraid not to humor her. Louise smiled, and when she smiled she fairly shone. "Gosh," she said, "it's lucky for me that Jeff had you to work for him, isn't it?" She linked her arm with Starr's, and Starr thought she could not bear the poignancy of her touch.

They came home through the thick, dusty wind with a pound of onions and twelve cans of beer. "Jeffery simply doesn't understand," Louise said. "Daddy always had a little *something* to drink." And all the while Starr remembered her own father in his sullen drunks and in his elated drunks, and how there was no managing him. What would happen if she went home? Louise might peacefully drink herself into a stupor. But then, she might awaken neighbors or do something outrageous, and be thrown in jail. In any case, Starr had given her promise to Jeff. Gently she steered Louise toward the cottage. Once there, Louise opened one can of beer after another. Finally she put aside a can and went to the bedroom.

"I have to get into something easy if I'm going to cook a meal," Louise said. "Who can cook in a girdle?" She began to undress, then went to open her suitcase. It defeated her, so Starr opened it for her. There was a disarray of beautiful and expensive garments inside. Louise stood barefooted before them, picked out a deeply ruffled blouse, and then was unable to locate the skirt. "I'll find it tomorrow," she said, laughing. "Everything gets messed up without Aunt Nettie."

Starr finally cooked some food and persuaded Louise to eat some of it; but Louise held fast to her beer can, and Starr looked at her from across the narrow table. Her beauty was blurred with alcohol, but it was by no means drowned in it. In fact, Louise looked more like a dissipated young angel than a troubled woman older than Starr.

All evening, sitting in her blouse and slip, Louise discoursed on the things that worried or interested her. She wished Jeff would get some other job. Being a judge, like Daddy, was steadier. And he fussed so about money. "And it gets so lonesome without Jeff, sometimes I don't remember when he was home the last time. I know he'll be back, but never *when*. Don't you think it's sad?"

Starr said yes—and urged her to eat her steak.

Louise apologized. The steak was divine, but she was not hungry. She was afraid Jeff hadn't wanted her to come. And all the while she drank beer steadily, her hands and speech becoming less and less precise. The dust continued to blow, and a train whistled again, and Louise listened as if enchanted. Starr persisted in her efforts to persuade Louise to go to bed, but Louise protested that she was not sleepy—this was just a nice time of evenin'. "Maybe you think I might get drunk?" she finally asked. She stood very straight for a moment, then swayed. Even without lipstick, she had an unearthly beauty. Starr said, "Certainly not!"

"Don't want Jeff to think I'm drunk, either," Louise said. She looked intently into Starr's eyes, her own wide blue ones misty. "I love Jeffery," she said distinctly. "If I ever lose *him*, I'll die!" She set a beer can precariously on the edge of the table. "Still sober!" she said. "Nobody can say I'm not." She went to the door and opened it. The wind and dust had died down; a light rain was falling. Before Starr could reach her, Louise darted into that blackness, into the cold, muddy autumn rain.

Starr took the flashlight and searched most of the grounds, but she did not enter the adjoining brush. Frightened, she went back to the cottage and telephoned Jeff, who came very quickly. They searched the nearby streets in the car, then Jeff parked and they entered a small, dark wood. Louise had been barefooted, in slip and blouse; she had no flashlight.

That the railroad tracks lay only a short distance from the elegant residential area had been an unfortunate accident. Building had stopped five blocks short of the tracks. In this area, lawns and formal gardens gave way to tall sand-bitten poplars infested with mistletoe, and to stands of greasewood and wiry weeds. Children and dogs had made a pattern of narrow paths, one of them paralleling an irrigation canal on the other side of which ran the railroad tracks. Careful to avoid mention of the formless fear, Jeff ran the flashlight beam down the canal's green edge. He set it to probing circles of light on the water in the deep concrete bed. Already the water ran more sedately; it had forgotten its summer hurry when it ran high and swift. It was always there, though; and to Starr it spoke of death. Children had drowned in it from time to time.

With Jeff in the lead and Starr following closely, they raced down the path to where the highway bridged the canal, then crossed over to the railroad tracks. Suddenly they saw her: Louise was walking a rail. Jeff led her back to the car, and later Starr tucked her into Jeff's bed in her pretty nightgown. She looked more than ever defenseless and like a sleeping child.

The first light of morning glowed in the east, and Jeff drove Starr home. In the car she said with great effort, "You can't get away, Jeff. I see it now, as you saw it all the time."

"But I've already started the divorce! In ten months . . ."

"No. Sometime we'd need the money too badly to send it, and we'd default. Then Louise would spend the rest of her life

behind high walls—the ugly, bare kind. We can't do it to her! I was wrong!" She softly beat a fist into her palm. "I didn't understand. I *wouldn't* understand!" Her voice shook. "There's no evil or suspicion in her, and that's all the armor she has in the world."

"And do I lose my chance at a life of my own for that?"

"Not just yet." Starr answered. Not just yet!

And in the short quiet before her family stirred. Starr sat, under her picture of the wave, with her arms wrapped tight about her knees. She turned her head from side to side to shake away the tormenting tears. But she made her decision. After that it hung over her like a cloud of gnats, giving her no peace. She wouldn't trouble Jeff with it, however. It was her private sorrow.

After Louise went back with her Aunt Nettie, it was as if she had never come. On Sundays Jeff painted. He and Starr would go to the hills wrapped in coats against the chill of winter. The hills *were* tawny then. Their folds undulated up and up to the sky on the eastern horizon, like tan waves breaking over a reef. Starr was suddenly aware of a deep, sweet familiarity with them. In whatever flat places she might wander in time to come, she would remember these hills lifting up to mountains, flowing eastward.

Everything had a nostalgic quality. Even the desert, which she had hated forever, lay quiet and self-possessed and timeless. The small newspaper which endlessly recorded the social trivia of the Stats and Binders and Taylors—Statsville's major families—cutting the events of the whole world to their size, now commanded an affectionate, absurd interest.

Things had never been better in her family than they were now. Beau had a steady girl; Cory still picked the remnants of cotton from the frost-blackened fields. Ann Marie and David Bedeau were "going steady," and she was doing well in high school. Even Bert complained little about his back—though he scarcely made the pretense of work any more. Caroline was nearly seventeen months old.

Then the notice came from the Civil Service Commission. Starr had passed the tests with very high grades. She was asked where she preferred to work. She put an X in the box opposite Washington, D. C., and mailed it back. It was about as far from Statsville as she could imagine. And surely so large a city would offer a niche for one girl.

Three weeks later she received a telegram inquiring whether she would accept a position in Washington, giving grade, salary and department. Her hands trembled slightly, and her throat ached as she read it. Then she folded it and put it into her purse. She telephoned Jeff.

"I'd like to see the beach again," she said. "I'd like to stay in my same room at the motel."

His ears heard more than words. "What's wrong, Starr?" he asked. And she said nothing—she simply wanted to see the wave again. If he were not tied up this weekend . . . "I'm tied up with you," he answered, almost gaily, "but not as firmly as I mean to be. Fine idea!" She knew he was surprised. She was, a bit, herself.

Looking at the two handsome pieces of luggage, Cory said, "My goodness! You must expect to travel a lot to spend that much on suitcases!"

Starr put an arm about her shoulders. "I *am* going to travel," she said. "I'm going to Washington, D. C., to work. I am leaving the end of the week."

Cory's face was anxious and sympathetic. "Are you in any trouble, Starr?" she asked directly.

"No." Starr was glad to see the anxiety vanish. "Don't you remember having an itching foot?"

"You'll always travel the other way," Cory said. "You're leaving us for good. I purely hate to see you go, but I know you will. You've made up your mind." She blinked, but she did not weep. Her shoulders slumped a trifle. "What about Jeff?" she asked. "You've seemed partial to him for a long time."

"He'll drive me to Los Angeles to catch my train," Starr said. Cory's eyes were so steadily upon her that she added, "I'm more than partial to him, Mom! I love him very much. But he's married. His wife's an invalid. So you see . . ." Her hands fell to her sides.

"But he loves you, Starry." It was a statement. Starr nodded. "I'm sorry for you all," Cory said softly. "But I'm *proud* of you."

Starr looked at the woman in faded, patched jeans, her hair tied in a kerchief, and saw there all the patience, generosity and loving-kindness in the world. She put her head on Cory's shoulder and sobbed.

Starr and Jeff came upon a light snow in Tehachapi Pass. She was feverish with strain and excitement, anyway, and the drifting flakes made it seem another world. "I never saw snow on the ground like this," she said. "Look, look!"

But Jeff said he must keep his eyes on the road; it was slick. Besides, he had seen the stuff hip-deep, and it was not so beautiful when you had to wade around in it. The snow kept Starr in conversational material over most of the pass, and before they were out of it she suggested that they go right to the beach.

"All right," Jeff said. "I think it has you under a spell. But it's a fine spell; I approve of it."

Ever since I bought the picture of the wave, Starr thought, the sea has had a pull. Perhaps I should not have left the picture. Once she had packed it; then she had put it back. Its removal left a whiter place on the stucco wall, like a scar. Besides, it was something of herself left for Cory.

They did not walk long at the beach. The wind was cold and clean, and the sky sullen. The waves came in long, slow surges, without sparkle. Jeff was cold, and Starr suggested some hot soup.

Her train would leave at noon the next day. The time was close when she would be in his arms for the very last time. She could not keep her glance from his face. Even when he walked away for something, she watched his back—so straight and easy. Unaccountably she thought of her father's back—bent with imagined ailments and defeats. I shall have had more than Mom, at that, she thought, suddenly homesick for Cory, but strengthened of purpose.

Jeff helped move her luggage into her cottage at the motel. "Feels like you brought a bag full of rocks," he said. "What in the world *did* you bring, to make it so heavy?"

"Practically everything I value, except you," she said, the words coming with a rush of courage. She plunged a hand into her purse and brought out the telegram and a typed copy of her reply: "Will report for work in Washington as directed. Starr Cooper." She handed both quickly to Jeff, but she would not watch his face. He came slowly across the room to her, and forced her to look at him. She began to cry then, the tears spilling slowly and silently.

"I won't let you go," he said. "I'll hold you right in my arms if I have to. Do you understand? Didn't you *know* I wouldn't let you?"

"Yes, you will." She abandoned the difficult effort to smile. "I knew it when I saw Louise. It has to be; you know it has to be!"

"I won't have it. Don't you remember telling *me* to be happy—that love was a glory, and worth working and waiting for?"

"That was before I saw Louise. I've said good-bye to my family, and I'm catching a train at noon tomorrow. I thought we might have the last few hours together, and then no more."

"No," he said stubbornly, "No!" He put his arms about her and wiped her eyes. "It was a bad dream," he said. "See, here you are, where you belong!"

She sighed; it was time for the end of tears. "You could go now, Jeff. The last few hours might be the hardest."

"I won't go. I don't mean to let you farther than arm's length." But he knew then that she would go, for he looked at his watch, noting the time racing away toward separation.

Afterwards Starr recalled that night mostly as a depth of sorrow. Deliberately she remembered only the absurd feeling of security in Jeff's arms, as if she had found a little cave in which to hide from everything which troubled her. Remembered the square corner of his jawbone near his ear, when she put her hand to his face. Remembered the hands of his watch, ghostly and delicate, measuring off the tormented hours and their fragments. Sometimes she had wished the hands would stop; and sometimes she had wished they would hurry and deliver her from the anguished present into the empty future.

He left the train at the last possible moment, then ran beside the window. "Hurry home," he was saying. "Hurry home!" How readily we grasp at straws when we have nothing else, Starr thought.

She despaired, and she pulled courage about her many times on that journey. Ranges of mountains, great rivers, cities and villages and wide, snowy plains flowed past the train. Nights and days flowed past, too, and sun and tumbled clouds. The knowledge of time passed, and spaces spanned leached some of the fierce first pain from her.

In Washington she shortly found herself in an intimacy born of economics with three other "Government girls." They lived in an apartment which was surely the real-estate shark's dream of heavenly property—the minimum space and the maximum charges. They called it the Spenthouse. She had nothing in common with the other three women, though they often ate together, and saw each other in all states of disarray.

She was appalled by the triviality of the work assigned to her at the office, and she was offended artistically by the holy of holies—the Manual. The Manual didn't tell how and when to breathe, but it left little else to free will. It dictated even the size of margins of letters. An amateur psychologist tried stubbornly to "adjust" Starr to Washington, endlessly prodding her to play games or study, or do something in groups of other women—males being so scarce as to be negligible. But Starr vigorously resisted. She came to believe that privacy of the mind was about the only one left, and that that hen-brained woman had no right to pry and peck at the crannies.

She had only to view Emma, a middle-aged, well-adjusted member of her domestic quartet, to see what such things portended. Emma liked being herded. She was efficient, neat, inescapably correct, probably unsexed—and incredibly dull. Like a worker bee, she moved in swarms of others somewhat like herself in her hours away from her filing cases.

Starr requested a transfer as soon as possible. She would have liked to tell some of the foolish things that happened here to Jeff, but she never wrote to him. That was part of her stern resolution. He wrote to her, however, having obtained her address from Cory.

> Time has slowed down since you left, so that a week is about a month long [he wrote]. You wouldn't believe that a town or even a whole county could be so absolutely chuck full of places you aren't. You aren't on the tawny hill behind me and my easel, and you don't come out of the office building I call yours. You aren't even at the other end of a telephone wire when the phone rings! The other day I tried to paint you, since I have no photograph. It wasn't that I can't paint portraits—which of course I can't—it was only that no canvas or paper would hold an adequate record of you.
>
> The divorce will be complete in August, and if you aren't back by that time, I shall come and drag you home by the hair—not harming it, of course, for it feels like silk, as I remember. And I remember .... Starr, Starr darling .... You know better what I would say to you than I could ever put on paper. You could at least write.

But Starr steeled herself, and did not. She carried the letter until its folds were shabby, then tore it to the correct size of bits according to the Manual, and put it in the waste-basket. Once Jeff had said that loneliness might be the natural state; probably it was. Enough loneliness ought to lay dead day on dead day until grief was buried in months and years, and the heart would be as still as if it also had died.

Starr read a great deal. She proudly sent money home to Cory. She had more time to herself than she had ever had in her life, and it was a period of slow healing and silences. She stayed in Washington for a year, and then resigned from her job. Homesick for California, she had decided to go to San Francisco.

Jeff had ceased to write, or to send telegrams, which both enchanted and wounded her. She supposed that he had his divorce, but it meant nothing—unless he should fall in love again. Starr did not even dream of him much any more. There was only an aching hole in her life.

Chapter 5

San Francisco was satisfyingly unlike Washington. There Starr quickly found a job, and a small apartment with a view. She furnished the apartment piece by piece, beginning with only a stove, a table, a chair and a couch. The entrance was through the basement, but the location, on a hill, gave a wide panorama of the city and the East Bay.

She savored the true flavor of solitude, after a lifetime of crowding. It seemed to her as if her own self were expanding to its full width and height, having spindled up much too close to others to attain normal proportions before. All childishness had fallen away from her face, which had a quality of stillness, almost sadness. She was twenty years old, and already knew too much about grief.

Her family might have been on the other side of the world; a physical withdrawal was to them like a little death. She still sent Cory money, and from time to time had a letter from her, but she knew herself finally removed from them. Jeff had first seen the need for this. He was good for me, she thought; I hope I was good for him. We were both so lonely. He gave me myself—in a great wrench of pain, perhaps, but as a result I stand taller.

By spring she had no further need to lave herself in solitude. She would have to make friends, for one needed occasionally to lunch with company, or to take double enjoyment from a show with understanding companionship. The other persons in her office were good, honest, adequate workers, and there the matter ended. One young man seemed to fancy her company, but he did not interest her.

On Sundays she usually went to the beach or to the park—somewhere for a long walk. Once she discovered her office admirer on the bus early in her journey, and she quickly worked her way to the back of the bus, deciding to leave it where El Camino Real entered Golden Gate Park. She had meant to go to the beach, but the park would do as well.

Stepping to the curb, she placed a foot upon a marble being chased by a small boy, and she fell sprawling, skinning her knees and tearing her stockings. As she sat there for a moment, the traffic light changed, and she looked up to see Dash Taylor in a new Cadillac right at the curb. No one would ever forget Dash, but she knew he was not quite sure who she was. She raised a rueful hand to him, and he stopped the car while traffic honked behind him.

"Get in before we get arrested," he said, and she climbed quickly into the car, grateful to escape the knot of people gathering, asking, "Are you hurt?"

"I know you don't remember exactly who I am," she said. "Starr Cooper. Senior Prom."

"Of course I remember you!" Dash said gallantly. "But you've grown up! Most beautiful girl at the prom—see, I remember perfectly well!" He had the same wonderful smile, warm and welcome and special.

It seemed that he was footloose that Sunday, so Starr invited him to walk at the beach with her. It was easy to talk with him; probably he was alone that day because he had wanted to be. He told her that Priss—pretty, silken Priss—had been killed in an auto accident six months earlier. "The cars got my own parents, too," Dash said, his manner almost detached. "When I was a baby," he added, as if to mitigate the loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Taylor had reared him as their son. Perry Taylor was his father's older brother. "Wonderful people. I love them," Dash said. But there was no happiness in his voice.

They went to dinner together that night, and Starr tried to keep the conversation light, seeing that he was not so gay as once he had been. He still looked like Prince Charming, and wore his courtly manners like a cloak. She did not suppose she would see him again; he did not ask if he could call.

But on the following Sunday he came in the late morning and sat in her one comfortable chair while she ironed, and made easy, lazy conversation, as if he were some sort of relative. He was hunting a job; he had tried several without finding one to his liking.

Starr finished her ironing and folded the board back into the wall. "I was going to walk again today," she said, "but it's raining."

"It's not raining in the Golden Goose," Dash said. "We could drive through the rain. Maybe a hundred miles away, the sun is shining!"

"The Golden Goose?"

"My car. Because I was a goose to buy her, and she was golden in price. My dad hit the ceiling. I got an inheritance from one of my own mother's brothers—never saw the man. Had a grocery store, and lived all alone. Left me everything

he had. Dad wanted me to put it into the business, but I don't like the real-estate business."

"You should know all about it."

"I know too much about it. I've been sent to collect from too many people who lost their miserable little homes and everything they owned. You're supposed to say you're terribly sorry, but business is business, and not to notice if they cry—then turn the eviction business over to the attorney, so you won't see their grief."

"But it *is* a business, and people who borrow know the risk—and the interest and the taxes and the plumbing that has to be fixed, and the doors that buckle and the plaster that falls. . . ."

"I can't *stand* it!" Dash said. "It makes me sick at my stomach. Traffic in homes is indecent! And I can't deal firmly with people who cry about such things. Dad says it's a weakness. Could you do it?"

"No. But I know how it is."

"Now when real estate also happens to be oil property—then it's all fun!" Dash's mood changed quickly. "It's a magic—it's money that comes without hurting anyone. If we had any of *that* kind, I'd be excited about it. In fact, I'd love it! Dad's always hoping, of course, and trying to anticipate the new fields before they're proved. . . . But on the whole, real estate's a sad kind of business."

She knew it was absurd to feel this shadowy sorrow for a boy who grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth—whose new Cadillac sat outside her door.

She joined him at the window. San Francisco swam in mist, its buildings phantoms of changing shape with the drift of fog. "When you find the kind of work you like to do, maybe you'll feel better," she said. "I think a man needs to work."

"I don't know what work," he said. "Sometimes employers don't like me, and sometimes I don't like them. Sometimes I just don't feel interested. I should have been educated for something specific. And I suppose I was. Real estate."

"It isn't too late to study for what you want to do," Starr said. "Your parents would give you that gladly."

"Not as long as I have a dollar of the inheritance," Dash said with a grin. "They think I'm a wastrel, and maybe I am. I despise penny-pinching. For what, for what? Shall we defer breathing today, to take a deep breath tomorrow?"

"Old age is a specter to the old," Starr said. "I know. They're afraid, and they have reason to be."

"Then I shan't be old! Remind me to die while I'm young, and I won't mind. Just so it's quick."

"Silly! We'll both be old. Nobody believes it's so, but it is. We think we'd rather die young. But if wishing made it so, no one would live to be thirty."

"How did you know that!" His gaze was steady upon her.

"Maybe only sad things educate you," Starr said.

"You want to grow old?"

"Of course not! But very probably I shall, anyway. It isn't growing old I fear, or lack of a job, or not having enough money. The most terrible thing would be to be caught in a backwash, where day and night, months and years repeated themselves uselessly."

"That's called safety," Dash said primly, but with a twinkle.

"It might also be called prison."

pieces and let them drift to the baked grass. Starr turned away embarrassed. But it was not as if she had not anticipated something of the sort.

Dash pulled her close. "I never want any secrets from you," he said, "but that was a letter my mother'll be sorry she ever wrote. I've forgotten it; you've never seen it, and she'll be glad to forget it some day."

"Was she very angry?"

"Oh, she flipped her lid, of course," Dash said casually. "She does. Family heritage—the result of being a Binder and a pioneer."

"Something like inherited disease?" Starr was gently teasing.

"Of course I am not part Binder, thank God," Dash continued, "but it's burden enough to be a Taylor. Some day you'll have to memorize the history and the noble characters. . . ."

"Why?"

"Our children will link historic Taylor and Taylor of the future, of course," Dash said, half in mockery, his fine eyebrows raised.

One day they drove into a valley, gently rolling, lightly wooded, no different to Starr's eyes from many others they had traversed. "This *is* it!" Dash said, stopping the car. "I think this spot has been drawing me to it, ever since I heard about the fabulous new oil fields in Montana. I bet there's oil right here! Doesn't it just *feel* like oil land to you?"

Oil! Starr thought. We have it in our blood. "No," she said. "There hasn't been a derrick for miles and miles. And the scenery's the better for it!"

"Why, the very shape of the hills proclaims it!" Dash unfolded a road map and traced upon it with his finger. "Haven't you watched the form of the land? Don't you remember right here, where there were so many wells and new activity? That was a big new strike. One well there flows more oil than a dozen pumps at home. Now, remember the look of the valley that ran through here and down here, and the shape of the hills on either side of it? It's a long way, but the same strata, approximately, were in evidence where the hills were gullied. Once this was all one inland sea. . . ." His vivid face was alight, and Starr watched it with tenderness. She had not observed the strata of rock; she had not thought of this valley as a prehistoric sea.

Dash broke his excited discourse. "You didn't grow up with the smell of oil leading you on," he said. "It's the most exciting gamble. . . ."

"No," Starr said, wrinkling her nose. "Just the smell of the burning sumps, and the black smoke, and the framework of the older wells standing against the sky."

"It gets you," Dash said. "My dad, in all his real-estate dealings, never managed to get himself a well—but he's still trying. Hasn't the news in the papers about the Montana strikes fascinated you?" Starr shook her head. "I'm not a geologist, of course," Dash continued gravely. "I can't measure the earth below with a seismograph. But I can guess at a formation when the map and the earth itself say 'Oil! Oil!' I want to gamble fifteen hundred dollars here."

They found a farmer who owned thirty acres of this forsaken land, and they bought it, together with his small house. They had to consult an attorney and stay in a little dusty town while the legal paper work was done. Dash gave Starr some documents.

"If I should die, hang on to this," he said. "Wild Horse Valley is no place to live, and the land's no good for anything but oil. But the taxes are cheap and some day there'll *be* oil! Do you mind so big a gamble!"

Starr shook her head. "Why should I?" she asked. "It's your money. And besides, I never saw fifteen hundred dollars in my whole life." It sounded extravagant, however, and vaguely alarming.

Perhaps it cut short their ramblings, for after that, they went straight home. The days slid past in quietness, and the nights were peace and companionship. Holding her in his arms, sometimes Dash would whisper words from some wedding ceremony he had once heard: "With my body I thee worship. . . ."

Starr was sorry for the women in the world who married for small reasons, and especially for her mother.

Chapter 6

Keeping house for Dash was like playing house. Sometimes he worked, and sometimes he did not, and Starr hesitated to ask about finances. She was a thrifty shopper, but what she saved in the household in a month Dash would spend on one expensive trip to Carmel—or on a beautiful, lustrous housecoat for her. When she called him extravagant, he laughed. When she tentatively skirted the matter of money, he changed the subject.

They had been married almost a year, and Starr was pregnant, when Dash decided that they would visit Statsville. They would tell the Taylors about the baby. "The baby won't make any difference between us, will he?" he asked anxiously. "I couldn't stand anything changing you—changing us." Seriousness became him.

"Things will be fifty-per-cent more fun," Starr said, out of her abiding wonder and confidence. "But more expensive, of course. We'll have to sell the guest-room furniture and make a nursery there."

"We can't. It's not paid for. Maybe they'll take it back and credit it on nursery furniture." That was the first she knew of the furniture not being quite their own. It disturbed her.

And the furniture did have to be exchanged at a heavy loss. The credit manager quoted the same old thing about business is business, which Starr translated once more: I am going to cheat you; it's perfectly legal, so don't make any fuss.

She had a sense of foreboding as they neared Statsville—as if all the accumulated work and denial known by her family and herself lay like an invisible fog about the community. The sun was blistering. Sweat bathed them, and the car itself was painfully hot to the touch. Had she lived most of her life with this sun-made fever? Dash, sensing her mounting uneasiness, said that anyone who didn't love her on sight had lost most of his marbles.

Repeatedly she banished Jeff from her mind. It was only that certain places made one think of certain people, she reminded herself.

The Taylor home had once been called a mansion. Its tall rooms and carved furniture smelled of wax and air-freshener. Couches and chairs and chests of a by-gone era—all polished and perfect—crowded the many large rooms. It was a museum. If ever Dash as a baby had hammered at the finish or picked at the cloth of anything in this house, all record of it had been neatly erased. The small windows gave little view of the landscaped grounds. Curtains were drawn on many of them.

Mr. Taylor was now a large, perpetually-smiling old man with a jovial voice. He kissed Starr and led her to Mrs. Taylor, lying on a couch in a darkened room. She presented a cool cheek to Starr, asked her to sit down, and rang for iced tea.

Wariness lay like a shield between the two women. "Let her approve of me, at least," Starr was saying inwardly.

After tea, Dash, with his eyes alight and enthusiasm bubbling in his voice, told Mrs. Taylor that she was to be a grandmother. "What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Don't get hysterical," she said dryly. "It takes no brain."

Warmth rushed over Starr's face. But Dash laughed quickly. "Boy, did I impress you!" he said.

Mrs. Taylor had planned a dinner party for them the next evening, she said, and Dash protested that it was too much work.

"Nothing is accomplished without work," Mrs. Taylor said virtuously. "When you don't do it yourself, you spend twice the time showing some Okie who doesn't know furniture polish from floor wax exactly what to do."

Again the color warmed Starr's cheeks, and almost she spoke. But she had promised herself to hold her tongue for this whole visit, if she had to tie a knot in it.

They tortuously made their conversational way through the afternoon and through an enormous hot dinner served in courses. They viewed Mrs. Taylor's prized antiques, and discussed sewing.

Although bedtime was early and the bedroom too warm, Starr was giddy with release when finally she and Dash were alone. She laughed at the bed with its high, monstrously-carved headboard and the hazardous lumps and hollows of the

mattress. She told Dash she should have a long-sleeved, high-necked nightgown with a ruffle in order to sleep in the monstrosity. She was sure it would tolerate no such frivolities as love-making.

"This is an historic bed," Dash said severely.

"Oh, it is! It surely is!" Starr agreed breathlessly. "I shall tell our children and they can tell their children about it! First mattress I ever met stuffed with rocks! Corn shucks, yes. But not rocks!"

They spent most of the second day with Starr's family. The Cooper house had deteriorated, and the furniture was more shabby. Starr was overwhelmingly glad to see her mother, and enchanted anew with young Caroline; but otherwise she felt a stranger. The house was full of well-wishers and the curious. Finally they transferred to the park for the homecoming party. But no amount of good will would ever fit Starr back into the Angello Street group. She knew she had left it forever.

Aunt Artie could not come to the family gathering, so they invited her to the Stats Hotel bar for cocktails, and she and Dash immediately formed a mutual admiration society. "Holy smoke!" she told Starr. "How did you find yourself a man, just when I thought they'd all died off?"

Three days later, Starr and Dash were homeward bound, and Starr tentatively assembled opinions of her in-laws. Perry Taylor would adjust to whatever situation presented itself. He was not talkative, but neither was he hostile. Mrs. Taylor was more complex. She did not like movies, car-riding, picnics, short hair, cigarettes, Cokes between meals, modern literature, dogs, cats, the slack ways of servants . . . that much was certain. And given time, one probably could extend the list. She had some nameless ailment which prevented much moving around, known vaguely as "delicate health." She did not look frail, however. One foible was to call every woman who worked for her "Ethel."

Their little home, so light and uncluttered, seemed especially dear to Starr after the Statsville trip. She pushed out of her mind the nudging worry about money, and remembered her pledge to Dash that life was for living today—not yesterday or tomorrow.

On the day the child first moved within Starr, Dash said he was going to see a man in the East Bay about a job. He would tell her about it later.

She never knew what job he sought. A strange voice on the telephone said it might be the body of Dashell Taylor in the four-car pileup on the Bay Bridge. Would she come down and identify? The words spun with her into revolving blackness. . . .

Shock is a cushion, Starr thought later. Perry Taylor came to help her, and he was a rock on which to rest—but a stranger, all the same. He seemed to have grown very old, all of a sudden. Or maybe he was *always* old, and only now showed it. He was distressed at the condition of Dash's finances. There was scarcely enough insurance to bury him; and only a few hundred dollars in the bank. The car was gone; the house would revert to the mortgage company, and the furniture to the store. What Starr had left, she could almost have tied up in a kerchief, except her clothes—and most of them no longer fitted.

She was drained and empty; she could not care. Perry Taylor looked at her angular face, shadowed with a peasant sadness. "There'll be another Dash Taylor," he said, obviously to cheer her; for certainly it was an asinine statement. "We want you to come and stay with us for a few years, so we can provide for the last of the line—and yourself, of course."

The journey back to Statsville was a torture. The car radio played tunes that sawed at her heart, conjuring pictures of Dash. Here was the high valley where Dash had said he would like to build a house some day. Now the grasses were brittle with late summer, and the creek that had brawled as they passed such a short time ago was now slow and quiet with the weight of summer days. If only one could wipe the mind clear of memories, Starr thought in despair.

Starr brought her attention back to Perry Taylor. He was saying that his money would be "tight" for a while. Twice he had financed drilling for oil on some of his property, and twice he got dry holes. So money would be tight. He had a way of repeating himself. Starr remembered dully that drilling an oil well cost about fifty thousand dollars. Two fifty thousands, she said to herself. But it meant nothing. "I don't need to burden you," she said. "Mom will fit me in somewhere."

But Perry Taylor quickly said that Mrs. Taylor would be heartbroken if she did not stay with them. And Starr thought, We'll see.

Mrs. Taylor was an immense inert weight with an immobile face at one end and narrow feet at the other. The feet wore shoes of finest kid.

"My dear child," said the monotonous voice from the expressionless face, "you're probably tired. Go up and rest if you like."

So Starr once more contemplated the mattress stuffed with rocks. She looked at the carved ugliness of the headboard and prayed, Dear God, make me wise and brave and strong enough to live the rest of my life without joy or laughter, because I don't see how I can stand it; amen.

Dash would have hooted at the sight of his funeral. Every nook and cranny exuded flowers and pomp. It was *very* fashionable. Starr tried to think of other things. When her own family arrived, she ran to her mother, feeling absurdly young and lost.

Cory had been ill. The ravages of pain were threaded across her face. The bones of her Indian ancestor showed plainly now, beneath the leathery skin. But her eyes . . . Why, they're a mother's eyes, Starr thought with a pang. I'll have eyes like that if my child is stricken and I can do nothing.

Mrs. Taylor, swathed in black veil, had tottered to the chapel supported by Perry Taylor. They would be occupied with each other. Starr could go home with her mother. When she told Perry Taylor of her plan, he said he would pick her up in time for dinner. Mother would be prostrated, but of course she wanted Starr to dinner.

Beau and Bert had come, strange in store-bought clothes, and Ann Marie was dramatic in tight black satin. And how pretty the baby had grown! Caro was a little beauty, round and gently sun-kissed, with a lovely fluff of curls and long, long dark lashes.

The Cooper house must have shrunk, Starr thought, her courage falling. Every nook of it was bulging with occupancy. Caro now had taken the bed once used by Starr. There simply was *no room* for Starr! Apparently everyone assumed that the Taylors would provide for her, they being better able to do so. Never had Starr felt so alone.

Ann Marie called her to the telephone. "Starr . . . This is Jeff," the warm voice said.

She began to tremble. "I know," she said.

"I wanted to say I'm sorry, and to say I'm here to help if you should need it. Same place, same job, same Jeff."

"Thank you, Jeff. There isn't any help. I know you understand."

Aunt Artie, sensing Starr's tension, quickly said she would like Starr to go downtown with her. Obviously she wanted to get her alone. Later, sipping a beer, she got around to her problem. "I hate to tell you today, when you got enough hard things to think about," she said, "but we got to look after the folks that are alive. You notice anything about your mom?"

Fear reared within Starr at Aunt Artie's tone. It seemed Cory had to have an operation without too much delay, and that meant she needed money for specialists. It might be cancer. "But don't be scared, kid," Aunt Artie said sturdily. "It might *not* be, too!" It must have been hope lighting her kind face.

Dash and I spent all that money, Starr thought in consternation and regret.

Aunt Artie had borrowed a hundred from a loan shark, but that was all she could raise. They needed five hundred—maybe more. Starr took her to the bank and gave her three hundred, closing out her account. Her baby could be born in the county hospital, the same as she had been, if need be. Cory hoped to be able to raise a hundred dollars, herself, and stubbornly she refused to go to the hospital until October.

When Starr was in her room that night at the Taylor's, she counted her assets as one ten-dollar bill, one ring given her by Dash, and some land in Wild Horse Valley which nobody wanted to buy. Very likely she would have to sell the ring to pay the taxes on the land. She put the hand with the ring

on it near her cheek before she slept, and she dreamed of the small house in Wild Horse Valley.

She shuttled between the public library, the Cooper house and the Taylor house, and she found little about which to smile, but it was one way to get through the long days. Mrs. Taylor could not fathom such restlessness. "If you don't quit making grimaces, you'll have a wrinkled forehead," she said.

"I never thought about saving my face for a rainy day," Starr answered, as lightly as possible. "I have to walk. I worry about Mom."

But in her mother's house for an evening, she still was restless. Beau and Bert were playing cards in their undershirts. Ann Marie was out on a date. "Let's sit outside for a spell," Cory said.

Neither Bert nor Beau offered to move the chairs. They sat under the harsh light at the table, intent on their cards. Starr carried the chairs.

A full moon made near-daylight outside the house. Children played on the length of Angello Street, running, shrieking, occasionally weeping. Even the nights were crowded with too many people and too much noise. Starr had forgotten how noisy it was—and lacking in privacy. Cory rocked in silence. "It was the best I could do," she said finally, as if she were reading Starr's mind.

"I know."

"I have to ask you something," Cory said, "and if you can't do it, I want you to say so, plain out, so's I can figure some other way. I ain't supposin' I'm gonna die with this operation, but there's the off chance. I got to think about Caroline. You can't trust a girl baby with menfolks, and Ann Marie's kind of careless and wild. . . ."

"I'll look after her, some way," Starr said, deeply moved. "I'll keep her until you're well again."

"I know it'll be hard on you," Cory said. "Old Mrs. Taylor wouldn't remember me—she always called me 'Ethel,' anyway—but I've scrubbed her floors and washed her windows for twenty-five cents an hour. She hates children, doesn't she?"

"I hoped you didn't know," Starr said, disconcerted.

"Poor old woman!" Cory said. "She doesn't love anybody but herself." Then Cory betrayed that she expected to die. "Caro'll be a nice big sister for your baby if you let her help with it and take some care of it. She has the makings of a little mother, same as you always did."

"We won't let you die!" Starr cried.

"People always say a person that dies couldn't be spared, but they're wrong. If a person dies, it's the way it ought to be. But a little girl needs a mother. The rest of you can make your own living now.

"Bert'll be lost for a while. He'll never hold the family together. Probably go back to his folks. May be a kind of relief to him to go. Maybe I was the wrong woman for Bert. I couldn't say. But if he goes back, don't hinder him, Starr. He's lived among foreigners a long time, and it's been cruel hard on him."

Starr did not offer Cory as much as a pat or a kiss, which might loosen her taut courage. She thought, So this is why she didn't make a place for me at home.

Again Cory spoke, her voice shy, almost soft. "I just thought I'd tell you, Starry, that I know it ain't been easy being the odd one."

Tears clogged Starr's throat, and she had to try twice to speak. "I wasn't the first 'odd one,'" she said.

She took Caro home with her that night, together with cardboard boxes of her clothes. Cory reached out and hugged Caroline before they left. She held the pretty, vivid baby face between her hands and looked long at it. She would go to the hospital the next day.

Starr dreaded to take Caroline downstairs the next morning. She combed her own and Caro's hair very carefully. Mrs. Taylor wore her thin hair in a knot on top of her head, secured by numerous hairpins—two of which had mother-of-pearl tops—and a strong hairnet. She hated to see any hair not confined.

"Good morning," she said with polite distance. "Whose child is that?"

Starr explained, introduced Caro, and asked if she might stay for a little while. Mrs. Taylor resorted to a difficult silence.

"We could probably stay with my Aunt Artie, if you object," Starr said, her face burning with embarrassment.

"Your place is with us, my dear," Mrs. Taylor said with a sigh. "I hope the child isn't noisy. My headaches, you know."

Starr promised to keep Caro quiet and to take her to the park often, and finally she was free to go to the kitchen to fix breakfast for herself and the impatient Caro.

When the current "Ethel" spied Caro, she dropped the silver and resigned on the spot. The resultant scene left Mrs. Taylor in a faint. Starr learned that she had to be revived with jasmine tea—no stronger liquor ever violated the premises. She promised to cook until someone else could be obtained. That helped. At least it was a peace offering and a salve to her own pride.

It was midmorning when the phone rang. Starr ran to answer it, her voice taut with fear. Aunt Artie said, "Now take it easy, and think about your own kid! They operated on Cory right away, and she didn't live. If she had, it couldn't have been for long." She had begun with a rush, and the last words blurred with a sob.

Starr bowed her head, and the tears began falling. Caro came and looked into her face, her own small face concerned. She crowded to Starr's knees and smacked kisses into the air—kissing the place to make it well.

Facing Mrs. Taylor obliquely, Starr stood in the door a moment. "My mother died. Excuse me, please," she said, and led Caro outdoors. The sun was blindingly hot, but there was a bench behind a lilac bush that offered a bit of privacy. There Starr put her head on the back of the bench and finished the weeping that was within her.

After that, she was no longer aimless in her wanderings; she had to cook. Three times a day, in suitable vessels and silver, the ritual food must be served. Eating was the one luxury, the one way of measuring off the hours in this house; it was the sum of celebration, or a stern duty in time of grief. Starr learned to hate mealtime with a great ferocity.

"She was the best wife a man ever had," Bert Cooper said stubbornly, "and I don't aim she should have no little dinky funeral."

Starr contended that Cory would not have wanted an expensive funeral, nor want the family to go into debt for it. Anyway, who had that much money? In vain she begged for common sense; the family seemed to have lost all reason.

"I aim to take Cory back home," Bert said, his stooped figure seeming to straighten with his will. Then he came to the heart of the matter. "We can sell this house," he said. "We ought to get something, even if it ain't paid for."

"So Mom worked so hard all those years to pay for her own funeral!" Starr said, grieved to think he would relinquish what had meant so much to Cory. "She gave her hands, her head, to put something together for the family. And now you'd sell it for *her* funeral!"

"I aim to take her back home," Bert reiterated, as if he had heard not a word. He couldn't take her back alive, but dead he could.

"But she hated it back there—she said so!"

It seemed they had all made plans, and Starr was no part of any of them. Beau was going to join the Navy; Ann Marie wanted to go to Hollywood, where a friend would find her a job hopping cars; and Bert wanted to go back home. None of them cared about the house.

They proposed to get a loan on it. And that would be through Perry Taylor. Hysteria gripped Starr, and she began to laugh. "Perry Taylor always says he doesn't foreclose because he's mean—it's 'for his family'! And do you know where the youngest of the Taylors is?" She beat at her abdomen beneath the smock.

"Go be robbed!" she said. "You won't make the payments, and you know it—and the house will be gone. Cash in quick on what Cory built! Who cares; who cares?" She took Caro's hand and went to the door. "I suppose we'll all never meet again," she said. "We're strangers."

"You'll all be my own children always," Bert said, bewildered and pathetic.

If Starr had had control of herself, she would have held her tongue then. "We never *were* your children!" she said. "We were Mom's children, and you were *your* mother's child! Mom knew that, too."

"You're talkin' wild, Starr," her father said. "I'd be proud to have you and Caro come home with me."

"We *have* no home!" Starr said sadly. "But we will have, some day, if it's only one room!" Then she noticed the white place on the wall where the wave had hung. Anger rushed over her anew. She pointed at the place. "*Where is my picture?*" she asked, almost beside herself.

"Outside," Bert said evasively. "I was cleaning out things . . ."

She found it beside the garbage can, and wiped it with her smock, breathing very fast. It was not injured.

"Well, how was we to know you . . ." Bert began resentfully.

"I *know* you didn't know! I *know* you didn't know!" Starr fought hysterical tears. "You never *did!* Oh, please, somebody drive Caro and me home! I'm tired."

Bert drove them home, saying nothing. Starr held to the painting with one hand, and to Caro with the other. And as her first spurt of anger fell, it was replaced with sorrow. There should be something significant to say to one's father after more than two decades, but she could find no words. "Good-by, Pop," she finally said, holding a moment to the door of his old car. Maybe they should kiss. But that would be strange and embarrassing. She couldn't remember when she had last kissed her father.

"Good-by, Starr," he said gruffly. He sat a moment in awkward silence, as if he, too, dimly felt that something was missing. He drove away then—a stranger to her, and she to him, now that the bridge of Cory had dissolved between them.

Slowly Starr led Caro into the shadows of the Taylor house. It was only October. She must live through another month somehow, until the baby was born.

On the table in the hall was a letter from Binkie. She wrote as brutally as she always talked:

> I think you ought to know that as a brood mare for aristocratic Fishies, I am a flop. My baby died. There will never be any more. My in-laws paid me off handsomely at the mere suggestion that I wanted out. I can dole this out to Mother, and Ham and I are going to be married. Ham should have his darling head examined. I hope to examine it myself, personally, every day of my life, beginning in a couple of months. My Nevada address is below, and Ham joins me in saying that we will do anything in our power to help you. Wish me luck, Starr! I've been an awful fool, and it has cost me plenty, but still I'm shot with good luck!

Reading the letter made poignant memories come brilliantly to life for Starr. She hurried upstairs, put Caro to bed, then sat by the window and wept quietly, helplessly.

Chapter 7

Caro presented the silhouette of a wading bird. "Highwater" dresses, Cory used to call them, letting out a hem. But there was no further hem to let out now. "Guess I'll have to put a brick on your head to stop your growing for a few months," Starr said to Caro, giving her an affectionate spank on the bottom.

Caro glowed with accomplishment. She brought a brush and began to brush at Starr's hair. "I help," she said.

"Oh, you're all kinds of help!" Starr said. "I sure am lucky that I have you!"

But the senior Taylors never seemed to notice that Caro needed anything, and that Starr had no money. Mr. Taylor may have remembered the three hundred dollars salvaged from Dash's estate, but he would be less likely to reason that it might have been used for Cory's operation. Indeed, Caro's welcome was a chilly one. Mrs. Taylor rarely spoke to her except to tell her not to touch. Mr. Taylor occasionally patted her head when Mrs. Taylor was not in the room.

When Starr took over the cooking, she also took over the matter of serving tea to all of Mrs. Taylor's relatives and in-laws—the top society of Statsville—Binders, Stats and Taylors. They all bored her except Mrs. Maple, who had once been a Stat. Mrs. Maple furnished food for gossip and shocked them all with new cars, TVs and much travel. She even Went Out with Men! It was in her cottage that Jeff lived, and Starr often thought that of the lot, Mrs. Maple was the only one who had any pleasure from her wealth.

Tea parties brought on an orgy of meddling by Caro, and she was almost always in disgrace at the table. She would

cheerfully say "Excuse me," as Starr had taught her, when she was chided for spilling food, or putting her fingers in her glass—and sunnily turn to Starr for approval.

When Mr. Taylor was not in the presence of Mrs. Taylor, he gave tenuous and uneasy sympathy. "I guess it's pretty dull for you, Starr," he said once in one of those awkward meetings.

"I'm lonely, of course; but work helps." Starr answered, her composure only a thin skin over raw disaster. It stirred the surge of protest within her—why? Why Dash, of all people? The bores, the human vegetables lived on, and the quick smile and perceptive grace of Dash had been wiped out.

"He meant a lot to me, too," Perry Taylor said. "He made this place different. It was different when he lived here."

Having Caro was a genuine blessing. After a particularly stuffy tea, Starr took her to the park. She sat wearily on the end of a bench and closed her eyes, while Caro ran to the slides. Odd, she thought, how eagerly we reach for happiness! And when we're boiled down to the dregs of endurance, how grateful we are simply not to be harried! We would compromise almost anything for mere peace.

A man on the other end of the bench said very kindly, "You're tired, Starr."

His remembered voice bruised an old wound. Joy and regret reared themselves together at the sound of it. She turned her face toward him, opening her eyes. "Yes, Jeff. I'm so tired."

She could hardly face him, she was shocked to realize. But he had not changed at all! For a moment she was alive to times past, but she brought herself back with a wrench. Things were so much more difficult now, muted with experience! Yet his very presence brought tears to her eyes.

He quickly moved close beside her. "What a face I must have developed, to make a pretty girl cry!" he said. "I've come here several days after work, since Aunt Artie told me that you came here. I just wanted . . . Starr Cooper, stop crying! You want passers-by to think I beat you?"

She could have wept afresh to find him so unchanged. "I was so lonely," she said. And as it was in the beginning, he was her friend.

"I have been lonely for so long a time, I almost forget when I wasn't. Some Sunday let's take the easel . . ."

"There's Caro—and soon the baby," Starr said.

"But I *like* children!"

"Do you, Jeff? I never knew!" It seemed strange really to talk with someone! She held her hands tight together for discipline, lest she chatter.

He took them both, separating them and holding one in each hand until it relaxed. "You needn't be anyone but yourself," he said.

"Few people grant so much!" she said, and let a comforting silence lie between them. Presently she asked, "What of Louise now?"

Her condition was much the same, he told her; he had the divorce now, but it had made not a bit of difference.

He could not telephone, because Starr's conversations were monitored. He could not take her out. Perhaps he could continue seeing her in the park? Starr was grateful enough for that. She had to hurry home for the never-ending task of cooking. Jeff watched her and Caro walk away, the leaves blowing about their feet in a restless tide of color.

After that, Starr saw him almost every other day in the park, and those half-hours sustained her. He understood that, and set himself to amuse and divert her. He threatened to call on her. "I'll send you red roses 'from an admirer'; I'll telephone you in the night. I'll come disguised as the telephone man, with a beard, maybe . . . ."

Starr had to laugh. It seemed a very long time since she had laughed at all. "Idiot!" she said. "Be careful what you say around Caro; she tells all to her dolls. And Mrs. Taylor is nothing but a thin, shut mouth and a big pair of ears."

"I'll paint her!" Jeff said with a gleam in his eyes. "I'll send you the canvas. Dollars run out of the ears, I suppose?" It was wonderful nonsense, and Starr felt young again. It was indeed a rich thing to have even one friend in an alien world.

Early in November another "Ethel" appeared in the kitchen, and Starr's manual labor diminished. "You must rest now, dear child, and consider the baby," Mrs. Taylor said. Decorators and painters arrived and made one upstairs room look like a nursery from a Sunday supplement. It was a wonder to Starr how so much money could be spent on a nursery, when Caro's little toes were pushing at the ends of her shabby slippers.

When the rains came and the mushrooms burst from the damp fields, Starr and Jeff walked in the fields again, and once more the larks sat on the fences and proclaimed a false spring. Caro quested like a puppy off the leash, and in the fields Starr felt a certain strength and composure. It was there that she gave Jeff the one ring Dash had given her, and told him to sell it for her for whatever he could get. She refused his offer of a loan.

"The mist and the kerchief become you. You're so lovely, Starr," he said, pocketing her ring.

"I'll remember that when my years catch up with me," Starr said. "Mrs. Taylor hints that it will be soon, because I frown and scowl and laugh out loud—instead of preserving my face without wrinkles."

Jeff remarked unkindly about the face Mrs. Taylor had preserved. He suggested that she had also preserved the use of her body, mind and heart quite as skillfully. Perry Taylor, so rumor went, had had a series of mistresses ever since the Year One.

Starr had not known that—nor suspected it. "But I bet Mrs. Taylor knows, and is glad of it," she said.

Jeff said that perhaps her spirit could be pickled in alcohol when she died. But Starr protested, half laughing, half bitter, "Jasmine tea is quite strong enough!"

At the Taylors', Holiday Dinner with Company was approaching. Every pickle and olive, every piece of silver, every napkin, every dish had to be inspected, prepared, counted, fingered . . . . Starr had never seen such a to-do over a meal to be attended by relatives only. Her only escape was with Jeff in the park for a few moments now and then. He made a project of making her smile, and it was easy to smile for him.

One day, though, they lost the light touch, and talked about Dash and Louise, and about the long road one has to travel alone. "There are things we simply have to do. It takes a while to learn that, doesn't it?" Starr asked.

"Yes. And maybe a lifetime to get used to it." he said, tension in his voice. "I hate spending the best part of my life on a park bench."

"I couldn't see that it would be this way." Starr said. "You would have liked Dash, yourself."

"I know. When I love you, I must also love bits and parts of your family, of him, of Caro . . . . There's so much of the people we have loved in all of us."

Starr was troubled and touched. "I mustn't burden you," she said. "You have enough to carry."

"You loved me once," he said, his eyes steady upon her.

She could not deny it. It was as if the months between had dissolved in shadows when she saw Jeff. Yet their togetherness had two more wedges upon which to split now, Caro and the baby—and still Louise, dream-faced and trusting. Starr turned her head away—her eyes might reveal as much as his did.

When Starr laid the special turkey from the special farm on the drainboard, "Ethel" resigned on the spot, with eloquent determination never to pick a turkey, plus minor themes about conditions of her employment. Thus it once more became Starr's job to cook, and it was very near her time now.

She briefed young Caro as well as possible before they came downstairs Thanksgiving morning, and hoped to begin the day with breakfast for herself and Caro. "Ethel?" inquired the querulous voice. "Is breakfast ready?" So the day got off to its customary start, with Mrs. Taylor rapping her cane for service in the bedroom and Caro beating her spoon on the kitchen table for service in the kitchen. And maddening detail piled on detail all day, until the fearful climax of dinner itself. Caro was in tears, Mrs. Taylor was withholding a good faint for lack of time, and Starr, working and weary, hoped all day that the baby would demand her presence at the hospital. But she planned to meet Aunt Artie in the park before dark. She had promised Caro, and she was looking forward to it, herself.

The great meal finally shaped up. Mountains of turkey with insipid dressing and strained gravy; mountains of Spode and tons of silver and acres of damask—and for what; for *what*?

Somehow it was all accomplished, and Starr brought Caro to the kitchen and gave her potatoes and gravy and some peas. Carving set in hand, Mr. Taylor was wrestling with what was termed "the Bird" at the dining table, under the scrutiny of

his peers. Each move was a ritual. Watching him from the kitchen door, Starr met his glance and suddenly pitied him—he looked so caged and unhappy. All that he never said—and never could say—lay in his eyes, and for a moment Starr felt that affection for him that one condemned person feels for another.

Getting the dishes washed and everything put away after the guests had gone took almost as much time as getting them out and using them, but Starr finally hung up her apron and started upstairs. She could not help hearing Mrs. Taylor's raised voice. "You are *not* going out again today and leaving me all alone!" she said. "I overlook a lot, Perry Taylor, but a man belongs with his family on a holiday."

"A man's entitled to spend a holiday like a bonus, as he pleases!" Perry Taylor said quietly. "He's entitled to spend it with champagne and good company. He's entitled to a joke and a cigar . . . ."

"Don't parade your vulgarities!" Mrs. Taylor said. "If you don't have any consideration for me, at least consider your *position*!"

"I considered it too long," Mr. Taylor said wearily. "If the depression hadn't gutted me, I wouldn't have. Good Lord! I've waded knee-deep through misery for fifteen years, minding your money and 'considering my position'! Annabelle, it wasn't worth it! I haven't bought much for what I paid. Now I've made the gesture again, and it's done; and I'm going out for my own pleasure. That's the way it is, and that's the way it's going to be! Call it a matter of business."

Starr was almost at the top of the stairs when Mr. Taylor called her back. "Mrs. Taylor's fainted again," he said calmly.

This time she called the family physician—who was out. Then she telephoned Dr. Starr. There was only half an hour now in which to change to walking shoes, get a coat, and meet Aunt Artie in the park. You can't do this to me, after this dreariest of days, Starr thought rebelliously. I'll go out if the house falls in!

Dr. Starr came quite promptly; she lived nearby. She was thin and erect, and time had pinched her nose to a certain sharpness. Her hair was white; her eyes keen as a hawk's.

Mrs. Taylor revived sufficiently to protest this unknown doctor, but with one imperious hand Dr. Starr pushed her back against the pillows. She thumped and listened, and when Mrs. Taylor said she was quite well, Dr. Starr, with tubes in her ears, did not choose to hear. "Quiet!" she said. "How can I examine you if you *thrash?* Breath deep. Out, in, out, in. cough!"

Dash caught both her hands, his mood lightening. "Bundle up and let's go to a place I know for Spanish food. It has checkered tablecloths and the hottest enchiladas north of the border. I'm friends with the cook, because I know a few words of her language."

It was the first of a number of interesting places Dash took Starr. As the weeks passed, a sort of companionship developed between them, and his spirits brightened steadily. "Are you happy being a Government stenographer?" he once asked her. "You never complain."

"It's easy to me. I don't have to give it *all* my imagination nor my thought," she said. Then, venturing into foolishness, she added, "Of course I don't plan to make a career of it. Within the next year or two, while I'm still young enough to be a lure, I'll probably marry some wealthy man and have breakfast in bed the rest of my life. At least that's what's recommended by experts."

Dash grinned. "I must introduce you to Binkie," he said. "She's just completing a successful manhunt of that sort. Let's telephone her, and get a friend of mine whom she likes very much. We'll make a double date. . . . Listen now, close to my ear, while I phone her." He dialed and asked for Bink.

"Good heavens, Dash, is that you? *Alive?* I've been asking where to send the wreaths. Have you got rich or anything?"

"Neither rich nor anything."

"Can't use you then. I found one prospect, but I'm still shopping for three more months. Department-store heir."

Dash asked if she would care to double-date with Ham and himself and another girl.

"You're a fiend from hell!" she answered. "You *know* I love Ham—and that I have other business. How'll I ever support my mother and worthless brother in the manner to which they're accustomed, if I don't pitch in right now and marry money?"

Dash said she was a woman of resource, and that he would get hold of Ham and call her back. She protested that she had a date with "Fishie"—soul of patience, bankroll of platinum, face of a carp. "I can stand everything but the thought of the children and all those teeth," she sighed.

Dash complimented her on foresight, and she replied that she knew what she was, but that she was an exclusive, expensive one.

Afterwards Starr said, "She's joking, of course."

But Dash said she was not. Her father had been wealthy. She was a last year's debutante. But her father's death had left the family with nothing but an address, a wardrobe and one small insurance policy. Bink was expected to reinstate the family fortunes via matrimony. He dialed another number and exchanged a few nominal insults with Ham, and the date was arranged.

Bink was a tall, slim girl with the haughty features of a model. She wore a clinging red dinner dress only slightly more attention-commanding than an explosion. She explained, when Starr admired it, that she earned it modeling, and that having taken one look, Starr was supposed to rush out and buy half a dozen. "But it's one of those dresses that you can't wear a blessed thing—not a *thing*—underneath!"

Ham gave her a fleeting smoldering glance. "Live bait," he said.

She put her hand on his arm. "But it has built-in wolf bane for you, angel," she said. "This is bait for big money."

Ham and Bink, whose names were Hamilton Inman and Beranda Colby, Starr learned, usually behaved as if they were a bit drunk when together. They played games; they teased each other. Bink told Starr that she was lucky not to have to marry for money, because there was nothing to keep her from marrying some amiable oaf like Ham, and living in poverty and bliss all her life. "Except that I'd strangle you with my bare hands, of course." She smiled up at Ham. "If you only had money! I wouldn't care how dishonestly you came by it!"

"I know," Ham said. "But I like my job more every day."

They took Bink home first. "The flesh is so weak," she explained to Ham. He said the head was so weak.

That was the first of a number of double dates. And Starr, who had had so few friends, was enchanted and puzzled. She told Dash later that sometimes Bink and Ham seemed to hate each other. "It would be much better if they did," he said. Starr also asked if all debutantes were like Binkie. "Oh, no!" Dash said. "This one's very special. She's Ham's girl, even if she does marry her Fishie. She's just dying—that's all—glowing and turning all colors as she does, like some strange fish brought up from the depths."

Some weeks later, Starr decided to give Ham and Binkie a dinner party. Ham and Dash washed the dishes after the party, in gloom and bitterness and much mock anguish.

In the living room, Bink asked Starr if she had had any real belly laughs lately. Starr, filled with pity, said she had not.

"There's no help, really," Bink said gaily. "Dear Lord! Next week Fishie and I . . . Until death us do part, and no fooling any more. Three months seemed like a long time, but it wasn't."

She stayed closer to Starr that evening, and the customary exchange of semi-insults between Ham and herself was more outrageous than ever.

But going into the kitchen, she encountered Ham coming out, and ran head-on into him. He put his arms about her. "Imagine meeting you here, Miss Colby," he said, the tenderness so naked in his voice that Starr moved away.

"So charming, Mr. Inman," Bink managed, her voice only feathered with uncertainty.

"So horrible meeting you anywhere else," Ham said, almost whispering. Starr and Dash picked up coats and almost ran to the door, but they still heard sobs shake the breath out of Bink.

"Oh, damn!" she cried through her tears. "Oh, damn, damn!"

Dash and Starr waited in his car until Bink finally came out, chin high, lipstick smeared. She smiled with her lips. "We'll take you home," Starr said.

"No," Bink said. "No company, unless his bank account has been properly measured. I called a taxi." Dash put a hand on her shoulder, and she shrugged it away angrily. Her eyes glittered with new tears. "Don't touch me!" she said thickly. "It might rub off on you."

The living room was dark; Ham's silhouette was black against the starry lights of the city below. He arose as they entered, and without a word walked out of the apartment.

Starr had wept for Binkie, sitting in the car, but now she was quiet. She lit two candles.

Dash said, "Come over here, Starr. Sit close to keep back the cold." He took her face in his hands and studied it in the dim light. "How do you manage so quietly, when things scream all around you?"

"I grew up with the screaming," Starr said. "Sometimes I cry, but hardly ever where people can see me."

Dash finally found a job he liked, working in a furniture store. Starr went to see him there, and he showed her furniture, pretending that she was a bride shopping for prospective furnishings. She loved bright, simple, functional furniture, having been accustomed to second-hand furniture all her life. "I'd like a house to be lived in all over—not any place too fine to play, or laugh, or read in—or turn cartwheels in if I felt like it."

He pretended shock. "Didn't anybody teach you that money is for 'taking care of,' that life should be spent in proper segments, with a large proportion set aside for meditating on ancestors—celebrated ones, of course—and that love is duty?"

"No," Starr said serenely. "It's silly."

"Don't you want to live in the lushest new subdivision and have a better car than your neighbors?"

"I can't think why," Starr said. "Sounds wasteful."

Dash sighed and shook his head. "Just as I feared," he said. "A savage." Then he added, "Don't make any plans for Sunday—I have a surprise."

She made no plans. Indeed, he had been taking so much of her time that her whole social life seemed to revolve about him and his friends. She smiled. His mother would be alarmed if she knew. Alarmed? She would have a fit!

On Sunday he drove her to see a house which he had furnished. She presumed that this was part of his job, and she was enthusiastic over his selection. "Same view as yours, and with a fireplace," he said.

"Yes. I'm glad I don't have to buy wood for it. But wouldn't it be lovely in here with the fire going and the fog

just sulking in over the Bay, and candles and good company?"

Dash dropped to the seat beside her. "Repeat after me," he said. "Money is for happy spending."

"Money is for happy spending," she echoed.

"Life is for living today—not yesterday or tomorrow."

"Life is for living today."

"Love is forever." She looked at him questioningly.

"Love is forever," she said more slowly.

"I love you."

"What is this, Dashell Taylor, I'd like to know?"

"Say it after me: I love you."

"I love you," Starr said tentatively.

"I hoped you did!" Dash said triumphantly. "Let's get married some time—in three or four days, say?" He swooped her into his arms, and she was speechless. "Don't say no, Starr! Don't say no! There's peace where you are, and I want to be there every day, all the time!"

Peace! "You mean this place . . ." She could hardly believe that Dash had been so certain. "We've really known each other so short a time. . . ."

"But this is today, remember—not yesterday nor tomorrow. Don't put it off—don't waste a week, even! Starr, I love you so."

She could not speak for his kiss, and for the moment she did love him and his urgency and enthusiasm. "Sit over there," she said when she could. "Somebody has to have some wits about him."

"Don't think! You don't need to, right now. This is our house. These are our lives. . . . See—I'll make you a fire in the fireplace!" He went to the back yard and brought an armload of wood. He knelt and with a pocket knife began to make kindling. "This is the slow way, of course," he said, his hands trembling slightly. "What I need is two boy scouts to rub together. But my domestic virtues are all sound, ready to be brought to flower."

Starr watched him, troubled. He was a graceful person, full of laughter and nonsense. She could not assemble words with which to question him. He had no steady occupation, she knew; his parents would be furious with him. And her mind darted to Jeff, too, uneasily, as if he were unfinished business. There had been no time of questioning between her and Jeff.

Dash was being so tactful, not touching her. "I need time to think," she said. "Marriage is forever, and we shouldn't rush into it." For a moment she considered the absurdity of having actually to ponder whether or not she would marry this much-sought young man. She remembered the little feminine sighs that followed wherever he had passed.

He came quietly and put an arm about her waist, and they looked into the fire. "I'm not rushing myself," he said. "I *know*. If you loved me, you'd know, too. It doesn't take deciding. It decides itself." The laughter had gone out of him, and she could hardly bear that. It was perfectly true that one did not decide such matters.

"I'd hate never seeing you again," Starr said, fumbling. "I love being with you, being close to you. But how do you know that's enough?"

"I'll wait," Dash said. "But it's a shame and a loss."

Somewhere, in the last few months, Dash the glamorous had been replaced in Starr's scheme of things by Dash the person—gallant, wistful, very human—and more attractive than ever. Starr turned from the fire to the window, and saw the fog blotting out buildings, rolling in from the bay across the city at their feet, to the hoarse accompaniment of foghorns. Never had it looked so lonely.

"Sooner or later, I'll have to tell you there was another man," she said, suddenly a trifle frightened. Of losing him, or of hurting him? She did not know, but she rushed on. "I was so lonely, and there was a man—a fine man; you'd like him—"

Dash followed her, and put his arms about her. "I don't give the smallest damn about the man, or what he was to you," he said. "That was before you were in my life."

Deeply touched, she decided in that moment that she would marry Dash. It did not seem real, but they made plans for their wedding that afternoon. The house in which they talked was theirs, it seemed. Dash had furnished it with the furniture she had liked. He wanted her to move right in, but she preferred to spend a few last days among her old belongings.

That night she repeatedly turned the matter over in her mind, trying to see it from every angle. She and Jeff could not sit like vultures, waiting for Louise to die. Louise was young and strong. Besides, he probably had long since recovered from their almost disastrous brush with loving and being loved. She reasoned calmly—rather like touching a tooth to see if it had quit aching. It hadn't, but there was less anguish now.

Dash's parents probably would disinherit him; but she thought this might actually prove an incentive for him to work harder for himself. Or she did not mind working when necessary. She and Dash would have a good, serene—perhaps even a gay sort of marriage. And as for love—obviously there were many kinds. As many kinds as the people one knew!

There was a calmness within her. She tucked the blankets about herself and went to sleep considering linen and china and dish towels. But she dreamed of the beach where she had walked with Jeff and heard the Shish! Shish! of the curving wave.

When she arose to go to work, the rain was saying Shish, Shish on the windowpane. As she made coffee, the dream haunted her. She felt it was absurd to dream of the sea when she knew it so little.

But much wider horizons would open for her, with Dash. There was no telling what excitement, adventure, strange places they would share. . . . And she would be with Dash always, in a widening ring of peace and affection.

At Dash's insistence, Starr resigned from her job. He would try to get leave for a month, he said. Later he told her that the management saw no reason to give month-long leaves to people who had weddings. A matter of policy. "So we parted forever without undue sorrow," Dash reported happily.

It made Starr uneasy to think they did not have a job between them. She thought with affection of the battered files and unmanageable old typewriter she had been using, and of the stuffy, kind persons with whom she had worked.

A strange fat woman and a tall crow of a man witnessed their marriage, and Starr was not in the least nervous. It was like taking an oath of office, or attesting to signatures on a legal document. Afterward Dash headed the Golden Goose north, and they began a rambling, lazy trip to Montana. Every day Starr seemed more securely part of Dash, who knew no withholding and no secret places. They fished the streams. They stayed at modest hotels and cabins; sometimes they slept under the wide skies. Within two weeks Starr could not well remember any other way of life. They exchanged bits and pieces of tales from their childhood, so that they might know and love the children who never knew each other—but who grew up within a few miles of each other. Both of them thought it absurd.

However Mrs. Perry Taylor did not think it absurd. Dash and Starr picked up their mail in a small town, and sat in the public square to read it. When she had finished reading hers, Starr tossed it to Dash.

> I hope you know what you're doin' [Cory Cooper wrote]. I guess any mom is sad to think what a daughter gets into when she marries. If you could of come home to be married I would of liked it, but I know you are busy and have your own friends now. I remember when Dash took you to a party.
>
> Your pa is poorly. He ain't worked five days in five months. Beau works, but you know he don't bring home much. And Ann Marie spends all her wages from the dime store on clothes. But we make out somehow, like we always done. The last few days I keep thinkin' about what a pretty baby you was, and how smart, and I hope you got yourself a good man.

Ann Marie wrote:

> Dear Sis: Pa says you married well and rich, and I hope so, because we could sure use some dough in this family. You ought to hear what they say about you all up and down Angello Street, some nice and some not nice, but everybody jealous and saying you married well. I am not fixing to get married for a while, and when I do I'll pick out somebody rich like you did.

Dash laughed aloud at Ann Marie's letter. But he did not toss Starr the letter from his mother. He tore it to tiny

On her way out, she told Starr that there was nothing seriously the matter with old Mrs. Taylor's heart. "Fine muscle, well preserved. Trying to get her way about something, wasn't she?" Not waiting for a reply, she wrote rapidly on a pad, tore the sheet out, and handed it to Starr with a perfectly solemn face. "A castor oil by any other name would taste as sweet," she said.

Starr handed the prescription to Perry Taylor, and then went in to reassure Mrs. Taylor that she was quite all right now. "And," Starr said firmly, "Caro and I are going to the park for a while. I've been promising her all day long."

Mrs. Taylor turned her face to the wall wearily. "A stimulant," she whispered. "A little tea."

Starr fled, pretending not to hear the whisper. She slid her feet into her low-heeled oxfords—then discovered that she could not tie them. She tried desperately, turning this way and that, but it was impossible. Tears finally crowded close in her throat. The laces could flap, then!

The cane was thumping vigorously as she came downstairs. On tiptoe, holding Caro by the hand, she slipped to the back door and escaped.

The trees were half exposed with winter nakedness, and the velvet nap of the lawn had worn to the threadbare roots. The wind was chilly, and the shadows long, and Starr walked with difficulty in her untied oxfords. She looked in vain for Aunt Artie and thought, If she doesn't come now, I'm going to sit down and bawl!

Jeff was sitting on a bench; he had delivered her from torment by being there. "What brings you here on Thanksgiving?" she asked.

"It's better than some grisly Old Family holiday dinner," he said. "I met your Aunt Artie and took her out for a drink. She told me to . . ." He interrupted himself, and the nonsense fled from his voice. "Sit down," he said firmly. "What happened?"

Starr's fortitude dissolved. She bowed her head and sat near Jeff on the cold bench, and he put an arm about her shoulders in the gathering dusk. His touch released the tears. "I can't tie my shoes!" she sobbed. "It was such a horrible day full of cooking and cleaning up, and I looked forward to getting out . . . and I almost didn't . . . and then I couldn't tie my shoes!"

"I'll tie them for you." He knelt and did so, smiling up at her. "My darling Starr is a scow!" he said.

She was trembling, but her tears stopped. "Thank you, Jeff," she said steadily enough. "I'm sorry to be a whimperer."

"You're entitled to a whimper or two," he said easily. "Your Aunt Artie wanted me to bring you to her for a little while."

Aunt Artie was winding her two-inch hair on a hot curling iron. Her face was brown and leathery, and she laughed when Jeff and Starr came in with Caro. Caro run to her and threw her arms about Aunt Artie's knees.

"Gwan!" Aunt Artie said to her. "You can't sweet-talk me like you done before." She knelt and hugged Caro. "What do you suppose? I'm going to have two little girls of my own!" She looked over Caro's head at Jeff and Starr, and she was beautiful.

"Honey," she said to Starr, "I think it's happened; it's finally happened! Jeff here introduced me to the finest man! He's not pretty, but he's solvent, and he has two of the sweetest little girls you *ever* saw! For them I can quit the howlin' around I been doing for twenty years. Nothin' to it!" She snapped her fingers. "This time, no foolin'. I got me a job I love all to pieces!"

Starr noted that the very planes and lines in her face were full of joyous giving. That had been all Aunt Artie ever wanted—just loving and giving. Starr hoped fervently that the man was the nicest in the world.

Presently he came for Aunt Artie—a middle-aged partially bald man—and he was laughing. Even in his youth he had never been tall nor handsome, but his laugh was infectious. Jeff introduced him as Cornelius Worthington, and he said call him Corny, because everybody else did.

Aunt Artie emerged from her bathroom wearing a gray flowered dinner dress and silver earrings—and happiness. Corny put his arms about her and kissed her. "Do you still love me?" he asked shamelessly.

"I do; I do," Aunt Artie answered, a most unusual break in her voice. "I guess it's really true," she said to Starr. "I forget where you work, Corny—some ranch, isn't it? Never mind. Starr's just waiting for her baby before she works in an office again."

On the way home, Jeff asked Starr if Aunt Artie really didn't know who Corny was. "I don't know," Starr said, "but I haven't seen Aunt Artie much lately. Who *is* he?"

"Only one of the wealthiest ranchers in the county," Jeff said. "Pure, honest Okie, refined for the best society by so much money he hardly knows what he has from month to month. Mammas have been baiting traps for him ever since his wife died, a year ago. Aunt Artie can go to Europe; she can have cocktail parties and barbecue parties in the patio at the ranch; she can belong to the Cool Heights Country Club, and have her name in the paper . . ."

"She won't, though."

"That's what makes her so attractive to Corny. He's such a decent, uncomplicated person, and he doesn't care for showing off."

Before the Taylor residence, Starr hesitated. "Wait a minute," she said breathlessly. "Wait just a minute." She clasped her hands tightly, then relaxed them.

"What is it?" Jeff asked sharply.

Excitement blazed within her. "Maybe you can take me to the hospital tonight, if you can wait a while, so we can be sure!" Her hands tightened together again. When they relaxed she continued, "I hate to be alone. If you wouldn't mind, Jeff, could we go to your place to wait and see?"

"Of course, dear!" Jeff was excited, too. "If you have to go tonight, I could take Caro to Aunt Artie. She could sleep in the car until we know." Caro was already sound asleep, leaning against Starr.

Starr liked going from Jeff's place to the hospital; she liked being driven there by Jeff. It made her feel as if she had folks of her own. "It's more than I should ask, but I don't mind asking you for things as much as other people," she said on the way.

"Why should you?" he asked tersely. "I want this to be my own baby. I can walk the floor for you just as well as anyone."

As Starr went down the corridor alone, she was reassured by the picture of sleepy-headed Caro in the arms of tall, somber-eyed Jeff. She turned and waved to them. That gave her more comfort than the receptionist's assurance that the room Perry Taylor had reserved for her was ready.

It was daylight when she emerged from the delivery room. She had a son, and he was perfect. Surely that was enough to rejoice about. The cart on which she lay stopped for a moment, and there was a quick hand on hers, and Jeff's cheek laid against her own. "You're a champion, darling!" Jeff said, his face so alight that she could not stop a rush of tears. "They showed him to me! He isn't as pretty as I am, but I suppose we can hope for the . . ."

"How did you know when to be here?"

"I just know you, Starr," Jeff said gravely. "I just love you. . . . Oh, darling, I was so scared!"

Corny and Aunt Artie came and admired young Dashell. Jeff kept her room full of flowers—and every evening he was there. "It's friendlier here than at the Taylors'," he said. "Maybe we could break your leg next week, and you could stay on for a while." Starr noticed that his clothes were almost shabby.

Perry Taylor had come right after breakfast to see the baby. Inarticulate as usual, he said, "Fine boy. Fine strong fellow to carry on the name. Fine boy!" He sat uneasily on the edge of a chair. "Annabelle can't stand the smell of hospitals—makes her sick," he said apologetically, "but she'll be proud of that boy."

Starr thanked him for the room and the nurses, but Perry Taylor seemed embarrassed. "Couldn't do less," he said. "It's nothing. But you won't be sorry."

How strange! Of course she wouldn't be sorry! She loved young Dashell—every squirming, adorable inch of him.

Perry Taylor nervously rose to take his leave. "It'll sure be fine having a boy in the house," he said, as if to himself. He repeated that several times.

When Starr and the baby went home from the hospital, a special nurse for infants accompanied them, and she slept in the room next to the nursery. Feeding time was about the only time Starr saw her son, and it was not satisfactory. But she thought it was a temporary arrangement, meant as a favor to her. So at feeding times she cuddled and played with Dashell, and let Caro hold him in her arms. Caro nearly melted with love and importance. But Miss Cinch was fiercely opposed to such goings-on. To her, Starr was only a walking milk station. She drove Caro away all day long.

Starr had made up her mind to ask Mrs. Taylor to let Miss Cinch go, when Mrs. Taylor spoke to her about the matter. "Miss Cinch thinks an older child might bring germs," she said delicately. "We pay handsomely to have Dashell properly attended. . . ."

Starr interrupted, smoldering. "Caro will grow up as Dashell's sister," she said fiercely. "It's necessary that she love and know him right now, and know that she's as important as he is! I'll have to live with both of them, Mrs. Taylor."

Mrs. Taylor tried to continue with what the pediatrician—whom Starr had never consulted—had said, but Starr was too angry for further argument. "I'm taking Caro and Dashell and visiting Aunt Artie today," she said, suddenly inspired.

"But you can't disturb . . . He's too young. . . ."

"I'm *taking Dashell, too!*" Starr said, and marched out.

She found Aunt Artie knee-deep in wedding plans. "Holy gee!" she said. "Corny's rich! We'll have a whingding of a wedding! I never had one like that." She took Dashell into her arms and hugged him gently, looking across him at Starr.

"I want you to stand up with me on Christmas Eve," she said. "That's more than two weeks off. I'll have three flower girls—not just one, like common, but three!—and Caro'll be one of them. Can you get off for it?"

"Aunt Artie, I won't have anything to wear! I can't go to work for a few more weeks, on account of feeding the baby."

Aunt Artie beamed at her. "For once, I don't have to worry about money," she said. "Kid, you're going to have the humdingest dress you ever zipped up! A certain young man I know is sure to be interested. Seeing he introduced Corny and me, he'll be best man."

"Then I'll be there," Starr said falteringly. She would not admit the stirring of that old sweet confusion where Jeff was concerned.

But she didn't fool Aunt Artie one bit. Aunt Artie reached out and drew her close, and wordlessly patted her back, as if she were a child.

Chapter 8

Although Starr's snatching of Dash for an afternoon left a certain chill, it was pushed out of mind by another exciting Dinner with Guests—Christmas. Dear God, I never can live through that again, Starr prayed with real fervor. She distracted attention from it by inquiring when the Christmas tree was usually put up.

Mrs. Taylor answered firmly, "We never have a tree. They're dirty. They shed on the floor."

And *we* never failed to have one, Starr thought, even if it was only a bush cut in the woods, with a bit of elderly tinsel and a few peeling ornaments. And in the tree was the spirit of Christmas. She loved Cory anew for it.

Day by day the Dash she had loved grew younger to Starr. No music. No color. No poetry. And now she must add to the list of his impoverishment—no Christmas trees! What a lonely little boy, cold and undernourished in all that mattered most to him! He had loyally said he loved the Taylors, but he had never said he had been happy. No wonder, Starr thought sadly.

Aunt Artie solved Starr's Christmas-tree problem by inviting her and the babies to spend the night after the wedding, so that Caro could enjoy Christmas morning with the Worthington children. "I never knew Corny had so much—I really didn't!" she said. "I figured on making dresses for the girls, and cooking stew instead of sirloin tips. . . ." She began to laugh at the absurdity of her own good fortune, and Starr laughed with her. And within Starr a submerged belief in happiness timidly took root again.

Aunt Artie came unexpectedly to the house, and Mrs. Taylor asked that she be brought in to her. Starr grimaced at Aunt Artie, who winked. Mrs. Taylor reclined on a couch as Starr introduced Aunt Artie.

"Feelin' bad today?" Aunt Artie inquired. "What ails you?"

"My health is delicate," Mrs. Taylor said firmly.

"Well, the things doctors can do to you these days!" Aunt Artie said cheerfully. "I got a girl friend that says she had so many operations, all she has left inside is one straight gu—intestine! Healthy as a horse now!" She beamed on Mrs. Taylor.

"I come to take Starr and Caro out to buy some clothes. D'you notice Caro going around in high-water dresses? And Starry rates a new dress as matron of honor."

"I undertsand you're engaged to Mr. Worthington," Mrs. Taylor said—not so much revived as curious.

"Yes," Aunt Artie said, beaming again. "Lookit this! I had a lot of glittery junk I liked. Corny says he'll change every piece for good jewelry!" She pulled from her coat pocket two earrings, each a web of gold and a splash diamond. "Don't they shine pretty? I had to get holes bored in my ears to wear 'em—but for Corny, I'd get holes bored in my head!"

Starr turned away to hide a smile. Mrs. Taylor's glance was transfixed, however, upon the diamonds. Aunt Artie stuffed them negligently back into her pocket.

Ten minutes later, Aunt Artie had whirled Starr and Caro out of the house, and Mrs. Taylor was left stunned on her couch with Aunt Artie's farewell about her like reverberations from a blow. "So long, kid!" Aunt Artie had said cheerfully, and departed.

By the time Starr returned, Mrs. Taylor had decided that she must speak to her. "You're very young, and your baby *is* the last of the Taylors," she said in part. "I do feel that I have some interest."

Starr sat down, spilling bundles about her, some of the brightness in her face fading. Mrs. Taylor continued, "While the baby's so small, I don't feel that you should exert yourself so much. In our time, we lived in retirement for a few months. Mother's milk is such a delicate . . ."

Starr clasped her hands together for poise. "Dr. Starr says I'm healthy and just built to have babies," she said. "She says I must keep my spirits up and live as normal a life as I can."

"But a wedding is so tiring!"

"It won't be tiring—it'll be fun!" Starr said with determination. "The three little girls have identical dresses." She showed Mrs. Taylor Caro's pale blue velvet and lace concoction. "Won't she be a darling?" Starr asked.

"Wash frocks are more suitable for children," Mrs. Taylor said distantly.

"Oh, Aunt Artie got her some, and shoes, too," Starr replied with satisfaction.

"I hope she is not spoiling the child," was the cold reply. Then after a struggle in which curiosity won, she asked, "And what is your dress for the wedding like?"

She viewed the gold lamé blouse and heavenly-blue velvet skirt without expression. "Mourning?" she murmured.

Starr answered more sharply than she had intended to do, "*That* needs no special dress."

Upstairs, Starr laid the beautiful dresses on a sewing table, wishing the little boy who once lived in that room could enjoy them. She tried to remember Dash as her husband and the father of her child; but she could only imagine him as a very sad, thin little boy, lost in a sea of grayness—very quiet in a silent house where love never lived.

That night, a telegram from Montana was relayed to her by telephone. She was offered two thousand dollars for her land in Wild Horse Valley. She was fervently thankful that Jeff had gotten enough money for Dash's ring to meet the taxes; and instinct told her not to sell. Speaking softly, she said, "Reply to address given: 'No longer for sale.'" Furtively she cradled the receiver. Mrs. Taylor asked who called, and Starr lied cheerfully: "Wrong number."

The nights were crisp and chill and lonely. Starr looked at the sky from her window when Caro had been put to bed. Oh, Dash! she thought, her eyes smarting. All the years, all the years when you were small, and no Christmas tree—

just Dinners! Now I know why your face was sad when it relaxed, and your smile flashed and your wit turned and glittered like a sequined thing away from home. It was escape from loneliness. And it would have been rude to acknowledge it. . . . But it'll be different for young Dashell, I promise you!

A week before Christmas, Starr received Christmas cards from her father, from Ann Marie, and from Beau, all in one mail. Her father's came from his old home town, and contained nothing but the over-sweet verse, signed formally with his name. Beau's card had a small note on it, saying that he liked the Navy training, and this was the life for him. Ann Marie wrote all over both sides of her card, telling about the real keen young man she was going to marry—she hoped.

Starr carried the cards in her pocket, going to meet Jeff in the park. He'll be glad to know the family's settling, she thought.

But as it turned out, she did not mention it to him at all. Almost at once he said, "There won't be many more of these meetings; I'm being transferred the first of the year."

Starr sat rigid. "Where?"

"Away up north somewhere. Too far to commute. Starr, won't you join me?" He did not touch her, but his eyes were full of hope and tenderness.

The temptation was enormous. "Maybe we can come later," she said. Then her restraint broke somewhat. "Jeff, you know how easy it would be to say yes! And you know you can't afford all three of us and Louise and her aunt, too! I know what a burden Louise has been! You see, I noticed that you haven't had a new suit for—how many years, Jeff?"

"You don't really care about the suit, Starr."

She began to tremble, but still tried to maintain some composure. "Maybe it just wasn't to be," she said. "We both have too much responsibility already. We simply can't afford each other, and you know it!"

He came very close, but still did not touch her; his voice was low. "Maybe we'd be lucky! We deserve some luck. Maybe we wouldn't need as much as we think! Darling, I *can't* wait forever!"

"I know." Starr touch his cheek in quick affection, then quickly put her hands into her coat pockets. "We still have two weeks."

Walking home that night, she wondered if she could bear this final wrench. There had been too much pain and loss. She could neither live in peace with the Taylors, nor go off with Jeff as a burden. She could not abandon the babies, and no more could Jeff abandon Louise to grim charity. We're simply stuck, she thought hopelessly. At least I have the babies to love, but Jeff has nothing at all. And we'll never in this world be given a third chance. Never!

But she was slowly winning an undeclared war with Miss Cinch. Almost every afternoon she took young Dashell for a stroll in his magnificent buggy. Caro loved to push it. Six days before Christmas, they walked downtown so that Caro could see the decorations—perhaps even Santa Claus. Dashell slept, of course, but he was at least included in this great occasion.

It was a long trip, but rewarding. Caro was all eyes and shouts of delight. But as they passed the bus depot, Starr's casual glance rested a moment on a woman at the entrance. She had tears in her eyes. Starr had walked right past before her troubled senses identified the woman—eyes blue as twilight skies, soft fair face and silken blonde hair. Louise, of course! And Jeff was out of town on a field trip. He would not return before midnight!

Her feet slowed unwillingly, and finally she turned back. "Aren't you Louise Mayfield?" she asked.

Louise dried her eyes on some cobweb lace, and said she was.

"I'm Starr—don't you remember me? I met you once when you were out here, and I was working for Jeff."

Louise's pretty face smoothed with relief. "You're lucky for me!" she said. "You'll know what to do." Perhaps Starr only fancied that there was an aura of disaster about her. But Louise was looking at the baby with angelic tenderness. She put a hand on the buggy and said. "So little, and so sweet!" in the same tone of wonder that Caro used—looking but not daring to touch. "Maybe some time when he isn't asleep I could hold him a minute?"

Caro examined Louise with intensity, and Louise was beguiled anew. "Who are you—such a doll of a little girl?" she asked.

"Starry's girl." Caro answered; and Starr was unexpectedly touched.

Starr suggested a soda. Louise fell into step beside her, and Caro pushed the buggy with great importance.

Over her soda, Louise said to Starr, "I'm in such a mess! Aunt Nettie got sick and they took her to the hospital, and it was so *lonely* in the house! I looked around until I found some money—but it wasn't very much. I had to come by bus, and I'm all tired and dirty, and Jeffery's not at home! His office says he's out of town. You know they lie to a wife—office people do, you know. I've tried to telephone him before, and they always say he's out of town, or they can't find him. Isn't it a silly old office?" She wore a warm, light coat of softest gray, and her face was as innocent as a baby's.

"Did you ask Mrs. Maple—the woman who rents the cottage to Jeff—to let you in?"

"Honey, she's not at home! The big house is all dusty and locked up. And I don't have any money."

While the others were finishing their sodas, Starr tried to telephone Aunt Artie. She could not bear to accept the unanswered ringing and ringing, but finally she had to give up. Surely she could reach Aunt Artie before dark; but meantime, she must start home. It was a long walk. She looked ruefully at the graceful spike heels on Louise's small feet. Maybe Louise could make it. "You'd better come home with me," she said.

They took one overnight bag from the bus depot and left the others there for the time being. All the way home Starr's mind raced around the coming crisis. It was going to be impossible to explain Louise to Mrs. Taylor—who hated company at best, and unexpected company bitterly. And drink of all sorts—even sodas.

Halfway home, Louise complained that her feet hurt, and asked, in some embarrassment, if she might put on her slippers. Starr took the occasion to explain that her husband had died, and that she lived in the home of his mother and father. "I can't even ask you to spend the night," she said. "I have very little money. But you could visit a few hours, while I try to telephone my aunt. She'll take you in, if I can only reach her."

"You mean you can't have guests?" Louise asked incredulously. She adjusted her feathered house shoes and looked up, a strand of shining hair falling across her forehead. "I didn't know anybody that *was* anybody ever acted that way!"

"It's only that they're old, and company upsets them." Starr tried to explain. "And Louise, there's never a drink stronger than tea served in their house!" Starr hoped the statement would sink deep.

"My goodness! Are they preachers, honey?"

"No, only Puritans," Starr said. "Maybe Mr. Taylor has all his cocktails somewhere else."

Louise nodded. "Aunt Nettie has a cousin like that—all about temperance and the devil. Her husband comes in and sleeps it off at the Willows?"

"Is that your place—the Willows?"

"It's Aunt Nettie's," Louise said. "You don't know her, do you? She's sick, and they took her away. They've taken *me* away lots of times, but not Aunt Nettie. The sink got all full of dirty dishes. I want Jeffery to get Aunt Nettie home. He travels a lot, but nobody can say he doesn't *do* things!"

When Starr introduced Louise, Mrs. Taylor's immobile face showed neither welcome nor rejection. She barely said how-do-you-do. Starr took Louise upstairs while she fed Dashell and bathed Caro; and when she led Caro back into the bedroom, Louise was putting a flask back into her overnight bag. "Don't you want an appetizer before dinner?" she asked.

Starr's heart sank. "In this house we *can't*," she said.

But Louise smiled radiantly. "When we have a guest, the house is *his*, as long as he stays," she said blithely.

Starr excused herself from the dinner table to try once more to locate Aunt Artie. At the Worthington ranch she learned that she and Corny were out dancing.

She had money enough to put Louise up at a hotel, but dared not send her there alone. She decided that she must keep Louise until after Dashell's ten-o'clock feeding, then take

her to Jeff's cottage. She hoped that he still kept an extra key in the same place.

After dinner Starr took Louise upstairs immediately, and Louise reached quickly for her flask. "I feel so sad!" she said apologetically. "Mrs. Taylor doesn't like me. I guess I'd better go now."

Starr tried to dissuade her—to persuade her to stay until ten o'clock. She said Mrs. Taylor was not really inhospitable. She had fed and housed her for four months.

"I know," Louise said dreamily. "I've been in these places—sometimes for several months. But I can leave this one." Apprehensively she added, "I *can* leave, can't I? You aren't a nurse . . ."

"I'm your friend." Starr said. "I'm not a nurse."

"They say that, and then they don't let you go," Louise said. She backed toward the door, her eyes watchful.

Starr again asked her to stay until after the ten-o'clock feeding, but Louise was unshakably determined to go. When Caro had been put to bed, Starr called a taxi, told Mrs. Taylor that she was going out and would be back before ten o'clock, and left. In the taxi Louise said intensely, "Honey, I wouldn't go back at all if I were you! Next time they may not let you out!"

Starr found Jeff's extra key in its accustomed place, and let herself and Louise into the cottage. She checked the liquor cabinet first of all. It was locked, which was a blessing.

She began making coffee and straightening the room, glad the place was a bit untidy, so that she could make it pleasanter.

Louise came out of the bathroom wearing Jeff's bathrobe. She had discarded her coat and suit on the floor. Automatically Starr picked them up.

Louise then had another drink. There was not much left in the flask; she eyed it with anxiety, as if there must have been some error. As she sat, the robe parted to reveal her figure. She was now bulging a little, and a sharp pity flashed in Starr. She herself was gaunt with strain and effort, but the neglect of Louise's exquisite body was like neglect of a work of art.

Louise held the bottle to the light. "It *can't* just go away!" she said. "It has to last through the night—with something left for morning! I can't face Jeffery without something. He may be mad again. But I haven't done anything but love him—I never did." She resisted Starr's suggestion that she take a nap.

"The best dreams come in bottles," she said. "Never sad. And never lonesome, and always plenty of money and pretty clothes and beaux—where else can you find all that?" Starr suggested that maybe a job might be the answer.

"Did you find it fun, honey?" Louise asked. "Daddy raised me not to work. I never as much as washed out a hankie before he died. And besides, I'd rather be supported by my husband, as my mother and her mother were."

Starr asked if Louise would like for her to read aloud, and Louise settled on the couch and said, "Read poetry."

Starr started a record of gentle music, and thumbed through a book of poems. They're all about love, she thought despairingly. Like this very cottage. Jeff and I have made them all ours! But watching Louise curl up with her flask, she thought, Just so it has rhythm. Probably the music and the rhythm will be all she hears. Louise looked gently expectant, and pulled the robe closer about herself. Starr began to read "Annabelle Lee" for its music, but she had to stop before she was halfway through. Louise was weeping, her pretty hands clenching and unclenching.

"I'm sorry!" Louise said. "It's too sad; I can't stand it! Everything's too sad, and I don't have enough bourbon to last until morning."

Starr watched the clock and wished desperately that Louise would go to sleep. With ten o'clock racing closer, she would *have* to go home.

"My mother and her mother danced all night and slept half the day, and had a hundred beaux," Louise said. "But you know the nasty old war? And there was hardly anybody left at home to beau me to my parties! Then Daddy died, and Jeffery came. Nobody but Jeffery! I love him. But all the fun, the flowers, the parties? Maybe they went out of the world, like Mummie and Daddy."

She hugged her arms to her breast, and the tears ran down her flowerlike face, past the moist, full lips, now innocent of lipstick.

"You aren't alone," Starr said. "Lots of people miss *all* the parties! There are lots of sadder things in the world: People starving, and unjustly imprisoned, and right now men fighting battles and bleeding and dying. . . ."

"Honey," Louise whispered, "you talk like a man—like my daddy. But I'm a woman, and I wanted parties and pretty gowns and a maid—things *nice!* And now I haven't even got Aunt Nettie!" She pushed her tumbled hair back. The long, childish eyelashes almost covered the faintly purple smudges beneath her eyes.

Finally Starr had to call a taxi to take her home, and as she did so, Louise sat up. Her eyes were haunted. "Don't leave me, Starr! Stay with me at least until Jeffery comes home! I'm *afraid* of something. Did you ever feel the dark somethings coming close, and not know what they were? Please, please, Starr!"

"I'll be gone only a little, *little* while," Starr said, as to a child. "After I feed the baby, I'll come right back." She did not like leaving her alone. But if she took Louise back to the Taylor's like this, some mess would surely ensue. She told herself that Louise was only on a crying jag. She tried to close her mind to the helpless sobbing as she left.

A light was on; Mrs. Taylor was up and watching. Why did she watch and watch? Because she had no life of her own, of course; she was saving it up. She asked Starr to lock up before going upstairs. She was afraid of burglars. Starr latched windows and bolted doors, then ran upstairs. Dashell was crying.

Miss Cinch bristled with disapproval that the baby had been kept waiting. She also watched and watched as Starr fed Dashell. Starr held the baby against her shoulder and patted him, forgetting everything but this beloved small person for the moment.

But in the back of her mind she could hear Louise crying. Dashell was almost asleep as she put him back in his crib. She ran to peek at Caro. Caro slept with one dimpled arm above her head, and Starr was filled with the special rush of love engendered by sleeping babies.

Now to get out of the house, and quickly. It was dark downstairs, but that did not mean that old Mrs. Taylor was asleep. In the dim hall light she began to dial for a taxi once more, and when her hand was on the second numeral, Mrs. Taylor stood in the door, her face stern. Her presence was as quiet and hostile as a tiger's. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Calling another taxi," Starr said. "Mrs. Mayfield's ill."

Mrs. Taylor put one hand upon the cradle of the phone and disconnected it. "I don't wish to be rude," she said, "but you *must* consider what you're doing!" Her voice did not change, but her face was adamant.

"Please!" Starr said sharply. "It's important that I phone! We can talk until the taxi gets here."

The old hand did not release the phone. "Mrs. Mayfield is very peculiar," Mrs. Taylor said. "*I* think she's been *drinking!*"

Starr grew more frantic by the moment. "I still have to get back to her," she said. "Please—she needs help, and there isn't anyone except me to help her!"

"You *must* realize your position, my dear!" Mrs. Taylor said, fiercely firm. "I don't like having to interfere, but now that you have a child . . ."

"The children are safe, and fed, and asleep, and watched!" Starr cried. "I *must* go! There are things I must do, right now!"

"And one of them is to discriminate among people," Mrs. Taylor said, tenacious and thin-lipped. "The girl obviously has no breeding. . . ."

So much time wasted in words! Starr was almost in tears. "She can match ancestors with most," she said. "But only *I* can help her. I don't know when I'll be back—but before next feeding time." She hurried to the door and unlocked it.

Mrs. Taylor said that the door could not remain unlocked all night. "Then I ought to have a key!" Starr said. "I'll be on the doorstep before six—how's that?"

Mrs. Taylor followed her to the door. "I just can't bear these scenes," she said faintly. "You know there's no extra key. It's dangerous for a woman alone. . . ."

"All living's dangerous!" Starr said wildly, and bolted outside.

Everything was closed. There would be no cruising taxi in a residential neighborhood. Her footsteps sounded loud and hurried on the slumbering streets. Finally she saw a liquor store disguised as a Spanish villa, with the most discreet of pastel-green neon signs proclaiming its sin of commerce. She hurried inside and called a taxi. She had walked a mile. Precious time had passed.

Lights were blazing from Jeff's cottage, and the radio was high. Louise had broken into the liquor cabinet, and she had helped herself. "All this lovely stuff was locked up!" she said to Starr. She held to the sink, her eyes big in her dazed face. "Jus' a little drinkie keeps up your spirits and keeps out the dark some . . . shom . . . somethings away outside!"

Chapter 9

Louise steered an uncertain course to the couch. "Ever live in a big house all by yourself?" she asked. "Lonesome. Mighty lonesome!" She spilled some of the contents of her glass as she sat down. Her blouse was partially unfastened; Jeff's robe fell away from it and from her bare, graceful legs. Again Starr thought of a dissolute angel.

"Rest, Louise," she said gently.

"I'm not drunk!" Louise said, with suddenly acute perception. She spoke slowly and distinctly. "In our family, we drink like ladies and gentlemen. Daddy always said so. He said not ever to do anything for a man if he could do it for himself, nor anything for myself that a man ought to love to do for me. He said look pretty and be entertaining, and I do. But it doesn't keep my husband home. He loves me, though—even if he does travel a lot. Did you look pretty and entertain your husband, Starr?"

"As well as I could, as long as he lived."

"I *want* to die before I get old and ugly," Louise said. "What else does a woman have?"

Starr tried to soothe her. The repetition of the death wish chilled her. She prayed that Jeff would return before six o'clock. She was already so sleepy, being used to hours suitable for cows and chickens. But finally Louise began to doze. She would wake with haunted eyes, ascertain that Starr was there, then relax. She was asleep when Jeff's car drove in.

Closing the door softly behind herself, Starr ran to meet Jeff. Sensing trouble, he asked no question, but opened his overcoat and folded her partially inside with himself. For a comforting moment Starr clung to him in the only truly warm safe place in the world.

Quickly she explained all that had happened since she met Louise at the bus station, and she felt better simply for telling him. "Starr Cooper—Barrel of Stars," he said huskily, "I love you so! It never has been anything but trouble to you, but at least I love you! Thanks for your help again."

They held each other quietly for a moment more; then the telephone rang in the cottage. Jeff ran inside to answer it, and Starr followed slowly.

Louise's whole exquisite body was melted with sleep. Jeff's face was deeply serious as he listened and softly answered at the phone. When he finished, he put a hand to his forehead as if his head hurt. "Aunt Nettie died," he said, apparently bewildered for a moment. Then his attention came back to Starr. "We needn't make you lose any more sleep," he said. "Looks like Louise'll sleep where she is until I can get you home."

Starr asked him to wait until she tried the door of the Taylor house. It was locked. For a moment anger and humiliation filled her throat. She returned to the car to tell Jeff.

"I can damned well wake them up in a hurry!" Jeff said, yanking the car door open.

Starr put a hand on his arm. "No, please don't," she said. "They have to let me in to feed the baby at six. I could wait until then at your place, couldn't I?"

Jeff said she could, and pushed the car into gear. "You could marry me, and bring Caro and the baby, and *live* at my place—wherever it may be—all your life!"

"Let's get back to Louise quickly," Starr said. "I'm uneasy about her—so wild and sad. She came to ask you to get Aunt Nettie home, confident that you could do it."

"Such a good, pretty child," Jeff said, "with no malice in her! But one who will never grow up."

Briefly he told Starr about the telephone message. "It was Aunt Nettie's cousin, the Judge, who called tonight," he said. "The Willows is left to me. That would be to help pay expenses for Louise. It's probably not worth much—and the institutions are so ghastly—except the terribly expensive ones!"

Starr touched his hand. "You'll find a way. And don't worry about us until you do—do you understand?" She sat a moment in quietness, glad that he was so near. "We have to have some sleep," she said finally. "My day begins promptly at six in the morning."

As they reached the cottage, Starr tried to remember about the lights. The house was dark now, and a sharp fear tugged at her. She had an impulse to hold Jeff back, but he raced inside and turned on a table lamp. Louise was gone!

Wordlessly they began to run toward the car. "The railroad tracks first this time—there's a train soon." Jeff said. "I've heard it in the night, lying awake and trying to sleep. . . ."

"I know."

Before the car stopped, they heard the hoarse honking of the streamliner. Jumping from the car, they looked up the tracks toward the swinging eye of the approaching train. Louise was less than half a city block away. She was walking toward them, a careful silhouette balancing on the rail. The one eye of the engine swung around and around, as if seeking some other route; as if it were trying not to see the childish, bright-haired figure balancing there. Jeff's robe slid along the rail behind her, like the train of a royal garment, and her bare, small feet set themselves precisely on the rail, one in front of the other.

Jeff dragged her from the tracks with time to spare. "I'm not drunk!" she said through the roar of passing wheels, as the alternate light and shadow of the train's windows raced over them.

"Maybe not," Jeff said sharply, "but you certainly were close to being dead! Good Lord, Louise! Didn't you see or hear the train?"

Louise burst into sobs. "You're mad at me again!" she said despairingly. "I walked the rail fine, and still you're mad at me!" She stamped her foot on the narrow path. "Don't speak to me, Jeffery Mayfield!" she said, her voice breaking.

But when they had returned to the cottage, Louise headed straight for the liquor cabinet. Jeff blocked her way. "Your daddy wouldn't want you to get drunk, you know," he said gently. Louise threw herself upon the couch and covered her face. "Nobody lets me do anything!" she cried. "Whether I go home or run away—nobody lets me do anything! If Daddy were alive, people would look sharp to please me! . . ."

Jeff let the speech run down. "Starr's spending the night," he finally said. "Go to bed in the bedroom. Starr will sleep on the couch. I still have some things to do."

Louise went into the bedroom, and he followed to find a pillow and a blanket for Starr. Starr put the pillow beneath her head, and Jeff tucked the blanket around her and patted her gently.

"Sleep now," he said. "I can watch the rest of the night." He went to the chair and sat relaxed. Vaguely Starr thought that one of them should be sure that Louise was actually in bed, but almost immediately she was asleep.

In less than thirty minutes she awakened, alarm quickening within her without known reason. Jeff was going outside. She slipped her feet into her shoes and followed quickly. He was disappearing into the trees, a darkness above the disk of light on the ground. In the flashlight beam were the delicate prints of Louise's bare feet. They followed them into the wood. "She didn't have more than a minute's lead," Jeff said. "The squeaking of the door of the liquor cabinet woke me, but it took a minute to realize—and then she was out of the house, with a bottle."

Louise must be running ahead of them in the faint cold starshine, barefooted. Straight through the wood the little prints led, and presently the flashlight discovered her sitting on the bank of the irrigation canal. She darted to her feet, her eyes a flash of terror in the brief beam. "I'm not drunk!" she said breathlessly. "I'll show you! I can walk a rail as well. . . ." She stepped quickly backward—and disappeared. There was almost no noise—neither the sound of her soft body

falling against the sloping concrete wall, nor any perceptible splash into the water.

Dropping the flashlight, Jeff went over the edge. Starr took it and directed its beam toward the swift-flowing water. Jeff's hair glistened dark and strange as he groped and probed in the water, hampered by bitter cold and his inability to keep his footing. There was no sign of Louise.

For the first few agonizing minutes, Starr felt that Louise would bob to the surface any moment. Then the uncertainty pushed and expanded. Finally a frantic sense of calamity gripped her. As she followed Jeff's floundering, groping figure with the light, she stumbled down the bank, and the tears ran quietly down her cheeks. No one could stay under water that long and live.

"I think I saw her once," Jeff said, standing a moment. "We'll have to work downstream. Maybe she can hold on to something and keep her head above water. She doesn't swim." His teeth chattered. He zigzagged from side to side of the water, sometimes wading waist deep, sometimes swimming when he lost his footing.

As Starr followed him with the light, his words ran like the click of rails under a train, over and over through her mind.

She doesn't swim; she doesn't swim. . . .

Abruptly the bridge was at hand. A car crossed on it, a flash of lights and a whispering of tires; then the road was uninhabited, and only the water gurgled under the bridge in the night stillness. Jeff stood, fighting for breath. "Flag a car," he said, conserving energy. "Have them call fire department—drowning equipment." His lips were blue. His clothes stuck to his thin body. Starr held him in the light a moment before he went into the narrow dark place under the bridge. She went to the middle of the road and waited a minute or two for another car to pass, and when it came she waved her dimming flashlight at it until it stopped. The driver agreed to help, and was gone in a moment. She ran to the other side of the bridge.

Jeff was under the bridge—a large culvert, really—and the beam did not find him. His voice came out in echoes. "She's here," he said. He did not say, "She's safe." So Starr knew then. He floundered from under the bridge toward the side of the canal, holding Louise, keeping her head above water. The tall, rounded concrete wall offered no handhold. Frantically Starr cast herself on the ground and held her hands down. Jeff could have reached them somehow—but not while holding Louise, who was limp and helpless. The swift current carried both of them relentlessly downstream, Jeff keeping to the side of the canal and trying to brake their progress with his feet.

Then there was the blessed siren of the fire engine, and very quickly a ladder was lowered into the canal. Only then did Starr sit down on the sand in the dark, and great sobs shook her. An ambulance screamed up beside the fire truck and stopped, and police cars came and stopped, pulsing red lights into the night. Jeff was resisting efforts to get him into an ambulance.

Louise was a round shape under a sheet; men in white carried the dripping stretcher on which she lay. Pity welled in Starr for the waste—pity for the baby who had once been tended and loved and fed, and over whose drowsy golden head some woman had sung lullabies in the scented Southern nights. Pity for the beautiful young girl, behind the eyes of twilight blue, looking into yesterday and finding no chart for today. Starr was tense with shock when Jeff reached her. "Come away now," he said. "We've done all we could." The high white light of a flashbulb lay over them for a moment.

There were reporters and photographers and curious passers-by. Starr learned that Louise had probably struck the concrete wall as she fell. That accounted for her silence. Shivering, Jeff did most of the talking, sparing Starr as much as he could.

Starr knocked on the Taylor door, and Miss Cinch admitted her at ten minutes of six. Miss Cinch clicked and clucked, seeing that she had been weeping, and was tired almost to exhaustion. "It won't be good for the milk," she insisted.

Even the downy early-morning charms of young Dashell failed to intrigue Starr's attention. Caro climbed out of bed and clasped her arms about Starr's knees. "Hurt yourself, Starry?" she asked, patting gently, her upturned face bright with sympathy.

Tears rose again in Starr's scalded eyes. "I did hurt myself, for a fact," she said. "But it's better now. Let's get some breakfast for you."

Mrs. Taylor was up, and pursued her with questions as she prepared Caro's cereal. "How was your friend?" she asked dryly.

"She's all right now," Starr answered. "She's dead."

Startled, Mrs. Taylor asked what happened.

Starr referred her to the papers, said she was too tired to talk, and would rest until ten o'clock. At the mention of papers and reporters, Mrs. Taylor wailed. "If only you hadn't gone out again! If you'd understand our *position*. . . ."

Starr's rest was disturbed by the phone ringing repeatedly, conveying the shocked condolences of the town's elite—of the Stats, Binders and Taylors for the unfortunate publicity. Even that disgrace had been given scant space in the paper, in order to allow room for the violent death of Mrs. Louise Mayfield, ex-wife of local geologist. From time to time Starr struggled awake from nightmare-calling to Louise; but she sank into the dark coils of sleep again and again.

When she finally rose, she forced herself to look at the paper Miss Cinch had been reading, and to look at the blurred picture of herself and Jeff.

She gritted her teeth against all the questions Mrs. Taylor would ask—and Mrs. Taylor asked a great many. She was prostrated, of course. She could not understand why Starr had taken upon herself the matter of caring for Louise. "Why?" Mrs. Taylor asked almost wildly. "With your name and picture in the paper, a scandal to all of us! Everyone will presume there was an affair between you and this man. . . ."

Starr held herself in close rein. "I felt sorry for her," she said. She could see again the swift, dark water and the great rounded concrete trough. She could see the dark place under the bridge, where Jeff went . . . where Louise went. . . . Mrs. Taylor started to speak again, but Starr interrupted. "It's done!" she said, her voice on edge. "No amount of talking can change it—it's done! She's dead! We couldn't help her. There are things a person has to do. But I'll try to pay you back what you've spent on us. I'll look for a job tomorrow."

Even at the table, Mrs. Taylor pursued her with curiosity. She wanted to know if Starr would consent to leave Dashell for them to care for, to bring up in the manner that was his rightful heritage. "You have your little sister," Mrs. Taylor said. She even smiled. It was a terrifying grimace, Starr was so unaccustomed to it.

Slowly and distinctly Starr said, "I will not give up either Caro or Dashell. They're mine."

"Are you being fair to the baby? Don't you suppose he'll resent not having what he's entitled to, some day?"

Starr put down her fork. She was no longer hungry. "No, I am very sure he won't," she said, and led Caro from the room.

Next day, Starr went downtown and obtained a job. When she returned home, she told Mrs. Taylor that they would be leaving the first of the year. Then Mrs. Taylor retreated a little. "Why leave here?" she asked. "Nobody asked you to go."

"That has been kind of you," Starr said. "We won't wait for it." The remark left a frozen silence in the house once more.

On the night before Christmas Eve, a car's headlights turned into the driveway, and the cane beat upon the floor downstairs. "Now who can be bothering us at this time of night?" Mrs. Taylor fretted. "Never, never any peace!"

Starr's heart lurched as she opened the door. Outside stood Jeff, Aunt Artie, Corny, and both of the Worthington children. They bore bundles tied with bright ribbons.

Jeff looked infinitely tired. Aunt Artie had told Starr that Aunt Nettie's cousin, the Judge, had insisted that it was his duty to take care of Louise's burial in the family plot; that it was foolhardy for Jeff to feel that he had to be present . . . a man could do just so much, and Jeff had done more. And, of course, Corny had helped him all he could. . . . But Jeff's face was gaunt with strain.

Compassionately, Starr looked at him. He smiled, and with two quick steps, he came straight to her, held her closely,

and kissed her. It made her feel strangely guilty, in the somber Taylor hall which had never known love.

Aunt Artie sailed past into the living room, where Mrs. Taylor reclined in disapproving silence. "We brought you some things," she said.

Mrs. Taylor said, rising slightly, "What *is* all this—who are these . . ."

Starr said, "You remember Aunt Artie. Mr. Worthington, his two daughters, and my friend Jeff Mayfield."

Aunt Artie said, friendliness in every pore, "We thought how lonesome for you it would be on Christmas morning, waking up with your children all at our house—so we brought you some presents!"

Mrs. Taylor struggled wordlessly to her feet, studiously avoiding the glance of anyone in the room. She turned and walked out, down the hall, and closed the door of her bedroom behind her.

A painful silence lay in the living room. The guests stood awkwardly, holding the packages in their arms, and Starr's face flamed with embarrassment. "I'm sorry!" she said, her voice faltering. "I'm so sorry!"

Jeff was quickly beside her, an arm about her shoulders. "*You* needn't apologize!" he said fiercely. "It's probably a good thing! Go right now and pack your things. There *are* places where you're not only welcome—you're wanted!"

Still Starr stood, shocked and ashamed. She noted that Perry Taylor was standing in the door to the hall. How long had he been there? Perhaps he had seen it all! His face was serious beneath the triangle of his front hair; his eyes were as sad as a spaniel's.

"I'm the one to apologize," he said. "I'd go with them, Starr, if I were you. A person's entitled to some courtesy—to some consideration as a human being."

Starr went over and took his hand in hers, and they stood silent a moment, remembering Dash; knowing that her going would take out of this house the little boy who might have made it tolerable once more. "*You* take the presents!" she said to Mr. Taylor.

He thanked her. It was no substitute for the boy; but he had great dignity at the moment. "I'll always be here," he said gently. "You needn't ever want. That is my personal promise, and Mrs. Taylor has nothing whatever to do with it."

And Starr knew he was at last his own man.

Jeff said, "We'll all help you pack and move right now." So she led them toward the stairs.

"There won't be much packing," she said distractedly. "We never had closet space, so everything's still in boxes."

In a matter of minutes, all the boxes had been carried downstairs. Corny took the drowsy Caro, and Starr went to the splendid nursery for Dashell.

Miss Cinch blocked the way. "You can't take this baby at this time of night, when he's sleeping. . . ."

Jeff, standing at the door, said quietly, "Stand back, nurse, unless you'd like me to hold you back."

Miss Cinch ran to the head of the stairs. "Mr. Taylor!" she screamed down the stairwell, "They're kidnaping the baby!"

His tired voice came very clearly upstairs. "It's her baby," he said. "I don't blame her a bit!"

Starr wrapped Dashell in blankets and put him into Jeff's arms. Then she turned to Miss Cinch. "Why don't you go look after Mrs. Taylor?" she asked. "You might have a steady job there. She *needs* care."

Starr went slowly into the hall for the last time. She knocked on the door to the downstairs bedroom, but there was no reply. She turned to Mr. Taylor to tell him good-by, once more taking his hand. Slow tears rose and stood in his eyes. He drew her to his chest and patted her awkwardly. "It's all for the best, honey," he said. "It's all for the best for you and the baby."

She started for the door. Mr. Taylor was instructing Miss Cinch to sit by the door until she was admitted. "I'm going out," he told her. "You just sympathize with Mrs. Taylor and bring her jasmine tea in the silver pot—it'll be all she wants."

"When may I expect you back?" Miss Cinch asked.

"Not until you see me coming," Perry Taylor said. "I don't expect to meet any deadlines here, ever again."

Starr looked once more at the dark hall, the stairs climbing into shadows—at the sad house, the locked door. But Aunt Artie stood at the front door, smiling. She went outside with her.

In the car, Jeff asked, "How in heaven's name did you live with that dragon?"

Starr then began to weep. "I felt like something caught in a soft web," she said. "Oh, Jeff! The poor old woman!"

Laughing and hospitable, Corny's relatives moved out of his guest cottage to move Starr in. They were tactfully gone in a matter of minutes. They would tuck themselves into the big house some way. The warmth of the family enfolded Starr. She put the baby to bed while Jeff held sleepy Caro. He took Caro on his lap, and she looked at him with trustful eyes and heavy lids.

When Caro had been tucked in, he followed Starr on tiptoe back to the living room. "When they're asleep, they surely get you where you live, don't they?" he asked.

"When they're asleep they always remind you of music and angels, and they melt your heart. But awake, they can be trying. Be sure, before you commit yourself." She stood apart from him, straight, thin, and very serious.

He drew her close. "I was committed a long time ago," he said. "I was committed on a hill covered with lupine, in a range of blue-shadowed mountains. There never was any turning back."

"Where do we go from here?" Starr asked, suddenly relaxed, leaning her head against him in blissful indifference.

"First thing in the morning, we get a license and have the blood tests, so we can be married tomorrow night—Christmas Eve, darling—with Aunt Artie and Corny. Then we'll have a few days before I must leave for the new job. When I find a house, you can come."

Starr discovered a lump in one of his pockets. He took it out—a small box—and opened it. In it was the ring Dash had given her. She remembered poignantly Jeff's worn suits and many small economies—and the beautiful clothes Louise had worn. Probably he hadn't even eaten enough for months. "You couldn't afford it!" she said.

"I thought probably the little guy would want it, some day. I got you another one." He brought a carved gold wedding ring from another pocket, and put it on her finger. "Finally, finally!" he said; and she felt the long, cold sweep of loneliness in the words. Looking into her face, he kissed the ring and the hand that wore it.

"You can do better," she said, putting her arms quickly about his neck. And he could. He did!

Presently they talked more intelligibly. "Where was it we were going?" she asked. "Not that I care!"

"Simply a place in the wilds," he said. "We've been keeping the strike hushed up, but now that the news is out, it'll be hard to find a place to live. Oil, oil, and more oil, in a brushy canyon where it snows chin-deep to a giraffe! Can you take snow?"

"We can if you can."

"It sounds like something from the wild, woolly West," Jeff said. "Place called Coyote Canyon."

"Would that be anywhere near Wild Horse Valley?"

"Do you know Wild Horse Valley?" he asked, surprised. "It's about twenty miles away, I think. I've been through it."

"Then you can commute. Oh, Jeff! We already have a place there! Just a little shack, but we can all go home together! I gave up Dash's ring to pay the taxes. He bought a piece of land there as a gamble on the future value. At first I couldn't find a buyer, and when I had an offer I felt that it was a secret place—one I should keep in case we had nowhere else to go. . . . I needed to know there was such a place."

Jeff drew her closer. "Of course you did!" he said. "But Dash's judgment wasn't far wrong, at that—if it was wrong at all! Still, all I can think of is the fact that there needn't be even one more parting for us! I admit I couldn't stand the thought of it!"

"Perhaps," Starr said slowly, "it wouldn't look right for us to marry so quickly after . . ."

"To hell with the looks of it!" Jeff said, laughing. "We've bent the knee to that bugbear too often! Life's for the loving, Starr—not for cowards nor the dead."

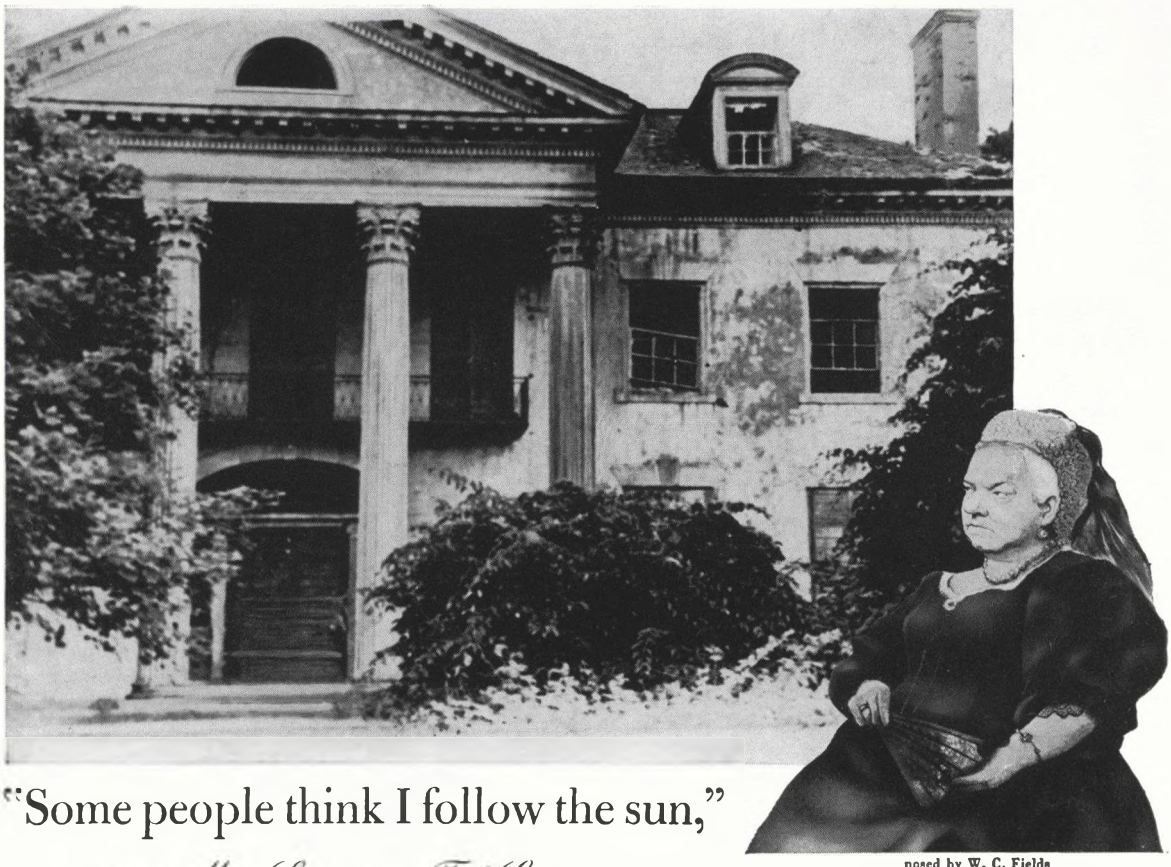
He had more potent arguments than words. Starr ardently agreed with all of them. She moved in his arms and put her hands to his face, loving the very shape of it.

"Now what do you say?" he asked.

"That I love you—just the same old thing as always."

"You can think up variations on that for the next fifty years or so," he said approvingly. "The main idea's absolutely sound!" . . . THE END

A book version of "Harvest of the Heart" will be published this fall by David McKay Company, Inc.



posed by W. C. Fields

"Some people think I follow the sun,"

says Mrs. Sturdivant Fisk Giocondo,

"and some think that the sun follows me"

"Yes, it's my villa at Bar Harbor in July, the South Carolina Plantation for the quail, then Cat Cay, Hobe Sound, Pebble Beach, and Banff. We scarcely ever kill the fires in the private car."

Like all really great social leaders, Mrs. Giocondo has been married four times—once for love, once for money, once for social position, and once for novelty.

"And each time there was a suitable SPRINGMAID sheet for my trousseau," she says, "except for Giocondo! Basement bargains are too good for him."

When Mrs. Giocondo starts dropping names, they are blockbusters, for she danced so often with the Prince that three Duchesses pressured the Foreign Office to void her visa. At Capri she was snubbed by Il Duce's doll. She was banned when she took a bulldog to Berchtesgaden and a velocipede to Venice. When the Pretender stepped on her bobby pin, the Infanta Torquemada accused her of trying to spike a rumor. She sold New York Central short the day after she left Palm Beach, and Beria is reported to have been strangled with one of her SPRINGMAID sheets. She gave a life-sized calendar to the Khedive, who promptly steamed away on the royal yacht. In South America she got a black eye for saying "No!" to a son of a President.

Other well-known users of percale sheets are:

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② THE CASE OF THE FUGITIVE NURSE

By Erle Stanley Gardner

Perry Mason sneaks into an apartment; finds an *empty* safe. Then a blonde *slams the safe shut.* That night a brunette rushes out with two suitcases. Not sinister . . . EXCEPT that the TENANT had already been found MURDERED!

③ THE CASE OF THE GREEN-EYED SISTER

By Erle Stanley Gardner

Mason's client wants to get back damaging evidence against her father and a man named Fritch. But Grogan, a blackmailer, wants $20,000! Then Fritch is found DEAD! Grogan has an alibi. Mason and client don't!

④ MAN MISSING

By Mignon G. Eberhart

Nurse Sarah Kent noticed odd things happening at the hospital: A smell of ether in the *wrong place.* A door closing softly by itself. And then — the too-still figure sprawled on Lieutenant Parly's bed. The chief suspect, *A MAN DEAD FOR 3 YEARS!*

⑤ THE FRIGHTENED WIFE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Anne Collier—radio writer—kept her earnings, $100,000, secret; afraid her husband Fred would MURDER her. Then they found her dying of a bullet from Fred's gun. Next to her was Fred *—also very dead.* (One of FOUR mysteries in book.)

⑥ COLD POISON

By Stuart Palmer

Four people get threats of death. Three are *scared stiff.* The fourth one is just STIFF! "Accidental strangulation," says coroner. But Miss Withers says MURDER. Her only clue is *a missing finger that nobody's missed except the murderer!*

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