THE American MAGAZINE

April
25¢

Two Complete New Novels

THE BETRAYAL
by Norma Mansfield

•

INVITATION TO MURDER
a Mystery by
Peter Ordway

IT'S STOLEN

AMERICA'S HEART

World's First Car with Cockpit Control and the Uniscope!
Uniflo-Jet Carburetion! Girder-built Unitized Body and Frame!

"How soon can I get one?"

That's the first question everyone asks when he sees the Airflyte.

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You see one racing curve from bold bullet nose to tear-drop tail—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

In Nash and Nash alone you enjoy the room you've always wanted—seats so wide they make up into Twin Beds.

You ride in the super safety of the Girder-built Unitized Body and Frame . . . one solid welded unit . . . pillowed by super-soft coil springs on all four wheels—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

You have Cockpit Control and the Uniscope . . . and a great curving, undivided windshield . . . Weather Eye Conditioned Aircomfort—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

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Ride this new Nash just once—and you'll find your heart, too, belongs to Nash. Two series, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador. Order the one of your choice now.

Nash Airflyte

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

THROW AWAY YOUR whisk broom

LIKE so many so-called "over-night" remedies, your whisk broom is but a feeble makeshift when you're troubled with the infectious type of dandruff as so many people are.

If ugly flakes and scales persist, it may be infectious dandruff and you need to treat the infection as an infection should be treated—with quick germ-killing action. If you are wise you will start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . the treatment that has helped so many.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

You see, Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against infectious dandruff because it gives both scalp and hair a thorough antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with this distressing condition, including the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). This stubborn germ is recognized by many outstanding specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

See how quickly those distressing flakes and scales begin to disappear! See how fresh, healthy and invigorated it makes your scalp feel! Note how shining and clean your hair looks.

Make It A "Must"

There is nothing to the treatment. It's simple. It's delightful. Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Untold numbers of men and women make this a "must" whenever they wash their hair.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidently, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

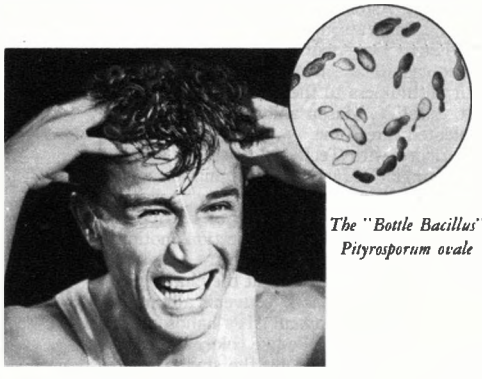
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

AS A PRECAUTION: Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of regular hair care. Include it as a part of your usual hair-washing routine.

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and massage with finger tips.

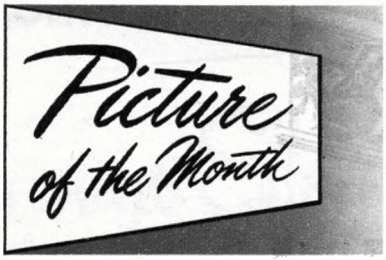
WOMEN: Part the hair in various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with medicine dropper. Rinse out afterward.

AS A TREATMENT: If flakes, scales, germs and itching persist, it may mean you have infectious dandruff; if so, apply Listerine Antiseptic morning and night as long as infectious dandruff is in evidence.



The "Bottle Bacillus" Pityrosporum ovale

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for *INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF*



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"LITTLE WOMEN"

starring

JUNE ALLYSON • PETER LAWFORD
MARGARET O'BRIEN
ELIZABETH TAYLOR • JANET LEIGH
ROSSANO BRAZZI • MARY ASTOR

with **LUCILE WATSON • SIR C. AUBREY SMITH**
HARRY DAVENPORT

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Andrew Solt,
Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman
From the Novel by Louisa May Alcott

Produced and Directed by MERVYN LeROY

M-G-M's most recent production in Technicolor is "Little Women". There's nothing "little" about it except the title.

Mervyn LeRoy produced and directed this new screen conception of Louisa May Alcott's classic story. It is a superb job, but he had a great deal of help in the cast.

June Allyson is tomboy "Jo". Margaret O'Brien is lovable "Beth". Elizabeth Taylor is Princess "Amy" (and a blonde). Janet Leigh is "Meg". You'll love them as "Little Women". And you'll agree with us that Peter Lawford has the most enviable role of the year. He's "Laurie", the boy-next-door.

Rossano Brazzi, the new romantic find, and Mary Astor complete the star roster. And Lucile Watson, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Harry Davenport add their brilliance to the cast. The screen play was fashioned with faithfulness to the original by Andrew Solt, Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman, a talented threesome.

Enriched with Technicolor, scenes which were familiar only in our imagination now have the sweep and feel of reality, a warm and vivid beauty—the touch of life itself. "Little Women" is, without question, motion picture making at its very finest.

P.S.—M-G-M tells us that they have prepared a six-page 6" x 8" souvenir album of stars for "Little Women". It's handsomely printed in gorgeous, life-like color, and each picture is autographed by the star. To get your "Little Women" album, send 10¢ to cover postage and handling to M-G-M Box LW24, 333 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE American MAGAZINE

APRIL 1949 Vol. CXLVII Number 4

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The characters in all short stories and novels in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE FUTURE HOLDS GREAT PROMISE

Neither chance nor mere good fortune has brought this nation the finest telephone service in the world. The service Americans enjoy in such abundance is directly the product of their own imagination, enterprise and common sense.

THE PEOPLE of America have put billions of dollars of their savings into building their telephone system. They have learned more and more ways to use the telephone to advantage, and have continuously encouraged invention and initiative to find new paths toward new horizons.

They have made the rendering of telephone service a public trust; at the same time, they have given the telephone companies, under regulation, the freedom and resources they must have to do their job as well as possible.

In this climate of freedom and responsibility, the Bell System has provided service of steadily increasing value to more and more people. Our policy, often stated, is to give the best possible service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety and fair treatment of employees. We are organized as we are in order to carry that policy out.

BELL Telephone Laboratories lead the world in improving communication devices and techniques. Western Electric Company provides the Bell operating companies with telephone equipment of the highest quality at reasonable prices, and can always be counted on in emergencies to deliver the goods whenever and wherever needed.

The operating telephone companies and the parent company work together so that improvements in one place may spread quickly to others. Because all units of the System have the same service goals, great benefits flow to the public.

Similarly, the financial good health of the Bell System over a period of many years has been to the advantage of the public no less than the stockholders and employees.

It is equally essential and in the public interest that telephone rates and earnings now and in the future be adequate to continue to pay good wages, protect the billions of dollars of savings invested in the System, and attract the new capital needed to meet the service opportunities and responsibilities ahead.

There is a tremendous amount of work to be done in the near future and the System's technical and human resources to do it have never been better. Our physical equipment is the best in history, though still heavily loaded, and we have many new and improved facilities to incorporate in the plant. Employees are competent and courteous. The long-standing Bell System policy of making promotions from the ranks assures the continuing vigor of the organization.

WITH these assets, with the traditional spirit of service to get the message through, and with confidence that the American people understand the need for maintaining on a sound financial basis the essential public services performed by the Bell System, we look forward to providing a service better and more valuable in the future than at any time in the past. We pledge our utmost efforts to that end.

Leroy A. Wilson

President

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

BY THE WAY

A staff writer just borrowed our gal to write some letters. Now, writers would rather take a beating than write a letter. So we asked Fritz (Frederick G. Brownell) what was up. "It's that article I did called *Something for Nothing* (February, 1949)," he groaned. "I've got several hundred letters asking where to go for the stuff." "Jeepers!" we asked. "Are people still writing in about that?" Fritz laughed. "Look at this telegram." It was from Clarence Pratt, the Californian who offers to send a giant redwood tree seedling to anyone free. "Your *Something for Nothing* popular . . . received over 500 letters so far, 28 today . . ." We whistled, not because of the number, but because the wire continued, ". . . also still get requests as result September 1943 AMERICAN." In that issue, nearly 6 years ago, Mr. Pratt was one of our *Interesting People.* Hope we get our secretary back.

We got a letter from Eustace Cockrell lately that gave us the answer to a puzzle. Whenever we tear our hair at the typewriter we wonder why anyone wants to write for a living. Cockrell, who wrote *No One But You* (page 28), a story about a real hot trumpet man, says he comes from a family of writers and is the fifth member of his tribe to do magazine fiction. Six or 7 years ago he noticed all of them did their work *sitting down,* and that, he says, made his choice of vocation a simple one.

In case you think fiction writers are a namby-pamby lot, we offer you Ernest K. Gann, who wrote *The Money Tree* (page 38). Ernie is a former air lines pilot, a former pilot (wartime) in the Army Transport Command, and as of this date a commercial fisherman. When he got out of the Army, he and his navigator bought a boat and have been fishing for tuna, cod, salmon, and crab from the waters off Alaska to those off Mexico. And in case you think it's not commercial fishing we'll tell you that Ernie, who writes in San Francisco, sells all of the crab prepared at New York's famed "21" Club.

Harold Rosenthal, who wrote *Big League "Wonder" Boys* (page 36), is a hep sports writer for the *New York Herald Tribune.* He gets to know rookie ballplayers by visiting spring training camps. He also knows baseball scouts. From somewhere in Florida he sent this nugget about a scout for the Chicago Cubs: The scout was in Frisco when a wire from his club caught up with him. "Go to Dallas," it read, "and look over Geo. Washington." The Texas club actually had a hard-hitting kid of that name. Skeptical as any scout, he wired back, "O. K. WILL ALSO STOP SPRINGFIELD, ILL., FOR LOOK AT ABE LINCOLN."

A parade of funnymen files by our desk each Wednesday. That's the day cartoonists come to town to show their wares to cartoon editors. Last Wednesday we separated Ed Nofziger from his witty competition because he specializes in drawing funny penguins, placid camels, grouchy giraffes (page 65), chatty kangaroos, etc. "I'd sell many others," he says, "except that editors have lots of prejudices. The taboo against snakes, for instance, is very strong. But with just the right gags I've even placed snake cartoons. But I've yet to sell a weasel. Nobody'll have one."

A job at the bottom with your eye on the top is in the American tradition. But Beverly Phillips (see *Toe Hold in Television,* page 32) is *all* pioneer American. As an 18-year-old girl, she left Salt Lake City with her small savings to make the extended mission of good works asked of young Mormons. Beginning in the jungle village of Tierra Blanca, Veracruz, Mexico, not even understanding the language, she was able to give a sermon each Sunday by memorizing texts written in Spanish. After 6 months she was able to travel by donkey to neighboring villages, give piano lessons, teach children to sing, dance, brush their teeth, teach mothers to cook and put diapers on babies. Eighteen months of beans and tortillas and a tropical fever ended her mission. She went home to recover, sing in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and act in local radio shows. Now she has her toe hold in New York, and we hope she makes the big time. R. B. H.

Beverly and Mexican wash

"I'm no cupid—but I got her married just the same!"

"When she and her dad drove in my station, she was about to cry. The fan belt was broken. It looked like they'd never make the church. Well, I fixed up that car in jig-time. Got her married right on schedule!

"Things like that keep my job interesting. Makes me feel good to meet all sorts of people . . . help them get where they're going. After all, that's what the whole oil business is about—keeping the country moving . . . going farther and faster all the time.

"I know in my end of the business, the 250,000 dealers keep getting new ideas, new equipment, new ways to step up service every day. And the way I hear it, the whole industry is breaking records to give America more and better oil products than ever before.

"It's easy to see why so many thousands of men and women picked jobs in the oil business. It's built on service and progress. Guess it's no accident America's gone so far during the ninety years the oil industry has been in existence.

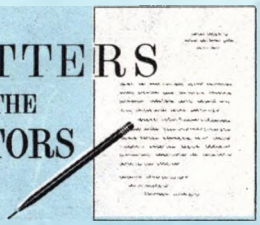
"Yes—and there's a great future in this business, too. Tomorrow, you'll be getting even better products and service. And the day after tomorrow—well, make your own predictions. Chances are, you'll be right."

Oil Industry Information Committee

670 Fifth Avenue · New York 19, N.Y.

Oil Builds for America's Future

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



SERIOUS HOPE

Gentlemen: My thanks to Bob Hope for turning serious long enough to give us his life story, *Tomorrow Is a New Day*, in your March issue. I know now why "old ski-nose" has been able to make so many millions of us laugh; it's because, underneath the clowning and gags, there is a deep understanding of the real values of American life. I liked especially his statement that "every member of the Hope family was taught to realize that success or failure depended on the ability of every one of us to work. We didn't ask anybody to guarantee our livelihood." To me, that is a fine answer to all the talk in Washington about providing "security" through government planning.

ARTHUR M. GEORGE

Hartford, Conn.

WHY HUSBANDS LEAVE HOME

Dear Sirs: Your article, *Fugitive Husbands*, by J. B. Griswold (January), is no doubt true, but there are two sides to every question. Why not find out why these husbands leave families behind and move to another state? If men were given a fair and square deal in the separation and divorce courts, they might be more willing to support children and wives.

Is it right for a wife to file suit for divorce and take all the property, real or otherwise, so that the man is left with nothing but his clothes and very little out of his pay to live on?

Why not clean house in the courts and laws so that both men and women are equal in a divorce court?

MRS. _____

Wooster, Ohio

TOO MUCH SECURITY

Dear Editors: The article, *More Security for You*, by Oscar R. Ewing (January), seems a bit ridiculous in spots, to me.

Mr. Ewing says it will take 1½ per cent of our pay checks to pay for this National Health Insurance. Now, even if I make $10,000 a year and my neighbor $2,000 a year, we both get the same medical care, since the state pays the bill. Probably, on my salary, I don't worry about unexpected medical bills, while my neighbor does. Well, if that law passes, he won't worry any more, because I'm helping to pay his doctor bills. That setup has a slight odor to it.

By analogy, why not take a definite per cent, say 50 or 60 per cent of everyone's pay check, and let the state dole out the food? Then my neighbor merely goes into the store and picks out what he would like, while I help pay the grocery bill. Is this democracy? This is just one step closer to government control of

(*Continued on page* 9)

H. E. Richards, of the Service Department of Hartford Gas, with wife and daughters.

William J. Galligan, Sales Engineer for Jack, the Tire Expert, Hartford tire dealer.

William J. Lowry, Chief, Registration and Research, Veterans Administration.

Anna Bachner, proprietress of Sam's Workingmen's Store, located at 309 Asylum Street.

William S. Eaton, 284 North Oxford Street, underwriter with an insurance company.

Herbert M. Dawley, 284 South Quaker Lane, retired, with wife and daughter, Dolores.

Elizabeth E. McCarthy, 11 Nepaug Street, housewife, stockholder for many years.

Arthur Lamoureux, inspector for a local sewing machine company, with his wife.

Charles E. Atwood, 7 Nepaug St., district representative for a midwestern company.

Harry A. Eno, 75 State Street, production engineer for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division.

T. W. Brazel, owner of the Colonial Hardware Company, with his wife and son, Garry.

Paul Dance, 51 Lindbergh Drive, salesman for a well-known Hartford auto dealer.

12 NEIGHBORS IN HARTFORD, CONN.

...how they increased their incomes by putting their surplus funds to work

In these twelve pictures you see a small cross-section of the millions of investors who own American industry.

All of these people live in Hartford, Connecticut. All own stock in one Detroit automobile company. *And all have found that investment of their surplus funds offers them real and solid satisfactions.*

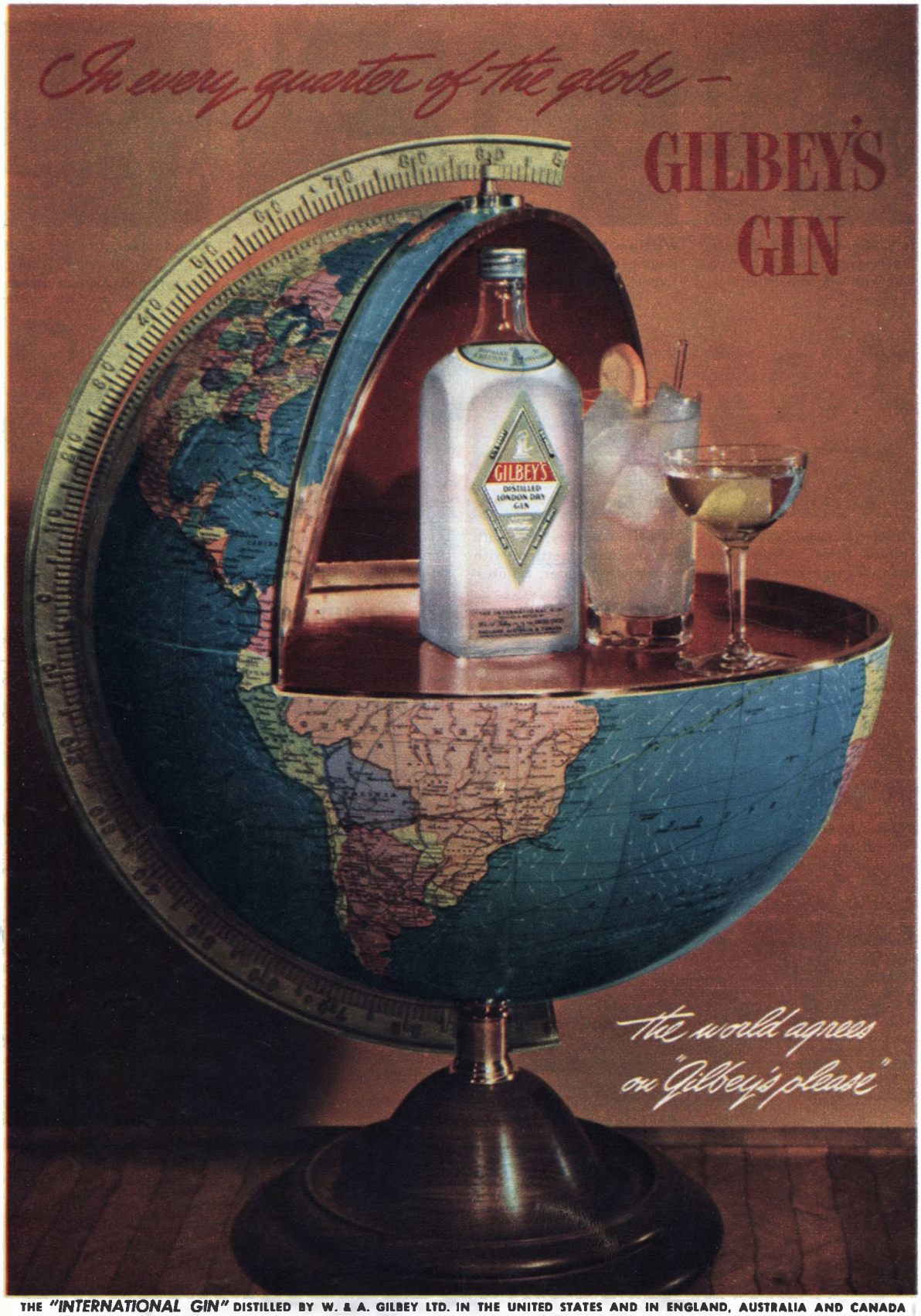
First among these satisfactions is the *additional income* they receive. (This stock returned better than 7%, based on the 1948 year-end price.) Their surplus dollars are *at work* for them and their families.

As informed investors, these people know that there is some risk in the ownership of any property—and securities are no exception. That's why many of them have a *4-part program* for the future . . . a program that provides not only for regular investment in income-producing stocks but for home ownership, savings in cash and U. S. Savings Bonds, and adequate insurance.

To serve investors like these, Member Firms of the New York Stock Exchange maintain more than 1500 offices across the country. At these *headquarters for investors* you will find the facts and services you need.

Invest wisely . . . through a Member Firm of the

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE



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 90 Proof. Distilled London Dry Gin. 100% grain neutral spirits.

Letters to the Editors

(*Continued from page* 6)

everything. It is complete freedom from worry for those who want to throw their share of responsibility on the shoulders of someone else.

J. N. DEMPSEY

Iowa City, Iowa

No Treasure

PHONY FIDDLES

Dear Sir: The article, *Trash or Treasure?* by Art Appraiser Sigmund Rothschild (March), really hit home as far as this reader was concerned. I refer especially to his remarks on the phony "Stradivarius" violins which are brought to him every day by people who think they have a fortune on their hands. There has been just such a violin in my family for years, and although we never dared to hope that it was genuine, there was always the nagging suspicion that maybe it was—and maybe we had a treasure in the house. I took it to Mr. Rothschild a while back for appraisal on his CBS television show, *What's It Worth?* Well, it was worth about $50 (and I don't mean $50,000).

JOHN T. FREEMAN

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Sigmund Rothschild, New York appraiser, throws some light (above) on one of the many imitation Stradivarius violins brought to him by hopeful owners.—THE EDITORS

GOVERNMENT JOBS

Dear Mr. Blossom: We have read with much interest the article appearing in your February issue on the breakdown of Civil Service (*If You Want a Government Job*, by Representative Edward H. Rees).

While we are not in agreement with some of his conclusions, we, nevertheless, urge that legislation be enacted to place the business of the Federal Government on the highest possible level of effectiveness.

We believe that the Civil Service Com-

(*Continued on page* 10)

Letters to the Editors

(*Continued from page* 9)

mission should insist that all departments and agencies submit in detail their anticipated needs of personnel for a year in advance, broken down sufficiently into duties categories so that examinations will be geared to the types of jobs which will be in demand.

We feel that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is performing a real service in bringing the problem of better administration of Federal personnel into the public eye.

LUTHER C. STEWARD
President,
National Federation of Federal Employees

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: Congratulations to Mr. Edward H. Rees, U.S. Representative from Kansas, on his article, *If You Want a Government Job.*

As a Government employee (career—maybe) for the past ten years, except for a three-year military service interlude, I can vouch that the facts set forth in Representative Rees's straightforward article should be brought to the attention of all our lawmakers, and that the steps outlined should be taken to restore the Civil Service system to its prewar capabilities. The ultimate result would not only save present Federal expenditures, but would establish a more efficient Federal personnel placement service with considerably less paper shuffling.

JAMES H. McGILL

Newport, R. I.

VOICE FROM THE KITCHEN

Dear Editors: I can never thank you enough for your article by Gideon M. Varga entitled, *Should Your Wife Be Fired?* (February). Please inform Mr. Varga that here is one housewife who has continually been applying efficiency measures to routine housework during her 6 years of housekeeping.

I have often been criticized for sitting down to iron, prepare vegetables, etc.; for refusing to iron sheets and towels and my husband's pajamas; for not pulling apart bed coverings each day; for my push-around table, open shelves and silver drawer beside the table; for my carefully planned holders for vacuum cleaner and parts; and many other things. But those same people who criticize are envious of my extra time for playing with my children, for leading two Girl Scout Troops, for my many hobbies.

I am going to try many new ideas from the article. It tops any I have ever read on home management.

MRS. LOUISE H. PARSELL

Beaver Falls, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: "Phooey" to Mr. Varga and his article, *Should Your Wife Be Fired?* His own wife probably started by following some of her efficient mate's suggestions, such as baking square cookies, and then found that the corners broke off, not only wasting time but also material.

And of course we'd welcome sinks and stoves just the right height, but that means custom-built kitchens, and they cost plenty these days.

As to our wasted effort in hunting things—you said a *mouthful* then. We waste plenty

of time hunting for hubby's misplaced possessions.

LAVONA H. STANFELL

Glendale, Calif.

INSIDE BASEBALL

Dear Mr. Sughrue: I have just finished reading the article, *Diamond Thieves*, by Arthur Daley (March).

Not only do I find it most interesting, but from a baseball fan's point of view it is undoubtedly one of the most informative stories ever written.

Few people fully realize the value of signs and sign-stealing to a baseball club. No club, whether it be of major league or semi-pro timber, could operate without the benefit of a sign system.

Arthur Daley has brought to life some hitherto unknown facts about this important phase of our national pastime. I know every baseball fan, young and old alike, will enjoy reading his most interesting article.

LOUIS R. PERINI
President, Boston Braves

Boston, Mass.

NO FISH-HEAD SOUP

Dear Sirs: Please allow me to use my American prerogative to gripe loud and long at Dione Lucas's article in your February issue, *Better Meals for Less Money*—a phrase she still hasn't proved to me.

She served dinner to 12 people for only $20: Well, my food allowance for one week for our family of 4 is $20.

I read the article through because I honestly do want to improve both my cooking and methods of home management. But just where does she expect us to get all this extra time we're to spend instead of money?

Frankly, I think Mrs. Lucas is too severe in dismissing the American housewife as wasteful and unimaginative. After reading her article I concluded I do pretty well with my $20—and we don't eat fish-head soup or chicken meat I've jumped on with both feet, either.

MRS. M. R. BURTON

Denver, Colo.

REPORT FROM MILWAUKEE

Dear Mr. Blossom: Thank you for the article, *Why You Are Safer in Milwaukee*, by Jerome Beatty (March issue). I hope that others who have occasion to read it will enjoy it as much as I did. I think Mr. Beatty did an excellent job of reporting things as he found them here in Milwaukee.

This department's objectives have always been to provide the best possible police service to our community, and to contribute as much as possible to the general raising of police standards throughout our nation.

JOHN W. POLCYN
Chief of Police

Milwaukee, Wis.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS

Sirs: Although I enjoyed your recent article, *What Do You Mean—Dumb Animals!* by Vance Packard (January), I have some complaints.

Just because my old cat doesn't explain how she brings in two mice on one trip to the field, can I say she's dumb? And the dog has been man's best friend for years. Think of the lives he has saved. The horse, the poor old beast of burden, is beautiful. And work! What would Gramps have done without him? Dumb animals? Maybe so, but who's complaining?

R. M. PIPE

Beaver Dams, N. Y.

LONELY IN LOS ANGELES

Dear Sirs: When Clara Lane (*Cupid Is My Business*, February issue) opens her proposed Friendship Center for marriage-seekers here in Los Angeles, she'll find me on the doorstep, registration fee clutched in my hot little hand. For unless they have lived here, no one can understand or begin to comprehend the loneliness and frustration rife in Los Angeles.

From the number of rooming houses advertising vacancies for men only, there must be *some* single men away from home and perhaps dispirited, but where to meet them is the problem.

Hurry up West, Miss Lane; you've got yourself a customer!

MISS R. B_____

Los Angeles, Calif.

FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS

Dear Mr. Blossom: I have just read with extreme interest the article about Nancy Craig, entitled, *Everybody's Neighbor*, by Jack Long, in the March issue.

I thought I knew Nancy pretty well, but this article made me even better acquainted with her. As the story points out, Nancy informally interviews famous film stars, authors, prison wardens, etc.—and does it so naturally that she really "visits" with these important people. That's why I think your title is so appropriate.

M. B. GRABHORN
Vice President
American Broadcasting Co.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I was delighted to see the story about Nancy Craig's fine program. I feel such programs as Miss Craig's can do so much to awaken women to their responsibilities in the community and the U.S.

SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH
U.S. Senator from Maine

Washington, D.C.

●

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editors, The American Magazine,
250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

WHY DON'T ? THEY...

DEVISE a shoehorn which will uncurl babies' toes and eliminate the struggle involved in putting on their shoes?—*Mrs. Charles Henrie, Millville, Pa.*

DESIGN an elastic bandage containing a small chemical heating unit for use by persons suffering from arthritis, sprains, or strains?—*Mrs. Harold Spencer, Falls City, Nebr.*

EQUIP baby cribs with a removable platform which would fit over the mattress, converting it into a playpen?—*Mrs. Glendon Clarke, Sanford, Maine.*

MAKE rubber gloves with woolen linings, so housewives can hang out the clothes in cold weather without freezing their hands?—*Mrs. A. B. Elliot, Tottenham, Ont.*

CONSTRUCT busses with escalator aisles controlled by a push button, which, when pressed, would automatically move all passengers to the rear?—*Mrs. M. Wallette, E. Cleveland, Ohio.*

CONTRIVE a folding feather for women's hats which could be lowered to enter cars or at the movies?—*Joseph C. Giovini, West Haven, Conn.*

MANUFACTURE portable and flexible neon tubing, so merchants could make their own electric signs for special sales?—*George J. Chorlton, Jr., Trenton, N. J.*

And why not a lunch box with a time lock that will not open until lunchtime, thereby preventing school children from eating their lunches ahead of time?
(Suggested by Johnny Perkins, Garden Grove, Calif.)

DESIGN soup bowls with pockets on the sides to hold crackers, which usually slide all over the plate?—*Mrs. Eleanor Secrest, Lorain, Ohio.*

INSTALL berths, similar to those on Pullmans, in railroad stations, so weary travelers who must wait between trains can obtain a little private rest?—*Mrs. John M. Oringderff, Helena, Okla.*

INCORPORATE pneumatic tubes in new apartment houses, so mail can be delivered direct to each apartment from the front door?—*James D. Smith, Long Island City, N. Y.*

PRODUCE lipstick in molded cake form? Just kiss the cake, and the lips are painted.—*Evelyn Cram, Litchfield Park, Ariz.*

ADD "sinkers" to tea bags, so they will sink to the bottom of the cup, eliminating the need for keeping them down with a spoon?—*James H. Rogers, Bristol, Tenn.*

DEVELOP 35-mm. slides of road maps which could be dropped in a projector behind the dashboard and projected on a ground-glass screen on the dash?—*Ed McNamara, Detroit, Mich.*

INSTALL electric eyes on sharp curves on highways? A car approaching the curve in one direction, and passing the electric eye, would automatically flash a light warning a car coming from the opposite direction.—*Thomas J. Morrison, Guam, M. I.*

INCORPORATE circuit breakers in wall plugs, so that defective appliances, lamps, or cords would not blow out fuses?—*George H. Wraith, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

MARKET shampoo glasses that fit tightly over the eyes to prevent irritation from soapy water while washing the hair?—*Capt. J. T. Stallings, St. Louis, Mo.*

MANUFACTURE a gadget like a thimble with square ends to wear when cleaning house? It would be invaluable for cleaning corners—*Mrs. W. O. Williams, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

★

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

Was ever a car so busy!

A grand car for children — only two doors and an all-steel body and top for extra safety. Big windows keep rear-seat riders from feeling "closed-in".

There's more *usable* luggage space in the 'Jeep' Station Wagon — ample for everything the whole family needs for vacation and camping trips.

Women particularly love the easy handling and parking of the 'Jeep' Station Wagon. It turns in less space, and there is wide vision forward and all around.

Sticky fingers, muddy shoes—even dogs on the seat — needn't worry you. Upholstery, interior paneling and floor of the 'Jeep' Station Wagon are washable!

Any family who owns a 'Jeep' Station Wagon will tell you it's the *busiest* car they ever owned because it is the most *practical* and *useful.*

You can't imagine a car more perfect for families. It is wonderfully smooth riding and easy to handle and park. There is lots of room in its all-steel body . . . big windows all around . . . and hardy, easily-cleaned seat materials.

The 'Jeep' Station Wagon has big carrying space at the rear, making parcels or luggage accessible from *inside* or *out.* And if there's something large to haul—a bicycle, chair or mower—you can let down the tailgate or even remove the rear seats.

Economical? Yes, indeed—on upkeep as well as running costs. See a Willys-Overland dealer for the car that fits family needs . . . the 'Jeep' Station Wagon.

'Jeep'

Station Wagon

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS • TOLEDO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

NOW THEY'VE DONE IT

INTRODUCED a new, inexpensive translucent material as a quick cover-protection for out-on-a-line washing during a sudden shower. It's also useful as a protection to household items during redecorating and house cleaning, and as shower curtains and window curtains which may be decorated according to individual tastes. The material is claimed to be waterproof, resists burning, lasts indefinitely, and is not subject to cracking, peeling, or becoming brittle.

MARKETED a perpetual ink blotter. Paperless, it is made of an absorbent composition which is said to give blotting service indefinitely without replacement of any of its parts. Its metal frame is finished in a decorative color pattern.

DEVISED a sun lamp, powered by a small electric motor, that moves back and forth, tanning the entire exposed area of the body evenly, eliminating "spotty tans."

BROUGHT OUT the framework for a regulation 14-foot rowboat which the amateur builder can finish without special tools. Simplified blueprints and instructions for completing it are included.

CONTRIVED a simple attachment that turns any water faucet into a drinking fountain, to save glass washing. Push the lever up, and you have a fountain; shut the water off, and the lever drops automatically, so you have a faucet again.

ANNOUNCED an adjustable baby gate that is not permanently attached but can be moved instantly from one doorway to another. It is held tightly in place by rubber-covered clamps that grip door casings up to 7 inches wide. An additional advantage: There are no crisscross slats to pinch little fingers or give toe holds for climbing over.

INVENTED a cleaning device for automobile windows that needs no water or liquids. Rubbing a chemically impregnated felt on the glass surface removes film, dirt, and grime, leaves the surface clean, and makes future cleaning easier. The cleaner can be used in the home as well.

DESIGNED a putty knife with a special shaper that's said to make it possible for the homeowner to do a professional window-puttying job. When the tool is drawn along the sash, it packs and shapes just the right amount of putty in position, discards the surplus.

PRODUCED a bread dispenser that holds one loaf and delivers a slice at a time by a turn of a knob. It's said to keep a full or part loaf fresh for at least two weeks. It may be set on the breakfast table, kept on the cupboard or in the refrigerator.

MADE a packaged modern bathroom which, when set on a permanent foundation, can be added to a home in one day's time. Of frame construction, the bathroom comes fully assembled, including walls, roof, and floor, with fixtures, plumbing, and wiring installed. A special connection is said to assure a tight permanent juncture to any home regardless of whether it is frame, stucco, brick, or veneer.

DESIGNED a garden umbrella equipped with devices that permit it to be adjusted to any angle to provide shade and to be raised or lowered instantly.

DEVISED aluminum alloy rods that reduce normal cooking time one third when stuck into potatoes, yams, roasts, and stuffed poultry. The rods pick up heat at their exposed ends, carry it inside the food, where it cooks by double action, from inside-out and outside-in. Besides reducing cooking time and cutting cooking costs, the gadgets are said to reduce evaporation and shrinkage.

PRODUCED an automobile jack that lifts from the side under the chassis, instead of from front or rear. Because of the design of modern low, streamlined automobiles, according to the manufacturer, the chassis frame is the only safe and convenient place to raise the car off the ground.

LAWRENCE N. GALTON

Names and addresses of inventors and manufacturers of items mentioned in NOW THEY'VE DONE IT will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiries, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

From experience comes faith...

A man who cannot see walks down the street—confident and unafraid.

Here is complete faith—in both the man and the dog. The man relies on the loyalty and intelligence of his companion. The dog has faith in the friendship of the man.

This faith has come to each from knowledge and understanding of the other—through experience.

Faith grows like this—firm and sure. It is one of the truly solid things in an uncertain world. It gives a man something to measure the unseen values, the things that count most.

E·R·SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

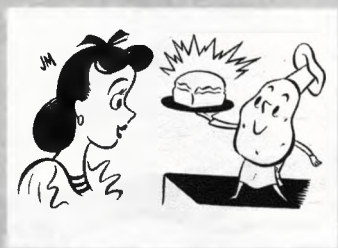
Anesthetics • Biologicals • Antibiotics
Sulfonamides • Endocrines
Nutritional and Medical Specialties

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

Pantry Cream: No need now to rush to the store for cream when guests drop in unexpectedly. Wisconsin cream, pure and rich, arrives in cans for pantry storage, and no refrigeration needed. Already light cream reaches Florida housewives, with whipping cream promised soon. No drop in quality, either. This is cream of standard butterfat content, a match for fresh, not only in taste but in price.

Zwieback: Coconut zwieback—like the idea? It's coconut-flavored and crusted with coconut shreds. Available nationally.

Out of the Icebox: Like a shortening you don't need to keep in the icebox? It's on the way. Said to require no refrigeration at all, it's a mix of animal and vegetable fats processed by a patented, quick-cooking technique.



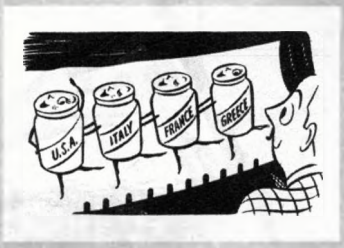
Potato Flour: White potatoes, skin and all, make flour now. Said to turn out bread of outstanding flavor, the flour is light cream in color, packs all the food value of whole potatoes, yet costs only ⅔ as much as regular flour. Explanation: Spuds are ground, then dried in steam-tube dryers, thus banishing expensive peeling and cooking. Joint development of government researchers and a Pittsburgh baker, the flour is set for national sale.

Touch: No such thing as a "touch" of garlic, you think? Here's a liquid to pour into salad dressings and sauces, which you can use as little of as you desire. Pure oil of garlic, it's blended with olive oil for easy handling.

Oyster Loaf: One day not long ago a young man stepped into an oyster plant near Portland, Ore., to watch the shucking. He was horrified at the gallons of oyster juice poured down the drain. He bought a bag of cornmeal, added enough juice for a thick mush, and fried it. Even the oystermen liked the taste. So much, that John Donnelly took the idea to a cannery, spent months experimenting. The result: oyster loaf, a blend of diced

oysters, 80 per cent pure juice, and cornmeal mush. Slice and fry, it's a dish rich in flavor yet low in price. Ready now for national launching.

East Shore Dish: Snapper stew from Maryland's Sassafras River takes to cans. River turtles, both meat and eggs, lend savor to this supper dish. The other ingredients: carrots, celery, potatoes, onions, cloves, plus dry sherry for zest. All ready to heat and eat.



From Abroad: Exotic honeys, vanished since prewar days, start their comeback. The roll call: black locust honey from the shores of Italy's Lake Como; Alphandery, France's lavender-like sweet; and Mt. Hymettus honey, gathered from wild thyme by Grecian bees. And add an American exotic: desert honey just starting national distribution. Built by bees from the nectar of mesquite and giant cactus, you'll find it a golden, mellow blend.

Stroop: In Holland, 300 years ago, a housewife baked waffles in a hand iron, spread them with syrup, and clapped them together like a sandwich—the first Stroop waffle. So delicious it ranked as a holiday "must" for centuries, the waffle slipped into Holland's everyday life with streamlined baking, comes to America now, at last. It's ideal for tea or after-theater fare.

Diet Syrup: Drown your pancakes in synthetic syrup and forget about your weight. A Russian chemist turns the trick with a sugarless syrup, flavored with maple, of practically no caloric value.

Down-Easter: Boston clam chowder, authentic as a down-Easter in make-up and flavor, arrives quick-frozen for jiffy meals. No vegetable peeling or chopping; just warm in a double boiler, add a cup of hot milk and a half-cup of cream, and serve afloat with butter. You'll find it rich in clams, plus potatoes, celery, onions, and leeks.

Snack: Celery joins butter for cocktails in a spread just introduced. Ground fine, the stalks blend with butter and spices. Just spread on crackers and serve.

Topping: To market comes macaroon topping for frosting, ice cream, salads.

PRISCILLA JAQUITH

• Names and addresses of manufacturers and distributors of the products mentioned in FOOD FRONT will be mailed to any reader who requests them. Send your inquiries, with self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Food Front, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

There's nothing like it
. . . absolutely nothing

Bases loaded, two out and S-M-A-C-K . . . a four-bagger! After a thrill like that it's time to sit back, relax and enjoy a bottle of cold, bubbling Budweiser. Its fragrant bouquet . . . its delicious taste . . . its clarity and brilliance . . . have set it apart from any other beer. Live life, every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser, every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

World-famous because of the cost and quality of its ingredients, superior brewing methods and inimitable taste.

LIFE'S LITTLE Problems

Accidentally backing his car into a ditch on a country road, a Cleburne, Texas, motorist tried to get it out under its own power. The spinning rear wheels set up so much friction that the grass caught fire, burned down a fence, 7 posts, 2 telephone poles, and the car itself. When he sought refuge in a near-by shed, that too promptly caught fire and burned down.

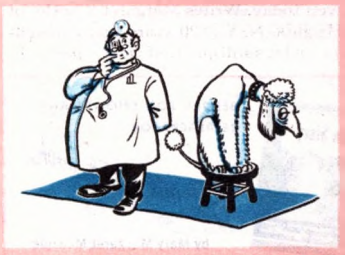
A worn-out woman in Brooklyn, N. Y., had her lovelorn ex-sweetheart haled into court for sending to her home in swift succession a city ambulance, fire engine, gas company emergency truck, a collect load of lumber, a wagon from an insane asylum, and an undertaker.

An innocent victim had to be rushed to a hospital in St. Louis with a painful puncture after he had been stabbed in bed by a bedspring which snapped loose and pierced the mattress, to wound him in the middle of a nap.

An irate husband in Lincoln, Nebr., filed a $25,000 suit against an airplane pilot for allegedly trying to alienate his wife's affections by buzzing his plane over the house.

Authorities in Troy, Ala., were considering a local beauty parlor's request for a license to sell beer, on the ground that its clients suffered from awful heat and dryness while sitting under the hair dryers.

After failing in the race to become sheriff of Howard County, Ind., an unhappy candidate was sentenced by an Indianapolis court to two years in prison for doing all his stumping in a stolen car.



After thinking it over carefully, a doctor in Fort Collins, Colo., announced as his considered opinion that many dogs are becoming mentally ill from association with people.

Dutifully trying to avoid breaking two dozen eggs he was carrying home, a careful husband in Rochester, N. Y., drove too slowly and carefully over a railroad crossing, had his car struck by a freight train and knocked into the path of another locomotive on an adjoining track, emerged from the wreckage to discover only himself and the eggs intact.

Cleveland chalked up its first bite-and-run traffic accident when a woman landed in the hospital after the car in which she and her husband were driving collided with another couple's auto, and, in the ensuing argument, Woman No. 2 bit a piece out of Woman No. 1's middle finger.

Students at a Florida school for baseball umpires, informed that they can't be good umpires if they do such things, were duly warned not to drink, gamble, or whistle at girls.

Because 90 per cent of the females live in the south, and the males in the north are lonesome, the California State Assembly passed a directive ordering the Fish and Game Commission to haul all male soupfin sharks from northern California waters and dump them back into the Pacific off southern California.

After having his toupee stolen, former Movie Star Jackie Coogan acquired, along with a new one, an insurance policy covering him against its loss by fire or theft, and guaranteeing that it wouldn't blow off.

In New York, a parrot arriving by air from south of the border was refused admission to the country because its language was too profane.

A woman in Chicago divorced her third husband, who was also her first husband, so she could take as a fourth husband the man who had been her second husband.

Served eviction papers by his landlord, who wants the flat for his daughter, the litigation chief for the Chicago Office of Housing Expediter, who prosecutes rent-control cases in court, faced a bleak prospect: "If I have to move I'll really have a tough time. All the landlords know me. They wouldn't rent me a place on a bet."

ARTHUR LANSING

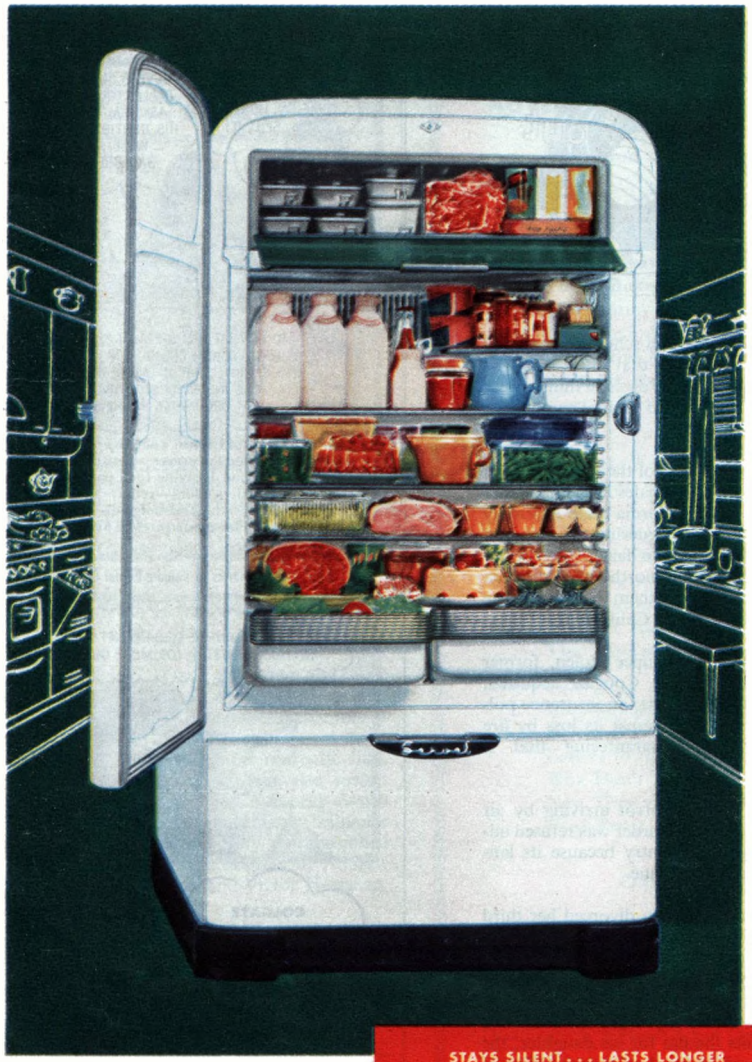
ONLY SERVEL

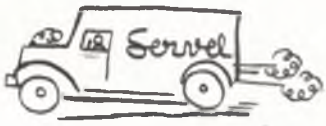
Stays Silent Lasts Longer

because it has
no moving parts in its freezing system

It was bills, bills, bills as our refrigerator grew older, noisier. Last time George called the repairman I rebelled. "No more fixing! Let's get a silent Servel!"

"I was just a baby," I told George, when my folks got *their* Servel. It's still on the job. No noise, no wear." George grinned. "Okay, you win."





"George," I said when our new Servel arrived, "see how different it is! There's no motor to wear, no machinery to need repairs. No moving parts at all in its freezing system. Just a tiny flame does the work. So it stays silent, lasts longer.

"And—look," I said, opening the door. "Plenty of room for frozen foods *and* fresh foods. Our silent Servel has everything!"

This story is typical. Over 2,500,000 families enjoy Servels today. Writes Margaret Wheeler of Jackson Heights, N. Y., "20 years ago, I bought my Servel—and it's still quiet, efficient—perfect!"

BEFORE YOU CHOOSE ANY REFRIGERATOR

Get this FREE book

by Mary Margaret McBride
Famous Radio Reporter

Every new refrigerator looks beautiful. But how long will it last? Will it grow noisy and run up repair bills? In her delightfully entertaining new book, radio's famous Mary Margaret McBride tells what makes the real difference in refrigerators. Get your free copy of "Inside Story" at your Gas Company or neighborhood Servel dealer.

Tune in

ARLENE FRANCIS in "WHAT'S MY NAME?"
every Saturday, 11:30 A. M. E. S. T. over ABC network.

Every new convenience — see the new Servels at your Gas Company or dealer. (For farm and country homes, Servel runs on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene.) Servel is also maker of Servel *Ball-Type* Water Heater and Servel *All-Year* Air Conditioner. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Indiana. In Canada, Servel (Canada) Ltd., 548 King Street., W. 9 Toronto, Ontario.

STAYS SILENT . . . LASTS LONGER

Servel

The GAS Refrigerator

The AMERICAN MAGAZINE April 1949

"With jubilant cries, the Caperellis surged over their new property in a human wave"

DRAWING BY EUCLID SHOOK

Pioneers next door

Chances are there's a family like the Caperellis in your neighborhood. And maybe they were snubbed when they first arrived. If so, this article will warm your heart with the meaning of true democracy

BY WILLIAM DRAKE

IN THIS ARTICLE I have related events just as I saw them transpire next door to me, but I have not used the real names of the people described nor disclosed the name of the town where they live, for reasons which I believe will appear obvious. While "Pop Caperelli" and the older members of his family would have no objection to their names being published, the children might be teased or made to feel conspicuous at school if their identity were revealed. Youngsters, as we all know, can be unkind to one another at times. For this reason, and no other, fictitious names are used, but there is nothing fictitious about the events described here.—THE AUTHOR.

WHEN anyone mentions the word "pioneers," I no longer think of the Mayflower immigrants nor of those other valiant men and women who pushed westward across the continent in covered wagons. I think, instead, of my next-door neighbors, the Caperelli family.

The Caperellis are new Americans and very plain people. The older members of the family were born abroad and speak English with some difficulty. They all work with their hands and get dressed up only for weddings and other special occasions. They enjoy a bit of garlic with their food and, when excited, become very vocal. Upon first acquaintance you would not think of any of the Caperellis as heroes.

Yet, after living next to them for eight years and observing what they have accomplished in that time, I feel they are cast in the same brave mold as our forefathers who first set this country on its road to greatness. Like the early pioneers, the Caperellis are sturdy folk possessed of a magnificent lust to improve their lot in life by hard work. Like them, they have conquered a wilderness and, in so doing, have proved that America is still a land of limitless opportunity for everybody, no matter how humble.

The Caperellis never had to fight Indians, it is true, but when they first arrived in our town they did have hostile neighbors to cope with. We live in a (*Continued on page* 134)

WALK ON

Peg thought that by leaving "obey" in the wedding ceremony she could ensure a happy marriage... but something had gone wrong

PEG BROWNLEE stood on the station platform with her mother. She was waiting for the train which was to carry her back to her husband. She wore a slim gray suit, over which she had flung her fur jacket capewise. Her head was bare, her blond hair gleamed in the March sunshine. She looked about nineteen. She was actually twenty-three.

Her mother, Mrs. Ames, looked at her and made a rueful mouth. "Well, you don't look like a farmer's wife. You look more like a matinee in town than a farm in the country." She sighed. "I wish you *were* headed for a matinee in town like a civilized person! Why you and George ever buried yourselves in such an out-of-the-way spot, with rats and cows and things, how he dared, in times like these, to give up his perfectly good job in the bank, I do not understand!"

"Darling, please!"

"I know. You love it—you told me so. But it just isn't possible that any daughter of mine *could* love it! And you are so young, and these are the best years of your life—"

"And I should live where I can keep up my bridge, and be an active League member, and keep up with the latest plays." Peg put her hand gently on her mother's arm. "Don't let this upset you. Honestly, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die, Mother, I love the farm. But, as I've told you, whether or not we keep on being farmers is up to George. It is for him to decide. Maybe right this minute I'm not a farmer's wife! Maybe George is through with farming! Would you be glad?"

"No," said her mother with cheerful inconsistency; "not if it is what you really want. But never have you come right out and said before that this was your choice. We all thought that George was the one who had this farming bee in his bonnet."

"Well." Peg took a deep breath. "He was. I wanted—I still want—the decisions involving our married life to be George's decisions. That is very important to me. I want us to be happy together, Mother."

"Darlings!" she forced herself to say. "What a wonderful surprise!"

TIPTOE

By Marjorie Carter

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PATTERSON

"Well, great heavens, Peg, you are! You are, aren't you?"

"Yes. But I want us to stay happy. And I think when the wife is bossy—"

She glanced anxiously at her mother. Mrs. Ames's eyebrows were raised, her color was slightly deepened.

"You don't want a matriarchy," she said quietly. "I suppose that's what you've had at home, though you've never suggested it before."

"I don't mean you, Mother," Peg protested quickly. "When Dad died and you had to take over, it was a matriarchy, and it was wonderful. You were wonderful. But this is different. I did promise I'd obey George—"

"You could perfectly well have had that word left out of the ceremony. Lots of girls do. A bit of archaic nonsense—"

"Darling, I wanted it there. And I don't want to boss George. I want him to run things, to have the most complete freedom—"

Mrs. Ames shook her head. "It's impossible."

"What's impossible?" Peg looked startled.

"Freedom, in marriage."

"Why, Mother, how cynical you are! Or are you joking?"

"No, Peg, I'm not cynical, and I'm not joking. Unity is the important thing in marriage. Getting together on things. Silly notions of freedom may lead to all sorts of trouble."

Peg's face was a polite, expressionless mask. "May I give George your love?"

"Please do. And tell him that when I think of all you have given up—"

"Oh, Mother, it really isn't like that at all! I just don't seem to be able to explain it very well."

The public-address system began to announce the train. Peg raised her voice: "Thank you for the wonderful week! Be careful driving home! I'll write you. And don't worry about us—George and I will be all right!" The roar of the train dominated everything.

"It does a man no good always (*Continued on page* 138)

EUROPEAN RECOVERY...

Will you get your

The man who directs the spending of our billions to put Europe on its feet, makes his first report to you as a stockholder in "one of the most colossal investment projects of all time"

By Paul G. Hoffman

Administrator, Economic Cooperation Administration

As told to Frederick G. Brownell

On a recent tour *of Europe, the author, ECA Administrator Paul G. Hoffman (in dark suit), with W. Averell Harriman and other ECA officials, inspects an American reaper in the French wheat belt*

THE Economic Cooperation Administration, which Congress set up to speed recovery, is one year old this month. During that year we have supervised the spending of $5,055,000,000 of your money. This amounts to more than $35 out of the pocket of every man, woman, and child in the United States.

The European Recovery Program has slightly more than three years more to run. For the next 15 months we are asking Congress to approve the spending of $5,430,000,000—$1,150,000,000 between now and the end of June, $4,280,000,000 for the full year starting July 1.

You have a right to know what your dollars are buying, what you can look forward to receiving in return. This is my report to you as a stockholder in one of the most colossal, most revolutionary, and potentially most profitable investment projects of all time.

It's nothing new for Americans to help folks in foreign countries. We've always given generously when people abroad were in trouble. It hasn't mattered in the slightest whether our beneficiaries were famine sufferers in China, earthquake victims in Japan, or war refugees in Greece.

However, the European Recovery Program—the so-called Marshall Plan—is something wholly new. Under the ERP what we are financing is not emergency relief, but the building of a strong and stable, self-supporting economy inside Western Europe.

More than mere altruism is involved. Common sense tells us that the way to get dependent nations off our back is to help them to their feet—that the best and quickest way to short-circuit relief is by putting Europe on a paying basis. That is precisely what your dollars are doing.

Then, too, we've come to recognize that our prosperity is tied up with that of other nations. We'll have a better life here in America if the rest of the world is peaceful and prosperous. Strictly as a business proposition, then, it's in our own interest to help the free nations of Western Europe regain their prosperity and become again good cash customers for our goods. Your tax dollars are also achieving this result.

Our interest in European recovery goes far beyond this. In adopting the Marshall Plan, Congress formally declared that conditions in Europe constitute a threat to "the general welfare and national interest of the United States." Congress further went on record that "the restoration or maintenance in Europe of individual liberty, free institutions, and genuine independence rests upon the establishment of sound economic conditions." Your dollars are helping to re-establish those conditions, and are thereby buying greater security for the United States.

If you weren't in Europe at the time, it's virtually impossible for you to picture the situation when the Marshall Plan was first proposed. The most destructive war in history had reduced the continent to chaos. Millions of people had been uprooted. Homes, factories, even entire cities lay in ruins. Transportation had been disorganized . . . fields worked out or neglected . . . livestock swept away. . . . Hunger, disease, and desperation stalked the rubble. Simply to keep Europe alive during the first two years after the war the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration had

money's worth?

rushed 20,000,000 tons of food, clothing, medicines, and building materials to the stricken continent. Two thirds of these supplies were bought and paid for by the United States.

Our government had likewise generously loaned Britain, France, and other countries several billion dollars to rebuild their industries and revive their trade. But the recovery we hoped for had not taken place. The damage went too deep.

Although certain countries had achieved a partial comeback, the output of Europe's mines and factories as a whole was still one quarter less in 1946 than it had been in 1938. In agriculture, the situation was even worse: Western Europe, never self-supporting, raised one third less food in 1946 than in the average prewar season. On top of this came the disastrous harvest of 1947, the worst in more than a century.

Simply in order to exist, Europe two years ago still needed to import twice as much as she could manage to export. But her credit was just about used up. With supplies of food and raw materials about to be cut off, through sheer inability to pay for them, the people of the 16 Western European countries faced the frightening prospect of mass unemployment and mass starvation. It was at this dark moment that Secretary Marshall, speaking at Harvard, offered a new and dramatic formula for curing Europe's ills.

Instead of pulling and hauling in a dozen different directions, Marshall suggested, let the various countries of that troubled continent get together and work out their salvation on a co-operative basis. If they would do this, we Americans would help.

MARSHALL'S proposal acted on the Western democracies like a shot of benzedrine. Even before Congress formally adopted the ERP the effects were felt. It filled the people of free countries with renewed faith in their governments and themselves, gave them fresh vigor to attack their economic problems, strengthened their resolve to resist the political onslaughts of totalitarianism.

During the 12 months that the Marshall Plan has been in operation Western Europe has witnessed the beginning of a real recovery. But just the beginning. Total factory production for the 16 participating countries is back to prewar levels. Steel output is up 25 per cent from a year ago. Exports have increased one fifth. Electric-power production and railway freight traffic, despite the war's dislocations, are now running far ahead of 1938.

The production figures for individual countries are even more impressive. In the Netherlands, factory output today is 22 per cent above the prewar high. France is turning out more coal, steel, and electric power than in any previous year. Britain's output of motor trucks and railway freight cars is up 50 per cent from 1938; and British power plants are generating twice as many kilowatts of electric energy as they did before the war. Good luck and hard work have played a conspicuous part in ringing up these records. However, they would have been completely unattainable without the supplemental help afforded by the Marshall Plan.

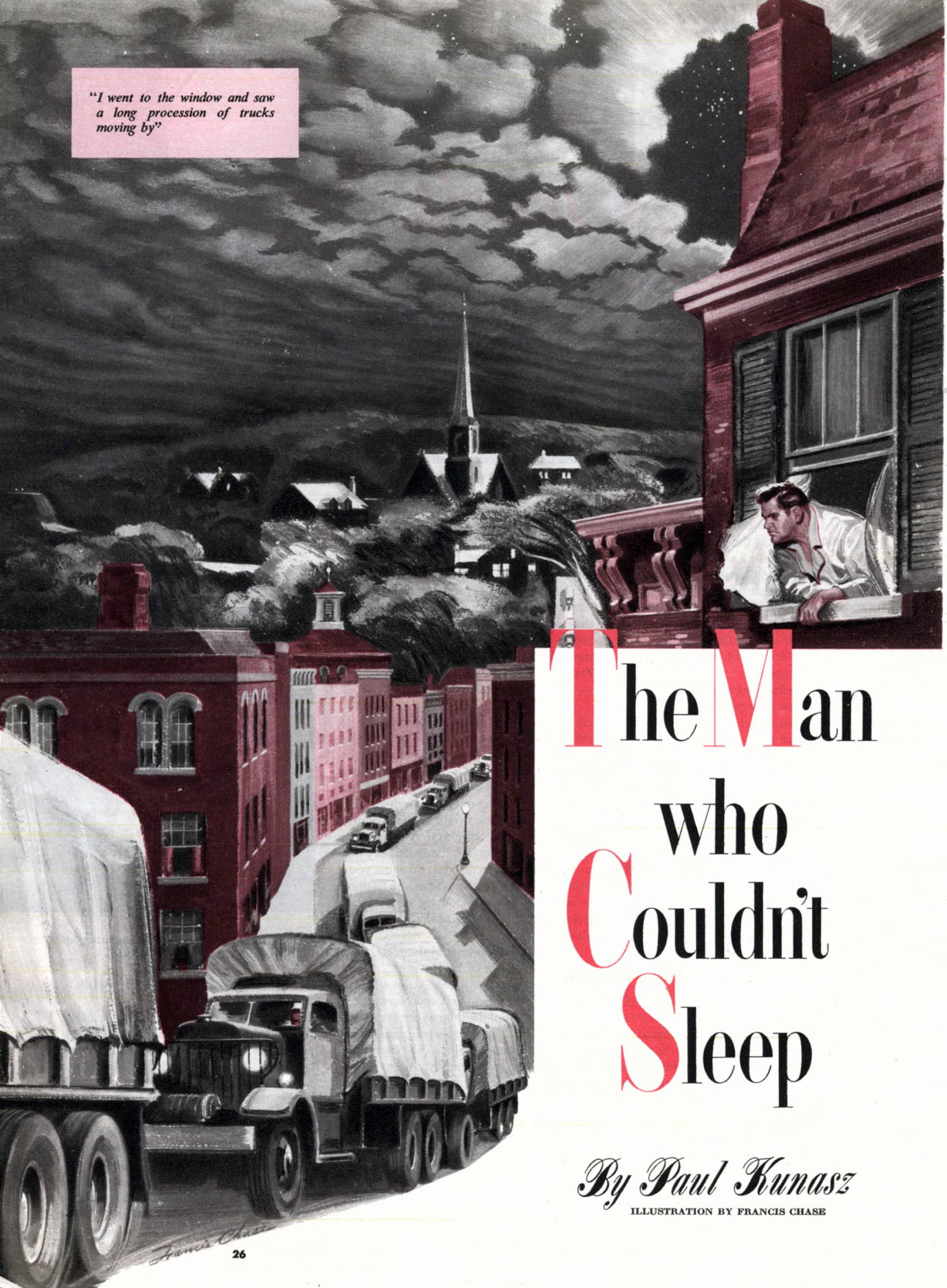
I WISH it were possible for me to take you on a personally conducted tour of the 16 ERP countries and show you some of the tangible things your dollars have bought. I'd start, I think, with a British textile plant in Manchester, where thousands of skilled workers are turning out millions of yards of fine new cloth made from American cotton. I'd show you the chimneys of a machine shop in Milan, sootying the Italian sky with smoke from American coal. I'd show you a field near Brussels, where American fertilizer is restoring the productivity of the good Belgian earth, plundered and despoiled for almost a decade.

I'd let you have a look at the rebuilt port and dock facilities of Le Havre . . . the restored shipyards at Genoa . . . new hydroelectric plants in Scotland and Norway. . . . These are a few of the things your tax dollars have paid for. Other spots where your money has helped are more difficult to place a precise finger on. In thousands of cases ECA's total contribution has amounted to no more than a few pounds of steel, a few bags of cement, a replacement part for a vital piece of industrial machinery; but it all adds up. American aid under the Marshall Plan equals only 5 per cent of Europe's own national income; nevertheless, it is the little that leavens the whole lump—the essential spark that keeps the engine turning over.

European recovery has now reached a point where it is possible to lift a little of the burden from the shoulders of American taxpayers. Next year we shall be spending your money at the rate of only $362,000,000 a month, as against $421,000,000 a month during the year we've just completed. The aid we're giving Western Germany has helped in this improvement. With ECA supplying food and modern mining machinery, the coal output of the Ruhr-Aachen area (20 per cent of which goes to other Marshall Plan countries) has been upped from 290,000 to 331,000 tons a day. There's leverage in this (*Continued on page* 130)

ECA wheat *from the U.S. is delivered to a windmill near Rotterdam, Holland*

A French farmer *explains the operation of his new American tractor to his son*



"I went to the window and saw a long procession of trucks moving by"

The Man who Couldn't Sleep

By Paul Kunasz

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCIS CHASE

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY

COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

THEY came out on the porch, and Sam looked from the flaming sunset sky to the car. The chauffeur was still sitting there, reading his magazine, and Sam thought again how strange that looked out here in the middle of the badlands.

He tilted the big Western hat down against the sun and turned to Parkhurst. "I don't know why you'd want a place like this," he said, "but it suits me fine to sell it to you."

Parkhurst was looking off at the mountains that ringed in the entire valley, violet and gold now in the sunset. "Let's see," he said, pointing; "the Pintos, the Chocolates, the Coyotes— What's that range?"

"Mesquite." Sam looked at him. "You've lived out here before, then, Mr. Parkhurst?"

"No." Parkhurst crushed out the oval cigarette that had come from the box with his name engraved in small letters in one corner. He was a short, strongly built man, fiftyish, whose face suggested racing yachts and board meetings. "No, but I've read a good deal about it."

"He's not the kind to make mysteries," Sam thought. "He'll tell me when he's ready."

"That's northeast," Parkhurst said, as if to himself. "So the nearest industrial center of any size is through there, about six hundred miles. The railroad is three hundred, and the state highway—what would you say —seventy miles?"

"Just about," Sam said. "This is pretty quiet country."

Parkhurst turned to him. "It is the quietest in the United States."

Sam waited, but he knew at once that Parkhurst had changed his mind about adding anything to it.

At eleven that morning Sam had been sitting in the chair at Guffy's barbershop. Guffy was Sam's best friend, a small man with soft, twinkling eyes, the smartest man in town and the best fisherman. His shop was a kind of club, a place where the neighboring ranchers gathered to discuss the local news. Today their drawling voices had quickened to meet the undercurrent of excitement.

Guffy talked as he snipped away at Sam's iron-gray hair. There was, Guffy said, in answer to the black headlines of the county newspaper on Sam's lap, exactly one chance of survival. And it wasn't by running away, because where was there left to run to? "I don't know of any place now," he went on reflectively. "No, there is only one chance. We can pull through, we can keep what we have, only if we pull together, the whole world, if we follow something like the golden rule. Otherwise—"

Just then the big limousine with the New York plates pulled up across the street, and Parkhurst went into Sam's office. Sam hurried over. Parkhurst asked for a listing of out-of-town property for sale. Sam supposed that he meant ranch property, but it turned out to be a description of the Miller place that took his eye.

Miller, Sam explained, was an old recluse, a miner who struck it rich down in the southern part of the state and built this place before he died. The house was as sound as anything in the county; there was a fine well with a sixteen-inch casing, but the place was thirty miles out in the badlands, on a back road.

"We'll look at it," Parkhurst said crisply.

Sam was surprised at the quick intelligence of his examination of the property. His questions covered everything, from the water table to soil analysis, and were based on an astounding knowledge of the section.

Now, on the porch, he said, "We'll do some work here. I'll instruct you by mail and phone as we go along, but the general idea is to make the place absolutely independent. One of the first things we'll do is level and fertilize about five acres, enough to support a truck garden and a small herd. We'll electrify everything and put in a big Diesel to run it. And we'll bury an oil tank to run that, about five thousand gallons."

"Five *thousand!*" Sam said.

"And another," Parkhurst went on coolly, "for an auxiliary water supply. We'll dig a cellar behind the house, concrete, with maybe a cork liner, to take a couple of tons of canned and processed food, and some freezers for about another ton."

SAM followed Parkhurst's eyes to the deepening sky. The sun was almost gone.

"I don't know when I'll move out, with my family, but the house is to be painted and cleaned and ready for occupancy at any time. I'll send along some other furniture and you can keep your eyes open for a caretaker, probably a couple, to live on the place."

He turned all the way around to face Sam squarely. "Perhaps you see now what I'm getting at, Mr. Reeves?"

"I think so," Sam said.

"I'm a planner," Parkhurst said after a moment. "What success I've had has come that way. I like to work things out in advance, calmly. To anticipate the problem before it comes up. I suppose what I'm saying is that I'm hardly an emotional extremist."

Sam waited.

"But something happened." Parkhurst paused again, obviously to choose his words. "Back East, last month," he went on, "I had occasion to meet with some other businessmen in one of those carefully guarded towns the Government has created around one of the nuclear fission plants. It was the first one of these I had seen. Our business was routine enough, we were putting up a large section of houses for government employees.

"Ordinarily I'm a sound sleeper, but the proximity of that kind of plant must have disturbed me. Anyway, I woke up in the middle of the night aware of a curious rumbling in the street outside my hotel room. I went to the window and saw a long procession of trucks moving by. They were different from regular military trucks; they were large and gray and hooded, and they had no markings of any kind."

HE STOPPED. His face, ruddy before, was pale. The shadows of the surrounding sand hills merged and deepened.

"I didn't sleep any more that night," he went on quietly. "I didn't sleep well for a month. I would think of those trucks, so ghostly and implacable in the darkness, and then think of my family. Finally I made up my mind and went to work. Without any fuss, I began collecting data to determine the safest place in America. This is the place. In case of war, this is the safest place in America to be."

Sam's face was turned to the last light over the western mountains. He had taken the big gold watch from his pocket and stood absently tapping the case.

"There are many factors," Parkhurst said quietly. "The circle of high, protective mountains, the prevailing wind drift, the complete lack of any military target of interest . . ."

Something, not quite a sound at first, was spreading itself on the still air. Sam knew when Parkhurst's eyes followed his own to a plume of dust tracing itself like a blurred pencil mark over the low hills. Then, on the road that twisted among the dunes like a snake, a truck swung into sight—a caravan of trucks, each large, gray, hooded, and unmarked.

Sam wound the big watch. "Right on schedule," he said, and added, "We better get started, hadn't we? I hope you can stay overnight. Friend of mine I'd like you to meet, barber name of Guffy, awful smart fellow."

Eddie led with his clear, mellow horn, and the band swung in behind him

Eddie blew his horn and all his heart came through, for the girl he fell in love with many years ago

NO ONE BUT YOU

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

EDDIE MUNRO came out into the hall, buttoning his shirt, and walked in two steps down into the living-room. The phonograph and record cabinet looked huge in the little room. He stepped on what felt like a brittle sponge, a piece of toast the baby had thrown from his high chair in the dining alcove. He looked at the baby and grinned, and the baby grinned back. Eddie said, "Hi, Momma."

His wife was reading the Sunday paper, smoking a cigarette, leaning it against the saucer of her cup. "Hi, Pop. What happened to you last night?"

Eddie Munro looked at the clock on the big record cabinet. It said quarter of one. "Ah, I don't know. I sat around and talked to a bartender after they buckled up the joint. He knew some of the guys from the old days. Talked like he could tell a piano player from a player piano. We gabbed and had a few on the house."

"How's the new job?" Martha Munro put her cigarette out and looked up at him, smiling. For a moment she looked like the girl who used to look up at the bandstand, wide-eyed, her mouth a little open listening to the music, the wonderful music.

HE FELT his love for her wash over him and he groped through his mind for a word, any word. It wasn't there. He said at last, "All right. Mail-order arrangements and a Denture Boy up there showing his fangs and waving the stick a little outta time. But he'll get us work." He sat down a little heavily. "We got to talking about old times."

"Oh, my, the baby." Martha Munro got up. "That's the cutest middle-aged couple's baby ever was," she said. "If ever they have an event, 'The Soggy Toast throw' for kids under one, that lad's a cinch for the Olympics."

"The Old-Timers," Eddie Munro said. "Say, who was the guy started the Mound City Blue Blowers? We were tryin' to remember last night."

He didn't wait for an answer. "Remember in Chicago when we heard King Oliver, and Louis Armstrong was playing a second trumpet for him? And remember old Jelly Roll? Jelly Roll used to say he invented jazz, and some folks laughed at him, but Jelly Roll did a lot."

"Kids grow up now and it's here for them to listen to," Martha said. "We were the lucky ones; we had the fun of finding it." Her eyes went blank and far away. "Hearing fellows like you and Bix Beiderbecke for the first time . . ."

"Not me and Bix . . . even you can't put me in *his* class."

"Yes, I do. It was a great horn, Eddie—different maybe, but great, like Bix."

"What do you mean, *was?*" Eddie Munro bristled, feeling foolish but annoyed with the past tense.

"I don't get to hear you very often any more," Martha said. "You remember, we got kids. A baby, and a daughter pretty near seventeen, and a couple of boys off at camp, but . . ."

"But this is the build-up to start turning the iron in me to go to work for the man that owns the record shop, and get up in the morning like a *respectable* family man."

"No, Pop," Martha said slowly. "Even if you can't blow your heart out every night any more, I didn't fall in love with a respectable family man."

"Sure," he said sullenly. "I know I'm only making crackers in a third-rate trap; workin' for a leader that's got nothing for the trade but a set of pretty teeth."

He wanted to say, *I love you*, like that, right out, with everything in it, with all the things that were in those words: two wonderful boys off at camp and a beautiful daughter and a gay little baby, and a wife. A wife prettier than any of the others of the old days. 'Way back yonder when she used to come and wait for him, and him thinking that she's in love with the music and not him, and the final wonderfulness of finding out he was wrong.

And now he couldn't even tell her on the horn any more. She couldn't come but once in a while to hear him, and it wasn't there any more, anyway, just wasn't there. Mail-order arrangements and kids that talked jive but couldn't play, really. Making him feel as old-fashioned as ragtime. But because he was a musician he held the band together, such band as it was.

"Honey," he said lamely, "you look so tired; try to take care of yourself." He got up and walked into the kitchen and poured another cup of coffee. He heard the baby laugh. . . .

BUT Martha didn't take care of herself, or she couldn't, and the next week the boys were called back from camp; she was that sick in the hospital. And Sallie was acting like a grown woman around the home, and Eddie was down at his job every night, with his shiny horn, and he blew from nine till closing.

But it was different now. Denture Boy didn't say anything to him, because when he stood up and they let him go he went different. The tone had always been there, and the technical skill, also, these decades. But he said he loved his wife and that she mustn't die, and because he played a horn he said it on a horn.

It got around. He didn't know it was different, because he was preoccupied. But out-of-work musicians started coming to the joint, sitting and listening, and some of the kids, even, they knew they were hearing something when he stood up with that horn and poured his music into the smoky room.

Denture Boy knew it, too. He said, real jolly, "Whenever (*Continued on page 97*)

How scientists are gathering pieces of information from behind the Iron Curtain to put together the world's most baffling jigsaw puzzle. Here they tell . . .

What's going on inside

by Vance Packard

"THE United States seeks world domination by force," Soviet Marshal Nikolai Bulganin said a few weeks ago, as he warned Red Army men to maintain themselves in "constant combat readiness."

What is behind such statements? We've heard a lot like them recently. One woman I know is certain Russia will be at war with us within two months. She is sick about it. The newspaper headlines, she says, keep her perpetually upset. My dry-cleaning man has the Russians doped out another way. He says they are just bluffing. Soon, he says, Russia must make peace, real peace, with the world, or face an internal uprising.

Today, everybody tries to be a Russian "expert," because Russia's baffling behavior disturbs us all. But actually most of us have precious little to go on in trying to figure what the Russians are up to.

Some of our government officials have been honest enough to admit their befuddlement. During the United Nations debate on control of atomic energy one U.S. delegate, Frederick Osborn, gave up. The oratory of Gromyko, Molotov & Company had him dizzy. He called in an eminent psychologist, Dr. John W. Gardner, to try to dope out the Russians.

Dr. Gardner listened dutifully to UN debating for a month, then threw up his hands. He said the problem of getting inside the Russian mind and understanding their motives and aims was far beyond the powers of any one man.

The upshot was that he and Mr. Osborn persuaded the Carnegie Corporation (with which both are associated) to launch a pilot study of Russia at Harvard University. Last spring the corporation became so enthused about the progress that it appropriated $640,000 to make the Russian Research Center at Harvard a mammoth operation that will run until 1953.

Today, 50 top-flight American scientists are busy at Harvard putting the Russians under their microscopes in order to discover "the mainsprings of the international actions and policy of the Soviet Union." There is not a pro-Red or anti-Red in the place, just cold-blooded scholars out to solve a fascinating problem.

At least 46 of the 50 can read Russian. One man spends his time reading Polish, Yugoslav, Czech, Bulgarian, and Rumanian newspapers and documents for clues about the Cominform. . . . Another is tracking down every deposit Russia has of 52 vital minerals to see how self-sufficient she really is. . . . A third has been reading back issues for the past 30 years of *The Agitator's Handbook*. . . . And still another is listening to UN debate and reading all Russian speeches that have been made at the UN for clues to Russian intentions, strategy, and their real conception of us.

The Center has experts reading Russian novels, building up personality profiles on important Russian leaders, and interviewing every Russian refugee they can track down who might have information the Center needs. Finally, the Center has experts in Europe (a few behind the Iron Curtain) searching for material.

"What we are doing," says Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, the project director, "is trying to piece together an enormous jigsaw puzzle on Russia. In some areas, such as psychology, we are working in virtually virgin fields."

DR. KLUCKHOHN, a brilliant anthropologist and administrator, has spent many years making jigsaw pictures of human societies. During the war he and a large staff were in the Pentagon doing a jigsaw job on the Japanese. Result: They were able to predict how the Japs would behave—including their final docile surrender and their postwar co-operativeness—in a way that left generals bug-eyed. In the not-too-distant future he plans to start making careful, short-range predictions on what can be expected of the Russians under various given circumstances.

Every noon the Harvard scientists gather around a huge table at the Center and, over salami sandwiches, swap tips, compare notes, and tear apart one another's theories. Frequently they have as guests U.S. Government officials concerned with Russian relations and experts on Russia from other universities, for further tip-swapping.

While Harvard has the biggest Russian research project in America, at least a half dozen other universities now have big Russian projects under way, not to mention 8 or 10 very quiet investigations of the problem by U.S. intelligence agencies. Among the university leaders are Columbia, Yale, Stanford, and the University of California.

Columbia, in fact, had two completely separate Russian projects. One, the Russian Institute, is supported by a $250,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant. In addition to its research it conducts an intensive two-year course for training Russian experts. Last year's graduating class of 40 was grabbed up within a few weeks by government agencies, industry, and universities.

Altogether, more than 100 U.S. scientists are at work trying to find out why the Russians act the way they do, and what we can expect of them in the future. I talked to 21 of the scientists and found them concerned primarily with finding the answers to 5 great questions about Russia. The answers to these 5 questions, when pieced together, they hope, will provide an answer to the still larger question, "What's going on inside Russia?" Here are the 5 questions:

1. *What can we expect Russia's power to be in the future?*

To obtain reliable information on Russia's economic strength requires a fantastic amount of sleuthing and cross-checking. Even Russia's own economists of the Academy of Sciences in Moscow recently complained that their government doesn't give them enough figures to work on. But American economists studying Russia have become wizards at fitting together disconnected pieces. Some of our experts worked during the war with U.S. intelligence agencies concerned with Russia.

Russia's Lend- (*Continued on page* 127)

DRAWING BY WILLARD MULLIN

New NBC guide, *Beverly Phillips (right), from Salt Lake City, tries on her uniform and gets a cheery okay from Annette Simmons, of Gulfport, Miss. Both girls hope their jobs will lead to acting in television*

Annette *shows her tour group the $1,500 heart of a television camera, the image orthicon tube. Beverly went along to learn the ropes, and peeks over Annette's shoulder*

Toe hold in

How ambitious youngsters, following an old American custom, are breaking into the newest entertainment field, which soon may have a nation-wide audience of 50,000,000

IMAGINE! Going on stage in front of 5,000,000 people! Or maybe, soon, 50,000,000! These are the awesome and rather frightening thoughts that put excitement into the voices of television-ambitious Annette Simmons and Beverly Phillips, the girl guides pictured here, as they escort hourly tours through the National Broadcasting Company's New York radio and television studios.

Both of these 21-year-olds have their hearts set on finding places for themselves in this mushrooming new world of video, and, like 72 other guides and pages, they are using their jobs as the first peek inside the door. This means of getting a start has been paying off since Hugh James, now a top announcer in the five-figure-salary bracket, escorted the first NBC tour in 1933.

Until recently guides and pages had their eyes on radio. But almost overnight they turned their hopes to television. With results, too. At the present count, 30 former guides and pages are now in NBC's television section. The production and business end has claimed the greatest number, but there are plenty of success stories in the talent branch.

Earl Wrightson, current star on two top television network shows—his own, *The Earl Wrightson Show*, for the American Broadcasting Company, and, with Kyle MacDonnell, *Girl About Town*, on NBC-TV—once guided tours just as Annette and Beverly are doing now. Gordon MacRae, singing host on ABC-TV's *Railroad Hour*, is a former guide. Tom McFadden, a New York radio and television station manager, started as a page. Bill Garden, also a former page, is now director of all of NBC-TV's field productions—spot news and sports.

NBC is the only broadcasting company that offers scheduled tours for the public and hires young people as guides, but other stations have counterpart first rungs on the ladder to success. At the American Broadcasting Company it's the mailroom; 25 young hopefuls have gone from there into ABC's video section. The Columbia Broadcasting Company has uniformed pages and ushers who are hired with an eye to the future; already 15 have been hustled out of their uniforms and into CBS-TV. Dumont's page-to-television success story is Chuck Tranum, who produces and acts in Dumont's *Manhattan Spotlight*.

Annette, who left her home town of Gulfport, Miss., way back in the fall of 1948 and has been conducting tours for 7 months now, can tell you a radio and television network station is an absolutely fascinating place to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE KAPLER

Annette rehearses *for a "Brass Buttons Review," television show put on by guides and pages. Earl Wrightson (right), once a guide and now a top television performer, watches*

Off duty, *girls drop into a studio and get a treat. Engineer Sandy Wolin shows Annette how camera is focused on a test pattern, while Beverly is spellbound by view finder*

Television

work. Beverly, a new arrival from Salt Lake City, agrees heartily.

It's an old American tradition—getting just any kind of job and working your way up. Guiding tours, though, is far from just any kind of job. It's a performance every time you go out with your 30 visitors, Annette says, and the first thing the personnel department asks you is how much acting experience you've had. Annette could show quite an impressive résumé, starting back when she first danced before an audience at age 3, and on up through lead parts in plays at Gulf Park College and the University of Alabama, where she was graduated with a dramatics major last year. Right now, she's rehearsing for NBC-TV's *Brass Buttons Review*, a television show to be performed exclusively by guides and pages.

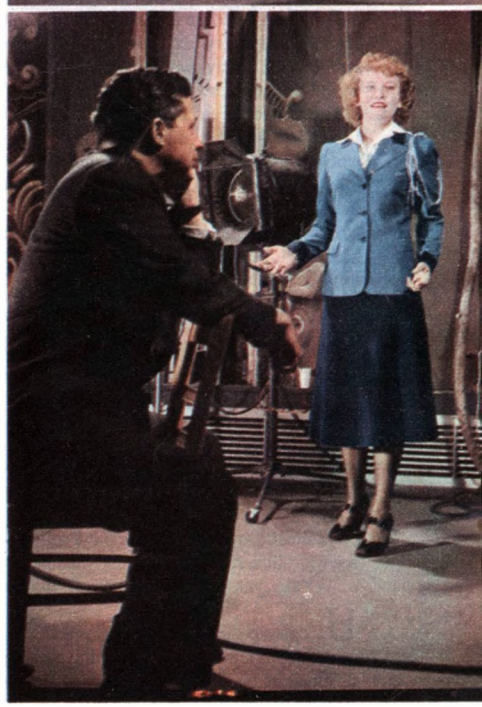
Beverly is a story all by herself. Less than a year ago she was singing in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in Salt Lake City, acting in little theater productions, and doing all manner of shows over KSL and Salt Lake City's television station, KDYL. When the local Rotary Club got wind that Beverly was dreaming of the big town, the members got up a fund and paid her tuition to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. There she became more and more intrigued with television and eventually bagged herself a job at NBC, while continuing her studies.

Just where it will all lead, she won't even guess. But speculations, by both Beverly and Annette, are enough to put butterflies in anybody's stomach. Just supposing they do get their breaks and make good. Already, television network shows originating in New York can be seen as far south as Richmond, Va., west to St. Louis, and north to Milwaukee. By 1952, television prophets agree (though they say you can't lie about television fast enough to keep up with the truth), television networks will really blanket the nation. By that time, they add, 18,000,000 families will own sets. Figure only 3 people ogling each screen, and multiply.

"Think of it!" says Annette. "Acting before an audience of fifty-four million people!"

"Phew!" Beverly whistles.

WAYNE AMOS



Young employees *ambitious to act are given auditions. Above, Beverly emotes for Owen Davis, Jr., head talent man for NBC-TV*

THE Quicker

Timmie's own clever fingers had betrayed him into evil . . . and now only a magic greater than he knew could set him free

TIMMIE lay in bed watching the shadows dance on the ceiling when the window shade flapped. Between his lips a cigarette smoldered. He wondered what time it was. Not more than eight o'clock, he was sure. Plenty of time.

"I'm having breakfast in bed," he told himself. Breakfast was a cigarette. Why not? It was toasted, wasn't it?

—Oh, how funny you are, Timmie. So clever! Even with the ship sinking fast, you can still make with the jokes.

He inhaled the last drag in the cigarette and sat up. He put the smoking butt in the palm of his hand and rubbed his hands together. He extended them, palms outward, to an imaginary audience. The cigarette was gone. He showed the audience the backs of his hands. Not there, either.

He swung himself out of bed, and dropped the palmed cigarette butt in an ash tray on the floor.

Today ought to be different. He had told himself that every day for the past three weeks. But today would be different. It would be hungrier.

There had been no supper last night. Lunch had been two morsels of cheese and a whole wheat biscuit, samples they'd given away in a market. Breakfast had been oatmeal and coffee in a drugstore.

Now he had a dime left. It lay where he had put it, on the chipped edge of the rooming-house bureau.

Thank heaven, the locks held all night. No burglars got in.

—Oh, Timmie, you comical character!

He pulled on his clothes and took stock. Fifteen cigarettes left and a folder of matches. Two razor blades. One to shave with and one to cut your throat with, he told himself. No toothpaste. Enough shaving cream for three more shaves. One clean shirt.

"I must drop down to the pawnshop and see what time it is by my watch," he thought.

—Yak, yak—what a sense of humor!

HE OPENED the door, and a rumpled newspaper that had been wedged behind the knob dropped at his feet. The guy down the hall had remembered it was his turn to buy. Timmie looked at the front page.

Bad train crash upstate. . . . The international situation had not improved overnight. . . . A bank president had shot himself. . . .

He threw the paper on the bed and stood stock-still, his eyes shut tight.

What was the matter? Nothing, really. He was just a little worn out from—from staying out of restaurants so long. That was it.

"Another order of buttered toast," he said aloud, and lit another cigarette.

He knew what it really was—that item about the banker. It reminded him of Dad, the night Dad had come home, pale and quiet-voiced, to tell him that the bank had failed and their money was gone. The creditors had to be paid, at all costs. Next morning Timmie hadn't been able to find his dad and had gone down in the cellar. . . .

He dragged deeply on the cigarette, picked up the paper, and made his fingers turn the pages to the theatrical section. Dwelling on the past did no good. There *must* be something today. There had been something only two days ago: Maggie's Place, a little night club down in the Village, had needed a magician. He hadn't heard about that in time.

Here it was! Someone was casting for a new show. A small ad announced a chorus call: "Boys and girls."

Chorus boys, of course. He hadn't danced since the college shows. But maybe they could use a young magician, not too bad-looking and with rather humorous patter, who would work awfully reasonably!

He shaved hurriedly and donned his last clean shirt. He attached a couple of small devices to his belt, dropped a deck of cards in his pocket, dusted his hat, and picked up his dime.

But when he opened the grimy front door of the old brownstone to go out, he stopped in dismay. A light, steady rain had begun falling.

—This will postpone breakfast, Timmie. This will make breakfast a little late.

He had planned on another bowl of oatmeal and then walking across Brooklyn Bridge to Times Square. Now he would have to spend the dime for a subway. He couldn't apply for a job with his clothes rain-sodden. You had to put up a front, even when you were down to your last suit. *Especially* when you were down to your last suit.

She threw a sheaf of bank notes at the old man. "It's all there," she said contemptuously

Hand

BY HERBERT BREAN

ILLUSTRATION BY BEN PRINS

Dropping the dime into the worn brass slot was like saying good-by to an old friend, like leaving school, like sailing that morning for the Marshalls. It was now or never. He was penniless, and there was nothing left to hock. Either he got a job or it was The Bowery Missions.

Or admit he was a failure and get a job washing dishes in some beanery. No, by golly, he wouldn't do that. He knew what they'd say back home—a failure and the son of a failure. He had come to New York to make good as a magician and—

THE crowded subway train lurched into motion and he felt lonesome and scared. Hanging tight to the white porcelain strap, he closed his eyes. He couldn't think of any jokes.

When he opened them, he was looking down into the half-open coat of the man crowded close to him in the jammed car. From the inside pocket a thick wallet protruded.

His sensitive fingers quivered. Long trained in palming objects and riffling cards, they could get that wallet, transfer it fast to his own pocket, extract a bill, return the rest, all in a few seconds.

He tightened his grip on the strap. Now he was really scared. He was still honest, if nothing else; that was one legacy his dad had left him. The train slowed for a station and threw him against the wallet's owner, a slight old man with white hair and a cane crooked over his arm.

Timmie wasn't dishonest; he didn't intend to be. Yet without his ever really willing it, his hand moved up. The train jarred to a stop, pushing them together. His hand was at the man's chest. His fingers found a corner of the wallet; he had it, palmed as well as he could; it was inside his own coat, held there with his arm.

He was sorry as soon as he had done it, but he couldn't put it back. Not right away, because the old man had half turned with the motion of the train.

"I saw that," said a tough voice.

THE subway's lights spun. An iron grip seized his arm.

Without relaxing his hold on Timmie, the man sitting in front of them got up, a dark man, looking angry and excited. "Hey, mister, this guy got your pocketbook."

The old man smiled shrewdly. "I thought he did," he said. His eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Hold the train!" the dark man yelled.

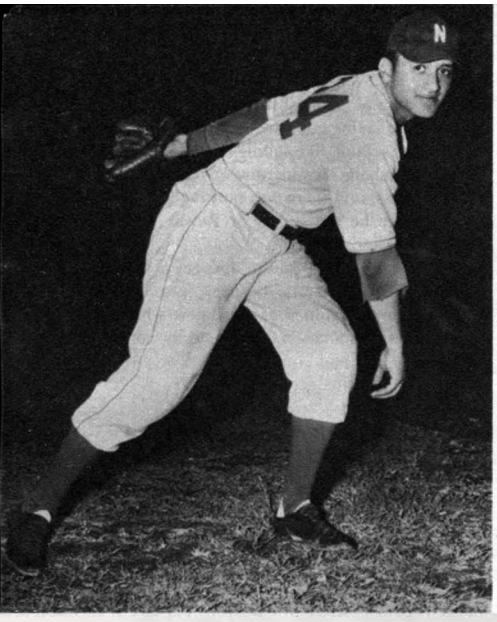
Everyone was looking at them. The dark man yanked at Timmie's coat, and retrieved the wallet. "Better count it, mister."

The old man took the wallet, still smiling.

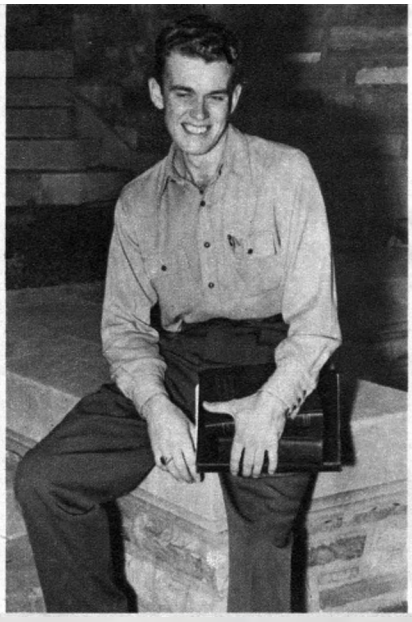
Timmie mumbled, "It's all there." He just wanted to be helpful now. Why had he done it?

"Get a cop," yelled the dark man, and walked Timmie toward the door, which someone had held open to delay the train's starting. . . .

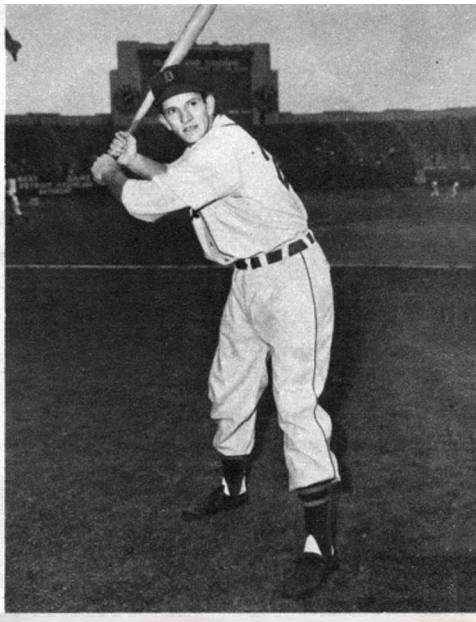
"You been in (*Continued on page* 100)



Don Newcombe, *Negro right-handed pitching ace with Montreal, tries out with the Brooklyn Dodgers this spring*



Paul Hinrichs, *divinity student of Mallard, Iowa, combines baseball with religion. He'll pitch for the New York Yankees*



Johnny Groth, *slugger and fielder extraordinary with Buffalo, will try out center field for the Detroit Tigers*

Big League "Wonder" Boys

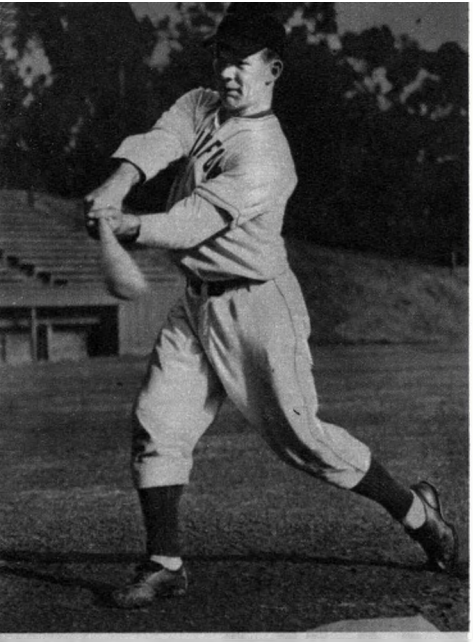
by Harold Rosenthal

Johnny Antonelli, *promising young pitcher for whom the Boston Braves paid $75,000*

Baseball's 1949 rookies have everybody guessing, from managers to kids on the sandlots. Is there a new DiMaggio or a Feller in the crop? You'll find clues in this preview of young hot-shots

MAMMA, if Johnny won't come in from that vacant-lot ball game the first time you call him these long spring evenings, he may have some excellent reasons—and it may pay you, and Pop, too, to listen to them. It's not just the thrill a guy gets from swinging a new hickory bat and hearing and feeling that solid edge-of-the-grain smack that tells you the ball is really going somewhere. The exciting thing these days is that you never know just who's watching.

You don't get it? Then put Johnny's supper on the back of the stove and be patient. When he comes in have him tell you the story of another Johnny, a certain Johnny Antonelli, whom you've certainly heard of yourself if you get within ten feet of the sports page. But let your Johnny fill you in on the details.



Lloyd Merriman, *"socialite" and all-American football player at Stanford, will slug for the Cincinnati Reds*

Johnny Antonelli, he will say, used to play ball on a vacant lot, too, just two blocks from his home at 397 Ravine Avenue in Rochester, N. Y. Johnny was a first baseman until one day a friend of his, Patsy Arioli, from over in the next block, came along and opened up a brand-new official league ball and showed Johnny how to wrap his fingers around the horsehide just right for an inside curve. Now, there's a kind of drug in the smell of a new baseball, whether it's made official by the signature of William Harridge of the American League or Ford Frick of the National League, either one, and this drug did something to Johnny.

In batting practice he began throwing balls that nobody could hit, and when the game started, a stranger—Johnny never did find out who it was—came out from the side lines and installed Johnny in the pitcher's box. Johnny was 14 then, and after that, and all through Jefferson High, certain strangers kept dropping around to watch Johnny pitch. They didn't say anything to Johnny—they couldn't; it's against the rules—but they began having a few words with Johnny's father.

Now, your Johnny can tell you, as he fixes a meaningful eye on both you and Pop, that Johnny Antonelli's father, Mr. August Antonelli, was one very hep guy. He knew what was up right from the beginning. Those strangers were scouts from first the minor leagues, then the majors. The minute Johnny got out of high school Mr. Antonelli invited scouts from nine ball clubs to come and watch Johnny pitch a semi-pro game, hinting that afterward they might talk a little business.

Just before the game, Mr. Antonelli, a one-time pro himself, was far more scared than Johnny. Would his boy come through under pressure? He did. In fact, he fanned 17 batters.

At a little powwow afterward, Mr. Antonelli announced that the bidding was open. When the dust settled he came up with the scalp of the Boston Braves. It was, of course, a check for $75,000, the biggest bonus paid last year.

The reason Johnny Antonelli is so hot in the news now is that he didn't get a chance to show last year, except for 4 innings, because the Braves were right in the thick of the pennant race all the way, and Bill Southworth, the Braves' manager, was afraid to take a chance on any 18-year-old, even Johnny. But Bill expects to use Johnny as a regular starting pitcher this season, and the fans are on pins waiting to see what the Braves will get out of that $75,000; and Johnny, of course, is just as anxious to show them.

That 75 grand was entirely in addition to a yearly salary of somewhere around $10,000, which isn't bad for a young gentleman who will turn 19 this April 12, and it goes to show you what can happen when a boy with just the right set of reflexes is given leave of absence from spring chores. It can happen any time and anywhere, because there isn't a sandlot in America that isn't cased now and then by at least a friend of a friend of a scout from organized baseball.

But why all the fuss, you want to know? Because, in this particular multimillion-dollar business, new blood often makes all the difference. No year points this up better than '48. Chances are that Cleveland would never have won the World Series without their amazing rookie, Gene Bearden, the boy who won 20 season games and 2 Series victories even though he carries a metal plate in his head and another in his knee as mementos of the war. And the Boston Braves probably would never have gone to the series without Alvin Dark, the 26-year-old rookie from Lake Charles, La., whose greater experience gave him seniority over Antonelli.

So maybe you see why a dozen scouts from each big club are on the search in every hamlet and byway with all the diligence of a '49er with the gold-rush fever. When they find what they're looking for, the pay-off compares with any mother lode found along the Yukon. And not just for the ball club. Those bonuses, and salaries, too, have gone up to the $90,000 mark. Maybe you'll hesitate a little before you insist that that boy of yours become a science teacher instead of a ballplayer.

Perhaps now you're worrying about what sort of company he might keep.

"They'll teach you how to swear, and how to chew tobacco," you'll say.

Johnny has a good answer for that one. Put the dishes in the sink and let him tell you about 23-year-old Paul Hinrichs, of Mallard, Iowa, who is not only another one of the most promising major league rookies of the year, but is also a Lutheran divinity student. When Paul went into organized baseball in 1946 he did not give up the ministry, not by a long shot. He's preached in every town to which his baseball travels have taken him.

Paul learned to play ball in the elementary Lutheran school he attended at St. Paul, Minn., and got his first chance to pitch there at 16, when all the regular pitchers had sore arms. Since the Detroit Tigers picked up Paul and sent him to their farm club in the Texas League, he has cut his divinity studies down to one semester a year and has one more semester to go. After he gets his degree he'll enroll in postgraduate work, if he stays in baseball, instead of taking on a church which he'd have to neglect part of the year. That doesn't mean he won't continue to do some preaching along with baseball. He's sure to get invitations to pulpits and, if his past record is any indication, he'll accept. Besides that, the fellows like to hang around hard-throwing but soft-spoken Paul and talk about serious things, even religion.

There's no better proof that religion and baseball can mix than the bidding scramble for Paul's throwing arm last year after A. B. Chandler, baseball commissioner, ruled that Hinrichs had been buried too long in the Texas League and was free for offers. They weren't long in coming, a round dozen of them. The Cleveland Indians were still in the bidding at $40,000, but dropped out when the New York Yankees went on up to a reported $50,000. Paul diverted a sizable chunk of that bonus to the Mount Calvary Church in Brentwood, Mo. One very good reason for his attention to that particular church is that Paul met there a certain St. Louis mechanic's daughter named Frances Rauscher, whom he married only three months ago.

Yes, sir, that Johnny of yours sure does know all the details, including the fact that, by strange coincidence, two other major leaguers, Max Carey and Dick Siebert, came from the same divinity school Paul is attending, Concordia Seminary in St. Louis.

And before you can stop him he's off on the subject of another hero of his, big Walt Dropo (pronounced with 2 long o's), one of the best all-round athletes to come out of New England since the war, who will probably be the Boston Red Sox's answer to their first-base problem for many seasons to come. If you want your family name to ring down through the history of your home town, just hope your own Johnny learns to hit a ball half as hard as Walt Dropo.

Up in Moosup, Conn., Walt's home town, the boys in Goyette's Barbershop don't talk about much of anything else but Walt Dropo and how, out in Fort Worth last year, he knocked a ball *over* a center-field fence that nobody had even rolled one up to before. And how, in the Red Sox's Scranton, Pa., ball park, the boys installed little bronze plaques showing just where Dropo's long-distance balls had come to earth, knowing nobody would ever believe them otherwise. At the end of the season last year, playing with the Birmingham Barons, a Red Sox farm team, he belted (*Continued on page* 98)

Perhaps if you read this very carefully you will make the same wonderful discovery that George and Katherine did—where to find

the Money Tree

By Ernest K. Gann

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LONIE BEE

A MORTAL bent on the destruction of another mortal might do well to choose the executive offices of the Orient Steamship Company in San Francisco as a place to commit the deed. In those lush, carpeted, expensively soundproofed rooms no one would ever hear a shot fired in foul play.

Although Alexander Winthrop, President of Orient Steamship, was responsible for the office atmosphere he considered harmonious to his executive soul, he was not contemplating a single homicide as he stood at his window and watched the water front twenty stories below. There were no less than three Orient freighters loading profitable cargoes within the range of his vision, and he found the spectacle very pleasant to gaze upon.

But a man didn't work a lifetime to create a steamship empire and expect it to dissolve with his own passing. A courageous man faced the fact that he would not be around forever, and made suitable preparations. For one thing, he hired young executives and nourished them upon the wine of ambition—young executives such as George Wagner. *There* was a youngster who was coming along like a square-rigger with a gale in her sails.

George Wagner had become such a trusted lieutenant, he alone in the organization knew why the president of Orient always kept the second drawer of his polished desk locked. Yes, even a steamship president could relax when George Wagner was around. He could unlock the second drawer and remove therefrom the box of raisins. He could then sit quietly while George explained the progress on converting the Oceana from a dingy troopship to a luxurious liner. Completely at ease, he could pop raisins into his mouth throughout the conference without worrying about loss of dignity.

George Wagner might be a little bit money-mad, both as far as the corporation and his own affairs were concerned; he might have an unreasonable fear of any future without a pile of ready cash on hand; but at least he was intelligent enough to realize the steady consumption of raisins contributed vastly to an old man's vigor. Some day, when it came time to furl sails, George Wagner would have just that much larger steamship company to command. Indeed, the steamship world would very soon be George's apple.

Musing pleasantly upon apples and raisins, Alexander Winthrop went to the second desk drawer, unlocked it, and sought eagerly in its depths for the red box of Dried Delights. He had just deposited three raisins on his tongue when there came a sharp knock on his office door. A tall, rather thin young man walked into the office.

"Ah, George, it's you."

GEORGE WAGNER was the type of young man careful tailors choose as model customers. A healthy proportion of San Francisco's female population would have traded places with his wife any day. Early success was written across his broad shoulders as plainly as if he carried a sandwich sign: "Thirty-five. Junior Vice-President. Salary fifteen grand per year. Drink social cocktail occasionally. Fond outdoors. Future brilliant." Any girl with better than twenty-sixty vision and ten cents' worth of imagination could see the sign. George was the rare physical type who could wear a bow tie without looking like a junior vice-president.

"I'll only take a moment, Mr. Winthrop."

"On your way down to the pier?"

"No, sir. I'm on my way home."

"Give my best to Katherine, George," Mr. Winthrop said vaguely.

"Not this time, sir. It wouldn't fit in with my plans. I want you to fire me, Mr. Winthrop."

As he focused on George's serious expression, the raisin soured in Alexander Winthrop's mouth. "How many cocktails did you have for lunch, George?"

"I had one small beer with my porridge and kale. I now have one thin dime left to take the cable car home." George just stood there, slim, solemn, and solid. His chin, which admirers called firm, was now obstinate.

"Do you mind my asking *why* you want to be fired? As president of this company and your personal friend I somehow feel I have a right to know." Sorrow pricked suddenly at Alexander Winthrop's mind. George would be worrying about the future again. It was shameful to see an otherwise outstanding young man entertain the fears of a worry-wart.

"Just fire me now, Mr. Winthrop, and promise you'll never tell anyone I asked for it."

"But you haven't done anything wrong!"

"Think of something. I was smuggling opium in our cargoes . . . anything!"

"George, have you suddenly inherited great wealth?"

"I said I had a dime for the cable car. That's all."

Alexander Winthrop smiled. He reached for his raisin box again. Of course. Now everything was clear. George had simply conceived of a new way to ask for a raise. All right, he could have a raise. Call it a bonus for that excellent Philippine deal he had set up.

"I understand, George," he said. "Just go back to your office and stop worrying. There will be quite a pleasant surprise in your next pay envelope."

"No, Mr. Winthrop. That's just what I don't want. Now, if I can consider myself fired, I'll be eternally grateful."

"George, people just don't give up jobs like yours of their own free will. What about Katherine? How will she take this?"

Alexander Winthrop's distress was compounded when he thought of such a sparkling jewel as George's wife suffering the slightest hardship. What other woman carried the peculiar aura of San Francisco so gracefully? Her eyes held the same blue to be seen in the bay. Her hair made a man think of the sunshine, and the faint moisture of health about her lips and cheeks made a man think of the summer fogs. It was a fine way to feel about a subordinate's wife, but there you were. And there she was—married to a promising young man who saw a ghost behind every tree.

"Just how will Katherine take this?" he asked again.

"Katherine," George replied grimly, "will have to take it or leave it."

George Wagner repeated the phrase to himself again and again as he rode slowly homeward: "Katherine can take it or leave it." He mumbled it softly as the cable car passed Chinatown. There was only one way to handle the problem of Katherine. She would just have to learn that money was something more than a medium of exchange. The stuff did not grow on trees. It didn't make any difference if she had been a true and loving wife for five wonderful years.

That was just the trouble; no casual spectator could possibly find a nick in Katherine's perfection. It took her husband, her bread-

"The rent's only twenty-five mediums of exchange, darling," Katherine said

winner, to discover Katherine's blind spot. The most carefully planned talks had never convinced Katherine a dollar was a dollar. Mention of the word *dollar* was absolutely *verboten* in the Wagner household. Dollars were always referred to as "mediums of exchange."

George had once composed a song, in a feeble attempt to approach the matter from a gayer side: "We've-got-to-cut-expenses-Kath-er-een." For that tune, Katherine had a hopelessly tin ear. Now, at last, she would have to listen. No matter how you added and subtracted, the day of reckoning had arrived. . . .

The Wagners lived in an apartment on Pacific Avenue. Wrought-iron numerals above the entrance tolled off the best address in town. Although not all of the Wagners' immediate neighbors could honestly be classed as rich, they were unlikely candidates for the Communist Party. They held the kind of jobs that left them *something* after taxes.

Even so, it was better for their envy glands that few of them had ever examined the interior of the Wagner apartment. It was something to see. There was an Oriental room, a ship room, with models that should have been in a museum, and there was a perfect little South Sea Island bar. The bedrooms were sheer loveliness, with deep, thick carpets that cried for bare feet. The kitchen, the dining-room, the living-room, and even the foyer were exquisitely furnished and decorated.

Katherine had taste. Never any argument there. And she had a gay phrase that was music to any merchant's ear: "It's the very thing! Charge it!"

There was just one thing wrong with the Wagner apartment. Again one tiny imperfection. The rent was two months past due. As George mounted the marble steps he rehearsed the things over and over that must be said to his lovely Katherine. This was a time for a resolute man. He began with their first Martini:

"Drink this, sweetheart. You're going to need it." He passed the glass to her, as a minister might pass a chalice.

The sight of her, arranged so becomingly on the end of the couch, suddenly tapped his wells of pity. She was wearing a new afternoon frock. The deep blue color of the thing so complemented her eyes it was like the bottom and the top of a wave—the eyes and the dress seemed always to have been together. Her honey-colored hair was swept back in a severe fashion no mediocre beauty would have dared to attempt. On Katherine the hair only set off the simplicity of her loveliness, the very simplicity that caused so much despair among foolhardy women who hoped to rival her. But then what was the use when all their efforts couldn't manufacture the curious little smile now illuminating Katherine's face?

It was the same smile that had caused a furious pounding in George's heart on the day he promised to love, honor, and protect her, the same smile that now almost reversed his thinking. Almost, but not quite. It had taken five years of anxiety to reach this cruel moment. This time, smile or no smile, she was not going to get away with it.

"Don't tell me we're not going to the Mark tonight?" she said, still holding the smile. "Oh, George, I bought the most perfect new—"

"Please drink, little one. And if you will look at the floor instead of at me, certain words I must impart to you will be much easier to say."

Katherine obediently looked at the floor. That was another thing about her; she did exactly as she was bid except in matters financial. She was a good wife—a wonderful wife. Though without a doubt the world's fanciest checkbook artist, Katherine was not spoiled. There was no explaining why she wasn't, but her instant willingness to drop the evening-out matter only made a refusal more difficult.

George swallowed his Martini in a gulp. "Are you listening very carefully, Katherine?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, George. You sound so serious."

"I am serious. I have been discharged as of today." The smile did not fade nor was there the slightest ripple on the surface of her Martini.

"How silly. Why?"

"It wasn't explained. Apparently I had enemies I didn't know about."

"The scoundrels. They're just jealous, that's all. I'll go down in the morning and tear them to pieces. I'll—" The smile was gone now. Katherine's lovely hands became angry little fists.

And she would, too, George thought. She was the kind of woman who would willingly engage in physical combat for her man, if she thought him wronged. He glanced at the ceiling as if hoping for aid from aloft. Why did this blessed creature have to suffer from such an obscure disease? Why couldn't she just once in a while think about the future?

"Katherine. Have you any idea what this means to us?"

"I'll have to change the ship-model room to whatever new business you're going into. I know—I'll give the models to the kids on the corner."

"Unfortunately, Katherine, everything in this apartment must be sold at auction on Tuesday next. I've made all the arrangements. It's to help pay our debts, my love."

"Oh, George! How *interesting!* I've always wondered what our things would bring!"

There you were. Not a single complaint delivered via her lovely mouth. George wanted to kiss the mouth. He knew what it would be like, and yet in five years he

An American Vignette

CONSOLATION

★

MARILYN LAYTON opened the little box her husband had brought her, and gasped, "Diamond earrings! John, they're exquisite!"

John Layton could afford expensive gifts, but not in eight years of marriage had he brought her a present except on anniversaries. As Marilyn looked up to study him, he grasped her, almost roughly, and gave her a wild, impulsive kiss.

It was the unrestrained sort of kiss Marilyn used to imagine John had given Gloria—Gloria, whom Marilyn had not thought of for years. Ten years ago John had been in love with Gloria, the actress he had starred in his first play. In the middle of their tempestuous romance, Gloria had married an Argentine cattle king and gone off to the pampas.

John Layton had become a changed man. Impulse had given way to the calm reason that had made him Broadway's most dependable play producer.

As a husband he was ideal. Marilyn had never had any doubt that she had made him happier than Gloria could possibly have made him. And yet she had always longed for something she could never define. Was it this? Mad kisses? Costly gifts out of the blue?

John was grinning, sheepishly. Was he having a romantic fling? Oh, no, not John Layton. Not at 47. But this afternoon he had gone to a Little Theater matinee to see Tracey Roy, a young actress he might use in his next play.

"John," asked Marilyn, "what happened this afternoon at the theater?"

"Same old thing. Same old pests a theater man finds everywhere. This Mrs. Hubert Allingham who runs the place—what a character! She had a long feather in her hat that kept sticking me in the eye."

"John," said Marilyn slowly, "perhaps it's Tracey Roy you should be telling me about."

"Tracey who?"

"John, stop it! Just tell me straight! Why did you buy me the earrings?"

John Layton held his wife at arm's length, closed his eyes, and saw again the scene of the afternoon: Mrs. Hubert Allingham, the ridiculous feather on her hat, the round face vaguely familiar, like a caricature of a half-forgotten friend, her deep stage voice, booming:

"Johnny! Don't you know me? It's Gloria, your own little Gloria! Oh, if only I had listened to you. . . . Just think! Instead of those four stinkers I married and divorced, I could have had you all this time!"

John Layton shuddered and opened his eyes to Marilyn, sweet, lovely Marilyn.

"Must a man have a reason," he asked, "when he buys his wife a present? Especially when she's beautiful and he loves her?"

GLENN JOHNSTON

George found the great Santo smoking a water pipe while Diego painted the mural

had never found the process anything but exciting. He was just as sure that to carry out his desire would be his undoing. And so he did nothing about kissing the mouth. Instead, he reached down and took her hand very tenderly.

"I want you to come to the window with me, Katherine." She moved with him gracefully, still not spilling her Martini. "Now look out of the window, dearest girl. What is the name of that island in the middle of the Bay?"

"Alcatraz."

"Correct. And upon that island, there is what?"

"A prison. George! We should be on the radio with all these questions and answers. I know—you could buy a television station!"

"I cannot buy a crystal set for reasons we have promised not to discuss. Now keep looking at the island and tell me what is two minus two?"

"Nothing, silly."

"*Nothing* is correct, Katherine—which is what we now have. Did you ever read *David Copperfield?*"

"Certainly. Dickens. That's more like the kind of questions we need."

"Do you remember a character in the book named Micawber?"

"Of course. He was a delightful person."

"In olden times they used to put such people as the Micawbers and the Wagners in prison until they could pay their debts. Prisons very much like Alcatraz. Fortunately, this is no longer true."

"Then what in the world are you worrying about?"

"I am only worrying about how you are going to take our new life. Tomorrow is D-Day for the Wagners—departure day."

"A TRIP is absolutely the best idea yet. We both need it."

"A trip we will make, throughout the environs of San Francisco. I would suggest wearing your oldest suit and those mountain shoes you bought for Tahoe. We will be searching for a place to shelter us against the elements. Katherine, the rent for which I have carefully calculated cannot exceed thirty mediums of exchange per month. Are you listening?"

"With bated breath."

There it was again—that utter submission, that co-operation, at a moment any husband could reasonably expect an argument or tears. Katherine *was* actually holding her breath. The over-all effect was startling. George looked into his soul and found it jet-black. How could any man deliberately pull this delicate flower through a hedge of thorns.

"There just won't be any more cocktail hours," he said. "No more shopping sprees, no long-distance calls, no telephone. You'll have to learn to cook and wash, and do your own hair. The nearest you'll come to a massage will be a session at the ironing board, when and if we can afford an iron. Rugged for you, Katherine. I really haven't any right to ask it—and so, if you want—here's the chance to get out."

That last had been tacked onto the rehearsed speech. He hadn't intended to go quite so far. Giving up a wonderful job was one thing. Giving up Katherine would be something else.

"It sounds like such fun, George," she said easily. "Like truth or consequences."

"I'm hoping it will be a little of both, Katherine." There was no longer any conceivable reason to deny that kiss. . . .

Katherine, not (*Continued on page* 87)

The trouble with most Bridegrooms

Not long ago we published "The Trouble with Most Brides." It raised a storm of protests from the gals. "How about the men?" was the chief squawk . . . Well, here's what a noted woman marriage counselor thinks of them

by

Evelyn M. Duvall, Ph.D.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, NATIONAL COUNCIL ON FAMILY RELATIONS

God's gift to women? "*Men feel they have a natural flare for love-making, but an enormous number are disappointments*"

FIRST of all, let's get two things clear: I am not an embittered "old maid." I am married very happily to one of the most understanding, lovable, democratic men I have ever known. And, secondly, I like men in general, very much! I do believe, though, that many, many men are failures as husbands, and I think I know some of the reasons why.

To begin with, every man, as you know, considers himself an expert on love, sex, and marriage. He prides himself on knowing all the answers and is always glad to give them to you, especially if you are his wife or sweetheart.

Lately many of our males have been busy explaining what has gone wrong with modern marriage. The trouble, they say, is that modern girls are spoiled and inadequate for marriage. They want too much attention . . . they try to hang on to their careers . . . they can't bake a cake . . . they refuse to settle down, and so on.

When we try to pin them down as to what they really want in their brides we often find them listing a fantastic array of qualities as essential. They want their bride, of course, to be a gay, witty companion and a gifted, glamorous hostess. But then we find they also expect her to be the sweet little hard-working woman who does all her own canning, never says a cross word, and defers respectfully on all issues to the Head of the House. In short, they expect her to be both a 1949 glamour gal and a dead ringer for Grandma!

It's hard to live with a man with such great expectations, yet millions of our young wives do. The trouble with a great many of our men is that, for all their pretensions of wisdom, they are appallingly unrealistic and behind the times about marriage. If they are really interested in finding out what's "wrong" with modern marriage they might explore some of their own out-dated notions.

What most men don't grasp is that marriage as an institution is undergoing a profound change in America today. A brand-new pattern—a new way of being married—is emerging. It is utterly different from anything the world has ever known. The traditional (or historic) roles of both the husband and wife are changing, but especially the husband's. He's due to become a nicer fellow. More democratic, and less bossy.

While marriage is changing, millions of husbands are finding it hard to budge. And that's causing many of our marital flare-ups today. Some aspects of the New Marriage obviously

Homework: "*Many young husbands become completely absorbed in getting ahead in their careers, and neglect their wives*"

Money, money: "*Thousands of husbands keep their wives on the dole. They enjoy the power that comes from controlling the purse strings*"

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI

fascinate the men, but they still like to keep one foot planted squarely in the 19th Century. And periodically they announce excitedly that we've got to get back to the fundamentals of Grandpa, when a Man was a Man.

Walt was like that. He came from an Indiana farm family where the father had been a real patriarch with firm ideas about a wife's proper function. "There are two things," the father had told Walt, "that a man expects of his wife: First, he expects her to get the meals on time. Second, he expects her to keep the youngsters out of his hair."

Eventually Walt came to Chicago, the Big City, and fell in love with Arlene, a fine, generous, intelligent modern girl who made a good salary working in a downtown library. She did not have to marry for economic reasons (as most women did in the old days), but she loved Walt and wanted his companionship.

THE question of marriage came up. Walt wanted to marry right away, but there was a hitch. He was still serving an apprenticeship as an optometrist, making less than $35 a week. Arlene offered to continue at her job in the library a year or two until they were on their feet financially, could afford a home and start raising their family.

Her offer distressed Walt, much as they would need the extra money if they married. He argued that "No self-respecting man can let his wife work." Arlene laughed that protest away by suggesting that he consider her income from the library as a sort of dowry. Then she argued more seriously that there would not be enough housework to do in Walt's small, two-room apartment to earn her feed. She said she would rattle around from idleness. Walt finally agreed, and they married.

He worked a long day at his lense grinding and didn't get to their Oak Park, Ill., apartment until about 6:45 P.M. each evening. Since Arlene arrived home every night by 5, she always had supper waiting. Their marriage went along nicely.

The trouble began when Walt's schedule was changed, so that one day each week (Thursday, I believe) he would arrive home at 4. Believe it or not, that change almost wrecked their marriage! It meant that Walt had to wait one hour for Arlene to get home and cook his supper. To Walt this was intolerable. It was not in his experience that the husband wait for his meal, or sit in an empty house, or have anything whatever to do with preparing a meal.

On that first Thursday, Arlene (*Continued on page* 94)

Not a man's job: "*Some bridegrooms are so old-fashioned they won't help their brides get meals or do the dishes*"

Karen lived a wide-eyed dream of blood and thunder. And that's why Lefty Bishop was born

Still gripping the poker, he said, "I'd like to leave a message in case I don't return"

Love THAT BAD MAN!

BY CHARLES GREEN

ILLUSTRATION BY PERRY PETERSON

GILBERT BISHOP found the note in his mailbox when he came home from the office. He unfolded the squarish piece of white paper and read:

This is to warn you that you will be killed if you go on seeing Madeline Stuart. You are being watched, day and night, so don't try any tricks.

The message was crudely printed with a red crayon, the words "killed" and "watched" heavily underlined.

Bishop put the note in his pocket. He took a leisurely walk around the block, pausing once to examine a ceramics display in a shop window, and again to exchange comments on the weather with the owner of an elderly Scottie who lived in his building. Then he rode up in the self-service elevator and entered an apartment that was a good reflection of himself: neat, pleasant, respectable. Crossing to the telephone, he called Madeline Stuart's office.

"Madeline," he said, "it'll take me about ten minutes to taxi to that little French place around the corner from you. Please meet me there."

"I'm sorry, darling, but I've two appointments on my schedule. Besides, you know I'm usually tied up until—"

"In ten minutes," said Bishop. "Please be there, Madeline."

And he hung up. . . .

MADELINE was there, waiting over a cup of coffee in the secluded booth where they usually sat. She looked exactly what she was—a smart, streamlined young executive, beautifully tailored, with the face and figure of a model. She was the fashion co-ordinator in an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop.

As Bishop approached the booth she gave him a bright little nod and smile. He grinned back at her, removed his hat and coat, sat down.

"An Old-fashioned for me, Louis," he told the waiter. "How about you, Madeline?"

"Well, I ought to go back to the office," Madeline said tentatively. She waited for a cue from Bishop, but he was busy lighting a cigarette. "I'll have a sherry, Louis," she said. She added, when the waiter left, "You frighten me, Gil. Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, it's just that I've been thinking about Karen," Bishop replied casually. "Your daughter doesn't approve of me. I know it's true, darling, so don't deny it just to spare my feelings."

Madeline stared at him for a moment, then she sat back, her eyes searching his face. "No, I won't deny it," she said, speaking slowly and carefully, "but also I'm not worried about it. Because I know the guy I'm marrying next Saturday, and I know Karen will grow to love you, too. Meanwhile, she'll have to adjust herself, just as she's had to do to a number of other things of which she disapproves. Like going to bed at nine o'clock. And keeping her room tidy. And eating vegetables."

"Now, there's a fascinating thought," Bishop murmured. "I mean, having the status of just another vegetable that Karen has to endure."

Madeline pushed back her soft brown bangs in a weary gesture. "I love you, Gil," she said, "but I've had a hectic day. I'm rather tired. And you *are* being silly, I think. What brought this on, anyway? Why are you suddenly so concerned about Karen's attitude?"

Bishop thought of the threatening note in his pocket. Karen's handiwork, of course. A by-product of the detective thrillers that eleven-year-old Karen heard on the radio, of the comic books she was always reading. But it was also an excellent indication of what she thought of him.

He reached into the pocket where the note lay; then withdrew his hand, empty. No, he decided, he could not discuss it with Madeline. For it would brush something painful to them both, something best left alone. He welcomed the interruption of the waiter bringing their drinks, and the opportunity to appraise himself in the mirror that flanked the booth.

Karen, he knew, remembered her father as a lusty, dramatic giant of a man. Mike Stuart, crack newspaperman, famous war correspondent, mourned by the nation when a plane carrying him crashed near Leyte. And the mirror reflected a plumpish man who looked older than his thirty-four years of age. Thinning hair. A mild, chubby face. Glasses.

Gilbert Bishop was not a timid man. His six hundred employees certainly knew that. So did his friends and business associates. But, watching his reflection in the mirror, he could well understand how Karen might think he was, and believe he'd be terrified when he read the threatening note. In comic strips, characters who looked like him *would* be terrified. Not the Mike Stuarts, of course. The Mike Stuarts would plunge in with their fists pounding. Or maybe with a Tommy gun cradled in their arms as they crept along some dangerous ledge. . . .

"What's the matter, Gil?" Madeline said.

"I'm still thinking about Karen," Bishop replied. "You know, Madeline, I've never been alone with her. Never had a chance to—well, to get friendly with her. I'd like to try it. Tonight."

Madeline smiled at him over the rim of her sherry glass. "No, Gil," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because it won't work. You don't know Karen as well as I do."

"Nor did I think that I could swing a loan from the Merchants Trust on what seemed to be a perfectly harebrained scheme," Bishop said. "But I tried it, and I got the money. Look, darling; you go along home now, and I'll follow you in, say, an hour. Then you maneuver it so that I'm left alone with Karen. You will, won't you?"

"All right, darling. All right." . . .

AN HOUR later, at her apartment, she greeted him with apologies that sounded so sincere they left him blinking:

"I'm terribly sorry, Gil, but I've got to rush off. I should have called you. It's one of those manufacturers' cocktail parties at which I simply must make an appearance, but I'll be back in an hour or so. Look; why don't you wait for me here? Would you? . . . Good!" Then she added casually, "You'll take care of Gil, won't you, Karen?"

Despite the profusion of comfortable chairs in the huge living-room, Karen evidently preferred to do her reading as she

sprawled face downward on the couch, her head dangling past the far end of it, the inevitable comic book lying on the floor.

When Madeline spoke to her, Karen sat up. She was a handsome child, with her mother's brown hair and a heart-shaped face. Bishop was startled to notice that the nails of her left hand were painted scarlet.

"Why, of course, Mother," she said, although she usually called her mother Madeline. "I shall be delighted to entertain Mr. Bishop while you're gone."

"Thank you, dear. Please take me to the elevator, Gil."

Out in the corridor, Madeline grabbed Bishop's arm and whispered, "Give it up, Gil! I tell you, you can't force it. Karen is lots tougher than the Merchants Trust."

"Run along, my sweet," said Bishop, and closed the door behind him as he reentered the apartment.

KAREN was ready for him, primly upright on the couch, her hands folded on her lap. "I believe you make underwear, don't you, Mr. Bishop?" she began pleasantly, testing her claws. "Men's underwear."

"Men's underwear," Bishop confirmed, sitting down. "Shorts, mostly. Striped ones, polka-dotted ones, and plain-colored ones."

"How interesting! Father, you know, had six books published. And as a foreign correspondent he'd been all over the world."

"Your father was quite a guy," Bishop said, glancing toward the windows on his left and then shifting his eyes back to Karen. "He and I were classmates at college."

"Yes, Mother mentioned it once," Karen declared languidly. "At college, Father was captain of the football team. Did you go in for sports at college, Mr. Bishop?"

Bishop again took a quick, furtive look at the windows. "No, Karen, I've never been much of an athlete."

"Oh, well," Karen said, her voice carefully expressionless. "By the way, I understand you did not serve in the Armed Forces during the War."

"That's true."

"Might I venture to hazard a query why?"

"Might you—what?"

"I meant, of course, why weren't you in the Armed Forces, Mr. Bishop?"

"Oh!" said Bishop. "Well, you see, I have flat feet."

"Father turned down a colonel's commission. It would have tied him to a desk in Washington, and Father, of course, wanted to be where the action was. Mr. Bishop, why do you keep looking at the windows?"

"Oh, it's kind of silly," said Bishop, rising, "but—please excuse me for a moment, Karen. I want to check on something."

Heavy drapes were drawn in front of the windows of the duplex that faced the street. Bishop approached the window closest to him. Carefully, standing at the wall away from the window, he slid over a bit the edge of the drape and peered out.

It was a dismal, rainy evening. The upper Manhattan side street, three stories below, was deserted. First, Bishop looked up and down the block. Next, he concentrated his attention on a dark hallway across the street. He jerked forward a bit, his shoulders hunched, and he stood frozen perhaps thirty seconds, staring at the nothingness within the hallway. Then he let go the drape and, his feet dragging, returned to his chair.

There was a shine in Karen's eyes, and he knew she was delightedly hugging to herself a lovely, lovely secret. "Are you worried about something, Mr. Bishop?" she said.

"Worried?" Bishop repeated. "What on earth gave you that idea? No, I had the impression, when I walked over here a few minutes ago, that a man was loitering suspiciously in the hallway next to the tailor shop across the street. It's probably just my imagination, but I think he's still there. Would you mind taking a look, Karen? I'm sure your eyes are better than mine."

"Why, of course, Mr. Bishop," said Karen.

She politely excused herself and went to the window. Gil appreciated the ecstatic joy that must be singing inside of Miss Karen Stuart. Such spun-gold moments, he reflected, came only too infrequently in the average person's lifetime.

Karen drew aside the edge of the drape, as he had done, and looked out. "I don't see anyone in that— Yes, he's there!" She made a gasping sound. "Good heavens!"

"What's the matter, Karen?"

Karen swung away from the window. She clapped her left hand—the one on which the nails were painted—over her eyes.

"Mr. Bishop," she said breathlessly, "I shall have nightmares. I shall simply and absolutely have the most frightful nightmares remembering that—that *horrible* creature! A car went by, and I saw him clearly in the headlights. Oh, what a ghastly monster!"

"Great Scott!" said Bishop. "What did he look like?"

Miss Stuart managed to control herself to the point of lowering the hand covering her eyes. "I shall never forget him," she whispered. "But absolutely *never!* He wore a black hat pulled down low, and an overcoat with the collar turned up. And his right hand was in the pocket of his overcoat, as if—as if—"

"His face, Karen! Try to describe it."

"A horrible, *horrible* face. That's all I can say. Well, I do recall that he had beady little eyes. Glittering. Like those of—of a mad rat. A hideous scar ran all the way down his left cheek. And there was a snarl on his thin, cruel lips. Mr. Bishop, he looked like a murderer—waiting! Waiting, his hand in the pocket of his overcoat—"

"Spike Malone," Bishop said flatly.

Miss Stuart blinked, and said, "Who?"

BISHOP lit a cigarette, then he glanced up and said in a preoccupied manner, "What was that, Karen? What did you say?"

Karen was now back on the couch, her face a wary mask. "Who is Spike Malone?"

"Oh! Spike—well, he's a process server, see? I'm tied up in some silly litigation, and Spike has been trying to serve me. I've been dodging him because I don't relish the prospect of wasting a day in court."

Karen said, "That man in the hallway certainly didn't look like a process server."

"Naturally," Bishop explained, "they wouldn't hire as a process server someone who *looked* like a process server. That's reasonable, isn't it? Besides, your description absolutely fits Spike Malone. And I've—certain other reasons, too. Excuse me, Karen."

He reached for the telephone conveniently close on the end table near his chair, lifted it onto the arm of the chair, and dialed the home number of his partner, Sam Blake.

"Sam?" he said, when Blake answered. "This is Gil Bishop. Lefty Bishop, remember? How you been, kid?"

"Well, since I saw you last," said Blake, "I've had a Martini, am now on my second, and Agnes is doing things in the kitchen. What've *you* been drinking?"

"I can't talk now," Bishop said, "but—well, you remember showing me that German *luger* you brought back from overseas? . . . I'd like to borrow it, kid. Want to do some target practice. On rats!"

"Then start on the Nuwear Novelties bunch. Ed Kramer, particularly. You pulling a gag on somebody, Gil?"

"Protection?" Bishop said in an amused voice. "Sam, have you gone soft in the head? Remember when that Miami mob tried to muscle in? Have you ever known *me* to need protection?"

"How about last Wednesday, when you made that four-no-trump bid?"

"No, I've always (*Continued on page* 124)

A class of business executives attending the Advanced Management Training Program at Harvard University

What it takes to be an *Executive*

Why is it one of your neighbors gets a well-paying, top-management position whereas another one, who seems just as nice and bright, stays on in a routine job?

by Ewing W. Reilley

THE AUTHOR is a partner in the nationwide management consultant firm of McKinsey & Co. He is a graduate of Yale University and Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. His present position calls for advising top management on ways of developing executives and planning for future executive needs.

THE lady was quite insistent. She had what she thought was a good question and she was not to be satisfied with any routine reply. She had been asking herself the same question for a long time.

"Mr. Reilley," she began, "what does it take to be an executive? As a management consultant, you have had an opportunity to observe many of the nation's top executives at close range and, as a woman would say, with their hair down. What makes them tick?

"I'm asking this because I would like to know what happened to my husband. Some twenty years ago, I was a private secretary in a large Midwestern manufacturing concern. There were two salesmen in the company who were dating me. Both were equally good salesmen, personable, ambitious, with similar backgrounds and education. Although his success potential was not the deciding factor, I was fully convinced that the one that I married would go farthest in the company.

"Well, I was wrong. My husband is still a salesman, and the man I left behind me is now general manager of the firm and, I must admit, an exceptionally able one. I have no regrets, Mr. Reilley, but I would like to know what happened. How could I have been so wrong? What *does* make a good executive? In other words, Mr. Reilley, what are the rules?"

The lady had a good question—and a tough one. I have been asked this question innumerable times, not only by housewives, but also by executives, ambitious young workers, and teachers. I mention the incident of the lady because it shows that the question is of interest not just to professionals, but is raised right in the average home. Trying to find the answer has been my job. The fact of the matter is that there is no definite answer; there are no hard-and-fast rules.

However, there (*Continued on page* 82)

George objected to being robbed in cold blood, so Uncle Hermy turned on the heat

Swindle Sweet and Simple

By Norbert Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

IT WAS twilight when George James turned into McDougal Street, and the air was dry and crisp and flavored with the acrid tang of burning leaves. This had been a fine fall day, full of unobtrusive sunlight and riotous color, but for James it had been irretrievably ruined by three assorted characters all named Dunbar.

"Nails, nails, nails," he grumbled in sullen rhythm. "Nails, nails, nails."

He was short and stocky and blond, and he had the sort of face that should have been decorated with a smile and a twinkle in the eyes, and, as a matter of fact, his generally was. Not now, though. Now he looked as though he had been sentenced to a life term of woe and misery and had no hope of a reprieve.

He swung wide and turned into the drive of his neat brown and white bungalow. He shifted into second gear so he could blast noisily along the drive, because he knew that would annoy his wife, and then suddenly he slammed on the brakes so violently that all four tires wailed on the cement. He blew his horn in short, savagely imperative hoots.

"Elizabeth!" he yelled out the window of the sedan. "Eliz-a-beth!"

The kitchen door opened, and his wife's blond head protruded. "Stop that noise! What's the matter with you?"

James shouted, "You left two cases of empty beer bottles stacked right in the middle of the drive! Get them out of my way!"

"I will not," said Elizabeth. "I've told you and told you I will not have your empty beer bottles littering up my kitchen. I've asked you and asked you to take those back, and they're going to be stacked in the drive every night until you do! And that's final!"

The door slammed.

James got out of the sedan and kicked the beer cases. That didn't solve the problem, and so finally he picked up the cases and dropped them helter-skelter into Elizabeth's shrouded chrysanthemum bed.

"Yippy-yi-yo," said Mr. Ardapple, from the yard next door. He was using a rake handle to prop himself up, and he rocked back and forth lackadaisically and grinned at James in a knowing way. "Happy day, neighbor."

"Blah," said James.

"Talking about beer has a peculiar effect on me," Mr. Ardapple observed. "It makes me thirsty. Come over, and we'll split a quart."

"You've got an idea there," James said. He leaned in and turned off the sedan's motor and then walked along the hedge toward the break beside the garage.

The kitchen door opened instantly. "George! Where are you going?"

"I've got some business to discuss with Mr. Ardapple."

"Come right back here. We're going out to dinner."

James stopped short. "What? Out to dinner? Oh, no!"

The kitchen door slammed shut.

"We're not going out to dinner!" James shouted at it.

"Happy day," said Mr. Ardapple. "What a happy day."

"I'm not going out to dinner tonight," James informed him. "You can bet your last dime on that. Just hold the beer for a second while I set her straight on this matter. Don't go 'way. Stick around."

"Yippy-yi-yo," said Mr. Ardapple.

James stormed in through the kitchen. "Elizabeth!"

He found her in the hall in front of the full-length mirror. She was twirling around and around in a slow, satisfied way, her head tilted back, smiling dreamily at her reflection. She was wearing a blue evening gown, and it fitted her in a way that would have fully satisfied its designer. She looked magnificent, and she knew it. George James knew it too, and gave a long, low whistle of appreciation.

"Where'd you pick up that number?" he said, with muted admiration.

"At Swanson's."

George James regained consciousness. "Swanson's! You charged it! Are you crazy? Do you know the state of our bank balance?"

"This was only a hundred and forty-nine fifty."

"A hundred and forty-nine— For that? Elizabeth, there's a limit, and this time you've passed it! You pack that thing up and send it back to those high-binders! I'm not going to sit still for any such barefaced—"

Elizabeth twirled, lifting the long, slim skirt of the dress.

"Shoes," James gasped. "New shoes, too!"

"You want to be proud of me, don't you?"

"Proud?" James ranted. "Proud! I'll be proud all right when the sheriff comes knocking at the door! I'll be very proud indeed when I'm thrown into bankruptcy!"

"Pooh," said Elizabeth.

James sighted at (*Continued on page* 103)

The Dunbar brothers, wearing identical smiles, beamed at Uncle Hermy

Max Julius Friedrich Brauer, *former American citizen, who now fights on "the new battleground for democracy"*

The Yankee Lord Mayor of Hamburg

A surprising drama unfolds in the bomb-blasted German seaport . . . The story of an American who sacrificed his citizenship to bring hope to a despairing people

BY GORDON GASKILL

IT WAS not an easy moment, and his pen shook as the big man scrawled his signature. But, breathing heavily, he looked the American consul square in the face, raised his right hand, and solemnly swore:

"I, Max Julius Friedrich Brauer, a national of the United States of America . . . hereby absolutely and entirely renounce my nationality in the United States and all rights and privileges thereunto pertaining . . ."

By a pen's stroke he had surrendered a citizenship which half the world today values only a little below heaven's keys. He had walked into the consulate an American. He left it a German, to rejoin and to help the unhappy people of his native country.

Today Max Brauer, still sporting an American accent and a blue suit from Fifth Avenue, is Lord Mayor of Hamburg, second greatest city of Germany, and largest in the British Zone of occupation. With drive and know-how gleaned during 13 years in the United States and 5 years of citizenship, this ex-American is leading his war-ruined city back to better times. A new and fresh force amidst the rubble, he is known to Hamburgers—most admiring, some not—as "that Yankee in the *Rathaus*."

At times Max Brauer misses (and admits it) America's freedom, zing, and comfort—and the security of that green passport. "But," he says, "America does not need me. Germany does. This is the new battleground for democracy."

When he returned to Germany in 1946, Brauer hadn't the faintest notion of surrendering his treasured American citizenship. He came (he thought) only for a few weeks' visit, as a member of an American Federation of Labor committee to study German trade unions. He was a natural for such a committee; in the pre-Hitler Weimar Republic he had been a pillar in German trade unionism, member of the Prussian State Council, and mayor of Altona, Hamburg's greatest suburb.

Postwar Hamburg staggered him. "I remembered her," he says, "as a rich, busy, stately city, full of energetic, prosperous people. I found her in ruins, almost dead, her people shabby, hungry, without hope. *Ach!*"

While he was thus powerfully moved, his old friends of the German Socialist Party (SPD) crowded around, begging him to come back and help.

"We are going to build a new Germany," they said, "and you are exactly the man we need. All democratic Germans respect you for the way you fought Hitler, and the Allies will respect you because you are an American."

They painted the bright political future he might have, and, to begin with, offered him the Lord Mayorship of Hamburg, which city is second only to now-divided Berlin.

After days of soul-searching, Brauer agreed. He cabled his astounded wife in New York and, on October 25, 1946, appeared at the U.S. consulate general in Hamburg to surrender his nationality and passport.

Politics worked without a hitch. The SPD elected him and 8 others to the 12-man Hamburg Senate, which governs the city. His fellow senators chose Brauer for Lord Mayor, and he took the formal oath of office on November 22, 1946.

IN HIS heart, he had taken it weeks before. One day, driving with a friend around blasted Hamburg, Brauer kept staring at the ruins with obvious emotion. At last he rammed one big fist into the other hand, and exclaimed, "Today I am still a free American, and I am going to rebuild a free Hamburg!"

He has done his best, and a British general told me, "The wheels began to turn the day Brauer took office."

Since he could do little immediately about the ruined buildings, he first tackled a problem which dismayed him even more: the ruined spirits of Hamburg's people.

To a degree not realized in America, Hamburgers have always been different from other Germans. Living in a great seaport, knowing more of the outside world, glorying in their centuries as a free city-state, Hamburgers were gayer, broader, freer in talk and thoughts.

Now all this seemed gone. They dragged around their dusty ruins, unsmiling, hopeless, silent. Brauer set out to lift their hearts a little, using a psychologist's wisdom, a showman's tricks. He succeeded so well in rebuilding their morale that today he can count on the enthusiasm and support of Hamburg's citizens in his present task of rebuilding the city itself.

IF YOU ask a Hamburger how Brauer awakened the city's spirit, he'll probably tell you about the Alster boats.

For generations Hamburg was famous for the pert little steamers that plied across the Alster, a lovely lake in the very heart of the city. And one of Max Brauer's first questions when he came back was: "But why don't the boats run any more?"

"No coal," he was told. "They are considered nonessential."

Almost his first act as Lord Mayor was to order coal diverted to a few of the gay little boats, despite regulations. It is almost possible to date Hamburg's reconstruction from the first whistle toot of the first boat that chugged out again. Charmed by the gesture, Hamburgers walked with a lighter step and even dared smile a little.

It was the same with the city baths—no coal. But again Brauer took the bull by the horns, said, "I'm sure the British don't want us to go dirty," and reopened the baths, with warm water.

Against the advice of fearful friends he ordered the city lighted up for Christmas—the first time in seven years. The lights have never really been turned off since, and visiting Britons remark wistfully that defeated Hamburg is brighter than victorious London.

"Sure, it takes extra coal," Brauer admitted, "but it's worth it. You can't expect people to keep their hearts alive in dark, gloomy streets. Besides, there's less crime at night now."

In all these things, Brauer technically violated British regulations on the use of coal. More cautious German officials, who obeyed every comma in every Allied order, expected British wrath to blast Brauer. When nothing happened, they mumbled, "He'd never get away with it if he hadn't been an American."

Certainly Brauer's stay in America had given him an impatience with red tape and regulations. But, more important, he quickly found the British a reasonable people who didn't mind a few minor breaches of their rules, as long as the general spirit was obeyed. Far from reproving him, the British commanders admired Brauer's spirit and were relieved to find that an official with energy and common sense had taken over in Hamburg, queen city of the British Zone.

For a short time, Germans feared Brauer would be a mere yes-man for the Allies. That suspicion died quickly—about the time Brauer changed neckties. He had returned with typical American ones, which all non-Americans find screamingly loud. He wore them for a few days only, then switched to subdued German ones.

It was a subtle symbol, for Brauer has tried to become completely German again. But his tongue often slips and, in talks with Americans, he is apt to say "We" when he means "You." But when he is more formal, as in speeches, he will refer to the Allies as "our former adversaries," as if he had never been one of them himself during the war.

Far from being an American stooge, Brauer has gone to bat for the Germans as do few other German officials. If the Allies do something he doesn't like, he stands up on his hind legs and growls. He is continually plumping for more coal, more food, continually badgering the British to move out of quarters they still occupy, and he screams as loud as anyone against dismantling factories—especially Hamburg ones—to be sent abroad as reparations.

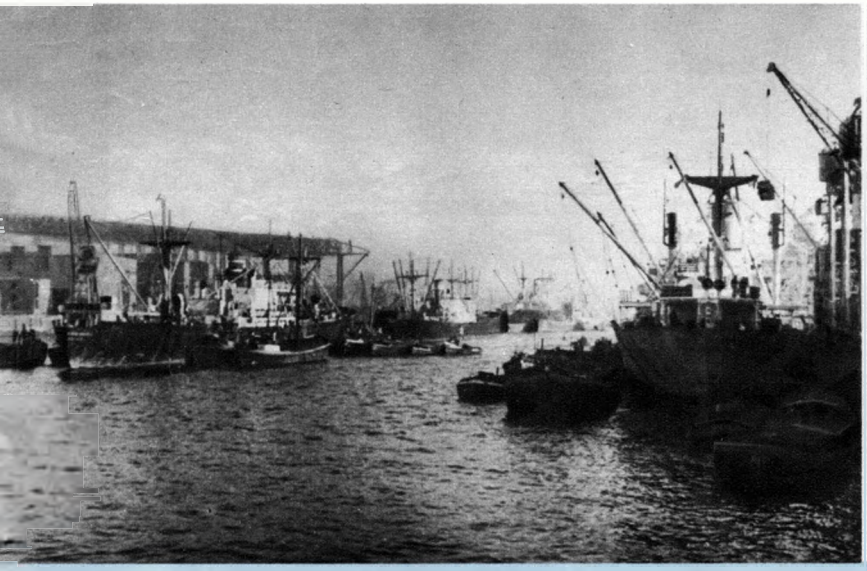
If this is a carefully thought-out policy of bending over backward, it works. Germans like it, and have no more doubts about what side their Lord Mayor is on. . . .

MAX BRAUER was born September 3, 1887, into a poor working family of Altona, a suburb of Hamburg. He became an apprentice glass blower and, via the co-operative movement, got into trade unionism. When the Kaiser's Germany collapsed, he was in on the political ground floor of the new and doomed Weimar Republic. He rose to be Altona's mayor and member of the Prussian State Council.

He fought the Nazis so bitterly that police guards had to escort him daily to his own city hall, to ward off Brown Shirt attacks. They fired shots into his home, and he moved his family to the country.

The moment Hitler seized supreme power in 1933, storm troopers rushed into the Altona *Rathaus* to arrest Brauer. But, forewarned, he was already in hiding, and heard the radio say he had been captured in Cologne. To be taken meant the concentration camp and probably death. A faithful friend lent him his passport, and he slipped over the border into Austria. (This friend was the first man honored with the traditional "freedom of (*Continued on page* 125)

EUROPEAN



Under its Yankee Lord Mayor, *Hamburg is slowly regaining its former renown as a great seaport. This recent photograph shows 35 U.S. ships doing business at Hamburg's docks*

KEYSTONE

Building morale, *Mayor Brauer often visits youngsters who work in the coal mines*

Tess was one of the lucky ones . . . so when the blow fell that robbed her at once of love and faith, she had no weapons but hate to fight the desolation of her heart

"Kitty is a liar, and I hate her," Tess said. "Why shouldn't I!"

the Betrayal

BY NORMA MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES BINGHAM

GILL MacCAULEY had said he would stop in at the apartment on his way home from a medical meeting. Tess was pleased with the arrangement. She wanted her apartment mate to meet a man who was so noticeably everything Robin's ex-husband had not been—sober, balanced, patient, kind, the homespun type with a lanky build and sun-bleached hair.

As she stood in the spacious living-room waiting for the doorbell to ring, Tess was amused that one encounter with a man had convinced her so thoroughly of his worth. But she had no reason to mistrust her judgment. She was a happily adjusted person with a secure background of affection and wealth behind her, the prospect of marriage to Keith Burke, whom she loved, before her, and the current satisfaction of working with Robin Rain in Robin's highly successful Rain Shop. This was a store where women of the Northwest could buy all of the accouterments for stormy weather in an atmosphere of cozy luxury.

Tess had gone to work in The Shop a year ago as a model. Her file card in the office still carried her specifications: Size 34, tall, brunette, b. The b stood for *beautiful*, and Robin still occasionally requested her to model, but she had been promoted six months ago to an executive position. She was Robin Rain's assistant at The Shop, and she was completely satisfied with the job.

The only dissatisfaction Tess had at the moment was that Robin would be left alone in the apartment when Tess married Keith on the twenty-ninth of January. Between now and then Tess was determined to break down the antipathy Robin's first marriage had established in her toward men. It was merely a matter of finding the right man.

"Dr. MacCauley was wonderful this afternoon with Kitty Lane," Tess said coaxingly to Robin. "The poor girl was frightened, but he got her over all that in no time."

"Anesthetic?" Robin asked dryly. She was a small, round person who dieted her curves into submission with the same intelligent stubbornness that had brought her past the shoals of an unhappy marriage into the exhilarating current of business success. Her hair was prematurely gray, but she wore it short, and its natural curl resulted in an individual coiffure exactly suited to her small, intense face and cool blue eyes.

She waited for Gill MacCauley because Tess wanted her to meet him, but the patient half-smile on her lips depicted resignation.

"I shall be perfectly happy here alone, after you're married," she said firmly. "I'll miss you, of course; it's been delightful living with you. But the independent female is the happy female, Tess. I'll never marry again, that's for sure."

"Take another chorus," Tess said absently. She could not help wishing it might be Keith instead of Gill who was coming tonight. Keith had been out of town on another of the business trips which had spotted the past three months with periods of loneliness for Tess. He had expected to return to town by noon today, but no call had come. It was ten now.

TESS checked the clock with her wrist watch and discovered the clasp was loose and must be repaired. She glanced about the high-ceilinged room again, glad that she and Robin had found this place in one of the older apartment houses, built with an eye to gracious comfort rather than to tricky packaging. Tess had furnished the place with carefully chosen mahogany pieces from the west end suburban home her mother had sold a year ago when she moved to California.

"Sit down, for goodness' sake," Robin said mildly. "You'd think this date was arranged for you, not me."

"I wish Keith would call," Tess said. She had not meant to admit that he had made her anxious again. Robin disliked Keith. He reminded her, she said, of her ex-husband, who had been handsome and gay and wealthy and irresistible, too. And a heel.

"Nothing has happened to him. He's shot with luck."

ODDLY, "lucky" was the first descriptive word Tess had heard applied to Keith some months ago when she had met him on a skiing week end in the Cascades. His skiing, near professional in perfection, was nevertheless daring, and other men in the party soon stopped competing with him, declaring he was crazy. All of them, that is, but one, a man who had grown up in Norway. He accepted every run proposed by Keith, until the younger man suggested an all but impossible traverse.

"No," the Norwegian said. When Keith's quick triumph showed in his blue eyes, the man continued quietly, "You aren't that good." The next day Keith made the run alone and returned safely. The man said again, however, "He needs more skill. He might have died. His peculiar daring brought him through this time, and perhaps it would again, but not indefinitely. His timing is instinctive and unskilled. Some people call it luck. If you believe in luck—" He shrugged. "I would not have him on my team. Such luck runs out."

It had seemed to Tess at first that Keith's gaiety held a touch of recklessness, too, but to a girl brought up as she had been in a home where consideration rather than wit drew approval, Keith's high spirits were infinitely attractive. There was no boredom in his company, and marriage to him, it seemed to Tess, would be a delightful and breathless adventure. Even his recent latenesses were typical. He refused to be regimented. Never-

theless, Tess sometimes worried, waiting for him.

"There," she said, as the doorbell rang. But it was Gill MacCauley, after all.

He accepted the drink Tess offered him, and chose the large ottoman near the fireplace where he could face both girls. He lifted his glass. "Moving into an office in your building has brought me luck."

Tess was even more pleased with him this evening than she had been this afternoon. While he wasn't handsome, his long face was attractive as much for its repose and strength as for its humor.

"How is Kitty?" Robin asked.

"She insists she's all right, and she wouldn't allow an examination. We'll have to wait and see." He looked about him with frank interest. "I like this room," he said. "It isn't strictly feminine."

Robin put down her glass and leaned forward stiffly from the depths of her chair. "And what is wrong with a strictly feminine room?" she asked.

Tess thought, "Here we go," but the doctor wasn't disturbed.

"A strictly feminine room is like a hermit's hole," he said, "exclusive, particularly of the other sex. It's a retreat. It's a blind stab at independence, when every sensible person knows independence can be gained only within the social order, not outside of it. . . . We've happened on one of my favorite subjects," the doctor continued happily. "Take a hermit. He can hide in the hills and pretend there isn't any world but his and he created it, though you'll find darn' few of them nowadays who're content to live on berries. But that isn't the point. The point is that in this life there's no retreat. The fellow who says there is, simply can't accept change. There's too much adventure in change for him, so he holes up and closes his eyes, and becomes one more sour, defeated human being."

"You're arguing against individuality."

"I'm not at all. I'm saying that if you're alive in this world it's cowardly to pretend you aren't." He sat forward on the ottoman and clasped his long hands between his knees. "If we were all taught to accept change, rather than security, as the backlog of our independence, we'd have a braver world."

"How many times have you been married?" Robin said dryly.

His laughter was as spontaneous as his conversation. "I've never been married," he said. He rose. "I meant to stay a minute, and I've stayed twenty."

He turned to Tess, and his manner changed subtly, as though, having amused a child, he spoke now to an adult. "Will you keep in touch with me about Miss Lane?" he asked.

"Of course."

He seemed to become aware of Tess, herself, for the first time. His glance searched her whole face, approvingly, and he said with frank intention, "I'll see you again, then."

When he had gone, Robin made only one wry comment: "At least, in the first half-hour, he managed to talk about something besides himself." From her it was a compliment, but the charm Tess saw in him had missed fire altogether with Robin.

"You're hopeless," Tess said crossly.

"I got over being hopeful when I was your age. Leave me be, pet. I do fine."

"I wish Keith would call."

"And I don't spend half my life waiting for some man to remember I'm his life." In swift apology Robin changed the subject: "You know what's wrong with Kitty Lane, don't you?"

"No. Do you?"

"She's going to have a baby," Robin said.

"She can't be!" Tess said, stupefied. "She isn't married."

"That's a very young remark. Of course she isn't married. If she were, she wouldn't be working; she'd be at home darning socks, scrubbing floors, living on ten dollars or fifteen, or whatever her husband brought home to her."

"You're making this up. You don't *know*."

"I know," Robin said wearily, "but probably Kitty doesn't. Yet."

If she had wanted to take Tess's mind off her own anxiety she had succeeded. The torrent of pity in Tess's heart welled partly from the shivering knowledge that this thing could never have happened to her. Nevertheless, she was sincerely grieved for Kitty Lane, who had been her protégée. She had found the girl working in an insurance office where she had gone one day to renew a policy. Kitty Lane had been a file clerk working in the outer office, and in Tess's first glance she had sized up the girl, automatically. Size 10, lovely figure, beautiful. Kitty Lane was miniature perfection, a blonde with the fragile beauty of an anemone.

About the girl's private life Tess knew almost nothing. Kitty had a stepmother who didn't like her. She had left home when she was fifteen. She had been turned out, Tess had gathered, although Kitty, herself, had never revealed the fact, except by her excessive gratitude for the smallest kindness shown her. Certainly Kitty's spirit had been harshly humbled somewhere in her experience.

"What will she do when she finds out?" Tess asked Robin, pausing in the midst of undressing, too bemused to continue. "What will become of her?"

"If your Gill MacCauley makes the discovery, perhaps he can sell her on the idea of no retreat," Robin continued dryly. "You might make it clear to him the next time you see him that The Rain Shop will bear the expense. We can help her that much, at least."

"She'll come to me first," Tess said positively. "She knows I'd help her."

Robin, already pajamaed and in her dressing gown, made no response. She continued brushing her hair, using crisp, upward strokes.

"Kitty will come to me," Tess repeated, "and when she does we can move from there."

"I wouldn't count on that," Robin said at last. "It could be, but I wouldn't count on it, Tess." She looked at the younger woman with a puzzling expression, as though she were somehow weighing her.

"Why not?" Tess asked, wounded, but the telephone rang to interrupt her.

"Answer the phone, ninny," Robin said. "It's your boy-friend."

But it wasn't Keith. It was Keith's mother. The thin, gasping voice at the other end of the line poured hysterical words into Tess's ear.

"My baby!" Lottie Burke shrieked. "They've taken my baby to Perry Hospital, Tess. Make them bring him home. Make them bring him to me. They have no right to take him there."

"Please," Tess said, trembling, "what has happened? Is he hurt?"

"He was coming home." The breathless words were scarcely distinguishable. "A telephone pole hit him." The humor in the statement escaped Tess altogether. Mrs. Burke so obviously believed what she had said, that the telephone pole had been at fault, not Keith. "They'll let him die." She was screaming again. "My baby! My poor baby!"

The only unacceptable element in Tess's love for Keith was his mother. Tess could develop no affection for Lottie Burke, whose husband had left her when Keith was ten and whose whole being since then had existed in the boy—not for Keith's sake, Tess was sure, but for Lottie Burke's. It had taken

months for Tess to accept the knowledge that Keith's mother was a thoroughly selfish, self-absorbed woman. She was a small, thin, tense creature with an incredible appetite which, satisfied greedily as it was at every meal, nevertheless left no poundage on her.

Tess's only intimate experience with upbringing had been her own. Her parents had loved each other, and they had loved her, but their love had been concerned with teaching her to stand alone. Even this recent gesture of her mother's moving to California, five years after her husband's death, had been a calm continuance of both parents' planned rearing of their child; an insistence that she leave the nest when she was old enough to do so.

Tess had been shocked, at first, by Lottie Burke's clawing affection for her son. When she was near him she was forever touching him, stroking him, recalling her presence to him: "You didn't notice my new permanent, Keith. You never look at me at all. Look at your mommie!" Or binding him to her with constant reminders of her dependence on him: "You're all I have, Keithie, all I have in this world, all that I live for."

Keith's good nature, even with his mother, bore up remarkably, all things considered, but there were times when he turned sulky. In those moments it seemed to Tess that Keith contained an unexpected capacity for cruelty, and yet, considering his harassment, one wondered that he could endure as cheerfully as he did.

"Please, dear," Tess said with trembling patience, "I'm sure the doctors know best. If they've taken him to Perry, it's because he'll be better off there. We must go to him. I'll leave at once, as soon as I'm dressed." She hung up quietly and firmly as the wailing voice resumed in her ear.

The telephone rang again, almost immediately. It was Lee Hayes, for whom Keith worked as a real-estate salesman.

"Lee!" Tess cried into the mouthpiece, half sobbing with relief that here was a sane voice in the terrifying void of her anxiety.

"He's all right, honey," Lee said calmly. "He was alone, and no one else was hurt, and he wasn't hurt much, either."

"I'm going to the hospital," Tess said.

"Yes. I'll stop by for you. Say twenty minutes?"

"As soon as possible," Tess said. "I'll be ready."

Robin was dressing when Tess turned from the telephone. "I'll go with you," she said.

Tess said, with some return to composure, "You're a darling, Robin, but it isn't necessary. I'll have Lee."

He had been an employee in her father's real-estate firm when Tess York had first known him, a man of twenty-two when she had been a girl of twelve. Now that she was twenty-two herself, the difference in their ages had become less marked, but Tess still thought of him as nearer her father's age than her own. When Bill York had died, his wife had asked Lee to manage the firm, which he had, in time, bought for himself. Tess seldom saw him nowadays, but in her mind he had remained a family friend, a person to whom she could turn as trustingly as she might have turned to her father. The knowledge that Lee would be with her until

She found Lee at last, lying unconscious under a fallen tree

she found Keith, steadied and calmed her.

"Please get to bed, dear," she said to Robin. "Tomorrow will be another busy day, and I'll be all right."

Robin remained dressed, however, until Lee arrived. It was she who answered the door when he came, and she remained calmly surveying him as Tess slipped into her coat.

LEE HAYES was not much taller than Tess, wiry and compactly built. He wore glasses and his face was thoughtful, a true indication of his mildly intellectual leanings. If he had not had to earn his living immediately after leaving college, he would have gone on to take his Ph.D. and would probably have become a teacher. Integrity and common sense, however, had made him a successful businessman, and now, at thirty-two, he could look ahead to an assured future. One of the present strains on his economy was his wife, Gloria, whom he had married six years ago, and who had spent half of each year since in New York, studying art.

It was largely Gloria's fault that Tess saw Lee as seldom as she did. Gloria adhered to her own small group, all of whom were dedicated to self-expression. Lee didn't enjoy them; they talked for themselves and to themselves, he insisted, and fad was their god. But he was tolerant of them for Gloria's sake.

"Is there anything I can do?" Robin asked him now.

Lee turned with the affable courtesy characteristic of him and took one of her small hands in both of his. "I'll take care of Tess. I know you're anxious," he said, "but she'll be all right. Keith will, too. I've talked with his doctor."

To Tess's amazement, she saw the threat of tears in Robin's eyes. She gave her a reassuring kiss, and then forgot her as she turned to Lee with a torrent of questions about Keith. He tried to answer them as they sped to the hospital.

THERE was no one in the small waiting-room to which a nurse directed them. It would be a few moments, she said, before she could let them know if Mr. Burke could see anyone. So Tess and Lee sat talking quietly. Gloria was extending her New York visit this year, Lee said. He didn't know when to expect her home.

"Don't you get tired of that business, having her gone so much?" Tess asked, surprising herself with the brusqueness of her question.

"Yes," the man said. He was silent a long while. "But I love her," he said at last, painfully, "and there isn't much I can do about that."

"You may see Mr. Burke for ten minutes," the nurse said from the door.

Tess rose swiftly and followed her down the silent corridor. She was shaking when the nurse paused before a door at the end of the hall and held it open for Tess to go past her into the room.

There was a dim light. It revealed Keith

An American Storiette

Curtain going up

BY DONALD M. RICHARDSON

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL BAKER

THE young actress stood before the reception desk in the Leo Wyndam office.

"I'm sorry, but the play is cast," the secretary said.

"But you told me ten days ago—"

A young man came in from the elevator. "Hi, Evie," he called, and the secretary smiled coquettishly.

"I'll tell him you're here, David," she said.

"No rush." He indicated the younger girl as though she were a file cabinet. "Go ahead with what you're doing."

The woman turned back to Betsy: "I'm sorry, Miss—"

"Blake," the girl said. "Betsy Blake." Tears and anger welled up inside her. "I wrote a letter and two cards to Mr. Wyndam, asking for an appointment. And now you say the play is cast!"

The secretary opened her mouth for final dismissal. Then she caught the eye of the young man behind Betsy. "I'll see what I can do," she said. She rose and went through the door marked "Mr. Wyndam."

"You did great in the preliminaries," said the voice from the bench. "Now for the main bout."

Betsy turned, expecting to meet a flirtatious grin, but the young man was frowning. "Do you think I'll get in?" she asked seriously.

"Sure," he said, making room for her on the bench. "What's your acting experience?" he asked.

"Oh, a few things here and there," Betsy said lightly.

"I see. College productions and dramatic school!" He wasn't asking, he was telling her, and she knew it was no use lying.

She met his eyes directly. "Experience doesn't matter," she said. "I'm a fine actress!"

"Really? Are you broke?"

"Look, Mr.—"

"David. David Ardley," he offered.

"Look, Mr. David Ardley; you're fresh, and annoying, and you ask personal questions, and—"

The young man's eyes softened. "I'm

sorry to have to be so direct," he said. "But they'll be out in a minute."

She decided he was even more attractive when he was gentle.

"I'll tell you how to get a part in this play. A fellow told me the secret when I was broke, and I wouldn't give it to anyone who didn't really need it." He leaned close to her, whispering: "Wyndam is a tough guy, but he's a softy on one subject—Maude Adams."

"You mean Maude Adams, the great actress?"

"Right. She's the central character in this play he's doing. When you go in you'll see a picture of Maude Adams in his office. The minute you see it, open your eyes wide—"

She opened her eyes wide for practice, and he was drawn distractedly into them.

"You're a cinch," he said, orientating his thoughts. "Just open them like that and say, 'Oh, that face! It's Maude Adams!' Remember; just like that. And you'll get the job."

Betsy's eyes were still wide. "I can never thank you," she whispered.

"Yes, you can," David told her, "at dinner. I'll wait by the elevator to hear how you made out."

The secretary opened the door, and beckoned to David.

"Let this young lady go in, Evie. I stopped by to see what Mr. Wyndam was doing for dinner, but now I think I've got a dinner date."

He turned to Betsy, and her bright smile answered him. . . .

BETSY sat opposite Mr. Wyndam, folding her hands with studied grace. She glanced casually about. There were two pictures in the room. One, on the wall, a blown-up photograph of a boy in a Peter Pan collar. The other, on the desk, stood with its back to her. That would be Maude Adams.

She began reciting her background for Mr. Wyndam, meanwhile frantically seeking a means of seeing the picture to justify David's plan. She had to get to the other side of the desk!

Gathering all her acting prowess, she slipped off the chair into a faint. Mr. Wyndam hurried to her, picked her up, carried her to his swivel chair, and opened the window behind her. Betsy opened her eyes, and was relieved to find herself staring into the picture of a beautiful woman.

"Oh, that face," she said. "It's Maude Adams!"

She even remembered to open her eyes wide.

Mr. Wyndam studied her suspiciously for a moment. Then he nodded. "Okay," he said, "you get the job. It's not much of a part, and it pays minimum. You have only that one line: 'Oh, that face. It's Maude Adams!' Incidentally, you got your cues mixed. The picture you were looking at is my wife. That's Maude Adams up there, as Peter Pan."

Betsy studied her toes.

"I don't know how you got hold of the script, but you're a smart girl. Come in tomorrow and meet the author, David Ardley."

"I'd love to," Betsy said, heading for the elevator.

too clearly to the anxious girl. The unbandaged half of his face was flushed and bruised, the eye was swollen and blackening, his dark hair was matted on the pillow, and he breathed in heavy, noisy effort.

"Car skidded," he was protesting thickly as Tess approached him. "Didn't make the turn. Wouldn't pull over. Sell the car. No good. Wouldn't make the turn."

"He's delirious," Tess said worriedly to the nurse.

The nurse came swiftly to the bedside, felt Keith's pulse, examined him with a critical and impersonal eye. "Alcohol," she said briefly.

"Drunk?" Shock forced the word out of Tess. Then she went swiftly to her knees beside the bed. "Keith," she whispered. "Darling, it's Tess."

HE GROPED blindly toward her, and she covered his hand with both of hers.

"Baby," he said thickly, "I knew you'd come. Listen." He tried to sit up and fell back, panting. "Listen," he said insistently. "We're going to get married right away, now, tonight." He lurched up again, and this time his face drew close to hers. His hot breath was on her lips. "Now," he said. "Get married now."

She had never seen him drunk before, and this red-faced, leering creature was a stranger. She retreated in involuntary revulsion.

Keith fell back again. "Help me, baby," he said, and now he was moaning. "Help me, baby. I'm in a spot."

"Of course," Tess said tenderly. He was, after all, very dear to her. He was in pain. He was confused. "We'll be married as soon as you're"—the word "sober" almost escaped her lips—"as soon as you're well again and out of here, and presentable." She smiled at him through tears, stroking his hand. "You're really quite a mess, darling. You should see yourself."

"Car skidded," he began again, as though the patter were hopelessly bedded in his brain. "Sell the car. Wouldn't make the turn."

He had forgotten Tess, and she was relieved when the nurse signaled that her ten-minute visit was ended. There was nothing she could do for him. He had already forgotten she was here.

Tess became aware of her own weariness as she re-entered the waiting-room. At the sight of Lottie Burke, one clawlike hand clutching her purse, the other halted halfway to her nose with smelling salts, a wave of antipathy swept over Tess. "I will never understand her," she thought. "I'll never love her." Then the moment passed, her natural warmth of heart rallied to sustain her, and she went forward quickly to the older woman.

"I'm quite ill," Lottie Burke said, "quite ill."

She looked ill. Her small face under its modish hat was garish with rouge and terror. The diamonds on her trembling hands flashed in the shaded light of the waiting-room. Her small body was taut as a stretched wire.

"They must find me a room," she said. "I'm really quite ill." At last, as though recalling for the first time why she was here, she spoke of Keith. "My baby," she said. "What have they done with my baby?"

It was Lee who took things in hand and found her a room near Keith.

Later, in the car beside Lee, Tess asked a question that had been puzzling her. "Why did the car skid?" she said. "It hasn't been raining."

"It didn't skid," Lee said in some surprise. "The police reported that Keith was doing seventy and he missed the turn. But the telephone poles are set up off the highway there, and he plowed along the embankment for a hundred feet before the car climbed and struck the pole. That's why I say it was a lucky accident. Anyone else would have been killed."

Tess shivered. "Luck like that," the Norwegian had said, "runs out."

"As a matter of fact," Lee continued quietly after a moment, "Keith's been drinking pretty heavily lately. It's been on my mind."

Lee, himself, had induced Keith to take a job. Why should he, Keith had objected, with all the money he had? But Lee had urged him to try selling real estate, perhaps feeling that a man of his restless nature should have one constructive outlet, which would make him a better husband for Tess. Keith had agreed to try it for a year, as much because it gave him a legitimate reason for spending hours away from home as to prove to himself that he could earn a living. And he had been a remarkably good salesman until the past few months.

"Probably he'll never stick to anything very long," Lee said slowly. "That's no criticism of him, Tess. I like the guy, but I didn't know where to turn when he started hitting the bottle so hard these past few weeks. His mother's no help; she'd blame it on the liquor, not on Keith. And I haven't wanted to worry you."

HE HAD worried her. She lay awake an hour after she had gone to bed, seeing again the swollen, unrecognizable face of her fiancé thrust near her own. She realized now that she had seen him only at his best till now. His work, she thought, was worrying him. Or his impending marriage, perhaps. . . . But, no, he had insisted tonight that the marriage should take place earlier than it had been planned. No, not his marriage. His mother? Yes, Tess thought, his mother was responsible. Too loyal to desert her, he had nevertheless found living with her insupportable, and he had begun, perhaps unwittingly, to overdrink.

Tess rested at last, satisfied that she had found the answer. Tenderness flooded her again for Keith, who was too gallant to throw off the strangling burden of his mother. His problem would be solved when Tess married him, for they would leave town, if necessary, to free Keith from the incessant nagging.

Robin had already left for the shop when

Tess awoke that morning. The maid, Coos, came tiptoeing into the room at Tess's first stirring. Miss Robin, she said, had told her Miss Tess was to sleep as late as she could, and have breakfast in bed and take her time about getting down to the store. Coos was a scrawny, devoted creature with a long neck that seemed at times to have the swiveling capacity of a heron's.

She eyed Tess severely. Anyone who stayed late in bed was ill, and Coos had only one diet for illness—oatmeal and China tea. "I got some oatmeal cooking," Coos said firmly. So Tess, who had hoped for toast and bacon, took the oatmeal, which Coos, somehow, managed to make wholly unpalatable.

It was ten before Tess was dressed and ready to leave the apartment. She took one last glance in the mirror at her slim, gray-suited figure, touched the part in her black hair with perfume, and found the wide-brimmed gray felt hat which topped the gray suit with distinction. She paused at the telephone and called Perry Hospital. Presently she heard the contained voice of Dr. Tree, the Burkes' family physician.

"He'll go home tomorrow," Dr. Tree said positively. "No. Mrs. Burke isn't with him. I sent her home an hour ago, to give Keith a chance to recover." His tone was unimpeachable. He could have meant several things, but Tess knew him well enough to understand his meaning. He suggested that she wait another day to see Keith. "He isn't entirely himself," the dry voice suggested.

"But he is all right?" Tess insisted.

"My dear child," the doctor said, "his mother has hired four nurses to take care of him, and there's nothing wrong with him that a little quiet time devoted to regret won't help."

So Tess started for The Rain Shop with a free mind.

Robin had waited until she could afford individuality before she had chosen renting space for her shop. She had selected a corner site and had the building re-done, inside and out. It had one large display window and two smaller ones, and the displays, themselves, were changed every day. She had hired a lighting expert to devise natural, rainy-day effects to high-light the protective garments her shop merchandised. Within the shop, however, she had chosen chartreuse, a color reminiscent of sun penetrating clouds, and she had kept the decor charmingly subdued so that every model displayed became the moment's high light.

Tess's office adjoined Robin's on the second floor, and when she had glanced through the letters on her desk she stopped in to see her friend.

"Is Kitty here?" she asked.

"Yes," Robin said. "Kitty's pale but present. She's doing some filing for me today to keep her off her feet. Her stomach's been upset, she says, for weeks. She thinks she may have ulcers." Robin gave Tess a wry smile. "But she is a sweet person, Tess. I suspect she's one of the rarest creatures in the world, an unselfish human being."

"I'm going to take a moment to speak to her," Tess said. But the telephone rang for her, and her eleven o'clock appointment came early.

It was lunchtime before Tess saw Kitty to speak to her. She found her alone in the comfortable lounge Robin had provided for her employees. The first shift had gone down the street to lunch at a small cafeteria, but Kitty said she wasn't hungry.

Curled up on the couch, she looked not much larger than a kitten. Her lovely skin was almost colorless, and in the depths of her startlingly blue eyes Tess thought she saw fear. She laid slim, cool fingers on the girl's forehead.

"I talked with your doctor last night. He wants you to have an examination," she said.

Kitty moved restlessly. "I can't, Tess," she said. "I can't afford it. I saw so many lovely things after I got this job that I bought them all, and I'm still paying for them."

"Honey, listen," Tess said. "I think you should do what the doctor says. You have your county medical to cover part of the expense. And Robin has already told the doctor she'll pay the rest."

"She will?" Kitty was incredulous. "But why? Why should she?"

"Because if our only size ten gets sick, what will we do?"

A small, responsive smile touched Kitty's lips. "I don't mean to be stubborn, Tess," she said, "but I do feel better today. I always feel better in the afternoon. . . . Besides, what if it isn't a stomach upset? What if it's something else? What if I had to have an operation?" There was naked panic in her eyes.

Tess thought, "She hasn't any family." . . . She asked, "Are you alone a good deal, Kitty? Do you get lonely?"

After a long moment, "Yes," in a small whisper.

"Poor baby," Tess said, and an engulfing tenderness filled her. She put both arms around the girl and held her silently. It was outside of her experience to be cruelly lonely. After her mother had gone to California, even after she had moved into the apartment with Robin, she had known moments of unhappy longing for the close affection her parents had given her, but she knew now that vivid anguish such as this child had felt had never touched her.

"We'll wait and see," she said at last. "But if you aren't really better, will you let me know, Kitty? Will you promise? And if it means an operation I'll go right into the hospital with you and stay with you as long as they will let me. I'll see you through." . . .

"Well, there must be something wrong with this phone, operator. No one's called me up for three days!!"

For The American Magazine by J. M. Mulligan

At three that afternoon Robin called Tess to model a hooded ulster for Mrs. James Henry Carbeth, who fancied her figure resembled Tess's. Fifty pounds ago it had, but Tess enjoyed the occasional break in her office duties that modeling gave her, and Mrs. Carbeth was amiable enough so long as the specification, size 42, was neither mentioned nor allowed to appear on the sales slip nor on the garment eventually sent to her home.

This morning, however, Mrs. Carbeth's opening remark was ill-timed: "I saw in the paper that Keith Burke had been in an accident. Haven't I seen you with him at the Racquet Club?"

She had a pleasant voice, but with a penetrating quality that seemed to reach every corner of the shop. It annoyed Tess to have Keith brought into her life here in the store.

Tess's engagement had not been announced. Keith had said, reasonably enough, that his mother's resistance to the marriage would be less burdensome to all of them if she could pretend, in her peculiar way, that it wouldn't actually come to pass. A formal engagement, a ring, would be a constant thorn. Robin's prejudiced dislike for Keith had been another factor. In deference to it, Tess had avoided meeting him at The Rain Shop, having him telephone her here. It was disturbing to her now to hear his name avidly whispered among the clerks and models.

"You know, the dream-boat. He was at

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AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel
begins on page 52

Miss Rain's Halloween party. He danced with you, don't you remember?"

"Oh, him?"

(Awakening concern. "Not his face! Not his beautiful face!" Half jest. Half shopgirl's daydreaming. Imagine being married to a guy like that! "In an accident? What happened?")

Mrs. Carbeth, her attention already restored to the ulster, heard none of it, and Tess pretended not to hear it, either. However, Keith had danced with every girl at the Halloween party. He had, in a sense, made the party. He was unquestionably handsome, his gaiety had been inspired that night, his gallantry had been shed equally on all. The renewed interest in him awakened by Mrs. Carbeth's harmless query could be understood, but Tess didn't like it.

"I think I'd like to see the green, Tess. Do you mind?" Mrs. Carbeth said thoughtfully. "With my height, I really think the green . . ."

This was one of Mrs. Carbeth's shopping days, and her shopping was accomplished with maddening leisure. Almost an hour passed before Tess was free to seek Robin.

"Miss Rain," Robin's secretary said, "is in Dr. MacCauley's office. Miss Lane fainted again."

Tess hurried down the building's corridors and was admitted at once to Gill MacCauley's office, where he sat on the corner of his desk, talking to Robin. He looked up as Tess entered, and rose and came to her. She had noticed before that his stride was easy, as though his size and humorous nature were an insulation from the ordinary frets of man. She was surprised to find how relieved she was that Kitty Lane had come into his hands.

"You take over, Tess," Robin said, and stood up, smoothing her smart wool gown across her hips. "I left in the middle of making up an order that must go out in the afternoon's mail."

When she had gone, Tess said, "What about Kitty? Where is she?"

"I took her upstairs and put her in our emergency ward. She has agreed to an examination before she goes home tonight. Tell me," he said, "what is Miss Lane's married name?"

"She isn't married."

His face revealed nothing. "Suppose she is quite ill," he said gravely. "Suppose she needs a period of rest and quiet. Where could she go?"

"Miss Rain wants all bills referred to her."

He seemed surprised by her interpretation of his question. After a moment he smiled, however, teasing her. "My bills are outrageous," he smiled, "but itemized. No. Suppose she is going to have a child, is there any arrangement that could be made to provide good food and care for her, not in a hospital?"

"Is she going to have a child?" Tess asked.

"From the answers she has given to my questions, I think so. We'll know more after the examination, and I may have a test or two run."

"She has been very lonely." Her warm affection for the girl brought eager defense from Tess. "She's scarcely twenty, and she's been alone since she was fifteen. Anything she has done was not done selfishly or basely. She is a good girl."

He sat looking down at her with odd abstraction. "The greatest betrayer of man is loneliness," he said. "I don't mean being alone; I mean being lonely. It can make cowards of all of us. In my work I see too much of its destruction, among children and adults and old people. It takes tremendous courage to endure it. Take a lonely child and temptation, and you have a defeated child. Take a lonely heart and proximity, and you have what passes, with many people, for love."

"Oh, no," Tess said, "that isn't love. That isn't love at all."

"I said," he corrected her gently, "that with many people it passes for love. No, it isn't love, but you would be surprised to learn how many people are betrayed into accepting it for what it isn't. And the nicest people, too." His humorous smile again. "It could happen to me," he said. "It could happen to you."

Tess shook her head. "No," she said positively, "not to me. I had a good home. My parents loved each other and they loved me. They cared what I did and what became of me. I know what love is. Even loneliness couldn't shake that knowledge."

"I had a good home, too," Gill MacCauley said. "I still have. Mother's pretty crippled with arthritis or I'd say we could send Kitty there. Dad's still in practice."

It seemed to Tess that in the doctor's faraway, remembering glance, she had at last discerned the foundations of his strength. He was one of the lucky, like herself, sprung from responsible people who had accepted willingly the bill presented by parenthood for the pain and pleasure of bringing a child to maturity.

Eager words came to her lips. There were so many things to be said, but as she lifted her hand in a quick gesture to continue, the uncertain clasp on her wrist watch gave way. Reclasping it, she saw the time.

"I must get back," she said. She stood up, and Gill rose, too, easily, with that integrated grace which was so much a part of him. "I would like to stay and talk."

"Have dinner with me?" he asked. "Not tonight. I have a meeting. Tomorrow night?"

She looked up at him, laughing. "Isn't it Kitty Lane we're hoping to help?" she asked.

Perhaps, she agreed vaguely, they could have dinner together one night. She couldn't quite bring herself to quench the eagerness in his eyes.

"I have a house at the beach," she went on. "Mother gave it to me when she went to California. We used to go down when I was little, but I haven't spent a summer there since I was twelve. It's been kept up, though, and there is a couple living in it who used to work for us. They could take care of Kitty. They've had no children and they'd spoil her blind. That's what she needs." . . . Abruptly, the whole meaning of what lay ahead of Kitty came to her. "What about the man? Shouldn't we talk to him?"

"Perhaps Miss Lane will want to." He stressed a point Tess had half forgotten. "We're still in the supposing stage. I'll know more tomorrow."

"You'll keep in touch with me?"

"I'll let you know," he said. . . .

There was a call from Lottie Burke noted on Tess's telephone pad when she returned. The message had a peremptory flavor: "Call at once. Important."

"I won't do it," Tess thought, with prompt resistance, but her next thought concerned Keith. Perhaps he needed her. It was her first question when Lottie Burke answered the telephone, but the answer was no. Keith was doing wonderfully; his mother had spent the whole afternoon with him.

"I would have let you know at once, dear," Mrs. Burke said reproachfully. Tess thought, warily, "She wants something." She did, but it was a small enough favor. "Could you have dinner with me, tonight, dear? I'm so lonely with Keith gone. And I do worry. I am such a worrier."

Later, while she was dressing, Tess had the chance to repeat to Robin what Gill MacCauley had told her.

"He seems competent," Robin said with reluctant grace. "And he is good with Kitty. She trusts him. But I have an idea she trusts everybody," she added, nullifying the praise.

Tess dressed with extraordinary care. Mrs. Burke maintained her home with formal elegance, and much of her conversation dealt with her servant problem, which was recurrent and harassing. Tonight, Tess knew, she would sit across a damasked table from this woman she disliked and go through the hypocritical ritual demanded by courtesy. She wore white because it was her most becoming color, and because she wanted the reassurance that being well dressed would give her.

Mrs. Burke wore black and, as usual, was primarily concerned with her food while she was at the table. The conversation concerned the new cook, who was particularly good with meringues, Mrs. Burke said, and pastries.

It was not until they were seated in front of the fire, later, in the sitting-room of Mrs. Burke's suite, that the real reason for tonight's invitation was revealed to Tess.

"Keith wants to get married," Lottie Burke said, with, for her, remarkable directness. "And of course you were to have been married late this month, anyway. It's no change of plans, really, merely moving them ahead."

"We could move the date up a week," Tess began, but Mrs. Burke interrupted her:

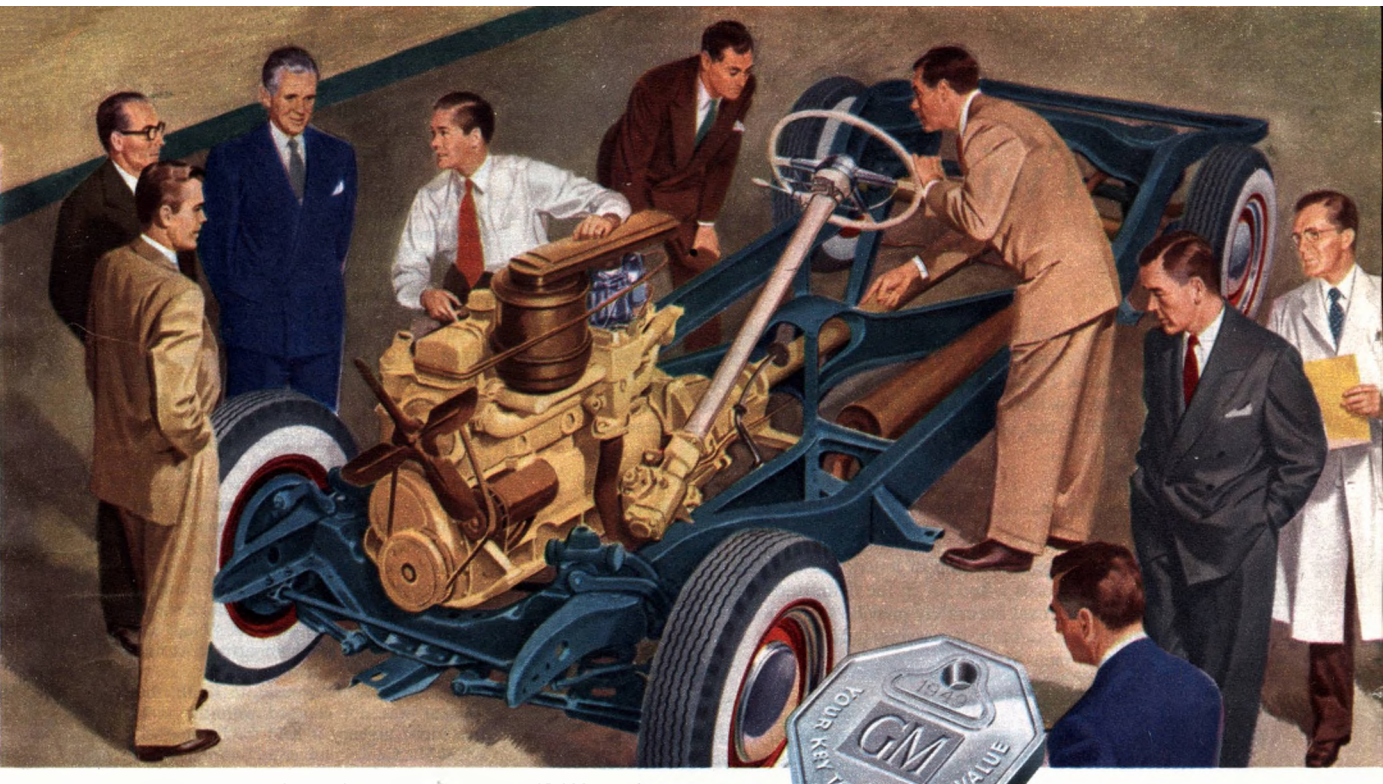
"You don't understand me, dear. The publicity about this accident has been unnerving to me. So many telephone calls. So many people saying it was a miracle he wasn't killed. Quite unnerving. No, Keith and I agreed this afternoon that a wedding, even so soon as the end of the month would be too much for me. So why wait? Why not go quietly out of town somewhere, have a simple ceremony, go away for the honeymoon, and return when this dreadful business has ceased to interest so many people?"

It sounded reasonable enough. Perhaps, Tess thought, Robin could be persuaded to let her go if Tess spent this whole coming week arranging to be gone. "I'll think about it," she said, "and let you know in a day or two."

"But, dear, a day or two won't do. The wedding is to be tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Tess said, aghast. She stood up, moved a step or two away from the older woman, and faced her. "That's out of the question," she said flatly.

Mrs. Burke stiffened. She clasped her hands, the diamonds flashing fire, the



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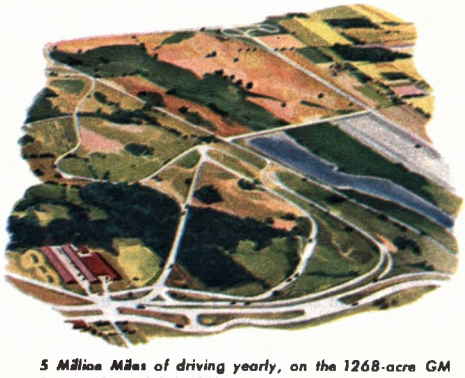

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Twist a Word

by Ben L. O'Dell

HERE'S a new twist in word games. In every number below are 4 definitions, each of which calls for a familiar common word. Your project is to furnish them. However, all members of the quartet of words you supply must consist of the SAME LETTERS, used the SAME NUMBER OF TIMES, but, of course, in different arrangements. For example:

(a) Dozes off.....NAPS
(b) Spread of an arch.....SPAN
(c) Break off suddenly.....SNAP
(d) Shallow cooking vessels..PANS

Note how the one combination of letters has been successfully twisted into each of the words asked for in the definitions. To score yourself a right answer, you must accurately provide words for all 4 definitions in every instance; 5 right is a passing grade; 7 or more is excellent. Answers are on page 81.

1. (a) Meadows
(b) An auction
(c) Alcoholic beverages
(d) An aquatic mammal

2. (a) Bound together
(b) A food regimen
(c) Prepare for publication
(d) Rise and fall of waters

3. (a) Serf
(b) Valleys
(c) Washes or bathes
(d) Healing ointment

4. (a) Summits
(b) To mail
(c) A blemish
(d) To cease

5. (a) To jump
(b) Become wan
(c) Urgent entreaty
(d) Sound of thunder

6. (a) To signify
(b) Part of a prayer
(c) A designation
(d) Hair on an animal's neck

7. (a) To cut or clip
(b) Long-eared rodents
(c) Gives audience to
(d) A portion or part

8. (a) Licks up
(b) Intimate friends
(c) Very high mountains
(d) Strike with the open hand

9. (a) Dines
(b) A chair
(c) A direction
(d) To satiate

10. (a) Peels
(b) A lance
(c) Lean or thin
(d) Gathers crops

knuckles showing white with pressure. "You are a very lucky girl, Teresa," she said coldly, "to be marrying my son at all. If he wants to marry you immediately it is the least you can do for him."

"I'm sorry," Tess said quietly, "but I can't possibly marry Keith tomorrow. I love him very much. I expect to marry him, but marriage is a solemn step, and I'm not going to spoil it with haste."

Mrs. Burke became imperious. Nervous tears gathered in her furious eyes. "You don't love him at all! Here I am, giving up my only son, my baby, and you—"

There was a discreet tap at the door. Mrs. Burke broke off at once, her tears and anguish momentarily checked.

"Your after-dinner coffee," a maid said from the doorway, and entered with the tray.

Tess turned to her gratefully, her knees shaking. "Please get my wrap," she said. "I'll be down immediately."

To Keith's mother she said, "I will call you in a day or two. Tomorrow is out of the question." . . .

Tess, at home, reviewed the conversation with Robin.

"She's up to no good," Robin said calmly. "I don't trust her."

Now that the moment's need of escaping Lottie Burke had passed, Tess was unnerved and shaky. "Keith had much the same idea that morning after the accident in the hospital," she said. "It isn't entirely Lottie's plan."

"Why don't you call Lee Hayes?" Robin asked casually. "He knows them both."

It was still early. Lee was at home when Tess called. Presently, when she had told him her doubts about moving the wedding forward, he said, "You're absolutely right. It may be partly Keith's idea, but Lottie Burke isn't urging this for love of you, or Keith, either. I can't see you tonight. But have cocktails with me tomorrow afternoon. We can talk."

"Here," Tess said. "We'll have them here."

Lee was agreeable. "Don't worry, honey," he said. "Nobody can make you do what you don't want to do. When does Keith get home? . . . Tomorrow? . . . Why don't you wait and talk to him? What was the plan—for you to meet him somewhere out of town? Don't do it!"

"We didn't get that far," Tess said. She added swiftly, "Remember, I love him, Lee. I want to marry him."

Lee was silent at the other end of the line. "You follow your Robin's advice till I get there," he said at last. "She's a sound little bird. I'll see you tomorrow." . . .

Tess called the hospital again the next morning from the shop, hoping to reach Keith before he left for home. But he had already gone.

"I could go out there," Tess thought, "and see them both, together." But a small, stubborn streak in her resisted. "No," she thought. "This is Keith's marriage as well as mine. Let him come to me."

He didn't call. Obviously, to Keith, this moment was not charged with the same mysterious urgency it held for his mother.

Gill MacCauley phoned as Tess and Robin were leaving for home. "Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "It will be late. I have to assist with an emergency."

"We'll be up," Tess said. She was eager to ask him about Kitty, but the questioning could wait.

"I'll shower and change," Robin said, at home. "You greet your boy and pour him a cocktail."

"You'll join us, later?"

"Probably," Robin said. "In case you need rescuing."

"Not from Lee Hayes." It was a laughing protest.

Lee had taken time to go home and shower, too, before coming out. His crisp hair was still damp, and he looked younger to Tess than she had recalled. She said so.

"I'm not quite senile," he said, amused. "Where's the Robin?"

Tess told him.

"Have you talked with Keith?"

"No," Tess said. "He hasn't called me."

Lee mixed the drinks. He had nice hands, deft and sure. Tess, studying him, thought, "Why, he's still young, not much older than Keith, not too much older than I am." She began to relax a little, bolstered by his pleasant company.

"About Keith," he said at last. "How well do you know him, honey?"

"Completely," Tess said, smiling. "He may have been drinking when he had the accident the other night. But that isn't Keith, Lee. Not Keith at all."

"How much have you seen him lately?"

"He's been out of town a great deal." She gave him a rebuking glance. "As a boss, you're a little hard on young love," she said.

Lee put down his glass and stood up. "Keith has been in love a great many times in his young life. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course. So have I. But not like this. This," Tess said gently, "doesn't happen twice."

"The guy is very lucky," he said gruffly. "When we do get (*Continued on page* 65)

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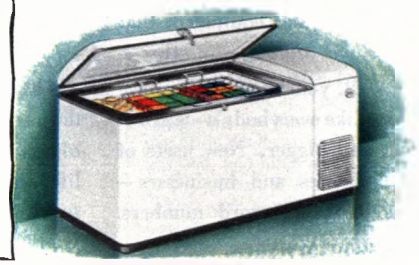

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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(*Continued from page* 62) married, will you give me away, Lee?"

"Not if you weaken and run off somewhere and have the knot tied in some notary public's back parlor," he said promptly.

"I won't, Lee. I promise I won't."

"Because," he said, "I think it might be very good for Keith Burke to stand up and be counted before a large group of solemn people, who think that both parties to the marriage should have a pretty clear understanding of what they're doing."

"You don't like Keith, Lee!" Tess put down her glass. She was astonished.

"Honey," Lee said, "he is a charming guy. He has money enough to take care of you. He loves you. How could he help it? But he has one count against him—his mother—and don't think that Keith's getting married will get her off his neck, because it won't. She has spoiled him. I'm sorry if that hurts you, but it's true. He's going to spend the rest of his life trying to find another woman who will forgive him all his faults as she has. If you understand that and are willing to take on the chore, you'll be happy with him."

"He's lonely," Tess thought, "and unhappy, himself, in his own marriage, and he's worried for me." . . . "My life will begin," she said positively, "when Keith and I are married."

Robin joined them. "Is this a wake?" she asked.

THEY had a merry half-hour, after all. Lee's solemn mood had passed with his brief warning and, in business himself, he knew a great many people Robin encountered frequently through The Rain Shop. Tess sat back and marveled at the melting-down Lee's quiet humor exercised on Robin's offishness with men.

Later, when Lee had gone, Tess teased her.

"He's married," Robin said briefly. "There are four types of men: the goop, the dupe, the wolf, and the married man."

She was snappish again with Gill MacCauley. He looked weary when he came in, and he accepted, with a grateful glance, the drink Tess mixed for him.

"I won't stay," he said, "but this will taste good. It's been a long day."

"Kitty Lane?" Robin asked.

Gill looked at Tess. "She is three months along with child," he said.

Tess could feel her heart lurch with apprehension. "Does Kitty know?"

"Yes," Gill said, "and fortunately she's very happy."

"Happy!" Robin couldn't believe it.

"A great many women want babies," Gill said, his voice unexpectedly dry.

"But under these circumstances," Robin began. She couldn't continue.

"Under these circumstances," he said mildly, "Kitty will need special protection, that's all. It will still be her baby and, if I can arrange it, a healthy baby."

"What about the father? Will he marry her?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," the doctor admitted. His face was concerned. "Kitty was sure he would. They are very much in love with each other, she told me. Perhaps they were a little hasty, but with so much love between them, it couldn't be wrong.

"The only difficulty is," he said slowly, "she misjudged her man. I talked with him this afternoon. He will not, he says positively, marry her. She got herself into this—queer reasoning, but his—and she can get herself out of it. He comes from a good family. I have his name here somewhere." He fumbled through his pockets. "I thought one of you might have encountered him somewhere. Perhaps we can bring a little pressure to bear, give him some idea of sharing the responsibility."

Tess said, "Poor Kitty." The tears came to her eyes.

Robin stood up. She placed herself in front of Gill MacCauley, between him and Tess, her small hands rigid at her sides. Tess thought, "This is another count against a man for Robin."

"Here it is," Gill said. "His name is Burke. Keith Burke."

Tess stood up, too. "This is a joke," she said.

Gill looked at her in surprise. "You know him?"

It was a joke, Tess thought, but not a funny joke. Of course she knew Keith; she knew him completely, as she had told Lee with confidence earlier today. He was as innocent as she was in this thing. But why had Kitty Lane chosen to accuse Keith Burke?

The tendrils of Tess's love, which had crept so eagerly toward Kitty in this tragic business, recoiled in sharp suspicion of the girl. Kitty had been expedient. She had met Keith, probably, at Robin's Halloween party. Everybody had, and now, leaning on Tess's assurance of affection for her, she had taken calm advantage of it. Keith was wealthy. His marriage was impending. Kitty had unquestionably named the first name that had come to her lips when Gill had questioned her. Or, possessed of a cupidity Tess would not have imagined, the girl had thought to bludgeon Keith's mother into a sizable payment which would see Kitty through this difficult time.

Even now, however, with these painful thoughts developing in her mind, Tess found it difficult to credit Kitty Lane with such venality. It meant she had known before the examination that she was going to have a child. It meant Kitty was as deceitful as she was beautiful, and Tess couldn't believe that in this first, shocked moment.

She turned, still numbed, to Robin. "What do we do now?" she asked. "I can't tell Keith."

ROBIN stood still. She said nothing, but her eyes were no longer cool. They held a depth of pity Tess could read through shock. She thought, incredulously, "Robin believes Keith is the man. But of course," her quick and covering thought continued, "she's never trusted Keith."

She said, with careful tolerance, "It isn't true, Robin. You don't know Keith."

Robin still said nothing.

After a long moment of silence it was the doctor who spoke: "I talked with Mr. Burke on the telephone this afternoon."

Tess had forgotten. "Of course," she said eagerly, "and he said he didn't know the girl, that she had got herself into this. You see?"

"That isn't exactly what he said," Gill began slowly. "You know Mr. Burke very well?"

"I am engaged to marry him," Tess said proudly.

Gill MacCauley, she supposed, probably developed this same, guarded expression when he lifted his scalpel to begin an operation.

"Really," Tess began, and she laughed,

"Probably sour dates!"

For The American Magazine by Ed Nofziger

The Month's AMERICAN Short Novel
begins on page 52

because this whole thing was too absurd. "Don't be solemn. Pour yourselves a drink. I suppose the thing to do is to call Keith," she continued reasonably. "He should be warned."

Halfway to the telephone she was stopped by the recollection of her recent interview with Lottie Burke. Tomorrow, Lottie Burke had said, the marriage must occur tomorrow. Tomorrow had become today. Keith's mother, then, had already had some message from Kitty Lane. She had known this thing would happen. And her swift move to get Tess out of town, to conclude the marriage, had been protective of Tess as well as of Keith.

Tess lifted the receiver with more warmth of feeling toward Lottie Burke than she had ever known before. "I would like to speak with Mr. Burke," she told the maid.

Mr. Burke was out. He had left the house, the maid said, before dinner. With his mother. No, they had not said when they would return.

Tess turned from the telephone with a wry reversal of emotion toward Lottie Burke. She had taken Keith somewhere to dinner. On this first night at home she had wanted to be sure that Tess could not interrupt them.

"I'll call him first thing in the morning," she said.

Gill MacCauley was already moving toward the door. Tess followed, offering him a warm hand. "This has been very difficult for you," she said. "I wish you might have been forewarned."

"These things happen." But he held her hand a moment in his strong fingers. "I suppose," he said at last, "this means that Kitty will have to look somewhere else for refuge?"

Tess thought about it. "She is welcome to stay at the beach house," she said stiffly, "so long as I don't have to see her again."

He released her hand and took her shoulders lightly. "If you need me," he said, "you will call?"

"Of course." She touched his cheek lightly with one finger. "Smile," she said. "Kitty will be cared for. No one has been harmed, really. I have learned another lesson in human nature, that's all."

He startled her with his swift kiss, but before she could reveal surprise or anger he was gone.

"Is that part of his regular house-call routine, do you suppose?" Tess asked Robin. "Or does he make a special charge for that?"

Robin's response concerned Kitty. "You're a generous person, Tess," she said.

Tess shrugged. "Is that a synonym for softie?" But she was eager to discuss Kitty's reasons for naming Keith Burke. "It could have been fright," she said, "plain terror. She'll be sorry tomorrow."

Robin had no theories whatsoever. She didn't even want to discuss the dreadful business until Tess had talked with Keith. "You must remember," she said quietly, "that I went through much this same thing. And my husband *was* the man.'

Tess said no more that night. She felt that Robin was too prejudiced by her own bitter experience. . . .

Robin was awake first in the morning, and up and dressed when Tess opened sleepy eyes to the pale, January sunshine. Robin said that since breakfast was ready, why didn't Tess eat first and call Keith afterward?

"It's scrapple," she said coaxingly, "and muffins, and frozen raspberries."

Tess sat up and stretched, her lovely body sleek and arrogant in its thin sheath.

"I'm not going to telephone him at all," she decided. "I'm going out there. This is a pretty serious thing, Robin," she said earnestly. "I'm sure Kitty won't stick to her story when Gill faces her again, but Lottie is probably right. Keith and I should be married as soon as possible in case the girl has more nerve than I think she has."

Robin retreated again into her maddening silence, but when Tess had donned a black wool dress and a small but becoming black hat for her encounter with Lottie Burke, Robin said she would be glad to go along for the ride.

"No," Tess said thoughtfully, drawing on her fur jacket. "This is an ugly business, but it isn't crucial. Thank you, Robin. You're very good to me."

"You'll grow up to be quite a gal some day," Robin said lightly, "if you don't fall on your beautiful nose in the process."

The weather was auspicious. Not a day for heavy buying at The Rain Shop, certainly, but perfect for a wedding if one wished to have a wedding. And why not? Tess thought swiftly. Keith might still be in bandages, but under them he was still Keith. At the sudden, happy recollection of his gaiety and tenderness, Tess's heart lifted and began to sing again. Today. She would be married today.

Her mood endured while the maid admitted her to Lottie Burke's elegant and, to her, depressing house. The large rooms were overcrowded with heavy, precious pieces; the draperies were elegant and unyielding; the dark furniture's polished surfaces reflected more dark furniture.

Tess left the drawing-room and waited in the hall, which was relatively uncluttered. She was watching the wide, carpeted stairway eagerly for Keith, when Lottie Burke came down, dressed and hatted.

"My dear," Mrs. Burke said, and took Tess's hand in her cold, thin fingers. "Come in." She indicated the drawing-room, and Tess followed reluctantly. "Keith will be so sorry to have missed you." She paused. "He's gone."

The first sharp thrust of apprehension stirred in Tess. "Gone?"

"Yes." Lottie Burke nodded. "Gone away." She was gay this morning. She wagged a kittenish finger at Tess. "I told you, my dear, to take him while he was available. A very unfortunate thing has happened. Sit down, dear, do. . . . Some dreadful little shopgirl is threatening to make trouble if Keith doesn't marry her. The boy is beside himself, of course. He was kind to the girl; he's kind to everyone. I gather she threw herself at him. But Keith will go away for a few weeks and the whole thing will clear itself up."

Tess sat down. "I don't think I understand you," she said slowly.

Mrs. Burke gave her a glance of sharp relish. "My dear, he isn't a monk," she said. "No man is."

Tess scarcely heard her. She went back patiently: "A shopgirl is making trouble for Keith? How could she?"

"The girl is pregnant. She undoubtedly planned things to happen this way. They do, you know." She paused, frowning a little. After a moment she added waggishly, "You had your chance, my dear."

Tess rose. "You knew this the night I had dinner here, the night you talked to me?"

"Naturally. Keith tells me everything. He began to suspect it a week or so ago, but the girl said nothing. She was waiting, of course. Part of her plan. And Keith is so naïve. He trusts everyone. I've told him again and again that no woman can be trusted, except me, of course, except his mother." She clasped her hands into a tight little knot in a paroxysm of self-worship. "He's only a baby, really," she said. "He doesn't know. But there can be no wedding now, of course. Not for months." She gave Tess a sly glance. "So you haven't got him, after all, my dear."

Tess had never known loathing before. As she stood watching Lottie Burke gloating over her son's adroit escape from two women, an escape which kept him for herself a little longer, Tess felt defiled. The truth was there before her, revealed in the triumphant amusement of Lottie Burke. Kitty Lane had not been lying. Keith was the father of her child. But for the moment Tess was numbed past realization by her loathing for Keith's mother.

"You are a vile and evil person," she said slowly, more in horror than in anger. She fled from the house. . . .

She could not recall, afterward, getting into her car and driving home, but Robin was a shape she recognized as she entered the apartment. She saw Robin. She heard Robin's hurt cry, as though the stab Tess had received had pierced the smaller woman, too. She remembered Robin putting a glass of brandy into her hand, and her shaking hand refusing to hold it. She remembered the sound of glass striking the floor, and presently she was undressed and in bed with no recollection of having helped herself to get there.

She heard Robin's crooning voice saying words over her, but the words meant nothing in themselves. Time was meaningless, too. She had no thought, no feeling, no substance, herself. But when the vacant world began to take shape again, it wasn't Robin's hand she felt on hers. This hand was big and warm and strong, and its pulse urged her pulse to stronger action.

The hand withdrew itself.

"Please," Tess cried weakly, groping.

"It's right here," Gill MacCauley said, and he took her hand again, and the warmth moved up her arm and into her body. She stirred. She opened her eyes, and Gill was there, near her. He smiled. "Feeling better?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks, and she tried weakly to wipe her eyes, but her arms were weary. Her body was weary, too.

"We'll try a little of the broth," she heard Gill say, and Robin moved into her vision. She recognized slowly that it was night. The light on her bed table hurt her eyes. She turned away from it.

"Open wide," the doctor said, and warm broth was in her mouth, trickling down her throat. It tasted good. She took it all.

"Perhaps," she said weakly, "you could give Coos the recipe."

But the sound of her own voice brought

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her too sharply awake, and she remembered. She remembered Lottie Burke and her triumphant eyes and the things she had said, and her laughter. Tess's eyes widened again with horror. She groped blindly for the warm hand.

"We'll do it this way," Gill said, and slipped an arm under her neck so that it lay warm along her shoulders.

"Tell me what happened," he said. "Say what's in your mind, Tess. Start with one word, any word, and go on from there."

She could give him the bare truths at last, haltingly: "Keith is the father of Kitty's child. His mother knows." A convulsive shiver. "I hate her."

It was a strange and broken world to which Tess began to return, with those words, a tormented and pointless world littered with the fragments of her hopes and awakened desires. Her projected marriage to Keith Burke seemed now to have been her only reason for existence, and she couldn't recall what life had held for her before she had met him. She had been a tended, nurtured young creature not yet aware of destiny nor concerned with it, and he had become her destiny, leading her into a world of tremulous happiness.

Now, gasping and bewildered, she stood on a bleached plain whose reaches were limitless and appallingly barren. There was no tenant but herself, and there were no horizons.

"Broth," Gill MacCauley said, or, "Tea," or, "Toast," and she swallowed dutifully, because his grave glance warned her that she must, but food held no more taste than life, at first.

"I'll rub your back, dear," Robin would say, or, "We'll tie a ribbon in your hair," and Tess would submit to that, too, because it pleased Robin.

Lee Hayes came and sat with her and held her hand. He made the mistake, once, of offering evidence against Keith, whose business trips, Lee had discovered, were frequently not business trips at all. They had been intervals spent in a cabin camp south of town, isolated some years ago when the new highway had been put through.

"He was keeping house there," Lee said, "with Kitty."

Tess turned on him. "I don't believe it. Don't say that. It isn't true." A convulsive cry of pain and protest. "That's Kitty's story. Keith loves me."

In corroboration of her angry accusation, Gill MacCauley told her other things Kitty Lane had said. Gill had driven the girl to the beach and had established her comfortably there with Mr. and Mrs. Greaves. Kitty wanted, he said, to express her gratitude to Tess.

"She thinks," he said, "it's because you're a friend of Keith's, too. He told her you had been friends since childhood and that he took you out occasionally because his mother insisted. She doesn't know you were engaged to him."

Tess, sitting up in a chair at last, listless and pale, was imbued with sudden, furious strength. She stood up and pointed a shaking finger at the doctor. "She tells lies," she cried. "Nothing but lies. He couldn't have told her that. It isn't true. He was kind to her, and she threw herself at him and he couldn't be cruel, but Kitty knew—Kitty knew about Keith and me." Of course Kitty knew. She had planned this thing with diabolical cleverness.

Tess stood pointing a trembling finger at Gill until he came to her and picked her up and carried her to a chair that would contain them both. He rocked her gently, saying nothing until her anger subsided and she was spent and helpless in his arms.

"If you continue in your heart to put the whole blame for this thing on Kitty," he began at last, "you're choosing retreat as surely as the hermit heading for the hills." She was too spent to move, but she gave him an angry, hostile glance. "It could lead you to blame Kitty for everything that happens to you from now on. You could become obsessed with Kitty past all reason, as Robin has become obsessed with her husband's betrayal of her until, now, she sees her husband in every man she meets."

Tess hadn't known Gill had recognized Robin's antipathy. He had never mentioned it before.

"Kitty is a liar, and Robin's husband did betray her. Why shouldn't we hate them? You haven't been lecturing Robin," Tess said coldly. "Why lecture me?"

Gill put a hand under her chin, and she felt again the warmth and comfort his touch gave her. "I'm in love with you, Tess," he said.

Any man's touch would bring her comfort, Tess told herself wearily. Lee's hand on hers was reassuring, too, because it recalled Keith's hand and allowed her for a precious moment to remember Keith's gay and urgent passion. Once loved, she supposed, one went through life snatching at affection and accepting its meagerest manifestations greedily. It was good to lie here, even in her anger, even admitting that Gill was being cheated, with his cherishing arms around her. Still, what Kitty had done to her surely allowed her to deserve this brief comfort, until Keith returned to her; until, as his mother had said, a few weeks had passed and the whole thing had cleared itself up.

Gill was still studying her with his querying glance. "No answer?" he said.

"I'm sorry." She really was. She had grown fond of him. He had his obsession, too, of course—this no-retreat business, this forgive-your-enemy, love-your-betrayer idea; but his heart was good, and one had the feeling of being in a warm, well-lighted room when one was with him. "I'm sorry, Gill. I'm in love with Keith. I love him with all my heart and soul and body. I always will."

One never knew, from Gill's face, when he was wounded. He continued to hold her quietly, without pressure or demand. But finally he rose and put her in her own chair and tucked the blanket over her knees.

"You'll be on your feet again in a day or two," he said. "Your strength will come back in a rush when it comes. Then you won't need me." He smiled the half-smile that gave his face its greatest charm.

"I'll always need you, Gill," she said.

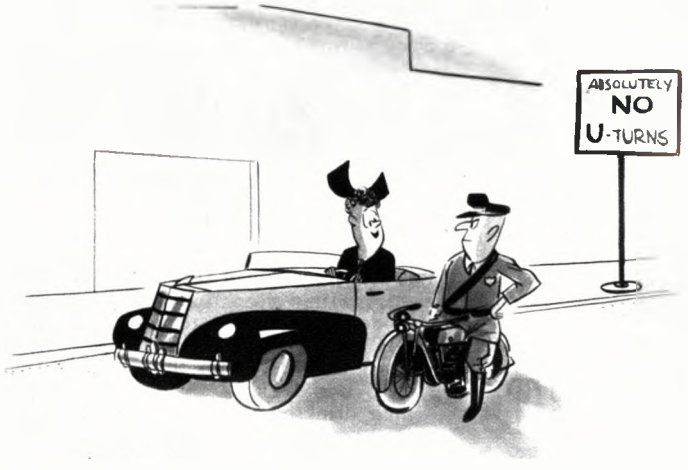
"No," he said quietly. "If you can accept what Keith Burke has done and still love him, you won't need me. You won't need anything but the courage to go through this kind of thing again and again if you marry him. But you'll have it, if you make Kitty your whipping boy and blame her for every woman Keith brings into your life. You won't be living, of course; you'll be dwelling in a small shell which, in your mind, Kitty built around you. In time you'll be clinging to Keith through hate instead of love, as many daughters cling to their selfish mothers and many mothers cling to their sons. But by that time you won't know the difference. Because, after all, you can always claim Kitty did this to you, not Keith. And not you."

She was shocked. She hadn't supposed jealousy of another man could do this to a person as fine as Gill MacCauley. She let him go with the feeling that here, again, she had been betrayed, here again Kitty had interposed herself between Tess and even the small happiness that friendship with Gill could bring. . . .

When Lee came in that night, as he had formed the habit of doing on his way home from the office, Tess saw that he was worn and white. His lips wore a bitter line.

"You're ill, Lee," she said, concerned.

"Am I?" He lifted his glass and peered



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For The American Magazine by Al Kaufman

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through it toward the fire. "I don't want to trouble you," he said.

Robin was there. At Tess's particular request she came home these afternoons in time for cocktails. Because Tess had decided that Gill was right about Robin. Wrong about Tess, but right about Robin, who must be weaned from the childishness of hating all men for what one man had done.

Lee Hayes was a married man. Robin could allow herself to like him. Beginning with this small wedge, Tess might make headway in dissolving Robin's silly specter. It gave the younger girl something to do. It took her mind off herself. So Robin was in the room, doing a stitch or two on the needlepoint she seldom touched, when Lee announced he didn't want to trouble Tess.

"But why shouldn't you trouble me?" Tess demanded. "I'm very fond of you."

"That's cheering," Lee said. "Gloria isn't. As a matter of fact, she wants a divorce." He stood up and began to pace the pleasant room as though saying the words aloud had set angry wheels in motion in him. "It isn't another man. It's her art," he said.

It was the first time Tess had heard him speak contemptuously of Gloria's doggedly nurtured aspirations.

"What will you do, Lee?"

"Do?" He halted beside a chair and gripped the back of it with blunt hands. "I'm going out on the town. I'm going on a spree. I'm going to have me a time. Why shouldn't I? I've been a sucker, sitting at home alone waiting for my wife to spend half her life and too much of my money letting some fool back there in New York convince her she'll be an artist. She won't, you know. She doesn't work at painting. She talks art and she runs around with arty friends, and she has a couple of rooms filled with equipment—easels, canvases, brushes. But she's never finished a picture."

He was a resentful and embittered man, pouring out the thoughts that many months of solitude had accumulated in him. During these years since his marriage, while his friends had stood by helplessly watching, Gloria had grown increasingly callous to his wishes and his rights, but Lee had not complained. He was not, however, martyr material. Gloria, herself, had broken the dam of his restraint with her request for freedom.

"You're allowing the divorce, then?" Robin asked at last, looking up from the needlepoint she had been accomplishing furiously while he spoke.

"No," Lee said bluntly. "I'm not allowing the divorce. I'll fight it. But, meantime, I'm going to spend a little money, myself, having fun." The crisp hair made him look absurdly boyish.

Tess sat forward, impulsively. "Take me with you, Lee! We'll spend my money, too. Everyone else has a lovely time in this world. Why shouldn't we?"

"Yeah," Lee said softly. "Everybody else has a wonderful time."

Robin collected her needlepoint and left the room, but Tess scarcely noticed. The world had been spinning aimlessly a moment ago, without her. Now she could climb on again, recklessly, with another lonely soul who was, happily, going in her direction.

After Lee had gone, after Tess had eaten her first substantial meal, after she was in bed, with Robin beside her, she became aware at last of Robin's curious silence.

"You don't approve?" Tess asked stiffly, with the new temperishness of which she was mildly ashamed yet unable to control.

"Approve?" Robin allowed herself a thoughtful time to answer. "You're following the pattern Kitty Lane cut, only Keith wasn't married and Lee Hayes is. But if you're satisfied, who am I to object?"

Tess, fists doubled at her sides, said rigidly, "Don't mention Kitty Lane to me. I don't want to hear her name again. I don't want to remember she's alive. Lee will help me forget her, and I'll help him forget Gloria. For a little while, until Keith comes home, and Gloria comes to her senses."

"Try to sleep, baby," Robin said gently. After a long moment she continued with muffled stubbornness, "But he is a married man." . . .

Tess moved willfully back into the crowd

she had almost abandoned after her engagement to Keith, who had been too restless to adhere to a single group. She didn't trouble to reveal that Lee was married. For this little while he was determined to forget the bonds that had galled him, and for this little while, to escape the increasing torture of her loneliness, Tess was accompanying him.

When her friends who had known Keith questioned her about him, she said he had wanted a few weeks alone while his face healed and the shock of his accident wore off. He would be back, she said, but even to her closest acquaintances she did not speak of her marriage. One of these days, soon, she would hear from Keith, and she would write to him and let him know that she understood all that had happened; why, in remorse, he had been drinking too much lately, and why he had felt that he must get away somewhere to comprehend for himself how this trouble had come upon him.

She composed letters to him while she was dancing with Lee. She saw Keith's eyes meeting hers above a cocktail glass. She felt him, debonair and handsome and devoted, beside her when she went skiing with Lee. It was only at night, before a fire somewhere, in a mountain cabin, perhaps, with other drowsy voices in the background, that Lee's arm, around her, and Lee's lips, touching hers lightly, were sweet in themselves. Occasionally his lips were eager and urgent, and occasionally her response surprised her. How lonely can you get? she wondered.

She was working, daytimes, again. It astonished her to discover that Kitty's departure from The Rain Shop had been accepted as the natural result of her curious fainting spells. She had gone to the beach, had she, to recover? Lucky Kitty. Robin had answered many questions before Tess returned to the shop, and Tess's absence had been excused adroitly, too. A dear friend, Robin had explained with wry humor, had passed on. Tess drew sympathetic glances but no questioning when she returned. And she took care not to pass the door to Gill MacCauley's office. There could be no friendship, after all, between them.

But Robin surprised her one night by suggesting they have Gill in to dinner.

"Why should we?" Tess said quickly.

"The Croftons will be here one day next week," Robin said, "and we always have them to dinner, and go on somewhere to dance, later. You'll have Lee, but I can't very well dance by myself."

"I didn't know you liked Gill MacCauley."

"Do I have to like him?"

"Which classification have you put him in? Dupe, goop, wolf, or married man?"

"I have had to change my classifications," Robin said dryly. "The wolf and the married man have become interchangeable."

"They were before," Tess said crisply, "which led to your divorce."

Robin, brushing her hair before the mirror, met Tess's glance without comment.

"Have Gill if you like," Tess said, and shrugged. After all, as Robin had said, the Croftons must be entertained.

HUGH and Sally Crofton designed a line of women's rainy-day apparel which Robin had launched through The Rain Shop. She had discovered the couple herself, through sketches they had brought her with diffident hope, and she had helped to finance them when they had moved to Chicago to establish a national office. It had been touch and go with the Croftons during their first year, but Robin had borrowed money on her faith in them, and garments of Crofton design were in coast-to-coast demand at last. Once a year they made a trip to California, and came north to spend a day or two with Robin, bringing her their latest sketches.

Tess knew and liked the Croftons. She went on talking idly now to Robin.

"Lee and I are going skiing this week end, and the next," she said. It was middle February, and the snow was good. "The Barkleys go up every week end and always ask us. It's as good a way as any to pass the time." That was all she was doing, passing the time until Keith's love should bring him back to her.

"What does Lee hear from Gloria?" Robin asked.

"He doesn't hear," Tess said. "She hasn't

Family Money

Should we try to hold this house?

E.J.G., of Camden, N. J., writes: "In 1947 we had to get a roof over our heads quick. The best buy we could find was a 6-room frame house, which we knew was overpriced at $12,000. The former owner had placed an $8,400 twenty-year first mortgage on the house at 5 per cent, which I took over. He had paid it down to $8,149.09. When I bought the house, the mortgage still had 19 years to run. The owner would not consider selling the property unless we paid him $3,850.91, which was the difference between the purchase price of $12,000 and the balance on the mortgage, of $8,149.09. It took all our savings, plus a loan on the cash value of my insurance policies, to do this.

"The payments to the company which holds the first mortgage are $55.44 a month. This covers only the principal and interest. It takes another $33 a month to take care of the real-estate taxes and the insurance. We figured too little for the upkeep, as we find that the minimum required for repairs, etc., averages $20 a month, as well as $15 a month for fuel.

"I was drawing $75 a week, after my outfit made their deductions for income tax, etc. We believed we could make a go of the proposition on this salary. But the total expenses, with the increased cost of living and the addition to the family of our third child, have made it almost impossible for us to carry on at the present rate. On top of everything else, we find that we shall have to install a new heating plant that will cost $500. Our roof leaks, and the carpenter says the shingles have pulverized and cannot be repaired. A new roof will cost $300. The house has got to be painted, which will run to another $500. Altogether, we fear we shall get into hopeless debt if we go on as we are doing now.

"We have tried to sell the house, but because of the many repairs needed and the location, we cannot get an offer which would enable us to clear off the mortgage. My wife feels that by stopping payments and letting the mortgage be foreclosed we will be released of our obligations. Is she right? Or what do you suggest?"

As you state it, the monthly carrying charges on your house, not including repairs and fuel, are $88.44. Most household budget experts recommend that these carrying charges on a home should not exceed one week's take-home pay. Your costs of $88.44 are about 18 per cent in excess of your weekly take-home pay.

The first step we suggest you take is to approach the company which holds the mortgage and see if any adjustment in the terms could be made. It may be possible to effect a reduction in monthly payments, so that you will be able to carry on. Or the company may be able to assist you and advise you in making a trade of some kind, using your present property as a means of securing a dwelling more in line with your financial setup. The company may find that the FHA appraisals of property vary from those made by banks or other institutions. If this should occur in your case, and is in your favor, you may find that terms can be revised to come within your means.

If the company cannot assist you with a possible adjustment of terms, before taking any other steps you should consult an attorney for a further analysis of your situation. He can best explain to you what your status is with regard to the mortgage. When a mortgage is first placed on a house, it is customary practice to require the owner to sign a bond as well as the mortgage itself. Under the mortgage, the house is the only security for repayment for the loan. Under the bond, the owner in addition pledges personally that the full amount of the loan will be paid. He then becomes *personally liable* and places any and all of his assets behind the loan, as well as the house.

Even though you did not sign the bond at the time you purchased the property, there might possibly be a provision in the documents you did sign that would have the same effect as if you had signed the bond. If any clause in such documents stated that you *assumed* the mortgage, you are *personally liable*, in addition to the lien that the company has against your house. For the term "assume" means that you took over the responsibility of the bond, just as if you had signed it. Be sure and consult your lawyer specifically on this point.

In such case, if you fail to meet your payments, and permit the company to foreclose after the required period of time has elapsed, the company can ask a court for a "deficiency judgment" against you for the amount of the mortgage plus foreclosure costs less the resale value of the house. You would have to pay such a judgment to the last penny, and it would hurt your credit standing.

If, on the other hand, you bought the house merely "subject" to the mortgage and did not "assume" the same, it means that the house is the sole lien the company holds against you. If this is the case, your picture is brighter. In these circumstances you may conclude that it is best to discontinue monthly payments and let the company foreclose the mortgage and take over the house. You would then be free of all obligations.

MARY BERKELEY FINKE AND HELEN KNOX

answered his letter refusing her the divorce. I think," Tess said judicially, "he's getting over Gloria."

"Too bad she doesn't know who her competition is."

"I'm not her competition," Tess said sharply. . . .

But the next night, after the theater, as Lee followed her into the darkened living-room for the usual nightcap, he reached out for her and caught her close to him and kissed her startled lips with eager passion. And her own lips weren't unwilling.

"I'm not in love with him," she thought, drawing away at last, troubled. "I can't be in love with him. I love Keith."

"Did I frighten you, honey?" Lee asked. He reached for a lamp and flipped the switch, and the familiar room with its wide window busy with ships' lights steadied Tess.

"You couldn't frighten me, Lee," she said.

He was no longer white and worn. He looked fit and young and challenging. "Don't be too sure," he said, and his smile was a challenge, too. "I might try."

Their companionship became gayer, headier, after that. During the week end in the Barkley cabin Lee made frank love to her, and the Barkleys were amused at Tess's alternating response and bewilderment. She was like a young, uncertain girl.

The night of Robin's dinner for the Croftons, Tess selected a flame crepe gown, provocatively cut, with which she wore silver gypsy earrings and wide, silver filigree bracelets.

"If Lee and I don't go on to dance with you," she asked Robin from the mirror, "will you mind very much?" She turned around, hearing no answer. "Robin! When did you get that gown? It makes you look positively sylphlike."

The gown, in Robin's favorite black, revealed an unexpected glamour. Tess stared with growing wonder. Here was a Robin she had never met, a woman whose cool blue eyes were dangerously self-aware.

"Has Gill done this to you?" Tess was too astonished for coherence. "I mean—did you buy the dress for Gill?"

"Certainly not!" Robin turned back to her own mirror. "He couldn't get into it."

"You've scarcely met the man," Tess insisted. The idea that Robin and Gill had developed an interest in each other, that in her time of trouble they had blithely turned their faces toward each other and away from Tess, grievously bewildered her.

"I know him very well," Robin said. "We've been driving to the beach, Sundays, to see Kitty."

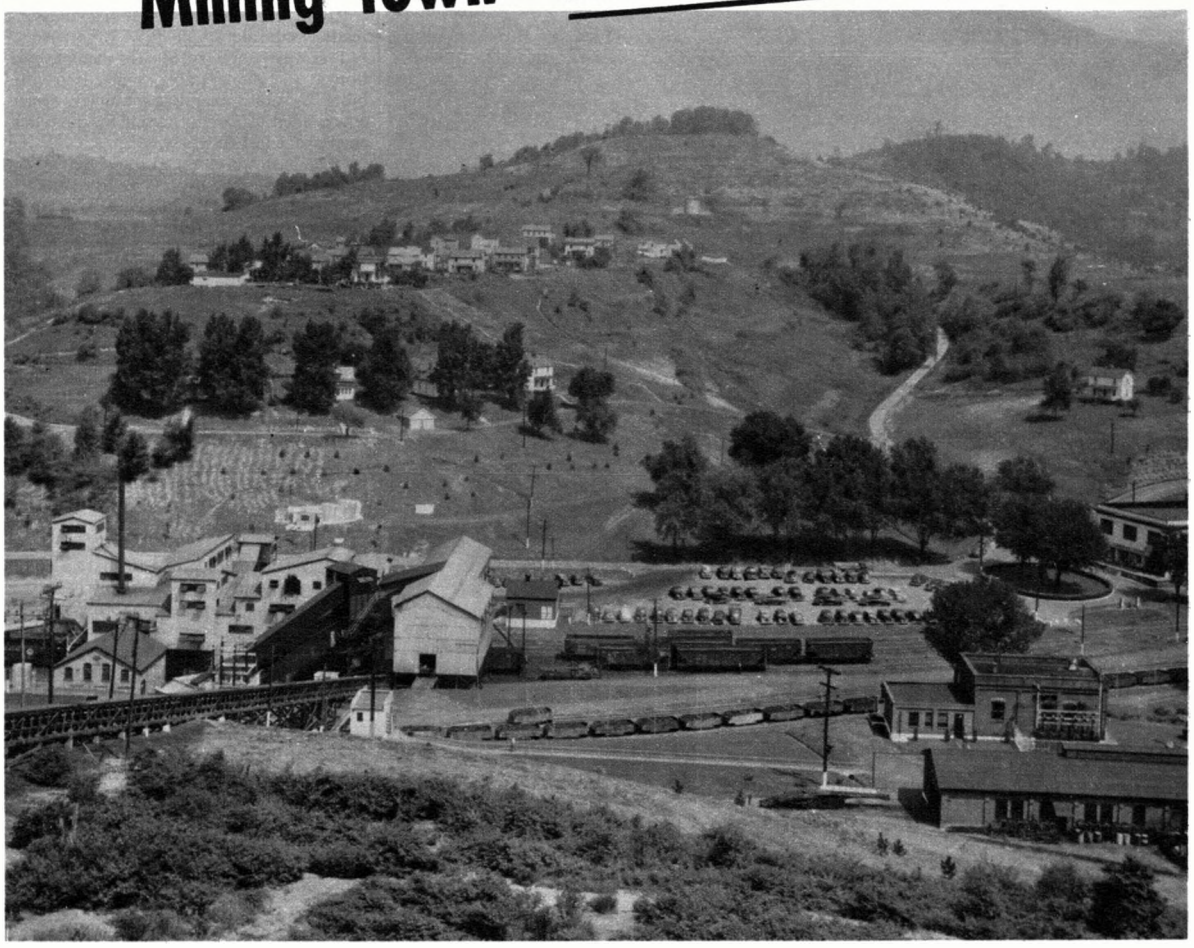
Whichever way Tess turned, there stood Kitty. She was the black witch in the fairy story Tess had planned her life to be. "I'll never escape her," Tess thought hysterically.

She was inordinately gay over cocktails, mocking Gill's quiet glance whenever it met hers. The sight of him in itself was a provocation, the smug doctor who had the answer to everything, who had never been lonely in his life, who had withdrawn his friendship from Tess to shower it on Kitty. And on Robin. Robin, too!

"I'm so sorry you can't stay over." She turned her flame-sheathed body toward the Croftons. "Lee and I go skiing every week end. We are developing a remarkable *schusse*."

"February used to be a foul month in the

Mining Town—MODERN STYLE



This pleasant community is a good example of how living as well as working conditions of miners have changed with the development of modern, mechanized mines.

Take the attractive homes in this picture, for instance. While they're nestled high in the scenic hills above the mine mouth and modern preparation plant, obviously there aren't enough of them to house all the mining families required by this big coal operation. But note the centrally located parking lot near the tipple with its many miner-owned cars in which the men have driven to work. For with new, improved roads that make even this rugged country more easily accessible, miners no longer need to live right next to the coal mine. Today, about two-thirds—over 260,000—of the nation's bituminous coal miners either *rent from private landlords or own their own homes,* and home ownership among miners generally continues on the increase.

Modern mining practices are a far cry from those of "pick and shovel" days. Today mines are "blueprinted" far in advance of construction. Backed by facts learned from geological surveys, mining engineers can accurately plan mine construction, without running into costly alterations due to otherwise unexpected faults in rock and coal seam formations.

Such production planning underground permits speedy handling of coal from seam to surface for washing, grading, and combining in "continuous flow" preparation plants. The result is mass production of many grades of coal, each giving maximum heat per ton in modern industrial and home heating plants.

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mountains hereabouts," Hugh said. "How do you get up to the skiing? Train?"

"Lee is a wonderful driver," Tess said. She linked her arm lightly through his. "In control. Always in control."

Robin rose briskly. "Dinner must be ready," she said. "Coos has forgotten us."

Tess wasn't hungry. She led the conversation at the dinner table, spurred to volubility by Gill's bland, continuing silence, encouraged to extend herself by the quickened ardor in Lee's eyes.

"Lee hasn't been taken in by Kitty," she thought triumphantly. "We're having a wonderful time, Lee and I."

It annoyed her, after dinner, to have Robin spread designs the length of the dinner table, and settle herself happily between Hugh and Sally as though plans for the evening's further gaiety had been rejected. Tess was feverishly eager for them to be gone, eager to be left with Lee, whose arms would help her to forget again, for a little while, that she stood alone now against Kitty. But Lee, suddenly obtuse, joined Robin and the Croftons at the table.

"So this is the birth of those flashy little numbers that keep all the women in this area praying for rain," he said, and leaned over Robin's shoulder and became absorbed.

At the fireplace Gill turned two chairs toward it and invited Tess to join him.

She accepted, but sat stubbornly silent.

"How have you been?" he asked at last, and she knew he was smiling.

"Very well, thank you."

"Busy?"

"And happy."

"I'm glad," Gill said. He sounded pleased, as though he had prescribed happiness for her and had mixed the prescription himself.

"And you," she said politely. "How have you been?"

He sat forward and clasped his hands loosely between his knees in a familiar gesture. "I've been worried about Kitty," he said. Tess stiffened. He went on in his quiet voice: "She really believes Burke will come back to her, you know. She rather expects that you will come together, you and Burke, that you will bring him. I told her I'd ask if you'd heard from him."

"This is fantastic," Tess said helplessly. Fury was ineffectual toward a man who admitted no cause for it. "I haven't heard from Keith," she said sulkily.

"Have you talked with his mother?"

"No." She rose and moved a step or two away from him. Leaning on the mantel, she turned again to face him. "I told you. I hate her."

He said, very gently, "You aren't capable of hate, Tess. You think you are now, because you're hurt and bewildered and lonely, but hate isn't in you. You can betray yourself for a little while into thinking it is, but there was nothing in your upbringing to develop the seeds of it in you."

"You're so very smart," she said rudely.

"No." The humor left his face, and for one fleeting moment he seemed to be lost as she was, and unhappy and bewildered.

"I apologize, Gill," she said. "That was unforgivable." When she dealt him hurt, the echo of it wounded her; it was all part of the confusing person she had become, unrecognizable even to herself.

"Will you go out with me to see Kitty?" he asked. "She's ill, Tess. Really ill. I'm not

sure I can bring her through unless you'll help me. She loves you."

"No!" Tess cried. "Don't ask that of me. She doesn't love me. It's all part of her plan—don't you see that? Part of her scheming. She wants me to believe that Keith loved her. He didn't. It was a mistake, a tragic mistake, and he's ashamed now, ashamed even to ask my forgiveness." She took a deep breath, steadied her voice. "If Kitty wants to see me, it's for spite."

He wouldn't quarrel with her. "Lee Hayes seems a nice chap," he said.

"We're having a lovely time," defiantly.

He was standing, too, now. His glance was disconcertingly direct. "Are you?" he asked. When she refused to answer, he offered his hand. "I'm operating early in the morning. That means early to bed tonight." Against her will her hand clung to the warmth and strength of his. "You'll remember that I'm here if you need me?"

"Why should I need you?"

"Because you're swinging a blind knife, and you may cut yourself." She withdrew her hand. "Will you let me know if you hear from Burke?"

"When I hear from him," she corrected him, "I will let you know because you've asked me, not for Kitty's sake."

The four in the dining-room resumed a discussion begun before Gill had left. Lee had suggested a manufacturing setup, here in the Northwest, for Crofton garments. There was a building, recently made available for lease through the final probate of a disputed will, and Hugh and Sally, eager to return to this area, could manage their Chicago office from headquarters here.

Robin was enthusiastic. The hours passed until no time remained for Tess to be alone with Lee. The Croftons were taking an early plane in the morning, and Lee had offered to drop them off at their hotel on his way home tonight. With his arm around Tess, bidding her good night, he was still talking rental space and term lease and plant heating with Hugh and Sally Crofton. But when Tess leaned forward deliberately and touched his lips lightly with her own, he was recalled to her.

Robin opened the door and went past them, moving down the hallway toward the elevator with the Croftons, and in one swift moment Lee atoned for the lost evening.

"Pick you up at noon tomorrow?" he asked, and his eyes were laughing again, and filled with challenge. "Bill Barkley called today. They'll be late getting up to the cabin, but it's my turn to supply the chow."

Tess said she would be ready.

"The forecast is stormy weather." "*But we won't mind that,*" *his glance said.* "*We'll be together and we'll have a lovely time.*"

Tess was gay again, preparing for bed.

"Don't tell me," she said to Robin, "that you're including Lee, too, in this new, broad-minded attitude toward men."

Robin, brushing her pretty hair, said slowly, "Perhaps I've always asked too much and given too little where men were concerned."

"Robin!" Tess went to her swiftly. "What has happened?"

Now that she looked at Robin closely she saw the unaccustomed weariness in the cool blue eyes.

Robin said quietly, "It hurts to come awake, that's all. It really hurts."

With Robin in this curiously defeated mood, Tess was reluctant to go away for the week end. But Robin wanted Tess to go.

"I'm all right," she insisted, with a brief return to her tart self-assurance. "Go on; spin out your little thread, you and Lee. You're both idiots, but no one can put that point across for you except yourselves."

This was the more familiar Robin, and Tess finally agreed to go on with her plans. . . .

It was snowing in the streets when they left town, a fine, powdery snow that became wet, blinding flurries as they started into the foothills. Tess, huddled beside Lee, began to question the wisdom of going up, after all.

"The road's open," Lee said reasonably. "We've had it worse than this." He turned and kissed her, laughing. "Getting cold feet, honey? No one gets to Paradise without a struggle."

His cheerful mood was infectious. They went on without incident and left the car in the rough shelter Bill Barkley had had built for it on the highway. The perishable food Lee had brought up for the week end was stowed in his packsack, and by the time he had slipped his arms through the straps he was white as a snowman and the packboard was a Santa Claus bundle. The way was up, going toward the cabin, and dusk darkened the day to night while they made their heavy progress along the evergreen trail. The Barkley cabin was hidden from them in the falling snow until they were almost on it.

The cabin itself was damp when they entered it, but once the fires were lighted, it became a cozy refuge. The walls were knotty pine, and the rugs were of Indian weaving, but aside from these two gestures toward the primitive, the interior stressed luxurious comfort.

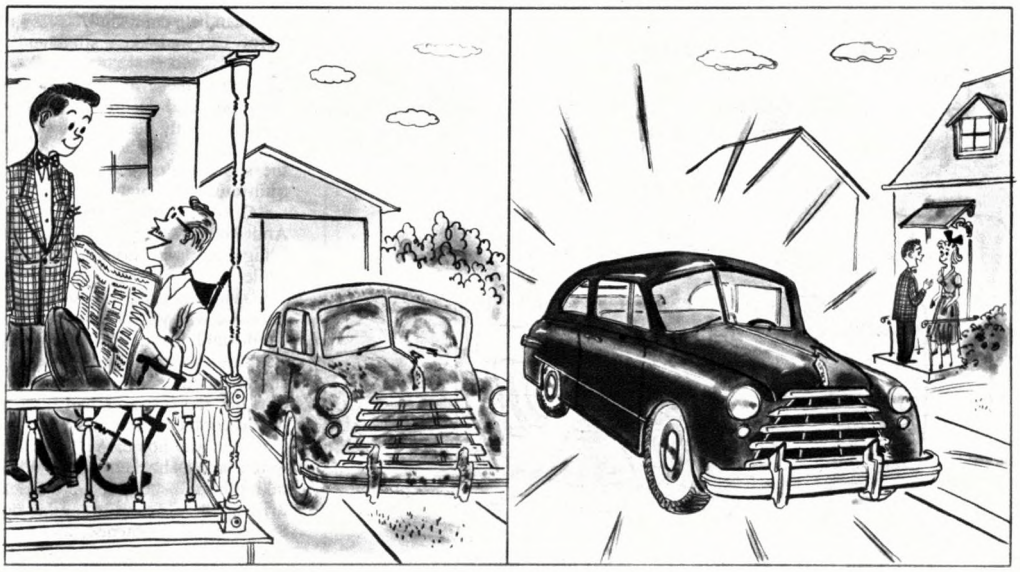
"I'll do the cooking," Lee said firmly. He always did the cooking. It was an art he had developed in the lonely months of Gloria's absence these past years.

Tess made the beds, pulling blankets from the lines provided in the hall to air them when the cabin was closed. Lee mixed a rum toddy and brought it to her, his heavy shirt and skiing pants already enveloped in a white cook's apron.

"Maybe the Barkleys won't come," he said. He lifted his glass. "Here's hoping."

Tess paused, with her glass moving toward

LIFE'S LITTLE MIRACLES **By Stanley Stamaty and Clara Gee Kastner**



"Yes, you can have the car" One half-hour later

her lips. "You are sure they're coming?"

"They always do. Where did Belle put those cans of mushrooms we bought last week? Stir up a biscuit, will you, honey? And add more salt this time."

"You don't like my biscuits?"

"Honey," Lee said, "I like *you*."

The kiss left them both shaken. As Tess turned away to resume her work, she was aware that Lee was watching her, that he hadn't moved from where he stood.

"This thing is building up," he said presently. "Mind?"

"I'm its junior engineer," Tess said lightly. "Why should I mind?"

THEY had another rum toddy while the steak was cooking.

"They should be here by now," Tess said crossly. She glanced at her watch, discovered that it was nine o'clock. Beyond the windows she could see the snow still falling. "Shall we save food for them, Lee, or cook another meal?" She was restless and uneasy, aware of Lee watching her again, his eyes recklessly happy.

"Come over here and relax," he said. "What if they don't come? Who cares?" He had his arms around her, his words were muffled against her throat. "We're here, Tess. This is what we want, isn't it?"

"Yes," Tess thought wildly, "this is what we want. Who cares? Whom can we hurt?" She gave her lips to Lee with upsurging passion.

"You take," Lee said roughly, "two lonely hearts and turn them loose, and they'll find happiness. Like this, Tess. You and I, and all the love the world can hold."

But it wasn't all the love the world could hold, Tess thought dully. Lee's roughly spoken words, "You take two lonely hearts," had started a vague, unwilling train of thought that led her back and back. To what? To what? She searched in panic for the whisper echoing in her mind. "You take two lonely hearts . . ."

No, Tess thought, no. You take one lonely heart. "You take one lonely heart and proximity," Gill MacCauley had said once, long ago, "and you have what passes, with many people, for love." And Tess had protested, "Oh, no, no, that isn't love at all."

"It could happen to me," Gill MacCauley had said. "It could happen to you."

"Not to me," Tess had said. "Never to me . . ."

"Lee!" She pushed herself free of his arms. She stood up. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." She was crying.

Her fur-lined jacket lay on the bench where she had thrown it. She snatched it up and pushed open the cabin's heavy door and went out into the falling snow, blindly, with the one idea of escape, escape from Gill's quiet voice: "You take a lonely heart! . . . It could happen to you."

She floundered through the snow with no idea of direction, seeking frantically for some thought that would clear her heart of its bewilderment.

She thought of Lee. What had she done to him? Dear Lee, of whom she was extremely fond and whom she did not love in any measure. Lee, whom she had carried with her to the threshold of professed passion without once warning him that what she felt might not equal his feeling, nor be worthy of it.

She thought of Kitty Lane. She stopped, knee-deep in snow, and thought of Kitty Lane, and saw her in exact detail, small, lonely, frightened, trusting; a girl in love, for the first time in her life perhaps, deeply, selflessly in love.

Tess shivered. "Keith!" she thought. "Keith." It was a cry for help, but the cry conjured no sustaining memory to cling to in this terrifying moment. Her memories of Keith Burke were all gay, all carefree. Presently she floundered on again. There was no comfort in remaining still.

It was Lee's cry that brought her back. She heard it through the night, a puny, frantic, human cry borne on a flurry of snow and muffled by it. She shouted his name, and the cry came again, in a strange voice stifled in pain. "He's hurt," Tess thought.

She found him lying near the cabin where he had set out to look for her. A tree, overburdened with snow and mauled by the gusty wind, had toppled on him. Lee lay with branches covering him; he had, blessedly, fainted.

She found an ax in the cabin and came back to free him from the branches holding him, but her strokes were frantic and silly. She stood up at last and cupped her hands and shouted into the wind.

"Help! Help!" But the words seemed to bound away from her and stop a few feet farther on. The Swiss horn, she thought, Bill's Swiss horn. It was in the cabin, an ornament above the fireplace. Tess had never blown it, but she ran for it now with frantic hope.

While she was reaching up to free it from its dusty mooring there was a knock at the door. Tess turned and stared stupidly. Belle and Bill, she thought. But they wouldn't knock. Why would they knock?

"Come in!"

It was a man she had never seen before, a young fellow wearing a navy flier's jacket. "We heard somebody yelling," he said. "I just drove up to the café down on the highway in my truck, and I heard this scream." He was a little sheepish. "Everything all right?" he asked.

It was Lee's first cries he had heard. Tess led him to the unconscious man, and he took the ax and with a few, spare strokes freed Lee's body.

"He's still breathing," he said, kneeling beside Lee. "But we can't move him till we get a stretcher. You go up to the house, get some blankets, and tuck them around him. I'll go down to the highway and get a man to help me carry him down. It'll be quicker to drive him to the hospital at Carrick than wait for a doctor to get up here."

"I can help carry him," Tess said sharply. "How can we make a stretcher?"

SHE prevailed, and the young stranger took skis and secured a blanket between them. Presently Lee was moved gently to the blanket, and Tess was floundering through the snow again, slowly, slowly, down the trail toward the highway.

"Gill MacCauley," she thought. "I'll call. And Robin. And wire Gloria." This would bring Lee's wife home, surely, for a little while.

Outside the café, the stranger, who said his name was Mike Hurley, was making Lee comfortable in the bed of his empty truck.

Inside the café, Tess stood at the pay-station phone and made her calls. Gill was out, but the operator had his number and would contact him.

Robin was home. At Tess's message she gave a small, shocked gasp. "Where are you taking him?" she asked. "Carrick? . . . I'll drive up there, Tess. I'm coming right away." She sounded frightened, and somehow accusing.

Tess sent the wire to Gloria, too: "Lee hurt. Please come."

When she went out into the night again

"That's not fair! I was here first! What about mine?"

For The American Magazine by Jeffrey J. Monahan

Head of the Bourbon Family

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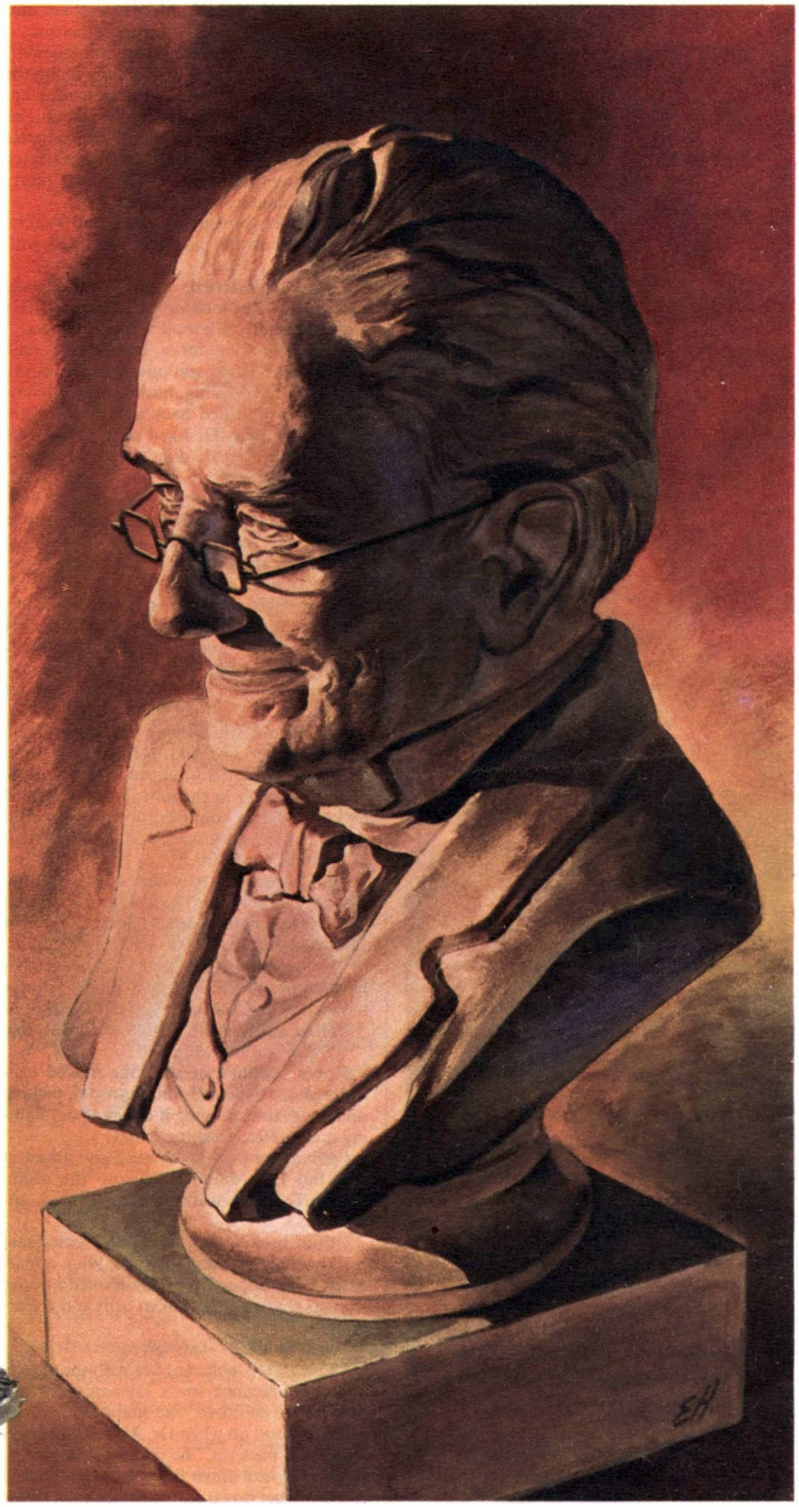

OLD GRAND-DAD

the snow was thinning. Mike helped her into the cabin of his truck and tucked her in.

"Gets a little breezy up here, sometimes," he said. He drove slowly, skillfully along the white roadway, the chains on his truck slapping out a metallic rhythm in the night. "Your husband'll be all right," he said after a time. "The trunk of the tree didn't fetch him. It was the branches. They were pretty heavy, of course, with all that snow."

"He isn't my husband," Tess said weakly. She felt spent and listless, but girded with anxiety.

"I'm not married, either," Mike said cheerfully. "I'm looking for a blonde." He grinned at her. "Flew all through the war," he said, "looking for a blonde, this tall. Guess where I was stationed? In the South Pacific!" He was a big, heavy-chested fellow with his cap pushed back at a rakish slant on his dark hair. He liked to talk, and Tess was gratified that he didn't seem to require any answers.

The hospital at Carrick was small. It was accustomed to emergency cases brought down from the mountain. Ski cases. Automobile victims.

The resident doctor was a small, irascible, gray-haired man who bundled Lee efficiently off down the corridor. Tess sat huddled, waiting, with Mike near by, silent at last, his cap hung on his hands between his knees.

Robin came while they were waiting. Gill had called her, she said. He was going into an emergency operation, and he would be operating again in the morning. He wanted to know if Lee could be flown down. But this man at Carrick was good, Gill had said. Tess could trust him.

Tess began to cry when she heard Gill wouldn't be coming. The tears came without warning and poured down her cheeks, to her astonishment. Robin was white and tense.

"I'm sorry," Tess said. "You needn't have come, but I thought I might be here a few days and I wanted you to know."

"How badly is he hurt?" Robin asked. "We're waiting to hear."

Robin couldn't sit still. She moved restlessly about the small waiting-room, picking up a magazine, flinging it down again, lighting a cigarette, crushing it out.

"What went on up there?" she asked at last, but Dr. March came into the room, saving Tess the search for an evasive answer.

"Four broken ribs," the little doctor said briskly, "but no damage to the lung, apparently. I say apparently." He looked at both women sharply. "A broken arm and collarbone."

"Will he live?" Tess asked.

"Live?" He looked at her with the elderly doctor's tolerance for a layman's anxiety. "Of course he'll live," he snapped.

Mike stood up when Dr. March had gone. "I'll drive back up," he said. "I'll be glad to bring your car down for you, Miss York. I can bring her down and park her back of the hospital, and hitch a ride back up. It won't be any bother, if you want me to?"

Tess gave him the car keys and told him how grateful she was. Mr. Hayes would be grateful, too. "He might have died, without you."

"Heck," Mike said, "if it hadn't been me, somebody else would have been along."

"We can go to the hotel," Tess said to Robin when Mike had left them. Robin's curiously still, white face puzzled and alarmed her. "Or we can stay here, if they'll let us. I wish there were something I could do."

Robin looked at her coldly. "You've done enough, haven't you?" she said bitterly. "He might have been killed."

Tess said, sharply wounded, "What have I done to you, Robin? Why do you speak to me like that?"

"Skip it," Robin said, but she was too just to cherish hostility toward Tess.

"I'm in love with him," she said at last, with painful reluctance. "Silly, isn't it? Scolding you for going around with a married man. And look at me. Look at me!" Her voice rose, pitifully. "There isn't a hope, there isn't a prayer, but I'm in love with him. He had a raw deal in his marriage, too, but he kept on trying."

"You're swinging a blind knife," Gill had said.

"Let's go somewhere," Tess said listlessly, "and get a cup of coffee."

Over the coffee, Robin remembered that Lottie Burke's maid called. Keith's mother was ill. She wanted to see Tess.

"It sounded urgent," Robin said with an approach to her wry manner. "It always does."

"I'll call her when I get back to town," Tess said. Oddly, Lottie Burke no longer held terror for her. She could think of her calmly as a woman who had spent her life weaving the thongs that bound her. Which, probably, Tess thought in quick surprise, we all do if we only knew it.

Robin chose to stay in Carrick with Lee. It would be a week, Dr. March said, before the patient could be taken home. "In an ambulance," he said flatly. "There's a congestion in the lungs that may clear up in a day or two. If it does he can leave at the end of the week. In an ambulance!"

Tess offered no argument to Dr. March, nor to Robin. It seemed to her they both were wiser than she could ever hope to be. Robin wanted her to get back to The Rain Shop, to take over in Robin's absence.

There had been no response to the telegram to Gloria Hayes when Tess started home. The day was clear and brilliant with sunshine; the snowplows were clearing the road rapidly and it did not seem long before she reached the city's streets. She drew up in front of her apartment house, and found Coos waiting, vibrant with curiosity.

"This number's kept calling and calling," she said before Tess had closed the door. "It's Mr. Burke's number," she added with candid interest. "Want me to ring it up for you?"

Tess wanted a hot bath first, but she said yes, please call the number. Perhaps Lottie Burke could be satisfied from this distance, harmlessly, by telephone; but when Tess heard the maid's tearful voice, she knew there was no question of dealing with Keith's mother by telephone.

"She's had a letter," the maid said, "from Mr. Burke. We don't know what to do. She won't let us call a doctor. Will you come, please, right away?"

Tess said she would. As she started the car and turned it toward Lottie Burke's house, she found herself chilled with apprehension, and when she arrived there was nothing to reassure her; a dim light burned

in the hall, otherwise the house front was dark.

No one had done anything for Lottie Burke except put her to bed. Tess stood beside the huge bed, looking down at its shrunken burden, and thought in horror, "She is dying." The small, tense face, without rouge or lipstick, was furiously contorted, as though Lottie Burke's agony was a physical enemy with whom she wrestled. She had become an emaciated caricature of herself, a gray and haggard sketch of the triumphant woman Tess had fled so many nights ago.

At sight of Tess, Lottie Burke jerked upright in bed. She clutched the girl. She tugged at her with incredible strength. "He's married!" she whispered hoarsely. "Keith—married. The letter's there." She fell back panting, her hand indicating a crumpled sheet of paper lying on the bedside table.

Tess reached for it with cold and automatic fingers. The facts were there, in Keith's bold and careless scrawl. Married a week ago, he had written; just got around to passing the news along. Sweetest girl in the world. Lottie would be nuts about her. Redheaded and, brother, what a temper!

"I've never been in love before in my life," Keith had written, "but I am now, and how!"

Tess restored the letter to the bedside table. She pushed it farther from her as though it were alive and ugly.

"I've never been in love before in my life," Keith had written. But he was in love now, with a girl he must have met within the past month, and married without a backward glance at Tess. Or Kitty.

"Car skidded," he had said that night. "Wouldn't take the curve . . . no good . . . have to sell it." Now, "Women, left behind him, no good either . . . cluttering up his life." So he had waved them into history and stepped out, gay and carefree again, looking for another pretty girl.

"The little beast," his mother said in a voice vivid with terror. "Leaving me alone for the rest of my life, after all I've done for him, after I've spent my life for him, every minute of it, every thought. My baby!" Her voice rose in a crescendo of grief. "My baby married, without a word to me, without warning—"

Tess left the bedside and summoned the maid. "Call Dr. MacCauley," she said. She gave the number.

"Mrs. Burke won't have a doctor," the maid said, frightened.

"Call him," Tess said sternly. And she forced herself sternly back to Lottie Burke's bedside, and stood there murmuring comfort in a voice made futile by the hysterical moans of the older woman. "This must be pity," Tess thought. "This must be pity I feel for Lottie Burke. Not for myself." She took seconds to search her heart, but there was no feeling there at all toward Keith Burke, no anger, no resentment, and, now that she examined her thoughts relentlessly, no surprise.

"Please." She went to her knees beside Lottie Burke's bed. "Try to rest now."

"Go away!" Lottie Burke cried fiercely. "You wanted to marry him, too. You wanted to take him away from me."

"Tess," Gill MacCauley said quietly behind her. She needed his help to rise from the bedside. Her body was stiff and cramped,

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her own reserve of strength spent at sight of him.

"It's Keith," she said tonelessly. "He's married."

She was aware of his quick glance, but he turned back without comment to the woman on the bed, his hands already busy with his black bag on the bedside table.

"You go downstairs," he said across his shoulder. He handed her a pill in a transparent wrapper. "Take this," he said, "and wait for me." . . .

He gave her car keys to the Burke chauffeur when he came down, and helped Tess into his own car, and drove her home.

Strength and warmth flowed back into her from his hands, but she drew away from them in the apartment. She chose a chair near the fireplace and lay back in it, close to exhaustion, while Gill called Dr. Tree and outlined the emergency treatment he had given Lottie Burke.

When he came back to the fireplace he took Tess's hands in his, and chafed them gently. "Are you going to be all right?" he asked.

"I'll rest a minute," Tess said. Her eyes were heavy, but she fought off sleep. "I'll rest a minute," she said, "before I start for the beach to tell Kitty." Her voice was vague in her ears. She sat up, reaching for Gill. "Don't let me go to sleep," she cried. "Kitty, Kitty—"

It was noon when she awoke, and Gill was there, again, beside her bed. "I've got the afternoon," he said. "I'll drive you down, if you want me to."

But Tess shook her head. "I want to go alone," she said slowly. "I want Kitty to know that I was betrayed, too, that we both were, and that there will be others like us in Keith's life, all through his life. I want her to give up expecting him to return to her. I want her," she searched out words, "to start living again because she wants to live, for the baby's sake, and for her own."

"What about you?" he asked. He reached for her hand.

"Please," she said breathlessly. "Please don't touch me."

The shocked hurt in his eyes brought tears to hers. "I want to do this alone," she said, pleading. With his strong hand around hers, guiding her, how could she ever be sure again that she could move alone?

He was gone while she was still seeking words to explain to him that she had used Lee once, blindly, selfishly, and that she must test her capacity now, an uncertain capacity, to stand alone. . . .

It was misting when she started for the beach, a hundred-mile drive along a highway that had been widened and improved since she had last driven over it. Winter's seclusion lay on the little towns she passed, and on the farmhouses along the road. "Another month," she thought, "and this will all be green." The thought brought a furtive tug of hope to her own heart.

The salt air reached her while she was still twenty miles inland, and she began sorting words, phrases, careful sentences to pay out slowly to Kitty Lane. All of the venom she had felt for the girl had disappeared. It appalled her now to recall the vindictive creature she had been, and she drove faster and faster as though to outdistance recollection. At the edge of the small beach community she slowed the car, and saw with satisfaction that nothing much had changed here.

Her own small and tidy house in its sandy yard was exactly as she had remembered it. Beyond the house, sand dunes led down to an opaque ocean, briefly at rest from winter storm.

As Tess parked the car, Mrs. Greaves pushed open the side door to the cottage and peered out through her bifocals with the astonishment a beach-dweller feels toward February visitors.

"Why, it's Miss Tess." She shouted the news across her shoulder into the house: "It's Miss Tess come to see us."

In the years when the Greaveses had been gardener and housekeeper for Tess's parents, Mrs. Greaves had been a large woman, but she had doubled her bulk since Tess had seen her. She moved back ponderously from the door, admitting the girl and enveloping her in a hug that smelled of cinnamon. The house itself was fragrant from the cookies baking in the oven.

Hiram Greaves came slowly from the kitchen, one hand holding his pipe, the other outstretched to Tess. He was a thin, stooped man with a chronic mistrust of his health; it had allowed him to work hard all his life, but he was amazed every mealtime that he, a sick man, could still enjoy his food.

"Been expecting you for some time," he said in mild rebuke. He jerked a thumb across his shoulder toward the living-room. "She's been watching from this window every day lately. Seldom leaves it. Went up to lie down and rest a bit a little while ago. She's pretty sick," Greaves said.

"I'll warm my hands," Tess told them, "and go right up."

The house was smaller than she had remembered, but its large windows and wide porches were familiar to her, and even at this time of year it was a bright and cheerful place.

"Hiram," Mrs. Greaves said briskly, "you go up and get the shutters open in Miss Tess's room, and turn the heat on in there. And step into Kitty's room a minute, if she isn't asleep, and see if she's crying again."

"I'll go up," Tess said quickly. She hung her hat and coat in the hall closet and followed Hiram up the narrow stairway.

The old man indicated Kitty's door with a silent nod, and Tess knocked softly and waited for the faint response before she entered. Kitty, huddled and pale, as Tess had seen her last, lay fully dressed on the bed. At sight of Tess she sat up slowly and stared at the older girl as though she were an apparition. "Tess?" she whispered at last. "Tess?" She wept as Tess held her. "I've waited so long," Kitty murmured. "You've heard from him. What did he say? When is he coming?"

"Let's wash your face, and brush your hair. Dinner's nearly ready."

"Is he dead?" Kitty whispered. "Tell me, Tess. I can stand it. I've waited so long."

Tess picked up the hairbrush and loosened Kitty's silky curls. "Keith is married," she said quietly. "He was married a week ago. He wrote his mother."

Kitty said nothing. Her thin body was rigid under Tess's helpless hand.

"Married?" she said, at last. "Keith is married?" And again, like a child fixing in its mind, "Keith is married." Without a sound she toppled against Tess and lay, a leaden, unconscious weight, in the other girl's arms, as though the hope that had sustained her had spent the last small morsel of her strength. . . .

Tess was with her when she woke, slowly, reluctantly, twenty-four hours later. Kitty's first words were, "I'll have his child." And presently, her voice small and patient, she went on, "He couldn't have married me, Tess. He would have been ashamed of me. Perhaps I knew that when I met him. I don't remember now. I loved him. He will be happy, won't he, Tess? I want him to be happy."

Tess stroked the girl's thin hand. "No," she said quietly, "he won't be happy. And neither will his wife, his many wives. We were engaged to be married, Keith and I. You didn't know that."

Kitty flinched. "No, Tess," she whispered. "No, that can't be true. He said . . ."

"We were engaged when he went away after the accident, and we were still engaged when he married someone else, so you see his chance of happiness is pretty slight. He expects someone else to wrap up happiness for him and put it in his hands, and keep it there. But no one will, no one can. His luck is running out."

"You must have hated me, Tess. How could you help but hate me?"

"Hush!" Tess said fiercely. "That's all past and gone. We met a child who looked like a man and we fell in love with him. That makes us both extremely stupid people, and the sooner we admit it and go on from here the smarter we'll be." She took Kitty's ethereal face in her warm hands. "We're going to admit things aren't going to be the way we thought we wanted them to be. All that is changed, but we aren't going to be hermits seeking a hole to hide in, either."

Kitty was slow to accept Tess's forgiveness. The harshness she had experienced in her early years had robbed her of all vanity and all conceit, until she found it difficult to believe that she deserved forgiveness, even for an unconscious cruelty. But her capacity

Twist a Word

Answers to quiz on page 62

1. (a) LEAS	**6.** (a) MEAN	
(b) SALE	(b) AMEN	
(c) ALES	(c) NAME	
(d) SEAL	(d) MANE	
2. (a) TIED	**7.** (a) SHEAR	
(b) DIET	(b) HARES	
(c) EDIT	(c) HEARS	
(d) TIDE	(d) SHARE	
3. (a) SLAVE	**8.** (a) LAPS	
(b) VALES	(b) PALS	
(c) LAVES	(c) ALPS	
(d) SALVE	(d) SLAP	
4. (a) TOPS	**9.** (a) EATS	
(b) POST	(b) SEAT	
(c) SPOT	(c) EAST	
(d) STOP	(d) SATE	
5. (a) LEAP	**10.** (a) PARES	
(b) PALE	(b) SPEAR	
(c) PLEA	(c) SPARE	
(d) PEAL	(d) REAPS	

for affection when she gave affection was profound, and in the lingering days Tess spent with Kitty at the beach she came at last to understand that Kitty's love for Keith had been incalculably deeper than her own; love in its truest sense, completely selfless. It carried Kitty through the first few days of shock, and made the baby she was carrying infinitely precious and important to her.

"Gill will be pleased," Tess said, "when he comes Sunday." . . .

But Gill didn't come on Sunday, and in spite of sunshine and the first spontaneous laugh from Kitty since Tess had arrived, the day seemed blank and dull to Tess. She was sitting dismally before the fireplace that evening, when someone strode across the porch and knocked on the front door.

"It's Dr. MacCauley," Kitty said, but she was wrong. Mike Hurley stood there, his rakish cap in his hand as Tess invited him into the room.

"Had a little trouble finding you," he said, and paused, his eyes on Kitty. The lamplight touched her hair and made it golden, and Mike stood transfixed in admiration, too abstracted at first to notice the other people in the room. He rallied, greeting the Greaveses, and drew a small, glinting object from his pocket. It was Tess's wrist watch with the uncertain clasp.

"Found it pushed down behind the seat cushion in my truck," he said. "Miss Rain told me where to find you in town, and the maid sent me down here." He looked about him. "This is a swell place," he said.

He accepted the coffee and crullers Mrs. Greaves offered, and took off his flier's jacket when he saw that he was really welcome, and spent the evening staring at Kitty and talking to Tess. His truck was his own, he said, and he'd worked up a nice little business, making short hauls between towns through the mountains.

"You take a man has a field of sugar beets," he explained; "maybe a small field, not enough to interest the big trucking concerns, he gets in touch with me. I bought my truck as soon as I got out of the Navy, and I've been hauling a couple of years now. Got enough saved for another truck, and a guy I knew in high school to drive it for me if I can sell him on the idea."

He said several times that he had to move along, business was pressing, but Kitty, sewing silently in the big chair beside the lamp that made her silken curls a halo, seemed to hold him in a spell.

When he rose at last and picked up his cap with firm intention, Tess went outside with him into the still, starlit night.

"She's sure a blonde," Mike said reverently. After a moment, "Where's her husband? What's he do?"

The question caught Tess without warning. She stood in awkward silence, staring helplessly at the big young fellow beside her.

Mike took a deep, stern breath. "She going to keep her baby?" he said.

"It's all she's living for," Tess said.

"Yeah." He stirred the sand with the square toe of his boot. "A lot of queer things happen in this world. How could a guy leave a girl like that? . . . Well, I'll move along." He opened the door of the truck, put a foot on the running board. "Look," he said abruptly; "I get down this way sometimes. You think she'd let me stop in again, and bring my accordion? I'm not bad."

"Please come," Tess said. She offered him her hand. "Kitty gets lonely."

"Up to now," Mike said, "I've got pretty lonely myself, sometimes." . . .

Kitty's loneliness was assuaged again on Monday. Robin brought Lee Hayes to the beach house.

"Since this is a convalescent home, he belongs here," she said firmly, but she wouldn't stay. "You forgot a little business of mine called The Rain Shop," she said wryly to Tess. "But you're forgiven—considering."

"Besides, Lee won't know whether I'm here or in the Himalayas," Robin went on quietly. "Gloria answered your telegram. She can't get away." Tugging on her gloves, she added diffidently, "He's pretty broken up, and I don't think he gets over things easily. Take care of him, will you? For me?"

Tess promised, but she found Lee unexpectedly philosophical:

"Maybe I knew it wasn't going to work, that first year, when Gloria stayed in New York so long. Maybe I was fed up with her running out like that a long time before I admitted it, even to myself. Anyway, it's over, finished. She can have her divorce."

It was afternoon and Kitty was taking her nap. Lee, still in casts, sat on the dunes with Tess, looking out toward the sea.

"I'm sorry," he said soberly, "that when I decided to put up a fight, after all these years, you got caught in the tussle, Tess."

This was the Lee she had remembered from years past, his eyes friendly and affectionate, no longer reckless, no longer challenging.

"We stepped on the accelerator instead of the brakes," Tess said, "and it wasn't very smart of either of us. . . . Are you comfortable, Lee? You look so awkward."

"Robin says I look heroic." He laughed. "She's waited on me hand and foot," he said. "I've never been babied before, but the habit grows on you." He picked up a handful of sand and let it dribble through his fingers. "She's quite a gal—Robin," he said. . . .

Tess stayed at the beach three weeks. By that time Lee was gone, and Mike had dropped in twice with his accordion, and Kitty was beginning to gain a little weight, but Gill MacCauley still hadn't driven down to see her. Tess grew restless with idleness and called Robin to tell her she was returning to work.

"You were fired two weeks ago for absenteeism," Robin said, "but come back, anyway. We'll put you on, sweeping up."

Kitty offered no protest at Tess's departure.

"I'm all right now," she said earnestly. "I wouldn't have been, without you, Tess. But I'm not afraid, not any more, and when the baby comes I'll never be lonely. I'll be too busy."

"This isn't a permanent good-by," Tess said, laughing. "I'll be dropping in again, often."

"Mike's teaching me to play the accordion," Kitty said. She laughed, too. "He isn't much older than the baby will be when it's born." . . .

The Shop seemed noisy and importunate when Tess returned to it. The first few days were busier than she had remembered days could be, and she was trembling with weariness at the end of them. "I must be ill," she thought in dull surprise. "This isn't like me. I'm healthy as a draft horse, and I like to work." But the trembling increased.

"Now what?" Robin said, exasperated. "It isn't still Keith?"

"Keith," Tess said shortly. "Who's he?"

She would, she decided, go to see Gill, get a tonic, ask him what had happened to her nerves.

But when she saw him again, she knew. He was sitting at his desk, reviewing a case history, as the office girl ushered her in.

"Miss York," the girl said, and Gill looked up swiftly. Tess met his eyes, and knew with helpless astonishment that she didn't want to stand alone, that she wanted Gill's strong, warm hands to sustain her from now until warmth and strength were no longer necessary to her in this life.

"Kitty?" he asked. He rose quickly and came around the desk to her, a little thinner than he had been, his face just a trifle drawn.

"No," Tess said, her voice small. "Me."

He took her wrist in his professional fingers, and brought his wrist watch into view and counted carefully, his anxious glance examining her skin, her eyes, her color.

"Shall I stick out my tongue?" Tess asked, feeling abruptly gay and flippant. "All in a moment's time," she thought, "I'm cured."

Gill released her wrist, and looked down at her warily. "Did I miss the signal?" he asked. "Where are we?"

"In the clear," Tess said unsteadily. "Completely in the clear, Gill."

He reached for her with swift and hungry arms, and at his touch a tenderness Tess had never known flooded her body. "I will take care of him," she thought. "Through my whole life I will take care of him."

THE END★★

What It Takes to Be an Executive

(*Continued from page* 47)

are certain qualities which are indicative of the good executive, who is able to get things done through people—the crux of all good administration. I should like to discuss several of these qualities and show how they have been applied in specific cases by different executives. These qualities are not only important to good management, but are a way of life for anyone.

For instance, a good executive, desiring to get things done through people, is interested not only in major problems of company policy, but also in the little things which are often the determining factor of good spirit in an organization. Thus his concern can range from the intricacies of plant expansion to the relatively minor coffee-drinking problem, which is common to so many business firms. Many executives forestall abuse of any office privileges, such as coffee drinking or rest periods, by a policy of good example by the executives themselves. In other words, if the bosses observe the rules their subordinates will do likewise.

In this connection, I know a boss who makes it a practice always to be at his desk on days when it would be most desirable to

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be off, such as eves of holidays, or the day following a holiday, or when the weather is bad. In most offices these are days when there is a letdown. It would be an ideal day for the boss to be away. Yet he is always on hand. Practically no one in his department knows why he is there. Nothing is ever said about it, but there is a silent communication of good spirit that permeates his staff when it knows that while they would like to be elsewhere, so probably would the boss. It is a feeling between boss and employee that cannot be bought. It is also important for morale that when a boss requests his subordinates to stay overtime he remain also until the job is done.

MANY successful executives adhere to the sound administrative principle of letting employees know the whys and wherefores of every company action that affects them. I have a friend who put this principle to use very effectively. He is general superintendent of one of the plants of a large manufacturing concern. He has several hundred workers under him and the time came when production costs demanded the plant be moved from the city to a point nearly 100 miles into the country. He had a good working team and wanted to keep it if possible. But would these workers want to leave the city for a strange place, a new life?

He decided to call in all the employees one by one and explain the situation. In the first place, they were pleased to be consulted and given an opportunity to make a choice. Secondly, they all had ideas, and many of these ideas helped him make the offer more attractive to others still to be interviewed. Third, and most important, it brought him closer to each and every employee. The result of this personal touch was that, out of the several hundred, only one refused to make the change.

This spirit paid off in another way a few years later, when the war was on. This man had some large military orders and a shortage of help. In moving to the country, many of his women workers had met and married farmers, given up their jobs, and had settled down to making homes. However, when the shortage developed, his veteran workers voluntarily went out over the countryside gathering up alumni of the company, who returned to help out during the emergency.

A good executive never stops learning. This can be confined to reading or exchanging ideas with other executives at luncheons and clubs, or may even go to the point of actually returning to school. Several universities have special courses in advanced management, and one of the most unique is the one conducted at the Harvard School of Business Administration. I should like to outline this course in some detail, because it has been so successful, and while most of you readers will never take the course, the methods used and results obtained can be applied to your own daily lives. Two years ago I took this course myself to determine, firsthand, its value and whether I could recommend it to clients. This is what I found:

Twice each year, 90 of the country's top executives go to Cambridge for 13 weeks. They come from all parts of the country and from all types of business. Their ages range from 30 to 60 and their salaries from $5,000 to $100,000 a year. All have been sent by their companies. The school takes no individual applications, and the heads of the firms are required to state why they are sending the men. Most of the men are slated for promotion and need some broadening to meet their new responsibilities. Some have been in one department too long and need to see business as a whole. Others need to be toned down a bit, and obtain this by meeting men equally strong or stronger. Some are too shy. Many have college degrees, but some never finished grammar school. About 10 per cent of each class is made up of officers in the armed services who deal with civilian problems.

Practically the only thing these men have in common is a good job and a record of achievement in their companies.

For 13 weeks these successful and diverse individualists eat, sleep, study, and play together. They leave their wives and families at home and live in dormitories. The companies pay all the expenses, and these men set aside the daily struggle of life and devote themselves to study and thought.

Some come with fear and trembling. A few are downright antagonistic at first. Many have the natural skepticism of the doer toward the teacher. What can these long-hairs tell me about my business? The answer to that is they cannot and do not try to tell them anything. They tell one another. There are no textbooks. Whether the subject is administrative practices, economy, cost and financial administration, marketing, labor relations, or production management, only actual problems that have occurred in business are used. The teachers provide no answers. Actually, the classes are made up of 90 teachers and a moderator. It might be compared to the way Clifton Fadiman, on the *Information Please* radio program, answered none of the questions but kept the program running smoothly.

GETTING back to the qualities that make the best executives, you'll find that they are not the bombastic, dictatorial dynamos of fiction, but are more often shy, retiring men who prefer the vicarious thrill of bringing out the best in others rather than having the spotlight turned on themselves.

There was a case in a Southern plant where the workers from one shift had fallen into the habit of going off the job without cleaning up their equipment, as they were required. Consequently, the new shift had to spend considerable time cleaning up before they could start work. This was a bad situation, and it was not helped by the fact that the foreman was a new and young man. He was not known to most of the men, and also involved was the human resentment of a group of veterans to a new boss.

This man met the crisis by calling his men together after work regularly for informal friendly meetings. He made no speeches, issued no ultimatums. He merely circulated about from one group to another and tried in each instance to leave the impression that he was facing a big job and needed help from men who knew a lot more about the work than he did. This man ended up with the tidiest and best-spirited crew in the plant.

I know of another instance where there was opportunity to show bad and good handling of a serious situation in the same case. This took place in a large plant where there were several hundred foremen. It became apparent to the top management that

production was decidedly off and had been ever since a veteran superintendent had resigned. Breakdowns in equipment were frequent. Layoffs were increasing. Top management sent one of their young executives from the home office into the plant to rectify it. He studied the problem and decided it required a strong hand.

Every week he called a meeting of the foremen and would cause those who had done badly to be singled out by name. When this did not bring results, he began requiring the errant foremen to stand up at the meetings among their colleagues and be publicly excoriated. You can imagine what this did to the plant. Every foreman walked around in fear and trembling. Instead of being leaders of their men, they went around coddling them, so that by collusion they could cover up as much as possible. This was hardly what top management had in mind. The situation got so bad that the wives of the foremen who had been publicly rebuked were forced to take the gibes of other women whose husbands had been more fortunate. Naturally, the women howled.

Finally, in desperation, top management called the "bright young man" back to the home office, and simultaneously called the former superintendent out of retirement. He restored production to former quotas by a very simple device: He went into the plant and watched. Whenever he found some deficiency, he called the foreman aside privately and asked him what was wrong. There was no censure, no threats, no public exposure. He simply asked, "Why?" He kept on asking "Why?" whenever there was a breakdown. What happened? Well, all men have pride. These foremen began running out of excuses to this friendly guy who mildly kept asking for an explanation. How could they keep giving him the same alibi over and over and justify themselves? Consequently, they went to work and corrected the situation themselves.

This old-timer knew that major secret of being a good executive already mentioned: Don't really do anything yourself, but get other people to do it. I can't stress enough that if there is any real key to the rare phenomenon that is the good executive, it is this ability to get things done through people.

What seems to make it so rare is the fact that we are all individualists at heart. What most of us want in life is expression. We want to *be* somebody. We want to belong. We'd like to be a little different from our neighbor. Not better, necessarily, but something definitive. This desire is not something to be slighted, ignored, ridiculed, or discouraged. It's the very heart of this country. It is what has made it great. We are not machines, as in a totalitarian state, but people. Some of us express ourselves by doing things for the house; or giving the kids a chance we didn't have; or revolutionizing an industry with a new product or process; or being an actor, writer, musician, or teacher; or doing something extremely beneficial to a community.

These are all obvious and easily definable; but a good executive is not so easily identified. If he's a good one, you rarely see him. He is the coach who sits on the side lines and makes it possible for the star halfback to get the adulation you shower upon him. He's the director of the play who inspires

the actor into the performance you rave about. He's the administrator who takes your idea and creates the team which makes it work.

Since executives are human, too, and thus individualists, it is often a hard lesson to learn. It is why so many executives work themselves into nervous breakdowns by insisting on doing everything. They think they must handle every detail. One of the most common fallacies in business is the indispensable man. He thinks if he is not on hand the company will crumble. He is too valuable. But is he? A really good executive does not want himself to be indispensable.

A good executive knows how to listen. When faced with a problem he calls in subordinates and asks for opinions, and, what's more, he pays attention to them. Executives who begin to use the "listening" technique find it produces amusing as well as enlightening results. Some executives, when they attain high places, tend to begin telling people what to do. As a matter of courtesy, they will allow the subordinate to express his views on a plan of action, but they are not really listening. They are merely waiting, and sometimes not too patiently, for the man to stop, so they can get to what is really important—namely, what they have to say. Good executives come to realize that perhaps these subordinates have some really good ideas; that everything does not have to originate in the boss's head; that the boss can spare himself a lot of detail by listening. Nothing gives a subordinate a lift more than to see his ideas being welcomed and, when of merit, adopted.

While it is necessary for executives to make decisions, the good ones avoid the hasty, off-the-top-of-the-head variety. They try to get behind the obvious and learn what is really at the heart of any problem.

In this connection, I might cite a case involving one of my classmates at the advanced management course at Harvard. This extremely able man had been a specialist and dealt with specialists. He was a perfectionist. The human element hardly ever entered his thinking. You could either do it or you couldn't. Black was black and white, white. There was no gray. This man was sent to Harvard by his company because he was due for new responsibility which would bring him in contact with all types of personnel. His superior wanted him to develop the philosophy that people are people, that to err is human, and that he must try and understand why people do the silly things they do. He went through the course, first with skepticism and later with real enthusiasm. Recently when we had lunch together, he told me what happened to him after graduation:

It seems there was a man in his department who had suddenly begun to build up an alarming absentee record. He was always ill. At least once a week his legs would swell up and he would be unable to go to work. My friend had a doctor examine the man, and there was no doubt he was not well. My friend suspected the man was drinking heavily and that his absences were caused more by hang-overs than by anything else. A year before, he would have fired the man.

However, he recalled the cases he had studied at Harvard which stressed the advisability of side-stepping the obvious and really getting to the heart of a problem. Perhaps the man's illness related to something else that could be corrected. My friend made it a point to meet the chronic ailer in a casual way and start talking to him. They chatted about sports, business conditions, people, social affairs. Finally, the boss got to the point. He told the subordinate frankly that he suspected him of drinking too much. The man denied this.

"What is it, then?" asked the boss. "Is it money?"

The employee hesitated, then blurted out, "Yes, sir, it is. I've gotten in the hands of some loan sharks and they are driving me crazy. I don't know how I'll ever be able to get out of their clutches."

That was all there was to it. The boss helped the man do a little refinancing, and in a few months he was out of debt. This man hasn't missed a day from work since. He has been promoted and is completely happy. A doctor explained that this man's nerves had affected a sciatic condition and caused the swellings. If the boss had taken the obvious for granted he would have set the stage for tragedy.

A good executive not only has to know how to handle the men under him, but also has to be able to get things done through his colleagues on equal footing with himself and his superiors. Many an executive has had a good idea which might be a great help to his company, only to have it tabled because, in presenting it, he rubbed his colleagues the wrong way and they did not give it wholehearted support.

I know an "eager beaver" who once had the idea of consolidating the various far-flung branches of his firm into a separate company which, while it would still be linked to the parent concern, would be completely autonomous. The idea has since been adopted, but not through the efforts of the "eager beaver."

The mistake he made was that he took his plan directly to the firm's president. He completely ignored several vice-presidents who had quite a vital interest in the plan. Each one of these vice-presidents had some authority over the various branches. In creating a separate company that would be entirely self-sufficient, he was slicing off a portion of their authority, and doing it without even consulting them.

For The American Magazine by Roy L. Fox

Well, his report got nowhere. Naturally, the president sent it around to the vice-presidents for comment, and every one of them found several reasons why it was impracticable. This would never have happened if he had gone to these vice-presidents first, told them of his idea, and asked them for suggestions and advice before presenting it to the president. He would have had a better report and, what's more important, it probably would have been adopted.

It is also equally important for a top executive to follow the line of authority *down* when registering a complaint, solving an organizational problem, making a request or a change in operations. We have all known big bosses who pride themselves on knowing all the men in their concern, and on being "direct actionists." When they want to take some action, they go directly to the worker. Frequently, this results in the worker's acting without the knowledge of, and probably at cross purposes with, the man charged with responsibility for the department. It inevitably results in misunderstanding, bitterness, and turmoil.

The wise executive makes his suggestions, inquiries, or changes through the department head.

It is not always necessary for an executive to do something about a situation. There are times when action can be the worst possible thing. An instance that pops up every day in business concerns the worker with what is commonly called a "beef." This man thinks his foreman has it in for him and is keeping him from progressing. Here is a situation primed for some action. You can tell the worker to like his lot, or quit; or you can tell him to thrash out his problems with the foreman and not bother you with these little matters. You're the superintendent and have more important things on your mind. Another form of action is to take the side of the worker and tell the foreman he must do something about the worker who is complaining.

Well, you've acted in either case, but think what you have done to the morale of your organization. On the one hand, you have delivered an ultimatum to the worker, and on the other you have undermined and tied the hands of a subordinate boss. Many executives have solved problems of this nature simply by allowing the worker to let off steam and then, by tossing in a sympathetic and understanding question here and there, awaken the worker to the fact that there are two sides to the problem and maybe he hasn't been meeting the foreman halfway. Once again you allow the worker to solve his own problem.

As can be seen from these various examples, a really good top-flight executive is a many-faceted diamond, who must be just, understanding, pliable, versatile, and broad in viewpoint. He must be willing to take risks and make mistakes; to give a subordinate a second chance. He must have drive, technical knowledge, and an ability to work with others.

Well, I don't know whether I have been able to answer satisfactorily the lady's original question of why her husband never became an executive. As I said at the outset, there are no fixed rules, no blueprint for success. No executive post is exactly like another. Each has its particular problems and requires a particular type of personality

qualified to meet those problems. That is why no general rule can be laid down to fit all cases. Actually, good management boils down to technical skills blended with a highly developed sense of the fitness of things. In the final analysis, about all I could tell the lady was for her to take these qualities, apply them to her husband's career, and try to decide for herself where he fell short.

In closing, I should like to leave a thought first offered by Lao-tse, the Chinese philosopher, some 2,500 years ago, on leadership:

A leader is best when people barely know he exists,
Not so good when people obey and acclaim him,
Worst when people despise him.
"Fail to honor people, they fail to honor you."
But of a good leader, who talks little,
When his work is done, his aim fulfilled,
They will all say, "We did it ourselves."

THE END★★★

The Money Tree

(*Continued from page* 41)

George, found the place. The Flying Bear was an ancient disintegrating hulk that had once known proud days as an Alaska packer. Now, along with several other old sailing ships of her type, she had been hauled up on the mud flats and banished from the sea forever. The hulks hung closely together in their senility. A crazy system of boardwalks, planks, and rope ladders served as elements of communication with the little water-front town across the bay from San Francisco. The area was a crazy collection of straggling old rigging, broken masts leaning against the sky, broken portholes covered with paper, and doors that had the habit of falling off their hinges.

THE inhabitants of this tangled sargasso were a little bit of everything and everybody. There were three unsuccessful artists, two tired old fishermen, and four lazy ones; there was a family of bewildered refugees from Rumania who made gypsy jewelry, several thousand sand crabs, and a paid-up member of the Communist Party who was mad at the world because he had not been called before a single investigating committee. And now there were George and Katherine Wagner, whose qualifications for residence were established shortly after their arrival. In common with their new neighbors, they were broke. Flat-broke.

Of course, Katherine had managed to select the most expensive lodging in this aquatic squatters' row. It had once been the skipper's cabin of the Flying Bear, and George had to admit it wasn't exactly the sort of thing he had pictured. In the first place, there was a delightful view over the stern, and, in the second place, the rent was not thirty dollars a month.

"It's only twenty-five mediums of exchange, darling," Katherine explained. "Just you watch how I fix it up."

It made George slightly uneasy to recall that the best he had been able to find was a gloomy hole near the Oakland railroad station. His chairmanship of the Male-Protect-

the-Female Association had been deeply shaken. No matter how impressively he paced the afterdeck of the Flying Bear, George lost considerable executive face on their first night in residence. It was Katherine again who closed an important deal.

As dusk fell upon the hills, the Wagners became suddenly aware of a new problem: They were without the blessing of light.

"Even cavemen had light," Katherine said with forced gaiety. "Why, they had enough light to paint pictures of buffalo on the walls."

"Cavemen were faced with an entirely different set of problems," George explained. "If a caveman needed something he didn't have, he just went out and konked somebody over the head."

"But, George, we just can't sit here in the dark."

"For a while we'll have to go to bed with the sea gulls. It's elemental. The cheapest lantern would cost at least two mediums of exchange."

"How many mediums of exchange do we have, for heaven's sake?"

"One. And part of that must go for groceries tomorrow."

"I can charge those."

"That I would like to see. This is a new neighborhood, Katherine. They don't know you, and you're going to find things slightly different. People who do not have any mediums of exchange to their name, give off a certain delicate odor. Bank tellers, hotel clerks, and smart merchants are trained from childhood to detect this peculiarity, and I am certain our local tradesmen are expert at it."

Katherine wrinkled her nose slightly as if physically reflecting George's thoughts. Her mouth became small and her eyes narrowed. These actions were invisible to George, since the very last light had faded from the cabin.

"What is that squawking outside, George?" she asked finally.

"Sea gulls of the insomniac family. Quite rare."

"Well, I'm not sleepy, either," said Katherine. "I'll just take a wee walk and maybe feel more like it." Before George could offer to join her she had swung down from the bunk and left the cabin.

She walked along the rotting deck until she came to the stairs amidships which led over the bulwark and onto the dock. She was about to mount the stairs when she saw something in the vicinity of the Flying Bear's forecastle. A light. Someone lived there. She moved slowly toward the light and did something she had never done before: She peeked in a neighbor's window.

Her research was disappointing. There was no human being inside to enjoy the lantern hanging from the ceiling. She was about to turn away, when a low and melodious voice flattened her against the porthole as if she had been nailed there.

"Good evening."

She could not move a finger. A dreadful paralysis gripped her.

"Were you looking for something?"

She managed to turn very slowly. She gasped without sound. A man was standing in the shadows.

"I—" Her hand made a silly little circle around nothing. "I was just—looking at the light." Her leaden feet refused to move an inch.

"I am Dustin Ashley Fairlead, the writer," the man said, pleasantly enough.

"Ah—er—of course!"

"How did you know I was Dustin Ashley Fairlead, the writer, when my book hasn't been published yet?" His voice suddenly turned quite humble. Three of Katherine's muscles relaxed. "But it *will* be published. There are only four more volumes to be done—unless I think of a few other things."

Two more of Katherine's muscles unsnapped when the man moved so that the light from the porthole fell upon his shoulders and face. He would have been poorly cast as Blackbeard. His thin neck supported a large shaggy head. His bright little blue eyes were smiling warmly. "My book is called, *Introspective Research into the Effect of Weather upon the Human Soul.* I'm just finishing up the twenty-first volume."

"What an intriguing title!" said Katherine.

"It will be sensational," he said, with a strange lack of confidence.

"You must be a genius."

"You are an observing woman as well as a handsome one." They bowed to each other deeply. "If you would not think me a spider luring a fly, I should like to invite you into my study."

Katherine hesitated. The light was so compelling. "My husband is still within convenient screaming distance, Mr. Fairlead. I would be glad to come."

"Charmed," said Dustin Ashley Fairlead. They bowed again, and the little man led her into his room. "Please always feel welcome here. This humble room is where I milk my soul. The results you see before you." He pointed to the piles of paper on a desk.

"I should like to read your book, Mr. Fairlead. It would give me a sense of having a vicarious brush with literary history."

The little man responded immediately by pressing a large stack of paper into her hands. "Why not begin tonight?" he asked eagerly.

"Alas, we have no light." Katherine found herself reaching for a hoop skirt as if to curtsy.

"The lamp of knowledge shall never be dimmed for the resourceful," quoth Dustin Ashley Fairlead. "Here, please. Take my lantern."

"But what will you use?"

"Madame, I prefer to write by the light of the moon."

Katherine returned to George with the lantern and four volumes of *Introspective Research into the Effect of Weather upon the Human Soul.*

"Where did you get that?" George demanded.

"There are other mediums of exchange besides your crass variety, George. A mere smile has brought us a loan from posterity, not collectible until the moon has waned."...

The affair of the lamp, as George chose to think of it, was only a beginning. A cloud of confusion had settled over what should have been a clear-cut situation. Katherine should have been unhappy, even desolate. Who would ever think that she would actually "get along" with her new neighbors? Yet everyone loved her. She was deep into the ninth volume of Dustin Ashley Fairlead's screwy book, and that gallant little gentleman would have laid down his life for her. Mr. and Mrs. Horagani, the Rumanian

refugees, spent an hour with Katherine every evening. She was teaching them English, no less.

"Just how," George had inquired in his best executive manner, "do you expect to teach them English when you don't speak Rumanian?"

"But, George, I had simply *years* of French at Miss Burke's. The Horaganis all speak French, and so we get along."

It was all too obvious they *did* get along—beautifully. George could hear them laughing and sometimes even singing as they sat on the Flying Bear's main hatch. After every lesson they would present Katherine with a small bit of the jewelry they manufactured.

"Haven't you got enough of that junk?" he asked one day when they left her with a particularly unique bracelet. "Why don't you stop taking it? A lot of hard and careful work goes into making that stuff. You ought to be ashamed!"

"It's simply a medium of exchange, George. They wanted English lessons and they don't have the money."

Certain other manifestations brought strange forebodings to what had once been a peaceful executive mind. Somehow Katherine had transformed their little cabin into a delightful place to live in. She had accomplished the miracle solely with odd boxes, the covers of old magazines, and the weirdest collection of junk ever acquired along the water front. And there was no use saying she hadn't blossomed as a cook. She passed further miracles every time they had spaghetti or hash, which was almost all the time. And as for those dungarees she had taken to wearing—if they ever returned to the old life, some designer would sight them and say they were just too terrifically stunning—on Katherine Wagner.

In the comfort of his office at Orient Steamship, George had calculated it would take possibly six months, perhaps a year, to make Katherine a completely rounded person with a sound appreciation of a dollar. According to plan, George had obtained the lowest-paid laboring job he could find—digging away on a sewer excavation. At the end of the first week, when he had solemnly counted out thirty-seven dollars, Katherine had only exclaimed, "What a pile of mediums of exchange!" It was all gone by the following Tuesday. Her smile mesmerized the local grocer into charging the vitals of life for the rest of the week. She paid off promptly on the second roll of bills—"Established credit" she said.

The fourth week brought an embarrassing snag, one that had occurred twice before. George had been forced out of two jobs because his bosses insisted on promoting him. It was a condition he had not foreseen from that comfortable office. The sewer contractor had called him over when they paid off on the job Friday night.

"We're about done here, Wagner, but starting Monday I've got a big job over in Tiburon. Now, you seem like a smart fella."

"Thanks." George dreaded what he knew was coming.

"Wagner, I'm going to take a chance and throw the timekeeper's job your way."

"Please. Nothing doing."

"Whatsamatter? Don't you like me?"

"Sure. But please just keep me on as a laborer."

"What-the-hell's-the-matter? You never

maybe heard of the high cost of living? Don't you like money?"

"For certain reasons I can't allow myself to make too much."

"I made a mistake, Wagner. You ain't a very smart fella."

George was beginning to wonder if the contractor wasn't right. And by now the hiring agencies were beginning to wonder. They didn't like drifters. For one solid week he had made regular calls upon them and he was still out of a job. He had returned to the Flying Bear each day more bewildered than worried. Their little cabin had suddenly become alive with activity. There was hardly a quiet spot for an unemployed husband to brood. It was this confounded Christmas-card business Katherine had started.

SHE woke up one morning and said without rancor, "There seems to be an appalling lack of mediums of exchange around this place." Then a light had come to her blue eyes, she snapped her fingers, and before noon she was in business. How was a husband supposed to know his wife could start a business without a dime of initial capital? The fat little woman at the stationery store had accepted her gay "Charge it" with a blessing for success.

In no time at all Katherine was dashing around with a paintbrush and a pair of borrowed scissors. Presto! She had some unique and lovely samples of her "product." Presto, again! A quick trip to San Francisco, and she brought back more orders than she could ever handle alone. And so she had talked one of the stores into an advance and hired Marie Horagani to help her. They were busy all day long, and when another batch of orders came in Katherine enlisted the aid of Dustin Ashley Fairlead.

George sat on the taffrail trying not to notice the workers. He was grateful when the five o'clock whistle on the water-front fire house blew. The workers put away their papers, glue, and scissors and went back where they belonged. George sighed with relief. He went into the cabin and stood silently beside Katherine as she started their dinner on the gas plate.

"I'm sorry, George, I'm late starting the dinner. This was one of those days. So many odd little things to clean up."

George said nothing. He rolled a cigarette, a process which still gave him considerable trouble. When he had finished, he kicked at a few bits of colored paper on the floor—residue of the day's labor.

"Oh, I missed those, George. Just ignore them temporarily and relax." She stirred busily at the contents of a mixing cup.

"I've been relaxing for five days. I am a drone."

"No, you aren't. You're just worried about the future. You're thinking. I can see it. Please don't worry, George. It will spoil your dinner."

"Katherine, this—this Christmas-card business has got to stop."

"Why, dearest?" She hardly looked up from her stirring.

"Because—" He tried very hard to think of a reasonable because. "Confound it, you're bringing in more money than I am! It's indecent!"

"George! Since when are Christmas cards indecent? Everyone who has given me an order seems to think mine are quite pretty."

"Everyone? Who, please tell me, is everyone?"

"Oh, besides the stores, there's the Murrays, the Sloanes, the Leslies, the Turnerbucks, and let me see, the—"

"Katherine!" He was honestly horrified. "You haven't gone to our old friends?"

"Why not? It's easier to sell if you know people."

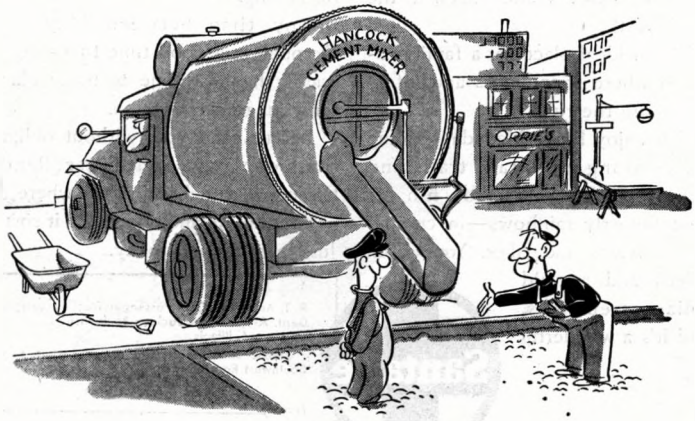
"But that—it's charity! They only bought to help us out. They undoubtedly feel very sorry for you."

"Nonsense. They were all completely enchanted. As soon as I have time to make some gin, we'll give a cocktail party. They're all dying to come."

"*Make* some gin? Katherine! My sweet bride of five years! Have you gone out of your mind?"

"There's really nothing to it. You just mix a little juniper in some alcohol, the way they used to do. Diego Alvarez has the exact formula."

George closed his eyes and gripped the sides of his head. "Who is Diego Alvarez?"



"Will you pour?"

For The American Magazine by Dick Ericson

She looked at him, a touch of pity in her eyes. "George, you don't know your neighbors at all well. He's the artist who lives on that cute old barge at the end of the wharf. The one with the sixteen million children. And by the way, I was talking to his wife this morning about coming to work with me, and it seems Diego has a job for you—"

"*He* has a job for *me!* From the looks of that barge he must be starving to death, himself."

"According to Mrs. Alvarez you would be a sort of a combination man."

"Combination man?" George's eyes opened very wide. He closed them slightly to prevent their falling out of his head.

"Yes. It seems that part of the time you would pose, although Diego said your physique could get by because it was not too terribly important."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"And the rest of the time you would help them with the scaffolding. Diego is first assistant to Escobar Santo. They're doing the big murals in the main saloon on the Oceana."

"I'll have you know that *I hired* Escobar Santo to do that work!"

"Why, George, how thrilling! You never told me you had met the man. We could have had him for dinner—then."

"We could *not* have had him to dinner. Mr. Santo refuses to meet anyone personally with whom he deigns to do business. He refuses to speak one word of English and always negotiates through an intermediary. Now, *I* absolutely refuse—"

"You said, yourself, mediums of exchange and jobs don't grow on trees, George." . . .

GEORGE expected to find Escobar Santo hard at work on the murals in the Oceana's main saloon. He was in the saloon, all right—comfortably stretched out on an improvised couch. He was a pale, thin young man who affected a mustache better suited to a walrus. When George reported for duty he was smoking a Turkish water pipe and sleepily watching Diego painting away on the mural.

"I was sent here to help you," George said, without bothering to introduce himself. After all, the name "George Wagner" was on Santo's contract.

"*Excellent!*" replied Escobar Santo. "Make yourself at home and pretend you are traveling first-class on a long sea voyage. It will cost you nothing."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Fiddle around. Don't overwork, whatever you do." Santo pointed a bony finger at the mural. "Now, you might observe the figure of the native paddling the canoe on the wall there. Stand near him in a similar pose. Diego will then paint you on the other side. It is extremely simple. Take everything off but your shorts and stand so." Escobar sighed as if he was very tired and took a long draw at the water pipe. "Ah—I envy your comfortable work costume!"

George looked at the mural. It was half completed and he recognized the design as something like the original one he had selected. There were, however, some important differences. The South Sea Islanders depicted in various poses of work and play were entirely without clothing. The future passengers of the Oceana were in for a shock.

"You can't leave that painting on the wall!" he said.

"Why not?" Escobar Santo thoughtfully caressed the ends of his mustache. "The design is one of my most inspired."

"You've got to put some clothes on those natives!"

"Nonsense. This is authentic. I prefer it this way."

"How about the steamship people?"

"They are ignorant merchants. This is art. I will not permit them near the place until we are quite finished."

"And they have agreed to stay away?"

"They must. I am Escobar Santo." He waved George to the wall with a lazy gesture.

"One question," George said as he slowly took off his shirt. "There is a popular impression you can't speak English. You seem to do all right."

"Only when there is business to discuss do I lose all command of the language. It saves me tedious negotiations with very boring people."

When George recalled the exact financial details of Escobar Santo's contract, he went meekly to the wall. That moment was the beginning of a strange friendship.

PERHAPS Escobar Santo sensed that George was no ordinary model or mover of scaffolding. Perhaps he secretly enjoyed George's efforts to maintain his dignity. Whatever bond finally linked their ill-matched personalities, it was less than a week before Escobar Santo came to rely on George for everything except the actual painting of the mural. When the electricians came into the saloon one day and made a great clatter with their drills and wires, they haplessly chose a moment in which Santo was deep in meditation. It was George who persuaded them to find work elsewhere until Santo could fix in his mind the perfect color theme for the huge center panel.

Escobar Santo never ceased marveling at the way George handled the matter. From that time on, he conversed through George with everyone from newspaper reporters to the woman decorator who wanted to put a pink couch along the base of his murals.

Santo paid George weekly, peeling off two tens from the roll of bills he always carried in his pocket, and the small amount should have been a very satisfactory lesson in economics for Katherine, had she not continued to throw the most carefully laid plans completely out of gear. Her Christmas-card business was booming.

"I suppose you know you are violating the law," George pointed out after he came home one evening and ran full tilt into the neighbors streaming from their tiny cabin.

"How can you say that, George? We haven't stolen a thing."

"You now have six employees making these ridiculous cards for you. That makes *you* an employer. What have you done about workmens' compensation? Nothing. What have you done about withholding part of their wages for tax purposes? Nothing. You'll wind up in jail!"

"Oh, George. You can find so many ways to wind up in jail."

"You are running a sweatshop. And an illegal one, at that."

"Nothing of the kind. We are all on shares."

"Worse yet! That's Communism!"

"Jack Lister doesn't think so. He's a real Communist, you know—he lives over on the

Alaska Seal. He found out our shares were a hundred and ten mediums of exchange last week, and he says we're a lousy bunch of capitalists."

"A hundred and ten dollars!" George put his hand to his head and counted up to his own twenty dollars very slowly. "People have lost their minds to order that many Christmas cards!"

"We're getting ready for the Easter designs now," Katherine said briskly. "I already have a few advance orders."

GEORGE shifted desperately to a more devious attack. He took Katherine's hand and pressed it to his lips. He murmured fond incantations over the hand. Finally, he patted it.

"Now, sweet girl, you just listen to me. Purely on the wildest good fortune you've made out so far. Now is the time to stop—before something terrible happens. Believe me, I love you, and I have vowed to protect you forever. You are a little lamb grazing on the hillside. Katherine, my darling, you have no business sense whatsoever. You cannot seem to learn the value of a dollar, and therefore all of this can only lead to disaster. Please promise me you will henceforth adjust yourself to our present means of living and rely solely upon your husband to solve our problems." He kissed the hand again and stroked it gently. "I will provide," he said solemnly.

Unfortunately for George's further peace of mind it was Katherine who provided a fine T-bone steak for dinner that evening. She paid for it in hard cash—and she quietly continued to make Christmas cards. . . .

The Oceana's maiden voyage was but two weeks off when the explosion occurred—not in the boiler-room, but in the main saloon. No one was injured, but the wailing and moaning could be heard above the trials of the Oceana's whistle. Someone in the executive offices of Orient Steamship had managed to peek at Escobar Santo's murals. Word was instantly flashed on high. Alexander Winthrop was aghast for precisely eleven seconds, whereupon he let out a bellow some said was more ear-splitting than the Oceana's whistle. He swore to have Escobar Santo's head. And his new vice-president's head. Furthermore, the Oceana would not sail until the murals had been brought into the realm of decency.

The newspapers were having a fine time with the story, and Orient's Public Relations Department was working overtime to maintain the dignity of the corporation.

As the Oceana's sailing date approached, the digestive system of Alexander Winthrop failed to rally against continuous attacks. When Escobar Santo claimed the slightest change in his murals would ruin his reputation forever and sued for $1,000,000, Alexander Winthrop's appetite donned sackcloth and ashes. Veteran waiters at his luncheon club were astonished to see him rely solely upon milk and crackers for nourishment.

George was certain he was out of a job again. Barricaded in his studio, Escobar Santo flatly refused to communicate with the outside world. Diego Alvarez came to George on the Flying Bear and pleaded with him. He desperately pointed out the impending lack of vitamins for his wife and children. Santo, himself, would not be paid until the matter had dragged through the courts. There just wasn't time for that, Diego explained. George, and George only, must step immediately into the breach. "Escobar will speak to no one but you, George. He says *you* must negotiate for him."

"Listen; I was hired as a combination man, to pose and to move scaffolding. That I have done for a peon's pay. This other stuff was never in the combination."

"But you must do it, for all of us—for my wife and babies, Mr. Wagner—for art!"

"I'm sorry, Diego. I just can't do it. It's out of the question."

"Do you want to see canvas tacked over our beautiful murals?"

"I don't give a damn what happens to the murals! It's none of my business any longer."

Diego surveyed the rotting hulks about them. His face took on the surprised and sad look of a dog that had been kicked by a previously friendly mailman.

"I don't understand, Mr. Wagner. You would be out of a job, too, and none of us are very rich here. It is very difficult for us to exist unless we work together—always. Perhaps you are different."

Diego walked away very slowly and climbed to the dock. It took him a long time to walk the distance to his barge.

George tried not to look at Katherine, who sat on the taffrail opposite him. A little wind ruffled her shirtwaist in such a way she appeared to be moving, although George was certain she had remained perfectly still. She was looking away from him, and her mouth was set in a new, thin line.

"I suppose you're thinking I'm a heel," he said finally. No answer came from her. "And Diego is thinking I'm content to live on my wife." Still there was no answer. "Katherine. You know very well why I can't go talk to Alexander Winthrop! He probably thinks I'm in New York or somewhere—doing fine. A man has to have *some* pride."

"And he has to eat," said Katherine. She swung quickly down from the rail. "It's fundamental, just like mediums of exchange. Or have you changed your views on such things?" Without waiting for his answer she went into the cabin and closed the door behind her.

George started for the door and then turned away from it. He climbed to the dock and made his way slowly among the cradles of sailboats, the discarded fish nets, and the stacks of newly tarred pilings. By the time he reached the opposite end of the dock from Diego's barge, it became increasingly difficult to display the emotions proper to a wounded mate. What could a man do when his wife filled his home with makers of greeting cards? This had been an isolated little plan to make a better woman of one Katherine Wagner, and then when the mission was accomplished perhaps there would be a chance to return to the kind of life and work you were created for. Antagonizing Alexander Winthrop would be very dangerous monkey business, unless, like Katherine, you were just willing to let the future take care of itself.

GEORGE sat down at a safe distance from the Flying Bear to watch the sand crabs. They were working. So was everyone else—except George Wagner. One of Diego Alvarez's countless children came skipping along the dock in his bare feet.

George stopped the child: "Let me ask you something. Are you hungry?"

"Sure. I'm always hungry. Who ain't?"

George looked unhappily at the water. "I'm afraid I'm not," he said.

"That's something to worry about, Mr. Wagner. Ya better have yer insides fixed. Maybe my Pop was right when he said ya fret too much."

"Your father does not appreciate my weighty problems."

"How can ya have any problems when ya got such a pretty wife?"

George shook his head sadly. "Correction," he said. "*Had* such a pretty wife."

When the Christmas-card factory knocked off for lunch George returned to the Flying Bear. He ate silently the simple lunch Katherine had placed on the table for him. Afterward, he cleared the dishes and took off his working clothes. He slipped behind the cur-

"I didn't just drift into this way of life . . . I took one of those vocational guidance tests"

For The American Magazine by Dallas Rose

tain which served as their clothes closet and finally emerged dressed in the one good suit he had retained, a white shirt, and a bow tie.

Katherine hardly glanced up at him. "Going somewhere?" She said it in a tone designed to show him she didn't care.

"Obviously."

"Coming back?"

"Yes."

"I'll be gone when you do."

George paused at the door. "I suppose you'll say I let you down."

"I wouldn't say that."

"You wouldn't say it, but you might think it."

There was no answer from Katherine, and her silence was of that peculiar type no man can stand.

"Katherine," he said with a miserable lack of self-assurance, "whatever you decide to do, I hope you will find happiness. When your happiness involves another man, I will stand aside without protest." Striving for the dignity of a Roman senator, George stepped out of the door. He spoiled the over-all effect three seconds later by sticking his head back in the door. "Whoever that man may be," he said, "I hope for both your sakes, he knows the exact location of a money tree!"

"And I hope he's capable of swallowing his pride," Katherine flashed. Instantly she burst into tears. For the door had slammed on their first fight in five years of marriage.

GEORGE climbed the highway that wound up from the town and finally turned onto the Golden Gate Bridge. As he started across the bridge he reflected moodily that Katherine was a magnificent and courageous woman. Out of his own fears of the future he had failed her.

The cool ocean breeze slightly reduced his emotional temperature. As he approached the center of the bridge and looked down at the swirling tides below he began to laugh. "You poor, self-pitying coward! You yearner for ulcers!" He was still laughing when a man stopped at the rail beside him.

"You seem to be in a happy mood, Mr. Wagner," he said.

When George turned to look at the man he was not surprised that it was Dustin Ashley Fairlead. This was the kind of day anything could happen.

"I should be very happy. I just found out I have everything in the world. I'm a very rich man, Mr. Fairlead."

"It does a man good to take one day out a week and decide just that. This is also my day of contemplation."

"Let me ask you something, Mr. Fairlead. Has Katherine ever talked to you—about me?"

"No, I can't say as she has, although I wish one of you would. I feel your case would make an interesting chapter for my book." He paused significantly and pulled at his long nose. "However, a blind person could see you could use a little more confidence in yourself—and in your wife. That is to say, various outside circumstances will at one time or another cause you great anxiety because any problem faced alone looks twice as terrible. If you share it with your missus it's surprising how easy things work out. What you were worrying about gets cut right in half. Catch what I mean?"

George reached for a handful of the breeze as if he was catching something. "What are you trying to sell, Mr. Fairlead?"

"I'm not too sure, myself. Maybe a little faith. Some people, like, say, your Katherine, don't need to read my twenty-one volumes to unscare themselves. They just naturally take whatever comes in their stride. But maybe four or five volumes might be a good dose for the average person."

George glanced at his watch and then pushed himself away from the rail. "When does your book come out, Mr. Fairlead?"

"Oh, some time within the next ten or fifteen years."

"Put me down for an advance copy. About five volumes will do." . . .

Thirty minutes later George was closeted with Escobar Santo in his studio. Santo had a lot of arm-waving, strutting, and mustache-pulling to do and the time was getting short. George allowed him exactly twelve minutes to exhaust himself and then argued with an eloquence he had almost forgotten. His own declamation lasted precisely six minutes, at the end of which a somewhat cowed Santo offered a morsel of appeasement. Two minutes later George was on his way to the offices of Alexander Winthrop. He could just make it before Orient closed for the day.

He was kept waiting outside Alexander Winthrop's door long past the normal closing time. A major crisis must have developed inside. Mr. Winthrop never worked beyond five o'clock. George nervously fingered the box of raisins he had stopped to buy. The delay was a good thing. Mr. Winthrop's supply should be running very low by now.

The great man's secretary put on her hat and went home, and at last Alexander Winthrop himself opened his door. "Come in, George. It's good to see you, my boy."

"You may change your mind about that, Mr. Winthrop. I've come here as the representative of Escobar Santo."

Mr. Winthrop's eyebrows failed to raise in surprise. "Will he change those accursed murals?"

"He has authorized me to say that he will dress the natives suitably in palm leaves and grass skirts."

"How about the so-called financial damage to his precious reputation?"

"Escobar Santo is a very smart man, Mr. Winthrop. I told him money wasn't everything."

Alexander Winthrop beamed. "Do you believe in what you told him, George?"

"I am beginning to think money has certain limitations. It seems to have a way of becoming too important."

MR. WINTHROP made a small noise deep in his throat. "A first-class job, George. I suspect no one else could have settled matters so quickly. Now we have another very delicate problem. The Oceana will be officially christened next Wednesday. We need a suitable lady to break the bottle, one whose beauty is so unassailable the wives of our officials won't resent her more than usual. I was wondering if Katherine might honor us?"

"I don't know."

"Would you ask her?"

"I couldn't be sure where to find her. Frankly, Mr. Winthrop, we've had a slight parting of the ways. It's going to take me some time to repair things."

"Why not look around your old office, George? Just for old time's sake."

"Katherine wouldn't be there."

"I'm not so sure. She was headed that way a few minutes ago."

"You mean she paraded our troubles in front of you?"

"No. But she did say she had misplaced you temporarily and she seemed to be absolutely sure you would come around here this afternoon. She said she knew her man."

George moved slowly toward the corridor door leading to his old office. "She was *absolutely sure* I'd come here?"

"She said a really proud man wouldn't miss. And, George, after you've had a little time in there, take a look at the new sign on your desk. It's been there for weeks."

George was almost through the door when he closed it again and stepped quickly back to Alexander Winthrop's desk. He placed the box of raisins on the polished surface. "It's so late. I thought you might be running low," he said.

Alexander Winthrop seized the box and happily examined the label. He selected a specimen from the box, and popped it into his mouth.

"Fantastic," he said, "the intense pleasure to be had from little things!" . . .

She was standing in the corner watching the fog brush past the window. George went to her without saying a word and took her in his arms. For a long time nothing moved except the fog. Finally George backed away, looking at her with a quizzical expression he had borrowed from Escobar Santo.

"I am looking," he said, "for a face that would launch a ship. I have never seen a more suitable one. Would you do it, Mrs. Wagner?"

"Is there any fee—that is—er—payment involved?"

"No."

"Is that good, sound business, George? What about the future? This face will not always be suitable for launching ships. It will take valuable time and effort to do a good job, and there will be the expense of a new dress. Hadn't I better reap while I can?"

George looked at the sign on his old desk. It was dignified, neat, and highly polished. It said, GEORGE WAGNER—SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

"May I suggest, Mrs. Wagner, that from now on you refrain from bothering your pretty head about such things. There should be various days set aside when our only reward will be a certain satisfactory feeling about the heart."

THE END ★★

The Trouble With Most Bridegrooms

(*Continued from page* 43)

came home at 5, to find Walt, with his pipe and slippers, grimly reading the paper. He was obviously seething. The breakfast dishes were still piled in the sink, unwashed. Both glared at each other. Arlene suggested sarcastically that he could at least have peeled the potatoes for supper. Walt retorted, "You know that's no work for a man to be caught doing! I'd suggest you arrange your time better." They quarreled all through the week end. After a few Thursdays their marriage was in such bad shape that Arlene brought the problem to me.

You couldn't come right out and tell Walt that he was behind the times, a marital mossback. But as he talked it all out, he realized he was. Since then he has been learning that deep social trends in our nation have outmoded the kind of marriage he learned from his father. Slowly, but surely, he is beginning to get in step with the times and to make his marriage more of a democratic partnership.

In the days when Walt's father was married, people formed unions first of all for economic reasons. The girl needed a breadwinner, and the man needed a woman to cook for him and clothe him. Then the husband (who was usually a farmer or a craftsman) regarded his family as helpers, and he found it natural to be a rather firm, stern master of the family.

Today, girls and men no longer need to marry for economic reasons. Both can remain single and live very comfortably. Thus, if they marry, it is primarily for companionship, and the husband is no longer justified in trying to play the role of Big Boss.

What are the "deep social trends" that have transformed marriage so drastically? I'll list a few:

—Growth of our Machine Civilization. The machine has given the wife more leisure and time for companionship with husband and children by taking over her functions of bread-making, weaving, canning, soap-making, etc. When men fuss today because modern brides don't know what a thimble is or don't know how to bake a cherry pie, they are simply revealing how outdated their thinking is, because sewing and baking pies are no longer central functions of a wife. The machine has also given the wife more authority, by taking the husband off to the factory or office most of the day.

—Growth of cities. At the turn of the century 64 per cent of all our families lived on farms. Now only 17 per cent do. City life changes marriage. It means smaller, more intimate families.

—Housing shortage. *One third* of all our couples marrying today for the first time have to start out their marriage by doubling up on housing. It's hard for a new husband to begin playing the stern patriarch in such circumstances.

—Earlier marriages. Couples are marrying at an earlier age than did their parents or grandparents. This means, for example, that tens of thousands of men are marrying while still in college, and letting their brides work to finance their marriage.

—Greatly increased vocational opportunities for women. This has made girls feel more independent financially.

—Ease of obtaining divorce, without stigma. This, too, has made girls less willing to put up with a bossy man.

When Grandma made her marriage bed she had to lie on it, even though it was a hard one. The modern girl does not. As a young wife said to me recently, "You know, I don't have to take his guff. I can go back to my job."

One man, Amram Scheinfeld, who recently spent five years studying the basic roles and natures of modern men and women concluded: "What seems to be in order is an overhauling in our whole concept and institution of male dominance." I repeat, that was a *man* talking.

Most men, however, still find it painfully hard to adjust to the fact that marriage has changed, and that their old Master-of-the-Household role just doesn't fit any more. They resort to all sorts of strategies to maintain some show of "superiority." They may play hard to please about food, or they hedge, in the first place, by making sure that the girls they marry are younger, shorter, less educated, and less prosperous than they are.

In many different ways men try to avoid accepting their wives as real partners and companions. Let us look at a few of the places where they try to cling to the outmoded habits of their fathers.

Consider, first, man's reluctance to accept the wife as a partner in money matters. It is logical today that family income be handled through joint planning and responsibility, especially since an increasing number of modern brides have had jobs and so have had considerable experience in handling money.

Actually, we find thousands of young husbands trying to continue the dole. They are used to the power that comes from clinging to control of the purse strings.

I knew casually a couple who always seemed ideally married. The man was a YMCA secretary, and though his young wife had once worked as a stenographer, she was now devoted to her home. But one day she came to see me in my professional capacity.

She explained, "What bothers me is that I always have to ask George for money I need, even to run the house. He never tries to cut down on me, but I always have to *ask*." Then she added this amazing statement: "I don't like to have to spend *his* money."

One of her immediate problems was that she wanted very badly to buy some drapery material to match her slip covers, but she didn't know whether they could afford it, because, "George has never told me how much he earns." She said that when she was single, working as a stenographer, she at least knew how much money she had to deal with.

OR CONSIDER another way that many young husbands cling to outdated attitudes. That is their treatment of their children. The changes of the times all point to marriage based on democratic companionship of all the members. The young father should enjoy bathing the kids and reading them their story at night. Instead, we find many still maintaining the stern, hands-off attitude of their own fathers. They enjoy showing off their children and don't mind occasionally "reading the riot act" when the children seem to have gotten out of the wife's control, but otherwise they consider children to be strictly in the wife's department.

For 18 months I have been counseling a young husband I'll call Joe, who grew up under a German patriarch-type father. Joe had some very strong ideas on what it means to be a man. He considered their two boys to be Wilma's responsibility.

Joe's one great passion was gardening,

and he passed a law that the boys could not play anywhere in the yard during the spring. One Saturday afternoon he went to the hardware for some grass seed. When he returned he found Jimmy and Danny playing in *his* yard. Joe flew into the house in rage and hollered to Wilma, "*Your* kids are in my flower beds!"

Of all the places, however, where our young husbands are failing to keep up with the changing form of marriage, they fail most conspicuously in their love-making.

Men have always claimed to be completely capable of handling any situation where sex is involved. They feel they have a natural flair for love-making. The fact is that an enormous number of our young husbands today are great disappointments as lovers. They persist in the thoughtless ways of their fathers, while their brides—embarked on marriages they believe to be based on companionship—have been led to expect a great deal more.

The old-style patriarchal husband could be pretty selfish and perfunctory in his love-making. Grandma never expected much in the way of the richer overtones. But our modern brides do expect—and in large part are not experiencing—them. As one recent bride complained to me: "He doesn't even kiss me except when he is amorous."

Our modern brides want the reassurance of their husband's affection, interest, confidence, and considerateness. They want the warmth that comes from washing dishes together, or walking down the street together on a Sunday afternoon. Such "little" things, to them, are fully as important and precious as physical love-making.

Often men we least expect prove to be disappointing as lovers. I'm thinking, for example, of a young doctor. I'll call him Ronald. He coached his feminine patients on the physical aspects of their love-making, and yet his own bride came to me and poured out her dissatisfaction.

She was a sensitive, creative, high-spirited girl and was terribly discouraged by his abrupt treatment. He paid little attention to her except when he wanted to make love, and then seemed completely self-centered. She said, "Sometimes I feel like a female animal."

It soon became apparent, as I talked to both of them, that two main factors were at the root of Ron's attitude. First, in his early training he was led to regard girls as secondary creatures and objects of prey. Second, he was so wrapped up in his medical career that he was sadly neglecting his wife.

Ron had the good sense to realize his unfairness and neglect when it was brought to his attention. He immediately gave himself a three-week vacation and took Jane to a resort in the Rockies where they spent the whole time sunning, swimming, and dancing. Back home again, he began taking her to church every Sunday and began spending a half-hour every night after dinner visiting with her.

They have achieved a genuine companionship now, and Jane admits she is a radiantly happy wife.

One of the troubles with modern marriage, I believe, is that too many of our young husbands have allowed themselves to become aggressive hustlers completely absorbed in "getting ahead" in their careers. The pressure to "get ahead" is far greater today than it was even a few decades ago. Such pressure runs counter to the relaxed, satisfying, intimate kind of man-wife relationship that makes for stable marriage.

One wife complained to me: "I don't see as much of him now as I did before we married."

Another wife said that when her husband finally gets home at night she has to tell the children: "Hush now and go to your rooms, because Daddy is tired."

We had to work intensively with one young wife of a salesman because she had a case of "nerves" resulting from prolonged neglect and thumb-twiddling at home because her husband was trying to work 60 hours a week, go to night school, and then spent his week ends playing golf with customers.

What a way to spend the best years of marriage!

The broad social changes now going on in America are making husbands inadequate in still another way: Increasing thousands of them are pathetically immature, weak excuses for husbands.

Why are they immature? For one thing, as youngsters they had no meaningful chores to do (as most farm boys have) to develop their sense of responsibility. But, more important, they have suffered from "Smother Love," caused by the indulgence of a lonely, overprotective mother. Our nation is being afflicted by more and more of these mothers. Why? Mainly because their husbands are busy at business and seldom get home except for meals and sleeping.

A young wife, Betty, told me of the shock she got when she began living with her new husband, Bob. He was an only child.

When Bob got undressed for bed, he left his soiled shirt on the floor. When he got up in the morning, he left his pajamas in a heap on the floor. And when he got out of the bathtub, he left the wet towel on the floor. Also, when he went to the sock drawer, he unrolled socks till he came to a pair he wanted. He let the discarded ones drop to the floor. His sloppiness soon became a cause of serious friction in their marriage.

Last summer Betty got some insight into the cause of Bob's thoughtlessness when they went to visit his parents in Flint, Mich. On the first morning Bob's mother fluttered into their bedroom and cooed, "How are my little chickadees this morning?"

The mother then closed their window and came over and sat on the foot of their bed. "Don't touch a thing, darlings," she said. "I'll tidy up. Meanwhile, just lie back. I'm going to bring you your breakfast."

Bob looked sheepish, and Betty suddenly realized that Bob had been trained to be helpless.

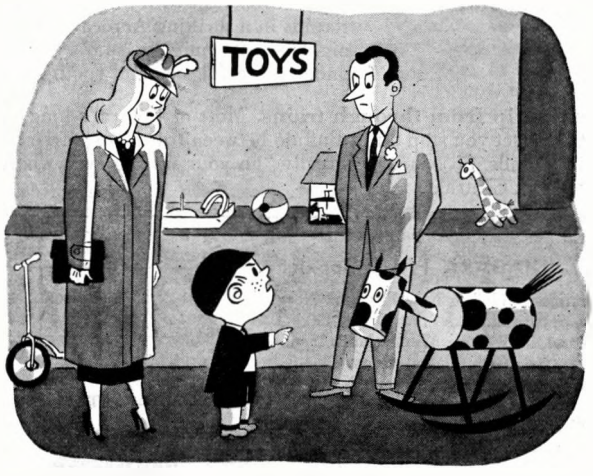
While I have cited a good many husbands who are inadequate or stubbornly old-fashioned, I would like to add that an increasing number are learning the thrills that come from the new democratic, companion-type marriage.

During one of my classes last spring we were discussing the speech of children, when one of my male students, a young father, said he had a recording that might interest us. He brought it next period and rather proudly played it for us.

The recording was of the talk and noises that went on while he and his young wife bathed their baby. It contained some of the most gorgeous gurgling and talking back and forth in this rich three-way relationship that I have ever heard.

I glanced toward the young father as the recording drew to a close and noticed that there were tears in his eyes. He had been overwhelmed by the sudden realization of the fullness of life in his own home.

Husbands who can come down off their high horse are finding that the new-style democratic marriage of 1949 is a lot more fun and a lot more rewarding than the old-style marriage, where husbands stood on their dignity. Our modernized husband has discovered he can relax and act foolish when he feels like it without sacrificing his family's respect for him, because that respect is no longer founded on his maintaining face. Also, he is discovering that his dignity is not



"Ten ninety-eight, for that nag!"

For The American Magazine by Harry F. Mace

damaged by occasionally pinning on a diaper or cooking a meal.

I believe there is more real love and freedom, and less fear, in life in our modern families than there ever was in Grandpa's day, despite the halos some of our men are now putting on Grandpa.

Today we are starting to build a new kind of marriage, a democratic marriage without props. Its strength comes from the companionship generated within. And the amazing thing is that so many of the new marriages, in this transitional, experimental stage, are holding together as well as they do.

This new kind of marriage is a more mature and satisfying relationship for both the husband and the wife, but it is also more difficult to achieve than the old-fashioned kind. To succeed, there must be a genuine feeling of partnership and comradeship; an acceptance of each other as fine persons to be cherished and respected.

The heartening thing to me is that so many of our men are recognizing—and accepting—the fact that change is in the air.

Marriage today, in this atomic age, calls for the pioneering spirit. While we can see the rough outlines, we cannot foresee precisely what form the marriage of the future will take yet. But to me that is the exciting thing about it.

In 1949 every marriage is an adventure, and can be a challenging one.

THE END★★

No One but You

(*Continued from page* 29)

you feel like takin' a break, Eddie, get up there and take it. That's a lot of horn you're blowing."

"Listen, Junior," Eddie Munro snarled, "I was blowing a lot when—" He stopped. "I'm sorry, kid," he said. "My wife's sick."

The young band leader smiled. "I'd like to give you some time off," he said, "but the truth is you hold this band together." He said it almost shyly.

The leader called a number, and they shuffled their music and the piano started chuckling, and Eddie Munro pushed the little valves down.

Martha, honey, remember all the love there is and remember me; don't die, honey. Not this time, not any time.

The musicians who crowded the tables close to the stand half closed their eyes and looked away at nothing. Here was a horn. The sound came out, no tricks, nothing but the horn, fluid and easy, all the heart that Eddie Munro possessed came out, and Eddie had a lot of heart, all down there at the hospital with a girl who had looked up at him a lot of years ago when he was young and handsome in a new tux. Mother of his four kids, beautiful kids who needed her.

Eddie Munro didn't think it but he felt that God would hear him better if he played from where he lived.

The doctors told him it wasn't overwork, was just something that could happen to anybody. And Martha was a poor surgical risk, but they had to operate.

It was pretty wonderful, some of it. The

boys home from camp and the house going along pretty good, with them trading off, taking turns to go to the hospital.

"The brave Munros," Eddie thought, "all brave but me and the baby, and us not brave at all. And every night I got to go downtown and blow a horn." The baby cried and called for his momma, and Eddie cried into his horn and called for Momma, too.

He'd played so long and was so good, in a way, that he played the horn like whistling through it, that effortless, and he didn't do anything in his mind but sieved his emotion from heart to horn with nothing in the way.

They closed down the bar, but nobody left. The bartenders leaned against the bar, and the hat-room girl stood and listened.

The way the word got out was kind of mysterious—as if you could hear the horn for miles around, because working musicians came down from all over town, after they were off, and leaned around and listened. And a cop came in to see what went. The bar was closed all legal, and he stayed, and earned a reprimand. And gradually the band changed personnel, and grew, as the big-league guys sat in, the guys from the high-class joints.

But the horn of Eddie Munro was the all-pervading thing. And there was no envy from the others, only pleasure—only that is not the word. Only a fermentation of emotion such as is very rare.

They shut down, petered out, the tired cohesion of the end in some ways better than the wild, sad improvisations of the first, about seven in the morning. And then Eddie Munro went over to the phone and stuck his nickel in and got the word.

Martha was all right, would be all right. He could see her that afternoon.

He got home in time to feed the baby in the morning, tell the kids, the brave young Munro kids, their mother was all right.

He went by to see her that afternoon, then went on down early to work, walking in the sunlight that made his worn suit shine as bravely as his horn.

The young leader nodded out at a bald man sitting alone at a table across the bare dance floor. Sadly he said to Eddie, "There's a guy here wants to see you."

Eddie walked over to the man, and the man stood up and laid a brief case on the table and held out his hand. Eddie sat down. They talked for quite a while, and finally the man left.

Eddie came back to the stand and the leader looked a big question at him.

Eddie Munro said pensively, "He said he'd heard of me, in the old days, and he heard us last night. Said he couldn't believe it."

The leader looked at him and bravely smiled.

"He can get us twenty-six weeks," Eddie said, "as a starter, at three times what we make here." He paused. "Eddie Munro and his band," he said finally. "And five hundred skins a week for me."

The young band leader, who knew that soon he would have no band to lead, said with kind impulsiveness, "You ought to call and tell your wife. That'll make her well." Then he turned his face away.

THE place was filling, now, and the men were in their places, and they started out. The leader nodded, and Eddie Munro stood up and pointed his horn up toward the big money once again and blew. He blew seven bars. Then suddenly he sat down.

He sat with his horn across his knees and hung his head down and looked at it.

Once all it took was a pretty girl who bounced with provocation down the street, and you saw her when you were on your way to work and it made a feeling. It wasn't an important feeling, but it didn't matter because you didn't know what important was, and so the music came out true, anyhow.

And looking down at the horn, he saw it slowly come into focus, the golden horn that lay across his knees. He looked at it now, not as if it were a blood brother that had lied to him, but as an old, dear friend that he had finally recognized.

He stood up, and the horn dangled naked in his right hand as he walked between the crowded tables toward the phone booth.

They told him he could speak to her for two minutes. "Last night," he said, "I played real good—fine, I guess—and while I was playing I didn't think of anything but you." He stopped. "I love you," he said.

"Tonight," he went on, "I played a little bit, so bad you couldn't believe. In the old days a little thing could make me feel a big emotion and play it out. But now I gotta have a big emotion to play big—"

He didn't say anything about the guy with no hair and the big money—the money that he could no longer really earn. Instead, he said, "I'm closin' for the job with the Joe that has the music store first thing in the morning."

It was hot in the phone booth and Eddie Munro was sweating, afraid Martha would think he wasn't happy, like he really was for the first time in a long time; and so he put his horn to his mouth, the thing with which he was finally honest, and played it little, all that was in his heart.

Martha heard it, and knew it was all right. And she knew she'd never quite hear it again, and that was all right, too. She didn't say anything, just lay there in postoperative pain, happy as she wanted her kids to be, whomever they wound up with.

And the horn came muted through the phone; the heart-shaped tone of her man, who knew his trade so well he knew when to give it up.

THE END ★★

Big League "Wonder" Boys

(*Continued from page* 37)

7 home runs, shoving the Barons up to the play-off crown, then hit 2 more in the Dixie Series with Fort Worth.

Like almost every other big leaguer, Walt got his start playing on the home village ball field. For him it was the Moosup Carpet Ground, and already certain strangers are beginning to hang around the place again, this time to watch another Dropo, Walt's 16-year-old brother George, a shortstop who is showing signs of becoming a long hitter, too.

Well, Mamma, now that Pop is in the parlor calling for his slippers, you may as well go in and take the easy chair while he and Johnny tell you about the other hopefuls of the coming season. It'll give you some idea of the kind of people your Johnny will be mixing with if he makes the grade.

It takes all kinds of people to make a baseball world. Besides preachers, salesmen, and singers—oh, yes, believe it or not. Johnny Antonelli is studying music at Bowling Green University in Ohio and is a promising young baritone—there are, among other things, plumbers and entomologists.

The entomologist is Bill Werle (pronounced "whirl"), a graduate of the University of California who is being counted on as a starting pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates. The plumber, brought up to the majors by the St. Louis Browns, is Irv Medlinger, a Chicago boy.

Then, of course, there's Johnny Groth, another Chicago boy, who was named the Detroit Tigers' regular center fielder even before the season started. This Johnny has behind him a solid season of Triple A ball, which is the highest you can go with the minors.

With Buffalo last year he absolutely murdered International League pitching, hitting so well he led the league in runs, hits, doubles, triples, and total bases. He fielded like an avenging angel and drove nails with his throws to the plate. It's a tossup which of the two Johnnies, Groth or Antonelli, is the hottest prospect coming up this year in the major leagues.

If you leave it to Billy Evans, the Tigers' general manager, why, naturally, it's Groth. "If this kid," he said last winter, "can hit major-league pitching, he'll be a greater center fielder than Joe DiMaggio." And that's about the biggest compliment baseball language has words for.

At least half of the hot prospects in both leagues are pitchers. In the National League, besides Bill Werle, there are Cloyd Boyer and Bill Reeder of the St. Louis Cardinals, Sam Webb and Ted Heidschmidt of the New York Giants, Harry Perkowski of the Cincinnati Reds, and Don Newcombe of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Now, this guy Don Newcombe, a Negro, is one of the biggest attractions of the year, and not just because he weighs 230 pounds and is 6 feet 5 inches tall. Last year, at Brooklyn's farm club in Montreal, this right-hander won 17 games, one of them a no-hitter, and wound up with the best percentage in the International League.

NATURALLY, speaking of pitching, you've heard of a dancing knuckle ball. No? Gee, you're dumb. You'll have to go see the Dodgers play and sit behind the plate when they put in Willie "The Knuck" Ramsdell, a boy the Dodgers brought up from Mobile, Ala., last year. That knuckle ball of his starts down the alley straight, then breaks off in a new direction that's anybody's guess, including, frequently, Willie's. He's a game guy and has used his knuckler many a time on a three-two pitch.

Over in the American League, tossers like Maury McDermott of the Boston Red Sox, Mike Garcia of the Cleveland Indians, and,

of course, Paul Hinrichs of the Yankees, can be counted on to boot the dope around like a soccer ball.

Garcia is a fast kid pitcher who won 19 games with an Oklahoma City club that finished sixth in the Texas League last year. He will have to be plenty good, though, to break into a starting rotation of Bob Feller, Bob Lemon, Gene Bearden, and either Steve Gromek or Early Wynn.

But in spite of all this pitching talent, this may be a good year to shop around for a pair of field glasses so you can follow the long balls out of the park. Besides Walt Dropo, some long hitters to watch are Gene Woodling of the Yankees, Joe Astroth of the Philadelphia Athletics, the best defensive catcher as well as the best hitter in the Southern Association, and Lloyd Merriman, the Cincinnati Reds' all-American football player from Stanford.

Merriman got the moniker of being a "socialite" last year when his marriage to Dilys Jones, daughter of a Sacramento doctor, got spread all over the papers. He and Dilys will both graduate this year from Stanford—he in economics and she in speech and drama. Lloyd was such a good student he took his final exams in March, and even had time to do a little skiing and calf roping —hobbies of his. His first love, though, besides Dilys, of course, is baseball.

The Reds paid Merriman a $12,500 bonus to sign a couple of years ago, and naturally they expect him to add something more than a bit of high-class tone to their outfield this season.

The Chicago Cubs have a kid catcher coming up, Carl Sawatski, of Mountain View, N. J., who will bear watching. Carl led three different minor leagues in home runs in his four years in organized baseball, and last year was home-run king in the Western League, hitting 29 four-baggers for Des Moines. That competition wound up closer than a bleary-eyed barber's shave.

Over in the tepee of the Cleveland Indians there doesn't seem to be much room around the council fire for newcomers. Cleveland, still busy stacking up the gold bars in the vault, is going on the assumption that only a sucker will change a winning team. Plenty of first-year men will be available for reserve work, but none of the regulars appears in danger of losing his job.

OKAY, Mom, Johnny and Pop can see you can't absorb any more "dope" tonight, but sit back, because if that Johnny of yours is beginning to show up like any of these boys they talk about, you can't tell just when somebody will knock on the front door, come in, and start passing hundred-dollar bills around. That happened to a household out in Detroit a couple of years ago, when Wish Egan, the Tigers' ace scout, passed four $100 bills around to family members just before Hal Newhouser signed on the dotted line.

But wait for the rest of the story: One hour later, Cy Slapnicks, then boss of the Cleveland club, drove up in a shiny new Cadillac. When Hal came to the door, Cy handed him the keys and said, "Here, kid, drive around a while just to get the feel of it. The car's going to be yours just as soon as you sign your contract with us this afternoon."

Scouts will do practically anything, including shinnying up telephone poles. Joe

Cambria, the veteran Washington Senators' scout, did just that last year when he signed up Ramon Garcia down in Havana, Cuba. Joe cased a few games down there and spotted Garcia playing with a local utilities company team.

The next day Cambria hunted up Garcia on the job, found him at the top of a pole stringing wire, and climbed right up after him, contract and fountain pen tucked in his pocket. Those who saw Garcia pitch last year for Chattanooga, however, say he was so wild that now it's a question whether Garcia would have done better had he grabbed a live wire up there instead of Cambria's pen.

But anything can happen in this business that's too much of a sport to be a business and vice versa. Up until May 15 there's room for more than 100 youngsters from sandlots across the country taking their first crack at the Big Wheel. After that the clubs have to cut down their number. But right up until the end of the World Series in October, it's anybody's guess just what highly touted players will re-enact the last line in the famous 60-year-old poem, *Casey at the Bat*. Casey struck out, you know. *But who struck him out? Who fanned Casey?*

Maybe this season the counterpart of that great unknown pitch of all time will be your Johnny.

THE END ★★

The Quicker Hand

(*Continued from page* 35)

trouble before?" asked the desk sergeant. They stood ranged before the high desk that had once been golden oak: Timmie, the dark man, the old man and his wife, and one of the two policemen who had picked him up.

"Name?" asked the desk sergeant. "Address?"

Timmie gave them. His eyes would not look up above the battered oak in front of him. He felt weak and a little sick, and when he closed his eyes it was like going off into the darkness of ether, the way it had been on the hospital ship.

"Which one is the witness?" the desk sergeant asked the patrolman.

"I am, Lootenant," the dark-faced man broke in. "I'm going up to Seventy-second Street, see? And I notice this guy kinda move in close to the gentleman here, see? And his hand—"

"Name?"

"Eh? Oh, sure." The dark man gave his name and address.

The darkness closed in. It was so much like the hospital ship he could almost smell the ether. He felt something happening, and put out a hand. It found the rim of the desk.

"Whatsa matter?" The desk sergeant looked up.

"Nothing."

The dark-faced man laughed. "He don't feel so good, I guess."

The desk sergeant took the name of the old man and his wife. Edward something-or-other, the old man was saying politely.

You wait like this in growing darkness, and it seems an eternity, but in time they get to you and your stretcher is lifted, and then there is a cool room with white walls, and soft fingers take your wrist, and you hear a woman's voice—

HE HEARD it now and opened his eyes. The old lady was whispering to her husband.

The desk sergeant said, "What do you do for a living, Davison?" and Timmie explained about being a magician, unemployed.

The old man looked at Timmie and cleared his throat. "Just a minute, officer," he said.

Everyone looked at him. "My wife and I—well, we've decided we don't want to prosecute this boy."

The dark man looked scandalized. "You crazy, mister?"

"I don't think he is a professional thief," the old man went on. "I happen to be a clergyman. How could I preach loving-kindness next Sunday if I, myself, take vengeance from the hands of the Lord?"

He went on for some time. The desk sergeant offered an argument, and the dark-faced man grew so indignant he finally had to be told to shut up. But the old man was firm.

Timmie, the old man, and his wife walked out together. For the first time, he noticed that the old man limped. On the worn steps of the station house Timmie paused. "I—I owe you a great deal," he said unsteadily.

"Nonsense, my boy." The old man smiled and took Timmie's arm. "We're in this world to help one another. You come home with us, and we'll have something to eat and talk this over."

Timmie tried to disengage his arm. "I couldn't do that. You've done too much for me already."

The old lady took his other arm with surprising firmness. "Let's hear no more about it," she said. "You need help, and we want to help you. That's enough. You're coming home and have some breakfast."

Timmie did not want to do it, but the word "breakfast" had a hypnotic sound, and he knew he would never make it uptown in time to get that job. The old man waved a cab to them. . . .

THE apartment was so plain as to suggest it was a furnished one. It contained no personal traces of its occupants except a couple of wardrobe trunks which stood in a corner of the living-room.

The old man slipped into a worn smoking jacket, then limped to a trunk and came up with a brandy bottle. He got two glasses from the kitchen. "Have a drink?" he asked.

Timmie thought, "A clergyman who drinks brandy in the morning is a new kind of clergyman."

Timmie said, "No, thanks," politely.

The old man poured each glass half full of brandy. "You need it," he said. "You look like you haven't eaten for a while. Here." He gave Timmie a glass, lighted a cigarette that he took from a heavy gold case, and settled back in a chair. "Now we'll talk," he said.

Timmie sipped gingerly. This was dangerous stuff on a stomach as empty as his, but he had a vague, gnawing feeling that brandy was not the most dangerous thing confronting him.

"I was lucky to run into you," the old man said, smiling.

From the kitchen came the sputter of frying eggs.

"Lucky?"

"Yes. You see, Davison— By the way, *is* that your name?"

"Sure!" said Timmie, a little indignantly. "I'm no criminal. Back there in the police station I was telling the truth." He could not help emphasizing the "I" just a little.

The old man smiled, untroubled. "Then you're really a magician," he said.

In spite of the old man's kindness Timmie felt irritated. He took a deck of cards from his pocket, riffled them to warm up his fingers, fanned them with one hand, and extended a perfect arc of cards to the old man.

The old man selected one, hiding it from Timmie, who extended the fan again. The old man inserted the card, and Timmie shuffled the deck. Then he gave it back to the old man.

"Find the card," he said.

The old man looked through the deck. "It's not here."

"No? Where is it?"

THE old man looked at him appraisingly. "Maybe it's behind that picture on the wall."

"A good guess," said Timmie. "That's just where it is." He went to the picture, reached behind it, and took out a card. "It was the trey of diamonds, wasn't it?"

The old man smiled. "You're a magician, all right. That's fine. You're also a pretty good leather-lifter, for an amateur."

"But you're no clergyman," said Timmie.

"Of course I'm not," said the old man.

In the kitchen the egg-sputter stopped.

"It doesn't matter who I am," the old man said. "I'm not going to be in town long, anyway. But right now I need a pickpocket. Around noon a man is coming here who—ah—well, frankly, he is blackmailing me. He is to give me some letters that are highly embarrassing. In return, I am supposed to give him money. Until I ran into you, I thought that would be all there was to it."

He sipped, inhaled smoke, and smiled at Timmie. "Your intrusion into my affairs gave my wife and me a different idea. You can help me recover those letters without giving him the money."

"I'm no thief," said Timmie.

"Obviously. On the other hand, you're a potential jailbird, if I must remind you. The police still have the name and address of that worthy citizen who was so anxious to be a witness against you. I could change my mind, you know, and decide, after talking to you, that perhaps a stretch in the pen would do you good. I could go to the police . . ."

"A stretch in the pen." Timmie drew himself up and carefully put on the table the glass he had hardly touched.

"On the other hand," said the old man, and he fished his wallet from his pocket, "I could pay you fifty dollars for your help in obtaining my property for me." He took five ten-dollar bills from the wallet and threw them on the table.

Timmie looked at the money. He couldn't help looking at it. Fifty bucks! Brother, what he could do with fifty bucks!

"Breakfast is ready, Edward dear."

"In a minute, Mother. Well, Davison?"

Timmie couldn't think clearly.

—Ease off, kid. Don't fall for this double-jive. Don't—

But if he did not, he could see the headlines: WILLARD DAVISON'S SON ARRESTED AS PICKPOCKET. The tabloids would have fun with that, all right.

That, more than anything else, decided him. "Well, what do you want me to do?" he asked.

The old man put the money in a magazine, which he threw on the table. "It's there for you when you've earned it," he said. "I'll explain while you eat breakfast."

Timmie didn't hear what he said during the first two eggs, and he was well into the second two before he even tried to listen. But his host was extremely obliging about explaining. When this man with the letters came, Timmie would be in the room. The old man would exchange the cash for the letters, as expected. But when the visitor was leaving, Timmie would go with him to the door, and the old man would create a distracting disturbance. In that moment Timmie would pick the bundle of money out of whatever pocket the man had put it in.

It didn't sound easy.

But with six fried eggs, innumerable pieces of toast, and a third cup of coffee in him, Timmie began to feel sure of himself.

—Stall for time, Timmie. You can handle this, when it starts happening. You've always been able to think on your feet.

HE RETURNED to the living-room with the old man. The woman had gone out to do her marketing. "Maybe you'd be good enough to fill the pitcher in the kitchen with water, and put it and some glasses beside me," said the old man.

Timmie did. As the pitcher filled, he told himself he did not particularly believe anything the old man had said. On the other hand, there was no proof that any of this was dishonest—yet.

—Play along, Tim. See how it goes. The old guy *might* be leveling. And it's fifty dollars—or the headlines!

The buzzer sounded.

"That's him!" the old man called. "Hurry up with that water."

Timmie put the pitcher and glasses down near him on a table.

"He will ask for Mr. Quisenberry," said the old man. "Tell him to come up."

Quisenberry hadn't been the name at the police station.

Timmie raised a receiver from the hook. A husky voice said, "Mr. Quisenberry?"

He said, "Come up," and pressed the buzzer.

They waited in silence. It seemed to Timmie that the house lights had dimmed. From the other side of the curtain seemed to come the audience's preparatory coughs.

There was a knock at the door. Timmie opened it. The person standing there was not a man.

It was a girl. She wore an expensive-looking fur coat and a smart, mushroom-shaped hat that shadowed one side of her face from the hall's half-light, but Timmie got a glimpse of dark blue eyes whose depth was not just make-up. She said, "Mr. Quisenberry?" and he nodded. He caught a scent of perfume as she walked past him.

In the room she paused, looked at Timmie and then at the old man. "I take it you are Mr. Quisenberry," she said in a level voice, and there was something in it that

made Timmie wish he had nothing to do with this. The old man nodded pleasantly.

"My stepfather couldn't come," she said. "He—he is very ill. I will act for him if I am satisfied with what you have."

The old man watched the girl like a cat, and Timmie knew something had gone wrong.

"Won't you sit down?" said the old man.

"No." She stood there, waiting.

He took from a pocket of the old smoking jacket a small bundle, and tossed it to the girl. The girl removed the paper wrapper. It was a thin sheaf of letters.

Timmie thought, but she was supposed to have the letters. *She* was supposed to be the blackmailer.

"I guess they're all here," she said.

"They're all there." But now the old man was not watching her but Timmie. Timmie opened his mouth as though to say something. The old man's face hardened. Somehow it was more threatening than anything he could have said.

The girl opened a big alligator handbag and dropped the letters into it. She took out a sheaf of bank notes and threw it at the old man. "That's all there, too," she said contemptuously.

The old man fingered the bank notes, lovingly. "Right," he said, then put them in his pocket. He looked up. But not at her. At Timmie.

The girl moved toward the door, then turned. "I'd just like to say," she began, and her face was dark with anger, the soft, round chin determined. She looked at them both. Then the anger in her died. "Oh, why waste time on such rotten—?"

As she went past him, Timmie saw that her eyes were brimming. The hard look was in the old man's face again. He raised his cane with one hand, but now in the other he held a small automatic pistol. He trained it on Timmie. The girl's back was to him. Timmie brushed past the girl as though to open the door for her, his hand near the alligator bag, which hung now on her wrist.

At the same moment a loud crash sounded behind them. Both of them jumped and turned. The old man wore a mocking smile. The automatic was nowhere in sight, but the water pitcher and glasses were in fragments on the floor. "Dear me," he said, "I seemed to have knocked them over with my cane."

Timmie's fingers found the clasp of the bag and then the bundle of letters. He pushed them inside his jacket. He could even have reclosed the handbag, but why take chances?

Unaware of her loss, the girl stared coldly, then walked out. Timmie closed the door.

"Very good, Davison," said the old man.

Timmie walked over to the magazine and took the five ten-dollar bills. He looked at the old man. "Who's blackmailing who?"

The old man studied him. His cane lay across his knees. His right hand was thrust into the pocket of his smoking jacket. "That does not concern you," he said. "I hired you to do a job and you've been paid. Give me those letters."

"I'm no blackmailer," said Timmie, "and I don't work for blackmailers."

The old man's laugh was soft. The hand came out of his pocket, bringing the automatic. "I'll take the letters," he said.

"Well, if that's the way you feel," said Timmie.

He walked over to the old man. The gun was still pointed at him, but it didn't bother him. It was a simple matter of mechanics.

As the old man pocketed the letters, Timmie raised his knee and brought it down on the end of the cane lying across the old man's legs. It flew up, rapped the old man's wrist and pointed the gun ceiling-ward. Timmie's hand closed on it.

The old man made no effort to get up. His left hand shot out and became a steel collar around Timmie's throat. The gun twisted like a thing alive in Timmie's hand. He wasn't as strong as he thought he was. He lost the gun, and the old man, still holding him by the throat, slashed him savagely across the face with the barrel. It burned. He flailed at the old man repeatedly, but the steel fingers held his face down close and the gun lashed his cheek again and again. Then the fingers pushed him away; he stumbled back, and he almost fell. Something hot trickled down his cheek.

"Get out, you cheap crook," the old man grated. "Get out. And don't forget I can send you up any time I want to."

Timmie walked out. In the hall he tried to clean up his cheek with his handkerchief, but he couldn't have done a very good job, because a woman coming in the entrance of the apartment house gasped aloud.

He went outside. The girl was nowhere in sight, of course. He started walking down the street, holding out his handkerchief to the rain. When it was wet enough he bathed his face. The handkerchief came away red.

At the end of the street there was a little park, with benches under trees. On one of them a fur coat topped by a soft-crowned hat was huddled, head down. Rain dripped down on her from the tree.

When Timmie said, "Hello," she took the handkerchief away from a tear-stained face. Even so, she was beautiful. He sat down heavily on the bench. The wet surface soaked through his trousers, but that didn't matter.

"You—you—" she said. Then she found words: "That was all a trick, you *pickpocket*. You took the letters."

"Look," said Timmie wearily. "I'm a magician, not a pickpocket. I didn't know what I was getting into."

He pulled the bundle of letters from his pocket. "Here," he said. "Catch."

Then he took out the packet of bank notes. "Here; catch again."

She looked down at the letters and the money in her lap.

For the first time he saw her face free of tautness and fear and grief. It didn't seem possible that one girl could possess so much loveliness.

"But why are you—? I mean, how did you get these?"

"I took them from the old man," he said. "I picked his pocket when we were—discussing the matter."

"Then you *are* a pickpocket," she said.

"No! I— I—"

"What's the matter with your face?"

"The old man kissed me good-by," said Timmie. "He couldn't bear to see me go. When he was embracing me I picked his pocket. But I'm not a pickpocket."

A little twinkle appeared in the girl's eyes. "I see. You pick pockets, but you're not a pickpocket."

"I pick pockets but I'm a magician," said Timmie. "A nice point." In a minute he'd get up. But right now he just wanted to sit

back and rest. One meal wasn't enough, when you'd been hungry so long. And beaten up besides.

The girl took a tiny handkerchief from her purse and began dabbing at his face. Timmie sat back with his eyes closed. It was wonderful having someone fuss over you a little.

"I owe you a lot, mister," the girl said.

"No," said Timmie. "Nothing, really." He tried to make it casual, but it came out funny.

He felt her looking at him. "Are you ill?"

"No." He opened his eyes. "No, I—I guess I ate too much breakfast."

—That's the stuff, Timmie. Kid 'em along. Leave 'em laughing.

The girl looked at him a long moment. When she spoke, her voice was soft.

"Are you really a magician?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, really a magician."

"At liberty, by any chance?"

"By some strange chance, yes."

"My name is Margaret," the girl said.

"Timmie," said Timmie.

"Timmie, those letters concern the man who brought me up. He once ran a—well, a speak-easy in the Village. Years ago. He's old and sick now, but he got into a little trouble once, and ever since then this man who sometimes calls himself Quisenberry has been blackmailing him. The speak-easy is a little night club now and I run it, and he thinks we have a lot of money. We haven't."

"I see," said Timmie.

"So although I'm very much indebted to you," the girl went on, "I've got to ask another very big favor of you."

"Anything at all."

"This night club I mentioned. You may have heard of it. Maggie's Place, down in the Village. I'm Maggie. Maggie Ryan. I sing there."

Timmie's eyes opened. "Hey?"

"I sing a little," she went on. "But the show needs a magician. Very badly. We got one a few days ago, but he didn't work out. In fact, I was going uptown now to see an agent. But magicians—good magicians—are awfully hard to get, these days. Since you're at liberty, is there any chance of my prevailing on you to accept a few weeks' engagement or so?"

Timmie sat up. "A *job?*" he bawled. Gee, she was beautiful. "You need a magician?" Funny how fast your strength could come back. Voice, too.

"I sure do," said Maggie Ryan.

He thought of the fifty dollars in his pocket. Timmie leaped to his feet. "Hey," he said. "Let me take you to breakfast. Come on. It's an old Davison habit. I always take a new boss to breakfast at the Waldorf."

Maggie Ryan looked at him uncertainly. "The Waldorf," she said, "is rather expensive."

"That's all right," said Timmie. "I've got lots of money. I just earned it. You know how?"

Maggie looked at the ten-dollar bills he was showing her. "No, how?"

"I earned it picking pockets," he grinned. "You'll have to figure it out for yourself. Come on, Maggie."

THE END ★★

Swindle, Sweet and Simple

(*Continued from page* 48)

her down his forefinger. "I'm building six bungalows, and every nickel we have is tied up in those jobs, and now I can't find enough nails to finish them! There's a penalty clause in my contract, and if I don't get the job done five weeks from now it's going to cost us exactly one hundred and eighty dollars a day until I do!"

"Oh, pooh."

"You listen to me! The three Dunbar brothers agreed to furnish my nails, and now they've suddenly backed off on me. They're quite frank about it, the chiselers. At lunch today they calmly informed me that nails are in short supply at the moment and that they intend to use all the nails they have on hand to blackjack a big operator into letting them wholesale him all his building materials. They're not interested in me because I'm only a small frog in the building business and—"

"George James! I'm not going to listen to your building rigmarole again—not tonight."

"Why not tonight?"

"Because my Uncle Hermy is in town."

James gaped at her in stunned silence. "No," he said at last in a whisper. "Please, Elizabeth, no."

"Stop acting like that!"

"Uncle Hermy," said James. "That flannel-mouthed old fake. He's always running around yapping about millions, but he never has enough on him to pay a dinner check." He stopped suddenly, eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Wait a minute. Does this dinner deal you've cooked up tonight have anything to do with Uncle Hermy?"

"Yes. We're going out with him."

"No!"

"He invited us to dinner."

"We decline."

"We are going."

"Elizabeth, this is the final word on the subject: *No!*" . . .

George James was making faces at himself in the bureau mirror while he struggled doggedly with a black bow tie.

"One thing I don't get," he said. "One thing I don't understand. Why this formal attire? You know your Uncle Hermy would be much more at home in red flannel underwear, eating mulligan out of an old coffee can."

"You stop insinuating that Uncle Hermy is a bum. He's not. He's a respectable businessman."

"Let's be explicit," James requested. "He's a barber."

"And he's a good barber!"

"Why doesn't he stay a barber, then? Why does he always have to tell perfect strangers that he owns the Empire State Building in fee simple or is the sole custodian of all the gold at Fort Knox or something even fancier?"

"He exaggerates sometimes, but—"

"Exaggerates? Do you remember the time he convinced the whole Hunt Room at the Roxborough that he was in charge of construction of the Houtsanac Toll Bridge and passed out his personal cards guaranteeing

them all toll-free passage forever? Have you forgotten that little episode?"

"He didn't charge them anything for the cards."

"Ha!" said James. "But we were there at the time, and do you recall how many insulting phone calls we got as a result of that little deal?"

"Those silly people shouldn't have believed him."

"Now you've got something," James agreed. "I wouldn't believe him if he told me the date, unless I checked with six calendars and the weather bureau. What I can't understand is why anyone else believes him. The stories he tells are absolutely weird, and he never offers any evidence to back them up, but people swallow them whole. Smart people, too, if they don't know Uncle Hermy. Why, I wonder?"

ELIZABETH said, "George, Uncle Hermy is really a very nice person under all his bluster. He's kind in his own funny way. He tells his stories to make the people he's talking to feel good and important and like big shots. They believe him because they really want to believe him. He never does any harm to anyone, and if he wants to make people feel—"

"Okay, okay," said James. "Let's not stray too far from the subject at hand. Why this formal attire?"

"Because we're going to *La Bomba*."

James turned around. "*La Bomba!* Have you any idea of the prices they charge in that dive? Their ice cubes run to no less than a dollar apiece."

"Don't be such a tightwad."

"Tightwad!" James shouted indignantly. "Standing there in five hundred dollars' worth of new clothes, she says that! Just because I object to being robbed in cold blood! *La Bomba!* The bill of fare they pass out looks like a breakdown of the national debt! I'm certainly not going—"

"Uncle Hermy is going to pay."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha," said James.

"And I've told you I don't like that silly, sneering laugh of yours. Uncle Hermy said that he had lots of money with him and that the dinner was on him."

"I've heard that before somewhere."

"Well, what difference does it make if you have to pay? You can certainly afford to take me out at least once every twenty—"

"I certainly cannot afford to take you to *La Bomba!*" James said. "A lot of the men I do business with go there, and if they should see me squandering my money when they know I need it to finish those bungalows—"

"Will you do me a favor?" Elizabeth asked. "Will you kindly stop raving at me? And please, please, don't put on that shabby old topcoat!"

"Sure, it's shabby," James admitted. "Sure, it is. But it's all I have. I have a wife who thinks nothing of charging—"

"Stop it, I said!"

"—thousands of dollars' worth of bills that I can't possibly pay and—"

"Put that topcoat back in the closet! You don't need a coat just to drive to *La Bomba.* And hurry up! I've been ready and waiting for a half-hour. If you would only stop your fussing—"

"I'm ready!"

They went out the back door.

"Where'd you put those beer bottles?" Elizabeth demanded suspiciously.

James opened the car door for her. "I put them in the garage so I'd remember them in the morning."

"If I find them lying around again—"

James slammed the door and walked around the car.

Mr. Ardapple peered over the hedge. "Going out to dinner?" he asked in an elaborately surprised manner.

"Yeah," said James. "A man's got to have a break once in a while. I've got business problems that are driving me into a frenzy, and Elizabeth thought it might relax me if we stepped out for the evening."

"Good idea," Mr. Ardapple commented. "Are you still having trouble with the nail situation?"

James drew a long breath. "Am I! The Dunbar brothers I told you about have suddenly acquired some new and different ideas. They have decided to do business only with important people. They said when I got to the place where I was building a thousand houses at a time, then they might condescend to wholesale me all the building materials and all the nails I might possibly need—"

"George James!"

"Okay," said James. "Take it easy. We're on our way."

"Happy day," said Mr. Ardapple. "Oh, happy day." . . .

THERE are night clubs that advertise, and there are night clubs that veil their existence in snobbish secrecy and instruct their publicity agents to speak of them with bated breath accompanied by mysterious shrugs. *La Bomba* belonged in the latter category, and James and Elizabeth stumbled and groped their way out of the deep shadows that effectively camouflaged the parking lot.

"Remind me," said James. "Remind me, if I'm ever crazy enough to come here again, to bring along a set of road flares."

"At least, we don't have to tip a parking attendant."

"Are you silly enough to think that?" James asked. "There'll be one at the door when we come out, and we'll have to hire him by the hour to track down—"

"Oh, stop moaning. You've been at it for hours."

"Listen," said James. "I've got six houses going, and only three of them are framed, and I need five to six kegs of—"

"I want you to stop talking about nails!"

"Those Dunbars," James muttered. "Those racketeers. I'd like to take them by their collective throats and—"

"Open the door for me," Elizabeth hissed.

James pulled at the heavy, leather-padded door.

"You'd think, at their prices, the least they could do would be to open—"

"Hush!"

They went through a hall the width of a broom closet and through another door into the discreetly shadowed luxury of the foyer.

"Check your wraps?" said the coatroom girl.

"I haven't mine with me," James told her. "I'm not trying to gyp you. I mean, I didn't leave it in the car. It's at home. The point is that it's so shabby my wife won't even let me drive— Ow!"

"You're very funny," Elizabeth informed him. "Your humor is out of this world."

"I was speaking the truth—the absolute, literal—"

"Oh, come on."

The headwaiter allowed them to walk up to him and then granted them a small, supercilious smile. "You have a reservation?"

Check that Impulse!

To shatter the awesome silence which hovers over the library

For The American Magazine by Charles Bentz

Elizabeth said, "Mr. Herman Arndst is—"

"In the cantina," said the headwaiter.

"He means the bar," James translated helpfully. "Now, that's the one place where I would never have thought of looking for your Uncle Hermy. What in the world do you suppose he could be doing in—?"

"I'm tired of you," Elizabeth warned. "Awfully tired."

They walked through an arched and curtained doorway and became conscious of a low, dull booming that sounded like stormy surf with a seal lost somewhere in it.

"Oh, boy," said James.

Uncle Hermy was at the far end of the multimirrored bar—all six feet and two hundred and forty pounds of him—leaning over with his bald and sun-reddened pate close to the glossy black head of the bartender. Uncle Hermy was singing.

"*La Cucaracha, La Cucaracha,*" he bellowed, beating time with one well-padded palm. "How am I doing, Ricardo? Right, Ricardo?—Lizzie! Georgie! Ricardo, here, has been teaching me *La Cucaracha* while I waited for you. Wait a minute, and I'll show you how—"

"You'd like to drink, please?" Ricardo asked in a relieved way.

James said, "I think we'd better sit—"

"Daiquiris," said Uncle Hermy. "Daiquiris, Ricardo. Made by my secret formula. . . . Listen, Lizzie. I know another Spanish song. It's about Guadalajara, where Ricardo was born and raised. *Guadalajara, Guadalajara!* That means Guadalajara, Guadalajara, see? That's a place in Mexico. Ricardo was born and raised—"

"In Guadalajara," James finished. "How are you, Uncle Hermy, as if I cared?"

Uncle Hermy slapped him on the back. "I love you cute kids! I love you, I love you! I was telling Ricardo about the pyramid I owned outside of Cairo, Egypt, that I traded for the teak concession in— Drink up! I got this recipe for Daiquiris from a guy who made a million dollars raising llamas in Lima, Peru, and sunk it all in a tin mine I bought back from him for— Lizzie, my own sweet niece! You look absolutely terrific in that outfit! When am I going to be a grand-uncle?"

James said, "I think we'd better sit—"

"Drink up!" Uncle Hermy ordered. "I've planned our meal, and I've got a table! Ringside, my boy! There's this cute, dark-eyed little girl singer who walks around with a microphone, and Ricardo says—Ricardo's from Guadalajara, and I was telling him about the time I got stuck with ten thousand cattle that— What's the matter, Georgie?"

James was holding his throat. "Nothing. Not a thing."

"I'm sorry, sir," Ricardo said. "It is his recipe. I, myself, would never make a Daiquiri with—"

"But this recipe," said Uncle Hermy, "comes from a guy who raised llamas in Lima. . . . What do you want, bub?"

"Your table is ready," said the headwaiter.

"Hear that, kids?" said Uncle Hermy. "Our table is ready! Come on, come on, kids! We eat!"

"Oh, boy," said James. "Oh, boy."

"He's having a good time," Elizabeth whispered. "He's just having a good time and not harming anyone. You get that sour

look off your face, and be quick about it."

"Oh, boy," said James. . . .

"Ringside," James muttered under the violent music of a rumba. "A ringside table. The more I think over that description, the more apt it becomes. It's too conservative, though. We're not beside the ring; we're in it."

"Eat your food," Elizabeth ordered.

"I'm afraid to," James said. "I have to keep alert all the time, or I'll get kicked or hooked with an elbow."

"Here we are!" said Uncle Hermy. "Here it comes! Swallow your soup, kids, because here's the main dish, and I want you to do it justice. It's *arroz con pollo*. *Arroz* means chicken, and *pollo* means rice. Or maybe it's the other way around. Well, any way you look at it, it's chicken and rice."

"How much does it cost?" James asked.

"Plenty," said Uncle Hermy. He reached into his pocket. "But it just so happens that I'm really loaded with— Where's my wallet? By jingo, I must have left it in my other suit!"

"George James!" Elizabeth cried. "You sit down! You knew—I mean, if you dare make a scene—"

"Wouldn't think of it," James told her. "I was just counting the house to see how many dishes I'll have to wash before they let me out of here."

"Don't be so impossible! If you haven't cash enough to pay the bill, you can write them a check."

"I can?" James asked. "Are you sure? That's an amazing piece of news, if it's true. I was under the impression that you had to have something in the bank before you could—"

"You—sit—down!"

"Here she is!" Uncle Hermy exclaimed. "Here's the singer I was talking to Ricardo about! . . . Hello, Carmelita! Hey, there! Hey! Over here!"

"Oh, boy," said James.

THE singer was long and thin and all in spotless white, and she drifted like smoke in the spotlight, murmuring into her microphone in a haughty whisper.

"Hey!" said Uncle Hermy.

"He's got an idea," said James. "If he just manages to get us thrown out, it'll save—"

"Carmelita!" Uncle Hermy bellowed.

The singer came closer, intending to soothe him by her proximity while still staying out of his reach. She misinterpreted Uncle Hermy's motives and his objectives. He was after the microphone.

"Here we are!" he said, getting it. "Now we're all going to sing—"

"If you please," said the waiter. "If you'll please not—"

"Go away," said Uncle Hermy. "Not you, Carmelita. He's not musical, but you and I will show—"

"Oh, boy," said James. "Man the life lines."

"*Guadalajara!*" Uncle Hermy brayed experimentally into the microphone. "Ricardo! We're going to sing *Guadalajara* for you now! Can you hear?"

"Señor!" said the waiter. "You absolutely, positively must not—"

"Let's get up and take a bow," James suggested. "We're in this act, too, you know, even if we're only stooges."

"*Guadalajara, Guadalajara,*" sang Uncle

Hermy, while the singer shuddered in the shadows. "*Guada*— What? What did you say?"

There were three of them, standing in a neat and differential row, wearing overcordial smiles that were a little uncanny because they were so identical. In height, they went up like a staircase. Duke and then Benjy, and Mingo to top it off. These were the three Dunbar brothers.

"We asked if we might join you," said Duke. "This looks like a very interesting little get-together."

"No, you can't join us!" James snarled. "Just shake the silverware out of your sleeves and scram! I've had all I need of you three—"

"George James!" Elizabeth snapped. "Everybody in the room is gaping at us! Introduce us to these three gentlemen and start behaving yourself!"

"Gentlemen!" James repeated. "These are the three Dunbar brothers! These are the crooks who refused to give me my nails and—"

"Now, now," Duke chuckled. "You will have your joke, won't you, George?"

"Dunbars?" Uncle Hermy inquired. "Was that the name? Glad to meet you, gentlemen, and I mean it. Any friends of George jump right on my preferred list. . . . Here's your microphone, Carmelita, honey. You run along now like a good girl. George's friends are going to sit— Waiter! Where's that waiter? He was in my hair only a minute— Waiter? Three chairs here!"

James said, "I'm not going to have these—"

"George James," said Elizabeth, "if you don't sit right down at this table this instant—"

"Well, well, well," said Duke. "This is what I call a pleasant coincidence—meeting you here like this. And this is your uncle, isn't it? Did I get that right? This is Mr. Herman Arndst?"

"At your service," said Uncle Hermy.

"We've heard a thing or two about you," Duke observed. "Haven't we?"

"Right," said Benjy.

"Sure," said Mingo.

"You have?" said Uncle Hermy, beaming. "What?"

Duke said, "Heard you were the man who built the Monolith City housing project. Twenty-five hundred homes put up assembly-line style. Heard you cleared a cool half-million."

"That's a lie!" James said.

"Certainly it's a lie!" Uncle Hermy seconded indignantly. "That was a philanthropic project. I never made a cent on that job, and anyone who says I did is a rat!"

"Yes, yes," said Duke. "We understand, don't we?"

"Sure," said Benjy.

"Right," said Mingo.

"Who told you this, anyway?" Uncle Hermy demanded.

"They just came in through the bar," James said. "Where do you suppose they heard it? Now, I'm not going to—"

Duke said, "Heard some more, too. Heard you're prospecting around here for a similar project. Heard you've got the land already sewed up under option."

"Listen!" said James. "He hasn't got—"

"Certainly I haven't got any land under option," said Uncle Hermy. "Someone has been talking out of turn around here. George, are you sure you haven't dropped a casual word—?"

"What?" James exclaimed. "Have you got the brass-bound nerve to sit there and—?"

"Now, now," said Duke. "Whoa. We're all friends here. We're having a nice little party, and if we do a little mutual business along with it . . . Now, Mr. Arndst, about this building project you propose—"

"I'm not going to build even a chicken coop in this town!" Uncle Hermy stated. "You've been listening to unfounded rumors."

Duke looked at his brothers. "He really hasn't got that land under option yet. Still dickering for it, see?"

"Right," said Benjy.

"Sure," said Mingo.

"Ricardo got that part wrong," Duke said, "but he was okay on the rest. . . . Ricardo is one of our tip-off men, Mr. Arndst. He hears lots of things at that bar, and anything that might interest us, he passes right along and we come flying. We know, of course, that you're not going to build around here, but just supposing you were, where would you get your materials? There are some things that are still in short supply."

Uncle Hermy shrugged casually. "Oh, I've got connections, and Georgie can always give me a steer."

Duke nodded. "You've got connections in the East, but it's much handier all around to deal with local people, and George can tell you—"

"I can tell him plenty," James agreed. "I'll tell—"

"Hold it," Duke said quickly. "Take it easy. . . . Mr. Arndst, how many—? I mean, if you were going to build some houses here, how many would you build?"

"Twelve hundred," Uncle Hermy said. "Just half the size of the Monolith job."

Duke moistened his lips, and Benjy batted his eyes very rapidly, and Mingo shifted restlessly on his chair.

"Twelve hundred," Duke murmured reverently. "Mr. Arndst, we want to do business with you. We're absolutely reliable people— Now, wait a minute, George. I want to give you an example. We promised George, here, some nails— Now, wait, George—to finish up his little job. Nails are in very short supply at this minute, and we had a devil of a time getting some for him, but we did. We always perform on the dot. Those nails will be down there on his bungalow jobs before seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Exactly what he ordered. That's the way we work, Mr. Arndst. You can check with George, yourself, tomorrow."

"Well, of course," said Uncle Hermy. "I trust Georgie's judgment absolutely, and if he recommends you—"

Elizabeth prodded James with her elbow. "What on earth is the matter with you now? Are you drunk?"

"I feel faint," said James. "I feel very faint, but something tells me I'm going to recover fast. . . . Waiter! Waiter! Over here! My wife's Uncle Hermy is in town! Good old Uncle Hermy! Waiter! Champagne for six! This party's on me!"

"George James," Elizabeth said sternly, "what's the matter with you?"

"Me?" said James. "Nothing at all. I'm having a wonderful time. Did I tell you you look ravishing in your new dress? Have I told you how much I love you?"

"Oh, George," Elizabeth laughed. "Now you've smeared my lipstick."

"They're lovebirds," Uncle Hermy apologized. "Ignore them. Let's sing. Do you boys know *Guadalajara?*"

THE END ★★

"I can't stand the ticking of the alarm clock, so I got a rooster"

For The American Magazine by Jack Markow

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WHITE SIDEWALL TIRES AVAILABLE AT EXTRA COST.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Interesting People

Deadly souvenirs

ALL OF US like souvenirs, and Henry Schneider, a special investigator for the Bureau of Internal Revenue, would be the last to want to deprive us of them. But he is very much concerned with the fact that there are more than 2,000,000 war trophies around the country which are dangerous. With the co-operation of all branches of military service and the National Rifle Association, Schneider has been conducting a nation-wide campaign to advise the public that the rifle association and the services will be glad to examine your war trophy to determine if it is dangerous and, if so, to deactivate it.

Schneider's campaign has already brought out over 750,000 weapons, not only from the two World Wars, but hundreds from the Civil War and even a few from the Revolutionary War. Schneider says there were 3,000 to 4,000 deaths a year from these weapons, but last year's campaign cut the figure to 2,600. Bombs, hand grenades, and the smaller guns cause most of the accidents. The Bureau of Internal Revenue's interest in the souvenir business may seem odd, but it dates back to Prohibition days and gang wars. The Bureau slapped a heavy tax on the transfer of a weapon from one person to another, which made it difficult for the gangsters to get weapons. They became interested in the war weapons, since these were not registered, and they would pay veterans as high as $500 for a gun. Thus the Internal Revenue moved in on the trophies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Is your cat worth a minimum $15 model fee? Mrs. Cicely Mellor, of New York, who believes cats can earn their cream, has started an agency to provide artists and photographers with cat models. There is no registration fee, and model rates start at $5 an hour, with a minimum of $15. A model puss can be a back-fence baritone or a glamorous blue-ribbon winner. It must, however, be responsive to its owner and calm enough to endure the foolish antics of brush-wielding, shutter-clicking humans.

Mrs. Mellor, whose first call was from a television show, started her agency after an ad featuring a couple of kittens convinced her that what cats probably needed was an agent. Cats were no novelty to Mrs. Mellor, who also operates a mail-order business supplying cat accessories to customers throughout the United States, in Canada, and in South Africa. To relieve the austerity diet of cats in England, the ancestral home of most American show cats, Mrs. Mellor started "Cat Cartons, Unlimited," for which she handles the purchasing, packing, and mailing of food to cat owners.

Born and educated in England, Mrs. Mellor spent 3 years in South Africa, where she watched the big cats in their native habitat and found them very like their smaller cousins. She prefers partly wild alley cats to the timid, house-bound kind, and while she doesn't own a cat now, she says she has "part interest" in a big white tom that drops in for an occasional visit and tidbit. Mrs. Mellor came to this country 15 years ago when she married her husband, a chief with the U. S. Army Transport Service. She did office work until her daughter, now 6, was born. Her interest in cats led her through cat clubs and shows into free-lance writing and now her model agency.

Glamour puss

PHOTOGRAPH BY YLLA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Stamp collector's dream

A triangular Spanish stamp in artistic style used by the Spaniards about 25 years ago. Hakim has this and many other rare stamps in sheets

Left: This is part of the issue of German stamps in Morocco in 1911, during the period when the Germans were in control

The Japanese issued this stamp on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor bombing. It shows an air view of the harbor under attack

Just before V-J Day, Tojo issued this stamp urging the Japs to "win the war." Some of these stamps were never finished, because war ended. Original was to have been blue

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KARSTEN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

OF THE SCADS of Americans who collect stamps, probably none has as much fun as Clement M. Hakim, a tea importer. While most of us have to be content with buying from dealers, or swapping among ourselves, Hakim obtains most of his stamps in sheets at the source, which is what makes his collection so valuable. He is not only one of the most important individual tea importers in this country, but one of the largest in the tea trade from the Far East to North Africa. This calls for lots of travel —on an average of over 50,000 miles a year— to all sorts of exotic places, and while on the road Hakim combines business with pleasure.

Once while haggling for a rare stamp in China, he missed a boat and was delayed 3 days. Another time in Morocco, he became so engrossed in trying to get some stamps, he forgot about an appointment and missed out on a tea deal. Practically every one of his stamps is a memento of a trip. Instead of going to see the beautiful mountains, or rivers, or strange architecture, Hakim usually heads for the nearest post office upon arrival in a strange country. He has visited 32 countries in all and has been around the world several times. He speaks 7 languages fluently—Japanese, most Arabic dialects, Egyptian, French, Italian, Spanish, and, of course, English. Hakim, who is 37, was born and educated in Alexandria, Egypt. His family was in cotton, but Hakim preferred tea. For several years he headquartered in Japan and then came to this country. During the war, he was a U.S. Army captain and his knowledge of the Orient made him valuable in counterintelligence.

Praise the Lord and pass the peanuts

TO MOST OF US, peanuts suggest the ball game, a day at the circus, or something to nibble on while playing "dummy" in a game of bridge. But to Rev. John M. Armbruster, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Buenos Aires, Argentina, peanuts are pesos that help support the various Lutheran congregations in the area. The art of roasting peanuts, learned from his father as a boy in Greenville, Ohio, has helped Armbruster in large measure to free his church of debt and create a fund of 40,000 pesos (over $8,000). Armbruster roasts the peanuts himself and sells them to friends, acquaintances, and several of the better-class bars and clubs in Buenos Aires.

Early in his career in South America, which dates back to 1924, Armbruster and his wife took to serving peanuts to guests in their home. Salted peanuts were and still are a novelty down there. Guests would ask where Armbruster got the goobers and, when informed he roasted them himself, would ask for some. The young minister found himself with more requests than he had time to fill. Then he had the idea of turning his chore into a profit for the church. He told his friends he wouldn't work for less than 100 per cent profit. Either because they were hungry for peanuts, or liked contributing to a worthy cause, no one objected. Soon orders were coming in from strangers, including the fancy bars in the Argentine capital.

Early every morning, Armbruster would roast a couple of kettles full—he had no fancy machinery—and do the same in the evening. Originally, the money was to be an endowment fund for the church, but it is currently helping an Old Peoples' Home. Armbruster makes his deliveries personally, or if otherwise occupied with God's work will send his wife, daughter, 3 sons, or anyone who happens to be handy. Armbruster went to South America, fresh out of the seminary, 25 years ago and, except for two visits to the U.S., has been there ever since.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Juju never gets lost

JUJU ALEXANDER, of Waynesville, N. C., at 14, is the youngest licensed guide in the U.S. National Park Service. Juju does most of the guiding of guests at her father's dude ranch in the Great Smokies. She knows the trails of the mountains as well as the rest of us know the front path. She watches saddle girths, checks the horses' shoes, watches for danger spots where horses might shy, varies the gait, and in general is fully responsible for the guests' mounts and their equipment. In addition, she has to be a master diplomat to keep overconfident riders from breaking their necks, and to encourage timid tenderfeet. Juju takes groups out for day rides and "short nighters" to a pre-arranged camp site, where the riders are met with food and bedding. Almost before she could say "Whoa," Juju would sit in the fields for hours just to ride her father's work horses back to the barns. By the time she was 6, she was doing hurdles on the biggest horses the ranch had to offer, bareback and without a bridle, afraid only that her father would bawl her out for taking chances. All the ranch hands have absolute faith in Juju, who has never failed to break a bad horse.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS P. WATSON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Where show folks show their hobbies

EVER THINK what your favorite star does when not emoting on the screen, being seen in the right places, or clipping coupons? Or what lesser lights and behind-the-scenes folks in show business do when "at liberty"? Well, John Beal, a screen, radio, television, and stage actor himself, did some thinking and investigating about it, and found that show folks do what most of us do—follow hobbies. Believing there should be a place for these off-screen creations, Beal has opened the Actors' Hobby Market in Hollywood, where all hands in the entertainment trade display what they do to entertain themselves and make a little money besides. Everything in the shop is for sale, and the prices range from 50 cents up.

There'll be a sweater knitted by Joan Crawford alongside some toys made by a studio electrician; rag dolls by Beulah Bondi and bead miniatures by a spotlight man; paintings by Lew Ayres and shell jewelry by a snake charmer; furniture by George Montgomery and Dinah Shore and wood carvings by a movie extra. And so it goes, with almost every type of hobby represented and new

John Beal (center), noted actor and owner of the Actors' Hobby Market, is shown here praising a copper dish made by Celeste Holm (left), stage and screen star. Actor John Lund (right) is duly impressed with Miss Holm's hobby

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERNARD AND ROBERT STUM FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Radio Songstress Dinah Shore and her husband, Actor George Montgomery, spend their hours away from the studios making furniture. The best results of their creative talents are on display at Beal's shop

Right: Actress Hilary Brooke's spare-time specialty is handmade suède gloves, which she sends to Beal's Hobby Market for display and sale. The market is not only open to stars' hobby creations, but to those of all in show business, including electricians, carpenters, and extras

Left: Beal examines a beautiful hand-decorated jar which was painted by Ruth Hussey, star of stage and screen. The items at the shop, which range from 50 cents up, can be bought by mail order

ones appearing every day, including model boats, baby clothes, games, ceramics, and puppets. Furthermore, you do not have to live in Hollywood to purchase the articles, but can obtain them by mail order.

Beal's contribution to the shop, in addition to running it, is to sketch portraits of anyone who comes in and wants one. During the war, before he got into the service himself, he drew nearly 500 of these portraits for servicemen at the Hollywood canteen. Beal is assisted in managing the shop by Ann Davenport, daughter of Harry Davenport, veteran character actor, whose hobby is making cigarette holders.

Beal is a native of Joplin, Mo., and is a graduate of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. He has appeared in about 40 movies, several plays, and many radio and television shows. He is continuing his acting and will soon appear in a picture with Alan Ladd. Beal is married to Actress Helen Craig, who also paints.

Actors Donald Woods (kneeling) and Bill Hampton favor hand-painted peasant designs on all types of furniture. They are shown here admiring their Pennsylvania Dutch piece on sale at the hobby shop

This sweater, which Actor John Howard is admiring, was knitted by Joan Crawford, whose picture is on the counter. Miss Crawford was the first one to submit one of her creations to Beal's shop

"Yes sir, Wed·in·the·Wood sure makes a difference"

The eenie-meenie-minie-moe method of buying whiskey is as dead as yesterday's newspaper, now that there's a brand with a difference. The brand is Old Thompson and it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD.

IT'S RICHER BECAUSE IT'S . .

WED·IN·THE·WOOD means simply this: after blending, Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately is put back into barrels to assure a richer, smoother, whiskey. That's why WED·IN·THE·WOOD MAKES DRINKS EXTRA GOOD!

Blended whiskey 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY

Eight-wheel drive

THIS ATTRACTIVE roller coaster, who never skated seriously until 6 years ago, is a national champion in the fastest-growing sport in the country. Already there are 19,000,000 adult roller skaters in the U.S., plus practically every kid able to stand up. The young woman is Charlotte Ludwig, 23, of Newark, N. J., who skated into a top spot last year at Washington, D. C., when she captured the national amateur women's free-style and figure-skating championship. Flying on wheels is fun and you meet lots of different people, but it can be hard work, too. Charlotte averages 6 hours practice a day, 7 days a week. Like some 70,000,000 other people—over half the U.S.—Charlotte traveled the sidewalks on skates as a kid, then reconverted to shoe leather. Six years ago she and her twin sister, Shirley, just dropped into the near-by Twin Cities rink, and that did it. A few months later she won her first competition, and she has rolled up so many state and national titles since that she has trouble remembering them. She also came in third in the senior singles event at the world meet last year, where there were skaters from Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, England, and the U.S.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IDA WYMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
PICKS A FUTURE STAR

Susan opens the door

● EN ROUTE up the ladder of success, this beautiful young lady changed her name 4 times, but it was her current name, Susan Perry, that opened the door to stardom. She is playing opposite Humphrey Bogart in Columbia's *Knock on Any Door*, which is expected to be one of the major pictures of the year. Susan was born Florence Tockstein in Vienna, Mo., and went through school under that name. While working as a model, she took the name of Candy Toxton. Next, she played bits for another studio under such names as Linda Howard and Brooke Chase. Susan thinks she'll stick to Susan as a name from now on. While still in grammar school, this lady of the many names displayed an early flair for appearing in public and was in all the school plays. After considerable success as a model, she headed for Hollywood and studied drama for 8 months. She showed such promise she was signed by a studio, but never got a real chance until Bogart became an independent producer and gave her her real break in his new picture.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COBURN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Circulating dolls

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL STOCKWELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

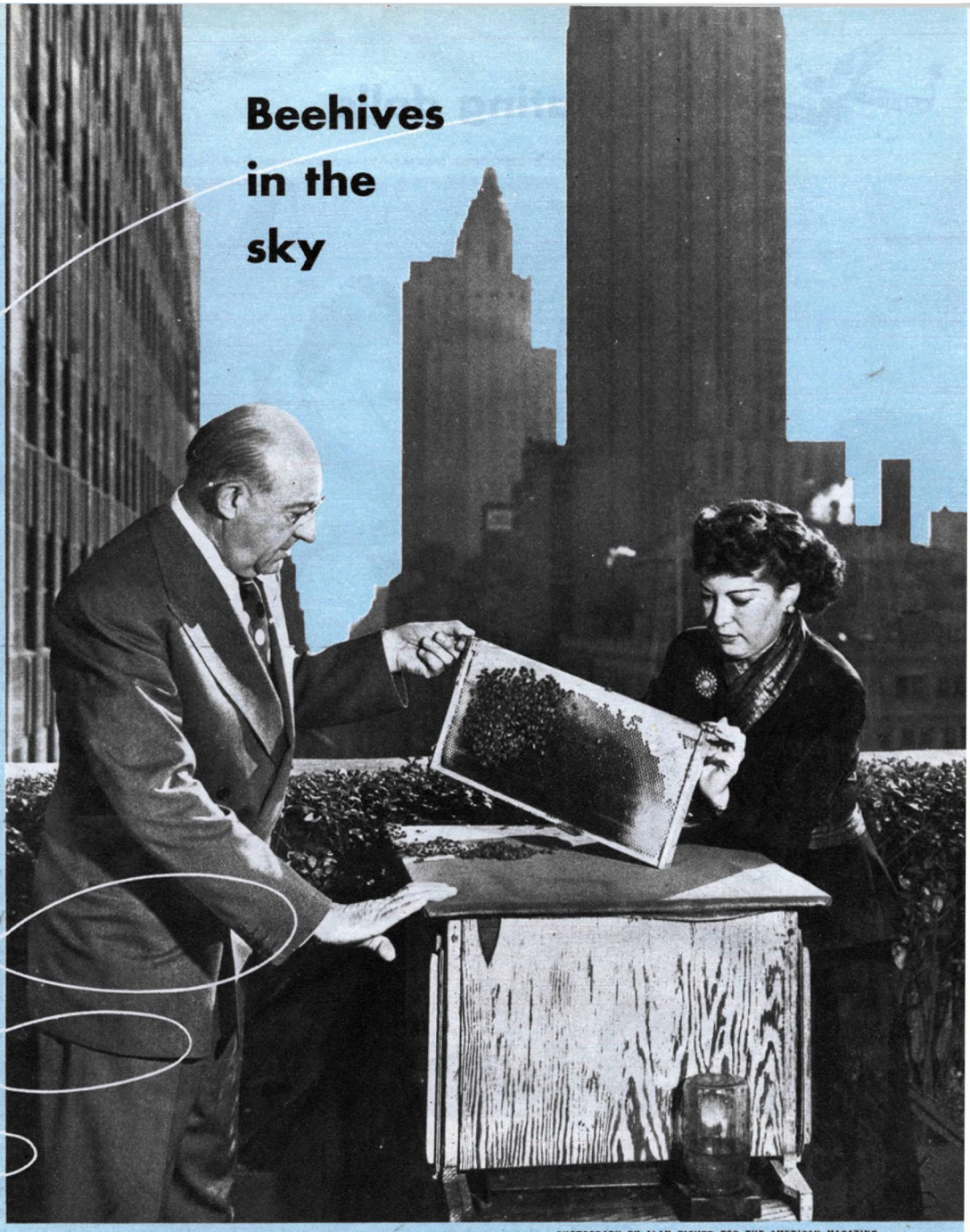
ABOUT 5 YEARS AGO, some poor children in a class taught by Mrs. Freddie Mae Stephens, of Oklahoma City, Okla., told the teacher that whenever they got a gift it was food, clothing, or something useful. They never seemed to get anything to play with. Mrs. Stephens was not able to provide all of them with toys of their own; but she did the next best thing. She started a lending library for dolls and other playthings in her school, and the practice has spread to other schools in the city. Mrs. Stephens obtained her first dolls by going to a department store, inquiring about any dolls left over from the Christmas rush, or slightly damaged, and in this way obtained a dozen for $1 each. Soon the dolls were in need of repair and Mrs. Stephens learned how to repair them. One summer she attended a special school in Denver in doll making.

At first, all the dolls were white, but since the patrons of her library were Negro children, she thought they should have colored dolls, and experimented with painting them. Each Negro school in Oklahoma City has a library now of 12 or 15 dolls. In addition, sand buckets, spades, furniture, and other toys are available. Mrs. Stephens actively manages only the library in the school where she teaches, but does the repair work for the others. Her mother helps her make the doll clothing. She was born in Oklahoma City and obtained her degree at Denver University.

Last year, she was asked to attend a meeting of the National Association of College Women and explain her doll-lending project. Since that time, a number of other cities are trying out the plan. Mrs. Stephens teaches kindergarten classes and music. Her husband is head stockman for a furniture and rug company. She is shown here with 3 of her pupils (left to right), Joyce Jenkins, 7, Mary Bell, 7, and Janice Thomas, 6.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Beehives in the sky



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN FISHER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

UP UNTIL 6 years ago, Louis H. Hartman, head of his own New York advertising agency, regarded a bee as something a staff member would get in his bonnet now and then. Today he takes care of one of the most unusual bee colonies in the nation. On the terrace outside his penthouse office, high above mid-Manhattan streets, Hartman gives a home to as many as 150,000 bees a year. The busy creatures produce about 100 pounds of honey annually, which Hartman has put up in jars and gives to clients, employees, and friends, as a special dividend. What prompted his initial interest in bees was the fact that, during the war, Hartman turned his terrace into a small Victorian garden. Experts told him that vegetables would thrive with pollination, hence the bees. In this way, Hartman, a city man all his life, has become a gardener and apiarist. The bees never bother him, he says, and he wears no mask when near them. In the 6 years Hartman has given the bees his penthouse terrace, he has become quite interested in the life and labors of the bee, and has studied considerably on the subject. It is his only hobby. Hartman was born in Chicago and was graduated from the University of Michigan. He was associated with mail-order merchandising for many years and has had his own advertising firm since 1920. He is shown here with his secretary, Rita Smith, and some of his bees, with the skyline of Manhattan as backdrop.

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE...

"finest beer served ...anywhere!"

THE REASON:
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Internationally Famous *Pabst* **Blue Ribbon**

TUNE IN the Eddie Cantor show every Friday night over NBC •

Trees tell the weather

NEXT WEEK END may be sunny or you may need a canoe to play those 18 holes. While you're wondering, 81-year-old Dr. Andrew E. Douglass, of Tucson, Ariz., is busy learning what the weather was like 600 years ago, in order to forecast spring-suit or slicker weather for April, 2000, or even centuries later. The now retired Dean of the Astronomy and Physics Department of the University of Arizona is a dendrochronologist. This is the hard-to-pronounce name for a scientist who charts the climate of past centuries and predicts future weather conditions by analyzing the growth rings of trees. The science, originated by Dr. Douglass, became "official" when he promised Boulder Dam engineers they would have rain while Lake Mead filled —and they had a record fall. About 1900, Dr. Douglass began to wonder about the connection between sunspots and rainfall. The only records he found were tree rings, which show the fall for the year: wide rings for rain, narrow ones for drought. His studies of thousands of samples took him from Vermont, where he was born, to the forests of Europe, to California's sequoias. Convinced that weather follows a pattern coinciding with the regular cycle of sunspot activity, he invented the cycloscope, a machine which locates a graph of the present weather on a past cycle and, from that, predicts coming weather.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CHARLES W. HERBERT
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER . . . FEATURE ATTRACTION IN YELLOWSTONE'S "THEATRE OF MAGIC"

THERE'S THE PRIMITIVE ATMOSPHERE OF THE OLD WEST IN GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK

UNION PACIFIC

GO DIRECT TO THE

WEST

YELLOWSTONE

GATEWAY

Go the easy, restful way in spacious Pullman or comfortable Coach on one of Union Pacific's fine trains. You'll arrive at West Yellowstone Gateway, nearest entrance to Old Faithful Geyser.

Then a thrilling land of magic will unfold before you; leaping geysers, foaming waterfalls, boiling "paint pots" and other fascinating spectacles.

Near by is Grand Teton National Park, famous for its rugged mountain grandeur. And, via Union Pacific, you can visit historic Salt Lake City en route.

Union Pacific also serves Sun Valley, Idaho . . . California . . . Pacific Northwest . . . Colorado . . . Las Vegas-Hoover Dam . . . Southern Utah-Arizona National Parks . . . and scores of Dude Ranches.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Streamliners

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, Room 264, Omaha 2, Nebr.

I am interested in a train trip to Yellowstone National Park. Please send free booklet.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Also send information about All-Expense, Escorted Tours ☐

Love That Bad Man!

(*Continued from page* 46)

played it solo, kid," Bishop said. "I can take it, and I can dish it out, too. I'm still Lefty Bishop, see? There are certain things you just don't forget."

"Look; you'd better call me back," Blake said, "or I'll go nuts trying to figure out what you're doing."

"Sure, pal," said Bishop. "By the way, do you know that Gloria Monell is in town?"

"I should, since she took dictation from me at four-thirty."

"She's been bothering me," Bishop said slowly. "Trying to get me to, well, to come back to her. And I happen to be in love with someone else. I thought you'd better know that. In case you read something in the papers, see? . . . Okay; so long, Sam."

He hung up and slouched in the chair a while, his eyes slitted and thoughtful. Then he glanced across the room. The sophisticated Miss Stuart had vanished. On the couch sat a wide-eyed eleven-year-old called Karen.

"Mr. Bishop," she said, "are you in the *underwear* business?"

"That's a silly question," Bishop replied irritably. "You know I am."

"Yes. But what did you do when you weren't in—in the underwear business?"

"Oh, this and that," Bishop said, with a vague gesture. "Knocked around. In those days I was out after, well, you might say easy money. But I also liked the thrill and the danger and the excitement of it."

"Doing *what*, Mr. Bishop?"

Bishop frowned. "Do I ask you a lot of personal questions? Why don't you go play with your dolls?"

"I don't play with dolls," Karen said stiffly.

"Then go play with whatever you do play with. I've got things on my mind, and I don't want to be bothered. In fact—"

He clenched his fists, crashed them down on his thighs, and jerked to the telephone. His face was grim as he dialed a number. Then he said in a clipped, curt voice, "Is Gloria Monell there, please?"

"This is getting to be pretty damn' fascinating," said Sam Blake. "But if you must think of me here with some babe, can't you pick a more appetizing specimen than Gloria?"

"Who's this speaking?" Bishop snapped. "Say, I think I recognize your voice. It's Butch Blake, isn't it?"

"Of course, Lefty. Your old punch-drunk pal, Butch. Do we play this all night?"

"Take a message for Gloria, Butch. Tell her that Lefty Bishop got her note, and that he's not going to stop seeing a certain party. As a matter of fact, he intends to marry that certain party."

"Why don't I just hang up?" Blake said.

"Never mind the innocent act, Butch. Gloria did send me a threatening note. Sure; she didn't have the guts to sign it. But I know that it must've come from her. Because I found out that a certain pal of yours and Gloria's has been tailing me. That proves it, see? Well, I just want to tell you guys that I'll be ready for you any time you want to start something. So long, rat!"

He smashed down the receiver and lurched out of the chair.

"Now I am mad!" he said grimly. "Crazy, fighting mad." He looked at Karen, as if suddenly aware of her presence, and clipped, "You still hanging around, eh? Go to bed! Your mother and I will have some important things to talk over when she gets back."

"But what about my dinner?" Karen wailed. "Gee, Lefty—"

"Don't you ever call me that again," Bishop cut in, his voice low and ominous. "Call me Mr. Bishop. Or call me Gil. But never Lefty. That's part of my past which I never want brought into this house. I'm *Gil* to you, understand? *Not* Lefty."

Karen swallowed and said, "Yes, Gil. But please don't send me to bed yet. I'd like to talk to you. You're so—interesting to talk to. I think you're simply fascinating."

"Never mind soft-soaping me," said Bishop. "But, on second thought, perhaps you'd better hang around a while longer."

He crossed to the fireplace and picked up a heavy, brass-handled poker. Holding it as if it were a club, he looked with grim speculation toward the windows.

"Karen," he said slowly, "there's something that I want to do, and I think it ought to be done before Madeline returns. So I'm going out for a little while. In case I don't come back—I mean, in case I run into an accident or something, I'd like to leave a message for Madeline. Only—well, I do wish you were older. Do kids your age understand about—life?"

Karen put her soul into her answer: "Sure, Gil. I do, anyway. You want to tell me about that—that Gloria creature?"

"Well, it might be a good way to begin," Bishop said bleakly. "To give the devil its due, she *is* beautiful."

"Madeline is beautiful, too. Isn't she?"

"Oh, yes. Your mother is a lovely, gracious, charming person. But Gloria has another kind of beauty. It's hard to describe—unless you think of certain flowers that bloom only in the fetid jungle."

"I know," said Karen. "Fascinating and evil."

"That's Gloria Monell, exactly," Bishop nodded. "Fascinating and evil. She vowed that if she couldn't have me, no other woman would, either. At that time, I laughed at her threats. Love, I thought, wasn't for me. There were other things I preferred doing. Like, for instance, prowling the streets in the dead of night, looking for adventures."

"Gil, I think you're terribly interesting," Karen said.

Bishop shrugged. "No, it's just that I often rebel against the deadly, routine monotony of life." His voice softened: "Your father was that kind of person, too. A great guy, and my best friend. Naturally, when I heard the tragic news about him, I felt it was my duty to look after your mother. That's why I began coming here so often. Then I fell in love with her, and she fell in love with me. We knew Mike wouldn't have wanted her to be lonely. That's what I meant before when I wondered whether you were old enough to understand these grown-up things about life."

"Oh, I do, I do!" Karen said, her hands clasped, her eyes shining. "I think it's terribly sad and terribly beautiful, too. . . . Gil, I'm going to take a look to see if that dreadful man is still there. Don't worry, I'll be careful."

She left the couch, and demonstrated her fine progress in ballet class as she tiptoed to the window. Cautiously, she edged over the drape, looked down. A pause, then she reported tersely, "He's leaving, Gil! Yes, there he is, shuffling around the corner."

"Shuffling?" said Bishop. "You mean limping, don't you, Karen? Spike Malone has a very noticeable limp."

Karen let go the drape, her eyes wide with astonishment as she swung back to Bishop. "He has? There was nothing wrong with *that* man's legs."

Bishop shook his head. "Then it couldn't have been Malone. I don't get it."

"Maybe it was just some bum who happened to look like Spike Malone," Karen said, voicing the suggestion with the delicate tentativeness of a kitten's paw on a yet unfamiliar object. "And—maybe Gloria didn't write that note. Maybe it was just a joke someone played on you."

Bishop took a deep breath, released it, and lowered the poker he was brandishing. He said through his teeth, "Bill Cooper, of course!"

"Who?" Karen prompted weakly.

"One of my salesmen. A lunatic who's always pulling practical jokes on people." He shrugged, and went on bitterly, "Well, I sure made a pretty mess of things."

"What do you mean, Gil?"

"If I know kids, you'll have plenty to report to Madeline the moment you're alone with her. All about Gloria Monell and—and those other things."

Karen stared at him, aghast. "Oh, *no*, Gil! It'll be a secret, just between you and me."

Bishop appraised her with narrowed, suspicious eyes. "You swear you'll never, never, *never* tell Madeline?"

"Never, Gil," Karen said solemnly. "I swear it. You can trust me—honest. Besides, I do rather think that Madeline probably wouldn't understand. I mean, not as well as I do. . . . Would you like to see my autograph book?"

When Madeline came home Bishop and Karen were down on the floor, their heads together. They had advanced from Karen's autograph book to a study of her shell collection.

Bishop looked up and asked casually, "How was the party, dear? Amusing?"

"Oh, the usual thing," said Madeline. "How about you two? You had fun?"

"*Mad* fun!" Karen declared enthusiastically. "Didn't we, Gil? You know something, Madeline? I think Gil is just wonderful! Really, I do!"

"Yes, dear. So do I. Darling, I'm rather worried about my opal brooch. I missed it, and it seems to me I had it on when I left. Run upstairs and see if it's on my dressing table, will you, dear?"

After Karen had left the room, Madeline said softly, "In heaven's name, Gil, how did you do it?"

"It appears," he said, "that your daughter and I have found some common interests."

"What?" Madeline said blankly.

He put his arms around her and drew her close. "Now, don't ask questions, darling," he said. "Just believe me. I'm going to make a wonderful father."

THE END★★

The Yankee Lord Mayor of Hamburg

(*Continued from page* 51)

the city of Hamburg" when Brauer returned in 1946.)

Brauer's enemies today attack him for this flight to Austria, saying he ran away when the going was tough, returned only when it was safe. In public Brauer ignores such attacks, but in private he once exploded: "The damned fools! What good do they think it would have done to lay my head on the executioner's block? Have they forgotten what things were like in 1933?"

In Vienna he stayed with an old friend, Dr. Renner, now president of Austria. He went then to France and Switzerland, where he worked for the League of Nations. The League sent him to China on a five-year assignment as economic adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. There he preached the gospel of co-operatives, taught rice farmers how to share the cost of water buffaloes, plowing, and pools.

But Hitler's wrath followed him even to China, and German diplomatic pressure forced him to leave after only two years. It was then, in 1935, that he first visited America. He liked it immediately, and the American Federation of Labor offered a lecturing job to its distressed German colleague. He went back to Europe for his wife and two children, whom Swiss friends had managed to get out of Germany. In 1936 the Brauers returned to America for good.

"It is strange," he muses. "In 1932 I never dreamed of leaving Germany, and in 1942 I never dreamed of leaving America."

He got his final citizenship papers in 1941. During the war he lectured in most of our states and worked for church organizations. His son, Dr. Werner Brauer, served as captain in the U.S. Army medical corps.

ALTHOUGH his wife loyally followed her husband back to Germany and now presides over the Lord Mayor's mansion, she sighs for the snugness of her New York apartment, with overflowing shops just around the corner and no servants to bother with. Most of all, she misses her children, for both have stayed behind in America. The son, now a physician in a New York hospital, lives in Yonkers, N. Y. The daughter, Mrs. Brunhild Brauer Liebler, lives in Concord, N. H.

Despite his changed necktie, Max Brauer never will (nor wants to) shed entirely the habits and lessons he learned in what he calls "my happy exile" in America. In big things and small, we have left our stamp on him.

"For one thing," he grumbles amiably, "I got to love American cigarettes, and here I can't get them." While still an American in Germany, he had an Army PX card, entitling him to U.S. rations, but he surrendered this along with his passport. Until a new law made it illegal, U.S. friends used to mail them to him. Because of his position, he cannot afford to buy the black-market cigarettes sold openly in Hamburg.

In desperation, he tried to stop smoking

entirely, with some success, but when a visitor offers him an American cigarette, he takes it greedily and lights up with expansive pleasure.

American slang interlards his conversation, and he often bewilders Germans by inserting, in a long German sentence, words like "joint" or "jerk."

On main roads leading into Hamburg, you will find huge wooden signs on which a smiling policeman says, "Welcome to Hamburg," and asks you to obey traffic laws. The reverse side says, "Come back again. Thank you for your courtesy in obeying our laws." These were inspired by signs Brauer had seen in America, and have delighted Germans, who never knew what police courtesy was before.

One American custom Brauer will *not* adopt. When his own political party wanted to hog all city-hall jobs, he said sternly, "The *Rathaus* will not be a Tammany Hall."

His work habits are pure American, at least in the eyes of his associates, who have seen Hollywood's version of a busy executive. Never a slowpoke, Brauer picked up even more speed in America and came back a whirlwind, especially when compared with slow-paced German officials, who rarely have ulcers.

"He works just like an American," one of his aides sighed. "It's exciting, but, *ach*, the work!" One of his secretaries, who literally runs around the *Rathaus* corridors on his errands, says she needs roller skates.

Whereas most German officials deliberate a project for weeks, Brauer scrawls a quick okay on it and expects it to be carried out next morning. It rarely is, and Brauer begins to boil. With an excellent mind for statistics and details, he keeps close check on everything in Hamburg except his own temper.

Outspoken, blunt, he is not above shouting at some slow subordinate, "You are so stupid!" This has not made him popular among the *Rathaus* bureaucrats, who call him a *Feuerkopf*—roughly, a hothead. Nor does his frequent habit of saying, "Now, in America, they do it thus and so." In his cooler moments he realizes clearly that such outbursts antagonize, rather than instruct, but he cannot help himself.

The truth is that he returned from America with a positive hatred for the forms, stamps, and delays of German bureaucracy, which he wrathfully calls "The new totalitarianism of our times." He is always looking for short cuts through red tape, and—as one man says—plunges around the *Rathaus* like a bull tied by a thousand strings. To those who call him an autocrat, Brauer retorts, "If we waited for some of these slowpokes, we'd never get anything done."

Like any American civic booster, he is trying to make Hamburg bigger. Most German cities do exactly the opposite, and try to keep out newcomers, to ease housing problems. Brauer's own subordinates wanted to let in no one who didn't have an official permit entitling him to a certain dwelling.

"Let 'em in anyway," Brauer ordered. "People will have enough initiative to find a home somehow; we don't have to nurse them in everything."

He is thoroughly at home in American history. In a recent conference with American General Lucius D. Clay and British General Sir Brian Robertson, this stood him in good stead. The generals wanted the new West German Constitution to be approved by popular vote. With his usual impatience, Brauer called this a waste of time, and said it would be enough to have the eight state legislatures approve it.

"In America," Clay said stiffly, "we believe in letting the *people* decide what laws they will live under."

"I believe, General," Brauer exclaimed, "that the American Constitution was never voted on by the people—only by the state legislatures."

Clay laughed: "*Touché!*"

He is often in hot water with his own party, especially its left wing. As one critic put it bluntly: "Since Brauer went to America, he is no longer a true Socialist."

The fact seems to be that when Brauer first left Germany, he was 100 per cent Socialist, convinced that private enterprise was folly and that all capitalists were villains. America taught him otherwise. One friend told me wistfully, "America is no school for Socialism. It is like trying to preach price control in the Garden of Eden."

Brauer himself keeps quiet on this delicate subject. He is, after all, a politician, elected by Socialist votes, sitting in the high command of the Socialist party. It would hardly do for him to announce that he had lost faith in many of the party's principles.

His frequent scraps with his own party, however, illuminate the rift. In a recent speech he said he still believes that wise social planning is necessary in Germany, as in all Europe, and then he went on to lambast "shallow, commonplace Socialism, exhausting itself in theory."

"I welcome free initiative," he said boldly, while the left-wing party die-hards had apoplexy.

On Brauer's side are the younger men, and some older ones, who have seen the outside world, especially America, and have learned that a free-enterprise society isn't quite the inferno that doctrine preaches.

Not long ago, a Hamburg tennis club managed to rebuild its ruined courts, and proudly invited their Lord Mayor to dedicate the new club. This seemed a routine job, but some of Brauer's advisers told him not to do it. "Only rich people can have a tennis club," they argued, "and a Socialist mayor should not be seen with rich people."

"I am mayor of *all* Hamburg," Brauer said shortly—and went.

He spoke even greater heresy when he attacked strikes. In theory, of course, he recognizes that it is the right, even the duty, of workingmen, to strike for better conditions. "But not now!" he argues. "We have to get Germany going again. Then it will be the time to think about strikes. We must have bread before we can argue about what kind of butter to spread on it."

With much the same reasoning, he attacked another Socialist shibboleth: shorter hours. Hamburg shops used to close at 5 P.M. normally, and were closed at other times for a variety of reasons and holidays.

To the applause of most Hamburgers, he extended the hours. His first impulse was to let shop-owners stay open as long as they liked, but he compromised on 7 P.M. And it was quite typical of him that, as he signed the decree, he was grumbling:

"Why, in an all-night drugstore in New York . . ."

THE END★★

What's Going On Inside Russia

(*Continued from page* 30)

Lease requests, for example, have provided clues to shortages or economic weaknesses, and so have lists of substitutions Russia sends out to Soviet factory managers for short materials. Their publicly claimed steel production can be checked against coke production, types of blast furnaces used, and by other methods that cannot be detailed, for "security" reasons.

The Russian goal, first announced by Lenin and recently reaffirmed, is to "overtake and surpass the advanced capitalist countries technically and economically." When can they do it, if ever?

Dr. Wassily Leontief, Harvard's famed Russian-born economist, made this interesting point: "The Communists may be able to change the rules in politics, but in economics they've still got to cook with water. The best index to a country's industrial potential is its steel production. Tell me how much steel you've got and I'll tell you how far you can go."

Today, he and his staff have found, Russia produces about 18 per cent as much steel as America produces, and even if it attains the goal set by Stalin for 1960 (60,000,000 tons) its production then will be only 62 per cent of ours, assuming that we stand still. In oil their 1960 production will be less than one third our present production.

After the war there were predictions that Russia would be prostrate for a generation. Actually, according to Dr. Abram Bergson, of Columbia's Russian Institute, Russia's heavy industry is recovering with spectacular rapidity. By 1950 the Russian people will still have less worldly goods than in 1940. Today Ivan Ivanovitch lives in "extreme poverty," Dr. Bergson says. Ivan can't have even one pair of shoes a year. In fact, his worldly goods are about one fourth that of the average American.

Soviet citizens are told repeatedly that "prosperity is just around the corner," but Dr. Bergson cannot find anything in Russia's announced production plans that will give the citizen much real relief, by Western standards. The leaders have decided, apparently, to let 'em eat slogans, and—according to one economist—have launched the current virulent propaganda campaign against the "predatory enemies of the Soviet Union" to take the minds of the people off their stomachs.

We often read that Russia is self-sufficient in minerals. Harvard's special staff of mineral sleuths, however, find that of 52 key minerals needed for industrialization, Russia can never be self-sufficient in at least half of them, from known deposits. This includes tungsten, molybdenum, beryllium, copper, etc. As for uranium, the ingredient of our atomic bombs, Dr. Dimitri Shimkin, chief of the sleuths, can pin-point a dozen sites in Russia where uranium is known to exist, but as far as he can find out the only really worth-while deposits are in the Fergana Valley of South Central Asia, near the hydroelectric plant of Tashkent. And even those are not too impressive.

One little-noticed fact about the Russian weather, I learned, is causing profound concern among Soviet leaders. During the past several decades the temperature over most of Russia has become 6 degrees warmer. The frozen wastes of Siberia are thawing out somewhat, but in southern Russia the effect has been devastating. Because of the heat, the water is evaporating.

The level of the Caspian Sea, at the mouth of the Volga, has dropped 7 feet in the past 36 years, according to Dr. Shimkin. The ominousness of this can be gauged by the fact that Russia's three greatest ports are on the Caspian. Even more serious, the farmlands on the steppes are drying out. A single inch change in rainfall means disaster to millions of southern Russian farmers.

In the past 65 years southeastern European Russia has suffered 22 droughts, with relentless regularity. In 1946 the drought, which the Russians tried to conceal from the world, was the worst in half a century. It shook the nation. Stalin had to welsh on his promise to end food rationing. Wholesale misery was averted only by grabbing up food in Russian-occupied countries of Europe, and the grabbing understandably did the Russian cause no good among its new "friends."

2. *What can we expect of the Russian people?*

At least a dozen U.S. scientists are trying to discover basic "regularities" of Russian character to understand what makes the Russians tick. Scientists—including a psychiatrist—working on Columbia's second Russian project, the Contemporary Culture study sponsored by the U.S. Navy, have been interviewing hundreds of Russians and subjecting them to psychological tests. The scientists at the various U.S. universities have not yet completely agreed among themselves about the Russian character, but here are some ideas which at least some of the scientists are ready to stand by:

The Great Russians, who comprise most of the population, are vigorous, friendly, talkative, breezy, enormously curious people. Geoffrey Gorer, the famed British anthropologist who has been interviewing Russians for Columbia, has noticed the odd fact that Russians rarely tell sexy stories. The reason? "Sex," he explained, "is no problem to the Russians."

Some traits of the Russians are a source of worry and annoyance to the Soviet regime: their lack of a sense of responsibility and of a sense of duty to the state . . . their lack of neatness . . . their frequent lack of any sense of time . . . their incurable gabbiness . . . their violent mood swings from gaiety to melancholy. (Citizens of the New Soviet State are expected to be happy all the time!) A Harvard expert who has made an exhaustive study of Soviet psychological books says the Soviet authorities have launched a big psychological campaign to fill every citizen with ambition, responsibility, and perpetual optimism. But that will take some doing.

Certain other traits of the Russians, however, fit in very nicely with the Soviet scheme of things. For example, there is no word in the Russian language for "privacy." Through most of their history Russians have lived in villages in "extended family" groupings with land often held in common. Thus "collectivism" comes naturally. Also, most Russians are imbued with a sense of fatalism

and believe it is futile to oppose whatever authority is in power.

One curious fact about Russians is that most parents there still swaddle their babies. In fact, they swaddle their babies stiffer than any place else in the world. They wrap their babies as rigid as blocks of wood (even the babies' arms) until the babies are 9 months old. No amount of deploring by the Soviet Government has been able to break up this ancient custom. Every hour or so the mothers unwrap the babies, bathe and fondle them lovingly, then bind them up again.

The anthropologists at Columbia are deeply intrigued by this and are investigating the possibility that this early life pattern of being tied up and loosened may help account for the violent mood swings of the Russians and the ease with which they become your friend, then your enemy, then your friend again.

3. *What can we expect of Communism inside Russia?*

To hold its mammoth organization of 6,000,000 members together the Russian Communist Party has to publish a host of journals, which are filled with directions and reports of tension areas. Thousands of copies of these journals have been obtained (one way or another) by our U.S. scientists studying Russia. In addition they have available a weekly digest of the entire Soviet press. And they have developed strategies for finding which stars are rising and which stars are declining inside the U.S.S.R.

Stalin will soon be 70, and at least one U.S. investigator has convinced himself that Stalin suffers from cardiac asthma. Molotov has long been regarded as the heir apparent, but now some of the Russian experts here are not so sure. They believe the man to watch is a tough young newcomer to the Politburo, Georgi Malenkov, age 48.

Malenkov, who looks vaguely like a youthful Wendell Willkie, was just a boy during the Revolution of 1917 and didn't join the Politburo until 1941. He got his start as Stalin's private secretary, but today he is in the same jump-off spot Josef Stalin was in when Lenin died: He is boss of the party machinery. Malenkov is said to know more comrades by name than Jim Farley knew Democrats. His prospects of becoming No. 1 depend largely on how strong and solid his party organization is on the fateful day of Stalin's death.

THERE has been a good deal of wishful thinking that the Communist Party's system in Russia is about to collapse. The expert on Russia's government for Columbia's Russian Institute has this to say: "The Communists have a marvelously worked out system for preserving power—far superior to the Nazis and Fascists."

At the Harvard Center, Sociologist Dr. Alex Inkeles has spent the past year studying the party's inner strengths and weaknesses. One big strength, he finds, is the party's 3,000,000 "agitators." They are not the soapbox artists we would imagine, but rather are selected for their ability to measure public opinion and do a sincere persuasion job, through group discussions, at the grass-roots level.

Another unexpected strength, Dr. Inkeles has found, is the amount of "self-criticism" that occurs in Russia. Basic party policies are never, never criticized, but ordinary citizens by the thousands take pencil in hand and write rip-roaring letters of complaint to the newspapers about shabby materials, grafting, and blockheadedness on the part of bureaucratic factory managers. Furthermore, the newspapers not only print the letters, but investigate complaints and print full exposés. *Pravda*, for example, tore into the chairman of the Vologda Soviet for refusing to permit the marriage bureau to buy a set of curtains to screen itself from the funeral bureau.

Isn't all this, you may wonder, embarrassing to the regime? Not in the least. In fact, the party leaders find this criticism very useful. First of all, it keeps bureaucrats on their toes. Soviet bureaucrats, like any others, tend to cover up for one another, to engage in grafting, and to build up their local little kingdoms, if not checked. But, more important, by channeling the frustrations and gripes of the masses against individual low-level bureaucrats, the party planners deflect criticism away from Stalin and the party system.

HOWEVER, I should hasten to add that this has not prevented some citizens from concluding that the whole system stinks. Close to 1,000,000 Soviet citizens who became displaced persons by the war have begged not to be sent back to Russia. During the opening days of the German invasion, General Vlasov and his whole Soviet army went over to the Nazis. And practically the entire Tatar population of Crimea had to be shipped off to forced labor camps because of the Tatars' lack of enthusiasm for the Soviet regime.

More recently, party propagandists have complained, in their journals, of considerable mass apathy whenever they have lectured on political themes. They have to use more and more music to hold the crowds.

Today the Iron Curtain hides a host of tensions. One of the most serious causes of tension inside Russia is the new Soviet aristocracy. The battlecry of the early Bolsheviks, you may remember, was "everybody is equal." Today the Communist Party is no longer a worker's party, for underdogs, despite all the slogans about "toiling masses."

Dr. Merle Fainsod, chairman of Harvard's Department of Government, has found that while in 1930 about 85 per cent of the people accepted for party membership were workers and peasants, barely one third of the members accepted in recent years have been workers and peasants. The great majority are highly paid factory bosses, technicians, writers, etc.

Snobbery has developed. Officers in the Red Army will associate now only with officers one grade above or below them, and generals are weighted down with gold braid. Shivering, poorly paid workers have been seen jeering at the wives of big shots riding by in fine cars.

But to the party the most serious problem posed by this change has been in keeping the New Elite in line, especially the intellectuals. The party needs writers, atomic scientists, radio performers, musicians, engineers, and teachers to build the New Soviet State, but they are hard to manage. They have at times seemed to regard the Marx-Lenin-Stalin Line with bored contempt, and have developed what the Politburo felt was a dangerous and excessive "admiration for the West."

4. *What can we expect of Communism as a world movement?*

Communism may yet sweep the world, but at the moment our U.S. scientists find it is encountering some very awkward problems, especially where it is Russian-sponsored. One of the pillars of Marxist theory is that the triumph of Communism is inevitable because of "contradictions" within the capitalistic systems of Western nations which will be "seeds of destruction." But today the men in the Kremlin are being harassed by several contradictions of their own.

Dr. Philip E. Mosely, the Columbia Institute's expert on Russian international relations, pointed out one big contradiction. "The Russians," he explained, "are not well qualified to work abroad. Their people keep to themselves and are handicapped in selling international Communism by their own narrow, ingrowing point of view and way of doing things."

ANOTHER problem is that the Russians now appear to be afraid of Hot Revolutions and want only tidy, well-mannered Cold Revolutions. When Dr. Mosely was in Poland after the Communists took over he asked about the peasant revolution against the landlords.

"The Polish Communists," he said, "wanted a spontaneous revolution, some minor excitement at least. They were piped down by the Moscow agents. As a result, peasants were not allowed to burn down the manor houses. An agent arrived on the scene, got a committee together, and divided the land. Then the landlord was notified. Everything was kept under control throughout."

The ineptness of the Russians at promoting a real world Communist movement is best shown by the way they fumbled Yugoslavia. Harvard's Dr. Adam Ulam has obtained a complete file of all the letters that flew back and forth between Tito and the Kremlin before the public blowup occurred (and while Tito was still publicly praising the Russians to the skies). The letters make hilarious reading.

One cause of the blowup was that Tito asked the comrades in the Kremlin to take back some of their military experts because they cost Yugoslavia too much. Tito pointed out that "the wages of the Soviet experts are four times as high as the wages of the commanders of our own armies and three times as high as the wages of our federal ministers."

Yugoslavia's propaganda minister added to the fires by saying in a private speech that "Soviet officers are, from a moral standpoint, inferior to the officers of the British army." (For that crack he had to march straight to the Kremlin and apologize personally to Stalin.) And other prominent Yugoslav Reds were accused by the Kremlin of making such uncomradely remarks as that "The U.S.S.R. is degenerating into an imperialist state."

In his rebuttal of April 13, Tito made three statements which reveal a lot about the woes of any country that tries to be a partner in Communism with the Soviet Union. Said Tito:

—"We have proof that certain agents of the Soviet Intelligence Service, in trying to recruit our party members, cast doubts on our leaders and sought to ruin their reputations. . . . We cannot allow the Soviet Intelligence Service to spread its net in our country."

—"Among many Soviet people there exists the mistaken idea that the sympathy of the broad masses in Yugoslavia toward the Soviet Union came of itself. This is not so. Love for the Soviet Union was stubbornly inculcated."

—"No matter how much each of us loves the land of Socialism, the U.S.S.R., he can, in no case, love his own country less."

5. *What can we expect of Russian foreign policy?*

One great postwar aim of Russia after 1945, according to several of the U.S. experts studying Russia, was to get us out of Europe so that she could become the dominant power on that continent. She failed in this aim, and to a large extent because she alarmed the American people by her crude provocations. This may indicate, they say, the Soviet leaders are not as astute as sometimes credited. At any rate, she is now stalemated.

But what does the future hold? Here are hopeful factors. These were mentioned by various experts: Russia is under no great pressure to expand or bust, as was sometimes said of Germany, Japan, and Italy before the past war. Also, the Russians, despite their cycles of suspiciousness of outsiders, are a friendly, curious people and at the moment are profoundly tired and yearn for peace. When news of Moscow's "peace feelers" was posted on Soviet bulletin boards last year the air of Moscow was rent by happy shouts of "*Ne budet voiny!*" (There'll be no war!)

On the discouraging side, the scientists—who have pored over every recorded utterance of Lenin and Stalin—point to one of Stalin's favorite quotations from Lenin: "The existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with the imperialistic states for a long time is unthinkable. In the end either one or the other will conquer. And until that end comes a series of the most terrible collisions between the Soviet Republics and the bourgeois states is inevitable."

The present leaders of Russia, several scientists pointed out, have a potent political philosophy which has brought them to absolute power in one large area, and the leaders still can see no reason why it won't eventually bring them domination of the world.

However, there is apparently no definite timetable for conquest. The Communists bide their time. And influential Communist leaders in Western Europe are now starting to turn on the old waiting theme. They are assuring the world that "the peaceful co-existence of socialism and capitalism is possible."

I ASKED Dr. Mosely for his appraisal of the possibilities of war between the United States and Russia. Dr. Mosely has spent thousands of hours negotiating with Russians as an officer of the U.S. State Department for four years, and is one of America's foremost authorities on Russian foreign policy. Here is what he said: "There is no limit to where the Russians would go if they could, but they are realistic. *If they get themselves involved in a war with us during the next five years it will be by mistake.*"

Why would it be by mistake? Dr. Mosely gave these three explanations:

1. "They are not ready for war. Certainly they will need to rebuild their internal economy much more than they have done before they can face a long war, and they know that any war with us would be long because they could not reach and overwhelm us, since we're surrounded by oceans.

"Possibly they could overrun Europe, but by doing that now they would simply be adding Europe's deficiencies to their own. At present, the Russians are not even gearing for war. Apparently they appropriated only half as much for defense in 1947 as during the war year of 1944. Their emphasis now seems to be on a long-range building up of their strength rather than immediate preparation.

2. "They realize that we have great power and many friends on our side. During the war they were amazed by our ability to mount invasions over two oceans, and still have vast arms and supplies left for Lend-Lease. Several scores of Russia's top military and political leaders came to the U.S. Embassy in Moscow to witness a movie of the Normandy landing. As they watched the film of this great feat, backed by clockwork organization and masses of highly trained men and equipment, their faces were a study in amazement, according to eyewitnesses. Also, of course, there is the atomic bomb, which must worry their top leaders a great deal, because they try so hard to shrug it off.

3. "The Russians are still a long way from really assimilating the people they have already taken under their control in Eastern Europe."

What happens after five years, Dr. Mosely said, will depend largely on what has happened in Western Europe and America in the meantime. If we in the West are torn by depression and sharp social strife, Russia probably will strike. But if we are strong, alert, progressive, and economically healthy they will have to postpone and postpone and postpone.

Meanwhile, they will have their own Achilles heel to worry about—the intense poverty of most of their 200,000,000 citizens. The experts doubt that the Russian people can be put off indefinitely by slogans and screams of capitalist encirclement.

Everyone is talking about *when* war with Russia will come. Actually, some experts conclude, there need *never* be a war with Russia. It all depends on what we do ourselves.

THE END ★★

European Recovery ... Will You Get Your Money's Worth?

(*Continued from page* 25)

increased output. More coal means more fuel for nitrogen-fixation plants to make more farm fertilizer to raise more food to feed more workers. More coal likewise means more steel to make more machinery to mine more coal, and more freight cars to move it.

Europe's living standards have not improved as fast as its production, mainly because the ERP countries are plowing back one fifth of their entire income into capital improvements to enable them to produce more in the future. Nevertheless, life is a little easier. France and the Netherlands have recently abolished the bread ration; and Britain has to all intents removed irksome clothing ration. People in the Marshall Plan countries have a pretty good idea to whom they are indebted for this improvement in their fortunes. In fact, in many countries they are embarrassingly grateful. All over Holland, for example, bakers' carts have burgeoned with placards (printed at the bakers' own expense) telling customers that more than half the wheat in the bread they eat was furnished by the Marshall Plan.

Your dollars have done more than merely boost Europe's production figures and add calories to Europe's scanty rations. They have lifted people's hearts, restored their confidence, reinvigorated nations that a year ago were teetering precariously on the brink of apathy and despair. The effects have been not only economic and psychological, but political as well. Thanks to your aid, the spread of totalitarian tyranny westward across Europe has definitely been checked.

In my mind, were it not for the Marshall Plan, both France and Italy might be Russian-dominated police states today. What this would mean to the rest of Europe—and ourselves—is just too grim to think about.

Let's get one thing straight, however: The Marshall Plan wasn't conceived as anti-Russian; it is Russia that is anti-Marshall Plan. When the American scheme for aiding Europe was first announced, Secretary Marshall declared: "Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine, but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos." Russia and her satellites were specifically invited to share in the program.

From the start the Kremlin wanted no part of such a program. Molotov, who had been invited to the first conference on the Marshall Plan by Ernest Bevin of Great Britain, attended for 3 days and then walked out. He also forbade entry into the program by any of the Russian satellites. By this action he made it perfectly clear that, far from being against "hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos," the Soviets consider them their very best allies. For only hungry, destitute, desperate men are ready to sell their freedom for a mess of totalitarian pottage; and only when economic chaos has caused the people of democratic countries to lose faith in their own institutions are they ready to accept the chains of subservience to Moscow.

Having failed to head off the European Recovery Program, the Russians since have done everything they could to wreck it. There's a "cold war" going on in Europe; but it bears the label "Made in Moscow." A special organization, the Communist Information Bureau, or Cominform for short, was set up in Warsaw for that express purpose. For a year and a half this Red agency has waged a ceaseless propaganda war against the Marshall Plan. Simultaneously, Communist-led labor unions inside France and Italy have called a series of strikes aimed directly at crippling recovery.

The great French coal strike of October, 1948, was an avowed attempt to sabotage the Marshall Plan: Although French coal miners had many acknowledged grievances, not one of them was at issue when the strike was called. Red labor bosses even took the unprecedented step of pulling maintenance crews out of the pits, with the result that, when the strike was ended, miners could not go back into the flooded mines for weeks. This wanton act hurt French production; but it hurt the Communists even more. French workers rallied behind their government; since then, both inside France and throughout Western Europe generally, the Reds have been in retreat.

In their anti-Marshall Plan propaganda Moscow's noisemakers have twanged away on two chief notes: First, the ERP is doomed to fail; and, secondly, by accepting U.S. aid European countries are making themselves the slaves of "American imperialism." A third lie the Cominform has recently sought to sell is that we Americans are using Europe as a dumping ground for our unwanted surpluses. Nothing could be farther from the truth. If our interest was in giving away surpluses, we could give them away right here at home.

The Economic Cooperation Administration, which operates the Marshall Plan, doesn't actually buy the things your dollars pay for. Instead, it finances the recovery programs of participating countries. These governments, in turn, use the dollars provided by the U.S.A. to supply the dollar exchange required by their citizens, or, in some cases, government agencies. These citizens, or agencies, pay for these dollars in their own currency. Then they take these dollars and make purchases which have been approved from some individual firm here in the United States. In this way we are maintaining and strengthening private enterprise on both sides of the Atlantic.

America, moreover, isn't supplying all the goods that go into the European Recovery Program. As a matter of fact, almost half the purchases are made in Canada, Latin America, the Marshall Plan countries themselves, and nonmember parts of Europe.

Some people argue that, inasmuch as the Russian-dominated states of Eastern Europe are waging a cold war against the Marshall Plan, we should retaliate by boycotting them. However, if we were to split Europe completely in two by building an economic wall to match the Iron Curtain, we would be spiting ourselves. We would be denying to the free nations of Western Europe goods which they have traditionally received from Eastern Europe. We would also be denying them the right to sell their own goods to these same countries. The net result would be substantially increased costs for European recovery, which would fall on the United States.

Congress wrote an ingenious provision into the law, by which your dollars are made to do double duty. It works like this: As I have already indicated, in discussing how ECA operates, when an Italian importer receives a shipment of, say, farm machinery, he pays for it in Italian lire. These lire go into a special fund. Thus, for every dollar of yours that Uncle Sam pays out (mostly to

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11:59 pm Sun.	Lv. Omaha	(C.T.)	Ar.	4:55 am Tue.
8:20 am Mon.	Ar. Denver	(M.T.)	Lv.	7:15 pm Mon.
8:40 am Mon.	Lv. Denver	(M.T.)	Ar.	7:00 pm Mon.
	Colorado Rockies			
10:05 pm Mon.	Ar. Salt Lake City	(M.T.)	Lv.	5:40 am Mon.
10:25 pm Mon.	Lv. Salt Lake City	(M.T.)	Ar.	5:20 am Mon.
	Feather River Canyon			
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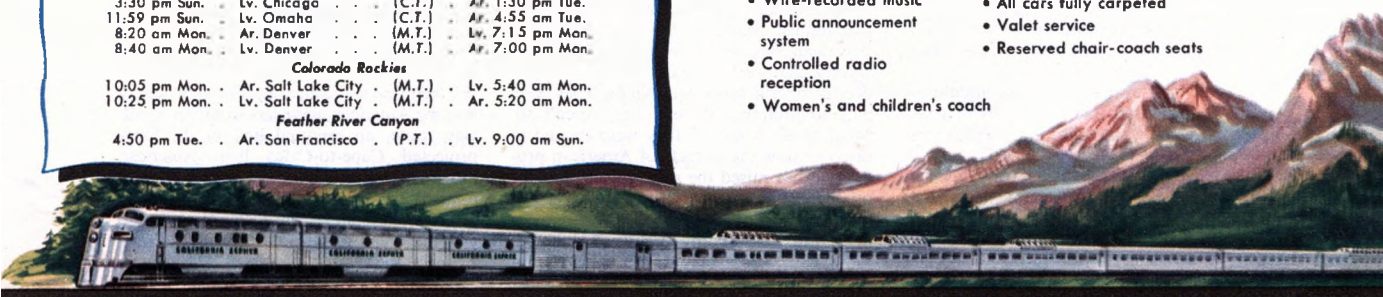

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Americans) some foreigner pays a corresponding sum in his own currency—francs, or pounds, or lire—into a government reserve to be used exclusively for recovery purposes.

Such "counterpart funds" can be drawn on only by agreement with the ECA; and before I, as administrator of the ECA, can okay their use, I must first obtain the approval of two American bodies—the National Advisory Council, consisting of high government officials, including three Cabinet members, and the Public Advisory Board, composed of 12 leading citizens appointed by the President. Under these elaborate safeguards Italian counterpart funds are being used to drain marshes, refit ocean liners, restore 2,000 blasted railway bridges, and complete steel mills commenced by Mussolini but abandoned during the war. In France, counterpart funds are being used to construct power plants, modernize coal mines, and build factories to make nitrate fertilizers.

No stool can stand without three legs. The three legs of the European Recovery Program are self-help, mutual help, and American help. In return for our aid we expect the countries we are aiding to do their utmost to help themselves and one another. They have made some progress; but they must do a great deal more.

In the matter of self-help, the nations of Western Europe have done a magnificent job, but they still need to take heroic measures to balance their budgets and stabilize their currencies, by increasing tax collections and decreasing wasteful government expenditures. They need to expand the output of their fields and factories still further by the application of better methods, improved machinery, and more power. They need to narrow the yawning chasm in their foreign trade, principally by expanding exports (especially to the United States), cultivating their tourist trade, and developing new raw-material resources in their overseas territories.

Britain has proved that inflation can be licked by sheer self-denial and determination. The British have not only balanced their budget; they have actually rung up a treasury surplus. Italy, which after the war was beset by momentous problems, has made surprising progress. France, during the past 6 months, has shown great courage and has made some tough decisions. In 1948 she taxed herself at the highest rate in history, and in 1949 her rates are even higher. Barring untoward bumps, the French government should be able to get through 1949 without further recourse to inflationary financing.

Europe's farming methods, handed down for generations, are due for a drastic overhaul. All over the continent there are too many slow-moving farm vehicles drawn by horses or plodding oxen, too few tractors to plow, cultivate, and harvest the crops, too many tasks performed by manual labor, too many inefficient farms.

In Italy, for example, ECA's agricultural experts discovered that thousands of peasants were living in hilltop villages far removed from their fields. They walked 4 or 5 miles each morning to their farms down in the valleys, bearing their implements with them. Come evening, they'd pick up their hoes and rakes and trudge home again. They thus wasted from 2 to 3 precious hours every day. It took some persuading to get these farmers to abandon their ancestral dwellings—occupied originally for mutual defense against bandits, long since dead and gone—and move down on their farms. But they did so when the Italian government arranged to build them better houses, out of counterpart funds. This one measure may yet work a revolution in Italian agriculture.

Industrially, Europe stands in need of increased power and more modern machinery. One reason that the American factory worker has been able to outstrip his European brother in production is our greater use of power. In this country we have put 6 horsepower behind every worker—as against 3 horsepower in Britain, 2 horsepower for Western Europe as a whole. A second reason is our use of the latest and most efficient mechanical aids. Generally speaking, European plant equipment is 25 years behind our own.

Increased production calls not only for more power and better tools, but also for changed attitudes on the part of both management and labor. Too many Europeans still cling to traditional ways of doing things. And too many of them are still frightened by the bugaboo of "overproduction." Providing new machinery is a comparatively simple matter; but persuading people to adopt new methods is more difficult.

We are glad to share our technical know-how with Europe. However, we are not making the mistake of sending American experts over there to tell them how to run their plants. Instead, we are inviting them to come over here and see the way we do it.

Four production teams, comprised of management and workers, representing Denmark's meat-packing, shipbuilding, sheet-steel, and machine-tool industries, are in the country at the present time. The first of 35 British production teams due this year has also arrived. Other task forces out of Dutch, Belgian, Swedish, and French industry are expected shortly. And the first Norwegian group has already come and gone.

Before they left, the Norwegians shared with us at ECA some of the impressions of American industry they gained during their visit. They were struck, they said, by the free-and-easy relationship prevailing between management and workers, by the readiness of American plant executives to swap information with their direct competitors, by the wealth of industrial data compiled by the Government and made available to all. They were awed by the speed at which we work, the shortness of our hours, and the fatness of our pay envelopes. They were fascinated by the spotlessness of many of our factories. Exclaimed one labor leader after inspecting a plant in Cleveland, "Here they are making machinery, and it is clean like a creamery!"

Back home these Norwegians had heard Communist slanders to the effect that American Negroes were still being kept in slavery, that workers in our auto plants were driven to their tasks with whips. They were glad to find that these things weren't so. Most of all, however, they were excited to discover how the miracle of American production has raised the standard of living of our people as a whole. As one worker put it: "In Oslo I often heard about these wonders; but, like all my friends, I doubted. Now, when people say to me, 'This cannot be so!' I shall tell them, 'I, myself, have seen it.'"

To help pay for the aid they're receiving, the Marshall Plan countries are holding down consumption and increasing their exports to America. The Dutch, for example, who love cheese and chocolate, are exporting practically all they produce. From the Netherlands, we're also getting garden bulbs and Holland gin—as well as rubber, palm oil, and quinine from the Netherlands Indies, and aluminum ore from Dutch Guiana. From Belgium, we're obtaining blankets, linens, glassware, leather goods, and musical instruments. Britain is sending us cutlery, woolens, industrial diamonds, and Scotch whisky. To find a glass of Scotch in Scotland is really quite an undertaking. France is sending us fashions, perfumes, gloves, draftsman's tools, and wine.

But Europe needs to step up her exports to the United States still further. If the 16 Marshall Plan countries could increase their sales to America by merely one per cent of our present national income, they would be able to pay for all their imports from this country without any further help from us. To this end, we are encouraging European manufacturers to restyle their products to attract American customers. For example, we suggested to one Dutch chocolate manufacturer that he could increase his U.S. sales by packaging his product in 10-cent bars, instead of the present bars that sell for 50 cents. Another way Europeans can increase their sales to us is by letting us see exactly what they have to offer. Perhaps a "fair train," touring the country with displays of European merchandise and taking orders from wholesalers and department stores, would help.

Another way our European partners can balance their imports is by encouraging more visitors from America. To this end they have already started improving their rail, plane, and ship accommodations, modernizing their hotels, cutting their rates, and removing their travel barriers. Nine ERP countries have recently waived visa requirements for American tourists. The response has been encouraging. Already the value of Europe's tourist trade is 50 per cent greater than before the war. From now on you may find that trip to Europe cheaper, easier, and pleasanter all around.

The overseas territories of 5 Marshall Plan countries—Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Portugal—are rich in undeveloped resources. By developing those resources they can make themselves less dependent on food and raw materials from the Western Hemisphere. We are working with them to that end. For example, Britain has asked our help in opening up a vast new territory in Northern Rhodesia. The area, virtually uninhabited, is known to contain great mineral wealth and to possess enormous potentialities for agriculture.

The British are prepared to do the actual development work, but they have asked for our technical assistance. Accordingly, we are sending American engineers to survey a railway route, an eventual link in the long-projected Cape-to-Cairo line. American geologists will search out the most promising mineral deposits. And American epidemiologists will combat the malarial mosquito and the dread tsetse fly, bearer of sleeping sickness, the scourge of Africa. All this is in

line with President Truman's call for a "bold new program" of American assistance in developing the so-called backward regions of the world.

But self-help is not enough. There must be mutual help as well. Europe is a natural economic unit, interdependent in all its parts. There's no need for Greece to maintain its own steel industry, or for Britain to raise its own olives. Maximum recovery is impossible until each country stops trying to work out its individual salvation along nationalistic lines, and starts co-operating for the good of all.

Fortunately, that's what's occurring now. Trade and tariff barriers are being broken down. A recently signed "freedom of the road" agreement for the first time makes possible large-scale truck operations from one end of Western Europe to the other. France and Italy are negotiating a customs union. The Benelux countries—Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg—which already enjoy such a union, have announced that they will operate as a single economic unit, starting in 1951.

HERE are some more straws in the wind: France is refining oil for Britain; Britain is sending coal and tractors to France. Belgium and Italy are loaning freight cars to France and Western Germany. France and Switzerland have worked out a deal to exchange electric power. An international labor exchange is about to be set up. And Britain and Belgium, the principal creditor nations so far as the rest of Europe is concerned, have chipped in more than $500,000,000 to a "little Marshall Plan" to help unfreeze intra-European trade.

However, the biggest step of all has been the establishment of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation. This is the central agency created by the ERP countries to co-ordinate their efforts under the Marshall Plan. Although only 10 months old, the OEEC has achieved remarkable results. For one thing, it has persuaded the representatives of 16 sovereign nations to sit down around the conference table, reveal their most cherished trade secrets, submit to reciprocal scrutiny and criticism of their recovery plans, and work out a general agreement on how American help can be best employed.

Now comes the heartening news that the OEEC is to continue even after the Marshall Plan ends. This may well prove to be the first important move toward the creation of a permanent central government for the long-hoped-for United States of Europe.

A French friend of mine remarked not long ago, "Before you can build a United Europe you must first build Europeans." The exciting fact is that today, for the first time in history, Frenchmen, Belgians, Britishers, and the rest are beginning to think and act as Europeans.

We've managed to make a start at helping Europe to get back on its feet; but only a start. From here on the going is likely to prove tougher. During the coming year ERP countries are going to need less help from us in buying food and raw materials, more help in financing the purchases of capital goods—generating equipment, power tools, farm machinery, locomotives—with which to expand their industrial and agricultural output.

Already, as we have seen, their production of many items is running at or even ahead of prewar levels. But prewar production is no longer enough. Western Europe has 17,000,000 more mouths to feed than she had 10 years ago. That's twice as many people as there are in all New England. She has to repair and rebuild her homes and her plants. In Great Britain alone 210,000 homes were wholly destroyed by bombing, 250,000 homes were so badly damaged that they're forever rendered uninhabitable, and 4,000,000 homes were damaged in varying degrees. Moreover, prior to 1940 the countries of Western Europe partly supported themselves out of the income they received from their overseas investments. Those investments are no more: They had to be sacrificed to finance the war with Hitler.

Merely to become self-supporting Western Europe must have a further increase of at least 25 per cent in industrial production, 30 per cent in agricultural output, and 65 per cent in exports to the outside world. A tough assignment, but it can be done. In fact, it *must* be done. Democracy in Western Europe is finished unless the governments concerned can assure their citizens of something better than just a hand-to-mouth existence.

In 1947 the per-capita income of all the Marshall Plan countries amounted to but $370. If over a period of 4 years that figure can be increased by one third, the people of Western Europe will have a real stake in their future. To most Americans an average income of $500 sounds like a depression figure; but to Europeans it represents the chance to live, work, and progress as free men.

The task calls for rebuilding Europe's economy along new and more efficient lines. Our target date is June 30, 1952, when aid under the Marshall Plan will terminate.

Lacking a miracle, can we achieve our aims in this short space of time? I believe we can.

This may sound wildly optimistic—especially to persons who have read garbled accounts of a $3,000,000,000 deficit in Europe's trade forecast for 1952. However, I recall that back in 1942, when the Committee for Economic Development (of which I was then chairman) declared that American industry must plan for 55,000,000 civilian jobs by V-J Day if we wished to avoid widespread peacetime unemployment, certain slide-rule economists "proved" to their own satisfaction that such a goal was utterly fantastic. The most, they said, that we could possibly hope for was a total of 46,000,000 jobs—the same number as in 1940. Yet you recall what happened. Employment has held at approximately 60,000,000 jobs ever since the war.

WHAT does this mean to you? What are *you* going to get out of European recovery?

First of all, it might be well to mention a couple of things you *won't* get.

Item One: You *won't* get your money back—or, at least, no more than a small part of it. Of the five billion dollars ECA has advanced so far, one billion is in the form of loans (with interest at 2½ per cent beginning in 1952; payments on the principal aren't scheduled to start till 1956). The other four billion dollars is in the form of outright gifts. From now on, the ratio of gifts to loans is likely to increase, since the countries we are helping have just

about exhausted their borrowing capacity.

Item Two: You *won't* get a prompt return on your investment. Recovery is a long-pull proposition. If you're looking for quick dividends in the form of good times and easy living, you'll be disappointed.

Well, then, just what *are* your dollars buying?

They are buying peace and protection for our free way of life. The people of Western Europe are our last barrier to the encroachment of a totalitarian tyranny quite as ruthless and insatiable as Hitler's. If they go down, it may be our turn next. It's hard for us, here in America, to comprehend the full menace of the Russian drive. But in many of the countries I have visited for ECA that menace is something you can feel. In those countries it takes real courage to stand up and be counted among the fighters for democracy and freedom.

Were it not for the Marshall Plan, the Soviets might by now have pushed their control across a far larger part of Europe. We, ourselves, might be living in an armed camp. Instead of the $15,000,000,000 we are spending this year on national defense, we might be spending $25,000,000,000—or even more. Several times as many of our boys might be in uniform. And our factories, instead of turning out automobiles and washing machines, might be producing tanks and self-propelled artillery. This could still happen if we fail to follow through.

On the other hand, if the European Recovery Program succeeds, it is not unlikely that Russia will call off the cold war she's now waging and decide to become, if not a co-operative, at least a reasonably well-behaved member of the world family of nations. In fact, this is what I expect to see happen—not tomorrow or next week—but as soon as the Kremlin becomes convinced that no more cheap victories are in sight.

When this happens, we shall, of course, be able substantially to reduce our present defense budget. Thus, what you are spending on the Marshall Plan today should result in a lowering of your future tax rate. In fact, it is the only way I know of to get tax rates down substantially.

IN ADDITION to all this, your Marshall Plan dollars are buying future prosperity and a higher standard of living for Americans.

We are already beginning to get some direct returns from our investment in the form of strategic raw materials, bought with the 5 per cent of counterpart funds that has been set aside for use of the United States. We are also getting equal access to the resources of the territories we are helping to develop. Furthermore, the development of these dependent territories offers attractive future investment possibilities for private American capital and adventurous careers for American youth.

Your dollars are buying the chance to maintain a high rate of exports to Europe. Most of our exports today are made possible only by our aid to Europe. If Europe becomes self-supporting, she'll be able to pay for the American goods she needs. History has shown that prosperous, highly developed nations invariably buy more from us than poor and backward ones.

Your dollars are buying the chance to import more luxuries from Europe. There are many products European craftsmen can make for us better and cheaper than we can ourselves. Life in the United States is going to be fuller and richer, thanks to a wealth of goods flowing westward across the Atlantic.

Your dollars are buying an increase in general world trade. We Americans are prone to forget how dependent we are on the international exchange of goods for our daily living. A glance at the shelves of our corner grocery should enlighten us. Tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, coconut, spices are but a few of the multitudinous things we must import from abroad. When France buys cotton from us and sells shirts to Colombia, she is thereby making it easier for us to buy Colombian coffee.

Finally, your dollars are buying peace. Nobody knows what a third world war, waged with atomic weapons, would cost. We do know what the last one cost, not only in terms of treasure, but in human lives and suffering. Those costs we are determined to avoid. We can avoid them if the free peoples of the world will unite to save the peace. If the Marshall Plan succeeds, I firmly believe that we shall have banished the threat of war, not only for our own lifetime, but for the lifetime of our children and our children's children.

WHAT must we do to make European recovery a success?

First of all, we must accept the proposition that world trade is a two-way street, and that he who sells must buy. We've got to get over the notion that foreigners are doing us a disservice when they offer us good goods cheap.

Secondly, we must go out of our way consciously to encourage imports from Europe. We must, in certain instances, be ready to reduce tariffs to make it possible for them to trade with us. The Danes, for example, would like to send us more of their good butter in exchange for U.S. goods; but an inordinate tariff of 14 cents a pound prevents them from doing so.

Thirdly, we must resist efforts on the part of selfish groups to use the Marshall Plan for their own private profit. Many of these groups are at work in Washington right now, lobbying to get special favors written into the ECA authorization and appropriation bills. If they succeed, it is going to hamstring recovery and cost you more money.

Fourthly, we must take the long view, accept some temporary dislocations for the sake of future profits. I recall the case of a New England doll manufacturer who used to sell a large part of his output to Brazil. He lost that market when Brazilians started manufacturing their own dolls. Before long, however, he was doing more business with Brazil than ever, since the Brazilian manufacturers had to come to him for the voice mechanism that makes the dolls say "Mamma!" I expect to see this man's experience duplicated many times as European recovery shifts into high gear.

There are only a few ideas which in each age fundamentally alter the direction of history. The Marshall Plan is one of them. Through it you and I and 147,000,000 of our fellow citizens are investing in an enterprise that has as its aim a world in which Democracy can flourish and individual liberties will be protected. If it succeeds, we shall have bought the biggest bargain in all history.

THE END ★★

Pioneers Next Door

(*Continued from page* 21)

prosperous, semi-suburban community fifty miles from a large city. It is a community inhabited mostly by people who wear white collars and Anglo-Saxon names, and when the Caperellis settled on an acre of residential property in a nice neighborhood, many of us native-born Americans regarded them with as much coolness and suspicion as the Redskins felt toward the Pilgrim Fathers when they first landed at Plymouth. If we had had bows and arrows, some of us would undoubtedly have taken pot shots at them. But the Caperellis, like the Pilgrims, were full of beans and full of courage.

ON a bright spring Saturday in 1941 they first descended upon us in a ramshackle truck which bore the word "ICE" on the side of it. Pop Caperelli, the head of the family, was at the wheel. A powerfully built man of 50, with curly hair and flashing black eyes, he backed the truck up to the lot next door and assisted his wife, Francesca, to the ground. Then, with a triumphant flourish, he lowered the tail gate of the ice truck, and nine other Caperellis—men, women, and children—cascaded into the sunshine.

How they had all managed to ride in the truck was a mystery, but the vehicle also disgorged tools, secondhand lumber, a tent, cooking utensils, baskets of food, a keg of beer, a portable radio, and a weird-looking dog which one of the boys, Rocco, led by a massive iron chain that was strong enough to have held an elephant.

With jubilant cries in Italian and tenement-house English, the Caperellis surged over their new property in a human wave. It was literally an acre of wilderness at that time, swampy in places and overgrown with briers, poison ivy, and scrubby trees, but the Caperellis loved it from first sight. They had lived in a city slum ever since their arrival from Italy five years before, I learned later, and their glee at finally possessing a patch of ground where they could sink their roots knew no bounds that first day.

The children screamed with joy, climbed trees, and ran wild as little savages. Pop Caperelli, his wife, his brother-in-law, Uncle Dominick, his oldest son, Giuseppe, and the latter's wife, Rosa, avidly inspected every foot of promised land, pinched soil between their fingers, and chattered excitedly. Then they set about celebrating the great occasion.

Under stentorian orders shouted by Pop Caperelli, they cleared away the brush under a gnarled tree, pitched the tent, built an enormous fire, and hoisted the keg of beer into a low crotch of the tree, where it would be convenient for all. Then they unpacked food baskets, turned on the radio full blast, and all day long the Caperellis feasted and sang and enjoyed themselves. When darkness fell and their fire burned low, they divided into two parties and slept in the tent and the ice truck. They were all tired but very happy.

The same could not be said of their neighbors, who had clandestinely observed the day's activities. Horrified voices buzzed on telephones, tongues clicked, and all of us felt that a terrible, terrible thing had happened to our community.

This impression was heightened by ensuing events. When the Caperellis arose the next morning, they did no more celebrating, but got down to pioneering with tremendous gusto. Men, women, and children were equipped with spades, axes, and rakes, and, urged on in torrential Italian by Pop Caperelli, went to work enlarging their clearing and digging a deep hole in the ground. The secondhand lumber was also brought into use, and, before nightfall, two structures had already arisen on their new land—a crude, tar-paper shack and another edifice which they referred to as the "terlet."

This really outraged all of the neighbors in our neat, upper middle-class community. We vented our wrath on the real-estate dealer who had sold the Caperellis their property by cutting him dead on the street, and we held a neighborhood indignation meeting. When we discovered nothing much could be done to keep the Caperellis from doing what they liked on their own land, we proposed strict ordinances to prevent other people like them from settling in our sacred precincts.

Like the other neighbors, I was particularly afraid that the presence of the newcomers would reduce the value of property. The nearest point at which the Caperellis' land adjoined mine was 100 yards from my home, but I hired a nurseryman to plant a hedge along the property line which would eventually screen them from view and—I say it with shame—I made no effort to be friendly with them.

But our coldness did not discourage them for a minute. The family formed its own little kingdom in the midst of a hostile world and proceeded with its pioneering at a prodigious rate.

Pop Caperelli, it developed, was not an iceman, as we had assumed, but a highly skilled brick mason. Every weekday morning he and Uncle Dominick, who was a laborer, and the two oldest boys, Giuseppe and Rocco, who were mason's apprentices, would ride off in the truck to a construction job where they earned big wages. When they returned in the evening they would be dusty and sweat-stained, but they paused only long enough to eat a meal prepared by Mom Caperelli over a campfire, and then got to work again—grubbing roots, laying tile to drain their land, and digging furiously for the foundations of a permanent home.

The women worked just as hard. In addition to cooking and keeping house in the tent and the shack, and washing great piles of clothing which swung gaily on lines stretched between trees every Monday, Mom Caperelli, Rosa, and the oldest daughter, Juanita, 14, spaded a big garden patch. When the ground was wet they worked barefooted, and, right from the start, their garden flourished wonderfully. All the Caperellis had green thumbs, and under their magic touch the earth produced more food than it did for any of their tony neighbors who read garden books and pursued "scientific" methods.

The women also wielded shovels in the foundation digging and found time to build living accommodations for livestock—chickens, rabbits, and a goat named Eva which they milked twice a day. Some of the neighbors were shocked at the idea of anybody keeping a goat, but, in addition to providing food, Eva served the Caperellis as a beloved

companion and towed the children around in a small cart which they built out of an old baby carriage.

Every Sunday the whole family worked together from dawn till darkness. Even the smaller children, Lorenzo, 10, Tony, 7, and Angelina, 5, helped dig and push wheelbarrows and, later, assisted in mixing concrete, which the Caperellis called "the stuff." Over them all Pop Caperelli ruled as a vociferous but kindly tyrant, and I have never seen a family at an expensive summer resort have as much fun as the Caperellis did toiling, shouting, and singing together at their communal enterprise. They were motivated by a magnificent dream, and every stone they laid was a triumph, and hard work was sheer play.

By THE time cold weather came they were ready for it. They had completed a large, light basement and installed water, gas, and electricity with their own hands. This enabled them to take down the tent and the "terlet" and move indoors, but their property was still an eyesore, littered with great mounds of yellow earth from their excavations, and with untidy piles of secondhand lumber, concrete blocks, and other building material.

As a result, the neighbors continued to shudder every time they passed the place, and referred to them as "those horrible Wops," although the Caperellis did nothing to justify the expression. They stayed very much to themselves, except for one tentative offer by Pop Caperelli to join our volunteer fire department, which he felt it was his duty to do as a good citizen.

"I am a goddamma gooda man at a fire," he said to the Chief, but the fire company turned him down. He was too old to become a member, the Chief said, but his foreign accent probably had more to do with his rejection. And none of his sons were asked to join, either, although they certainly were young enough and gazed at the red apparatus wistfully every time it rolled down the road.

After that snub the Caperellis kept more to themselves than ever, and it was more or less by accident that I made my first contacts with them. One winter morning when I was driving out of my driveway, I encountered the youngest child of the family, Angelina, on her way to kindergarten. Tiny and sensitive-faced, she stared at me gravely with big, black eyes. I waved, she waved back, and thereafter she would watch for me every morning and smile with her whole soul in her eyes. It was the kind of child's smile that makes you feel good all over, and I got to look forward to it.

After that I chatted with the Caperellis occasionally over the hedge I had planted to shut them out, but we were both a bit shy and suspicious. When summer came I made a gift of home-grown timothy hay to Eva, the goat, and Mom Caperelli reciprocated by timidly giving my wife a cake of homemade goat cheese, but we didn't quite trust one another.

The war crashed down on the Caperellis like it did on everyone else, but failed to stop the steady march of their pioneering. One by one the three oldest boys—Giuseppe, Rocco, and Vincent—were called to the colors, and Uncle Dominick took a job in a war plant in the city. This left only Pop Caperelli and the women and children to work at home, but week by week things happened next door.

Slowly, but surely, a two-story structure of cinder blocks rose on top of the basement in which the family lived. With the exception of occasional Sunday help from an Italian friend who ran a fruit stand, Pop Caperelli framed the roof all by himself. Then, for a solid week, Mom Caperelli, Rosa, and Juanita took to the heights and nailed asbestos shingles on the roof, while the children hoisted material up to them with ropes and pulleys.

Some of the neighbors said it was "cheap" for women to make a spectacle of themselves by doing work like that, but they thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. Dressed in dungarees and men's shirts, they sang and chattered as they hammered away, and acquired as fine a suntan as they could have gotten on any beach. And I have an idea that the women forebears of some of the people who sniffed at them were not above helping their men nail shingles on cabin roofs.

Once the bare shell of their house was completed, the Caperellis immediately started digging a hole for another one—a separate home for Giuseppe and his wife, Rosa, who had given birth to a child, Ferdinand, soon after he left for the war. This new excavation made the Caparelli property look more unkempt than ever. The unpainted cinder-block house resembled a prison, folks said, and the neighbors continued to turn up their noses.

Then a couple of things happened which started to change the general attitude.

For one thing, tragedy knocked at the neat colonial door of the Bradleys, an elderly couple who lived on the other side of the Caperellis. Mrs. Bradley suffered a stroke early one morning, and Mr. Bradley, who was badly crippled with arthritis, collapsed on the floor while trying to get from his bed to the telephone. The best he could do was beat on a window and call for help.

The Caperellis heard him and immediately went to the rescue. They had been coldly ignored by the Bradleys, but that made no difference to them. They broke into the locked house, called a doctor, helped get Mrs. Bradley to the hospital, and cooked and kept house for her crippled husband during the days she was away. That was during a period when it was next to impossible to hire a nurse or a servant, and what the Caperelli women did for the Bradleys was worth more than money could buy, but they would not accept a cent for their services.

"What are neighbors good for," Rosa said, "if they can't help you out when you need it?"

The Bradleys and their friends in the neighborhood were more than impressed.

Then, a few weeks before V-J Day, word was received that Vincent, the youngest of the Caperelli soldier sons, had been killed in the fighting for Okinawa. The Caperellis did not parade their grief or talk about it. For a long time they were merely more subdued than usual as they went about their work, but the news got around, and I think everybody felt bad about it, and a bit ashamed. A "Wop" kid who had not been considered good enough for the volunteer fire department was good enough to die for his country.

When the other boys returned from the service and Uncle Dominick came home from the war plant, the walls of the second house went up much faster than those of the first. In their spare time the Caperellis also installed heating plants, laid floors, set bathroom tiles. Yet, with all their activity on their eight-hour-a-day jobs and their own property, they weren't too busy to give me a hand.

While talking with Pop Caperelli one morning I mentioned the fact that I was planning to build a garage. There was an old barn on my place, and I had thought that some of the lumber in it might be used for the garage, but a carpenter who estimated on the job had told me it wouldn't pay. It would be cheaper, the carpenter said, to forget the old barn and build the garage out of entirely new material.

When I told this to Pop Caperelli he became very indignant. "That carp," he said, referring to the carpenter, "is a goddamma fool. He gyp you. I bringa over my gang. I notta badda man like some people say. I sava you mon."

A few days later the whole Caparelli tribe came charging through the hedge armed with crowbars and pinch bars, sledge hammers and axes. They fell upon the old barn as though it were their mortal enemy, and, within a comparatively few hours, completely dismantled it and piled the good, seasoned lumber it contained into neat piles near the garage site. During succeeding days they poured the concrete for the garage and helped me frame and sheathe it. I insisted upon paying them wages, but, even so, the garage cost me several hundred dollars less than it would have if I had let out a contract to the "carp."

The Bradleys and I were not the only neighbors for whom the Caperellis did valuable favors. They helped another homeowner to build an outdoor fireplace which turned out so beautifully that it is more like a monument than a fireplace. Uncle Dominick, who was reared in the wine country of Italy, pruned a barren grapevine for some people across the street, and it bore bushels of luscious fruit.

The thing which really bowled the town over, however, was the final dramatic phase of the Caperellis' own building enterprise which occurred last summer.

Pop Caperelli bought a mountain of secondhand brick from a house wrecker for next to nothing, and his sons trucked them home and dumped them out. The bricks were covered with dry cement, many of them were stuck together, and they looked absolutely worthless. But that was merely the way they looked.

Wearing dime-store goggles which made them resemble so many owls, the whole family went to work knocking the bricks apart and chipping the cement off. Some bricks took five minutes to clean and many broke under the chisels, but they kept at it. One by one they salvaged literally thousands of bricks. As usual, the children helped. Dainty Angelina rubbed each brick vigorously with a wire brush after older hands had carved off the cement, and little Ferdinand, now 3, dusted each one with a baby's broom.

Then came a great day when Pop Caperelli and his sons mounted scaffolds and started giving their homes new skins. As they laid up the bricks tier by tier over the ugly cinder blocks, Cinderella herself never underwent a more dramatic transformation than did the two houses they had labored on for so long. The secondhand brick had a mellow texture which new bricks never have, and the former Caperelli eyesores suddenly blossomed into such handsome homes that people came from all over the neighborhood to look and admire. The new walls blotted out our last prejudice against their builders.

But the family did not stop there. Since then they have finished their houses inside as well as out, built two 2-car garages to house the three cars which they now own in addition to the truck, landscaped their yard, and planted grass, flowers, and shrubs. Both houses are roomy inside and each contains two bathrooms.

They are not luxuriously furnished, but they are kept immaculate and contain the last word in modern appliances—washing machines, refrigerators, and freeze boxes. In addition, each has a delightful cold pantry where onions and herbs are strung from the ceiling, and shelves contain hundreds of jars of canned produce from the Caperellis' lush vegetable garden and fruit vines. Where they found a wilderness eight years ago, the Caperellis now own, free and clear, a small estate which is worth not less than $50,000.

That in itself is an accomplishment which has been equaled by comparatively few families of the cocktail set who used to sneer at them, but they have achieved just as important a triumph in building for themselves a place of respect and affection in the community. Where everyone gave them the cold shoulder eight years ago, they are now accepted for what they are—fine neighbors and fine Americans. They have not yet been asked to join the country club, it is true, but two members of the family now belong to the fire department, and nobody can say what a few more years may do.

Exposed to public school education, the younger children have lost their accents and are broadening their horizons daily. Tony, who is now in high school, wants to go to college and study architecture, and Angelina hopes to become a trained nurse. She is so pretty that if she does she is sure to marry a doctor. The youngsters are becoming Americanized so fast, in fact, that they have made the old folks give up the goat, which is rather a pity.

In the little saga of the Caperellis there is a point, I believe, which is often lost sight of by native-born Americans—a point which was brought home to me when I had a chat with Pop Caperelli recently over the hedge.

"Wotta da hell," he said when I spoke admiringly of all that he and his family have accomplished. "We just worka hard. In old country, we worka hard too, but harda work no good. Over here, we worka hard, we getta everything!"

In those simple words of an uneducated immigrant lies a very significant truth. For more than 300 years this country has attracted ambitious and industrious people like the Caperellis because it offered greater rewards for hard work than any other land on earth. It is still that kind of country—a country for pioneers. The opportunities for forging ahead lie all around us. They may even be found on the lot next door.

THE END ★★

Walk on Tiptoe

(*Continued from page* 23)

to get his own way," Mrs. Ames was proceeding earnestly. "Nobody—not even your George—is always right! If you walk on tiptoe all the time, you are really evading responsibility. Sometimes, of course, you have to tiptoe. But sometimes, Peg, you have to assert yourself." She shook her head in only half-pretended despair. "I only hope I haven't brought you up to be a half-wit!"

Peg nodded mutely as she boarded the train. Her mother meant to be helpful. She just didn't understand. Nothing in the world mattered but George. Nothing but her complete devotion to him could make her stand up to her mother as she had. She had never questioned her mother during the years she lived at home, never felt the need. But that was before she married George.

"Maybe," she thought, "I am a half-wit. About one man." Because ever since she had been an intense, wide-eyed freshman in high school, and he had been a senior, president of the Jukers, captain of the football team, and generally terrific, she had never really seen anybody else but George.

She thought of her mother's parting words about walking on tiptoe when she should be asserting herself. For George, she would walk on tiptoe, always. She wanted only what George wanted, she thought helplessly. She adored him. Adored the arrogant tilt of his angular jaw, the brown eyes which could light up with sparkling mischief, or go instantly, warily, dead-dull. The contours of his tall body, even the impatient motions of his hands, moved her heart intolerably. She loved him for many reasons; she loved him with complete unreason. And he loved her—she was eternally sure of that.

If only she could discover what was wrong, what caused this depression, intangible as fog, which swept over him at the most unexpected moments, and which, like fog, blotted out the light and gaiety of their lives. It had to straighten out, she thought as the train gathered speed. It just had to. So frighteningly many marriages ended in failure. She would be glad to die if their marriage failed.

WHEN George graduated from high school, his family moved out West, and all she ever had of him was casual bits of news. These she stored up, magpie fashion, and treasured. He was going to some college out there. He was in Mexico with his father. It was as impersonal as that. She had a picture of him, cut from the yearbook.

And then, miraculously, on a golden Saturday afternoon, she had seen George again. She was dashing up Fifth Avenue on her way to a date, which she remembered clearly again a week later. She had on a new black sheer and a perfectly wonderful hat, and she felt quite impressive. A big young man was coming toward her, and her heart skipped a beat, because it could have been George. Then she saw that, unbelievably, it was George! He was going right past her.

"Hi, George," she said, and her voice cracked. He stopped and stared. She looked back at him, the corner of a dream showing in her eyes. Then she smiled.

"Why, Peg! Peggie Ames! You've grown up so I'd never have known you except for your dimple. Luckily, that's still the same size."

He sounded as if he were talking to a child, the child she had been, but it was not at all the way he was looking at her. He held both her hands and smiled down into her eyes. Fifth Avenue spun dizzily around her. Oh, wonderful avenue, wonderful day, wonderful new hat! George had come back.

Even after two years, as she sat there alone in the train, she remembered how deliriously happy she had felt.

He had come East to take a job in his uncle's bank. She went around with stars in her eyes. In no time at all they were married. In fact, before they had even found a place to live they were married.

After the honeymoon they came back to the "home of the bride's mother" in Peacock Valley, the pretty suburb where Peg had always lived. Every morning, as George started out for the commuting train, Peg started out home-hunting. At first, it was adventure. As she hunted down the apartments for rent, over vine-covered garages, with kitchen privileges, back of side-street delicatessens, she tried vainly to picture George living in these odd spots. Nothing seemed right for him.

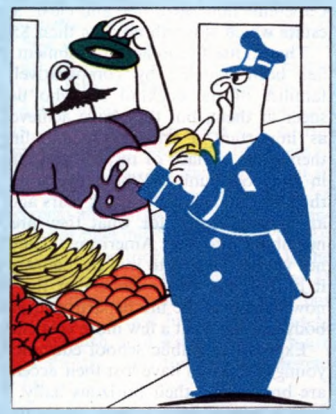
At night, George would say, "Any luck, today, honey?" and she would make fantastic stories of her day's wanderings. "It's luck that we don't have to go to live in any of these dives," she would say.

They bought a car, and continued the unremitting search. George began to get what she thought of as "that look" in his eyes.

It's the Law!

by DICK HYMAN

Illustrated by O. Soglow



Yonkers, N. Y., policemen are forbidden to sample fruit without paying for it

In Hazlehurst, Miss., it is against the law to shoot fish

No person shall stand, sit, roll upon, walk, or run down any slope in any park in Baltimore, Md.

It is legal in Minneapolis, Minn., to keep a goat in an apartment house but illegal to keep a mule in one

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

"Maybe," he suggested, "you don't want to leave home. Is that it?"

"George," she said wearily, "you've seen some of the best of the places."

"I never thought we'd be imposing on your mother this long. It does seem that we ought to have found a place to live in, by now." He moved his shoulders restlessly.

"Children!" Mrs. Ames's decisive voice floated up to them. "Dinner is waiting!"

They went downstairs in silence. Of course, Peg thought, anyone knew that living with the family was dangerous for a marriage. But the cramped little places she had found were not good enough. Nor could she find anything in New York, within their price range, where she thought George could be happy.

"I'd like to get away from the whole thing," she thought wistfully. "I'd like to move out into the country where there is room for everybody. I'd like a farm. Other people manage."

Maybe if George— But it happened that night they went to a penthouse party in New York. "Look at this layout, honey!" said George. His eyes were bright, he waved a grilled shrimp on a silver pick. "Smooth and suave. We'll have one like this. Eh, kid?" He grinned at her.

"We will if you want it," she told him. Maybe a farm was pretty silly, after all. . . .

And then Mrs. Ames found them a place to live. She wasn't as sensitive to George's needs as Peg was, and she had hinted several times of the inconveniences caused by the young couple's presence in the house.

"George is late again," said Mrs. Ames, this particular evening. "And I have news." She sounded faintly annoyed.

What was so essential about eating on time? thought Peg. Aloud, she said, "I'm simply ravenous. Do we have to wait?"

They had begun to eat when the front door slammed. Peg half rose. "George?" she called.

"George, hurry!" said his mother-in-law. "I'm popping with news."

He slid into his seat at table with a mutter of apology.

Mrs. Ames began: "I think I have found an apartment for you children." She mentioned the location, an excellent one. "The only drawback is, it is a sort of basement apartment. That's why you can get it for only seventy-five. You keep an eye on the oil burner—"

George's lips were still smiling, Peg saw, but his eyes had gone dark and serious.

"Yeah," he said. "Thanks, Mother Ames. It's sort of like my basement job at the bank, I guess. I thought it paid well, but I begin to see why, if a janitor's apartment costs seventy-five bucks."

"Not a janitor," Marguerite Ames protested. "A sort of superintendent's apartment." And when George made no response, she said sharply, "Heavens, I should think you'd jump at it!"

"Yeah," said George. "I guess we will."

"Oh," thought Peg desperately, as she had thought so many times lately. "You are both absolutely right, but please stop!" She asked dozens of questions about the apartment, and finally insisted that she and George would go to see it, right after dinner.

When they were in the car, she said, "Drive down Reservoir Road, and let's talk."

"You mean," said George stiffly, "after we dash over and take the apartment?"

"No. I mean before."

He drove down the shadowy road, turned off the motor, and took her in his arms. It was a long time before either of them spoke. Finally, George said, "Do you want that apartment, Peg?"

She made a dismissive gesture with her small hands. "If you do," she said. "But I don't think it is what you want at all, is it, dear?"

"Darn it! Don't you even *care* what we do?"

Someone parked near them laughed. "S-s-sh!" Peg warned. "Tell me, quickly, what would you like to do most?"

His arms went up, he clasped his hands at the back of his head. An old, beloved trick of his, it meant that he was giving her question serious consideration. Then he said slowly, as if he were embarrassed, "All right, I'll tell you. I'd like to get out of this mess and own a farm." He looked at her commandingly. "Now, I've come clean, and you can laugh if you want to, but you have to play fair. Tell me what you'd like to do."

"I'd simply love a farm!" she said instantly.

His shoulders drooped. "I might have known," he said instantly. "You just won't talk. *You'd* love a farm!" His voice cracked boyishly. "Oh, sure! A whole new kind of life—and the first time it's mentioned you'd love it. But if we're ever going to try it, it better be now, while we're young. So, Mrs. Bee, may I make like I believe you? Are you game to try farming for, say, a year?"

The voice which said, "Oh, yes!" was so warm and excited she hardly recognized it for her own. He held her hard in his arms. His face, which had looked so closed and arrogant was alight with happiness as he kissed her. . . .

The farm they found was located in southern Pennsylvania, in a countryside so rich that good crops were an almost unvarying rule. All that George's father had left him, all the money they had saved, went into it. Out of the depths of their enthusiasm and ignorance, they raised things almost at random. They raised tomatoes, which the cannery bought, acres of tobacco, and far too many vegetables.

Mainly from a desire to do the right thing, they kept various animals where it seemed indicated: chickens in the numerous chicken houses, cows and pigs in the barns and sties. They made the discovery that milking a cow is a triumph of matter over mind. As the first year of their life on the farm completed its circle, they had almost arrived at the point where their farmer-neighbors had moments of not viewing them with alarm.

The original bargain, that they would try farming for a year, Peg had quite forgotten. Everything was all right—or almost everything, Peg thought, one February morning, as she unfroze some orange juice and began frying a large slice of ham. Everything except this gloom, this tension, which overwhelmed George at the oddest times.

When he came in from milking, she had their enormous breakfast ready to serve. Such a rich farm! she thought contentedly. Juice, the ham and eggs, a big plate of toast with butter she had made, her own jelly in a saucer, coffee, cream from their own cows. It was simply unbelievable. It was no wonder

she was getting fat on such fare. She chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?" George looked up from the sink, where he was washing his hands.

"At us. Look at us—you, farming in ski pants, and me, cooking in dungarees. George, it is funny! I used to think we looked like people in a costume play when we first came here, but now it feels so natural that I hardly ever think how funny we are, any more."

"Yeah," he said somberly. "And you thought you were marrying a banker. You could have married anybody."

"Oh, my!" thought Peg. "What have I said now?" The gone feeling grew and spread within her. "Absolutely," she assured him grandly. "Had to fight off the guys who wanted to marry me, but I'm glad I did."

"Well, you'd never let on if you weren't. Let's eat. I give up. It's none of my business what you really want—or wanted. But I could meet you halfway, you know." . . .

THE girl in the train, remembering, sighed. Couldn't George just accept what she was so glad to give? What she really wanted was to make him happy. Of course, she liked the farm, too. But surely she didn't have to tell him that. Couldn't he see how happy she was?

After breakfast, he had gone outside, leaving a quiet tension behind him. She had gone out, too, but instead of following him to the barn, she went to feed her chickens. Anything was always better than dishes.

She was almost finished scooping feed into the long hoppers when the door opened.

"Surprise," said George. He stood there, all one big grin. On either side of him was a glamorous creature swathed in furs. Her two best friends from Peacock Valley! Peg looked briefly at her worn and serviceable slacks. Beside the other girls' perfection, she felt as if she had crawled out of the woodwork. They could have telephoned, she thought wistfully. Even ten minutes' notice and she could have slipped into a dress. . . . Well, skip it! She went into her act:

"Mel Haynes! Claire Evans! Are you real, or is this just wishful thinking?"

"Darling!" they said. Their voices, with little points in them, were different from the gently-cadenced voices she and George had been used to hearing lately. "Darling," they said, "how simply quaint you look!"

"Darlings," she answered, smiling, matching her voice to theirs. "This is so wonderful! Where *did* George find you?"

It was at that precise moment that she saw George look at her, saw that shuttered look come into his eyes, saw the laughter die. "Well, maybe I did let him down," she thought. "Maybe I don't look glamorous. Maybe I should wear mink to feed the chickens, in case of emergencies just like this." She looked back at him, hard. Aloud, she said, with a chuckle like her own mother's, "Mel, I'd forgotten that perfume of yours. It still packs a wallop!"

"We've been having the most simply stupendous time!" Claire said. "We've been on a vacation— Oh, it will take too long to tell you all of it, and we've got to get on home, or our husbands will divorce us!"

"Of course you can stay," she said urgently, and was proud of the way she made it sound.

"Come in and have some coffee, anyway," said George.

They were all in the kitchen, then, admiring the Pennsylvania Dutch motifs Peg had stenciled with such a lavish hand, bravely ignoring the unwashed breakfast dishes.

"Tell me things!" she urged gaily. "Tell me all the news about everybody, and if you don't know any scandals, invent some!"

Over the coffee, the house rang with laughter and chatter.

"It sounds," said George, "as if everybody we knew had discovered gold in their back yards."

It did, too. Ted and Dot had bought the big house in the Manor, and Sue and Bill had a plane, and Sue was learning to fly. Glad had a gorgeous new fur coat.

And the new plays, the ballet—Peg's head swam.

At last Claire said, "And what have you been doing?"

Peg cast about wildly in her mind and rejected dubious witticisms about yodeling, or tightrope walking. She smiled. "Just living quietly," she said. "Just happy hayseeds."

She saw George's mouth tighten, and thought, "I've said the wrong thing again."

Claire shrieked, "You look so wonderful! And how plutocratic, this huge place, and ten enormous rooms for just the two of you! I'm going back home and simply cringe!" Claire had never looked less cringing.

"Well," said George, "we are beginning to make it pay its way." The statement sounded rather sad, rather flat, somehow.

"It's more of an achievement, actually, than it sounds," thought Peg indignantly. "Why does George want to play it down?"

IT WAS then that Claire said impulsively, "Look! Come back with us. George, you make her do it! Make her come for a few days' visit! We'll show her a time!"

"Marvelous!" Mel seconded. "Throw something in a bag and come!"

Peg tried to keep the note of panic out of her voice. "I couldn't possibly—" she began.

George interrupted her with decision: "Of course you could!" He turned to Claire: "Wouldn't you two like to wander through the house?" he asked pointedly. "I'll undertake to persuade the little woman."

"It's sweet of you," she began again when they were alone.

His face twisted impatiently. "Don't say that. Because it isn't true. I'm not sweet at all. Their stopping in like this, out of a clear sky, is a break. Let's take advantage of it."

Peg ran her fingers through her curls, cut short for practicality. She felt like Huckleberry Finn. "How could I go with them looking like this? It's absurd."

George looked at her attentively. "Oh, you can fix yourself up. You'll be all right."

"Gee, thanks!"

Her heavy-handed irony was wasted on him. He was going on: "We need to get away from each other, to be free from each other, and this is the way to do it. Peg—" He was standing beside her, tall and dark and solemn. "Peg, I don't want to dominate you—and that's what I'm doing. Go home, see people, get away from me! Take a week—take as long as you need to take, and when you come back, we'll decide what to do about us, about the farm and everything."

"You don't want to dominate me? Well, you're dominating me right out of here," she protested childishly.

"That's different." He rumpled her hair.

"Want me to pack for you?" He held her for an instant, close to him. "And don't look like that, you dumb little bunny. This isn't tragedy; this is us, getting a perspective on things. You go and have fun."

She smiled at him distantly, as if he were someone she hardly knew. "I hope you have a nice week, too, George," she said, politely. . . .

Peg gathered her bags together and prepared to leave the train. She had been a good wife. She had done just about everything for George. She envisioned a penitent George, waiting on the station platform, saying, "Oh, darling, I've missed you so! I've been a fool!" She left the train alertly, buoyantly, prepared to be magnanimous.

With a sense of outrage, she discovered he was not even at the station to meet her. The farm telephone did not answer. Peg felt nothing but indignation as the taxi drove her over the bumpy March roads, to the farm. A stranger's car stood in the barnyard. As she paid off her taxi, she could hear men's voices in the barn.

She stood still in the cold sunshine, irresolute. Then, slowly, she walked toward the barn, toward the voices.

"Well," George was saying, "we have never farmed. Never had any experience at all in farming, before we came out here, my wife and I. It's hard, and you make crazy mistakes—anyone does. But it is really tremendous. It's exhilarating. Maybe it's reversion to type—I wouldn't know—this pleasure to be derived from working directly with land, with growing crops, with animals." She had never heard George so expansive.

"And yet, you are selling out?"

Now George's voice came, slow and heavy: "Yeah."

"Couldn't make a go of it?"

"Look," said George reasonably. "There is one big thing, one big factor. Your wife has got to want this as much as you do. . . . You are in the hardware business, you said? Well, it's different from hardware." His voice changed, as if he were talking to himself. Her reticent George! "It's different from anything else in the world. But I could see it was not what my wife wanted, not what she wanted, at all. The garden of Eden wouldn't be any good if Eve weren't contented."

There was a short bark of laughter. "It wasn't!" said the hardware man. "You can bet." The two men turned as Peg exploded into the barn.

"Look here, Adam," she said, standing before them with her fists on her flat little hips. "Don't blame this on Eve!" Rage surged through her like a blood transfusion. "Your wife, George, likes this farm as much as you do. She likes it, if you want to know, a darned sight more than you do. *She's* not the one who is trying to sneak out and sell it."

Her anger choked her, and she started again: "Picking raspberries in the hill pasture, hearing the cackling of the hens in the chicken house—hens working for *us*—seeing the cows, and thinking, 'Our milk,' reading the tracks of rabbits and pheasants on the drifted snow in the orchard . . . This life has three dimensions," she ended abruptly and incoherently.

"Who is this lady?" asked the hardware man, in the lull.

"This lady," said George, "is my wife."

The hardware man skittered out of the barn door, stumbling over its high old step. "I—I'll look around outside," he called back.

George looked down at his wife. "I never heard you yell before," he remarked. "One week's vacation, and you make like this. My gosh, I'm glad you haven't been gone two weeks!" He started to put his arms around her.

She pushed him. "Don't make a joke of it!" she said indignantly. "It's not funny to me. Can't you see that I love this way of doing, but I just happen to love you more? I don't want to decide about this, because—"

"Because you don't care." He nodded. "That's the way you acted."

So that's what he thought. That she didn't care. Just because she hadn't thought to talk about what she liked, in her eagerness to see him happy.

"Well, if that's what you think, that's the way I'm not going to act any more. Blaming it on me!" She glared at him, her eyes blazing. "This Eve sticks to the Garden, bub!"

George began to laugh. Peg had never seen him laugh so hard. He slapped his leg and doubled over and roared. The barn rang with his mirth. She stood, grim and tense, as long as she could, and then she began to smile. Suddenly, she was lost, swept away on a gale of irresponsible mirth as he had been. They clung to each other.

"Well," said George, finally, wiping her eyes and his own, "never saw a vacation do anyone so much good. Let's beat the whole thing out, shall we, while we're at it? My year that I asked for is almost up, and I guess I have your answer, haven't I?"

She nodded.

"Say it," he commanded. "Don't just shake your head. For years, it seems to me, you haven't said anything but, 'Whatever you want, dear.' Finally, I thought I had my cue from the way you acted when the girls came."

"The way I acted?"

"Sure. You stood there, adorable, and real, and mine, with a smudge on your face. I was so proud of you. Then, by a trick of your voice and your manner, you changed yourself, right in front of my eyes, into a finishing-school miss. When you said, 'Darlings, where *did* George find you?'" There was bitter mimicry in his voice. "It was as if you denied the farm and us as farmers. It hit me in the face. I thought, 'I've dragged that girl here against her will—she doesn't belong. She's just been putting on a different sort of act to please me.'"

"I suppose if I'd said *moo* you'd have thought I was a cow?"

George held her and kissed her with a great deal of conviction.

"George—George! That man is outside there, somewhere!"

"Peg," he said dreamily, "just to hear you say it, I'm going to ask you a question. Do you love me as much as you love the farm?"

Peg smiled up at him provocatively.

"Honey," she said. "Go out and tell that man to drive quickly into town and find himself a nice real-estate agent. And then—" She looked up at him with a glint in her eyes. "And then, come back and ask me that question again. I dare you!"

THE END ★★

The police chief was trying to calm the protesting delegation of masqueraders

Invitation to MURDER

When Geoffrey Bragg and his beautiful Irish wife gave a home-coming party almost everyone came—even Death!

BY PETER ORDWAY

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

MY NAME is Henry Stevens. On a particular afternoon, I was still the Assistant Commonwealth's Attorney, which is the same as District Attorney in most states. Despite my position, I was summoned to Rose Manor like a delivery boy—and I responded.

I was on my way back to my office in the courthouse when Miss Bonnafield intercepted me. Bonny is technically my secretary; actually, she is major-domo and general factotum for the courthouse gang. She is elderly, a spinster, and possesses a judgment matured to infallibility.

"Young Geoffrey Bragg called. Wants you to call him right away. Wouldn't leave a message, and he sounds mighty peculiar," she said.

We walked to the office in silence. I sat at my desk, but I didn't pick up the phone. Geoffrey Bragg and his bride had been back at Rose Manor for six months, but I had seen them only once—at somebody's party. They weren't seeing anybody in Crescent City.

Geoffrey Bragg was a Bragg County Bragg. His uncle, Corwith, ruled the Bragg empire with an iron hand, an empire of hidden, interlocking domains. The State House and Senate, Bragg Tobacco, five state-wide banks, and that war baby that grew up—Crescent City Chemical. The Braggs were the first family in the state, and Geoff, as the only one in his generation in the direct line, was the heir presumptive.

His parents were killed in a train wreck in the West when he was just a kid—eight or nine—and old Corwith, a bachelor, selected a guardian, Caleb Bragg, a second cousin. Caleb and his wife, childless and indecisive, moved from their respectable boardinghouse in Roanoke to Rose Manor. I doubt if they had ever tried to understand Geoffrey.

I liked him as a boy, in a condescending way. I could afford the extravagance of having the Bragg kid in my retinue because I was a big shot—football captain and class president. And our curious, unsuited friendship had persisted until the last six months, until his marriage.

"Stop woolgathering," Miss Bonnafield ordered, "and call young Bragg. The boy's in some kind of trouble."

I looked at her curiously. "What makes you think so?"

"Nine out of ten people who ring that phone are mixed up in something out of the ordinary. He's no different." She lapsed into silence, then said, "It might be something to do with that new wife of his."

Few people in Crescent City had laid eyes on Geoff's wife. She had made only one public appearance—at a cocktail party Geoff's uncle, Corwith, had given for them. But they knew of her and were prepared to welcome her, but they never got the chance. Invitations were refused. Callers at Rose Manor were rebuffed. Resentment took the form of veiled stories and innuendo, but those who had seen her were not likely to forget Temple Bragg. She was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. . . .

I DIALED Rose Manor. In a moment Geoff was on the phone.

"Sorry to bother you, Henry," he said, "but this is rather important." His voice was expressionless, but the words came too fast.

"Never too busy—you should know that. What can I do?" I asked.

He hesitated, then said, "Can you get out here this afternoon?"

I kidded mildly: "A pleasure. Big party or just a few of us for drinks?"

He didn't play along. There was a hint of panic in his voice: "I need some advice, Henry. Professional advice. I—can't say anything more than that." He hung up.

I said to Bonny, "I don't get it; he actually sounded scared."

"Maybe he's got a good reason to be."

"Meaning what, exactly?"

She didn't answer immediately; then she said, "There's something funny going on up at Rose Manor, Henry. I hear things—I suppose it's because I'm a busybody who's older than God. The two of them aren't living in the proverbial honeymoon cottage. And, don't forget, they've got that man Crail living with them."

Duncan Crail was an Englishman, in his early forties, almost too good-looking, and visiting at Rose Manor. That's all I knew about him, except that I didn't get his connection with the Braggs. And I didn't like him.

Rose Manor has belonged to the Bragg family for almost two hundred years. The old house, now completely modernized, stands on a high knoll, and overlooks broad expanses of lawn and the twin, formal English gardens.

Maxim, who had been with Geoffrey's grandfather, was waiting at the door when I drove up. His ancient face was wrinkled in a welcoming grin. He led me directly to the old library, which Geoffrey had made into a den and bar upon Caleb's death.

Geoffrey sat on the other side of the bar with a drink in his hand, staring at his own reflection in the mirror. It's hard to describe Geoffrey Bragg. He was tall, excessively thin, with finely drawn, delicate features. His eyes were too large for his face, and no matter how many months he spent in the sun, his complexion never changed from

sallow white. Because his lower lip was thin even in repose, his mouth maintained a petulant stubbornness.

As he came off the stool and advanced to meet me, I realized he was drunk. But not staggering; his movements were ultraprecise. I also noted a tremble when we shook hands.

"Glad you came, Henry. Let me fix you a drink." He ducked behind the bar.

"Haven't seen you around for quite a spell, Geoff," I said.

"Not since that cocktail party. We don't see anyone."

I needed an explanation, so I needled him: "Marriage has made you antisocial. Where's the bride, by the way? I'd like to offer my respects."

"She's out riding, I think," he said indifferently. Then he looked at me directly for the first time. "I know what people think about us up here, Henry. Maybe I should do something about it, but I don't see how I can."

"You can both live in a cave, as far as I'm concerned. I'm sorry, that's all."

Geoffrey poured himself another drink, then he said, "It isn't just you we're not seeing, so don't be upset about it. You see, I'm very loyal, Henry, otherwise I'd tell you more."

"Maybe I understand a little. It's your wife."

"Yes . . ." He waved his hands helplessly. "She doesn't want to go out, to see anyone. It's some kind of an obsession."

We'd carried the subject as far as I knew his habitual inarticulateness and illogical reactions were going to take it. "You wanted to see me professionally," I prompted.

That yanked him back. "I think someone is trying to kill me," he said.

"Based on what?"

"Three different things. Any one of them would have . . ." His voice rose and hung for a moment, then returned to normal: "The first happened three weeks ago tomorrow. Sleeping pills."

I didn't get it.

"I can't be much clearer," he said. "Sleeping pills. I take them. It's habit now, but that's neither here nor there. Maxim always put them out for me on the bed table. You know what they look like?"

"Yellow capsules—medium small?"

He nodded. "These weren't. They were orange, a lot bigger."

"What were they?"

"Morphine. Enough to kill a horse. I sent them to Crescent City for analysis." He was obviously proud of his action.

A LOT bigger and orange. There was something phony, because whoever laid out the capsules couldn't really have expected Geoff to swallow them.

"How about the other attempts? Equally lethal?"

"Of course," he said. "They're all tied together. The same person loosened the girth strap on my saddle. I was going to exercise a new hunter. I got a fall, but it could have been a lot worse, particularly in the middle of a fence jump. The groom didn't know anything about it, and I believe him."

"And the third?"

"Somebody took a shot at me yesterday morning. I was off in the woods, checking on the trout stream. He didn't miss by much. There were two shots."

"Fired how close together?"

"I don't see where it makes any difference."

"It gives us a clearer picture, Geoff. Two shots right together—it might be on the spur of the moment. But if he waited after the first, then he had you staked out."

He thought about it. Finally he replied, "They weren't right together. I remember ducking after the first. That's the whole story—three times in three weeks."

IT WAS a nice problem. Legally, of course, there was nothing to do. Attempted homicide. But suppose it wasn't? Already in an ultranervous state through alcohol and sleeping drugs, were his stories reliable? Any, or all three, could be chance.

"It has nothing to do with me. Somebody's trying to hurt Uncle Corwith through me. You know how many enemies the old man's got!"

I didn't let him carry that premise any farther. I said, "Geoff, it's somebody lots closer to you than that. It narrows down to either servants or the family and house guest." It was the first time either of us had mentioned Duncan Crail.

This conclusion frightened him. "Maybe I've been wrong," he said lamely. "Might be my nerves making me imagine things."

"How many people know about these 'attempts'?"

"Nobody. I wanted your advice."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

The fear had passed. He said, "Forget about it. Forget I ever mentioned it." He began to laugh. "I'm not even sure anything happened. I am so mixed up these days."

"I think they happened, but nobody had any intention of killing you, Geoff. They meant to scare you, and they did."

"Scare me? Why?"

"Maybe somebody wants you out of Rose Manor," I said.

"That's one thing nobody's going to do!" Geoff's voice was querulously obstinate. "I am back here for good."

This surprised me. Geoff had always been on the move—apartments in Paris, a Swiss chalet, a plantation in Jamaica—and from what I had seen and heard of his wife, I couldn't imagine her satisfied with a permanent bucolic existence.

He repeated definitely, "Nobody's going to scare me away!"

There was nothing more I could do, not that I had done anything so far except act as his sounding board.

"If anything else happens, you'll let me know?" I asked.

He promised.

Temple and Crail came in at that moment.

She was one of the three women I've ever seen whom I unreservedly call beautiful. It was a poignant loveliness that caused an almost physical impact. She was tall, with a full, magnificent figure, which was evident even through her severely cut riding habit. Her rich, dark hair hung shoulder-length. Delicate, white skin and that wonderful English complexion which brought her gray eyes and dark brows into vivid contrast. Her voice was surprisingly deep, with just a trace of huskiness that gave her soft, Irish accent a compelling quality.

I knew little about her, actually. She was from Northern Ireland, Ulster, and her father had been Lord Granling. Geoffrey had met her somewhere in southern France, and followed her back to England, where they had been married in six or seven months.

We were all too, too charming, but it was just polite chatter. Geoff's cynicism was obvious in his smile. Crail bartended.

"You must have taken a long ride," Geoffrey said to his wife. The whisky was taking effect now. The words were slurred. His meaning wasn't.

She chose to ignore it. "We did, darling, all the way over to Fairmount."

There was a scene in the making and I didn't want any part of it. Her face was a lovely mask and her eyes were veiled, but you could feel the antagonism.

Crail didn't leave it alone. "Do you suspect dalliance in nooks and glens, old boy?" There was the abbreviation of an insolent smile on his thin, overbred face.

Geoff focused on him with difficulty. He said, "You're not *beginning* to get in my hair, Crail. You're in it."

Crail laughed. "I'm afraid he's hinting I've overstayed my welcome, Temple." He searched for a particular bottle behind the bar, then disappeared into the small liquor closet.

GEOFF lurched after him. "I'm not hinting, I'm telling you!" He slammed shut the closet door and then leaned against it. There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Crail started. We could hear him beating and kicking on the door, shouting, the cries of a man no longer rational.

Temple walked over to her husband. "Geoffrey, please!" Geoff stared at her confusedly. She kissed his cheek and opened the door. Crail came out; he was breathing hard, obviously terrified by his close confinement. But she paid no attention to him. She said to Geoff, "Darling, you've had a lot to drink. I wish you'd lie down until dinner."

Geoff was conscious only of the woman. Crail and I were forgotten. There was a look of childlike defeat on his face as he headed for his room. I would never again see him alive. But, of course, I didn't know that.

Then Temple lashed out at Crail: "I told you not to guy him!" Her face was mobile in anger. Active dislike was plainly mirrored. Of their past relationship I knew nothing, but the two were no longer lovers, if they ever had been.

He was pale. He replied, "I'll apologize to him—not that it will do any good. In the interim—" He managed a slight bow that encompassed us both. "I apologize to present company." He went out abruptly.

She walked to the door with me. There was something poignantly tragic in her face.

"I'm sorry you don't like our people, Mrs. Bragg."

It startled her, as I had meant it to. "But what gave you the idea I don't like people? It's just that Geoffrey doesn't like me to circulate very much."

I didn't know which explanation for their exclusiveness to believe. As we shook hands, my fingers tingled from the physical contact, and it made me feel like a kid on his first date. She knew. There was a trace of mockery in her eyes. In that moment I knew she was conscious of her power. But—so what? I was an engaged man who had the future blueprinted down to the last comma. So I thought. That was only the second time I'd ever seen Temple Bragg. I had just said a few words to her at old Corwith's party.

She had another surprise for me: "Do you think there's anything to Geoffrey's little mysteries?"

I replied without thinking, "I didn't think anybody knew about them."

"Oh? Then perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it." She knew, but there was no way of telling how much. "Do you think they're serious?"

"No, I don't," I said honestly.

She was silent for a long moment. "I'm glad he talked to you about it. It'll calm him down. He's been in somewhat of a flap, as we call it, and I asked Geoffrey to call you."

He hadn't mentioned it. According to him, nobody knew about the attempts. Somebody was kidding, and I was in the middle. . . .

I DIDN'T hear anything further from Rose Manor for three days; then I received an invitation. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bragg requested my presence at a *Bal Masque* to be held on the following Saturday. Three days—and they were suddenly announcing a huge party. It puzzled me.

Practically everybody in Crescent City who could use a fork was tapped. But I regretted, formally and officially.

Perhaps if I'd been there, things would have been different. But I doubt it. The wheels were whirling, and my appearance couldn't have stopped them. I didn't care about the party one way or the other, and Jean, my fiancée, disliked masquerades in principle. So we reserved a table at the Country Club instead.

Jean lived with her father, Dr. Remmington. Their house bordered on the golf course. It was small, modern, and cheerful, and as I came up the drive that Saturday night there was a full moon, and the little house glowed silver.

Jean was waiting. She was very lovely and I felt a happy glow on seeing her. She was small, with enormous eyes and elfin features, and a short mass of auburn curls. We had been engaged for nearly a year, and we were going to be married after the July election.

I kissed her hard. She answered me. I had seen Temple Bragg's lips, but Jean's warm nearness erased the vision. We went into the living-room.

Her father was there at the portable bar blending cocktails. "Why aren't you two going to Rose Manor?" he asked, as he gave me a Martini. "This is an important party they're giving—for them. They're trying to knock down community barriers and get back into the swing of things. You ought to be up there helping them." Doc Remmington studied his glass. "Old Corwith's got his knife out for the girl, because he told Geoff not to marry her. I've gotten it from six different patients in the last month."

"I was up there last week," I said noncommittally.

He filled the glasses. "In case you're interested, Henry, Mrs. Bragg's a patient, and she's on the edge of a breakdown. I told her to get away from him for a couple of weeks, or vice versa. Neither of them was willing."

"Maybe it would help if Mr. Crail went away," Jean said.

"Corwith doesn't like him, either," her father said. "In my day, he would have been known as a ladies' man, and any husband who was crazy enough to let him hang around would have been taken aside and told the facts of life by an elderly gentle-

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man. Is he devastating to a woman, baby?"

Jean sipped her drink. "He's not my type, primarily because I like 'em like Henry, but I am forced to admit the guy has something as far as women are concerned."

That ended Duncan Crail and Rose Manor. Dr. Remmington helped Jean on with her cape.

As we went out, he said, "Marry her soon, Henry, and take her off my hands once and for all."

The Country Club was virtually deserted. That meant Rose Manor's masquerade had really drawn the customers, because this was the first club dance of the year. We crossed the dance floor to a veranda table and ordered dinner.

The veranda was glass-screened from the early-spring chill. There were candles on each table, throwing flickering shadows. Jean had never looked more lovely. She reached out and took my hand. "Glad we didn't go masquerading?"

"This is absolutely perfect, and, by the way, I love you very much."

Her smile died abruptly. "Do you, darling? Sometimes I wonder, and then I get frightened."

"But it's something we both know."

Her eyes were contemplative. She said, "But I still get frightened sometimes. Analyze our relationship, Henry. We've run a straight line, but a man should have excitement in his courtship. That's the reason I'm always watching in my heart for the next woman that comes around the corner."

I crossed over and kissed her. Then I said, "Cut it out."

"But it's true, isn't it?"

It was. Her words had crystallized the feeling of absence which had been unrecognized. Something had been missing between us. But I put my doubts in abeyance.

We finished dinner leisurely. By that time it was almost eleven-thirty—I remember looking at my watch—and we decided to leave.

As we were picking up our coats there was a sudden influx of late guests. Some of them were in costume, which stamped them as break-offs from the Rose Manor party. Duncan Crail was among them. He wore evening clothes, and this surprised me almost as much as his presence. I would have laid odds he would have been decked out as Captain Kidd or a maharaja.

He smiled when he saw me. "Not leaving, Mr. Stevens? Your absence tonight was both noted and regretted." His British accent was very pronounced. He'd had a lot of drinks.

Jean came out of the powder-room, and without knowing exactly how or why, we found ourselves back in the bar, seated at a table with Crail.

"Hope you don't mind sitting here," he said, "but I'm one of those unfortunates who can't stand being penned in." Then he explained his presence: "It got too much. The mad scene *Lear*, overtones of the Anvil Chorus, and a page from Dante's *Inferno*."

"What was Temple?" Jean asked.

His voice lowered dramatically: "She was magnificent. A beautiful Scheherazade. But even that wasn't enough."

"It should have been." I pictured Temple Bragg in her costume.

He smiled and inclined his head. "*Touché*. But you forget I have seen Temple in many costumes, in many moods, for many years."

The captain interrupted the scene: I was wanted on the telephone. When I picked up the receiver, I recognized the voice as that of Bill Riordan, the Chief of Police.

"Listen, Henry; get up to Rose Manor right away. Something's happened."

"What's happened?" I asked impatiently. "You can tell me. I'm a big boy now."

His voice lowered: "Geoffrey Bragg's dead. Someone shot him."

I hung up slowly. I forgot Crail and Jean until much later and, by then, it was too late to call her.

Rose Manor was ablaze with lights. It was a weird scene. The hundreds of parked cars flowed over the drive onto the lawn. The veranda and portico were crowded with milling guests dressed in every conceivable type of costume. Only the sight of three uncostumed men standing on the steps kept the nightmarish quality from extending throughout.

Bill Riordan looked tired and frustrated. State Trooper Pembrooke was typical of the new type of law-enforcement officer, young, tall, handsome in his semi-theatrical uni-

form. Dr. Lucas, County Medical Officer, was red-faced; he wasn't drunk, but he wasn't sober.

All three were handling protesting delegations of Little Bo Peeps, Confederate soldiers, pirates, and cannibals.

"How long do you plan keeping them?" I asked.

Riordan shrugged helplessly. "Not a second longer than I can help. We've got to get them tabbed—names, addresses—then see if any of them can tell anything. What do you want to do first, Henry?"

"Where is he?"

Pembrooke took my arm and said, "In the downstairs guestroom."

There was no sign of Temple Bragg and I didn't ask about her. That would come later.

Two State Troopers guarded the guestroom. We went in.

The police photographer was making his final shots. The flash bulbs blazed repetitiously and the fingerprint men dusted the window sill and doors. These were the mechanics. They were gathering up the little particles that would ultimately hang the murderer.

"No sign of the gun?" I asked.

Riordan shook his head. "Not in this room, anyway. We haven't had a chance to check the others, not with this mob."

I KNELT beside the body. The bullet had entered fairly high and had been deflected downward. I looked up at Dr. Lucas and asked, "How long ago, and what's the consensus about the gun?"

The medical examiner assumed what he imagined was a judicial air. We had to wait until the great mind had been made up.

Finally he said, "He's been dead about an hour, which makes the time of death just about eleven thirty-five P.M., and I'll stake my reputation on that diagnosis, Henry."

"How about powder burns?" I asked.

Riordan shook his head. "He was shot close in, but there aren't many burns. Four or five feet would be my guess."

"Closer than that," said Pembrooke.

"Who discovered the body?" Nobody had brought this up.

"Two male guests were searching for the washroom and stumbled in here by mistake. Fortunately, one of them was sufficiently sober to realize the seriousness. He brought Dr. Bevan of Crescent City into the room to examine Bragg. It was the doctor who called in the police."

I asked, "Who told Mrs. Bragg?"

They both looked momentarily puzzled. Finally Riordan said, "I'm not quite sure, but I think this same Dr. Bevan."

"Where was she?"

"On the veranda with a group."

"Did she see the body?"

"Briefly. She insisted on being brought in. Then, collapsed. Bevan put her to bed."

Dr. Lucas changed the subject: "I'm going home. I'm kinda out of place at this here party. Besides, I wasn't invited."

"I want a post mortem, Doc, tonight," said Riordan.

The little doctor considered something. There was a hint of fear in his eyes. He said slowly, "This ain't just another killing. This corpse is a Bragg, and even dead Braggs got more influence than all the rest of us put together. You still want that p. m.?"

"You're damn' right, and I want it tonight!" shouted Riordan.

There was an undertone of fear in his voice. Every public officer in Crescent City was directly responsible to the Bragg machine, and there was no possible way of foretelling the reaction.

There was nothing further for me to do at the moment. "What do you want me to tell the newspapers?" I asked. "Can I quote you as saying that the police expect an arrest momentarily?" I was kidding him. This was Riordan's usual pronouncement.

He said, "You tell them that and I'll break your back. Let's wait until we get a reaction from Corwith Bragg before we worry too much about publicity."

The Bragg dynasty was spread out, but it was knitted closely enough to present a solid front in an emergency. Old Corwith Bragg was the spokesman for the family. We would have to wait for his reactions, all of us.

I didn't look back as I left. The thing that lay crumpled on the floor wasn't Geoffrey.

The music had stopped. As I talked to the reporters, I could hear the wail of a siren, and I realized that Geoffrey was being removed for all time from his birthplace.

Lieutenant Pembrooke finally allowed the guests to leave. I went home.

I flopped down on my bed without bothering to undress. Half consciously, I wondered about Jean and Crail. It was the first time I had thought of them for many hours. . . .

In the morning I called Jean and arranged to see her for dinner. Then I waited for the expected summons from Corwith Bragg. I was at the office when his secretary phoned, and off I went.

The Bragg Building, G.H.Q. of the Bragg family, towers twenty-six gleaming stories of black marble, glass, and stainless steel. Bragg Tobacco had four floors, Crescent City Chemical three, and the bank, newspapers, and radio studios took care of the rest. Old Corwith Bragg had his offices and apartment in the penthouse and tower.

The clan had been gathered. I saw four or five assorted Braggs and Bragg in-laws. Chief Riordan and Pembrooke were huddled with Colonel Holbright, head of the State Police, and Charlie Graham, the Governor's secretary. The conversation was a low hum in deference to the old man seated alone at a tremendous, modernistic desk.

Corwith Bragg was about seventy, a bald-headed gnome. In the daytime he unfailingly wore a tailcoat and yellow vest—his sartorial trade-mark. Another thing, he always wore gray gloves, outdoors and in, winter and summer. To the uninitiated, he was a foppish little man, ludicrous and irritating. But Corwith Bragg was probably one of the most powerful men in America.

"I think we might call this meeting to order now," he said finally. His voice, like his appearance, was thin and mild—and deceptive. "I don't intend to take up much of your time, gentlemen, because every minute we waste here means a minute lost in our search. My nephew was shot to death by a person or persons unknown."

He lifted the hoods from his eyes and slowly searched us out. "Can any one of you add to or improve this description?"

This was my cue to reveal my strange summons to Rose Manor and reveal the amateurish attempts on Geoffrey's life. But I didn't. Whoever had switched the capsules and had taken the shots hadn't meant to kill Geoff. They were too obvious. There was another reason, one I didn't know.

THERE was a sudden change in the atmosphere. Corwith spoke again: "You will find the murderer, gentlemen, or I swear to the Lord Almighty you will all be without a job or any hope of a job." Venom dripped from his voice as it rose, and he pounded the desk. "I want him, and I want him quickly!"

Then there was a trace of apology in his voice. He said, "You see what it does to me when one of my own has been injured. Geoffrey was a Bragg, gentlemen."

I was starting out with the rest, when he

"My nose itches! Would you mind scratching it for me, please?"

for The American Magazine by Martha Blanchard

called me back. The others glanced at me curiously, but the old man remained silent until the door had closed.

"Sit over here, Henry." He indicated the chair adjacent to the desk.

I sat and waited.

He didn't speak for a long moment, and I could hear the clocks in the office ticking in unison.

Corwith Bragg looked me in the eyes. "What about the woman, Henry? The wife." It wasn't a question, and he continued, "I have decided she is the crux of the whole affair. Concentrate on her! Stay with her, hound her, until you learn the truth! That's your job. Report to me directly. As far as you're concerned, nothing else matters."

I studied him curiously. "Mr. Bragg, I'm going to ask you a strange question which you may or may not answer."

"Ask it." His ever-moving hands quieted.

"Do you want me to find that Temple Bragg is implicated in the murder?"

He considered in silence. When he spoke his voice was so low I could hardly distinguish the words: "Yes. I didn't get a full report on her until after the marriage. She is evil, Henry, and she must be made to pay!"

The meeting was over. He didn't turn as I let myself out. . . .

I WENT up to Rose Manor late that afternoon. Maxim answered my ring. He looked ill. The whites of his eyes were yellowish and there was a gray, unhealthy tinge in his color.

"Will you ask Mrs. Bragg if she will see me?" I said.

I waited in the living-room. A portrait of Geoffrey's father hung over the fireplace. As I stared up at the picture, Temple Bragg entered soundlessly.

"Geoffrey hated his father," she said. She stood at my elbow and looked up at the portrait. "Maybe that explains a lot of things." She indicated a chair, then sat down, herself.

"I'm sorry, Temple," I said finally.

She looked up at me for the first time. "But you didn't come up to offer your condolences." Her hand trembled violently as she dug a cigarette out of a box. "I've been in a vacuum since last night. The police have been here looking and searching, questioning the servants, being very mysterious, but I'm always omitted. I'm afraid, Henry"—she tried to smile, without much success—"that they are not just being kind to the widow."

I was revising my opinion of the girl. I had misjudged her intelligence. There was the hard core of a cool, analytical mind. But she didn't trust me—yet.

"Our American police are very methodical," I said. "They'll be around again."

"But I've already told them everything I know!"

Her control was beginning to crack. But, only beginning. She had herself in hand almost immediately. She began to pace, and I studied her. Temple Bragg intrigued me. And that was bad; it confused my judgment.

She perched on the arm of a chair. When she spoke again, her voice was harsh: "Why did you come this afternoon, Henry?"

"To see if there was anything I could do."

That was a lie. It was an appraisal visit. I had to find the murderer, and Temple was a likely candidate. In addition, I had my orders from Corwith Bragg. The old man was convinced of her guilt; perhaps he didn't have a reason, a logical one. But he wanted her proved guilty. If and when I thought she was, I would prosecute.

If I wasn't convinced, however, then I would protect her. I knew what it would mean to my professional future if I chose the latter. Corwith Bragg would ruin me. But it had to be. If the old man wanted to get her, the stage was set without regard to evidence or legality. So there were several reasons for my being at Rose Manor that afternoon. Another developed, but not until later. It was the most important of all.

"All I really need," the girl said, "is someone to talk to. Will you come again soon?"

I couldn't afford to get tied down. I said, "You've got friends here. There must be someone else you and Geoff—"

"Not one! I know it sounds incredible, but it's true. We've been living in a cage since we came back. Day after day, night after night, staring at each other. Most of the time we didn't speak. Except when we got drunk—then we talked too much! You see, Geoffrey was jealous. Horribly jealous!"

He hadn't been mentioned, so I said, "Would you like to see Crail?"

"Heavens, no! He moved out last night—"

A house guest, who was an old friend, plus a jealous husband. This was the sort of information I needed. "Was Geoff jealous of Crail?"

She hesitated. "Yes, in a way. But since we came back, it was hard to understand anything about Geoff's reactions and feelings. Originally, he decided that we were to see no one; suddenly, shortly after the day you came to see him, he decided that we should go social—and that is when he insisted on that dreadful party."

As we walked to the door I was conscious of the faint aroma of her perfume. It was a subtle invitation. It suited her perfectly, but I couldn't imagine Jean wearing it. A warning bell rung in my subconscious in that moment of comparison, but I refused to countenance it.

She said, "I didn't love Geoffrey. I'm not going to pretend I did, at this late date. It's a chapter that's ended. I'm not even sorry he's dead."

I corrected her. "The chapter won't be finished until we get the murderer, Temple."

Her smile was enigmatic. "Society must have its pound of flesh?" She added, almost apologetically, "I have rather curious morals and standards. They prove to be a great handicap sometimes."

She was completely unlike anyone I had ever met. As I drove off I knew I wanted to see Temple Bragg again. . . .

RIORDAN and Pembrooke were waiting when I got back. They must have been waiting a long time, since Miss Bonnafield sat in pristine, indignant splendor surrounded by small bottles of *sal volatile* and spirits of ammonia, as protection against the infamy of cigar smoke.

"Is the widow prostrate?" Riordan asked.

"No, she seems to be bearing up. She's suspicious, though."

"Of what?"

"Of the way we've been handling her."

Pembrooke threw over a typewritten list.

"Suspects?"

"Fourteen of them—no. One—possibly. This is a list of men and women who've had trouble with Geoff Bragg at one time or another. Everything from locking fenders to political arguments. Six of them were at that damn' party, but except for this one guy, they're awful clean."

"Who's the exception?"

He wasn't sold on it, but it was better than nothing. "Chad Whiting. Know him?"

"Vaguely. Geoff and he were in some kind of a business deal just before the war."

Pembrooke nodded. "Right. Geoff pulled out and the guy went broke." He referred to his notes. "They had a hell of an argument at the bar around ten the night of the murder. People broke it up, but we don't know what happened to Whiting afterwards. May not mean anything, but I'm going to have him picked up this afternoon."

"He's the only one?"

"Except for Crail." He was silent, then added, "There are a lot of blank pages in Geoff's book, Henry. Mrs. Bragg can help us fill them in, as soon as you and Corwith give us the green light to go ahead."

He didn't need to nudge me. I told him, "Make it tonight, but wait until it gets dark."

Pembrooke smiled. "Psychology?"

For The American Magazine by Ray Helle

"Sure. It's a big house, full of shadows."

He wasn't taking any chances. "How tough can we be?"

"Shoot the works, Bill. Use everything but a rubber hose. Accuse her directly, hint all you want about proof. Tell her Crail has been talking."

Riordan said, "I'm not sure that Mr. Bragg . . ." He didn't know whether the shadow of Corwith's protection enveloped Temple Bragg.

I picked up the telephone, and when I heard the old man's voice, I said, "Mr. Bragg, I spent most of the afternoon with Temple. I have just told Chief Riordan that I want them to pay an official call this evening and to put on pressure."

"How much good do you think that is going to do?" he asked quietly.

"Very little. I want her kicked around, then I'm going to come in like young Lochinvar, full of compassion, understanding, and sympathy. If she knows anything, she'll spill it. On the rebound."

He was silent for so long I thought we'd been cut off. Then he said, "I told you the woman was your problem. Tell Riordan to follow your directions."

The old man's voice came through clearly. Riordan's indecision and tension evaporated. Temple was no longer nobility; she was a name on a list of murder suspects. . . .

THAT night I had dinner with Jean and her father. It was a wonderfully normal, unexciting evening. Neither of them mentioned the case, but I did finally.

"I'm not going into details, but there are a few things I'd like you to know." It sounded pedantic, but it was hard to organize my thoughts verbally. "This is going to be tough and pretty dirty on the surface."

"They've got you working on the boy's widow," the doctor said flatly. It surprised me. And he saw it had. "Don't forget, boy, I know Corwith Bragg, and I know how he feels about this girl."

"And I'm the hatchet man, even if she isn't guilty."

"But why you, darling?" Jean asked.

Her father snorted. "You don't appreciate the old devil's finesse. Henry's custom-built. And if he does a good job in a hurry it means promotion. You enter into it too, baby."

"How could I enter into it?"

"You're going to be married in a couple of months. That makes you a checkrein, in case Mrs. Bragg starts giving Henry ideas. What does he want you to do?"

"Stick close. Win her confidence, generally break her down, until she cracks." I tried to make them understand, but I was on the defensive. "It's not quite as bad as it looks, because I'll know if she's guilty. He wants to railroad her, guilty or not!"

"And you're going to battle him, provided you're convinced she's innocent?"

"I don't like to see people pushed around. I've got a job, and the most important part of the job is justice."

Doc nodded thoughtfully. "He's after the girl and doesn't care about anyone else. Have the police got any alternatives—besides the widow and Crail?"

"A man named Chad Whiting."

He digested it in silence. Finally he said, "Whiting's a strange man. He'd be perfectly capable of murder if he thought he'd been wronged. Abnormal temper."

For the first time the mystery man began

to look good to me. "I think I'll have a chat with Corwith about Chad Whiting. He could fit—"

"The old man may not want him to fit, Henry," said Dr. Remmington. And he went out to the bar to mix drinks.

"Do you think I'm right?" I asked Jean finally.

She nodded. "I wouldn't want you to do anything else, but—"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid again."

"Of what?"

"Temple Bragg, Corwith; of what they can do to you. And—us."

I knew what she was talking about. She took my face between her hands and kissed me. It was the kiss of a woman who loved me very much. The aura of Temple Bragg was reduced to its actual plane. She returned to her natural identity, a material witness in a murder case. Nothing more. . . .

MONDAY was a miserable day. The heavy, late spring rain had started around midnight and continued. Pembrooke called early to report on the inquisition. Riordan was out after Chad Whiting; he was bringing Crail down to headquarters for further questioning. I fought my way through rain to Rose Manor and asked to see Temple.

She was having her breakfast in bed. There were heavy circles about her eyes.

I said, "Temple, I'm sorry about last night. I just heard about it."

She shivered. "It was like a nightmare."

"I raised hell. There's absolutely no excuse, and I guarantee it won't happen again."

She was perilously close to tears. She said, "I can't stand much more, Henry. First they leave me alone; then, suddenly, they pounce." Her voice had risen with more than a trace of hysteria. "I can't trust myself any longer. Toward the end, last night, I knew I was contradicting myself. I fought them off once, but they'll be back, and the next time—" She shrugged helplessly.

I took her hand and said, "There won't be a next time."

"The horrible thing, Henry, is that I can't tell them anything. I had nothing to do with his death!" She looked at me curiously. "I wonder if you believe that?"

I nodded.

"I think you do. I didn't before, because I didn't believe anybody."

"They are holding the inquest tomorrow afternoon at three." I didn't look at her.

"Oh!" She shivered slightly again. "And the funeral's at twelve."

I tried to smile. "There is nothing to a coroner's inquest. It's just a formality."

The fear went out of her eyes. "You'll be there?"

"Of course. I told you I was on your team."

She took my hand this time and squeezed it gratefully. She said, "Henry, I wonder if—" Her words dried up.

"Wonder what?"

The girl smiled. She was one of those people who seem to glow when they smile, like a light being turned on. She said, "Would you have dinner with me?"

That was a surprise. So I hedged: "People are going to know—"

She shrugged that one off. "It doesn't matter. They've talked ever since Geoff and I were married. Now I still need someone I can talk to."

There it was again, and again I asked, "What about Crail?"

"I never want to see him again." She noticed my look of surprise. She added quickly, "Some day I'll tell you about Duncan Crail. It's not what everyone seems to think."

"It might help if you told me a bit now. They've just started to work on him. He's going to have a lot of questions to answer."

"Our relations have nothing to do with Geoffrey's death."

She had finished her breakfast and I took away her tray. I said, "Try to forget Crail and last night. I want you to get some sleep."

"Will you come back for dinner?"

I nodded. "What time?"

She squirmed down into the bed. The tension had gone, but her face was still pale. She said, "Seven-thirtyish." Her eyes closed.

I went down to the living-room and rang for Maxim. When he came in I was startled again by his appearance. He was obviously ill or frightened.

"Sit down, Maxim," I said gently. "It's about time you and I had a talk about Mr. Geoff's death." He remained standing and eyed me nervously. "You might be able to help us find the killer. Maybe by something you don't even know you know."

He shook his head stubbornly. "There ain't nothing 'cept what I already told. That's the truth and all there is, Mr. Henry!"

I had gambled that Maxim would confide in me, if he knew anything, but I was enough of a realist to know that additional pressure would be useless. "Thank you, Maxim. I'm coming for dinner, so I'll see you later."

This surprised him. He started to say something, then changed his mind.

"By the way, what's the name of Mrs. Bragg's personal maid?" I'd just had a thought.

He didn't answer immediately. Finally he said evasively, "She ain't here today, Mr. Henry. It's her day out."

"That's too bad." I acted completely unconcerned. "What's her name?"

Another pause. "Nancy Moon."

If Maxim wouldn't talk, there was a chance that the missing Nancy Moon would. I stopped at a filling station along the highway between Rose Manor and Crescent City and called Lieutenant Pembrooke: "There may be nothing, but I want a crack at her, so find her. Her name is Nancy Moon, and Riordan's probably got something on her in the file of the house servants."

I could hear him barking orders; then he came back to the phone. He said, "Whiting skipped town this morning. He was seen at the airport." . . .

CORWITH BRAGG was in a meeting when I got to the city, but when I was announced he came out of the board-room and motioned me to follow him into his office. I could sense his impatience.

He asked, "What is it?"

"Geoffrey's lawyers are Young, Roche & Hotchkiss?"

The old man nodded. "Old Charlie Hotchkiss handled Geoffrey's affairs."

"I need some information, Mr. Bragg."

The old man knew what I wanted. "The boy's will! How much will you have to know?"

"Why aren't you like other husbands? They never catch anything!"

For The American Magazine by John Penberthy

"Only two things—the terms and if any changes were contemplated."

He considered in silence, and the abnormality of my position came to me with graphic clarity. This old man controlled my actions like a puppeteer. One word could prove an insurmountable obstacle. Conversely, he could pry open any barred door. In that moment I again resolved to carry the investigation through, even if it might bring me into head-on collision with the Braggs.

The old man made up his mind. "I'll call Charlie Hotchkiss." I started to leave, but he stopped me. "You've been seeing the girl?"

I nodded. "This morning, and I'm having dinner with her tonight."

That pleased him. He said, "Good. She knows more than she's telling. Haunt her until you dig it out!"

He didn't care about the other possibilities, but I did. Pembrooke was trying to weave a rope around his favorite—Crail; and I knew Riordan had submitted the report on Whiting and why they'd been unable to pick him up. I said, "I think Chad Whiting is going to be able to tell us something. You know, he's taken a run out."

"Chad Whiting is none of your business! Your only job is the woman!" . . .

HOTCHKISS had me meet him at his club instead of his office. The old lawyer was obviously uncomfortable, but he had received his orders. He said reluctantly, "According to his will, the residue estate goes to the widow, except for a few minor charitable bequests."

"How much is in trust?"

"Approximately an equal amount, but the estate payments ceased at his death, since the marriage did not produce issue."

"In other words, the widow will receive no further benefit from the Bragg trust?"

"That is correct—only Geoffrey's own money." He seemed to relish this thought.

"Can you estimate the present value of her inheritance. Before taxes?"

He thought it over. "A very rough estimate would be $1,700,000."

I didn't let him relax. "When was this will drawn?"

He knew that one. "The year he was married."

"Any changes or codicils added to the original?"

He shook his head, and the time had come to ask the big one. I didn't know whether Corwith Bragg's influence was powerful enough to carry it through. "Was any change of beneficiary mentioned recently?"

He half rose from his chair and stared at me, viciously. "That's none of your damned business. Good day, sir!"

"Look, Mr. Hotchkiss," I said quietly; "it isn't that simple."

"And why isn't it?" he snapped.

"Because murder isn't simple. We have a possible suspect, but we need motivation."

He made up his mind abruptly. Corwith Bragg's orders had less influence than his own dislike of the woman who had had the effrontery to marry a Bragg and then stand by while he was killed. He said, "There was a discussion—"

"Geoffrey wanted to change his beneficiary?"

"I believe that was what he had in mind, Mr. Stevens. He only said that he wished to write a new will."

"When was this?"

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He was expecting this question, and he smiled as he said, "The day before his death."

So there it was, in a nice package. I stood up, and we shook hands. His testimony was vital and important. But it didn't make me happy. . . .

They had picked up Nancy Moon by the time I got back to the courthouse. She was down at headquarters. Her eyes were shining with fear when they brought her in. I asked her to sit down, and she did. Doubtfully.

"Don't be scared, Nancy," I told her. "There's nothing to be worried about."

"I ain't arrested?"

"Of course not! I wanted to talk to you as soon as possible. That's the only reason they picked you up."

She eyed me suspiciously. "What you want to talk to me about, Mr. Stevens? I done told everything I know."

"Except about the fight . . ." I let my guess hang for a few seconds; then, before she could interrupt, I continued, "I want to know where you were when Mr. and Mrs. Bragg were shouting at each other."

The question seemed to confuse her. "I dunno what you mean. They didn't have no fight the night he was killed dead."

"I didn't mean that night, Nancy. I mean that big fight." I was still hammering away at a hunch. And I could be wrong.

She thought about it. "The Saturday-morning one? Up in her room?"

Saturday. There should be something before Saturday. I said doubtfully, "Maybe. What about Thursday, or was it Friday?" Friday, Geoff had talked to Hotchkiss about changing his will.

THE colored girl realized she'd gone too far. "Why you so interested where I was?"

"According to this report, you must have been hanging around so close you were almost in the room with them."

That stung her. "That's a lie, Mr. Stevens! The way they was shouting and carrying on, nobody could help hearin' 'em!"

"Thursday night?"

She nodded. "Thursday night, then again Saturday morning. I wasn't listening, honest. I was jist scared!"

"What did they say that scared you, Nancy?"

"It was what he was going to do to her. I couldn't tell what they was fighting about, but he sounded like a crazy man. He kept saying he was going to let everyone know how bad she was." She forgot my presence as the memory of the violent scene came back to her.

"Where were you when the Thursday-night fight ended?"

She looked surprised. "Why, out there in the hall. He came a-busting out of the living-room so fast I didn't have a chance to get hid."

"Then what? What did he do?"

"Run upstairs, and I went in to see if I could do anything for Mrs. Bragg. She don't even know I'm there, jist keeps staring straight ahead into the fireplace." The girl shivered slightly. "It was kinda spooky—her sittin', saying nothing at all, not even crying."

It was coming along so easily that I didn't dare hurry the revelation. I prodded gently: "Saturday, they started again. Where were you this time?"

She grew indignant and her voice rose angrily. "I don' know who's done all this talking, but they can't say I was listening Saturday. Mrs. Bragg tells me to go away. Then he slams the door as soon as I get out. They was yelling again."

I had what I wanted—circumstantial evidence that would tie Temple into the murder. I could also make a guess that Geoff had given the bizarre masquerade in order to humiliate Temple in some way. Perhaps he had planned to make his break with her irrevocably public. It would have been cruel, but cruelty could be expected from a Bragg.

I THANKED Nancy Moon and offered a squad car to take her home, but she emphatically refused. I stopped at Bonny's desk and asked, "Got it all?"

She nodded toward her shorthand book. "Don't try to teach an old dog to suck eggs, Henry Stevens. You know something?" Her eyes behind her thick glasses were puzzled. "I think we've got ourselves a couple of new suspects."

"What do you mean?" I asked stupidly.

"Geoffrey wasn't a good Bragg, Henry. You can't judge people like Maxim by ordinary standards, and if he believed the Bragg name was going to be disgraced by Geoffrey . . ." She let it hang.

It was an interesting possibility. Nancy Moon's answers had been awfully pat and, like all the other servants, she was completely under Maxim's domination. . . .

That night, Temple wore gray lace, a hostess gown with deep *décolletage*, which was a perfect frame for her magnificent full figure. The table had been set in the paneled library. In the beginning we tried too hard, were too gay, but as dinner progressed we relaxed. She became happy, almost ebullient, glowing from within. It was light talk, but I learned about Temple Bragg.

I learned something of her childhood, her parents, her two beautiful, older sisters. She made me see a fairylike childhood and adolescence. Castle Dunnlevin, the family estate; finishing school in Lausanne; presentation during the Little Season; too short holidays at Cap Ferrat on the Riviera. There were moments when she forgot I was there.

Always, in the shadows, there was a man she had loved. Only traces—nothing concrete. Not Geoff or Crail—somebody else. Her memories followed a pattern, but, inevitably, they would slide back to him. He was an integral part of a life that had been.

"I should think that Geoff would have been the complete antithesis of everything you obviously hold precious," I said.

"How do you mean?"

"He was a provincial, in the way most of us Americans are."

The girl nodded. "And didn't have the slightest conception of romance."

So there had been romance. The unknown man in her past epitomized youthful glamour and excitement. But something had happened. She'd been badly hurt by someone or something. The marriage to Geoff was the result, and now she was tough, hard emotionally and spiritually. Was she also ruthless? Enough to murder? Discounting the will, there was no apparent motive. But could I discount the will, or something in her past?

She took her time lighting a cigarette. "I knew what Geoffrey was, but I wanted him." She looked at me curiously. "You can't understand that, can you?"

I shook my head. I couldn't.

"Let's put it this way: Geoffrey was everything I didn't want in a husband, and, for that reason, I thought he'd be perfect. And it worked out, surprising enough."

"I still don't see."

"Because I'd tried it the other way!" she said impatiently. "It didn't work out, at all." She suddenly broke her cigarette holder, and the unexpected noise cracked like a pistol-shot. We both jumped. It broke the spell.

I had to ask, "Did Geoff think you loved him?"

"No," she said definitely. "I'm rather an honest person, in most ways. And he loved me." Both of us were silent with our thoughts.

Finally I stood up. "I'll see you tomorrow." I didn't mention the inquest.

She looked at me and smiled. "Unless you're careful, Henry, I'm likely to make myself a nuisance. I don't think Jean Remmington would care for that."

I didn't pick it up. We said good night, and I drove home. Sleep didn't come for a long time. Temple's face intruded insistently. Suddenly I realized that I didn't want to discover further incriminating evidence against the girl. But if there was further evidence, concrete proof, there was nothing I could do. She'd go to the chair. I'd send her. . . .

THEY buried Geoffrey Jackson Bragg the next morning.

The coroner's inquest went off as scheduled in the afternoon, and there were no new or unexpected developments. "Death caused by person or persons unknown." That was all. No sensation, no innuendo.

I saw Temple only from a distance. She hadn't changed the black dress she'd worn at the cemetery. It made her look young and vulnerable.

That afternoon there was a conference in Riordan's office. I had a feeling both he and Pembrooke had given up.

"You're not trying to tell me this is the perfect crime?" I asked.

"Hell no!" he said impatiently. "There's nothing perfect about it. There are just too many blind alleys. We can't even do anything with the suspects we've got. We can't find this Whiting. He's holed up somewhere, and Mr. Bragg doesn't want me to put out a five-state alarm, for some reason. You won't let me touch the butler—"

I knew why Corwith didn't want Whiting dug up: It might take the suspicion away from Temple. I asked Pembrooke, "How about your boy?"

He shrugged dejectedly. "Crail's mixed up in it, but I can't prove it. That alibi of his doesn't mean much. It wouldn't have taken him more than a few minutes to get to the club from Rose Manor. Not driving a fast car on deserted roads. But I haven't been able to tie him in. He was there, he could have done it, and, if he was working with the woman, he had a motive. I'm still digging."

I still had time for a quick shower at my

hotel before taking Jean to dinner. As he handed me the key the night clerk whispered, "You got a visitor, Mr. Stevens."

Duncan Crail was reading a magazine. He looked up and came over. "I took a long shot on catching you, old man," he said.

"What can I do for you?" We shook hands perfunctorily.

"I should like a talk, preferably in some less public place."

I motioned him toward the elevator, and we went up. He examined my apartment carefully, making himself at home.

"All right, Crail—shoot," I said finally.

He smiled, but his eyes remained wary. "I should like to talk of Temple Bragg. You see," he said, "I have a strange horror of being under suspicion of murder. Geoffrey was a Bragg. That means the hounds are out, and this could easily turn into a legalized lynch party. I don't want that to happen to me."

I didn't like it. I wanted Crail with his guard down. "I thought you were pretty well covered by your alibi," I said, needling him.

"I should be covered," he admitted. "But I'm not completely, because they haven't established the exact time of death and I didn't see you until after eleven-thirty."

I wanted to see where we were heading, but I couldn't scare him off. "All right, Crail; let's say you are under suspicion."

"My connection with Rose Manor is Temple, of course."

"Go ahead," I told him.

"The young lady and I have never been *en rapport*, but we've been old friends since the middle thirties. We found out early that we had much in common."

"Did she ask you down to Rose Manor?"

He smiled candidly. "No. I happened to need a place to lie doggo. There was no engraved invitation."

I remembered the scene in the bar the last time I'd seen Geoff alive. "But despite that technicality, you stayed and stayed."

"Certainly. It was perfect."

"I'll be happy to name it, then—blackmail."

THIS time he surprised me. He nodded. "Certainly again. Don't look so surprised. You'd be amazed how prevalent it is."

I hadn't liked Duncan Crail. Now I liked him less. I asked, "What have you got on Mrs. Bragg?" But I wasn't hopeful.

He smiled. "That, sir, is my own, never to be revealed." He grew serious. "I have brought up the matter simply to explain my presence at the house. Temple informed me that someone tried to kill Geoffrey on three separate occasions. I didn't kill him nor did I try to at any time."

I hadn't mentioned the murder attempts, if they could be called that, because it was all Corwith would need to swing the ax. Yet, she had told Crail. I asked, "What is this visit meant to prove?"

He didn't attempt to kid me. "Don't try to build your case on my guilt, Stevens, because you'll only be wasting your time. I don't know who killed Geoff, but I do know who my guess would be."

This was getting to be monotonous. Temple was everybody's choice. It meant, also, that Crail knew something about her but wouldn't talk. And the squeeze was still on, he was still shaking her down. Or was he? If there was something in her past worth blackmail, was it also worth killing for?

I had had enough of Duncan Crail. "Good-by, Crail," I said.

He bowed ironically and let himself out. . . .

Corwith Bragg had left a message for me to call at the Remmingtons'. He must have left messages all over the city, but it spoke well of his intelligence service. I called. He wanted to see me right away. Jean overheard the conversation, but she didn't say anything until I was on my way out.

"I don't try to give you advice, darling; you know that," she said finally. "But the Braggs have a certain position here, and rebels must conform or move away. Don't break with Corwith simply on principle."

"I don't want to break with him, heaven knows!" I told her. "He's too important to our future!" I didn't tell her there were other things but principles. There were my feelings for Temple.

She was puzzled and unhappy when I left her. So was I.

THE elevator corridor bisected Corwith Bragg's penthouse. The offices and board room were on one side; the duplex apartment on the other. I had never been in the apartment before. The large, high-ceilinged living-room was the epitome of modern decoration, and it made a strange setting for the Dickensonian character who sat waiting.

"I've been waiting to hear from you," he said quietly.

"You would have heard, but there's nothing to report, Mr. Bragg. I saw her last night, and I still don't know anything more than I did."

He shook his head regretfully. "That's unfortunate."

I said, "Pembrooke and Chief Riordan are still checking other possibilities. There were over three hundred people at that party, Mr. Bragg. Including Crail and Chad Whiting. There may be others, and we can't discount them."

He brushed this aside impatiently: "We can and already have. The woman is the murderer."

"No!" I said involuntarily.

His mouth fell open in his surprise.

I amended my statement: "She's not the murderer until we can prove her guilt, Mr. Bragg."

"Ah, but Judge Crandall is sure of a conviction." He smiled pleasantly. Crandall was the Commonwealth Attorney.

"Judge Crandall isn't prosecuting. I am."

"Six of one, half dozen of another." Then he caught my meaning and studied it for a moment. Finally he said, "Henry, I know about this woman. I make it my business to know about people who move into the Bragg family. All about them!"

"Did you tell Geoff what you knew about her?" It was a good question.

"No. It wouldn't have done any good. I thought that perhaps I could use the knowledge at a later date to better advantage. Now I can."

"How?"

"Her reputation is the factor that ties the motive, the opportunity, and the testimony of the witnesses into a package the jury can weigh, then convict her." The old man cocked his eye at me. "Evidence is a pretty good thing to have in a murder trial, but it's not always necessary." He was silent for a moment, then added, "Riordan'll pick her up tomorrow morning, Henry."

Just like that. I started to blow up, but checked myself in time. "I think we should wait a little longer, sir."

"There's no possible reason to hold off."

"I'd like to try for a couple more days." I was stalling, but he didn't seem to notice it. "We've got to find the weapon, for one thing."

"We don't need anything more," he said sulkily.

"We do if I'm going to prosecute, Mr. Bragg."

That got him. He asked, "Why? I don't see—"

"The minute we touch her, she's going to get a lawyer, and she'll get the best. All he's going to need is one or two loose ends to plant doubt in the jury's mind, and we'll never get a conviction."

I made it sound convincing. I had to, because it wasn't true. With a Bragg judge and a jury of citizens from Crescent City, we could convict the Gideons of Bible-stealing.

"All right. I'll give you until Thursday." He stood up. It wasn't a happy parting, because we had compromised. Corwith Bragg didn't like to compromise.

I picked Jean up, and we had a quick dinner. I couldn't explain the situation to her. I couldn't say, "Look, darling; I still love you more than anything else in the world, but Temple Bragg is beginning to get under my skin, and, right now, saving her life is the most important thing. Do I love her? I don't know, to be honest. Nobody's ever affected me before this way." . . .

THE next morning they didn't like me at the courthouse. They wanted to arrest Temple, and resented the delay. I needed Crail's address. Riordan gave it to me, reluctantly. A second-rate hotel called the King George.

I showed the desk clerk my credentials, then gave him some official double-talk.

After a long delay, Crail answered my knock. Then he debated whether to invite me in. I made up his mind for him, barging through.

I locked the door. Then I turned toward him, slowly: "I'm going to get some information, Crail. About Temple Bragg. Lots of information."

"Sorry, old boy. About certain things, I'm positively glib; on others, my memory unaccountably fails."

"There's only one thing I want, Crail. What have you got on her?"

He shook his head. "Sorry. My memory's gone suddenly."

I hooked a left to his belly, then crossed a right flush on his chin. He went down and rolled over.

"Get up!" I'd wanted this moment. Duncan Crail had forced Temple to suffer in tortured silence long enough.

He struggled to his feet and stood, weaving. His eyes were malevolent. A thin stream of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. But he wasn't a coward. He threw a weak, ineffectual punch that missed, and I countered with a side hand chop across the bridge of his nose. He sank to the floor, moaning softly, holding his face. Then I got him a damp towel and poured him a big shot of whisky, which he gulped gratefully.

"I've got to have a doctor, Stevens," he said thickly.

I helped him into a chair. "First, you're going to talk."

He smiled derisively, and the effect was grotesque. "You're wasting your time, laddie. I've been beaten by experts."

"No more beating, Crail. We'll try something else," I said slowly. "Not a large closet, is it?"

"Closet?"

I walked over and opened the closet door. The closet was small, dark, and virtually airless. And eminently suitable. He still didn't get the connection, and I wanted him to, wanted him to remember the wine-closet episode at Rose Manor, the last time I'd seen Geoffrey.

I said, "A man would have trouble breathing in there, wouldn't he? He wouldn't smother, but those walls would get closer and closer . . ."

"Stop it!" He jumped from his chair in horror.

"Heavy enough," I said casually, testing the door. "You're not going to kick it in, but I'm not going to take any chances. When I get you inside, Crail, I'm going to shove the bureau in front of it, then take a long walk—two or three hours. If you're not ready then, I'll keep walking until you are."

He wasn't listening. There was something obscene in the fear which was being fanned to shattering proportions by his own imagination. That small closet held his complete, horrified attention.

I walked over, close. "Let's go, Crail."

He stared at me uncomprehending, then shook his head. "No! I have claustrophobia."

"I know. Do I have to carry you?" I nudged him persuasively, and he actually headed toward the closet, so undermined was his will. Then, suddenly, his shoulders drooped in resignation and defeat.

"I'll talk," Crail said dully.

I allowed him to regain his chair and fed him another drink. Then we started. "What have you got on Temple Bragg?" I demanded.

He didn't answer, and as I started toward him again, he stopped me with a wave. "I'm going to talk, but you haven't posed an easy question, you know. Temple Granling, or Bragg, is anything but a simple being."

His tone was reflective; this was something he'd often weighed and considered. He continued, "The root of the trouble goes back to her father, Lord Granling, who was thoughtless enough to lose his money at just the wrong time. For Temple. . . . Don't misunderstand me, Stevens. It wasn't merely the end of Molyneaux frocks and the castle in Ireland. Suddenly, there was nothing, not even enough for genteel poverty. That's when money became all-important to Temple Granling, the Honorable Temple. Money, because it meant protection against such perils as hunger and deprivation. This is not exaggeration. It's the one motivating force in her life, detonated by one year's experience. Call it the Year of Disillusion, twelve months, three hundred and sixty-five days of polite begging, accepting charity."

Inconsistencies and unanswered questions were beginning to clarify. I asked, "What happened after that year?"

"The Honorable Temple became one of the better-known ladies-about-town. Nothing obvious. She was what you people would call a 'commission girl.' But only in the most rarified circles of commerce: jewelers, couturiers, gambling clubs, restaurants—things like that."

"Men?"

"Yes. But not many; only those who could help her build security on pounds sterling."

I didn't know how to phrase it exactly. I said, "There was a man, one particular guy. And she loved him."

That surprised him. He didn't hedge, though. "Yes, a man named Terence Blakely. Quite a charmer. Even more worthless than I, if such a thing is possible. He was a complete rotter who had once been old school tie."

"Did he love her?"

"That, I've never been quite sure of. However, he did marry her."

"What?" All the puzzle pieces rescrambled.

"Oh, quite. But very hush-hush, for professional reasons." He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Suddenly, I knew why. Somewhere, along the line, Duncan Crail had fallen in love with Temple. And had been rejected. He had never forgotten or forgiven.

The timing, in years, confused me. I asked, "When did she marry Blakely?"

Crail smiled secretly. "That's the rub, old boy. The winter of '39, February. I was present at the ceremony."

I understood. The three of them must have been quite a team.

"Okay." I'd digested this much. "How long did it last?"

He had the answer to that one at his finger tips. "He walked out on her in less than a month. It must have been a charming scene. Blakely itemized what he loathed about her, packed up, and left." He paused reflectively. "The man was a damned good judge of females."

"When were they divorced?"

"They never were!" he said. "Bigamy is always a chance, but sometimes it's worth it."

"She took a hell of a chance!"

"Not too great. Blakely was captured during the war and there was a possibility he was dead. They had him listed as 'Missing.' But eventually he got out, and finally drifted back to London—shortly after his bride had married Geoffrey Bragg. . . . That's the whole story, old man."

That was Crail's hold: bigamy. I didn't believe Corwith knew this much. I was still interested in one phase—unexplained.

"Terence Blakely gets back to England and finds his deserted wife the bride of a notably rich American. Then what?"

"I don't know, Stevens. I've heard, off the record, they had one night together in a little inn out in Surrey, something like the Golden Hind."

I was thinking aloud: "I suppose she told him she thought he was dead and Geoff represented easy money and security. From what you've told me, Blakely would probably have played along, but not without a pay-off. How did he capitalize on the scheme?"

"He didn't have a chance to. Terence Blakely died shortly thereafter. Suicide. She was too much for him, or maybe he was all used up. The war left a lot of people at the end of their tether, you know."

"Was that part of your blackmail?"

He looked startled. "Terry's death? Of

course not. He committed suicide." . . .

As I headed for Rose Manor I hated to admit it, but even my private door was beginning to close on Temple Bragg. Vital, damaging evidence: Hotchkiss and the will change; Nancy Moon and the fights; now, Crail and bigamy.

She was in the garden. When she saw me her face lighted. "I was hoping you'd come." She held out both hands, and I took them automatically. Suddenly she was in my arms, her lips on mine. The moment seemed to hang timelessly. She released me, violently, and stepped back.

"We shouldn't have!"

I knew what she meant, nothing to do with standards or morals. One kiss revealed the extent of our mutual, obliterating attraction. Wordless, I took her arm, leading her on to the porch.

She said, "I didn't want it to happen. But I knew it would." She kissed me lightly. "I've fallen in love."

"Temple, listen!"

She misunderstood. "I'm not asking anything, darling. The men I love never love me."

I let her have it. I had to, before her mood enveloped us both with a cover of passion and urgency. "Listen to what I'm saying to you! You're going to be arrested for Geoff's murder!"

"But why? Why? They can't honestly believe I had any connection with Geoffrey's death!"

"Corwith Bragg is doing everything in his power to have you sent to the chair."

She thought it over, then asked quietly, "And you?"

"I don't know," I said honestly.

She gripped my arm with surprising strength. "You can't doubt! I won't let you!" She recognized her greatest danger, and her possible salvation, because I could be both or either. "Can you tell me why they believe—?"

I was trying to trick her. "Among three hundred suspects is Geoff's murderer. The police screened each individual, but they got nowhere, and automatically turned to Geoff's immediate circle: Crail, the regular servants, and you. That gave them another elimination—Duncan Crail."

"Why?" she asked.

I explained the time factor. But it wasn't true. We'd had a police car make the run, and Crail would have had time.

She thought and tried to remember. "They may be wrong about the time. I danced with Duncan."

"No, Temple, the time eliminates Crail."

She accepted it finally but her disappointment was clear. "They think I had a motive?"

"Someone once said that murder was a reality oversimplified with only two basic causes—love or money."

This ironically amused her. "Mine, obviously, was money?"

"Which, in turn, meant security." I took my time. "Let's go back a few years, Temple, and listen to a story the jury's going to hear. It's pretty effective, particularly since it's backed by concrete evidence. We start with a young Irish girl, whose family suddenly lost their fortune. The girl struggles along for about a year, and doesn't like it. She decides that ethics don't matter, only security. So she formed her alliance with Duncan Crail."

She knew then, knew that Crail had


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talked, and it changed everything. Stark terror was visible in her eyes. I pitied her so desperately that for a moment my resolution was threatened. But I had to go on.

When I paused again, Temple said, "It's not a pretty story, is it?" That was all. Not even a protest or explanation. She said, "People do dreadful things when life seems a blind alley. Irrational, abnormal things. Go on, Henry."

Up to this point everything had been background. Now we came to her relationship to Geoff at Rose Manor, which was the actual crux. I didn't know, so I had to fake, to attempt to shake loose some information.

"They ultimately returned to America, to his ancestral home. To her, it was the same stagnation from which she had tried to escape by bigamy. She fought for independence. Finally, the mutual hostility exploded. He planned to leave her. We know he contemplated changing his will, cutting her out entirely. He was killed before this was accomplished. The jury will be asked to believe only one thing, Temple. Would this woman kill to ensure her future security?"

"Would you believe?" she asked.

"I'd wonder, because I remember those amateurish attempts on his life the previous month."

She didn't follow that. "But how do they influence you?"

I had to be careful. I could surmise only, and I had to be right. "They were meant to scare him, to drive him away from there."

She kept her eyes lowered. "It seems absurd now, but at the time . . ."

There it was. I'd guessed right. The marriage hadn't meant security and excitement. It had meant prison at Rose Manor, so, melodramatically, she tried to blast him loose, back into the world of enjoyment.

"Did Crail help you?" I asked.

She nodded, as if it made no difference. And it didn't. I had attempted to discover one fact, one incident that could save her. Instead, I had forced an admission that would convict her.

Her back was toward me. She said, "I had absolutely nothing to do with Geoffrey's death, but nobody's going to believe it."

But suddenly I believed her. There was one inescapable fact—Temple Bragg *could* be innocent, despite the evidence to the contrary.

I crossed over, and turned her gently toward me. There were tear streaks on her cheeks. I said, "It isn't that bad." I kissed her, and she clung to me. For a brief moment, nothing existed except the girl in my arms. Then I broke away. "But it isn't enough that I believe. If you didn't kill Geoff, someone else did. That's got to be our job."

"What's the first step?" she asked.

"The police are still working on a man named Whiting, but we've got to concentrate on Geoff's personal life. Check letters, personal effects. Even bills. What happened to stuff of that sort?"

She said, "He used that sunroom upstairs as a study." But she was puzzled.

The sunroom was exactly as I'd remembered from childhood. Only the desk and the small filing cabinet were new.

"We've got to dig out an 'unknown.' It could be in a diary. I remember Geoff used to keep one."

Temple said strangely, "Geoffrey was so secretive. I never thought of his keeping a diary."

But we found one hidden in the file cabinet. A small, black leather book which might irrevocably blast any doubt of her guilt or send her to the electric chair. Or it could reveal merely the neurotic wanderings of a hysterical man.

Temple was silent for a moment; then she said, "It's a very queer feeling, owing my future entirely to something a dead man wrote. Open it."

I skipped through the first four months and concentrated on the month of May. He mentioned the three attempts on his life, but without comment, merely that they had occurred, that he'd asked my advice. And there was a continued reference to "a decision I've finally made with regard to my life." That was all.

Temple read over my shoulder.

Suddenly I noticed that the diary concluded on Thursday. Geoff had been killed Saturday night. Two vital pages were missing. They'd been carefully cut out at the inside margin. There were indecipherable indentation marks on the Sunday page.

I said, "He made entries Friday and Saturday, this shows it, but he must have written some conclusion that he subsequently decided against and removed them."

"Will it make any difference?" she asked.

"Not to me," I said honestly. "But it definitely would to a jury."

"You'll help, then?"

"Yes," I told her, "but it may not be enough, Temple. I'm going to get you a lawyer named Tolliver from Richmond, and a lot is going to depend on him."

She was silent, then said, "I know what this is going to mean to your career. Why are you doing it? You don't love me."

"I don't know why," I told her. "Love has something to do with it, some sort of love. But I've decided you didn't kill Geoff and I'm not going to watch Corwith Bragg railroad you."

We were silent. Then I said, "We certainly picked on a fine time to meet."

She came close to me. "Time doesn't mean anything, haven't you learned?"

There was an overwhelming intensity in her, and that was the danger. I fought against taking her into my arms. "I'll get in touch with Tolliver this evening, and you can see him tomorrow."

"You're leaving now?" Her eyes showed disappointment.

I nodded. I didn't need to explain. . . .

LATER, Jean listened in silence until I finished my formless, rambling explanation of my decision to defend Temple and defy Corwith Bragg. Her face remained expressionless, but her fingers nervously pleated and unpleated her skirt. I finished, and there was a long silence.

Finally she asked, "What do you want me to say, Henry?"

"Whatever you honestly think."

My insurrection could have but one result: It would slam the door on my future in Crescent City.

Jean said, "It's going to be strange, moving away from Crescent City."

"There's no reason you have to go through with it."

She said, "I love you. There's only one thing I hope—" She was silent for a moment, then added, "—that you're not wrong about her."

It was a possibility I didn't want to face. . . .

Corwith Bragg was next on the agenda, and the old man's reaction surprised me. He listened quietly, then said, "I take it your resignation is official?"

"It is."

"Then we'd better have the girl in so you can dictate a statement." He pushed a buzzer, then tilted back in his chair to consider me. "We had great plans for you—"

The secretary came in with her notebook, and I repeated my resignation, not only from the case of the State vs. Temple Bragg, but my elective office, too. It was like dictating a death warrant.

CORWITH BRAGG touched gloved fingertips and spoke, almost to himself: "You have the right to your own opinion concerning the woman's guilt, but when you refuse to carry out an order, an example must be made. You understand, I trust."

I did.

"Do you intend to handle the defense?"

"No, we've gotten Tolliver."

"He's an able man." He said it with a sour smile. Tolliver had beaten one of his newspapers in a big libel suit.

"He's also a funny guy, Mr. Bragg. He doesn't like machine politics."

The old man shook his head wearily, "I am simply a philanthropist, giving time and effort to bring law and order."

He believed it.

I said, "What if you're wrong about Temple? If we convince the jury she is innocent, it will look as if you deliberately tried to engineer a conviction. Even your press department will find that difficult to explain."

He lost his temper completely. "The woman is guilty! I regard her as a menace to society!"

"You seem to forget she's not the only suspect. We're working on others, and maybe by tomorrow we're going to make you dig up Chad Whiting from where you've got him hidden!"

That touched him. After a long silence he said, "Mr. Stevens, I am going to do something I rarely do. Make a threat." His eyes blazed. "I'm going to have you broken!"

And I knew he could do it. Stories, innuendoes, false rumors, letters, and newspaper editorials. Law firms have to be circumspect. Even those in the Virgin Islands or Alaska.

"Only if they convict Temple Bragg. And they won't!" I stood up and tried one last bluff: "I'll be around when your empire starts cracking up, Mr. Bragg."

"Get out!" the old man shouted. At least I'd succeeded in cracking his unholy veneer. Maybe I'd done more. . . .

Nelson Tolliver was waiting when I got back to my hotel. He was a tall, gaunt man in his early fifties.

We went directly to my rooms. We discussed the case in detail; and as I talked I was consciously attempting to sell him. He was that type of guy: Either he believed all the way, or he didn't at all. If he didn't, he wouldn't touch a case.

Finally he said, "You think the girl's innocent, but you're prejudiced."

"Prejudiced or not, it's not a whim. I'm going to be unemployed either way, after all this is finished. Can I tell Mrs. Bragg you'll handle the defense?"

He stared into space for a long moment, then said, "Yes. I'll buy a hand, Stevens. But you'd better hear why." He paused. "Your defense argument was convincing because you, yourself, are convinced. I don't know her. But, even if she did kill her husband, I think I'd undertake her defense. There's a chance we can reach Corwith Bragg through this girl."

I nodded, without speaking.

"Have you mapped out the first move after they serve the warrant?" he asked.

"Subpoena Duncan Crail as a witness for the defense."

He got the implication. "Of course. Keep the one damaging character witness out of their hands until they get him on the stand!"

"Maybe they'll have him up there as the defendant!" I said fervently. . . .

WHEN they brought Temple in late that afternoon, the reporters and photographers were out in force. I witnessed the event from my office. The reporters tried to shoot questions, but Tolliver shook them off with the standard, "No comment." In the brief time he'd been with Temple, he'd done well. Her hair was combed severely, she wore a minimum of make-up and a dark-blue dress that made her look deceptively young.

They booked her, hustled her off to a cell. Then left her alone. Scene 1, Act 1 was over. Miss Bonnafield caught the newspaper boys before they had a chance to disperse: Tolliver and I were to hold a press conference.

He came in almost immediately. "How is she?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Scared. They're giving it to the Grand Jury tomorrow morning."

"Wow!" We'd counted on at least two days.

Miss Bonnafield broke in. "You'd better see those reporters," she warned; "they're beginning to straggle off."

We got the expected reaction when I read my prepared statement. No details. I was resigning my office because I was convinced of Mrs. Bragg's innocence and had offered to assist the defense attorney. I was acting to prevent a tragic miscarriage of justice.

After the reporters left, I turned to Bonny, "Are you going to play this all the way through?" I asked her.

There was an anticipatory glint in her eyes. She said, "I've watched Corwith Bragg and the rest of them step on people for twenty years, and all that time I've been waiting for the right moment. This might be it. What do I do first?"

I kissed her brow and started for the door.

"Where do you think you're going?" Tolliver asked abruptly.

"To see Temple," I said.

"Not until the jury has been empaneled," he said definitely. "If the papers run a couple of shots of you and Mrs. Bragg, the implication is obvious: Instead of changing sides because of conviction, you were caught in the woman's evil spell."

He was right, of course, but I hated the thought of her alone in her cell, wondering, beginning to doubt. I scribbled a hasty explanation. "Take this to her," I said.

As he went out, three deputies from Riordan's office barged in.

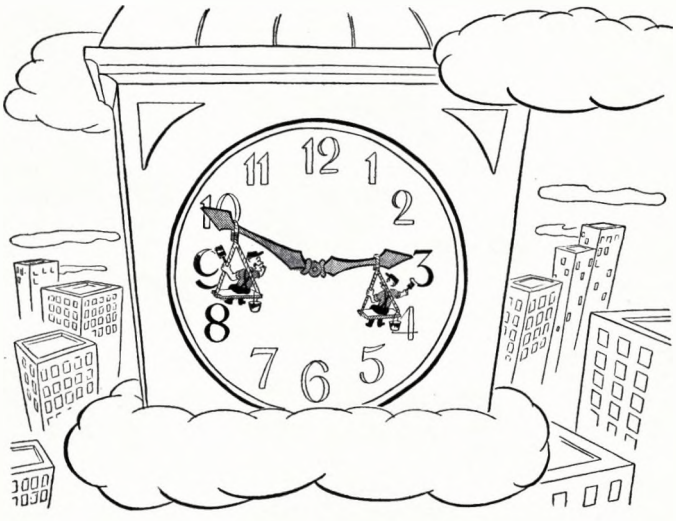
Ed Mapes, the chief deputy, asked, "Working late, ain't you, Henry?"

"Just cleaning up a few odds and ends."

"Hope you've finished the odds, 'cause this is sure enough the end." That killed him. Then he said, "The Chief wants this office, so we're kinda the eviction party."

They were members of Riordan's Strong Arm Squad, and they were looking for trouble. I wasn't going to accommodate, except for a minor test. I rummaged through the files and picked an envelope at random.

"Okay, Bonny; let's go."



"Hey, Mac! I'll meet you at three-fifteen"

For The American Magazine by Harold R. Currier

Mapes lumbered in front of me, reaching out a hand. "Give me that!" The other two flanked me. Ready and willing.

It proved what I wanted to find out. They weren't looking for anything in particular. This was notification of what to expect from now on. I handed him the envelope.

As Bonny and I waited for Tolliver in the corridor, I caught her smiling, appreciating the abrupt turn in our fortune. Tolliver finally came. He reassured me about Temple. That was all. No note or special message. I was vaguely disappointed. . . .

The Grand Jury dutifully ordered Temple Bragg held for trial within fifteen minutes from the time they were called to order. The well-oiled, machine efficiency frightened me by import. Temple sat near the bench, staring at nothing, seemingly deaf to Tolliver's low-voiced reassurances. Once, I caught her eye, and her spell broke as she smiled tremulously. They took her back to her cell.

Chief Riordan stopped me on the way out. "I want to see you in my office," he ordered.

Ed Mapes was seated at Riordan's desk. And there was another deputy. I wondered what was coming.

Riordan said, "I understand Tolliver had Crail served with a subpoena. That right?"

I wondered where we were going.

"You must have come down suddenly with a real short memory, Henry. Lucky I ain't got one."

I played along: "Meaning what, Chief?"

"This Crail knows plenty about Temple Bragg. And a couple of days ago you went to see him. You ain't got very good manners, Henry, because my boys tell me that right after you left, Mr. Crail needed a doctor." The jocose mood evaporated and his face flamed in anger. "I talked to Crail! He hates her guts. You thought you were pretty smart serving that subpoena, but it ain't going to do you any good."

"Why not?"

He shouted, "'Cause I told him to ignore your subpoena! Every time Crail gets drunk, he starts talking about Temple Bragg, and the next time he does, he's going to find out he's a witness for the prosecution!"

RIORDAN was bluffing and he knew I knew it, but I had to see Duncan Crail as soon as possible. They would coach him until his testimony was letter-perfect for the jury. Once they got him, we would be helpless.

I tried his hotel, but he was out. I didn't want to ask too many questions. It would frighten him off, if he were in hiding. So I left a note.

I stopped by the Remmingtons'. They were playing backgammon out on the screened porch. It was like coming home after a long trip in a strange country.

Suddenly I knew how desperately I wanted to forget the Braggs, Crail, Tolliver, even Temple. A normal life with Jean never seemed so desirable, nor so impossible.

Jean said, "Darling, you look terrible! Early dinner out here on the porch for you, then bed." She kissed me then, and we clung together for a moment, like two kids.

The phone rang while we were eating. I thought it was Crail.

It was Tolliver. "I had a helluva time finding you!" he said. "Get down here right away!"

I hung up slowly. "Tolliver," I told Jean. "Something's happened and I've got to meet him."

She knew it was important, so she didn't question. As I kissed her, I could feel her tension. "It's probably nothing," I said. We both knew it was.

There were still a few cars parked in front of the courthouse. It was like any ordinary evening, no excited crowds, no newspaper men nor photographers.

Tolliver was up in Riordan's office. Mapes and another deputy stood guard outside the door. They were expecting me.

Pembrooke, Chief Riordan, and Tolliver were slouched around the desk. The three of them looked uncertain and confused. But there was enmity.

"About time you got here," Tolliver said grumpily. He cocked a sardonic eye at Riordan. "Shall I tell him?"

Pembrooke did. He said wryly, "Henry, the Commonwealth has decided not to press the indictment against Temple Bragg."

There was a joker somewhere. There had to be. "You're freeing her without a trial?" I asked incredulously.

"We have no alternative. There's been some new evidence."

"Naturally, Corwith Bragg knows about this development?" I asked.

Riordan nodded. He didn't raise his eyes.

I continued, trying to feel my way, "If you're going to free her tomorrow, you can release her tonight." Their indecision made me believe they lacked specific instructions. "Shall I call the old man?"

It was a good guess.

"I guess you'd better call him," Riordan said.

When Corwith Bragg answered, I could hardly recognize his voice. He spoke laboriously, like a very old man.

"I'd like to have Mrs. Bragg released immediately," I told him.

He was silent for so long, I thought we'd been cut off. Finally he replied, "Tell Riordan it's all right. Is that all?"

"No. We want a clear statement, Mr. Bragg. Complete exoneration, with an explanation of this 'new evidence.'"

"There will be no statement!"

"You can't drop this case as easily as that!" I said.

While I waited for his reply, I signaled Tolliver to get Temple. Riordan scribbled an order for him.

"I'm fully aware of the probable reactions," Corwith Bragg said, "but, nevertheless, there will be no explanation." He added unnecessarily, "I have instructed my editors to kill the story, and the public has a short memory. Good-by, Mr. Stevens."

I asked Pembrooke and Riordan, "What about his new evidence?"

Riordan could only shake his head. "God knows, Henry. The old man got hold of something, then told us to drop the case."

I was starting through the door when he stopped me: "Henry, if things happen to change around here, and you need an assistant, I'd be only too happy . . ."

He let it dangle, but the implication was there: Riordan was going to protect himself if there was any chance that Corwith was letting the strangle hold on his empire relax.

I slammed the door and caught the elevator down to the lobby. Tolliver and Temple were waiting.

Her eyes were luminous. The unnatural, frightened tautness had disappeared from her movements. There was constraint between us for the first time, and it wasn't because of Tolliver. This was something much more basic. The ordeal was over, there was nothing further to deter us, provided we wanted to pick it up.

"I think Mrs. Bragg ought to get out of here," Tolliver said.

Temple said wistfully, "I never thought I'd ever be glad to return to Rose Manor."

"Will you drive her up, Tolliver? I've got a visit to make."

Temple had disbelief in her glance. "But you're coming tonight?"

"I'll be there as soon as I can."

I'd be there. I had to be. I had to know where she and I were going. . . .

Corwith Bragg was still in his office. From the light of the single bulb on the receptionist's desk, I could see the huddled, shadowy figure at the desk.

"I thought you'd be here." He turned on the desk lamp. His features seemed to have sunken in twenty-four hours. "Is she free?"

"Yes."

"Then you have everything you want."

I wasn't going to show deference this late in the game. "What made you change?"

The old man's gloved fingers toyed and twitched at the desk clock. His voice was low, I could barely hear his words: "Geoffrey was a coward. He shot himself."

"How do you know?" I demanded unbelievingly.

The explanation was torture. Family shame was being paraded. "Maxim came—this afternoon. He would never have told me if the police hadn't arrested the woman."

Then Maxim and Nancy Moon had been involved in that fatal Saturday night at Rose Manor, but in an unsuspected manner. I asked, "Maxim found him?"

"The woman's maid did; she got Maxim. Geoffrey was holding the gun." He paused. "Maxim saw how the disgrace and the publicity would reflect on the family, so he took the gun and hid it somewhere in the house. The next morning he buried it in the garden."

It was so clear and simple. Suicide. But, suddenly, fear began within me. Fear so strong that I couldn't contain it. "Was there a note or message?"

"Nothing of that nature," he said wearily.

With that information it wasn't simple or clear. Yet I couldn't voice my doubts without revealing the story of Terence Blakely's timely death, his suicide, according to Scotland Yard.

It no longer mattered, but I wanted to know. "Why did you get Chad Whiting out of town?"

"Whiting?" The old man had lost interest in my presence. His gloved hands lay dormant on his lap, disembodied and dead now that they couldn't pass on the Bragg empire to its rightful heir, now that they could no longer even deal out revenge. "I have known Whiting for thirty-five years," Corwith said. "He doesn't lie. He had nothing to do with Geoffrey's death, but while he was around, both you and the police would have wasted time on him. So I sent him away. Please leave me, young man." . . .

My fears and suspicions were without substance, only the incredible coincidence: The two men who had married Temple Cranling had committed suicide. Officially and publicly, she was innocent. But I had to *know*. As I stood outside Corwith's office a

plan started to develop. Not even a plan. A trick that might work. But to make it work I had to find Duncan Crail.

It took me almost an hour to find him. He hadn't received my message at the hotel, so I had to work every bar and club in that neighborhood. He was in a booth, sitting alone. But he wasn't too drunk to understand me.

I had to start in slowly, subtly convincing him that Temple had tried to frame him. Then, I carefully outlined the case against her, the evidence we'd uncovered, the possible motive, the timing, her opportunity; and, by inference, I made him realize that if he had worked with her, or even alone, the same damning evidence held against him.

Then I threw the bombshell: "The police released Temple tonight. They now believe that Geoff committed suicide. I'm not convinced."

He stared at me incredulously. But his mind worked. I could almost see him match Geoff's death with Terence Blakely's suicide, knowing that I knew of the parallel.

"Now what happens?" he asked finally.

"That's what we're going to find out, Crail." I thought he'd play along with my plan, for two basic reasons. It might clear him as a suspect if the suicide verdict was set aside. It provided him an avenue of revenge against Temple.

"It might work," he said, as I finished. "Can the police get inside the house without detection?"

"That's Pembrooke's worry." I left him while I called Riordan, but I kept my eye on his booth, just in case. I told the Chief just enough to assure his co-operation. . . .

THEY were all there when we got down to the courthouse. I left Crail with a couple of deputies while I went over my plan with Riordan and Pembrooke.

"Henry, you're leaving the door wide open for him! Either one of them could be guilty. Even if he does follow orders, he can either tip her off, if she's in on it, or else he can just play dumb, proving nothing. I don't like it!" Pembrooke was emphatic.

He was right, of course. We were taking a chance, but if we were going to get a murderer, this was the only way. Finally, they agreed to provide Crail with a car. They brought him in and we worked out the details. . . .

She was waiting for me. Tolliver had left. We went into the library, where she had a fire. As I looked at her, I wondered if her beauty mirrored serenity or arrogant confidence in her own destiny. But there was shyness between us now, a tacit recognition of the opening of a new chapter.

She was free and had the wealth and security she had fought for. The world was now open for her, yet she still wanted me, which was a surprise. She talked Capri, St. Moritz, Paris, Rome, places where people of her world and excitement existed. But I had to remain a dispassionate listener until I knew the outcome of our plan. It was curious. There was nothing to restrain us now, yet the more she wove her magic, the stronger Jean intruded on my thoughts.

Duncan Crail walked in. Our plan had started.

She took his entrance well. Only her eyes changed, became wary. She knew Duncan Crail, knew that this unexpected arrival represented danger. She said, "Duncan, this is a surprise."

The man was a consummate actor. He greeted me briefly; then his manner became peremptory as he said, "Will you excuse us, Stevens? I'd like to see Temple alone for a few minutes." It was almost an order.

She didn't like it. "We can talk here."

But he was used to his domination. "It will be better if there are just the two of us, Temple," he said. "It's very important. We can go into the living-room."

He was smart. It *had* to be the living-room.

Temple hesitated, knowing full well that he wanted something from her. But she didn't dare to refuse. She smiled at me. "We won't be long."

As she went out, a sinking feeling held me. How would she react when Crail showed her the two missing pages from Geoff's diary? The stationery I'd prepared didn't greatly resemble the originals, but he wasn't going to give her that close a look at them. He was a practiced blackmailer and I could rely on him to "read" convincing entries. They didn't have to be perfect, implication was enough.

The door suddenly opened and she came in. Her face was calm, and she smiled. "Sorry, darling, it's some tiresome business of Duncan's. Now he wants a drink, but we'll be through in a few minutes."

I almost relaxed.

She mixed the drinks, took them back with her. I sat for a few minutes, chewing my fingernails, waiting for something to happen. But nothing did. Finally, one of Pembrooke's boys came in. He motioned me silently into the hall.

Pembrooke took off his headset. "I can't figure it. Everything was coming in loud and clear. Crail had just started to read her that phony diary. Then he took a drink, and passed out."

This was wrong. Crail didn't pass out on one drink. It had to be something else. "How do you know?"

"His words got all blurry. We couldn't understand him." He looked at me abruptly. "Henry, is there any other door out of that room? The guy's up to something!"

"The French windows," I told him. But that wasn't what was bothering me. The blurred words. Then the memory of Geoff's morphine capsules hit me. Temple had taken the drinks into the room!

Pembrooke was already on his way, and I sprinted after him. The glass doors were open. Temple and Crail were gone. He dashed for the porch.

"They're on their way, Henry," he said. "He sold out on you."

I didn't think so. Anyone full of morphine is dangerously pliable. Like a sleepwalker, able to move and obey until he loses consciousness.

A car started—grinding in the night.

We got around front in time to see it move down the drive, gathering speed. Pembrooke was cursing softly because he had hidden the police car at the far end of the drive.

The moving car gathered momentum, but there was a slow-motion quality to the strange, unreal scene. As our eyes became accustomed to the half-darkness of the spring night, we could see Temple silhouetted at the wheel, leaning out of the open door. Crail's head lolled on the back of the seat. Suddenly, she wrenched the wheel, turning the car off the drive. Her purpose became startlingly clear. At the foot of the steep rise lay the massive, stone boundary wall. As the car picked up speed, Temple started to leave the car. She didn't make it. Crail's head came upright for an instant, and he must have grabbed her arm in that instant. The crash and the flames seemed to follow instantaneously.

WE KNEW then, of course. She had persuaded him to get into the car, where he had lost consciousness.

Pembrooke and I walked back to the patrol car. There was nothing we could do. There was a strange numbness within me.

"It almost worked," he said. "He takes the ride; you hear the crash and come running out. If things go right, she should be back at the house by then—hysterical, blaming herself for letting him drive in his condition."

I climbed in beside him and waited until he called the coroner and morgue on the radiophone. He hung up. "Where do you want to be dropped?"

"The Remmingtons'," I told him automatically.

Now, there would always be Jean, but if Temple and I had . . . How would she have gotten rid of me, I wondered, when my turn came? It was an interesting speculation.

THE END ★★

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