THE American MAGAZINE

SUCCESSFUL LIVING FOR THE FAMILY

September
25¢

TRUMAN CAN'T LOSE!
by Jonathan Daniels

★

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR SCHOOLS?
by Wilbur A. Yauch

★

The American Family of the Month

★

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SIX SHORT STORIES

TEN FAMILY SERVICE FEATURES

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NOT so long ago, all Watkins had to do was to be announced, and in he went. Now he was getting rebuff after rebuff . . . not only in this office, but in several. He was angry, hurt, and puzzled. What was wrong?

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When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), many a door once open to you is suddenly closed. It's two strikes against you in business as well as in social life. The insidious thing about the condition is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. And no one will tell you . . . not even your best friend.

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Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouthwash and gargle.

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Before every date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Picture OF THE MONTH

You may take your cue from the title and imagine that it's angels who are responsible for the hilarious goings-on in M-G-M's "Angels In The Outfield". But having seen the picture, we incline to the view that it's strictly human factors like the colorful Paul Douglas and the talented young beauty, Janet Leigh.

Douglas has himself a field day in "Angels In The Outfield". He's a loud-mouthed, blasphemous sports manager named "Guffy" whose verbal barrages can be conveyed on the movie sound track only by a loud wordless roar. He lives alone—he has to! He's a recluse, a woman-hater, and unless something happens quick—an ex-manager.

It is enterprising columnist Janet Leigh who is blighting his career, exposing him as a terrible-tempered tyrant. But suddenly she begins to take a personal interest in her subject. And she is not the only one who has turned a kindly eye on tough guy Guffy. It seems as though angels themselves are sparking his dispirited team.

This strange phenomenon evokes a new sweetness of character in Douglas. He is suspiciously soft-voiced with umpires. He even learns to turn the other cheek—for Janet's kisses. And the secret of this amazing transformation from lion to lamb makes a surprising climax to the most extravagant fun of the year.

Keenan Wynn gives an amusing assist as a sportscaster who keeps sabotaging Douglas's efforts to be a good boy. And 8-year-old Donna Corcoran, a new child star discovered by director Clarence Brown, will have audiences everywhere oh-ing and ah-ing.

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

★ ★ ★

"ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD" stars Paul Douglas and Janet Leigh with Keenan Wynn, Lewis Stone, Spring Byington and Bruce Bennett. An M-G-M picture, produced and directed by Clarence Brown, written by Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells; it is based upon a story by Richard Conlin.

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

THE American MAGAZINE

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LETTERS

What Hope for White-Collar Workers?

A flood of comments on the problems of white-collar families continues to pour in from THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE *readers. It all began with the recent article,* Is Your White Collar Strangling You? *in which Prof. Wright Mills, of Columbia University, answered a letter from Mrs. Harold S. Gassman, a Rome, Ga., housewife who told of the plight of her family—the family of a salaried worker caught in the grip of inflation. Professor Mills suggested the formation of "White Collar Centers" to campaign for the improvement of conditions affecting middle-class families. Since publication of the article, organization of several such centers has been started. Here's what readers have to say on the subject:*

. . . Suppose, instead of being thinking individuals, we white-collar people become organized. The organization would eventually become stronger than the individuals in it. . . . I believe our country needs us as we are—individualistic thinkers and doers. Most of us are a pretty hearty bunch, used to ups and downs. We have education and talent, and out of our necessity many new things may be developed. We'll take the economic bumps and make something good of them. We must not lose our freedom.

MRS. I. HOAGLAND
Great Meadows, N. J.

Mrs. Hoagland

I wonder if Mrs. Harold S. Gassman and Prof. Wright Mills aren't both wrong, she for blaming her troubles on an unfair "deal" for white-collar workers, and the professor for suggesting another discussion and pressure group. . . . I know dozens of people on ordinary incomes who are not only living well but accumulating property. Personally, I raised 5 children and helped some of them through college, and I never made more than a laborer's or at best a mechanic's wages. . . . Tell your despondent engineer and your professor of sociology that the people who are using their heads and their hands are still doing remarkably well.

W. A. LEAK
San Rafael, Calif.

I don't believe the white-collar worker will ever organize and throw his weight around politically to better his lot. The white-collar worker is a big part of that backbone of the country, the middle class, which believes the Government should always consider the good of the country as a whole, not various groups who cry for favors. . . . As the wife of a white-collar worker with 3 children, I understand Mrs. Gassman's problems, for they are mine. But the idea of "swinging local elections or bargaining with local politicians" is repulsive to me. To what end would a White Collar Center accumulate power? To raise our salaries by law? But more government controls are just what we do not want. They would harm America!

Mrs. Sewell with Evelyn and Jo Anne, two of her three children

MRS. KATHLEEN SEWELL
Nashville, Tenn.

. . . I think Mrs. Gassman had illusions, when she married her husband, that she would have money and social position. I knew my husband would have none of

(*Continued on page* 6)

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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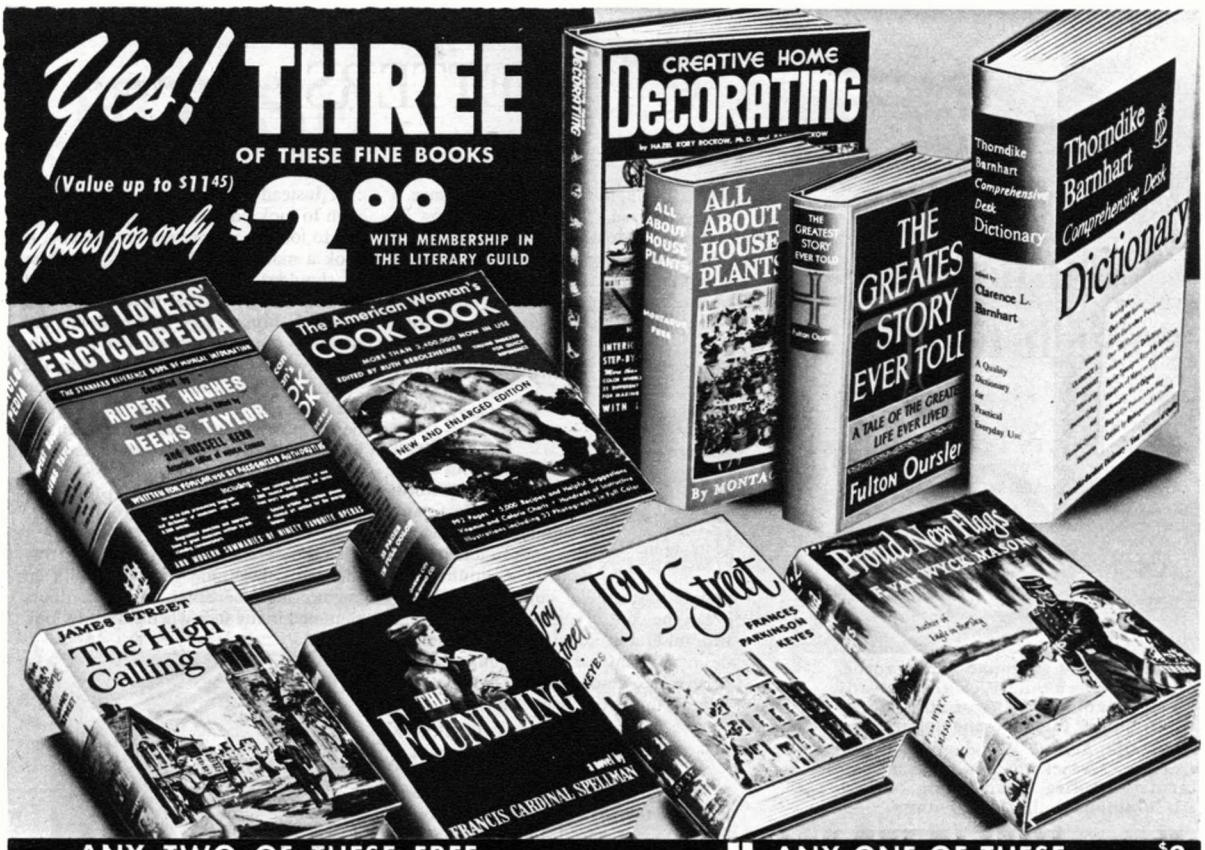

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LETTERS (*Continued from page 4*)

these. I still hope my son can have a college degree if he wants it. I know he will have to do a lot of work toward it if he gets it. I had to work for mine. It doesn't hurt my feelings that I can't hand out education to my children on a silver platter. The other way is better for their characters, anyway.

Mrs. Bruna

MRS. JOSEPHINE LARAMIE
Chazy, N. Y.

. . . The professor says he believes a college education is worth the time, effort, and capital outlay as "a means of widening our cultural boundaries and getting a fuller enjoyment of life."

On the contrary, it makes us dissatisfied, miserable creatures. It teaches us to desire all that we cannot afford. And, believe me, among all our college grad friends, this is our biggest gripe.

MRS. J. F. BRUNA
Hodgenville, Ky.

. . . I worked in an office for 10 years and had exactly $85 in my bank account. Two months ago I took off that expensive white collar, got a job in a factory, and can show my bankbook for proof that I've been able to save $235 in 2 months. . . . If Professor Mills has a son he'll probably be a white-collar worker like his daddy. If I ever have a son he'll smell like a sewer—but he'll have money in the bank and he'll be a plumber, like his daddy.

MRS. DOROTHY SMITH
Bloomfield, N. J.

. . . As I see it, white-collar workers arrived at their present position by the practice of snobbery, and by being suckers as well. I like my blue collar and the manual skill that earns my modest bread. I like humanity with its sleeves rolled up. White-collar folk only think of themselves. Let them strangle.

Van W. Hall

VAN W. HALL
Amarillo, Texas

. . . I approve Professor Mills' suggestion of White Collar Centers for group discussion and study. As he pointed out, Mrs. Gassman's is only a scattered wail. But God bless her for sending it up. . . . Certainly every thinking person should know that eventually inflation will crush us all, even though it's the white-collar folk who are suffering the most now. . . .

MRS. MARY PREWETT
Rome, Ga.

. . . Instead of encouraging Mrs. Gassman to look backward longingly, advise her to look at the present realistically. It took a man and wife working shoulder to shoulder to settle this country and develop it. Now we have come full circle, and once more man and wife are working together to assure the family security and well-being. So long as the American woman was content to live on her husband's salary she had a soft berth; now the time has come when she must work for what she gets. Personally I think it will be good for her. . . .

MRS. O. E. ALLEN
Taft, Texas

Like Mr. Gassman, I worked my way through college and graduated with an engineering degree. I too had doors slammed in my face when I went to look for a job. But it was soon apparent that if a guy was willing to dig a ditch or crawl under a greasy engine, and would work hard, he could "make beans."

Thomas E. O'Connor with his wife, Phyllis, and daughter Sally, 13, and Tommy, 10

In the past 3 years I have worked as an engineer, with no complaints as to salary. . . . Are we a nation of free men and battlers, or have we got the "gimme's"?

THOMAS E. O'CONNOR
Chicago, Ill.

When our daughter was born, my husband earned $15 a week. . . . Today we have a $14,000 home full of lovely furniture, a late-model car, and my husband has a career in sales paying us a good living. Anyone can get what he wants, within the scope of his talents, in this country of ours. But the price for this American way of life is still the same—courage, ingenuity, and hard work.

MRS. ALBERT O. BORCHERS
Battle Creek, Mich.

•

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editors, The American Magazine,
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I'm not a rich man...

"There's very little I can save these days after mortgage payments, the kids' clothes, the inevitable extra expenses. Yet, within my limited income, I've found a way to protect my family should anything happen to me. It's a plan that will provide enough money for my wife and children to live on, pay off the mortgage on our home—even provide money for Billy's education. This plan is a blessing for any married man who needs low cost family protection."

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A PEEK AT THE

Movies of

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

GREGORY PECK and SUSAN HAYWARD star in the month's outstanding Technicolor spectacle. They prove by their performances that a Biblical drama can be more than the usual pageant of wooden chariots, wooden palaces, and wooden acting. Between the battle and banquet scenes they bring brilliantly to life the Old Testament account of King David of Israel and the beautiful woman who risked death as an adulteress 3,000 years ago and became his queen. (*A 20th Century-Fox Production.*)

GOLIATH, THE PHILISTINE HEAVYWEIGHT, whose slaughter with a slingshot put young David on the road to the throne, is played by Walter Talun, known in the wrestling ring as "The Polish Angel." The modern Goliath, who appears in the most famous episode of David's boyhood, measures 6 feet 8½ inches from his size 16 shoes to his 8⅝ helmet, and weighs in for the battle, without armor, at 320 pounds.

As advance man for *David and Bathsheba*, this Goliath is now on a personal-appearance tour brandishing his 5-foot sword and 10-foot spear for film-goers in 20 states.

KING DAVID, as played by Peck, is no longer the happy, psalm-singing shepherd boy, but a mature, troubled, guilty, brave human being, groping for faith to lead a nation while wrestling with his own weaknesses.

the Month

HERE COMES THE GROOM

Anna Maria Alberghetti, new soprano starlet

BING CROSBY, in this gay and crazy musical, appears as Pete Garvey, a foreign correspondent encumbered with two war orphans who've adopted him as their pop. Jane Wyman is Emmadel Jones, his impatient fiancée, who waits so long for Pete to come home that she decides—for a while, anyway—to marry a guy named Wilbur who has 40,000,000 bucks and is played by handsome Franchot Tone. You'll enjoy the rapid-fire gags and Bing's catchy new tunes, plus an all-too-brief performance by a 15-year-old Italian songbird named Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*A Paramount Production.*)

JIM THORPE, ALL-AMERICAN

BURT LANCASTER does a bang-up job in the real-life story of the Oklahoma Indian who is still considered the greatest all-round athlete of our century. After watching this movie those who've never heard of Jim Thorpe will be satisfied to nominate muscle-man Lancaster, former circus acrobat, as the all-round champ of Hollywood. Besides re-creating Thorpe's triumphs in college baseball, football, and track, and in the 1912 Olympic games, Lancaster portrays his skid from fame to a job driving a junk truck. This picture should make up for the intervening years of obscurity to the real Jim Thorpe, who today at 62 runs a restaurant in Chicago. (*A Warner Bros. Production.*)

ALSO THIS MONTH:

Rhubarb *stars Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, and a cat that inherits a baseball team.*

Mr. Imperium *puts Ezio Pinza under a Technicolor Riviera moon with Lana Turner.*

The Blue Veil *makes Jane Wyman a selfless nurse who devotes her life to other people's kids.*

Rich, Young, and Pretty *has Jane Powell and crooner Vic Damone on a musical spree in gay Paree.*

A Place in the Sun *finds Montgomery Clift caught in a tragic triangle with Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters.*

People Will Talk *leads a troubled Jeanne Crain into the arms of wise Dr. Cary Grant.*

Bright Victory *brings light into the life of a blinded war veteran, Arthur Kennedy.*

Saturday's Hero *casts a cynical eye on the career of a college football player, John Derek.*

RADIO - TV

Three top shows of the month selected for family enjoyment

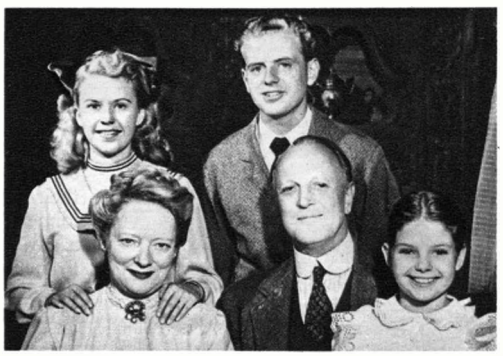
★ ★ ★

Kate begins her biggest season

KATHRYN ELIZABETH SMITH, born 42 years ago in Greenville, Va., begins her 21st season in radio and her second year on television. Kate's success last year proved that a great voice and a sincere personality are more popular than a low neckline. Besides her daytime show over NBC-TV, she begins a weekly evening variety program September 19.

★ ★ ★

The Hanson family: Rosemary Rice, Peggy Wood, Dickie Van Patten, Judson Laire, Robin Morgan



MAMA is a TV show that's as warm, wistful, and amusing as an old snapshot album come to life. In this story of a Norwegian-American family of 1910, wise, warmhearted Mama Hanson is played by Broadway veteran Peggy Wood. But the favorite of many viewers is 9-year-old Dagmar, a pert, pig-tailed 5th-grader named Robin Morgan. Seen on CBS-TV.

★ ★ ★

Ted Mack (right) and the Harkins family, of Evergreen Park, Ill., prize-winning singing act in 1951

THE ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR was an American institution which died with its founder, Major Edward Bowes, in 1945. Television and Ted Mack brought it back to life. A former Bowes assistant, Ted spent 16 years helping audition the 500,000 hopefuls who have tried out for the show, which is heard on the ABC radio network and seen on NBC-TV. *The Ted Mack Family Hour* is televised and broadcast over ABC.

Records of the Month

Morton Gould

Patrice Munsel and Vaughn Monroe

MORTON GOULD PROGRAM, played by Morton Gould and his orchestra. Includes *Pavanne*, by Gould; *Where or When*, by Rodgers; *The Donkey Serenade*, by Friml-Stothart; *Dark Eyes; Espana Cani;* and *Freire: Ay, Ay, Ay* (Columbia album, LP, 45, and 78). One of America's leading conductor-composer-arrangers, who penned his first musical composition at the age of 6, gives an original interpretation to these light classics.

RODGERS AND HART SONG-BOOK, sung by Vaughn Monroe and Patrice Munsel. Includes *My Funny Valentine*, *My Romance*, *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*, *Where or When*, *With a Song in My Heart*, and *Falling in Love with Love* (RCA-Victor album, LP, 45, and 78). Duet and solo exchanges between soprano Munsel, who made the Metropolitan Opera at 17, and popular baritone Monroe, who hasn't quite made it yet.

Don't Fan the Flame and **Telling Me Yes, Telling Me No**—vocal duet by Peggy Lee, Mel Torme (Capitol).

Oh! Dear! She's Wonderful, Beautiful and **Noah Found Grace in the Eyes of the Lord**—sung by Burl Ives (Col.).

Waltz of the Flowers, Tchaikovsky—played by Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra (RCA-Victor).

Who's Gonna Shoe My Pretty Little Feet? and **Detour**—sung by Patti Page (Mercury).

Mary Rose and **Ho-Ho, Deedle-ee-di-di**—played by Ray Anthony and his orchestra (Capitol).

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

What's best to limber meat grinders?

☐ *Chicken bones* ☐ *Salad oil* ☐ *Bacon fat*

Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a *pure* tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!

How to foil a dripping faucet?

☐ *Try a cork* ☐ *Attach a string*

Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how *Kleenex tissues* save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.

To see things in a far better light, try—

☐ *A beacon* ☐ *Kleenex eyeglass tissues*

No dim view for you! Just sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues. Big enough, strong enough, *lint-free:* to swish away dust, dirt, smears in a flash. Each tissue's silicone treated on both sides. Serves *one at a time!*

Chair marks on carpets call for—

☐ *Cleaning fluid* ☐ *Steaming*

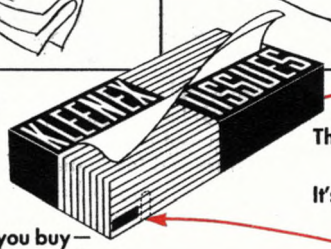
Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give *you* a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And *no other tissue* has that handy Kleenex box!

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...

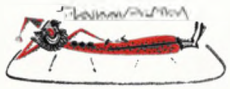
2. YOU GET JUST ONE...

3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when It's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy—
You'll always have a good supply



FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

In Baltimore, Md., after the Messrs. Southern, Easterly, and North were booked for disturbing the peace, North was dismissed on his promise he'd go west, Easterly on his promise to go South, Southern stood still while trying to raise a $100 fine.

In Washington, D.C., the Information Division of the Office of Price Stabilization held a Sunday picnic, found it couldn't make ends meet at current prices, had to send a follow-up notice to all picnickers: "Despite the effectiveness of price controls, we find the food cost more than we expected. We think the fairest solution is to assess the men an extra $3." The original assessment: $1.50.

A man named Lottery King was picked up by Birmingham, Ala., police and charged with gambling.

Sorrowfully, a Washington, D.C., pastor testified, during his divorce hearing, that his wife attended lectures by another minister: "It's like running a grocery store and your wife goes across the street and trades with a competitor."

After buying two goats to clean vegetation from a lot so he could build a new house, a man in Bedford, Ind., reported that thieves had done a complete cleanup job, taking a shovel, a pick, 20 concrete blocks—and the goats.

In Lynbrook, L.I., a 34-inch-tall midget explained to the court that he just couldn't reach the parking meter to drop his nickel in, won a suspended sentence.

An injured baby-sitter in San Francisco sued for $10,000 damages, complaining that her 4-year-old charge had made a "sudden, unexpected, furious, and violent attack and threw himself forcibly and violently" against her, thereby breaking both her wrists.

In an accident in Beechwood, Wis., in which a truck, 3 cars, and a tavern were damaged, there was one human casualty —a woman who fell off a bar stool when the truck struck the tavern.

A 76-year-old motorist in Logansport, Ind., picked up for reckless driving after he had sideswiped another car, explained sadly to the justice of the peace the cause of the trouble: He had eaten too much ice cream, which had caused him to hiccup so he lost control of the car. He got off with the minimum fine, $1.

A woman in Indianapolis complained to police that somebody had been adding hens to her flock of chickens, somebody also had been stealing eggs from both original and added hens, and the new arrivals, she suspected, had been put there just to fatten up.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., Karl Kiss sued for divorce, asserting that he got indignities and cruel and barbarous treatment but no love and kisses from Mrs. Kiss.

A 30-year-old man in Charleston, W.Va., who decided that his 13 remaining teeth were "draining his strength" and yanked them out with pliers, was in a local hospital recovering, with the aid of a transfusion, some of the blood he had lost from the homemade operation.

Promptly after proud city councilmen in Salem, Ohio, announced the installation of a coal-heating system in the new city hall, somebody remembered that the Natural Gas Co. of West Virginia gives the city 150,000 cu. feet of gas every year for heating purposes.

A woman who offered peanuts to a monkey in the Forest Park Zoo in Springfield, Mass., complained that the monkey turned down her offering, grabbed her purse instead, and ate two $1 bills.

A medal he won for safe driving led to a peck of trouble for a truck driver in Milwaukee, Wis. After attending a ball game to which he and 37 other medal winners were treated by their bosses, and hoisting a few beers to help celebrate, he was driving home in the wee hours when his car smashed into a telephone pole. As he went to call police, two men held him up, stole his medal and $10. Police arrested him for drunken driving. He was sentenced to 10 days in jail and fined $75.

In Korea, to head off food-scrounging Marines, headquarter cooks of the 1st Marine Division taught the Korean messboy his only English: "Due to circumstances that now prevail I am unable to accommodate your request."

A boxer in Washington, D.C., who was knocked out in the first round, then jeered by a ringside fan, got up off the canvas to take a poke at his annoyer, was promptly knocked out once more.

ARTHUR LANSING

HELP FOR YOUR

September remember: Good time to overhaul and paint metal roof gutters is early this month—before heavy winter rains and snows begin and before the gutters are clogged with falling leaves. Especially important this year in view of possible metal shortages.

In case you've forgotten: Turn those precious steaks by sticking the fork in the fat, not the lean. Latter leaks the juices. . . . Keep your eggs with large end up and they'll stay fresh longer. The air cell through which the egg breathes is usually at the large end and if the egg is kept large end down, its contents close the air cell and the egg loses quality faster.

Do your car doors rattle? Try putting layers of tire patch over the worn-down rubber cushions until you achieve the right thickness to hold the doors firmly.

If Junior's scuffing has crushed your rug's pile or if pressed-down spots show where you've shifted furniture, try covering crushed sections with a damp cloth, going over the cloth with a hot iron (but without too much pressure), then whisking with a stiff-bristled brush.

If you're going away on a trip, here is an easy way to keep your plants watered in your absence. Place them on bricks set in a washtub filled with water. Put an end of a wick or any heavy cloth material over the edge of the pot and let the other end hang in the water. The plants will be kept fresh and green indefinitely.

Lipstick stains often can be removed from washable materials by working glycerine in to loosen the stains, then laundering as usual. But do *not* apply soap before the stains are loosened.

To remove marks or depressions on mohair pile upholstery fabric, wring a large towel or cloth out of very hot water, place on the marks and keep it there for ten minutes. Repeat, if necessary. Then, while the area is still damp, brush it lightly. After it's dry, brush it again, this time moving the brush *against* the pile.

And here's a different kind of tip from a knowing young woman. Marital arguments are inevitable. But when it comes to name-calling during such feuding in your house, remember: A man may never forgive being called a "bald-headed ape," but "brute" and "beast" may actually be good; they stimulate his ego.

Where to keep them: An extra fuse or two taped inside the door of the fuse box will avoid hunting in the dark. . . . Your extra dry cell flashlight batteries will last longer if you store them in the refrigerator, then thaw them out before using.

Ever see a mechanic rub wet soap on his hands before tackling a dirty, messy job? Why not take the tip? Rub wet soap over hands and wrists and let it dry before you scrub out the outdoor fireplace or spend a morning in the attic. This pre-soaping simplifies hand washing later; the soapy coating and dirt go down the drain together.

Building or remodeling your kitchen? Here's a helpful tip: Ideal arrangement, it's been found, is to place the three work centers at the points of a triangle. Recommended distances: 4 to 7 feet between refrigerator and sink; 4 to 6 feet between sink and range; 4 to 9 feet between range and refrigerator. Kitchen will probably be easier to work in if sum of the sides of the triangle totals less than 22 feet.

Ever think of using a small whisk-broom instead of a cloth when washing the dishes? Saves the hands, never gets rancid, works fine on pots and pans, too.

To keep your sewing machine working properly, you have to clean it periodically. A University of New Hampshire expert advises: First, wipe the whole machine with a slightly oiled rag. Then moisten a toothbrush with cleaning fluid and clean the bobbin case and the area under the face plate. Finally, after cleaning fluid has dried, oil the machine.

Painting know-how: If paint odor bothers you, put a can of cold water in a freshly painted room. If you change the water every few hours, it absorbs the paint smell. . . . If you think your painting ability isn't what it might be, you'll find thin paint easier to apply than thick. And anyhow, it's been found that 3 thin coats give better results than 2 thick ones.

No matter how careful you are, some paint will always drip down the outside of the can. Instead of placing the can on newspaper, which must be moved, glue a paper plate to the bottom of the can. Now you can move it from place to place without the fear of drips.

When hanging any object on a plastered wall, drive the nail into the plaster through a small piece of Scotch tape. The tape will prevent cracking and crumbling of the plaster.

If you put your tacks in a bottle you won't have to rummage through boxes trying to find the right ones.

To keep your ice trays from sticking in the freezing unit of your refrigerator, coat them on the bottom and sides with a thin film of cooking or salad oil. The oil film does not retard freezing but prevents the ice from sticking fast to the metal tray surfaces.

HOUSE

When a zipper sticks, put a bit of petroleum jelly on a thin stick and push it down into the holes on each side of the gadget that closes the lugs. Close zipper halfway, add a bit more lubricant, finish closing zipper and wipe away excess. Then, work zipper up and down several times to complete the job.

If your hammer head is loose, tighten it by rubbing the top of the handle with a mixture of glycerine and water. The mixture will penetrate the wood to restore the fit, and additional moisture will be attracted from the air to keep the head on tight indefinitely.

For those nicks on your furniture, furniture wax, of course, does a good concealing job. But for more permanent repair, heat stick shellac to the melting point, rub it into the crack, sandpaper lightly, then wax.

When you bring out your best candlesticks and finest table linens for parties, you can protect the linens from wax-drips. Simply chill the candles for several hours in your refrigerator before it's time to light them.

Need to focus your TV antenna? If you loosen the mast clamps, tie a length of heavy cord to each end of the crossarm, then pull the cords in through a window near your set, you can get the antenna lined up by pulling the cords. Tighten mast clamps again, remove cords, and you're finished.

To make any small room in your home look bigger, try tinting it pink. That hue apparently increases dimensions a foot or more each way.

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, and might be useful to others, send it in. We will pay $10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. No suggestions can be returned.

THE OPEN DOOR

ONE of the most vexing problems that a family can face is that of relatives—particularly those close or distant blood relations, living outside the immediate family circle, who seem unable to curb the impulse to tell you how to run your life. Every family living in a metropolitan area has had the experience of being unexpectedly visited by country cousins who expect to be taken out and shown the town. And every family living in the country knows what it's like when in-laws drop in and promptly begin criticizing everything in sight.

Even well-meaning mothers and fathers, not to mention brothers and sisters, can be a problem, especially to young married folks. Mrs. R.W.O., for example, writes to *The Open Door* from California as follows:

"My husband and I have been married five years and have two small girls. We have just bought a home of our own with the help of my parents. My mother, who loves me very much, keeps trying to do things for us. She is insulted when we won't let her do all the things she wants to do.

"Whenever she comes to our home, she makes comments about the furniture—it's not good enough for us, it's getting old, it needs re-covering, etc. She often says our house is not big enough for us, and that it's too far away from the stores. I know she wants me to have the best but, believe me, we get awfully tired of hearing her criticize our way of life.

"My husband has become very discouraged. He works very hard and we would get along fine if we were not constantly reminded that our home is not a mansion. Mother can't understand that we would prefer the satisfaction of working out our own problems. Could you tell me some way to inform her of this without hurting her feelings?"

This is a problem which comes up, in one form or another, in every family sooner or later. It is discussed regularly in the consulting-rooms of family-relationship and marriage counselors, and with ministers, doctors, and sympathetic friends.

Authorities generally agree that when young people get married they should be encouraged, as a rule, to stand on their own feet and to work out their own destiny completely independent of their families. The difficult thing is how to tell your parents that you'd prefer to be independent rather than accept their help, and still not hurt their feelings. We've been unable to find any single successful formula for this. But it can be said that a frank and friendly talk on the subject (or a series of talks) is the best way to broach the subject. Often you will discover that your parents went through the same experience themselves, but have since forgotten it. If you can gently remind them that, just as they insisted on being independent when they first got married, you now are seeking the same goal, it is quite likely that they will come around to your point of view and eventually leave you pretty much on your own.

If they insist on doing things for you, a hint that you wouldn't object to a new easy chair or a nice set of homemade drapes as a birthday or holiday gift sometimes works out nicely. This gives your parents an "out"—they can still do things for you, but because it's a present, they have to keep quiet about it in order not to spoil the surprise. . . .

Another family problem, of an entirely different type but also rather prevalent, reaches *The Open Door*, again from California. Mrs. V.A.C. reports that she and her husband had been married 12 years, and had three children, when they "came to that point in marriage which almost all couples reach sooner or later: We had positively fallen out of love and were bored with each other and with our marriage.

"This did not happen all at once, but a hundred little things over the years brought it on. Perhaps, like so many couples, we would have gone right on, dragging through more long, unhappy years, if my husband had not decided he was in love with someone else.

"The other woman was a widow who came in during the heavy harvest work to help me. She would arrive each morning, dainty and rested and fresh-looking, stay eight hours, and then go home. I had to be up long before she came, helping with the chores . . . and I worked long hours with the children and the house after she was gone. I was always tired, had

little time to fuss with my appearance

"One day they came to me and he asked me to give him a divorce. When they told me they wanted to get married, but wouldn't take the children, I got mad clear through. If they had tried to take the children I would have fought them. But because they were trying to force their terms on me I hit the ceiling. I told her if she took my husband, she took the children and the farm and all the work.

"That night I did a lot of thinking, and finally worked out a plan. In the morning, without telling anyone, I packed my clothes, went to town, drew out half the savings in our joint account, and took the train to the city, alone.

"A month later you would not have known me for the same tired-out, unkempt person. Rest, clothes, beauty parlors, and change of scene can work wonders for any woman. I wrote to the children in care of a neighbor, and they answered my letters. It broke my heart when they begged me to come home. They did not like the way things were going.

"I sent the children a picture of the new Me—in a night club with some friends. Four of us at a table—you know the kind, posed with the men with their arms around the ladies. Of all the things I did, I think it was that picture that turned the trick."

Mrs. V.A.C. goes on to tell how her brother arrived the next day—sent by the husband to bring her home. She demurred at first, saying she didn't want the job, having learned a valuable lesson—that a woman cannot be an overworked servant and a good wife at the same time. "I will come back," she said, "when he is ready to put an extra man on the outside work and give me a month off each year to leave the farm, travel somewhere, go to shows, rest up, and buy a few clothes. He takes off on a hunting and fishing trip each year, and I don't see why I shouldn't have a vacation, too."

These were pretty harsh terms, but they were accepted. And apparently Mrs. C. had the right idea too . . . because all this happened 30 years ago, and she and her husband have been getting along nicely ever since.

THE EDITORS

The Open Door invites you to submit your problems—either those you have solved yourself or those for which you seek guidance. For every publishable letter of not more than 500 words we pay $25. No letters returned. Address: The Open Door, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

WHY DON'T THEY ?

MANUFACTURE a lightweight plastic table with 3-inch legs to be placed on top of card tables, so that refreshments can be served without disturbing the playing hands?—*Mrs. H. C. Matta, Astoria, Ore.*

MARKET double-walled glass tumblers to avoid the drips from perspiration caused by iced drinks?—*John D. Bell, Los Angeles, Calif.*

PAINT all fire trucks, ambulances, and other emergency apparatus with the new fluorescent paint so that they will be easily visible at night?—*Mrs. C. E. Merritt, Klamath Falls, Ore.*

PROVIDE a sliding shelf under home freezers for storage of fur coats?—*Mrs. Anthony J. Stedrak, Elmira, N.Y.*

Outboard boat bailer

DEVISE sets of mechanical feet to be installed in shoe stores, which could be used to break in new shoes for customers?—*Rosa Packer, Saginaw, Mich.*

SELL pie dough in a roll, like waxed paper? The dough could be kept in a refrigerator and enough pulled off each time you wanted to bake a pie.—*Mrs. Paul R. Miller, Denver, Colo.*

Luminous fire engines

WEAVE diagonal pockets (like those that hold desk-blotter pads) in the underside corners of rugs, so that rug pads would stay in place instead of sliding from beneath the rug?—*Mrs. J. K. Lillestol, Colma, Calif.*

MANUFACTURE a costume jewelry repair kit, including several different sizes of rhinestones, glue, and tweezers, which could be used to refurbish jewelry that otherwise would be thrown out?—*Mrs. Dick Dolan, Grants Pass, Ore.*

ATTACH clips to cigarette lighters, so that they can be clipped to a shirt pocket and not fall out when a man bends over?—*Mrs. Dee Fossa, Atherton, Calif.*

INCORPORATE a fitting in outboard motors which, with the attachment of a hose, would permit them to operate as pumps to bail out water-filled boats?—*Theodore Freeman, Chicago, Ill.*

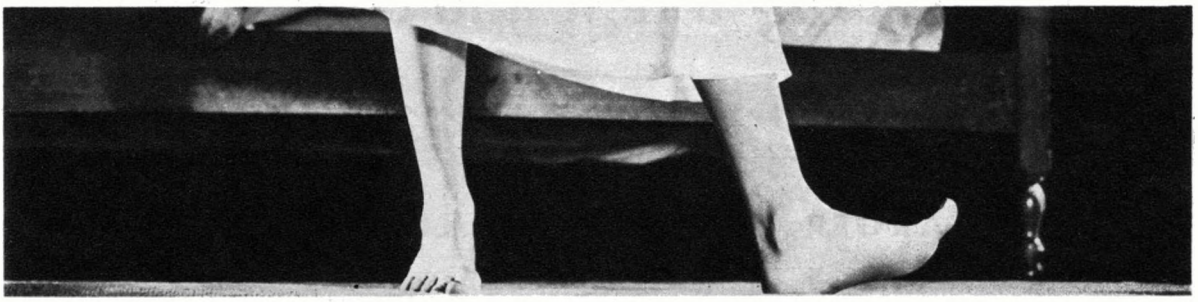
Home fur storage

IMPREGNATE disposable paper sheets with commercial cleansers for handy use in bathtub scouring? —*Mrs. Roy E. Nicol, Hamilton, Mich.*

DESIGN drive-in restaurants with pay stations at exits, so that customers could pay on their way out rather than wait for waitress?—*Charles Van Zant, Maywood, Calif.*

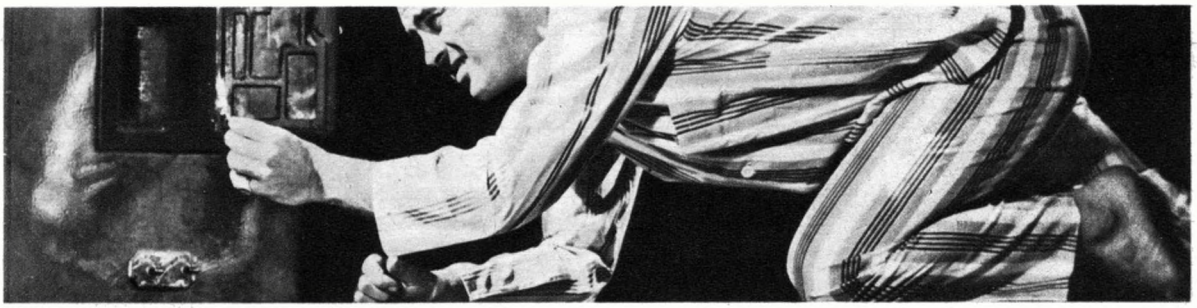
Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them on a postcard to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

SEE PAGE 150 FOR AMERICAN BUY-WAYS



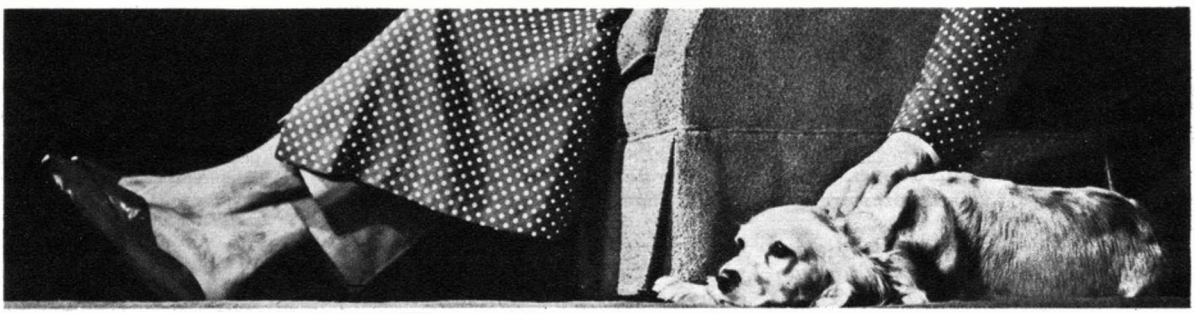
STOP - don't put your poor, protesting feet on that cold floor!

(A **PERFECTION** HEATER KEEPS FLOORS COMFORTABLY WARM !)



PITY - this poor, cringing soul struggling to re-light his pilot-less heater!

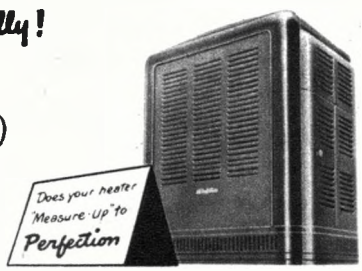
(ECONOMICAL "MIDGET" PILOT IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB !
A **PERFECTION** EXCLUSIVE !)



ENJOY - the luxurious comfort of
all-over, all-the-time warmth - economically!

(**PERFECTION** "FLOOR-FLO" BLOWER FILLS
FARTHEST CORNERS WITH COZINESS !)

Perfection Stove Company
7310-A Platt Avenue, Cleveland 4, Ohio
Specialists in GAS and OIL Heating



Portable and Fireplace Models, Too!

Announcing a new and complete line!

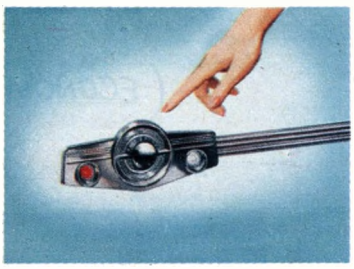
Deepfreeze Home Freezer

LARGER CAPACITY AT LOWER COST

New convenience features you'd expect only from the pioneer and leader in the Home Freezer field!

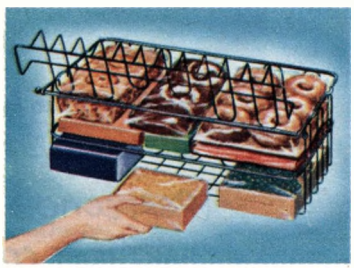
NEW! THE "MENU-MAKER"

Four one-pint aluminum containers, red, blue, green, and gold, to hold an entire pre-cooked meal or preserve left-overs. Freeze, heat, and serve, all in the same gay, colorful containers. Exclusive with Deepfreeze. *Extra convenience!*



NEW! "SILENT SIGNAL"

White light shows when power is on. Red light flashes warning if inside temperature gets too high for safety. This Deepfreeze feature makes it easier than ever for you to control temperatures correctly for proper preservation of food.



NEW! THE "HANDY BASKET"

Unique, double deck, side-opening basket holds the frozen foods you use most often. Has hinged side for removing foods below without disturbing those above. Only Deepfreeze Home Freezers have it. *More extra convenience!*

SIX MODELS AND FOUR SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

7, 13 (illustrated), 17 and 23 cu. ft. sizes are made in deluxe models with the features shown here. 7 and 13 cu. ft. sizes are also made in popularly priced standard models.

HERE are the finest Deepfreeze Home Freezers ever built! They all give greater storage capacity at lower cost. They all have advanced features for thrilling new convenience. And they are all super-powered to quick-freeze foods and preserve them safely for long periods of time.

Deepfreeze offers you a choice of six models in four sizes. Among them is the one that's "just right" for you, whether your family is large or small. Ask your Deepfreeze dealer to show you how it will give your family better eating with far less effort on your part. And how it will pay for itself in cash savings on vitamin-rich frozen fruits, vegetables and prime meats!

Remember, Deepfreeze pioneered the Home Freezer 12 years ago. So Deepfreeze engineers are obviously most experienced in building Home Freezers. For longer, quieter service, and complete satisfaction, get a genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezer!

THERE'S ONLY ONE GENUINE **Deepfreeze Home Freezer**

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FARM AND HOME FREEZERS • REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS

All products of Deepfreeze, North Chicago, Illinois

THE FABULOUS *Jacksons* OF DENVER

They had 10 children in less than 12 years! How did they ever manage? If you think *you* have a tough time making ends meet, this inspiring story will give you rewarding glimpses into the secret of happy, successful family living

EDITOR'S MEMO

Each month THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE plans to bring you the complete story of an outstanding American family. Here is the first. By "outstanding" we do not mean a family of wealth, or social position, or political importance, but rather a well-integrated group of parents and children who have made a significant contribution to family and community life.

If you know of such a family, write and tell us about it in not more than 500 words. If we decide that it rates in achievement as an American Family of the Month, we will pay $50 for your contribution. Address Family of the Month, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. No letters can be acknowledged or returned.

BY VANCE PACKARD

with ALICE SPENCER COOK

IF YOU think you're having a tough time raising a family in these days of rising costs you should talk with Mrs. Taylor Jackson, of Denver. This past year she had to buy 3,285 quarts of milk and 41 pairs of shoes for her 10 children.

That was quite a challenge to her ingenuity, but she is not complaining. She and her husband planned it that way. They love children and wanted a big, old-fashioned kind of family. Now they have one. Their 10 children range in age from 2 to 14. Mrs. Jackson is 36 and her husband is 38.

Taylor and Marjorie Jackson wanted a big family so badly that they began building it even though they had no money, and even though he still wanted to go to medical school. At times they faced hair-raising trials, but they

Hiking in the Rockies . . .

. . . Father, 38 Johnny, 2 Warren, 3 Evan, 4 Richard, 5 Nancy, 7 Iretta, 8 Ralph, 9 Alice, 11 Evelyn, 12 Louise, 14 Mother, 36

THE 12 JACKSONS at Church. Every Sunday morning they fill two pews. In the front row, the two oldest girls, Evelyn and Louise, sandwich 3-year-old Warren between them. In second row, the parents hold Johnny and Evan. Dr. Jackson leads the singing

kept the children coming. By the time Taylor was ready to start his medical practice they already had 7 children!

Today he is one of Denver's leading young physicians. And the Jacksons are one of the most fabulous families in America.

Out of their experience the Jacksons have achieved a happy, wonderful life together. Their teamwork, enterprise, and joy of living make them an outstanding example of successful family living for us all. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is proud to introduce them to the nation as our first Family of the Month.

MRS. JACKSON had her 10 children in less than 12 years. That was a part of the plan. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson wanted to build their family while they were still young themselves. There are 5 girls and 5 boys, but at one point the ratio was 5 girls, 1 boy. Each child arrived individually. There were no twins or triplets. And Mrs. Jackson nursed every one of the 10. When we asked her if she had any post-birth complications she laughed and said, "I never had time to go back and find out."

There was not a minute during those 11-odd years

PICNIC IN THE ROCKIES. After a morning hike the Jacksons cook a lunch of hamburgers 60 miles from home at Echo Lake (11,000 feet up), one of the most beautiful spots in America. In the background are snow-capped mountains of the Continental Divide. Above: Little Warren digs into a man-sized slice of watermelon

THE BROOD OF 10. Father Jackson and the kids have great fun together. The Jackson girls helped make the colorful shirts (of seersucker so they don't have to be ironed)

THREE IN A TUB. Baths in bunches save a lot of time and hot water in the Jackson household. At the left, Richard, Warren, and Evan are enjoying a good splash, while little Johnny is not very happy about being left out

FATHER-BARBER. Dr. Jackson saves himself $5 on haircuts every time he calls to his five boys, "All right —line up!" Here he is giving Evan a close trim with the clippers

that she was not either carrying or nursing a baby, or both. Her growing brood, you might imagine, should have kept her pretty busy. Yet during those years she, by her efforts, largely financed her husband's medical schooling and the support of the family as well. And during much of the same time she was also working hard toward a master's degree in child psychology for herself!

She wrote her dissertation, *The Use of Toys in the Growth and Development of Children,* while waiting for Evan to be born. It has become a standard reference for nursery-school workers, and thousands of copies have been printed.

Today, with 10 children, the Jacksons do not let household problems tie them down, even though they have neither maid nor cleaning woman. (One of Dr. Jackson's patients who has no money helps out with the family ironing.)

THE Jacksons go dancing every week. Mrs. Jackson says, "We love to dance. It relaxes us more than resting." They also play bridge regularly with their 6-couple "supper club." For such nights out they don't need a baby-sitter. In fact, they haven't had to worry about a baby-sitter for six years, since their oldest child, Louise, was 8. The youngsters take care of themselves.

Their family is so well organized that last year Dr. and Mrs. Jackson were able to make a trip to Europe to study family living there in a field course sponsored by two universities. The 10 remarkable Jackson children could probably have managed by

THE GIRLS DO MUCH OF THE COOKING. It's all a part of the family's amazing teamwork. Above, Louise, the oldest daughter, works on a piecrust while Alice kibitzes

THE FAMILY SHOPPING also is managed largely by the girls. It's a job that calls for a lot of judicious buying. At the right, Alice chooses and watches the weighing of vegetables at Miller's Supermarket

AS A CAB DRIVER in Denver, Taylor Jackson worked many nights while struggling to get through medical school. A few years ago he was voted the city's safest driver. He says it is because he has 10 children

THE NURSERY, at left, is a busy spot in their home. Mrs. Jackson used to run a nursery for neighboring children which was the main support for the family. She also took in boarders, while having a baby every 13½ months

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE by most of the children brings in extra money. At right, Ralph makes a regular delivery of the East Denver Journal

A DOZEN fill the family car (left), a 1950 Hudson Pacemaker which Dr. Jackson says was the only one he could find which would take the whole bunch

IN FRONT OF THEIR NEW HOME (below) the children greet Dr. Jackson returning from work

A WEEK'S FOOD FOR 12

Each week the Jackson food bills come to slightly over $50. At right Mrs. Jackson shows you the food her family consumes in an average week:

63	quarts of milk—17¢ per qt.	$10.71
6	dozen day-old rolls—25¢ per doz.	1.50
6	dozen rolls—made at home	0.00
16	loaves Hi-Q bread—11¢ per loaf	1.76
7	dozen eggs—delivered from farm	
	4 dozen cracked—35¢ per doz.	1.40
	3 dozen regular—63¢ per doz.	1.89
5	pounds Good Luck margarine	1.45
3	pounds hamburger—58¢ per lb.	1.74
12	pork steaks	1.65
4	half-pints whipping cream	1.32
4	pounds pork roast	2.16
4	fryer chickens	2.65
18	pounds potatoes	.45
28	cans assorted vegetables	3.08
4	bunches carrots	.18
4	heads lettuce	.48
1	carton tomatoes	.15
2	cans Del Monte tomato juice	.34
1	bunch bananas	.65
10	pounds oranges	.54
1	pound raisins	.16
3	cans frozen orange juice—13¢ ea.	.39
20	apples	.35
1	watermelon	.45
3	heads cabbage	.11
3	bottles jam	.33
1	quart peanut butter	.39
1	pt. honey	.34
10	pounds Gold Medal flour	.89
1½	pounds Crisco	.45
5	pounds GW sugar	.50
12	packages Kool-Aid	.48
10	packages cereal	.75
6	cartons cottage cheese	.84
2	dozen hot dogs	2.30
2	dozen buns	.45
7	dozen cookies—made at home	0.00
1	loaf cheese, processed	.69
1	pound "Longhorn" cheese	.67
1	package Amer. Beauty macaroni	.17
1	package noodles	.13
1	can Jolly Time popcorn	.09
6	packages Jello—4¢ ea.	.24
4	packages Jello pudding—4¢ ea.	.16
1	package rice	.32
4	cans Chicken-of-the-Sea tuna fish	1.00
3	packages frozen fish	.99
4	cans Van Camps pork and beans	.72
3	cans Texsun grapefruit juice	.81
1	gallon can Crown blackberries	.52
1	gallon can Town Talk cherries	.77
2	cantaloupes (in season)	.26
2	packages bacon	1.04
5	lemons	.09
		$51.95

Dairy products, chickens, and eggs are bought at wholesale. The cracked eggs, at extra saving, can be used in any way except boiling. The 6 dozen day-old sweet rolls are bought at half-price. The other 6 dozen, as well as the 7 dozen cookies, are made at home, using the flour, sugar, eggs, and other ingredients on the list.

themselves while the folks were gone, even though Louise was then only 12. However, to be on the safe side Mrs. Jackson asked her sister to stay at the house and sort of supervise.

The older Jackson children are so self-reliant that all of them, from Ralph, 9, up, earn money baby-sitting. They are much in demand because of their skill in handling children. Alice, 11, has taken jobs baby-sitting with neighboring children who are two years older than she is!

Mrs. Jackson, in addition to her work on a master's degree (which is nearly finished), is active in parent-teachers, church, and Girl Scout work. She lectures frequently and works hard at her literary study club. Still, she says she has plenty of free time. She is baffled when other (*Continued on page* 106)

Dugout Rebel

Every fan in the country was watching this game and the outcome depended on one man—a first baseman who had lost a pennant by thinking too much

Moran peered in at Sam. "Here's a friendly warning," he said. "Stay off that field!"

by Charles Einstein

AT THE age of 34, he was an old man. He had neither wife nor children to resurrect his years, and his talent for his chosen calling, which was professional baseball, was not, he felt, a thing of quality. Even his name, Sam Slowis, once proudly abbreviated from the original Polish to fit the six-point type of major-league box scores, was used smilingly by sports writers now to describe his speed afoot.

The moist night air of New England sat on him these days like a cold towel. He was batting well over .300 for Providence, but it wouldn't have won him any cigars in the majors. In the Class A North Atlantic League they played twilight-night double-headers as a matter of daily course, but people hardly noticed it. Forty miles away, Boston was driving for the Big League pennant, and that was what interested the local fans. It was, truthfully, what interested Sam, too.

In his mind's eye, whenever he came to bat, the setting still was in Boston. The pitcher still was Loman of New York, and it was always the last day of the season, with the stands a roaring riot of early autumn color and prayer.

At the occasional events of local fraternal organizations or the Firemen's Outing, attended by Sam and his fellow Providence players in the interest of client good will, they still asked him about that game. They asked it charitably, inquiring if he had ever seen a third baseman make the play that Rollins of New York had made on Sam's bunt.

And Sam would say no, it was a fine play, but it was his fault. Moran, the Boston manager who also played third base, had expressed the same thought in more limited language.

"As far as I'm concerned, you're through," Moran had said, striding into the Boston clubhouse with the sweat streaked black on his face. "As long as I'm manager of this club, you're never going to walk into this ball park again."

THERE had been bases loaded and one out, and it was the eighth inning, and New York led by one run. It was a storybook finish. Moran sent Sam up to bunt the ball, to get the tying run across. He had bunted. Rollins, a swift cat in gray, anticipating the play, catapulted headlong, plucked the ball off the top of the grass before it hit the ground, twisted on his knees, and fired to the shortstop covering third to double up the base runner.

It was the last day of the season, and there was no pennant for Boston.

Detroit had been interested in him after that, but Sam's knee was bad, and his age was against him. Besides, he could not deliver in the clutch. Detroit needed a first baseman, but not that much—was the local consensus.

He was what Providence needed. At least, there were no complaints. Last night they had won a pair from New Bedford, and tonight they would play two more, unless, Sam could only hope, it rained.

Meanwhile, it was nearly noon, and Sam drove carefully along the wide bridge to East Providence. As first baseman, slugging star, and possibly as future manager of the Providence Royals, he was to bestow a command performance upon the young men and women of the Riverview Hospital for Crippled Children. It would, Sam informed himself, be like the Firemen's Outing. Some kid was going to look up from a wheel chair and say, "Sam, what about that bunt?"

"Be nice," he said to himself. It was late August and, for Providence, the season (*Continued on page* 89)

PHOTO BY
KARSH

TRUMAN Can't Lose!

A bold prediction by the President's close friend and interpreter. Whether you agree or not, you'll want to know the reasons why this Democrat is so sure the Republicans can't possibly come back. Here also is his estimate of the strongest G.O.P. candidates

HARRY S. TRUMAN will be the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party in 1952 and will be re-elected President of the United States.

We seem all set now for a repetition of the old pattern: "He won't run; he can't win; ouch!"

The people who were surprised in 1948 are now carefully rebuilding, hope by hope, the same topply structure which fell on them in 1948. It will fall again. The emblem of Truman's opposition is not so much the elephant as it is a resilient Humpty-Dumpty who does his act every four years.

I do not expect to be surprised in 1952, but I was surprised one day during the summer when I talked with reporters after a visit to the White House. I had just seen Harry Truman, whom I know and admire, and I had sensed his attitude toward his candidacy and his problems. I told the reporters outside his office that in my opinion he would run again. The surprise was that this seemed big news to them. The news hit the radios before I left the White House grounds. It got front-page space all over the country.

I had thought everybody must realize that Truman will run again. Like the girl in the song he hasn't said yes and he hasn't said no. For him to say either now would be to court the administration troubles of a lame-duck President or to overemphasize pure politics in the Presidency. But he will say yes in good time.

Of course, those who are reluctant to have him run are putting redoubled stress on his own human reluctance. Some in their own eagerness for Truman's retirement are stressing Mrs. Truman's retiring personality, forgetting that she has never held Harry Truman back from any fight he felt he ought to make. Increasingly, however, the politicians of Truman's party, who know that they have to make the fight on his record, recognize that he is the man to make that fight. Inescapably he realizes that, too.

TRUMAN has to run. Under the Constitution this is the only method by which a President deeply concerned for his program can put the democracy of the people behind it. Truman is deeply concerned. Barring profound and unexpected developments, he will win by a greater electoral majority than surprised the "experts" on the flabbergasting night in November, 1948.

During the campaign there will be the often-repeated stories about his playing the piano. The ghost of Pendergast will be made to walk its millionth mile. But in the end the campaign will have been won on the high level of foreign affairs and American security.

There seems nothing strange or confusing to him about his foreign policy and he will have made the issues clear to the American people. They will understand that his purpose is effective peace in (*Continued on page* 127)

by Jonathan Daniels

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the *Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer*, is the son of Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy and later Ambassador to Mexico. A Democratic national committeeman, he writes from a background of intimate association with the White House during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. He is the author of the book, *The Man of Independence*, a personal story of Truman's rise to the Presidency

Collecting

An American adventure
in family good times . . .
The first of a series

By John Kobler

"Discophilia" is a fascinating hobby the whole family can enjoy. Whether you like jazz or opera, chamber music or comedy, the platters are fun to track down and own. Here a dyed-in-the-wool fan tells you how to get started

KNOPF

The Koblers—a disc-happy family

Records IS FUN!

THE 16-year-old daughter of our neighbors, in Westport, Conn., outdid all local baby-sitters recently by sitting 30 nights in a row. "Mary," I asked her, when she came one night to tend our moppets, "what are you trying to do—be a millionaire before you can vote?" "Oh, no," said she, "but I need the money to buy twenty more Louis Armstrongs and sixteen Jimmy Dorseys for my record collection."

I recognized a kindred spirit. I, too, subscribe to that happy hobby, discophilia, which has grown during the last decade from the casual amusement of a few ivory-towered dilettantes into a craze of national dimensions. One leading record dealer estimates the number of avid collectors the country over at around 500,000, who spend millions of dollars a year on the old 78 r.p.m. and the new 45 r.p.m. and long-playing discs, on classical and jazz music, on operetta and straight drama. Many of them live in the big cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—but the majority belong to smaller communities like Washington, Conn.; Orlando, Fla.; Burton, Ohio; not readily accessible to theaters and concert halls.

Their choice is inexhaustible, for this is the golden age of recorded sound. Never before in the 74 years since Thomas Edison reproduced on a cylinder made of tinfoil his own voice reciting *Mary had a little lamb*, has canned entertainment of such abundance, diversity, and lifelike quality been available. The record industry today numbers more than 100 domestic and foreign companies, and their combined catalogues list approximately 25,000 different selections, old and new, ranging from Benny Goodman tootling *Blues in the* (*Continued on page* 102)

RECORDS FROM LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS, N. Y.

Binkie looked at her father adoringly. She didn't care that he was prejudiced against unmarried schoolteachers

MEN!

They can be arrogant, unmanageable, elusive. But that's no consolation when a girl like Hally is without one

by Mabel Brown Farwell

ILLUSTRATION BY PERRY PETERSON

LAST autumn Binkie Drew happened to me, Margery Halliday. She sat in my European history class, five feet six, dark, close-cut, curly hair, and eyes that watched every move I made. There was nothing she didn't know nor any place she hadn't read about or been.

For eleven years I'd taught at Miss Dexter's, a private school for girls outside Washington, and I'd had all kinds of exciting contacts—once removed—daughters of famous men, whose names you read in the newspapers, but none of them had happened to me, personally, as Binkie did.

I was thirty-two, hair blond, no wrinkles around the green-blue eyes, chin firm, figure passable, and I liked children, anywhere from two days to sixteen years old. I would sit in the chintz-covered chair in my room and see the future stretching ahead, and I'd wonder what I was going to do about it. Join a dancing class or a reading group open to both men and women? Spend Christmas vacation in New Hampshire skiing instead of going, like an old stick-in-the-mud, to my married sister's in Westbury? How was I going to meet the consul or ambassador who was going to whirl me off to remote parts of the earth? Initiative, ingenuity, Hally, I'd told myself, was what it required. Tomorrow, I'd been promising myself year after year. And then Binkie came.

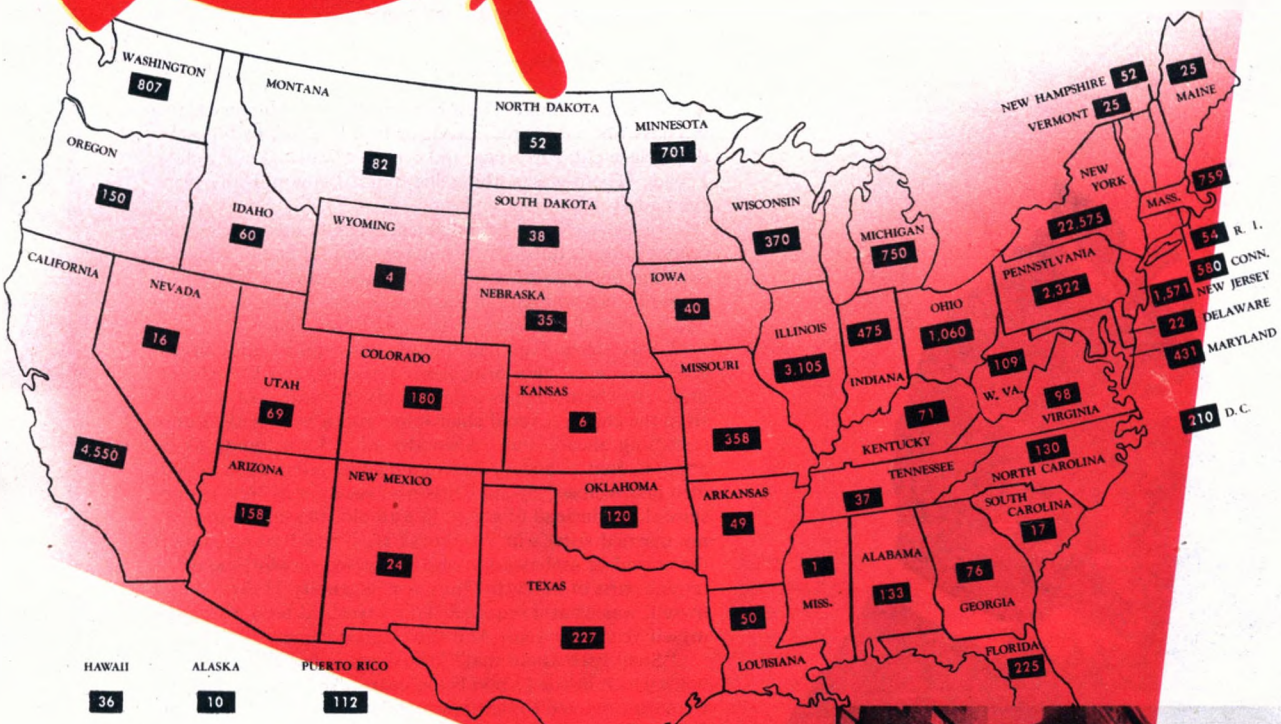
"Shall I tell about that?" she'd ask in her clear, pleasant voice which insisted upon being heard. And in a moment we were transplanted to Berlin, watching the airlift in operation. Or in San Francisco, with flags flying, inaugurating the United Nations. Or talking with a Moslem in India, attending a Gandhi prayer meeting. All the things I'd always longed to do—and, at sixteen, she'd done them.

I was consumed by admiration for the child. I got into the habit of giving my regular assignments and then adding ten or twenty more pages of reading for anyone who cared to do it. She was a shot-in-the-arm to my beloved debutantes: "Who does she think she is? *My* (*Continued on page* 118)

MEN!

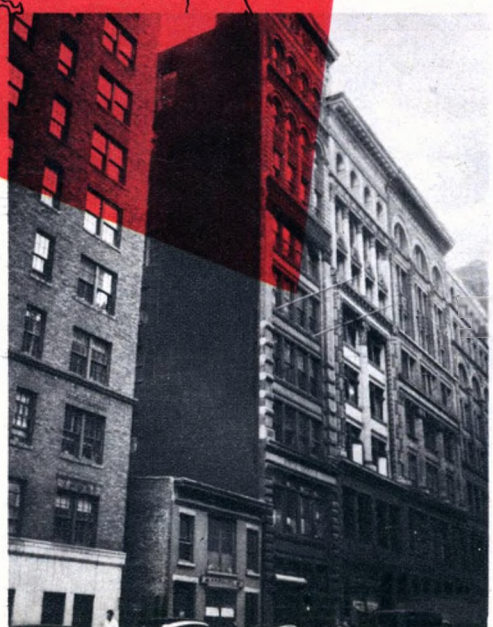
Can You Spot

Every day you read or hear about the Reds in our midst. But would you recognize one if you saw him? They are all experts at hiding, but here are the surest ways to identify them



How Many Communists In Your State?

THIS MAP shows how the 43,449 American Communists are distributed in the U.S. and its possessions, according to latest estimates of the FBI. There are 10 Commie collaborators for every Party member, says the FBI, making the total Red population in the U.S. nearly 500,000



"LITTLE KREMLIN": National headquarters of the American Communist Party is located on the ninth floor of this loft building at 35 East 12th St., New York, N.Y. The author went there to find out "what a Communist says a Communist is." He got no answer

a COMMUNIST?

by Clarence Woodbury

NOT long ago, in a Pullman diner, I had breakfast with a man from Beaver City, Nebraska. As he sipped his coffee he glanced over the headlines in a morning newspaper. Suddenly he threw the paper down with a snort.

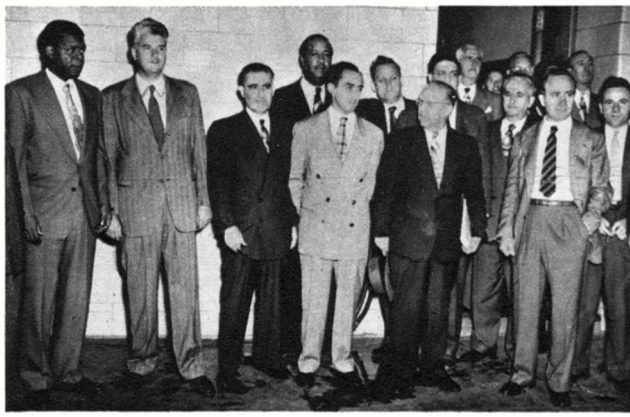
"What's all this about Communists, anyway?" he asked me. "All I read in the papers is that they've got their spies all over America and are ready to knock off the country."

"That's about it," I answered. "We're actually at war with them, whether we admit it or not, and their agents over here are trying to undermine our society. The FBI is arresting them every day and—"

"I *know* all that," the man said. "The papers, magazines, and radio are full of it. Sure, the big-shot Communists are being arrested. But where are all the spies and undercover agents they talk about? That's what gets me. In Beaver City we haven't got any Commies. At least, I don't *think* we have. But how can I know for sure? How do I know if there's one working for me, or teaching in my kids' school, or trying to get into one of our unions? Gosh, I've never met a Red as far as I know, and I wouldn't recognize one if he walked in and sat down with us, would you?"

Millions of other well-informed Americans are just as bewildered as that man. To add to the confusion, the exact legal status of the Communist Party has never been determined on a national basis. Although 25 states have barred Communists from running for public office, in the other 23 states a Red can legally be a candidate for any office under the hammer and sickle emblem. Spotting a Communist can be one of the toughest jobs in the world. Even judges, juries, and Congressional committees, with bushels of evidence in front of them, are often unable to distinguish a Red from a non-Red. It is no wonder the average citizen is confused.

On thinking it over I found that I was just as confused, myself. So I set out to discover, if possible, whether there are any sure ways by which I can spot a Communist in my home town and whether any of them are active there. (*Continued on page* 112)



RED LEADERS: The 11 top U.S. Communists after being convicted of conspiracy. L. to r. in foreground: Henry Winston, Eugene Dennis, Jacob Stachel, Benjamin Davis, Jr., Gilbert Green, Gus Hall, John Williamson, Robert Thompson, Carl Winter, Irving Potash, John Gates

THE PARTY LINE is fed to followers of Communism in the U.S. by means of publications such as these displayed on a newsstand outside national headquarters in New York. Chief medium for Red propaganda is *The Daily Worker*

PHOTOS BY ACME & WIDE WORLD

COMMIE TACTICS: One distinguishing mark of a U.S. Red is that he's always fomenting dissatisfaction. At right, police quell a disturbance on picket line in Philadelphia

AN AMERICAN FAMILY HEALTH FEATURE

STREAMLINE YOUR MEDICINE CHEST

DOES YOUR CABINET look like this? . . . Cluttered with useless remedies . . . when you need first aid

by William Drake

I STAYED overnight recently at the home of a friend. We had a gay evening, but I woke up at dawn with a splitting headache. Not withing to disturb anyone, I crept quietly into the bathroom and poked into the medicine cabinet in search of an aspirin.

There was no aspirin in the cabinet, but it was filled to overflowing with just about everything else—6 or 8 different laxatives, numerous tubes of ointments and salves, vials of pills of different sizes and colors, at least a dozen dusty bottles containing dregs of liquid prescriptions. Intermixed with this pharmaceutical conglomeration were cosmetics, shaving gear, a screw driver, some fishhooks, and even a few moldy lollipops.

As I went back to bed with my headache I muttered bitter things about my hostess. She was a neat housekeeper. Why on earth did she let her medicine chest become a junk yard? Yet I knew she was not alone in her dereliction. Medicine cabinets in other homes I've visited were just as cluttered and miserably inadequate as that one. I even had misgivings about the one in my own home. As I lay there suffering I resolved to find an answer to the question: Just what should the home medicine chest contain?

I thought it would be easy. I was sure that virtually all doctors, druggists, nurses, and other experts on first aid would be in complete agreement on the fundamental remedies and equipment which one should keep on hand for emergencies.

I was never more mistaken. Among doctors and other professionals there is more passionate disagreement about what you should keep in your medicine chest than there is among rabid baseball fans trying to pick an all-star team. They all have their pet remedies and few think exactly alike.

This was illustrated dramatically not long ago when a large pharmaceutical company prepared an advertisement recommending a dozen drugs for home use. Before publication the ad was submitted to 900 practicing physicians for their opinions. The 900 replies which they sent back were practically all different and they varied so widely that the company promptly gave up the project.

When I started talking with medical men about the home medicine chest, some expressed horror at the idea of the family keeping even aspirin or boric acid on hand except on the advice of a physician. They regarded self-treatment with such mild remedies as milk of magnesia or bicarbonate of soda as next door to suicide. The only thing to keep in your medicine chest, they (*Continued on page* 98)

FIRST STEP IS TO GIVE your cabinet a thorough housecleaning (above), throwing out all stale or outdated drugs and prescriptions. Then go to your druggist (left) and stock up with the fresh supplies you really need

EDITOR'S MEMO

Nothing is more important to you than your health. Nothing is more important to your family happiness and contentment. This is particularly true today when we face unparalleled emotional stress and strain. That is why THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE launches here a new series of articles to guide you in the protection of the family health and the prevention of disease.

In this, the first article, we tell you how to modernize your medicine chest. It lists a few simple items every family should have on hand for everyday needs and emergencies.

Each month hereafter THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will publish an article important to the preservation of family health. This series will keep you abreast of the development of new drugs and other achievements in the progress of medical science.

This magazine is dedicated to the cause of successful living for the American family. It is *the* family service magazine of the nation. No help we can render to our readers is more important than that which we are undertaking in this series of articles.

THE EDITOR

PHOTOS BY PAUL WING

Here's what doctors say the well-stocked home medicine chest should contain. For a check list of the contents, which you can clip out and take to your druggist, see page 99

Motto for Maggie

This time Maggie was going to remember that a girl who wants a husband shouldn't say yes—too soon

by Isabella Taves

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE HUGHES

ON a Wednesday morning in March, Apex Studios was ablaze with sunshine, green grass, blue skies, and Technicolor flowers. Phil Weston, giving California spring a jaundiced eye from the window of his cottage office, told his secretary to get Maggie.

But Maggie, to everyone's surprise, was not in her office. Nor was she on one of the sound stages, running her legs off after a star. When she was finally located, she was locking her convertible in the publicity parking space, not concerned that she was an hour and a half late to work. Even when she found out the boss wanted her, she didn't hurry. And when she faced him there was unusual color in her cheeks and even more unusual circles about her dark eyes.

Phil, quickly, ordered black coffee for her and tea—doctor's orders—for himself. When they arrived and his secretary had tactfully shut the door so Maggie could take her scolding in private, he said, "Maggie, I'm not going to say a word. I know how you feel. It's this beautiful phony summer weather. Terribly depressing to us old folks. But it's still calendar-weather in San Francisco. So I've made reservations for us. We're going up on the train tonight for six glorious days. Now, don't thank me."

"I won't," Maggie said, "because I'm not going."

Phil looked up. His hair had once been flame-red, when he had been star reporter for a Los Angeles paper, and had the reputation of having the worst temper on the staff. What with one thing and another, there was quite a lot of white in it now, giving a glorious red-blond effect the starlets all tried in vain to copy. There were no silver threads in the red of his temper, however.

"What gives you the right to be (*Continued on page* 124)

She tore her arm away from Phil's steadying grip and ran recklessly down the car

Hughes

Here's something you've always wanted—an up-to-date yardstick to show whether your town is doing a real job of preparing boys and girls for useful, effective living

How good are your Schools?

WIDE WORLD

THE OLD-TYPE SCHOOL, bleak and jail-like, where children must "sit and be quiet" in rows of desks under the teacher's eagle eyes

by Wilbur A. Yauch

THE AUTHOR, a widely known educator, is on the teaching staff of the Ohio University at Athens. For 17 years he has served as principal of three different elementary schools and has written two books on modern schooling methods and adminstration. He has a son and daughter in Athens public schools.

RIGHT now about 30,000,000 U.S. parents are waving their children off to public schools as the new school year begins.

Some of these youngsters are going off to fine, friendly workshops where learning is fun. They will absorb knowledge at a tremendous rate under the guidance of enthusiastic, up-to-date teachers. These workshops—with their humming activity, informality, pupil committees, and low, movable tables or desks—will probably seem revolutionary to parents who haven't been inside a grade school room since they grew up.

Millions of other children, however, are going off to bleak, dark schools that look more like county jails. They will be expected to "sit and be quiet" at their screwed-down desks while an unhappy classmate jerkily reads, "This . . . is . . . a . . . house" under the watchful eyes of the teacher. While some of our

THE NEW-TYPE SCHOOL, with free-and-easy movable furniture and no teacher's desk at the front. Children can sit on the floor for classroom "discussion" or storytelling

schools are astonishingly good, a great many others are inexcusably bad. For every "dream" school there are a dozen that are a disgrace to modern America. Our schooling has become extremely spotty.

Young parents all over America today are worried about their schools. Many are up in arms. And many more are baffled trying to figure what their child's teacher is up to. They hesitate to complain because they have no yardstick for measuring how good or bad a job their school is doing. It has been years since they, themselves, wrestled with the Three R's. In that time the knowledge that has come from our child-study laboratories about how children learn—and what they need to learn—has revolutionized our concept of the ideal school, and the ideal teacher.

When I talk about ideal schooling, I'm not talking just about the buildings or the money spent. One city I know has built a magnificent $4,500,000 school structure, one of the most "modern" in America. Yet, despite its stunning façade, this school has become a monument to mediocrity because of tradition-ridden, out-of-date teaching staff and administration. Nothing can take the place of good teachers.

On the other hand, one of America's outstanding schools is (*Continued on page* 84)

15 WAYS TO FIND OUT

Public schools in America vary from very good to deplorably poor. Your answer to these questions will indicate how good a job your own school is doing. If all your answers were *yes*, this would indicate a perfect school. If you answer yes to more than 10, you can be sure the children are getting a schooling well above average.

1. **Is the children's furniture movable, modern, and comfortable?**
2. **When you enter the classroom does it give you a feeling of being in a pleasant workshop for learning?**
3. **Is a corner in the classroom filled with interesting books that your child can read when he has finished his assignments?**
4. **Is the teacher attractively dressed and pleasant-looking, with a soft, warm voice and a "let's find out" attitude?**
5. **Do the pupils treat the teacher with respect and affection?**
6. **Are normal talking and laughing permitted if not distracting?**
7. **Are the children apparently learning much about the world they live in?**
8. **Is the principal a human sort of person who makes you feel at ease and is a pleasant, interesting talker about education?**
9. **Do the children help the teacher plan the program and form committees to carry out many class projects?**
10. **Are the three R's learned by using them in real-life situations instead of by drill?**
11. **Are children promoted from grade to grade on the basis of what is best for them instead of on the basis of "passing" grades?**
12. **Are there regular checkups of physical and social development?**
13. **Does the class go on occasional field trips outside the classroom?**
14. **Do the children learn from many different books instead of one standard text?**
15. **Do they seem to work well together, showing respect for one another?**

Summer Affair

Three months—three people. Each dazzled by a strange, new, sunlit world. Each destined to face a September awakening

by Wilma Dykeman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LOVELL

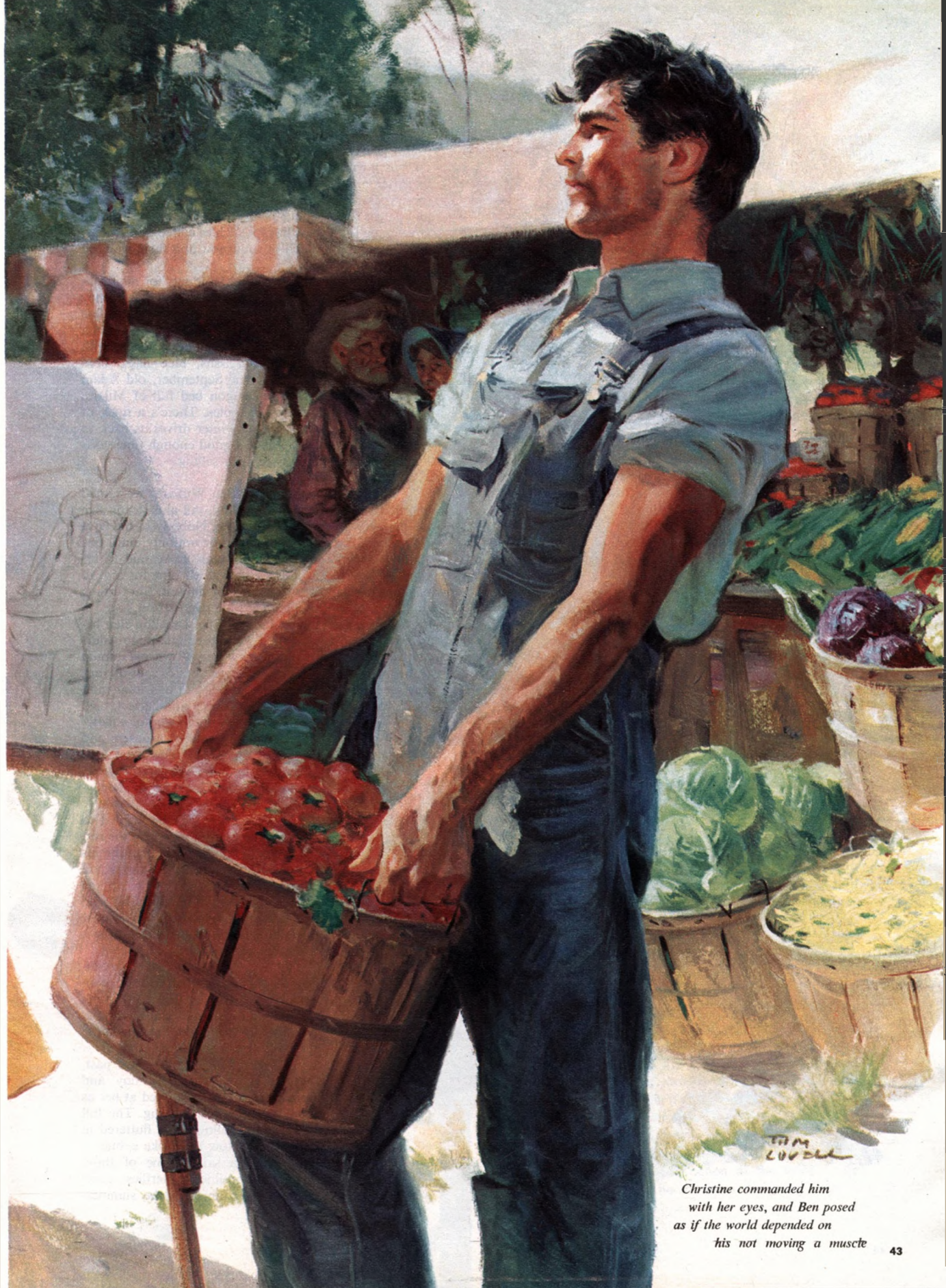
I'VE thought about it a good deal—there's plenty of time for thinking when you've lived in these mountains all the winters since your birth—and all I can say is, falling in love is a funny business. Me, I never hankered after any man cluttering up my kitchen, flattening out my good goose-feather beds. But most people need love. Some of them it ties all in knots; then there's others, and for them it seems to open a door. Instead of the world shrinking just to fit them, their world is larger, and I reckon you could say they hold with open hands. That's the way it was with Addie Sue.

Addie Sue Harris had been in love with Ben Williams since that day she'd come, a shy stranger, into the fourth grade at our little schoolhouse down the creek, and Ben had kept the other young'uns from pulling her braids. Her folks had just moved over here from North Carolina, and, from that day on, till they were turning toward the end of their teen-years, Addie Sue and Ben were always named together. That is, until the girl called Christine came along. If it hadn't been for the market he'd never have met up with her, but "ifs" never shoed the mare, as they say, so I'll have to tell about the market, first.

Every spring, hill folk blossom out on

Editor's Memo

This is the first story by one of America's most promising young writers. Mrs. Dykeman is a Tennessee housewife



Christine commanded him with her eyes, and Ben posed as if the world depended on his not moving a muscle

"You don't have to apologize for what you've done," Addie Sue told Ben

Market Street as regular as the white comes on the sarvis trees. I'm among the first, always. "Snow must be thawed up in the Smokies, old Kinzaida's heading for town," folks say each year. I carry my split-oak basket full of galax leaves and trailing arbutus, and then, later on, pussy willows.

After me, come all the others living around up in these rock-ribbed hills. Oh, we can raise corn and pork and sugar cane enough to make bread, meat, and sweetening for a year. But for such as coffee, soda, flour, and shoes, and a pinch of snuff now and then, we need cash money.

Cash money is what Wesley Holt gets for his fresh-dressed hens hanging plump and clean, and cash money is what brings Thursey Profit down with those fine prints of hard, sweet butter she makes. 'Course, Martha Baxter is there, her table next to mine as usual, with round bunches of white narcissus, blue flags, bold zinnias and dahlias. And come September, old Adam Valentine pulls in with his wagon bed full of Milam, Sheepnose, and Winterjohn apples. There's a flock of others there each day, till the winter drives us back to ourselves again, and we have a good enough time visiting with each other between our selling.

This year it was mostly Ben Williams we visited about. Ben is Luke Williams' boy, tall and steady like his pappy, serious before his time. Nobody in the cove ever remembered Ben being wild or notionly, until this summer. The beginning of the year, Luke said to his boy, "When a feller turns eighteen it's time for him to begin to take ahold of the land for himself. I'm turning that piece of ground up on the hill over to you."

Between the land and Addie Sue, I reckon Ben began to feel solid and settled. He'd been talking to Addie Sue long enough to know how her brown eyes could shine, or how her hands could turn a bare spot of yarn into a pattern of flowers in spring, and in winter quilt scraps of cloth into a design all fancy and perfect.

"Her folks ain't much, for a fact," Luke Williams said, "carousers and suchlike. But Addie Sue must take after her mother's side—respectable, up-looking. She's smart as honeybees."

So Ben knew why he wanted to make some cash money, and the rest of us knew, too. He was planting his crops and courting, as his pappy had before him. Most all of us up the cove cling pretty much to habit, and Ben's roots were settling in. Then he met the girl from town in that dress the color of sunshine.

Trading had been dull all morning that Monday when Martha Baxter saw her coming down the street between the sidewalk stalls. "Looky yonder," Martha said, "at something pretty."

I'd seen her before, years past, but never thought how tiny and bright she was till I looked at her as Ben Williams was looking. The full skirt of her yellow dress fluttered in the wind. "Now she's like a butterfly," Martha said. "One of those bright, noontime butterflies come around my zinnias in the summertime."

The girl stopped a minute by the counter where old Mark Hall had eggs for sale. When she came past where I was, she stroked the furred softness of the pussy willows. "Aren't they sweet?" she said, and I knew right then she was too syrupy for me. Then she reached Ben's stand. Her blond hair was like a light around her. Ben stood as if the full size of his hands and feet had just become known to him.

"Are *they* all you have?" She pointed at the onions on Ben's stand.

"Yes," he said.

She picked a bunch up by the string, as if it would soil her to touch them. "Not much color." She dropped the bunch and looked up at Ben. Her eyes were green, the color of cold, cold water. "I paint," she said.

I nudged Martha to look at Ben; the blood was running red in his face. That girl was looking at him too, at his fine figure, lean and hard with work, and brown from all the summers he'd plowed his pappy's fields. I could tell she saw all there was to see.

"Pictures," she was saying. "I paint pictures. I'm going to do a huge still life next. I want to find great heaps of vegetables, all colors and forms and designs, and then I'm going to splash paint on the canvas till it comes alive and looks good enough to eat."

Ben wiped his blue shirt sleeve across his forehead. She chattered fast as a catbird, full of excitement. "These onions are all I've got right now," he said. He looked at them like he was sick of their plainness.

"What about lettuce and radishes and all the other early things that are so pretty?" she asked.

"I didn't plant such as that for market."

"Well, why not?" She had a pretty, round mouth, but when something didn't go to suit her she poked out that underlip till it looked like a bee had stung her.

"I don't know," Ben said. "It's trifling."

"It's not trifling." She stamped her foot, just enough to look pretty. "You're new down here, aren't you? I've been shopping along Market Street for years; I like the quaint faces. I didn't think I'd seen you before."

"No." Ben stood gaping before her like a hooked fish.

"Will you have a stand all summer?"

"I aim to," he answered.

"And I'll bet you plan to sell just what everyone else does. Why, right now, look around. Everybody has onions and eggs and butter. But only one stand has any spring lettuce or little radishes, and they're all wilted."

"Well—" Ben began, and stopped.

She picked up three bunches of the onions and opened the flap of the bag swinging from her shoulder. "I'll take these for the kitchen anyway. But it looks like I'll have to wait on my picture." She smiled at him all of a sudden, and I could see she was glancing again at his crisp, dark hair and the muscles of his lean, brown arms. "I might even decide to paint you instead of that still life," she said, and was gone.

When she had turned the corner, old Dock Styles said, "Looks like Ben's got himself a customer."

"Pretty as a butterfly," Martha said.

"Why, that's it, Mis' Baxter!" Ben said, his eyes shining like new money. "That's just what she's like—all light and dancy. And me plumb tongue-tied. Seems like I can think of plenty of smart things to say now."

"Now ain't then, boy," Dock said.

"And glitter ain't gold," I said.

But Ben wasn't hearing us. "I believe I'll just step down to the far end of the street (*Continued on page* 130)

An American Vignette

WEDDING GIFT

FOR years handwriting analysis has been my favorite pastime, and in a way it's a great social asset. People are always asking me to dissect their penmanship and tell them what they're *really* like. But the moment I laid eyes on Lissa, I forgot to be practical and became emotional.

The second mistake I made was in being around her so much there was no need to correspond. If I had seen her handwriting just once, I might have saved myself a lot of sorrow and money.

Then I made my third and final mistake: I gave Lissa an engagement ring.

One look at it and she was walking on air. Lissa has a flair for expensive gifts. But a few minutes later, as I began to unfold my plans to her, she was back on earth with a thud.

Her face twisted into disbelief. Get an efficiency apartment in Petersen Village? Sell the convertible to get money for furniture? She'd have none of it. She hated budgets and loathed housing projects! She was under the impression that I was quite well off. She even accused me of giving her expensive presents to trap her into marriage.

It was crude and unbelievable, the sort of thing that may happen to the next fellow but never to you. Her note the next day was eloquently simple: "Sorry, dear, but it wouldn't work."

I was pretty bitter for a couple of months, especially when I thought about the engagement ring, for which I had gone into debt. Then I read in the paper that Lissa was engaged to a wealthy man named Harold Sutton. . . .

About a month later Bill Cope threw a dinner dance at his club and I saw Lissa there with her catch, all five million bucks of him. I avoided them all evening. But around ten o'clock I was at my table analyzing handwritings for a group of people when Harold brought Lissa over.

"How about doing the two of us?" he asked genially. "We ought to learn all about each other before we're married." Everyone laughed.

"It would be a pleasure," I said.

The look on Lissa's face was one of naked fright. "That's right, Beautiful," I thought. "Suffer. You could write in invisible ink and I'd still be able to give Harold the low-down."

I looked at their signatures, took a deep breath, and got ready to let loose my blast. But when I finally managed to speak, all I wanted to say were nice things about them both. The relief on Lissa's face was a sight to see.

Later she came over to me alone. "You're a good sport," she whispered. "And now I can afford to be one, too. I'll send you your ring, and many thanks."

"You're very welcome, Lissa," I said sincerely.

Yes, she was very welcome to Harold, for never in all my years of analyzing handwriting had I seen one that indicated a stingier, tighter, more stubborn sense of miserliness than his.

OLIVER WELD BAYER

THE HEARTLESS MAC DOUGALS

WHEN Tim Reilly was drafted, you could hear all the Reillys for blocks, crying and kissing and hollering over him. It was kind of embarrassing to watch—but still, it was better than the way *our* family acted when my brother Freddy got his induction notice.

Freddy had already left that morning for his temporary job at the mill when I came down to breakfast. And there IT was, lying under the mail slot. To make sure, I furtively ripped a hole in the envelope and peered inside.

"Freddy's got his induction notice!" I yelled. "He reports in two weeks!"

There was a crash of breaking china from the dining-room, where the rest of our family was eating breakfast. And then it got quiet. My throat lumpy, I went into the dining-room, all braced for the crying and hollering.

I might as well have been carrying the telephone bill for all the interest it got. Mother's heels were just vanishing around the kitchen door. Grandpa, all hunched over, was intently mopping around his broken coffee cup. Dad remained hidden behind the front page of the *Cedarville News*, only the top of his bald head showing.

My sister Sally, fingering her engagement ring, shoved back her chair. "Why should I postpone getting married until Tom thinks he's making enough?" she cried. "*Now* is the time for living!" And she ran out of the room in tears.

"Honestly!" I said, shocked. "Crying about getting married, right after I tell her about Freddy."

Dad, who is usually quiet and dignified because he's vice-president of the Cedarville Bank, slapped down his newspaper and shouted, "Joe, how many times have I told you not to make holes in other people's mail!"

His eyes fell on Mayor Duffy's picture on the front page of the paper and he burst into a new rage: "Look at that stupid, grinning Mayor's face! He's a disgrace. He's stalled on the new sewage system long enough!" He got up, stumbling over his chair, and a few seconds later we heard a fender ripping as he drove out of the garage.

"What a sister and father to have!" I said coldly to Grandpa.

Grandpa gave me a sour, pitying kind of look. "I don't give a hoot what the Doc says," he quavered. "I'm going to have a beer on the way to work—two beers." He dug into his pocket and came up with seven cents and stared at it, unbelievingly. "Seven cents—not even enough for one beer. And me working forty-six years for Harry Pugh." He went shuffling out and, believe it or not, was almost crying because he didn't have beer money!

I SURE felt lonely for Freddy. Here he was, twenty years old, going into the Army—and everyone in the family, but me, interested only in their own petty problems. Then I remembered Mother. She would care. I started for the kitchen, but before I'd taken two steps the kitchen door slammed back and Mother came in. She's a tiny little thing, always quiet and smiling, but now she looked grim. She marched past me to the coat closet and began tossing everything out.

"Ma," I said, "about Freddy—"

"I can't talk to you now, Joe, I'm busy," Mother snapped. "I'm going to spring-clean the whole house today." She must have swallowed some dust, because she choked. "And I don't want you underfoot. Take the grocery and meat list and leave it at Mr. Pinto's." She backed out of the closet, her eyes snapping. "And you tell Mr. Pinto I want a good roast today. His prices are outrageous. Tell him I'm going to another butcher if he doesn't improve!"

Mr. Pinto didn't take Mother's message well at all. At first, he wouldn't believe she had said it. "Not *your* mother, Joe—not that sweet Mrs. MacDougal. Is she ill?"

"She's spring-cleaning in summer—and *today* of all—" But Mr. Pinto didn't give me a chance.

"When even Mrs. MacDougal turns against me—" he snarled. "I'm sick of women complaining. Tell your mother to go to another butcher!"

He practically shoved me outside, with no meat and no groceries. Humiliated, I got on my bike. As I passed the City Hall, Dad was emerging, still red in the face. Fat Mayor Duffy waddled out right behind him, waving his arms and talking. From across the street I couldn't hear much, except occasional cuss words. And then the Mayor, who has been Dad's friend since boyhood, gave Dad a shove. Dad gladly turned around and shoved him back. The next thing, a crowd had gathered. I pedaled away from there fast, hoping no one would notice me. My dad, at his age, fighting in public over the sewage system—instead of sorrowing over his oldest son being drafted!

GOING past Harry Pugh's cabinet shop, where Grandpa worked, I cast a mean look inside, hating the whole family. And there on a bench by the window was Grandpa, laid out like a corpse. Dr. Dickey was bending over him, with old Harry Pugh watching.

I ran in. "What's happened?"

Mr. Pugh twisted around, his face swelling. "That's what I'd like to know! For no reason, he came stomping in here, yelling he didn't even have beer money on the salary I paid him. Said I was a miserly old skinflint. Me, who pays as good wages as anyone in town!"

Dr. Dickey straightened up from listening to Grandpa's heart. "Nothing serious—just too much emotion at his age," he said. "I'll drive him home." He helped Grandpa totter to his feet and I got on the other side. As we left, Mr. Pugh hollered, "He can stay home! No one calls me a skinflint. He's fired!"

After Dr. Dickey drove off with Grandpa, I went to the swimming hole

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

BY PAMELA HENNELL

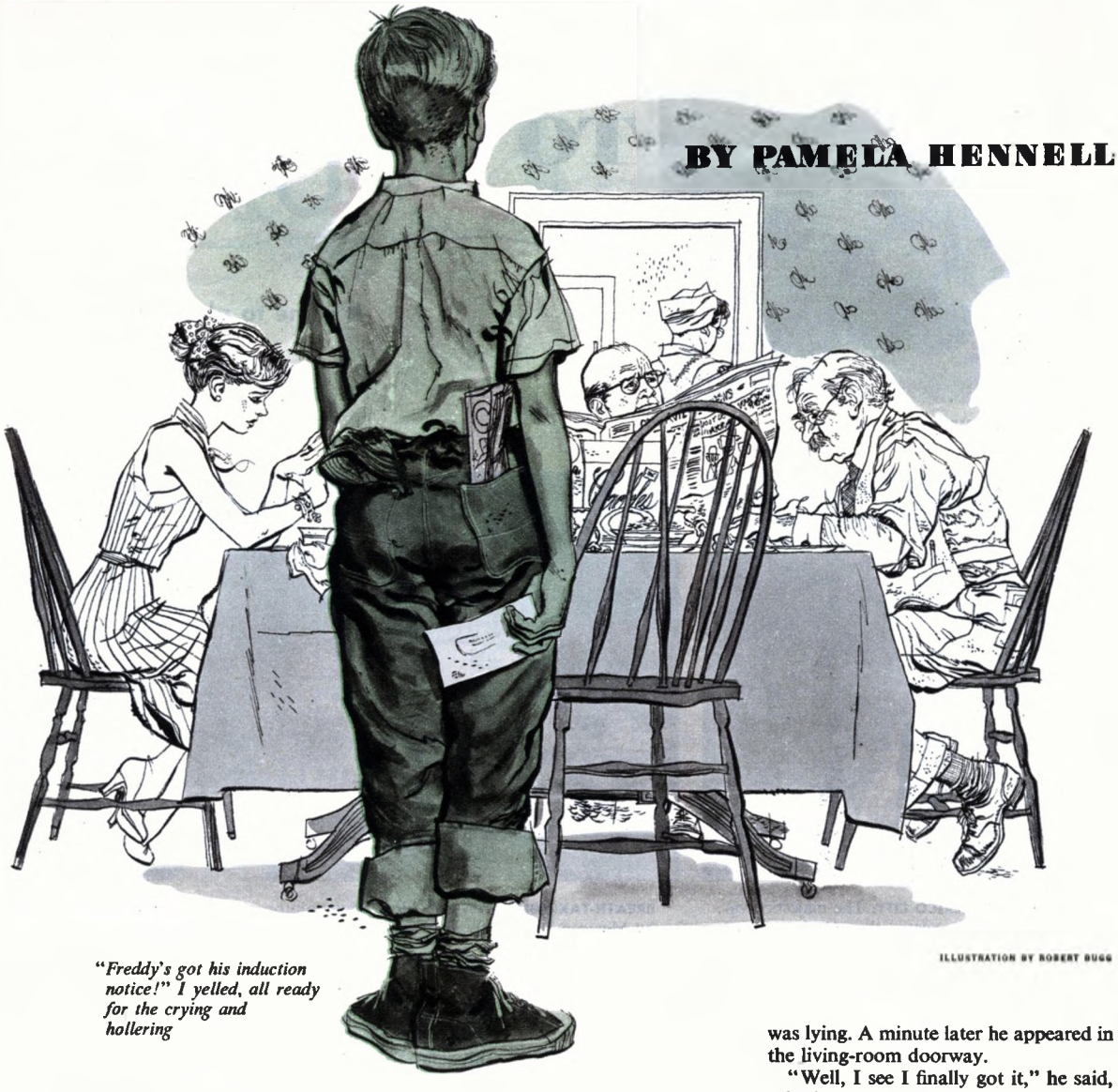


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BUGG

"Freddy's got his induction notice!" I yelled, all ready for the crying and hollering

for the rest of the day, completely forgetting the meat and grocery order. I was so ashamed of the family's lack of interest in Freddy that all I wanted was to get as far away from them as possible.

It was five-thirty when I went home. All the family, except Freddy, were in the living-room, just sitting around. Dad's left eye was swollen and he winced every time he shifted in his chair. Grandpa was lying on the sofa, a cold cloth on his head. The house was all upset, rugs rolled back, the furniture misplaced, and Mother was collapsed on the love seat. Halfway through cleaning she had fallen down the cellar steps, while carrying out trash, and sprained her right arm. Sally was over by the window, crying—her third finger, left hand, bare.

"Be quiet, Sally," Dad said in a dead voice. "You can apologize and explain to Tom what made you blow up and insist on getting married today. He'll forgive you for throwing your ring in his face when he refused." He shifted in his chair and groaned. "It won't be as easy for your mother to win her old butcher back, for Grandpa to get his job back—or for me to make friends with Mayor Duffy again."

Just then we heard Freddy whistling, and the front door slammed. The whistling stopped abruptly as he halted by the hall table, where his induction notice was lying. A minute later he appeared in the living-room doorway.

"Well, I see I finally got it," he said, grinning. He looked around the family and his grin faded. "You all look sort of strange. I hope getting my induction notice didn't upset you."

There was a long, strained silence. And then Dad straightened painfully, one hand going up to shadow his bad eye. Grandpa feebly struggled up to a sitting position, clawing the cold cloth off his forehead. Sally furtively wiped her eyes, and when she turned around she was smiling gaily. Mother went over to Freddy and, holding her swollen arm behind her, gave him a carefree kiss.

"Why, no, son," Dad said hoarsely; "we knew you wouldn't want us to make a fuss. It—it didn't upset us a bit."

See what I mean about our family? Just no emotions at all.

MEXICO'S TEMPLE OF THE SERPENT and great pyramids at Teotihuacán which rival those of Egypt

TO Mexico

It's fine to plan your vacation

VIEW FROM MEXICO CITY: The majestic twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl

BREATH-TAKINGLY lovely on its lofty mountaintop is the town of Taxco, preserved by Mexican law exactly as it was 300 years ago when conquered by the Spanish

Route of the travelers: New Central Mexico Highway

WHEN daffier deeds are done, trust the Eddys and the Swallows to be in there swinging. Like this silly safari to Mexico. Here we were, two couples meeting by chance for the first time, all seasoned travelers old enough to know better, fully aware that an expedition into a foreign land requires meticulous planning and careful choice of partners. So what did we do?

During our first evening together we decided to go to Mexico. Just like that. Next morning we left. For three weeks we drifted like aimless tumbleweeds without a plan or a working knowledge of the native language, disregarding all advice, never sure where we were going, never giving a tinker's toot.

Without strain, we traveled almost 5,000 miles, including a 500-mile side trip by air to Acapulco, the tropical playground of movie stars on the Pacific Coast. We visited at least half the nation's 32 states and territories, saw most of the fabled places of interest and many far off the beaten tourist track, yet never drove more than a few minutes off fine pavement.

Our main route, which we recommend highly, was the brand-new Central Mexico Highway between El

ON AN IMPULSE

far in advance . . . but not always essential to a fun-packed trip

by Don Eddy

CAL AND WINIFRED SWALLOW (behind table) watch Mexico City sidewalk silversmiths

IN CUERNAVACA, friendly musicians roam the streets and serenade visitors in restaurants and cafés

THE FLOATING GARDENS at Xochimilco are a colorful sight for tourists

Paso, Texas, and Mexico City, with an extension southeast to the Guatemalan border. From our principal base in Mexico City we cruised at will in all directions, following our whims, penetrating "back country" and discovering idyllic villages almost untouched by modern influences. Coming home, we made a wide loop through Morelia and Guadalajara, eventually linking up again with the Central Mexico route. If we had wished, we could have returned to the United States on any one of four other excellent paved boulevards.

Was it fun? Well, come along and judge for yourself. . . .

This wingding began one morning in the gardens of Del Camino Motor Courts at El Paso, Texas, where Doris (my wife) and I had paused overnight en route from California to Florida. Suddenly I was confronted by a handsome lady of dowager dimensions, bubbling good humor, and almost alarming straightforwardness, with a charming Mississippi accent. "Is your name Eddy?" she asked curiously. I allowed as how that's what Mamma had told me. She squealed with delight.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she kept exclaiming. "You're

MAJESTIC HOTEL POOL and terraces at fabulous Acapulco

TYPICAL STREET scene in one of the quaint Indian villages along the route followed by the author's party through Mexico

the image of your brother, Mac. He and Ruth are our best friends back home in Galesburg, Illinois. Just like one family. Imagine meeting you 'way out heah in Texas!"

It turned out that she was Mrs. Winifred McLeod Swallow. She and her husband, Cal, a semi-retired operator of Midwestern coal mines, were wintering at El Paso. That day, she and Doris shopped together. That night, we four met for dinner. Cal Swallow turned out to be a handsome, dignified man with a dry, deep-running sense of humor. We all hit it off well.

During dessert, Winnie remarked that she and Cal hoped to motor through deep Mexico some day, but had never found the time. Doris said wistfully that was our fix, too. Cal, who had been interested but very quiet, abruptly crushed out his cigarette and threw the bombshell. "Well," he said casually, "what are we waiting for? Let's go!"

The ladies went into conniptions. Now? Without planning? But they had no clothes, we didn't know the roads, we couldn't speak Spanish, and they had no clothes. They simply couldn't go without clothes. Cal was adamant. He had heard of a fine new highway straight down the center of the continent from El Paso to Mexico City. His car had been freshly serviced and would hold us all. "If we're going," he insisted, "we must leave tomorrow. I'll have to be back in three weeks."

And darned if we didn't go!

Let me pass lightly over a sleepless night of compressing our normal mountain of luggage into what Doris regarded as a minimum. Let me forget, please Allah, the sweating and straining as we tried to fit the luggage of two families into one automobile with four people, so that the overflow from the rear compartment was finally piled helter-skelter on the seats to the roof. Let me omit the ordeal of fitting ourselves into four cavities intended for much smaller people than we are.

But I shall never forget the exciting instant when I peered over my private gypsy camp of kitbags, shoebags, hatbags, suitcases, baskets, and steamer trunks into which the ladies, poor things, had stowed the clothes they didn't have, and caught a glimpse of the Rio Grande below the International Bridge as we crossed from El Paso into Juarez, Mexico. Here, at last, was the gateway to high adventure!

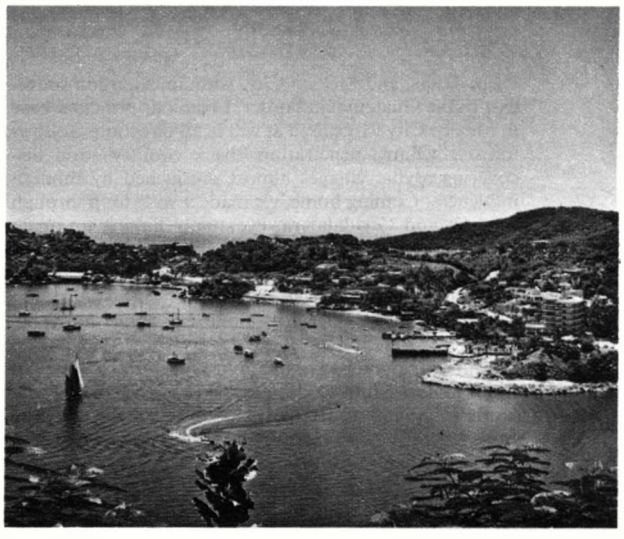
Winnie and Doris were singing lustily in the back seat as we crossed the bridge. All at once Winnie let out a wail of anguish that brought us popping out of our baggage holes. "Oh, no!" she cried. "They'll make us take it out, and we'll never get it in again!" She had just remembered that the Mexicans would insist upon inspecting the luggage.

The customs man looked alarmed as he peered incredulously into our foxholes. Winnie stated rebelliously, "I just won't get out, that's all. How do I know I can squeeze back into this shape again?" But they made it simple, merely asking a few vital statistics and inspecting our automobile insurance before giving us tourist cards. Passports are unnecessary. All this was accomplished in sign language; they spoke no English and we spoke no Spanish. However, first to last, we had no language difficulties. Usually we found someone who understood English; when we didn't, we merely pointed and made motions.

Before leaving Juarez we learned about Exchange, which is the Mexican money you get for American money. You certainly get heaps. We got $172 Mexican (pesos, that is) for a $20 bill. Simultaneously, we learned about Inflation, which means that while they give you a lot of money, things also cost a lot—in pesos. Cal nearly swooned when a pack of Mexican cigarettes cost $1 Mexican, but recovered when he remembered that $1 Mexican is only 11 cents American. Thoroughly confused but happy, we finally rolled southward out of town on a wide, black boulevard level as a table, stretching with scarcely a curve through a flowering desert between ranges of magnificent blue-black mountains.

As we bowled along I remembered a few words of Spanish. When I tried them out, Cal was so impressed that he elected me treasurer of the expedition and commissioned me to pay all communal bills. That was just before we reached the "ninety-dollar gas station"—as we shall always remember it—in the middle of the long desert which stretches for 600 miles south of the border. When the man filled the tank and said something in Spanish, I handed him $100 in Mexican money! The women screamed, but I explained loftily, "That's Inflation, remember? He said the gas costs $90."

(*Continued on page* 93)



BAY AT ACAPULCO. This fabulous Pacific Coast resort is the fairyland of Mexico and a mecca for Hollywood celebrities

Complete in this issue

Her heart cried, "Forget your past."
Her reason warned, "You can't!"
But for a few golden weeks Linda could pretend she had the right to happiness

SHE sat on the end of the old gray dock, sunburned legs dangling, and watched the tide bring the rowboat nearer. No fish were biting; she had propped her rod against her knees. It was midafternoon; a golden haze held the lazy tidal river. Everything had a curious languor about it, timeless, changeless.

He stood in the rowboat, muddy, wet, wearing only swimming trunks and sneakers. The July sun made him all one color: bronze. His outboard motor was idle; the current pushed him slowly along the

As Mia laughed up at Stan, she was uneasily conscious of Natalie's smoldering resentment

chocolate-colored mud flat. If he had noticed the girl, he gave no sign. He was casting for shrimp.

Fifty feet from the dock, he looked up at her suddenly. Mud from the circular net was all over his chin. "Any luck?"

She shook her head.

"What're you using for bait?"

She indicated the glass jar beside her. It had holes punched in the top, and about a dozen busy occupants.

"Fiddlers?" He picked up an oar and drove the rowboat toward the dock. "They're not very effective, as a rule. Reel in and let me put a live shrimp on your hook."

She hesitated, then began to draw in her line. To refuse would violate the basic rule of the fishing fraternity: friendliness. And yet . . .

She watched him remove the limp fiddler crab, replace it with a very vivacious shrimp, and toss the line back into the water. Then he rested his forearms on the floor of the dock and looked up at her quizzically. "I don't know you, do I?"

"No," she said. "Thanks for the shrimp."

"It's funny," he told her. "I thought I knew every pretty girl on the island. I was positive!"

She looked at his balanced sunburned features, his merry eyes. "I'm sure you were," she murmured dryly.

He was not at all abashed. "Mind if I come up and sit with you for a few minutes? I'm really quite harmless."

"It's a public dock," she said. "I can't keep you off."

"I know, but I don't want to be a pest. If you'd rather be alone, just say so."

She opened her mouth to reply. She was going to say that she did prefer to be alone. It was a lie, a howling lie, but she was going to say it, anyway. She had almost convinced herself, in the past two months, that it was true. But she had no chance to say anything. An invisible fist seized the tip of her rod and bent it almost double; the reel gave an agonized shriek; the line cut like a knife through the water.

"Hey!" cried her companion. "That's a big one. Strike him!"

She scrambled to her feet and lurched backward, feeling the pressure slacken. "He's gone!"

A sun-tanned body came hurtling on to the dock and stood beside her. "Reel in, quick! He's running up on you, that's all. Here, let me help you!"

"No!" She twisted away from his eager hands. "It's my fish!" She cranked furiously until, with a heart-stopping jolt, the pressure was on again. The fish streaked sideways, cut back toward the dock. She saw a gleam of silver, a swirl in the water.

"Look out!" cried the voice beside her.

It was too late. The fish darted inside the piling that supported the dock, whipped around the razor-sharp barnacles, and was gone. The severed line floated to the surface. "Oh," she said dismally, "I lost him!"

He looked at her stricken face, repressing a desire to laugh. He said, "Never mind. The biggest one always gets away."

She put down the rod slowly and took off her long-visored cap. Her short hair was smooth and dark. She was wearing shorts and a faded green shirt—a man's shirt, he noticed, and felt an unreasonable pang of resentment until he looked at her left hand and saw no ring there. Her eyes were a cool gray, darkened at the moment with disappointment; her mouth looked soft and vulnerable, as if its owner could easily be hurt—or had been hurt.

He decided that she was not pretty, after all. She was one of those girls who could be either plain or beautiful,

Mia relived her decision to start her life over again, free from the pity of her friends

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Stan was watching Mia with an expression that worried his father. It was the look of a man falling in love

depending on circumstances, or perhaps some inner mood. She was, he guessed, two or three years younger than himself, perhaps twenty, or at the most twenty-one. He felt an impulse to find out more about her, but all he said was, "There are more fish in the sea. Why not have another try?"

"I rented the rod in the village," she said. "I haven't any more hooks."

"I could get you some, if you like. I live just around the point, there, on the ocean side."

"No, thanks." She reached down for the jar of fiddlers. "I almost caught one. That'll do for today." She unscrewed the lid, watched the little crabs scurry away brandishing their claws. She picked up the rod.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You can't go away now!"

"No?" Her dark eyebrows went up a trifle. "Why not?"

"Because I don't know who you are!"

"And you must know all the pretty girls on the island, is that it?"

"Yes," he said. "I mean, no! I mean . . ."

She stared out at the placid river. "I attract him," she thought; "he wants to see me again. Well," she asked herself defiantly, "why not? You can't go on hiding from people forever. You came down here to begin a new life, didn't you? Go ahead, then. Begin it."

"Look," he was saying; "my name is Stan Gregory. My father's J. P. Gregory, if that means anything to you." He looked at her inquiringly and saw that it didn't. "Anyway, we have this cottage on the beach, just the two of us. Some of my crowd are coming around to cook hamburgers on the beach tonight. About seven. I wish you'd come too—if you're not doing anything."

"Doing anything," she thought. "How long has it been since I did anything on a Saturday night? Anything but read a magazine or go to a movie or wash my hair?" She said, aware that it was the first truly feminine thing she had said in weeks, "I haven't anything to wear. My clothes—"

She was going to tell him that her clothes were eighteen miles away in the stuffy room in the stuffy boardinghouse in Sparta. Sparta, the hot, sprawling coastal city whose inhabitants fled, whenever they could, to this island with its dunes and beaches and cool green water.

"Clothes?" He sounded astonished. "Nobody wears clothes." He blushed. "I mean, party clothes. Everybody'll be in slacks or shorts. You're dressed just right."

She said, still doubtfully, "The last bus leaves here at ten, I think. Unless there's a later one on Saturdays."

"Bus?" Again the surprise in his voice, and she realized, with a twinge of wry amusement, that the girls he knew seldom had to rely on a bus for transportation.

"Oh, the bus," he was saying. "Never mind about that. I'll run you home whenever you're ready to go."

"You'll get a shock if you do," she thought grimly. "Your collection of pretty girls doesn't extend to Walthour Street, I'll bet." Walthour was on the outskirts of the city, dingy, respectable—and cheap.

"All right," she said slowly, "if it's just a beach party."

"Wonderful!" He vaulted back into the rowboat. "The white house with the stone wall at the end of Ocean Drive. You can't miss it." He looked worried, suddenly. "You'll come, now?"

She nodded. She had to face people sooner or later, she told herself. She couldn't go on hiding forever.

"Promise? Cross your heart?"

J. P. Gregory said calmly, "You're in love with Stan, aren't you, Natalie?"

She nodded again, smiling a little. Eagerness, enthusiasm— Had she had them once? Of course she had. More than her share.

He picked up an oar and shoved off. "Oh, wait!" An expression of dismay crossed his face. "You didn't tell me your name. I can't just introduce you as the-girl-who-almost-caught-a-fish, can I?"

"No," she thought, "but it might be better to give you a false one, if I can choose one quickly, without stammering."

A stubborn streak of honesty in her suddenly asserted itself. It was a good name, she said to herself proudly. It had been a good name for generations. She wasn't going to discard it now. "Carroll," she told him.

"Carol what?"

She shook her head. "That's my last name. Two l's."

"Oh. What's your first name?"

She hesitated, but in the end she compromised. She gave him a nickname she had once had. When she was a little girl her father had called her *Linda mia*, my pretty one. Not just Linda. And for a while she had been known simply as Mia. So now she gave him the old nickname and spelled it out for him.

"Mia," he repeated. "Mia. Means 'my own' in Spanish, doesn't it? It suits you. Mia Carroll." He pushed the little outboard into running position, hooking his fingers round the starting cord. "Seven o'clock, Mia. Don't forget."

"I won't," she said.

He pulled once; the engine caught instantly. He raised his free hand in a farewell salute, and she answered it. She began to walk back along the gray, weathered planking, feeling the sun still hot between her shoulder blades. Seven o'clock. Almost three hours away. Well, no matter. She was used to killing time. Used to it? She was an expert at it.

But this night she would not be killing time. She would be at a party again, a party with gaiety and laughter and all the young foolishness she once had taken for granted.

The shell of isolation that she had allowed to harden around her was cracked, now. She did not know, quite, whether to be frightened or glad. . . .

STAN GREGORY flung his cast-net over the low stone wall to dry, walked around to the kitchen door, and whistled. A massive silhouette appeared. "Boil these babies for me, will you, Ruby? We'll eat 'em tonight as hors d'oeuvres. Is Dad home yet?"

"I believe so, Mr. Stan."

"Good." He trotted up to his room, sluiced himself free of mud and salt water in a quick shower, put on dry sneakers, blue jeans, and a clean T-shirt. He ran a comb through his short, coppery-colored hair and went down to the living-room.

It was a masculine room. Sporting prints hung on the paneled walls. Half a dozen deep maroon leather chairs were grouped around an enormous picture window that faced east across the restless Atlantic. The cottage was new, and clearly no expense had been spared, but it had the undomesticated look that bachelor quarters always have. The feminine touch was lacking.

Stan was not perturbed by this. His mother had died when he was four. After that he had been with his grandparents for several years, while his father ranged restlessly around the world. Now the two of them lived together. More like a pair of brothers, people said, than father and son.

THROUGH the big window Stan could see the back of his father's head, the thick hair heavily salted with gray. He went out on the front porch. "Hi, lazybones!"

J. P. Gregory looked up from the engineering journal he was reading. His face, tanned and rugged, had a look of conscious power, like a lion's face. A strong man, clearly, a man who knew what he wanted from life and had not hesitated to take it, regardless of the cost to himself or to others. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes deepened. "What do you mean—lazybones?" He tapped the engineering journal with the back of his hand. "This is work."

Stan laughed and perched himself on the railing. "About as much work for you as tossing a cast-net is for me."

"Any luck?"

"I got three, four quarts. Enough for the gang tonight."

"That's right." The elder Gregory looked pensive. "That pack of hyenas is coming around, isn't it? Want me to move my venerable person out of the way?"

"Nope," said Stan. "I'm counting on your steadying influence."

"Ha!" snorted his father. "I'll bet! Well, I'll stay on one condition—that I can sit next to the prettiest girl. That is, if you're having any pretty girls."

"We're having one more than usual," Stan said, and he told his father about his encounter with Mia.

"Carroll," repeated the older man, "Carroll. I know some Carrolls in Atlanta. Could she belong to that tribe?"

"I doubt it," Stan said. "She talked like a Yankee, really."

"She must have talked pretty fast," his father commented dryly. "She evidently made quite an impression in a very short time."

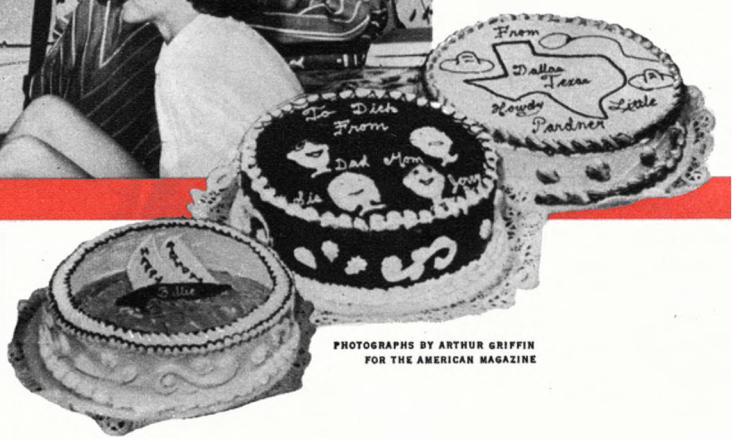
Stan clasped his hands around his knees. "Matter of fact, she did. It wasn't just her looks—I've seen prettier girls. It was— Oh, I don't know exactly. There was something different about her—"

His father glanced at him sharply. "Well, you know the family motto: Love 'em and leave 'em." He shifted in his chair and changed the subject abruptly: "When do you get your typhoid shots?"

"First one on Tuesday." Stan made a face. "Can't say that I'm looking forward to (*Continued on page* 67)

AMERICA'S Interesting People

THEIR CAKES GO TO COLLEGE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most popular arrivals at any college or university is the cake from home. It makes the recipient of the cake popular, too. Patty-Bo Harvie and Sally Goldberg found this to be true when they were attending Boston University, but there was one flaw to mar their fun—so many of the cakes they received were crushed in transit, or delayed and not as fresh as desired. Removing this flaw has become the girls' postgraduate business, and business is booming.

Here's what they do: At the beginning of every year Patty-Bo and Sally get the lists of students at colleges in the Boston area, where the girls now live, and learn the names and addresses of the students' parents. To the mamas and papas they send a letter telling of the service. If the parents want to send a cake to Junior, all they have to do is give the order, specifying type of cake, to Patty-Bo and Sally. They have a wholesale baker in Boston make the cake according to specifications. The girls also deliver the cakes to a number of New England colleges, including Harvard, M.I.T., Wellesley, Radcliffe, Boston University, and Tufts. There are three prices—$3 for an 8-inch (diameter) cake, $4 for a 10-inch, and $5 for a 12-inch.

The girls are shown here delivering a cake to 3 Wellesley girls. Standing at left is Patty-Bo, with Sally right beside her. The three students are (left to right) Betty Milchen, Carol Judd, and June Pinanski. Also included are 3 samples of their cakes.

NEW FACES, NEW HOPES

THIS IS DR. JOHN F. PICK, a noted Chicago plastic surgeon, who is making a tremendous contribution toward giving a new lease on life to men who have been in prison. He gives them new faces.

There are many reasons why some men turn to crime as a career and one of them seems to be physical appearance. Some facial deformity, which makes it difficult for a man to be at ease with his fellowmen in normal society, will often send him into the underworld, where he is accepted. The career in crime leads to jail, and even when the debt to society is paid, the scar or blemish remains.

However, Dr. Pick is giving many of these unfortunates new hope by creating new faces for them. He doesn't try to disguise them, so that they could continue a life of crime unrecognized. Rather, he removes the deformity that had made them objects of ridicule. The results have been amazing. For instance, statistics show that the number of parole violations average about 400 in every 1,000 men. However, it has dropped to 9 in the group of 1,000 who have received Dr. Pick's treatment.

Dr. Pick began his volunteer service 12 years ago. He kept it a secret for a number of years, but mentioned it in a speech to a group of surgeons not long ago, so that other doctors might do what he had done. Many doctors were enthusiastic, and a number of them now are planning a similar service in other parts of the country.

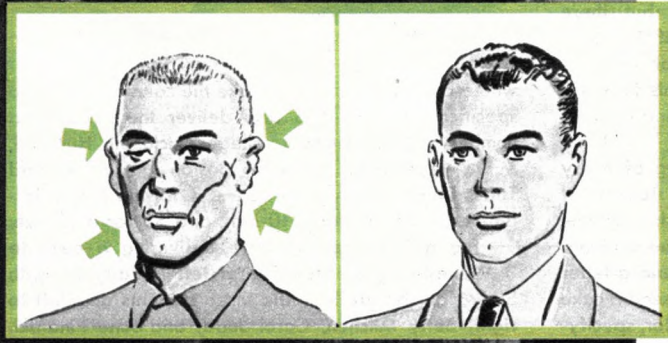


DIAGRAM *at left shows facial characteristics and deformities which Dr. Pick comes across in his work with convicts. These blemishes include cauliflower ears, deep scars, broken nose, drooping lips, disfigured eyes, as indicated. After surgery, although the convict's appearance has not been disguised, he looks like a normal human being (at right) and is ready to take his place in the world "outside"*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ON THE BALL

PHOTOS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ONE OF THE BUSIEST of busy teen-agers is 16-year-old Sharon Koehnke, of Glen Ellyn, Ill. First of all, she's U.S. Table Tennis Champion (junior-miss class). Then she is also a Chicago speed skating champion and holds titles in regular tennis and swimming. For three months last year Sharon modeled clothes and danced on television. Then, to keep from being bored, she makes women's initialed handbags of wool felt, which she has sold to customers in all parts of the U.S., in Canada, South America, Hawaii, and even Bulgaria.

She started designing when her father, George F. Koehnke, who runs his own Chicago advertising agency, complained to her that girl athletes were usually not much in the fashion field. She showed him by starting her own firm and calling it Sharon Kay. Sharon is still in high school and runs her business after school and during vacations. She designs every bag herself, and is assisted in mailing and distribution by a younger sister and older brother. At left she is shown in action at the tennis table and, above, about her business designing bags.

Dorothy Fraser, one of Bob Hagy's iron-hat customers, was so fascinated by the idea, she had to visit him at the forge and see one being made. At the right, she tries on a copper hat. Just below her Kay Naill, another customer, wears a silver flattened-snowflake-patterned hat. Bottom, two iron hatters eye their respective toppers critically

BOB'S IRON BONNETS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE THOMPSON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

BOB HAGY, of Albuquerque, N. Mex., is one guy who can't afford to laugh at his wife's new hat. He made it himself. What's more, Hagy's hats wear like iron. And why not? That's what they're made of. Hagy is an ornamental iron designer by vocation and works on public buildings and fine homes. By avocation, he is a self-styled "mad hatter."

It all began last spring, when Mrs. Hagy informed her husband that she was thinking about greeting the new season with a new hat. He decided to surprise her with an iron bonnet. He used a very thin sheet of iron, with the result that the total weight of the first creation was about 5 ounces. It had a Swedish iron finish (black lacquer highlighted with aluminum powder) and was lined with red silk cloth. The effect was so striking that Mrs. Hagy was the talk of the town, and a lot of the talk was "How can I get one?" Hagy soon found himself almost as busy as Mr. John or Mr. Frederic in New York, and, being no man of iron when it comes to refusing a buck, he was also in business. The iron bonnets sell for from $7.50 to $12.50, depending upon color and design. Designs range from the "beanie" type to real elaborate jobs. The colors are gold, silver, black, black iron, copper brilliant, cream, and white.

Hagy is 51, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and is a mechanical engineer. During World War II he designed, built, and operated two ammunition loading plants. He now works for the Gilbert Ornamental Iron Works, one of the largest in the Southwest.

AMERICA'S *Interesting People*

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE COED OF THE MONTH

CATHY PRESIDES

CATHERINE SOTIR is president of the coeds' self-government organization, the Women's League, at the University of Michigan, top honor for a girl on the campus. She is also one of those rare young women who, though only 20 and just beginning her senior year, knows exactly what she wants and how to get it.

For example, she decided, a couple of years ago, that she would like to be a department-store buyer when she is graduated. The first thing she did was take a sales clerk's job in a department store to see if she was really interested in merchandising. Finding it to her liking, she has spent her vacations working in the Detroit branch of Saks Fifth Avenue. She worked in the receiving-room, checking and marking clothes as they came in, and so learned about designs and fabrics. She worked in the advertising department and helped put on fashion shows. Last summer she worked as secretary to the personnel director, interviewing and screening applicants, and taking dictation. By the time she graduates, Cathy will have a pretty comprehensive idea of the operation of a department store.

She works entirely from choice. At first, her father, a Detroit restaurateur, disapproved. Cathy insisted, however, feeling the experience would help her plan her future. She is majoring in business administration and psychology. She is shown above presiding at a meeting of the Women's League, and, below, relaxing on the grass of the Michigan campus.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE CLARK FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HIGHWAY PENTHOUSE

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO Herbert F. Schmiege, a garage worker of Saginaw, Mich., and a couple of other fellows set out on a three-day trip to explore the northern part of the state. They had a wonderful time, except for one thing: That was the problem of finding a comfortable place to sleep at night. Schmiege thought real hard about it, and finally came up with the solution—a highway penthouse. You carry a specially packed tent on the roof of your car, and when you find a likely spot you stop for the night. You put up the tent, as illustrated here—it takes about 5 minutes—and you've found yourself a home. Schmiege now has built a business manufacturing and selling the tents. He has had orders from all over the country, particularly from the West.

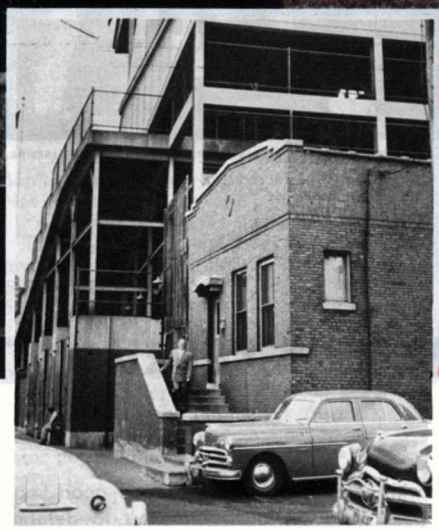
Schmiege is 35 years old and was born on a farm near Saginaw. He never went past the eighth grade in school, but as long as he can remember, he says, he has wanted to fix things and is constantly trying something new. He is shown here demonstrating one of his tents, assisted by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gerald Schmiege, also of Saginaw, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HE LIVES IN LEFT FIELD

Bobby Dorr gives instructions to G. Soderstrom, one of his carpenters

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Above, Dorr relaxes in his back yard, which is the Wrigley Field ball park. At left, he comes out of his house built under left-field stands

BOBBY DORR not only lives rent- and tax-free, but has the only house of its kind anywhere in the country, as far as is known. You see, Bobby's home is in a ball park—Wrigley Field, Chicago, to be exact—which is also the home of the Chicago Cubs baseball club and the Chicago Bears football team. Bobby (no relative of the Red Sox second baseman) is grounds superintendent and the park has been his home for 27 years. He has raised two sons in his 5-room house, which is located under the left-field stands, fronting on the street, and has one of the biggest and certainly one of the most exciting back yards anyone could desire. Living in a ball park, especially one of the nation's best, represents to Bobby a dream come true.

When he was a boy his parents were interested in giving him a good education to prepare him for a place in his father's printing plant. But Bobby was more concerned with baseball. After a year in prep school he quit, and went to work in a ball park collecting paper trash for 75 cents a day. He showed promise as a ballplayer, but his career was nipped in the bud by a leg injury. Gradually he learned the details of caring for ball parks, and in 1919 he was offered the job of grounds superintendent at Chicago. The late William Wrigley Jr. told him: "Here's the park, Bobby. Do what you see fit." Bobby now has 22 men working for him and is largely responsible for the park's beauty.

JOHN AND ANNA BATURA *and their children, Richard, 4, and Barbara, 5, the original human "guinea pigs" in a unique experiment in preventive medicine, pay a visit to real guinea pigs at Bronx Park*

BARBARA GETS ON *the scales for weight and height statistics taken by Nurse Marjorie Hill at Montefiore Hospital, while Richard awaits his turn*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NELSON MORRIS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HEALTH FOR THE FAMILY... A NEW HUMAN EXPERIMENT

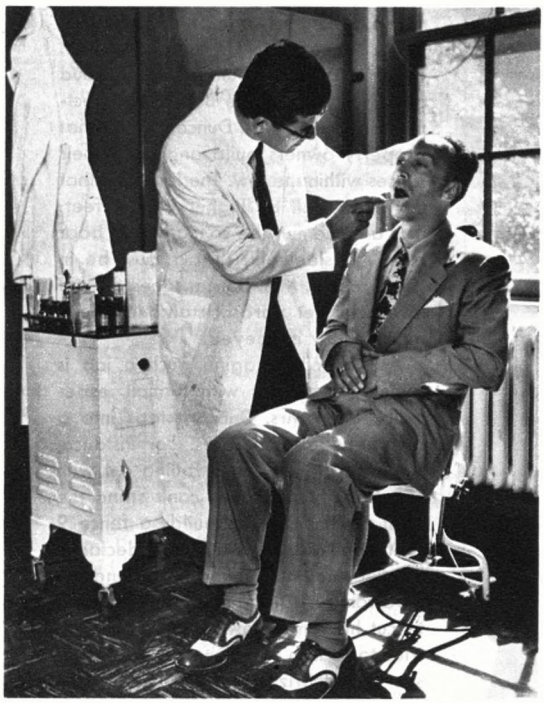
REMEMBER when everybody had a family doctor? He not only brought your children into the world and saw them through the measles, but you went to him for counsel and advice and discussed problems far removed from direct medicine. Of late, evidence indicates we have gotten away from that and have gone into the era of the specialist and the impersonal physician, especially in the cities, to whom we never go until we are ill.

Well, John T. Batura, a New York fireman, his wife Anna, and their two children, Barbara, 5, and Richard, 4, are leading the way back to the family doctor in a long-range experiment that is expected to make medical history. They are the first of a group of families, chosen with care as being of average good health, to be used in a 5- to 10-year test to determine whether family health is improved over a period of time by frequent consultation with one doctor, who knows your complete medical history, regardless of whether you are really ill.

The plan is sponsored by Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, Montefiore Hospital in New York, and the Community Service Society. The Baturas were selected—as hundreds of other families will be later on—from their health records in a health-insurance plan in which they participate.

Once selected, the first step was to assign a doctor to the Baturas. In their case it was Dr. I. Rossman at

AT RIGHT, DR. ROSSMAN *checks Mrs. Batura's blood pressure and, while waiting, Barbara and Richard play with blocks on the floor*



FAR REMOVED *from doctors and clinics, the Batura family (below) engages in a bit of health preservation on their own. They all sit down in Bronx Park for an afternoon picnic, which is one of their favorite diversions*

DR. I. ROSSMAN, *the family doctor assigned to look after the Baturas during the 5- to 10-year experiment, is taking a peek down Papa Batura's throat. There will be regular checkups*

Montefiore Hospital. Dr. Rossman began by getting a complete record of this family. They were given an exhaustive physical examination and their diet, recreation, and rest habits were studied. For instance, it was found that the elder Baturas do not drink enough milk. The doctor also obtained a complete picture of their home life, how they got along together. Did they quarrel much? Were the children nervous or irritable? These are all things which a good family doctor usually knew about his patients whom he had been treating for years. At present, the Baturas are making regular visits to Dr. Rossman and discussing their problems.

At the end of the 5- to 10-year period, the health records of the families participating will be compared with those of other families, also members of the insurance plan but who have not taken part in the experiment, to see just how important it is to go to a doctor regularly to keep well, instead of waiting until someone in the family is ill.

SHE IS ALWAYS ON THE FENCE

MRS. AMY HILL DUNCAN, of Weymouth, Mass., has one of the strangest jobs in America. She's a fence viewer. The town of Weymouth is mighty proud of its fences, and the Board of Selectmen appointed Mrs. Duncan to see that property owners build and keep their fences within the law. The law says that no fence shall be higher than 4 feet; that a fence must be so many feet back from the sidewalk; that it must be in good repair. Mrs. Duncan goes around town with her yardstick and sees to it that the law is obeyed.

As you can imagine, such a job is sometimes fraught with turmoil, especially when Mrs. Duncan steps into a row between neighbors. For instance, Neighbor Jones has a falling out with Neighbor Smith. Jones can't stand the sight of Smith, so he builds a fence 9 feet high. War is immediately declared between neighbors, and Smith sends an SOS for Mrs. Duncan. She orders Jones to cut his fence down to size (4 feet); tries to reason with him, and if all fails she is authorized to take Jones into court. However, in 4 years she has never failed to settle a case.

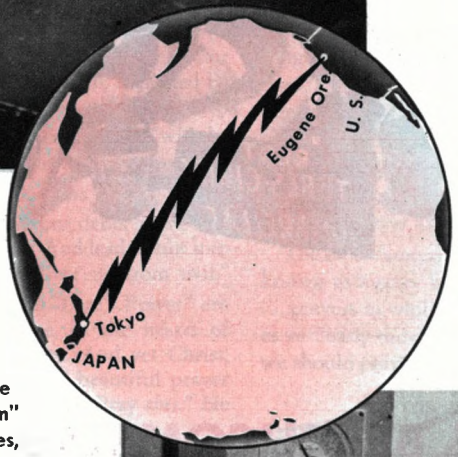
Mrs. Duncan is entitled to a $5 fee for each investigation, but she does not take any money, preferring to do her job as a public service. For many years she has been active in the town's affairs, but has refused to run for public office. She prefers to write a free column on public affairs in the town's weekly paper. She is a widow and has 4 children—a son in the service, a married daughter, and a boy and a girl in high school.

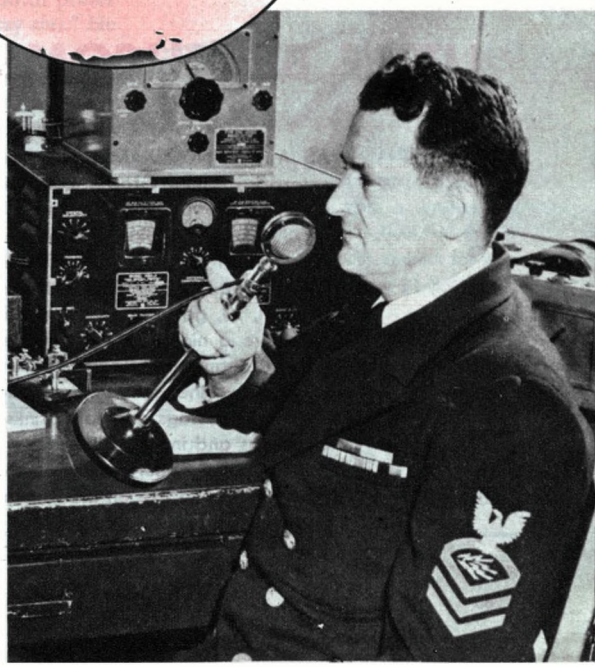
AMERICA'S *Interesting People*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HELPING "HAM"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL C. CALKINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

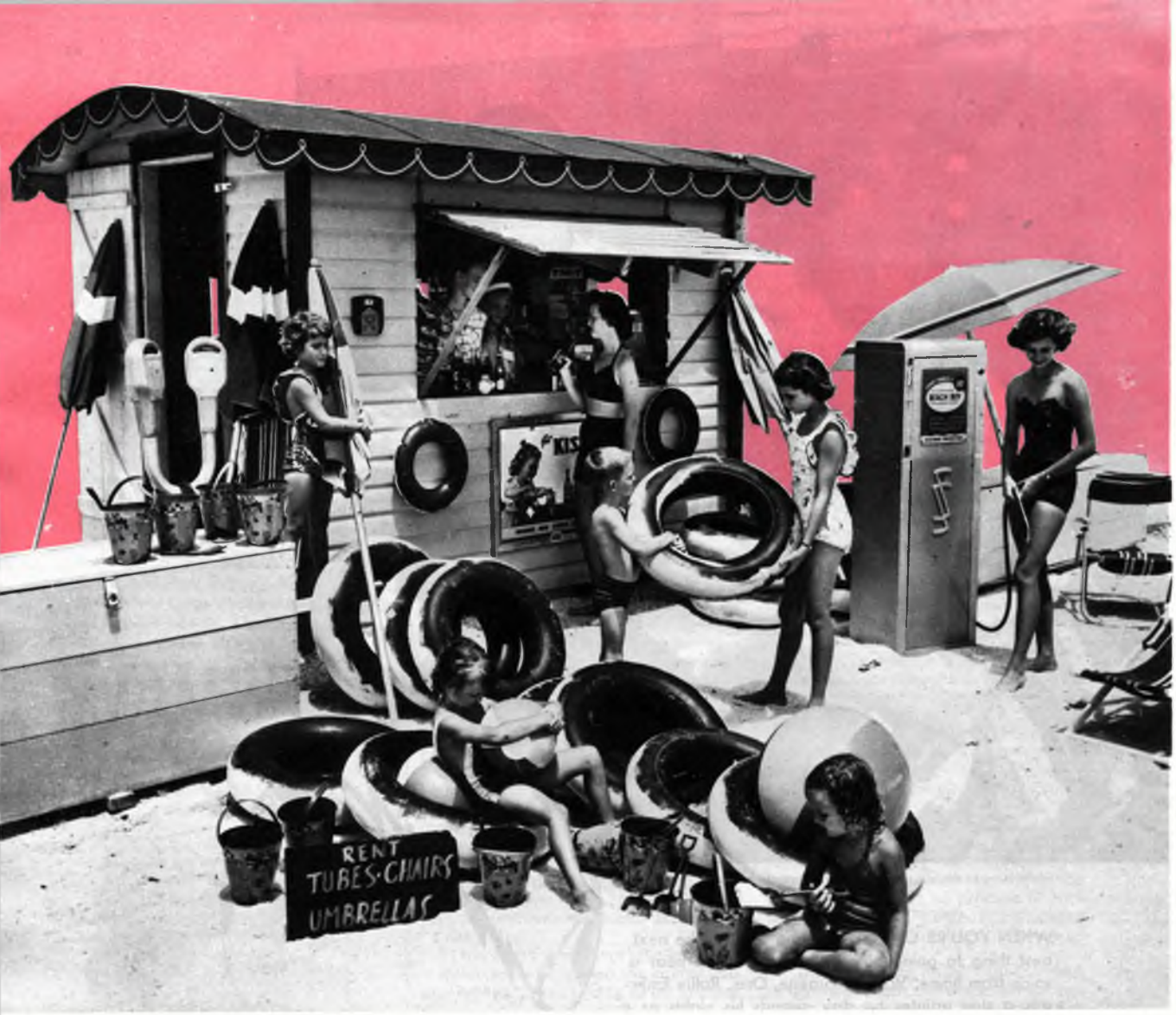




WHEN YOU'RE OVERSEAS in the service, the next best thing to going home is to be able to hear a voice from home. Well, in Eugene, Ore., Rollie Emerson, a sign painter by day, spends his nights as a "ham" radio operator to give a lot of servicemen in Tokyo a chance to hear that voice from home. With the aid of Navy Chief Dale Schermerhorn, another "ham" operator stationed in Japan, he gives countless wives, sweethearts, and parents a chance to talk to their fighting men, or have messages relayed to them.

Across 6,000 miles of sea and air goes the news that Bobby is over the measles, that Jane has the lead in the school play, and that Corporal Jones has just been promoted to sergeant. The conversations are arranged on an appointment basis. The home folks in and around Eugene call Rollie and tell him when they can come to his "radio shack" to talk. Rollie then contacts Schermerhorn, who, in turn, rounds up the men in service. In addition to this actual conversation between parties, Rollie also serves as a go-between for other "hams." They relay messages to Rollie who, in turn, transmits them to Japan.

One busy night Rollie sent out 155 messages from Station W-7-NQI. He has been a "ham" for only 3 years and started his free service a few months ago. He is shown above sitting beside Mrs. Schermerhorn as she chats with her husband, who listens (right) to the news from home away off in Tokyo.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

LITTLE BEACHCOMBERS

AS A SHINING EXAMPLE of successful American enterprise (Junior Grade), combining initiative and ambition, we present the youngsters of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hicks, all of St. Petersburg, Fla. When Mary Ann, 14, Melinda, 10, and Jimmy Phillips, 5, and Charles Hicks III, 10, go back to school this month, all four will have a nice nest egg. Furthermore, they will have firsthand knowledge of running a business they built up themselves. It's a beach wagon, where they sell hot dogs and soft drinks and rent beach umbrellas and inner tubes.

It all came about a few months ago, when the youngsters, who live on the beach during the summer, noticed an abandoned ticket booth. Why not start a business? They borrowed some working capital—a few dollars—from their parents and went to work.

At first they sold just soft drinks and, as the money began to roll in, they expanded. They have long since paid back the loan and are operating in the black. They keep accurate books, take regular inventory, and declare a dividend every two weeks. At this writing, each youngster has taken out about $40.

The photo shows business booming. Holding a beach umbrella is Carolyn Hicks, 6, sister of Charles, who handles the umbrella and beach-chair trade. Carolyn is not a member of the firm, but was hired by the day when her brother was taken ill. Inside the booth are Mary Ann (left) and Melinda. Jimmy Phillips is shown discussing with a customer the rental of an inner tube.

The Head and the Heart

(*Continued from page* 54)

them. Necessary, though, I suppose."

"They certainly are," his father said, "unless things have changed a lot in Turkey since I was there." He stared out at the deserted beach, the frothing line of surf. "You're a lucky fellow, you know. I'd like nothing better than to be your age again, college finished, R.O.T.C. finished, no responsibilities, no ties, all set to spend a year on the edge of the Iron Curtain helping the Turks get ready to defend the Dardanelles."

Stan gazed at him pensively. "You know, there are times when I suspect you of having personally sold the State Department on sending this mission to Turkey. *And* of arranging with the Navy to let me go with it!"

"Your work in Turkey will be just as patriotic and six times as important as being a seasick ensign on a destroyer," J. P. Gregory said serenely. "As for the State Department"—he grinned—"maybe I did mention something to McGurk. But he's a smart guy—most of the arrangements for the mission had already been made. He had picked a good man to lead it, too. Hopkins is one of the best. He's glad to be taking you, told me so himself."

STAN slipped off the railing and punched his father's shoulder affectionately. "I'd better go check on the hamburgers."

J. P. Gregory watched his son vanish into the house, feeling the faint, familiar currents of pride and apprehension stir within him. Pride in the boy himself, in his popularity, in his various achievements, academic and athletic. And apprehension lest some unforeseen circumstance intervene before the whole educational process, so long and carefully planned, was complete.

Because it was not yet complete. The scholastic part was finished, true, but the most important phase, the final tempering of the steel, was yet to come.

Gregory locked his hands behind his leonine head. A year in Turkey working under Hopkins, that would be a good start for Stan. Then, provided, of course, there was no general war, other foreign assignments could be arranged. Stan could pick up two or three languages and, more important, certain Continental values which were lacking in America, but which seemed to Gregory to make sense: the importance of good wines, for example, or the unimportance of women.

It would require several years, at least. In the end Stan would come back to take his place in his father's engineering company, or go into politics, or do what he saw fit. But by then he would be a man, seasoned and strong, equipped not merely to go far in his chosen profession, but to go straight to the top and stay there. The boy had plenty of good stuff in him, but he wasn't mature. Who was, at his age? The American habit of marrying young and starting to raise a family struck Gregory as a tragic mistake. Gregory smiled grimly to himself. He should know, he had made it.

HIS marriage to Stan's mother had happened just ten years too soon, when he was twenty-one. Too young, oh, much too young! She was a pretty girl. He had been wild for her—until he got her. Then her possessiveness, her domesticity, her *tameness*, had almost at once begun to irk him. The birth of the baby merely accentuated those qualities in her. She would not go on trips with him; she wept and complained if he tried to go without her.

She blocked him, that was the only word for it. Smothered him with her octopus femininity, her porcelain selfishness, her stupefying inertia. That foolish marriage of his foolish youth hung like a milestone round his neck until, almost without warning, his wife was dead. Polio, abrupt and final.

Then, seething with frustration, with repressed energy, he had gone to Guatemala, had lived a wild, nomadic life that satisfied his thirst for adventure, and had, incidentally, laid the foundation for his considerable fortune. The pitchblende discovery had done it—pitchblende, the source of uranium, fabulously valuable even then, long before the atom bomb was dreamed of.

Six years later, shaking the dust of many countries from his shoes, he had come home, had taken over the care of his son, a solemn ten-year-old, and had settled down, comparatively speaking. He could have remarried a dozen times. He never did. He valued his freedom too much. He was determined that Stan should not lose *his* freedom too early, and have to buy it back at such cost. . . .

He watched the boy carry the metal grill onto the beach and collect scraps of driftwood to start the charcoal fire. At the party there would be half a dozen boys of Stan's age, and as many girls—some of them pretty, some of them clearly attracted to Stan, but none of them dangerous, none of them who knew how to use her sex as the weapon it was—none so far.

Two months, roughly, until the Hopkins mission sailed. Eight or nine weeks, no more. J. P. Gregory's firm mouth curved in a faint smile. After that, he could relax.

The girl who now called herself Mia Carroll came to the gate in the low stone wall and stopped. Half a dozen cars were parked along the oleander bushes that screened the wall. Their owners were evidently on the front porch. She could hear laughter and the murmur of voices. She looked down at herself in dismay: tennis shoes, shorts, the too-big shirt. Oh, no, she could not do it. She could not walk into a place full of strange people, not dressed like this.

"Be honest," she said sardonically to herself. "Is that it, or is it because you're afraid?"

"Mia!" The joyful shout told her that Stan had seen her. She watched him come around the corner of the porch, run down the steps, hurry to the gate. "I thought you weren't coming!" He took her arm and steered her toward the house. "I'd have looked pretty silly after telling Dad and the gang all about you!"

"Stan," she said again, "wait . . ."

But he did not wait. He swept her around the corner into a group of young people who, she saw to her relief, were dressed approximately as she was.

THERE was a sudden hush, and she found herself being introduced to a blur of faces. The only one that stood out from the crowd belonged to an older man with gray hair and features like Stan's who held out his hand gravely. "Miss Carroll?" His eyes were keen and appraising. "So glad you could come. Stan's been wringing his hands for the last twenty minutes. Never saw him in such a dither."

"Oh, Stan dithers easily at times," said a tall brunette, and one of the boys laughed and said, "You should know, Natalie!"

Stan had clapped an absurd-looking chef's cap on his head. "Who's hungry?" He started down the steps. "Come on, Mia. You can be in charge of the ketchup department."

"It's just the same," she thought, letting herself be led out onto the beach. It was just the way it used to be, except that she was Mia now, not Linda. This is what they used to do on summer nights down by the river. Cook hamburgers over a charcoal fire, or maybe a steak.

She saw it all so clearly that it might have been yesterday. Herself in pigtails, her father in his wheel chair with her mother pushing him, her brother Douglas full of the importance of his intern-

ship, and the fireflies lighting their soft intermittent beacons in the purple dusk. . . .

"A penny for them, Miss Carroll."

She turned her head quickly and saw that Stan's father was standing beside her. He added, "You had a faraway look. I was wondering where you were."

"I was home," she said simply.

He sat down and patted the sand beside him. "Stan promised me I could sit by the prettiest girl." The compliment came out smoothly. "And where is home?"

She had anticipated that question and had her answer ready, an answer that was not technically a lie: "Not far from Princeton." She did not sit down, for she had the feeling that he would ask her more questions. She said, rather nervously, "I think I'm supposed to be doing the ketchup. If you'll excuse me—"

And she moved over to the grill, where Stan stood turning the sizzling meat and flipping it expertly onto paper plates. "Lend a hand with the beans, Natalie," he sang out, and the tall brunette complied good-humoredly, ladling a spoonful, then passing each plate to Mia, who stood by with the ketchup bottle.

She was a handsome girl, this Natalie, in a bold, dynamic way. She said, with a sidelong glance of her dark eyes, "I heard you say you lived near Princeton. I've had a lot of fun there on football week ends. Ever go to La Reine's?"

"La what?" said Mia blankly.

"La Reine's, that restaurant just off Nassau." Natalie looked at her strangely. "Surely you know it?"

"Of course," said Mia. "That French place." But her throat felt suddenly tight and a giant fist seemed to have clenched itself just under her breastbone. "Careful," she said to herself, "careful!"

"And Armando's," Natalie was saying, steadily spooning beans. "You know, the fun place they all go after the games?"

"Yes," muttered Mia. She opened her fingers and let the ketchup bottle fall into the sand. "Oh, look what I've done!"

"That's all right." Stan left his grill long enough to scoop it up. "A little sand won't hurt anybody."

But it seemed to Mia that Natalie gave her a thoughtful look.

THE moon rose out of a bank of clouds, placid, golden, devoid of life and the urgent problems of living. They sat around a driftwood fire and sang the old songs that never change. Stan was beside Mia, his face alive and mobile in the firelight. Beyond him was Natalie, and, watching her, Mia knew with sudden certainty that Natalie considered herself Stan's girl, and consequently resented this intrusion on the part of a stranger.

"Relax," she wanted to say to Natalie; "stop worrying! I'm not out to steal your man; I'm incapable of stealing anybody's man, really. Stan is safe."

At ten o'clock Mia told Stan reluctantly that she would have to go. There was a ten-thirty bus that would take her back to Sparta. She would walk to the village and catch it.

Stan would not hear of this. It was early, he insisted. He would take her home later.

She waited another hour, then pointed out gently that her landlady, a dragon named Mrs. McCarthy, had a midnight curfew which she enforced by the effective method of bolting the door.

"Oh, well," Stan said, "I suppose in that case you'll have to go." He stood up, brushing off sand. "Take over, will you, Dad?"

"Glad to," said the elder Gregory from the shadows.

Natalie did not look up. She had found a small conch shell and was tossing it nervously from one hand to the other. She said, very quietly, "You'll be back, won't you, Stan?"

"Back? Of course I'll be back." He reached down and pulled Mia to her feet. "Ready?" he asked her. "Let's go."

THE little convertible purred along the moon-silvered road, top down. Stan glanced at the girl beside him. The drive was half over, and she had said almost nothing. That she was new in Sparta; that she had a job downtown. That was all.

"Why so silent?" he asked her finally. "Something bothering you?"

"Oh, no," she said, too quickly, "just thinking."

"Well, I've had a thought nagging at me all evening. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"If you like."

"It's that shirt of yours. I'm jealous of it!"

"Shirt?" He saw her eyes fill with laughter. "You needn't be. I stole it from my brother, Douglas."

"Oh." He laughed too, but the relief he felt was real enough. "I had other gloomy ideas."

"I have one, myself," she told him. "That girl—Natalie. She—she's one of your pretty girls, isn't she? I mean, she considers herself—"

"Natalie? She's a good egg. Marvelous dancer. We have a lot of fun together." He looked at her sideways. "That's all."

She clenched her fist silently in her lap. "Why did you have to bring that up?" she asked herself angrily. "What do you care about Natalie one way or the other? You'll probably never see her again. You'll probably never see any of them again!"

She felt his hand, warm and reassuring, cover hers. "Why so tense all of a sudden?"

She did not answer him, but she made her fingers relax. "You'll never know," she said to him silently. "At least, I hope you'll never know. You've been very kind, and I'm grateful. You've let me escape for a while from myself. But—"

He did not move his hand away, and partly because she thought he expected it, she turned her own palm upward. They sat quietly while the miles slid under the wheels and a curious current of intimacy seemed to flow through their joined hands. It was almost as if that simple contact took the place of talking, and as long as it lasted they would have no need for words.

They came at last to the outskirts of Sparta, the streets dark under the great live oaks, the magnolias glossy in the moonlight. If Stan was surprised to learn that she lived on Walthour Street, he did not show it. He eased the car to a stop in front of the somber boardinghouse, leaned forward, cut the ignition with his left hand. She tried to draw her fingers away but he held them firmly. "When do I see you again?"

She said miserably, "I don't know." . . . "End it now," a voice was warning her. "End it now, before you get involved. You'll regret it, if you don't."

He said gently, "Don't you want to see me again?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes, I do. But—"

"Tomorrow?"

"No!" Her voice sounded panic-stricken, as if he had made some unthinkable proposal. "Oh, no, I couldn't."

"How about Monday, then?" Clearly, he was not going to be put off by a single refusal.

"All right," she said, pulling her hand free. She could always telephone him, she was thinking, break the date that way.

"Pick you up here after work? About six o'clock?"

"That'll be fine," she murmured, and put her fingers on the handle of the door.

"Wait a minute," he said. "It sticks." He slid his arm behind her and twisted the handle. His face came close to hers, and for a moment they sat rigid, because both of them knew that he was going to kiss her, and he did. It was not a long or a passionate kiss, but when it ended they stared at each other as if some hidden knowledge had been revealed to them, something suspected almost from the moment they met, but unconfirmed until now.

THEN she pushed open the door, ran up the creaking steps, and let herself into the hall. She closed the door without looking back and went up to her room, drab enough with its cheap lace curtains and iron bedstead. She sat down slowly on the bed, feeling all around her in the hot, lifeless air the misery and the loneliness that had been her companions for so long, but feeling, too, the quick, warm pressure of Stan's mouth on her own.

She lay back against the pillow and

Easy way to build a drink. Pour Four Roses over a couple of ice cubes (adding a twist of lemon and splash of water, if you like) . . . and you have a drink that's now an American favorite. It's called "*Roses-on-the-rocks*"—a drink that *truly* brings out the superb flavor and supreme quality of Four Roses.

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tried to think of the future. But inexorably her traitor mind carried her back into the past, and as she had done so many times before, she relived the whole grim sequence: trial, sentence, the endless prison days, the decision—when at last she was released—to leave Ardmore Hills, leave Philadelphia, rebuild her life in some remote place where she would not have to endure the scorn of strangers, the pity of her friends.

WELL, she had been doing all right until tonight. She had been proud she had been able to refuse her brother's offer of financial aid. She had found herself a job as secretary in an insurance company. When she got a raise, as eventually she would, she had planned to rent a small apartment, set about making new friends.

But now there was Stan. And his kiss was a revelation and a warning.

She had thought herself in love, once. She knew now that it had not been love, but a hectic excitement that had cost her dearly in the end. This thing that she had felt with Stan was different. Quiet, steady, like the slow turning of the tide; predordained, inevitable.

She got up and moved to the window, peering out into the sultry summer night. "Oh, it's not fair," one part of her cried out in bitter protest; "it's not right. I don't deserve . . ."

And another, sterner part made answer: "It's all part of the pattern; you've got to accept it; you made the choice."

A car, homebound from some late party, swept around the corner with a screech of tires. The voices of the occupants sounded shrill, raucous in the listening night. "Oh, be careful," she implored them in her mind, "be careful! You don't know what can happen to you, all in a flash, but I do—I do."

The scene she always tried to banish swept in upon her with terrifying clarity: Herself sitting half dazed behind the wheel of her car. The car itself at a crazy angle against the curb, the long, black skid-marks writhing behind it in the rainy dusk. And she struggled to get it started again, the whine of the siren, the State Trooper braking his car to a stop, coming over grim-faced, wrenching open the door. Then the nightmare conversation, the dialogue that still haunted her.

"Registration and driver's license!" His voice was icy.

She produced them. Her hands were shaking. She did not trust herself to say anything.

A second Trooper joined the first: "I suppose you know you hit a pedestrian back there at the crossroads."

"Oh, no! I—"

"Two witnesses saw it, lady. They took your number."

"Is he—is he—?"

"He's on his way to the morgue. What did you expect?" He took her wrist, not gently, and pulled her out of the car. "Come on; let's go."

The other State Trooper, looking at her stonily, spoke for the first time: "You shouldn't have tried to run, lady. We don't like hit-and-run drivers around here." . . .

Almost two years ago, now; two mortal, endless years, but the whole disaster was still as clear as if it had been burned into her brain, which indeed it had. She could remember the harsh lights at police headquarters. She could see her brother's face, tense and drawn—Douglas, considered the finest young surgeon in the Philadelphia area; Douglas, who had been everything to her since her parents died. She could still hear his voice, hoarse, incredulous: "Linda, why did you do it? Why did you run away? It was an accident! Nobody would have thought you meant to do it! Why did you run? Why? Why?"

Her numbed silence, then and later. She could not tell the truth; she was too proud to lie. The lawyers Douglas hired said that, even with no defense, she might draw a suspended sentence. Her youth was in her favor. She hoped—oh, how achingly she hoped—that they might be right.

She stood, finally, with knees like water and heard the judge sentence her, his grave voice stating that he was going to make an example of her. He sentenced her to eighteen months in prison with a recommendation of denial of parole. And afterward, the bitter twist of her lawyer's mouth as he said, "It's an election year, Miss Carroll, and you belong to what the opposition newspapers call the privileged classes. I'm sorry."

Then the procession of gray days, all exactly alike. No one was unkind to her. On the contrary, they let her study the shorthand and typing she was using now. But the shadow of the bars seemed to fall across her future, black and ineradicable.

SHE was released three days after her twenty-first birthday. Douglas was waiting for her. He had married while she was in prison. And sitting there beside him in his car, she gave his dogged loyalty the reward it deserved: She told him the truth: That she had not been alone in the car that night; that she had not even been driving.

She still flinched at the recollection of the fury in his eyes. "I'll kill him! The dirty coward! I'll drag him down to the District Attorney's office and—"

"Oh, Douglas, no! You'll just nullify everything I've tried to do! You'll just hurt innocent people! Oh, I know how you feel, but—but I was guilty too! I've tried to pay the debt for both of us, can't you see? Please, I beg of you, don't do anything. I couldn't bear it! I've suffered enough!"

He had stared at her for a full minute, his hands gripping the wheel of the car. "All right," he said at last. "It's your life. Do what you please with it."

Twenty-four hours later she was in Sparta. Douglas was the only person who had her address. She had been here exactly seven weeks and four days. . . .

"She seemed like a very nice girl," Natalie said carefully, "but I thought—well, there was something funny about her."

"Funny?" Stan looked puzzled. "What do you mean, funny?"

He had found her waiting for him when he came back from the city. Now they were sitting in his car outside her house.

"I just thought," Natalie said nervously, "that she seemed abnormally quiet, abnormally reserved—" She bit her lip and was silent, some deep, femi-

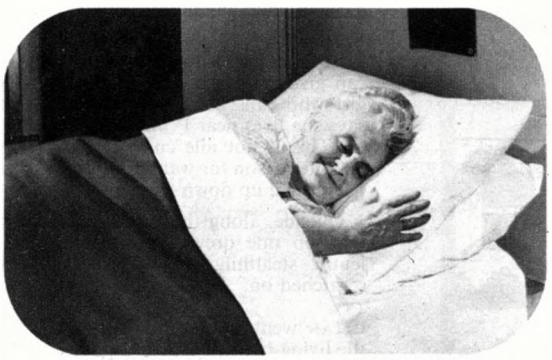
"Ha, the 8:15 is late again!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MARTIN FILCHOCK

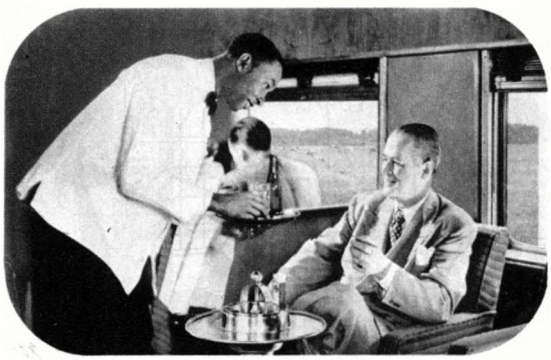
Anybody here you know?

1. Experienced traveler. Says he goes Pullman so his family won't worry. Secretly enjoys knowing he's safer in a Pullman than he is in his own home.

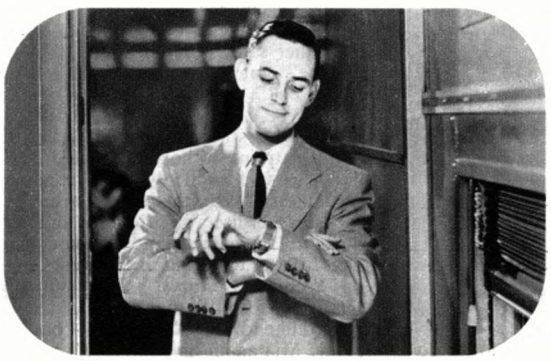
2. Happy vacationers. Enjoy a "picture window" view of America from their air-conditioned Pullman room. What's more, they can count on hundreds of miles of vacation *before* they even reach their resort.



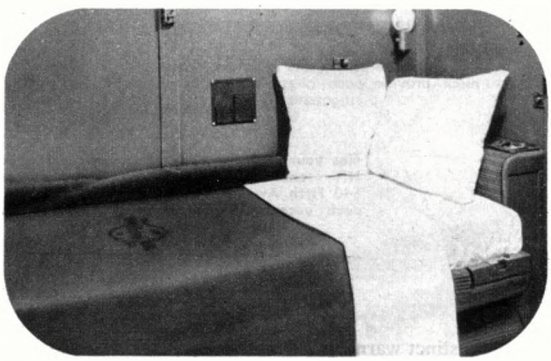
3. Comfort-lover. Finds comfort in her Pullman bed. It's so soft she is asleep almost before you can say, "Comfort goes with you when you go Pullman."



4. Important executive. Clears up some last-minute work in his room and then steps into the lounge car. Enjoys several hours of pleasant relaxation.



5. Clock-watcher. Prides himself on always being on time. He'll be there on time tomorrow, too—thanks to dependable railroad schedules.



6. Reserved for you. Put yourself in this picture next time you travel. For complete information, see your railroad ticket agent.

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND – ABOVE ALL – SAFE!

IT'S THE LAW!

by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

Cats are forbidden to trespass on other people's property in California

You may not share any part of your meal in an Omaha, Nebr., restaurant

Lodginghouse proprietors in Salem, Mass., must provide each guest with a clean nightshirt

In Lake Charles, La., it is illegal to let a rain puddle remain in your front yard for more than 12 hours

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

nine instinct warning her to conceal the jealousy she felt.

"Probably just shy," Stan said cheerfully. "Pretty tough, meeting a flock of total strangers for the first time."

"Stan?" She decided to get away from this dangerous ground, get back to the topic that interested her most—themselves.

"Yes?"

"It's only two months until you go away, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"Oh, Stan." She touched his hand. "I can wait for you. All you've got to do is say the word . . ." Her voice trailed off. Oh, this was all wrong! He should be doing the pleading, not herself. That was what she had hoped would happen before he went away. She had thought that in the two months remaining she could quicken his interest in her, coax the spark into a real blaze. But suddenly, tonight, she had sensed a difference in him, a coolness of which he was not yet fully aware. Womanlike, she knew the reason, and the knowledge filled her with impotent fury.

"It wouldn't be fair, Natalie," he was saying. "A year's separation can be a mighty long time. You'll meet dozens of other men. Why be tied to one?"

She did not try to argue. Right now, she knew, it would do more harm than good. She turned her face up to him for the good-night kiss that had come to mean so much to her, and she thought he hesitated for a fraction of a second before he bent his head and touched his lips to hers.

She stood beside the car. "Swim with me tomorrow?"

"Sure," he said easily. "If you like. I'll pick you up about eleven. Okay?"

She nodded, clenching her fists so that the pointed nails dug into her palms. It was there; Stan did not even know it, but it was there—the first unmistakable note of condescension, of pity.

She wheeled abruptly and went into the house. She went straight to the desk in the living-room, sat down, snapped on the light. She drew an envelope out of a pigeonhole, and with a few quick decisive strokes wrote down a Princeton, New Jersey, address. Then she chose a piece of matching notepaper and began:

"Dear Minna:

"I have a favor to ask. I wonder if you can give me some information about a girl who calls herself Mia Carroll and says she lives near Princeton.

"This is not idle curiosity; I have a definite reason for wanting to know. She has turned up down here, and . . ."

Outside, along the gleaming beaches, the ebb tide drew the ocean back silently, stealthily. Inside, Natalie's pen scratched on. . . .

STAN went up on the porch and into the living-room. He heard a noise in the kitchen, and found his father there alone, brewing a pot of coffee.

"Get your various lady-friends home safely?" The elder Gregory grinned. "Natalie was a little jealous, I think."

"Um," said Stan.

"Seemed like a nice girl, that Mia," his father said, watching him. "Maybe Natalie's got something to be jealous about, eh?"

"Maybe," Stan said noncommittally.

His father stirred his coffee, feeling an odd constraint in the air that he did not like. He said suddenly, with apparent casualness, "Why don't we charter Bill Jackson's cruiser on Monday and run down to Hurricane Island for a couple of days? I have to go out to the West Coast on Wednesday for a while, but I'm relatively free until then."

"I'd like to, Dad," Stan said, "but I'm seeing Mia again on Monday."

"Put her off," said his father jovially. "Pleasure before business!"

"No," said Stan, "I don't think I can do that."

"But you only met the girl today!"

"I know."

The older man put his cup down carefully. "All right," he said quietly. "Some other time." . . .

Mia came home from work through the drowsy afternoon. Five-thirty. In half an hour Stan would pick her up.

At the thought her heart gave a half-

guilty, half-joyous leap. Well, she *had* tried to break the date. She had telephoned twice on Sunday, only to be told each time by Ruby that Mr. Stan was out. So her conscience should be clear, shouldn't it?

Not really, she told herself honestly, walking fast through the blazing sunshine. She could have left a message, either time. But she didn't. She didn't, because she wanted to see him again.

It can't do any harm, the joyous half of her insisted. It was just an ordinary date with a pleasant young man. This was what she had planned to do. Make new friends, start all over again.

Yes, said the other half, the guilty half, but it isn't just an ordinary date. And she knew it.

Queer, she thought as she came to her drab dwelling place and climbed the creaking stairs, queer how you could be divided within yourself. Queer, and yet not so queer. Locked in each individual were the most ancient of all antagonists, the head and the heart. She should know —ah, yes, she should know.

She let herself into her room. She bathed quickly, dressed with more care than she had used since—since— She brushed the thought aside.

She heard the ancient doorbell give its nasal twang, and her heart gave a great, undisciplined bound. She ran down the stairs and opened the door.

Stan was standing there. "Well!" he said.

"Well, what?"

"Just well!"

She smiled contentedly, feeling a warm glow because he was evidently pleased with her appearance. She felt, too, a strange relief that they were together again, as if being apart had been a strain, something unnatural.

He took her arm as they went down the steps. "Thought we'd have supper with Dad. He's all alone—said he'd like to see you again. Then maybe go dancing at the pavilion—you know, the long one that juts out into the water. How does that sound?"

"Fine," she said. Oh, but it was good to talk of music and dancing again, good to sit in a convertible with the top down and wind in her hair.

But what if he knew, the traitor voice asked her suddenly, what if he knew all there is to know? Would she be sitting here now? Would he be looking at her like this?

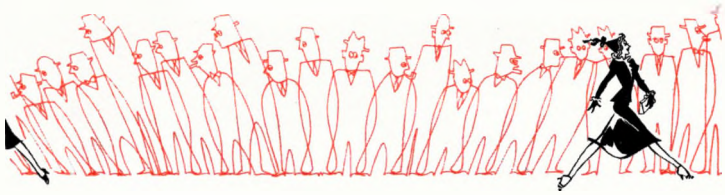
He said, watching her, "You know, I feel as if I'd known you for a long time."

He reached out and took her hand. She hesitated, then drew it slowly away. She'd have to tell him, she thought dully, tell him some of it, anyway. She couldn't go on under false pretenses like this. It wasn't fair to him. Or to herself.

He was still holding out his hand. "Not afraid of one-hand driving, are you? I'll go very slow."

She gave him her hand, despising herself for her weakness, but wanting the feeling of warmth and security that his fingers gave her. Later, she said to her conscience, "Why ruin everything now? I'll tell him later." . . .

"I think it's remarkably independent



Today's Fabulous Figures

★

67 out of every 100 adults in the country now wear eyeglasses.

More than 6,000,000 children are carried to and from school in 105,000 busses which travel about 885,000,000 miles a year over routes about 5,000,000 miles in length. One of the longest one-way routes is 82 miles.

Four families in every 10 in this country, latest reports show, are worth more than $5,000, including cars, homes, other property, as well as cash.

Ranking as one of the most common of all afflictions, athlete's foot bothers two thirds of the population—about 100,000,000 people—in a single year.

If you're an average housewife, you're now opening more than 600 cans a year—almost two a day.

Although there are more than 200 flavors of ice cream, just 3—vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry—account for 75 per cent of current total production.

Theoretically, no spot on earth is now farther away from your local airport than 40 hours of flying time.

You eat about 9 times your weight in a year—a total of about 1,375 pounds of food.

In shaving, your razor blade exerts 5 tons of pressure per square inch on each whisker.

In one year, your house is drenched by 50 tons of water in the form of rain, snow, and sleet.

Thanks to advances in treatment, 3 of every 4 victims of infantile paralysis now recover completely or suffer no disabling aftereffects.

Present cost of entertaining visiting foreigners at State Department luncheons: $8.93 a plate.

There are 86,000 ambulatory U.S. mailmen. They walk an average of 10 miles per day each.

50,000 different plant diseases have been identified to date. They cost the American farmer $2,000,000,000 a year.

At least 1,000,000,000 meteors, most of them no bigger than a pinhead, strike the earth's atmosphere every day. Only 2,000 or less a year are large enough to penetrate the atmosphere and fall on the earth as meteorites.

Some 1,800,000 Americans currently live in trailers. Expanding war industries are expected to boost the number.

If they lived up to expectations, American motorists consumed 1,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline and traveled 15,000,000,000 miles in June, July, August.

Your share right now, if all the gold in the world were distributed equally, would be $21.39.

Scientists now estimate that there are 100,000 tons of water—some 6 trillion drops—in an average thundercloud.

If all American college graduates of the last 60 years were still alive, they would comprise only about 1 per cent of the total population.

Americans now pay out $598,000,000 a year in tips. Waiters get $404,000,000; cabbies, $139,000,000; barbers, $48,000,000; and porters, $7,000,000.

60,000,000 people visited their dentists in 1949. The number has grown 50 per cent in the last 20 years.

An average family of 4 spent $95.76 for drugs last year.

Three quarters of all freight tonnage in the U.S. now goes by truck.

LAWRENCE GALTON

of you," J. P. Gregory said mildly, "to start your career in a town where you don't know a soul."

Mia looked down at her coffee cup. The meal had been faultlessly cooked and served by Ruby. Most of the time she had managed to keep the conversation away from herself—until now.

"She does know somebody," Stan said with a grin. "She knows us!"

Yes, the elder Gregory thought, she knew them. But they didn't know her, nor anything about her, except where she was employed. She had also mentioned a brother. He turned his head and looked at his son. The boy was watching Mia with an expression in his eyes that worried his father. Hungry, tender—he knew that look; he had seen it on other men on the brink of falling in love. He said idly, "Have you told Mia about the Hopkins mission, Stan?"

The boy's face changed. "No, not yet."

"Stan's a lucky fellow," J. P. Gregory said smoothly to the girl. "In about two months he's shoving off for Constantinople. The State Department's sending over a team of American engineers. Stan's going with them—for a year or so, to see if that shiny engineering degree he got last month is any good." He saw a curious expression flicker across her face; disappointment, relief—he could not tell which. "I envy him," he added.

In the living-room a phone rang. "I'll get it," Stan said. "Excuse me." He went out, leaving Mia alone with his father.

HE DIDN'T like it, the elder Gregory decided. There was something going on here. He had a sudden vision of himself as a young man of Stan's age, caught in the grip of emotions stronger than any he had ever known, determined to marry Stan's mother despite the urgent pleas of his family. No, he couldn't just sit and watch that happen all over again. He said, toying with his napkin, "Are you satisfied with your job, Mia?"

She gave a little shrug. "It's not too bad. It'll improve, I hope."

He said, "We've recently opened a branch office in Atlanta. They could use a good secretary up there. How would you like the job? It would pay quite well." He did not look up. "I'm going out to the Coast on Wednesday. But I could arrange it, I think."

She sat quite still, feeling the anger surge inside her. So he was trying to bribe her! He wanted to buy her off, as he would try to buy off any woman who might be a menace to his ambitions for his son. She said calmly, "I'm quite happy here, thank you, Mr. Gregory."

He shot a glance at her. So she would not take the bait; she preferred to go for the more glittering lure—Stan himself. Well, if it was a battle she wanted, she could have it. Not right away, perhaps, but later, if things became serious.

Stan came back into the room, slid into his chair, and made a wry face. "That was Natalie. Wanted us to come around there for a swim." He grinned at Mia. "I told her we were going dancing. That suits you better, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Mia honestly, "it does."

"It probably doesn't suit Natalie very

well," Stan's father said, with a faint smile. "She's the possessive type. Heaven help the man who marries her."

"Is it so bad," Mia asked slowly, "to be possessive when you—when you care for someone?"

"I think so," J. P. Gregory told her. "It just means you put your own feelings ahead of everything else. That can be fatal, in a marriage, in any relationship."

"Seems to me," Stan said, "the main thing in marriage would be to respect and admire your partner, as well as love her. That's what I want, anyway." He was looking at Mia, now. "A wife I can really be proud of; a girl I can point out anywhere, any time, and say, 'Isn't she perfect? Isn't she wonderful?'"

Under the edge of the table Mia's fingers locked themselves together. A wife to be proud of, a girl with a spotless reputation, no flaws, no ugly shadows in the background. That was what Stan wanted; that was what he deserved. "Which eliminates you," she said bitterly to herself. "Right from the start!"

Stan gulped the rest of his coffee and pushed back his chair. "We'd better go, Mia, if you still have to observe that midnight curfew of yours."

"I'm afraid we do," Mia told him.

"What happens if you're late?" J. P. Gregory drawled. "Does your coach turn into a pumpkin, your gown into rags?"

Mia stood up. "Something like that might easily happen."

"So what?" Stan said gaily. "Cinderella got the prince, didn't she?"

"In the fairy tale she did!" His father followed them to the door. "Have fun, you two." He stood there, a bulky, immovable figure, watching them drive away together.

ONCE again they drove through the quicksilver night.

The hours on the pavilion passed quickly. In between dances they wandered out to the railing, watched the waves come hissing in out of the dark.

Then, when the music started again, they danced wordlessly, knowing now, without any doubt, that the attraction between them was more fundamental than any of the casual boy-and-girl relationships that either of them had known before. It was a peculiar bond, a sort of silent communion of ideas and feelings, and with it a kind of emotional growth, a sudden arrival at maturity that for Stan, at least, was a new and sobering experience.

"You make me feel older," he said to her when they were in the car again. "As if—oh, I don't know—as if I'd suddenly grown up. Know what I mean?"

"I think so," she said, and it was true. She could sense a hardening of purpose in him, a crystallizing of personality.

He said suddenly, "I wish I'd met you two months ago."

She smiled a twisted smile. He would have gotten a shock, she thought, if he had. But all she said was, "Why, Stan?"

"I wouldn't have been committed to this Hopkins mission."

"I think your father is very anxious for you to go."

"Oh, I know," Stan said. "I wanted to

go, too. I suppose I still do, really. But, after all, it's not essential. I could do a tour of duty with the Navy, if they wanted me. Then, if the world situation improved, start hacking out a civilian career."

"Do you know what you want to do eventually?"

He was silent for a moment. "I'd like to wind up in politics, I think. After all, it's the place you can do the most good, isn't it? You never get rich, if you're honest, and it's probably rough on your wife. Living in a sort of fish bowl, I mean. But I'd like to try it some day."

It was no use, she thought drearily. Why didn't she stop thinking about it? A fine wife she'd make for an ambitious young statesman—a wife with a criminal record.

She shook her head slowly. "Maybe it's just as well you're going to Turkey."

He glanced at her quickly. "Why do you say that?"

She said steadily, "Because we might fall in love."

"Would that be so bad?"

Again she hesitated. "I thought I was in love once. It didn't work out very well."

"Who was the lucky man?"

"His name was Tony Wildrick."

"I hate him," Stan said promptly.

"You needn't. He was impulsive and charming—and weak. My head knew, even if my heart didn't. Besides, my brother Douglas disapproved of him. So I didn't marry him."

Stan grinned. "Poor Tony. Did he hang himself?"

"Not at all." She stared out at the moon-whitened road. "He married one of my best friends."

He swung the car suddenly into the shadow of some trees. He cut the ignition, turned sideways, and faced her. "Look, Mia—"

"Don't park here, Stan! Please!"

Reluctantly he started the engine and drove on. "I wasn't going to try to maul you. I know you're not that kind."

"Oh, it wasn't that, Stan. It was just—" How could she tell him that it was herself she did not trust? She was afraid of her emotions; they had betrayed her once. She finished lamely, "We just can't get too involved. We mustn't."

"Why not?"

She said slowly, "You don't know much about me, Stan."

"I know all I need to know."

"Maybe that's true," she thought wearily. "If he's leaving in a few weeks, why go in for confession? I need a little happiness, even if it's only temporary."

He said softly, "Is it because I'm going away so soon?"

"That's partly it." Let him think that if he liked, she said to herself.

"I don't blame you," Stan was saying ruefully. "No use starting something we can't finish." He frowned. "But I want to go on seeing you. I know it sounds crazy, but I don't feel *right* when I'm not with you. I'm not complete!"

"I know," she said." "I know."

"Look," Stan was saying; "I agree that it would be foolish to fall in love

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when I'm about to set out for Constantinople. So I'll make a bargain with you *not* to fall in love. But I don't see why we can't use the time we've got, do things together, go places."

"Oh, Stan, that's just playing with fire. We—"

"We can do it," he insisted, "if we keep sex out of it. No kisses, no handholding . . ."

She looked down at her hand, curled warmly inside his. "You think we can do that?"

"We can try, can't we?"

He opened his hand. Slowly she withdrew her fingers. "Do you know how hard it may be?"

"All I know right now," Stan told her, "is that I'll do anything to go on seeing you." . . .

So they tried it. For three long, golden weeks they tried it. They were in love, and they knew it. They pretended they were not, and tried to keep the bargain they had made. But it was almost impossible. Their hands would touch accidentally, or they would dance (this was permitted), and when the music stopped they would stand for a long moment, still holding each other, and sometimes burst out laughing, so transparent was this form of cheating.

At certain moments, usually late at night when she lay sleepless in her stifling room, Mia felt her conscience bite hard and deep. "You're not playing fair," it said to her. "Guilty or innocent, you have a prison record—and he should know it. You made no promise to conceal *that* part of it. You have no right to hide it from him, no right because he loves you."

"But he's going away," another part of her made silent and desperate answer. "He's going away. We have only a few weeks left! Why ruin everything when it all must end so soon?"

Then, like an irresistible tide, the knowledge would sweep over her that in a few hours she would see him again, and the voice of conscience would be stilled, powerless in the face of love.

So they went on, living in a kind of luminous haze, counting only the hours they spent together. They were oblivious of other people. The only thing they noticed, with a kind of dread, was the inexorable passing of time.

But other people were not oblivious of them. In Stan's crowd his preoccupation with Mia was the subject of much discussion. At first they teased Natalie about it with the gay, unconscious cruelty of youth. But the teasing gradually ceased. There was a look in Natalie's dark eyes that made the teasers uncomfortable.

She no longer called Stan and suggested they do things together. She spent most of her time alone on the beach, ignoring the phone calls from her admirers. But every day, when the mailman came, she was waiting on the porch, and

she would thumb through the letters, looking for a Princeton postmark.

Stan's father came back from the Coast after an absence of more than a fortnight. He said nothing for two days after his return, but on the afternoon of the third day he came home from the office a little early. Stan was on the porch mending a rip in his cast-net. He looked up, surprised. "Hi, Dad! Earlier than usual, aren't you?"

"A little." The older man eased himself into a chair. "I wanted to talk to you, Stan. You've been seeing a lot of Mia, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have."

"Again tonight?"

"Yes. Thought I'd take her flounder-spearing. The tide's right."

J. P. Gregory leaned forward and stared at the tips of his shoes. "I don't want to play the heavy parent, Stan. But it seems to me you're overdoing this Mia business a bit."

Stan's mouth tightened. "I know what I'm doing."

"I'm not sure that you do. At your age, emotions can be stronger than reason, if you give them half a chance."

"I'm still going with Hopkins," Stan said roughly, "if that's bothering you."

"That's what you say now. I'm afraid of what you may say a month from now, if you keep on like this."

"Like what?" Stan looked up and their eyes locked.

His father was the first to look away. "Oh, I don't mean that you've taken any irrevocable step with Mia. I just—"

"It may interest you to know," Stan said harshly, "that I've kissed her just once—the night we met. Nothing since then, nothing! She knows I have to go away; she's not letting herself get involved, and I'm not, either!"

"Oh, no?" The older man stood up and began to pace like an angry lion. "You think you can go on indefinitely playing with gunpowder and matches and not get an explosion?"

"That's about enough, Dad!" Stan stood up in one quick motion, and when he did he was taller than his father. "I don't want to talk about Mia. To you or anyone else! What we do or don't do is our own affair!"

"You're infatuated!" snapped his father. "She's got you wrapped around her little finger! Oh, she's playing her cards cleverly, I grant you! She's—"

He stopped, because suddenly he was addressing empty air. Stan had stepped through the door, closed it with a bang.

His father stood staring after him, knotting his fists. Then all at once he was calm. He was a fool, he told himself. Losing his temper would get him nowhere. . . .

Natalie waited until it was fully dark before dialing the familiar number. She said matter-of-factly, as if she already knew, "Mr. Stan's not at home, is he, Ruby?"

"No, Miss Natalie," said Ruby's chiming voice. "He's out."

Natalie's hand tightened around the receiver. "Is Mr. Gregory there? Could I speak to him, please?"

She waited, feeling the nervousness

mount within her, but holding firm to her purpose. "Mr. Gregory? . . . This is Natalie. I wonder if I could see you for a few minutes this evening? It's—it's sort of important, I think."

"Why, of course, Natalie." Courtesy almost concealed the surprise in his voice, but not quite. "I'd be delighted to see you. I could walk along the beach and meet you halfway, if you like."

"Oh, yes," said Natalie eagerly; "that would be fine. I'll leave right now."

Ten minutes later they met, blurred figures in the darkness.

"Well," Stan's father said, smiling, "this is quite exciting. I haven't met a pretty girl in the dark of the moon for centuries, seems to me."

"Oh, Mr. Gregory," Natalie said, "I'm sorry to drag you out like this, but I've found out something that I think you ought to know."

"Really?" He took her elbow lightly, steered her toward the dunes. "Let's sit down here where it's dry. Now, what's on your mind, Natalie?"

She did not speak for a moment. She picked up a handful of sand and let it slide through her fingers. She said, finally, "I know this sounds—well, catty. But about this friend of Stan's, this Carroll girl—"

He glanced at her sharply. "Yes?"

"Well—" Natalie bit her lip, as if the whole subject was distasteful to her, then plunged on: "You remember that night at the beach party? She said she lived near Princeton, didn't she? But when I asked her a few questions about the place, she seemed awfully uncertain, for someone who lives there. In fact, I deliberately asked her about one roadhouse that doesn't even exist, and she implied she knew it. And so I—I wrote to a friend of mine, a professor's wife who knows about everyone in the town."

Stan's father whistled silently through his teeth. Women! Especially jealous women!

"She didn't answer right away," Natalie went on. "She and her husband were out of town for a couple of weeks. But today"—her voice rose triumphantly—"I got a letter from her. She said she never heard of anyone named Mia Carroll! There isn't any such person in or near Princeton!"

J. P. Gregory said calmly, "You're in love with Stan, aren't you, Natalie?"

She did not look at him. "If I weren't," she said finally, "do you think I'd go to all this trouble about—about *her?*"

"No," he said dryly, "I don't suppose you would."

"Strange," he was thinking, "each of us wants to break up this Stan-Mia business, and for totally different reasons." If he thought Natalie had any chance of capturing Stan, he would oppose her as fiercely as he opposed Mia. But she had no chance; therefore, she was harmless.

It was useless to try to reason with Stan. This afternoon's episode had proved that. But if there was something discreditable in Mia's background, something she had concealed from Stan . . .

He said, "You haven't got much evidence so far, Natalie. But maybe it's worth investigating a little farther. I'll tell you frankly, I don't think Stan's ready for marriage. He—"

"But I'd wait for him, Mr. Gregory," Natalie said, almost humbly. "I wouldn't care how long. Honestly, I wouldn't!"

He turned his head so that she would not see him smiling in the darkness. Youth, he thought, so positive, so sure! He glanced back at Natalie, noting the graceful curves of her body. She was a pretty girl. No doubt she would be married before Stan got back from Europe. That was the wonderful thing about youth—everything healed quickly, broken bones, broken hearts . . .

He stood up. "I think I'll do a little checking, myself, Natalie. If Miss Carroll is a—what did you call her?—a phony, we'd all better know it."

Natalie looked up almost fearfully. "But you won't tell Stan that I—I mean, you won't let him know."

"Of course not," he said soothingly. "He won't dream you had anything to do with it." But already something had clicked automatically in his mind, and his foolproof memory had filed away the knowledge that now he had a razor-edged weapon to use against Natalie in case it ever became necessary.

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Gregory," Natalie was saying. "Thanks a million. And if you find out anything, you'll—you'll let me know, won't you? I mean—" She looked down at the sand again. "There's not much time left, is there?"

"Time?" He felt like leaning down, patting the dark head reassuringly, but he did not. "You've got all the time in the world, Natalie. You've got a whole lifetime!"

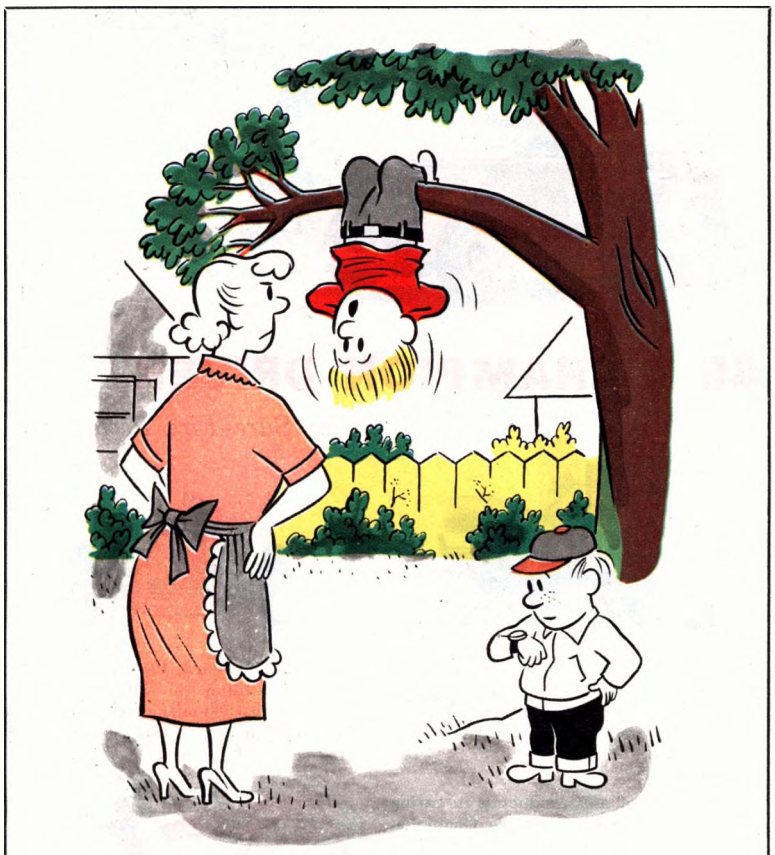
He turned and walked away from her quickly, his shoes making soft, whispering sounds in the dry sand.

BACK at the house, he did not hesitate. He put in a long-distance call to New York. "That you, Jamieson?" he said when his lawyer finally answered. "Sorry to bother you out of office hours, but this won't wait. I'd like you to dig up some information about a girl—a girl named Mia Carroll." He spelled it out. "No, I don't know exactly where her home is; you'll have to trace her through her brother, Douglas Carroll, who's supposed to be a doctor. He may live near Princeton. Try to get me some sort of preliminary report by tomorrow." He paused. "I'll expect to hear from you."

He slipped the telephone back into its cradle. "It's for his own good," he said aloud, and went back to his desk. . . .

"You're quiet tonight, Stan," Mia said. "Anything wrong?"

They had left the outboard motor behind as too noisy and too much trouble. Stan was at the oars; Mia was in the stern. Water hissed under the little flat-



"Can you wait another minute? In one more minute I'll set a new record!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HARRY MACE

bottomed boat. Where the oars bit in, phosphorescence swirled green and gold.

"Wrong?" Stan repeated. "No. Nothing in particular."

"You're not a very good liar," Mia said. "Don't you want to tell me what's on your mind?"

He rested his forearms on the oars. "I had sort of a row with Dad, that's all."

"About me?"

He did not answer. The boat, drifting now, rode some tiny waves with a soft, weltering splash.

At last Mia said, "I don't want to be the cause of any trouble between you and your father, Stan."

The oars dipped again; the boat jumped forward. "If there's any trouble, he's the cause of it, not you."

"He's just interested in your welfare, I guess."

"That's probably what he tells himself. But he seems to consider himself the sole judge of what *is* my welfare."

"I'm sure he means well, Stan. He loves you deeply, I know."

"Maybe so. But he's trying to run my life according to his values, not mine. What's that but egotism—rank, selfish egotism?"

Mia trailed her fingers in the warm-cool water. "Did you tell him that he has nothing to worry about?"

"Sure, I told him!"

"What did he say?"

"Something about gunpowder and matches."

"Oh."

THEY did not speak again until Stan turned the prow of the boat toward the sand bar and ran it aground. They were near the ocean, now; the mutter of the surf came clearly from the far side of the bar. Stan tossed out the anchor, picked up the lamp and the spear. "Ready?"

"Let's just walk, Stan. Somehow I don't want to see anything hurt tonight. Not even a fish."

"All right."

They walked slowly into the faint breeze that blew from the sea, until they came to the line of surf. Suddenly Stan burst out, "I'm sick of it!"

"Sick of what, Stan?"

"Sick of treating you like a sister! Sick of this—this pact we've forced upon ourselves!" His hands gripped her shoulders suddenly, pulling her toward him. "Mia!" he said, and his mouth came down on hers.

All the pent-up longing, all the days and nights of self-denial were in that kiss. She fought against it, furiously at first, then more feebly, finally not at all. There was a roaring in her ears that blotted out the drumming of the surf, and for ten seconds reason vanished and a kind of delicious madness took its place, and nothing else mattered.

And then, just as abruptly, reality came back to her and she put her hands flat on his chest and tried to push him away. "Oh, Stan," she gasped. "We said we wouldn't—we promised."

He held her easily. She heard his voice close to her ear, low, urgent: "And why did we make such a bargain? Because I was going away. Well, I'm not going away! I'm going to stay here, with you!

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I want you to marry me, Mia. I love you. I want you to be my wife."

She struggled to free herself. "Let me go, Stan! Oh, please, let me go!"

He released her instantly. His voice was contrite. "Oh, I know it's sudden. Look; don't try to answer me now. Think about it until—until tomorrow night!"

"Oh, Stan," she said, feeling the tears sting behind her eyes, "there's something I've got to tell you. I'm not right for you. I—"

He laid one finger firmly across her lips. "Not tonight. No confessions, no arguments. There's just one thing I want from you tonight. This."

He bent his head, seeking her lips again. She tried to make herself turn away, but it was hopeless. She had neither the will nor the strength. She clung to him, while around them the solitude and the silence dwindled to nothing, and the sighing of the waves was far away, like a whisper in a dream.

How long they stood thus, locked together, neither of them knew. It was Stan who first raised his head, and he was trembling. "Mia," he said, "I'd better take you home now." . . .

SPOON poised above his grapefruit, J. P. Gregory stared across the breakfast table at his son. "You did *what?*"

"I asked her to marry me," Stan said calmly. "If she will. I'm not going to Turkey. I'm going to work. If the Navy wants me for sea duty, okay; we can get by on an ensign's pay. Other people do."

The older man put his spoon down carefully. "Do you realize what you're saying?" His voice rose. "Do you realize what you're *doing?*"

"Perfectly," Stan said. "Let's not have any quarrel about this, Dad. It's my life; let me run it, will you?"

J. P. Gregory rose, his breakfast forgotten. He walked to the window and stood there, staring out into the flood of early sunlight. He said, "Has she given you an answer yet?"

"I wouldn't let her," Stan told him. "I told her to think it over and tell me tonight."

"Suppose she refuses you?"

Stan's shoulders moved up a little. "In that case, I might as well go with Hopkins. But I don't think she will."

"No," muttered his father under his breath, "why should she?" He wheeled around. "Stan, will you listen to me? You're making a great mistake. You're in no condition to think clearly. I told you that yesterday. I *know*, Stan, because I made the same mistake. A wife is nothing but a hindrance at your age! You need a few years of adventure, of freedom from responsibility."

A spark of anger glowed momentarily in Stan's eyes. "Can't you ever see any point of view but your own? Don't you realize that responsibility is something to accept, not run away from? Don't you know that the reason you couldn't make your own marriage a success was that you were immature, selfish, spoiled?"

His father looked at him somberly. "I was just about your age. That's the whole point."

Stan pushed his coffee cup away. "A month ago your point might have been valid. But since I met Mia I've grown up."

"In a month?" The elder man shook his head incredulously. For an endless minute there was silence in the room. Then he spoke again: "Look, Stan; we've been pretty close all these years, haven't we? Will you do one thing for me now?"

Stan's eyes were wary. "What?"

"Let me drive Mia down here tonight after work. Let her hear my side of all this. *Then* ask her to marry you, if you must, and let her decide. That's not unreasonable, is it?"

"No," said Stan slowly. "I suppose not."

"It's a deal, then?"

"Will you withdraw your opposition after that?"

J. P. Gregory hesitated. Before the day was over he would have had his report from Jamieson, and his battle would be won or lost. "Yes," he said at last.

"All right," Stan said. "It's a deal." . . .

In the boardinghouse on Walthour Street the second (and last) bell rang for breakfast, but Mia ignored it. She had not slept. She had not even been to bed.

Through the long hours, after Stan had left her, she had sat motionless, feeling the happiness she had known with him shrink slowly in the face of the cold realities that lay just ahead. Stolen happiness, she said to herself bitterly; that's all it was, no matter how sweet.

"And what will you say to him tonight?" she asked herself for the thousandth time. She put her palms flat against her aching temples. "You're trapped," she said to herself. "You've been trapped ever since that night, ever since you listened to Tony, ever since . . ."

It all came rushing back upon her like some hideous nightmare: Five o'clock of a wintry afternoon, herself about to leave the dress shop where she had a selling job. Then the unexpected phone call, the voice that brought Tony's dark, smiling face so vividly to mind: "How are you, Linda? How's my old flame?"

"Not too dim!" She was flattered in spite of herself. "How's Jackie?"

"Jacqueline?" His voice was disparaging. "Oh, she's home. Not getting around much these days."

She knew the reason for that. Tony's wife was going to have a baby.

"Linda!" It was the old, intimate tone that she remembered, the one he had used only with her. "Linda, I want to talk to you. Alone. I have something to tell you. . . . No, I can't tell you on the phone! I want to see you. Meet me at our old place for a drink."

"Tony! Don't be ridiculous!" But she felt a little shiver of excitement, nevertheless. "People would see us!"

"Well, meet me at the parking lot, then! The one where you leave your car. It won't take long, Linda. Just a few minutes. But I've *got* to see you."

She had temporized; she had hesitated. But in the end—oh, insanity!—she had agreed to meet him. Just for a minute, she told herself righteously. To give him a good scolding, make him see that he must behave himself.

Ah, but it was more than that! It was curiosity, partly, and a thoughtless craving for excitement, and a sort of dancing deviltry that made her want to hear him say that he loved her still. Loved *her*, Linda, although she had refused to marry him, although he belonged, now, to Jackie, her friend. She knew that now, even though she had tried to stifle the knowledge then. Had tried and had momentarily succeeded, pushing into the background her conviction that what she was doing was as dangerous as it was wrong.

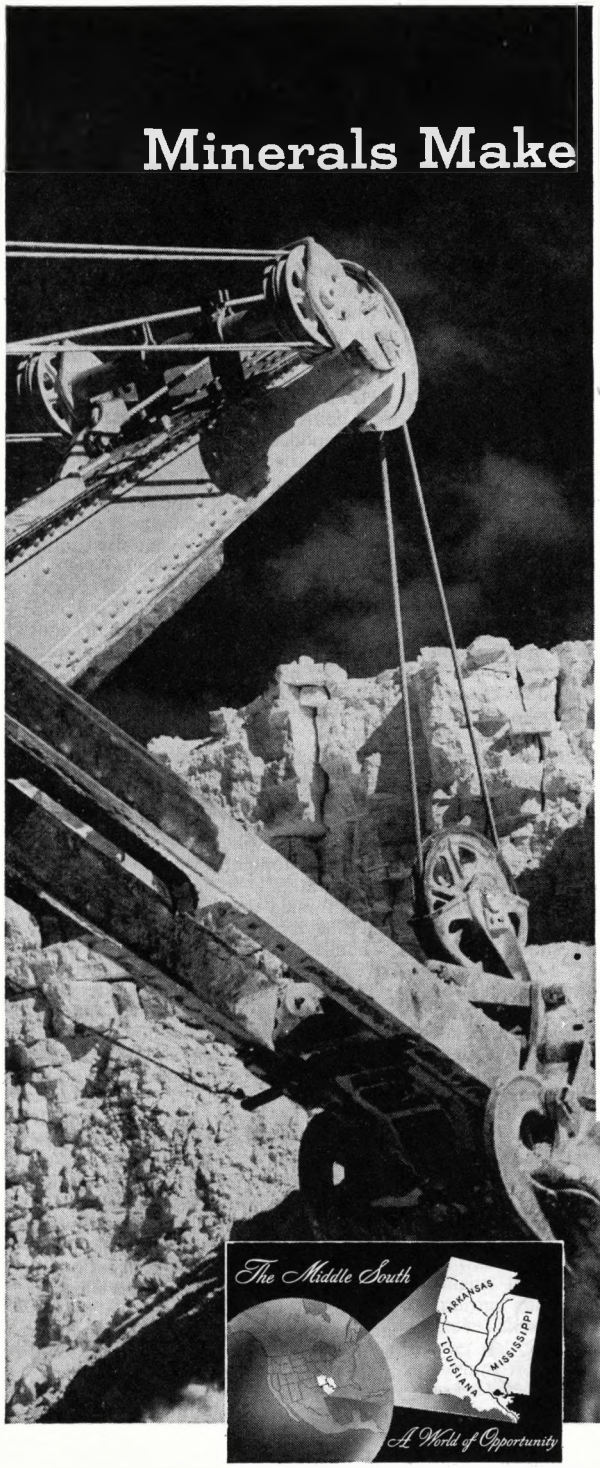
TONY was waiting at the parking lot, hatless as always, the raindrops bright on his curly hair and a kind of hunger in his eyes. "You're lovely, Linda," he said. "It's just like old times." He held out his hand. "Keys?"

She let him drive, that reckless, devil-may-care mood persisting, the old fascination he had had for her working faintly still. Until he parked suddenly in a side road, told her that Jackie bored him, that he still loved her, Linda, and only her. But when he tried to make love to her, something in her rebelled.

She fought him off like a tigress. "Take me back!" she cried. "Take me back!" And when he persisted, she slapped his face. As hard as she could. Harder than she would have believed possible.

The rest of it was an ugly blur. Tony wrenching the car around, his face twisted with rage. The engine roaring as

Minerals Make Middle South Progress



Mineral industries add steadily to the Middle South's economic progress. Their total production has increased almost fourfold since 1940—from a *raw material* value of $177 million to $829 million. Today, throughout Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, business enterprises continue long-range development of mineral resources like barite, bauxite, clays, coal, salt, sulphur, limestone, petroleum, and natural gas.

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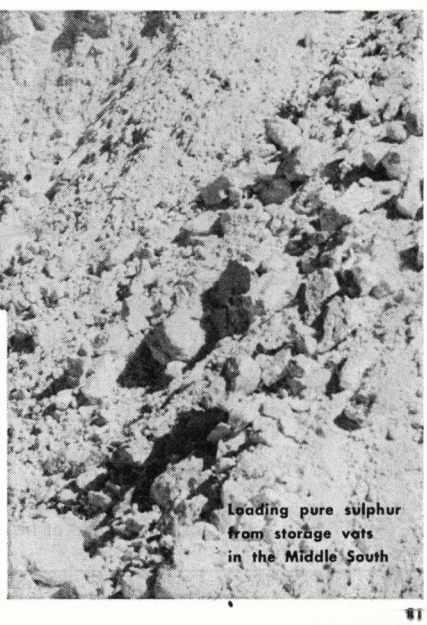

Loading pure sulphur from storage vats in the Middle South

For further information write

THE MIDDLE SOUTH

Area Office, 211 INTERNATIONAL TRADE MART, New Orleans, Louisiana or any of these business-managed, tax-paying electric and gas service companies:

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NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE INC.
New Orleans 9, La.

he stamped the accelerator to the floor. Their dreadful headlong lunge out onto the main road; the blurred figure looming up out of the rain directly in their headlights; the terrified face; the sickening thud.

Then Tony hunched over the wheel, pale as chalk, ignoring her frantic cries: "Tony! Tony! We hit a man! Go back! We've got to go back!"

And the awful knowledge that he was *not* going back, that he was running away. The sudden fury that made her seize the wheel. The horrible, stealthy glide of a skidding automobile out of control. The shock as they crashed against the far curb. Tony's eyes glaring into hers for one long, endless moment; eyes of a trapped animal.

"Not me!" he said hoarsely. "Not me!" Then he was out of the car, running. And she was alone. And the State Troopers came.

SHE had waited for him to come forward, to identify himself. But he did not. Not Tony. As for herself, what could she say? That she was out alone with a married man, her friend's husband? That he, not she, was guilty of manslaughter? That he, not she, should go to jail, leaving behind him an innocent wife and a baby soon to be born? Oh, no; she could not. She was guilty, in her own way; she would accept the punishment.

He came to see her once, while she was out on bond awaiting trial. He broke down and wept. He said he was a fool, a coward. He begged her not to expose him.

She listened with pity and contempt. In the end she promised to do as he asked, on one condition—that henceforth he be a model husband to Jackie, a model father to the child. That much, she thought, she owed to them. To the best of her knowledge, he had kept his side of the bargain. Except for telling Douglas the truth, she had kept hers.

She stood up slowly. "You never finish paying," she thought, "when you violate your own code. I wish someone had told me that, before it was too late." . . .

J. P. Gregory said to his secretary, "Miss Carroll expects me to pick her up, doesn't she?"

"Yes, sir." She held out a slip of paper. "This is her address, Mr. Gregory. She said she'd be ready any time after five-thirty."

He glanced at the Walthour Street address and put it in his pocket, feeling his fingers brush the other piece of paper he carried there, the telegram from Jamieson. It had arrived just after lunch.

He stood up, shoveling papers into his brief case. He did not relish the task that lay ahead of him, but he had no intention of flinching from it. It would be unpleasant, but, after all, it was the girl's fault. If she had just told Stan, instead of trying to cover up.

Maybe it was just as well, he thought grimly as the elevator carried him down to the hot, breathless street. If she had told Stan, herself, either her honesty or, perhaps, her tears would have aroused all Stan's latent chivalry, making him more determined than ever.

Ten minutes later he eased his car to a stop in front of the boardinghouse. Evidently Mia was watching for him; she came out immediately. She looked pale, he thought. She gave him a wan smile as he opened the door for her. She slid in beside him. "This is very kind of you, Mr. Gregory."

He made no move to start the engine. He put his hand in his pocket and touched the folded yellow paper. Better get it over quickly. "Mia," he said, "I've got to talk to you." He hesitated, choosing his words carefully: "I want you to understand that I've nothing against you personally. I think you're a very attractive girl. But, well, Stan told me that last night he asked you to marry him." He looked at her. "Is that right?"

She was plaiting her fingers nervously in her lap. "Yes."

"Why didn't you tell him you'd been in prison?"

If he had slapped her, the shock could not have been greater. She stared at him, stunned, and there was such misery in her eyes that he had to look away. He said, more gently, "Do you call that playing fair?"

He had half expected her to deny it, or fly into a fury and denounce him for prying into her affairs. But she did neither. She said, in a choking voice, "I tried—" She shook her head blindly. "I was going—" She could not finish.

He said, almost sympathetically, "You were going to tell him tonight?"

She nodded. Two tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Gregory felt a twinge of pity, but he said, "I think it's a little late for that, Mia. If you tell him now, he'll ask you to marry him anyway. What else can he do? That's the sort of boy he is." He put his big hands on the wheel. "Of course, you can always refuse him. But it would be quite an ordeal for both of you. Maybe it would be better if you just didn't see him again, eh? He'll get over it! Why, with the Hopkins mission he'll be so busy he won't even have time to think!"

He watched her as she raised her hand and wiped away the tears with a queer, heartbreaking dignity. He said, playing his last card, "That job I told you about in Atlanta is still available, Mia. You could leave tonight. I wouldn't breathe a word to Stan."

She twisted the door handle and got out. She looked him full in the face. "Thanks, Mr. Gregory. But you won't have to worry about me any more."

He watched her climb the steps, go into the house. "Funny," he thought, "she didn't even ask me how I knew." He shrugged his big shoulders once, shook his head ruefully, and drove away.

BACK in her room, Mia stood numbly beside her bed. "Try not to think," she said to herself, "try not to feel. Just do what you have to do. His father's right; it's easier for both of us this way."

She made herself sit down and, using the corner of the bureau as a desk, wrote a note of apology and resignation to her employers. She also wrote a telegram for Douglas. She would send it at the bus station. She went downstairs, found her landlady, paid her rent. She packed quickly, holding on to the numbness, hoping it would not desert her. She knew it would, later.

It did. . . .

J. P. Gregory drove the eighteen miles from Sparta to the island more slowly than usual. He was not a man to question his own decisions, and he did not question this one. The only thing that worried him was how much to tell Stan.

The boy was infatuated, no question about that. It was hard to predict how he would react. And yet, if he knew he had been deceived, made a fool of, perhaps . . .

J. P. Gregory frowned, and decided,

"Is everybody sick? Daddy's in the kitchen fixing four glasses of his medicine"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MORT WALKER

characteristically, to tell the truth. Evasions, half-truths, lies—these things, he had found, usually caused more real damage in the end.

He ran the car into the garage, took his brief case, and went up on the porch. Prowling on the beach, Stan saw him and came loping across the sand. "Hi!" his voice was eager. "Where's Mia?"

His father said levelly, "She didn't come." He walked into the living-room. "Come in here, will you, Stan?"

The boy followed him inside and closed the door. "She's—she's not sick, or anything, is she?"

"No, she's not sick." The elder Gregory put his hand into his pocket and slowly drew it out. He glanced once more at the brief message; Jamieson never wasted any words:

LOCATED DOUGLAS CARROLL IN ARDMORE HILLS PENNA FOUND HIM UNWILLING DISCUSS HIS SISTER'S AFFAIRS BUT LEARNED ELSEWHERE SHE RECENTLY SERVED PRISON TERM RESULT FATAL HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT INCIDENTALLY HER NAME LINDA NOT MIA REGARDS JAMIESON

J. P. Gregory shifted his feet and planted them solidly. "Here," he said. "I think you'd better read this."

He watched the boy as he read it, saw with a kind of reluctant pity the color ebb away from his face. He said, "I'm sorry, Stan."

"You're *sorry!*" A blast of fury roared through Stan so violently that for a moment he thought he was going to strike his father. "You drag out things like this to torment her, and then stand there and say you're sorry! Why, you—"

"Look, Stan; the girl has a prison record. Surely you—"

"I love her!" Stan crumpled the telegram and hurled it to the floor. "Can't you understand what that means? I don't care if she's been in a thousand jails!"

His father looked at him steadily. "Seems to me I recall your saying that above all you wanted a wife you could respect. Think of your future, Stan!"

"I am thinking about the future! And the future without Mia means nothing to me! You can't understand that because you've forgotten what it's like to be in love! You've forgotten what it's like to care more about somebody else's feelings than your own!"

The older man made a weary gesture of negation. "It's not just the jail business I object to. It's the fact that she concealed it. It's—"

"She must have had a reason! A good reason. I know her. She's a completely honest person! And we belong together, for as much time as we may have left in this sorry world you've bequeathed to us!"

They stared at each other across the yawning gulf that now lay between them, and there was so much unhappiness in his father's eyes that Stan looked away. "I shouldn't have said that. It's not your fault that the world's in such a mess. But you've got to let me run my own life, in my own way. Time may be short for people like Mia and me. We can't afford to take all our standards from you. We have to create our own."

J. P. Gregory's shoulders sagged;

suddenly he looked tired and old. He watched Stan turn toward the door. He said, and there was an acceptance of defeat in his voice, "Where are you going?"

"To find her," Stan said, "if I can. She needs me, now." . . .

But he could not find her. He drove first to the house on Walthour Street. But she was not there. The landlady told him sourly that she had taken her suitcases, had paid her bill, had gone. . . . No, she had not left any forwarding address.

Then to the railroad station, where he got only negative answers to his frantic questions, and then to the airport, with no more success. It did not occur to him at first to try the bus terminal, and when this thought finally struck him it was too late. A new shift was at work there. None of them could recall seeing a girl like Mia.

He stood in the brightly lighted waiting-room, weary and discouraged. She might have gone anywhere; for all he knew, she might be still in Sparta. He thought of her, alone, unhappy, tormented by the knowledge that the secret she had kept from him for so long was a secret no longer. Why hadn't she told him? Why hadn't she trusted him?

He clenched his fists in an agony of self-reproach. Because he had not made it clear that she was the most important thing in his life, that she was more important than his father's wishes, or the Hopkins mission, or anything else.

He looked at his watch; it was almost eight-thirty. He went and sat at the lunch counter and ordered a cup of coffee. In the mirror behind the counter he saw his own face, set and grim. The resemblance to his father was astonishing, and for a moment he felt a bitter rage rise up inside him. But he forced it back. You couldn't judge people merely by their actions alone. His father, he knew, had thought he was doing what was best.

He stared down at the untouched cup of coffee. "You've got to find her," he said to himself; "there must be a way. Use your head." . . .

In the living-room of the small, comfortable house in Ardmore Hills the telephone rang sharply. Mary Carroll put down her knitting and went to answer it, wearing the expression of resignation common to doctors' wives. "Yes?" She glanced across the room to the big chair where her husband sat. "Yes, he's here. Just a moment, please."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's long distance, darling. Sparta calling. But I thought you said Linda had left there."

Douglas Carroll fished a crumpled telegram out of his pocket and stared at it. "That's what it says, all right." His craggy face did not at all resemble his sister's. "And she sent this at six-thirty. Well, maybe she changed her mind. I wish we knew what's going on down there. Something odd, that's sure."

He came over and took the receiver from his wife. "Dr. Carroll speaking. . . . Yes. . . . All right, I'll wait."

His wife was watching him with troubled eyes. "Where *is* this town she's going to—this Hyattsville?"

"It's the next town down the coast. The move doesn't make sense, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it's got something to do with that lawyer who came snooping around the office this morning. You know, I told you. He—" He broke off suddenly. "Yes. Speaking. . . . Who? Gregory?"

In the stifling phone booth in the bus station in Sparta, Stan Gregory clenched his hand tighter around the humming black instrument and spoke to the disembodied voice eight hundred miles away that was Mia's brother: "Dr. Carroll, you don't know who I am, but—" He talked on, steadily, lucidly.

In the quiet living-room Douglas Carroll sat listening tensely. Now and then he interjected a sharp question, but for the most part he was silent.

At last he said carefully, "So, even though your father uncovered her jail sentence you still want to marry her, is that it? Are you sure that's what you want?"

Evidently the answer pleased him, for he smiled a little. "All right," he said; "I'll tell you where she's gone. But first I'll tell you something more important. She didn't kill that man. I think you have a right to know that. She wasn't even driving the car. She took the rap for reasons which I'll explain when I meet you, which I rather imagine will be soon! Now, I don't know her exact address, but her telegram said she was going to Hyattsville. That's about fifty miles from you, isn't it?" He waited. "Hello? Hello?"

He looked up at his wife and grinned. "He's hung up on me!" Douglas Carroll said. . . .

Fifty miles to Hyattsville along the narrow coastal road. Fifty miles made hazardous by cows and pigs that strayed from their unfenced ranges onto the highway; fifty miles made easy by the knowledge that *she* was somewhere at the end of the journey, the victim of her own foolishness and generosity, the prisoner of her own silence.

Once an open drawbridge delayed him for five minutes. At another place road repairs made him slow down to a crawl. Even so, it was not much after ten when he came to the town limits.

He went straight to the bus terminal. He knew that through trains did not stop in Hyattsville. "Yeah," said the dispatcher, "girl like that come in on the eight o'clock bus. Asked where she could spend the night, and I told her to try the Pines Motel just down the street there."

"Carroll?" said the woman in the office of the motel. "Why, yes, here it is. Linda Carroll. She's in number nine."

His own footsteps, crunching loud along the gravel; his heart pounding, his throat dry. The row of little entrances, all alike. The numeral 9, bright and promising in the electric light. His knock. Her voice, a little sad, a little surprised: "Come in."

"Mia," he said to himself; "Linda mia!"

He opened the door quickly, and went in.

THE END ★★

How Good Are Your Schools?

(*Continued from page* 41)

in a backwoods mountain community—the Caney Consolidated School in Breathitt County, Kentucky. It has been nationally recognized for the fine, imaginative job its staff is doing in serving that particular community.

It is my hope that this article will give you a reliable yardstick for judging the schooling in your town. Some of the things I say may startle you. But remember, I am simply reporting the official opinion of many of America's professional educators. Every technique I describe approvingly—no matter how strange it sounds—has proved successful in U.S. public elementary schools.

First let's visit your school and look at the classrooms and teachers. How far has your school progressed in keeping pace with recent drastic changes in the physical arrangement and atmosphere of our classrooms?

The up-to-date modern schoolroom has no teacher's desk at the front of the room. In fact there is no "front." All the furniture in the room is easily movable. I don't know of one new school building that has installed screwed-down seats. The children sit at long, low tables with individual chairs, or they sit at desks that can be moved into small groupings with other desks. Sometimes the tables or desks are shoved aside and the children sit on the floor in a semicircle during "discussion" or storytelling times.

One of the most important things to note about the teacher (who is probably a woman) is whether she really enjoys children and has a sympathetic interest in each child. If she doesn't, she is dangerously unqualified for the job, whatever her collegiate training. She should have a soft, pleasant voice and keep herself attractively dressed. Good grooming not only makes a favorable impression on children, but, more important, it indicates that the teacher is keeping up with the times.

Note particularly whether she likes to keep trying new ideas and materials. If she doesn't, she needs some help in making her teaching more effective. Too many aging teachers, and some not so aged, get in a rut and resent newfangled ideas. Instead of having 25 years' experience, they've had one year's experience 25 times.

What may startle you most about the modern classroom, perhaps, is the noise of busy children. Instead of being expected to "sit and be quiet," students today in good schools have a chance for normal talking and laughing. If this shocks you, consider what kind of of-

fice or factory you, as an adult, would like to work in. Would you enjoy working in a place where your boss forbade you to laugh or even to whisper? Classrooms, in our modern view, are workshops where children receive preparation for effective adult living.

I'm not suggesting, however, that modern schools encourage pandemonium. As a matter of fact children get the toughest kind of self-discipline here. They learn to behave decently whether adults are present or not.

When I was principal of a large elementary school in Euclid, Ohio, a fifth-grade teacher called at the last minute one day to say he couldn't meet his class. I said I would try to dig up a substitute, but he told me not to bother. "They've got plenty of work to do on their study projects," he said. "I've got them all divided up into committees, with a chairman for each committee. They'll go ahead all right by themselves." Hesitantly I agreed, but told him I would keep an eye on the class.

It so happened that this was the annual visiting day of the Parent-Teachers Association Council, and I was so busy that I forgot all about the unwatched class. Late in the morning as I was escorting the committee of parents down the hall toward that classroom, suddenly I remembered with horror the unsupervised class. I confessed to the visiting parents what had happened, and added that, for all I knew, they might by now be playing Marines landing on Iwo Jima.

We tiptoed down the hall and peeked in, and I never felt so proud in my life. Never had I seen a more orderly, busier, more enthusiastic group. There was a buzz of conversation, but most of the talking was by committee members consulting their student chairman.

Now that we've inspected the classroom, let's take a look at the subjects and how they are being taught.

The first and crucial question is: *What does your school consider the best way to get knowledge into a child's head?* Does it believe the knowledge must be hammered in, or does it take the easy-does-it, we-learn-by-doing approach now favored by practically all leading educators?

I recall that when I was a pupil back in old Number 33 school in Rochester, N.Y., the approach to getting knowledge into my head was, oh, so systematic and logical. Our day was mapped out sharply by half-hour periods. Each was to be devoted to a different subject. We were disciplined to be quiet, to speak only when called on.

It was drill, drill, drill, all through the day. We memorized and recited our multiplication tables, our ABC's, and our poems. If we could recite facts and recitations drilled into us, we were regarded as "bright."

Our little minds were regarded as muscles that needed exercising to grow and get tough. We were forced to memorize and to recite the multiplication tables and to do other distasteful mental chores simply because they were good "mental discipline." (Later we learned dead languages such as Latin for the same reason.)

In many U.S. schools this sort of antiquated thinking still prevails.

The truth, we now know, is that the human mind is not a muscle. It is an organ that records and makes whole the experiences we undergo. We learn best from real-life experiences, and we learn best what comes to us pleasantly, as a personal discovery. The wise teacher is not a *giver* of knowledge but a *guide* to knowledge. She encourages her students to find out for themselves.

Under the guidance of an expert teacher, a child will learn the 3 R's almost without realizing it. He will learn them, not by drill, but by using them as tools that enable him to explore the fascinating world around him and to communicate with others.

We now know that when teachers try to hammer into our heads knowledge that has no meaning to us our minds are likely to play tricks on us. Instead of learning more arithmetic, we learn to hate arithmetic. A bright sixth-grade girl illustrated this when she came home at the end of her school year, slammed down her books, and was heard to say, "There, I'm through with arithmetic!"

In our best schools we have not only changed our thinking on *how* to get children to learn, but also on *what* should be learned.

The world, we believe, has too many educated fools and dangerous geniuses (such as Dr. Kraus Fuchs, the brilliant atomic traitor). Our best schools no longer try to give students pat answers (which can be looked up in any encyclopedia). They help their students achieve wisdom and insight rather than mere knowledge alone. And they teach them how to get along more effectively with other people, as good citizens. Modern classroom projects constantly stress the importance of working in harmony with others.

To accomplish this in practice, modern classes often are broken up into committees, and each committee tackles one aspect of a large exploration.

Here in Athens, Ohio, for example, a fourth-grade class set out to answer this question: "How does Athens get its food?"

One committee of youngsters investigated the sources of the town's fresh vegetables. Another committee sought the source of our town's meat. Others looked into bread, candy, and frozen foods. They talked to merchants, wrote to wholesalers, and checked references in the library.

In the course of getting their answers, the youngsters not only gained experience in reading and writing and practical arithmetic, but they learned a lot about economic geography, they learned how to do research, and how to work together smoothly on a common project. Most important, they learned the solid satisfaction that comes from solving a problem that challenges their interest.

Now let us look more closely at the revolution taking place in the teaching of the 3 R's.

Reading, the first R, represents the

TWIST A WORD

By Ben L. O'Dell

HERE'S A NOVEL 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) To jump.....LEAP
(b) Become wan.....PALE
(c) Urgent entreaty.....PLEA
(d) Sound of thunder....PEAL

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; 6 right is a passing grade; 7 or more is excellent. Answers appear on page 129.

1. (a) Old; rancid
(b) Stories
(c) Pilfer
(d) Smallest amount

2. (a) Pulls up a horse
(b) A police whistle
(c) Having got up
(d) Gum from some trees

3. (a) Rodents
(b) Sailors
(c) Skills
(d) Astral body

4. (a) Spanish priests
(b) Long window coverings
(c) Permitted to exist
(d) Analyzed grammatically

5. (a) Rips
(b) To gaze fixedly
(c) Set charges for services
(d) A common flower

6. (a) Small, deadly snake
(b) A dance step
(c) A mineral spring
(d) Juice of a tree

7. (a) A ship's officer
(b) A sports squad
(c) To domesticate
(d) Animal food

8. (a) Troubles
(b) Speed contests
(c) To frighten
(d) Land measures

9. (a) Cut with scissors
(b) Clothing fasteners
(c) To whirl rapidly
(d) Small drinks of liquor

10. (a) Lassos, as a steer
(b) Small skin openings
(c) Ordinary written language
(d) A puzzling question

11. (a) Peels
(b) A lance
(c) Lean or thin
(d) Gathers crops

12. (a) A grin
(b) Citrus fruit (plural)
(c) Mud or any viscous matter
(d) Measure of distance (plural)

pinnacle of man's achievement. Despite television, radio, and printed pictures, it is still our most important method of broadening our horizon. Yet to millions of adults reading is a painful, tedious process to be avoided if possible—all because they were taught to read by monotonous, old-fashioned drill methods.

What is disturbing is that thousands of schools, out of habit, still teach reading by this now-discredited method. Does yours?

Under the old method the class spends weeks plodding through a standard textbook, paragraph by paragraph, each student taking turns reading aloud. Much of the text is such repetitive nonsense as "See, see, see the house see. . . ."

The up-to-date teacher has little use for primers. She teaches her children to read directly from their own experiences, which are far more meaningful. One day, for example, she will ask the pupils to talk about what they saw on the way to school. Johnny will get up and say, "I saw a frog this morning." Carl will say excitedly, "I saw a big fire engine." And so on. The teacher prints each comment on the blackboard, reading aloud as she writes. They talk about the sentences.

That night she copies the sentences on big sheets of paper. The next day in the classroom she distributes the sheets among the pupils and uses them for practice in recognizing words. Since all the sentences are in the children's own words they swiftly learn to recognize them, and to learn the individual words.

When they are ready to start reading simple books, each child can go to the reading corner (which every up-to-date classroom has), pick out a book that interests him from a large pile, and settle down with it in the corner.

In modern, well-run classrooms, children seldom take turns reading aloud from a standard reader. When investigators for the National Education Association visited 83 U. S. elementary schools rated as "superior" they reported that they did not find one classroom where this was still being done. In behind-the-times schools, however, it is still widely practiced.

In addition to making some children hate reading, the oral method has become discredited because it keeps the child from developing speed in silent reading. We have found that a child does not develop a long eye-sweep, needed for swift, easy reading, if he is forced to do much of the slower oral reading.

As an experiment, thousands of school children in Chicago have learned to read well by completely silent methods. That may be overdoing a good thing, but in all well-run schools today virtually the only oral reading is done *privately* to the teacher, so that she can check the child's progress.

ANOTHER mistake many schools make is to force children to read too early. Most children are not ready for reading at the beginning of first grade. Furthermore, reading at too early an age can permanently damage the eyes. The mind of the normal child is not ready for reading until he is 6½, and his eyes are not ready for much *close* reading (in contrast to blackboard reading) until he is 7 or 8. His eyes do not reach maximum roundness till then.

A group of eye doctors at Ohio State University recently studied the relation between the need for glasses among children and the ages at which they began close reading. They discovered that the earlier the child reads, the greater the chances he will need glasses. Apparently the cartoonists' habit of depicting the bright little grind as always wearing large horn-rimmed glasses has some medical basis in fact.

Parents cause a lot of harm by their old-fashioned notion that any child who doesn't start reading in first grade is a "dummy." To force a child before he is ready or interested will hurt his chances of ever being an enthusiastic reader.

In one school where two brothers attended, the older brother was a whiz at reading. When the younger brother came along, however, he showed no interest in reading whatever during his first year. I recommended that he be promoted into second grade. All during the year he again proved unable to read. Again I recommended promotion. At the end of the third year I was on the spot. He had still not shown even a glimmering of interest in reading. The parents were extremely distressed. I knew he had a good intelligence (135 IQ) so I again recommended promotion.

Toward the end of the fourth grade he was still reading at a low first-grade level. Suddenly something clicked. He hit the

"Oh, I See" stage, and began reading easily. From the end of the fourth grade to the middle of the sixth grade (or 1½ years) he made 9 years' growth in reading!

There is also, we now believe, too much of a rush to get school children into the second and third R's, writing and arithmetic. Most first-graders are not ready to achieve the eye-hand coordination and sustained muscular effort required in writing, or to grasp the meaning of arithmetic problems.

If your school is a modern one, the first form of writing it will teach is printing out letters, which are easier to write and read than script. Penmanship, a tricky, sweaty business for children, is introduced only toward the third year.

The emphasis in all up-to-date writing instruction is to encourage the students to *say* something. I believe it is far more valuable for students to slip notes to one another than it is to write compositions on "What the Daffodil Thinks of Spring."

As for arithmetic, more than 90 per cent of the arithmetic (logarithms, square roots, algebra, etc.) taught in our typical old-style schools has no future practical value to the average child. Unless he plans to be an engineer or scientist, it is just a distasteful medicine he is forced to take because of the discredited notion that it is "good for him." Skeptical people may retort, "But what about our great national leaders? Most of them were raised on old-fashioned drill-type schooling." The answer, of course, is that they were people of outstanding talents who became great in spite of their inefficient schooling.

In the better modern schools we are pruning the arithmetic courses for the non-specialized students. Square root, for example, is out the window. (In all your life have you ever had any practical need for knowing how to find square roots? I even had to learn cube roots.) The emphasis in these schools is on problems that are down to earth, such as accounting for their school lunch money.

Sixth-graders at the Lincoln School in Evanston, Ill., in their study graphs, construct only graphs that make some sense. One girl made a graph of her own spelling scores. Another did one on the class's tardiness record for the month. A third did a graph on the month's temperature changes.

Too often in the past students have been expected to solve problems that were unreal. In one class the teacher asked: "If there were 19 sheep in the field and 6 got out by jumping the fence, how many would be left in the field?"

He called on a lanky farmboy, who replied: "None."

Patiently the teacher explained that the correct answer was 13. The boy raised his hand and said: "Mr. Jones, you may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep. When some of 'em go over the fence, they all go!"

Perhaps the greatest revolution now taking place in the school program concerns geography and history.

When I went to school we spent much time studying "place" geography and "date" history. We were drilled to rattle off the capitals of the 48 states, the names of the Presidents, and the dates of all the wars.

If your child can do the same then you can be sure he is getting an old-fashioned, discredited type of schooling!

In a well-run school today you probably won't see any subject labeled "geography" or "history." Yet the children will be learning geography and history right from the first grade, under the names of "social studies." More and more, "social studies" are becoming the core of the elementary school program. By social studies we mean the study of the world in which the child lives, its people, and why the world is like it is.

To do this we start with where the child is, the home, and talk about why it is like it is. Each year we broaden the child's horizon farther, first out through the neighborhood, then the city, the region, the nation, and finally, in the sixth grade, the world.

During my service as principal in Euclid School a mother came to my office and complained: "When I went to school we could recite the 88 counties in Ohio, and their county seats. My son doesn't know a single county seat! As far as I can see you don't even have a course in geography."

I called the boy from his sixth-grade classroom, and said: "Bob, your mother is disappointed that you don't know your county seats. Let's see if we can show her now that you are not completely ignorant about the state." We began talking about Ohio. He talked authoritatively about the state's resources, its arteries of trade, its origin as a state, the origin of its people, its large contributions to American prosperity. The mother was astonished. She admitted that he had a more thorough understanding of Ohio than she had, even after eight years in high school and college.

This boy, incidentally, talked with particular enthusiasm about the Slovenians. His class at that moment happened to be tracing the Slovenians' contribution to Ohio and he knew all about their European background. (The governor of our state, Frank J. Lausche, is of Slovenian origin.) In his study of Slovenians, Bob had been learning not only geography, but history, sociology, economics, and anthropology as well!

History, as we approach it today, is no longer just a study of dead people and the dates of isolated ancient events. In modern schools, children study history to get a better understanding of the world we now live in.

Still another way to check how good a job your school is doing is to note whether it follows carefully the progress of each individual child. A first-class school today will not only follow his mental development but also keep records of his physical and social growth.

We now know that there is a close connection between a youngster's physical growth and his ability to grow mentally. Alert schools check each child's growth every month. Again and again we have seen youngsters set back dis-

astrously in their school work by a hidden infection which slowed their body growth. And often I've observed cases where a child had not matured physically to the point where he could do the school work his parents and teacher were expecting him to do.

A good modern school also will watch closely each child's progress in social development, that is, his ability to get along with all sorts of people on a friendly basis. On this largely depends his later success in life.

One way in which the wise teacher can determine which children are having trouble being accepted by their classmates is to ask each child to write on a piece of paper the names of two other children in class he would like to work with on a new project. That night the teacher makes a chart for the class. She draws a circle around the name of each child, and from each circle draws lines to the two classmates chosen by that child. When she has finished, she has a complete picture of the social structure of the class! She can see who is the most popular and who is least popular.

If, on the chart, a child seems to have few friends, the teacher will make it a point to put him in situations where it will be easy for him to build friendships.

A FINAL check on how up-to-date your school is can be found in its policy on promotion. Here is where the old-fashioned schools did lasting damage to thousands of pupils.

Once a teacher said to me, "When you have a slow pupil on your hands, I say flunk him right in first grade and get it over with." This advocate of "survival of the fittest" still has thousands of sympathizers on our public-school teaching staffs. Such teachers are still branding children "failures" by the hundreds of thousands. Perhaps they have branded your child.

Happily, no reputable professional educator that I know of condones failing first-graders today. And few favor failing second-graders.

The basis of this new attitude is not mere "softness." It is based on years of observing and testing the terrible effects of failing a small child. Being rejected makes him feel inferior and insecure—a feeling which he may carry with him through life.

There are many factors besides mental dullness that cause children to fall behind in the early grades. They may be just too full of steam to settle down. A study in Hartford, Conn., showed that the greatest number of failing students in early years had *above average* IQ's.

An adult can take a failure in stride. A child can't do that. To him being put back a year in school is a shattering blow. He *must* have success, and he will get it one way or another. If he can't be a good student then he will make a big show of becoming the laziest student, or the biggest bully.

Careful tests in at least two large cities have shown that the children who were promoted despite their poor standing, made a better showing than those who had been branded failures and forced to repeat a grade.

Obviously, however, no school can follow a policy of indiscriminate and indefinite promotion. Children need to learn that they have to work to get ahead, and that life is no snap.

Good schools have found an in-between answer. Each child is encouraged to do the best he can. At the end of the first grade he is automatically promoted to second grade. The second-grade teacher does her best with him and again promotes him into third grade. If, however, at the end of third grade, he has fallen so far behind that he is beginning to feel ashamed, she calls in the parents and presents the problem. She says she believes he would profit by another year in third grade. She and the parents try to agree on *what is best* for Johnny. She urges that he repeat, but the final decision is left up to the *parents*.

Milwaukee has worked out what is perhaps an even better solution. In several dozen of its schools the first three grades are grouped as a "primary" unit. There is no grading, and no grades. The classes are identified only by the teacher's name. Most of the students move on into fourth grade at the end of six terms (or three years) but some take seven or eight terms to reach fourth grade. They may sense that they are taking a little longer than average to get into fourth grade, but nowhere are they given any sense of failure.

Under the old-fashioned theory of schooling, all children are assumed to be basically lazy. The only way you can make them study is to tempt them with praise or threaten them with failure.

We now know that neither sugar nor the stick can propel a child half as much as the terrific drive that comes when a child *wants to know!* If he is interested he will study his head off, regardless of grades. Every normal child has a tremendous curiosity and eagerness to learn.

TODAY the magic key used by wise teachers to stimulate youngsters into doing their best is simply to arouse and channel their interest. If the teacher is an enthusiastic guide this is not difficult, because she has the whole fascinating world to help them explore.

More and more of our better schools are getting wonderful results by tapping this eagerness to learn. The youngsters are learning more, understanding more, and having more fun than their parents ever had.

While I was visiting a fine suburban school outside Columbus, O., I came up behind two fathers who were watching a group of fourth-graders talking about how plastics are made. The youngsters were examining samples they had collected from local plants. I heard one father remark:

"Gosh, wouldn't it be fun to go back to school now!"

I think that suggests a thought you and I might keep in mind in sizing up any school. Is it a school you would enjoy going to yourself? If it is, you can be sure it is doing a pretty good job.

THE END★★

Dugout Rebel

(*Continued from page 27*)

would soon be over. He could go back to insurance. It was a living, if you gave it a little thought and time. You might even perfect a policy for people who are told to bunt with one out and the bases loaded in the eighth inning of the biggest game of the year.

The hospital gates swung at him from around a sweep in the road. There was a gravel driveway, and he parked his car where a sign said "Official Parking."

The doors were white and tall, like the home of an early president. There was none of the clinical smell of a hospital, and Sam told himself this was going to be better than the Firemen's Outing. He walked tall and loosely. There was a door that said "Miss Marcus" in lettering on the glass pane. He went in.

"You're Sam Slowis." Jeanne Marcus smiled at him and stood up. She looked to Sam like nobody he had ever met.

"I was expecting a nurse," Sam said.

"And I was expecting a first baseman," the girl said. "Where did you leave your glove?"

"If you played with that Providence infield like I do," Sam said, "you wouldn't need a glove. You can catch them barehanded."

"I never saw you with Providence. I saw you with Boston."

It was with a sense almost of shock that Sam saw she was almost as tall as he. She was not beautiful, but the gay dress she wore set itself wonderfully against the black hair and red mouth.

"What kind of kids am I going to see?"

Jeanne took his hand warmly in hers. "Come on," she said. "First you have lunch, and then you make a speech, and then we'll let you see a game of baseball."

OKAY, he said to himself. He walked with her down the corridor to a green door that opened into a long, airy dining-room that had many wooden tables of knotted pine. At the tables sat the children. Rested against the benches behind them were collapsed wheel chairs and crutches, and a confusion of steel and bandages that made Sam Slowis stop and stare.

He found himself in a bedlam of noise. Spoons batted against plates and young voices squealed at him.

"You're quite a hero," Jeanne Marcus said to him. "Maybe you didn't know."

"I didn't," Sam said. He let her lead him to the center of the head table.

"They've been asking for you all summer," Jeanne said. "The wards are here. Ninety per cent of them, anyway." She gestured to the far end of the room, to a row of wheel chairs and hospital tables, with kids on them.

"I can't make a speech," Sam said.

"We'll see," the girl said. "You better eat first. You've got a lot to do."

Lunch came on rolling metal wagons. Sam had Jeanne on his left and a 14-year-old kid named Harry Esposito on his right.

"I had polio," Harry Esposito volunteered. "But I get the whirlpool on my arm. It ain't my throwing arm. I'm left-handed, like you. You're umpiring this afternoon."

"What position do you play?" Sam asked.

"First base," Harry Esposito said. "They said I could've gone home yesterday, but I figured you was coming."

"We keep them here as long as we can," Jeanne Marcus said.

Harry Esposito said, "A left-hander got to play first or the outfield. Why's that, Sam?"

"Well," Sam Slowis said, "in the outfield it doesn't make any difference which arm you throw with. First base, you're better off if you're lefty, because you can make the throw to the other bases without turning the body. Also, it puts your gloved hand towards most of the plays instead of towards the foul line."

"Why ain't there no left-handed catchers?"

"I don't know," Sam said.

JEANNE MARCUS laughed. "You're supposed to know those things."

"That was a nice sound," Sam said.

"What was?"

"The way you laughed."

Harry Esposito said, "You want to hear me laugh?"

"Eat your peas," Jeanne said.

Lunch went quickly. Sam looked up, and found the tall girl next to him standing gracefully and banging a knife against a glass.

"Everybody," she called. "Everybody. You all know who we have with us today. The famous baseball player of the major leagues and now the star of the Providence Royals—Sam Slowis!"

The hall rocked with young cheers. Sam stood up, his hands on the table before him. He found his voice carried easily across the room.

"Boys and girls," Sam said, and found eyes watching him brightly everywhere, the room silenced. He cleared his throat. "I've been having lunch with a fellow first baseman, Mr. Esposito, here. He asked me a lot of questions. But he missed one."

Sam's knuckles were white on the dark wood of the table. He leaned heavily on his hands, looking ahead. "I've been a lot of places this season, but this is the first place I've been where I stayed an hour without having to talk about the last game of the season at Boston last year."

The place broke suddenly, inexplicably into a cheer, loud and high and prolonged. It died down and the listeners waited again.

"These are just kids," Sam told himself. "They don't know."

"I was sent up to bunt," Sam said clearly. "I bunted into a double play, and we lost the pennant."

Down at a table along the wall on the left, a high voice yelled, "They should've won it three days before that, Sam!"

Sam found himself grinning. "I just wanted to clear that up," he said. "If I

hadn't missed on that play, I probably wouldn't be here today—and I wouldn't miss being here for all the world."

Again the hall was rocked with cheers.

"I'm going to tell you something," Sam said. "It's something I've never said before, and when I say it now I'm talking, not as an older man to a bunch of kids, but just as a guy to a bunch of other guys and girls." He had their solemn attention. "It's something I want you to remember, but it's something I would never say except to a group of good friends. You can call it a secret.

"You know, when I went up there to bunt in the eighth inning of that last game, I was saying to myself, 'Sam, you've been around the big leagues a long time. Thirteen years now. And if you were managing this club, you certainly wouldn't order a bunt on the first pitch. Not in this situation you wouldn't.' I said to myself, 'Sam, this pitcher is wild and he has bases loaded and thirty-five thousand fans yelling at him. If you were managing this club you'd let that first pitch go by.'"

Sam Slowis licked his upper lip. He blinked into the watching whirlpool of young faces. "Now, the point is not what I would have done if I was manager. The point is, I went up there thinking something I had no business thinking. My job was to follow orders and bunt safely. Sure, I wanted to do just that. I wanted us to win the pennant and the World Series and everything else." His voice fell still for a moment. "But I went up there thinking of something else. And I didn't bunt safely.

"Now, whether the one thing had anything to do with the other or not, I couldn't say. I'm not going to kid you. But I am going to say this: If you have a problem"—Sam's eyes caught the rows of wheel chairs and bright tan crutches—"the first thing to do is to tell yourself you're going to lick it. Be sure of that one thing in your mind ahead of anything else. When you can be sure of that one thing, you're halfway to licking the problem already. And after you've licked it, *then's* the time to think about what you might have done if things had been otherwise."

Sam's voice was low, but it carried. "I think two things. Number one is this: Some problems, maybe, you just can't lick. But at least, when the final returns come in, you can say you tried. And if you try hard enough, if you concentrate, you may never have to say it. The problem may lick itself.

"I said *two* things. Number two is that a guy like me has enough to worry about, and enough to be happy about, so he doesn't have to lie awake nights thinking how he bunted into a double play in a game of baseball. That may sound silly, but you're looking at that guy."

The room exploded into cheers and handclaps. Sam sat down, and felt for the glass of water before him. He felt a soft, thankful clutch on his arm, and saw the girl, Jeanne Marcus, looking at him, her eyes shining.

"You make a nice speech." It was the kid with the bad arm, Harry Esposito.

"Thanks," Sam said.

"You talk that way at home?" he persisted.

"Nobody to talk to."

"You ain't married?"

"No," Sam said, and grinned. "Pass the word around, Harry."

He found himself on the answering end of a tattoo of questions. They were baseball questions. He answered them in quick fact and lazy anecdote.

The place was happy; the kids were laughing. Sam let Jeanne lead him out the door and upstairs in an elevator to where the bed patients were. He went from bed to bed, autographing the heavy cast bandages.

In one bed a 10-year-old kid lay on his back, looking up gravely. "You're the first big leaguer I ever saw."

"I'm not a big leaguer any more," Sam said.

"Well, don't worry about that, Sam," the kid said. "You was up there a long time."

"Thanks," Sam said. "Thanks very much."

Then he found himself outside, in back of the hospital building, where the playground was.

The kids who were nearly well again were out on the diamond with gloves and balls, warming up professionally. They wore T-shirts and denims and smart blue baseball caps with "RH," the hospital initials, stamped on the front. Other boys and girls sat in wheel chairs back of the foul lines, chattering and yelling.

To Sam, umpiring that game was a thing that would always occupy a private office in his mind.

He would always remember the third inning, when a thin, brown-haired boy limped out a single to deep short and then got caught off first as Harry Esposito, Sam's lunch buddy, trapped him with the hidden-ball trick. The kid who had hit the single went off the field, his face set and red. Sam watched him go, saw the one leg thin and white like a new sapling.

"You shouldn't have done that," Sam said, talking to the young face of Esposito. "You should have given him a break."

"He had his break," Harry Esposito said. "If that shortstop could've moved right, he never would've got to first to begin with." He grinned up at Sam. "Anyway, that's baseball. You got to figure the breaks." . . .

Sam drove Jeanne Marcus back to town with him. She was quiet sitting beside him, and he kept his eyes on the road ahead, wanting to talk to her.

"I don't know," he said aloud, finally. "I don't think that was much of a speech."

"I thought it was perfect," Jeanne said.

"I didn't say what I wanted to say. All that crazy business about the bunt."

"They knew what you meant."

"Well," Sam said, "I didn't mean you're crazy if once in a while you don't

"Nice going, lady!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY GENE CARR

follow orders. I just meant if you want a thing hard enough, you figure to get it."

"They knew," Jeanne said. She smiled over at him. "Our first baseman told me something after lunch."

Sam waited.

Jeanne looked down at her lap. "He said you told him to tell me you weren't married."

Sam smiled. It brought the shadow of a dimple to his tanned, lean face. "Did he ask you for a date for tomorrow night?"

"For himself?"

"No."

"Somebody else?"

"Yup."

"Why, no," Jeanne said. "I don't believe he did."

"He's a derelict, that Esposito," Sam said.

"He did inquire, I believe, if I was going to be busy. I told him no."

"Well," Sam said, "it would entail sitting through a twilight-night doubleheader between the Providence Royals and the Fall River Monarchs, the saints preserve us all. After that, I think I could set up a date for you with one of the Providence players."

"Only if he plays first base."

"He does," Sam said. . . .

THEY went dancing at the Biltmore after the double-header with Fall River. The next night it rained, and they caught the movie at the Frolic. The night after that Providence lost both games to Worcester, and Sam and Jeanne went on the midnight cruise of the riverboat.

Sam found old Kelly George, the manager of the Providence team, waiting for him in front of his locker when he came into the clubhouse at the old brick-and-wood ball yard the following evening.

"You look tired, Kelly," Sam said.

"It's the television," the manager said. "What's your excuse?"

"I'm in love," Sam said.

"I believe you are," Kelly George said. "Sam, you want to manage this club next year?"

Sam sat down and bent to untie his shoes. "You serious about quitting?"

"You think I'm going to take another year of this, you're mad," Kelly said. He was a little man who resembled Barry Fitzgerald of the movies. "I'm not doing you any favors, offering you this job. I'm just saying you can have it if you want it. It's just something to bear in mind. Read this, Sam."

Sam looked up and read the yellow telegram. It was from Cleveland. The Chiefs wanted him to report right away.

"You're going back to the big leagues," Kelly George said. He said it the way baseball men say it, accenting the word "big."

Sam said, "What do they hope to get from me?"

"The pennant," Kelly said. "You can pull out tomorrow and catch them in Philadelphia. Good luck, Sam."

Jeanne was waiting for him when he left the ball park, and they walked the old streets of Providence.

"You look like you've been born all over again," she said.

"I have," he said. "But how would you know?"

"Why, Sam," she said softly, "I've known you for a long time. I don't think I can remember when I haven't known you."

He stopped under a tired, leaning street light, and took her in his arms. . . .

Cleveland was two games out of it with four weeks of pennant race to go, when Sam got there. They were in second place, chasing Boston, and Sam had been through pennant races before. But not one like this. At Boston, it had been personality against personality, typified by the bitter ranting of Moran, who swore and strutted and played third base the way he managed the team, noisily, and with enough sporadic brilliance to get by.

Here it was something that everyone drove for, thought about constantly, dreamed of. There was tension, but without feeling, without dislike. Old Toby Myers, who had been managing Cleveland when Sam first broke into the majors, was still there—a spare, erect figure, all bones and hunched shoulders.

"You're on the playing roster," he told Sam, "but you won't play much. You know what we want you for. We want a line on this Boston team. We know a lot about them. We want to know more."

"You bet," Sam said.

"And, Sam," Toby said to him, "I want you to talk to some of these young kids. Tell them they're going to win it. You know what I mean."

They rode into Boston for four games, and Sam sat on the bench, watching them split the four, two apiece. Moran passed by the Cleveland dugout the first day and squinted down at him.

"Doing any bunting, Sam?"

"No," Sam said. "The third baseman's playing in too close. Only a fool would tell me to bunt."

"You better not get out on that field," Moran said. "You want a friendly warning, just stick on that bench, where you belong."

"Sure," Sam said. "Last thing you said to me was I'd never get back in this park so long as you were manager. What happened? Somebody fire you?"

"No," Moran said, "and I got news for you. Nobody's going to."

"Blow this one like you blew the last one," Sam said softly, "and see what happens."

Moran spat on the Cleveland bat rack and moved away. . . .

THERE were only two teams in the race now. It was Boston and Cleveland, charging down to the end like horses heads apart. Again this year the fictional pattern was there. A meaningless game in July, rained out and all but forgotten, was hastily rescheduled now to bring Cleveland against Boston in Boston for the final day of the year. It was an open date reserved by the league for such an emergency.

And clearly, now, the emergency was unfolding. With two days left to go, Boston held a one-game lead. But, on Saturday, Cleveland beat Detroit while New York was smearing Boston. And on Sun-

day again, New York ruined Boston. Cleveland, needing only a victory over Detroit to win the pennant, came up with the staggers in the sixth inning and blew it by one run.

So it was Monday now, and it was Cleveland against Boston at Fenway Park.

Toby Myers talked to the team in the clubhouse before the game. "I'm going to tell you the truth," he said. "You're a young club and you make mistakes. One of the mistakes you made, in case anybody's interested, was playing as well as you did. Boston should have won this pennant, and if they didn't, New York or Detroit should have done it. But now all you have to do is win this one, and instead of Boston or New York or Detroit, it'll be Cleveland that wins the pennant.

"I want to thank you for doing what you've done. And I want you to win this one today. When I say win it, I mean win it. I don't mean squeeze in. You're going out against a tired, fouled-up ball club. I want five runs in the first inning. Get out there. Give your pitcher some help. Then, when you do that, we'll talk about the second inning." His voice broke. He had never won a pennant. "Go on out there," he whispered fondly. "Go ahead."

It was, Sam Slowis told himself, the best talk of its kind he had ever heard. He watched the young guys whooping it out the door and along the runway that led to the dugout. In the Boston dressing-room, he knew, Moran would be stalking the floor like a cat, swearing at one player, spitting on the floor in front of another. Tired bums, Moran would call them, and be more right than wrong.

Sam picked up his glove and headed for the door of the clubhouse, his spikes echoing on the wood floor. He saw Toby Myers standing there, waiting for him.

"How's the knee, Sam?"

"All right," Sam said. "I've pinch-hit for you ten times in the past two weeks and it was all right. It'll be all right again today."

"Pinch-hit, my eye," the manager said. "You're playing first base."

Sam stopped.

"Stare at me all you want," Toby said. "I'm resting Thomas. I'm using you. What the heck, Sam, I been guessing right all season."

"Thomas is a good ballplayer."

"You're a better one," Toby Myers said. "Today."

They went out onto the manicured grass and saw the mammoth, riotous crowd of people in the stands. Sam took his turn in the batting cage and came back to the dugout. He looked up into the third base stands back of the dugout, and saw Jeanne sitting there with the kid from the hospital who'd played first base.

Gateman, pitching for Boston, was going to the mound with two days' rest. He needed more, but he was the best the Lions had.

Hopman, Cleveland's 21-year-old shortstop, was lead-off man. He moved to take a couple of bats from the rack and looked over at Sam.

"Hit the first pitch," Sam said. "He's tired, so he's not going to work you. He's going to put the first one in and try to get ahead. If he gets ahead, he'll be rough."

Hopman nodded and went up to the plate. He rifled Gateman's first pitch into center field for a single. Sullivan was the next batter. He was Cleveland's rookie right fielder, and he walked back to the dugout from the on-deck circle and crouched down, looking at Sam. Sam knew suddenly that Toby Myers, out on the third base coaching line, was leaving this game in his hands. "You're the manager," he told himself.

Out loud he said, "Hit the first one, Dave. They'll figure we're looking for a pitchout, so he'll try and cross you with a strike. Swing him."

Sullivan nodded, tugged at the visor of his cap, and went out. Sam flashed the hit signal to Toby Myers, and saw Myers relay it across the infield to where Hopman was prancing off first base. Sam stood up in the dugout, pulling two browned bats from the rack, and went out to the on-deck circle. He squatted there and saw Hopman break for second as the pitch rode in. It rode fat, and Sullivan caught it, drilling it into the hole between first and second for a single. Hopman caromed around second and came into third, brakes on, standing up.

Now Moran, the Boston manager, was in the middle of the infield, spitting into his glove and talking rapidly to Gateman. There was movement in the Boston bullpen, and from far away Sam heard the crowd rocking in sound as he stepped into the batter's box.

He stepped out again, bending down to get some dirt in his palms, and when he looked up he saw Toby Myers coming toward him from the coaching box back of third.

Sam walked up the line to meet him. Toby licked his lips.

"I think he's staying in," Sam said.

"Yes," the manager said. "Bunt him."

"What?"

"Bunt him."

"I thought you were going for the big inning."

"I am, Sam. I been getting by on a horseshoe all season. Do the best you can and it'll be okay."

"First pitch?" Sam asked.

Toby nodded. Then he turned his back and walked, tired and spare, up the third base line to the coaching box.

Sam stood, stanced and waiting in the batter's box. "Don't think," he said to himself. He heard the roar of the crowd all around him, saw Gateman take his stretch and check his runners.

And then, from the corner of his eye, he saw Moran inching in on him from third base like a spider, ready to pounce, ready to trap the runner.

Moran kept coming, slowly, almost creeping. Then Gateman broke into his windup and Moran was running in on him now, and the pitch came sailing in, inside and waist high.

Sam brought the bat around like a horsewhip. It caught the ball and it streaked white and pea-sized down the third base line, high as a man's head. Moran never saw it. The ball whistled past his ear, smoking over third, landing a foot fair and skittering toward the corner.

Sam hit the inside corner of first base with his inside foot, making his turn shallow and digging for second. He saw

"Please hurry, Doctor—there's something wrong with my parents!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JEFFREY J. MONAHAN

Myers, the Cleveland manager, standing back of the third base line waving Sullivan home behind Hopman. The left fielder had the ball now and burned it toward second, but Sam was there, panting and standing up.

Hathaway, the Boston shortstop, stood beside Sam, watching Moran in the middle of the diamond as he waited for a relief pitcher. "Sam," Hathaway said, "you nearly killed Moran with that hit."

Something stirred in Sam Slowis's memory, and he laughed. "You got to figure the breaks," he said. "That's baseball."

"Yeah," Hathaway said dubiously.

THERE were six runs in before Cleveland was through with Boston in the first inning. The team went running into the field, kidding and laughing it up, and Ben Harris, Toby's pitcher, set Boston down in order in their half.

Sam came jogging in to the dugout. Toby was waiting for him on the steps. His face was as lined as ever, but his eyes were young. "Sam," he said, "I told you to bunt."

"I crossed you up," Sam said.

Toby Myers chuckled, hoarsely and high. "Like heck you did!" He went happily out to the coaching box back of third.

There was never a game like that one. Cleveland won it clowning, 14 to 2. Sam got three more hits. He didn't get his home run. He didn't complain about it. He sat basking through the wild celebration in the clubhouse, and after a long time he got dressed and found Jeanne and the kid, Harry Esposito, outside, and together they went back to the hotel and sat around the room beaming at one another.

After a while the phone rang, and the voice on the other end said, "Sam! Congratulations, boy."

"Thanks," Sam said.

"What are you doing after the World Series?" the voice said, and Sam said, "I don't know yet, Johnny. Sell insurance, I guess. I got to make plans for next season. I got me a job, you know. I'm going to be managing a team in a fine old New England city."

"What city's that, Sam?"

Sam smiled across the room at Jeanne. "Providence, Johnny."

"You got everything but the name of the town," the voice on the phone said. "Guess again, Sam. I've been talking to the man who knows."

"What is it?" Sam said into the phone. He knew what it was.

"It'll be official after the Series," the voice said. "'By, buddy. Be nice having you with us."

Jeanne looked at him. "Who was it, darling?"

"A Boston newspaperman," Sam said. Then he told them. They babbled for a while, and then Esposito, the kid from the hospital, said he was going downstairs for the papers, and might even take a walk for a while.

THE END★★

To Mexico on an Impulse

(*Continued from page* 50)

I thought the gas man would throw a fit. He clapped one hand to his brow, gestured wildly with the other, and rattled off a mile of Spanish. Looking bewildered, I commented, "I guess he wants more money." But quiet Cal, who didn't know a syllable of Spanish, said in his easy way, "Maybe he means nine, not ninety." The Mexican nodded vehemently and the deal was quickly concluded. Then and there, I resigned as treasurer—by unanimous vote.

Let me say right here that we had only pleasant experiences in our financial dealings with Mexicans. Not one of them ever tried to cheat us, and it would have been easy. All the prices are in Mexican money, although they use our dollar sign, and the days of haggling are over. You pay the fixed price, and they will see that you get the correct change.

Good-natured Cal tried to relieve my embarrassment about the $90. "That fellow's English is as absent as our Latin," he remarked. Winnie said reprovingly, "It's Spanish, Cal, not Latin," but Cal shook his head. "Sounded like Latin to me," he insisted, "and I was pretty good at Latin." Thereafter, he always referred to the native tongue as Latin. Most Mexicans seemed highly complimented.

The wonderful thing about this Central Mexico Highway is how big cities pop out of nowhere just when you need them. In a glorious golden sunset we came to busy Chihuahua, capital of the State of Chihuahua and once the stamping ground of the swashbuckling revolutionist, Pancho Villa. Here we found a fine hotel with an elevator, spacious rooms, good plumbing, a swimming pool, and a bellboy who spoke English. We had a shock in the dining-room when we found dinners were at two prices, $12.50 and $18, but felt better when we figured they cost only $1.43 and $2.08, respectively. We had $18 steaks, and loved them.

WE DISCOVERED here what we later found all through Mexico: If you crave "Mexican" food you'll have to hunt for it; such things as tamales and chile con carne are hard to find. In hotels and restaurants you get regular American dishes—soups, salads, steaks, chops, roasts, vegetables, cakes, pies, ice cream. We learned the hard way that it is wise to avoid rare meat and raw fruits and vegetables, especially if unpeeled. Cal had some sulfa which cured our stomach-aches, but next time we'll take along dysentery medicine from our family doctor.

One of the high spots of our entire trip was our meeting at Chihuahua with

Mrs. Luz Corral Villa, Pancho's widow. Her home, a 50-room mansion Pancho was building when he was assassinated, is now a semi-public museum. Mrs. Villa is a gracious hostess who showed us her love birds in a bright solarium just outside a somber room filled with Villa's swords and guns. She even has the bullet-riddled automobile in which he was killed, and pointed out the hole made by the bullet which took his life. She is a sweet, charitable woman who loves children and hopes some day her home may become a public school.

SOUTH of Chihuahua toward Durango, the crowded, noisy, mining-town capital of the state of the same name, we found spectacular progress being made in transforming the desert into lush agricultural country tit-tat-toed with irrigation canals and studded with cotton gins and produce warehouses. True, burros and oxen still draw wooden plows in stone-walled fields alongside mechanized farm machinery, but together they are taming the wild land. I caught glimpses of enormous new government-built irrigation dams back in the mountains, which fringe all this country, and we passed countless man-made lakes in the flatlands.

Equally amazed, Cal kept saying, "I want to see this country ten years from now!" So do I. It should rival our Midwest as a bountiful granary.

In mining, too, the opportunities probably equal any on this continent. Although fortunes in gold, silver, copper, and lead are already being produced, the resources of the mountainous back country have hardly been explored. At Hidalgo del Parral we saw an old church, "Virgin of the Thunderbolt," built largely from donations of a lonely prospector who lugged a gold ingot in from the hills every week. He died violently rather than disclose the site of his mine, and it has yet to be found. A Mexican mining engineer told us he believes the mountains are loaded with uranium, the A-bomb mineral, adding sadly: "But nobody has time to look for it."

That's another fantastic change—the value of time. The days of *mañana*, tomorrow, are gone. Everyone in Mexico now seems to be in a terrific rush. Salespeople are crisp and efficient. Waitresses snatch your plates away from the table before they're empty. Even the lazy burros trot frantically about their affairs. Something has given Mexico a terrific hotfoot, and if you want to see it before the old glamour is gone forever, you'll have to hurry.

"Can you put a washer on Rutherford's nose, Mr. Jackson? It's always dripping!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY TONY BASSO

We felt this modernization in the myriad towns through which we passed, as we bored steadily southward, although they are still enchanting—adobe buildings mostly, narrow, cobble-stoned streets paved centuries ago, peddlers' wares laid out on the sidewalks, busy people in store clothes rubbing shoulders with occasional wild-haired Indians in scanty breechclouts. These Indians so impressed Winnie that we stopped in the hamlet of Nombre de Dios (Name of God) to ask about them. An effervescent, mustachioed innkeeper told us a story as we sipped lemonades at a sidewalk table.

"They wild men," he said, rolling his eyes. "Know nothing. But plenty smart." Winnie asked, "Don't they get cold in winter, running naked like that?" The innkeeper grinned hugely. "One time," he said, "my papa asked old Indian did his body get cold. Old Indian touched my father's cheek and said, 'You face get cold?' My papa said no. Old Indian said, 'So, me all face.' " End of story. The innkeeper laughed until he cried.

In an imposing hotel at Durango, our bathroom had become a wading pool when we used the shower, and the bed was an iron-and-brass antique in which Cortez might have slept—except that he'd have stood up all night rather than trust it.

But conditions improved as, leading ever south and slightly east, the broad highway left the desert and began a long, almost imperceptible climb to the 7,500-foot-high plateau of deep Mexico. Cactus gave way to flowering shrubs and the towns drowsed under lofty shade trees. Streams ran banks-full, and in the shallows women knelt at their washing. The air, growing thinner as we climbed, had a heady tonic quality. Neat adobe farmhouses sat in emerald fields of growing things, and each farmhouse had its herd of lazy burros in the yard and strings of bright peppers beside the door. Children waved and smiled as we whizzed past.

This bucolic idyll ended late one night in a crash of pandemonium as we drove into Querétaro, another state capital, and found laughing, shouting crowds milling through a forested plaza in front of the neon-lighted lobby of a big hotel. When we stopped, 10,000 little boys with outstretched hands closed in from all sides screaming their one English word: "Money, money!" Winnie made the mistake of tossing out a dime, whereupon we were really submerged. It developed that a national fiesta was in progress, and the hotels were crowded to the eaves. With no reservations anywhere, we drove gloomily out of town, shaking off a cloud of small boys at every bump, wondering what happened next.

The remarkable thing about this trip was that something nice *always* happened. Not three miles from town we found the modern El Jacal Motor Court, with large, immaculate rooms, a swimming pool, and an excellent café in which hundreds of exotic songbirds in wooden cages sing like crazy day and night. It was a wrench to leave there next day, but that turned out to be the memorable day Winnie invented the hilarious pastime the girls called patio-peeping.

Just as most American towns get to look much alike after you've been pounding the road awhile, so most Mexican towns eventually get boring. The streets are flanked with high walls broken frequently by doors. These are homes; all the family life takes place inside the walls. When the doors are open, there are usually lovely vistas of sun-flooded patios with flowers and fountains. Once Winnie discovered this, our progress through any town became a creep, the women screaming with delight at every open door.

Some miles later we came over a hill festooned with gingerbread châteaus in spacious wooded parks and saw below us, through a soft afternoon sun haze, the spreading, gaily-hued immensity of our major goal, the national capital, Mexico City. From this hilltop it looked like a lovely dream, like something by Maxfield Parrish. Beyond the foreground frame of stately fir trees were the orderly avenues of the residential district. In the middle distance were the broad boulevards and massive statues of the downtown area, the modernistic business buildings rising tier on tier like stacks of children's blocks.

Far off, sunlight glistened on the remaining waters of the lake which once covered this gigantic bowl in the mountains, the lake where fishermen still use nets shaped like butterflies, as the Toltecs and Aztecs did in the long, long ago. And in the background, half seen but dominant, towering majestically against the azure heavens, were the misty, snow-capped cones of the twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl, the Smoking One, and Ixtacihuatl, the Sleeping Lady.

It was so exquisite that I think we all wanted to say something about it, but there simply were no words. Perhaps Cal expressed it best. He took a deep breath and murmured softly, "Wow!"

Down in the city we became even more confused than normally. We saw several interesting-looking hotels and talked of stopping, but were always so trapped in the rushing, roaring, honking traffic that stopping was impossible. That traffic! It seems never to stop, day or night. It honks incessantly in one clamorous cacophony. It never seems to go less than a mile a minute. None of us ever got quite used to it, yet there is something infectiously exciting about it. You get the feeling that all these people are going somewhere in a mad rush to have a lot of fun.

In desperation, Cal finally swung off onto a side street, and there, as if by magic, was a comfortable-looking hotel we had heard about, The Geneve. Here we encountered a heart-warming demonstration of true Mexican hospitality. It seems the hotel was crowded, but the manager, Señor Salvador Mariscal, and his assistant, Señor Joaquin Moreno, made a check of the rooms. They came back, beaming, to report that two fine rooms were just being vacated. We

settled down happily within the hour, and it proved a happy choice. Almost every Geneve employee spoke some English, most of the guests were American tourists, and the meals were excellent and reasonable, $10 Mexican, or $1.15, being the usual price of a full-course dinner.

The Geneve became the base of our sight-seeing, and for people without a plan, we certainly got around. Sr. Ordonez, boss of the hotel travel bureau, sent us a handsome chauffeur-guide, George Mouret, who took charge of the car—and of us—with masterly efficiency. We paid George about $60 American a week, and it was the best investment we made in Mexico. True, we often quivered when he shot the car into torrents of traffic with complete aplomb, but when we screeched he would say soothingly, "Now, now!" and nothing every happened.

Mornings, we liked to visit the wholesale flower market and watch farmers come in with carts full of exotic blossoms. Afternoons, we'd wander through the blocks and blocks of open-air stalls where everything imaginable was for sale, or tour the big shops. Winnie and Doris expected to find any number of bargains, but they never did. Their best buys were handmade shoes—about half the cost of factory shoes at home.

Sight-seeing in deep Mexico is a matter of elimination; there are innumerable places to go, and any Mexican will gladly tell you all about them. We went to all the famous archaeological places—the fabulous Temple of the Serpent, the great pyramids of the sun and moon at Teotihuacán which rival those of Egypt in grandeur—and we lunched nearby in a café in a volcanic grotto deep underground. We stood reverently one twilight under the arches of the first church built by the Conquistadores four centuries ago, and an hour later were watching silversmiths hammering out beautiful ware on the streets of Mexico City. We talked of seeing a bullfight, but couldn't nerve ourselves to it.

One Sunday morning, after a lazy trip to Xochimilco, the spectacular Floating Gardens, we decided we'd like to see more of interior Mexico, and next morning we left the city on a highway leading southeast toward the distant volcanoes. We must have been inspired, for shortly we came to a mountain chapel we shall never forget, the shrine of Father Valencia on the peak of Sacra Monte above the sleepy village of Amecameca. From a parapet, we looked across the town to Popo and his Lady looming like white ghosts far above—beautiful, mysterious, like spectral Padres of the Sky blessing the little humans at their feet. Miracles of healing had been performed inside the ages-old chapel. One wall was covered with discarded crutches, and on another were grateful testimonials ranging from illiterate scrawls to elaborate scrolls and oil paintings.

Thus began our phase of aimless wandering through the hinterlands of Mexico, a period rich with unforgettable beauty, perhaps more so because we never knew what to expect. Sometimes we stopped for lemonades in drowsy towns where we sat at sidewalk tables under venerable trees, while strolling minstrels thrummed guitars and sang plaintive ballads.

One day, far off the beaten track, south of the capital, some providence guided us to an ancient hacienda—now a smart country hotel, Hacienda Vista Hermosa—which Cortez reputedly built in 1529. We lunched there in a cavernous semi-basement which was once the barracks of the Conquistadores, and afterward lounged under bowers of bougainvillaea beside a twisting stone swimming pool spanned by the massive arches of an elevated aqueduct older than written history.

Then there was Cuernavaca, the town Dwight Morrow, late U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, made famous by building a modest palace there. The jacaranda trees were in bloom, fringing the streets with misty clouds of blue blossoms, and the street peddlers were the gentlest we encountered anywhere. Their politeness paid off; the ladies bought handsome shawls and embroidered dresses for next to nothing—about $3 for the most expensive.

How we found our way to Taxco I shall never know; the roads all through Mexico are indifferently marked. We just went up and down a lot of hills and around innumerable curves, until we were heading straight up a cobblestone street so narrow the houses almost touched at the top, and when we came out on a quaint plaza fronting a magnificent old cathedral—that was Taxco. Like almost everything that happened to us, it had an aura of magic.

Breath-takingly lovely on its lofty mountaintop, Taxco today is exactly as it was 300 years ago. Then, its people mined silver under the lash of the Spanish conquerors. But the big mines began playing out, the Spanish lost interest, and Taxco went to sleep. It was almost forgotten until a wandering American tourist rediscovered it three decades ago, recognized its ancient beauty, persuaded its people to revive the old arts and crafts—particularly the art of silverwork—and eventually convinced the Mexican government that laws should be passed preserving it as a gem of

Free Travel Folder

For those interested in planning a long-distance vacation we have prepared a helpful folder containing *Tips for Travelers*.

To assist in your planning we recommend that you consult your local travel agent or one of the travel bureaus maintained by the leading transportation companies. A list of nearby travel agents is included in this folder. For your copy *send self-addressed and stamped envelope* to Travel Editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

antiquity. By law, it can never be "modernized" in architecture, although it has acquired all the modern conveniences.

Its adobe homes cling precariously to the steep walls of a mountainside and are painted all the colors of the rainbow. Even the poorest is wreathed in flowering vines and shrubs. Some streets are so precipitous the burrows can scarcely climb them; even the great twin-towered cathedral is built on descending levels.

At the top of this storybook town we found a hotel, each room with a balcony literally overhanging the streets. We sat there as the afterglow turned the sky to crimson, listening to the lilting laughter and soft chatter of the people below, listening to the music of guitars and the chimes of the cathedral; watching the lights wink on one by one. We dined in a room where each table commanded this exquisite vista, and afterward sat in comfortable silence on a broad terrace while the moon rose over the mountain. All we needed was Kate Smith. For my money, Taxco is the end of the rainbow.

It was a wrench to leave there, but Cal had a business appointment in Mexico City. We returned to the Geneve, enjoyed the regular afternoon concerts of an organ grinder under our windows—and suddenly thought of Acapulco, the fabulous resort town which owes its fame to the patronage of the movie stars. It lies 281 miles due south of the capital on the shores of the Pacific, and we were told that every mile is through mountains. Badly as we wanted to see Acapulco, we couldn't tolerate the thought of an all-day mountain grind in the car. So we flew to Acapulco in a four-engine airplane, attended by a trim Mexican stewardess, in about an hour, landing on a field at the edge of the beach. And here we found the ultra-modern end of the Mexican architectural spectrum in a tropical South Seas setting. This was the fairyland Mexico, a never-never land of plushy comforts and indolent living in all-year outdoor ease.

A warm, moist breeze greeted us. The lush earth was steaming after a drenching sun shower. Liquid gold dripped from weird luxuriant growth, from orchids and coconuts in the trees and from flowers everywhere in every hue, almost too large, too bright, too wild and unrestrained. In this dreamy setting it is as though the Mexicans say: "Elsewhere in our country we permit you to share our sort of beauty. Here in Acapulco we have built your sort of life. It is for you, the *tourista*." It is a gaudy, plushy slice of de luxe United States transplanted to tropical Mexico, a dizzy blend of Hollywood, Atlantic City, Miami, and Coney Island as the movies picture them.

We were whizzed to town in a smart airport sedan past flamboyant plantations, where we discovered that bananas grow up, not down, on the stalks, and papayas grow on livid green trees shaped like nightmares. On the beaches were thatched shelters over rope hammocks, beachcomber style, with monkeys and parrots in the rafters. A few anglers dozed in the shade, their rods thrust into the sand. Then we were in the old part of town in the customary fury of tooting and shouting. All at once we left this turmoil and emerged on the shores of an almost landlocked blue-green bay with bastions of green hills. On every hill, it appeared, was a palatial hotel. We chose one by the eenie-meenie system. It turned out to be the smart new Caleta, and again we were treated to extravagant Mexican hospitality.

A gay *caballero* named Porfilio Trevino met us at the door and, with a grand gesture, invited us to make this "poor" house our home. He led us to a spacious roofed veranda, introduced the maître d'hôtel, Tore Grimlund, and presently a parade of waiters brought platters of fresh fruit. Grimlund, a Norseman who was shipwrecked just offshore and swears he will never leave Acapulco, hovered as we ate. He told us: "I came here in 1933 and camped on the beach to fish and hunt. It was a wild place then. All you see has been built since I first came—an investment of some $500,000,000 Mexican; six big luxury hotels, twenty smaller ones, thirty still lower in price. This is what has happened since Hollywood discovered Acapulco—thank the Lord."

For luncheon we tried another famous hotel, El Mirador, and again we were greeted as honored guests by its owner, Don Carlos Barnard, often called the "daddy" of Acapulco because he started the luxury trend. On the shelves of a steep canyon above the sea, Don Carlos has created a wonderland in which each room is a bungalow with unobstructed view, the dining-room is a great veranda, and the swimming pool is on the very brink of a cliff. At night, native daredevils dive 150 feet in the glare of searchlights into a narrow crevice where the surf boils and thunders.

Luncheon at El Mirador became an all-afternoon banquet. We took a taxi through the town to other clubs and hotels, but were still definitely overstuffed when we returned in early evening to the airport. While we waited for the plane, sitting in easy chairs on the beach, wishing we hadn't eaten so heartily, the moon rose. Winnie regarded it morosely. "Wouldn't you just know," she puffed unhappily, "that in Acapulco they'd have nothing less than a *full* moon?"

In the plane that night, thinking it over, she said, "I guess it's a wonderful place, but somehow it seems like too much of too much." I can't think of a better description of fabulous, fantastic, colossal Acapulco!

Just remembering it made the rest of the trip sort of anticlimactic. We talked of going southeast through Oaxaca to the Central American frontier, where we were told we could put the car on a train and ride 150 miles through a primitive jungle to Guatemala. In this

wilderness, we were told, the Indians wear no clothes—but go through the train selling popsicles! Cal and I voted enthusiastically for this, but were outgunned. So, reluctantly, we turned the nose of the car westward to begin a long loop toward home.

We lingered overnight in Morelia after a drive through mountain-and-valley scenery unsurpassed in our own Far West, through high mountain towns where the good smell of hardwood smoke wafted from stone-and-adobe chimneys. At Morelia, a quiet metropolis, our hotel was an ancient château with gigantic doors faced with leather and studded with the polished brass monogram of the long-vanished builder. The lobby was once the courtyard where Conquistadores stabled their mounts, the first horses ever seen in North America. Outside the hotel a wispy crone shyly pinned gardenias on the women's lapels, and shrank indignantly away when we clumsily tried to pay for them.

We watched Indians fishing from sailboats on the vast expanse of Lake Chapala as the sun went down in a flaming glory, and next day we strolled through the sidewalk markets of busy Guadalajara, capital of the state of Jalisco. Sonnets have been written extolling the beauties of Guadalajara, and emotional Mexicans sometimes weep when they describe its wonders, but after Taxco and Acapulco it left us unmoved. We completed the wide loop at the village of San Juan de los Lagos, a friendly town where the people waved and called greetings from their doorsteps as our car weaved through narrow cobbled streets built for burros. There, at a junction, we rejoined the Central Mexico Highway and turned north toward home.

Exactly three weeks from the day we left, we recrossed the Rio Grande on the International Bridge and returned to El Paso. Just three weeks, and we had crammed them with experiences to remember a lifetime! That night we slept in our familiar rooms at Del Camino Courts. Next morning Cal flew home to Illinois on business, and Doris and I resumed our journey to Florida. . . .

WHAT did we learn from this madcap adventure?

First, that traveling through Mexico is no more involved or dangerous than traveling through the United States, whether you go by plane, train, bus, steamer, or your own automobile. It costs about one third less. The principal highways are paved, patrolled, and in excellent condition; we were never off fine pavement, first to last.

Also, anticipation is a pleasant pastime, planning in advance is not a bad idea, and if you want the best hotel accommodations you will be wise to make reservations well in advance through your travel agency. Mexico is crowded with tourists. However, if you, too, are a screwball, you don't have to be afraid to take off for Mexico on the spur of the moment, as we did. Either way, you'll never regret it.

THE END ★★

Streamline Your Medicine Chest

(*Continued from page* 36)

seemed to feel, is your doctor's name and his telephone number. If you *must* keep remedies on hand, they indicated, content yourself with alcohol, baking soda, and table salt!

But other doctors gave me lengthy lists of medical preparations which they thought had a place in the average home. One doctor even recommended paregoric (which is tinctured with opium) and a cough mixture containing a sizable amount of codeine, both of which are available only on prescription. He poohpoohed those of his professional brethren who say you shouldn't even gargle your throat without consulting an M.D.

Retail pharmacists, I found, were also sharply divided in their views. Many of them were in favor of a miniature drugstore, containing one sample of everything they have to sell, in every American bathroom.

Even such organizations as the American Medical Association, the American National Red Cross, and the Home Bureau Federations in various states fail to agree on what remedies and appurtenances should be kept in the family medicine chest or first-aid kit. They issue advice on these subjects, but their advice differs in a good many particulars.

Out of all this mass of conflicting opinions, however, I have finally arrived at what I believe to be a fair consensus of the best medical opinion. It won't please everybody. No consensus ever does. Certain doctors may take after me with their cutting tools. Some druggists may hurl their mortars and pestles. Some families may find their favorite remedies missing. But I am sure that the 30-odd home medical supplies recommended here will meet with the approval of a majority of doctors, druggists, nurses, and laymen.

There is wide agreement on one thing:

The very first step to take in streamlining your medicine cabinet is to give it a thorough house-cleaning. Anything that looks stale, ancient, or outdated should be ruthlessly thrown out. This applies not only to ordinary home remedies, but also to special prescriptions. Most of us have a regrettable tendency to keep old prescriptions around long after we have no further use for them. These are not only useless, but can be dangerous if taken when stale.

A good rule to follow is to throw away *every* prescription as soon as the sickness which necessitated it is over. In any kind of serious illness you should always let your doctor decide what is the matter with you and get a fresh prescription.

If you or some member of your family is afflicted with a chronic disorder it may

"Toothbrushes, dentifrices, deodorants, sunburn creams, shaving equipment, and the like should be kept in some place other than the medicine chest—such as on a shelf over the wash basin"

be, of course, that the doctor has directed you to keep a certain prescription on hand for regular or occasional use. In that case be sure the bottle is plainly labeled. Every year hundreds of people lose their lives or become gravely ill because they take wrong medicines by mistake. If it is necessary for you to have a poisonous drug in the cabinet it should be kept on the top shelf with its container sealed shut with Scotch tape to make it difficult to open. Better still, put it in a secret hiding place of its own, away from the "regular" family medicaments.

While merrily chucking old prescriptions into the wastebasket you should also remove nonmedical articles from your medicine chest. Toothbrushes, dentifrices, deodorants, sunburn creams, and shaving equipment should be kept in some other place, such as on a shelf over the washbasin. Feminine appurtenances, such as cosmetics, perfume, powder, lipstick, beauty creams, mascara, hair nets, and other glamour aids, should repose on the dressing table or bureau, *not* in the family medicine chest, which is for emergency rather than everyday use, and should therefore be devoted exclusively to medical and first-aid equipment.

So FAR, so good. You have now thrown out all the ancient, stain-encrusted bottles, the battered tubes, the stale prescriptions, and the miscellaneous junk that cluttered up your cabinet. You're ready to start fresh. The first thing to do is to make up a list of the items that you'll need. Some of them you probably have already—aspirin, let's say, and bicarb, and bandages. But, for purposes of this article, let's assume that your shelves are now empty and you're starting from scratch.

Your "ideal" list of supplies should contain 12 remedies and 16 other items for the medicine cabinet itself, plus bulkier articles to keep on hand elsewhere—say, on a convenient closet shelf. Armed with this list you now proceed to your nearest drugstore. In the course of making this survey I have talked with scores of retail druggists, and have found them helpful and co-operative. Naturally, they have many items on their shelves besides those included on this list. But if you stick to essentials you will come away with everything you need. Here, then, are the consensus suggestions:

For the Medicine Cabinet

1 pint rubbing alcohol (70 per cent)	$ .59
1 tincture of iodine	.45
1 tincture of Merthiolate	.25
1 tube boric-acid burn ointment	.50
1 tube or jar of Vaseline	.30
100 aspirin tablets	.69
1 bottle milk of magnesia	.45
Epsom salts	.45
4 ounces of bicarbonate of soda	.45
1 diarrhea remedy (one of the pectin products)	1.10
1 cough mixture	.59
2 ounces aromatic spirits of ammonia	.90
Boric acid (powdered or in crystals)	.98
1 small bottle of mineral oil	.69
Sterile applicators	.50
Tongue blades	.75
4 ounces of absorbent cotton	.59
2 boxes of band-aids of assorted sizes	1.18
1 roll of one-inch gauze bandages	.20
2 rolls of two-inch gauze bandages	.60
6 four-inch sterile gauze pads	.50
1 roll of two-inch adhesive tape	1.20
1 muslin triangular bandage	.75
1 clinical thermometer	2.75
1 pair of tweezers	.75
1 medicine dropper	.10
1 eyecup	.15
1 flashlight	2.00

Other Equipment to be kept elsewhere

Hot-water bag	$5.75
Enema equipment	5.75
Heating pad	5.79
Rubberized or plastic sheeting	1.50
Bedpan	4.00
Disinfectant	1.25
Ice cap	1.95
Ice collar	4.50

Continued on next page

In restocking the chest after you've cleaned it, the first thing to consider is an *antiseptic* for cleansing small cuts, splinter wounds, scratches, and other minor skin injuries. The purpose of an antiseptic is to hinder the growth of bacteria, not necessarily to destroy them, and no perfect drug has ever been discovered for the purpose. In hospitals, surgeons still depend on heat and steam to sterilize their instruments and use soap and water for cleansing their hands before operations.

Since scrubbing with soap and water will irritate a wound, however, the average doctor recommends a chemical antiseptic for treating shallow skin injuries. There are any number on the market—tincture of iodine, Mercurochrome, and hydrogen peroxide are long-time household favorites, but most doctors today prefer 70 per cent alcohol (30 per cent water) for general home use. An alcohol which is weaker than that is not very effective against bacteria, and a stronger one tends to form a protective coating around germs, but 70 per cent alcohol is a fine bug-fighter.

The alcohol should be kept in a tightly stoppered bottle, because it will evaporate if exposed to air, and applied to cuts and scratches with a sterile applicator or piece of cotton. Or it can be poured right over the injury. The wound should then be covered with a small bandage or dry gauze dressing to keep it clean.

Iodine is considered just as effective a sterilizing agent as alcohol, but it has drawbacks. It grows stronger with age, and if it has been standing around for a long time it may cause painful blistering when applied to skin tissues. It should never be used around the eyes or in other cavities of the body, because it can cause serious damage. Mercurochrome and peroxide, on the other hand, are not considered effective germicides. Many doctors say it is wiser to sponge a cut with plain soapsuds than to use either.

A number of other antiseptics have come into wide use during recent years. Two of them, Zephiran and Merthiolate, are endorsed by numerous medical men because they are less harsh on tissues than iodine, yet better germicides than Mercurochrome. Gentian violet solution is often recommended for scratches and scrapes on small children. Unlike most antiseptics, the stuff doesn't sting. But if you are going to have just one antiseptic in your cabinet, the consensus of opinion is that it should be alcohol. If two, alcohol and iodine.

The second item which every medicine chest should contain is a simple *remedy for burns*. For treatment of deep or extensive burns, as for serious cuts, you should always consult a physician, but there are several good ointments available for small, first-degree burns which involve only the outer layer of skin.

The most favored of these today seem to be ointments containing boric acid. Twenty years ago plain Vaseline (never the carbolated variety) was generally advised for first-aid treatment of burns. Tannic acid then swept into wide popularity, and many housewives simply applied cold tea or wet tea leaves, which contain the acid, to minor burns. Now the majority of doctors prefer boric-acid ointment to tannic-acid preparations for home treatment, but a good many of them, I found, still hold out for plain Vaseline.

In any case, you should have a tube or jar of *Vaseline* in your cabinet in addition to boric-acid ointment. Even if you don't use it for burns, it is valuable for many other purposes, such as softening chafed skin, easing the discomfort of irritated nostrils during a cold, lubricating enema points, etc.

NEXT to cuts and burns, perhaps the most common accident which befalls most of us is that of getting a cinder, flying particle of dust, or some other foreign matter in the eye. The medicine cabinet should be equipped for this emergency. *Applicators* or toothpicks with cotton wrapped around them should be kept for removing the foreign matter from the eye, and an *eyecup* should be provided for washing the eye.

Boric acid in either powdered or crystal form (the crystals dissolve in water more quickly than the powder) is generally recommended for making an eyewash.

If you happen to get lime in your eye (a very common accident around construction projects), and can't get to a doctor right away, it is considered both permissible and wise in most medical circles to place a drop of mineral oil in the afflicted orb after the lime is removed. For this reason it is advisable to have a *medicine dropper* and a small bottle of *mineral oil* in your medicine chest. You may never need them, but they don't cost much and they provide insurance against a painful emergency.

Boric acid, incidentally, deserves an honored place in your medicine cabinet because it can be used for many purposes in addition to washing eyes. It is a gentle all-round antiseptic. In powdered form (it comes mixed with cornstarch and talcum), it soothes sunburn, diaper rashes, and other minor skin irritations. A liquid solution of boric acid should always be freshly mixed just before using, however, because it develops toxic qualities if permitted to stand around.

For painful sprains and aching muscles you may think your medicine chest should contain an aromatic liniment which smells nice and stings like fury when rubbed into the skin. Modern doctors say no. Instead of a liniment, they recommend a hot soak of old-fashioned *Epsom salts*. This can have a wonderfully soothing effect when applied to localized aches and pains. Epsom salts is also a fine saline cathartic should you ever require one.

Which brings us to the question of what regular laxative, if any, you should put in your cabinet. It is estimated that the American people spend approximately $50,000,000 every year for nostrums designed to eliminate constipation, but Dr. Austin Smith, director of the Division of Research and Therapy of the American Medical Association, maintains that self-doctoring with laxatives often causes chronic constipation instead of relieving it.

"Where the heck do we keep the medicines, Marge?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY STAN HUNT

Neither the A.M.A. nor any of the other authoritative groups which I contacted advised a laxative for regular home use. The tendency of modern medical men is to suggest a change in eating or living habits rather than to prescribe strong purgatives. Or they may recommend the use of enemas and suppositories. And all doctors warn that one should never, never take a laxative to relieve a pain in the abdomen. To do so may lead to a ruptured appendix. However, several doctors told me that if one wants to keep a laxative on hand, *milk of magnesia* is probably the best one to have in the family medicine chest. Its effects are relatively gentle and can do no harm if taken only occasionally.

The mineral oil which has been recommended for lime in the eye also can be taken internally in small doses for constipation. Mineral oil is not really a laxative. It acts as a softening and lubricating agent, not as a cathartic.

Another venerable household remedy, *bicarbonate of soda*, should also have a berth in your cabinet. All doctors warn sternly against its regular use to relieve indigestion. Chronic gas on the stomach may be due to one of any number of serious conditions. It always calls for a medical checkup. But if you suffer from digestive discomfort only once in a great while, after a Thanksgiving feast or eating something which doesn't agree with you, a bit of bicarb in water probably will relieve your distress.

Since bicarbonate of soda is an alkaline, it makes a wonderful wash to use on burns incurred from battery acid, soldering acid, acetic acid, etc. It is also the first thing to reach for in the way of an internal antidote if acids are swallowed.

THE next item to put in your medicine chest is a *diarrhea remedy*. This recommendation is one of those in the highly controversial class. Most M.D.'s think you should never do anything at all about diarrhea without consulting them. But if you live a long distance from a doctor it is advisable to have a remedy on hand. Paregoric, available only on prescription, is generally considered the best. However, there are several compounds containing pectin which are almost as effective. These are available at every drugstore. Such medicine should never be taken regularly except on the advice of a doctor, but it has a definite stand-by value, like that of a fire extinguisher, and may prove worth its weight in gold in an emergency.

The same thing can be said of a good *cough mixture*, which also merits a place in your array of home remedies. Any acute or chronic cough calls for professional diagnosis and treatment. But if you wake up in the night suffering from paroxysms of coughing which plain water won't stop, it is very convenient indeed to have a remedy available.

For still another kind of common emergency—fainting or extreme dizziness—place a tightly stoppered little bottle of *aromatic spirits of ammonia* in your medicine chest. If the person being treated has lost consciousness, a small amount of the ammonia can be poured

on a cloth and placed close to the nose. If the patient feels faint but is conscious, one half to one teaspoon of the ammonia in a half glass of water may be given him to drink.

Last but not least important in stocking your medicine cabinet with drugs, don't forget to include some *pain-killing pills*. Plain aspirin tablets are generally recommended by the medical profession, but some doctors prescribe Anacin or other aspirin-containing compounds. If you prefer one of these, there's no reason why you shouldn't select it instead of plain aspirin.

Aspirin is one of the truly great drugs of modern times, but I was given a word of caution about it. If you have any persistent ache or pain which recurs day after day, you should visit a doctor and ask him to get at the root of the trouble instead of masking the symptoms with aspirin.

In addition to the 12 remedies I have mentioned, the consensus of medical opinion is that you should also place in your medicine chest the applicators, bandages, and other first-aid equipment listed in the accompanying table. A *clinical thermometer* is a must in every home, and so is a *pair of tweezers* for removing splinters. The *flashlight* is included because it can become a vital first-aid device if your electricity is ever cut off by a storm or fire and you need to get things out of the chest in a hurry.

At the same time when you are refurbishing your medicine chest it is also strongly advised that you make sure you have the 8 bulkier articles I have also listed, which include a hot-water bottle, enema equipment, and heating pad. They won't fit into the ordinary bathroom cabinet but can be kept together in a convenient closet or dresser drawer.

THE medical chest which I have tried to help you pack is for ordinary peacetime use only. In the event of an atomic attack on your community it would not be adequate. The Federal Defense Administration is now urging every American family also to make up a special first-aid kit for storage in the family "shelter area." If you wish to know how to make such a kit at an estimated cost of $5 to $6, you can get details by sending 5 cents to the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C., and asking for a booklet called *Emergency Action to Save Lives*.

In glancing over the list of remedies I have compiled, you may be surprised that none of the new "wonder drugs" is included. Well, doctors just don't recommend any of them for home treatment. Marvelously effective as the sulfas and antibiotics are when applied scientifically, they are *not* safe for a layman to experiment with. Even some of the comparatively mild new cold remedies have led to very bad reactions when used by amateurs.

Miracle drugs are not the only favorites you will find missing from this list. Some people insist on keeping nose drops on hand. Others say they can't get along without an inhalator, or corn plasters, or one or more of the patent medicines.

But this article is an attempt, to the best of my ability, to set up a typical medicine cabinet suited to the needs of the average American family. It makes no pretense of fitting the requirements of *every* family, or of every individual in the family. It is not designed for persons with special ailments.

Using this suggestion as a basis, however, consult your own doctor and druggist about possible additions, subtractions, or substitutions, and you won't go far wrong in setting up a modern, streamlined family medicine chest. If you keep in mind the fact that it is intended for emergency rather than regular use, you'll find it easier to accept the fact that your medicine chest cannot contain everything. As a matter of fact, in this case, too little is often better than too much.

THE END ★★

Collecting Records Is Fun!

(*Continued from page* 31)

Night on his clarinet, through excerpts from *Treasure Island* read by Basil Rathbone, to an uncut performance of Wagner's marathon opera, *Tristan und Isolde*.

All you need to taste the matchless joys of record-collecting is a phonograph, a modest budget, access to a music shop (or mail-order catalogue), and normal hearing. The fever can seize anyone, any time. Eugene G. Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel, is an incurable victim. So are Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, practically all the Fords—and the family next door. So are publisher Alfred A. Knopf, who collects Bach and Wagner; playwright Clifford Odets (Mozart), humorist Ludwig Bemelmans (popular music), film star Montgomery Clift (opera). Nelson Rockefeller and cartoonist Peter Arno, in America, and Britain's Lady Louis Mountbatten and the former Mrs. Anthony Eden are but a few of the countless international collectors of jazz classics. One of America's biggest collections, more than 50,000 records, is owned by labor arbitrator Edward F. Addiss.

Record collectors fall into two general categories. The larger consists of people like myself who simply like music, well played and clearly recorded, and hence own as many records as they can afford to buy. The others, who resemble antique collectors in their tireless enthusiasm, are specialists and in some instances fanatics. They spend their spare time prowling through tiny music shops on back streets; investigating old book marts, secondhand stores, and pawnshops in the hope of finding unusual or ancient recordings lying around in packing boxes or under the counters; browsing through Salvation Army warehouses (the Army frequently gets gifts of records); or attending church fairs and rummage sales. Dealers in Florida, Chicago, and the West Coast conduct auctions by mail. They send you their lists, you return them with your bid, and if it's the highest they ship you the records. Classified ad columns in the record trade publications bristle with offers to swap records.

Some discomaniacs collect only recordings of famous voices. Discs made by celebrities of the past like Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, William Jennings Bryan, and Lord Gladstone are much sought after. Comedy monologues—Walter Kelly as the Virginia Judge, *Cohen on the Telephone*, *Uncle Josh at the Dentist's*—were big hits in Grandma's day; they find a prominent place in many collections today. Other sought-after items are Moran and Mack as the *Two Black Crows;* the droll comments of Will Rogers; Bert Williams in his 1918 routines (*Somebody Else, Not Me!);* author James Joyce reading sections of his *Finnegan's Wake*, Shakespearean performances by John Barrymore, Ellen Terry, and the like.

Jazz addicts continuously search for "classics" recorded by the early musicians who invented hot music back in 1916–20. Bessie Smith, Mildred Bailey, the Rhythm Boys, Bix Biderbecke, Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller are among the fabulous names that are prized in most collections.

Operas, symphonies, chamber music, instrumental and vocal numbers, liturgical music, folk songs from every land, spirituals, blues, aboriginal music recorded by scientific expeditions—each has its special following. Even old-time Edison cylindrical records are collected by enthusiasts, who have rounded up not only the rare recordings themselves, but also machines that will play them.

A New York advertising man collected nothing but Bing Crosby records until they took up so much room in his home that his wife forced him to sell the collection. It was insured for $10,000.

ANOTHER victim of the record bug has over 118 different recordings of just one tune, *Stardust*. Still another seeks every recording of a particular aria from an opera.

Even children's records cannot escape the gleaming eye of a true record collector. A Midwestern music shop has a robust customer in his forties who has amassed a sizable selection of kids' albums. "They are," this bachelor states, "the most sensible things I've ever listened to."

To indicate the extremes to which discomania can carry you, some collectors are interested solely in laughing, snoring, and sneezing records!

There is nothing that tops the thrill of finding a truly rare recording—*rare* meaning an old-time record for which the original "master" has long since been destroyed. Such rarities range all the way from single records made by Enrico Caruso in France and in Italy back in

the 1890's (some by the old "hill-and-dale" method in which the recording needle moved up and down instead of sideways) to a complete set (14 sides) by the Original Dixieland Jazzband (1921-Victor). These last, with improvisations by the fabulous original bandsmen, include such jazz "basics" as *Clarinet Marmalade*, *Livery Stable*, *Skeleton Jungle*, and, of course, *Tiger Rag*.

Rare recordings can cost the avid collector anywhere from 5 or 10 cents each in a jumble-shop to $150 and up at an auction.

I succumbed to the record-craze early in life, after my parents took me to see *Carmen* at the Metropolitan Opera. It struck me at the time as just about the most exciting riot of sounds imaginable. How, I brooded, could I hear it again and again? I badgered my parents into buying me a phonograph. Then I mowed lawns until I had saved enough money to get a complete recording of *Carmen*. I've never been the same. Our living-room now groans under the weight of 103 operatic albums (not to mention some 500 others). But they enable us to hear what we want when we want it, as much or as little as we want. We are not dependent upon what musical fare the radio chances to offer nor need we buy expensive opera and concert tickets.

Picture a cold winter's evening after a tough stint at the office. A fire blazes in the grate. Your wife knits contentedly. Your children have finished their homework. You are snugly ensconced in your favorite armchair, pipe in hand, slippers on feet. What does the collective mood suggest—Stephen Foster, an Italian madrigal, a violin solo? For here is a hobby to be shared, unlike such solitary pursuits as stamp-collecting, cryptograms, or chess problems. And so you listen together, relaxed, serene, drawn closer by the music.

As you develop your collection, you discover incidental pleasures—swapping notes (and sometimes records) with fellow addicts, tracking down rare albums, cataloguing, building up your reference library. There are books by the score, periodicals, community clubs devoted exclusively to records.

For the collector starting from scratch, the most important thing to remember, as the farmer says, is that it's foolish to plant a $10 tree in a 10-cent hole. No record can sound better than the phonograph you play it on. This doesn't mean that you have to spend a small fortune on some multigadgeted fantasy housed in a period cabinet. Your machine should, however, include as minimal requirements a 3-speed automatic changer, a 12-inch speaker, and 4 tubes. This should cost no more than between $150 and $200, and if you're mechanically apt you can assemble one yourself from perhaps $100 worth of parts.

What should the beginner collect? Well, one man's music is another man's noise, and nobody can safely lay down rules in the realm of personal taste. How-

ever, if asked to list some basic suggestions for starting a listenable, rather than a freak or specialized, collection I would include the following:

Classical: Beethoven's *Third* ("Eroica") *Symphony;* Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Verdi's *Falstaff* (possibly the two greatest operas ever written); Handel's *Messiah;* Schubert's *Ninth Symphony;* Tschaikovsky's *Sixth* ("Pathétique") *Symphony;* Bach's *Brandenberg Concertos;* Debussy's *Iberia;* Richard Strauss's *A Hero's Life;* Stravinsky's *Petrouchka.*

Semi-Classical: Johann Strauss's operetta "*Die Fledermaus*" (The Bat); Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!, Carousel,* and *South Pacific;* Khatchaturian's ballet suite, *Gayne* (whence comes the Sabre Dance); George Gershwin's musical play, *Porgy and Bess;* any album of France's Edith Piaf singing torch songs; Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf;* Smetana's Overture to *The Bartered Bride;* Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite.*

Jazz: *Tiger Rag* (re-recorded by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band); *Sing Sing Sing* (Benny Goodman); *Mood Indigo* (Duke Ellington); *When Day Is Done* (Paul Whiteman); *St. James Infirmary* (Cab Calloway); *Sweet Sue* (Red Nichols); *Copper-Colored Gal* (Fats Waller); *Begin the Beguine* (Artie Shaw); *Honeysuckle Rose* (the Dorsey Brothers); *Washboard Blues* (Bix Biederbecke).

Cataloguing your collection is part of the fun. It not only induces an agreeable sense of ownership, but is a wise precaution in the event that you ever are required to enter an insurance claim for fire, theft, or loss. The tidiest system is to describe each record or album on a card of its own and file it alphabetically by composer, corresponding to its position on the shelf. The card should also include title of composition, type (string quartet, piano solo, boogie-woogie, etc.), artists, serial number, and value. For easier reference I cross-index artists and keep separate files of instrumental and vocal music.

Other members of my family, however, sometimes neglect to replace a record in the correct sequence. Should any of your kin show this unfortunate tendency, nip it in the bud. It's pretty humiliating to challenge a music-hungry guest to name his dish, then not be able to locate it. He'll probably think you're an idle braggart.

ALTHOUGH record-collecting offers endless pleasure, it also abounds in pitfalls. As a collector who stumbled into a great many of them, let me whisper a few words of warning:

Good music, like good friends, takes time to appreciate. Whether it's jazz (and who says jazz can't be good music?) or classic, it will yield increased enjoyment with repetition. Assuming you're a Gershwin fan, when did you enjoy *Rhapsody in Blue* more—the first or the umptieth performance you heard it? Don't, therefore, as some eager-beaver collectors do, accumulate records faster than you can absorb them. A sensible rule is: one purchase at a time.

Beethoven's *Eroica* covers only a single long-playing record, lasting about 40

minutes, but I believe it contains more musical nourishment than the total output of many a lesser composer. So I don't advise you to try to digest it all at one hearing. Just listen to part of the first movement. Then replay it—replay it as often as necessary until you can readily distinguish the different themes. Through this gradual approach you will achieve the listener's supreme thrill: You will feel as though you were peering over the shoulder of Beethoven at work, seeing how he develops his themes, varies them, interweaves them with the new ones—to convey the over-all "Heroic" emotion which is the *Third Symphony*.

An extreme example of the grab-bag or magpie collector is a wealthy friend of mine, who began collecting—amassing, rather—barely a year ago. He already owns 5,000 albums. "At this rate," I told him, not minding my own business, "you'll never be able to listen properly to a fraction of them." "I know," said he, "but the albums look so nice." This is all right if you are collecting for its own sake. But to most addicts at least half the fun is playing the records after you've found them.

A WORD of caution about ancient recordings. Collecting them is as valid as accumulating coins, seashells, or suits of armor, but don't expect too much music. The sad fact is that, with few exceptions, records made before 1920 strike the modern ear as godawful.

For example, an employee of the Metropolitan Opera once concealed a recording machine on the catwalk and captured the voice of Jean de Reszke, a tenor who passed his prime before most of us were born, during a performance of *Siegfried* (the only known recording of de Reszke's voice). A few years ago the original disc was disinterred and repressed. I am ashamed to say I bought a copy. This is what I heard: g—g—grump shoosh, three or four thin, detached notes, zzzzzzz screech blast, another note. . . .

In the full flush of discophilia, you will undoubtedly hanker after many a "cut-out." Cut-outs are recordings which the manufacturer has discontinued, usually to make room for new ones. Another reason for the record collectors' exchanges and their premium prices. Resist that hanker—for a while anyway. The dearth may be only temporary. Manufacturers preserve most of their master discs and if demand warrants it will probably re-press them.

I speak from bitter experience. Immediately after the war, when thousands of old favorites were still unavailable largely owing to a shortage of shellac, a friend introduced me to a three-record Columbia album entitled *Songs of the Auvergne*. No folk songs ever appealed to me more, and as for the performer, a fiery soprano named Madeleine Gray, it was a case of love at first sound. "Cut-out, of course," my friend remarked smugly. "Wouldn't part with it for diamonds."

I spent the next few weeks hunting a set of my own. I finally found one—somewhat scratched, to be sure—in a collectors' exchange. With a joyous cry, like that of a fossil hunter spotting a dinosaur's skull, I pounced on it. The price was $22.50.

"But, my dear," I explained that evening to my wife, who had been urging me, without success, to invest in a new vacuum cleaner, "the thing's absolutely unique. Opportunity knocks but once, you know." Shortly after, Columbia reissued *Songs of the Auvergne* at $4.97. What my wife said was painful to hear. . . .

For a long life, records need loving care. Never touch the surfaces with your bare hands. Finger smudges can cause a record to hiss, fingernails can rupture the hair-fine grooves. Lift them by the edges, gripping them lightly between the palms of your hands.

Record surfaces, plastic in particular, attract dust particles which will clog your needle and produce blurred, scratchy tones. Wipe them gently with a damp chamois cloth.

Never play a cracked record. At each revolution the needle is apt to be blunted or chipped and will ruin the next record. Unfortunately, cracked records can't be mended.

Incidentally, there's no such thing as an everlasting needle, manufacturers' claims notwithstanding. Sapphire points may survive 6 months of frequent use, diamond ones a year or more. But sooner or later, if your records themselves are not injured, the quality of transmission will decline. To be on the safe side change your "permanent" needle at least once a year.

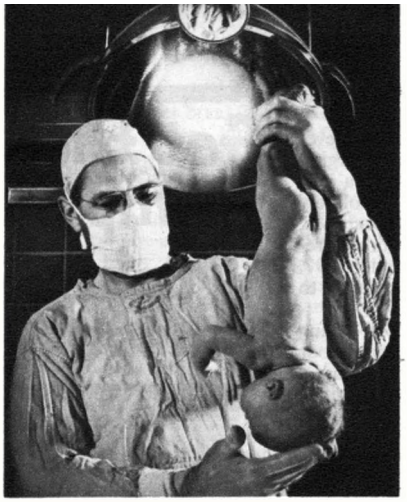
Store your records upright and close together. If allowed to stand at an angle, they may warp. What then issues from your speaker will sound like a rough trip on the high seas.

In the ordinary music shops, long-playing records, which most people prefer to 78 and 45 r.p.m.'s, cost from around $4 apiece for 10-inch, to almost $6 for 12-inch. There are, however, cut-rate stores in some communities. Dealers with low overheads, for example, advertise brand-new records at 30 to 50 per cent discounts. Others throw in one record free with every 3 you buy.

If willing to forego long-playing records—and aside from unbreakability and convenience, not all of them by any means are superior to 78 r.p.m.'s—you can do still better. Dealers frequently unload the latter at half to two thirds less than list price.

THE delights of record-collecting are many and varied and are yours for the asking. For instance, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for the genuine addict is the one-in-a-million record which appears often in rumor but never, so far at least, in fact. At one time or another, for instance, every collector has heard the story about Jenny Lind. When she was an old, old lady (so the story goes), the famous Swedish Nightingale (who was born in 1820 and died in 1887) supposedly made some sort of recording to preserve her golden voice for posterity. But no one has ever found the record, although it's asked for every day, both here and abroad. Perhaps you may be the one to find it.

THE END ★★



→ **DR. JACKSON** is shown delivering his 508th baby since he became a physician, at the General Rose Memorial Hospital in Denver. The new arrival's name is Linda Vee de Bruin

→ **THE FAMILY ORCHESTRA** is one way in which the Jacksons have fun together. Here the celloists are Dr. Jackson and Louise. Evelyn is playing the flute, Alice the violin, Ralph the clarinet, Mother the piano

The Fabulous Jacksons of Denver

Continued from page 25

wives lament to her about how rushed they always are.

Her husband, meanwhile, has become an executive of the Boy Scout movement, is a member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, and leads the singing at their Mormon Church every Sunday. Last Father's Day Father Jackson was supposed to address the church on "The Special Meaning of Father's Day," but was unable to do so. While he was leading the opening hymn a man hurried down the aisle and made frantic motions to him. He was wanted at the hospital, quickly. Dr. Jackson hurried to the maternity ward, where he delivered his 508th baby. (That figure includes the last 3 of his own babies.) He returned to church in time to lead in the closing hymn.

The 12 Jacksons spend a lot of time each week (not only Sundays but other days as well) at their church, which, Dr. Jackson explains, "fills a big gap in people's lives." Dr. and Mrs. Jackson go to Saturday-night dances at the church ("best dance floor in Denver").

Some of the older girls in the Jackson family are enthusiastically involved in the church's "Mutual" program for recreation and spiritual guidance of young people. And several of the younger children are in "Primary," where they play, draw, knit, and listen to stories about how the early Mormons pushed their way over the snow-capped Rockies to the Great Salt Lake to establish a thriving community in the desert.

DESPITE the fact that Dr. Jackson has come up fast in his profession, the Jacksons are still far from being on Easy Street. Tersely he explained: "I've been broke. And right now I'm stretched to the limit—with music, art, and dancing lessons; making monthly payments on my new office, new home, and car."

The family would like very much to have a drier for clothes and a deep freezer, but they can't afford them yet. Also, since the father is a doctor and has to make calls at all hours they badly need a second car, but can't swing it yet.

The pinch, however, does not prevent the Jacksons from having fun together. It never has. Every week or so on clear days the whole family pile into their 1950 Hudson Pacemaker and take off for the snow-capped Rockies, which can be seen from their living-room window. They bought the Pacemaker, incidentally, because it was the only sedan they could find in 1950 that had seats wide enough to take all 12 of them, with a little overlapping on laps (5 sit in front, 7 in back). The 3 tots sit on a bench placed on the seat in back so that they can see out.

Often the entire family will ride up into the Rockies for an early-morning breakfast of flapjacks and eggs. At other times they'll take longer exploratory swings and stay all night in the mountains. Finding a place to sleep is no problem. During the summer all 12 of them often bed down under the trees. This, to the youngsters, is the height of adventure.

So far, I have just barely introduced you to the fabulous Jacksons. This magazine believes we can all learn a lot about successful family living from them. Let's take a closer look at how they live, and have lived.

When people first hear that Mrs. Jackson has 10

← **CLOTHESLINES** for the Jackson family are strung at different heights so that all the children, from the tots up, can help hang. Here Richard, Nancy, and Louise are hanging up the Monday-morning wash

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OZZIE SWEET

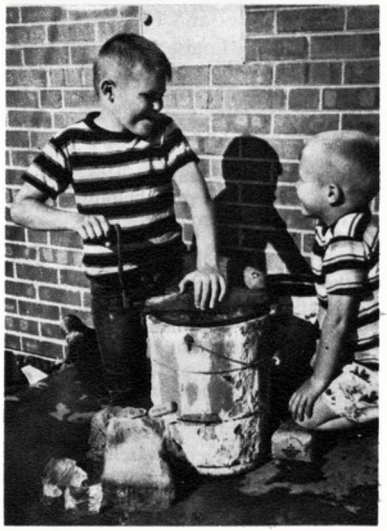
children they imagine the poor woman spends most of her time floundering in mountains of diapers, dirty dishes, unmade beds, and dirty or torn clothes. They assume she has to run herself ragged coping with daily necessities.

Actually, Mrs. Jackson goes through her day in a breeze. The secret behind her serene existence is family teamwork (plus an assist from such modern inventions as their automatic washing machine). She has trained every child to pitch in. The children learn from babyhood that work has to be done and that the whole family co-operates, each with a definite task.

ON THE morning of washday, for example, the three "middle children"—Ralph, 9, Iretta, 8, and Nancy, 7—collect and sort the clothes into huge piles. They love to do it. When the clothes come out of the washer, children of various sizes join in the game of hanging them up to dry. Mrs. Jackson has staggered her clotheslines at different heights so that each child has at least one line he can reach.

Or consider the problem of making the 11 beds. (Father and mother sleep in a double bed.) Every child from Richard, 5, up makes his own bed. Ralph, 9, not only makes his own but the beds of the two towheaded tots, Warren, 3, and Evan, 4. Mrs. Jackson says, "I very seldom touch the girls' rooms at all. The five girls not only clean their rooms and keep them straight, but even decorate them and make their own curtains."

When the family gets under way in the morning there is a hum of purposeful activity. The three oldest girls—



→ **ICE CREAM** costs the Jacksons 19 cents a quart, because they make it in an old-fashioned 6-quart freezer. Here Ralph is at the crank while Richard awaits the outcome

→ **SUPPERTIME** finds all 12 Jacksons at the table. As you will note, they are heavy milk drinkers. A favorite family dinner (inset) is Hamburger Jackson, topped off with peas, bread, milk, coleslaw, tomato juice, and strawberry shortcake. The Jackson girls whipped up this meal for 12 in 14 minutes. They make the main dish by taking spaghetti and tomato sauce from 3 cans and mixing it with 3 pounds of hamburger that has been shredded and browned. It is delicious. Total cost of the entire dinner was $5.91, or 49 cents a person. As Jackson meals go, that is pretty expensive. Strawberry shortcake with whipped cream brought up the cost

Alice, 11, Evelyn, 12, and Louise, 14—busy themselves helping Mother get breakfast and making up the six school lunch boxes. (They use assembly-line methods for making sandwiches.) Richard, 5, sets the table.

Meanwhile, the two younger girls—Iretta, 8, and Nancy, 7—are helping little Warren and Evan with their buttons and shoelaces.

After breakfast each child takes his dishes to the kitchen sink. Swiftly the older girls scrape them and stack them in the family's new automatic dishwasher. Louise estimates that the dishwasher saves them an average of 2 hours and 45 minutes dishwashing work a day. The dishwasher will take the dishes of the whole family.

All the older children keep a watchful, parental eye on the younger, more irresponsible Jacksons. One night while we were all out dining at Denver's airport restaurant, I overheard Evelyn, 12, in a most motherly fashion, quietly reprimand Richard, 5, for making so much noise while eating. Richard, it is unanimously agreed, is the family's biggest eater. In fact, he appalls the whole family by the way he stokes it away. His mother guessed he must be on some sort of "plateau of growth."

ALTHOUGH all the older children feel responsible for the younger ones, three of the girls seem to have special assignments. It is understood that Iretta, 8, and Nancy, 7, will keep a special eye on Warren, 3, and Evan, 4. Little Johnny, age 2, is barely out of diapers and so needs the mothering of a more mature girl. Alice, 11, is his special pal and guardian. Repeatedly, I noticed Alice hugging him or giving him piggy-back rides. When Johnny wakes up in the morning (he's always first awake) he gets in bed with his parents for a while, and then he goes and gets in bed with Alice!

Even chubby Warren, 3, feels some responsibility for keeping the house in order. One night after the three little towheads had taken their bath he trotted out into the living-room, grabbed my hand, and led me to the bathroom. Beaming proudly, he showed me how he had cleaned up the tub. He had removed the ring and had hung the three washcloths and towels neatly in their places. Happily he said, "Evan's turn 'morrow night."

Taylor Jackson had never owned a new suit of clothes in his life until he was 20. He wore clothes that his mother made over. Both he and Marjorie came from large Mormon families. They met and became engaged on the campus of the University of Utah, their home state. They married while Marjorie was still a junior. She had her first child, Louise, two months after she was graduated.

He had first studied chemistry. Upon graduation he got a job as chemist for a smelting plant. For 5 years he worked at that, during which time he married Marjorie. Not only Louise, but Evelyn and Alice had been born by the time he made his decision to switch and try to become a doctor. With their growing family it was a tough decision, because it would mean years of study. But they made it. He started at the University of Utah. After two years, to get the advanced training he needed, he had to move out-of-state, with its higher tuition, to the University of Colorado. The family went with him. By now there were two more—Ralph and Iretta.

To help finance his years of medical schooling, Taylor worked week ends and nights as a paper hanger, painter, carpenter, and teacher. He sold his blood, he mowed lawns, and he drove a taxi.

"But actually," Dr. Jackson recalls with candor, "it was Marjorie who put me through medical school."

Marjorie Jackson shrewdly surveyed the possibilities open to her for raising money. They were drastically limited by the fact that her several small children still needed watching every minute. She came up with a natural solution. She opened a nursery ("for particular parents") right in their rented house, and began charging $1 a day a child.

At night she often ran a baby-parking service in her nursery for parents who wanted to get out for an evening. In addition, she had two working mothers and their three children as boarders and roomers. Altogether, from her various enterprises she took in as much as $275 a month, *some* months.

That was a big help, but the Jacksons still had many tight moments. She recalls: "We kept all our money in a desk drawer and we were tickled if we had money for three days ahead." When it came time each term for Taylor to register for new courses they rarely had enough money to pay, but he registered anyway and they worked in a frenzy to raise the money before the end of the quarter.

Whenever they got a windfall of a few dollars they went out and bought food in large lots at discount prices. The family survived one lean period largely on 500 pounds of dried beans they had bought at a bargain. Marjorie also made a deal with a grocer whereby she could get regularly, for 50 cents, a large box of loose grapes that had fallen off the stems. No one else wanted them. She boiled the grapes and served them to the family. "To us, they tasted delicious," she recalls.

After Taylor got through school he had to serve his long stretch as intern ($50 a month) and residence physician ($150 a month). All this took 27 long months. He also served a few months in the Army. When the time came to open his practice, at the age of 33, two more children (Nancy and Richard), for a total of 7, had arrived and he couldn't find a decent office. He got himself 2 rooms in an old building which had been used by an artist and began fixing it up himself. He built one of his own examining tables.

WHILE waiting for patients he painted and decorated his office. On Saturday afternoons while other doctors went off fishing, young Dr. Jackson busied himself painting and carpentering. Patients kept coming to him because they couldn't contact their regular doctor. He sometimes had to examine them in his paint clothes.

Many of his first patients were night-call cases that the other doctors didn't want to bother with and asked Dr. Jackson to handle.

Rapidly his repute spread. Now he has a large practice and a beautiful new office building he built for 3 doctors—he rents to the other 2 (which he says he still has to pay for). His net annual income has reached the U.S. average for doctors: $9,000. In 5 years he has risen as far as most starting doctors do in 10. He and Marjorie attribute his swift progress to the fact that he has 10 children to feed and clothe. That, they agree, is enough to make any man hustle.

It costs Dr. Jackson approximately 60 cents a day to feed each of the 12 persons in his family an attractive, well-balanced meal. Mrs. Jackson figures they could do it for quite a bit less in a real pinch.

My wife was stunned that the figure was so low. She suspected the Jacksons must be starving their children, until I showed her photos of the robust, supercharged youngsters. "How on earth do they do it?" she asked, thinking, I'm sure, of her own staggering food bills.

One factor that helps the Jacksons save on food costs is that they are not heavy meat eaters. "In our church," Dr. Jackson explained, "we are taught to eat meat in moderation. We never have it more than once a day."

Since meat today is the biggest item on the average housewife's food bill, this means a large saving. When Mrs. Jackson buys meat she spends practically all her money on chicken and pork, which she says are the best values now. Also, she buys margarine instead of butter.

Probably her biggest economies, how-

A YEAR'S CLOTHING FOR 10

Mrs. Jackson added up the new clothes she had to buy for her 10 youngsters last year. Here is the result:

41	pairs of shoes	$135
102	pairs of socks	37
25	dresses	105
30	boys' shorts	60
25	girls' panties	9
15	slips	30
24	skirts	48
14	blouses	28
15	"dress" shorts	8
25	boys' trousers	45
30	polo shirts	25
11	ties	5
25	boys' shirts	37
21	sweaters	42
15	scarfs	12
12	mittens	8
5	winter helmets	3
7	bathing suits	21
5	snow suits	30
		$688

ever, come in bargain-buying. The Jacksons are fond of milk and consume 9 quarts a day. As the cost of milk kept rising she decided to do something about it. She went to a milk company which operated in the neighborhood, proved to them that she was buying more milk than some of the local stores, and got her house classified as a "store." Now she gets a wholesale rate of 17 cents a quart, which means a saving each year of about $250.

Another thing the Jackson children enjoy is sweet rolls, and they will eat them breakfast, lunch, and supper if they can. Mrs. Jackson could get "second-day" rolls at half price. But the store opened too late for breakfast and, besides, the rolls were starting to get stale.

Mrs. Jackson went to the manager and made a deal with him. She arranged to go to the store at 7:25 P.M., or 5 minutes before closing time. By then, as she pointed out, there was little likelihood the store could sell many more rolls that day. Thus it is that today she is able to buy up, at half price, large quantities of cinnamon rolls, jelly rolls, and almond rolls while they are still fresh.

Mrs. Jackson does most of her grocery buying at Miller's huge supermarket at Poplar and Colfax in east Denver. Whenever possible she buys the giant economy size, whether it is canned cherries by the gallon or 50-pound sacks of flour. She figures she saves at least a third that way.

Two big items in most family food budgets are ice cream and soft drinks. Dr. Jackson makes much of their ice cream (pineapple is favored) in his own 6-quart crank freezer. It is delicious, and costs 19 cents a quart!

The Jackson children during hot months mix up their own soft drinks, such as lemonade and orangeade, with the help of a powder. (You just stir the powder up with sugar and water.) A large glassful costs less than a penny.

In Colorado, Mrs. Jackson pointed out, "tomatoes are like gold." She can't afford many of them (a dime apiece) at the stores. But during the summer she takes her youngsters to a nearby farm. They get tomatoes there for 75 cents a bushel if they pick them themselves. When they get home she cans several hundred quarts of tomatoes and tomato juice.

Since the Jackson girls do some of the cooking, the family tends to simple, easy dishes which also keep costs down. Among the favorites are tuna-fish and noodle casserole, macaroni and cheese, corned beef and cabbage.

Instead of always making fancy salads the Jackson girls often slice lettuce heads into wedges which the children can pick up in their fingers. Alongside the wedges the girls pour out a handful of raisins on each plate. The Jacksons all like raisins.

One of the most startling timesavers I noticed at the Jacksons' is their practice of spooning canned vegetables onto plates right from the can without heating. Mrs. Jackson explained: "I learned early in the game that it's a waste of time to heat them, for the children just waited for them to cool."

When we asked Mrs. Jackson how she keeps 10 children in clothes her answer was: "Oh, brother!"

Even though the Jackson boys wear their shoes till their toes come through, the children need hundreds of dollars' worth a year. Oddly enough, although the girls wear more dainty-looking shoes, their shoes last longer than the boys'. Mrs. Jackson says this is because boys "run and scuff more."

Mother Jackson keeps a sharp watch for real (not phony) shoe sales, and when she strikes, the store knows it has been hit. She showed us 18 pairs she had just bought at an end-of-month close-out sale. They had been priced at $4.98 each, but she got them for $2 each, a total saving of $53.64.

Much of her bargain-buying is at the end of a season. At the end of last summer she picked up several dozen polo shirts at 25 cents each. Earlier in the summer they had been priced at $1.98 each. She put them away in the Jacksons' big *Shirt Drawer* and brought them out in June of this year. When she sees a good panty sale she buys all she can get. "I know I'll need every size," she explained.

The older girls have all become good seamstresses. Louise makes all her circular skirts, sleeveless blouses, etc. Evelyn, 12, recently made a party dress. She made up the design herself and it was a pretty one. Alice, 11, earns extra money by making doll dresses on the family sewing machine and selling them to girlfriends. At the beginning of this past summer Mother and the girls made up 12 colorful blue, red, and white vacation shirts of identical material for each member of the family. Thoughtfully, they used seersucker so that the shirts wouldn't need to be ironed.

Every sweater and dress bought will be shared at least 2 or 3 times for play clothes as the owners outgrow them. In smaller families children outgrow their clothes. But in the Jackson family nothing is ever outgrown before it is outworn. But still Mrs. Jackson makes a great point of getting each child a complete new outfit each fall.

The girls and Mrs. Jackson have their own sewing circle for making over clothes and mending. They have a special "lost sock" basket. Every week in the year two or three socks will show up in the wash without mates. The girls put them in the basket and, sure enough, in a week or so the lost mates will turn up there, too!

The Jacksons have always fervently believed that a comfortable, roomy home is essential for successful family living. Even during their leanest years they lived in a good-sized rented house, and always had overnight guests dropping in.

While they were having their toughest struggle making ends meet, someone

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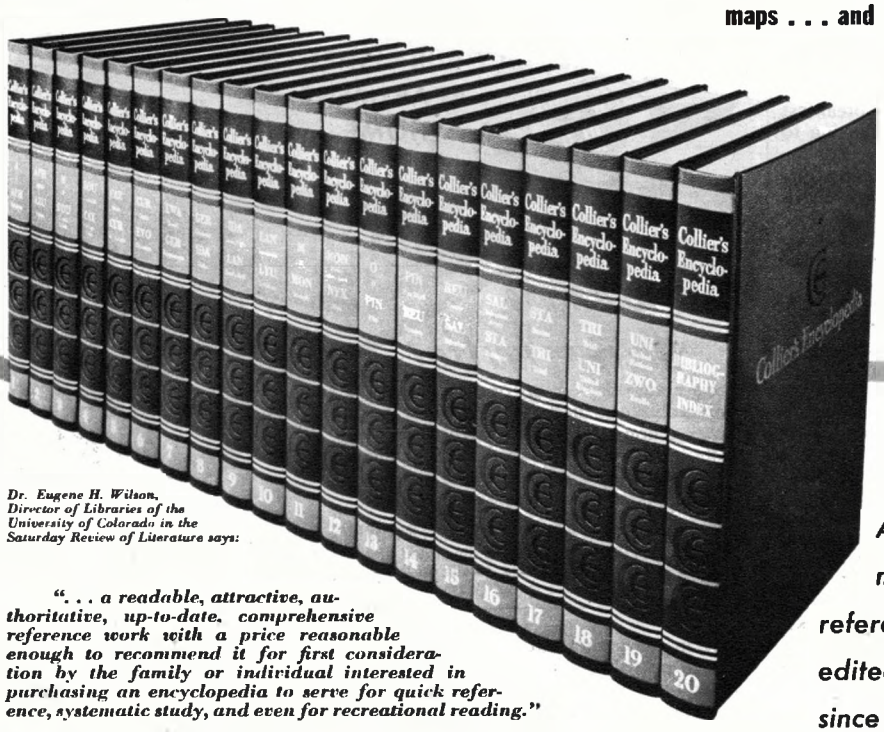

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proposed they move into a Quonset hut. Mrs. Jackson was horrified. She believed then, and still believes, that being cramped is hard on emotions and that it is always worth a lot of extra effort to buy yourself elbowroom. From the beginning every Jackson child had had his or her own bed.

THE Jacksons used to live in an old-fashioned but roomy house. Now they have bought, on Monaco Drive, in one of Denver's finest residential sections, a brand-new ranch-style house which they got at a bargain because it is unpretentious and seems a lot smaller than it actually is. Half of the house is out of sight. Three bedrooms, a nursery for the small children, a huge playroom for the larger kids, and a laundry are downstairs. (Mrs. Jackson pointed out that the ground in Denver is so dry that below-ground bedrooms are not unhealthy.)

The house was sold to them on a finish-it-yourself basis. It originally had 9 rooms. Now the Jacksons, by their labors, have finished off 3 rooms downstairs, to bring the total to 12 rooms. The children did all the lathing.

"It is really much better," Mrs. Jackson says, "to have the children under us. That way their noise doesn't disturb the main part of the house." To make doubly sure that rough-housing downstairs does not penetrate to the main floor, they have insulated the ceiling with wallboard.

The smaller children sleep downstairs. This fact bothered me. "What if one of them wakes up in the night?" I asked.

Mrs. Jackson replied reassuringly, "Oh, Ralph is down there." Ralph is 9.

Besides, she added matter-of-factly, her children never wake up.

One hot, sticky afternoon we all came back from an exhausting trip. The little children were crying in the back seat. There were 14 of us in the car, and in the confusion some child had stepped on, and squashed, a quart carton of milk.

I was so tired I longed to lie down, but I wanted to ask Mrs. Jackson about her budget problem, so we went directly into the living-room and continued talking. After about 5 minutes I suddenly realized something amazing was taking place.

Mrs. Jackson had not said a word to the children. Yet Louise was out in the car with a bucket of hot water cleaning up the milk mess . . . Alice was piggy-backing the three little towheads to bed for a short nap . . . Ralph was watering the new lawn . . . and Evelyn was in the kitchen starting supper!

I expressed my astonishment. Mrs. Jackson explained what was behind it all: "The older children figured out that these jobs would have to be done anyway. By picking out a job before I asked them, each was able to do what seemed most appealing, or least disagreeable."

When Mrs. Jackson asks a child to do a chore, she lets him know it is because she feels he or she can do it *real special.* The result is amazing finger-tip control. Despite the size of her family she tries to make each of the 10 children, in her own words, "feel he is important and wanted and loved."

Every child has had spankings. Some were deserved, as when Richard slit the seat of a chair with a knife. But more often, when Father starts swinging, he admitted with his usual candor, "It is because I lose my patience."

It is pretty hard, apparently, to get Mrs. Jackson "mad." One night I noticed with consternation that little Evan, 4, after his bath had climbed up on the sill of the big living-room picture window and was smearing it with a soapy sponge. I hurried and got Mrs. Jackson.

She strolled over to Evan and said, "Why, Evan, how nice! Are you helping Mother? . . . I'd like it even better if you would wash off the sill."

Evan eagerly went to work on the sill, and in a minute he had forgotten the window and was wiping down the basement steps.

"He wasn't defying me or being bad," Mrs. Jackson explained. "He was really trying to help."

The Jackson children are allowed an unusual amount of freedom, but one thing is taboo: Mrs. Jackson will not allow six-shooters, cap pistols, or tommy guns on the property. She said, "As soon as guns are around, the tempo here is up fifteen per cent. The children become wild and rough."

KEEPING track of the 10 children seems to be more of a problem than managing them. When Ralph was a tot they found him 20 blocks away. He was on his way to "Daddy's hospital." Before Daddy got the idea of saving money by cutting their hair they found Evan 12 blocks away at a barbershop. He went there because the nice man always gave him a lollipop after a haircut.

Usually the Jacksons count heads instinctively when they pile into the car, but sometimes they slip up. One summer two years ago the family went down to City Park for an outing in a boat. Later they went to the zoo. Then they stopped off at a popcorn stand. And finally they stopped at a store. When they got home Louise exclaimed, "Where's Richard?" No one had the slightest idea.

They rushed back over their zigzag trail. He wasn't at the store, at the popcorn stand, at the zoo, *or* at the boathouse. "We decided it was time," Dr. Jackson related, "to call the police." Mrs. Jackson interjected, "We always call the police." The police and the Jacksons apparently are old friends.

Sure enough, the police had 3-year-old Richard in their patrol car at the park, waiting for a call.

The Jackson family love to travel, and Dr. and Mrs. Jackson value greatly the invigoration that comes from seeing new country.

When Taylor came out of the Army the Jacksons had been having a tough time trying to make financial ends meet. They were tired, and they had only $150. They took that $150, bought a trailer for $60, and set out with their family of 7 on a trip up through the Yellowstone. Then they went to Butte and clear up into Canada. Most of it was new country.

Mrs. Jackson relates: "When we

came back we didn't have a dime. But it was a marvelous trip and we felt refreshed. We were ready to start again on our problems."

Mrs. Jackson thinks it is too bad that Americans don't get out and see their country more than they do. A few weeks ago she was planning with her 10 children for a week's vacation trip in the Rockies. An official at the church asked her if she would mind taking 65 young girls from the church to a camp at Indian Hills. Mrs. Jackson said, sure, send them along.

What startled her was that out of those 65 girls, 20 had never been in the glorious Rockies before to sleep or for an evening campfire, even though the Rockies were only 25 miles away. To her that was a downright shame.

When the Jacksons don't have time to take an outing in the mountains they often go to Denver's Sportland pool for a swim. The Sportland offers a special all-summer bargain rate of $25 for the "whole family." The jaws of the officials dropped a couple of inches when Mrs. Jackson stepped up, laid down her $25, and asked for 12 cards.

Whenever a Jackson has a birthday it is a cause for a bang-up celebration. Every child not only has a party, complete with cake (which Evelyn makes), but he invites in all his friends and classmates.

Most of the family birthdays come in the fall and early winter. From the middle of October into January there is a birthday or holiday party at the Jacksons' every week. Hundreds of Denver children come to the Jacksons' for birthday parties alone.

This means, of course, that the Jackson children are asked out to a lot of parties, too. When an invitation comes at the last minute, Mrs. Jackson doesn't go into a dither because her child has no present to take. She goes to the family's *Birthday Drawer* and fingers through it until she finds a suitable gift.

Just because the Jacksons have 10 children (a nice round number) does not necessarily mean they will not have more children. When I asked Mrs. Jackson whether they were planning any more, she said, "We originally thought of a dozen—but right now I'm not saying."

Their early decision to have a large family was inspired largely by their resentment at what they were taught at college. Mrs. Jackson recalls that she and Taylor were annoyed, in their campus courting days, by classroom talk to the effect that only "poor, dumb people" have large families. They, themselves, came from large families and were proud of it. They resolved to prove, at least to themselves, that having a large family does not necessarily interfere with either schooling or family progress. Today they believe they have proved it. And they say they have had a whale of a lot of fun in the process.

LOOKING to the future, I asked Dr. Jackson what his plans were for sending his children to college. Quite emphatically he replied:

"I'm not going to 'send' them to college or anywhere else. If they want to go they'll have to go without being *sent*. Marjorie and I had to earn our own way for four years, and we think it is a good idea if our children have to do the same.

"If you want something badly enough, and have to use your wits to get it, I believe you become a better, stronger person while fulfilling your ambition. Too many kids today—many of them children of our friends and acquaintances—are being *sent* to college with cars and $125-a-month allowances. In the long run that kind of help hurts more than it helps."

America, Dr. Jackson believes, was largely built by people who got new ideas and created new things and pioneered new frontiers because economic necessity drove them to put on their thinking caps or exert extra effort. Dr. Jackson wants his children to have plenty of incentive to show what they've got!

While Dr. Jackson was building his large family he came across a statement by an economist that today it costs $10,000 to raise a child to the age of 18. At that rate the Jackson children will cost Dr. Jackson $100,000.

He thinks that is high, the way he is going about raising children. But even if it will cost him $100,000 he is not distressed by the prospect. He says he and Marjorie are getting more joy out of their children than they could possibly get from a fine house or a sailboat, or fine furniture, or a mink coat alone.

"Parents have to expect to work longer and harder than people who don't have children," he says philosophically. But he thinks it is worth the work.

He is not discouraged in the least about grim forecasts he keeps hearing about the future. "If we started thinking the way economists do about the uneasy future we would probably be overwhelmed with nervousness.

"But both Marjorie and I came from large families of modest circumstances, and we grew up all right.

"Our children will probably do the same."

THE END ★★

Editor's Memo

Next month, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will bring you the achievement-story of another outstanding American family. Our reporter-photographer team visits California to capture in words and pictures the inspiring saga of the Vantresses, who started something on their small farm near Marysville that grew and grew until it has affected the eating habits of everyone in America. Don't miss this unusual family story . . . in the October issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, on your newsstand September 28.

Can You Spot a Communist?

(*Continued from page* 35)

For several weeks now I have been hunting for the answers. The first thing I learned was that it is harder today to get a Communist to admit he's a Communist than to admit he's a thief. Nevertheless, I met hundreds of persons who were pointed out to me as the likeliest Communists, ate with them in their restaurants, mingled with them at their Communist "front" meetings, and barged into the "Little Kremlin" in New York, which is the Communist national headquarters.

I also talked with J. Edgar Hoover and other high-ranking officers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with officials of the Department of Justice, and with members of the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington. Further, I inquired among economists, investigators for patriotic organizations, local police officers. I talked with several ex-Reds, including Louis F. Budenz and Benjamin Gitlow, both of whom formerly held high positions in the Communist Party. I read reams of literature by both Reds and non-Reds.

In setting down the results of my search I must confess at the outset that so far as I could discover there is absolutely no foolproof formula for recognizing a subversive Communist agent who is actually on the Moscow payroll. There are, however, certain primary characteristics which mark most Communist comrades and there are certain definite ways in which you can be alert and watchful. I am going to present some of them here in the hope that they may be of value to my friend from Beaver City, Nebraska, and to others who are just as foggy about the Reds as I was.

First of all, I discovered that there are two varieties of Reds—"little c" communists and "Big C" Communists.

The "little c" communists are the kind found in the dictionary, which defines a communist as an advocate of a system of social organization based on the holding of property in common, actual ownership being ascribed to the community as a whole or to the state. Under that broad definition many honest and law-abiding Socialists and left-wing Liberals might be described as communists. It is quite possible to be a little c communist and a loyal American at the same time.

But the Big C Communist is an entirely different animal. He is a member of the Communist Party, and this organization, according to irrefutable legal evidence and the findings of our courts, is dedicated to the "historic mission" of destroying capitalism by revolution and overthrowing our government. In other words, a "Big C" Communist is a Stalinist and a traitor to the United States.

According to that definition, which I found generally accepted by the experts, it is immediately apparent that not only Socialists and Liberals but many other people who are often labeled as "Reds"

are *not* necessarily Big C Communists. Your neighbor can be a left-wing laborite, an advocate of government ownership of national resources and utilities, a long-haired Greenwich Village poet, an exponent of social or economic reform, without being a Communist. The one thing which differentiates the sure-enough Commie from other radicals is the fact that he gives his primary allegiance and loyalty to the Communist Party and the "Soviet Fatherland" rather than to the United States.

NOBODY knows exactly how many of these Big C Communists there are in the nation, FBI men told me, because the Party no longer keeps written membership records. Cards have not been issued to members for more than 3 years. According to the best estimates of the G-men, however, there are about 43,449 avowed Communists in the United States, and they are distributed in accordance with the figures on the accompanying map. That is relatively few in a population of 150,000,000, but I was warned repeatedly not to underestimate their power and influence because of the meagerness of their numbers. The Commies boast that, for every Party member, they control at least 10 other persons who are ready, willing, and eager to do the Party's work.

Chief G-Man Hoover told me he was in complete agreement with the Comrades on this point. In addition to the avowed Party members whom the FBI knows about, he said there are 4 other types of Reds who are potentially dangerous in greater and lesser degree. They are:

1. Concealed Communists—individuals who keep their Party affiliations a secret in order to do the Party's work more effectively.
2. Fellow travelers and sympathizers.
3. Innocents who are duped by the Communists.
4. Opportunists who work with the Communists to gain advantages for themselves.

Estimating, as Hoover does, that there are 10 of these Commie collaborators for every avowed Party member, we have a total Red population of nearly 500,000. That still represents a ratio of only one Red to every 300 loyal Americans, but students of their history point out that there was only one Communist for every 2,277 persons in Russia in 1917 when they seized control of the Russian government. Never, in any of the countries they have taken over, have the Reds had anything approaching a numerical majority of the population. In Red China today only 2,000,000 party members control a population of 462,000,000.

As the map shows, the avowed Party members in the U.S.A. are concentrated heavily in the industrial states. Whereas New York State has 22,575 Communists (more than half of the nation's total), California 4,550, and Illinois 3,105, the whole State of Wyoming has only 4 avowed Reds and Mississippi but one.

You are much more likely to encounter a Communist in a big city, I learned, than in a small town or village. The main concentrations of them are in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Newark, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C. Right in the nation's capital, a woman undercover agent of the FBI recently disclosed, there are 18 different Communist clubs, but if you live in a small agricultural community the chances are there are very few, if any at all.

There is no way of recognizing a Red by his appearance or occupation. Thirty years ago 90 per cent of the Communists in this country were foreign-born, but today they are mostly native Americans and are found in every stratum of our national life. They claim they represent a working-class movement, and make a continuous effort to keep a considerable number of plain working people, especially Negroes, in the Party, but their greatest strength lies in the professions—among schoolteachers, college professors, students, social workers, union officials, personnel experts, scientists, editors, writers, actors, doctors, lawyers, and ministers. There are also many small businessmen in their ranks and even a few millionaires. Communists are scarce among farmers, I found, although some of them have penetrated farm unions and co-operatives.

In former years, some male Communists made a point of dressing shabbily to look like members of "the masses," and the women comrades went in for leather jackets and red shoes, but today they dress like the rest of us. A sharp sports jacket or a mink coat gives no assurance the person inside it is not a Communist.

IMPORTANT Party members and undercover Reds are so clever at concealing their true colors that it is almost impossible for the average person to unmask them. They may even pose as dyed-in-the-wool reactionarics. But the rank-and-file Communist—the little fellow whom the Reds sometimes refer to as a "Jimmy Higgins"—has definite characteristics, I learned, by which he may be spotted.

1. He is a parrot who does not think for himself but religiously follows the Party Line laid down in Moscow. If a person persistently adheres to all the many zigzags of the Line without deviation, you can put him down as either a Communist or such a fanatical fellow traveler that it amounts to the same thing. The Party Line changes direction so frequently, and often with such complete inconsistency, that no innocent Liberal can possibly follow it for long out of pure accident or coincidence.

For example, when Henry A. Wallace first became a candidate for President in 1948, the Reds from coast to coast assailed him as a "fuzzy know-nothing." Then, presumably on orders from Moscow, the Party Line changed overnight and the Commies practically fell over one another scrambling to the Wallace band wagon.

The Communists themselves keep abreast of these changes in the Party Line by reading *The New York Daily Worker* and other Red publications, but it is not necessary for a loyal American

to do so. Several large newspapers now carry weekly columns exposing the Reds' current policies, and several publications, including one sponsored by the American Legion, are devoted exclusively to revealing the comrades' aims and stratagems.

In certain basic features, however, the Line seldom changes. It consistently underlines all labor disputes, stresses high living costs and poor housing conditions, pictures the Government and the courts as tools of Wall Street, sees our civil liberties endangered every time a Red gets into trouble with the law, and magnifies any real or reputed instance of racial or religious discrimination.

2. He speaks in his own distinctive lingo. The comrades have many pet words and phrases. Their favorite word right now is "peace," but I found the expression the Reds probably use oftenest is "the masses." As I circulated among them I heard it over and over again. "The masses," who are being exploited. It is "the masses" who will be elevated to power when the "class struggle" is won.

Here are a few other typical examples of Red jargon which I noted:

A social fascist—anyone who is opposed to Stalin's ruling the world.

An imperialist—the same thing.

A Wall Street reactionary—anyone, except a Red, with an income of more than $10,000 a year.

A petty bourgeois—anyone except a Red, or a worker, with an income of less than $10,000.

A fuzzy-minded liberal—a Socialist whom the Commies have been unable to draw into their camp.

A progressive—a person whom the Commies have hopes of roping into the Party.

A right deviator—a Commie who makes the mistake of displaying tolerance for anything about capitalism.

A Bourbon plantation owner—any white farmer who employs one or more colored men.

The peoples' democracies—Russia and the nations enslaved by Russia.

Since the Reds think of themselves as warriors engaged in a class conflict, they also sprinkle their conversation generously with words of military origin, such as "strategy," "tactics," "cadre," and "front." The smarter Communists try to avoid Marxist gobbledygook while talking with non-Communists, I found, but they are inclined to slip occasionally, and few of them can resist using one telltale word no matter with whom they are talking. That is the word "*they*," which Communists employ to describe their enemies generally—the *bourgeoisie*, the bosses, the Government, the Army and Navy, the FBI, etc.

3. He never speaks a harsh word about Russia. That would be heresy. A Communist's reluctance to criticize anything Russian is so marked, in fact, that the House Un-American Activities Committee recommends a test along these lines for spotting a Red. If you suspect someone is a Communist, the Committee suggests that you simply ask him to name 10 things which are wrong with the United States and as many which are wrong with Russia.

The cleverer Commies won't fall for this test, FBI agents told me, because they know all about it, but a neophyte will. Without hesitation he'll glibly reel off 10 things he considers terrible about America, but when it comes to criticizing the Soviet Fatherland he'll develop acute paralysis of the tongue.

Even concealed Communists who pose as 100 per cent Americans are afraid to say anything unfavorable about Russia or Stalin. They might be overheard by other concealed Reds and reported on. Then it would be too bad for them. At all levels Party members spy on one another, and discipline is enforced with an iron hand.

4. He is very busy. Lenin decreed that Party members must devote "the whole of their lives" to working for the revolution, and the Communist in good standing does that. He can be counted on to spend 30 or 40 hours a week—virtually all of his waking leisure—on Party work and activities.

5. He is a joiner. In order to breed dissatisfaction and stir up trouble he strives to penetrate and dominate all kinds of non-Communist organizations—labor unions, civic groups, parent-teacher associations, youth movements, political groupings, cultural organizations, even church congregations.

6. He is a habitual grievance-finder who invariably comes up with something to agitate. Under the Communist creed it is his duty to create dissension and hatred of the capitalist *status quo*.

7. He is an alarmist who sees "company spies," "fascists," "dangerous reactionaries," "Ku Klux Klansmen," and "enemies of civil liberties" on all sides, but he can be depended upon never to see a Communist.

8. He has no morals or sense of humor. Communism teaches that deceit is essential in combating capitalism, and it is considered ethical under the Red code to lie, cheat, steal, or even kill if it will advance the "class struggle." A Jimmy Higgins will betray his own mother if his Party bosses order him to.

9. He has a superiority complex. The average Communist, no matter how humble his station, believes he is better and wiser than other people and ordained to build a new society for them whether they like it or not. It is this sense of superiority, not any real love of the masses, which makes it possible for the Red meekly to subject himself to stern Party discipline.

The average comrade is strongly motivated by the conviction that some day, come the revolution, he will be elevated to a much loftier position in society than the one he presently occupies. He believes that within a few years the Communists will control this country and he will be able to boss and lord it over the people who now boss him.

As an illustration of this, Budenz, who was formerly managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, told me that when he was working for that paper members of the editorial staff would frequently say,

"The funny thing is, if I had it to do over again I'd probably do the same thing"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY LAFE LOCKE

quite seriously, "Just wait till we get *The New York Times*." They were quite sure they would get the *Times* eventually, and every other American newspaper as well.

10. He has a martyr complex. He believes that he and his comrades are persecuted by "capitalist overlords" for their part in the "class struggle." He thrives on martyrdom.

Another one of the ex-Communists whom I talked with—Gitlow—said he believed the average person who enters the Communist movement starts out as an idealist. But under the inflaming spell of the Red doctrine he quickly becomes a cruel zealot without compassion for any suffering he may inflict on other people as long as it furthers Red goals.

Gitlow told me he had seen honest workers turn criminals under Party orders, and devoted husbands abandon their families to live with Red females. He knows one ex-idealist, he said, a man whose heart used to bleed for the denizens of the slums, who armed hundreds of Red hoodlums with iron pipes and baseball bats to force union workers to go out on strike against their will.

Clues to the recognition of a Communist may also be found, he told me, by observing the way in which he spends his spare time from day to day. A rank-and-filer in a large city is apt to follow some such routine as follows:

On Monday night, he attends a left-wing seamen's demonstration, where he and a number of other noisy Reds pass themselves off as old salts and dominate the meeting.

On Tuesday night, he goes to a "Citizens and Teachers Mass Protest Meeting," where he screams protests over the firing of a Communist teacher from the public-school system.

On Wednesday night, he joins other Reds in front of a foreign consulate, where they denounce "police brutality" in the alleged mistreatment of a foreigner represented by the consulate.

On Thursday night, he falls into line with a group of striking cooks, waiters, and bellhops who are picketing a hotel and, posing as a member of their union, hands Red literature to the strikers.

On Friday night, he shoulders a large sign saying "Boycott this War-Mongering Picture" and parades in front of a movie theater which is showing a film distasteful to the Party.

On Saturday night, he attends the regular meeting of his Communist club (the clubs used to be called cells) and receives instructions on how to conduct himself during the following week.

On Sunday, the comrade refreshes his mind by reading Party literature, writes to his congressman on behalf of Red legislation, and may spend a few idle hours getting some unsuspecting "bourgeois" acquaintances to sign Communist-sponsored petitions for "Peace in Korea" or some other cause which, on the surface, sounds quite laudable.

Such doubling in brass and sheer hard work by zealous Reds makes up for their inferiority in number, of course. An amazingly few Party members have succeeded over and over again in capturing control of large mass movements.

THE Communist organization in this country, the authorities informed me, may be likened to a tree. The roots of the tree are men and women of the deep underground sent here by Moscow, as Gerhart Eisler was, to direct the life of the Party. The trunk of the tree is the so-called "Open Party," which operates none too openly, at that, and is nominally headed by William Z. Foster. The people in the trunk provide the means of contact between the roots of the tree and thousands of Communists and concealed Communists hidden in the branches and leaves—persons who are working secretly for Stalin in virtually every area of American life. From top to bottom an atmosphere of deep conspiracy surrounds the whole organization.

I immediately sensed this atmosphere when I visited the national headquarters of the Party, the so-called "Little Kremlin," in New York's East Twelfth Street. It is located on the ninth floor of an old loft building which runs through the block to Thirteenth Street and also houses the offices and plant of *The Daily Worker* and The Workers' Book Shop.

At first it looked as if I would not get any farther than the dingy entrance of the building. A group of loiterers stood on the sidewalk outside, but when I repeatedly rang the elevator bell nobody answered. I considered walking up to the ninth floor, but found the stairway was enclosed in heavy iron caging and the door to the caging padlocked. From all appearances the building might have been deserted.

At last I went outside and consulted one of the loiterers. "How do I get upstairs to the National Committee?" I asked him.

He suggested that I ask at the Workers' Book Shop, so I walked around the block and talked with a middle-aged, somber-looking woman in the shop. She looked me over and asked me what I wanted. I introduced myself. "Go back to the Twelfth Street entrance," she said.

I did so, and this time a Negro elevator

operator appeared. He also demanded to know who I was. Again I introduced myself, and he took me up to the ninth floor and pointed to a heavy steel door. It had a very thick pane of glass with a small round hole cut in it. An attractive brunette switchboard operator in a blue polka-dot dress spoke to me through the little hole. For the third time I identified myself. Then the girl pressed a buzzer, and the heavy door clicked open like one of those doors in the safe-deposit vaults of banks.

The reception-room of the Little Kremlin is a windowless chamber about 20 feet by 30, with wallpaper which pretends to be pine paneling. It is plainly furnished with worn chairs and sofas and the walls are adorned with large pictures of Communist heroes—Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, John Reed, Mother Bloor, and other revolutionists. There are also much smaller pictures of Lincoln and Jefferson.

THERE were just two people in the room when I entered—the switchboard operator (who I learned later had had to take a special course at a Leninist school before she qualified for her job) and a husky young man wearing a polo shirt who I decided was the bouncer. I told them frankly what I wanted.

"I am trying to find out what a Communist is," I said. "I have gotten definitions from the dictionary and J. Edgar Hoover and a lot of other sources. Now I would like to know what a Communist says a Communist is."

The switchboard girl appeared faintly amused. "If our publicity director was here," she said, "she might be able to help you. But our publicity director, unfortunately, is in jail."

(She was referring to Miss Marion Bachrach, Public Relations Director of the Communist Party, who had been arrested a few days before as a member of the "second team" of Red masterminds in this country.)

"Yes, I know about that," I said, "but surely there must be someone else here who can give me a definition."

The young bouncer spoke up. His polished language indicated a university education. "It is just possible," he said, "that someone else can talk with you. Please wait a moment."

He disappeared through another massive steel door but was back in a few seconds shaking his head. "Sorry," he said, ushering me toward the exit, "everybody is too busy today."

"Do you mean to say," I said, "that right here at the national headquarters of the Communist Party nobody can tell me what a Communist is? Don't you know, yourself?"

The polished bouncer looked pained and steered me gently through the clicking door to the elevator. "I suggest," he said, "that you read some of our literature."

During the whole course of my search I met just one Communist who was manly enough—or simple enough—to admit what he was. That was at a meeting of a Communist front organization. The meeting was held in a rented hall in that section of New York's West Side known as Hell's Kitchen. Most of the people present were neatly dressed, schoolteacherish individuals of both sexes. Few of them looked to me like representatives of the "struggling masses."

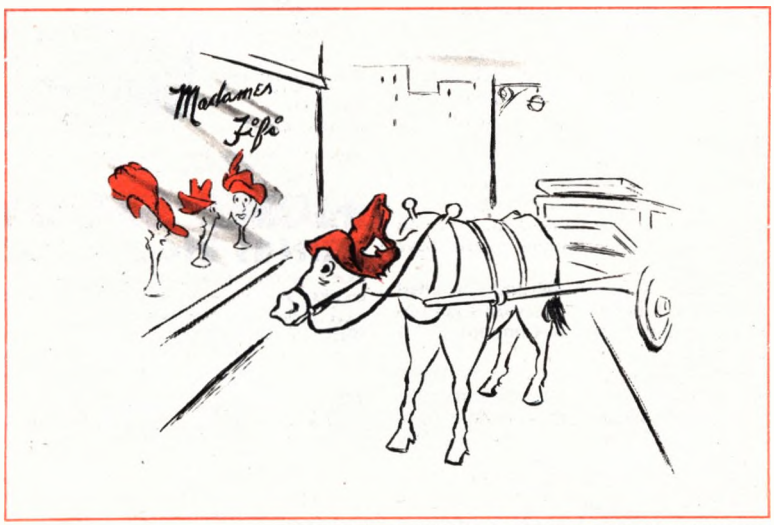
Before the speaking started, the crowd milled around an exhibit of paintings and photographs. I was looking at a picture of a family of emaciated sharecroppers living in a chicken house, when a man of about 40 came up and stood beside me. He was not as smartly dressed as most of the people in the hall and could not have been much more than five feet tall.

"Ain't it terrible," he said, nodding at the picture, "to think what we let the rotten fascists get away with?"

"Those folks do look pretty undernourished," I said, trying to encourage him to talk.

"Sure, they're undernourished," he said vehemently. "They're exploited like you and me and all the rest of us."

"How are you exploited?" I asked him.



AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HENRY GRINDALL

The man said he was a barber and lived in a slum neighborhood. Every day, he told me, he rode on a crowded subway to a fancy suburb where he worked—a suburb where people lived who made twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred thousand dollars a year. But what did he get out of standing on his feet and shaving the "rich parasites" all day? So little, he complained indignantly, that he had to ride back to his miserable slum every night and live like a rat.

"Do you belong to the Communist Party?" I asked him.

"Sure, I do," he said. "Why do you think I'm here? I guess you're just a progressive."

WHEN the meeting started I invited him to sit next to me and, between the strident speeches for peace, I put more questions to him.

He said he had been reared in a religious family and had been very devout as a youth, but one Saturday night when he was 26 years old he got drunk and woke up in the morning with a hangover. He was so befuddled that he put on the wrong pair of pants and left his wallet at home when he set out for church.

"Without any money to put in the collection plate I was sure I wouldn't be welcome at church," he said, "so I didn't go in. I got to wondering about religion and a lot of other things. I got to thinking along progressive lines."

The story sounded pretty thin to me and I must have looked skeptical.

"Oh, that was just one thing," the barber said. "I got to know some progressives. I got to reading *The Daily Worker*."

"And you feel you're happier now," I asked, "since you've joined the Party?"

"I don't *feel*," he corrected me. "In the Party we don't accept emotionalism. We *think* and *know*."

A little later I popped my big question. "What is a Communist, anyway?" I asked. "I've been trying to find out."

The man had a prompt reply. "If you've ever read history," he said, "you'll remember how the early Christians were persecuted and fed to the lions for their progressive beliefs. Well, we Communists are the Christian martyrs of today."

"Have you ever been persecuted?" I asked.

The barber said yes, he had been. Not long before, he told me, "A big, red-faced Irish capitalist full of fascist hate" had seen him reading *The Daily Worker* on the subway and taken a punch at him. He had attempted to kick the capitalist in the groin, he said, but had got stuck in the subway door. There had been quite a commotion.

I was getting more and more interested in our conversation. I would have liked to continue it, but for some reason my companion suddenly became suspicious of me. Perhaps he thought I was a "police spy." Maybe some cagier comrade sitting near us gave him a signal to shut up. Whatever the reason, he suddenly excused himself to go to the men's room.

"I'll be right back," he said, but he

Medal of Honor

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

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

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

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

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

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never reappeared, and after the meeting I searched for him in vain.

That little barber, I thought, is no doubt typical of thousands of rank-and-file Communists in America. At least, he bore many of the identification marks. Inept, frustrated, spiteful, and envious, they seek ignorantly to destroy their environment instead of trying to improve it. Would-be martyrs, they fall easy prey to the professional organizers, rabble rousers, spies, and revolutionists who form the higher echelons of the Communist Party. At the same time they arouse the sympathies of utopian idealists and the interest of so-called "intellectuals" who are drawn into the Party line.

That a large percentage of the top Reds are highly efficient professional revolutionists has been proved by what they have accomplished recently. They have, at various times, captured great labor movements and fomented large strikes. They have placed some of their members in high government positions. They have penetrated every big university with their ideology. They have rewritten textbooks used in public schools. They have turned out hundreds of seditious movies, plays, books, and radio programs to further Communism. In the field of espionage, they have stolen virtually every important military secret we possessed and turned it over to Russia.

Because of their formidable record and the present state of world affairs it is more important than ever before to be able to spot a Communist. But that does not mean we have to become hysterical about it. Witch-hunting and vigilante methods do more to weaken internal security than strengthen it. It is criminally unfair to besmirch anybody's reputation by calling him a Red simply because you disagree with his ideas.

For these reasons J. Edgar Hoover advises anyone who thinks he has spotted a Communist to report the matter to the FBI, but *not to anyone else*. The first page of every telephone book in the country lists the nearest office of the FBI, and the G-Men always welcome *facts* concerning subversive activities, espionage, and sabotage. They are not interested, however, in malicious gossip or idle rumors.

Once you have reported your information to the FBI, Hoover told me, you should not attempt to make a private investigation. This can best be done by trained investigators who have access to data not available to the ordinary person. And in many instances the G-Men find it more important to identify a Communist's contacts, sources of information, and methods of communication, than to make an immediate arrest.

To combat the Red menace, in other words, we don't have to become a nation of snooping private eyes. But we must be eternally alert. The Communist conspirators cannot survive the light of day. Our best defense against them is to recognize them for what they are and expose their activities to the proper authorities. If we do that, the nation's best experts agree, there is little chance of the Red traitors ever taking over our country.

THE END ★★

Men!

(*Continued from page* 33)

father's in the Senate. Her father's a colonel in the Army. What's the Army?" I heard the boarders talking in the lounge after dinner. So typically Washington!

She was not a boarder. Her father had rented a house not far away and she ate only luncheon with us. I had her at my table one day that first month. Jabbering French floated across the board—boys, football, dances, dates. More than once I tried to draw her into the stream, because I knew no one else would.

"Don't bother," she said. "It's fun to listen."

They may have thought they were ignoring her, but she was learning, and as the weeks went on, she made a friend, Miff Powell, a tall, thin, sixteen-year-old, with an allergy which gave her a continuous sniffle. Miff had been with us since she was ten, one of the Old Girls. Not brilliant, or even noticeable, but now Binkie's friend.

One afternoon when I was scanning the paper for the next day's current event, they knocked on my sitting-room door.

"Miff and I," Binkie announced, "have finished the regular textbook. We want to know what's next?"

It was only November, but *they* had finished the textbook. "Finished?"

Miff nodded. "We've outlined it."

"There are shelves of books in the library," I said. "Read anything you like."

"That would be stupid." Binkie spoke pleasantly. "For instance, what are you reading now?"

I hoped their eyes wouldn't wander to my desk, where the latest lush romance lay open. "The *Times*," I said boldly.

"Look," Binkie said; "why don't you plan to have dinner with us? With Miff and my father and me? What about tomorrow?"

Dinner with a stuffy Army man and his daughter on Friday night, the blissful night when I was off duty, when almost anything could happen, but never did?

"We'd lay out a course of reading," Binkie urged. "We could go all out for Napoleon, Miff and I, or someone like that."

Lay out a course of reading on Napoleon! Pupils who *wanted* to! Never let it be said . . . "Well, all right."

I saw the look which passed between the two of them, almost smugness. Binkie said, "And if it's possible, will you pick things, not battle routines and military stuff, but human things?"

No battle routines, but romance. That's what I found in the library. I started reading one of them that night and had finished it before Binkie appeared at five-thirty the next afternoon, followed by the faithful Miff. They took one look at me and shook their heads.

"It won't do," Binkie said.

"What won't?" I asked.

"The dress."

I had on my tailored blue wool.

"You see," Binkie explained, "Father doesn't like schoolteachers."

"What kind of a disguise, exactly, were you planning?"

Binkie went to my wardrobe closet. "Would it be awfully cheeky if Miff and I took a look at what you have in the way of something that rustles?"

They were so earnest, so sober. "Do we need to bother?" I asked, stifling an irresistible desire to laugh. "We're not interested in impressing anyone."

"You'll want to impress Colonel Drew," Miff assured me.

Binkie stood staring at me. "At least, pearls . . ."

I went to the bureau and got them; I clasped them around my neck. "Better?"

Binkie smiled doubtfully. "You see, I told Father you looked like Jennifer Jones, except that you're blond. I had to."

I put on my muskrat coat and gathered the books from the desk. "Well, on with Jennifer."

It was around the corner and down a block, and in that short space I had the life history of Colonel Drew. For the last eight or nine years since Binkie's mother had died, he had been hounded by women.

"He's wonderful," Miff sighed.

"I thought we were going to talk about history," I reminded them.

"We will," Binkie promised, "but if Father seems difficult, we want you to understand."

He sounded like a cross between a monster and a demon, but he was neither. He was a lion, a big, tawny, silky giant, with red-gold hair, yellow-brown eyes, and a charming smile. Perhaps there were claws, but they didn't show.

"You do look a little like Jennifer Jones," he said as he took my hand.

"Didn't I tell you, Father?" Binkie breathed down his neck with excitement.

"But you're probably set in your ways, like all schoolteachers."

"Probably." A soft answer turneth away trouble, I told myself.

"And opinionated."

"Father," Binkie said, "mind your manners!"

A conceited, set, opinionated male! And the dinner was a man's meal—a yard of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding. Virile food topped off by apple pie and cheese and coffee.

"Miss Halliday," Miff said, "grew up on a ranch in Montana. She is keen on a horse. Takes jumps and hurdles."

"She rides like mad," Binkie added.

"Just a female Hopalong Cassidy," I agreed.

THERE was nothing about my native state he didn't know—the mines, the dams, the farms, the ranches. And what, he asked, had taken me from such a paradise and turned me into a teacher?

"My sister and I left the ranch to come East to school," I told him, "and we never went back."

"But why to teach?"

"A girl must live."

"If I were running a school, I'd hire only married women."

"Father has very prejudiced views," Binkie interjected.

He said, "Logical views."

"Male views," I added through sheer bravado.

Miff frowned, and Binkie changed the subject.

He left us after dinner. Binkie installed me on the sofa before the fire and we talked about school and life in general, and finally got around to Napoleon.

"Why Napoleon?" I asked.

"He had Josephine," Binkie admitted.

Miff said, "A brilliant, worldly creature."

"But still, why Napoleon?" I insisted.

"It's Father, of course," Binkie sighed. "How can I go about living my own life as long as I have him on my mind? He's a prey to the helpless, the fluttering. For instance, he rented this house from a widow. Her name is Mrs. Carver. She calls him 'dear boy' and he eats it up."

"Ugh and bah!" Miff swore softly. "She's always appearing here. She says she's going to do over the kitchen, or get new draperies for the study, or something lame like that. I can be up in my room, and suddenly a wave of the most nauseating perfume comes drifting in, and I know she's downstairs with Father and I have to go and rescue him. She has scads of money and a pill of a son. I'd rather shoot him than have him for a brother."

"For years your father has stayed immune," I offered.

"But now," Binkie warned, "he's practically forty and he sees the hair receding and the waistline expanding and—"

"And while he's still all in one piece," Miff finished, "he's going to get himself a woman."

Binkie smiled. "So we're going to study Josephine and Napoleon. Then Cleo and Mark Antony and Caesar."

"It will give you something constructive to do, but it won't solve the father problem," I said. "Believe me."

"We can't do it without you."

"Me?"

They looked at each other. "Of course."

And with those words, the dear little idiots gave themselves away. As plainly as if they had said it, they told me that this great interest in history was merely a ruse, a pretext to get me to the house, not once but often, to throw the Colonel and me together—to offer an intelligent woman (as they thought) for his downfall. And the more they talked, the more they convinced me it was a ruse, one which anyone could see through, including the Colonel, who had been avoiding women for years and who would have no difficulty in avoiding me, no matter how much I profited from lessons in the technique of a Josephine or a Cleopatra.

"And where will you find this Cleopatra?" I asked innocently.

"We have someone in mind." They looked at each other knowingly.

I was still throwing out bait and they were swallowing it when the Colonel returned at ten-thirty.

"Come along, Miss Halliday," he said. "I'll walk you home."

It was the Army voice, and five minutes later we were on our way. "Don't think," he remarked almost immediately, "that Bernice invited you tonight out of whimsy."

The direct approach! "No?"

"She invited you for one object: Matrimony." He was laughing. "You have been chosen. You're IT."

"Me?" I could laugh, too.

"You." His heels made a sharp ring on the pavement. "Bernice is not very subtle. I've been hearing about you for weeks. You were born in Montana. You ride, you're funny, you're intelligent. You're young. Go ahead. Tell me some more. Impress me."

I walked on, my hands stuffed in the pockets of the muskrat coat. There I was, two blocks from safety. Say something! "Well, I still have all my teeth. I can touch the floor with my finger tips and not cheat at the knees. I read without glasses and—"

"Look!" He stopped. "Would you have a drink somewhere with me?"

"Why?"

"Does there have to be a reason?"

CERTAINLY there had to be a reason. I had talked myself within seeing distance of Miss Dexter's haven. I had no intention of being cut off by interference so near the goal. "I couldn't compete with Josephine," I told him, walking faster.

"What are you talking about?"

"Binkie and Miff. They're going to find a brain for you. But fluttering and helpless for romance."

He snorted. "I'm not talking about romance!"

My turn to be surprised. "No?"

"I'm talking about a precocious sixteen-year-old. She needs a woman, and as long as she's picked you, why don't you take her under your wing?"

"She's not the kind you take under your wing. What could I do for her?"

"I'd sooner cut off my right hand than hurt her." That was the nearest he could come to saying he loved her. "But she needs to become absorbed in people her own age and stop worrying about me."

"As long as she's the only woman in your life, she'll worry about you."

"Or as long as I'm the only man in her

life. That's what I'm talking about."

At last we had come to the stone pillars. I held out my hand. "She'll come out all right. She's intelligent."

"Book learning. That's the trouble. You know what she lacks." He stared down at my hand for a moment, took it, and then looked at me. "Or do you?" he asked.

And before he'd leave, I had to promise that I'd try to find out. Perhaps I could do for Binkie what it was too late for anyone to do for me. . . .

ON MONDAY I sent for Binkie to come to my office. After wrestling mentally for two days, I had a plan which I thought might absorb her in people her own age. That's what the Colonel had asked for. But I knew it couldn't be too simple; if there were no challenge in it, there would be no interest, either.

She came, bringing the books with her. "Miff and I loved them," she said. "Josephine had it all over Mrs. Carver." She sat beside the desk. "Tell me, did you like Father?"

"Very pleasant, but that isn't why I sent for you. It's Miff. You're the first girl who's ever seen possibilities in her."

"Miff? Why, she's terrific."

"The perfect wallflower."

Binkie shrugged. "Miff doesn't care. We wouldn't lift an eyebrow for anyone we've seen to date."

"But lifting an eyebrow *is* important. Especially to Miff. I've seen the longing in her face when she's been watching the girls in the lounge after dinner, the girls who get the telephone calls, the confident ones. She wouldn't confess it; she'd die rather than have you know it, but take that dreadful sniff, for instance. It's only lack of poise and nervousness. You could do wonderful things for Miff . . ."

Binkie leaned her elbow on my desk and rested her chin on her fist. "I wouldn't know where to begin. I've never cared."

"You could learn. You're smart, and Miff adores you, too. You're really her only friend."

Binkie's eyes stared into space. "I don't know. I have Father . . ."

"He'd be willing to help with Miff." I laughed. "He has the whole Army for the two of you to practice on."

"Do you know what? He thinks you're a panic. You've broken his superstition about schoolteachers. He says he's going to use you as an escape mechanism."

"Not very flattering, is it?"

"Why, Miff and I were pleased that he even mentioned you afterward."

Not very subtle! "Miff and you," I reminded her. "That's what we're talking about."

"I'll make a bargain with you." She leaned across my desk. "I'll take Miff off your hands if you'll take Father off mine."

I'd forgotten that agile brain and that a game is something two can play at. "How?"

"If he asks you out to dinner, will you go?"

"He won't," I assured her, "but if he does, is it Mrs. Carver I'm to outwit?"

"Mrs. Carver and her ilk." And then she left me, with a bit of parting advice: "Father loves taffeta. It could be black and tailored if you insist." . . .

Agile brain and all, I knew what I was doing. Or did I? On Wednesday night I had a telephone call from the Colonel. "I haven't had my mail opened or my motives questioned for three days. How did you do it?"

"Simple," I told him. "You are now *my* problem."

"Now, Daddy, when you meet my teacher don't act silly, the way you do at home"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY ALBERT SWAY

"How is that?"

"I haven't figured it out. Maybe you can. But it's a bargain between Binkie and me." I paused a moment, and then went on: "I suppose we could go to the library and read a book together."

"Or visit the Lincoln Memorial."

He took me to the movies that week. The next week it was dinner. "I always tell Binkie," he said, "when I see you. How's her project doing?"

I told him about Miff. "She's had the long, flaxen shoulder mane deleted and she's lost some of her diffidence. She sniffs almost not at all."

"I thought something had happened," he replied, manfully attacking his steak. "They had the Carver boy over on Sunday and went to work on him."

"Rather a mediocre specimen, I understand."

The Colonel lifted his eyebrows. "Mediocre? Not at all. He's *the* lad-about-town, quite a cross to his mother."

"Just the one, then, for them to practice their new technique on."

He glanced uncertainly at me. "I don't want Bernice to have what's known as 'a line,' understand."

"Of course not."

SO YOU see there was nothing romantic about our relationship. We were a teacher and a father, but you couldn't make anyone believe that. The telephone rang for me and I went places. I was beginning to know my way about. The other teachers asked for information in roundabout ways. Even the girls were impressed. There is nothing like a man around to create a flutter in a girls' school.

It was funny what happened to me. I bought the black taffeta; I used the perfume which teachers always collect Christmas. I was getting used to a hand beneath my elbow, an admiring look from headwaiters when I dined out. When I dined out— Doesn't that sound joyous? I even caught myself fluttering one evening. Me!

It was when I told the Colonel that fathers were invited to our Christmas formal, a week away. "What do you do with them?" he asked.

I raised my hands in a floating, utterly female way. "Dance with them."

"Are you inviting me?"

"That was the idea—"

"Well, now," he chuckled, "if you *were* Jennifer Jones."

"That's unfair."

Then he reached out and patted my hand. "Joke!" he said. . . .

And he came. Miff dashed in my room that night with excitement in her eyes. "Oh, Miss Halliday," she said, without a single sniff, "Colonel Drew is here!"

"He's a father, Miff. They're always invited." Then I saw the new Miff— angelic in blue tulle, with a coral velvet ribbon in her little girl's hairdo, the bracelet of baby orchids on her wrist.

"From Buzzy Carver," she said shyly. "I think Binkie would like to be taking him tonight, but"—eyes shielded—"I asked him first."

All of us playing a game, weren't we? But that night we were happy and the Colonel kissed me. Not in the con-

servatory behind the shrubbery. We have no conservatory at Miss Dexter's. About the third dance or so, he came looking for me.

"Do you dance?" he asked as he put his arm around me.

We did two or three measures, and then he looked down at me. "Why didn't you tell me you could dance?" he asked.

The lights went out and colored slides were put in a baby spotlight which searched the floor like a restless spirit. "This," I said, "they adore. It's Miss Dexter's Christmas present to them—the opportunity to kiss and be caught, but not punished."

It was then. His lips were firm and his arm exerted the extra pressure necessary to make what he did an embrace. It did strange things to me. He didn't know his own strength, so to speak; he didn't know he was kissing someone who had been waiting eleven years.

"A soldier," he said against my hair, "like a patriot, is taught to do his duty—when he sees it waiting to be done."

WELL, that was the kiss. Make what you like of it. I remembered it all the way on the train to Westbury the next day. "I can tell," my sister, Kathleen, told me. "You have that look. Darling, *you* are in love."

I played with my three nephews. Sometimes I didn't hear when people spoke to me. I kept thinking about the Colonel, even when I was in a crowded room talking to someone else. I tried to tell myself that he had a temper, that he was bossy, that he wasn't the ambassador I'd decided on long ago, and then I'd remember that kiss! And I'd think about having a child like Binkie for a daughter, and I didn't try to fool myself after that.

Before I knew it, almost, I was back. "He's missed you, Hally," Binkie told me. She sat in my room with all of the light gone out of her face.

"Looks to me," I said, "as if you'd laid an egg and hatched yourself a trouble while I've been away."

She nodded apathetically. "Miff's been to stay with me."

"And?"

Binkie flung a jodhpured leg across the arm of her chair. "I wish I'd never promised to change Miff. I'm going to forget boys. What do they want? Just to waste your time. Miff spends hours fixing her hair, writing notes, talking on the telephone. She's let her mind slide to the vanishing point."

"Buzzy?"

"Among others. She's turned out to be really terrific, I guess."

Was that the green of jealousy I detected in the blue eyes? "If Miff, why not you, too?"

She shook her head. "I don't care to become one of those trained chimps, going starry-eyed, melting like a gumdrop."

"You could melt a little. It might be fun."

"Are you melting, Hally?"

"Didn't you want me to?" I asked her.

Her hands hung listlessly as she gazed out of the window. "I suppose so . . ."

There was Binkie—on the outside, looking in. It was time I remembered my promise to the Colonel. All January, February, and March I tried. It was the Carver boy, and no doubt about it. The Drew house became practically a home to him. To Miff, and I guess to me, too. Sunday nights I'd don a frilly apron and whip up popovers or a cheese-something, and we'd eat at the table in the big, old-fashioned kitchen, the Colonel telling his jokes; Miff looking big-eyed and innocent at her male following; Binkie unconcerned; and Buzzy Carver always dreaming of something.

I'd fallen for Buzzy in the first five minutes I knew him. He was big and awkward and simple, a dreamer, and a brain in a very quiet way. He drew things on paper—carburetors, self-lifting bottle caps, propellers—his mind always working to discover a simpler way to do all ordinary things.

"A genius," I told the Colonel one night.

His gaze wandered to his daughter, to Miff, to the other young faces, and then back to me. "Fun, isn't it?" he asked.

More fun than I'd ever known! . . .

Then, abruptly, it was over. No call on Tuesday night, no dinner on Wednesday, a Friday night when I refused to play Canasta with the other teachers for fear the telephone would ring and I couldn't be found to answer it. The Colonel was ill, I decided; he'd been sent on a secret mission. But my pride wouldn't let me ask Binkie. It was ridiculous to feel so lost. Sunday would come, and the Colonel with it. But Sunday came and I ate supper in the school dining-room.

On Monday I read in the *Society Chatter* that Mrs. Carver had entertained the day before, and the Colonel's name was on the guest list. And why not? It had taken me a week to discover it, but finally I saw that the bargain was ended. Binkie was launched; boys were in and out of the house; and now the Colonel could go on his way unhampered.

ON FRIDAY Binkie stopped at the desk on her way out. "Ride with me this afternoon, Hally?"

It was a day to be happy, filled with the promise of spring, grass just beginning to be green, a smell of freshness, woods enclosing the practice field. We took the hurdles together. We let our animal spirits loose and forgot our troubles. And then, when we were riding back to the stables, she asked me to come home to dinner with her.

"You stay here," I suggested.

"Don't you want to come? Are you afraid of Father?"

Inside the stables I unbuckled a saddle strap. "Men," I said, "give me the willies." I had to say something.

"Hally"—Binkie laid a hand on my shoulder—"I've got the willies. You mustn't have them, too. I'm relying on you."

"On me! When I'm relying on you!"

She looked me fearlessly in the eye. "I've got something to tell you. All these months while I've been moping over Miff and forgetting Father because I

thought he was safe with you, he's been seeing Mrs. Carver."

I looked back as fearlessly. "We should have guessed he would."

"We're not going to let him get away with it, are we?"

"Who are we to stop him?"

She pounded me lightly on the shoulder. "Over my dead body! Tonight I'm going to rescue him, but you'll have to help me. We're having Mrs. Carver to dinner. And Buzzy and Miff and some of Father's young men from the Pentagon. And you."

"Not me, pet. I can't think of anything more uncomfortable than to come face to face with the famous Carver."

"Josephine would never have had Napoleon if she'd given up, Hally. He's a pushover for you—if you'll only try."

"So . . ." She gripped my arm and shook it. "You're letting me down!"

The nicest child I'd ever known—and she thought I was letting her down. I reached over and kissed the cool, firm young cheek. "I've looked everywhere for hope and saw only hopelessness. You don't know how I've needed you," I said. "Are you taking me in hand as you once took Miff?"

"Am I, indeed!" She held me off and looked appraisingly at me. "I've decided it's time to be brazen! Both of us." . . .

It was a little before seven when I arrived at the Drew mansion, and don't think I didn't have misgivings. Don't think I hadn't vibrated between going and not going a hundred times while I was tearing into town and buying a *bouffant* dinner dress with a plaid mantle worn daringly across one shoulder, while I was dashing home with it and putting it on, and even while I was riding in a taxi to the battleground. And then I entered the living-room, *bouffant*, with the mantle trailing, and saw the Colonel's startled look when he beheld me.

"Heavens, Hally," he said, getting up from the divan where he'd been sitting with Mrs. Carver. "I didn't know you were coming."

I know I tried to smile. "It's Binkie," I told him. "And you know, when she insists, who can say no?"

Binkie came swishing across the room to fortify me. "Hally! You look wonderful." She pinched my arm, and I winced while glancing out of the corner of my eye, to see with satisfaction that Mrs. Carver was conscious of my presence.

"I wonder if you've met Emmalene?" the Colonel was asking.

And there she was, standing beside him, her arm linked through his. Completely charming. A worthy antagonist, russet hair, shrewd eyes, and lacquered manners, capable to the finger tips. "Shall I introduce Hally to your young men?" she asked the Colonel. "They'll love her."

"Not yet," Binkie said. "First, you've got to help me with the place cards, Mrs. Carver. They're in an awful muddle."

Emmalene immediately assumed her role of adviser. "Of course, dear child. I should have offered." She dropped the Colonel's arm, giving it a little tap. "You talk to Hally for a minute, dear, and then I'll be back to take over."

"Doesn't she think I know how to take over?" I asked.

With his hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket, the Colonel was grinning down at me. "Very fetching," he said. "I better keep my eye on you this evening."

He should ask! I gazed at the young people standing around the piano at the far end of the room—Miff and Buzzy and some strangers, three men and a girl. "Miff always gathers her men," I said. "Maybe Binkie and I could learn from her."

He chuckled and patted my hand. "Fair enough. Shall I take you over and introduce you?"

I fell into step beside him. "Any particular one you'd recommend?"

"Any one of them. There's a dash about you tonight, Hally, that bodes no good for some man. How about Captain Merritt? He's the redhead with the crew cut."

There was a young major and his wife, Captain Merritt, and a lieutenant. But it was Captain Merritt for me. He might have twisted my heart a little if I hadn't already had it twisted securely in the Colonel's direction. In the half-hour before dinner we made surprising progress. I heard the story of his life, and it made fascinating listening. "You're an amazing creature," he said, walking toward the dining-room with me. "Why haven't you been in Washington before?"

MRS. CARVER was seated at the Colonel's right and I at his left. Protocol, I suppose. But when Captain Merritt discovered that he had been placed far down on the opposite side, he merely switched his place card to my side.

"What's the deal, anyway?" Merritt said. "You introduce me to Hally, and five minutes later you separate us."

"It's okay," Binkie declared. "Everyone always wants to sit next to Hally."

She was in there swinging for me, wasn't she? The Captain stayed, and the soup came on.

"Would you like to hear some wonderful news?" Emmalene Carver smiled brightly toward the end of the table where Binkie and Buzzy were sitting next to each other. "It's about Buzzy. He's sold one of his perfectly ridiculous inventions—a clothesline-winder thing."

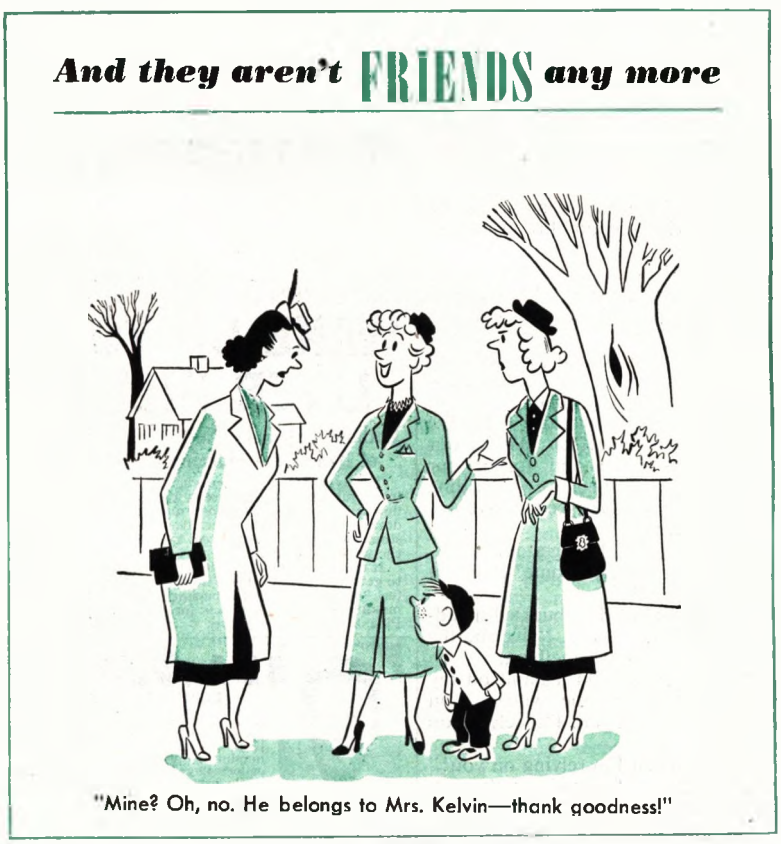
"Why, I know," Binkie said. "The brake for the rotary clothes drier so it won't swing in the wind when you're hanging out the wash."

Buzzy looked at her with amazement. "How did you remember?"

"Don't be silly. I remember all of them." With her finger she drew lines on the damask cloth. "It looks like this."

"That's marvelous, Buzz," Miff said from across the table, but he didn't hear her. He was too busy watching Binkie.

So he was the pill of a son, was he? The one she'd rather shoot? Well, I'd been wrong once, too, when I'd thought Army men were stuffy. And now I had one, but not my choice, going romantic about me in no silent way. It was gratifying, but, once started, I hoped I'd know



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when to stop. All through dinner he gave me no opportunity to say even two words to the Colonel.

By dessert, Merritt and I had arrived intermittently at his twenty-fifth year and the Battle of the Bulge. "Look here," he said, "what do you suppose we'll do after dinner? I won't get a chance alone with you again."

I sighed. "Life!"

"I've got my car with me. We could drive to Rock Creek and watch the moon and talk. The Colonel won't mind. I could show you a little of the city. How would you like that?"

"Medium rare," I said. . . . Go driving around a town which I knew like the inside of my hand and leave the home field to Emmalene?

"Be serious for a minute. I mean it," he urged.

The fingerbowls were on and I could see a coffee tray waiting in the living-room. Binkie and Buzzy got up, their arms around each other. "Come on," they said. "You're all through. We're going to turn up the music."

Merritt laid his napkin down. "What did I tell you? At least, you'll dance with me. And I want to hear all about Hollywood."

"Hollywood?" A mistake had been made somewhere.

"Don't look so innocent." He turned me around until I faced him. "Binkie told me. I know you're understudying for Jennifer Jones."

And for the better part of an hour, I had thought it was my intrinsic worth which had captivated him. Jennifer Jones and Hollywood and Binkie!

"Coming, Hally?" The Colonel stood in the doorway with Emmalene.

Merritt took my arm. "Coming, sir," he said.

Emmalene sat on the divan behind the urn and sipped coffee with the Colonel while the rest of us danced.

"I'm trying to get Hally to tell me about the movies," Merritt called.

"Dance with me and I'll tell you," Binkie said.

Miff and her lieutenant moved dreamily to the music, supremely happy and completely oblivious. Miff had learned, hadn't she? Perhaps I could. "I've hardly said two words to the Colonel all evening," I told my partner. "It might be a good idea while you're dancing with Binkie."

THE major and his wife had joined Emmalene when I made my way to the divan and squeezed in beside the Colonel.

"Well," he grumbled, "it's about time. In a minute I was going to send out the militia to look for you."

"The militia is here and wants to take me to Rock Creek to see the moon."

"Hally"—Emmalene leaned across the Colonel and spoke to me—"you don't mind if I call you Hally, do you? Have you noticed Binkie tonight? She is being perfectly precious to Buzzy. And he's thought for months she didn't like him."

"She adores him," I assured her. "Brain to brain, I suppose."

Emmalene looked teasingly at the Colonel. "I've always heard that there are two kinds of men—the ones born to protect us and the ones born to understand. Binkie might choose the brain, but I think I prefer the protecting kind."

Then she turned back to the major and his wife, and for a few minutes the conversation was general until she suggested a bridge game for the four of them.

"What about Hally?" the Colonel asked.

"I'll go and tear another page from Miff's book," I said, getting up.

THE Colonel reached out and held onto my hand for a moment as if there were something he wanted to say to keep me with him. But either he couldn't think of the words or else he changed his mind, because he dropped my hand and went looking for the card table.

"Laughing friends deride," they were singing around the piano. I felt like a woman without a country until Merritt saw me and led me through the French door onto the open porch.

"Tell me how you got started," he said. "Tell me, what was the first thing that happened to you when you got to Hollywood?"

Tell me a story! "I came in on the night train from Butte, Montana," I started. "The stars were all out—no pun intended—"

The music and the drumming stopped. Four young people came pounding out onto the porch.

"Look," the Captain said; "what about that ride? You go get your wrap and I'll bring the car around."

"We'll all go," Miff agreed. "You can chaperon us, Hally."

"What about the Colonel?" the lieutenant asked.

"I'll take care of him," Binkie said.

"I'm taking Hally and no one else," Merritt said quietly.

And why not? It was novel to be wanted, even if he was mixing me up with Jennifer Jones. I left them on the porch and went upstairs to get my coat. We'd go for a drive, and when we returned the bridge game would be over and maybe I'd have a new slant on the situation. I put on fresh lipstick, threw the coat across my shoulders, and descended.

When I got to the foot of the stairs the Colonel was waiting there for me. It was dim in the hall and I couldn't see his face clearly, but I knew by the tone of his voice that he was disturbed.

"You're not leaving, are you?"

"I'm going for a drive," I said lightly.

"Merritt's a nice boy, but I suppose you know he's been around—"

"There are two kinds of men," I reminded him. "The ones who protect and the ones who—"

"You may be old enough to know better—"

"Do you mean I'm being rude?"

"I'm not talking about rudeness. I simply would prefer that you'd stay here."

While he played bridge with Emmalene? "I'll be back," I said. "I'm going to tell Merritt about Jennifer Jones." I started past him.

Before I knew what had happened he had grabbed me by the shoulders, stopping my progress. The selfish, opin-

ionated, dominating male! He had forgotten me for two weeks and now, like a dog in the manger, when someone else— I tried to move and discovered I couldn't. I lowered my head and butted in with all my strength. He pinned my arms against his side and I could feel his laughter.

"Your fighting won't do you any good," he said. "I don't want you to go with Merritt. You've mussed your hair. I don't want you to tell him about Jennifer Jones. I want you to tell me."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" I asked him, trying to pull my hands away. "Let me go. How can I fix my hair if you won't let me?"

"I'll let you when I've finished what I have to say. And that is—I'm jealous."

And I'd thought it was too late for a miracle. Here was the man I loved, saying the words I'd never thought he'd say and I didn't know how to answer him. All the clever speeches, all the banter and sallies which had been my stock in trade for years suddenly left me. I stood bereft and unarmed.

"Didn't you hear me?" he asked, releasing my hands at last.

"I heard . . ."

He pushed the hair back from my forehead and took my face in his two hands. "This is a big moment, Hally," he told me. "You don't have to play it for laughs." And he kissed me for the second time in his life.

When I'd recovered my breath I looked at him in the dimness, and from what I saw in his face I knew it was a big moment for both of us—one which would never be played for laughs.

And that's what I meant when I said Binkie happened to me last fall. Binkie and the Colonel. He is very opinionated and obstinate and I'm not enough of a Josephine to change him, but he is both the understanding and the protective kind, and no girl could ask for more. Could she?

THE END ★★

Motto for Maggie

(*Continued from page* 39)

a temperamental prima donna, Maggie?"

Maggie flushed. She knew her studio nickname was Old Faithful, the girl who caused no trouble. She knew she made $184.50 a week, not for her genius, but because she could be counted on to walk stars' dogs, fire their butlers, take their children to the dentist, and provide a shoulder for ex-spouses to weep on. She also knew that any psychologist could have a field day with her. Because, at heart, she suffered from a pathetic desire to please, which was eating away her personality bit by bit.

"I'm sorry, Phil. I can't leave. My brother and his wife are on a trip to South America. I'm staying at their house, minding the baby and the poodle and the French cook."

"Listen, old girl; when are you going to stop letting your brother impose on you?"

Maggie's flush deepened. It was true that, if she had been giving a psychologist a field day, she would have had to count Sandy in. He had been born when she was three. First, she had tried to kill him. Quickly, she won back public approval by being a devoted little sister. The myth went on all her life that there was nothing she would not do for Sandy. As a matter of fact, there was practically nothing she had not done, at one time or another.

"It's not imposing, really. I love Buster, and the poodle is sweet. Besides, Loulette does the work. I just supervise."

Phil took a drag of weak tea. "Maggie, I thought you were a career girl. Not a frustrated old maid peeking in other women's baby carriages."

Maggie jumped to her feet and went to the window. Outside, beautiful women streamed by. Some of them were secretaries. Some of them were starlets. Some of them were script girls. A few, a very few, were stars. But they were all gorgeous, cut out of the gorgeous Hollywood cookie cutter. Maggie, in protest, had kept her dark eyebrows unplucked, her dark hair uncrimped, her lips the shape nature intended them. So she was not gorgeous. She was pleasant-looking, which in Hollywood made her eccentric. "What makes you think I have to be an old maid?" she asked the sunshine bitterly.

Phil pushed his tea away. "Listen, baby; it's this weather. It makes you feel life has passed you by. We'll both feel okay up in San Francisco where people are people instead of actors."

Maggie turned around. "It just happens I'm going to get married. Soon."

"Maggie. Quit kidding."

Maggie sat down. To her surprise, her knees were weak and her mouth was pushing down in a childish way which warned her she was near tears. "I'm not kidding. I never was more serious in my life. I'm sick of being twenty-six, with a convertible and a cute little apartment with a patio where I entertain other girls who don't have men. I want a husband. And I have one lined up, too."

"Who?" Phil's voice was tolerant, teasing. Maggie could have slapped his face.

"He's a man I've known all my life. His name is Morton, Neil Morton. He lived across the street from us in Texas. He was the kind blue jeans and cowboy shirts are made for, and all the girls were crazy for him. I never thought he'd look at me. But when he was on leave from the Air Corps, he proposed. I nearly died with excitement. That was seven years ago."

"Kind of a long engagement."

Maggie turned her face away. "It was my fault. I—was too eager. I threw myself at him. So he married a nurse in the Pacific. But that's all over now. So he came to California to find me, and he wants to try it again."

Her voice trailed off, remembering. It was almost seven years ago that she had come to Apex looking for a job. Phil had just been demobilized when she had arrived, fleeing from Texas with her wounded pride. There was no reason for him to hire her. But there was a manpower shortage on and, in some queer way, he seemed to want to help her. And she had justified his faith. Now she was Old Faithful, his rock. She apologized to producers after he insulted them. She re-hired the help he fired in unreasonable anger. And she regularly went through his pockets, unearthing the memos and letters he had buried in them, for reasons with which some psychologist would probably also have a field day.

But that was all behind her. Now Phil was just a boss who was interfering with the sudden windfall of a love-life. She faced him resolutely, her smile firm.

And he said, unexpectedly, "Do you love him?"

That was the last thing in the world you could expect from Phil, who was over thirty and a militant bachelor. It was also beside the point.

"Don't be a sap again," Sandy had warned her. "Be smart. Getting married is like any other competition. You were too easy the first time. Play hard to get."

Lucille, Sandy's wife, had echoed: "He's not getting any younger, either. Notice the way he brushes his hair to cover the bald spot. He wants a home and a wife to take care of him. Have him over while we're away."

And last night, with Buster and Loulette in bed, and the poodle Belle drowsing in front of the fire, Neil had broken down: "Maggie, forgive me. I was a fool years ago. Let me make it up to you, take care of you. Marry me, darling, please!"

Her stomach had turned over. She had wanted to tell him how lonely she had been, how desperate, how only a demanding job saved her life. She wanted to admit how tired she was of driving home from parties alone, of being the extra woman when Sandy and Lucille entertained. But she remembered her brother's advice. She allowed herself to be kissed. She even lay on the sofa for an instant, in the luxury of his arms. Then she sent him away, without an answer. And all night she had tossed in Lucille's guestroom, wondering if she had been right.

"I want to get married," she said. "Besides, what do you know about love?"

But, abruptly, the game was over. Phil picked up a script. "All right. It's up to you. Quit or do your job. It doesn't matter to me."

Maggie wanted to hit him—and quit. But she caught herself in time. She couldn't afford that luxury until she was really engaged and had somebody to take care of her. "I'll go."

Now Phil changed again. He smiled up from the script. "All right, honey. Tell your beau congratulations from an old broken-down admirer. And get your work cleared up so we can enjoy our trip with free hearts."

Maggie escaped to her office, closed the door, and considered the piles of mail her secretary had sorted out for her. Then, on impulse, she snatched the telephone and called Neil. He was staying with a friend in Beverly Hills, while he looked for a job in California.

He sounded sleepy, but not too sleepy to ask, "When are you going to marry me, darling?"

Maggie counted five, while a warm glow kindled in her. "I'll think about it in San Francisco. I have to go up there on the train tonight."

"Train? You can fly up in a couple of hours tomorrow. And tonight we could—"

"Sorry. It's my boss. He's going with me, and he hates flying."

"The daring type. Okay. Then you have to have lunch with me today. Beverly Hills Brown Derby at one."

For an instant Maggie wanted to tell him that the Beverly Hills Brown Derby was miles from the studio, and the trip alone would take a two-hour chunk out of her day. Neil had not yet any idea of distances in California or he wouldn't have suggested it. But you couldn't tell a man who wanted to take care of you the rest of your life that one of his first ideas is wrong.

"One o'clock," she agreed. "I'll be there."

And she was there; deflatingly, a few minutes ahead of Neil. But when he came, it was all right. He asked her again to marry him, right away. When she put him off, talking fast about San Francisco, he asked, "Who is going to stay at Sandy's while you're gone?"

She shrugged. "Nobody. But Loulette is responsible. She loves the baby, and the dog, too."

He put his hand over hers. "Darling, I've got loads of time on my hands. And I told you I want to take care of you. I'll start today. I'm going to move in at Sandy's and take over while you're gone. I don't want you to worry."

He looked down at her. Maggie found, for the second time in one day, she was near tears. She wanted to weaken, to say she would marry him right away, to admit what she had suffered. But she remembered that women who said yes too quick were bores.

So she pushed back the tears and was not a bore. And she did not cut her lunch short, although she was painfully aware that there were endless things which demanded her decision before she left the office.

At three, however, when she called the office to say she would be late, she was roused to fresh fury. Phil Weston announced he had been tearing up the studio sidewalks hunting for her.

She said, with set lips, "Phil, I have to have some private life. I'm in Beverly Hills now, and I still have to pack."

"What are you doing in Beverly Hills?"

"Having lunch with my beau. I'll see you on the train."

"On the train? Listen, old girl; I'll pick you up. We'll take the train at Glendale and eat on the way. More relaxing."

"More relaxing for me to eat at home. Neil will drive me to Glendale."

"Who, for Pete's sake, is Neil?"

"My fiancé," she said, and hung up.

She spent the afternoon helping Neil pack and unpack; making lists of menus and telephone numbers for Loulette, who was nervous about her going away, even with Neil there; pampering Buster, who, with the wisdom of seven months, got the idea something was going to happen; and disciplining Belle, the poodle, whose idea of fun was to steal things out of Maggie's suitcase as fast as she packed them.

They were late starting for Glendale. It would have been smarter, Maggie knew, to let Neil drive her convertible. But time was so short she had to take the wheel. He sulked a little, delicately, but they made it with very little to spare. When they pulled up, an unmistakable light cashmere coat was pacing up and down with unmistakable fury.

"I knew you'd miss it," he shouted.

She didn't answer. Partly, she was tired. Partly, she was annoyed. Mostly, she wanted to have him there when Neil came up with her bag. Sometimes, on rare occasions, Sandy would take her to the train when she went away. Sometimes, on still rarer ones, Phil saw her off in a studio car. Mostly, however, she arrived alone and struggled with her bag herself.

But, before she could impress Phil properly or even introduce them, the train came in. Phil rushed her on, ahead of him. She had no opportunity to kiss Neil good-by, to tell him she would call him often. Even as she stood waving at him from the moving platform Phil spoiled it by saying, "Sort of an aging cowboy star type, like you said. I can see he might have been attractive seven years ago, though. Now, come on in the diner. With all your clowning around, you made me miss dinner."

Maggie followed him, furious. She refused dinner and ordered a brandy, knowing it would annoy him. Brandy did not agree with Phil, and he would not believe it did with anybody else.

"Change that to a crème de menthe," he told the waiter. "Frappéed."

"Brandy," Maggie insisted. "Neat."

Phil looked up. "All right, then. Two brandies." He waited. Maggie did not protest. She went on looking out the window, smoking her cigarette.

When the drinks came, she lifted hers, still smiling. "You're acting very silly."

He smiled back, showing his teeth. "So are you, old girl. I don't suppose it ever occurred to your romantic nature, but you're making fair dough, for a dame. A lot of guys might find you an appetizing meal ticket."

She put down her glass, trembling.

Phil finished his drink at a gulp and signaled the waiter for another. "Maggie, you don't think it was your fatal charm which brought him back after seven years? After one look at him, I know the answer. He's infatuated with your career. That's what he wants to marry —with the pay check thrown in, naturally."

She was able to laugh then. "Phil,

listen. I'm not going to keep on working. He wants to take care of me."

"Is he up to it?"

She took a sip of her brandy. Phil finished his and motioned for another.

She said, "Phil, don't be dumb. Neil is already taking care of me. He is poodle- and baby-sitting at Sandy's, so I can go up to San Francisco."

"Is he so broke he can't pay his own room and board? What line of work is he in?"

To her surprise, she wasn't sure. He had talked about several things, but she could not have been listening. "He's looking for a new connection," she said.

That was a mistake. For Phil was beaming. "My girl, I'm going to have a hang-over tomorrow. But you're going to have one the rest of your life. Mark my words."

Maggie got to her feet. "I told you I'm not your girl. And I don't have to mark your words any more. You can sneer at Neil all you like, but he has a lot more stuff than you have. He's been married once and he is willing to try it again. You're scared, old boy. And I don't mean young."

The train speeded up. She almost fell. Phil reached out a hand to steady her, but the smile was off his face and his eyes were slits. "Listen; you can't—"

"Who says I can't? You sit there nursing your nervous stomach thinking you're a big shot in the rat-race. But you're wrong. It's a mice-race and you're not big shot. Because you won't take any real responsibility. We all take care of you in the office. At the hotel, you have room service and the bachelor's laundry. You're scared, Phil Weston. You're too scared to amount to anything. You're scared of women, of babies, of living itself!"

She tore her arm away and ran down the car, recklessly dodging people and tables. Back in her room, she undressed with frantic haste and went to bed. . . .

She slept badly, and was awake listening to the train outside long before the porter called her. The mirror above the washstand reported grimly that at twenty-six you can't toss two nights in a row without showing it. She did what she could with something hopefully called rejuvenating lotion and went in the diner, looking straight ahead so she could ignore Phil. He wasn't there.

But when she returned to her room it was made up, and Phil was slumped in one corner, his face in his hands. He peered out between his fingers when she came in, and she got the impression of pink freckles on a field of green.

"Say it, Maggie. I made a fool of myself last night. I'd apologize if I knew where to start."

Maggie felt suddenly deflated. She sat down, watching the rain out of the window.

"At least, the sun isn't shining. That would have finished us."

"Us?" He lifted his head. "Maggie, you look fine. You're a youngster compared to me. And you're a smart girl. The only thing I'm up to at this moment is bed, and I'm not kidding."

"You can go to bed at the hotel."

He groaned. "And you're going to have to call up all those newspaper and publicity people I made dates with and say sorry, skip it, the boss has a hang-over. You see, I had the idea I was going to punish you by making us a tough schedule."

"And so what? I've kept tough schedules before. I'll do it alone."

"Maggie, don't rub it in. Be a good girl and relax. You don't need to be a martyr because your boss is a fool. And scared, too. You were right. Also selfish, because—"

Maggie straightened. "Phil, shut up. You're just feeling sorry for yourself. You relax. I'll get you in bed at the hotel and I'll handle the business. I've done it before and I'll probably do it again."

"Listen, honey; you're wonderful and I promise—"

She turned on him: "Shut up. I know I'm not wonderful or glamorous. If I were, Neil wouldn't have ditched me in the first place and married his nurse. But I'm steady. And I don't kid myself Neil will really take care of me, either. I'm going to go on being Old Faithful. But at least I'll have a husband to be faithful to, not a movie studio."

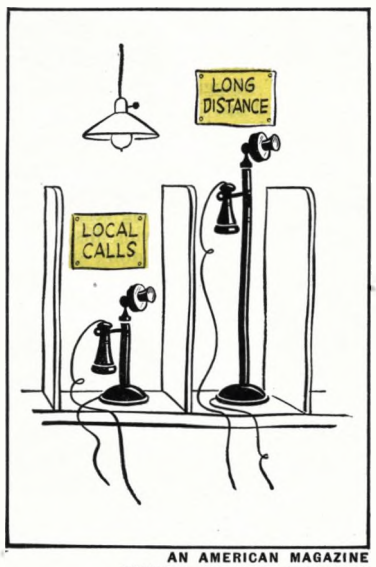
The train stopped. Phil stood up, looking greener than before.

Maggie took his arm. "Hang on. I'll handle everything. Poor old guy."

He let her. With the efficiency of long experience she was first to collect their bags; she crashed the cab line; and, at the hotel, she sent a bellboy up with Phil to get him to bed while she registered. Then, half an hour later, she tapped at his door.

"I'm leaving. If you need anything, call room service. Better stick to milk toast and comic books."

She tucked his schedule in her handbag and was halfway to the door when he called her. He was wearing yellow pajamas, which did nothing to improve his color.



AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY G. W. CRENSHAW

"Maggie, you know what happened to me. If I weren't a weakling I would try to do something to cut out this guy. Are you sure you want to marry him?"

Maggie paused. It was funny, you go for years without a proposal, without even a pass, hardly, and then suddenly you have two men struggling over you. But not really struggling. Just swarming in a mild way, and an inadvertent gesture would frighten them both away.

"Darling," she said. "Positive. But you're sweet to mention it. I'm counting on you to dance at the wedding." . . .

When Phil had said he had fixed up a tough schedule he had not been talking lightly. She found herself running late for every appointment. At four-thirty, knowing she was hours away from a cocktail date Phil had maliciously located in Palo Alto, she called up and canceled it and went back to the hotel.

Curiously enough, although the day had been tough, it had released tensions in her. She had been too busy to worry about herself, or Phil, or even Neil. But coming into the warmth and bustle of the hotel acted as a depressant. She got her key at the desk, found there were no messages, and then, on impulse, gave the elevator operator Phil's floor.

No one answered her knock. He might, she knew, be sleeping. But if he were he could waken and appreciate her. She knocked again. A massive blonde in a pink peignoir opened it and stared at Maggie in astonishment.

In no less astonishment, Maggie stared back. "Where's Mr. Weston?"

"Wrong number, dear. Better check the desk. I'm dressing for cocktails and I'm late or I'd—"

"But it isn't the wrong number! I checked Mr. Weston in here this morning myself. He was ill."

The blonde's astonishment sharpened to annoyance. "Well, he isn't under the bed. You can come in and look for yourself if you don't believe me. Only, I suggest that you let the desk find your boy-friend. As I've said, I'm busy."

She closed the door, firmly. Maggie wandered down the corridor, feeling confused, remembering a horror story she had read as a child when a couple vanished from a Paris hotel without trace. There had been something about yellow fever in that one. But this was a San Francisco hotel and the worst Phil had was a nervous stomach.

She went back to the desk. The young man behind it tried to help. "Mr. Weston checked out at—well, around eleven, I think. There was a message for you, because I loaned him a pen to write it. It wasn't in your box?"

Maggie said no, and they started a search. But it was no place else in the office, either. The young man was distressed. "He was taking a Los Angeles plane. Maybe he left the note in your room."

But he hadn't. She picked up the telephone and gave the studio's number. Phil's secretary had left for the day, and the night operator reported doubtfully: "I don't think we've heard from him, Maggie. The emergency number I have is the hotel in San Francisco. Are you

sure he didn't get mad and change rooms? You know how he is."

Maggie hung up, abruptly. Then, without conscious thought, she called the airport. There was a cancellation on the six o'clock plane, and she said she would take it.

It took both luck and efficiency, but she made it. And, after less than two hours in the air, she saw below her the lights of Hollywood and the airport. She left a redcap holding her bag, and ducked into a phone booth. The operator at Phil's hotel said he was in San Francisco.

Maggie emerged, feeling dazed. Her half inclination was to take the next plane back. Then she realized the redcap was staring at her.

"Taxi," he suggested firmly.

She agreed, and gave Sandy's number.

SANDY'S house wasn't in the movie-star category, but it wasn't on the wrong side of the tracks, either. It was white stone, set back from the street, with double rows of rose trees bordering the front walk. When the cab drew up, she noted with a surge of relief that there were lights downstairs. Buster and Loulette retired after supper; Belle couldn't have turned them on alone, so it must be Neil. Her sigh was almost a sob. It was good not to be alone.

She put her bag down on the step and rang the doorbell. From back in the house she heard Belle's bark, but no rush of poodle feet.

Then, comforting reality, she heard male footsteps. The door opened. Phil Weston stood there, with his hair on end and one of Loulette's aprons, printed in pink roses, tied around his middle.

He said, "Where have you been?"

She reached for her bag. To her surprise, he took it. Inside, she leaned against the door and looked up at him without affection. "To coin a phrase, where have you been?"

He looked hurt. "I left a message for you at the hotel. The least you could have done was call me, when I was down here taking care of your mess."

"Mess? Is something wrong, Phil? With Belle? She barked, but she didn't answer the door. Where is she?"

He led her to the kitchen. There, on one of Lucille's monogrammed blankets, lay Belle. Her hind legs were swathed in bandages. Her tail beat furiously when she saw Maggie and she tried to get up. Phil bent over and arranged her with unexpected competence.

"She got hit by a car. And I brought her home from the vet's. A sick dog belongs at home."

Maggie dropped to her knees and buried her head in the black ruff around Belle's neck. Belle's tongue discovered Maggie's ear, gratefully.

Maggie lifted her head. "But how? She's never allowed off the lead, and Loulette knows it."

Phil's face tightened. "Your beau did it. On Sunset Boulevard. It's lucky she's alive. And Buster, too."

"Buster?" Maggie jerked away from Belle.

"He's all right, upstairs asleep. But when Loulette called me, after she couldn't reach you, he was missing. You see, after the dog got hit, that fool you're going to marry left the baby and ran home to get Loulette. And when she got there, Buster was gone. We didn't know the police—"

"The police!"

"Darling, they found him. By the time I got down here, Buster was home in bed. . . . But I was plenty scared when Loulette called. The only thing I could think of to do was take a plane."

"I thought you were afraid to fly."

His eyes met hers. "I am."

"You could have sent somebody over from the studio to take charge."

"Not when it was your brother's baby and dog."

She got up to her feet, slowly. "I didn't get your note, Phil. Honest. If I had—"

He looked down at his feet. "That's all right. The only person who got socked was your beau. I did it, when I caught him crawling out without even asking how the dog and kid were. If you want him, I guess you can find him some place."

She went over to Phil. She put a hand in the right-hand pocket of his coat. She brought out a hotel envelope, sealed, with her name on it. "That's why I didn't get the note you sent me, Phil."

He grabbed it. "Maggie, I must be out of my mind. How on earth did it get in there?"

She smiled. "The way all the other things you don't want to deliver get stuffed in your pockets. Your secretaries and I take turns emptying them when you aren't looking."

"Maggie, honest, I—"

"Forget it. Everybody's safe, and I have you to thank. I even thank you for socking Neil, and saving me the trouble. I'm all right now. I'm over wanting to get married. I've had my lesson and I'm willing to go back to a career, taking care of other people's babies and emptying my boss's pockets of important papers he wants to avoid."

"MAGGIE." Phil's face was working. He crushed the note and buried it in his pocket again. "Maggie. Maybe I hid the note because I didn't want you to call up and fix things. Maybe I wanted to do it all alone. To prove I could take care of you."

"I've told you to forget it. Everything came out fine."

"But, it hasn't! I want you to marry me and I don't know how to ask you!"

Maggie looked at him. She told herself that women who said yes too quick were bores, that if you were a dame with any sense at all you played hard to get. So she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

And that is how Maggie stopped being a career woman and a field day for any psychologist and settled down to be a nice young, but not too young, married woman and mother.

THE END ★★

Truman Can't Lose!

(*Continued from page* 29)

the face of an implacable enemy. He believes the people understand now the policies behind that purpose: economic and military assistance to our Allies and the building of American strength as the central phalanx of a truly United Nations determined to bring sense and safety to the world. The Truman platform will be not merely the promise of peace but the clear demonstration of a way toward it.

The essence of his fight in 1952, as now, will be defense of his policies against those who by isolationism or going-it-alone, or a strange combination of both, would have America cut loose from its leadership in international cooperation.

His foreign policy is, however, by no means entirely foreign. To him the New Deal–Fair Deal is not merely domestic in its significance. The welfare of American farmers and workers, old people, children, the minorities, and the underprivileged is not only important at home; by example it is essential also in the contest for the minds and the hopes of the world.

Harry Truman will not find it strange if in the fight of '52 he faces a continuing alliance of the isolationists and go-it-aloners with those who would make Communism abroad an excuse for economic and social reaction in the United States. American aid and arms to other freedom-loving people and America's example to the rest of the world seem to him equal parts of a policy essential to the safety of the people of the United States. It is a policy, he believes, which appeals to their intelligence.

He will win on those issues. Already he has a tremendous head start, which his opponents, as usual, prefer to disregard. Every four years they energetically create the impression that the American people may do a political somersault. That undoubtedly makes both newspapers and polls exciting and salable. The records and the realities are less exciting but more informative.

National political somersaults are rare. The facts are that for many years this was a Republican country and for a long time now it has been a Democratic country. In five straight Presidential elections 23 states have given their electoral votes to the Democrats. Even the census seems to have gone Democratic, since next year population increases will give those 23 states more electoral votes —251 of the 266 votes necessary to elect.

On the other hand, the states which have been most consistently Republican will add up to only 43 votes.

Let's look at some of the things which opponents of Truman are counting on in their predictions of a national political somersault in 1952:

The South is still mad about civil rights. Labor walked right out of the defense mobilization setup. Taxpayers don't like high taxes. Farmers have been furious about beef rollbacks. There has been at least one mink coat, and Tom Pendergast is only six years dead. According to Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, even Gen. George C. Marshall is a stooge of anti-American conspirators. Some people don't like Margaret Truman's voice and others are shocked by the Truman letters. The Republicans gained in the 1950 Congressional elections. And Harry Truman is 67 years old. Here are some others:

1. "The country is tired of Truman."

This can be regularly filed under "Time for a Change." I think this feeling is recurrently true as it was under Roosevelt. Up to now, however, Truman has been lucky enough, as was Roosevelt, to reach the low points of recurring unpopularity many months before Presidential elections. Truman, for instance, could not possibly be any lower in popularity than he was a year before the 1948 election.

2. "The country showed it was tired of Truman when the Republicans made gains in the 1950 Congressional elections."

This undoubtedly encouraged his Republican opponents, notably "Mr. Republican" himself, Senator Taft, who was overwhelmingly re-elected when the Democrats and Labor tried to beat him.

One important item has been overlooked: While the Republicans made gains in the 1950 Congressional elections, they made a smaller gain in the House than they made in any mid-term Congressional elections since 1934, just before the Roosevelt sweep in 1936.

3. "The Congress which keeps its ear to the ground has been turning him down on practically everything he has asked, from civil rights to price controls."

Truman certainly has had his troubles with Congress, but there is nothing new about that. Roosevelt had so much trouble that he tried to "purge" some of his opponents in his own party. Also, using all his persuasiveness and powers of pressure, Roosevelt, three months before Pearl Harbor, was able to get selective service extended by a bare margin of one vote in the House. Actually, the Congress may now be giving Truman ammunition for an appeal to the people, though he may not be able to hit quite as hard at the present Democratically controlled Congress as he did in 1948 at the Republican "do nothing" 80th Congress.

4. "The farmers are furious."

Certainly they—or some of their leaders—have made some angry sounds about beef rollbacks and commodity price controls. This undoubtedly could be serious to Truman, who showed great and unexpected farm strength in 1948. It is worth remembering, however, that the beef rollback fight is practically a playback of the fight in 1946, when the same combination of the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the Cornbelt Livestock Feeders Association insisted that price controls of beef would cut beef production. They made it a campaign issue in 1946: "Ladies, if you want more beef, vote Republican." Many of them did. Two years later, however, even Iowa, where the Republican president of the Farm Bureau Federation lives, voted for Truman. Farmers who do not want their prices controlled at the top are still concerned about the system of supports from the bottom which the Democrats gave them.

5. "Labor is unhappy and might go Republican or just sit at home and on its hands."

There was, indeed, the united labor walkout from the wage-control board set up by Defense Production Director Charles E. Wilson and his "Big Business boys." Truman backed up Wilson. Incidents like that could make labor less friendly to Truman. But labor was also pretty angry before the 1948 election. After Truman's crackdown in the railroad strike of 1946, the head of the trainmen promised to spend his whole union treasury to beat Truman, who, he said, had signed his own political death warrant. At a CIO meeting in New York Truman was described as the "No. 1 strikebreaker of the American bankers and railroads." John L. Lewis opposed him with bitter Lewis rhetoric in the 1948 campaign.

When the chips are down, however, labor has found, and will find again, little reason for voting for the party in which the title "Mr. Republican" has been given to one of the authors of the bitterly resented Taft-Hartley Labor Act.

6. "The people are sick of Pendergastism in Washington."

Certainly the changes have been rung on this one, and wrung pretty dry. On the basis of one fool and a mink coat, an effort has been made to prove that the Democrats in Washington have reached a proficiency in corruption equaling that of the Republicans in the Teapot Dome case. There is always too much grabbing and seeking around government. There must be a constant vigilance to weed out the five-percenters and the bigger percenters in the influence racket. That is being done. The remarkable thing, in a government spending billions under the scrutiny of eager political investigators, is that no major scandal has been uncovered in government in 20 years.

Pendergastism is a dead issue. Though small and busy slanderers are still trying to smear Truman with it, the biggest and most powerful Republican paper in his home state, the *Kansas City Star*, has given him a clean bill of health on his connections with Tom Pendergast. Also, in 1948 the people of Missouri, who ought to know most about their own political machines, gave Truman a bigger majority than they gave Roosevelt in 1940 or 1944.

7. "The angry South just got started in revolt in 1948. In 1952 it will really pull out of any Truman party."

Actually, there seems less and less chance of a recurrence in 1952 of the Dixiecrat revolt. This does not mean that Truman has won the affection of the South. More Southerners next year may vote the Republican ticket, though not enough of them to threaten any state. But the Dixiecrats are done. This judgment is based upon the increasing probability that the contest in 1952 will shift in emphasis from the civil rights of some Americans to the national security of us all. And in foreign policy the South since the time of Woodrow Wilson has been devoted to the kind of program Truman defends now.

Furthermore, the Dixiecrat revolt in 1948 accomplished nothing for the South except to reduce its voting strength in the 1952 Democratic convention. Because 4 Southern states failed to vote the Democratic ticket in 1948, the 11 Southeastern states, under the regular apportionment rules, will lose 16 votes in the 1952 convention. The Southern revolt created no Southern heroes and did not pay off for Strom Thurmond, who ran for President for the Dixiecrats. He was beaten two years later in his own South Carolina when he ran for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator.

A RECENT Southern revolt meeting staged by Governor Talmadge of Georgia, with Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia as the speaker, lit no bonfires in Dixie. When Byrd lambasted the administration it was apparent that his speech was the same as he had been making since Roosevelt's second term. Also, in each Presidential year since 1940 Byrd himself has put up a small lightning rod as candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and it has attracted very little Southern lightning. His alliance with Talmadge will not add respectability to his reaction. The South does not like civil rights, but it is not ready for a combination of economic reaction and Bilboism to which Talmadge is the natural heir.

Undoubtedly the situation is complicated by the bad blood between Harry Truman and Gov. James F. Byrnes, former Secretary of State, since they separated in 1947. Byrnes has great prestige in South Carolina and in the South as a whole. However, he has declined to align himself with the Dixiecrats. It is very doubtful that at the age of 73 he would consider running for President on any third-party ticket. Yet if he does not run almost anyone else would seem definitely second-class and unable to hope for a significant following. Suggestions that Byrnes might be nominated as Vice-President by the Republicans to cement a new Southern–Republican coalition have been heard less frequently since Republican optimism bounced again as a result of the 1950 Congressional elections.

Byrnes has sometimes been sharply critical of some aspects of the administration's foreign policy since he ceased to direct it, but in other important particulars he has given it clear and strong support. Even most conservative Southern senators have been supporting the administration's foreign policy and often doing so with vigor and effectiveness.

Undoubtedly a Supreme Court decision ending segregation in the public schools in the South might swiftly alter the attitude of the South on everything. The present chances, however, are that

with a grimace the South which does not love Truman will put all its votes in the Democratic column next year.

8. "The left wingers who always voted for Roosevelt are dispersed or dissatisfied."

Certainly there is nothing new about that. Dewey beat Truman by only 60,959 votes in Dewey's own state because to Wallace went 509,559 votes which were largely drawn from the Democrats. Similar things occurred in Michigan and Maryland. Next year the Communists, who used Wallace to lead off the innocents, will prefer anybody to Stalin's chief antagonist, Harry Truman, but many thousands whom they duped may be expected to come home to the more liberal Democratic side of the contest.

9. "Truman just isn't a big enough guy to be President again, particularly at a time like this."

The effort still persists, of course, to make Truman seem still just the piano player and the busted haberdasher. That effort will continue. One thing already clear, however, is that he is not going to run against Superman but against a Republican politician nominated by Republican politicians.

THE truth is that Truman has always seemed an unlikely candidate. He never in his life entered a contest for a major office in which he seemed to have the proverbial Chinaman's chance. Although he has nearly always looked like the man who could not win, Truman's career has been that of a man who could not miss. Whether he will have tough going in 1952 depends, of course, not only on how he runs, but against whom he runs.

Truman's favorite opponent would be Senator Robert Taft of Ohio. He would enjoy a campaign against Taft personally and would be delighted politically if the Republicans in Chicago in 1952 would nominate the senator they have turned down twice before. Nobody could better serve to dramatize the differences which the Democrats want dramatized in the 1952 elections. No accident gave Senator Taft the sobriquet, "Mr. Republican." To his admirers he embodies all the virtues of their conservative hopes. Also, Democrats think he personifies all those characteristics which conjure up the images of Big Business, old- and new-style isolationism, and upper-crust conservatism which the masses of the people have learned to distrust. Nobody so well as Taft, they think, could hold the mass of Democrats enthusiastically behind Truman or any other Democrat.

Second in Truman preference probably would be Gen. Douglas MacArthur, whose fluorescent fading away after his dismissal as American military chief in the Far East undoubtedly did more than any other thing to make it certain that Truman would be a candidate again. Republicans, however, have been shying away from MacArthur since their initial enthusiasm for him on his triumphant return. He not only would make a colorful candidate, but one who would make the issue on foreign policy exactly as the administration wishes it to be made.

The big mystery candidate, of course, is the other soldier. So far the polls, if not the politicians, have indicated that more people this year have been for General Eisenhower for President than for anybody else, including Truman. Presidents are nominated by political parties, however, and nobody yet knows to which party, if either, Eisenhower belongs.

Some effective Republican politicians have declared themselves for Eisenhower, and it has been suggested that Truman himself has had Eisenhower under wraps as his own successor as Democratic nominee next year. Truman has made no statement suggesting that. Indeed, when Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, himself often suggested as Democratic candidate for President or Vice-President, proposed that both parties nominate Eisenhower for President and presumably forego any election, he got a sharp crack from Truman. When asked about the Douglas suggestion, the President seemed sarcastic. With Douglas for Vice-President, he suggested.

Apparently the proposal irritated the President. Truman has not missed the fact that some of those urging Eisenhower as the Democratic nominee are anti-Truman Democrats who believe they might end the New Deal–Fair Deal domination of the party with the admirable soldier whose views on most public questions nobody knows.

Eisenhower's position is complicated too: Not a Democrat so far as anybody knows, he is the personal symbol of Truman's European arms program which has been criticized and limited by the Republicans. Also, he is still a soldier at a time when the Truman administration has sternly met MacArthur with the issue of civilian control.

Eisenhower has Truman's admiration and respect, but I am confident he will not get his mantle. Truman himself is going to need that at the whistle-stops.

I doubt that either party will nominate Eisenhower. The last time the Republicans turned to an outsider and an amateur they got Wendell Willkie, and the Old Guard did not like that or him. If the Republicans believe they can win they want to win with a man about whose Republican ideas there can be no question.

If Eisenhower were nominated he would be a much better candidate in July than in November. In the guerrilla fighting of American politics he would have difficulty maintaining the dignified and spotless role of knight in shining armor. Also, while the MacArthur parade demonstrated considerable market for a savior in uniform, it also stirred deep and ancient prejudices against military direction of American affairs.

THERE is no shortage of other willing Republican opponents to Truman. Governor Dewey may seem to be in exactly the same position William Jennings Bryan was in 1904. His travels in the Far East, which Senator Taft caustically referred to as a "holiday," suggest that he means to be going somewhere. Harold Stassen could be persuaded to give up an academic career. Joe Martin and Joe McCarthy would both be willing.

Truman in a fight is not the kind of campaigner who needs to be afraid of anybody, but in my opinion probably the most dangerous man he could meet would be Gov. Earl Warren of California. If Warren has no national record to commend him in national affairs, neither does he wear any of the scars of national contention. He is a Republican who does not seem the stereotype of the Republicanism which has now been five times rejected.

Indeed, no Republican in the United States has shown such facility in picking up Democratic votes. Last year in his campaign for re-election as governor he beat the Roosevelt Crown Prince Jimmy by more than 1,000,000 votes. As second man on the Republican ticket in 1948 he could not quite pull California to Dewey, but as top man he might easily win his own state, which will have 7 more electoral votes in 1952 than it had in 1948, more than any states except Pennsylvania and New York.

Warren is not so well known in the East as some other Republican candidates, but he is not so well worn, either. He did his duty as Vice-Presidential candidate with Dewey in 1948, but somehow seemed untouched by the Dewey deflation. I do not believe Warren could beat Truman, though the similarity of the appeal of the two men might make a real race.

While Warren appears to be the toughest opponent in sight, the toughest issues on which Truman will make his fight include high taxes, high prices, criticism of the State Department, the war in Korea,

TWIST A WORD

Answers to puzzle on page 86

1.	(a) STALE	**7.**	(a) MATE
	(b) TALES		(b) TEAM
	(c) STEAL		(c) TAME
	(d) LEAST		(d) MEAT
2.	(a) REINS	**8.**	(a) CARES
	(b) SIREN		(b) RACES
	(c) RISEN		(c) SCARE
	(d) RESIN		(d) ACRES
3.	(a) RATS	**9.**	(a) SNIP
	(b) TARS		(b) PINS
	(c) ARTS		(c) SPIN
	(d) STAR		(d) NIPS
4.	(a) PADRES	**10.**	(a) ROPES
	(b) DRAPES		(b) PORES
	(c) SPARED		(c) PROSE
	(d) PARSED		(d) POSER
5.	(a) TEARS	**11.**	(a) PARES
	(b) STARE		(b) SPEAR
	(c) RATES		(c) SPARE
	(d) ASTER		(d) REAPS
6.	(a) ASP	**12.**	(a) SMILE
	(b) PAS		(b) LIMES
	(c) SPA		(c) SLIME
	(d) SAP		(d) MILES

General MacArthur, bureaucracy, and government spending.

The Democratic ticket will need strengthening. Undoubtedly Alben Barkley added much to its appeal in 1948. He has been a very popular Vice-President. Apparently his age and health may not permit his renomination in 1952. That would create a real hole to be filled. There will be no shortage of men to fill it. Justice William O. Douglas, who has often been a bridesmaid but never a bride, will be prominent again. He turned down the Vice-Presidency in 1948. The rejection of Truman's offer then may not make Truman so ready to offer it to him next year.

TRUMAN can name his running mate, and some of those most prominent in the public eye may seem less acceptable in his. Some of Truman's close associates felt that Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee before the 1950 election, showed a positive addiction for investigating Democratic neighborhoods and avoiding Republican ones.

Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois apparently did not particularly please Truman when he proposed that both major parties nominate Eisenhower.

Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, however well or badly he may have handled the RFC hearings from the point of view of the White House, irritated Truman when he suggested that Truman resign after the Republicans won the Congressional elections of 1946.

Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, who has done a fine job as chairman of the MacArthur investigation, would as Vice-Presidential nominee end any fears of a repetition of Southern Revolt, but Russell was the angry South's candidate for President against Truman in the 1948 convention and might be unwilling to take second place on a Truman ticket.

Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma would be available and effective on the stump. Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut has made a good impression as chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and has kept himself relatively free of the sectional contentions within the party.

A recent but very popular newcomer to party politics, Senator Blair Moody of Michigan, will be worth watching when the process of selection narrows down. So will a number of others: Gov. Sidney S. McMath of Arkansas, Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois (whose grandfather was Vice-President under Cleveland); Gov. W. Kerr Scott of North Carolina, Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman of Colorado, former Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray (now president of the University of North Carolina), Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, and a body of dark horses, one of whom may now be only a gleam in Harry Truman's eye.

Truman will be the man making the race. And his victory will be a surprise again. Talk to the fellow you meet at the club. Talk to your neighbor. Talk to the experts. Most will tell you again that Truman has not a chance: "One accident, not two. One surprise, but surprise can't be a habit." (I'm not so sure of that.)

What they say repeats what was said in every race in which Truman ever ran. He always seems like the tortoise looking through spectacles at the hind end of the hare. But he does not lose.

Certainly nothing less than an explosion will beat Truman. There is no present indication that the states which have rolled up regularly in the Democratic column 5 times straight will not be there again. Here they are: Arizona, Arkansas, California (Warren might change that), Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, and West Virginia. As I said, they will cast 252 votes in the Electoral College. Necessary to elect: 266.

Furthermore, in 1948, but for the votes which went to the Dixiecrats and the Wallaceites, the Democrats would have carried Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, New York, Michigan, and Maryland. In 1952 these states will cast 111 votes. Also in 1948 Truman carried Iowa, Ohio, Colorado, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In 1952 these will cast 56 votes. Total for these last two groups of states, 167 electoral votes. Add this to the total of the states which have been consistently Democratic in 5 elections and the total is 419. Necessary to elect: 266.

No sensible prognosticator would claim any such exact total for Truman now. Also, I am not conceding the other 112 votes to the Republicans; only once in 5 elections have they received that many. All I say is that my assumptions are a molehill beside the mountain which must be claimed by those who say that Truman can be beat.

No region or group could claim Truman's 1948 victory. It was, indeed, preceded by the loudest complaints against him by the organizations of farmers, labor, and professional politicians. In the election no minorities came to him with the balance of power from Harlem or the Bronx, Philadelphia or Detroit. He did not require the solid South or the city bosses. He carried California, though he received 74,000 fewer votes than Roosevelt got in the strange and wonderful County of Los Angeles. He got along without the extreme right or the extreme left.

THOSE who admitted their surprise at his victory have never yet really got around to admitting even to themselves the terrific vote-getting quality of the man, particularly among the town and country people, the unorganized people, the people the politicians and the pollsters apparently did not know existed.

These people are still there. Truman knows they will elect him again. He will not be cocky about it. Indeed, he will still look a little unimpressive on the back platform of his train, speaking as the leader of the free world before the upturned faces at tank towns. He will be confident. He has gone to some pains to tell the newspapermen who have watched his exuberance that he is never cocky—just confident.

"I think," he told them, "that the programs and the policies that the Executive has been endeavoring to put into effect are right, and I think the people of the United States and of the world believe they are right."

For the benefit of the people of the world he means to give all the people of the United States a chance to confirm that next year. They will. The politicians, the pollsters, the pundits might as well get ready for that if they want to avoid another rude shock in 1952.

They can't beat Truman. In this tough world there will be no change in the policy or the President of the United States.

THE END ★★

Editor's Memo

Next month: *What the G.O.P. Must Do to Win in 1952*, by U.S. Senator Leverett Saltonstall. In this unusually frank appraisal of Republican chances, the former Governor of Massachusetts offers specific remedies for his party's ills, and names the candidates most likely to win. In the October issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, on your newsstand September 28.

Summer Affair

(*Continued from page* 45)

and have a look at that lettuce," he said. "If you'll just keep an eye on these—these darned onions." . . .

Addie Sue was down at the road to meet Ben when we came home that afternoon. Her face was red and her dress hung limp as a wet leaf from helping set tobacco plants all day. But her eyes were serene.

"Howdy, Miss Kinzaida," she said to me; then, "How'd it go today, Ben?"

"Brought half a dozen bunches home. Onions aren't much of a crop. Everybody has them."

"Most everybody likes them," she said. "I'll walk up and look at the garden with you."

She moved in a loose, country way, covering distance without the careful, narrow way of pavement walkers. But to Ben, right then, I guess Addie Sue seemed heavy as clay, and dull, like the round, gray stones he was kicking as he walked along. My place being beyond the Williams', I had to walk past Ben's field with them.

"You've done so much to it," Addie Sue said, when they stopped and looked over his hillside garden. "I still have to look twice to believe you've grubbed out all the sprouts and bushes."

"It was more work than it looks," he said.

"I know." And she did, too. What little work was ever done at her place, her mother and Addie Sue did.

"Your garden's looking good, Ben," I said. I went over to one of the rows to see how his early cabbage plants were doing, but I made sure I didn't get out of hearing distance.

"Did something happen in town, Ben?" Addie Sue asked, after a bit.

"Why?"

"You're so quiet. Was it something about the stand, Ben?"

"I've been thinking about my crops, Addie Sue," he said. "Maybe I've planted the wrong things."

"But you've worked so hard and spent so much on seed, Ben. What makes you afraid now, all of a sudden?"

He looked away from her open, flushed face and the serious brown eyes. "There was this girl today—"

Addie Sue waited, but he seemed to be stumped. "What girl, Ben?"

"Just a girl," he said softly. "In a yellow dress. She was looking for all sorts of different kinds of vegetables, wanted to paint a picture of them. She said I oughtn't to grow what everybody else did, but different things."

I don't reckon Ben guessed how much those two words "yellow dress" had told Addie Sue. In all the years they'd walked together, I doubt he'd ever named the color of any dress she wore.

Addie Sue bent down and picked a spear of grass out of its stem. "What things did she say to grow?"

"Well, she never said. But she did say she was wanting lettuce and radishes."

Addie Sue mashed the grass stem between her fingers. "I've got some lettuce, Ben."

"But that's yours, Addie Sue."

This time she looked away. "I reckon we're both saving money toward the same thing."

"Why, sure," he said. "Sure, I reckon so. I'll take some lettuce in tomorrow. It's a lot of trouble for you to go to, Addie Sue."

"No trouble a-tall," she said.

It was the first time anything between them had been called trouble. . . .

Ben sold all the lettuce he took down to Market Street next day, and the day following that, but all to strangers.

"Your bait—or I ought by rights to say Addie Sue's—ain't working out so well, is it, my fine feller?" I thought to myself, seeing Ben down the way fidgeting about among the lettuce and onions.

But on Friday she came back. Ben was straightening up behind his table and didn't see her till she spoke. He whirled around. The look on his face was about as secret as a forest fire. "Hello!"

The girl had on a flowery dress; there was that same brightness about her that had been there before. She was showing Ben a catalogue.

"—and here's broccoli and acorn squash and asparagus. Then the fruits are here in the back: raspberries, strawberries, boysenberries. This is what I was talking about—"

"Hey, wait." Ben grinned at her. She shut the catalogue and gave it to him.

"Why don't you grow some of those huge, luscious tomatoes, put out some nice, squatty little lima beans and devil-red beets? I'd just love them. 'Course, there's just Papa and me—and Sadie the days she's there to cook and clean—but I could tell lots of other people about your stand."

"That's mighty nice of you, Miss—"

"Rutherford. Christine Rutherford. Most everybody says Chris."

"Most folks call me Ben," he said. "Ben Williams."

"Well, Ben"—she looked up at him with that helpless look little girls make—"will you grow some of those things—for me?"

He nodded. "I've brought you—"

"I'm so glad! Maybe next week you'll even find me a few dewberries? I've always loved wild dewberry jelly."

"Sure, I will. I'll get all you can use. And today I brought you some lettuce. See here." And Ben brought out a basket he'd saved back special. "See, it's all little and crispy."

"It's lovely, Ben. 'Course I wasn't especially looking for lettuce today."

"Oh. But I—I wanted to give it to you. You've given me so much."

"Why, how nice! Thank you, Ben. I'll take it right home and have Sadie pop it in the refrigerator." The basket hung on her arm that was pretty and white as peeled poplar, and just her handling of it made the basket seem light and a plaything. "I'm so excited about all those new things for your garden, Ben. Why, between us we could build up a wonderful business here. I'd like that—*our* business—would you?"

"Would I like it? I—I guess it'd mean just about everything to me," he said.

"You're sweet, Ben." She looked down all shy and pretty. "I'll come next week and get those dewberries. 'By, now." . . .

So it was only a day or two later that I passed Addie Sue out in the fields gathering dewberries. Now, the good Lord Himself knows there's nothing more back-breaking than picking those pesky things, and there she was, bending and reaching and following the vines amongst the weeds and grass.

I called her over to the fence. "Looky here, Addie Sue," I said, "I think you ought to know who it is you're killing yourself for."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at me clear and straight, pushing the hair back from her forehead with hands scratched all red from briars and bushes. "I know who they're for."

"I'm not of that mind," I told her. "But I am of a mind to tell you they are for a feisty girl that's been hanging around Ben's stall down at the market. She's filling his head full of notions—"

"I know it. That's why he's not helping me pick berries. He's planting some of his field over again," she said earnestly. "As for the berries, I couldn't say who Ben will sell them to, but I'm picking them for him."

After that, I knew it wouldn't do any good to talk to her another minute. She was heading for trouble and she knew it, but she wouldn't call for help. As for Ben, I wouldn't of known that sober boy who'd always followed his pappy's lead. The mountains don't spark many changes in a man or our way of doing things. But there was Ben, turning under seed already coming up, planting new finicky things, looking at a town girl whose hands were bleached as paper, who got farming ideas out of paint books.

"She'll be the ruination of him," old Dock Styles said at the market one day. "Pore little Addie Sue."

"Well, don't waste your sympathy." And I told him and Martha about trying to warn Addie Sue. "I thought for a minute she was going to get mad at *me*, instead of that—that Christine."

"Most everyone says Chris," Dock mimicked, wagging his grisly little head around and making his voice like honey. "Oh, thank you for the dewberries, Ben. Will twenty-five cents a gallon be enough for them, and what about some blackberries and some huckleberries later on? When are you going to let me come out and see our garden? I did help toward it a teensy bit, didn't I?"

"Go on, Dock," Martha laughed. She turned up the hem of her apron and wiped her eyes.

I'd been laughing so that I had to clean my glasses. "Go on, Dock," I said.

"Yeah, go on." Ben had come up behind us and was standing there looking at Dock. "All right," he said. "All right! You'll see. Christine's about the

most wonderful girl I ever even heard about. We help each other. You just wait and you'll see!"

"We're waiting," I said. "You just be careful Addie Sue don't see."

"And you leave Addie Sue out of this!" Ben shouted.

"You just be sure you don't leave her out," I said, and that quieted him down for a while.

But of course that was what happened: more and more he left her out. Afternoons he worked in the field, fighting weeds, wet-nursing that fancy garden along. Mornings he spent, as often as he could scrape up something to take, in town at the market.

"Ben's blossoming out pretty as a laurel bush," his pappy said the morning he arrived in town with Ben, and Ben was wearing a necktie with his new workshirt and bluejeans. "Oughtn't you to save that for the schoolhouse pie supper next week?"

"I been working too hard to bother about entertainments. I don't have any tickets to a doings at the schoolhouse—"

"Better get them, son," his pappy interrupted, with a wink. "Addie Sue's got a knack for pies, I've heard tell. She told Ma just yesterday that she was saving up a new recipe to try out."

BUT while Addie Sue was making her pies, saving up egg money to buy chocolate and such, Ben was making other plans. At least, they were being made for him.

Ben's stand had prospered, there was no denying that. At first it had been Christine's friends who bought, but gradually a whole outside trade began to come regularly. Ben learned a lot about how to show off his vegetables. For all her fancy talk, Christine had a knack for making things look pretty. Sometimes she'd come down and work half the morning getting the red and yellow and green vegetables heaped just right. Then she'd sit out on the sidewalk and make a drawing of the stand, while Ben stood around helping customers.

Ben was pleased by his success, but not surprised. "The best will win out in a fair market," he told Addie Sue.

He was right, I guess, because he was building up a good trade. So, on the morning before the pie supper, he had taken in some beets, pulling them little and tender—too little, I thought. They hadn't half got their growth, but everybody to his own notions, I always say.

Chris wasn't walking when she came that morning, but driving one of those cars where the top folds down. There were three other people with her, and when she parked right below my stand, by straining the least bit I could hear everything they said. There were two other girls and a boy, all with that soft, shiny town look. What they had to say filled my ears so full I didn't pay any mind to where Christine had gone.

"Have you seen this character yet?" one of the dark-haired girls asked.

The boy smiled. "You mean Chris's latest discovery?"

The other girl had dark hair too, but it was cut in a bang straight across her forehead, giving her a queer, foreign look. She said, "Chris says we'll begin to live tonight. She's going to have him at the Square Dance."

"Calling the steps, no doubt," the boy said, and he laughed out loud.

"Well, I'm sick of these big, stupid beauties Chris is always discovering." Now it was the first girl, the one with long hair. "First we were all buying shoes in some little run-down dump; then we had to drink milk by the gallon, because the delivery driver was such a perfect specimen; and now I'm practically on a vegetable diet."

"Let Chris have her fling, Dee Dee," the girl with bangs said.

"Sure," the boy agreed. "Adds spice."

The one called Dee Dee frowned. "The trouble with Chris is she's just got to have somebody around worshipping her."

"The goddess complex," the boy said.

But Christine was coming toward them, leading Ben by the hand, so they quieted down. "Here he is, kids," Christine said, and she smiled up at Ben, so that he smiled too, his tanned face crinkling fine around his blue eyes and young mouth. Even if I was mad at him for being such a fool, I had to admit that other boy in the car didn't make much of a show alongside Ben. I began to wonder if Christine knew it, too.

Christine had called all their names over, and now she was talking on: "Isn't he wonderful, kids? Can't you see me painting him all over the country?" Ben flushed the color of one of his beets. "As a fisherman up on the Maine coast, as a wheat harvester out on the plains, a cattle rider down in Texas—isn't he perfect American?"

"That's a big order," Dee Dee said. "Think you can fill it, Ben?"

"Why, I guess I better stay around here till I've finished my tomato crop, anyway," he said.

They all laughed. Christine pouted in a big play-act. "You won't let me paint you?"

"Sure, I will. Only not all those places. Not now, anyway. Who'd look after my garden, and the stand here?"

BEN'S seriousness tickled them, but Christine stamped her foot. "It's not so funny," she said to them. "Ben and I just might do it. I could paint a whole series of Americana."

"Of course," the boy in the car said. "But what about tonight?"

"Oh, he's coming."

Christine squeezed his hand lightly, and he nodded. Then she climbed into the car and drove off.

"Did you hear that?" Martha asked, quick as she could get to my booth.

"I've tried to give them both words of advice, and they've brushed me off," I told Martha. "Now I mean to let them work it out, root hog or die. After Ben dodges her on this pie supper, maybe then she'll not make such a fool of herself, pretending she sees nothing."

"Poor Addie Sue," Martha said.

But Addie Sue Harris wouldn't give way anything was wrong, and it made me burn. After Ben told her how things were she hung up her starched dress and set the pies back for that lazy old pappy to eat. I passed up the road by her house that evening. She was sitting out in the yard under a beech tree.

"Not going up to the schoolhouse?" I called.

She shook her head.

"You ought to a-gone. You ought to get you another feller, give that Ben a run for his money."

She shook her head again.

"And what are you aiming to do, miss?" I asked.

"I'll wait," she said. That was all.

Ben, for his part, seemed more addled than ever after that dance. Now he worked like something possessed. Everything he planted flourished—till the drought fell. Being on a hill, his things began to hurt sooner than some did, and when day after day of hot sun drilled down on them, and the days turned into weeks, his plants began to wilt, the leaves curled and died.

July Fourth came, and our big picnic celebration was held down by the river, but Ben wasn't there. A few days before, he had set out some fine, rare tomato plants, and now he was carrying water, nights and early mornings, up to them. During the day he tried to put a mulch around their tender roots.

OF COURSE, Addie Sue missed the celebration too. In fact, she went to help Ben that day. I know, because she walked up the road with me as far as Ben's. "I've meant to come before and help you, Ben," she said, "but Paw's kept me so busy in the tobacco."

"Sure," he said, setting down his water pails just long enough to wipe the sweat off his forehead. "I didn't expect you to come up here."

"But I wanted to."

He looked away. In a minute he said. "You ought to have gone to the Fourth of July today."

"I didn't want to," she said.

"Well—" He picked up the buckets. "I've got to save these tomatoes if I can—"

She took up the pail she had brought with her. "I'll help."

"No, Addie Sue, honest—"

But she was already heading for the creek.

They worked silently, hard, heavy work, for over two hours, all the while I was at the July Fourth celebration, because as I came back I saw them still in the field. And I saw Ben stop all of a sudden and go over to where Addie Sue was watering the last withered little plant in her row.

"Go away!" he shouted, loud enough for even me to hear. "Go away!"

Addie Sue looked as if he had struck her.

"I can't have you doing this," he said. "Don't you understand? Go on off. Leave me alone."

So she left the field that day, and I don't reckon they saw each other again the rest of the summer.

Rain came the next week. Ben's tomatoes grew big as saucers, and some restaurant man in town bought them by the pound, so that it amounted up to eight or nine dollars a bushel Ben was getting. It was the same with everything. His

luck ran high. And that girl kept coming. Sometimes she'd come and get him in her car—he would pay Dock to look after his stand while he was gone—and they would go off swimming or gallivanting. They made a fair couple.

The last of August Christine brought her drawing-stand—"easel" she called it—right down to Market Street, and began painting a picture of Ben standing in front of the display of fruits and vegetables.

"I see we're going to paint pretty pictures now," I said to Martha, and I didn't lower my voice, either.

I saw that pouty underlip of the girl's come out, and Ben's face got pink as a sunset, and I knew they heard me even if they did go right ahead.

At home, Ben had had a run-in with his folks, and told them never to mention Christine to him again till he brought her home with him. This last worried his pappy. One day he came and asked me if it looked like Ben might marry the girl.

"I couldn't say," I told him. "He's acting enough of a fool. 'Course, it takes two for a wedding, but that girl seems to think Ben's mighty pretty." I was getting worried, myself.

Addie Sue changed least, of all the folks who had known Ben best. We all watched her, but outside of the little tight line that was becoming set around her mouth, she seemed the same.

Then fall came. Crops that had been laid by were harvested. Days stayed warm, but nights turned clear and chilly.

One morning, on my way into town, I found the first red leaves on a sourwood tree. That same morning Ben said he saw the first gray squirrel storing a hickory nut. And his girl Christine came to the market that day, the same as she had many another day, only this time she knew winter was coming too, like the squirrel and the sourwood. She wore a hat and gloves, and there were three suitcases on the back seat of her car.

"Hello there," she said to Ben, like always.

"Say, what goes on here?" During the summer Ben had learned to talk with a heap more ease.

"Off to get an education." She waved gaily toward the car. "Or at least finish one. I have decided to try art school."

"But I thought—I didn't know—"

"I'm just going to give it a fling," Christine said. She looked at Ben. "It has been fun, Ben. I've loved every minute of the summer. And I'll be back again next summer—"

"Next summer!"

"And by then you ought to have your stand really first-class. I promise to buy all my vegetables from you," she said.

"Well, I won't be here."

"Oh? Where are you going?"

"Off. Off to get a job in a factory. Away from here!" Ben sounded like a puppy after somebody steps on its toe—howling and rushing off in all directions.

"You—you mustn't feel like that, Ben. You'll change your mind." She smiled, bright and quick and empty as ever. "Shake hands good-by?" Ben took her hand. He dropped it quick. "Could I take along a couple of these apples, Ben? To eat on the way?"

She chose a handful of the ripest, reddest fruit. "Thanks, Ben."

Ben stood looking after her car as if a thunderbolt had struck him. . . .

Nobody in the cove saw Ben for three days and nights. When he did go home at last he wouldn't go near his proud garden patch. Finally, one night about dusk, his pappy came in the house and told him, "There's a strange varmint up there in your garden. You'd better go roust it out."

"I don't care."

"I said go get it out," Luke Williams said. It was the first time in many a year that he had ordered Ben to do a thing.

Ben did it. And Luke didn't mind telling us down at the store next morning that he followed Ben out there. At first, Luke said, Ben didn't see a thing in the garden. Then, down among the rows of late corn and beans, there was a movement. Ben went down to it, readying the gun he'd brought from the house. And there was Addie Sue, picking beans from the vines he had planted.

"They were going to waste," Addie Sue said when she saw him. "I'm going to can some. But the pumpkins are just now right to sell."

"I reckon I'm giving up the stand," Ben said.

"What will you do?"

"I'm going to one of the cities," he answered. "Get a job in a big plant."

"I'd heard talk that was on your mind, but I didn't believe it."

He said, "Why didn't you believe it?"

"Because you weren't meant to live in the city. Some are, but not you. You were meant to live here and grow things. Look what you did this summer."

"This summer!" he cried out as if she had touched a wound. "Made a dern' fool of myself."

"Made a fool of everybody else, you mean. All those that laughed at your garden and how it would turn out. You had the best stand on all Market Street—they told me so themselves. You were the biggest success of them all!"

"Because of her," Ben said, and the gun shook in his hands.

Addie Sue set down the basket of beans she had been holding and straightened up. "She gave you the ideas, jolted you out of the old rut everyone up here is in. You did the rest for yourself."

"But all the time I thought—"

"No matter what you thought, it's what you did that counts now. You—you just misunderstood." Addie said it firm, like a mother to a child.

"Addie Sue—"

"But you still have your garden and stand to work at, and with all the ideas you've built up, think what you can do next year, Ben."

"But you?" The words came small and tight out of Ben's tight throat. He said, "What about you, Addie Sue?"

"I guess I got jolted a little, too." He looked up then. He had not known before that her eyes could twinkle. "But I'll be here," she said.

"I want you to know I'm sorry, Addie Sue. I'm sorry for all—"

"I don't want your apologies, Ben." Her eyes were brown and bright and beautiful. Her face was too large, but it had the glow of warmth behind it.

"But I misunderstood so—so much," he said. "How was it you never misunderstood, Addie Sue?"

"Because of something you told me," she said, almost inaudibly.

"I told you?"

"You said one day that in a fair market the best would always win." She gave a slow, shy smile. "You were right, Ben," she whispered; "you are always right." . . .

Like I say, she was born to be a wife. I don't reckon they ever saw Ben's pappy when he slipped out of the garden then. It was nearly dark, and, besides, all they wanted was there in their arms' reach.

THE END ★★

"The minute I got my draft notice I went out and got engaged to six girls!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY BOB SCHROETER

Across an Editor's Desk

From the U.S. Department of Commerce comes a release announcing the "weeks" that you can observe with appropriate ceremonies during the month of September. While these weeks don't compare with those in January (which boasts *National Crochet Week*, *Odorless Decoration Week*, *Turn to Tea Week*, *Idaho Potato and Onion Week*, and *Large Size Week*, among others), you can if you wish go all out for *National Tie Week* (Sept. 8-17), *Lessons in Truth Week* (10-16), and/or *National Doll Week* (16-22), not to be confused with *National Dog Week* (23-29). There are 10 "weeks" in all during September, which probably makes it the longest month of the year next to February (*National Kraut and Frankfurter Week*, 1-10).

Vital statistics of this kind make up only a small percentage of the mail that flows sluggishly across our desk. Many of the letters contain suggestions for articles. Since we have room for less than a dozen articles each month, we can never comply with all the excellent thoughts that are put forward. Like the one staring up from our blotter at this moment. Beautifully typed, it begins: "This idea consists of fourteen stories. These fourteen stories have thirty-three parts. The thirty-three parts have many subdivisions." We are strongly tempted to take the idea and send the whole story intact to our printer and tell him to fill the next three issues with it. Then we could hasten away on vacation and observe National Window Week (24-29).

Other letters ask us for advice on every subject under the sun. For these we try to supply answers. But it's our belief that some people who ask for advice don't really want advice at all, but confirmation of their own prejudices. Like the fellow in court who said to the judge: "All I want to know, Your Honor, is am I right or is he wrong?"

From Milwaukee comes a note that says: "I'm a dog lover. My husband is not. When we got married, my dog came right along to live with us. That's when our troubles began." She goes on to tell how her husband at first would have nothing to do with Fido—kicked it out of their bedroom, did everything but snatch the food off its plate.

"It sounds silly," the lady says, "but I concluded this grown man was actually jealous of a little pup!"

So what did the lady do? She began deliberately to ignore the dog and its needs when her husband was home. The pooch would whimper piteously, and scratch at the door, and pretty soon Poppa found himself involuntarily taking it out for a walk. Now the husband is devoted to the dog, and vice versa.

Concludes our informant: "I solved our family problem by letting the man of the house *think* he was having his own way!" Unfortunately, that's the way it's *usually* done. We're tempted to say this proves every husband leads a dog's life . . . but most people know that already. They also know that most dogs wouldn't change their lives for anything . . . and neither would most husbands.

Slowness (particularly on the part of other people) is one of the most irritating human traits. From Haledon, New Jersey, a girl pens us that her friends' habitual tardiness is her pet gripe . . . "Meet you downtown at 6" meaning "See you sometime before 7." For a solution, this enterprising young lady dredged up an old saying: "Patience is doing something in the meantime."

If her family plans to leave for a picnic at 9 A.M., and isn't ready by 9:15, she no longer paces the floor like the Mad Hatter. Instead, she sews up a burst seam in her glove, or polishes her silver bracelet, or writes a greeting card. Stood up by a friend downtown, she studies a travel folder.

She gives one word of warning, however, to other impatient waiters: "All these little temper-savers should require no more than ten minutes; otherwise, you'll be creating a problem while someone else waits for you to finish!"

Letters generally are scrawled at a rapid pace. A great man whose name escapes us at the moment once said: "I have made this letter rather long only because I have not had time to make it shorter."

The bottom of the page is at hand, which means the end of the column for this month. Its author is male—a fact (according to the young lady who typed the manuscript) which will be immediately apparent to any woman who has read these comments. Next month we have assured her we will try to give the opposite sex a slightly better break—just as if they need it! A.R.P.

ROOM for MURDER

by Baynard Kendrick

A night of terror in an Atlantic City hotel—for a boy with a past and a girl without a future

DORIS CORBIN was on duty back of the newsstand when Mr. Shelton Thomas arrived. Although it was late September, slightly off-season, the Waverly-Lansing, Atlantic City's newest hotel on the boardwalk, was capacity full. A labor convention was checking out at the close of a stormy five-day meeting, and another, an association of investment brokers, was checking in.

One convention looked much like another to Doris after three years of handling cigar counters in big hotels of the Lansing chain. She had seen them in action in Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia. Nearly a year at the Waverly-Lansing since its opening had more than confirmed her opinion that all delegates acted like kids once they were a hundred miles from home. She had an added conviction that in Atlantic City, the World's Playground, they went just a little wilder.

"It's the salt air," Val Toohey, the house detective, had told her once after officially brushing off a white-haired gentleman who had annoyed Doris to a point of anger. "These old wolves breathe it in. Then they take a look at that

A COMPLETE AMERICAN MYSTERY NOVEL

smile of yours and the glint in those Irish-blue eyes—"

"My eyes are Irish-green," Doris told him, "and my family was Dutch. Go home to your wife and children, Valentine."

"They're in Philadelphia," Val had said with a grin.

But Shelton Thomas didn't look like a wolf. He didn't conform to the delegate type, either. There was nothing to indicate that he was bringing with him trouble in bunches. He was a quietly dressed, brown-haired man of medium height in a light gray coat and Homburg hat.

CHARLIE Ross, the bell captain, brought in his bag from the taxi entrance—an impressive suitcase of shiny aluminum. Even in a lobby replete with luxurious luggage, it shone with outstanding grandeur when Charlie set it down in the "No Reservation" row.

Instead of going to the desk to register, as Doris expected an incoming guest to do, Mr. Thomas headed straight for the cigar stand.

"Six Superbas, please, miss." He pointed down through the glass with a long, artistic forefinger at a box of fifty-cent cigars.

Seen at close range, Mr. Thomas matched the importance of his suitcase. His shirt was white, his tie black. His well-tailored suit was dark steel-gray. His squarish, undistinguished face was pinkly shaven and sloped down into the hint of a double chin.

Doris took the cigar box from the warm, moist case and set it on the counter. Mr. Thomas selected six that pleased him, testing each in turn by rolling it with a caressing gesture between his agile fingers. He was tucking them into a morocco case with gold-bound corners when another guest came up to the stand.

"Six packs of playing cards and four boxes of chips, please." The man's voice was thick, his words a trifle garbled. "Charge them to Roy Hubbard in 610."

"I'll be with you as soon as this gentleman is served,

Cast of Characters

BOB SYDENHAM	*A desk clerk*
DORIS	*Who loved him*
SHELTON THOMAS	*The man with pale eyes*
NOBBY CLARK	*Handsome band leader*
HORACE FORBES	*An investment broker*
ROY HUBBARD	*A mine owner*
SHIRLEY	*Glamorous chanteuse*
VAL TOOHEY	*The hotel detective*
DETECTIVE SULLIVAN	*From Homicide*

Mr. Hubbard," Doris said, smiling. She turned back to Shelton Thomas.

"I have a problem," Thomas said. "Serve Mr. Hubbard first, if you will."

Doris got the cards and chips and made out a charge slip that Hubbard signed.

"I added a buck for you," he said, grinning. "Don't thank me. We'll kitty it out of the game." He took his purchases and ambled off in the direction of the elevators.

Thomas watched Hubbard's progress. Halfway across the lobby a short, rotund man in a bulging Tuxedo that sported a tricolored delegate's badge laughingly attached himself to Hubbard's arm, and together they entered the elevator. The doors slid closed, shutting them from view.

"A friend of yours?" Doris asked, making conversation as she waited for Mr. Thomas to pay.

Shelton Thomas turned his head, and Doris found herself conscious of his eyes. It was an experience, she decided, and not a pleasant one, meeting those eyes at close proximity for the very first time. They were dull, tired eyes, hard, deep-set, almost colorless, and far too pale. They made a careful insulting note of Doris's hair, face, and figure.

"Did I give any indication that he was a friend of mine?"

His tone wasn't hostile, merely curious. His pinkish face, if anything, was a shade more bland than before. He was a self-assured guest in the crowded lobby of a fashionable resort hotel gently rebuking a minor employee for presuming, for the space of an inquiry, to step from her position behind a counter and intrude in his private affairs. It was the pale eyes that injected a note of menace. Doris was aware of a strange discomfort, closely akin to fear.

"It was just one of those things," she said, vainly trying to force a laugh that wasn't there. "I heard you call him by name."

"You called him by name, too," Thomas said. "Did you know him before?"

"No," Doris said, "I didn't know him before. . . . The cigars are fifty cents each—three dollars, please."

WITH a dexterity that smacked of sleight of hand Shelton Thomas produced a ten-dollar bill and laid it on the counter. "I told you I had a problem." His gaze never left her as she stared at the unfamiliar markings on the bill. "I'm Shelton Thomas, of Montreal. I'm just checking in. I'd like to pay you with this Canadian bill. It's perfectly good and worth nine dollars in American money."

"I'm sorry," Doris said. "I'm not allowed to accept foreign money of any kind, even for a guest. The cashier would probably change it for you if you're registered here." She looked toward Mr. Thomas's bag parked in the "No Reservation" row. "I'm afraid that unless you have a reservation it may be difficult to get in."

Shelton Thomas took out his morocco case, selected one of the cigars, and lit it with a gold-plated lighter.

"You're a very difficult young lady," he said through the first puff of smoke. "And although it's none of your business I'll tell you what happened: I had a hundred dollars when I left Canada last night, fifty in American money and fifty in Canadian, all I was allowed to bring in. I lost the fifty dollars American in a bridge game on the train. I'll leave the bill with you and redeem it when I get a check cashed—after I get my room."

"I'm sorry . . ." At that moment there was only one thing she hated worse than Shelton Thomas—a lobby scene. She looked around for Val's broad back, but it wasn't in sight.

"Further," Thomas said through more smoke, "I have friends all around the world. I could share a room with Mr. Horace Forbes, the gentleman who helped Hubbard into the elevator, but it won't be necessary. I've yet to find the hotel, here or any place, where I needed a reservation to get in." He walked off toward the office desk, leaving her scowling at the Canadian bill.

Bob Sydenham, brown-haired, suave, and courteous, was on the desk handling arrivals from four to midnight. Doris allowed herself the pleasure of a malicious smile as she watched the arrogant Mr. Thomas elbow a couple of people aside at the desk and pull a registration card toward him. She could anticipate Bob's reactions with pleasure—

begins on page 135

the slightly quizzical raising of his eyebrows, the slowly dawning look of astonishment nicely balanced between deference and authority. Judging by her own short contact with Shelton Thomas, it was going to be quite a scene.

Five minutes later her cheeks were burning in protest at a world that was full of flagrant injustice. Thomas signed. Bob gave one brief glance at the man and his signature, then took a key from the honeycombed key rack and signaled for a bellboy. Even the bellboy looked surprised when he picked Shelton Thomas's bag from the "No Reservation" row, and bellboys were used to anything. Doris watched bag, boy, and Thomas vanish into the elevator.

"So the man is a liar as well as a bore," Doris thought. "He did have a reservation." Obviously she, like Shelton Thomas, had been taken in.

CHARLIE ROSS, the bell captain, stopped at the stand to buy some magazines and cigarettes for one of the rooms.

"Who was the duck with the aluminum suitcase that number four just took up?" Doris asked him.

Charlie scratched his hair, gone gray in hotel service. "We've roomed a thousand guests today—"

"This one had an aluminum suitcase parked in the waiting row," Doris explained. "We've been sleeping them in bathtubs for the past six weeks. He must have told you he had no reservation or you wouldn't have put his bag where you did. He has a pink face and pale eyes—"

"Oh, *him*." Charlie's eyebrows came together in a thoughtful frown. "Name's Shelton Thomas, Montreal, according to the rooming card. He didn't have a reservation. It's marked on the card. Maybe he was just lucky and picked up a cancellation. Bob put him in Suite Twenty-sixteen." Charlie paused, holding tight to his cigarettes and magazines. "You don't miss much that goes on around this job, do you, Doris? Funny thing, that guy tipped me with a Canadian half a dollar—said he had no American money when I brought his bag in. Maybe he's a friend of Bob's. Anyhow, he's in."

Charlie hurried off in his gait that always seemed a perpetual run.

Val Toohey had showed up in the lobby, now that Doris didn't need him. She put down an impulse to tell Val about Thomas and his Canadian bill. Instead, she soothed her irritation by watching Val, who was mingling in what he considered an unobtrusive fashion among the guests in the lobby. The rear view of his wide shoulders that stretched his official Tuxedo to a point of no return finally brought her a smile. Val was about as likely to escape notice in a crowd as a Mark IV tank.

DORIS served a customer cigarettes, then pulled out the little stool that folded back under the counter and sat down, feeling sorry for herself. Until Bob Sydenham had come to work at the hotel, six months before, she had never pitied herself. She liked her work—eight to four one week, four to midnight the next, serving an ever-changing crowd of interesting people. She had a nice room, shared with Anna Pelty, her assistant, a plain, studious girl. The pay was good, the food tops, and she had progressed swiftly through five hotels to the best one of the chain.

She closed her eyes and gave herself up to the luxury of an instant's full bodily relaxation. Her mind kept bouncing back through the summer—lunches, dinners, swims, and sun baths; off-time hours spent buying vicariously the treasures offered for sale in the auction-rooms that lined the boardwalk.

She opened her eyes and stared at Bob, busy checking in the last of the arrivals from the afternoon train. In all that shifting mosaic of good times remembered, Bob was always set in the center. Cut out the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, the lean strength of his sun-tanned body, the look in his dark-brown eyes, and instantly the flashing colors grew dim.

She had to admit to herself that she didn't affect Bob the same way. Bob just liked to be with her as she liked to be with him. There it ended. Period.

Fellows contemplating marriage talked about themselves. Bob talked about everything else. Six months of constant good times with him had finally turned up the important fact that he had lived in Canada and worked in hotels before. Beyond that, Doris had deduced he was single only because he never said he was married. She had found out that he was often morose, but that was only because she had been with him and watched him. Now she was beginning to suspect that somewhere in Quebec he might have a wife and three children hidden away.

AT EIGHT, Anna Pelty came on to give Doris a half-hour break. Doris explained to her about the Canadian bill and pointed out the separate till where she had put it in the cash drawer. "Get three bucks from him and give him his bill," Doris said. "If he tries anything else call Val."

"Oh, one of those." Anna was unperturbed.

Doris shook her head. "Dear, no—the kindly, quiet, reserved type of gentleman that any landlady would simply adore to have in her best front room—but so was Jack the Ripper."

When Doris got back from a sandwich and coffee in the staff bar back of the Ocean Room, Anna Pelty was making a sale. Finished, she said, "Your boy-friend didn't come back for his bill."

"No," Doris said, "I saw it in the till."

"Nice tip, if he doesn't show. Six bucks."

"If he doesn't," Doris said, "I'll split it with you."

Anna laughed. "You've put a hex on him now. He's bound to come back." She signaled to a girl who was waiting for her. "I'm ducking out for a nine o'clock picture. 'Night." She joined the other girl, who worked in the coffee shop and was also on duty the following day from eight to four.

Doris leaned her elbows on the counter and stared at the well-dressed throng of brokers milling aimlessly about the lobby. People endlessly changing. She had learned to like them, study them, and be interested in their problems. Maybe she magnified incidents, but incidents like Mr. Thomas and his ten-dollar Canadian bill kept life from becoming monotonous in the day-after-day routine of a big hotel.

About 10:30 Shelton Thomas got out of an elevator alone, walked straight to the newsstand, and handing Doris three dollars, said, "I want my bill."

SHE gave it to him without any words and without any smile. She allowed herself the satisfaction of classifying him mentally with a few unladylike thoughts as he took his Canadian bill. Without thanks or a tip he strode off toward the Ocean Room.

Nobby Clark's ten o'clock show, the last performance before the band quit at midnight, was nearly over. Out of the background of Nobby's Canadian Château Band, Doris could hear Shirley Lamont's rich, warm voice drifting out from the Ocean Room as Thomas went in.

It was easy to picture Nobby Clark once you saw him. Six-foot-three, with dark wavy hair and a brilliant smile, he liked to think he looked like a movie star. What

he lacked in singing and acting talent, he made up with a repertoire of excellent imitations, ranging from Ronald Colman to Humphrey Bogart.

In Doris's estimation the vocal part of the Canadian Château Band should have been left to Shirley Lamont. Shirley was a dark, sultry rapier of a girl who wore her clothes like a scabbard. When she was sparkling and gay there was no one better, but when her deep, dark eyes took on a discouraged look her tongue became a rapier, too, stabbing out at everything.

TWENTY minutes after Thomas went into the Ocean Room, Doris was admitting to herself that he must have some hidden charm of personality that she had overlooked entirely. He came out with Shirley holding on to his arm in a fashion that Doris considered more bold than friendly. Together, oblivious of curious glances from lobby-sitting guests, they went on into the cocktail lounge.

It was around 11:30, half an hour before Doris got off duty, when Roy Hubbard came down, accompanied by the paunchy broker, Horace Forbes, the man whom Thomas had said he knew. Both Forbes and Hubbard looked much the worse for wear. They wove a course from the elevator to the blue-mirrored doors of the cocktail lounge and disappeared inside.

Just before Doris closed at midnight, full of eager thoughts of bed and an hour's reading, Charlie Ross, the bell captain, came out of the cocktail lounge to tell her that she should take a look. On her way, Doris stopped to peek in through the blue-mirrored doors. Shirley's party had become a foursome. Thomas, Forbes, and Hubbard had the sultry singer neatly hemmed in in the darkest booth in a corner.

Bob was still on duty back of the desk. He finished talking to a guest, saw Doris was waiting for him, and held up one finger and pointed to the clock. She knew he had been hooked in for an hour's extra duty again, a not unusual occurrence in the Waverly-Lansing's rush. Disappointed, she went to the staff bar for a hot milk and sandwich nightcap.

On her way through the downstairs hall to her room she was surprised to encounter Shirley Lamont. Shirley looked very lovely in a sheath of sleeveless black gown with a plunging neckline, a single strand collar of small pearls, and a white cloche hat set off by one startlingly long black feather that swept down over the tan of her shoulders.

"You seem to have made a conquest of Mr. Shelton Thomas," Doris said, with a smile. "I saw you in the cocktail bar."

Shirley made a grimace of distaste. "He's a gambler and a creep. I've run into him a couple of times, once in Detroit and once in Cleveland."

"He seems to have fallen for you," Doris remarked.

"Look, darling," Shirley said; "when they fall for me they don't leave me stranded at half-past twelve in September. Thomas looked me up in the Ocean Room for one reason only: He was pumping me about the Waves Club, where Nobby goes to gamble. He wanted Nobby to get him in. They left ten minutes ago. When Thomas orders, Nobby jumps."

"Why?" Doris asked.

"Because Nobby is on the hook to Thomas for thousands."

Doris said, "Did the other two go with him?"

"They did not," Shirley declared with heat, "nor with me." She took out her vanity and looked herself over in the mirror. "Just plain hag," she said. "Nobby comes breezing into the cocktail lounge as soon as he's through for the evening. Is he looking for me? Oh, no. He's looking for Shelton Thomas. Then there's Hubbard, the lively, red-faced boy. The Waves Club sounds too steep for him, so he goes up to his room, where he can have a quiet little game with some brokers. Then there's the jovial Mr. Forbes. He's a hot-shot broker from Detroit who discovered last year that his liver's turning to rubber. He has to get his beauty sleep, so he's gone to bed in six-o-nine."

Shirley closed her vanity with a snap. "It seems to me, Doris, that if anybody needs beauty sleep it's me. I'm about to repair to my little cell in the women's detention wing. After four stand-ups in an evening it should be safe to leave the door open and throw away the key." . . .

DORIS shut her eyes for the twentieth time and concentrated on the complicated series of red and blue concentric circles that were forming designs on the ceiling. They wove in and out, consuming one another, until they finally merged into one great polyp of wakeful purple. The more she thought about it the more the whole process seemed beautifully consistent. If she opened her eyes and stared up at it, the purple polyp would turn into Roy Hubbard's red face as he grinned at her. A moment later she'd be watching Bob as he made a fool of her by letting Thomas check in.

She tried a relaxing exercise, but it wouldn't work. After fifteen minutes she realized that the purple polyp on the ceiling came from a neon sign on the top of a hotel across the gardens outside the staff wing of the Waverly-Lansing, and that the soft *plop-plop* of pursuing footsteps that had started beating against her ears was in reality the continuous sound of Anna Pelty's breathing in the twin bed across the room, and not Shelton Thomas chasing her around the lobby yelling, "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

She reached out and switched on the night light by the bed. This maneuver had the merit of eliminating the purple polyp, and also enabled her to look at the electric clock. It was twenty minutes past two. She got out of bed.

Down the hall on the same level were the locker-rooms. In the locker-rooms, available to the employees after hours, there was an electric cabinet. Fifteen minutes of baking herself in its enervating heat would, if she followed it with a lukewarm shower and a touch of cold, make her sleepy. It was an added attraction, of course, that she also might sweat off a pound or two.

She slid into a white bathrobe and shoved her feet into a pair of slippers. The more she thought about it the more the idea had merit. She took a heavy bath towel from the bathroom, hung it over her arm, and switched off the night light. She went into the hall.

A vaulted passage, done in green tile, led past the vast, deserted kitchens. Doris followed it and went through an arched service door to the front of the house. There the hall widened out close by an automatic elevator that served the hotel's ocean bathers.

A little farther on, on the right, a lighted green electric sign proclaimed the Men's Locker-Room. Directly across the hall another door led into the section reserved for women. Since the 15th of September, when the man and woman in charge had departed for Florida, the locker-rooms had been unattended. In winter, women guests who wanted electric cabinet and massage could always get in touch with a local masseuse, available by phone.

Beyond the doors to the locker-rooms a ramp led up in a gentle slope to the boardwalk. It was cluttered now with rolling chairs parked in ranks for the night, each one marked with a yellow sign of the Waverly-Lansing Hotel.

The women's side was lighted by a single bulb in the ceiling when Doris went in. It threw stark shadows onto the six tiled, curtained shower baths and the three massage tables ranged in booths at the farther end of the room. Doris always had the feeling when she came there at night of stepping into the deserted amphitheater of a hospital. She flipped a switch, and three banks of fluorescent lights suspended from the ceiling flickered eerily, and then blazed on.

THE electric cabinet stood on four rubber-tired rollers. During the summer it was used by both attendants, who would take it up to a bedroom if a guest desired. Banks of electric-light bulbs inside, surrounding a white metal chair on three sides, furnished the heat. There were two solid doors in front, and two glass-paneled ones set at an angle above them, cut so that when they were closed they fitted about the neck of anyone sitting in the machine. A switch inside the cabinet gave the occupant control of the heat so that he could turn the light bulbs off and on.

Afterward, Doris remembered thinking that someone had been careless. The cabinet stood out in the middle of the floor just inside the entrance, its plug-in cord trailing out behind it full-length on the floor. She moved it a few feet sideways to where a wall socket was available, and plugged it in. Whoever had used it last had neglected to shut it off when finished. All of the light bulbs went on inside, flowing out brightness through the two glass panels.

As the lights came up in the cabinet, all the events of the evening that had made her so wakeful seemed suddenly to press down on her heavily. She grew abnormally conscious of sounds again, as

she had been in the bedroom. Her hearing stepped itself up to an uncomfortable preciseness. Where she'd been listening to the sound of the ocean unconsciously before, its thunder grew ominously, as though the ocean were getting too close and might engulf her.

She forced herself back into rational calmness and realized what had actually upset her was the sound of a footstep in the hall. Four watchmen, under Val Toohey's supervision, patrolled the hotel all night long. The beat of one took him past the locker-rooms and up through the rolling chairs to the boardwalk doors. She tried to hear him come back, but there was only silence and the intruding ocean. Finally, to reassure herself, she stuck her head out into the

If they knew their man, they couldn't have chosen a worse time to play detective

passage and looked up and down. The hall was empty, except for the stolid rolling chairs.

She shed her bathrobe and walked around to get into the cabinet. Then, fascinated and motionless, she stood staring down through one of the sloping glass panels into the brightly lighted cabinet. She hadn't liked Mr. Thomas's pale eyes when she saw them upstairs in the lobby, and she liked them much less right now.

They were leering back at her up through the panel. And Mr. Thomas was dead.

INSTEAD of being able to move, she found herself supporting her weight with a hand on each side of the cabinet and leaning closer. She was full of a dizzy, delirious sensation, as though she might be swimming around in nothing.

There was a white bathrobe sash around Mr. Thomas's plump red neck and it was tight enough to be almost imbedded in the skin. The two ends were cut on a bias, and hung down on one side like a decoration against Mr. Thomas's naked shoulder.

She pushed herself erect with an effort and decided she should scream. But when she opened her mouth no sound came out.

Thinking of the sash around Thomas's neck, she felt ill. It was strange, but one of the few places where you learned to know what bathrobes people wore was in a summer hotel. Bob's bathrobe had a flat sash cut on a bias and the material was rough white toweling. She'd sat on that robe many times during the summer, taken cigarettes from the pockets, used the sleeves to wipe salt water from her eyes. She'd even sun-bathed on it, face down, staring through her folded arms at the material, not six inches away from her nose, for hours at a time.

She forced herself to lean forward for another look and peered in the cabinet again. It made her feel better even though she felt more ill. There was a faint, white, traceable design in the material of the sash that had strangled Shelton Thomas. There was a design in the sash of Bob Sydenham's bathrobe, too. The difference was one she could probably never explain, but that wasn't Bob's sash around Thomas's neck. That much she knew.

Somehow she got her bathrobe back on and pulled herself together enough to remember that on a table at the end of the row of shower baths there was a phone. She flopped down on the white metal chair with her back turned away from the horrible cabinet and lifted the receiver.

There must have been almost a tenth of a second between the time that Doris asked the operator for Val Toohey and the instant the metal dumbbell, taken from the rack by the showers, crashed down on her head. For just the fraction of a second she realized that she and Mr. Thomas weren't in the ladies' locker-room alone. . . .

ICY water was wetting her hair and sloshing against her face when she came to. She was lying on one of the massage tables. Val Toohey, looming large in his inevitable Tuxedo, was gently wielding her dampened bath towel against her forehead.

"Feeling all right?"

"I guess so," she said.

"You sure got a crack, Doris." His deep-blue eyes and round face mirrored concern. "I don't suppose you saw anyone?"

"Do you think I'd be alive if I had?" Doris blinked her eyes two or three times, trying to think through the pain of a splitting headache.

"No, I guess you wouldn't, at that," Val admitted.

"My head aches," she said.

"It should." Val opened his big fist to disclose a bottle of smelling salts. "I used these to bring you around. There's a first-aid kit in the attendant's office. There's aspirin there. Wait; I'll get you a couple."

Doris pushed herself up to a sitting position on the massage table and pulled her bathrobe tighter around her. While he was gone she turned her head to stare at the cabinet. It was covered now with a clean sheet that Val had thoughtfully taken from the linen locker. Doris was relieved. Even now it would take her years to rid her mind of the sight of Shelton Thomas.

Val came back with the pills and some water. She swallowed the pills dutifully.

"Look here," Val said kindly, "you got conked with an iron dumbbell. It's over there." He pointed to a spot near the cabinet on the floor. "I haven't touched it, because there may be fingerprints, although they're pretty much out

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of date if anybody has any brains today. Anyhow, you were pretty lucky and you look pretty rocky. In about an hour this place will be crawling with Atlantic City cops, all wanting to talk to Miss Doris Corbin."

"But I don't know anything," Doris protested.

"That's just what I'm trying to say," Val continued. "I spent fifteen years on the force, myself, before some hood cracked down on me with a gun and got me retired on a pension. When coppers can't find a killer, talking to the dame that found the body is the next best thing. Do you feel up to answering a couple of questions?"

Doris nodded. Her head was beginning to clear.

"Good," said Val. "Then I'll get Miss Donaldson, the nurse, and route out Dr. James, the house physician. They'll stick you in bed under medical care, and when the cops get here you'll be out of the way until morning." He jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward the cabinet. "By any chance do you know the name of that guy in there?"

"I know even more than his name," Doris said slowly. She proceeded to tell Val in detail all that had happened during the evening.

"So you think that in addition to Hubbard, Forbes, and Shirley, Bob may be able to give us some information on this fellow, too?" Val asked when she had finished.

Doris asked, "Why did he let him in?"

Val looked at her closely for a few seconds and finally began to grin. "If you love that guy, Sydenham, as much as I think you do, it strikes me that the only fair thing is to wake him up now and ask him. Thomas will keep for fifteen minutes. Bob's room is just a few doors from yours, isn't it?"

"Five down the hall," Doris said.

"Do you feel up to it?" Val looked worried.

Doris forced a smile. "I'm perfectly all right now, Val, and I think it's perfectly swell of you to hear what Bob has to say before the police start questioning him."

"Don't thank me," Val said. "I'm a copper at heart. . . . Holy Moses, wouldn't it be something to have this murderer under wraps before the local law moves in!" . . .

THERE was no question to Doris that Bob had just wakened from a very sound sleep when he answered Val's rap on his door. Well, what did she expect? she asked herself. Did she think that just because Bob had been a little mysterious during the summer and had annoyed her by letting Shelton Thomas into the hotel without a reservation that Bob had killed him? Certainly not. Her discovery of Shelton Thomas's body had brought things to a head, that was all. In the short space of an hour all unessentials had been swept away. It just meant more to her to be certain, as she was certain, that Bob Sydenham had had nothing to do with Thomas's murder.

Because she knew now without a shadow of a doubt that she cared more for Bob than anyone living. Everything in connection with him had become of double importance. So, unconsciously, when he opened the door she had glanced at him partly from Val Toohey's point of view. Until Thomas's killer was found she'd be looking at Shirley and Nobby and Hubbard and Forbes and everyone who had contacted Thomas from the same point of view. Only, her reactions and her interest couldn't possibly be as strong.

She had been in Bob's room a couple of times before, for cocktails when he was returning some of the courtesies shown them by Nobby and Shirley during the summer. Expansive Nobby was a free spender and apparently had taken an instant liking to Doris and Bob. He had swum with them often and had them out to dinner several times. Shirley was always along.

TONIGHT, when she and Val went in, Doris was more than usually aware of the Spartan simplicity of the room and the military preciseness with which Bob kept his personal possessions. She wondered if Val noticed it, too. It smacked of the Army or some rigid institution where men were taught under penalty to keep everything with geometric precision and put everything away. With a quaver of disloyalty, she considered that a penitentiary might produce such neatness, too. But one thing she noticed, which she felt sure Val must notice, was that Bob was wearing his toweling bathrobe and the sash was tied tightly around his waist. Her heart filled with a happy little song.

"Sorry to get you up, Bob." Val's watchful eyes took in the rumpled bed and Bob's dishevelment.

Bob brushed sleep from his eyes and took in Val's Tuxedo, then moved to Doris's dampened hair and dressing gown. "Oh, think nothing of it," he said, with an attempt at airiness. "I do my best entertaining at three in the morning."

Doris took a chair at the desk. Val remained standing. Bob sat on the edge of his bed, and after another close scrutiny said, "I guess it isn't a social call, at that. What's wrong?"

"It's Shelton Thomas," Doris began.

"I'll handle this, please," Val broke in, with an edge to his voice. "You checked in a man by that name, didn't you, Bob, earlier this evening?"

Watching him closely in the not too bright light of the desk lamp, Doris had an impression that his face had tensed and paled, but she might have been mistaken.

"I checked in a lot of people from four to midnight," Bob said, "during the time I was on."

"This one I think you might remember," Val said. "He bought some cigars from Doris before he checked in and paid her with a Canadian ten-dollar bill. Then he got difficult with her, to put it mildly. Anyhow, she had reason to remember that his bag was parked in the 'No Reservation' row, and she was ready to bet that he wouldn't get in. But you let him in without a reservation—and the hotel busting at the seams." Val's voice lowered to deceptive mildness: "Why did you, Bob? That's all we want to know."

Doris said, "You put him in twenty-sixteen."

Bob took a cigarette from a pack on the table beside him and lit it. Doris noticed there was a tremor in his hand. "Tell me something, Toohey," he said, taking a placid inhale, "you're a good house dick. But when did you get the job of running this hotel? I happen to remember this fellow Thomas quite well. He's from Montreal. The people who had reservations on twenty-sixteen were late. It's my job to take care of incoming guests. Thomas was there, so I let him in. What about it?"

"This," Val said. "I thought you'd rather talk to me than the local law. Doris found his body a little while ago. He was strangled to death in an electric cabinet in the locker-rooms. Doris must have barged in onto it soon after the murder, for she got conked over the head while she was phoning for me. It's your choice, Bob. I'm taking a chance on my job and reputation by being here before I call the police. But I like both you and Doris. I thought it would look much better if I could tell them, instead of your telling them, how you happened to let Thomas in." He started toward the door. "I'll leave if you have nothing to say."

"SIT down a minute, Val. The truth's always unbelievable, but I have plenty to say." Bob smashed out his cigarette in a tray. "I seem to be one of those guys who get the breaks. Eighteen months ago I sat in a bar in London, Ontario, one night and wished out loud that I had a thousand dollars to buy into a business. Somebody evidently overheard me, and used it. I got my thousand—in a most peculiar way. It was in nice, new Canadian bills stowed away in the back of a desk drawer in my desk. The police went through the desk a couple of days later."

"You mean it was a frame?" Val straddled a chair and leaned on the back.

"A plant or a frame or anything you want to call it," Bob said. "Has it ever occurred to you that there's always a good story to be put forward by a dishonored employee or a fall guy?"

"You're neither," Doris put in quickly. "Has it ever occurred to you that you've never trusted me enough to tell me anything about this before? Why didn't you give it a try?"

"I'm giving it one now," Bob said. "I hope it will be good. I'm a pharmacist, a graduate of McGill. I got myself a good job with a wholesale drug firm in Montreal. After a few months they moved me to their branch in London, Ontario, and put me in charge of railway shipping and receiving—checking inventories out and in. I'd been with them in London eight months when somebody robbed a car."

"A car?" Val asked. "An automobile?"

"A freight car," Bob went on. "It was loaded with A.C.T.H., cortisone, aureomycin, and a lot of other stuff, booked to Army and other hospitals through our warehouse. The stuff was worth plenty, Val, and, what's worse, almost impossible to replace without the loss of weeks of time."

"You mean this all has to do with your checking Thomas in?" Val asked.

"Very much so," Bob said. "Give me time. We now reach the part where Sydenham plays the fool. That freight car arrived with two others routed through from New York an hour before we closed at four in the afternoon. It was pouring rain and I was out in the yard directing their placing. I had already signed the delivery receipts, with a notation that I hadn't checked the contents on the bills of lading, when a man came up to me in the yard and handed me an office order."

"Look, Bob," Val interrupted again; "I'm a policeman by heart and by profession. Don't mind if I want to get some things straight, because I have to pass them along. Did you know this fellow who gave you the office order?"

"He wore a slicker and a slouch hat and I'd never laid eyes on him before. He said he was superintendent of a local hospital and asked me to spot the car on a siding near the highway, as his truck was going to call to get some of the medicine early in the morning. The placing of that car was confirmed by the office order. Anyhow, I fell for it and put the car there, where it set. The order was a forgery, filched from a pad in the office."

"I don't see where you were to blame a bit." Doris found herself suffering along with his obvious strain.

"I failed to check it with Princely, the office manager," Bob went on. "The next morning the car was found empty, looted during the night. And the thousand dollars I shot my mouth off about wanting so badly was found in my desk."

"Neat," Val said.

"I didn't go to jail, because Princely, my boss, believed me," Bob said. "And so did one of the police officials, but they never found the pale-eyed man in the slicker who handed me the order. But I knew I'd recognize him the next time I saw him."

"Thomas?" Doris breathed.

"I'd have let him in under any name," Bob said. "Those eyes were burned in my brain. Until I could find that man and get something out of him, the career of Robert Sydenham, pharmacist, was through."

Val stood up. "There's one thing interests me about this, Bob. Looking at this from the angle of the police, after you got him safely checked in, what did you think you were going to do?"

"My first reaction," Bob said rather hopelessly, "was to tip you off or call the police. Then I got to wondering how the devil that was going to help. Sift it down, and what did I have?"

"Not much," Val was forced to admit; "that's perfectly true,"

"Not much?" Bob repeated bitterly. "It's less than nothing. I see a man for two minutes in a pouring rain in Ontario eighteen months ago, with no witnesses, so I try to tell you and the local police that I recognized Shelton Thomas as the man on sight. Why? Because they both have pale eyes. Now the guy's been murdered, and where am I?"

Doris had an idea: "You knew him on sight, Bob. Do you think he recognized you?"

"She has a point there," Val said. "You might have to watch your step if Thomas told whoever killed him that you were a dangerous man to have around."

"I don't think he knew me," Bob said, after a moment. "Don't forget he's been photographed on my mind with cause for a long time. Let's say he came here by chance. I don't think in a thousand years he'd ever expect to find the room clerk in the Waverly-Lansing was an unimportant sucker he'd framed in a seventy-five-thousand-dollar steal."

"By the way, Bob"—Val looked thoughtful—"how did you happen to get this job?"

"Through a Mountie who worked on the case in London," Bob told him.

"A Mountie?" Doris asked.

"One of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police," Bob explained. "They work in Canada as the F.B.I. does here. One of their officers who believed my story put in a word for me with a hotel in Montreal that's in this chain. I went to work there and was transferred here. What's that got to do with our problem right now?"

"This," Val said. "I think you're wrong in one thing. You may have come here by chance, but Shelton Thomas didn't. He came here to see somebody—Shirley, Nobby, Forbes, maybe Hubbard. It's my job and the job of the local police to find that person. That's our play." He looked at his wrist watch. "Speaking of police, I've waited too long to call them now. Even when I was on the force I never could resist playing detective. . . . Coming, Doris? I want to get Dr. James to take a look at you, as I said, and get you to bed with some nursing care." Val opened the door.

"I'm all right, Val," Doris told him firmly. "I can call Dr. James myself, if I really need him, or Bob can. Do you mind if I stay?"

"Here?"

"Yes," she said, "with Bob. Somehow I think I'd feel safer until the police get here. Whoever hit me over the head might have thought I really saw them, and they might have the same ideas about me that they had about Shelton Thomas. They might feel a darn' sight better if they thought I was out of the way."

"You may have something there," Val admitted, as he stepped into the hall. "Keep an eye on her, Bob, and get Miss Donaldson, the nurse, to stay with her when she goes to bed. I'll try to keep the cops out of her hair until morning. Anyhow, I'll pass on to them what both of you have to say."

Bob stared at her for a moment after Val had gone. His eyes were full of warm affection, and Doris found herself coloring. She was suddenly conscious of her own strong feelings toward him, the lateness of the hour, the fact that she was alone with him in his bedroom. She was still more aware that, more than anything, she wanted him free of any scar, any blemish, that Shelton Thomas might have left on him through that robbery in Canada.

They both stood up, and for a moment they were drawn together and she was in his arms, his kisses warm against her lips, against her hair. Then the realities of the moment intervened, and she freed herself—not without knowing that love, full-blown in her heart, would always be there.

"How long before the police get here?" she asked him. She felt stronger than she really was. Her brain felt abnormally clear.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes," Bob said, "maybe half an hour. They won't be long when Val puts in the call."

"Aren't you losing a chance?" Doris asked him.

"A chance for what?"

"To go through Thomas's things, Bob. The police will seize every bit of his stuff as evidence in this murder. They'll search his rooms the very first thing. There may be something there in his baggage or in his clothes that would clear you of that freight-car suspicion in Canada. Why not get it before the police do, and turn it over to them later if you think it's necessary to convict the murderer. You can get a passkey, can't you?"

"You really believe in me, don't you, Doris?"

"With all my heart," she told him, "but others may not. That's what frightens me. Can you get a key?"

"I have a key," Bob said, "and there's nothing I'd like better, Doris, than to search that room, believe me. But it won't work. It's the first idea the killer would have. If I was trapped up there it wouldn't look too good for me."

"If the killer wanted to search that room he'd be all through by now," Doris was pleading desperately. "I'll admit it would look bad, too, Bob, if you searched it alone. That wasn't what I meant. This is your one big chance to clear yourself of that Canadian frame-up, and you're going to take it. But you'll need a witness to anything you find, and a witness to the fact that it was really my idea. You'll search that room of Thomas's with me." . . .

As they walked down the hall of the twentieth floor Doris decided she'd never make a criminal. She was imagining people all around her, ready to spring from behind closed doors and confront her with pointed, accusing fingers.

Late as it was, there was laughter from 2008, a clink of glasses in 2009, a heavy snorer in 2012. From 2014 came the sound of a dance band from a muted radio.

If she'd ever had any doubt about Bob's determination to see things through, they were gone by now. It was more than obvious that his concern, if any, had been only for her. His grin as

he slipped the key in the door of 2018 put her tottering courage back on a firm foundation.

The bedroom they entered was partly lighted from two lamps that had been left on in the adjoining sitting-room, 2016. They went through a bad quarter of a minute right after Bob closed the door behind them. Out in the hall she heard the opening and shutting of one of the automatic elevator doors. They stood close together, scarcely breathing, until the footsteps grew faint, as a party of guests walked toward the other end of the hall.

Bob switched on a light in the bedroom. The aluminum suitcase was standing open on a rack at the foot of one of the twin beds. It had been partly unpacked. Two pairs of shoes, one black and one tan, neatly fitted with trees, stood under it on the floor. A pair of silver-backed military brushes, a comb, and a plain silver shoehorn were on the bureau.

Bob stared for a few seconds at the four pairs of silk shorts, a half-dozen pairs of socks, and some handkerchiefs that were neatly folded in the suitcase, then walked over and opened the closet door. Three suits hung inside—a Tuxedo, a dark suit, and a light gray. There were bedroom slippers of shiny patent leather on the closet floor. A black silk bathrobe and a pair of red silk pajamas were hung on hooks on the inside of the door. Obviously, Mr. Thomas's tastes had been expensive and he had had the money to indulge them.

Bob had started a systematic search of the pockets of the dark suit when Doris, watching him, caught her breath with a quick reflex and switched off the bedroom light. She'd been listening with an unconscious intensity. Although she was certain she'd heard no further sound from the hall, some instinct had warned her that somebody was unlocking the door to the sitting-room, 2016.

FORTUNATELY, Bob didn't utter a sound when the light went out. Doris reached out and took his hand, leading him close to the door through which they had come in. Together they stood in a spot where a long, three-paneled mirror, hung above the settee in the sitting-room, clearly reflected the door in the other room. They watched, rigid, as it opened. Roy Hubbard stepped into 2016.

Half inside, Hubbard stood still and listened. His right side was turned away from her, but she judged from his position that his hand was thrust in his sports coat pocket. Something in his expression and his waiting stance gave warning that she and Bob might be in a most unenviable position if Hubbard should be suddenly alarmed. He looked like a man who was not only nervous but taking no chances. He also looked like a man who might be very well able to handle a gun.

Bob's fingers tightened hard on her arm as Hubbard closed the door behind him and stepped into the sitting-room. She had an instant of wild panic as she saw him walk across the sitting-room past the communicating door. Then she realized he was not coming into the bedroom, but was heading for a writing desk in the corner of the other room.

Without quite knowing how it had happened, she found herself beside Bob out in the hall and running down the thick, gray carpet toward the automatic elevator. The car was still on the floor. Apparently Hubbard had just come up in it.

Inside the car, as it started down, she had a disheartening sensation that it was falling far too fast for her to keep pace with it. Try as she might, she felt herself suspended in mid-air. "Maybe," she thought, "it's really going too slow and I'm the one who's going too fast." Her head was whirling, but so were the lights, shooting out beautiful blond rainbows that mingled with Bob's brown hair. Finally the elevator stopped, and Doris crumpled quietly to the floor. . . .

When she awoke, the sun was shining brightly through the open slats of the blinds. Bob and Val Toohey were sitting on chairs beside her bed. When he saw she was awake, Bob reached out and took her hand and Val Toohey started grinning. Suddenly Doris grinned back at him and felt much better. "What happened?" she asked weakly.

"You fainted," Bob told her.

Val pointed a finger at the bandage on her head and said, "You've been running around with a cracked skull. I told you to get to bed last night. Now the doctor has you fixed up with a Hindu turban."

Doris was aware that, in spite of Val's apparent friendliness, tension was thick as cigarette smoke in the bedroom air.

"We've been sitting here like a couple of ghouls waiting for you to wake up," Bob said. "Dr. James is afraid you have a concussion. How are you feeling now?"

"Fine," Doris told him.

"Well, I'll give you something to make you worse." Bob squeezed her hand. "Val thinks I killed Shelton Thomas."

"That's a lie," Val said. "I merely stated you were a good prospect. You'll admit that yourself, won't you? If I thought you'd had anything to do with it at all, I wouldn't have passed on to you what I told Sullivan, the local homicide man."

"What did you tell him?" Doris asked.

"I told him the story of the drug robbery in London," Val said. "It was a good thing I did. Bob told him, too. It made things look better."

MISS DONALDSON, the nurse, came in carrying a breakfast tray. She looked at Val and Bob and said, "Blow."

"Detective Sullivan wants to talk to her," Val said.

"In two hours," Miss Donaldson said, "maybe—if she feels like it. I gave her a hypo last night. They make you feel low."

"It's important," Val insisted.

"Why?" asked Miss Donaldson. "It'll take Thomas twenty-four hours to cool off after being in that cabinet, even though you've got him on a cake of ice."

"They ought to cool him off on a nurse's heart," Val said.

Doris gently released Bob's hand. Somehow she felt she had to get Val alone with her, if only for fifteen minutes. She told Miss Donaldson, "I'm feeling all right. There are some things I want to know before I talk to Mr. Sullivan. Can't Val stay?"

"He can come back in ten minutes, after I get you washed and polished." Miss Donaldson stood pointing firmly at the door.

Doris said, "I have to relieve Anna at four."

"That's what you think," Miss Donaldson said. "Not today."

The men went out, and Doris was half through her breakfast when Val came back in. Miss Donaldson eyed them for a moment and said, "You can sit up for a while if you want to, Doris, but don't try to do too much until Dr. James sees you at noon."

THE door had scarcely closed behind the nurse when Doris plunged in breathlessly: "Val, if you and the police suspect Bob Sydenham at all, you're crazy. You saw, yourself, when we went to his room last night that he had his bathrobe on, and the sash was with it. Have the police searched yet for the robe that matches the sash that strangled Thomas?"

Val sat rigid on the edge of a straight-backed chair. "Come again, Doris. Will you kindly tell me what brilliant piece of detective work you've cooked up now?"

"I'm talking about the white toweling bathrobe sash that was around Thomas's neck when I found his body," Doris explained. "My brilliant piece of detective work, as you call it, would be to find the robe with the missing sash and match them. I had one short look at the sash, that's all—but I'd take my oath that I'd know it again, or the bathrobe, any time and anywhere."

"Hold your horses!" Val got to his feet, his face brick-red. "Did you see the body after I brought you around in the locker-room?"

"You had the cabinet covered with a sheet," Doris reminded him. "How could I?"

"Oh, my own thick head!" Val pounded one beefy fist into his palm. "That's why the killer knocked you out, Doris, instead of running away. He wanted that sash. I looked at Thomas even before I saw you lying on the floor, but the only thing around his neck was a livid scar. Believe me, Doris, there was no sash there. You say you can identify it if you see it?"

"I'm positive of it, Val. The raised designs in the cloth were like the marks on a peacock's feathers. I'd know it anywhere."

"There's a chance it belonged to Thomas, himself," Val suggested.

"His bathrobe is black, with a red silk lining," Doris said. "That's another thing I thought you should know. Bob and I searched his room last night—or started to."

"Bob told me—and about Hubbard interrupting you." Val shoved his big hands in his pockets and began to pace the floor. "You're insane, Doris, you and Bob Sydenham, too. Keep out of this, both of you. I'm telling you. Feel that bandage on your head and you'll find out what happens to amateurs mixing around in a murder. It puts me in a panic."

"The killer may be in a panic, too," Doris suggested.

"*May* be?" Val repeated. "He is, and you know it. A bathrobe without a sash will hang him, a bathrobe with a sash will hang him if he tries to throw it away. All you need to do right now is start shooting your mouth off about seeing that sash and let word of it get around this hotel. Mr. Killer's going to find out that you're the only person living who can identify that bathrobe. The next time, Doris, the guy won't miss. It's you or him, if he thinks you can identify that sash."

"I'm not shooting my mouth off," Doris said. "I haven't even mentioned it to Bob."

"Well, that's the smartest thing you've done so far." Val quit his striding and swung around. "Let me do all the mentioning. I assure you that Sullivan's the only one who'll hear it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to start looking for bathrobes," Val said. "I'm going to start the police checking with the hotel valet. I'm going to have a look at the incinerator and the bins where the trash is thrown away." He half muttered to himself, "That also includes Mr. Sydenham's possessions. People have been known to have more than one bathrobe."

THERE was a knock at the door. Val answered it, and half hidden by a three-foot-high funeral wreath of tuberoses and calla lilies, Nobby Clark and Bob came in.

"Flowers make me sneeze," Val said. "I'm leaving now." He grinned at Doris and added, "Take it easy. I'm not really as dumb as I look. I'll see what I can do."

Nobby closed the door after Val's broad back, shutting him out in the hall.

Nobby was formally clothed in pin-striped trousers, a cutaway coat, a pearl-gray vest, and an ascot tie. He placed the collection of flowers on the bureau, where it blotted out everything, then swung around suddenly to Doris, who was staring with a feeling of hysteria at the massive floral tribute bristling all over her bureau. "Oh, no!" he said. "They told me you were dead."

"Well, I feel like it with that thing in the room." Doris fluttered a hand at it feebly. She couldn't help thinking that nobody in the world but Nobby would go to so much time and trouble to put across his own macabre, heavy-handed brand of humor.

"Well, smell it a while anyhow," said Nobby, "and I'll return it and see if I can get my money back." He settled himself in an easy chair and stretched his long legs out before him. "It's really too bad," he said. "I had a gorgeous funeral arranged for you at two o'clock tomorrow. I was going to sing *Moanin' at the Bar*."

"At least," said Doris, "I wouldn't have had to listen to you."

Nobby got up, fished down in the middle of the calla lilies, and brought out a bottle of brandy. "I'll give you this," he said, "if you and Bob will confess to killing that fellow Thomas."

"Why?" asked Doris. "Did you kill him?"

Nobby was silent while he reached in his pocket for a corkscrew. The brandy cork came out with a soft, sweet pop. "Get some glasses," he told Bob.

Bob got one from Doris's tray, two from the bathroom, and put them on the bureau. Nobby poured a more than generous portion in each one and passed them around.

"Here's to crime," he said. "You'll hear all about it soon enough."

Doris took a sip and felt the warm old brandy burn delightfully as it went down. She sat up higher in the bed and pulled her jacket closer about her.

"He had me on the hook for twelve thousand," Nobby said. "Frankly, I'm pleased to death that somebody bumped him."

Bob asked, "How'd he get his hooks into you?"

"He got around," said Nobby.

Doris said, "Apparently you do, too."

"Too much," said Nobby. "I'll just have to quit being lucky at love. It's a long story. It all started a couple of years ago when I ran into good old Shelton out at Victoria, B.C. We were playing out there and I was bored, as I always am, and looking for action. I sat in a game with him, and by the time he left he either owned my Canadian Château Band or I was in the red to him for a thousand or two—I don't quite remember. But I've run into him a half a dozen times since, and either he was lucky or I should learn his tricks." He stood up and finished his drink. "He was lit up like an electric sign when he left me at the Waves last night."

"What time was that?" Bob asked.

"IT'S all down in Mr. Sullivan's notebook," Nobby smiled, "but it was about a quarter to one. Thomas was too drunk to be gambling, and I told him so. I also told him how to find the electric cabinet here in the hotel. He suggested that himself, believe it or not. Even when he was drunk he was a man who tried to stay sober. I probably could've killed him, because I left the Waves around two—a little matter of running out of money, as I usually do. But I didn't kill him and I don't know who did." He walked over to the bed, stood for a few seconds looking down at Doris's bandaged head. "There's talk around that Bob had some reasons for strangling Thomas, too."

"I hadn't heard that," Doris said.

"Well, you will," Nobby said, "before the police get through. This joint leaks talk like an old barrel, and outside of Shirley there are only about two people in it that I give a hoot about, dead or alive, and that's you two. That's why I brought my story in with your breakfast. I also wanted to drop a hint: Thomas wasn't only a gambler. He was one of the nicest international cutthroats that ever lived, and his murder was long overdue. But you're mixed up in something deep, kiddies. Very, very deep. Don't trust anybody, not even me. That's my fatherly advice to you."

He leaned down and brushed his lips against Doris's bandage. "I'm the melodramatic type, but watch your step. If I had my way I'd like to see both of you get out of this joint just as fast as you can, and stay away until this murder is cleared up." He went out of the room with a wave of his hand.

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Doris said, "And so, kiddies, a new day dawns over the boardwalk at Atlantic City."

Bob went over to the window and stood with his back to Doris. "We might keep our stories a little straighter if I knew what you had to say to Valentine."

"I told him the truth, Bob—that we tried to search Thomas's room last night, and that Hubbard came in and drove us away, but that I didn't think he saw us. Is that all right?"

"I'm glad you did," Bob said, "for I'd told them already—so I'm afraid he won't have anything much more to work on."

Doris had a quick pang of guilt at Bob's despondent tone. She started to speak, and checked herself. "If you don't mind, Bob, I think I'll get up and try to get dressed."

"Fine," he said on his way out. He turned at the door to add, "I'll see you later."

She felt deflated after Bob left. The bandage Dr. James had put on her head was cumbersome. Miss Donaldson had been right when she said that a hypo left you feeling low. She had been buoyed up by the excitement mixed with fright since finding Thomas's body. Now the excitement was gone entirely, and Nobby's profile of Thomas, coming on top of Val's vehement cautioning, had left her just plain weak and scared. She was on the point of getting up and dressing when her phone rang.

The conversation was short, fast, and entirely one-sided. It started without introduction the instant Doris said, "Hello."

"Shelton Thomas said you were nosy. He's dead. Unless you keep your nose out of his business, and get out of Atlantic City today, you'll join him." The phone clicked off.

MECHANICALLY Doris began to signal the operator, and got an answer after what seemed an endless time.

"This is Doris Corbin—"

"Oh, this is Betty. How's the head? I hear you got walloped on the dome."

"I'm okay, thanks, Betty. Did you handle a call to my room?"

"Sure did—Just a minute, please—Waverly-Lansing—Will you hold it, please?—Hello, Doris? . . ."

"Betty, have you any idea where that call came from?"

"Sure do— Will you hold it, *please?*—Doris? House phone number three by the boardwalk entrance downstairs—Take it easy— Waverly-Lansing— I'll be seeing you."

Doris lay back against the pillows. The warning voice on the phone had been muffled as though a handkerchief,

or maybe a towel, had been stretched over the mouthpiece, but it had reminded her of someone. It kept beating against her tired brain—that hidden terror buried underneath the calm—that pleasant masculine menace that still was deadly serious. It was a voice she knew, a voice she had heard fifty times before.

Suddenly she had it, and instantly, with the knowledge, she began to cry from disappointment. She was still weeping softly when Detective Sullivan arrived at eleven. What would a hard-headed policeman think if she told him that the voice that had threatened her over the telephone was the composite voice of every movie gangster she had ever heard? . . .

In the bottom of the bag was the one thing Doris had prayed she wouldn't find

Detective Sullivan of Homicide proved to be a mild, round-faced man with sparse gray hair. His heavy-lensed glasses partly concealed, and fully distorted, sympathetic eyes that on occasion turned flinty. He took the chair by Doris's bed, looked briefly at her reddened face, and asked, "Why the tears, young lady?"

Doris told him about the telephone call. Detective Sullivan took out a leather-covered notebook and started writing. He seemed to find her identification of the voice as a movie gangster much more serious than funny. After his very first questions Doris began to agree. Under the strain she had forgotten Nobby Clark's imitative abilities as an entertainer.

"Did you know that Thomas and this fellow Clark went to a gambling club together last night?" Sullivan asked.

Doris told him of her conversation with Shirley Lamont just before she went to bed. Detective Sullivan put it down in his notebook.

"Clark told me himself that he does imitations," Sullivan said. "It will bear looking into. Something you don't know, Miss Corbin, is that before Thomas left the Waves Club last night, he and Clark had an argument that amounted almost to a brawl. I understand that Clark brought you those this morning." He pointed to the flowers.

Doris nodded, started to speak, and checked herself.

"A weird sense of humor." Detective Sullivan carefully polished his glasses and put them back on. "Almost like a gangster's. If you're worrying about not telling me what he told you this morning—about the gambling debts he owed Thomas—please don't. I'm not trying to trick you, Miss Corbin. I'm merely trying to get all the help you can give me. Val Toohey has told me about your seeing a bathrobe sash and that you feel sure you can identify the robe if we find it. I've already interviewed Mr. Horace Forbes."

Doris said weakly, "I don't know what else I can tell you. You already seem to know it all."

Detective Sullivan gave her a fatherly smile. "First, let me ask a question: Do you think Nobby Clark is stupid?"

"I certainly do not," Doris said. "Nobby's a fine musician, an artist."

"Thank you," said Sullivan. "Only a stupid man would use one of his well-known imitations when making a threatening call." He paused and looked down at his notebook, then added quietly, "Or an artist, who would argue correctly that I'd think just what I'm thinking—that the most obvious would be the least suspect."

"Maybe it only sounded like a movie gangster to *me*," Doris said.

"I'm considering that, too," Sullivan reassured her. "Now, would you tell me very briefly something about Shirley Lamont. You said that she told you last night that she had met Shelton Thomas a couple of times before."

"I haven't any reason in the world to doubt her, Mr. Sullivan. I don't believe that she'd tell me anything that was untrue. She said that Thomas was a gambler."

"So far as we've been able to check," Sullivan said dryly, "that's perfectly true. Let me be more specific. Miss Lamont makes a hundred and fifty dollars a week and expenses. Knowing that, is there anything about her way of dressing that impresses you from a woman's point of view?"

Doris's mind flashed back to the summer. It was Bob who had brought up the fact that Shirley's salary as a singer must have been stretched to the breaking point to buy the square-cut diamond ring she wore and the mink stole she had sported one night on the boardwalk. Doris had defended her hotly, but all she had gotten from Bob was a cynical grin.

"She dresses up to her income and maybe a little beyond." Doris felt annoyed at Bob, who must have brought it up to Sullivan. "Is that any crime? I do it, too."

"It's the 'little beyond' I'm interested in, Miss Corbin. There's been a murder. I'm wondering if you know how Miss Lamont's income might have been stretched while singing with a band around hotels."

"No, I don't," Doris said firmly.

"You have no reason to believe," Sullivan continued, "that perhaps she directed prospective players to gambling houses, for which service she collected a fee?"

"If she did," Doris said, "I know nothing about it."

"Thank you, Miss Corbin," Sullivan said. "Now, have you ever seen any of the guests before who are in the hotel at the moment?"

"Yes," Doris said, "I think Mr. Forbes was here last spring. Maybe twice—once before that, right after the hotel opened last fall."

"Anyone else?"

"No one I can think of," Doris said.

"And now about the locker-room, Miss Corbin. Will you tell me exactly what happened, please, including everything you heard and saw?"

She told him in detail. When she finished there were icy beads of sweat on her forehead.

Detective Sullivan checked his notes. "Was this cabinet always on the women's side, Miss Corbin?"

"No, sometimes it was rolled over to the men's side."

"Thomas was killed on the men's side, Miss Corbin, as far as we know. We believe that after he was strangled his body was hurriedly shoved down in, the cabinet unplugged and moved across the hall. He'd come down in his clothes and apparently had not been in a hurry, for they were carefully hung up in a booth in the men's locker-room. Can you think of any reason why a murderer should go to the trouble of pushing that cabinet across the hall?"

"A watchman patrols the place at

night," Doris said. "Sometimes if he sees a light on the men's side he stops and looks in."

"But not on the women's side?"

"Not in the year I've been here," Doris said, "and I've taken altogether thirty or forty cabinets at night—sometimes with Shirley, sometimes alone."

"There are three ways to get into each of those locker-rooms," Sullivan said, "the main lighted entrance from the hall, a door through the attendant's office, and an entrance through the lavatories, nearest the automatic elevator at the end of the hall. When the murderer struck you, Miss Corbin, which entrance do you think he used to come in?"

"He must have used the entrance nearest the boardwalk, the one through the attendant's office. My back was to that door when I sat down to phone. Yes, I'm sure he did, because I heard those footsteps I was telling you about and thought it was the watchman. I even looked out, and there was nobody in the hall."

"And from where you were sitting at the phone you could see the cabinet, the main entrance, and the entrance through the lavatories?"

"That's right," Doris said, "although I'd tried to turn my back to the cabinet. The entrance through the lavatories is shielded by a wooden screen that ends about a foot from the floor."

"I think you're right," Sullivan agreed. "The killer ducked back into the men's side when he heard you come. He knew you were going to find Thomas's body and he wanted that sash, so he walked down the hall to the boardwalk, entered through the attendant's office, and waited till you sat down with your back to him at the phone."

"Yes," Doris said.

"Then I think you'll agree that whoever killed Thomas was someone Thomas knew quite well, someone he trusted. That is, unless he was sneaked up on as you were. But it seems to make more sense that they went down there together and that the killer had a bathrobe on. The other thing that seems quite clear is that the killer knew an awful lot about the Waverly-Lansing Hotel. Wouldn't you think so?"

"Yes, I would," Doris said softly.

Sullivan cleared his throat. "Mr. Wilson, the managing director, would like you to be in his office at half-past two, if you feel able. I'd like to check on some of these things when everyone concerned is together."

"I'll be there," said Doris. "Half-past two."

"Thank you very much," Detective Sullivan said. He stood up to leave, and departed only after he had read his carefully made notes all through again.

Dr. James came at noon, removed the bandages, and left Doris with a not too noticeable two-inch strip of adhesive marking the spot where the dumbbell fell. He refused to allow her to handle the newsstand for a day or two.

When she appeared in Mr. Wilson's ocean-view office on the third floor of the north tower at two-thirty, the strip of plaster loomed in her mind as large as a movie screen. Outside of that concern she was feeling pretty fit and well.

But her feeling of well-being was false and built on sands as shifting as those she could see from the window. She realized that as soon as she entered the room.

Mr. Wilson was back of his uncluttered desk presiding over the tribunal, with Val on one side of him and Detective Sullivan on the other. His dark, unparted hair was slicked back in an unruffled smoothness, intended to give the impression of perpetual youthfulness, but Mr. Wilson's expression was far from young. Doris felt that she could read accusation in his face, an accusation that included her and all of the others in the office. It was plain that each had to share personally part of the blame for allowing murder to creep into Mr. Wilson's immaculate hotel.

Nobby and Shirley sat together on a small settee. Always the perfect showman, Nobby had kept his funeral toggery on, probably hoping it would outdo some of the stiffness of Mr. Wilson. Shirley, on the other hand, had dared the sanctity of the office in a molded pair of black velvet slacks which topped gold sandals and which were topped, in turn, by a low-cut shirtwaist and a flaming red jacket.

Roy Hubbard and Horace Forbes had pulled two chairs together in a corner and were talking in whispers as Doris came in.

It was Bob who upset her. His calmness should have been reassuring. His friendly smile should have restored her fleeing confidence as he rose to get her a chair. But there was something in his manner, some new caution she'd never seen before, and aloofness, a weighing of her reliability. She thought of guilt and she thought of fear, and rejected them both. All she knew was that as she took the chair she was suddenly full of depression, shut out completely for the moment from this puzzling Bob Sydenham whom she couldn't define.

Mr. Wilson was speaking, thanking them all for their trouble and their courtesy in keeping such a delicate matter as a murder as quiet as it had been kept. "You understand, I'm sure, the very fine balance upon which rests the reputation of a resort hotel."

Doris's mind raced off on a different track. What did she know about Bob? Less than nothing except what her heart had told her. Where a life was at stake a heart might easily be wrong. And Nobby? Nobby had a scrapbook full of clippings—"Band leader rises from humble birth to fame." Shirley Lamont could be as easily traced—an established singer with an agent, a voice, and a name. Even Val had clippings—"Gallant officer shot by a bandit is retired on pension." Horace Forbes was a delegate to the brokers' convention, a three-time customer of the big hotel. Hubbard might have some explaining to do, but he was easily checked—nickel mines near Sudbury, Ontario.

But of Robert Sydenham she knew nothing at all. His story of the freight-car robbery was certainly pat. But was it entirely true? Suppose he had been bribed? Was his memory that good, that on one slight contact he could recognize Shelton Thomas walking into a strange hotel. She wondered if the quiet Detective Sullivan or any of the others were troubled by those thoughts as well.

It was a sparkling day, and noise drifted up from the boardwalk outside. A band could be heard giving its afternoon concert on a nearby pier.

She became aware that her head was throbbing and that if she stared hard enough out the open window at the sheen of sun on the Atlantic Ocean, the pale, popped-out eyes of Shelton Thomas might stare back at her over the sill. She'd been involved in death before, when her mother had died, and her father. Murder was new. Death could hurt, but, like the pain of childbirth, it was quickly forgotten. Murder was different. It was a shock, like some terrible operation. You thought you were recovering, when, in reality, the aftereffects were only starting.

She saw that Nobby was watching her, and his words of the morning took on a deeper meaning: "I'd like to see both of you get out of this joint just as fast as you can, and stay away until this murder is cleared up." Suppose . . . Had it been his voice on the phone?

She didn't want to suppose. She was trapped in broad daylight in the middle of a bunch of strangers, and one of them had blood on his hands. She was caught fast behind the walls of an open penitentiary through no fault of her own. The thought of her job had become distasteful. She was losing the only man she had ever cared for. She wasn't watching a play. She'd become a principal actor.

"Did I understand you to say that you saw him there, Miss Corbin?" Detective Sullivan was speaking.

"What was that?" Doris raised her head in confusion, aware that everybody's eyes were on her. "I'm afraid I wasn't listening too closely. I guess I'm a little dizzy."

"I'm sorry," Detective Sullivan said. "I'll try not to keep you any longer than possible. We were talking about Mr. Hubbard. You said that you saw him come into the sitting-room of twenty-sixteen last night while you and Mr. Sydenham were there?"

Doris looked at Roy Hubbard. His red, weather-beaten face seemed slightly gray.

"So I was there," Hubbard said. "I told you before. Forbes and I are old friends. He's made investments for me. As a matter of fact, we have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds on this hotel."

Detective Sullivan looked at Forbes and then at Mr. Wilson. Both men nodded.

Hubbard went on, "So Forbes brings this punk Thomas up into my room and gets him into the poker game. Ask any of the others—Denning from Boston—Mitchell from New York—Ailes from West Virginia—"

Val said, "We've checked with all the players, Mr. Hubbard."

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"Then I'm sure they told you the same thing. Thomas cleans up nearly four hundred dollars and blows the game."

"You mean he left?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"And how," Hubbard said, "left—blew—got out. Forbes and I went downstairs a little later and found him talking to Miss Lamont here, in the cocktail bar. A little later Nobby Clark came in. He and Thomas went off to some gambling house, I believe the Waves Club, together. Forbes went to bed and I went back to the game in my room. We all had a few drinks and got to talking about Thomas, and I got sore. Later I got really burned. I went downstairs to the office and told the man at the desk that Thomas had sent me, and I got his key to twenty-sixteen. I thought maybe I could find some crooked dice or marked cards or something if I searched his room."

"Did you search it?" Sullivan asked.

"No," Hubbard said. "I got the idea that somebody was in the bedroom when I went in. Then I was certain of it because I heard the door close in the bedroom. I didn't want to be seen, so I stayed in there for a little while until I figured the coast was clear. I went back down to the office and left Thomas's key and then went back to the game. That was all."

Detective Sullivan scrutinized his notebook. "Sounds quite reasonable," he said.

HORACE FORBES sat up straighter in his chair, unbuttoned the two bottom buttons of his vest that were squeezing his stomach, and said in a patient, hurt voice, "It doesn't sound reasonable at all. It makes me look like a fool."

"Oh, please, Mr. Forbes." Nobby raised a protesting hand. "Just because you introduced Shelton Thomas into a poker game and cost the crowd four hundred bucks don't say you're a fool. That's chicken feed to what he's taken out of me in the last three or four years. My trouble is I kept going back for more."

"Did this Mr. Thomas have any hold on you gentlemen?" Detective Sullivan inquired.

"If you call a mild form of blackmail a hold, yes," said Mr. Forbes. "Without exactly revealing my family life I might state in self-defense that I've always had a tendency to play."

"Last night you seemed to have lost it," Shirley put in. "It seems to me I've met you a couple of places before, Mr. Forbes, when you were on some of your extended business trips. Do you happen to recall one night that you showed me the sights of Kansas City?"

"I remember it," Nobby said. "You started singing baritone, Shirley, and your excuse was that you hadn't had any sleep all night or all day."

Doris leaned slightly forward—that had certainly been a baritone voice on the telephone.

"Now, that's what I'm speaking of," Mr. Forbes said hastily. "Those are some of the little peccadillos that my better nature gets me into on conventions once in a while. Those are the incidents that I try very hard not to remember and that it seems Mr. Shelton Thomas had great ability to recall."

"He was really an enterprising sort of fellow," Nobby said, staring at the ceiling and speaking to no one. "He offered me an enlarged photograph of you and Shirley taken in a clip joint that he thought I might use in advertising the band."

"I have a mortgage and loan company," Forbes explained, "and a private bank in Detroit. Thomas found out that my wife, who's really very fond of me, put in most of the money to start it. The things Shelton Thomas remembered, he wasn't above using to cement lasting friendship."

"Then he really was a gambler," Sullivan remarked.

Nobby grinned. "I'd scarcely call it that. Would you, Mr. Hubbard? Let's say he had a knack of collecting information and using that information to find out where games of chance were going on."

"Yes," Forbes agreed moodily. "You might add that he took about as many chances as an investment broker. He seemed to have an uncanny knack of knowing where the cards were going to fall."

"Do you think that story he gave Doris Corbin on the newsstand was true?" Val asked. "He said he'd had only about one hundred bucks to get here from Montreal—fifty American and fifty Canadian—and on the train he'd lost the fifty American playing bridge."

"It's probably true," said Forbes. "He was a resident of Canada and that's all they're allowed to bring in—or rather out of the country. Actually, all I've ever known about him is that he had a real-estate business in Montreal."

"There was a lot more than four hundred dollars in his clothes last night," Val said. "About nine hundred and twenty, wasn't it, Sullivan?"

Sullivan looked at his notes and nodded. "Nine hundred and twenty-three dollars and seventy-five cents American and forty-eight dollars and fifty cents Canadian."

"Five hundred of the American was mine," Forbes said. "He borrowed it to get in the game upstairs and gave me an I.O.U."

"I'll give you ten bucks for it," Nobby laughed.

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN looked as though he objected to the levity. "What we're getting at is this: The body was found about half-past two." He looked at Val. "That's correct, isn't it?"

"Well, a few minutes later." Val pulled a report sheet toward him on the desk. "The actual time was two forty-one. I turn in one of these reports for the twenty-four hours of each day."

"Officer Toohey was on his way to bed," Sullivan explained, "when the watchmen's lights turned on. They're controlled by the switchboard operator in the telephone-room." He turned to Mr. Wilson. "What is the exact idea of those lights, if you don't mind?"

"Well, it's sort of an alarm," Wilson said. "The operator can use it in the case of fire or some guest reporting trouble. There's one in every hall of every wing. Any watchman seeing them lit goes immediately to the nearest phone."

VAL nodded agreement. "I was just going into my room to turn in when the light in my hall went on. Nellie, the night operator, had recognized Doris's voice and told me she'd called from the women's locker-room but had hung up the phone. I beat it down there as fast as I could, and found Doris on the floor and Thomas in the box."

"Let's get on with it," Nobby said. "I have to start at seven and play till twelve, and quit here and play till five at an outside ball. Thomas went to the Waves Club with me last night and left at a quarter of one, higher than a balloon. We had quite an argument, too. He wanted a steam bath or an electric cabinet, or something, and I told him where to find one. I ran out of cash and left the Waves at two. If Doris found him while the murderer was still in there Thomas must have been killed about twenty past two. I was in bed. Forbes was in bed. Bob was in bed. Shirley was in bed. And Hubbard should have been. He's the only one of us who has an alibi—lots of alibis, Denning, Mitchell, Ailes, and a couple of others."

"I prefer to conduct this investigation myself," Detective Sullivan said, "although what Mr. Clark has stated seems to be quite true."

"Drive on, conductor, and just call me Nobby." Nobby slid down in the settee and closed his eyes. "I was only trying to make things easier for you."

"Well, it's been summed up very neatly," Sullivan said, after mature consultation with his notebook.

"I'll add one more thing," Nobby said, without opening his eyes. "You might check up on the Waves Club and that guy who runs it. I've been out with Thomas before in other towns. I know how he plays. He didn't go there to gamble last night. He went to look the place over. I think he's got a piece of it."

"Piece of it?" Sullivan was newly interested.

"Yes," said Nobby, "a chunk, a slice, a bite. I think he's a part owner, from the way he ordered people around and sized things up and asked questions."

Horace Forbes straightened up in his chair again. "It takes cash to buy into a gambling house," he said. "Thomas was a resident of Canada. There are heavy penalties for exporting funds into the United States without permission; a stiff fine and imprisonment, and the money found on his person might be confiscated by the Canadian authorities. I don't think they'd give Mr. Thomas permission to bring in money to invest in a gambling house under any circumstances. If Nobby Clark's right, then Thomas gave that money to somebody to bring into this country to invest for

him. Find the person he gave it to and you'll find out who killed him. You see, under the Canadian law, if Thomas gave that money to someone, and that person brought it into the United States, Thomas could never recover. He'd be in a position where all he could do is ask for it without being able to sue."

"Quite a spot," said Nobby, with his eyes still closed. "To buy in part of a joint like the Waves would take an awful lot of dough."

There wasn't much more before the meeting was finished. Mr. Wilson took the trouble to give Doris a crisp, official word of thanks for her memory and discreet observations. It made her headache feel just a little better and left her with a tiny glow.

Sullivan asked her if she felt up to a walk on the boardwalk with him. Feeling that he had something to tell her, she decided to go.

"I have to get a coat," she told him.

He nodded agreement, and said, "I'll meet you at the downstairs entrance to the boardwalk."

Coming out from her room through the passage, as she passed the locker-rooms she saw the first sign of official activity. A uniformed policeman was sitting inside the entrance to the men's lockers, discreetly screened from view.

ON THE boardwalk Sullivan took her arm and they walked some distance in silence. The feeling of confinement and of being strictly guarded that had oppressed her dropped away when her back was turned to the hotel. She'd wrapped a scarf around her head to hide the disfiguring patch of adhesive. She pulled her coat closer about her and started savoring the keen salt air.

"You looked as though you needed some air," Sullivan said. "Besides, I wanted to tell you that we've been through everybody's room in any way remotely connected with this thing and have found no bathrobe that might answer your description. I have two men checking all the laundries right now to see if such a robe might have been sent out from the hotel."

"There weren't any fingerprints, were there?" Doris felt that she was expected to say something, and drew the question out of her mystery lore.

Sullivan smiled. "We've taken all we could on the cabinet and in the locker-rooms and photographed everything. It isn't quite as easy as it looks to make up a case that will send a murderer to the electric chair. Up to the moment, we have found nothing anywhere in the Waverly-Lansing that really shouldn't be there. Now, look; take my advice and relax. You've been drawn into it pretty tightly because, I know, you're fond of young Sydenham. It may reassure you a little if I tell you that the police also think he's quite a guy. Now, do take half an hour's ride with me and forget such things as murders and criminals. Stay away from the hotel for a while." Without waiting for agreement, he signaled a double rolling chair.

He left her in an hour and at Doris's request dropped her off some distance down the boardwalk. It was past four and Bob was already on duty. While she felt a touch of guilt at doubling Anna Pelty's long trick at the stand, she'd done as much for Anna before and would do it again. She decided to take Sullivan's advice and to eat dinner out and see a movie.

Yet even watching the picture, she was unpleasantly aware that not until she knew who had killed Shelton Thomas could she cut that thin, strong elastic cord which kept pulling her back toward the Waverly-Lansing Hotel.

It was after ten when she got back in, using the entrance by the rolling chairs. The policeman on the locker-rooms had gone. She went on through the Nile-green tunnel, passing the kitchens, to her bedroom, and found Miss Donaldson reading there. The room was cloying with the scent of Nobby's flowers.

"Into bed and to sleep," Miss Donaldson said. "I'm giving you a pill."

"If you'll just take those flowers out with you I don't think I'll need it," Doris told her. She was seized with an unaccountable fatigue as though she'd just gotten up from a week of illness. "I feel rotten," she admitted.

"And look the same." Miss Donaldson eyed her keenly. "You still need a pill." She waited until Doris got in bed, then brought her water and a capsule and tucked her in. "Good night, Miss Pinkerton. Quit playing detective. This man's death is good riddance. In six months nobody will care."

Miss Donaldson switched off the lights and left with the flowers, giving entrance to the purple polyp that promptly appeared on the ceiling. For half an hour Doris lay on her back waiting for the pill to work. The electric clock grew louder. Water dripped in the bathroom. She shut it off and got back in bed, closing her eyes with force. That only made the gyrations of the colors and the purple polyp become noisy. It was easier just to open her eyes and stare.

"Of course, they'd searched Bob's room trying to find the robe," she thought. They'd searched everybody's, including hers. She'd seen where things had been disturbed as soon as she had come in. Then, where had the murderer put it? "That bathrobe will hang him," Val had said. "People have been known to have more than one bathrobe. Sometimes they have two." There had been a thousand dollars in Canadian money planted in Bob's desk drawer. Suppose that bathrobe—

WELL, she could identify it if she saw it, and she had to know. Bob's room was not far down the hall and he never locked it.

She got up, put on her dressing gown and slippers, then stood for a moment clutching at the foot of her bed, a little dizzy. When her head had cleared she went out into the hall and walked to Bob's room without meeting anyone.

The door was unlocked. She went in and shut it behind her. She turned on the lights and started with the closet. Bob's regular white-toweling bathrobe that she knew so well was on a hanger. She brushed suits aside and looked at the hooks in the back of the closet. Nothing. There were shoes on the floor and bedroom slippers, and in the back of the closet a waterproof beach bag that Bob had used all summer. She zipped it open and took out two colored Turkish towels. Folded on the bottom was something else. It took a lot of strength to carry the bag out into the room and hold it close to the floor lamp's glow.

She hadn't the courage to touch it, for although it still looked clean and white, she knew there was blood on it. The bathrobe, and the sash that killed Shelton Thomas, were undoubtedly there.

She replaced the colored towels over the robe, zipped up the bag, and put it back in the closet.

Someone would spring the trap pretty soon. She sat at Bob's desk and tried to reach Sullivan by phone. He wasn't at police headquarters, wasn't home. She tried to get Val. He wasn't in his office and wasn't in his room. She asked the operator, whom she knew, to get him to call her in Bob's room, and please not to turn on the watchmen's lights; it was something personal and not that important.

AFTER ten rigid minutes in a chair at the desk, she heard the telephone ring. It was Val. With tumbling-out words she told him what she'd discovered.

"Now, listen to me, Doris." Val put into his words every bit of intensity he could muster. "I told you you were foolish before—now you've gone completely mad. We know that bathrobe's there, and so does the killer. That's what it was put there for. You're being watched right now. Good lord above, Doris, haven't you any brains at all?" His voice went down into a tone of desperation. "Get out of that room before you get yourself killed and ruin everything."

"What should I do, Val?" she asked him feebly.

"Get out of there, right now! And keep as far away from there as you can. I'm telling you you're in danger. Do you think the guy was kidding you this morning when he made that telephone call? You might be shot through the window right where you're sitting. *Get out of that room right now!*"

"I have the lights on, Val—"

"Do as I say!" he said wildly. "Get out of there right now." He hung up the phone.

It seemed easier to get out of the room with the desk light on, so she left it lit. Outside of Bob's door she stood frozen. Shirley Lamont had just stepped out of Doris's own room a few doors down the hall.

"Oh, there you are," Shirley said. Doris stood staring at Shirley's gorgeous white sequin gown. Shirley came closer, staring at Doris with a troubled frown. "You look like you'd just discovered three more dead men." She pointed at Bob's door. "Is Bob in there?"

"No," Doris said. "No, he's not in there. I guess he's still on duty. I got nervous in my own room. I didn't realize it was so early."

"You're getting into bed, and I'm giv-

ing you a sleeping pill." Shirley took Doris by the arm with a grip surprisingly firm and led her to her room.

"You're a little late," Doris said inside. "Miss Donaldson already gave me a pill."

"Well, get to bed." Shirley started to make herself comfortable. "I'm going to sit here with you until Bob gets off at twelve. I have to stay up anyway. I'm singing at one for Nobby at some ball."

"There isn't any use in my going to bed," Doris told her. "My nerves are shot."

"Look," Shirley said, still staring; "do you know what they do to aviators when their nerves are shot when they crash in a plane? They make them get back in right away and try another flight. That's what I'm going to do to you. You're about to have a cabinet. I'm going down to the locker-room and get it out and wheel it here down the hall."

At Shirley's words the same strange sense of awareness that had frightened Doris the night before returned to plague her. Once again she was quite conscious of that abnormally keen hearing which reached way out to the outside world and pulled little noises near her. The ugly certainty that someone stood outside on the lawn trying to peer through the slats of the Venetian blinds kept her eyes away from the window, kept them fixed on Shirley and the door to the hall.

"Keep as far away from there as you can," Val had said not five minutes before.

"It would crack me completely to have you bring that cabinet here," Doris said. "Please don't try to argue. I'm not going to bar myself from any place for the rest of my life on account of my own foolish weakness. I'll take a cabinet, but I'll take it down in the locker-room if you'll come with me."

SHIRLEY stared at her for a moment. "I don't know whether you're trying to test my nerves or your own. But either way I'll call your bluff. It is, if you'll pardon the expression, your funeral." She stood up. "Let us proceed to the embalming-room. I'd feel more relaxed if I'd brought my machine gun."

They met Tom, the night watchman, in the hall. Shirley said, "There's quite a run on the electric cabinet, Tom. Did you just come from there?"

"Yes, ma'am." The old man's face was a study.

"Is the coast all clear?"

"If you mean, is there anyone in there," said Tom, "no, ma'am. I even looked in the ladies' side. There's nobody there at all."

"Well, don't look in again for half an hour," Shirley told him. "Doris, here, feels that she simply can't sleep until she gets back in that cozy cabinet again. It's empty, isn't it? I mean, they moved out Shelton Thomas?"

"Oh, yes, miss," the watchman said. "They took him out this morning. I just looked in. There's nobody there at all." He walked off slowly, shaking his head.

Doris said, "You sure make things cheerful."

"Get in your oven and bake yourself and go to sleep," Shirley told her. "It wasn't my idea coming down to this place. I merely offered to wheel the cabinet to your bedroom."

She had been wise, Doris knew, when she got there. The lights blazed on and dispelled a lot of shadows in the room and in her mind. Doris stripped and got in the cabinet, and Shirley wet a towel with cold water and wrapped it gently around her injured head, as the attendant used to do. The heat crept in, relaxing her aching arms and legs, stroking and softening every tensed-up muscle. It kept her mind away from Thomas, away from the bathrobe, away from Bob.

SHE concentrated on Shirley's beauty as the singer sat on the desk chair smoking. She let her hearing come back to normal, refusing to listen to the beating sound of the ocean, refusing to dwell on the silly idea that she had ever listened to footsteps passing outside in the hall. Then, before she knew it, Shirley was leaving.

"I'll get you a bath rub to use when you take your shower," Shirley said. "It'll put you to sleep. It always does me. It's down in my room."

She mustn't break. She couldn't scream, "Don't leave me alone!" She couldn't cry out, "Help, oh, help! I'm not as brave as I thought I was." She could only sit in that death chair waiting.

Then her eyes fixed on the screen that shielded the lavatories, the slatted wooden screen with its legs screwed to the floor and the space at the bottom unscreened. Two feet had come into view, and she knew the shoes, although the shoes were the only things she could see.

Her brain whirled around and stopped in a slot. There wasn't any plant in Bob Sydenham's room. She doubted if any thousand dollars had even been planted

He pointed the pistol straight at the girl and fired

in his drawer. There was just complete chaos, with life and a universe whirling down inside it. She was the sucker who had been played along for a summer's entertainment:

It's nice to have known you, Doris, dear. I tried to tell you to keep out of this but you stuck your curious little nose in. That wasn't a plant in London. That was a thousand bucks I got from Shelton Thomas. If they ever check those laundry marks, which they never will, they'll find that one of my bathrobes wasn't just plain toweling. There was an older one you never saw. You might have lived if you hadn't gone in my room tonight and if you hadn't seen the sash around the neck of Shelton Thomas.—Would he tell her all that before he killed her?

She couldn't make her mind be still. The fleeting wild, chaotic thoughts had taken full possession now. She couldn't think. She could just sit still and feel the all-consuming heat and watch the shoes she knew so well standing there so quietly beneath the lavatory screen.

Then she remembered the entrance through the attendant's office, and her hearing grew acute again. One wild thought that she still might have a chance crept in. The door to that office was back of her as the cabinet was placed tonight, and in the office she heard the scrape of a chair as it was touched in the dark and, following the scrape, a single hopeful, stealthy footfall.

Then Bob stepped out to face her from in back of the lavatory screen. There was death in his face and death in the gun that came from the right-hand pocket of his white Tuxedo.

"Don't move," he said.

He pointed the pistol straight at her and fired. Something cracked inside her head and inside her heart. Close behind her someone swore. She turned her head away from the flame as it spurted out of the murderous pistol.

Down the hall she heard Shirley scream. Then a hand clutched weakly at her toweled head and an arm slid down by the cabinet. This time no one hit her. She only fainted, but before she blacked out there was that same split second of consciousness, bright and vivid, that she'd had the night before. In that split second she had the time to see where the bullet from Bob's gun had smashed Val Toohey's shoulder and she had time to see Val Toohey fall. . . .

"You lied to me," Doris said. "How can I marry a man who lied to me?"

"I didn't," Bob said hotly. "The story I told you about that thousand-dollar frame-up in London was true—only, it didn't happen to me. Part of my job has been to clear that kid's name. Besides, I didn't tell it to you. I told it to Val."

Doris was eating breakfast in bed again, Bob beside her on a chair.

"You still lied." Doris brushed away a tear. "You didn't have to cook up any song and dance for me."

"For Pete's sake, think about it," Bob said. "I've been here all summer working back of the desk, but actually watching and checking Toohey, which isn't his name. He's an ex-cop, bounced for graft from the force of a Western city. He took the name and identity of his cousin, a good cop, who was retired with a pension for valor in Philadelphia a long time ago."

"What *is* his name?" She wanted to know.

"Stranahan. He was traced here by the Canadian police, who had his description, but nothing else. They wanted evidence against him for robbery and murder. They were also anxious to locate over two hundred thousand dollars, the proceeds of a series of robberies that they figured Val had smuggled out of Canada. In addition, they wanted definite proof that he was tied up with a partner still in Canada. He had gotten his job here on the strength of the Toohey clippings, the ones that so impressed you. I got his fingerprints and traced his real identity through the F.B.I."

"You're certainly brilliant," Doris said. "You can ask Mr. Wilson for Val's job now—or is that why you shot him?"

"I SHOT him to save your pretty neck," Bob said. "I'm beginning to wonder why. Val wasn't suspicious and the net was closing. The police thought he was safer here than any place, and so did he. I had to give Val a story, and fast, when you woke me up and told me I'd checked Thomas in without a reservation. I'd been through Toohey's mail and knew Thomas was coming—'to check on some investments,' he wrote. We knew they'd worked together for a long time, but our only description of Thomas was those pale eyes. Months of work was lost if Toohey grew suspicious of me—or anything."

"So you told me that lie that you were that poor abused pharamacist—and poor fish Doris believed it."

"Yes, darling," Bob said as he took her tray. He returned to his chair and eyed her with approval.

She felt herself coloring, and pulled the covers higher about her. "What did he kill Thomas for?"

"Fear and money," Bob said. "Thomas had a piece of the Waves. Nobby tipped us that yesterday. Thomas did not know until he arrived here that Val had bought into the club with the Thomas-Toohey smuggled-in money. Val got greedy and planned to keep it all. The police think the Waves is only one of a number of joints they've bought into. How many more exist, the police don't know, but Val will talk to beat the chair." He paused to light a cigarette and went on, "Val knew police work. His best hide-out in the world was in a good hotel. He was a good house dick, too, but he's a dangerous crook and a killer. . . . This hasn't been easy for me, darling. I love you. I know it's been doubly hard for you."

Doris lay back silent against the pillows. She was hurt, and she had been terribly frightened, but of one thing she was certain: She loved Bob, too. "That bathrobe I found in your room last night—I thought it had been planted on you."

"Val stuck it in an outgoing laundry bag that belonged to a member of Nobby's band," Bob explained. "The bag was standing in the hall waiting to be picked up yesterday morning. Val had only a few minutes to dispose of the robe before seeing Sullivan. And then later you told Val you had seen and could identify the sash used by the killer. You scared him so with that, that he took a chance on that threatening telephone call. And it wasn't an impersonation of a desperate killer, it was the real thing. Sullivan's men picked up the robe at the laundry—they were after any and all white bathrobes coming from this hotel. The laundry mark on it was Val's. It was brought here after I went on duty for you to identify, but you were out. The police left it with me to show you when you came in, but unfortunately I didn't see you."

"I came in the entrance by the locker-rooms," Doris told him.

"I know that now." He spoke very soberly. "Last night it made things touch and go. You found the robe and called Val. He had to try to get you, and fast—his robe plus your identification would send him to the chair. Luckily, I was watching him closely, and followed him down to the locker-room."

"I'm still confused, Bob," Doris said. "Why did Sullivan turn that bathrobe over to you and let it out of the care of the police?"

"It wasn't out of the police department's care," Bob said. "It was merely transferred in emergency from one department to another. The police learned about Val's record as soon as they got here. But they had to track him down, because merely a record and suspicion wouldn't send him to the chair. You and the sash were the proof that was needed. . . . I have to go back to Canada, now that the Toohey-Thomas gang is busted. Are you going to be satisfied to marry me and live up there?"

DORIS sat up straight. "You mean you're getting another job up there?"

"I mean I have another job up there."

"Listen," Doris said; "if you'll tell me what your real name is and what your actual business is, I think I'll marry you, Bob, and go anywhere. You've grown so mysterious since the night before last that I don't even know what to call you."

"Your name will be Mrs. Robert Sydenham," Bob told her, and sealed it with a satisfying kiss. With his arms still around her, he said, "When you're not calling me 'darling,' you might just call me 'Sergeant.' I'm here on detached undercover duty. I don't wear a red tunic and I haven't got a horse, but I really am Sergeant Robert Sydenham of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"Oh, no!" Doris laughed in relief. "I knew in my heart I was smarter than you." She kissed him again. "I'm the one who got my man!"

THE END ★★

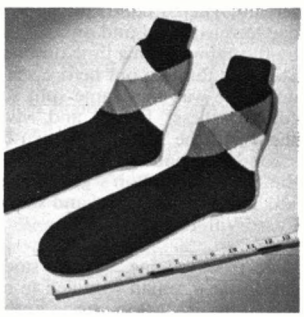
The Month's American Mystery Novel
begins on page 135

American

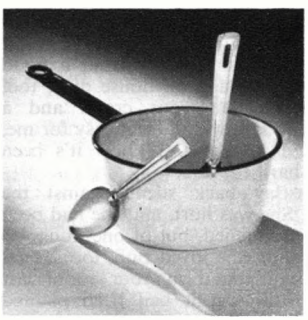
A brilliant development . . . this man-made, diamondlike gem, crystallized by science instead of nature. Compounded of the element titanium, the Kenya Gem has amazing brilliance and fire, is cut and polished with the same care given a precious stone. Unset, $27 a carat; in setting, as shown, $48. For further details write Kenya Gem, 10 E. Coulter Street, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Now they've done it . . . developed a Fixture Modernizer that does away with the old-fashioned ugliness of exposed ceiling lights. You can make the transformation in two minutes; no wires or connections to fuss with. Simply screw the 2-bulb modernizer into the outlet, add the fixture. Eight styles available; $3.95 postpaid. Write Arthur's, 178 E. Front St., Plainfield, N.J.

Imported and important . . . this handsome shoulder bag, a product of Guatemala. Made of natural-colored cowhide for long and practical service. The intricate design is hand-tooled, all edges are leather-laced, strap is adjustable; measures 8 by 11 inches. Fine back-to-school present. Just $13.50, tax and postage included. Bropar, Box 999, Dept. AM, San Antonio 6, Texas.



A huge success . . . these handsome Argyle socks, sold by a firm that's made a specialty of catering to the man with big feet. Their shoes run from size 10 to 16; socks from 12 to 15. Argyles pictured available in gray, brown, or blue with contrasting diamonds. Three pairs, $5.45 postpaid. Send for shoe catalogue, too. King-Size, Inc., Dept. 549, Brockton 64, Mass.



A stirring idea . . . stainless steel cooking spoons that hook onto the edge of the pan, avoid messy drippings on the stove top. A very practical gadget that adds to kitchen efficiency. Now, in time for September canning and the big dinner preparations ahead, a set of two: one 8 inches long, the other 10 inches. Postpaid, just $1.49. Mastercraft, 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

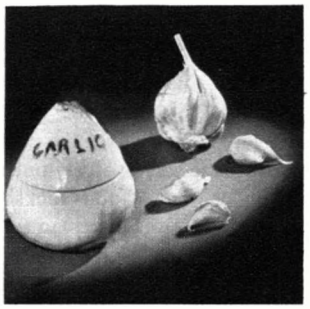
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERNARD GOLD

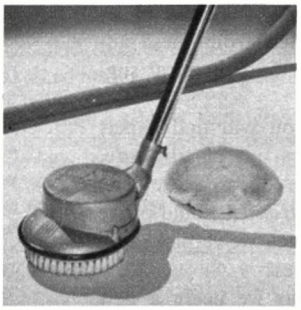
buy-ways

A shopping guide of mail-order specialties

by MARY ROGERS

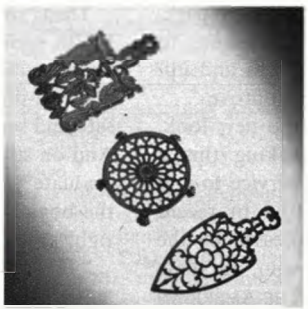
A touch of garlic . . . is the good cook's signature. But what to do with the unused cloves? That can be an untidy problem. We found the solution in California. It's a ceramic garlic dish, an exact replica in color, shape, and size of a garlic bulb. Lift the top and store the cloves inside. Very neat and only $1.00 postpaid. Ett-Barr Co., Box 401-PA, Pasadena 18, California.





We're waxing eloquent . . . about this gadget that converts your vacuum cleaner into an efficient waxer. It will scrub linoleum, wax and polish tile, hardwood floors, woodwork. Add the lamb's-wool pad for high-glossing furniture and car. A terrific household help. Fits tank or canister type vacuum only. Postpaid, $29.95. Venture, Inc., 70 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Trivet triplets . . . these charming descendants of an Early American idea. Grandmother used them under her flatiron; today's homemakers use them for wall and mantel decoration, under hot dishes, teapots, flowerpots. Made of black iron, they are reproductions of the Rosette, Grape, and Traditional patterns. Set of three, $2.75 postpaid. Noveltyme Studio, Hellam 3, Pa.



For the man in Service . . . a service-able gift. He'll give three cheers for this heavy-weight terry-cloth wrap-around, hand-screened in authentic colors with the insigne of his branch of service. Note the large and useful pocket, the adjustable snap closing. Specify Air Force, Marines, Navy, or Army. Postpaid, $2.95. Robes of Luxury, Box 3147, St. Louis 5, Mo.

For those who are expectantly waiting . . . a gift that's practical as it is pretty. Made of fine-quality washable rayon crepe, with dainty lace trim to make her feel extra-pampered. Meets the hospital preference, too, for short gowns that button down the front. In white, blue, or tearose, sizes 32 to 40; only $2.95 postpaid. Crawford's, 1013 Walnut Street, Kansas City 6, Missouri.

Merchandise on these pages may be purchased from the firms listed. No C.O.D.'s, please; send check or money order. Stores (except those selling personalized items) agree to refund full price of merchandise returned within ten days.

FAMILY SERVICE...

TURNING the pages of this issue, you probably have noticed a number of changes in its appearance and content. You may wonder what we're up to. . . .

Well, I can assure you at once that in no sense are we altering the essential character of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which for years you have welcomed into your home as an entertaining friend and helpful family counselor.

One thing we are doing, however, is trying on a new dress. Every so often, it seems, someone in every family gets the urge for a stylish new outfit, or a snappy new car, or a streamlined, modern living-room. That's how it is with us. On the front cover, and page by page, we have endeavored, and shall continue, to give THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE a fresh and up-to-date appearance. We hope you approve.

But, more than that, beneath the new look, we have put our hearts into making this a magazine of more vital, practical service to you and every member of your family. In recent months we have been deeply impressed by the increasing thousands of people who, in these bewildering times, have turned to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for help in solving their most intimate and perplexing problems. We have been impressed, too, by the grateful response of other thousands who have found in our pages help in meeting day-to-day difficulties, or new hope and inspiration for their troubled spirits.

And so, with a sincere and humble sense of responsibility, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE dedicates itself to larger service for successful family living. In addition to a full fare of complete novels and short stories for your entertainment, we are introducing a number of new articles and features which, we hope, will be immediately serviceable in answering the problems common to us all.

For example, beginning on page 21, you will see the complete story, in text and photographs, of an outstanding American family—the fabulous Jacksons of Denver, Colorado. Each month we plan to introduce at least one such outstanding family, and to bring you the record of its achievements. We believe that from these authentic stories all of us may find practical suggestions and inspiration.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find expert advice on how to take nicks out of furniture, what to do when your car doors rattle, etc. This feature, *Help for Your House*, should prove abundantly serviceable. In fact, we've picked up valuable tips from it ourselves!

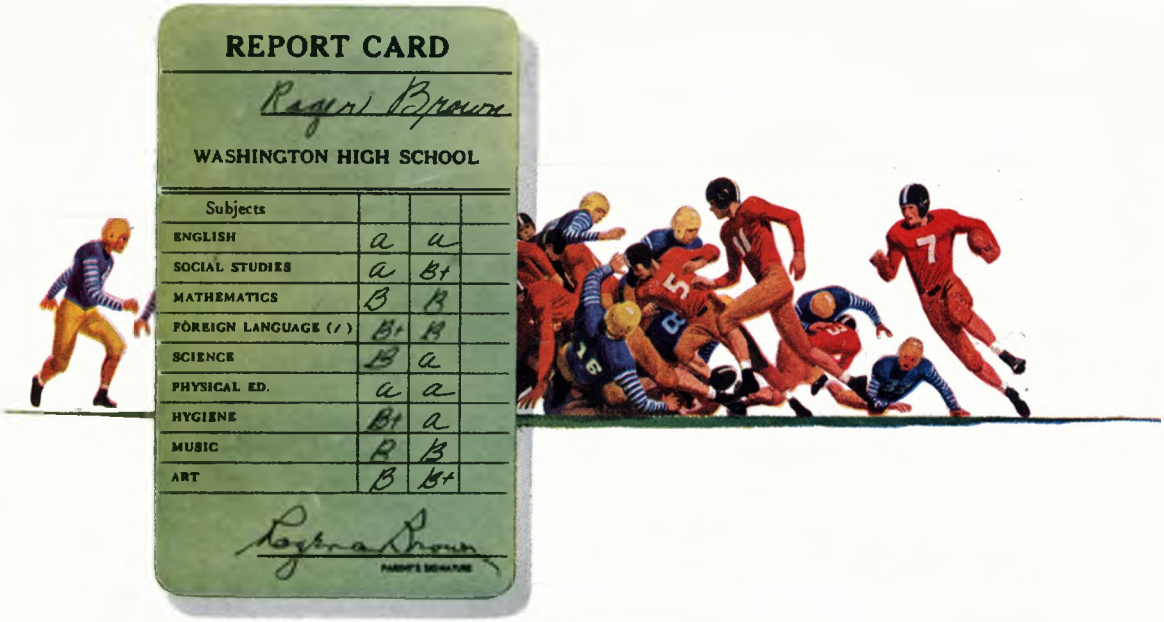
Then, on another page, as we begin a new health series, you will find a consensus of the latest professional advice on how to streamline your all-important medicine chest, making it a safe and sensible guardian of your family health. And on still another page, you will learn how to evaluate your school system and judge whether the boys and girls in your town are getting the right preparation for future citizenship.

FROM time to time, readers have asked us to give more space to entertainment, which plays an increasingly important role in happy family life. So, beginning in this issue, you will find things you want to know about forthcoming productions, people and plans in motion pictures, radio, records, and television.

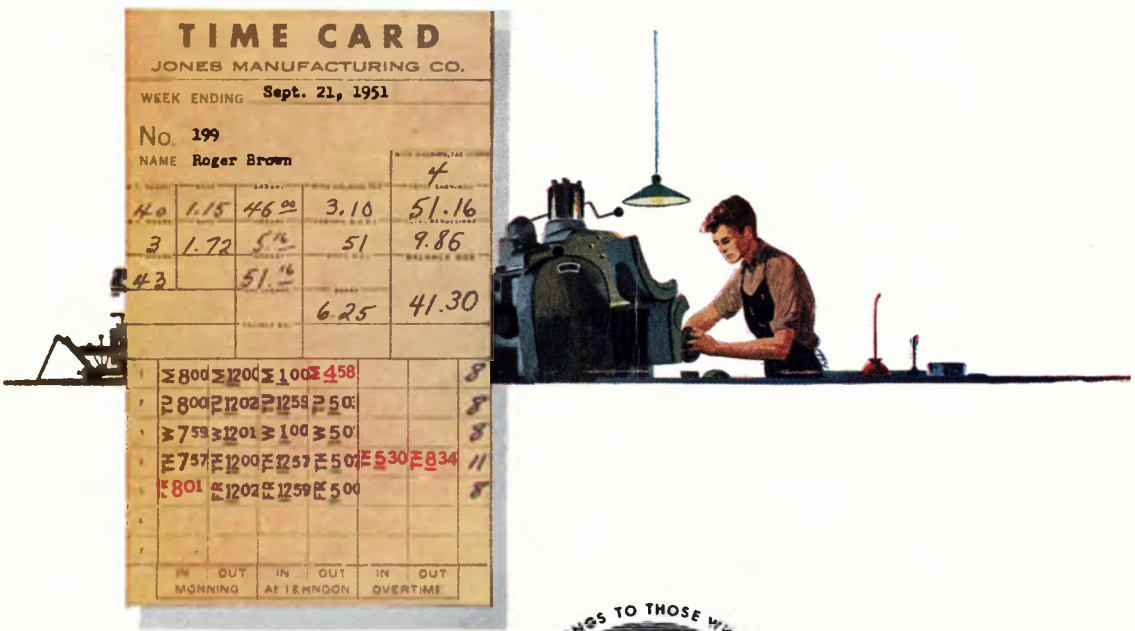
Last, but by no means least, we invite you to enter *The Open Door*, through which you may bring any specific problems that may be troubling you. We welcome your questions and will strive to answer them to the best of our ability.

It is our conviction that, by setting up a common meeting ground in these pages, we can all work together in the most constructive quest yet undertaken for more successful and happy family living.

THE EDITOR



Which . . . for your youngster?



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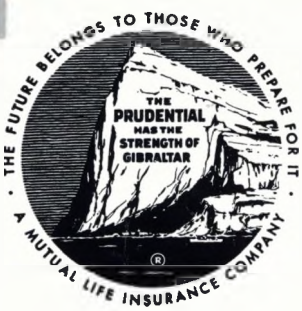

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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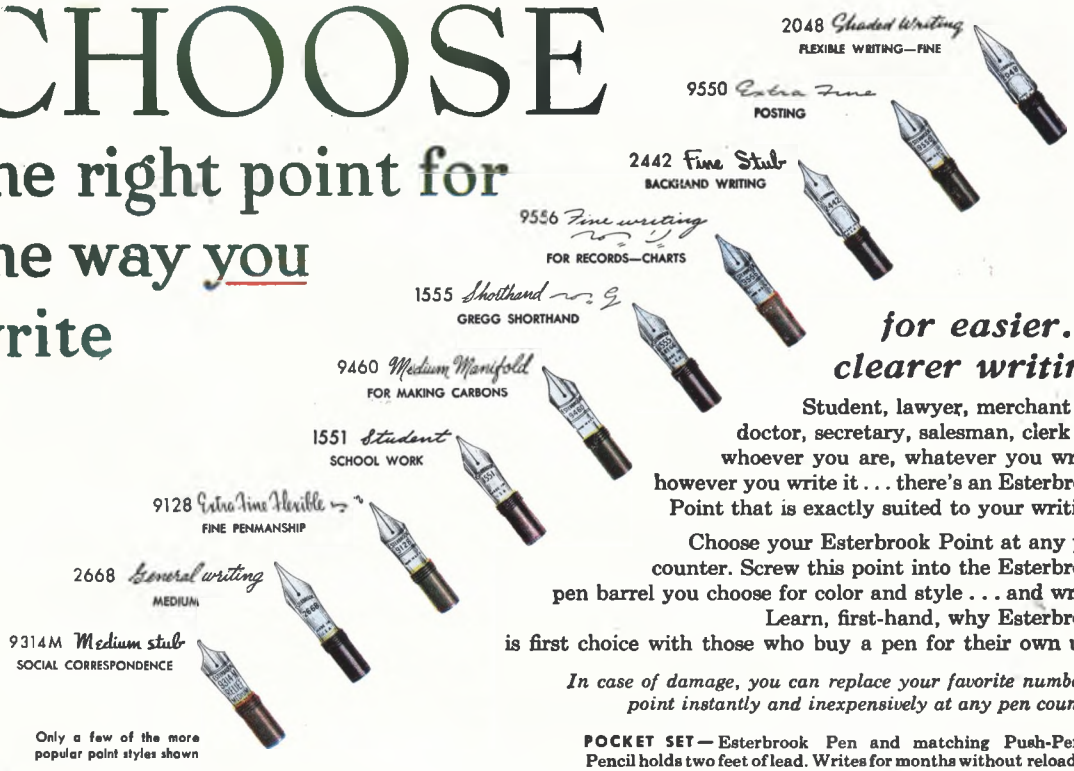
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.

CHOOSE

the right point for the way you write



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