THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS ISSUE

DECEMBER, 1960 • 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN

What You Really Believe by Truman Douglass

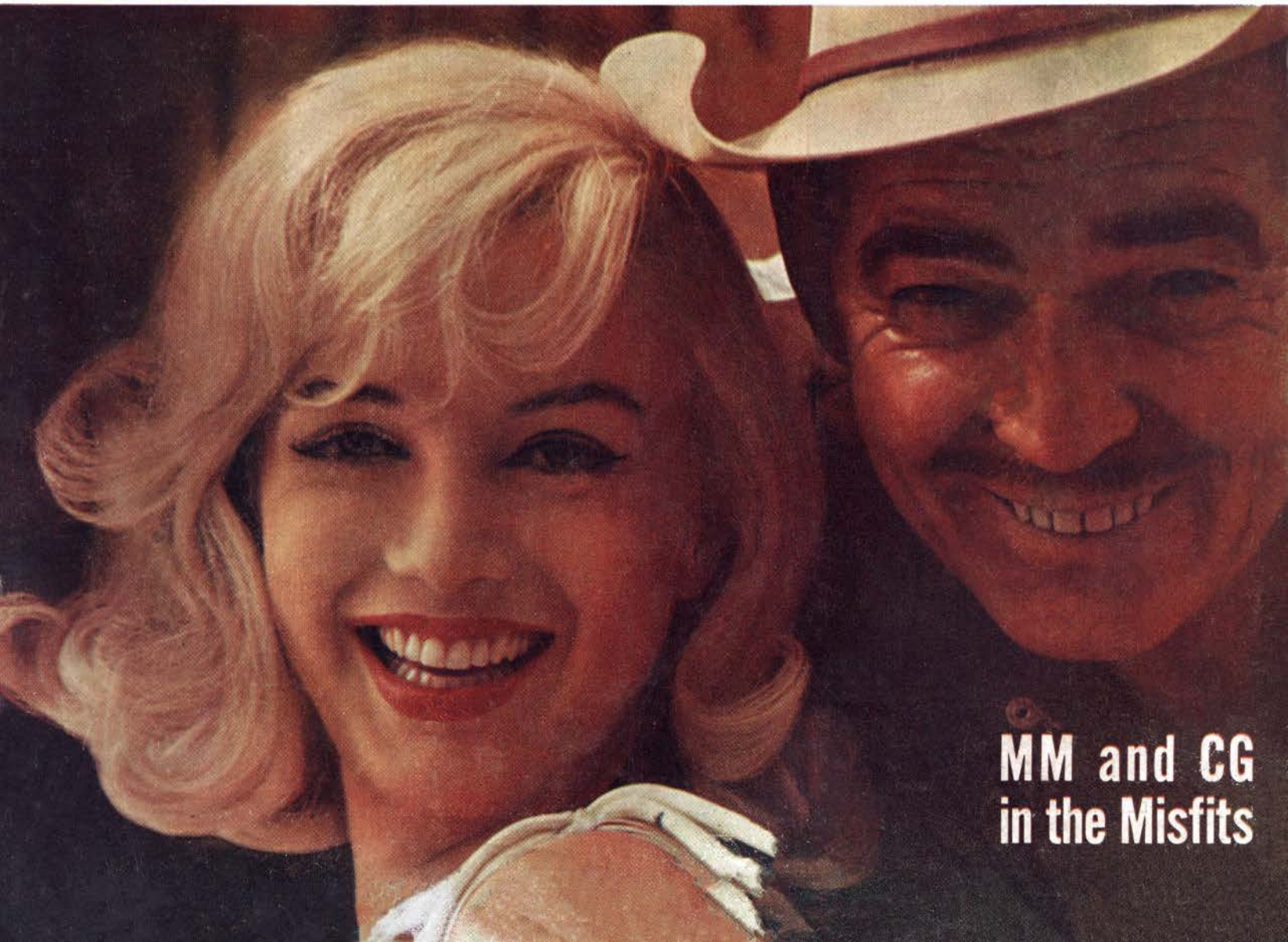
GARRY MOORE'S SECRET OF PERSONAL TRANQUILITY

HOW MUCH RICHER YOU CAN BE IN TEN YEARS

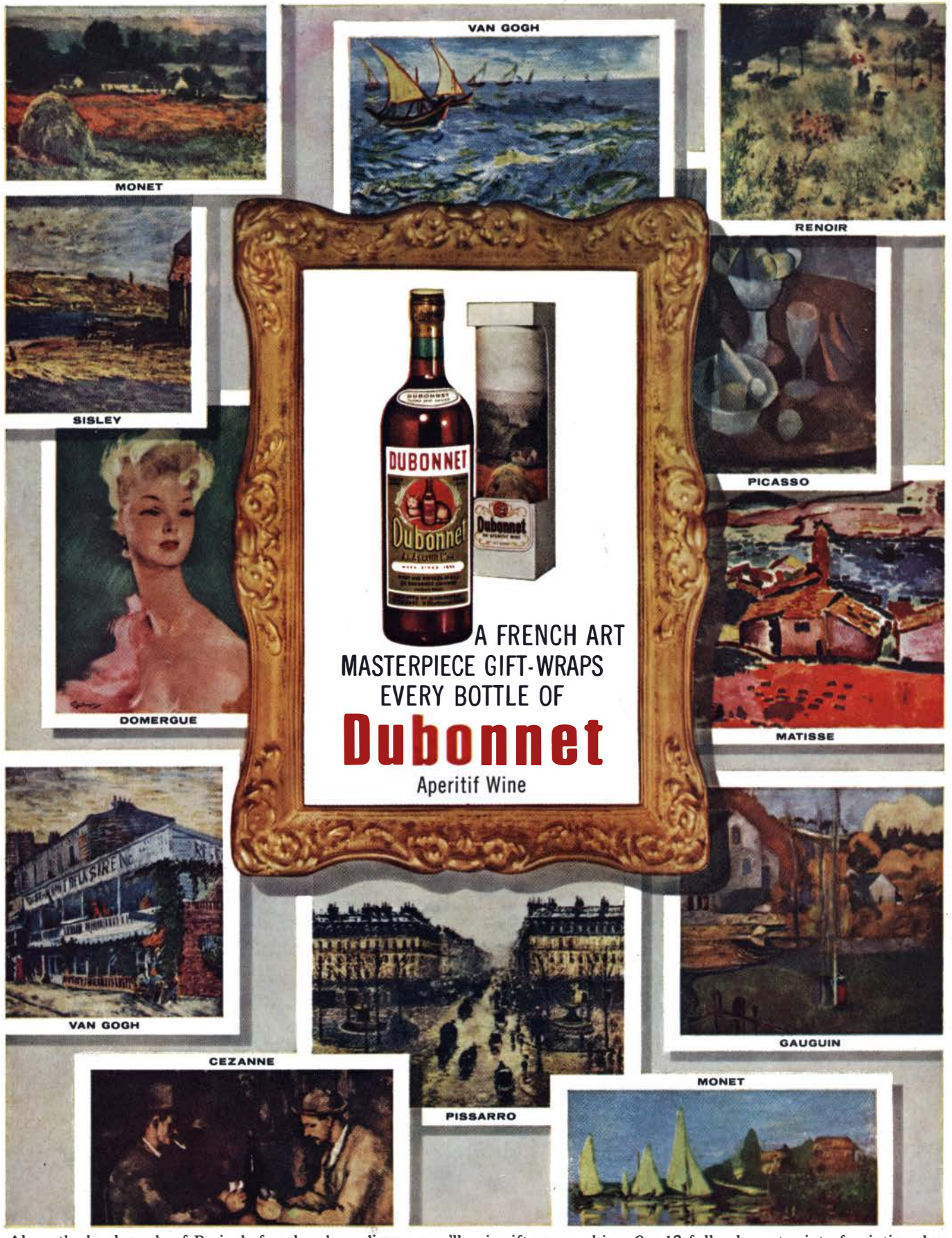
THE SCIENCE OF LOVE ◆ Be a Happy Failure

Where Is Janice Gantry? A NOVEL by John D. MacDonald

MARILYN MONROE: THE SEX SYMBOL vs. THE GOOD WIFE



MM and CG in the Misfits



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So stop punishing your pocketbook with beauty shop permanents. Have a Toni "Hidden Body" wave and save. Your home will be your beauty shop forever after. (Don't forget—Toni also makes Tonette for children and Silver Curl for gray hair.)

COSMOPOLITAN

DECEMBER, 1960 Vol. 149, No. 6

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OUR COVER—*When Marilyn Monroe first saw* Gone With the Wind, *she fell in love with Clark Gable's Rhett Butler. Today, some years later, the object of her youthful affection is her costar in the film,* The Misfits *(page 52). The occasion speaks not only for Gable's durability, but for Monroe's maturity. It wasn't long ago that MM was playing the dumb blonde bit in second-rate pictures. Then, movie makers discovered that, in addition to her obvious assets, Miss Monroe had a flair for comedy. What followed is film history, and anyone who missed* Some Like It Hot *has only himself to blame. What Marilyn was really working up to, all the time, was Clark Gable. "Misfits" to the contrary, the sex Queen and King of Hollywood are together at last. Cover photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

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Machines Predict The "Facts" of Life

What is prophesied for the 1960's? —not from studying the stars, but based on facts? How rich will you be? You can get an idea from the wealth of data that experts reveal (page 72) about the most promising jobs, the most likely business-boom locales, and other forecasts for the '60's.

The success of love and marriage, too, is now predictable. Who, before, had ever heard of "scientific" dating? Just how scientific can a "date" really be? "The Science of Love" (page 48) explores the psychologist's "facts" of love.

For best results in the '60's, modern America takes a comprehensive view of itself: What do we really believe in? Noted minister, Truman Douglass, takes apart our often conflicting beliefs (page 37) in analyzing this problem.

These and other self-exploratory articles can affect your next ten years in your pursuit of happiness.

Marmer's Serious Side

Our extraordinary story of what happens to an American family—father, mother, and two children—while vacationing at Montego Bay in the West Indies was written by Mike Marmer. Begin "View From the Terrace" on page 86, and step into a strange world.

Marmer's story surprised us because it's not funny, and Marmer is known to be a very funny fellow: as a comedy writer for five years on TV, he wrote for Ernie Kovacs, won a 1956 award (with Kovacs) for comedy, and the Sylvania award as the best comedy writer of the year. This goes to prove the bit about comedians being graver than bishops.

Three months ago, Marmer took a

Wagner Int'l Photo

Mike Marmer's at right.

hiatus from TV to satisfy his urge to write short stories. He went to work in his East 70's apartment, six days a week, for some six or seven hours a day. The plan paid off.

With some of the proceeds from "View From the Terrace," Mike and wife, Pat, bought a miniature schnauzer puppy. The pup was duly registered with the American Kennel Club as "Cosmo" and, "what with shots and all that, he'll dig deeper into the proceeds." That's probably all right, too, in view of the fact that COSMOPOLITAN has just bought another exciting Marmer tale.

Feast à la Desbans

Prince Rainier's grandfather, Prince Louis II of the principality of Monaco, was one of the "lucky people"—his head chef was Monsieur Fernand Desbans. Monsieur Desbans is now chef of the Chambord restaurant in New York which is considered by many noted and well-traveled gourmets to be the greatest restaurant in the world.

Back in September, when we started to ponder how we could bring COSMOPOLITAN readers a holiday feast that had a total of only twelve hundred calories, our thoughts naturally turned to Monsieur Desbans. We wanted him to answer the big poser: Is a twelve hundred calorie feast possible—a *real* feast with champagne, succulent roast goose, dessert, and all the trimmings?

After much poring over the new government food charts, hours of testing, checking and rechecking, and many daily discussions over black coffee (no calories) and occasional bowls of *petite marmite* (729 calories), the answer was, "*Mais, oui!*"

COSMOPOLITAN promptly went to work with Monsieur Desbans in his elaborate Chambord kitchen. With not a single goose to be had on the entire island of Manhattan in the month of September, the management of the Chambord obligingly flew one down from Massachusetts. Not a single substitute was used in preparing the food—no fake sugar, no artificial low-calorie foods. Here, at last, (page 58) is a low-calorie feast to, indeed, satisfy the palate. **—H. La B.**

Maxwell Coplan

Harriet La Barre, M. Desbans

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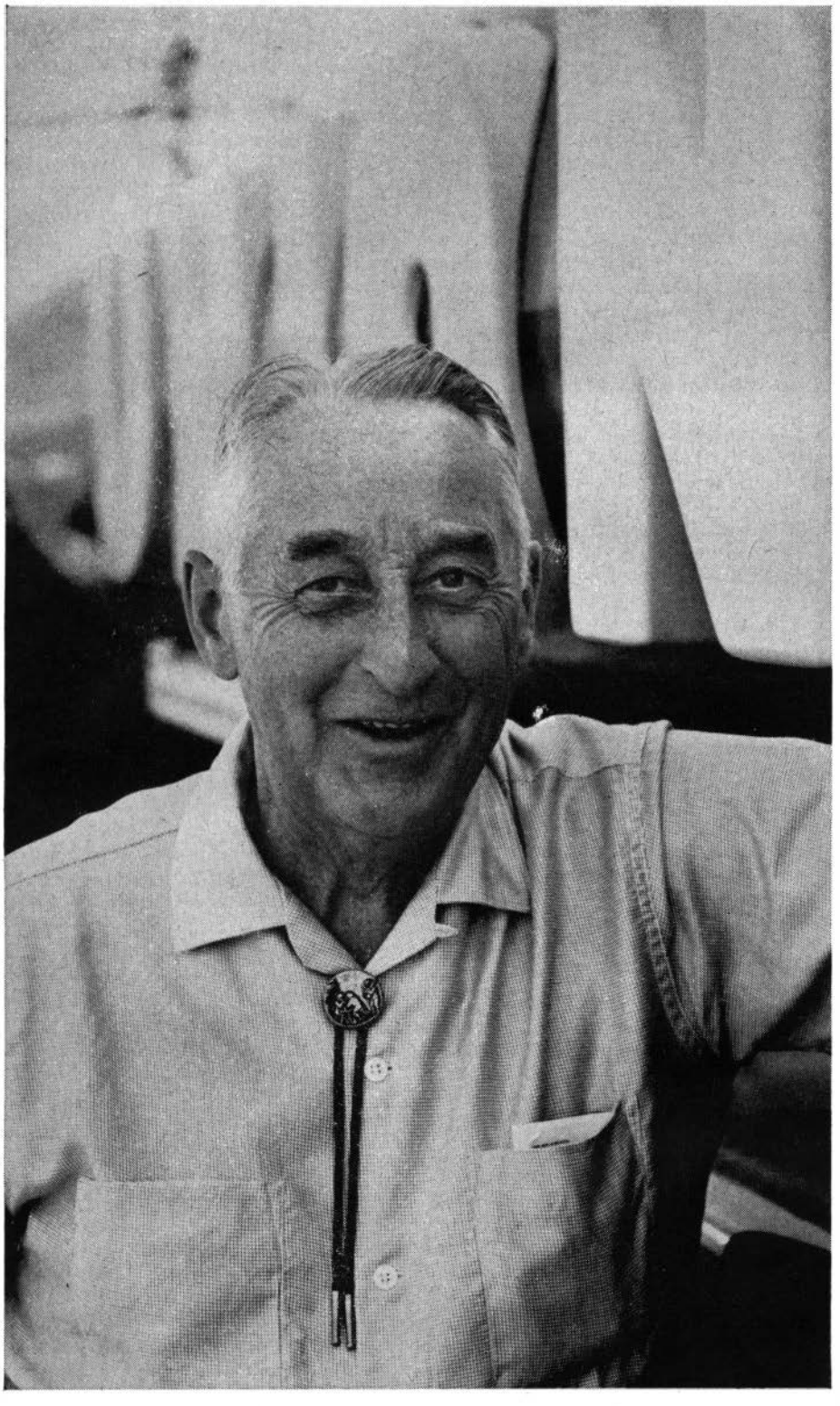

He has his reasons

"Seventy years ago, nine men pooled their savings and formed the Union Oil Company.

"First year's business amounted to $175,000. Now we market more than 250 petroleum products, and our total revenue in 1959 was $512,962,423.

"Through the years there were important milestones of benefit to you.

"We were first in the West to introduce a multi-grade motor oil for cars. Today, our amazing purple motor oil, Royal Triton 10-30, is known everywhere.

"We were first in the West to introduce an aviation-type gasoline for cars.

"We were first to inaugurate a complete service system at the pump island. This is the famous Minute Man Service for checking air, water and battery, washing the windshield and rear window.

"Another Union Oil innovation is the Sparkle Corps—men and women who check the 'housekeeping' at our service stations.

"Some of these things are routine throughout the industry now. No matter where you drive in for service, you benefit from Union's pioneering ideas.

"These are a few reasons I'm really proud of our company in its 70th year."

* * * *

Mr. Ireland is a distributor for our Marketing Department. Our 70th anniversary is also his 50th year with us.

Two factors foster the good things that come out of Union Oil Company. One is the kind of economy we have in this country—a free economy, encouraging progress. The other is our own awareness that to stay in business for ourselves, we have to stay in business for our customers.

Our 8,000 Union Oil people wish *you* many happy returns—to the sign of the 76.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

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OUR READERS WRITE

"Never Settle for Second Best"

THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION

Bayside, New York: Despite all the lip service about school aid, it is interesting to note that America continues to be plagued by a serious shortage of classrooms and teachers. In the public school system, about 800,000 youngsters throughout the nation are being shortchanged because of double-shift programs and a shortage of 132,000 classrooms.

Also, in these challenging, changing times it was to be hoped that, in our struggle for survival, gifted children would be given special attention so that they, in turn, could be better equipped as leaders of the future. There seems to be a regrettable lack of appropriate action in this vital phase of education. However, if we can't even provide adequately for our children generally, how much can we really expect in the way of special programs for gifted children except help from a devoted teacher?

There is a need, today, for genuine sustained interest in talking up the importance of education as a prelude to effective action. We should never settle for second best. America needs all the help it can get to bring back education to the pre-eminence it deserves as the backbone of democracy. —DAVE BLOOM

Dan Wynn

Zsa Zsa Gabor as Lolita

ZSA ZSA AS A COMEDIENNE

Orcas Island, Washington: My admiration for COSMOPOLITAN is and has been practically boundless, but I do believe that your August issue has achieved such unprecedented editorial and journalistic heights that I must make this verbal genuflection.

Whether a monument should be erected to your contribution to the willing suspension of disbelief or to your heroic comedic conceptions, I am not entirely sure. But certainly any editorial group which has had the charming audacity to depict Zsa Zsa in the role of Lolita, has gone so far beyond the extremes of science-fiction or the most inane and delightful hilarities of James Thurber, that it merits the bemused gratitude and applause of us all. —TOM TALMAN

HIGH-I. Q. BLUES

Craig, Colorado: BRAVO! for the article "How to Raise an I.Q." (September). May all parents and teachers pay careful heed to it.

Having been a newcomer to a Western junior high school, I took a required I.Q. test and made a very high score. The teachers, quite impressed, informed my parents, who in turn informed me.

Much to my parents' chagrin, my grades went into a steady decline. Overwhelmed by my "superior intelligence," I coasted through high school and two years of college on a minimum amount of studying and, consequently, the lowest possible passing grades.

After the college kindly informed me that my grades weren't good enough, I upped and quit.

After much soul-searching on my part and considerable help from our family physician, it dawned on me that I.Q. deals with the *ability to learn* and, just like land, it is fruitful only when it is properly cultivated.

It is too bad that your article wasn't available to me when I took that test fifteen years ago. I only hope it will help prevent the same series of blunders from happening to some other impressionable youngsters. —ROBERTA CHRISTENSEN

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES?

Sierra Madre, California: What reader Mary A. Baker ("Our Readers Write"—September) doesn't know is that all blondes are dual personalities. I was born honey blonde and turned darker each year. After my first husband died, I spent two years as a mousy brownette—nothing! Peroxide plus a happy disposition guaranteed me a new high-I.Q. husband within a few months. I never saw a blonde play wallflower at any dance—fat blondes, slim blondes, they *all* rate. The only ones bored with blondes are dark, brunette females. I'll bet Miss Baker is a brunette!

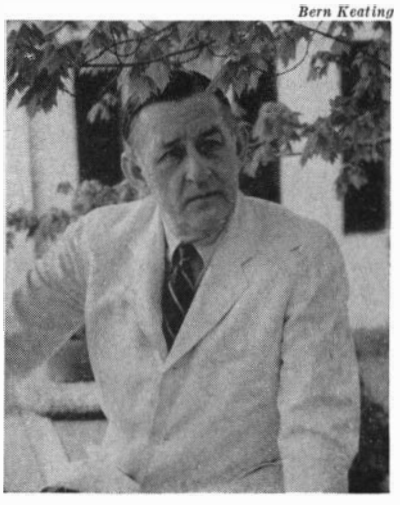
—MRS. PATRICIA GREGORY

AN O'HARA DISSENTER

Kansas City, Missouri: I was very interested in your article about John O'Hara (September), having read nearly everything Mr. O'Hara has written. In spite of the fact that I have enjoyed O'Hara's novels, and consider him a most gifted novelist, I do not have much respect for Mr. O'Hara personally. Your article does not encourage any more respect.

I enjoy O'Hara in a morbid way because his novels themselves are morbid.

Bern Keating



Fatalist John O'Hara

They show no respectability, because of the way he presents sex. This presentation sells more books, which is probably most important to Mr. O'Hara.

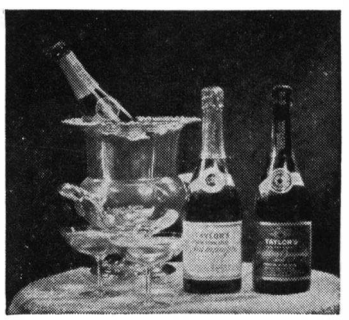
O'Hara seems to be forever the SOCIAL CLIMBER; though he says his frustrations over not going to Yale are gone after thirty-five years, the more adult "Yale" situations go along with him during the years. He seems to be locked up in social success as an end in itself. He bristles at the criticism "shanty Irish," but whatever his background, his state of mind is still "shanty Irish." He has great insight into the minds of worldly people, but has little insight into the Soul of Man. His novels seem to rationalize his own station in life. He doesn't seem to be able to accept any kind of criticism from anyone; he's always right.

In his long list of clubs, schools, and social organizations, what does John O'Hara have to show for his success? His writing is almost the same as it was twenty-five years ago. He's still a fatalist, and he still writes morbidly without any motivation to stimulate the minds of people. His gifts are stagnant and only used for his own personal satisfaction and comfort.

I would like to see O'Hara turn his

(continued)

It's Taylor Champagne...you'll love it! Days to remember, happy times together, call for the delightful spirit of Taylor New York State Champagnes. Taylor Champagnes are the pride of New York's Finger Lakes, one of the world's most favored vineyard spots.



For extra dry champagne, Taylor Brut, of course.
For a bright, exotic flavor, ruby-red Taylor Sparkling Burgundy.
Ask your wine merchant for booklet, "Champagne Makes a Party" and other helpful booklets of recipes and wine service guides.

OUR READERS WRITE (continued)

gifts to spiritually stimulating words. Not religiously, but to forget about how many books he may sell or may not sell, and to report.

I'm sure that no one cares about what I have to say, particularly John O'Hara, but I feel like writing about him.

—O. G. BURNS

A P.S. ON EMOTIONAL DIVORCE

Albany, New York: Regarding the article, "The Tragedy of Emotional Divorce" by Flora Rheta Schreiber, which appears in the October, 1960 issue of COSMOPOLITAN magazine, I would like to point out that both the term and the concept of "emotional divorce," with its attendant effect on children, was first formulated and described in 1953 by Dr. J. Louise Despert in her book entitled, *Children of Divorce.*

In this very compassionate book, which clearly describes these very problems that were discussed in your article, the effect of both the actual and the "emotional" divorce is presented with the thought that such a situation need not necessarily be disastrous for the child.

There is no doubt that the problem of divorce and its effect upon the children has been a long-neglected one which only recently has been brought to the attention of the reading public. It would seem only just, however, that Dr. Despert's important contribution in this field should not be overlooked.

—C. DOMINIQUE ALLERAND, M.D.

New York, New York: I want you to know how much I really enjoyed your recent October issue; especially the article entitled "The Tragedy of Emotional Divorce" by Flora Rheta Schreiber. It gives a new and a fresh viewpoint that has helped me a lot in understanding "emotional divorce." I made my husband read it, too. —MRS. M. COLLINGS

MARRIAGE IS HERE TO STAY

Brooklyn, New York: I want to congratulate you on the very fine articles on marriage in the October issue. I have read and enjoyed them, and have been very happy to have had an opportunity to comment on them over the radio. I intend to recommend the magazine to the various groups of people I will lecture to, in Metropolitan New York and New Jersey, during the month of October.

—REBECCA LISWOOD, M.D.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Los Angeles, California: Every so often—but not nearly often enough—I find a magazine story I like so well that I carefully clip it out and keep it, because I know I shall want to read it over and over again.

I have a collection of such stories, and quite a few of them are from COSMOPOLITAN. A story I recently took out to keep was in your September issue: "Seven Lies South," by William P. McGivern.

—MRS. R. W. SHANER

VERSE LEAVES A BLANK

San Francisco, California: Thank you for Richard Gehman's excellent article "The Language of Love" (August). I was particularly pleased by the emphasis on poetry as hard work and on the necessity for poets to be tough. . . .

—VIRGINIA PALMER

SUCCESSFUL SUCCESS STORY

West Hartford, Connecticut: I have never written a fan letter in all of my seventy-one years, but feel compelled to do so for your October issue. All the articles and stories were excellent, and I especially enjoyed the Carl Winston article entitled "How I Turned $1,000,000 Into a Shoestring."

After all the serious success stories published on the stock market, real estate ventures, *etc.*, this spoof had me chuckling. —MRS. MARIA BUTER

FUN IN "THE SUN"

River Edge, New Jersey: I thoroughly enjoyed reading Robert Wilder's "The Sun Is My Shadow" (August), a pleasant change from the mystery stories you have been using. Please don't go back to an every-month mystery story—just give us one every once in a while.

—MRS. FRANK S. HARDY

PARADISE ON THE PARKWAY

White Plains, New York: Thanks for your perceptive views on the problems of life in suburbia, that lotus-land of the conformist (October). I've spent six years in this commuter's squirrel-cage—enough to know that suburbanites are soon going to have to learn to tear down the walls between themselves and the rest of the world. This place is a cultural desert—except for the status-symbol "culture" which the proper suburbanite surrounds himself with. And besides, who can compete on $12,000 a year?

—W. EDWARD HAMMER

UNIVERSAL APPEAL

Baldwin Park, California: This is the first time a magazine story has pleased me so much that I wanted to write a letter to congratulate you for it.

In your June issue, I read "Do You Know This Voice?" by Evelyn Berckman. The story held me spellbound, and my husband found that he also enjoyed it.

I shopped for a long while before realizing that COSMOPOLITAN had all I wanted in reading. I find that my husband reads your many articles with interest—to me a fine compliment, because so many magazines are strictly for women or for men. —MRS. TAUNO KAUSTINEN

Ladies' legs love to get *ballet* and young legs do, too!

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This Christmas, never-before fit and long wear from easy-to-give, lovely-to-get Ballet stockings. For ladies, sheer beautiful stockings in regular or stretch, seamless or with the new slim seam. For young legs, specially proportioned sheer *Pixie* stockings. $1.00 to $1.65 according to style. Colorful anklets and knee-highs, patterned and plain tights, too. Burlington Hosiery Co., A Division of Burlington Industries . . . makers of Burlington Support Stockings.

William Robbins, Jr.

SYMBOLS OF PAST GLORIES abound in Paris. The Louvre (left), once a palace, now houses a magnificent art collection. It overlooks a square dominated by Arc de Triomphe de Carrousel, built in 1806 to mark a Napoleonic victory.

PARIS-The Magnet For Tourists

Forever magic—on your first visit or your fiftieth—Paris exceeds all expectations, fulfills all dreams. Though it has become the most expensive city in Europe, you can still enjoy the passing parade for the price of a cup of coffee at the sidewalk cafés.

BY RICHARD HARRITY

King Charles V of France was so fond of his fair capital on the river Seine that he coined a perfect motto for it, as meaningful today as it was then: "Other cities are towns; Paris is a world." And, like a world, Paris presents varied wonders, striking contrasts, and endless surprises. No matter how many times one has explored this enchanting city, there are always delightful new discoveries to be made.

First Thrill of Expectancy

I flew to Paris on an Air France jet from Finland and once again experienced the thrill of expectancy that possessed me as I began my initial visit thirty years ago. Since, on every return to the queen of cities one hopes to find an old friend or so with whom one has shared the pleasures of Paris in the past, I set out straight from the airport to the Café de la Paix close to the Opéra on the Boulevard des Capucines.

Now the claim that you will eventually meet everyone you ever knew while seated at a table there is undoubtedly as true (but just as difficult to prove) as the assertion that a group of apes hitting the keys of typewriters at random would, in time, through the law of averages, produce every classic ever written by man. In both of these claims, time, naturally, is the all-important factor and, in the case of the Café de la Paix, a good, sturdy cushion. On my first day in Paris on this last visit, I sat for over two hours and didn't see a soul I knew. One American visitor, however, recognized me, but it was a case of mistaken identity. He swore that I was a dead ringer, no pun intended, for a prominent mortician from San Francisco. It seemed that my look-alike, the mortician, had visited Paris every summer since the end of World War II, and knew the city "like the back of his hand."

Friend of a Friend

"When you're in Paris with him," my new-found friend explained, "it's good-by to the guides and gyps. My pal's a regular student at the Berlitz School in 'Frisco, and can *cherchez la femme* in the native lingo, which saves a lot of time and dough.

"He's also worked out a fool-proof system for getting a good cup of coffee in Paris," he continued with enthusiasm. "He just goes into a little café and tells the proprietor that he's desperately in need of chicory—that root the French use in making their coffee—and that he'll

pay a top price for the stuff. The Frenchman, figuring on a quick profit, sells my pal all the chicory he's got in the café. Then, when my friend gets his hands on every last bit of chicory, he looks the proprietor straight in the eye and says, 'Now go into the kitchen and make me a good cup of coffee.' "

"Very ingenious," I said, wondering just what had finally happened to the excess chicory.

Sorry, Wrong *Femme*

Suddenly my new friend, who, having finished his story, had begun belting down double Scotches like a professional whisky taster, spotted someone who knew *him*—evidently his wife from the way she sternly wagged her head and crooked a commanding finger at him. As he got unsteadily to his feet and obediently followed her, it was apparent that this was one time when *la femme* had *cherchez*-ed him, and in her own connubial lingo.

But whether you see anyone you know or not, the Café de la Paix is an excellent place from which to watch the passing parade of Paris with all its gay and sometimes grim variety. Sooner or later every type in Paris promenades past this café —pleasure seekers and professional beggars; pretty young shop girls out for a stroll during the long lunch hour; wives hurrying home from work with a long loaf of French bread held under one arm like a swagger stick; young lovers, strolling along hand in hand, who, utterly oblivious of onlookers, stop occasionally to exchange a kiss; rich-looking old gaffers on the prowl, and de luxe ladies of the evening, ditto; French provincials and American tourists gawking at each other, all sure that they have indeed spotted some real Parisians; the sellers of naughty French postal cards; and *grandes dames* dressed to the nines on the way to the Opéra; foreign and domestic drunks singing and shouting as they zigzag from bar to bar; street musicians and chestnut vendors; the shabby and the chic; high and low; all Paris.

You can watch this shifting show at leisure for as long as you wish for the price of a cup of coffee, and no one will hurry you or suggest by a look, a word, or the flick of a napkin that you order something more, or move along. Yes, sitting at a sidewalk café in any part of Paris is both a pleasure and a bargain in what has now become the most expensive city in Europe.

But the best spot from which to view the great city itself is from a table at the restaurant high up on the second stage of the Eiffel Tower where, on a bright day, the beauties of all Paris are spread out below in dazzling array. From there, the Seine, crisscrossed by a chain of handsome bridges and lined with quaint old quays, looks like a blue-green ribbon of softest silk as it winds in a wide curve through the city. Across the way, on the right bank of the river, is the stunning Palais de Chaillot shining like a new jewel in an old setting; that windowless wonder of a church, the Madeleine; the graceful dome of Saint Augustin; and in the center of the Seine on the Ile de la Cité, where Paris began two thousand years ago, the church of the Sainte Chapelle with its glowing stained-glass windows that seem to float in mid-air, thanks to a miracle of medieval masonry. There, below, on the left bank, is the impressive Champ de Mars and, nearby, the Hôtel des Invalides, where the last remains of Napoleon now repose in keeping with a request in his final will: "I wish my body to be laid to rest on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom I loved so well."

Further on can be seen the Latin Quarter, so called because in the Middle Ages, when it was a great center of learning in Europe. Latin was the language spoken there; the Panthéon where Voltaire, Rousseau, Zola, Victor Hugo, and other French immortals found their final resting places; and that loveliest of Paris parks, the Luxembourg Gardens.

The view from the Eiffel Tower presents a panorama of Paris, a scene of grandeur, glory, and greatness that has never failed to thrill this seasoned traveler. A visit there is a wonderful way to gain a knowledge of the town that elicited this tribute from the old prognosticator, Nostradamus, in the sixteenth century: "So long as Paris exists there will be gaiety in the world."

The Many Faces of Paris

Each district of Paris has its separate character and its own special appeal. Some sections are rich in both architectural beauty and in history, such as the central district which embraces the Tuileries, that royal gem of a garden beside the river; the Rue de Rivoli, the pillared promenade that is one of Napoleon's handsomest gifts to the city; the Palais Royal, the elegant square enclosed by stately buildings where Louis XIV played as a boy and Cardinal Richelieu, the gray eminence who was the real ruler of France, lived in luxurious splendor; the Place Vendôme, masterpiece of the great architect Mansard; the Place de la Concorde, with its flowing fountains and its air of magnificence and magic, at the same time a symbol of the city's beauty and a reminder of the terror and tragedy of the revolutionary period when the guillotine drenched its broad esplanades with blood; and, of course, the Louvre, once a royal palace and now the repository of one of the richest art collections in the world.

The ghosts of both the great and the glamorous haunt this section, and the glorious past of France is constantly evoked in the graceful monuments, the beautiful buildings, and the grand sweep of the boulevards. Walking through this district at night when a stillness has settled on the city, one does not find it hard to imagine the pomp and pageantry which were the essence of life in Paris during those days of colorful court entertainments when de Pompadour, du Barry, and Marie Antoinette rode in style through these same streets in a passionate pursuit of pleasure and power. Then the city was the glittering center of the universe, and "when Paris took snuff, all the rest of France sneezed." With a shudder one can also recall du Barry, the mistress of a king, and Marie Antoinette, a sorry queen, taking that last ride in an old tumbrel, along what once had been a royal route, to keep a date with Monsieur de Paris, the executioner, in the Place de la Concorde.

When "Ritz" Is Not a Cracker

This, too, is the district of the hotels de luxe, including the most famous of them all, the Ritz in the Place Vendôme. Built in 1898 by César Ritz, the one-time Swiss goatherd who eventually entertained the elite of Europe and played host to the world in his perfect hotel, the Ritz has become one of the sights of Paris as well as a monument to the man whose name is a symbol for gracious living. In fact, during the depression his name was such a synonym for elegance, exclusiveness, and expensive taste that the directors of the hotel, fearful of scaring away American customers, took ads in New York newspapers to announce that "The Ritz is not ritzy." Then, a few years after the last war, when the craze for American cafeterias and snack bars swept over Paris, the hotel ran another ad which simply stated, "The Ritz is not a snack."

In an age of change when "off with the old" is the rule, the Ritz still maintains the elegant traditions established by the founder sixty-two years ago: in the kitchen where the great Escoffier once presided as chef, in the handsome dining rooms where Olivier, the famed headwaiter and hero of plays and novels, once bowed members of royalty to their tables, and in the sumptuous suites where the furnishings and appointments are as rich and graceful as ever. The unobtrusive and unfailing service which Ritz insisted on is still carried on with style by the well-trained staff, even in the most unusual circumstances, as this true story told me by Claude Auzello, the managing

(continued)

director of the hotel, will demonstrate:

"We once had two distinguished American gentlemen living at the Ritz." said Mr. Auzello. "Both were exceedingly well-to-do, both liked to drink, and both stayed here in similar suites for an entire summer. One gentleman had a suite on the second floor and the other was directly above him on the third. As each gentleman retired for the evening, a bottle was served him—the guest on the second floor preferring whisky while the one on the third floor always lulled himself to sleep with a magnum of champagne. Early one morning a servant in the basement pulled the dumb-waiter down, took out the emptied champagne bucket and, inspecting it as he had been instructed to do, discovered to his amazement that it contained a pair of false teeth. He pondered the procedure in this unexpected situation for a moment, then decided that the traditions of the Ritz must be upheld. He placed his unusual discovery on a crested Ritz plate, concealed it beneath a domed cover, then put everything back into the dumb-waiter, rang a bell, and hoisted it upstairs again.

"You Really Shouldn't Have"

"Later that morning," continued Mr. Auzello, "the concierge said one of the guests wanted to see me. I went out into the lobby and there was the whisky-drinking gentleman from the second floor holding some Ritz china in his hand. 'I want to congratulate you,' he said. 'I always knew the Ritz took great pride in its service, but you really didn't have to bother to provide me with this extra set of false teeth which I found on my night table when I awoke.'

"But We Did"

"Evidently the waiter on the second floor had assumed that the dentures belonged to the whisky-drinking gentleman," Mr. Auzello went on, "and quietly placed them on his night table as he slept. I phoned the waiter on the third floor and asked if any of his charges had had any problems that morning. 'No,' said the waiter, 'except that the gentleman who likes to drink champagne seems to have lost his teeth and he can't leave his suite without them.' "

They were delivered to the entrapped guest. And while Mr. Auzello didn't say so, undoubtedly the well-schooled waiter kept a perfectly straight face as he ceremoniously presented his silver tray.

In addition to the hotels de luxe, there are also several smaller inns which provide comfortable accommodations at a very reasonable tariff. One of my favorites is the charming Hotel Beaujolais located in the Palais Royal, with good-sized rooms overlooking the gardens. A double room with bath, including a continental breakfast for two, can be had there for only $5.70. Just next to the Beaujolais is one of the great restaurants of Paris, Le Grand Vefour. The money saved by staying at the Beaujolais for a week will permit you to have one meal at Le Grand Vefour, which has been serving and satisfying fine gourmets with fat wallets since 1760. And for those who understand French, another treat is around the corner. Also a part of the Palais Royal is France's famed Comédie Française with, perhaps, the greatest company of actors in the world.

Then there is the Étoile district, where twelve of the great city's grandest boulevards converge in a majestic circle around the Arc de Triomphe.

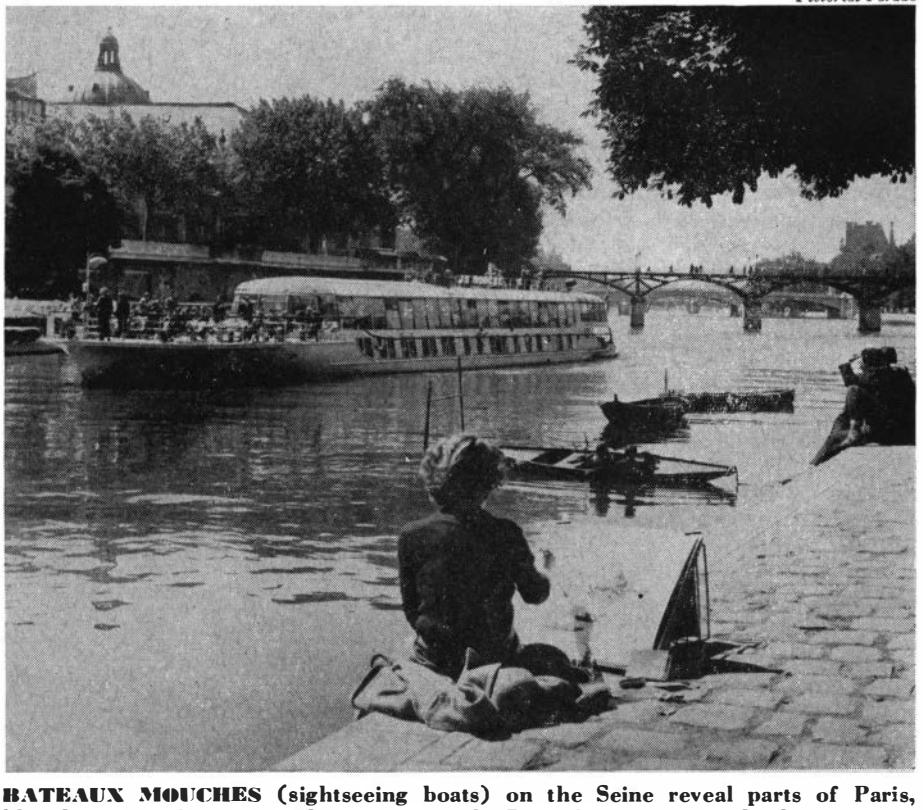
The grandeur of this section can best be appreciated from the top of this great monument which Napoleon ordered built in 1806 to commemorate the victory of his troops at the battle of Austerlitz. Architects and artists wrangled for thirty years over the design, so that the Little Corporal never lived to see it completed. But when his ashes were returned from St. Helena to France in 1840, they passed beneath the monument that marks one of his greatest victories. Now, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of World War I, with an eternal flame burning before it, rests beneath the arch, reminding people that tragedy and triumph are tightly tied together in battles and in wars. Further sad proof of this can be seen on plaques in buildings all over Paris marking the spots where brave resistance fighters fell while freeing their beloved city from Nazi tyranny. Before riding up in the elevator, I studied once more Rude's heroic sculptural group on one side of the monument. Called "La Marseillaise," it depicts a band of volunteers of 1792, and the strains of that immortal song expressing the spirit of France and her lasting love of Liberty sounded in my ears.

To view the city from the top of the Arc de Triomphe is to fall in love with Paris all over again, with its boulevards radiating like spokes of a giant wheel from the Place de l'Étoile, and the broad, tree-lined Champs Elysées, sweeping proudly down to the Place de la Concorde —so unbelievably beautiful.

Picasso Painted Here

Spilling down over a hill in the distance is Montmartre, where artists over the years have captured the soul and wonder of Paris in paint, in song, and in story. This is a district of dramatic contrasts ranging from the razzle dazzle of the Rue Pigalle with its *poules* of the pavement and plush pleasure domes where champagne is obligatory at twenty bucks a bottle and visiting suckers are seldom given an even break, to the bucolic charm of the Place du Tertre, with its gay garden restaurants and sidewalk cafés nestling in the peaceful shadow of the Sacré-Coeur. Here Renoir, Utrillo, Picasso, and many others achieved fame with their ateliers, and today, young, un-

Pictorial Parade



BATEAUX MOUCHES (sightseeing boats) on the Seine reveal parts of Paris, like this quayside scene with artist at work. Pont des Arts is in the background.

known artists still congregate around the Place du Tertre, setting up their easels in the square or in attic studios to tell their stories of Paris in paint, while *la vie de bohème* flourishes as ever.

The whole story of Montmartre from its earliest days is told in all its romance in a little museum recently opened in the Rue St. Vincent behind the Place du Tertre and through the famous Montmartre vineyard. It is the Musée du Vieux Montmartre sponsored by Charles Charpentier, nephew of the great Montmartre composer of the opera "Louise," the ever-moving romance of bohemians and love in Paris.

That theatre of terror, the Grand Guignol, is at the same old stand on the Rue Chaptal in Montmartre where it makes tourists giggle or gasp as its actors spill enough red gore every evening to fill several blood banks, and the Moulin Rouge, where Toulouse-Lautrec sketched for posterity the can-can dancers and disreputable customers, has now, alas, become too obviously commercial and is popular only with tourists. And the bare living made by the shapely girls at the Folies Bergères is being threatened by a whole army of strip-tease artists that pays strict attention to the merry old Minsky command, "Take it off," in big and little night clubs all over the place.

The Flea Market

The magnet for ladies seeking the *dernier cri* in high fashions and tasteful accessories is still the Faubourg St. Honoré that runs through the center of the city, but as a gentle warning: the luxury shops along this swanky street have never heard of the plebeian word "bargain."

In fact, at the present time, about the only place where there's a chance of making a "good buy" in Paris is at the Flea Market, that fascinating maze of shops and stalls where trash and treasure are on display. Here you've not only got to know what is good, but how to trade with the dealer to get the article for the price you want to pay.

The only food problem in Paris now is in choosing the restaurant in which to order it. Since it is practically impossible to get a bad meal in the city, even in the smallest bistro, the choice of a place is limitless, with good pot luck always on your side.

Maxim's, La Tour d'Argent, Laperouse, the Méditerranée (tops for fish), Lucas Carton, and the other great restaurants serve the finest food at the highest prices, so let your budget and your appetite be your guides. Here are a few places that pleased my palate on this trip: La Grille, which some Parisians rate as the best restaurant in the city, near Les Halles, the great market place

J. Filipovics

HARRITY AND KAMMERMAN (left, seated) at Café de la Paix. Age-old tale persists that, if you sit long enough, every friend you've ever known will pass by.

of Paris; Papille, where the food is excellent but inexpensive, on the left bank beside St. Severin, the oldest church in Paris; Restaurant Renault, a small out-of-the-way spot with a superb kitchen that ranks with the best, across the Pont Neuilly at 60 Rue de la République, and Quasimodo, where the cooking is matchless and the prices moderate, on the Île St. Louis just across the little footbridge from Notre Dame.

And of course, I went back to the Café de la Paix and, the second time, the only person I saw whom I knew was the man from California. He was evidently sobered up and didn't recognize me now, or perhaps I looked less like his friend, the mortician, now that I was wearing a hat.

Ten-Gallon Chapeaux

I like to think he at least noticed the hat, since it was a new one I'd bought at one of the best places to buy chapeaux *pour les hommes:* Gelot's, No. 12 Place Vendôme. Gelot's, at the turn of the century, was the hatter to that royal and rotund roisterer, the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, and is now the proud possessor of a warrant from the Diners' Club enabling American travelers to charge their toppers now, and payez later. Curiously, the favorite head-gear of the proprietor, Robert Dehesdin, is a good old broad-brimmed Stetson.

It is indeed a suitable choice for the man who is also treasurer of the Club du Lasso, a group of Parisian hombres who, dressed in levis and wearing sombreros, practice fancy roping and continental broncobusting two afternoons every week at what is for them a makeshift ranch, the vast Parisian park, the Bois de Boulogne.

This French roping and riding society was begun in 1912 by Joseph Hammon, now its president, who, while living on the Black Feet Ranch in Texas before the first World War, fell in love with the ways of American cowboys. Serge Holtz, the vice president of the Club du Lasso, was an officer in the French cavalry who was sent to Montana at about the same time to buy horses. When he and M. Hammon compared notes back in Paris about the joys of living in the great open spaces, they formed the club which re-

(continued)

PARIS (continued)

quires that every member own a Western saddle, dress like a cowboy, and learn such standard songs of the range as "Oh, la, la Susannah" and "*Sur le* Trail."

"When you ride on horseback in Paris, you must have authorization," explained Mr. Dehesdin, "but our Club du Lasso has never troubled to get one in all these years. When the gendarmes see us, twenty strong, dressed in our Western costumes, riding up the Champs Elysées, they are so startled they never ask to see our permits."

When Gary Cooper is in town, he often joins the Parisian cowpokes for a canter around the Bois de Boulogne and a morsel at a nearby bistro, run by a member who goes by the name of Sheriff Big Nose.

"The Club du Lasso is frequently confused with another Paris group called '*Les Amis du* Far West,'" added Mr. Dehesdin with what I thought was a trace of bitterness, "but we have absolutely nothing in common. *Les Amis du* Far West are only interested in Indian customs and habits, while we are true sons of the saddle."

Judging from the way he said this, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the lads of the Club du Lasso one day cut *Les Amis du* Far West off at the pass.

A Bit of Americana in Paris

After hearing all that heady Western talk, I headed for Harry's New York Bar at 5 Rue Daunou (Sank Roo Dough Noo) as do all good Americans when they feel a little homesick in Paris, or just a little thirsty. Harry, a doughty little Scot with literally thousands of friends from the United States, died last year after spending nearly half a century in his famous bar. He tended bar there in 1911 when the place was first opened by jockey Ted Sloan and then, in 1923, took charge and turned the spot into a real corner of America in Paris with college pennants and pictures of U. S. newspapermen, sports figures, and American friends tacked up all over the walls. Downstairs, there's a room with a piano, and every night a performer still bangs out American jazz tunes and college songs while the customers sing out the words with Yankee fervor. For nearly fifty years, every visiting American of note, from Grantland Rice and Scott Fitzgerald to Cole Porter and Ernest Hemingway, has bellied up to the bar of this American oasis. George Gershwin wrote the first part of his *An American in Paris* on the cellar piano, and Sinclair Lewis plotted out part of *Dodsworth* while seated at the bar. In 1924, O. O. McIntyre, that gadabout from Galliopolis, Ohio, who became one of the most succesful columnists around, wrote an article for COSMOPOLITAN entitled "Beachcombers of the Boulevards," in which he took some healthy swipes at the American barflies who were charter members of the Lost Generation. Harry read this and immediately formed the International Barflies Club and named McIntyre president. The club now has nearly a million members with local traps all over the world. And every four years since 1924, Harry's has run its own presidential straw vote which has been amazingly accurate, even calling Truman's unexpected victory over Dewey. On every presidential election night, the bar stays open all night while runners on bicycles bring the latest returns from the local bureau of the United Press, which are then chalked up on the bar mirror. Harry's son, Andy, a bluff, good natured lad, has inherited his father's business and his father's love of America. He knows the whereabouts of practically every American in Paris as well as the latest news from the States. After chatting with him while I munched on a hot dog, I strolled over to the Café de la Paix again . . . after all, I figured, the law of averages just couldn't go on failing me forever.

As I sat down at a table, I saw another American who, from the way he was casing every passerby, was there for the same reason I was. Finally, I spoke to him and we got into a conversation about how he had stayed on in Paris after the war and had been coming to the Café de la Paix ever since, but had a very low record in recognizing old friends. He had been a photographer in the Army and had married a French girl. He now had two children and was doing free-lance work around Europe. His story was very interesting and, as he got up to go, I was sorry to see him leave.

A "Friend" at Last

"I'm Gene Kammerman," he said. "Hope to see you again sometime."

"Same here," I said. "I'm Dick Harrity."

"Harrity?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, Harrity," I repeated.

Suddenly he threw back his head and began to sing . . .

"Harrity forever, how we love your gold and blue.

Harrity, forever to your precepts we'll be true.

Swell the chorus, join the song
Praise the school where we belong.
Oh, sing and sing for Har-ri-ty."

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked bewilderedly.

"That's my old school song," he replied proudly, "The William F. Harrity Grammar School, Fifty-sixth and Christian, Philadelphia."

"I'm from Philadelphia, too," I cried.

"It's a small world," he said.

We both had to have another Pernod on that. THE END

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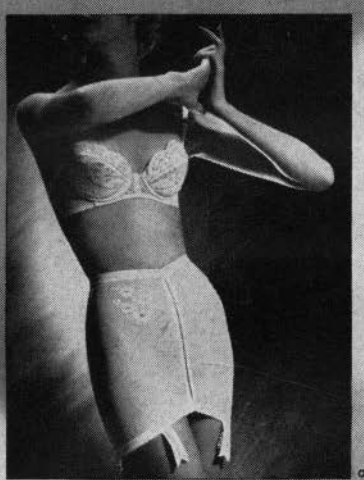

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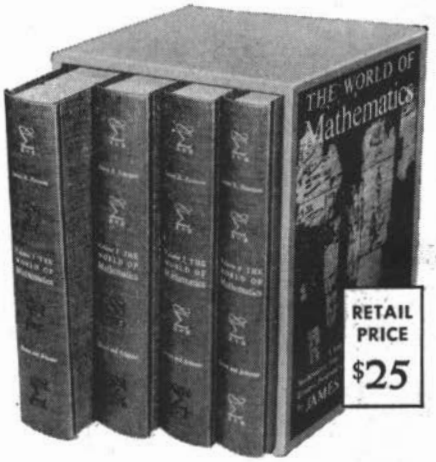

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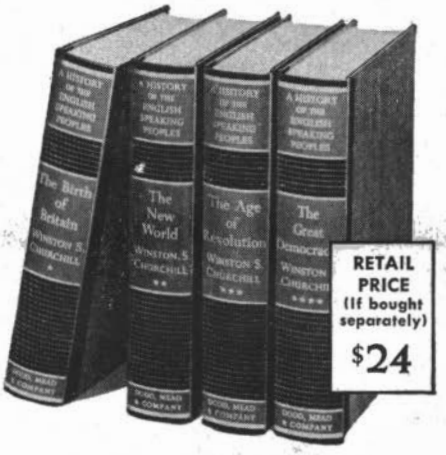

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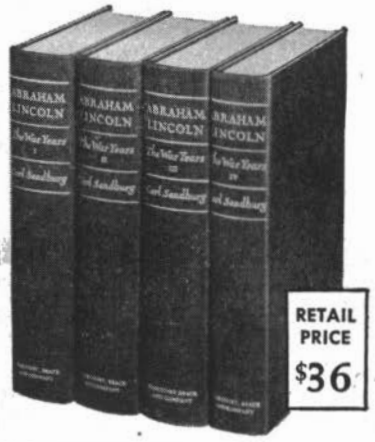

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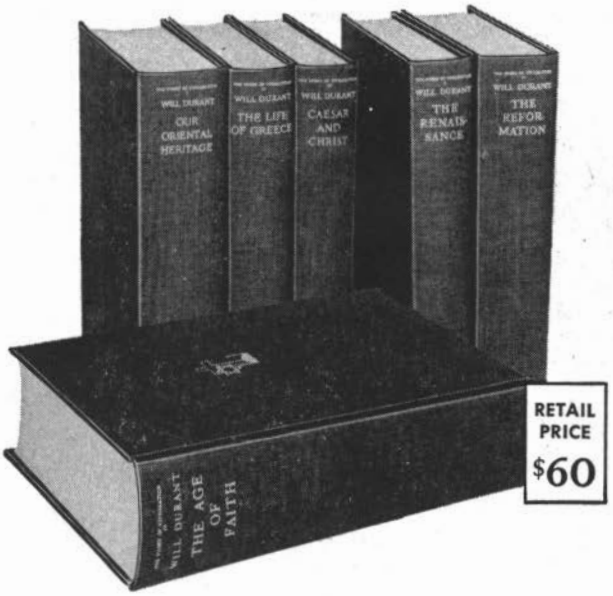

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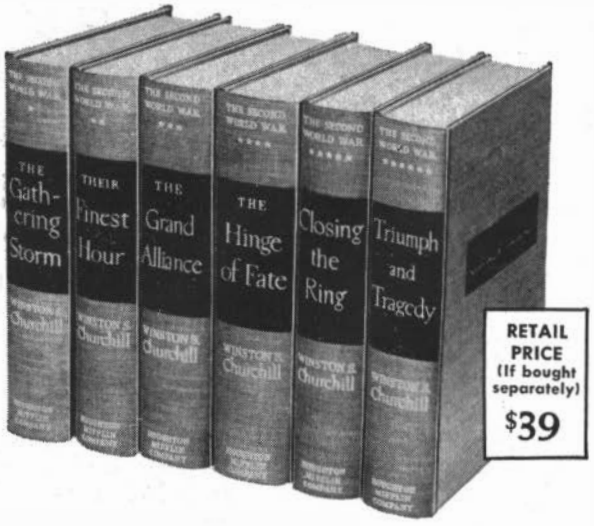

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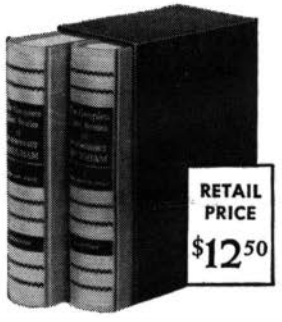
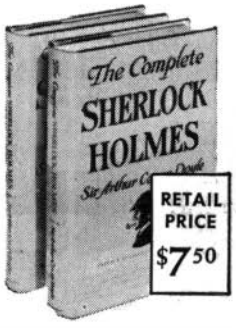


COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



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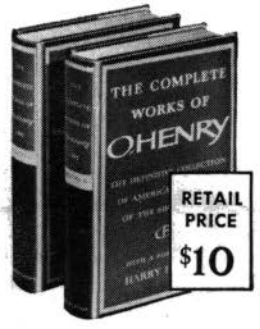

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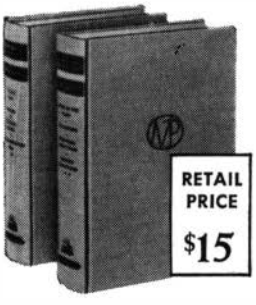

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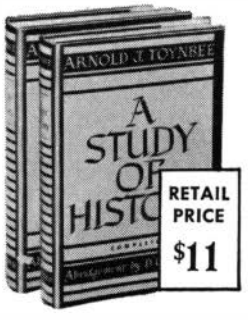

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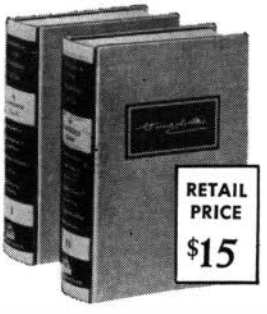

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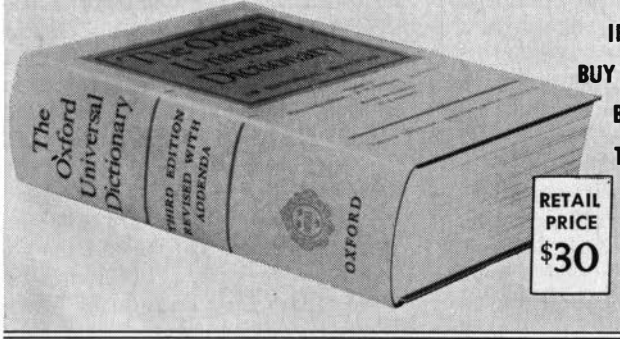

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NEW RECORDINGS

For the Haves and Have-Nots

One gift comes to mind for those two hard-to-buy Christmas presents for groups: the haves and the have-nots. It's not merely an easy solution, but the best solution: records. Some of the recording companies have handsome packages good for giving to entire families. Among these is **Igor Stravinsky Conducting Rites of Spring and Petrouchka** (Columbia; $12.50 monaural, $14.50 stereo), which comes complete with one record of the master himself talking about the inception of these works and reminiscing about Diaghileff, the Ballet Russe, *etc.* Also with some handsome art work. And **Carols for Christmas; Eileen Farrell** (Columbia), with full orchestra and chorus, will make the holidays as festive as they deserve to be.

For more specialized giving, consider **Hi-Ho, Madison Avenue,** starring TV's Louis Nye (Riverside). Accompanied by an instrumental group called The Status Seekers, Louis sings *Ode to an Ulcer*, *Let's Make an Adman President*, and other timely tunes, to the delight of all sophisticates, real or imagined. For the kids, **The Singing Lady—Fairy Tales by Ireene Wicker** (Riverside), which includes *The Red Shoes*, *The Happy Prince*, and many more. You'll probably love listening to Miss Wicker after all these years, too.

• • •

Around Midnight, Julie London (Liberty). Julie, one of my favorites, wears a pair of iridescent pants on the cover, and pants in an iridescent manner inside, on such songs as the title one (meaning *'Round Midnight*), *Lush Life*, and *Don't Smoke in Bed*, and others.

Julie London: iridescent singer.

I Gotta Right to Swing, Sammy Davis, Jr. (Decca). Mr. Rhythm, wearing pants as tight as Julie's, and singing in his own way, with arrangements by Sy Oliver and others, for a swinging group of musicians. This may be the greatest record he's ever made.

Dancing at the Hop, Bobby Vinton and his orchestra (Epic). Bobby Vinton may be the new Les Brown—a youngster with a band composed, I gather, of college kids. Swings.

The Untouchables. Original Music From the TV Show, Nelson Riddle and his orchestra (Capitol). Need I say that I regard Nelson Riddle as an Untouchable himself? A great arranger. And he has taken the last name of Eliot Ness and made some fine tunes: *Tender-Ness*, *Wistful-Ness*, *Dejected-Ness*, *etc.*

Larry Kert Sings Leonard Bernstein (Seeco). The most durable member of the *West Side Story* cast in a tribute to the composer. A virile voice, plus good selections (from *Wonderful Town*, and *On the Town*, and other Bernstein shows), plus arrangements by Richard Wess. —MEGHAN RICHARDS

YOUR TV DIAL

"Agony" of the Daytime Viewer

DAYTIME PERFORMANCE . . . We got to thinking, the other day, about the two daytime programs women seem to prefer—the so-called "agony" show, and the daytime serial.

Speaking for "agonies," ***Jack Bailey,*** King of ABC-TV's *Queen for a Day* for the last sixteen years, says, "We've been accused of all sorts of things, but the success of our type of program is, I'm certain, due to its utter simplicity and honesty. We even air the goofs. I think women tune us in because they like a happy ending, and, here, they see one every day."

Larry White, head of CBS-TV's daytime programming, says about serials: "Adult companionship is their primary appeal. Many women are alone—except for the children—from 8:30 in the morning until 7:30 at night. And, a woman feels that the people in our stories are real people, that they are friends. I'm inclined to think that the type of woman who watches our show is entirely different from one who tunes in the so-called "agony" shows. Our viewers don't tune in to see a show so much as they tune in to see what their friends are doing."

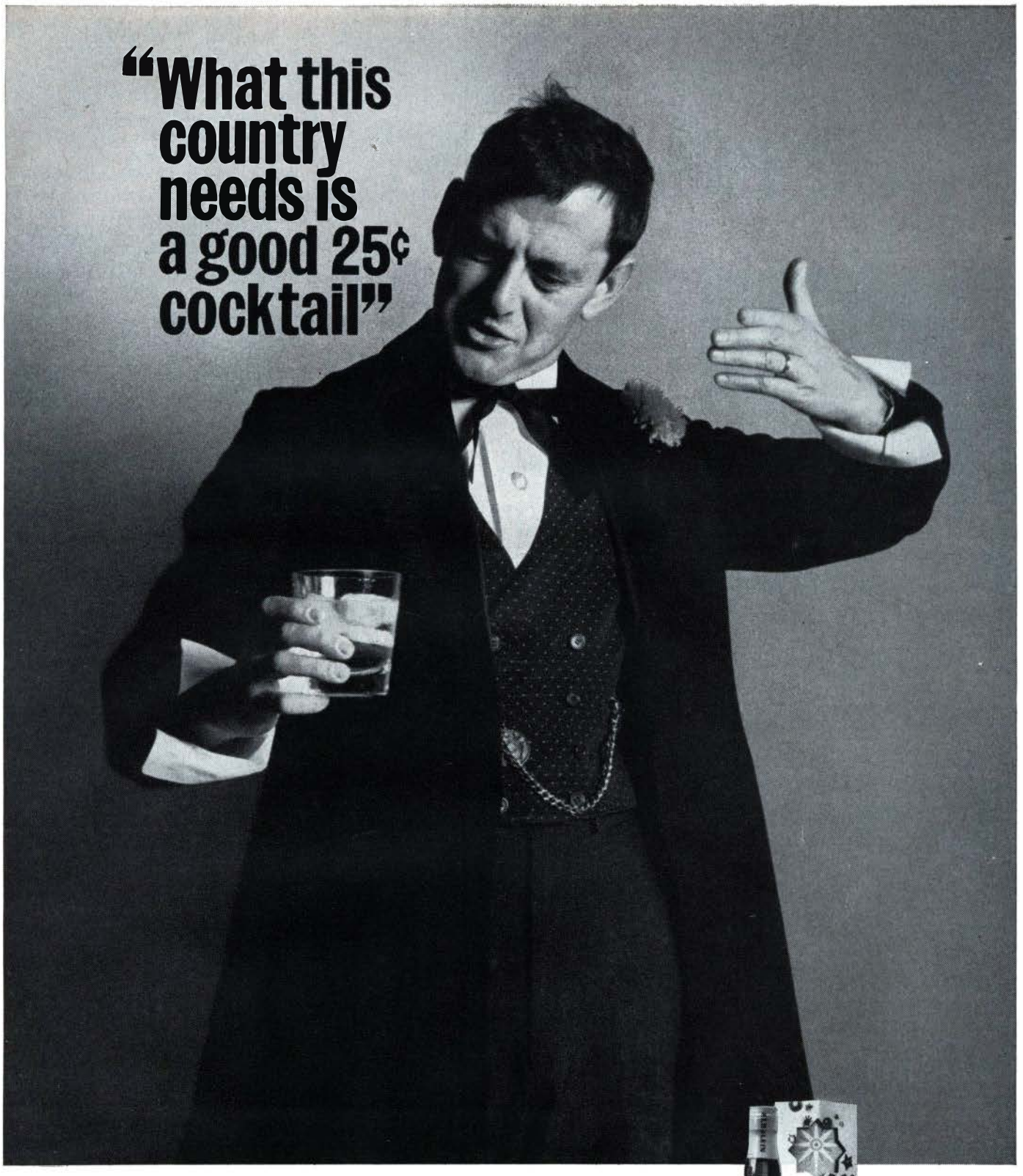
BUSY LADY . . . We asked ***Mildred Alberg,*** producer of the *Our American Heritage* series, what it was like to be a woman TV producer (she's one of the very few in the field). "Being a woman has never had anything to do with it," was her reply. "But being a TV producer is exciting, challenging, and fun!"

"Has no one ever raised any objections to having a woman producer?" we asked.

"Not really," replied Millie. "Someone at NBC mentioned, at the time I took over, that there had never been a woman producer at the network before. I said, 'Congratulations. You've just hired one.' And that's the last time that the subject ever came up."

This month is a big one for this petite woman. The first play she has produced for Broadway, *Little Moon of Alban*, opens December 1. It stars ***Julie Harris*** in the part she portrayed first on TV.

WORTH YOUR PRECIOUS TIME . . . *Project 20*'s "The Coming of Christ," incorporating works of Rembrandt and other artists, is woven together with the same skillful technique that won awards here and abroad for last spring's "Mark Twain." The second half of the greatest story ever told follows at Easter. . . . "Born A Giant," second of the *American Heritage* series on the men who made American history. This one is the story of Andrew Jackson. . . . And, if you missed it last year, a repeat of ***Leonard Bernstein***'s Christmas music with the St. Paul's Cathedral Boys' Choir of London, ***Marion Anderson,*** and the Schola Cantorum. —FLORENCE HAMSHER



"Especially at party time" says Tony Randall... It takes something more than the same old plain liquor to impress holiday guests. Make the grand gesture...serve *cocktails!* It's easy when they're Heublein's. No work—just pour on-the-rocks. No qualms about quality, *ever.* Heublein Cocktails are made with choicest liquors, expertly proportioned...you'd be proud to serve them at *any* price. *Yet—drink for drink—they cost less than plain whiskey!*

9 VARIETIES—FULL STRENGTH—READY-TO-SERVE. Extra Dry Martini, 67.5 proof. Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, 55 proof. Vodka Martini, 60 proof. Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour and Side Car, 52.5 proof. Old Fashioned, 62 proof. Stinger, 50 proof. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Connecticut.

GIFT-WRAPPED... READY TO POUR ON-THE-ROCKS
Send your friends a cocktail party—in a bottle! Give gift-wrapped Heublein Manhattans or Extra Dry Martinis, ready-to-serve.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS
(pronounced Hugh-Bline)

LUNCH DATE WITH

Jack Lemmon

Sam Goldstein

"Women think you're adorable," Lyn Tornabene tells actor Jack Lemmon.

1:00 P.M.—O'Neill Theatre

Thirty-five-year-old John Uhler Lemmon III was born in Boston, attended select New England schools, and graduated from Harvard in 1946. He started his career in radio soap operas in 1948, appeared frequently in TV dramas, made his Broadway debut in 1953 in a revival of Room Service. *His Hollywood career surged in 1955, when he won an Academy Award for his supporting role in* Mister Roberts. *Divorced, he is residing temporarily in New York.*

When Jack Lemmon is working, he is intense, taut, single-minded, and he smokes so much you can track him by his contrail. But, working or not, he is loaded with high-strung charm, and he is good-looking in an Ivy League-Peter Pan sort of way: average height, wiry thin, with a surprising touch of gray in his hair.

We met while he was rehearsing for *Face of a Hero*, his first Broadway show since he became one of Hollywood's hottest properties. Lunch was scheduled for a one-hour break; to save time, it was to take place on stage at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre. We called the Stage Delicatessen for sandwiches and beer, and they dispatched a buffet for a catered wedding. Because neither Mr. Lemmon nor I felt capable of consuming thirteen sandwiches each, we invited everyone on hand to help himself. Partaking of the feast: director Alexander "Sandy" Mackendrick, a marvelously tall, thin fellow who looks like the movies invented him to play a director; writer Robert L. Joseph, who looks like a panda; and a whole hive of press agents who were swarming over Mr. Lemmon with requests for interviews, personal appearances, and quotable lines. When the tumult subsided, we retreated into a corner for some quiet conversation which began: "How's the show going?"

"It's a lot of hard work," Jack said. "I've got a bigger part than Hamlet. It's tricky. I hope I can pull it off."

"I take it this is very different from working in a picture like *Some Like It Hot*," I said, pointing out to him the pack of cigarettes he was looking for. He was smoking filtered kings through a filtered holder, and getting them lit was a fairly elaborate ritual.

"We had a real ball making *Some Like It Hot*," he said. "But people have gotten the impression I'm a comic. I'm not. I'm an actor. I've *always* been an actor."

I told him his fans term him "adorable," and asked if that bothered him. "It doesn't bother me. No," he said, while grinding out his nearly whole cigarette and looking around for the pack. "But I'd rather they thought of me as an actor.

Handing him the matches he had misplaced, I asked him what he thought he might now be if he hadn't gone into the theatre. "I've never given it any thought," he said. "I don't know what I'd do. I would die."

"Isn't acting a rather self-centered line of work?" I needled.

"It's a means of expression like any other creative job," he said. "Like writing or painting or designing. What makes a writer write? Whatever his drive is, it's no different from an actor's. More time and space is devoted to figuring out what makes actors tick, though. I'll tell you one thing about the appeal of acting that's rarely mentioned: acting gives you a chance to be somebody else. I think that's the attraction for most of the actors I know; when they act, they can forget their own frustrations and guilt. The big, Big, BIG thing for an actor is to get over being afraid to expose himself. The day you can let yourself show through your work and not care whether somebody laughs or is shocked, you've got it made.

Dignity In Labor

"Who knows what makes any kind of person the way he is? I don't know what *made* me an actor. But I always remember something my father said to me when I told him what I wanted to do. He was in the flour-mix business. He said, 'I hope you like what you're going to do. The day I stop finding romance in a loaf of bread, I'll quit.'" (The cigarette routine again—out with the old, in with the new. It was beginning to take on a rhythm.)

"Do you feel you owe anything to your public?" I asked.

"Good Lord no," he answered, recoiling. "Well, that's not exactly true. I owe them a good performance. When they pay their money to see me, they should be getting my best. But that's all I owe them. That 'public' you're talking about can be a very strange thing, you know. I'll give you an example of what I mean. One day in Sardi's, a woman sent a note to my table asking me to join her. I couldn't remember if I knew her, so I sent the waiter back to tell her I'd stop on my way out. Before he could get to her, she was standing in front of me, screeching, 'You're the rudest man I've ever seen. Didn't you get my message? I sent for you.' I tried to stand up, but the table was in the way, and she started yelling louder, 'You're a public servant, young man, I support you. When I ask you to do something, you do it.' She was getting out of hand, so the manager led her out. You may think she was crazy, but things like that happen often. You can keep your public."

Where Women Are Concerned . . .

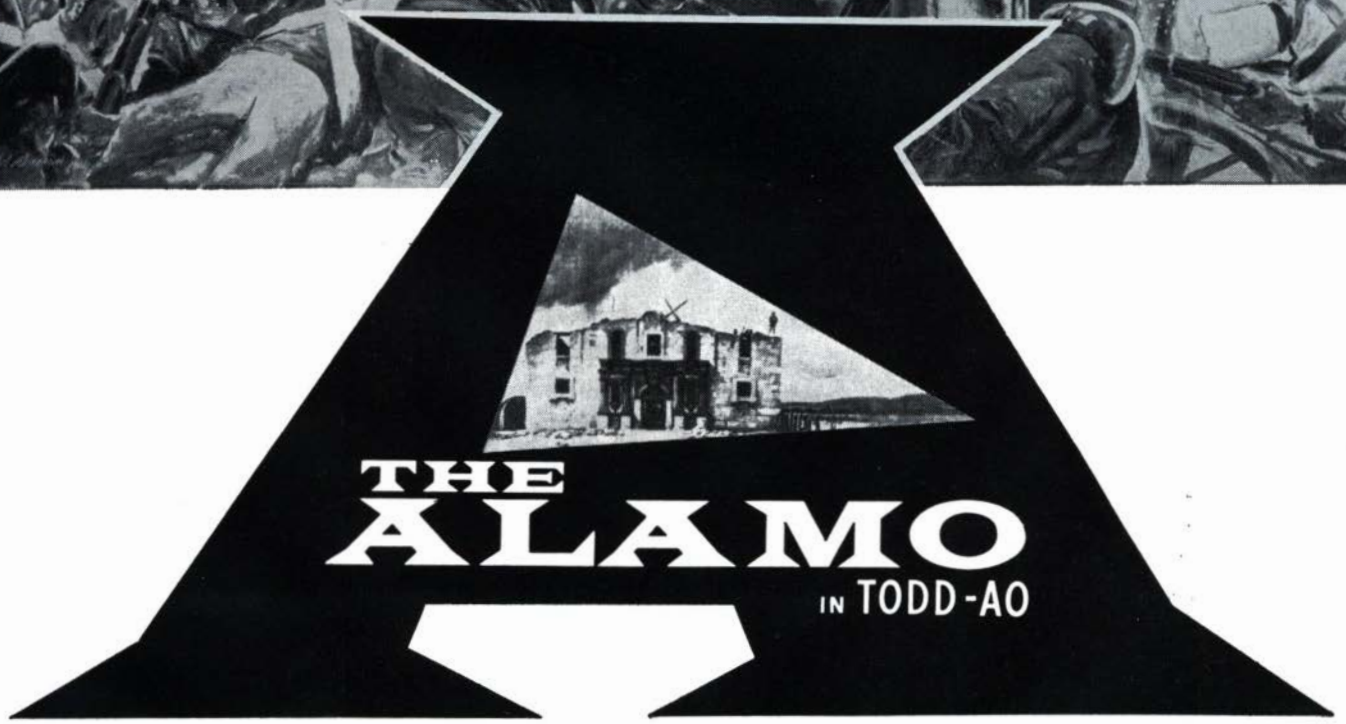
Jack's public has often been told he's planning to be a perennial bachelor. I asked if that were true. He looked at the floor through a thin stream of smoke and shook his head. "I don't know if I'm going to be a perennial anything. I never said that."

"All those women who think you're adorable usually also mention how funny you are. Don't you suspect that women find humor irresistible?"

"I'm not a comedian," he repeated. "But you're right. Women find a sense of humor very appealing. I don't know why. I suppose it's something like the attraction a man feels for a woman who is bright, witty, outgoing. She doesn't have to be beautiful. I've never really analyzed it." He looked around . . . this time the cigarettes were gone, for sure. No, they were in his pocket. He checked his watch. Time for one more, and then lunch hour was over.

We walked back into the middle of the stage. It seemed huge, the theatre tiny. When the houselights are up, there's no barrier at all between the actor and the audience. The separation must be artificially created, by the footlights, by the actors themselves. This kind of thinking can conjure up all kinds of people, I discovered. In a flash, the stage was filled with furniture and furniture movers, the director, the playwright, and the cast. Jack picked up his script and moved into his place on the set, waving good-by with his free hand—the one with the cigarette holder in it. —LYN TORNABENE

THE MISSION THAT BECAME A FORTRESS...THE FORTRESS THAT BECAME A SHRINE...



STARRING

JOHN WAYNE / RICHARD WIDMARK / LAURENCE HARVEY

CO-STARRING

FRANKIE AVALON / PATRICK WAYNE / LINDA CRISTAL

JOAN O'BRIEN / CHILL WILLS / JOSEPH CALLEIA / AND GUEST STAR RICHARD BOONE

produced and directed by JOHN WAYNE / original screenplay by JAMES EDWARD GRANT / music composed and conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN

A BATJAC PRODUCTION RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS/TECHNICOLOR®

ALL SEATS RESERVED! **COMING SOON!**

"THE NATURAL PIGMENT of your face looks better—what if freckles *do* show?" Julia wears mascara, lipstick during day, adds pancake for nighttime.

Collector's Items: Beauty

Julia Meade on A Desert Island

Julia Meade: "If I were stranded on a desert island, the first things I'd miss would be hand lotion and mascara."

How Julia retains her personal "signature," and still looks up-to-the-minute, puzzles her fans. To Julia, it's simple:

"My eyes aren't large, so I always use mascara; I feel naked without it. And I try all the new eye make-up colors. I have a long face, so I always try for a dome or triangular hairdo—and change it at least once a year—but *never* have it terribly long or terribly short.

"My waist is small—so I accent it. You can adapt most current styles to accent your assets. I even took my chemises in at the waist." There are some fashions which Julia simply ignores. "The trapeze and I had no rapport; I had housecoats, I didn't need trapezes."

Julia is a Harvey Berin *aficionada* ("His cocktail dresses look right for my TV wardrobe—they have a gentle, ladylike look"), and buys Dior suits and coats. Summing it up, Julia advises, "Don't ever wear anything in which you feel uncomfortable—it diverts your attention. It makes you uneasy. For instance, I'm miserable in a side-draped dress. Poufs make me unhappy. Scarves drive me crazy." Moreover, "I'm the peignoir type—not pajamas or baby dolls." Julia takes a dim view of culottes for herself ("too unfeminine for me"), doesn't even like slacks.

Despite all this ladylike feeling, Julia will play a chic, socialite sophisticate in the coming movie, *Tammy, Tell Me True*, competing—unladylike—with an ingénue. We hope that the mascara will keep her feeling comfortable.

Velvet-bowed hairdo for winter, 1960-1961, created by Alexandre-Harriet Hubbard Ayer is as good a bet for sophisticates as for ingénues. Hair falls just to the nape of the neck. The pinned-on bow gives the illusion of long hair, tied back.

Alexandre, whose clients include royalty, Maria Callas, the Begum Aga Khan, and the Duchess of Windsor, favors the shingled hairdo with a pompadour and a bang. He also likes the plastered-to-the-cheek curl.

A woman's largest hair problem these days is how to keep that curl, or the brushed-forward hair, hugging fast to the cheek. Some hairdressers lean toward Lepage's glue. Others vote for colorless nail polish, but this means the complications of using nail polish remover. Then there are the staunch advocates of rubber cement—which can be removed with boiling water. Says one hairdresser, philosophically, "So it hurts." All we know is that dressing tables and salon counters will shortly begin to look like hardware stores.

Hildegarde, the body-conscious *chanteuse*, jumped the gun on other women by wheedling one of the new, purse-sized spot-reducers out of its manufacturer, Relaxacizor, before it hit the market. Hildegarde tossed the little transistor into her purse, and startled some fellow passengers on a jet flight from Hollywood to New York by calmly lunching, 4,000 feet up, while her spot-reducer worked away, contracting her muscles. This newest little brain child of the company that has made a fortune out of milady's avoirdupois is due out this month, and we can see the future now: on planes, trains, everywhere—all those muscles contracting, while you lunch, sip coffee, read, chat, snooze. What *next?*

Pink water, green water, blue water in the bathtub. Little boys and girls are taking to the colored bubble baths the way they took to chocolate straws.

But the colored bubble bath may influence some traditional fashions for kids. In test-marketing the colors in Des Moines, the Wrisley company ran into the tradition-smashing fact that more little *boys* liked pink. Little *girls* went for blue. How this news may affect purveyors to the infant carriage trade, we hardly dare guess.

The Fur Trench Coat– And the Fur Bang

"Insouciant" is the word for the slouching, flat knit sweater from Italy. The Italians' smashing success at creating knits is turning women into avid collectors of the knit evening gown, the knit suit, the knit dress. Luisa Spagnoli, in her famous "garden" factory in Perugia (where the knitters lunch outdoors), has begun to bring the medieval touch to the sweater.

One pullover, of Merino wool, was inspired by the Italian knights in their battles in the Middle Ages. It promises to be one of the most carelessly chic and elegant looks taken up by women from the Riviera to the very soignée women of Rio.

Flower ear-muffs, made of fresh flowers, and other fresh-flower hair decorations, may turn into one of the winter hits for evening. This is a trick that couldn't have worked just a few months ago; before you had even finished your demitasse, the flowers would have wilted around your ears. No more. Responsible for new, long-lasting gladioli and chrysanthemums are scientific experiments which have succeeded in crossbreeding a hardy Florida strain.

With the Japanese influence so strong about us, the flowers are expected to decorate Japanese hair-sticks, chignons, and even to grace fashionable necks with chokers of flowers. Please remember, though, that one evening's wear is all you can expect from all this dewy-fresh floral fashion.

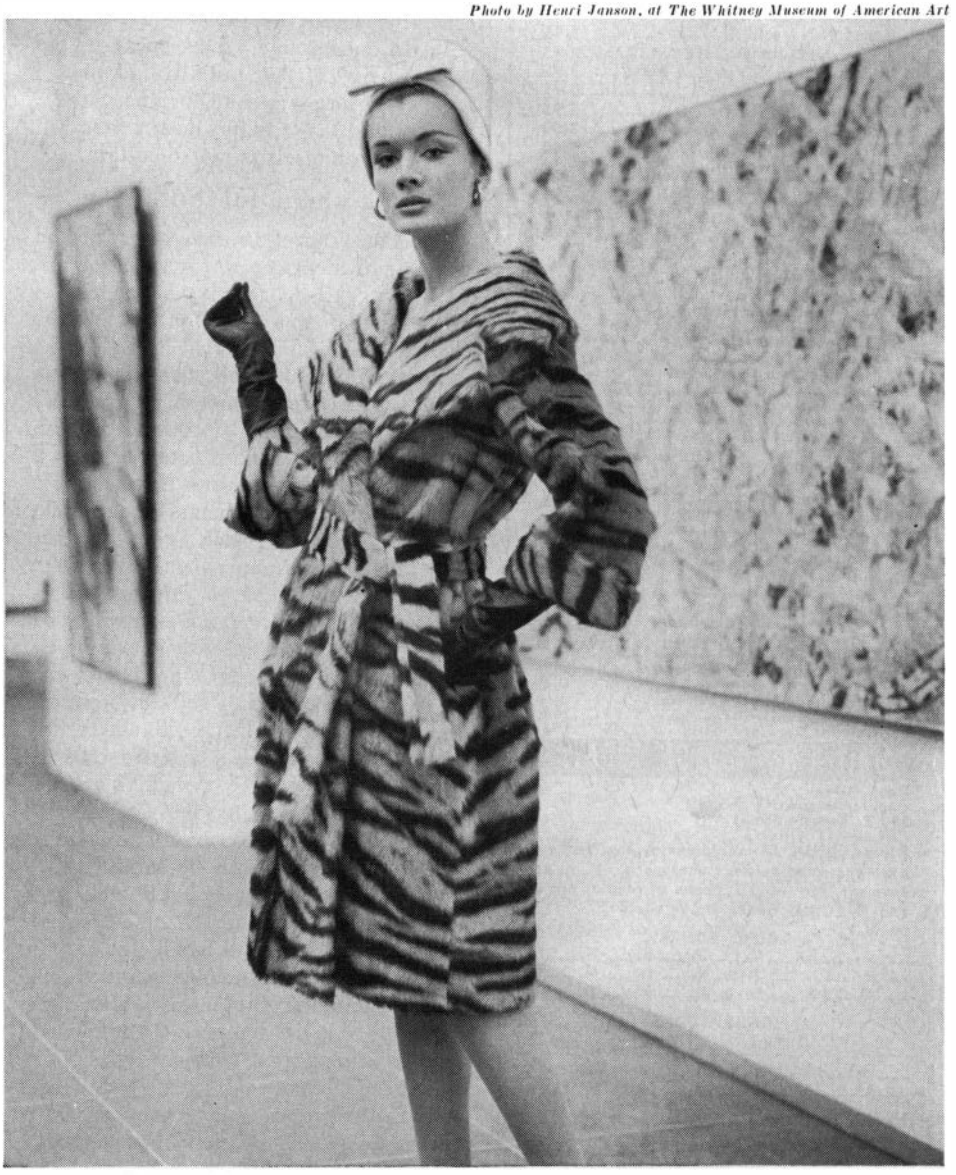
The fur trench coat is in with a bang. Now that Jacques Kaplan has done it in Bengalese tiger, any unfurry version is old hat. Almost any coat now boasts some fur inside or out. Gold Mongolian sheep is on the inside of Balenciaga's black satin coat, and no woman today will dream of throwing away an old fur coat when she can have her new cloth coat lined with some of that once throw-away fur.

Don't expect to recognize all the furs you see, unless you're a zoologist. Vernier, of London, whose clients include the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, has designed possibly the hat to end all fur hats. It's made of *mouflon*, a wild sheep of Sardinia and Corsica. If you want bangs, you just comb the silky fur (which is as thick and curly as that of an unclipped poodle) over your brow. Like so many furs today, this native of the islands can be dyed any color.

Those huge bed bolsters that women are carrying around Los Angeles aren't bed bolsters at all. They're the most giant of giant handbags from Italy. Slim cotton dresses match these cotton bags. How strange—and convenient—*can* the handbag get? The travel bag—also from Italy —that opens out into a writing desk, complete with paper and envelopes, *and* has a secret jewelry compartment, gives us some idea. And now that Endicott Johnson, the shoe people, have perfected a new, soft yet scuff-resistant leather that improves the wear of leather by as much as 700 per cent, we're hoping for elegant leather bags that can take abrasion and the scuffing we give them, and still gleam, newly, back at us.

—HARRIET LA BARRE

Photo by Henri Janson, at The Whitney Museum of American Art



BENGALESE TIGER trench coat, designed by Jacques Kaplan. Its classic Garbo features are notched collar, cuffed sleeves, dashingly drawn sash. $1,100.

Pitfalls of Prosperity

BY GERALD WALKER

A SENSE OF VALUES, by Sloan Wilson (Harper & Brothers, $4.95). Few readers recall Sloan Wilson's first book, *Voyage to Somewhere*, a leanly written short novel about a young Naval officer in charge of a supply ship, battling both red tape and the Japanese. But it is worth remembering for its vivid, yet coolly controlled writing, and because it draws on the author's own wartime experience, a crucial period in his life.

It is memorable, too, because the "somewhere" of that initial blind voyage is now known: fame and fortune. Surely, many would say, a happy destination. But Mr. Wilson himself is not so certain.

Spokesman for Suburbia

His latest novel is even more racked with ambivalence toward what D. H. Lawrence called "the Bitch-Goddess of Success" than was *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, which carried Sloan Wilson to that Promised Land, five years ago. *Values*, like *Gray Flannel*, is primarily a tale of the pitfalls of prosperity, with the love element subordinated.

With *Values*, he resumes his role as a leading fictional spokesman for the great suburban middle class, concentrating once again on the problems that often attend getting ahead in this world. He has written a sharply observed, exhaustive (over seven hundred pages) study of Nathan Bond's obsessive need for, and catastrophic drift into, self-advancement during the Affluent Fifties. But with this added kicker: taking a leaf from Oscar Wilde, he seems to be saying, "When the gods wish to punish us, they answer our prayers."

The novel could well be subtitled: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Fat-and-Forty Comic Strip Cartoonist." As it opens, although Nathan Bond has dieted from a flabby two hundred pounds to a trim one hundred and sixty-eight, the flabbiness of the rest of his life remains. Divorce pending, he is separated from his wife, Amy, their two children—sixteen-year-old Steve, and Sally, twelve—and from the dominating dream of his youth, which was to be a serious painter.

By means of an extended Marquandian flash back (a device Mr. Wilson has used with effect in his previous two books), Nathan finally decides to stop averting his gaze and he re-examines his four decades, from a hopeful, ambitious childhood to the shattered present.

Thinking back, Nathan recalls how his and Amy's paths had crossed as children, first at the age of ten, then at fifteen. Each came from a genteelly poor family, each hungered for a greater share of worldly goods. In Nathan, this manifested itself as extreme competitiveness, in athletics, in conversation, in painting.

Meeting next at a house party at Yale, where Nathan was a student, each was lonely and ripe for love. They married soon after; a pathetically immature boy-husband and child-bride.

After nearly five years of hazardous sea duty (as in all of Sloan Wilson's novels, the war sequences are the most deeply felt and best written; like many other World War II veterans-turned-novelists, his portrayal of the civilian world always seems blurred by comparison), Nathan returns and hurls himself frenetically into earning a livelihood. The world of money-making becomes the new theatre of operations, each raise a new victory. Nathan, in short, becomes a male Marjorie Morningstar who shelves his dreams in favor of settling down comfortably in suburbia.

Success Via Journalism

Nathan moves from a job as a reporter to the staff of a women's magazine (some amusing fun-poking in this section). When he finally hits pay dirt by creating Rollo the Magnificent, a tragicomic Chaplinesque tramp who becomes a syndicated cartoon feature in hundreds of newspapers, raising Nathan's income to $100,000 a year, neither he nor Amy realize just how far apart they are.

At this point, Nathan's worldly publisher gives them what he calls The Lecture, pointing up the perils of success. It is the crux of the book.

"Most middle-class people," the publisher tells them, "whether they admit it or not, have little choice but to be reasonably moral. They usually can't afford a divorce, even if they want one.... The greatest danger of success is simply the fact that money allows you to do what

you want to do. . . . You will have temptations which ordinary people never know. Beautiful women who never would have looked at a man before he had success suddenly will become convinced that he's Apollo. . . . Whatever your weakness, there suddenly will be a thousand salesmen eager to tempt you into it. . . . [Furthermore] almost every writer or artist I ever met was an egomaniac to start with, and success makes them worse —it seems to vindicate them. When an egomaniac fails, as everybody has to do once in a while, it seems to him as though the world has come to an end."

The Lecture, ironically, becomes The Prophecy. Nathan, when he bumps into work difficulties, is ridden with fear that his success-bubble will burst. First he, then his wife Amy, tastes the forbidden fruit of adultery, and they mutually expel themselves from the bitter Eden of their marriage.

Same Author, Different Heroes

In other words, Nathan Bond has done just what Tom Rath did not do in *Gray Flannel*—and Nathan pays the price for it. Rath, you will remember, turned away from what he considered excessive ambition, with the explanation that he was just a "nine-to-five guy" after all; he wanted his evenings and week ends free to spend with his family.

With an author like Sloan Wilson, who celebrates hearth and home and the family unit intact above nearly all else in this world, it is giving away no secret to say that Nathan's price is refunded to him in the end. He and Amy are eventually reconciled, Steve finds that what he has done is both understood and forgiven, and the whole family determines to begin again and steer a course "somewhere between sentimental optimism and apathetic despondency."

Sloan Wilson writes in a simple, straightforward style, and he is able to create people one really cares about. His scene-sense is dramatic (this will undoubtedly make a popular movie), and his story line has a very strong forward impetus.

He has everything a novelist needs—except a really large view of life. His new book is overloaded with talk of budgets, installment buying, commuters' tickets, life insurance, deep-freezers, and the like; at times, one even expects cake recipes. In short, he is so domestic a novelist that he approaches being a thoroughly domesticated one, heedless that there may be important things occurring—even in the civilian world—beyond the four walls of the home. At his present stage of development, he rates with the better popular novelists like Herman Wouk and Gerald Green, not with true literary artists like Cozzens and Marquand. Unlike the latter two writers, one never feels that Mr. Wilson knows *more* about his characters' problems than they do themselves. His new novel, though like his others in being just a little less than life-size, nevertheless possesses the genuinely admirable quality of joggling the reader's mind and prodding him to formulate his own attitudes toward the fictional matters at hand. For this reason alone, it ranks as a seriously intended contribution to the literature of our time.

TOURIST IN AFRICA, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown and Company, $3.75). The wittily thoughtful log of a long tour of the Dark Continent, recently completed by this brilliant English author.

POM-POM'S CHRISTMAS, story and pictures by Jon Whitcomb (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. $3.75). Especially for children, COSMOPOLITAN Contributing Editor Whitcomb has whipped up this happy tale of a French poodle, a little girl, and the Yule season.

THE KEY TO NEW YORK, by Alice Fleming (J. B. Lippincott Company, $2.75). Also for children, this one is a fascinating guide to the bustle and history of the Empire City. THE END

Cosmo Parcels

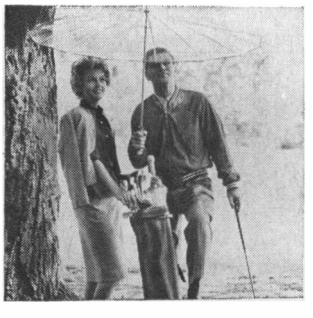
BY JOAN GAROW

MAKE MINE THE SAME

Activities are more fun in this one piece comfort made for men and women alike. Of washable velvety fine-wale corduroy, with elastic adjustable waistband, full-length zippers. Men's sizes Small-X-large; women's sizes 8-16. In olive, black, gold, sand. $21.95 each. Joel McKay, Dept. CO-12, Taft Bldg., Suite 219, Hollywood & Vine, Hollywood 28, Calif.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

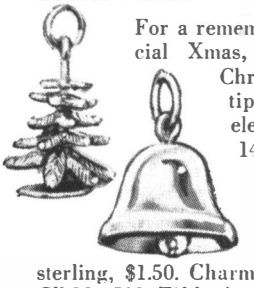
Wear your heart on your bracelet with the age old thought on it in 10 languages. Heart available in enameled red, green or blue mounted on sterling silver or 12K gold filled. 1" in dia., $4.00; 1¼", $5.00; 1½", $7.00. Bracelet in sterling silver or 12K gold filled, $4.00. Wayne Silversmith, Dept. CP-12, 546 So. Broadway, Yonkers 5, New York.



IT'S CLEAR TO SEE, $10.95

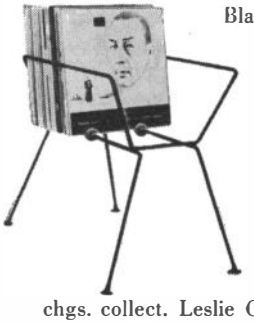
This picture window sports umbrella is worth saving for a rainy day! Look ahead without coming out from under. Excellent for golf, football games, etc. 52" wide made of heavy gauge vinyl with protective vinyl case. 16-rib aluminum windproof frame. Add 50¢ post. Bradford's, Inc., Box 535-L4, Englewood, N.J.

CHARM HER



For a remembrance of that special Xmas, she'll enjoy this Christmas Tree with tips of branches enameled in red and green. 14K gold $15.00; sterling, $4.00. An enchanting Bell (it really rings) in 14K gold, $6.00; sterling, $1.50. Charm & Treasure, Dept. CP-12, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

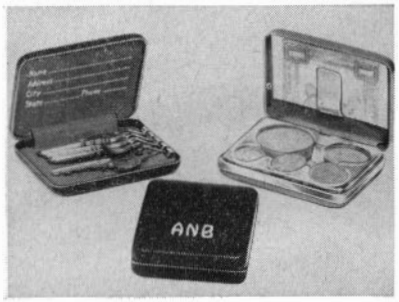
KEEPING THE RECORDS, $8.95



Black wrought iron rack with adjustable plastic grips, hold records firmly with room to expand. Holds up to 100 LP albums. Measures 19" high, 14" wide, 21" deep with self-leveling vinyl tipped legs. Express chgs. collect. Leslie Creations, Dept. CP-12, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

KEEP CHRISTMAS SAFE

Red heavy cardboard chest has 2 lift out trays which hold 96 large or 300 small ornaments. Space below for light sets, under-tree items, etc. 27"x18"x12" $4.25. Parsnip Hollow Products, Dept CP-12, East Haddam, Conn.

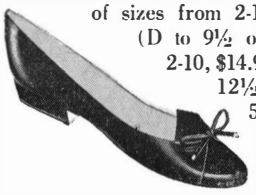


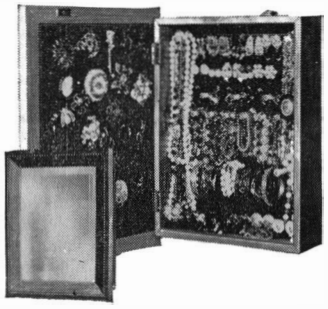
KEYS-CASH-& CARRY, $1.25

Simulated leather tote-alongs come in keycase with insert for identification and cash case. Has plastic coin container and clip for folding money. 2 or 3 initials attractively gold stamped. In black or red leatherette. Tower Press, Box 591-CA, Lynn, Mass.

IF THE SHOE FITS

"Linda" is among the fine choice of flats from Solby Bayes catalog. In blue, red, tan, bone, black, white calf. Wide range of sizes from 2-13 AAAAAA to D (D to 9½ only). ¾" flat heel. 2-10, $14.95; 10½-12, $15.95; 12½ or 13, $16.95. Add 50¢ post. Write for your free catalog to Solby Bayes CP-12, 45 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

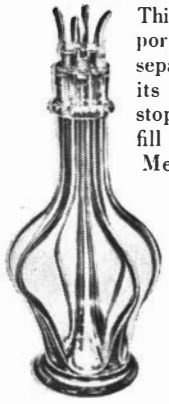




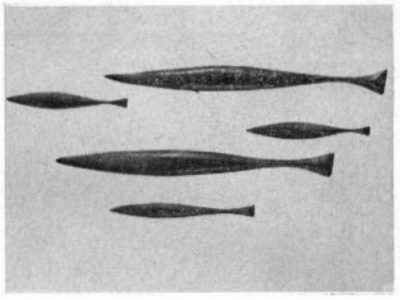
MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL

Sturdily fashioned and will not fall. Holds jewelry, pins and what nots galore. Lends space on the dresser and in beautiful decor. 14" W, 17" H, 3¾" D. Available in honeytone pine or maple finish. $14.95, express collect. Easy to assemble kit, $10.95. Yield House, Dept. CP-12, No. Conway, New Hampshire.

CRYSTAL QUARTET, $5.95



This magnificent decanter imported from France has four separate sections, each with its own pouring spout and stopper. For colorful splendor fill sections with Creme de Menthe, Cherry Heering, Grand Marnier, and Drambuie. Stands 12" tall. Add 50¢ post. What's New Shop, Dept. CO, Wynnewood, Penna.

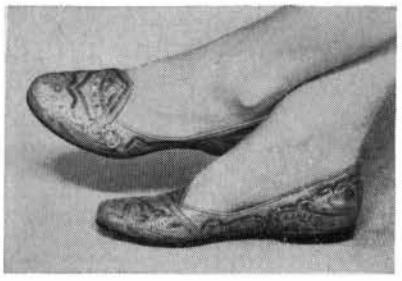


FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS

This "good catch" adds distinctive beauty hung in any room or decor. Sleek hand sculptured design of rare Taverneau in beautifully grained, oil finish Haitian hardwood. Self-adhesive device needs no nails or tools to hang. Sizes range from 4" to 11" long. $2.98. Deer Hill Co., Dept. CS-10, College Point 56, N.Y.

DRESS FOR SLEEP-WALKING

What the best dressed sleeper wears after 5—or—10—or anytime he wants to rest with comfort. In Sanforized flannelette, knee length, patch pockets, side vents. Attractive in light blue or yellow. Men's sizes 36-50; women's 12-20. $3.95 plus 25¢ postage. H. M. Allison Co., 175H Rawson Rd., Brookline 46, Mass.



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Our import from Mexico. A delightful flat heel pump dressy enough to wear to town, yet still "at home" with your casual clothes. Handtooled floral design, tiny buckle trim. Cozy and comfortable—for it's foam cushioned and completely leather lined. Rich tan color. Sizes 4 to 10, medium width. $9.95 Ppd. $3.00 deposit on COD's.

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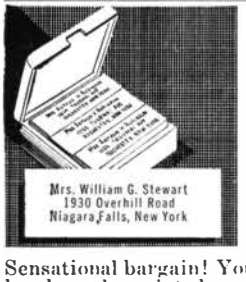

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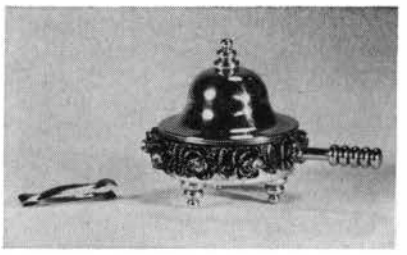
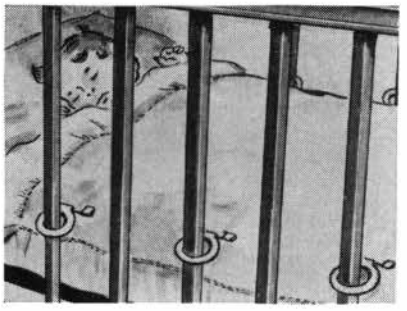
GOLD FOR THE GOURMET, $2.25

This delicately fashioned saccharin server of heavy gold-tone metal edged with rhinestone studded rosebuds with a dome shaped lid and miniature tongs will draw many favorable comments from your guests. A clever gift for the modern hostess. Order 2 for $4.00. Dea Co., Dept. CP-21, 92 Westview Station, Binghamton, N.Y.





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You'll sleep restfully knowing your child will remain covered throughout the night. The plastic rings which snap around crib bars allows baby more freedom of movement. Pins hold up to 3 blankets. Set of 6, $1.98. Best Values, Dept. CP-12, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

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Dress up your golf heads with a touch of mink. Keep them well protected in assorted colors with mink tassles in autumn haze, cerulean, lutetia and white. An unusual gift. Set of 3, $5.95; set of 4, $7.95. Send for your folder showing other mink trimmed gifts. Gifts by Genie, Dept. CP-11, 42 Tecumseh Dr., Longmeadow, Mass.

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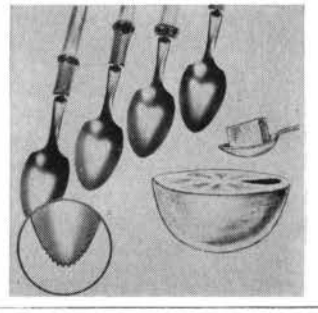
Save hostess' time by serving serrated edged stainless steel spoons for cutting and eating grapefruits, etc. The bamboo handle will enhance the table setting. Set of 4, $1.00; set of 8, $1.89. Breck's of Boston, 317 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.



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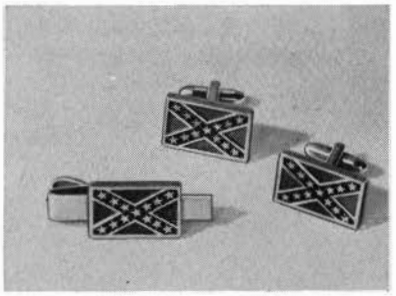

SAVE THE DAY AWAY, $1.99

A coin a day ticks time away and will save for you $1,000. Insert 25¢ daily and watch date advance, amount increase. Calendar won't change date unless you insert coin. Savings chart and key with every bank. 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11, add 25¢ postage per bank. Leecraft, Dept. CSE, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

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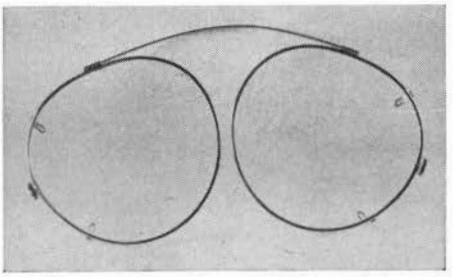

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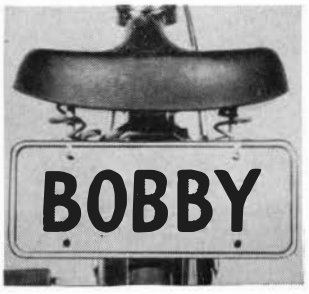

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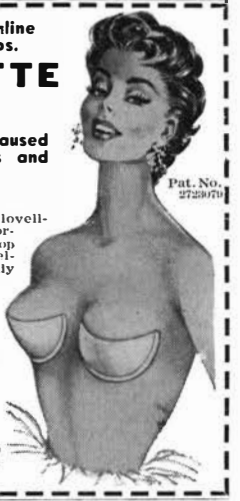

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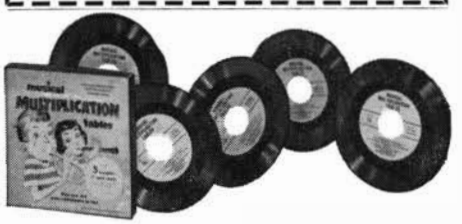

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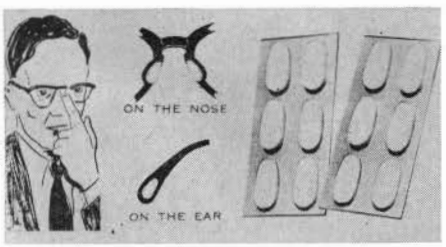

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Solves the shoe storage problem on the road or at home. Slip shoes into this lightweight convenient bag and carry over arm, or zip open to hang on closet door. Holds 8 pr. women's or 4 pr. men's shoes. 20" x 13" x 6", collapses to a flat package for easy storage. Plastic lined, in red and black rayon plaid, or blue or brown duck. Original Hammer-Pack Shoe Bag.
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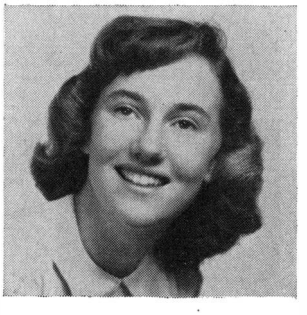

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A New Cure for the "Kissing Disease"

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

It began for Jane Badgley, as we shall call her here, with a touch of malaise—fatigue, headache, the sensation of just not being up to par.

The malaise increased. Then the glands in her neck became enlarged and her temperature shot up. By the end of a week, when she was admitted to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane, Washington, she was a miserably sick woman —sicker than ever before.

She had a fever of 104 degrees, large and tender lymph nodes in the neck, puffiness all around her eyes, and swollen membranes within them. Her liver was enlarged and tender. There were abnormal forms of white corpuscles, lymphocytes, in her blood. Diagnosis: infectious mononucleosis—the "kissing disease."

Mononucleosis is a puzzler. It behaves like a virus disease, yet no virus has ever been found. Deliberate attempts to transmit it have failed—yet it acts like other contagious diseases since a bout of it usually brings immunity thereafter.

No Known Cure

Mild forms of mononucleosis resemble the common cold. More advanced forms bring gland swellings, high fever, cough, jaundice, skin rashes. Complications that result may affect the heart, rupture the spleen, and hit the central nervous system. Only rarely does the disease kill. There has been no specific treatment.

Jane Badgley had a stiff case. Antibiotics were useless. Aspirin and other fever-reducing drugs helped to make her a little less uncomfortable by temporarily bringing down her temperature. On the third day, there was still no break in the disease. It was then that her physician decided to try a new approach. She would be the first patient on whom it had been tried—deliberately—for mononucleosis.

Only a few months before, the doctor had made an accidental discovery—or so it seemed. A twenty-three-year-old man had been hospitalized with a mysterious illness—chills, fever, nausea, a terrible progressive headache. His blood showed the presence of abnormal lymphocytes which might mean mononucleosis. But, the temperature swings seemed like malaria. The young man had been exposed to malaria in Korea. Could it be that, even though the blood was negative for malaria, the mononucleosis somehow had reactivated malaria through its effect on the spleen, the blood-making organ?

On the chance that he might be dealing with an unusual case of malaria as well as mononucleosis, the doctor had tried an antimalarial drug, chloroquine. Within six hours, all symptoms were alleviated. The fever did not return, nor the other symptoms. Three days after the first dose of chloroquine, the man was discharged from the hospital, cured.

Would the same treatment work for Jane Badgley—for whom there was not the slightest possibility of malaria? It was worth trying.

She got a big dose of chloroquine—one gram to start, followed by half a gram in six hours, then a quarter of a gram daily. Two hours after the second dose, she sat up in bed.

The physical condition improved. The fever was gone and did not recur. Her glands began to return to normal size. Four days after beginning chloroquine treatment, she could go home.

It was puzzling for the doctor. If chloroquine had helped Jane Badgley, then it was probable that he had been wrong about the first case. The man had not had any reactivation of malaria, only mononucleosis, and the antimalarial had worked against the mononucleosis.

But, how did it work? How often would it work? He would have to see.

He tried it on a soldier sick enough with mononucleosis to have been admitted to a hospital. Chloroquine was started. The temperature went down and a dramatic general improvement in all symptoms occurred. After six days, the tonsils, lymph glands, skin, and liver were back to normal, and only a slight enlargement of the spleen remained.

It Works, But How?

The improvement has been no less striking in less severely ill mononucleosis patients. They have responded to chloroquine within one to two days. But, how the antimalarial works in mononucleosis is still as puzzling as is the disease.

All Jane Badgley's physician, Dr. Loren A. Gothberg of Spokane, can say is that further trial of the drug may shed some light on its action, may even shed some light on just what mononucleosis is.

As to the mystery-solving possibilities, Jane Badgley and the other successfully treated patients aren't prepared to say. About the gratifying relief and fast recovery, they all agree that, "It's almost too good to be true."

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Clearing up persistent psoriasis: Injection of triamcinolone, a cortisone-like hormone, directly under the skin in areas of persistent psoriatic patches has completely cleared, or markedly improved, the lesions in nineteen out of twenty cases, report two New York University dermatologists. The treatment proved simple and effective. Within a week, areas of normal skin began to replace the psoriatic areas and in another week many of the lesions had cleared.

One-a-day tranquilizer: A mild tranquilizer with a sustained action that remains effective from fourteen to sixteen hours has been developed. The new drug—Permitil Chronotab—is expected to be considerably less expensive for people requiring prolonged treatment with a mild tranquilizing agent. The drug is reported to be useful in behavioral disturbances characterized by anxiety, tension, and instability; in emotional stress accompanying serious physical diseases; and in some cases of asthma, neurodermatitis, premenstrual tension, and tension headache. The drug also appears to be helpful in treating some anxiety symptoms during pregnancy.

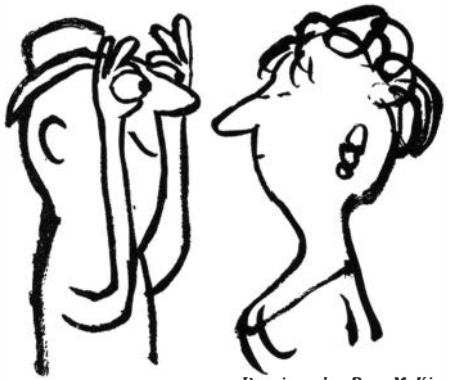
Do-it-yourself fluoridation: Parents can now strengthen their children's teeth by fortifying drinking water with fluorine at home. Thanks to Les-Cav Drops, a new preparation soon to be available on doctor's or dentist's prescription, fluorine can be safely added to water or fruit juice. The drops, virtually tasteless, cost less than ten dollars a year per child. In cities where it has been used, fluorine is credited with reducing decay in children's teeth by as much as 50 per cent. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

Be Your Own Conductor; Men See Better; and Toys To Ease Tots' Tensions

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Be your own conductor. Famed violinist Mischa Elman raises the question: Is the current boom in music record- and equipment-buying really evidence of an increased love for music? Or is it largely the result of the traditional American "do-it-yourself" urge, which can now be expressed with music-reproducing mechanisms? In answer, Mr. Elman writes us, "Faced with the opportunities for being their own 'sound engineers,' the appeal for our mechanical-minded and inventive public is irresistible. They can thunder out the loudest 'fortes' and hush down to the softest 'pianissimos,' accent the treble or the bass, bring out the horns or play down the strings. And, though they may distort the intention of composer and conductor, they enjoy being transported from their formerly passive roles as listeners. Out of this has come a new preoccupation with 'sound' as opposed to 'music'." Whether or not many or most of these "gadget conductors" can truly be called "music lovers," virtuoso Elman rejoices that, "by whatever means and for whatever reasons people are led to music, it is increasing the numbers who respond to it for its aesthetic elements, and who will end up as music lovers in the truest sense of the word."

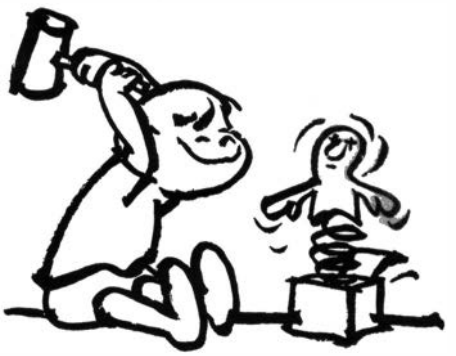


Drawings by Roy McKie

Men see better. The little woman might be able to spot a wisp of blonde hair on her redheaded husband's coat collar at ten paces, but chances are her eyesight, otherwise, isn't as good as his. As reported by the medical bulletin, *Patterns of Disease*, there is considerably more eye defectiveness among women, on the average, than among men, in all age brackets. At ages thirty to thirty-five, about 49 per cent of the women have defective vision, compared with 43 per cent of the men; at ages thirty-six to forty, the rate is about 53 per cent for women and about 44 per cent among men; and at ages forty-one to fifty it averages close to 70 per cent for women and about 60 per cent for men. Among Americans as a whole, more than half have some degree or kind of visual defect, with only 43.5 per cent having normal vision (20-30 or better) in both eyes. One out of every two Americans wears glasses, and almost one in ten has the use of only one eye.

Juvenile motherhood dangers. Although sexual development is coming earlier to girls than it did in former times, this doesn't mean that they can also safely begin bearing children at the younger ages. Dr. Rupprecht Bernbeck (Munich) has found that pregnancy before a girl has attained her full stature may bring her growth to a standstill, temporarily or permanently. Pregnancy before the age of fifteen temporarily arrests growth, and, even after delivery, further growth in stature is less than it otherwise would have been. In girls over fifteen, pregnancy may check any remaining tendency toward increased growth. This standstill of growth in very young mothers is primarily caused by hormonal changes accompanying pregnancy (which, however, do not affect the health of the babies born). As one means of reducing the threat to the young mother's future growth, any nursing period for her should be limited to avoid undue stress on her body, and her diet should be especially generous in calories, vitamins, and minerals.

Toys to ease tots' tensions. Santa Claus can be a "therapist" by bringing disturbed or difficult young children playthings which will provide harmless outlets for their tensions and aggressions. In recommending this, child-guidance expert Haim G. Ginott (Jacksonville, Florida), notes that the value of any toy or play activity depends on how much it helps the child to develop desirable habits, or be diverted from undesirable behavior. Thus, the overly aggressive



child might get punching bags, popguns, and targets to throw at, and also be allowed to express anger by pommeling rag or rubber dolls, and destroying clay figures. The young "firesetter," with an inordinate desire to play with fire, may be given harmless cap pistols, sparklers, and flashlights. All young children get fun out of their bodily functions, so the child going to excess in this direction can be provided with acceptable substitutes —water, sand, clay, and paint—to play around with. Strong infantile sex feelings can be assuaged by providing dolls which can be dressed and undressed; and miniature utensils for cooking and serving meals can divert the child from infantile feeding urges. Not overlooked by Dr. Ginott is the aggressive child with a literary bent. Just encourage him to let off steam by composing critical poems or writing murder mysteries. (Wonder if Agatha Christie and Erle Stanley Gardner were aggressive children?) THE END

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Cosmopolitan, December, 1960

What You Really Believe

Do you know your deepest convictions? They will determine your successes and failures, ambitions and fears. A noted churchman tells you how to distinguish between lip-service beliefs and genuine faith.

BY TRUMAN B. DOUGLASS *Executive Vice-President of The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches*

I was in my study at the church. The man who sat at the other side of the desk was Tom Beatty, a parishioner and a friend.

"I suppose," he was saying, "that what I am really suffering from is an overdose of success."

A topflight electrical engineer, head of his own manufacturing concern, a leader in civic affairs, easily the most respected member of my church, Tom had long seemed to me one of the most self-assured and competent—competent both outwardly and inwardly—persons I knew.

"Everything about my life," he went on, "has worked out almost exactly as I hoped and planned. I am recognized as a good engineer. My business has made money almost from the day I started it. I have a wonderful family. I am regarded, I think, as a useful and responsible citizen. But I don't seem to have any reason to keep going. As long as my goal was far ahead of me, as long as I had something to strive for, my life had direction and purpose. But now that I have 'arrived,' there seems to be nothing left. *Why* should I try to be a responsible person, when I might relax and just enjoy myself? Something has happened to my faith. I seem to have no reason to keep going, either as a professional man or as a human being. I guess I just don't believe in anything." Then he added: "I suppose you hear this all the time in this crazy, topsy-turvy world."

"Yes," I replied. "I do hear it. But it doesn't surprise me how *little* you claim to believe. What does surprise me is how *much* people like you *really* believe."

The Sum of Human Conduct

All human conduct, whether of the individual or the group or the nation, is a manifestation of belief. For this reason, it is of great importance that you ask yourself, "What do I really believe?" Especially today, when the beliefs which set the direction of your life and determine your choice of alternative ways of acting are not always the beliefs which you state

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People believe more than they say they do.

as parts of your formal religious creed.

Belief is not identical with faith. Faith is basically an attitude of trust. But among modern men and women—especially educated men and women (and these are an ever-increasing section of our population)—belief is the skeleton which is to be clothed with the warm flesh-and-blood reality of authentic faith.

I have met many people who were bothered with this problem. It is because of this discrepancy—between the beliefs that you profess and the beliefs that spring from your bone-marrow and viscera—that it is important to ask yourself, "What do I *really* believe?" It is only *real* belief that is translated into action.

Many of us believe considerably *less* than we profess with our lips. Many of us—perhaps most of us—believe much *more* than we express in our formal creeds.

I am continually impressed, not with how *little*, but with how *much*, people believe—*really* believe. I have said this to dozens of men and women who have sought me out as a minister of religion, and who have said, with Tom Beatty, "I guess I just don't believe in anything."

There was the college student, trying to reconcile his new-found "scientific view" of the universe with the Bible stories he had learned in Sunday school.

There was the woman, caught in the routine and drudgery of marriage and the home, whose shining dreams of earlier years were now obscured by the foreground of pots, pans, and diapers.

There was the man who had met disaster in his business, because of dishonesty and betrayal by an associate and trusted friend of his.

Each of these persons came to me in his discouragement and bewilderment, saying, "I don't believe in anything." Each felt this as a severe loss. Each felt the need to believe in something.

Believers in Mankind

When we began to search together for what they *really* believed, we found a great deal. All of them believed that, in spite of their disillusionment, there remained some order and sense in life; otherwise, they would not have come to me asking that I help them find it. Even those who were most vehement in saying that they had lost their trust in everyone, discovered that they actually had confidence in the fundamental decency and good will of some other human beings; otherwise, they would not have sought me out as an adviser. The woman caught in the drudgery of household duties learned that she still cherished a glimpse of a larger pattern of meaning for her life, in which the drudgery could take its significant, but subordinate, place.

Search for Meaning to Life

The man suffering from too much success was really discovering that none of us—not even the ablest and most competent of us—has final power to give meaning to his own life; that life's meaning is dependent on Someone who is the Meaning-Giver; and his own conversation with me was really a half-articulated prayer for an introduction to this Someone. The college student who had "lost his faith" during the time he spent in the science classroom, discovered that he actually believed a great deal—for one thing, that there is a character of rationality in the universe, through which it discloses its secrets to the human reason. If this rationality were not there, there would then be nothing to respond to the inquiry of the rational mind.

I am repeatedly startled at how much *more* people believe than they formally acknowledge.

But there are also many people who believe very much *less* than they profess.

There was the man who expressed his hearty agreement with a sermon I had preached on the brotherhood of man, and who went on to state his fear that the neighborhood in which he lived was being "invaded" by Jews and Negroes. Did he *really* believe in the brotherhood of man?

There was another man who spent an hour expounding to me his belief in the principle of individual responsibility. He believed, he said, that every person is individually responsible for the conduct of his own life, and that he receives from the world approximately what he deserves and earns by the way he manages his affairs. This man then proceeded to express his envy of a neighbor who had been "incredibly lucky" in business; and his respect, verging upon awe, for another acquaintance, because he was descended from the Pilgrim Fathers. He professed a belief in individual responsibility, but he really believed in luck and in the accident of ancestry.

This "really" is the acid test of all belief. As you believe—*really* believe—so will you think and act. You may fool other people, impress them with the measure of your faith or your skepticism, but you cannot fool yourself. Your deeds and the set of your mind will inevitably reveal your fundamental belief—or the lack of it.

Our generation, we are told, is caught in a "crisis of belief." What does this mean? At the least, it means that what a man believes, which was once regarded as a strictly private, personal affair, is now recognized as a matter of public concern. Beliefs make a difference not only to the man who holds them, or does not hold them, but to his neighbor, also. In America, happily, there has been no concerted effort to control or dictate the beliefs of individual persons after the fashion of the totalitarian governments. Yet, in our abhorrence of every form of "thought control," we have tended to forget that the Communists and other totalitarians are right on one point: *Beliefs are important.*

Power of Belief

Much of the dynamism of communism is explainable on the basis of the power of its creed. Behind the driving energy and resolute tough-mindedness of the system lies a set of beliefs. The Communist believes, for example, that history is on his side. He is confident that the forces that are shaping the future guarantee the triumph of the "classless society." He believes that natural powers, as sure in their operation as gravitation, are bringing into existence a new society, composed of "new men" who are no longer dependent on motives of competition and self-aggrandizement to make their contributions to the community, but who will make them out of their loyalty to the communist system and their sublime faith in its destiny. We may judge that the consequences of these beliefs are perverse and evil, but we cannot doubt their power. Beliefs make a difference. We who cherish a different way of life had better know what we believe, for the next period of human history is going to be taken over by people who do know.

Our Western society, which remains dedicated to freedom, is, like the communist societies, an expression of philosophical and religious convictions, of underlying beliefs. The Declaration of Independence holds certain truths to be "self-evident, that all men are created

(continued)

William R. Ray

AMERICAN FATHER, looking at U.N. Building, is deeply concerned about recent events that took place there, wonders how long crisis of fundamental beliefs will continue to rip the world with fears of war.

What concerns you most—be it success,

equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights .... That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

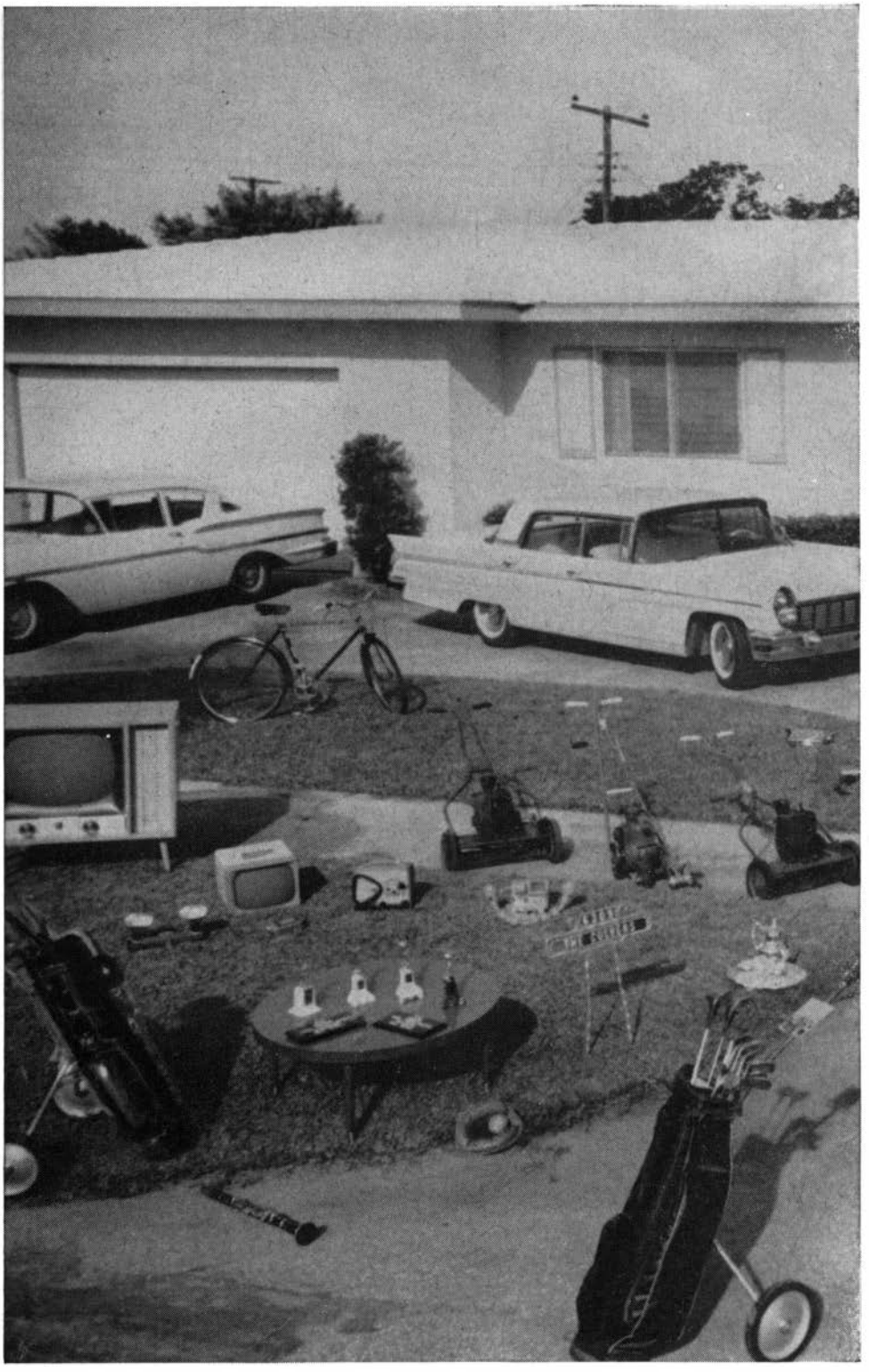
However "self-evident" these truths appeared to the Founding Fathers of our nation, they are no longer "self-evident," nor are they accepted today. Indeed, they are challenged and denied by a very large segment of mankind. The essential equality of all men before God and before the law; their endowment with certain rights which are attached to the fact of their humanity; the principle that governments derive their powers from the freely given consent of the governed—all these convictions flow from, and are dependent on, a faith.

The preservation of our society will depend, in large measure, on whether this fundamental faith has maintained the strength of its hold upon our beliefs and our loyalties—and whether, if it is true that its grasp *has* been weakened, it can be reinvigorated as a living conviction in the minds and hearts of the men and women of our generation.

Honest Statement

Behind every principle of conduct recognized by the individual or group is some form of belief. The statement that "honesty is the best policy" may appear to be a simple, self-evident proposition. It is not. It is rejected by millions of individual citizens who cheat on their income taxes, by hundreds of public officials who use their offices as opportunities for graft and private gain, and by whole nations which have adopted programs of systematic lying and deception as calculated instruments of national policies. The acceptance of the dictum that "honesty is the best policy"—the best policy *for me*, not just for the other fellow—depends on *something we believe* about the laws of human relationships, about the structure of the universe, and about the character of the God who rules over the universe which He has created. Without this supporting edifice of belief, honesty is the best policy only with exceptions—and the many exceptions are very likely to outnumber the occasions when the rule does apply.

The same is true of those humane principles that are the basis of Western culture—the idea that a person is an



AN AMERICAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING: real estate investor James Culver, in front of Florida home, surrounded by family and possessions. His beliefs—a concern for the victory of free enterprise, a conviction that

(continued)

world peace, or family love—is your God.

honesty is man's greatest virtue, a belief that his family's future is his most important job—reflect in his life and achievements. Says Culver, "I look forward to seeing that my child has the education that will give him a good start in his life and chosen profession. *I* don't want anything more," he admits, "because I don't need it."

Faith is found by risk, venture, trust—not logic.

individual, with a name, not a number; that he possesses an intrinsic value as an individual, and does not exist merely to add to the man power of the nation, or class, or political party; the conviction that persons have rights, that the strong are not to be permitted to ride roughshod over their weaker neighbors, and that the competition of life against life, in which all of us are, to some extent, involved, is to be tempered by considerations of justice and mercy; a sense of obligation for making some contribution to the common good. These are not self-evident or self-generating conceptions. They are rooted in a belief.

There may have been a time in the past when it was possible to imagine that a regard for justice and compassion, a respect for the dignity of the individual, and a feeling of responsibility for the common good were, more or less, automatic results of a process called "progress," and that they would surely broaden their control over mankind through the spread of literacy and education. But we can no longer maintain that illusion. In our own generation, we have seen the rise of vast movements which rejected the idea of individual dignity, which regarded considerations of justice and mercy as forms of sentimental nonsense, and which subordinated responsibility for the good of one's fellows to obedience to the dictates of the ruling authorities of the political state. And these demonic movements have appeared not mainly among backward and uncivilized peoples, but in some of the most literate and highly educated nations on earth.

Knowledge Is Not Morality

Literacy and education are not enough. Theodore Roosevelt once remarked that a lad who has never finished grammar school may steal from a railroad freight car, but give him a college education and he may steal the whole railroad. The history of the first half of the twentieth century is a substantiation, on a planetary scale, of the truth of Roosevelt's words. Knowledge and reason are power; and power has a kind of moral neutrality about it. The direction in which this power sends us, and the purposes for which we use it, are all shaped by our beliefs.

Since we act out our real beliefs, and these are not always the beliefs we profess verbally when we are being catechized, if we are to understand ourselves, it is urgently important to be honest concerning our real beliefs.

Here are some questions aimed at helping you discover what you *really* believe.

1. *What do you care about*—genuinely care about—in the deepest places of your life?

Dr. Paul Tillich, one of the wisest philosophers and theologians of our time, has defined religion as "ultimate concern." Whatever concerns you most—*really* concerns you—is your God.

Gospel of the Main Chance

I think of a man whose whole conversation indicates that he is preoccupied with the question of individual status. He measures all success by the number of people he can look down upon, and by the number of people he can climb over, on his way up. His one question about any proposed course of conduct is not, "Is it right?" or, "Is it helpful?" or, "Is it constructive?" but rather, "Will it make me look good?"

This man may repeat the Apostles Creed every Sunday, in church; but his real creed is not, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," but, "I believe in almighty *me*." He is like a character in the novel, *The Fall*, by Albert Camus, Nobel prize-winner in literature, who said: "It is not true, after all, that I never loved. I conceived at least one great love in my life, of which I was always the object." Many persons, if they should once press through to their real beliefs, would be obliged to say: "I believe in little old *me*, and in whatever is good for *me*." To discuss with such persons the question of belief in God is futile, for the gigantic "I" stands forever between them and the recognition of the importance or value of any other reality on earth or in heaven.

2. *Are you willing to trust what you say you believe?* The kind of belief that generates action is a great deal more than assent to an intellectual proposition. I may "believe," on the basis of much visible evidence, that the human body does not necessarily sink when it is immersed in the water of the ocean. But do I believe this when the swimming instructor takes his hand from underneath *my body*, when *I* am in the ocean?

What you *really* believe in, you *trust*. The person who says, in church, that he believes in God—the God who commands him to love his neighbor—but who, in every action, keeps an eye singled to his own private advantage, does not really believe in God. He does not really believe that God is real enough and strong enough to stand behind His promise of blessedness to those who are motivated by love of neighbor. His real belief is in the law of the jungle and the gospel of the main chance.

3. *Do you think that skepticism is somehow more honest and more realistic than faith?* There is a modern prejudice that, in moments of skepticism, one is somehow closer to "truth" than in times of wholehearted belief. It is proper to recognize that skepticism and doubt are valuable incentives to the discovery of truth. The man who "believes," contrary to the evidence of his senses and against the testimony of his reason, is not a man of commendable "faith"; he is merely a victim of foolishness and gullibility. There are, however, many kinds of evidence that are simply unobtainable without the mood of positive expectancy and the willingness to make the experiment.

Consider the question of the nature and character of God. Is God in any sense like a human being? Does He, for example, possess the "human" qualities of intelligence, purpose, and love?

There are many who say that it is ridiculous to ascribe these qualities to God. They call such ascribing by the name "anthropomorphism." This means, literally, "in the form of a man." It is often used to suggest that there is a kind of impudence in trying to conceive of God, the Ruler of the limitless universe, in the form of a man.

What is generally forgotten is the fact that all thinking proceeds on the basis of "morphisms"—moving from what is known, and trying to find clues to the unknown in the form of resemblances to the known. And, there are a limited number of "morphisms" which the human mind can employ in trying to understand the universe.

Multi-Morphisms

One may be a mechano-morphist, and believe the universe is a great machine.

One may be a zoo-morphist, and think that the universe is really a great beast.

One may be a mathematico-morphist, and believe that everything in the universe can be expressed in terms of numbers and their relationships.

Or, one may be an unashamed an-

thropomorphist, and believe that a universe which can produce the qualities of mind and spirit that we have recognized in ourselves and in other persons, must, first of all, *contain* those qualities in order to produce them, and that the characteristics of reason, purpose, and love—the highest characteristics of *anthropos*, man—cannot be entirely alien to the universe.

The assumption that these qualities, which we associate with persons and personality, are to be found at the heart of the universe is not something that can he proved by a progressive series of logical statements, like the demonstration of a proposition in geometry. It can only be proven by *risk*, by *venture*, by *trust*. You have to act *as if it were true*, and then see whether the universe responds in such a way as to support that "as if."

4. *What do you find admirable*—not merely in the sense of being pleasant to admire from afar, but in the sense that it commands your love?

It is in answering this question that you, who may not think of yourself as being particularly religious, who do not recite the formal creed of any church, may find yourself very close to the Christian faith. For you may find that your highest admiration is awakened by Christ and by the persons who live in accord with His teachings.

He Who Loves Men, Serves Them

Oftentimes, you may conceal this admiration, even from yourself. You may imagine that you really admire the men of power, the clever individuals who manipulate other persons to serve their own purposes, the men and women who always have an eye for the main chance, and who promptly seize it.

But in your heart, you give your deepest admiration to another type of person. The men and women of power may arouse your transient amazement, but they do not call forth your love. Your love you reserve for the "servants"—for the man who pours out his strength for the good of others, the woman who wholeheartedly invests her gifts and capacities in the care of a family, the man who "lays down his life for his friend."

So long as these qualities of life have power to quicken admiration and love, there is hope for our human race.

The person who genuinely gives his admiration and love to these qualities of life is *really* reciting a creed. He *really believes* that the universe values these qualities—that it is on the side of service and sacrifice and self-forgetful love.

In summary, then, you *really believe* what you act. You can be an honest person—honest with yourself—if you face and accept this. This may mean the discovery that you have been dishonest with yourself. But the discovery of such dishonesty may be a tremendous victory for honesty—and an honest faith. THE END

NEW YORK BUSINESSMAN Samuel N. Benjamin believes it his duty to share advantages he had as a child, has spent sixteen years working with underprivileged children in Big Brother Movement in spare time.

Garry Moore's Secret of Happiness

His indestructible good humor has become a show business legend—but at one time he suffered from paralyzing fears and self-doubt. Here's how he conquered them to become the genial, contented man forty million viewers see on their TV screens.

BY J. P. EDWARDS

A newspaper writer once termed Thomas Garrison Morfit "lovable as the boy next door"—a phrase that brings a pained and derisive snort from Morfit, otherwise known as Garry Moore. "I'm afraid," he says, "that the people who lived next door to me during my boyhood never considered me very lovable. I was a mixed-up kid, the neighborhood problem, and a source of unhappy puzzlement to my family."

Moore makes no bones about the fact that he was an atrocious student who never finished high school, who left military school "by mutual consent," who for a year and a half stuttered so badly he was afraid to go near a telephone, much less a microphone. He couldn't even make the grade as an office boy at his own father's law firm. (" 'A Failure at Fourteen' . . . how's that for a title?")

Today, at forty-five, this same boy—who at one time looked like a sure bet for the analyst's couch—has not only avoided those pitfalls, but has built a solid success on the basis of serenity, warmth, and unfailing good humor. One television writer unhesitatingly picked him as "TV's Nicest Guy," and dozens of others have hailed him for his openness, his kindliness, his "amazing rapport with audiences." Even more amazing: this latter-day geniality is no act. People close to him swear it's as much a part of him as the Puckish smile and inevitable bow tie.

Well and good. But what happened to Morfit the Misfit?

It's a question Moore would just as soon not answer. He prefers to play down the "nice guy" aspect of his personality, for fear he may sound saccharine. The truth is that despite a bad beginning, he *has* found happiness in five difficult areas of living. If he is serene today, it is due not to an absence of problems, but to problems successfully surmounted. In fact, his life story reads like a human obstacle course.

C.B.S.—TV

GARRY AND WIFE, *Nell, like to keep their home life private, are rarely photographed together. Married twenty-one years, they have two grown sons.*

First Role: Maverick

The earliest—and biggest—obstacle he had to overcome was fear. On the face of it, this is surprising, for he was born to the affluence and family background that usually inspire self-confidence. His father was a highly respected Baltimore attorney ("the kind who wouldn't handle a divorce case, as a matter of principle"). And Moore is no doubt the only working comic who can say—not jokingly—that his family was listed in the Social Register.

"Most of our ancestors," he explains, "were attorneys, judges, doctors, landed gentry. That sort of stuff. My older brother and sister were a source of great pride to my family. They did brilliantly in school. (Today my brother is a surgeon in Denver.) Then I came along. I was a maverick. Almost from the start. I wanted to be an actor. Father viewed 'madcap theatrical folk' with deep distaste. He informed me—correctly—that actors were immature people who still play games. I didn't care. . . ."

And so, a father-son conflict began that

(continued)

Hearst Photo Library

ANYTHING-GOES COMEDY, *sparked by Garry, has kept* I've Got a Secret *high on rating lists for seven years. Panelists: Henry Morgan (who wrestled a lady judo expert on show), Bill Cullen, Bess Myerson, Betsy Palmer.*

was to continue for many years, engendering in Garry a paralyzing self-doubt and fear. Meanwhile, he was dispatched to McDonogh Military School where his father hoped the discipline would "make a citizen" of him.

It didn't. His career at McDonogh was one long comedy of errors. Things reached a climax one night when he had been visiting friends across the quadrangle and was returning to his room after hours. Crossing the quad, he suddenly came face to face with the commandant of the academy.

Garry was in his pajamas and, with one of his now-famous comic inspirations, he pretended to be sleepwalking. For a moment, the commandant was taken in. He had heard it was dangerous to awaken a sleepwalker. Carefully, he led Garry back to his room. But he still was not completely convinced. As he left, he muttered under his breath, "Morfit, if I find out this is an act, I'll kill you!"

Sleepwalkers Anonymous

It was too good a story not to tell. "If I'd kept still about it," Moore says, "everything would have been all right, but I was just a kid of fourteen and I couldn't help bragging. A couple of weeks later, the commandant caught a whole group of boys out after Lights Out, and they all stuck their hands out and pretended to be sleepwalkers."

The commandant, realizing he had been duped, made good his threat. He gave Garry the demerits of all the other boys, as well as his own. As a result, Garry resigned from McDonogh with both sides, as he puts it, "expressing deep relief."

"This turn of events," he continues, "left me, at the age of fourteen, on the streets of Baltimore. My father was naturally upset. He probably had visions of me becoming a juvenile delinquent. To get me off the streets, he gave me a 'job' in his law office."

This, again, proved to be a mistake. "I never could quite figure out what I was supposed to do for my twelve dollars a week," Moore says. "I kept pencils sharpened, ran errands, answered the telephone. With each passing week I felt more and more inadequate. I became clumsy. I felt foolish, useless, and frustrated. My thinking became muddled. I jumped nervously every time the phone rang, because I dreaded having to talk, if only for a moment, with any of my father's clients or colleagues. My world of stern elders was closing in on me."

Then, one day, an alarming thing happened. The phone rang; Garry picked it up—and suddenly found he couldn't speak. His throat seemed to be paralyzed. At length, with the greatest effort, he managed to stammer, "H-h-h-hello . . . Wa . . . Wa . . . Who is this?"

From that moment on, he was unable to answer the phone without stuttering. Soon he found he was beginning to stutter in face-to-face conversations, too. He could speak normally to boys and girls his own age, but, with elders, his words became a meaningless babble.

The Morfits discussed the matter. They decided that Garry, now sixteen, should return to school—public school. He agreed, eager to do anything that would take him away from the law office.

At public school, he found life "a little less painful," but not much. When called upon to recite, he still stuttered as badly as ever. To cover up his embarrassment, he began responding with little humorous pantomimes that he invented on the spur of the moment.

Perhaps it was because of the pantomimes that one of his classmates insisted he try out for the Junior Class play. At first it seemed, to Garry, an impossible idea. But the urge to be an actor still burned bright and, despite many misgivings, he consented to read for a role.

That afternoon when he stepped on stage, a minor miracle occurred. "I began reading the lines aloud," he recalls, "and threw myself into the comic role. Astonishingly, the words rolled out easily. It was too good to believe."

When the tryouts ended, an electrifying announcement was made: Garry Morfit was to have the leading role!

On opening night, his performance was the hit of the show. His parents were suddenly pleased and proud of him; he had become a Big Man at school. Best of all, thanks to his new-found confidence, the stuttering vanished completely.

The first of his problems was licked. But many others remained before Thomas Garrison Morfit was to emerge as Garry Moore, the genial and imperturbable emcee. Among other things, he still had to make a career for himself.

He began doing this almost at once, by becoming one of the school's busiest amateur thespians, often writing his own comedy sketches for shows. Then one night, during the middle of his senior year, he received a distinguished caller backstage. The gentleman said he had been impressed with the young man's writing ability, that he was a writer, and that he thought they might collaborate in writing a musical revue. His name, he said, was F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Success Via a Slow Ladder

"I didn't realize," Moore recalls, "that Scott was a great writer. If I had, I might have learned something from him." Still, he found the thought of working in professional show business irresistible and promptly quit school to become Fitzgerald's partner. ("I saw a chance to jump sixteen steps in one leap.")

As it turned out, the leap was a short one. Garry remained singularly unimpressed with his celebrated collaborator: "To me he was just a drunk. I'd show up at seven o'clock and he'd already be three-quarters in the bag." One unfortunate night, Fitzgerald got a gleam in his eye for Garry's sister. He gave her a spirited chase around the room—and on that note the collaboration ended.

At approximately the same time, Moore discovered a new medium for his burgeoning talents: radio. Station WBAL in Baltimore was interested in comedy sketches. He became a steady contributor—writing, directing, and acting in the sketches himself. "Sometimes," he recalls wryly, "I got ten dollars a week for my combined efforts." Since this was hardly enough to live on and since his father was "still unwilling to contribute a nickel toward my downfall into show business," Garry got a job selling neckties in a department store. Soon, however, he was able to enter radio as a full-time professional. First, as a staff member at WBAL, then as a sports announcer at KWK in St. Louis, then as a comedian and writer on *Club Matinee* in Chicago, where he changed his name from Morfit to Moore.

Straight Man for Durante

He hit the big-time at last when he signed to play straight man for Jimmy Durante. Their program—known one week as *The Durante-Moore Show* and the next as *The Moore-Durante Show*—was an immediate success.

Today they remain the best of friends. But Moore was not entirely satisfied with his status as a performer. He was eager to make a name on his own. He still did not feel he had found his true place in show business. "I didn't really want to be a stand-up comic," he says. "Every gag had to be polished like a diamond. The pressure was terrific. I kept longing for a relaxed, more informal role."

He found it as a master of ceremonies, first on *Take It or Leave It*, then on *Breakfast in Hollywood*, finally on his own radio show. He was thoroughly happy in his career at last. In fact, everyone was happy except the sponsors—who were few and far between. After seven months, CBS told Moore they were canceling his show for another.

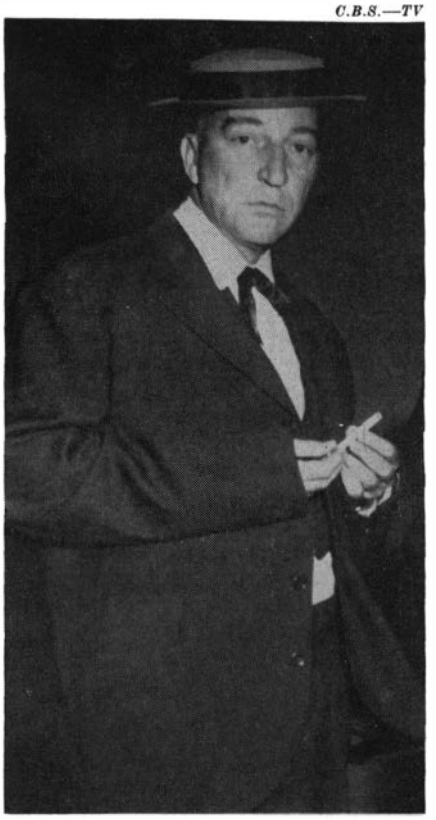
With the honesty and directness that have become his trademark, Moore went on the air, told his listeners he had been fired—and asked them to write in if they wanted the show to remain on the air.

A whopping 125,000 of them did. And the network was sufficiently impressed to ask him to try his hand in still another medium: television. From there on, it was easy sailing—a spot as emcee on *I've Got a Secret*, a day-time *Garry Moore Show*, and now for two seasons, a weekly evening *Garry Moore Show*. Thomas Garrison Morfit had found his niche. "For the rest of my life," he says emphat-

C.B.S.—TV

AN ACCOMPLISHED MIMIC, *Moore loves to impersonate other comics. Above, he achieves an amazing resemblance to well-known funnyman Ed Wynn.*

C.B.S.—TV



ANOTHER GAG: *flat hat, dour expression—a ringer for Buster Keaton.*

ically, "this is what I want to be doing."

Success in his career would mean little, of course, without a successful personal life. But Garry Moore has found happiness in still a third way—through an enduring marriage that has lasted for twenty-one years. He and his wife Eleanor (Nell) met in their early teens and today he likes to tease her by telling people, "I met her when I was fourteen and she was twelve. We got married when I was twenty-four—and she was sixteen."

Not Just *Any* Meal in a Storm

They have two grown sons: Mason, twenty, who is a student at Harvard, and Garry, Jr., who attends prep school. And the entire family shares a rabid enthusiasm for boating. For years, excursions in their 38-foot sloop, the *Red Wing*, have been a regular feature of their life together. "In the beginning, my wife used to *say* she was having fun—though I had my doubts, but now she really enjoys it. She can cook a hot meal in a storm, too."

More than once, Moore has changed jobs in order to have more time to spend with Nell and the boys. "I happen to like family life," he says, "and I don't like the kind of life other comedians live. Hanging around Lindy's in New York and in Romanoff's in Hollywood, seeing only other comedians, seems like a dreary sort of existence. It just doesn't appeal to me. I want to know other people besides comedians and I want to hear other things besides jokes."

Because of this attitude, few of his closest friends are in show business. Some are in advertising agencies, textile mills. One is a metallurgist, another a doctor, another a former FBI agent—which brings us to Moore's fourth way of finding happiness: a private identity.

In Rye, New York, where they live, he and his family are known as Morfit, not Moore. "I've got two lives," he explains. "When I'm working, I'm Garry Moore. And when I'm living my private life, I use the name I was born with. My wife and children are not in television, so they go by the name of Morfit, too, because it happens to be their real name."

For a man as famous as Garry Moore, holding on to a private, off-stage identity is no easy matter. It takes a steadfast determination. In fact, Moore can be a pretty determined individual, on or off the air. For example:

One Christmas, a few years ago, playwright George S. Kaufman, long featured on TV's *This Is Show Business*, was fired by CBS. The reason: Kaufman had remarked that he hoped his program would distinguish itself during the yule season by being the only one on which *Silent Night, Holy Night* was not sung.

A number of viewers wrote indignant letters to the network, complaining about "Mr. Kaufman's sacrilegious attitude." CBS and the sponsor, responding to what they considered their master's voice, quickly gave Kaufman his walking papers.

At this point, Garry Moore—who up till then had been in no way involved—leaped feet first into the fray. He devoted a large part of one of his own shows to a discussion of the affair. He explained that Kaufman had not meant to be sacrilegious, that what he had objected to was the song's constant repetition—through which its true spirit was often lost. He further stated that the network and sponsor had surrendered to what he called "a misguided minority." And he concluded bluntly: "I am ashamed of the network and I'm ashamed of the public."

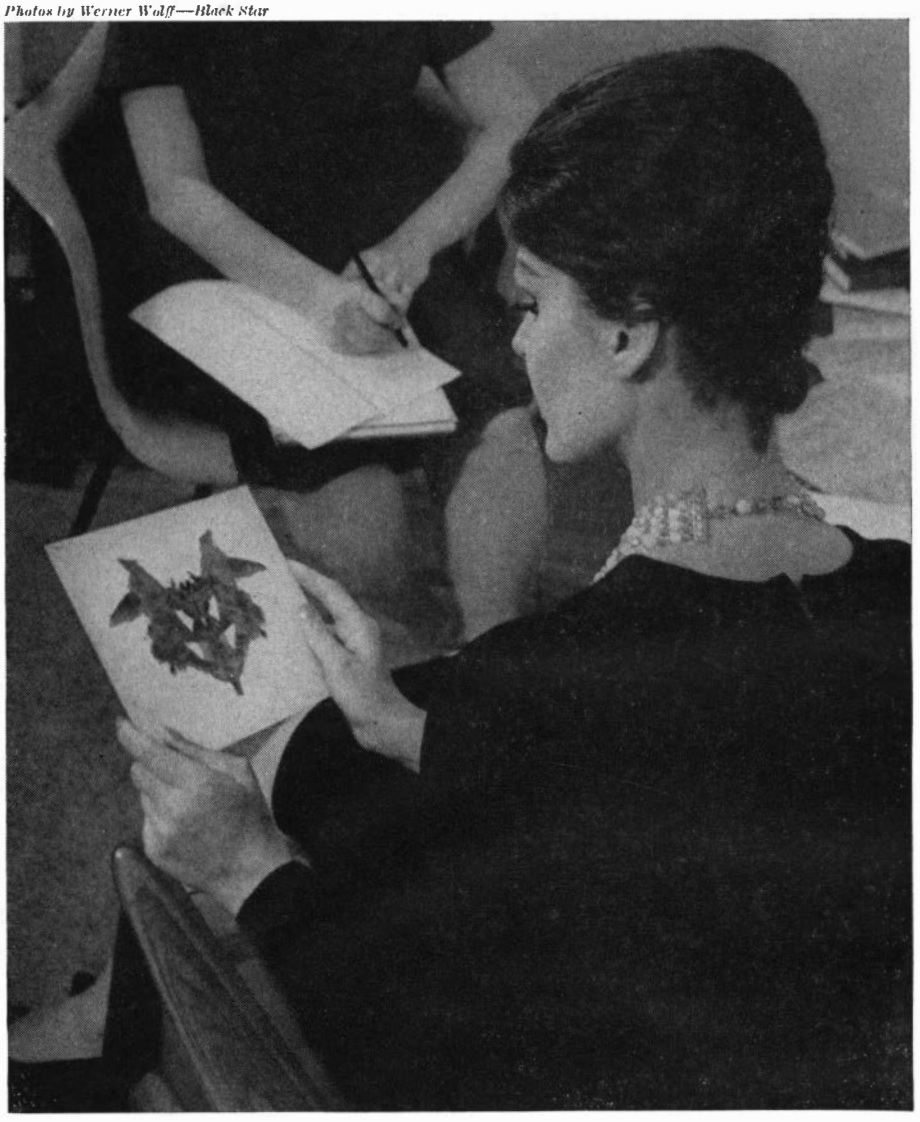
As always, the public was on Garry Moore's side. A new—and bigger—flood of letters poured in, supporting his stand. Kaufman was back the next week.

The Fifth Secret

In the tight little world of television, a man with the courage of his convictions is a rare phenomenon. But, as one searches for a constant in Garry Moore's tumultuous life, it is this thread of courage that stands out strongest. As a stuttering teen-ager daring to try out for the class play, as a stage-struck youth selling neckties to get a start in show business, as a husband and father firmly refusing to let career encroach on privacy and family life, he has known what he wanted and been willing to fight for it.

It is this quality of courage which is the fifth secret—perhaps the most important of all—behind the inner contentment which millions sense in him each time he faces the television cameras. THE END

Photos by Werner Wolff—Black Star



NEW CLIENT at New York's Scientific Introduction Service takes ink-blot test. Service assures introductions to six men within six months.

The Science of Love

IBM and psychology are taking guesswork out of matching mates. Experts believe that it may lower our divorce rate to zero.

BY T. F. JAMES

The pretty girl stared at the ink blot on the Rorschach test's cardboard square. "It looks," she said slowly, "like a jet bomber in flight." Minutes later she was writing, in four lines, what she wanted from matrimony. Within one hour, not only what she said, but the handwriting itself would be analyzed by an expert. The conclusions drawn from these psychological revelations, as well as the results of her Rorschach and an hour-long talk with a trained psychological interviewer would be carefully analyzed on a card, and this summary of her personality would be fed into a great, gray, gleaming IBM sorter.

What is it all about? Is this the latest Peiping brainwashing center? Or the intake room of an ultramodern mental hospital? Or a movie set on which they are shooting life on Krypton in the year 2000? Wrong, each time. You are in the office of the Scientific Introduction Service, the year is 1960, and the place is New York. The array of apparatus and technical know-how is not working for the state, or medicine, or dramatics, but for something much more profound and important: love.

Instant Men

In the dark and intricate depths of the gray machine, the electronic brain digests the results of the girl's psychological analysis. Then, with a speed which only IBM engineers can comprehend, it sends commands and conclusions racing along its network of wires. In minutes, the names of six males are produced, six potential bridegrooms each of whom should, by the best psychological standards, be the kind of man our young lady can live with, happily ever after.

Founded five years ago by Lee Morgan, a personable young woman with a master's degree in social research from New York University, Scientific Introduction Service is flourishing like few businesses in the land. On its list are no less than 2,500 highly eligible bachelor men and women—a jump of 1,200 in a single year.

Nor is it alone. In the Hopkins Building in Mellott, Indiana, Dr. George W. Crane's Scientific Marriage Foundation is busily matching more than 1,500 couples a month, and is growing at a similar rate of speed. Dr. Crane, author of "The Worry Clinic," a well-known syndicated column, decided to open his service because so many readers wrote to him over the years, asking his advice on where they could find an eligible mate. In California, Dr. Karl Miles Wallace, a university professor, operated the highly successful Personal Acquaintance Service for six years, as part of a research project on mate selection. Up in Montreal, Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Desormeaux operate L'Anneau, a service simi-

lar to Miss Morgan's operation, and equally thriving.

Few things tell us more about the direction in which our complicated. urbanized society is moving than the phenomenon of scientific introduction. Science has made massive contributions to our pursuit of happiness on the frontiers of medicine and technology. Now, with perfectly consistent logic. it is moving into that area where the most fundamental and essential struggle for happiness is waged—the human personality.

Moreover, scientific introduction fills a very vital national need. Although the American marriage rate is humming along at an all-time high (92.7 of those people between the ages of thirty and forty-four are married), we should not accept this cheerful statistic as assurance that all Americans are in a state of connubial contentment. The census takers estimate we have eleven million women and eight million men of marriageable status. Moreover, a substantial portion of these unmarried people are the most gifted members of our population. For a number of reasons. the intelligent in our society have a difficult time finding a suitable spouse. One reason is pungently expressed by the noted psychologist Albert Ellis. who helped Lee Morgan set up her Scientific Introduction Service.

"Our dating system is a poor way of matching individuals for love or for marriage." Dr. Ellis stated. "The average individual . . . may be able. just because he or she is average. to meet a few members of the other sex and to like or love one of these few. Almost by definition. the average person will have average tastes and interests, and will be relatively easy to please when it comes to choosing a partner. Not so. however. the above-average individual. say the person who has a high I.Q.. has gone through or far beyond college work. and is interested in aesthetic or cultural pursuits. Such an individual very frequently will have to meet at least thirty. fifty, or a hundred members of the other sex before he or she can expect to find a soul mate."

College Men Take This Course

These above-average people are among the chief clients of the new introduction services. This is not merely a wishful observation. It is based on cold facts. Dr. Crane ran a research project on the first two hundred men to apply to the Scientific Marriage Foundation and found that all of them had had at least one year of college. Karl Miles Wallace also found a high proportion of his applicants had attended college.

Many seemingly eligible people in our society have great difficulty finding a mate simply because of the nature of their careers. Take a high-salaried fashion model who is one of Lee Morgan's clients. Certainly a girl who can rivet the eye of the magazine reader with sultry look and a fissionable figure should have no trouble getting dates. "But the dates she gets," explains Miss Morgan, "are all garment center wolves with their saliva showing. Actually the girl is deeply interested in art and music. and wants to find a husband with similar interests, but she is so busy fighting off the animals that she can't find time to meet him."

No Time for Romance

The same explanation—no time—applies to many men and women who have devoted their youths to becoming trained psychiatrists, scientists. or executives.

Also. Dr. George Crane points out, "Many clergymen, physicians, and other professional men don't like to mix romance with their profession. Yet they are tied to a parish or a practice. and they cannot go wandering around the country in search of romance." One widower minister who wrote to Dr. Crane for help said that there were probably twenty eligible women of his age bracket in his parish, but he knew if he showed partiality to one. he'd alienate the other nineteen. So he asked to be introduced to a lady *outside* his parish.

All this does not mean a person has to own a Ph.D. to join an introduction service. "We have people with eighth-grade educations. high schoolers. as well as physicians, dentists. educators on the roster." says Dr. Crane. People from all walks of American life are using this new approach toward marital happiness. We have seen how Lee Morgan's Scientific Introduction Service works and secures results in New York.

To supplement the first analysis, each client is asked to make a report on his or her introduction. describing the date and giving an appraisal of the other person. If a client has difficulty finding someone compatible, Miss Morgan is ready to offer counseling on dating techniques. attitudes toward the opposite sex, and other problems which may be behind the block. Many leading New York psychiatrists and psychologists send patients to Miss Morgan. and use the service as an adjunct to therapy.

George Crane's Scientific Marriage Foundation has a somewhat different approach. His operation is nationwide. and while it by no means ignores psychological analysis, it cannot do much work in depth, since its contacts with clients are entirely by mail. Karl Miles Wallace's now-discontinued Personal Acquaintance Service was also a mail-based operation.

When an applicant writes to Dr. Crane or to the Scientific Marriage Foundation, he receives a detailed questionnaire which he must fill out. On it are questions about his health. habits, education. politics. religion. plus two which are intended to give some insight into personality. He or she is asked to explain his "most important goal in life." and to describe the "type of mate you'd prefer." Applicants are also asked to attach a recent photo, supply three character references and a check for twenty-five dollars. The documents and photo are taken to the nearest foundation counselor. Usually he is a clergyman who has agreed to co-operate with Dr. Crane; he is keenly aware of the lonely and socially inexperienced men and women in his area. The foundation now has over two thousand such counselors, from all the major faiths. They vouch for the truth of the application, and make a discreet check with the references. To avoid any possible embarrassment, they explain, when they phone the references, that the applicant is joining a "club." Even the twenty-five-dollar check is not made out to the Foundation, lest some member of the local bank be nosy. It is payable to the Compliment Club, Inc., which is a nonprofit organization acting as legal owner of the Scientific Marriage Foundation.

Once the counselor vouches for the truth of the application. he forwards the data, with an appraisal of his own, to the Foundation. The data is then reduced to an IBM card, and fed into an IBM sorter. which comes up with a possible mate who has the same religion as the applicant. resembles him in education and personality. and lives within a one hundred to two hundred mile radius of the applicant's home. "We then write to them." says Dr. Crane. "and give the name of the other party, and suggest that the man write to the woman first. We urge that they exchange letters for a few weeks to get acquainted by mail and thus obtain a fund of mutual information by which they can carry on spritely conversations when they do meet in person."

Squawk From the Grass Roots

Lee Morgan is currently considering a mail-introduction service. as an adjunct to her New York operation. "I thought introduction was primarily a big-city problem." Miss Morgan says. "But most of our mail comes from small towns. They have problems there that make big-city introductions look simple!"

What have these scientific marriage brokers learned about the relationship of male and female in America. the barriers that keep people apart. the dreams Americans cherish about the perfect mate? One of the prime myths exploded by Karl Miles Wallace is the supposed surplus of marriageable females. This statistical fallacy grew from the tendency of literalists to count heads. Because there are more women in the country than men, they trumpeted a man shortage. and wrote a great deal of nonsense about the possibility of reviving polygamy. Actually, in the nation, there is a surplus of men in the marriageable group under thirty-five, and they suffer a numerical

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disadvantage in competition for mates.

Lee Morgan corroborates Dr. Wallace's findings. "We never have enough women in the twenty-to-thirty age group." she says. "It evens out in the thirties and forties; from forty-seven to fifty-five, there are more women. From fifty-five to sixty-five, it's even again, and after sixty-five there are more available men." Surprisingly, Miss Morgan finds some of her best marital material among women over sixty-five. "Although the longevity statistics are against it, we always have more available men over sixty-five." she says. "I think women over sixty-five give up too easily. Last year we introduced a woman, seventy-six, to a man, seventy-one, and they are getting along fine."

Marital Utopias

As for preferences in the opposite sex —Karl Miles Wallace in his excellent book, *Love Is More Than Luck*, reports that the following were the most important requests his applicants made when describing their ideal man or woman.

MEN'S REQUESTS

Character and personality	51 per cent
Physical type	46 per cent
Age	45 per cent
Love and companionship	43 per cent
Home life: domesticity	35 per cent
Physical attractiveness	25 per cent
Cultural background	22 per cent
Religion	21 per cent
Sexuality	10 per cent
Economic stability	3 per cent

WOMEN'S REQUESTS

Character and Personality	67 per cent
Economic stability	59 per cent
Physical type	45 per cent
Love and companionship	34 per cent
Age	32 per cent
Cultural background	28 per cent
Home life: domesticity	25 per cent
Religion	23 per cent
Physical attractiveness	20 per cent
Sexuality	4 per cent

Most applicants want to marry people their own age. But there are large exceptions. One of the biggest groups who do not think this way are men in the 44-55 age group. Usually, Lee Morgan finds, they are terrified by the image of advancing age, and on some pretext or other they divorce their wives and seek to marry a girl twenty-five years younger, to recapture the vanished raptures of youth. There are also girls who wish to marry older men, because they frankly think that economic stability and sophistication are more important than hot blood. The Service does not consider either of these desires necessarily neurotic, although they are apt to caution the aging males on the odds against success.

Although all the services find that their applicants place great stress on physical type when they first write (on Dr. Crane's IBM card, height, weight, appearance, hair, eyes are all noted), they also find that once a couple meshes on the basis of character and personality, physical requirements go out the window.

The services also agree that, for the major proportion of our unmarried population, the problem is not intelligence, or neurosis, but a simple lack of skill in the area of sociability. Miss Morgan is particularly adamant on this point. "Learning to date takes practice, like learning to set your hair." To girls she offers this advice: "When a man calls you for the first time, act interested. Don't be distant or moody. Don't start off by asking him to move furniture or fix the TV. If you go out, let him steer the evening. Don't tell him his choice of restaurant is too expensive. Don't be bothered by minor deficiencies. Some of the nicest men don't open doors, or dance too well." To men she says: "Don't tell all your troubles on the first date. This is a prevalent, and very bad, male habit. Don't talk about how many other girls are clamoring for you. Some men think this makes them sound desirable; it doesn't. The girl is almost always insulted, and thinks, 'Let the others have him.' "

To both sexes, she says: "Don't write the other person off too quickly. Don't dominate the conversation. And don't flaunt your liabilities." Apparently, an amazing number of people tell the worst about themselves on their first date. "It's a form of test," Miss Morgan says wryly. "They are saying to the other person, if you really love me, you won't care if I weigh four hundred pounds, or can't even boil an egg."

Refused to R.S.V.P.

Dr. Crane places great emphasis on preliminary letter writing because he has found one of the greatest drawbacks to introducing strangers "is the embarrassing fact that they often develop pauses in their conversation which produce humiliation and an avoidance reaction thereafter." He also thinks many women are too particular. He tells of one lady with a master's degree, who was secretary

"Lack of social skills" is the main reason 19,000,000

CLIENT stands before S.I.S.'s IBM machines. Number of applicants has doubled each year.

CARDS ARE CODED, contain results of psychological tests, hour interview; 50-50 balance between males, females is kept.

to a corporation president. He introduced her to an engineer of the same age, religion, hobbies, and ideals. His clergyman counselor wrote a glowing endorsement of him, following his personal interview. But the woman refused to even reply to his first letter. "He had a childish scrawl, worse than an eighth-grader, and he misspelled three words in his letter, so I know I could not be happy with him."

Some of the specifications people make, when they admit their inner thoughts about the ideal mate, are the best explanation of why they are still unmarried. Karl Miles Wallace had a collegiate who insisted on culture in his wife: "She must enjoy music, all types from Bok to Shopin." Another man demanded a "girl who is intellectually undifferentiated." Another wanted a lady with "all physical limbs in proper sequence." A college professor asked for a Democrat, and added: "If a Republican, then an objective Republican, if there is such a thing." One of Lee Morgan's clients insisted that the girl of his dreams be willing to ride behind him on his motorcycle. Another said he was in search of a woman to support him in a style to which he could become accustomed.

Miss Morgan regards such crass frankness as a healthy sign. "We can deal easily with people who tell the whole truth about their intentions, no matter how shocking it may be. The big problem comes with the people who do not tell the truth about themselves—usually because they do not know it." She recalls one case, a thirty-nine-year-old man with a good job who insisted he wanted to get married. He lived with his mother, and even she wanted him to get married. But every girl to whom he was introduced had some unsatisfactory facet. One talked through her nose (according to him), another was too tall, a third was a mediocre dancer, a fourth had overexpensive tastes.

Emotional Readiness Needed

Actually, the girls were, by all the measures of science, perfect partners for him. But he really did not want to get married. "We can use our know-how to put two people together," Miss Morgan says, "but unless the will to wed is there, nothing will happen." Currently, about 15 per cent of her scientific introductions result in wedding bells. The Service averages two marriages and three engagements a week.

Miss Morgan has found that one of the greatest blocks, among the unmarried of both sexes, is an overidealized picture of the perfect mate. "He or she has to be the best catch in the family; all the relatives have to approve." There is also a competitive element which can have a destructive effect. If a sister or a best friend marries a doctor, too many women feel they must land a dentist, at least. Miss Morgan's lady clients generally dream of marrying psychiatrists, when they are expressing their fondest hopes. Many men want to marry nurses or schoolteachers because they consider them good mothers and homemakers.

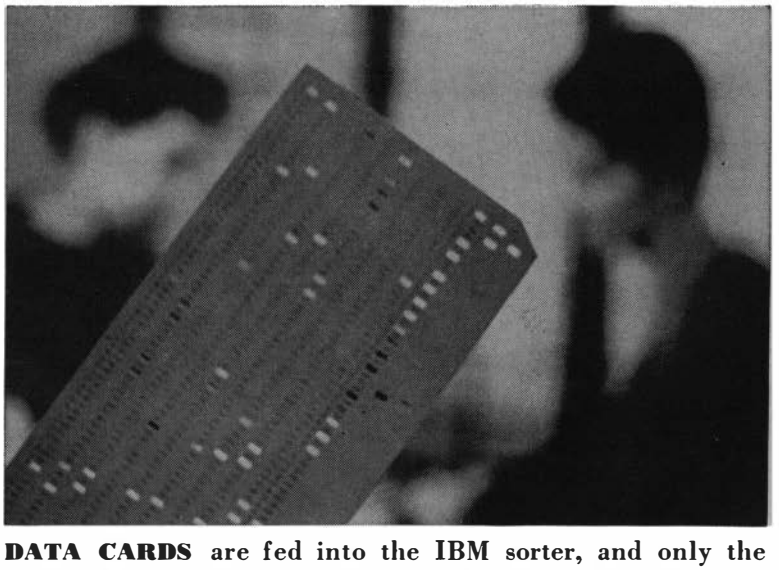
In a recent speech to a group of executives and production specialists, Henry Burger, well-known lecturer and writer on the staff of City College, called the creators of Scientific Introduction Service "consecrators," because their analysis of an individual's personality traits enabled him to "utilize or consecrate his finest or rarest gifts to the search for happiness." Mr. Burger declared such services are especially needed in our civilization, where personality clashes between two people are generally only discovered after they are married.

Albert Ellis offers a similar, more detailed vision of the future of the sexes. "If comprehensive files of physical psychological data were collected on all of us, and the time came for John Jones to look for a potential wife, all he would have to do is to throw his name into the central sorting machine. A technician could push a button, and very quickly John would have the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of, say, a hundred or a thousand girls who might be attractive to him and who also might find him eligible. In this manner, with a minimum of time, energy, and money, John would be able to arrange scores of dates for himself, dates much more likely to turn out well than his presently arranged appointments with members of the other sex."

Serenade to Science

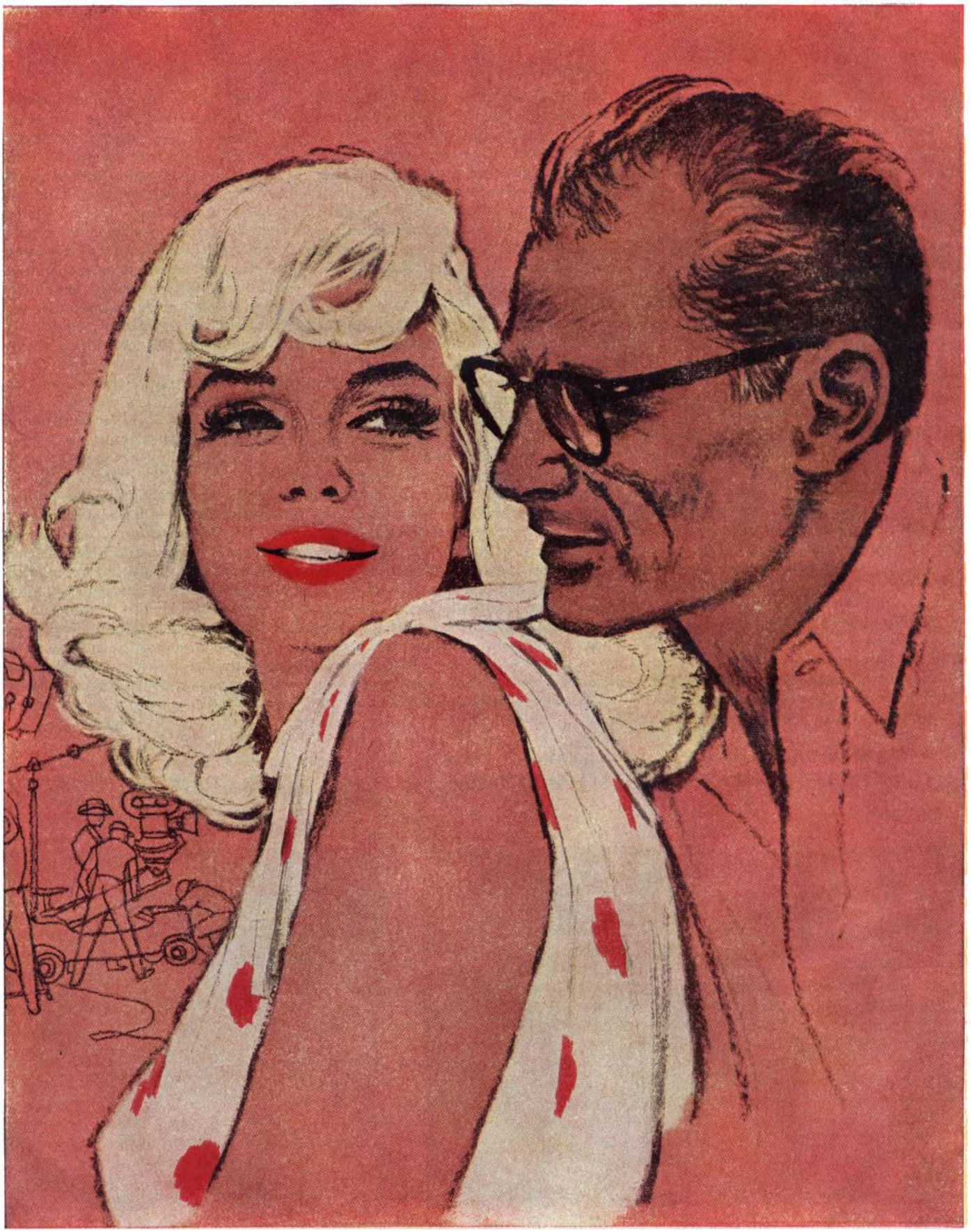
Dr. George Crane is convinced that introduction plus science can lower the nation's divorce rate from the current 20 per cent to below 2 per cent. His own record—not a single divorce thus far, after four years of operation, is a strong indication that he may be right. Perhaps, in twenty or thirty years, we will hear songs, not to the moon, or the month of June, or the look across the crowded room, but to a new weaver of love's magic spell—IBM. THE END

marriageable men and women in America remain unwed.



DATA CARDS are fed into the IBM sorter, and only the ones which meet the new client's requirements are retained.

PHONE CALL from compatible male is next. Fifteen per cent of meetings end in marriage.



MR. AND MRS. *Arthur Miller work together, for the first time, in* The Misfits. *He penned the movie version to rescue her from depression she suffered after a miscarriage. Says Marilyn: "When we're alone, he's very encouraging."*

ON LOCATION with Jon Whitcomb

MARILYN MONROE— The Sex Symbol Versus The Good Wife

In an exclusive interview given on the set of the picture written for her by her husband, the nation's number-one glamour girl talks freely about her career, her shyness, her green thumb, and how long it takes to dry noodles.

It was a brisk, pleasantly cool fall day at the Stix Ranch, thirty miles outside Reno, Nevada, in the foothills of the Rockies, overlooking Pyramid Lake. Big spotlights and a camera crew faced the entrance of the ranch house, where a sad-faced blonde stood in the doorway, mournfully contemplating a drunken cowboy sprawled at her feet. In nearby camp chairs, director John Huston conferred briefly with author Arthur Miller, and then turned his back. He did not watch as the camera began to roll and the blonde took the drunk in her arms, murmuring her lines in a breathless, tentative way. When the cowboy staggered into the house, the girl turned to face the camera and sagged against the doorway. Soundlessly, her lips said, "Help me!" with her sky-blue eyes pleading and agonized, her arms limp. She held the pose for ten seconds, then a voice said, "Cut!"

At this, Miss Marilyn Monroe uttered a shriek and clasped the bosom of her dress. "I almost *lost* it!" she exclaimed, pulling up her shoulder straps.

Camera-Shy Costar

Cowpuncher Clark Gable strode out of the doorway, grinning broadly. "You've got to wrestle this dame," he announced to the company, "to keep her face toward the camera." Mr. Huston concurred. During the love scene, Marilyn's face had been buried in Gable's shirt. She went into a huddle with her drama coach, Paula Strasberg, had her neck rubbed by a masseur, and cheerfully returned to the doorway to do it all over again. Mr. Gable rumpled his hair, resumed his position, and let his jaw go slack. This time, the two were letter-perfect and the camera angles satisfactory, and Marilyn managed to avoid eclipse as she nuzzled her costar in one of the more touching moments of *The Misfits*, a United Artists movie based on a short story by Marilyn's husband, Arthur Miller.

When "Love" Struck

The day's high spirits were in strong contrast to the gloom experienced a few weeks earlier on the same set. Unlike some movies, the film was being staged in sequence so that the actors could develop accurate characterizations in a drama focused on the subtle relationships between a girl (Marilyn Monroe) and three men (Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, and Eli Wallach). Its timetable had been disrupted because of a crippling strike halfway through Miss Monroe's previous picture, *Let's Make Love*. As a result, *The Misfits* went into production during the hottest part of Nevada's summer.

In July, a forest fire in Donner Pass cut off Reno's electricity, blacking out the hotel which housed the cast. During the emergency, the movie company contributed generators to light the lobby and the coffee shop, but food supplies were scanty, there was no elevator service (the Millers lived on the ninth floor), and with auto and airplane traffic halted by dense smoke, the city's only contact with the outside world for two days was by bus. Working on the alkali flats in dust and intense heat, several of the actors lost their voices. After seven weeks of shooting, on August 26, Marilyn collapsed with "acute exhaustion" and left for a Los Angeles hospital on the order of her doctors. The cast disbanded until further notice, a plane was sent to evacuate the crew, and the insurance company took charge of the enterprise. It was their decision not to announce the shutdown until Marilyn had been examined, and the news was not released to the newspapers until August 30.

At this, the rumor mills went into high gear. A representative of the British press telephoned to ask if it was true that Arthur Miller was distressed over the sizzling temperature of MM's love scenes with Gable. "Highly unlikely," a studio spokesman replied, "considering that he wrote them." Gable, who had taken a house in Reno with his family, decided to stay there and wait. Montgomery Clift flew home to New York. The company's second unit remained in Nevada to shoot around the missing actors with wild horse scenes and rodeo sequences.

Ten days after her breakdown, Marilyn went back to work, sore in every joint. A masseur went with her, and between takes he tried to smooth the pain out of her neck, her shoulders, and her fingers. "It was an accident," she told me. "Some people—like me—have a reaction to these new drugs, and I'm allergic to something they gave me in the hospital. My thumbs feel broken, as if they'd fall off. I like to shake my hands to warm up for scenes, but they're too sore right now."

It's Not Bikini Weather

In spite of these difficulties, Marilyn resumed her job with a will. When I saw her at the Stix Ranch, she had been back on the job for two weeks, and the weather was brisk and stimulating. It was even felt by her husband that Pyramid Lake might be too cold for an upcoming scene in which Marilyn would plunge into the

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SEX SYMBOL *and crew: Standing, producer Frank Taylor; on Marilyn's right, Montgomery Clift; behind him, Eli Wallach, Arthur Miller. Director Huston, who gave her a start, stands behind her; Gable, her father image, on her left.*

icy waters of the lake wearing a bikini.

The Misfits was written by Arthur Miller as an act of compassion for Mrs. Miller, who lay in a New York hospital after losing her baby. The misfortune threw Marilyn into a serious depression. Her husband, anxious to help her overcome it, felt that writing a screenplay especially for her might turn the trick. He decided to adapt *The Misfits* as a Monroe vehicle from a short story he wrote while waiting out a Reno divorce from his first wife. During the months that he lived in the Quail Canyon-Pyramid Lake area, Miller produced an austere tale of three cowboys, Gay, Guido, and Perc, who were in the business of rounding up wild horses for sale. For the movie, a girl, barely mentioned in the story, was developed into a fourth major character. Playing this part, Marilyn has a drastic change of pace, and a new background in the dusty world of rodeos, cowpunchers, and alkali flats. Best of all, she has three of the best male costars in the business, and she is particularly pleased with Clark Gable.

"All these years, and now—Rhett Butler! Doesn't he look marvelous? Weren't you surprised when you saw him?" (In this film, Clark looks like the Gable of fifteen years ago. After seeing himself in *It Started in Naples*, he went on a diet and lost thirty-five pounds.)

Gable *Is* Human!

Marilyn says Gable is exciting to act with. "He has great sensitivity," she said. "We were starting a very long scene, and while we were rehearsing the beginning, he started to tremble, just the slightest little bit. I can't tell you how endearing that was to me. To find somebody—my idol, and he's made ninety pictures!—to be, well, *human!* Until he has a scene the way I suppose he envisions it, he's meticulous in trying out various ways of doing it. I was about seven when I first discovered Rhett Butler. When I was a kid, I used to pretend he was my father."

"Have you told him that?"

"No, but I'm going to as soon as the picture's over. You know little girls, they like older men."

As a story of adult relationships aimed at grownups, *The Misfits* will be released without a Production Code seal. Marilyn's explanation: "When the story opens, the girl isn't married to Clark Gable, and she doesn't get punished for that. The Code, you know, doesn't permit people to show navels. I don't think oranges are even allowed to have them."

As the reigning sex symbol of American movies, Marilyn is not sure if the honor was thrust on her, or if she earned it. "But I like it," she says, cheerfully.

"Isn't it rather hard to live up to?"

"Well, yes it is, because I never real-

ly know exactly what's expected of me."

Many of Marilyn's friends think that her impact as the "Goddess of Sex" is the product of something that happens to her when she goes through the lens of a movie camera, that Marilyn the sex-boat, in short, is an illusion. On this subject, Marilyn professes to have little interest. Her main concern appears to be in a different direction. "I don't see the rushes any more," she says. "I'm very subjective, not objective at all."

"When you watch yourself in a film, do you think of the girl as somebody else?"

She's Her Severest Critic

"Well I know it's *me* . . . part of my work, but not really any more me than one of your drawings is *you*. That's not you, but you're responsible for it. I'm usually so upset about something I didn't do, and I remember the moment when I didn't do it. I think, if only I could have gotten myself together for that moment!"

In the past, Marilyn's co-workers in the movies have reacted with varying degrees of exasperation to her passion for doing things over. As her own severest critic, she has been known to ask for retakes even when the director was satisfied. During the production of *Some Like It Hot*, Billy Wilder reported that "she always wants to do everything again." Marilyn says Billy didn't really mind that she is a perfectionist. "Sometimes afterwards, he'd say, 'Some actors do things over and over again and just dry up,' but when *I* repeat, I feel that I am loosening up, and then maybe I'll dare to go a little bit further. I'm a shy girl. And if you're shy, you're stuck with it. I may never be bold, and I don't know if I'll ever have 'authority,' either. Well, I'm not so interested in boldness or authority. You have to find a way to work, a way to use yourself, no matter whether you are good, bad, or indifferent. When I'm in New York, I go every Tuesday and Friday to the Actors' Studio, and I can go every day to Lee's private classes. Very helpful it has been for me. It sort of saved my life. But I've been away from school for a while now, so I wouldn't want anybody to judge the Method by *me*. You never actually graduate from the Studio, you know. It's like life. You keep learning. Whatever I have for the movies, I would want to have more of it, and maybe the Studio can help me. I'd like to *be* more, to be able to *express* more. Once in a long while, I'm satisfied with something I've done on the screen, but only sometimes. I'm never quite sure. When I see myself up there, I think, 'That just about does it, I guess,' but when I'm doing it, I think, 'Oh, I left something out, why didn't I follow through? Why didn't I have the *guts* to follow through?' I could stab myself to death. . . . So I say, 'Please, could I try and do it again?' "

With Lee and Paula Strasberg, Marilyn has been working hard at shedding her shyness. Here is the Monroe formula for fighting stage fright: "First of all put your concentration somewhere else. They call it, in the Method, 'taking an adjustment.' You should never forget your own feelings, if they come up. You say, 'I'm still scared,' but you still go on with what you're doing. Rather than thinking how you feel on meeting someone, just notice everything about him, anything strange or interesting. Just change the emphasis a little bit, concern yourself with something else. They say nervousness indicates sensitivity. The thing to do, when you can, is to change what you're concerned with. I myself can't prove very much, but I can prove it to a degree—I think—that you *can* change what you're concerned with. Just get a different emphasis and you kind of . . . let down. Like with acting. Instead of thinking, 'I feel like an old ham,' I switch to wondering, 'Why is Gable looking at me like that? He must have his reasons.' See? Just change the emphasis."

Marilyn would rather be a versatile actress than anything she can think of, including "National Sex Symbol." She knows that the thread of sex appeal that runs through everything she does on the screen sells tickets, but her ambition has become a compulsion to show that she can dominate roles like other Method actors. Helping her with this is Mrs. Lee Strasberg, a familiar figure on the stages of the last three Monroe films. Says a studio executive, "Paula is never close in, always on the far corner of the set, but where Marilyn can see her. When she finishes a scene, she looks over to Paula for approval or a frown. Paula's on the production payroll with the title of drama coach, but she doesn't work with anyone but Marilyn. About the huddles those two have, Paula won't talk. The rumor is she gets $1,000 a week. She's a brilliant, amusing woman, obviously very fond of Marilyn, and she has a stock of some of the funniest stories in the theatre. Paula only wears black: black dresses, black babushkas, and black coal-scuttle hats. Sometimes she carries a black umbrella. She's known affectionately around the company as 'Black Bart.' "

Conversation at Lunch

Behind the Stix ranch house, the caterer set up a chow line for a hungry cast and crew. I filled a tray and sat down to eat with the Millers and Black Bart.

Marilyn ate little of the food on her tray. Of director Huston, she said, "It's been ten years since *The Asphalt Jungle*, and I'm happy to be working with him again. Nobody would ever have heard of me if it hadn't been for John and that picture. As for working on a film for my husband, I'm delighted to have him close by. John wants him, too. He asked to have him here. When Arthur and I are alone, he's very encouraging—even though I've managed to invert a few of his sentences. I always hear about it when I do that, and I'm glad to have him tell me. But if it has the same meaning, it doesn't really matter terribly, does it, Papa? And anyway, I'm not interested in changing the meaning. I try very hard to keep all the words."

When she was called to the set and had departed with Paula, Miller lit his pipe and discussed his maiden voyage at screen-writing. Tall and thin, wearing a deep tan, he is quite as magnetic in his way as Marilyn is in hers; and if you can forget kudos like the Pulitzer Prize and his magic with words, it would not be hard to think of him as a younger, more voluble Gary Cooper.

Multitalented Miller

"I'm a good typist," he said between puffs. "I use all ten fingers, and I can type as fast as I can think. I generally have several projects in various states of completion. I drop one and take up another in a process of leapfrogging. I got interested in this region several years ago when I lived here waiting for my divorce. These hills used to be full of wild horses and the mustangers would round them up for dog food. The script we're shooting has very little to do with the original short story, except for the locale. Huston was busy scouting India for a new picture, so I did most of the casting on this. I had Montgomery Clift and Eli Wallach in mind for their roles from the first, but the actor I wanted for the Clark Gable part couldn't make it. Now I'm happy he was unavailable." He stood up. "Well, I've got to go back to work. We're all specialists here, but I know the material better than anyone else. My job is to see that all the story values are kept in. If I can think of an improvement as we go along, I suggest it.

"We're cutting the picture as we go along. We're here, it's easy to reshoot. A half-dozen times now we've had to replace scenes that, for one reason or another, didn't quite fit. One today, for example. We would never have decided to redo it if we hadn't seen it in context. Tomorrow, we'll do a scene over that had the wrong rhythm; nothing technically wrong with it, but it plays too fast. The picture as a whole is very rapid, not a wasted second, and I wanted this bit to be a slow movement. And, for some reason I don't understand, I stood right there and watched it played. Seeing it on the screen in context gave the effect of slow music played fast. We'll get a slower tempo in tomorrow's shooting. That's the advan-

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tage of cutting the picture as you shoot it."

After lunch, the shooting continued in the driveway of the ranch house, which had a half-finished skeleton wing full of stacked lumber built onto the living room. The cameras were aimed, past a station wagon, at Marilyn, wearing a low-cut white dress with red dots. Eli in a baseball cap, Clark in a ten-gallon hat and cowpuncher outfit, and Montgomery Clift with his head wrapped loosely in bandages. Judging by the dialogue, the three men were supposed to be stoned from a party they'd been to the night before. There was a scuffle near the front bumper of the wagon, as Clift tried to tear off his bandages, and when he fell to the ground, some of the lumber was rigged to tumble over him. There were several rehearsals and takes, supplying Mr. Clift with new splinters each time.

Cooking From *Below* Scratch

After working all day on the Stix Ranch set, Marilyn drove back with her husband to the hotel in Reno and changed into slacks and a sweater. By eight o'clock, she decided she was too tired to eat dinner. With a face innocent of make-up, she looked like a small child worn out from the 100-meter dash. Watching Arthur eat, she observed wistfully that she could cook dinner for fourteen people, "maybe once a year, at New Year's." I asked her how she learned to cook.

"I started from scratch. In fact, from *below* scratch. I bought a book called *The Joy of Cooking*. Maybe it's joyous, but I notice that some people seem to find cooking quite tedious. When I was a kid, I learned to do a lot of things. I could scrub marvelously. I could dust, I could clean anything; but they never let me near the food—that was too valuable. So that's why I say I started from below scratch. There were no dishes I was wonderful at. Now, when I go to the supermarket, I know just what I want. I make a list before. My favorite cooking is baking. I'm very good at baking bread."

"Isn't that pretty advanced?"

"Well, you just follow the instructions in *The Joy of Cooking*. But do you know what that book leaves out? About noodles. For homemade noodles. I roll the dough out very thin, then I slice it into narrow strips—like this—*then*, the book says, 'Wait till they dry.' We were expecting guests for dinner. I waited and waited. The noodles didn't dry. The guests arrived; I gave them a drink; I said, 'You have to wait dinner until the noodles dry. Then we'll eat.' I had to give them another drink. In desperation, I went and got my little portable hair-dryer and turned it on. It blew the noodles off the counter, and I had to gather them all up and try again. This time I put my hand over the strips, with my fingers outspread, and aimed the dryer through them. Well . . . the noodles finally dried. So they *do* leave out a few instructions. I've wanted to write in and ask, 'Please, let people know how long it takes to dry noodles.' But I never did."

Another of Marilyn's enthusiasms deals with gardening. "I have a subscription to a horticulture magazine," she said. "I try to grow things. Flowers and vegetables both. I have a green thumb. I can even plant things without roots. I just transplant them and they grow. I planted some seeds, nasturtiums, I think—when they come up, you're supposed to thin them out. What a pity, I thought, to throw out these little growing things, so I pulled them up and transplanted them very carefully; they had been so close together some didn't even have roots. Arthur said, 'That's impossible, they can't live,' but all of them did. And it says on the cover of the seed packages that you can't transplant them!"

Gardener Monroe sees nothing incompatible in being simultaneously the dream pin-up girl for millions and a Roxbury, Connecticut, housewife. "When I'm not working in films, the two don't conflict at all. When I'm doing a picture, it *is* a little harder to be what you call 'a good wife.' And I'd like to be a good wife. I don't think I am, yet."

But as far as Mr. Miller is concerned, Mrs. Miller gets top grades. After she had gone off to bed, he said, "Marilyn's all right the way she is. Changing her in any way would never occur to me. It couldn't be done, anyway. Of course she's complicated—just like anybody else. You know, journalists usually come around with an angle. They *have* to. They simply never get the time or the opportunity to hang around long enough to decide anything. Over the years that angle becomes the easiest thing to do, and it's gotten, in Marilyn's case, to be very fruitful in terms of copy. And they keep pounding her all the time until that thing becomes reality. By that time, it's impossible to imagine anything else."

MARILYN AND ARTHUR *pose with reporter Whitcomb as he asks, "How goes this hourglass-egghead marriage?"*

Remembering a wag's description of the Miller union as "egghead marries hourglass," I wondered if hourglass was able to go shopping in peace like other housewives.

"She doesn't have as much trouble as you'd think," he said. "She gets around. The curious thing now is that she can disguise herself better than I can. All she has to do is cover her hair with a bandanna or something, and put on glasses, either dark or regular glasses. She doesn't wear them normally, but if things get desperate, she could. You'd never recognize her. There's no cue. A man can't do that. Sometimes I take my glasses off and she'll put them on. Then I can't see anything and she can't either. We're both blind.

"No, she gets around and does whatever she has to do. For the most part, people are very nice, they come up and ask for autographs; but once in a while a riot starts. You can smell it coming. And that's the time to get out fast. Take London. She went shopping one day and that's a day the British police will never forget. I think it was Harrod's. They had to empty the store. She was buying some stuff for my kids when she was discovered. I wasn't with her. I was about five blocks away with a play in rehearsal. I didn't know where she was. Well, she was mobbed. The cops came in, closed all the gates. I suppose if they hadn't managed to put her behind some sort of barrier, she might have been hurt.

Both Customer and Saleswoman

"In Roxbury, they've gotten used to her. Naturally, they're much more interested in what she does, says, or buys than they would be in the average customer. All she has to do is buy something at, let's say a drugstore, and they sell out of that brand, whatever it is she bought there. This happens regularly."

"What about civic pressure? Doesn't she get bids to be on committees, to be chairman of this and that?"

"Oh, sure. She can't do it, that's all. She isn't the kind who could, even if she had the time."

"Who stands guard?"

"She has a secretary to protect her. It's a big job. Drop around some time when the mail arrives—by the truckload." He lit his pipe. "But there are pressures that can get you down. You see, people have absolutely no concept—I'm sure not only about Marilyn, but about any so-called celebrity—of allowing privacy to others. You're not supposed to have any personality of your own; you're in the public domain. The public gets very angry if a celebrity behaves like a person. Anybody else can say, 'I'm busy' or 'I don't feel like doing that' or 'Leave me alone'—but not celebrities. Marilyn's supposed to be always available, always goodnatured, on

call twenty-four hours a day, dressed to the teeth, never allowed to have any interests of her own. It's quite astonishing. What they're doing is demanding that she perform, and when she's not performing they don't know what to make of it.

One of the Crowd

"But at home, Marilyn goes uptown maybe twice a day. To Roxbury, or Woodbury which is slightly larger. All the storekeepers know her now. It isn't like being a plain citizen by any means. But these people are very decent to her, and I'm sure they're trying very hard not to show she's being treated differently. Small-town New England people are gossipy and curious. They have to know everything about everybody else, though they'll never admit it. But, they're that way with each other, too. Nothing can happen there without everybody knowing, so we're no exception in that sense.

"Just as anybody born in the country wants to get to a city as fast as possible, I suppose I love the country because I was born in New York City. Our neighborhood in the country is a pocket of nothing in the middle of Connecticut. It's always been a backwoods area; the highways straddle it, four miles away on one side and fourteen on the other. It has very few houses. There are vast tracts of land in the township, but only about eight hundred people. My next-door neighbor has six hundred acres. We have three hundred twenty-five. We don't really farm the place; a neighbor runs his cattle there and uses our barns for milch cows. But when we bought it, it was a working farm with wonderful topsoil.

"The last carpenter left last week. He'd been working for us winter and summer for three years. We'd gotten to be real fast friends, and I don't know what we'll do without him, or he without us.

"We remodeled the place twice, the first time as a temporary shelter while we planned a new house. The fatal error was, it got to be beautiful. So we gave up the idea of a new house and started ripping out all the temporary improvements. Then the walls started to move from here and there and wings sprouted. Now there's nothing anywhere that hasn't been done over, and the first coat of paint was hardly dry!

"Originally it was a 1783 colonial farmhouse, one of the larger houses of that era, built to house eight or ten kids. It has high ceilings and thick ship timbers. There are two stories and a full-size attic. We broke out the back of it and put in glass walls. There's a great view on all four sides but the best is in the back. We built a lake and brought in great masses of shrubbery for a shield against the road. I have a studio to write in, up on a hill with a view of the Berkshire foothills, windows all around and marvelous light any time of the day."

In their farmhouse scaled to the raising of eight to ten children, the Millers are raising two, Bobby, thirteen, and Janie, fifteen. Of their place in the ménage, their glamorous stepmother said, "At our house the kids have to do a lot for themselves—make their own beds for instance. The place is big enough so that we can all have privacy. Janie has her own TV set; Bobby reads a lot and has his own collection of records. The fifth bedroom was just finished recently. There's a big attic which makes a fine rumpus room for the kids. As for dates, we encourage the children to bring their dates home with them. The children never say much about my career, but they *do* see all my pictures. I remember that the sneak preview of *Some Like It Hot* came on a school night, but Bobby went anyway. He finessed it by bringing his teacher. He sat at the other end of my row, but I could hear him laughing all through it."

Even though Mrs. Miller finds it easy to go shopping in Roxbury for toothpaste and paper towels, her clothes must come from more sophisticated sources.

"I like to be really dressed-up," she told me, "or really undressed. I don't bother with anything in between. My all-time favorite color is beige and I wear that the most. Next I like black. And white, then red—anything red. I don't have many clothes. I need city clothes mostly for going to class. But my problem is, I'm always *going* to go shopping, but I never get the chance. When I finally get around to it, it's always the end of the season and they haven't anything left."

But it's very difficult to sympathize with Marilyn here. Her fans prefer her with as few clothes as possible. How can you feel sorry for a girl with a shape that looks good in anything?

Rumor Mills Agrinding

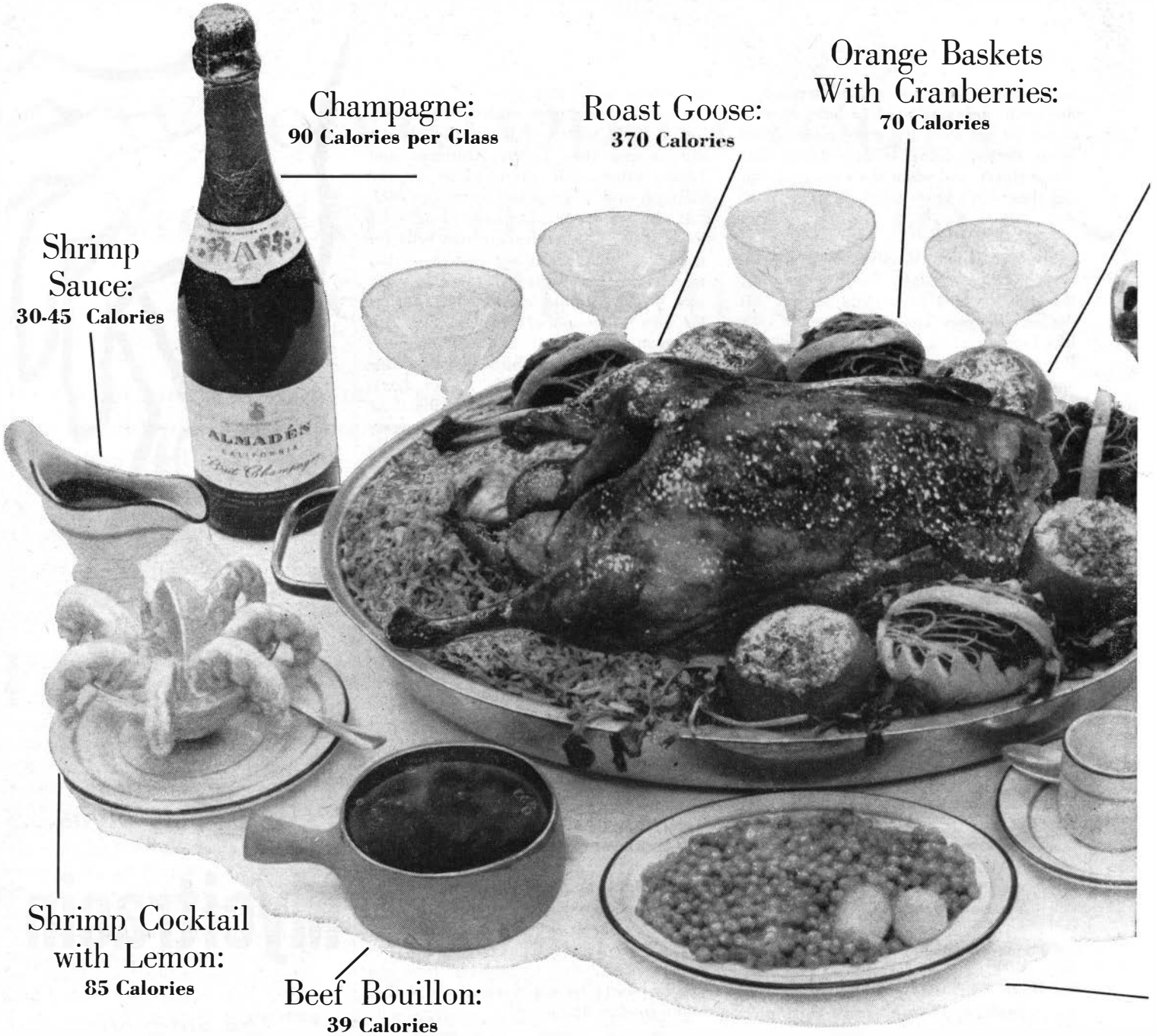
Just before I left Nevada, the rumor mill started up again. At 4:30 A.M., a long-distance telephone call awoke Sheldon Roskin, a member of *The Misfits*' publicity staff. A New York press service was on the line.

"We're just calling to check a news flash that Marilyn Monroe has committed suicide," the voice said.

Half asleep and groggy, Sheldon tried to pull himself together.

"I thought m'god maybe it's true and I don't know about it," he reports. "I said, 'Why don't you call Harry Mines? He'll know.' They said, 'Sorry we have to check everything no matter how wild and if we didn't we'd be caught some day with our pants down.' So they called Harry and asked him. Harry said, 'Why that's impossible! She has to be on the set at 7:30!'

"He added: 'Besides, Paula Strasberg would never stand for it!'" THE END



Holiday Feast With

With this menu you dine like an epicure, including champagne and cognac, yet stick with your diet through the Christmas season.

BY E. M. D. WATSON

A mouth-watering feast—or, as the French call it, *un festin succulent*—is everybody's due, come a holiday. Here is the holiday feast that promises you can rise from the festive groaning-board without groaning yourself, *and* with a clear conscience.

The dinner is designed for you to make in your own kitchen. It's a masterpiece of cooking simplicity on the theory that a *real* holiday is not spent in a kitchen.

Champagne first, iced. Two glasses will take you through 180 calories.

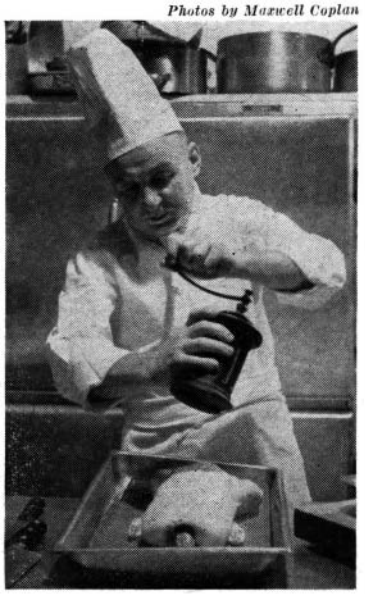
Very cold shrimp cocktail with its wedge of lemon—85 calories. Over it goes hot shrimp sauce. Flavor it with curry, or your favorite herbs, or buy it in a bottle. Or, add a bit of cayenne to chili sauce. Two tablespoons of the sauce will vary from 30 to 45 calories.

This Course Is Easy

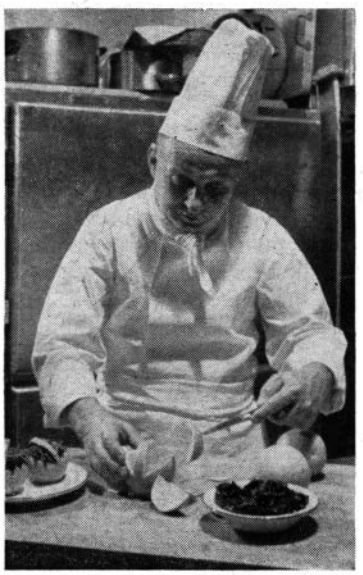
Beef bouillon. Don't knock yourself out on this one. American soupmakers are award-winners in international gastronomical contests. Buy two cans. Each can comes to 77 calories. Add a can of water, split between each two people. Calories per person, about 39.

Roast goose. On outside goes salt and freshly ground pepper. To sprinkle inside, chop together to make one tablespoonful: a pinch of rosemary, 2 bay leaves, 2 ounces of chopped parsley, a

Photos by Maxwell Coplan



FERNAND DESBANS, *executive chef of New York's Chambord restaurant, prepares the roast goose shown opposite by seasoning with salt, pepper, and herbs, then cooking for two to two and a half hours at 350 degrees.*



ORANGE BASKETS *are carved from whole oranges, then filled with cranberries, topped with julienne (thin strips) of orange peel. To make preparations easier, canned whole cranberries may be used.*

Half the Calories

pinch of thyme. a pinch of sage. Set goose on wire rack in roasting pan. Cook slowly at 350 degrees for two to two and one-half hours, according to the size of the goose. A reasonable helping will cost you 370 calories.

Wild rice. Boil it, season with salt, and allow yourself one-half cup of the finished dish. One hundred and fifty calories.

Petits pois (small French peas). Cook them with a bit of onion, a lettuce leaf, butter, allowing about one teaspoonful of butter per person. The combination is a flavorsome 100 calories.

Baked, stuffed tomato. Make a small hollow in the top of the tomatoes by simply scooping out a bit of the top. Put salt and freshly ground pepper in the hollow. Fill with mixture of: parsley, breadcrumbs, garlic. Two tablespoonsful for each tomato. Top each tomato with a teaspoon of butter. Put in oven for twenty minutes. Each stuffed tomato will count for 107 calories.

Berries by the Basket

Orange baskets with cranberry sauce. Make basket by cutting off top half of orange, but leaving a "handle." Fill each basket with two tablespoonsful of whole, canned cranberries. Sprinkle top with a little julienne of orange peel for the especially pungent flavor of cranberry-orange. The orange "basket" is a holiday decoration, so just eat the cranberry sauce. Seventy calories.

Fruit macédoine. Orange, grapefruit, and, for decoration, use about ten raspberries, a dozen blueberries, and top with one strawberry. A luscious portion for 45 calories. Whoever gets the strawberry has consumed 5 extra calories.

Demitasse with cognac. Float a teaspoonful of cognac on top of the black fragrance. Ten calories for the cognac, no calories for the coffee. If you like your coffee sweetened, that's 8 calories for a demitasse spoonful. Remember that you can even go twice around on this perfect ending to your holiday feast for 1,200 calories. THE END

When to Open Your Mouth and When to Keep It Shut

If your husband's a bore to other people, should you tell him? If you receive a gift too lavish, should you say so? Here are some tips on the art of knowing when silence is discreet —and when words, well chosen, can be the difference between success and failure in marriage.

BY HANNAH LEES

Why did I say that?
Why didn't I tell him?
I shouldn't have spoken when I did.
I should have spoken up right away.

There is, I'm afraid, no total escape from those awful second thoughts. But years of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and of not saying the right thing at the right time have taught me a few comical and crucial principles that now serve to forestall a good many of them.

To start with the comical and work up to the crucial, I am amazed to find the number of things people *don't* want to know about me. When they say, "How have you been?" they aren't really anxious to hear that I was laid up with the flu over the week end. Of course, if I say, "Fine, thank you," which most of us do, and they say, "We missed you at the Hollises' party," I am faced with having to explain that, fine and all, I was sick in bed, but this is always good for a laugh.

When they say, "What did you get for Christmas?" all they really want to know —or all they should want to know, at least—is whether I was given anything fascinating like a talking myna bird, or something comical like a hand-crocheted antimacassar from Aunt Elise for my Finnish modern armchair. They don't want to know whether I was given a pearl collar, even if they think they do.

As for telling or not telling how old you are, I used to be scornful of women who would stoop to lie about their ages. I have come around to deciding they may be right, but not for the reason you might think. It isn't so much that you have a right to your little secrets as that other people have a right to their little illusions. They don't really want to know how old you are. When a man, chatting with you at a party, says, "Of course you're far too young to remember the Black Bottom—or the depression, or World War II," depending on your generation—he doesn't want you to answer, "Thanks, but I'm years older than you are." If he has put you in a certain age bracket in his mind, he is enjoying you right there.

Another kind of reverse bragging is about clothes. What do you do when someone admires a dress or hat you are wearing? I always want to say, "Do you really like it? I got it on sale for $27 reduced from $99.50. They had altered it for someone who didn't take it and . . ." or "Gracious, it's six years old. I almost didn't dare . . ." But I'm learning not to. People, I've discovered, aren't much interested in how clever I am at saving money. They don't want to know the past history of what I'm wearing, either, unless it happened to belong to my grandmother once or to a Persian princess or to the famous mistress of a king. They don't want to hear in detail that it really doesn't fit very well around the hips. They especially don't want to hear that I could hardly squeeze into it because of all the weight I gained over the holidays. If the extra pounds show, they see them. If they don't, it's a bore to hear about them.

Problematic Chapeau

A friend of ours has a comical little problem along these lines. She is the happy owner of a splendidly high-style hat. She bought it for ten dollars, because it was so high-style nobody seemed able to wear it, at least no one who also had the hundred dollars it originally cost—or even fifty or twenty. It happens to look marvelous on her and, wherever she wears it, it is ohed and ahed over. Naturally, she wants to tell people it is an original. If you had a Picasso, wouldn't you want to identify it? But she is a reverse snob about clothes and would be ashamed to spend that kind of designer-money for a hat. She is forever hearing herself say, compulsively, "Let me tell you about this hat. I got it on sale for . . ." when she recognizes the inevitable look of ennui or even embarrassment on the face of her confidante. Nobody really wants her to be all that candid. People chic enough would rather think she had splurged for once. Her less-fashion-conscious friends would be quite happy with, "I'm glad you like it. Isn't it crazy?"

Extrovert With Inner Torment

Do you know people who have a passion for belittling themselves or their loved ones because they are so afraid of living under false pretenses? And doesn't it make you squirm? Take Audrey, who is full of fears and anxieties but fights them so well she appears charmingly equal to anything—except being complimented. When anyone remarks on her outgoing personality, she is bound to say, "It's nothing but a front. I go through inner agonies all the time." Maybe it's true, but casual friends don't want to hear it. It makes them uncomfortable. Then there's Jessica, whose son is always at the top of his class. When people compliment her on his brilliance, she is so afraid of sounding too proud, she has to say, "He isn't really all that bright. He works like a dog." But why should she sacrifice that bright boy of hers to her urge to appear humble?

The simple fact behind all this is that when people pay you a compliment, they are giving you a present. If you go into any one of those deprecating routines, you are criticizing both the gift and the taste of the giver.

The more direct the present, the more important it is to accept it graciously. How do you react when someone does something unexpectedly nice for you? Unless you are one in a million, you say:

"Oh you shouldn't have done that."

"You're much too good to me."

"Now why in the world should you do this for me?"

I know all too well; I've done it myself.

But from watching other people's faces and from noticing my own reaction to these protestations, I'm fairly sure it isn't what generous people want to hear, and the more generous they are, the less they want to hear it.

Accepting gracefully is one of the more difficult arts; its difficulty may be one of the reasons behind that all-too-common remark, "Christmas depresses me." It depresses us, I think, because of the often-overwhelming sense of *taking*. It is harder for most people to take than to give, but we can't all arrange our lives so as to give everyone more than they give us. There are bound to be people to whom we have only sent a card who unexpectedly send us a lace petticoat or a carton of cigarettes. There are bound to be people on whom we have spent $2.98 who shower us with something that fairly shouts its enormous price tag. And, oh dear, the oppressive feeling that comes with our acceptance of the gift and the accompanying urge to rush out and buy them an additional gift or to explain that, this Christmas, we are cutting down. Say, if you must, that you think Christmas is getting out of hand, because it certainly is, but don't, *don't* apologize. Gifts don't have to be equal. The whole thing can reach the ludicrous point where we feel we have to apologize to everyone who has sent us a Christmas card, but who didn't happen to be on our own lists.

If a friend gives you an unexpectedly lavish Christmas present—or Easter or birthday or unbirthday—normally she does it because the impulse came over her and she is enjoying it. If you protest too much, especially if you say, "Why should you? I didn't give *you* anything," she may begin to think she has been ostentatious. You are saving your own feelings at her expense. It can paradoxically be downright ungenerous not to accept gracefully, and this extends into all sorts of subtle areas.

The Kid-Glove Approach

If your husband washed the dishes while you were at a PTA meeting, he feels pleased with himself for having done it. If you say, "You shouldn't have, you make me feel guilty," he may begin to wonder if perhaps you're right and he was being excessively helpful.

A woman we know likes music with dinner and her husband doesn't, so—mostly no music. Now and then, however, he comes home from work, fixes them each a highball, and goes and puts her favorite Beethoven sonata on the record player. Her impulse is always to say, "Don't do that for me. I know you hate it." But she sees how pleased he looks and, instead, she smiles and says, "Music tonight? Delightful." Sometimes she just gives him a hug and says, "I do love you."

To turn the situation around, another woman we know can't tell a strike from a hit and couldn't care less, but year after year, she goes to baseball games with her husband because she knows he likes to have her with him. He is quite aware that she is baseball blind, but does he say, "I'm afraid this is a terrible bore for you. I don't want you to come along just to be nice."? He's too smart for that. Once, years ago, he said, "If you'd rather stay home, I'll just get one ticket." She said, "No, I like being with you," and he accepted it. He hasn't even tried to explain the game since his first futile attempts at it. He just gives her a pat now and then, and says, "It's good having you along." He's enjoying her gift and he lets her enjoy it, too, without demanding that she make a second gift by pretending she's mad for the game.

All photo illustrations posed by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, fast-rising comic team.

"Don't spoil the good picture others have of you—for their sake as well as your own."

Few men can be accused of being over-effusive or over-deprecating at home, and many a wife probably wishes her husband was more so. But I suspect that this problem may crop up fairly often on the job.

I have heard men on the tennis court or golf course saying, "Oh, you're so much better than I am," "That was nothing but a lucky shot," "I'm really lousy," when they were playing brilliantly. I have longed to sigh, "Oh come off this reverse bragging. We all know you know how good you are." I've thought then how impossibly irritating they must be if they carry this same gambit down to the office. If a man says, "It was nothing," when he and everyone else knows he has done a spectacular job, isn't he half implying that he could easily hold the world up with one hand? Wouldn't it be more modest to say, "I'm glad you thought I did a good job. I really worked on it." The phony cult of sportsmanship seduces many a man into making a fool of himself.

Bad Business Sense

That business of pointing out the fly in the ointment also applies quite as much to men as to women. If a stockbroker has bought General High Wire for a client at 65½ and it's then gone up to 67, why should he say, "I'm so sorry. I could have gotten it for 64 if I'd been a bit quicker."? If a lawyer has won a

(continued)

case for a client, it's silly for him to point out that he had really hoped for a much larger settlement. Nobody's perfect. Nobody really expects us to be. But when a man points out the flaws in his success, they are likely to be the things which other people remember, and, still more important, the things he remembers himself.

Find the Middle Road

When it comes to giving a co-worker his share of the credit for a job you did together, it is often a problem to decide where to strike a balance. If you overdo it, you are tearing yourself down; if you underdo it, you are being a pig. But one-upmanship to the contrary, I cannot believe being generous ever interfered with a man's rise to the top, and this is equally true when it comes to telling the boss how helpful Jones has been in your project. Maybe he would admire your work more if he thought you did it all by yourself, but he'll admire your character more if you give credit where credit is due. He may think, "This fellow is so good he can afford to be generous."

As for expressing appreciation of the big fellow himself, some bosses literally live on soft soap and no amount, even if it chokes you, can be too much for them. A man to whom blarney doesn't come naturally may be in a tough spot here. I suppose when a boss really wants nothing but sycophants, a man who gags easily had better find another boss. But the normal big shot is likely to consider flattery to be both an impertinence and a bid for intimacy.

If you say you think he's great, any way but obliquely, he may feel, "I know I'm good or I wouldn't be the boss. Who does this fellow think he is to be reassuring me as to my ability?" A little healthy reserve is more attractive to the average man in command than is the most ingratiating tail-wagging.

If communication were no more than giving and accepting presents, it would be a relatively simple matter, but often it is a matter of dealing and accepting blows. When is it constructive to be critical and when destructive? When is it just plain none of our business? These are the decisions that bead the brow. With people who are not important to us, there is no problem. They don't want criticism—nobody ever does, really—and however much they may need it, this is not our worry. But with people with whom we work closely, or with people we love, don't we have to tell them when we see them making what seems to be a big mistake? Probably not nearly as often as most of us think.

I once lost a job writing copy for a very chic specialty shop because I *had* to point out to the advertising manager that *one third off* was not the same thing as *one third price*. When I found he wasn't interested in my arithmetic or my logic, I went to the assistant manager of the store only to find he put loyalty to his advertising man way ahead of loyalty to his customers, and I was expected to do so, as well. Oh I saved my integrity, but I wonder now if I was really as interested in not fooling the customers as in being *right*. After all, I was being paid to describe clothes, not to do mathematics.

What if my husband comes home with a new striped suit he thinks is great, but it strikes me as appallingly loud? Do I tell him or not? Well, who is to decide that my taste is that much better than his, and does it matter? I may think the new pale make-up with light purple lipstick makes my teen-ager look like a walking corpse, but her friends think it is tremendous. Is it worth tearing her down? Isn't it more important, at her age, to have her *feel* attractive? Suppose my adolescent son, in his zeal to be smooth, smells overpoweringly like a barber shop. I don't really have to tell him unless it seems to be interfering with his social life. The girls may love it. Often when we tell people things "for their own good," all we're really thinking about is how *we* feel.

Solution: Empathy

Imagination is an important part of all this. How is that still unspoken remark going to make the other person feel? When John comes home from the office, discouraged, and starts analyzing why he didn't get that promotion, he may be quite right in saying that he wasn't aggressive enough. Alice may have been thinking so for some time, but this is no moment to tell him. She can afford to wait a week. She'll know better. then, and she'll know whether speaking up is likely to accomplish anything. *That's* the real criterion.

How can we know when something absolutely must be said? The question of when to be critical boils down to this: tell your loved ones their shortcomings only when it is more hostile not to—only when, by keeping silent, you are helping them to tear themselves down.

We all know men who have to have everyone *yes* them—fine fellows, but with a conviction they know the score and you'd better listen. We tend to pity and

"When extra pounds show, they'll be noticed. When they don't, it's boring to hear about them."

even admire their patient wives who sit smilingly by and let them go right on sounding off. Obviously, if they told their husbands to pipe down and give someone else a break, they would find themselves right in the line of fire. Obviously, being silent is being discreet, but isn't it also being cowardly and even hostile? Those men almost certainly carry their sounding-off habits right down to the office and lose a lot of friends and damage their careers. It might hurt them to be told and *maybe* it wouldn't do any good, but then maybe it *would*. People can change surprisingly at any time in their lives, and the average human being would at least try to handle life differently if the person closest to him said, "Look, dear, do you realize that you . . .?"

The Art of Avoiding Hostility

If it can be hostile not to tell someone you love when he's behaving badly, it seems to me doubly hostile to tell someone else instead. I have been appalled to hear husbands and wives say things about their mates which they wouldn't consider saying directly to them.

Our friend, Celeste, a marvelous woman, is also a compulsive talker. She tells long, involved, pointless tales at the top of her voice until you want to scream.

"Celeste drives me completely nuts when she gets wound up like this," her husband once complained to me. "I really feel embarrassed for her."

"It's just a nervous habit," I said, "Why don't you tell her?"

"I couldn't." he said, and looked horrified. "It would hurt her. She'd be mad."

"She'd be madder if she knew you were talking to me about it," I said.

He shrugged. "Live and let live."

That is a fine philosophy, but only up to a point. It sounded almost as if that man didn't want his wife to be more charming; as if he was enjoying standing by, feeling superior.

However much courage it takes to speak up when you may wound someone, it takes more courage to speak up when someone you love has wounded you. The natural impulse is to draw down into whatever shelter you can find within you and hide, but if wounds are left untended, they build a wall of scar tissue, shutting love out.

Take Joan, a diffident girl with hidden dreams of glamour—we all have them. Joan is married to Jerry, who has very conventional ideas about the types of clothes his wife ought to wear. Yet she sees his eyes following every provocative-looking woman they pass on the street. One spring day, it came over Joan to buy a wildly provocative hat, heavy with big yellow roses. Jerry looked at it and said, "Frankly, dear, you're just not the type for it." Her natural reaction was to put the hat away and hide her pain and, along with it, her urge to be "the type for it." But that is going to build a big wall between her and Jerry. She has to tell him he has hurt her. She may even have to say, "You like everybody else in hats like this. I see you looking at them." Then he might answer, "But I don't want other men to look that way at my wife," or, "You're too nice the way you are to have to get yourself up like that." Either way, her pain will be gone and she can go on to the next step of deciding she's willing to be Jerry's plain Jane or of telling him—and I personally hope she does—that she's tired of not being the type for eye-catching hats and plans to work on it.

Wouldn't you want to know if you had hurt someone close to you? It is painful, but not nearly as painful as a mysterious spreading blight on your relationship. Suppose, without meaning to, you have let a note of longing creep into your admiration of your neighbor's new Mercedes, wouldn't you rather have your husband say, "It hurts me that I can't give you things like that," than just go silent and leave you wondering what it was you did? An admission of sensitivity is really a declaration of love.

Words, I often think, are a good deal like stones. You can hurl them and hurt people. You can drop them and break things. But you can also use them to build bridges or warm places where people can live together.

Managing vs. Maneuvering

I remember once, years ago, remarking indignantly to a friend that I thought it despicable to try to manage people. She looked at me in a puzzled sort of way.

"Why?" she asked. "Isn't all of living just managing people? When you aren't willing to try to manage someone at least a little, you can't love him very much, or be very anxious to get along with him." I'm afraid she is right. Managing has become a dirty word because we automatically take it to mean maneuvering for our own selfish ends. But isn't managing really just knowing when to say the right thing at the right time and when not to say the wrong thing at the wrong time? THE END

Photos—The Tropicana, Las Vegas

"If your dress is admired, resist the impulse to say, 'I got it on sale for $27, reduced from $100.'"

Death of a Child–Rebirth of a Family

First there was the sharp agony of grief; then there was bitterness, and a questioning of human values. Finally, out of tragedy, this family found its answers . . . wrought from the love of God and the love of men.

BY A. DOUGLAS HAYES AS TOLD TO WILL OURSLER

You must understand how much we loved her, for she was all the elfin things, all the unpredictability, all the sudden laughter and quick tears, all the joy and expectation a seven-year-old girl can be.

And you must understand, also, about Vermont and its people. For the winds blow cold in Vermont, and on winter nights they whine and whistle across the fields, and starlight glistens on the hilltops' snow. There are some who say that Vermonters themselves are as cold and remote as the night and the stars. But it is not so.

I know about that—my wife, Margie, and I know. We know because of our little girl. We know because it was these flinty folk who showed us a way to peace in a moment of utter despair, in a moment when there seemed no way, no path, but only a void, only naked, leafless trees, only the silence and emptiness.

Our ambitions run ahead of us when we are young, when the world is bright, new green, and all of it is ours. We have so little time to think about meanings and reasons, or about a Supreme Being who rules the universe, and His relationship to us, and ours to Him. We forget.

It was so with us, with my growing family, my business plans and problems, my goals, my dreams of material success.

In Waltham, Massachusetts, where I was born and raised, where I met and married my wife and started my home and business career and family, I had gone to Sunday school as a child. Later—occasionally—my family and I went to church.

But I confess openly that our churchgoing was, in large measure, superficial—social rather than spiritual. There were so many other matters that crowded in. I operated a leather goods store, but it was only a start. I had big dreams.

A few years after my marriage, the chance came to open up a new automobile agency in Montpelier, Vermont. A brand new car agency in wide-open territory.

I had never sold cars before. I did not know much about Vermonters, or about what they were like. With all the self-confidence of youth, I still faced the questions: Would these people accept us—would they buy my cars?

Margie agreed to go along with my decision to take the gamble—but I knew how greatly disturbed she was at this uprooting of our lives. It would be for no more than a year or two, I assured her. "When I make good up there," I said, "they'll give me an agency in Fall River or Providence."

Back-to-Nature Movement

So it was decided. I would sell out my business in Waltham; we would move up to this world in the heart of the Green Mountains—and start over again.

We were to settle in Montpelier, the capital city of Vermont. The city nestles against the hills at the side of the winding Winooski River, which was once the main route the Indians followed, by canoe, across this region.

I went to Vermont ahead of the family, to get things set up. I rented a two-by-four store that served as my showroom, repair shop, and parts department. I took a house, uncrated the furniture shipped up from Waltham, and personally set things in order, even to hanging the draperies and pictures.

Like many another young husband, I thought I had done a good job with the décor. Some of the men acquaintances I had made in town dropped in to see my handiwork, and they agreed with me.

But Margie Disagreed

But when Margie arrived, after a long day of moving and traveling with our children, she took a look at what I had done and—for one of the few times in her life—burst into tears.

It was the neighbors who saved the day. They came over to help. The ladies agreed wholeheartedly with Margie about the caliber of my decorative talents. Soon they were moving things around, taking pictures off the walls, rehanging the draperies. Margie pitched in to work with them enthusiastically.

Our new home was coming into being, but the job of selling cars was something else. Kind as they were to my wife, I could not seem to reach these Vermonters when they stopped into my showroom to

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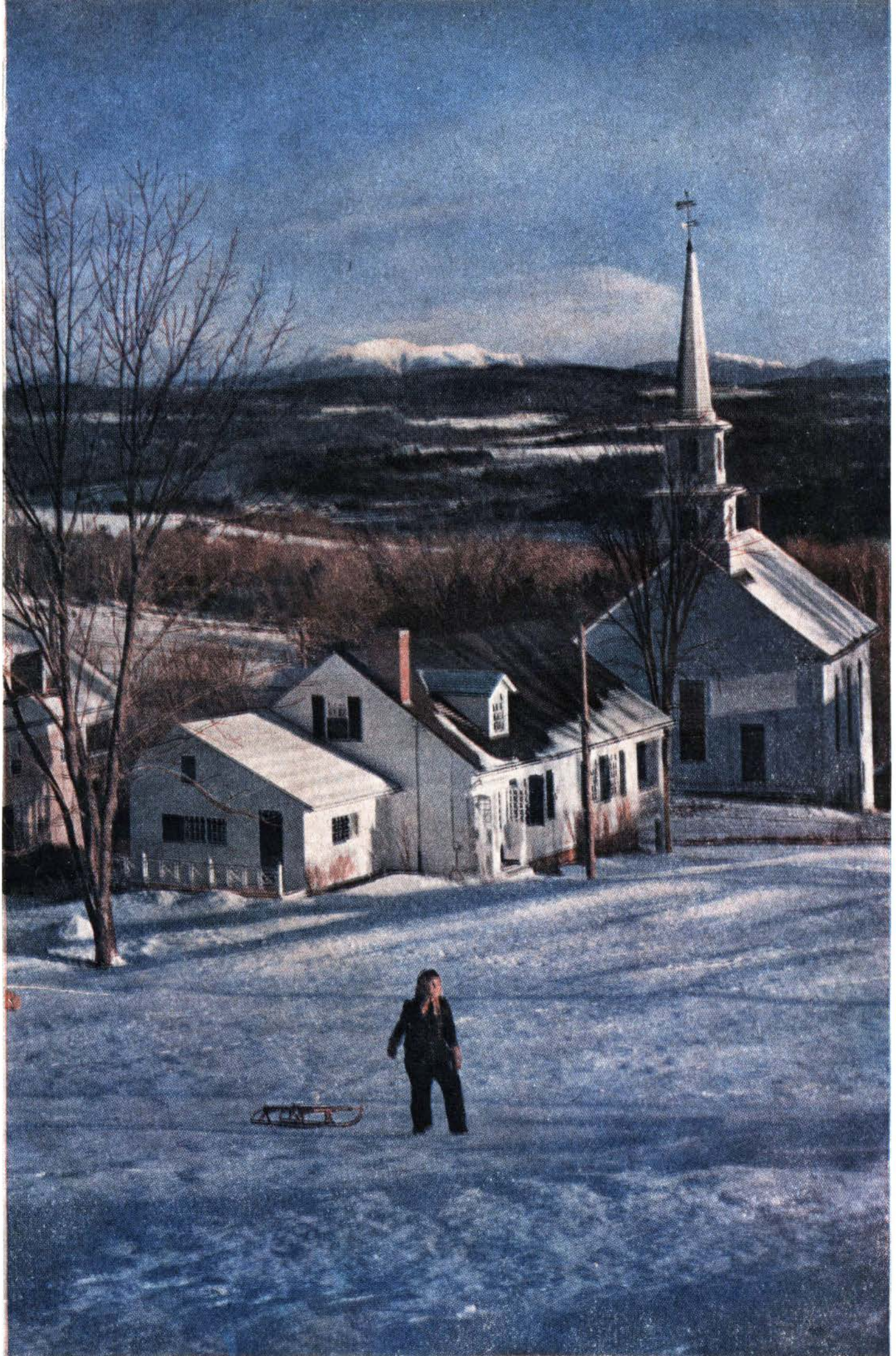
Kabel—Sutherland

VERMONTERS, austere as the architecture of their villages, seem "clannish and cold" to outsiders. But their inner love and warmth led one "outsider" to realize the meaning of the brotherhood of Christ.



"Why did God have to take her? Was it our

look at automobiles. Getting to understand them, and finding out why I had not sold a single automobile after three months became matters of urgency.

The local bank had agreed to finance me, but with cars piling up in the shop and not one sold, bank officials decided to call a halt to the loans until I proved that I could sell my stock on hand.

I had used every technique I knew in selling, and none had worked. One morning, in desperation, I asked my accountant—a native Vermonter—what he thought was wrong.

"Well, Mr. Hayes," he said, "since you ask me . . . you act as though you have these people half-sold the moment they step through that door. You haven't. You have to win their trust, not just in the cars—but in you."

"How?"

"Don't rush too much. You've a good product in that car—let it be. Don't offer to take them out for a ride right off the bat. Don't talk about cars at all. Ask about the roads around where they live. Or the hay crop. Or the weather."

It was exactly the reverse of the selling techniques I knew. But it worked. The townspeople would come in and talk about conditions and taxes and the roads and what the crops were like this year. Then, as if it was something they just thought of, they would ask, "Now how much would you ask for a car like that one over there?"

With this glimpse of understanding, I began to sell cars to Vermonters.

Long-Term Loyalty

Business grew. As my customers discovered that they could trust me, they came back to buy, again and again. Their loyalty is long-term. There are still people in Montpelier who drive through town in late models of the car I started selling them years ago.

These were the people—this was the curious community of the hills to which we had come. I was to have other glimpses into their characters. Some of these had amusing aspects.

I recall an incident with old Fred Blanchard, from whom I bought the clothespin factory which was to become my main business interest. Fred was in his seventies; his children were grown. I bought his factory, which later became very successful. During the hard days of depression, I had no funds to meet the payments and Mr. Blanchard told me, "Just pay the interest until you can pay me the rest. This country's strong; the economy will come back. I'm not in any rush for the money."

I paid him his interest annually. One day he came to me with an envelope. "Hayes," he said, "you paid me too much interest this time."

"It was just the same as what I paid last year," I replied.

"Last year was leap year, Hayes."

He handed me the envelope. It contained twenty cents—the "overage" I had paid for one extra day.

"Thus Far and No Farther"

And so, I began to understand these people. But understanding was not a substitute for deep friendship, that mysterious vital exchange of deeper emotions which is akin to love. But neither I nor Margie felt that we fully, completely belonged. Our neighbors were friendly and ready to help; we had our circle of a few close friends. Our children went to Sunday school; on a number of occasions, we went to church, too.

Yet, in the sense of the community itself, we were still on the outside; their world was inside. The exterior they showed us still had that element of New England reserve and reticence which seemed to say, "Thus far and no farther."

We were still, in spite of business success, lonely.

Nor did we have any other resources on which to draw. Religion had not come to mean that much in our lives; the driving needs of raising our family and running my business consumed our energies and time in large measure. Yet we felt that beneath the surface there was a groping need for a sustaining strength which we did not have in sufficient measure, and whose very lack we did not fully comprehend.

Then came an afternoon in March.

We were pretty well settled by that time. We now had four daughters. Dorothy, our second daughter, was the most thorough-going Vermonter in the whole family. More than all the others, she seemed to belong to the hills and the woods and the sky.

That March afternoon, I was burning grass on the back lawn. Our children were playing near the house, but there seemed to be no danger. The fire was not vigorous and the children were not near it. I left for a moment in response to a greeting from a passing acquaintance.

My neighbor and I chatted for a little while. And then, in the hush of that March afternoon, there were sudden cries—voices calling out to me to come at once. I turned quickly and started to run to the house.

Dorothy had stepped too close to the fire. The flames had reached up and had caught her dress. The next instant, she was enveloped in fire.

We rushed her to the hospital. They gave her every medical aid available. Perhaps, had the accident happened today, with the new medical drugs available, the outcome would have been different than it was.

They told us she had second- and third-degree burns over much of her tiny body. She was not in pain because they had her under sedation. But her condition was termed critical.

In the days that followed, as the doctors fought to save our little girl, we lived through an unbearable time, a day-and-night ordeal of sleepless uncertainty, an agony that had no outlet, a nightmare of soundless, wordless waiting.

Fellowship in Time of Need

Yet it was during this time, and in the weeks that followed, that I learned to understand the people around me, and to realize what was meant by the brotherhood of Christ that reaches out to all men, and by the love of God Almighty that comes in a time of need.

I will never forget, during those first days, how these people came to us. Strangers to me, most of them; casual acquaintances, who barely nodded to me as we passed on the street.

They kept this long vigil with us; they cooked and cleaned and minded the other children; they tended the office and answered the phone; they ran errands at any hour of day or night—these were the same people who were supposedly so clannish and cold.

They called me, wrote me, and came to me—with offers to give their blood, if needed, or even their skin, for my daughter. One man came to my home. I did not know him well; we spoke as we passed each other in town—that was all. But I will always remember the words which he

error, our shortcomings, our failure to have faith?"

spoke to me in my home that afternoon:

"Doug, I'm an old so-and-so, but if your daughter needs any skin for skin grafting, I'd be more than honored to give her some of my hide."

But there was no need. She was gone before they could help.

Were We Blameless?

There was bitterness at first, an emptiness, and the need to run away and hide with our grief. There were so many questions for which we had no answers—because there seemed to be no answers. Why to her? Why to us? Why did God have to take her? Or did He take her? Was it rather our error, our shortcomings, our failure to reach out to Him?

The answers were not easy; the pain did not go lightly or swiftly away. Spring turned to summer, and summer to fall, and the snows came to the December hills. And the questions lingered.

But there was a balm to our pain in the way that these people of the hills flocked to us in our need and our loss, and closed in around us with their concern and their care.

The pastor of our church—the Episcopal church, where our children went to Sunday school—came to see us. We had never really talked together before. We had always been so rushed with so many other things. . . .

But now, at last, we talked, long and hard, in the early winter night; now, finally, we began to explore meanings we had not bothered to examine closely before. What did we believe about the world, about the universe, about God, about our church, about life after death?

Truth, meaning, and understanding sometimes come to us when we least expect them.

For Margie and me and our family, it came on a dark winter night—a Christmas Eve. There was a sense of emptiness about this Christmas; we did not speak of it, but we knew it was there. The sense of loss grew more intense at certain moments. This was one of them.

Our friends had asked us to come to midnight service at the church. It was snowing. There was little wind that night. The snow came down soft and silent. Montpelier goes to bed early, even on Christmas Eve; most of the houses were dark as we drove down the streets on our way to the church service.

But the church was lighted, and the lights gleamed warmly against the fresh-fallen snow. I remember feeling that sudden sense of warmth as we got out of the car and walked up the path. Inside, the organ was playing familiar strains of a Christmas hymn.

I was deeply moved, and knew, without speaking, that Margie was, too. As we took our seats in the pew and bowed our heads for a moment's personal prayer I had the sudden awareness of the people around us.

Were these people strangers? But they had tended my house and my children when Margie and I had been going through our ordeal of agony.

Reserved? Standoffish? But they had come with their gifts of food, their offers of help; they had sat up all hours for us.

Cold? Uncaring? But they had offered their blood, their skins, their "hides," as one man put it, to save our child. . . .

Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me.

The pastor was talking, but the words came to me only in fragments. Then I was standing and singing—as I had sung at other, less meaningful Christmas celebrations earlier in my life—"Silent Night, Holy Night."

Never before did it have meaning like this. Never before had the words so choked up within me as now, when I looked around at these people who sang with me, and realized what they really meant to me.

For these were my brethren who had given me help, and had shown me the example of His way and His meaning in our lives.

God Is Love

We cannot know all things, all reasons, all answers.

But we could know of God's love, even in the midst of despair, even encircled by our own doubts and shortcomings and failures, even as we sought to blame Him for our lack, for our hurry and self-concern that kept us from His protection.

For His love was here, as the pastor had told us, even in the attitudes of these people toward us, even in their concern for us.

And we could also know His truth—that no loss is forever, that love cannot die, that there is the world beyond the world where love finds itself once again.

Our daughter was not lost to us for all eternity. We would see her again, we would hold her in our arms, and talk with her again. . . .

Through these people and their pastor, because of their concern and comfort, out of our long discussions and problems, a new awareness began to come to us, and, with it, our lives took on new meanings, new dimensions.

Out of darkness, out of tragedy, my wife and I and our family found a path that lifted our horizons.

As we walked out of the church, I found myself greeting and shaking hands with a number of people, many of whom I did not know. But they were no longer strangers.

The road and the way has changed since that time. Our church is no longer a place where we spend an occasional moment or two. For Margie, it is a center of activity and concern to which she devotes her energies in order to build and enhance its meaning in our community.

"These Are Our People"

For me, it has become a focal point of my life; in the communion I find in the house of the Lord, there is God's peace and His promise.

Our interests and directions have been recharted. Recently, we have been working with crippled children. And I have been giving employment to the handicapped. There was a time when I would have been too busy and too practical for such things.

As we grow older, the winters in Vermont seem to grow more severe. There have been times when Margie and I talked of moving to a warmer climate, to the South. But each time, we reached the same conclusion: These are our people, this is our home; here in these hills we will rest.

Sometimes, at night, I look up at the stars above our home and I think of these people around us, and what their help has meant to us in giving us new direction.

Clannish and difficult and distant?

For us, they were apostles of the Lord. Their examples, their concern, their selfless acts, their compassion, helped to rekindle into flame the faith that burns within us, comforting and close and sure as the stars above our hills. THE END

How to Be a Happy Failure

An eminent nobody tells you how to develop a foolproof technique for becoming a bungler. His theory: "Man who is all thumbs never has to lift a finger."

TEXT AND DRAWINGS BY FRITZ WILKINSON

We are now living in an age of success—big successes, medium-sized successes, and little successes, but successes nevertheless. It is an age where, to be a success, a person has to do almost everything. The housewife is not just a housewife. She is also a chauffeur, child psychologist, mechanic, efficiency expert, and so forth.

The man of the house also has a multitalent role to play. He must be a money-maker, an executive, a gardener, carpenter, electrician, plumber, auto mechanic, *etc.*, *etc.*, but above all, in our present age, he must be all of these things successfully. Responsibilities for a male multiply like rabbits, nerves wear thin, and tranquilizer sales soar, but man must go on and on and become a bad life-insurance risk.

"Gee, Mabel, you haven't got my jacket pressed so I can go to the football game?"

All of which brings me to my point. I have read countless articles about the perils of our present-day rat race. All of them are written by eminent somebodies. Some of them say *do*, and some of them say *don't*. Some of them say be careful, and some of them say live it up. Whatever they say, it is all said by world-famous somebodies.

They are all completely qualified, and all of them have polled and probed, and have all the facts and figures. For some reason, some of them say white is black, and others say black is white, and I am confused by it all.

I am an eminent nobody with neither probe nor polls, nor fact nor figure, but I know the answer. Everybody is trying too hard to be a success. The answer lies in being a failure.

Uncle Fletcher Started It

The inspiration for this whole thing should be laid at my Uncle Fletcher's door. I believe in giving credit where credit is due, not that he ever did anything to deserve it. As a matter of fact, my Uncle Fletcher never did *anything*, that's just the point, and a happier man than him I have yet to see. It was his doing nothing that made this whole idea of mine jell.

I was going along as usual one day, in my own miserable way, when my wife let drop a snide remark that really made my inner ears perk up. She said something about not knowing where I got my sour disposition from. (At the time, I was fixing the washing machine for the fifth time that week, and my wife didn't know what was the matter with it. She had only loaded it with six blankets, and Mrs. Crumbert down the street could wash six blankets with *hers*.)

She proceeded to say that I certainly couldn't have inherited my sour disposition, why just look at my Uncle Fletcher.

He, she continued, was the sweetest, best-natured man she had ever met, and my Aunt Harriet was a very lucky woman to have such a man for her husband. My wife continued, for some time, to point out how cheerful and happy Uncle Fletcher was and, in comparison, what a glum, dull clod I was.

This got me to thinking—that is, after I finished thinking about how to adjust the timer on our washing machine.

He Couldn't Boil Water, But . . .

I kept on thinking and thinking, and after quite a while, it dawned on me what my Uncle Fletcher had that I didn't have, and how I could get it. I remembered that whenever anybody in the family referred to Fletcher, they usually wound up by saying: "Why he can't even boil a pot of water."

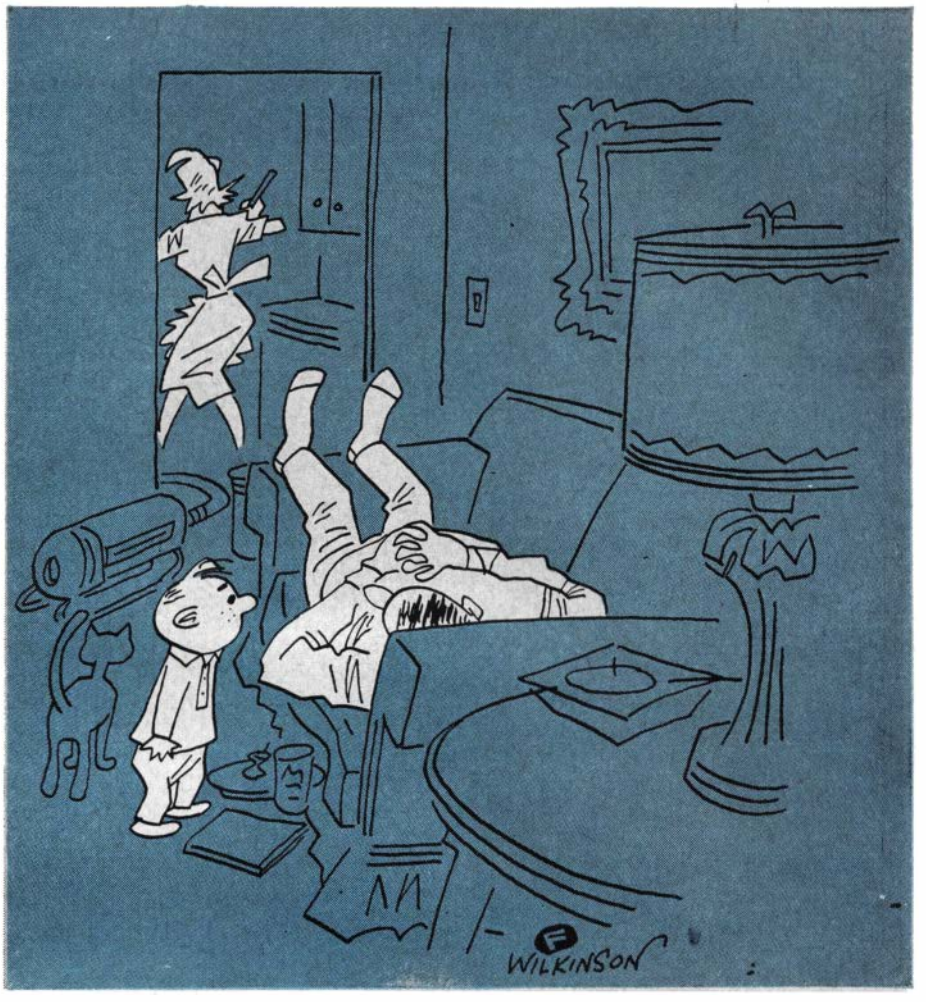
So, like it took an apple dropping on the head of Sir Isaac Newton to get him to write the law of gravity, it was the same way with me. That little remark was the key to everything. It explained why Uncle Fletcher was the way he was, and why I, and millions of men like me, are the way we are, and what we could do about it.

Uncle Fletcher couldn't even boil water! There were also a lot of other things he couldn't do. To keep the list on the short side, he couldn't even get ahead in business—he has the same job he had twenty years ago. He couldn't mow a lawn—the one and only time he did it, he mowed down all of my aunt's border flowers. He couldn't change a fuse—the one and only time he did it, the lights were out in the house for a week. As for doing dishes—the first time he did them, he broke almost all of Aunt Harriet's best tea service. I could go on and on with my Uncle Fletcher's list of non-accomplishments, but nothing much would be gained.

I made a long list in my research on my uncle. I noticed that as I wrote down his nonachievements, I kept putting in, "The one and only time he did it . . ." It was this little phrase that made me certain that I had latched onto something really big! It was frightening. I knew how Edison must have felt when he saw the unbroken glow from the first incandescent lamp. This was it! Now I not only knew what Uncle Fletcher had that I didn't have, but I also knew how I, too, could get it.

I am now as smiling and cheerful as my uncle, and you can be, too! My wife doesn't look quite as dour and glum as Aunt Harriet, but I imagine that will come in time, when she is fully adjusted to the new situation.

If this isn't too heady for you, read on, and you, too, can be as happy as I am! The beauty of it is, it doesn't take any work at all. Just don't try, and you can become a complete, utter, happy failure in everything you do!



"I can't stand seeing your mother work so hard. Please close the door."

MY THEORY (in a nutshell): If anything has to be done, don't do it well. Or, $\frac{E^2 + CS}{NCD} = H$ (E—energy; CS—common sense; NCD—no can do; H—happiness).

Always remember that the world is filled with eager beavers searching for superiority by doing things better than you, and they're ready and willing to do them *for* you. Confucius say: "Man who is all thumbs never has to lift a finger."

Now the successful approaches to failure which I am giving here are all substantiated case histories (mine); I am now even more unqualified to boil water than my Uncle Fletcher. I've won friends and influenced people by being capable of doing absolutely nothing. Everybody wants to help me, and nobody is breathing down my neck while gunning for my job. I've weathered three reorganizations at the office. The plum jobs have all been grabbed off and are still being fought for, but mine (like my uncle's) is one that nobody wants, and I still have it!

The following examples have all been tested, and will work. There are suggested techniques involved with various situations, and several approaches to the same problem. Of course, these are merely suggestions, and you are invited to develop your own personal technique.

To apply my theory around the office, an attitude of helplessness and willingness is a prime requisite. Helplessness is like catnip to your fellow workers. Most of them are eager to get an opportunity to show how much better than you they are at almost anything. The idea, of course, is to make the most of this. You must appear willing, and you'll find the combination of the two is irresistible.

Tongue Quicker Than the Hand

When you're approached to donate to an office collection, always appear generous. A good method is to fish through your pockets very slowly, muttering: "I know I have it here someplace." Then you finally come up with a carefully folded five dollar bill. (Make it a five, because you never know when the collection might be for you, and this tags you as being big-hearted and generous.)

Holding on to the bill very carefully, but at the same time offering it, you continue with: "I guess there's nothing lost by putting Mazie's operation off for another week." This will bring tears to all eyes, and will get you out of the collection, and maybe even get a collection taken up for you.

(continued)

How to Be a Happy Failure (continued)

"Joe, how can I get a sacroiliac like yours?"

When the boss drops a load of work on your desk, stuff that has to be out before quitting time or else, take it in your stride. One way to handle this is to just stare at it for a while, sigh, and then say (just loudly enough for everybody to hear), "It's a shame the whole office will have to suffer just because I can't get this out on time."

This little gambit will have the whole force rallying around you. The work will be done, and, what's more important, you won't have done it!

Don't Take a Coffee Break

It is more or less understood that a certain amount of work has to be done in order to hold a job. The main idea is to keep this to a minimum and still get paid. One sure-fire way to keep in the good graces of the boss is to always look busy. Most of these methods are known to everybody, so I won't go into them here. There is one item that most workers overlook, and that is the coffee break.

Everybody takes a coffee break. This little recess has now become a fixed part of the American working day. With my theory, you *don't* take a coffee break. This is the time for you to say you're too busy, and do your work for the day. With nobody else working, you'll be noticed by the boss, and catalogued as a hard worker with the interests of the company at heart. The fact that you don't do anything for the rest of the day will never be noticed. From then on, all the extra work will go to those who have nothing else to do except drink coffee.

"Let me help you with that."—This is a perfect way to establish willingness, and the fact that you're a good guy and will go out of the way to do somebody a favor. Once you establish this, everybody will try to help you, too, and this is what you're after. Just remember, when this initial offer is made, whatever you do, *don't do it well*! If you do, it will kill everything. Once you've bungled your first good-Samaritan act, you're a success. Your next offer of help will be politely refused, but you'll be labeled as a good guy, and you will find yourself getting plenty of offers of reciprocal assistance.

A loan until payday is an easy situation to handle. The best way is to counter with: "I was just going to ask you the same thing." With this maneuver, you haven't refused, and at the same time you have stuck to your "no can do" principles. The main idea is not to do something, but to do nothing.

This should give you a rough idea of how to handle things around the office.

The home is a very fertile territory for my theory, and can be gotten into the operation with little or no effort. I'm going to list a few cases to warm you up into the right way of thinking. Establishing yourself as a well-meaning bungler is half the battle, the other half will take care of itself.

"Let me do that, it's a man's job," or, "I'd like to give you a hand with that but . . ." are both good openers, and you'll only have to use them once for each chore you're bent on ridding yourself of.

Remember: Dishes Are Fragile

With doing the dishes, it was easy, because I had Uncle Fletcher's path to follow. Breaking a few of the best ones on the first try is fairly obvious, but it works. A more subtle approach is to do a poor washing job—bits of egg between the tines of the forks is good. Poor rinsing—so that the next time around everything tastes of soap—is also sure-fire. Dizzy spells, detergent allergies, and mass breakage should only be used as a last resort, and are a little too heavy-handed for my personal taste. Don't overdo it. Remember, there's an easy way out, and it's up to you to find it.

In some cases, pantomime is all that is necessary to spark things. I once walked down my driveway armed only with a hammer and saw, and within minutes three different neighbors were telling me that what I was going to do was going to be done wrong, and that they (the three neighbors) would be glad to do it right for me. (I was intending to put up a bird house, and wound up with a fully finished dormer on my house—wiring and plumbing included.) This type of thing was a bonanza that you don't run into every day, but it can happen.

There isn't a man, woman, or child in our neighborhood who doesn't know more about how to do anything than I do, but who's lying in the hammock while his lawn's being mowed, his trees pruned, his house painted, and his flower beds weeded? I'll give you one guess—and it isn't one of my neighbors.

On the care of a lawn, my uncle's method of cutting a swath through the flowers the first time out was good enough for me, and I haven't had to mow the lawn since. Wrecking the mower on a

large rock, leaving it out in the rain are good, although I have never personally tried them. A lot of these methods have to be tailored to fit your own family, so think things over carefully before you make your first bungle.

Here are a few itemized suggestions I have laboratory tested and found to be successful:

Replacing a fuse—Try a loud yell from the cellar, followed by plunging the house into darkness.

Putting up storm windows—A simulated dizzy spell at the top of the ladder will usually turn the trick. Delayed action is also worth a try, by reporting fictitious weather predictions of approaching heat waves.

Doing the family shopping—Inability to read any and all shopping lists, or loss thereof, is pretty sure-fire. Chronic substitution is also good, such as peas for corn, prune juice for lemonade, tripe for round steak, *etc.*

Fixing the plumbing—Tracking muddy footprints through the entire house is a good start, plus using bath towels for rags, *etc.* Another good method is to turn a dripping faucet into a diversionary deluge. As a last resort, try to borrow a neighbor's tools. He'll gladly do the job for you . . . unless he's read this, too.

Doing your own cooking while the wife's away—Do a dry run just before your wife leaves, and remark how everything wouldn't have been raw if you had remembered to light the gas after you'd turned it on (recommended 100 per cent).

Moving the furniture—Be willing, but have your own ideas about where the furniture should be moved, and stubbornly stick to them (the next time, the little woman will do it while you're out).

Toward 100% Effectiveness

General fixing—Go at things eagerly, but use the best silver for tools. Knives for screwdrivers, forks for pries, and spoons for glue, *etc.* (Also, try to lose a vital part of whatever you're working on. Eighty-five per cent effective.)

"As long as you're going downtown, will you pick up . . .?" This one's a toughie, and the only thing I could come up with to handle it was chronic absent-mindedness. Now all I hear is, "Don't ask your father, he can never remember a thing." (It works.)

Committee work—When my wife approaches me to help on some committee or another, and I want out, I always eagerly respond with: "I've been hoping you'd ask me; there are a lot of mighty attractive women in that group!" (One hundred per cent, needless to say.)

"Keeping up with the Joneses"—This has many facets to cope with, and so far I have been able to meet them all successfully. After I was asked, "Why can't you be nice and neat like the men in our neighborhood?" I went to work on them individually, and asked them why they didn't dress more comfortably, like I did. The result: they now look like bigger slobs than I do.

To keep up with your neighbors, the idea is to let them do it for you. My car is the shiniest one on the block thanks to my neighbors wanting to sell me on their particular brand of car wax. I had the same experience with snow removal—my friends are proud of their power equipment, and do my sidewalk to prove it. I was the only house owner with a driveway that was shoveled four times in one week. My house is freshly painted. Does it matter that it was done with seven different brands of paint?

This should give you a good background on how to be a successful failure. From here on, it's up to you. If there's anything you'd like to ask me, just look me up. I'll be that happy-looking guy lying in the hammock, and my house is easy to spot because it's always humming like a beehive. There's lots and lots of work going on all the time, but I'll tell you a secret: it isn't being done by you know whom. THE END

How Much Richer Will You Be Ten Years From Now?

BY HARRISON SMITH

Each evening after the children are in bed, Jane and Howard Brandon, as we shall call them, spend an hour or more talking about the future. A whole avalanche of problems seems to have descended upon them recently, problems they never really thought about before. For example, are they saving enough to afford college for twelve-year-old Susie and ten-year-old Steve, not to mention Child No. 3, who will put in an appearance in April? Should they buy the new house which, with their expanding family, they will soon need? Even more pressing, should they pull up stakes and move to a town where Brandon has been offered a new job—one that may have better prospects for advancement?

Despite hours of discussion, the Brandons have not yet settled any of these questions. Why? Because the answers require an accurate estimate of their present financial outlook. They need, at least in general terms, to predict their own economic future. Can it be done? To the Brandons, it seems impossible.

Future Is a Mystery

The meager information they now possess is of no help. They know what they paid for their two-bedroom house, ten years ago. But what will it be worth in another ten years? They know how much money is in their savings account. But what will inflation do to its purchasing power? They know that Howard Brandon's job as researcher for a drug company pays $9,000 a year. But what will he be earning in 1970? They have no idea. Aside from a few facts about the firm's pension plan and Social Security benefits, the future seems uncertain.

People like the Brandons are a source of amazement to financial experts. For, as these specialists know, the future *can* be predicted—and it doesn't take a crystal ball. What it *does* take is some basic information about the place you live, the job you hold, the company you work for—plus an honest, no-illusions assessment of your own aims and potential.

The city you live in is perhaps the best place to begin. Pause a moment and ask yourself what *its* future will be. Your own future will almost certainly be affected by the answer. In the decade ahead, the American economy is expected to grow as never before in history. But that growth will not be uniform. There will be boom towns—and new ghost towns, too. Which town you live in will have an important bearing on what you earn.

Howard Brandon and his family will be less affected by the future of their town than most. The company he works for sells drugs all over the United States, so his income will not be altered by local business conditions. Even so, he will feel the impact of the community's prosperity—or lack of it—in a great many ways. For example, in the new home he and Jane are thinking of buying. If the town booms, they will be able to sell that home, several years hence, at a good profit. If business becomes depressed, they may not be able to sell at all—or if they do, at a crippling financial loss.

How do you predict a city's future? For an authoritative answer, COSMOPOLITAN consulted Robert A. Futterman, one of the ace forecasters in this field. (Futterman's own career is an impressive example of his forecasting skill. He started in 1955 with an initial real estate investment of only $12,000. Today—at only thirty-two—he is president of, and a major stockholder in, the Robert A. Futterman Corporation, which owns, manages, and has under construction urban rental properties worth $70,000,000.)

How has Futterman done it? Largely by means of his uncanny talent for picking which cities will boom and which will not. "Talent" is perhaps the wrong word, for there's nothing intuitional about the way Futterman does his picking. He has given every sizable city in the United States an all-out depth analysis, starting with its history ("Every city has a reason for having been built at that exact spot. How valid is that reason today?") and progressing to such points as population growth, city planning, railroad connections—even the trend of incoming and outgoing airline passengers.

Boom Towns of the Decade

Which will be the boom towns of the next ten years? Futterman rates them in two categories, which we will call A-cities and B-cities. The A-cities (those with the greatest growth potential) are: Atlanta, Georgia; Norfolk, Virginia; Kansas City, Missouri; New York City; San Francisco, California; Washington, D.C.; Dallas, Texas; New Orleans and Baton Rouge, Louisiana ("The City, as such, is a meaningless, artificial concept. What counts is the 'regional economic sphere of influence.' Although ninety miles apart, New Orleans and Baton Rouge are in the same sphere, with a major waterway and several expressways connecting, and an industrial boom covering both cities and the area between—mainly in the petro-chemical industry."); and Houston, Texas. ("Houston has just settled the question of its downtown. It is now building the single biggest commercial development ever undertaken, and this will join together what formerly were two widely separated 'downtown' cores.")

The B-cities (slightly less promising, but clearly marked for prosperity) are: Chicago, Illinois; Los Angeles, California; Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota; San Antonio, Texas; and possibly Columbus, Ohio.

If you live in either an A-city or a B-city, business should be good in the

If you know which cities will boom, which jobs will be in demand, you can put yourself on Easy Street by 1970, maybe wind up a millionaire. Here's expert advice on how to forecast your future —and what you can do to make it brighter.

decade ahead. If not, you'd better try to find out exactly what the future does hold for your town. As Robert Futterman points out, "In some towns the outlook is not good at all."

The city in which Howard and Jane Brandon live is not on either the A or B list. In fact, business there is already poor—as they are well aware—and promises to become worse. Howard Brandon's job will not be affected by this; but if they decide to remain where they are and buy a bigger house (because of the current slump, they can purchase one at what appears to be a bargain price), they must face the fact that, as an investment, it is likely to turn out badly.

On the other hand, if they elect to move, there will be the problem of breaking present emotional ties and making new friends. Futterman, however, does not feel many families will be deterred by this. "We Americans," he says, "are a mobile people. We like to move around. Your readers are already conditioned to the idea of moving. They just want to know where."

Statistics seem to bear this out. According to a U. S. Department of Labor publication, eleven million Americans, or about 7 per cent of the total population, moved to a different county or state between March, 1957 and March, 1958. The publication adds, "Nearly all such shifts involve a change in jobs and many represent *a shift to another occupation.*"

This brings us to the second factor to consider in evaluating your financial prospects for the decade ahead: your job or profession. Each line of work has its own outlook for the future, some of them excellent, some not so good.

Many fields that have soaked up excess labor in the past will be less effective for this purpose in the years to come. The National Industrial Conference Board predicts that, by 1970, the number of openings for unskilled workers will show little change, and that farm employment will actually decline by 12 per cent. (People have already been leaving the farm at the rate of three hundred thousand a year in the last ten years.)

Fascinating New Fields

Yet there are plenty of jobs ahead—thirteen million new ones, according to an estimate by the National Planning Association. Where will they be? Largely in professional, technical, and managerial work. These are the growing fields, the ones that will employ many more people in the future than they do today.

Some of the most exciting new jobs will be in areas which, today, are practically unknown—fields like radio-astronomy, which takes much of the guesswork out of the study of stars; radio-meteorology, which promises more effective weather prediction; ultrasonics, the use of high-frequency sound vibrations for both industrial and medical purposes; thermoelectric materials, which can produce electricity when heated, and which will have many valuable uses.

A particularly promising field for women college graduates will be jobs as "programmers" or "systems personnel" with firms using big new computers. Many computers are general purpose machines. Hence, it is necessary to have people devise "systems" for them—that is, they "give instructions" to the computer, preparing it to do a specific job. By 1970, the computer field is expected to need more than 250,000 technicians. Thousands of these will be programmers.

As for better-known occupations, the Department of Labor's Occupational Outlook Handbook, which covers six hundred different kinds of jobs, predicts an increasing need for high school and college teachers, doctors, dentists, nurses, therapists, social scientists, clerical workers, technologists, engineers, physicists, mathematicians, mechanics of all kinds, tool and die makers, skilled building-trades workers, and architects. But the outlook is less promising for lawyers, miners, personnel workers, farmers, railroad employees, and unskilled labor.

As these predictions indicate, the man with specialized training can pretty well write his own ticket in the future. And people who want to be earning maximum pay by 1970 would do well to consider taking such training right now. Take the case of a young first-grade teacher who recently quit her job and returned to college to work on her doctorate. "It will just about use up all my savings," she admits, "but I'm sure it will pay off in the long run." And it will. As this young woman knows, the demand for elementary school teachers will level off during the sixties. But the need for high school and college teachers will remain high, and with her doctorate in hand, she'll be able to take her pick of future jobs.

By the same token, oilmen will have more job opportunities if they hold degrees in geology. And today's young newspaper reporter, who considers himself lucky to make one hundred dollars a week, can easily earn $12,000 a year, if he learns enough about electronics to write training manuals.

The millions of Americans who, like Howard Brandon, are employed by a large corporation, have still a third factor to consider in estimating their futures. They must assess the futures of their companies. If they are not actively seeking new products, new markets, then they are probably bad places in which to work. For today's corporation, like the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, has to keep running as fast as it can, merely to stay in the same place. As the Research Institute of America points out, if our economy expands by the anticipated 50

(continued)

per cent, your company, by 1970, will have to be one and a half times bigger than it is now, just to hold its own. Will it be? If not, you'd better start looking for another job.

From the growth standpoint, Howard Brandon's company looks especially good. For years, its production was limited to a few nationally used drug products. But recently, a revolutionary policy was adopted. The search for new and better drugs was stepped up drastically (Brandon, as a researcher, is in an excellent position to evaluate this phase of the firm's activities), and it was decided to market these drugs not just in the States, but throughout the world. So far, most of the expansion is still in the planning stage. But the company's future looks more promising than most—as evidenced by steadily rising prices for its shares on the New York Stock Exchange.

Evaluating the Prospects

The Brandons, then, are faced with the prospect of a good job with a growing company, but in a poor town. It's by no means a bad outlook. But the same setup in a thriving town would be a lot better. The purchasing power of the dollar is expected to decline 15 per cent in the next decade. Hence, by 1970, Brandon would need to earn $10,350 a year to have the same purchasing power he now has with $9,000. Actually, he'll probably be earning around $15,000, so the Brandons *will be* richer ten years from today. They'll have around $4,000 in additional purchasing power. But some of this gain will be offset by their loss on the new home they will have to buy.

Of course, if they intend to be *really* rich—in the millionaire sense—then Brandon probably shouldn't be working for a company at all. Not unless he happens to own part of it. For today, it is almost impossible to make a million without being in business for yourself. Even a $100,000-a-year executive hasn't a great deal left over, after paying his income tax. And, under their present setup, the Brandons, unless they strike gold in their back yard, haven't even an outside chance for the big money.

The truth is, today's fortunes are almost all being made in one of two ways: either through depletion allowances or capital gains. The depletion allowance is a special tax advantage granted to people who extract resources like oil, gas, gravel, or uranium from the earth. A Texas oilman, for example, can pocket a full 27½ per cent of his profits before he even begins to figure his income tax. That's why so many of the new millionaires are oilmen.

But while a depletion allowance is good, a capital gain can be even better. Such a gain is made by holding a property at least six months, then selling it for more than you paid. No matter how big your profit may be, the government lets you keep a full 75 per cent. And it makes no difference what sort of property is involved—stocks, bonds, real estate, or an entire business.

At a glance, the depletion allowance and capital gains tax seem to offer an unfair advantage to certain people. But there is a good reason behind these laws. If a nation's economy is to grow, there must be people who are willing to drill for oil, to prospect for uranium, to start new enterprises. Since these things are risky gambles, few individuals would try them without extra incentives of some sort. The tax advantage provides that incentive. Moreover, it makes wealth a not-to-be-discounted possibility for us all.

The vast rewards that can come from going into business for yourself can be seen in the case of Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball. For years, they were big wage earners in the entertainment world. But they didn't get really rich until they formed Desilu, and started making their own TV films. Then, in a few hectic seasons, they piled up a fortune estimated at more than ten million dollars. They could never have made this kind of money working merely for wages.

Entertainers are not the only people who can command wages-plus-capital-gains for their talents. Corporation executives often do the same, via a stock-option plan. Under this setup, a highly valued executive is given an option to buy stock in the company he works for, at some future date—*but at today's prices.* Therefore, if the shares rise in value, he can exercise his option, sell out, and make a killing. Take the case of George M. Bunker, head of the Glenn L. Martin aeronautics firm. He was called in to save the company at a time when it was losing a million dollars a year. As an inducement for taking the job, he was given a juicy stock option. Martin stock was optioned to him at its then price of eight dollars a share. Later, the stock skyrocketed to forty dollars a share. He could then invoke his option, buy shares that were selling at forty dollars per share for only eight dollars—for a capital gain of $2,500,000.

The Man in the Middle

What do stories like this mean to couples such as the Brandons? Very little. Howard Brandon's executive talents are unproven. Nobody is going to offer him a stock option to take over a foundering corporation. He doesn't know the first thing about drilling for oil. And he's never acted, except in a high school play. Clearly, if he gets really rich, he will have to do it on his own—which means starting his own business, and building it up for a capital gain to be taken in the future by selling part or all of the business.

Striking out for yourself, of course, is a big gamble. Hundreds of new businesses go broke every year. Yet it is also true that the very people who value security most—who cling fearfully to their financial bird-in-the-hand—are the very ones who will never know the ultimate security of a million-dollar bank account. Practically all self-made men are gamblers—good gamblers, wise ones—men who are willing to stake their all on a new venture in which they have faith.

Gambling on a Shoe String

In retrospect, these gambles may not appear great. But at the time they were made, they may have seemed monumental. That first $12,000 that city forecaster Robert Futterman sank into an office building looks like small change compared with the millions he's worth today. But at the time—he was only twenty-seven, and had saved the money out of earnings—it looked like a lot of apples. Betting it all on a single investment, even one he believed in deeply, took nerve.

A fortune, of course, can be built on a lot less than $12,000. People are doing it every few years. For example:

—Nine years ago, consulting engineer Hans Fischer founded H. Fischer & Associates, Incorporated. The firm's function: just about any sort of industrial planning job, from designing gasoline pumps to laying out a lobster-packing plant. Fischer's initial investment was $4,000. Today, at the age of forty-two, he's worth $1,200,000.

—William Black invested only $250 in his first store, located under a stairway in a Manhattan subway station. Today, as head of the Chock Full O' Nuts snack-bar chain and coffee company, he's worth millions—so many millions that, this year, he personally gave Columbia University $5,300,000 worth of Chock Full O' Nuts stock. It was the largest gift the university had ever received from a living person in its entire history.

—Twelve years ago, Leon Jolson arrived in the United States, a homeless refugee from Warsaw, with only eight dollars in his pocket. He opened a small sewing-machine repair shop in the Bronx. A short time later, he took a chance and imported the first four Necchi sewing machines into this country. He believed the machine's unique ability to do fancy sewing would make it a sure-fire seller in America. When the machines arrived, Jolson and his wife worked till midnight every night for two months, in their one-room apartment, stitching samples of the Necchi's work. They mailed the samples to dealers. The following Monday, a minor miracle occurred. Dealers appeared in droves and, that very day, Jolson took orders for three thousand machines. Since then, he has established thousands of new dealerships, and also a

business worth more than $50,000,000.

Perhaps the most amazing story of all is that of thirty-three-year-old Leon C. Hirsch. Three years ago, he founded Tenax, Incorporated, a company that deals in home freezers, refrigerators, and foods to stock them. His starting capital: $4.000. His only employee in the beginning: his wife. His first office: a room in their home. A year later, he needed more capital to expand. He negotiated by telephone for a $250,000 loan. However, when he appeared in person to make the final arrangements, the bank president looked him over, noted his youthful appearance, and inquired politely, "When will your father be down to sign the papers?" But Hirsch explained—and got his loan. Today he's worth $1,600,000.

Should Howard Brandon emulate men like Hirsch and go into business for himself? As a trained researcher in a growing field, he's certainly in a good position to. For the scientist-turned-entrepreneur is among the newest and hottest entries in the big-money sweepstakes. *Fortune* magazine, which calls them "egghead millionaires," recently spotlighted a whole collection of such men. They're practically all under forty. Initially, most of them planned to become teachers or researchers. Instead, they're in business for themselves—in growth industries like automation and electronics—making more money than they ever dreamed of. The following are good examples.

"Egghead Millionaires"

James J. Ling, thirty-seven, president of Ling-Temco Electronics, Incorporated, which he founded with $6,000 after the war. His net worth today: $10,000,000.

Vessarios Chigas, thirty-eight, principal founder of Microwave Associates. Net worth: $1,000,000.

Lloyd Andrew Addleman, thirty-three, a principal stockholder in Melabs Corporation. Net worth: $1,000,000.

Frank Jameson, thirty-five, former president of Pacific Automation Products, who boasts, "If you dropped me off naked in Miami, I'd have a million in a year and a half." In 1958, he sold half of his interest in Pacific Automation, collected $1,770.000.

Men like these are making their inventiveness and talent pay off to its full million-dollar value. The wisdom of their decisions to strike out on their own can scarcely be questioned. Yet to many couples, like Jane and Howard Brandon, this particular road to riches seems too risky to contemplate. They realize they might fail, that the odds for business success are probably against them. Isn't there, they ask themselves, any other way?

In rare instances, there is. The career of Charles B. Darrow is one of those wonderful exceptions that proves the rule. Darrow didn't have to build a corporation to get rich. For him, imagination alone was enough. A onetime heating salesman, he was among the millions who found themselves out of a job during the depression of the thirties.

Serating

REAL ESTATE MAN Robert Futterman (left) made a fortune in five years by predicting which cities would grow, investing in property there. Above, he discusses newest project, Golden Triangle Center in Norfolk, with C. DeWitt Coffman, vice-president of the Futterman Corporation.

But if he had no money, he could at least enjoy *pretending* he did. So, purely to amuse himself and his wife, Darrow invented a parlor game in which each player could handle large amounts of fake "money," own real estate, collect rents, and otherwise wheel and deal like a millionaire. The game—Monopoly, of course—was an immediate hit with their friends who, after a hard day's work at a low-paying job, enjoyed sitting down and being tycoons for an evening.

Darrow soon began making sets of Monopoly himself, and selling them. But he didn't really want to be a game manufacturer, so he sold it to Parker Brothers. He hasn't gone looking for a job since. He hasn't needed to. As of this year, twenty-five million copies of the game have been sold. Darrow's share: roughly $1,000,000.

Riches, it is true, are a relative thing. And most Americans, no doubt, would willingly endorse the office slogan that says, "I don't want to be a millionaire, I just want to live like one."

They will be very close to realizing that dream in the years just ahead. Virtually every financial expert in the country paints a glowing, bountiful portrait of America-in-the-sixties. There may be a mild recession or two, they admit, but the over-all trend will be steadily upward. Some predictions are:

A shorter work week (although still not as short as four days).

Higher pay for everyone. (The $1.25 minimum wage will be only the start.)

Easy-to-find jobs. (Population growth demands more goods, and will keep our work force employed as never before.)

More real income for extras, like second cars, travel, club memberships.

New and better products to give you more for your money—like mural TV, washing machines that clean ultrasonically, passage to Europe at fifty dollars.

Not Fate, But Foresight

Wherever you live, whatever you do, you can hardly fail to share in the fruits of this general prosperity. Some people, however, will get a much bigger share than others. Those who continue to live in a depressed community, who remain in less-needed lines of work, who refuse to take extra training as the need arises, will better their lot least. Those who change their work and place of residence to suit the demands of the times can count on many new comforts, without having to risk their financial security. And finally, a few successful chance-takers, with the nerve and wisdom to tackle a "businessman's gamble" will become full-fledged millionaires. Which will you be? Now is the time to decide. For in the last analysis, the future, as it has always been, is up to you. THE END

Shopping Trip Around The World

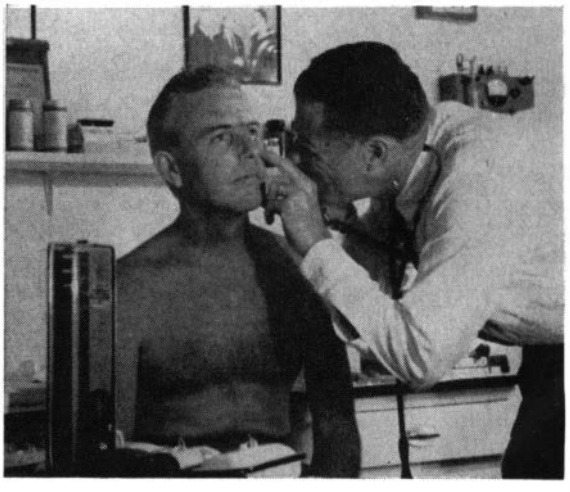
PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY MAXWELL COPLAN

TEXT BY STEPHAN WILKINSON

Once every three weeks, this man packs a small bag, kisses his wife good-by, and leaves his Bermuda home for a quick trip around the world. He is Gordon Wood, forty-five, the pilot of a Pan American Airlines Boeing 707 jet that city-hops 22,000 miles, circling the globe in less than two days. Six times each week, these planes leave New York and head east to Europe, then the Middle East, the Orient, and across the Pacific to California. At San Francisco, they are met by other PAA jets that fly over the Arctic and Greenland, back to London—all in forty-two hours and twenty minutes flying time. Wood is often able to pause at stops along his route and sample the life and wares of each country. The jet he arrives in goes on with another pilot, while he waits to take the next, incoming, 'round-the-world flight. Come along with Gordon Wood, and see what his job is like; the fare would be about $1,650, but, by the way of COSMOPOLITAN's camera, you can go as a guest.

NEW YORK

Gordon Wood sits in "office"—cockpit of a 575-miles-an-hour Boeing 707 jet (above). Stewardess Tellervo Noire stands by, as passengers come aboard at Pan Am's Idlewild terminal. Each plane loaded at circular, glass-walled building is nosed in under huge, umbrellalike roof. Short ramp leads passengers past flight deck—where Captain Wood waits to greet them—to plane's entrance door. Below, Wood's first stop before boarding his plane: the office of Dr. James Crane, who gives each Pan American Airlines pilot a top-to-toe physical checkup once every six months. In case of sudden illness, there is always a stand-by crew on hand for substitutions.



LONDON *Huntsman, one of Savile Row's top tailors, has been clothing England's royalty—fact attested to by array of gilded shields on window (above)—for over a century. Wood joins impressive list of customers as he chooses fabric for $105.00 jacket. (For suits, prices start at $145.00).*

PARIS *A brave man who buys clothes for his wife, Wood considers dress at Dior's Paris store. After making decision, he spent several pleasant hours at Maxim's—the world-famous restaurant that services cuisine served aboard all PAA planes—tasting new dishes being considered for in-flight use.*

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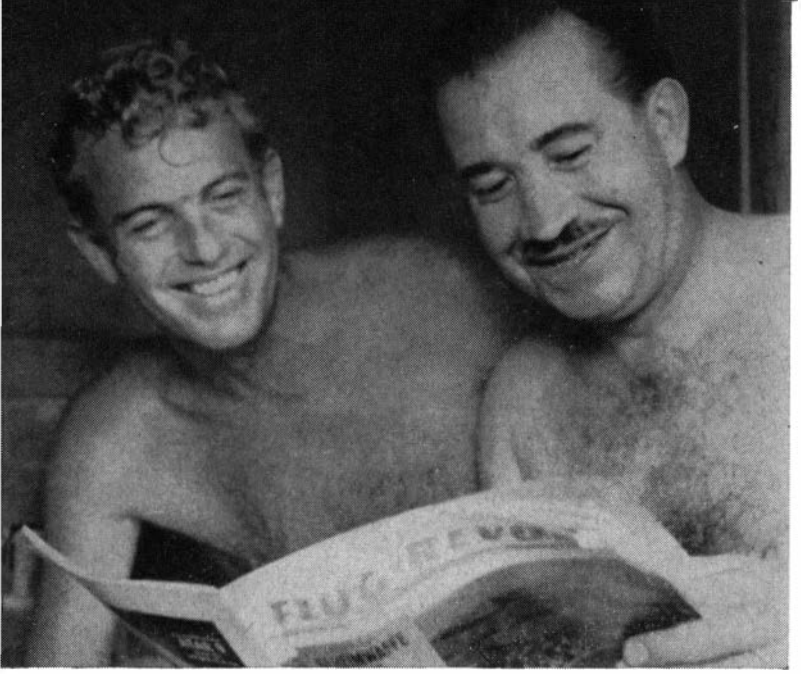


Shopping Trip (cont.)

"There's nothing special about flying around the world," says Wood. "It's routine—that's the fascinating thing about it."

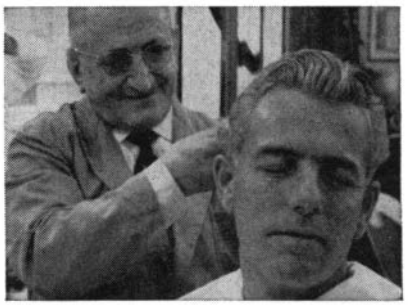
FRANKFURT

Wood travels quick ninety miles by Autobahn *from Frankfurt to Bonn to visit his old friend Adolf Galland, once a German* Luftwaffe *General and a pilot of world's first jet fighter planes. Above, the two flyers lounge in a Turkish bath and read German magazine article about Captain Wood, who became well-known in aviation circles when he gave up ten years of top-level executive work with airlines in Brazil and Thailand in order to fly PAA's newest jets. In 1947, Wood piloted the first commercial around-the-world flight.*

GENEVA

On the balcony of hotel overlooking Lake Geneva, Wood lunches with his Swiss-schooled children—Marjorie, waiting to enter Oxford or the Sorbonne, and Donald, who is in last year at Le Rosey. Neither has ever attended U.S. schools—they have lived in South America, the Orient, now Bermuda. Wood sees them as often as possible; whenever Flight #2 touches down at a European city, he makes day-long trip to Geneva for visit. Donald, seventeen, and Marjorie, eighteen, find it easy to get back home for vacations; PAA families travel at discounts.

ROME *Part of Italy's busy movie colony takes time out from filming to lunch at studio commissary with Capt. Wood. The casts of two different movies being made at Cinecitta include American movie stars Robert Alda, Tina Louise, and Akim Tamiroff. At right, the Captain catches a needed, quick rest in a barber's chair; every time Wood's plane stops at Rome, he has his hair trimmed in same shop. Since Wood speaks no Italian, the barber doesn't realize that one of his steadiest customers lives 5,500 miles away.*



BEIRUT *At International Airport (already world's fifth busiest), Wood pauses with one of his passengers, a Pakistani girl flying to Karachi, before driving into Beirut. The city, Lebanon's capital, has now become booming Middle East oasis of luxury hotels, oil-rich millionaires, Rivieralike gambling palaces and night clubs, and stores selling bargain wares of all the world's countries—with the advantage of Mediterranean beaches at its doorstep, Europe four hours away by jet.*

TEHERAN *Jet transport offers Iran's capital—still in the Age of the Camel—its only dependable means of travel, yet Teheran is cosmopolitan crossroad between Europe and Asia. Ever-increasing numbers of travelers are buying brassware, silver jewelry, carpets, and pottery for which the Persians are famous. Captain Wood does his shopping at the airport (below), in a store that protects its customers from the dubious bargains of the city's centuries-old bazaars.*

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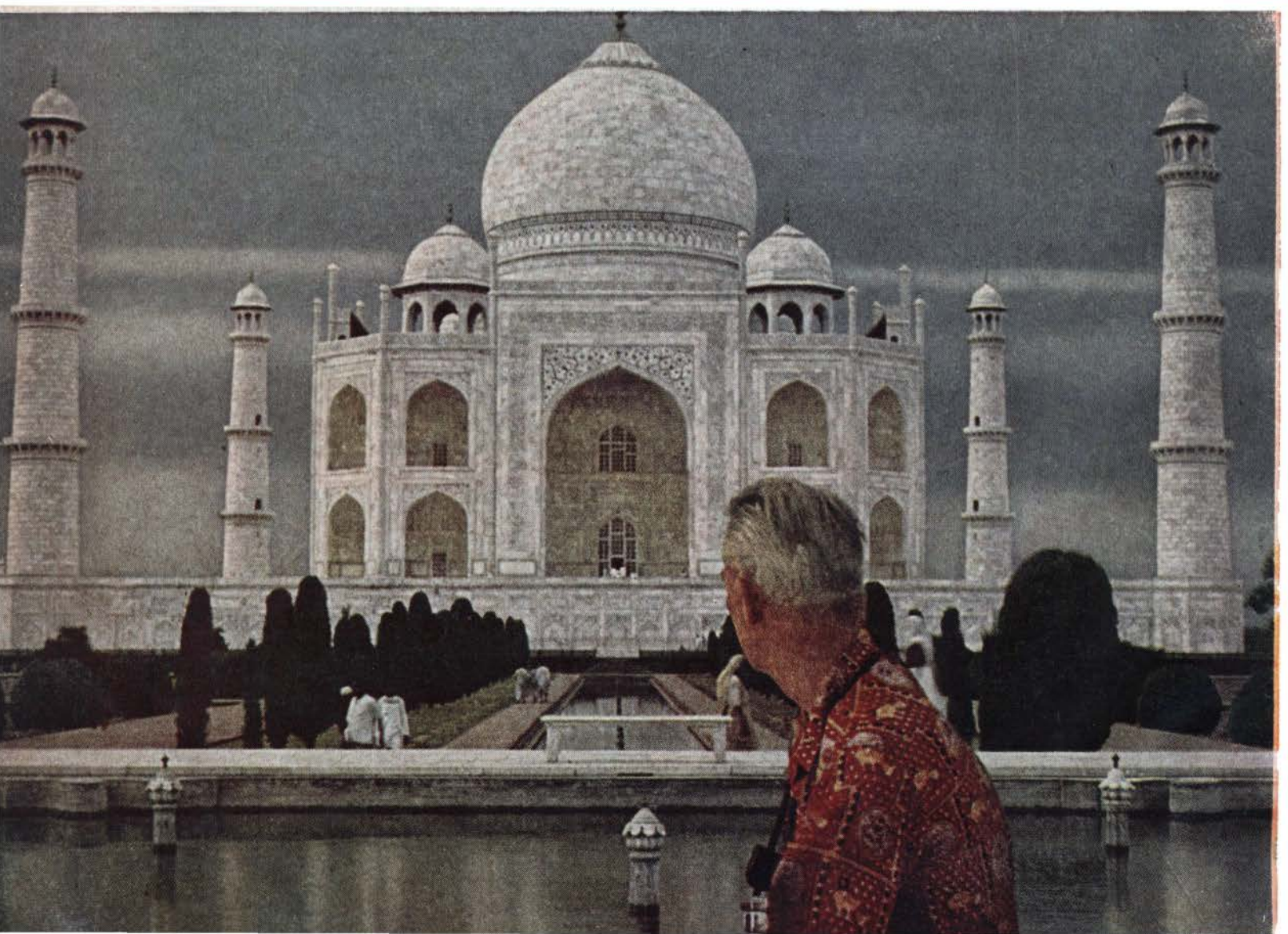

Shopping Trip (cont.)

KARACHI *President's Guard—lancers of a crack Pakistani Army unit—stand at attention (left) near President Mohammed Ayub Khan's residence. The turbaned cavalrymen are heritage of British rule, when Viceroy always had a detail of native bodyguards. All four wear mustaches, traditional mark of soldier in Pakistan and India.*

NEW DELHI *One hundred twenty-two miles south of stopover in New Delhi is the city of Agra and the Taj Mahal. Three centuries old, built in seventeen years at a cost of $8,400,000, the Taj is world's most elaborate tomb. Much of its white marble interior is covered with passages from the Koran, lettered with rare gems.*

BANGKOK *Two young Buddhist priests, intent on practicing their rudimentary English, find sight-seer Gordon Wood at one of Bangkok's one hundred-eighty temples (top, right). The city has become famous for houseboat-packed canals, that earned it the name "Venice of the East," and for shimmering Thai silks tourists bring home.*

HONG KONG *Capt. Wood checks on progress of rug being specially woven for his home in small shop (center, right) on island that has become world's biggest bargain basement. Each of busily working women is stitching her own "special" pattern into rug: were the design more ornate, there would be one worker for each color used.*

TOKYO *Wood joins Japanese friends for lunch on lawn of Chinzanso, one-time Tokyo estate converted to restaurant. Oriental barbecue, called "Genghis Khan," is cooked and served by waitress in formal kimono; chicken, pork, and vegetables are seared on griddle of inch-thick iron bars laid across tabletop pit filled with burning charcoal, eaten while still sizzling.*

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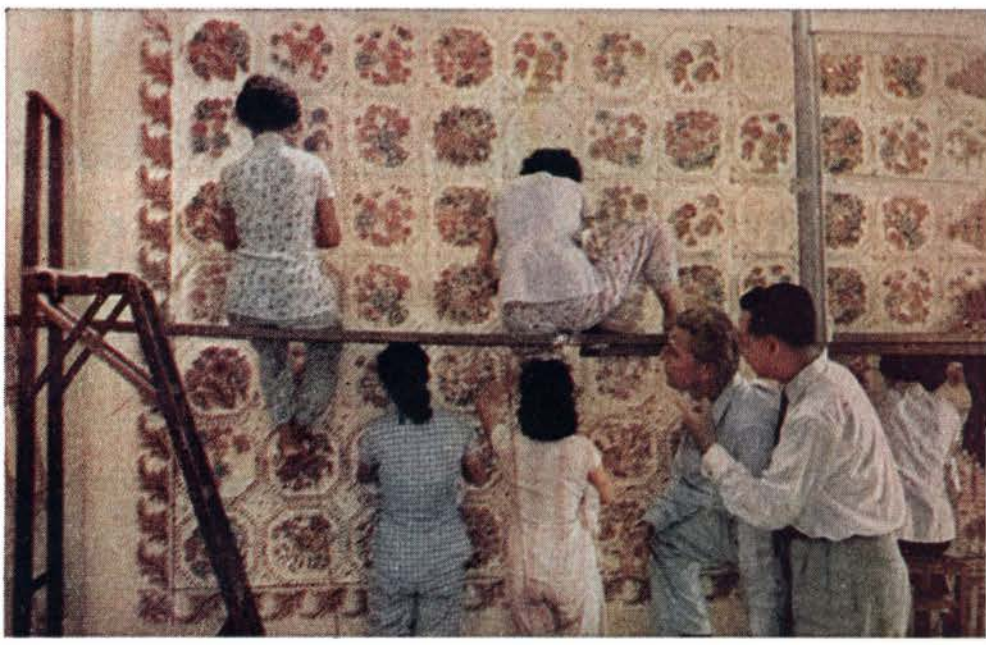


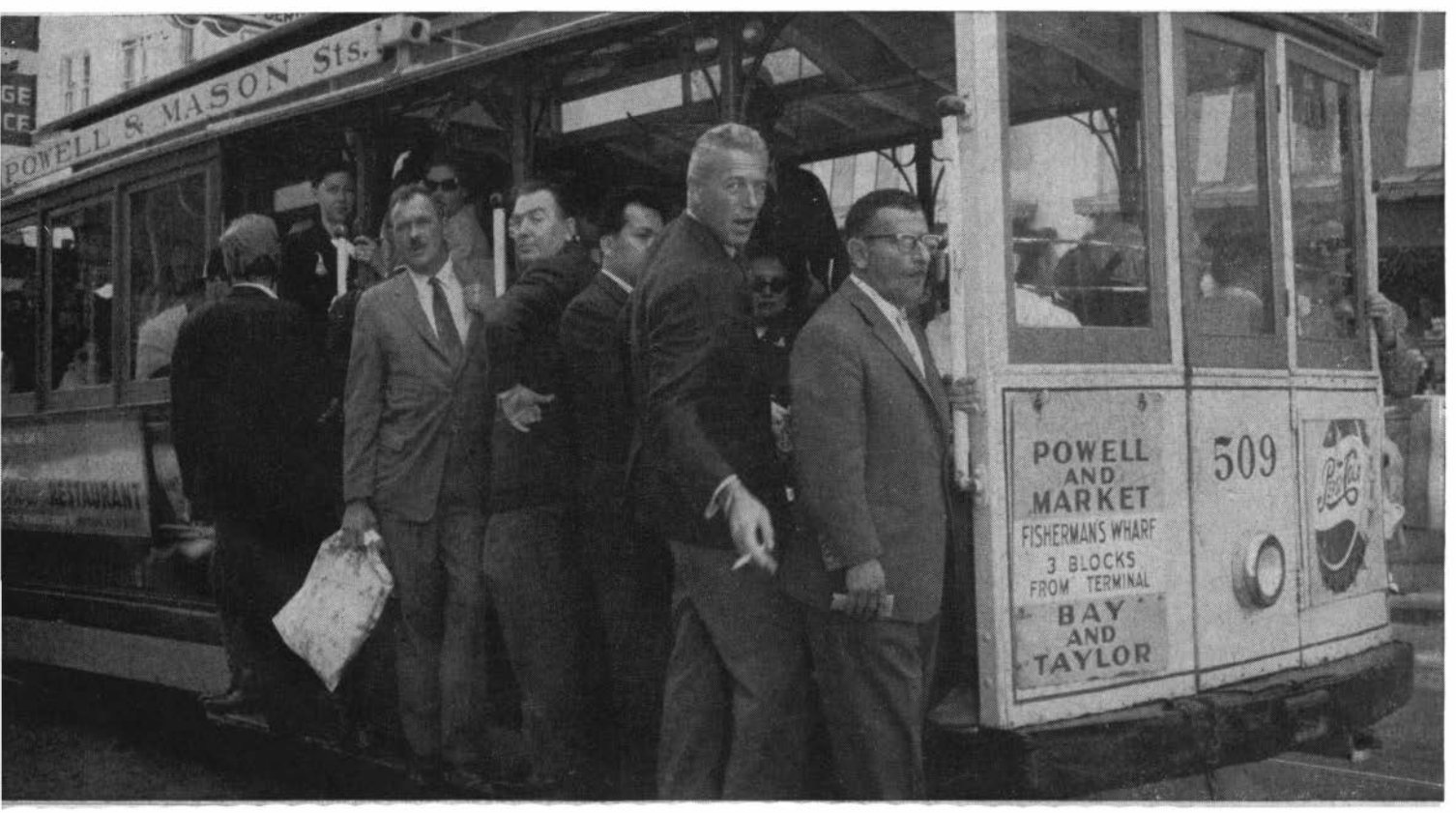
Shopping Trip (continued)

HONOLULU

Wood makes no claim to being a gourmet, but boasts that he has never been in a country whose food he hasn't enjoyed—more than many less-traveled experts can say. Above, he takes part in traditional Hawaiian luau*—eating pork roasted in an* imu *(an underground oven), with yams and fish wrapped in ti-leaves.*

SAN FRANCISCO

Back in U.S., the Captain hops cable car for a look at San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. This trolley is far cry from Wood's 36,200-horsepower jet—$5,000,000 metal bird that carries enough fuel to fill fifteen tank trucks, flies as fast as .45 calibre pistol bullet.



OVER THE ARCTIC

Last leg of trip takes Wood's jet on 5,346-mile hop over upper Canada, across Greenland and the Arctic Ocean, to London. PAA has been flying this route with prop-driven planes since 1957, but new Boeings have cut flying time from nineteen to eleven and a half hours. Right, stewardesses give Captain the passenger list. When winds are right and weight low, he is able to fly straight to London without a normal fuel stop at Frobisher, Canada.

LONDON

Tuczek Co. is one of world's last every-stitch-by-hand shoemakers, and the Bond Street shop's products are virtually guaranteed for life. At right, Wood spends morning being measured—as thoroughly as a man being fitted for a suit—for three pairs of Tuczek shoes; manager holds part of sample. London ends Wood's round-the-world run; from there he returns to New York, then "commutes" by jet to Bermuda—in less time than many city executives take to get from their jobs to their suburban homes.

BERMUDA (HOME)

After he has circled the earth at near-supersonic speed, Gordon Wood finishes his Odyssey on ferryboat that docks him two hundred yards from house. His wife, Miriam, and child, Rosalie, meet him—wondering what he has brought home —as Wood looks forward to ten days of sun, surf, and adherence to Bermuda's 20 m.p.h. speed law, before he jets off, around the world, again. THE END

Happy Holidays!

BY LEE LORENZ

The season of good cheer always brings one moment you'll never forget—though sometimes you'd rather.

"I don't know whether to put this in this year's or next year's diary."

"Mildred says she's mislaid it, but I think she's hidden the confetti."

"Why don't we make a New Year's resolution to drink champagne all year round?"

"You don't know my wife; it's not the thought, but the gift behind it."

"Mom! Guess who I ran into downtown and brought home for dinner!"

View From The Terrace

Things might have been different for George if he had not found the Game silly and thought that Priscilla was even sillier for playing it....

BY MIKE MARMER ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

The red-orange sun eased its way out of the Jamaican sky, then suspended itself halfway into the Caribbean horizon as though holding still for some divine time exposure. The late-afternoon shadows lengthened, gently splaying a dusky tint over the brilliantly colored bougainvillaea and hibiscus, and finally came to rest against the bright-white façade of Montego Bay's luxurious Hotel Dorando. It somehow seemed an effrontery to this picture-postcard setting when the body of George Farnham, arms flailing wildly, descending scream trailing behind, tore through the coconut palms and plummeted to the patio below.

Twenty minutes later, in the twelfth-floor suite from which the late Mr. Farnham had started his downward flight, his widow sat quietly on the sofa, a portrait of stunned bereavement.

Opposite her, Mr. Tibble, the slight, balding Assistant Manager of the Dorando, perched birdlike on the edge of a chair. He was suitably compassionate, despite feeling uncomfortable for the past quarter-hour, since Mr. Farnham's widow had been placed in his charge.

Tibble shook his head. "Terrible," he said in the direction of the widow. "A terrible accident," he said again.

The widow looked up, acknowledged Tibble's commiseration with an almost imperceptible nod, and bowed her head once more.

An *accident*. It had not occurred to her that George's death would be considered an *accident*. In that brief moment on the terrace, she'd thought only of police, courts, a trial. But here, for the umpteenth time in the past fifteen minutes. Mr. Tibble referred to the *accident*.

And earlier, when she'd hastened down to the patio as quickly as the elevator could carry her, everyone had been murmuring about the *accident*. "Tragedy," they'd whispered. "Dreadful accident . . . lovely woman . . . two of the most beautiful children . . . a terrible accident."

Had no one seen what happened on the terrace?

Priscilla Farnham was a soft, almost-plump woman, still retaining a trace of girlish prettiness. Never having considered herself a particularly strong or resourceful person, she'd been surprised when she'd reached inside herself during these past minutes and discovered hidden iron. She was amazed at her ability to remain calm underneath, while wearing a mask of grief-stricken widowhood.

Her feeling for George had long since gone. She had felt only a touch of remorse, she recalled, when she looked down from the terrace and thought that George appeared strangely like an isolated piece of a jigsaw puzzle, framed on the flagstone.

The jangling of the telephone pierced her retrospection.

Tibble, his eyes apologizing for the desecrating peal of the phone, darted over to answer it. He announced himself, listened, then cupped a thin hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's Constable Edmonds. He says that the man from C.I.D. is in the lobby and, if you're up to it, he'd like to stop up here to make a few inquiries."

Tibble smiled assuringly. "Just routine, I'm sure. You're a visitor to the Island, you know. And the Constable had already informed me that someone would be along to investigate."

There must have been a noticeable change in her expression, because Tibble was quick to add: "Of course, if you're not up to it . . ."

"No, it will be all right," she said.

Tibble relayed the answer, then turned back to her. "Five minutes?"

Priscilla nodded.

"Five minutes will do fine," Tibble informed Constable Edmonds, then hung up. Turning to Priscilla: "Is there anything further I can do?"

"I'd appreciate it if you'd look in on the children."

Grateful for the opportunity to leave, Tibble scurried into the bedroom.

The children: they were all that mattered now. What would they do without her? She pictured Mark, with his black, curly hair and long lashes. Only nine, but already showing signs of the lean good looks he would possess as a man. And Amy, two years his junior, with Priscilla's own blonde prettiness and saucerlike violet eyes. She couldn't bear the thought of being apart from them, and her new-found resourcefulness was suddenly edged with fear.

Five minutes. Five minutes to organize a defense. For what? If the inquiry was to be a mere formality, an investigation of an unfortunate accident as Mr. Tibble had tried to assure her, there would be no need for preparation. But if the C.I.D. man intended to probe deeper, if he had uncovered any intimation of the truth, the investigation would proceed along quite different lines.

Murder!

She shivered at the word, but what else could it be called? Admittedly, George's death was not what might be considered "premeditated"; there had been no long-nurtured, cold-blooded plan. Still, there *had been* some five or ten minutes of thought behind it. *Manslaughter?* Perhaps. There could be many interpretations of degree, but each of them carried its own special punishment. No, she must take another tack. *Justifiable?* Had George's death been justifiable? Not legally; although in a simple, almost primitive way, she supposed it really had been justifiable. In a sense, it had been George's own fault. He had brought it on himself.

Tibble's return from the bedroom interrupted her rationalization. He reported that the children were doing fine. The

"Perhaps we can start with your telling me what you can recall just before . . . it happened."

staff housekeeper, whom he'd sent up earlier to stay with them, said that Mark and Amy were extremely well-behaved.

"They seem concerned only about you," Tibble added with a comforting smile. "I told them you'd be with them soon."

Priscilla nodded gratefully. "We're very close," she told the Assistant Manager as he took his perch on the chair again.

Now to the business at hand, she told herself firmly. The business of getting away with murder.

What would the C.I.D. man ask? Surely he'd look for a motive. Money? No, that would hardly apply here. Jealousy? She dismissed that quickly. Hate? Well, there had been arguments, of course, but didn't they take place in the best of families?

After all, the Farnhams were in a strange country; wouldn't the investigation have to be based on their behavior in Jamaica?

Her hopes sank abruptly. There *had* been an argument. A bitter argument. And she remembered that, at its climax, she had turned away from George and suddenly seen the children standing there, in the living-room doorway, their faces frozen in expressions of fear and concern. She had tried to caution George, but he'd ranted on, shouting all those perfectly horrible things at her. Then he had stalked off to the terrace, and the children had run to her, pressing close.

She'd needed five or ten minutes alone to collect her thoughts, to figure out some way to dissuade George from what he planned to do. So she suggested the Game. The fear and anxiety immediately disappeared from their faces and they ran into the bedroom to begin playing.

Strange, she thought abstractedly. If George had understood and participated in the Game, everything might have been different. If, in fact, George had participated in *anything* that involved love and sharing, he might not be lying down there, covered by that ridiculously colorful patio tablecloth.

The circumstances leading up to the scene on the terrace had begun, she reasoned, a long time ago, when George changed. He had been gay and considerate when he'd been courting her. But when her father had died, shortly after their marriage, and George took over the management of the many interests and investments Father left behind, the metamorphosis had taken place. George had become all business. No time for fun. No more unexpected gifts. No more unexpected flowers or candy. Not a surprise in a carload; that was George.

She had tried to get him interested in the Game and have him discover in it the joy and romance that her own family had found. George reluctantly agreed to try it once, she remembered. She snuggled up to him and said, "Guess what?" George replied according to the rules of the Game: "What?" And she said: "Guess what I did for you today?" George was then supposed to venture some silly guesses, like: "You found a million dollars in gold, and you're going to put it under my napkin." Or, "You just made the Taj Mahal out of toothpicks, and we're going downtown tomorrow to pick out furniture." Then, the guessing was supposed to get more serious until George eventually discovered what she had done to surprise him; or he'd give up and Priscilla would reveal the surprise.

But, naturally, George had quit right after asking, "What?" He found the Game "silly" and thought Priscilla even sillier for playing it.

Of course it was silly, Priscilla admitted, but it was fun. It was full of Surprises and Giving and Doing and Loving. And Romance, too, because her surprise that night had been the most diaphanous of negligees.

She and George had continued to drift, and only the arrival of the children had saved their marriage. Mark and Amy had inherited her looks and zest for life. They took to picnics and surprises and the Game and displays of love just as she always had. So, they'd become their mother's children.

Perhaps—she allowed herself a tiny pang of guilt—she'd concentrated too fiercely on Mark and Amy and not enough on George. But still, she felt defensively, if George had *wanted* to be part of it . . . if he'd wanted to share the wonderful understanding . . . if only—

Priscilla got no farther. A discreet knock broke her train of thought and brought Tibble off the edge of his chair. He went to the door, opened it, and admitted Constable Edmonds and a tall man in tropical civvies.

Edmonds, resplendent in his summer uniform with red cummerbund and white "Bobby" helmet, introduced his companion. He then about-faced smartly and stepped back into the corridor, closing the suite door behind him.

An efficient-looking man with piercing blue eyes and graying sandy hair, Detective-Sergeant Waring was ranking C.I.D. investigator for the Montego Bay area.

"Sorry to disturb you at this time, Mrs. Farnham," he said in a clipped British accent. "But if you feel disposed to answering a few questions, I'll try to take up very little of your time."

"I'll give you whatever information I can," she said.

The Sergeant eased into the chair beside Tibble's and removed a small notebook from a jacket pocket. Absently searching for a pencil and finding it, he flipped a few pages in the book, scanned his notes, then addressed her again.

"Perhaps we can start with your telling me, as best you can, what you recall just before . . . it happened."

"I can't remember too much, I'm afraid. I was lying here on the sofa—in a kind of fog. I don't know whether it was the scream that brought me out of it or the children. I just remember their shaking me, and I got up. We went to the terrace—I looked down—" she managed a little break in her voice "—and saw my husband."

Sergeant Waring rose, walked quickly to the terrace, gazed about for a moment, then returned to his chair.

"Had your husband been unnaturally depressed lately? Had he given you the feeling he might be thinking of taking his own life?"

"Oh, no!" Priscilla blurted, and regretted the denial the second it was uttered. She had not considered the possible deduction of suicide. Now the opportunity was gone.

Waring asked, "Was he all right?"

Priscilla looked puzzled.

"I mean," he explained, "was he in good health? Did he suffer from fainting or dizzy spells or anything of that sort?"

"Yes," she replied. "In fact, that was one of the reasons we took this vacation. My husband worked very hard. Much too hard, we all told him. And he'd mentioned headaches and dizzy spells every once in a while. I felt that he needed to get away for awhile . . . to relax. And so we came to Jamaica."

It's amazing, she marveled, how easily one can lie when the stakes are so high.

The C.I.D. man made a note in his black book.

"I realize this is quite a strain for you," he said solicitously. "If you'll bear with me for a few minutes more, I'm certain everything will be cleared up. We must make inquiries in all cases of violent death." He paused for a moment, then continued. "There is, as you know, a three-foot railing that surrounds your terrace. It would seem difficult to conceive of a man just *falling* over a railing of that height . . ."

Priscilla felt the beginning of a nervous gnawing.

". . . unless he had suffered a dizzy spell and toppled over. You see, Mrs. Farnham, one of the waiters . . ." he consulted his notebook again ". . . a chap named Parsons, was setting up the patio tables for dinner. He happened to glance up, or perhaps it was your husband's scream—the one you said you heard—that attracted his attention. And he saw your husband pitch over the railing. But Parsons claims he had a distinct impression that your husband did not fall."

Sudden shock swept through her. Someone *had* seen what happened.

"Naturally," Waring said, "we asked Parsons if he had seen anyone on the terrace besides your husband. He admitted that he had not."

"Certainly you didn't think that—"

"Of course not," Waring cut in with a disarming smile. "But we have to follow up any information of that sort. We soon

discovered that there was no substance to Parsons' statement, after all. In the first place, Parsons was almost directly beneath the line of terraces, and, as he was looking virtually straight up, he could not possibly have had a clear view of your terrace. And secondly, Parsons' statement was predicated on his impression that your husband seemed to be trying to catch his balance. His arms were rather clutching for air as it were . . . as though he were trying to protect himself. It goes without saying that . . ."

Priscilla felt a sudden warm glow of confidence. Perhaps it was possible to get away with murder!

". . . probably mistook your husband's desperate attempt to save himself as something more," the Sergeant was saying. "And now that you've verified your husband's dizzy spells, we can see how he might have just toppled over the railing."

A rapping at the door interrupted him. He stepped to the door, opened it, and Priscilla saw Constable Edmonds' white helmet bobbing as he spoke rapidly in a low voice.

Waring poked his head back into the living room. He looked carefully at Priscilla before saying, "Would you excuse me, please? I'll only be a moment. There are, it seems, some other witnesses."

Her confidence ebbing away, she sat tight-lipped, questions tumbling over each other in her mind.

The answer came as Waring re-entered and moved swiftly toward her. He suddenly looked formidable.

"Mrs. Farnham," he said. "Did you and your husband have a row shortly before he died?"

"Yes," she answered in a tiny voice.

Waring pressed on. "The couple in the suite next door—the Rineharts—claim they heard you and your husband involved in a rather violent dispute. Your voices were quite loud, and they are certain they heard your husband say something about . . . dying."

"It seems like a silly argument now—"

The Sergeant looked at her inquiringly.

"I don't mean *silly*, exactly," she continued. "It just seems . . . well . . . unimportant now. My husband wanted to cut our vacation short and go home. The children and I wanted to stay. Our original vacation plans called for us to remain here for another week at least. The argument got out of hand, I'm afraid, and there were some harsh words. Then he said that when he was dead, I could do as I pleased, but right now, while he was head of the family, we were going home." She forced a brief facsimile of a smile. "That was one of his pet expressions."

She looked up at Waring. The silence was the longest she had ever known.

The Sergeant's face softened. "That seems to check in essence with the fragments of the argument which the Rineharts overheard." He consulted his notebook once again.

"There's just one more thing, Mrs. Farnham. You said that you were lying down on the sofa at the time your husband fell."

Priscilla nodded.

"And you also said," he went on, "that your children shook you right after you thought you heard your husband's scream."

She nodded again.

Waring wore the disarming look once more. "Would you mind, then, if we brought your children in here and asked *them* where you were when they called you? It's merely a routine check. Naturally, I can't question them officially; and I must have your permission, of course. But it would clarify my report and end it all right here."

Priscilla drew up her shoulders. "All right," she said. "But, please—"

Waring nodded appreciatively. He gestured to Tibble who went into the bedroom and returned with Mark and Amy.

Priscilla didn't look up as the children entered. Then, as they were led toward the Sergeant, she lifted her head slowly and caressed them with a smile.

Waring resumed his seat, hunching a bit in order to be at eye-level with them. He spoke softly, but directly. "Do you understand what happened today?"

Mark and Amy nodded gravely.

"I'm going to ask you something. Will you answer me?"

Their faces remained grave as they glanced questioningly at their mother.

"You may answer the gentleman," she instructed gently. As she directed the children to face Waring, she saw that his eyes had been focused intently on her.

He turned his attention to Mark and Amy now, and began gingerly. "A little while ago, when you heard your father —yell. . . . Do you remember?"

They returned the Sergeant's gaze.

Waring continued. "You shouted when you heard him. You shouted to your mother . . . and shook her, is that right?"

They nodded solemnly.

"Where was your mother when you shook her, do you remember?"

Mark answered. "She was right there where she is now."

"Are you sure?" said Waring.

"Uh, huh," said Amy. "We were playing the Game."

"The game?"

Priscilla started to explain. "It's just a little game we play—"

She was stopped by the Sergeant's upraised, cautioning hand. This was the moment Priscilla had dreaded. She had somehow known that the final judgment would be found in the Game.

"What about the game?" Waring inquired easily. "What kind of a game?"

Mark took over. "It's a game we play with Mommy. It's a lot of fun. We make up surprises. We buy things . . . or make things . . . or do things. . . . Then we say, "Guess what."

"Guess what?" Sergeant Waring echoed.

"Sure," chimed in Amy. "Mommy says, 'Guess what I did for you,' and we try to guess the surprise."

"Or we say, 'Guess what we did for you,' and Mommy tries to guess," Mark added.

"Go on," urged Waring.

"Well, after Mommy and Daddy"—his voice dropped—"had a fight, Mommy said let's play the Game." His voice brightened again, and he looked toward his sister. "So Amy and me went into the bedroom to figure out a surprise for Mommy. And Mommy stayed here figuring one out for us."

"Then, when you heard your father yell," Waring said carefully, "you came right to your mother. And she was right here on the sofa?"

"Oh, yes," trilled Amy. "She was lying down. We came to tell her our surprise. Do you want to know what it was?"

"No," said the Sergeant, laughing. "A secret is a secret. I just wanted to see if you knew where your mother was."

He turned to Priscilla. "I think that takes care of everything, Mrs. Farnham. Of course, there will be an inquest after the post-mortem, but it will be routine."

"Must the children be brought into it again?" she asked.

"I hardly think so. It has been a trying enough experience for them as it is."

Waring shook hands with Mark and Amy and thanked them.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Farnham," he said. "I hope this wasn't too much of an inconvenience. I realize that your husband's tragic accident was upsetting enough without my disturbing you with these questions. But, it's my duty."

"I understand, Sergeant Waring," she said. "And thank you for being so considerate with the children."

"Not at all," said Waring. "I'm a father myself." He motioned for Tibble to follow him and they left the suite, softly closing the door behind them.

Priscilla sat still for a long moment, not daring to believe it was all over. Then she smiled at the children who were standing quietly once again.

Amy, a petulant look on her face, broke the silence. "Mommy," she said. "You didn't tell us your surprise."

Mark added his disappointment. "You never told us what you did. You forgot."

"No, I didn't forget," said Priscilla in a voice touched with sadness.

She would tell them soon what *she* had done. When it was time to sit down with them and explain how the Game had been played wrong that day.

No, she had not forgotten. Nor would she ever forget that moment when Mark and Amy had shaken her and shouted, "Guess what?" In a haze, she'd asked, "What?" The children, their beautiful faces beaming with *their* surprise, had pulled her out to the terrace, pointed over the railing, and chanted, "Guess what we did for you today!" THE END

The Boy Who Stayed Behind

It was Christmas Eve and the hour for the time-honored rounds of the happy carolers.... But, this year, their songs had taken on a strange, heart-rending harmony.

BY WALTER MEADE ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

The streets were empty in New Richmond. It was late on the eve of Christmas and people were indoors. Snowflakes, large and light, shone in the light of street lamps. It was not an earnest snow, only the tag end of a storm that had covered the ground with its whiteness three days ago. It was a dry, cold snow that swirled in little clouds about Paul's feet.

He turned down Davis Street. Lights, hung on evergreens in front of neighbors' houses, flickered as the breeze stirred the snow-laden branches. He could see his house about three-quarters of the way down the block: the dark house.

He felt a pain glow in his head at the sight of it: the ache of a nightmare or of a dimly remembered happiness. His right arm tightened about the pound of coffee he had gone out to buy. And then, against his will, he remembered the wretched details of the death of his son five endless days ago.

His memory of it was never blessedly abstract or vague. He saw it plainly, realistically, with the exception that all the color was gone completely from the pictures his mind made. He saw it always in black and white.

In the silent hours of the night when he lay awake in bed near Ruth—knowing that she also lay sleepless, watching through the blackness of the room—he was relieved that it never came to him in colors. He found he had to think, to make a conscious effort to recall that his son's eyes were blue, that his hair was fair, that his cheeks took color easily.

The pain went to his eyes as he walked down his street and, without hearing himself, he said, "Why?" over and over again to the empty, the echoing street. No one heard him.

His son was dead; their son was dead. It had been unbelievably silly. The more he had gone over it in his mind, the sillier and the more ridiculous it seemed. Paul kicked at the yielding snow. It was strange how the smallest habits of his marriage persisted yet through all of it. Ruth had made him put on his galoshes.

The bells of Saint Michael's struck six. Five days ago at six o'clock his son was alive. Five days ago at six-fifteen his son was dead. Skippy (no one ever called him John) had taken his bike to Jim Nelson's house to practice carols with Jim and two other boys in their quartet. They usually practiced there because the Nelsons had a finished basement where the boys would not be likely to bother anyone. Paul thought of how many times he had insisted that the boy be still and not bother him, and how, now, he longed to be bothered.

The day of the accident, Ruth was finishing up the fruit cakes and he was sitting in the living room checking off the Christmas list. He had at last bought Skip the long-promised bike. And he'd got a mattress box from the department store to put it in so that it could be disguised in the wrapping. He had it locked in the fruit cellar along with the Christmas decorations and a fur scarf he had managed to get for Ruth. She wanted, she said, an electric mixer.

He went over the list, making sure that cousins and aunts, uncles and friends had not been overlooked. The phone rang as his pen drew a line through Ida Philips, Ruth's great-aunt. It was the police.

Skip was dead. Punky Harkins, the boy who had been riding him home on his bike, was scratched just above the right eye. They had to take Punky's bike because Skip's old one had broken its chain. They'd skidded on the street-car tracks on Harrison Avenue, and Skip had been thrown. His head struck a piece of frozen sludge, which had fallen from a passing car. He never opened his eyes.

Paul stopped in front of his darkened home. A single light shone from the kitchen window where Ruth was waiting for him. Their loneliness was a separate thing which touched only infrequently over the endless cups of coffee they drank together. He could not reach her at all. Sometimes he felt that she had stored up a fearful bitterness that would, in the end, turn itself upon him. And he was afraid of it.

The relatives had gone, and the friends. Paul's sister wanted to stay over the holidays, but he had at last got her to go after she had a quarrel with Ruth. He could never find out what it was about. He and Ruth would go away for a while, he had told her. Perhaps to Europe.

He had thought it a good idea for them to be on a boat somewhere during Christmas, yet they had not gone. They could not bring themselves to leave the house. Perhaps something would happen.

Paul turned on a light in the darkened hallway. Then he had an impulse to turn lights on all over the house. He put down the desire to do that, took off his coat, and shook the snow from it. Then he went to the kitchen.

She was sitting at the table, arms folded in front of her. She did not look up. He was glad of that because he knew she would cry if she did. It had been that way since the funeral. She would look at him, or their eyes would happen to catch, and perhaps seeing some of her son in him, perhaps because she could not bring herself to say anything at all, she would begin to cry.

He opened the can of coffee and put the pot on.

"Want some?" His voice sounded as though it had not been used for a long, long time.

She nodded. And then he saw the picture on the table. She was sitting, quite still, her shoulders slightly hunched, leaning on her elbows. She stared directly at a photograph taken of their son, last summer, in the yard.

Paul was suddenly enraged. Seeing her deeply lost in the unreasoning grief so close to his own, seeing her as he dreaded to see himself, made him sick with anger.

Ruth ran down the walk, through the sparkling snow, and swept him up in her arms.

He grabbed the picture from the table. She was at him instantly. She caught his coat and held on with a strength that surprised him.

"It is mine!" she screamed at him. He pulled her against him because he could not hold her away.

"Stop it, Ruth." Then trying feebly to explain why he had taken the photograph from her, he said, "It is morbid. You are not going to continue to torture yourself."

And then all the things she'd so carefully imprisoned, all the remembered injustices to her or to her son, all the trivial wrong things which had ever happened between them broke out of her.

"If you had bought him a bike when he wanted it . . . if you had listened . . . if you had not said he was getting lazy. Give that back to me."

They stood together and he held her firmly, swaying back and forth with her.

"You've always had your way, even when we were . . ."

"Stop it!" he screamed.

But she would not. She could not. She kept it up, talking rapidly and pointlessly. He felt that he was going to say what he said before the words for it had even occurred to him: "I loved him as much as you did." He said it distinctly, as a challenge.

She broke from him and knocked him against the kitchen table. The picture fell from his hands and the glass shattered on the floor. She stood looking at the fragments, and then she opened her mouth to scream. There was no sound, and she ran from the room holding the back of her fist against her teeth.

He sat for hours on her bed. She rolled a handkerchief between her palms, pulling at it now and then with her fingers. Twice she began to cry and he thought she might be sick to her stomach, but she managed each time to quiet herself. He dared not say anything to her. He sat very still, praying.

It was then he heard the sound. It was faint and strange. He looked at her and noticed that she, too, had heard it. Her eyes moved and she wrinkled her forehead as though she was trying to understand something of great difficulty and of great importance.

The sound was coming from their front yard. It was soft and tentative: the sound of the voices of small boys trying carols before the dark face of their house.

She turned her head on the pillows.

"Shall I tell them to go away?"

"It doesn't matter."

They waited together in the darkness and still the singing continued. There were three voices, vaguely distinguishable because of their imperfect harmony.

"Would you come downstairs with me?" he asked. She looked at him, and then sat up slowly on the side of the bed. He was afraid to touch her, afraid that too much had been said between them, afraid of what the slightest show of affection might now do to her.

He got up and walked from the room. She followed him down the steps, making her way carefully. When they were downstairs, they stood for a long and brittle moment before the door. He tried to guess what she wanted him to do, and he could not guess. He turned the light off in the hallway and then quickly opened the door.

On the lawn stood three small boys. Last year, there had been four. Last year, they'd had to pretend they did not know they were going to be caroled. It always had to be a surprise.

The three boys stood, holding candles. They were trying to sing *Away in the Manger.*

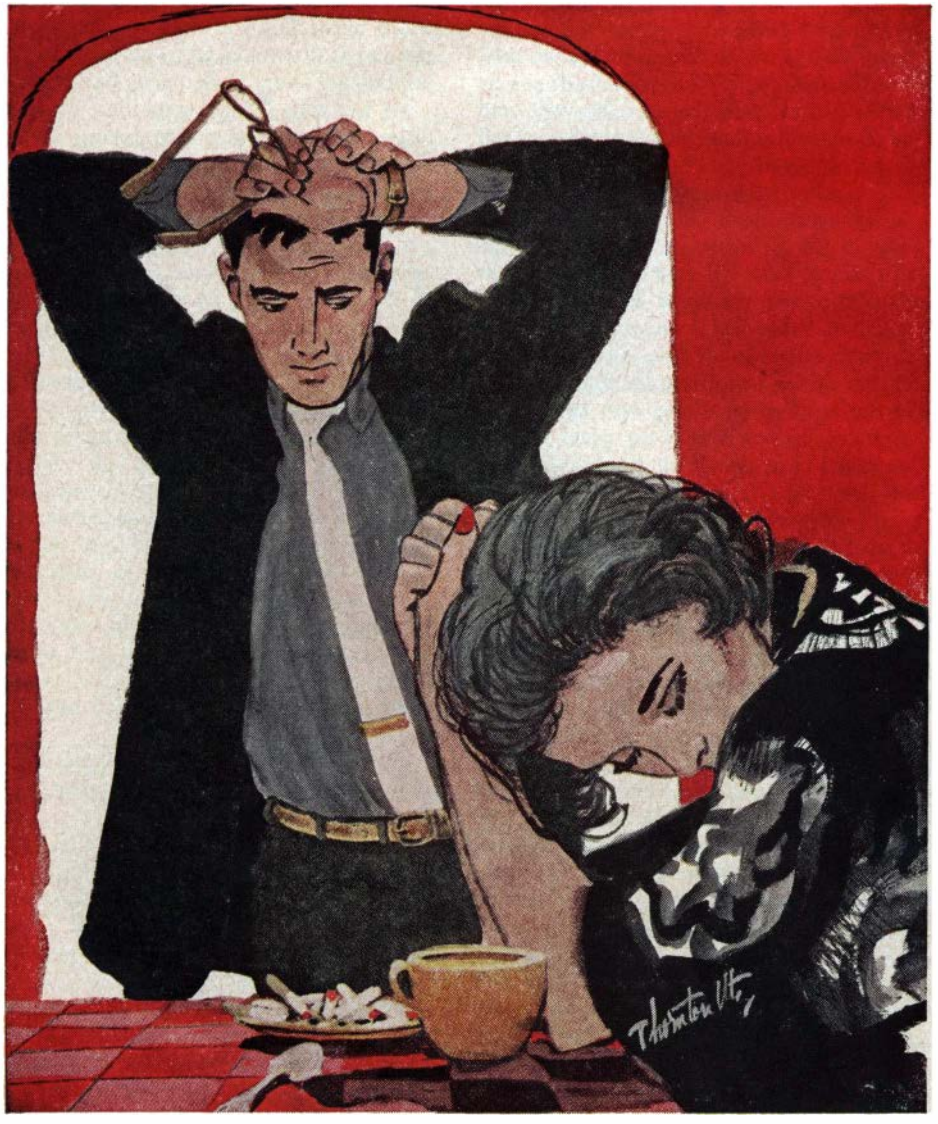
Their warm breath frosted in the winter air and rose about their heads like smoke. Paul looked down at his wife standing beside him, clutching her robe at the throat. She took his hand and held it lightly, unsurely. She shivered, and he knew, as he had known at other times, that they had shared the same feeling at the same time.

Ruth leaned against him and he put his arm about her shoulders. They looked at each other and then away at the carolers. And then they saw, in the flickering yellow candlelight, a small boy, standing in the snow, trying to sing. Punky Harkins was trying his best to sing although his entire body was shaken with the effort of it.

And then Ruth put her hands over her eyes and said softly, "Oh Lord, Lord." It was as if a great grayness through which neither of them could see had been wiped away and with its silent passing their world splintered back into focus.

"Oh that poor little boy," Ruth said, "that little, little boy. To think of how he must feel!"

And she ran down the walk, through the sparkling snow, and swept him up in her arms. THE END



She did not look up. He was glad, because he knew she would cry if she did.

CLINGING CURSE

Though I may wander across the face of the earth, or hide myself in its deepest byways, I know my curse is still with me. There can be no escaping it....

BY FRANK BEQUAERT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD HALMA

It began more than fifteen years ago, in Italy, during the war. We had been moving up to the front all day, dragging our feet through the mud of the narrow Italian roads.

We were green troops, going into combat for the very first time. I was marching beside a young kid of about eighteen. Johnson, I think his name was. We were both trying to pretend we did not hear the sounds of artillery coming up to us from the next valley. We talked loudly about anything we could think of, our families, our home towns, the old movies we had seen on the ship. When we had talked these subjects dry, we went on to the jokes, any and all of the old stale ones that either of us could remember.

As we came up over the brow of the hill and caught our first glimpse of the valley full of smoke and sound below, I thought of one I had heard months before. "Did you ever hear of the two German boys who were walking along the bank of the Rhine with their mother?" I asked Johnson.

"No," he said. He was not really listening to me; he was too busy hearing the gunfire in the valley.

"Well, one of the boys pushes his mother into the river. You know what he says to the other boy?"

"No."

"He says, 'Look Hans, no Ma!'"

The instant I spoke, a geyser of earth erupted in the field a hundred feet to our left. We dived for the ditch and into a foot of muddy water. The bursting shells marched across the road, showering us with dirt. We huddled together, cursing, in the icy water. It was our first taste of what would be our fare for the following two years.

I did not think of the incident again until my first leave in Rome some two months later. I had come into Rome with the simple purpose of laying on a good week's drunk. I shaved for the first time in months and put on a clean uniform. Then I walked out of the hotel, looking for the nearest bar. It was one chance in a million that I should run into Mary Barnes.

I had dated Mary in high school; we had even been going steady for a while. But then I had gone to New York, and our letters had gradually spaced out, until they had become just polite notes at Christmas.

Now, as I came around the corner of the hotel, there was Mary, cute and blonde in her Red Cross uniform.

"Hi, Mary," I said, just as if it were Spartansburg, Pennsylvania, and it had been two days, instead of two years, since I had seen her last.

"Stan!" she said, smiling up at me.

We stood there talking for half an hour in the middle of the sidewalk, oblivious of the crowd which was pushing its way around us.

For the first three days of my leave we were together for every moment that she could get away from her work. On the evening of the third day, we were sitting in a little restaurant we had discovered, finishing the last of an excellent bottle of wine, when she said, "Have you heard about the two pilots in Africa who went on a lion hunt?"

"No," I said. "What about it?"

"A pilot told me about it the other day. It seems some pilots at an air base in Africa got into an argument over which of them was the greatest lion hunter. They finally decided to settle it by making a bet. Each of them put up a pint of whisky as stakes. The first one to kill a lion would win both bottles."

"So what happened?"

"The first pilot rounded up some native bearers and set off on a safari. He was out for a week, but he didn't even see a sign of a lion. The second pilot didn't waste his time on the ground. He borrowed one of the fighter planes at the base and flew around until he spotted a lion from the air. Then he dived down and machine-gunned it. He landed, cut off the lion's tail, and flew back to the base to collect his two pints of whisky. Do you know what that goes to show?" she asked.

"No," I said. "What?"

"A strafed lion is the shortest distance between two pints."

I started to smile, but suddenly I thought of Hans pushing his mother into the Rhine and those first shells landing in the muddy road. "I don't think that's very funny," I said.

Mary looked hurt. "I was only trying to amuse you," she said.

"That just isn't funny," I said. "You simply shouldn't make jokes about pilots that way."

She looked at me strangely. "All right," she said. "I'm sorry I said anything. Let's forget it."

"Okay," I said.

But I could not forget it. Before I was supposed to meet Mary the next evening, I stopped off for a couple of quick ones with some of the fellows. By the time I shook my hangover, it was time to head back to the front. As a result, I never saw Mary again.

I still did not think that it was the story that had been responsible. It was just battle fatigue, I told myself. Everyone was on edge. Once the war was over, I would be all right.

It was not until three years later that I began to learn the truth. I was back in New York, holding down a good job with a publishing company. I felt that I had completely readjusted from my war experiences. I had a small bachelor's apartment and a circle of interesting friends. I could not have had a happier existence, or so I thought, until one night when one of my friends invited me to a dinner meeting of the Explorers Club. Seated next to me was the lovely redheaded explorer and author, Natalie Coleman. If the Club served some exotic dish that evening, I do not remember it. I must

confess my complete attention was from the first focused only upon Natalie as she vividly described her last trip to the Dark Continent.

I could not help but ask her out the next evening. One thing led to another, and before the month was up it was understood that I would be accompanying her on her next expedition. *Now* I knew what was true happiness. How could I, I asked myself, ever have thought an eight-to-five routine behind a desk was living? Now I would be plunging into the unknown jungle with this beautiful woman by my side.

I resigned from my job and devoted my time to the arrangements for the expedition. Then, on the eve of our departure, it happened.

I remember the scene vividly. It was at the big going-away party the Explorers Club held the day before we were scheduled to sail. A group of members were gathered about Natalie and myself, joking and giving humorous advice. Natalie must have been excited and overwrought. Perhaps she had had a few too many martinis. Whatever the reason, I am sure that she would never have done what she did if she had been herself.

"Did I ever tell you about the trip I made into the Samauti country the year before last?" she asked.

"No, no, tell us about it," the others chorused.

"We were after a Samauti ceremonial throne, one of those hand-carved jobs that are just about impossible to find these days. I'd heard of one being in a village, deep in the jungle. It took us three days' marching to get there. We drove forty head of cattle with us. The Samauti are terribly greedy about cattle. I knew that the village chief would not be able to refuse the gift of those cattle in front of his people—even in exchange for his precious throne.

"Those three days were rough. We had to drive the cattle single file down the narrow jungle trails. Every beast for miles around was hunting them. We were up every night fighting them off.

"Finally, we reached the village. It was typical, you know, the grass huts with the cooking pits out in front. The whole village turned out to greet us, shouting and milling around the cattle. The chief came forward and I made some ceremonial gifts to the tribe: coins, and bolts of cloth.

"The chief then went into his ceremonial speech, stating that the whole village was mine. He must have talked for fifteen minutes. When he finished, I started asking him about his throne. The old beggar was clever. I'll have to admit. He pretended that the throne had been stolen the night before. It was smart of him. That way, he wouldn't have to lose face in the eyes of the village by refusing to trade the throne for the cattle.

"I thought the chief was probably bluffing, so I demanded that he show me to the room where the throne had been kept. He smiled and led the way to the ceremonial hut. Sure enough, the hut was empty, but you could still see the place where the throne had been sitting on the dirt floor.

"The chief stood in the middle of the room, smiling and carrying on about how sorry he was that the throne had been stolen, but wasn't there something else I'd like to trade for the cattle? All of a sudden there was the sound of cracking wood: down through the ceiling came the throne. It landed right on the chief and crushed him to death. The old fellow had hidden the throne up above on a platform of branches which chose that moment to let go. All of which leads to the moral of the story," said Natalie.

"Moral?" I said. "What moral?"

"People who live in grass houses should not stow thrones."

A wave of nausea hit me. I had a sudden poignant memory of that valley in Italy with the sound of gunfire coming up through the vineyards.

I was too upset to remain. I made some excuse and went home. In the morning, Natalie called. I made up a story about an allergy to tropical fungi that my doctor had just discovered. I knew that I could not go with her on the expedition. There was a wall between us that could never be broken down.

I went back to my work and, in six months, was my old self again—that is, until I met Sarah.

Sweet, beautiful Sarah! If you read this, wonderful girl, I hope it will help you to understand and forgive me. There is a place in my heart for you, although I can never love you again as before. . . .

We met at a society ball, one of those dismal affairs that I was forced to attend because my boss's wife was one of the sponsors. I was standing off to the side of the dance floor, trying not to be noticed, when suddenly I caught sight of Sarah dancing past, stately and poised, with a quiet smile on her lips. Instinctively, I moved forward and cut in. I do not even remember with whom she was dancing.

From that first moment, as I glided across the dance floor with Sarah in my arms, I knew that we were predestined for each other. I remember looking down at her and saying, "Is it with you the way it is with me?"

She smiled up at me. "I always knew it would be this way," she said simply. Then she pressed her head down against my shoulder and we were suddenly alone in a world in which the other couples were only dull shadows.

As I came to know Sarah better, my love and respect for her deepened. Her whole being radiated the inner warmth that was but one facet of her wonderful personality. She carried herself with a simple grace and beauty, whether she was wearing dungarees and an old sweat shirt or the most expensive of gowns.

Sarah and I had dined often at Sun Foo's; we loved the intimacy of the restaurant as well as its excellent North China cuisine. I thought it only fitting that I take her there on the night I planned to propose.

I had the ring in my pocket and a little speech memorized. After dinner we would drive out to a place I knew that overlooked the Palisades. There, with the moonlight sparkling on the waters of the Hudson, I would ask the question that would make me the happiest of men. There was no doubt in my mind that she would accept.

We lingered over our dinner. As we sipped a last cup of tea, Sarah said, "You know, I like this place even better than Chan's Restaurant in San Francisco."

"Oh?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "I hope you can see Chan's someday. He had the most beautiful collection of Oriental teaks before they were stolen."

"Stolen?" I said.

"Yes, it was very strange. Chan noticed some of them missing one morning. The bare footprints of a small boy were leading out of the restaurant."

"A boy?" I said.

"So Chan watched that evening." Sarah continued. "Pretty soon, a large bear came up to the restaurant, went inside, and, a few minutes later, came out with an armful of teaks."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "Are you pulling my leg?"

"Sure. A boy-foot bear with teaks of Chan!"

Again came the agonizing memory of Italy, of Hans and his mother, of the icy water of that ditch. How I got through the rest of that evening I shall never know. The ring never left my pocket. I pleaded a headache and took Sarah home early. I forced myself to kiss her goodnight. I have never seen her since.

The next weeks were torture for me. Sarah called me two or three times a day. At first I lied to her, making up fictitious appointments that kept me from seeing her. Then, later, I had to tell her the

The door opened, and a girl stepped out—the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

truth: I could never see her again. She wept when I told her, and between sobs demanded to know what she had done wrong. I did not have the courage to tell her. I hope, Sarah, that you will read this and understand.

At last, I could stand the strain no longer. I fled New York and headed west. The Harveys, old friends of my parents, owned a ranch in Colorado. I drove night and day, arriving there in a state of complete collapse. They took me in and put me to bed.

I ran a high fever for a week, but then began to revive. It was to Joan, the Harveys' daughter, that I probably owe my recovery. She was an outdoors girl, certainly more at home in a saddle than in a sickroom. But she stayed by my side through the crisis of my illness. She fed me, rubbed my back, read to me. Then, when I had recovered some of my strength, she took me on long rides through the countryside. I found that I took to ranching; the outdoor life strengthened my body and my mind. Those days of horror in New York became just dim memories.

Then one evening, as we dismounted at the corral, I caught Joan in my arms as she slipped from the saddle.

"I was wondering just how long it would take you," she said after the first long kiss.

In the weeks that followed, I began to learn the work of running a ranch, with Joan always by my side with a helping hand or a word of encouragement. I knew that I could never return to New York. This was the life for me, among simple, straightforward people.

It was obvious to the Harveys how things stood between myself and their daughter, and they welcomed me into their family as a son. One afternoon, Joan and I took a long ride up into the hills. There, beside a sparkling brook, with the sun casting long shadows on the red-rock canyon walls, I asked for her hand in marriage. Without hesitation, she accepted my proposal.

The ranchers from miles around came to our engagement party. There was a roast steer and barrels of beer. Later, we gathered around the big stone fireplace in the ranch house to sing songs and exchange favorite stories. It was then that it happened.

"You ought to tell him about the rary bird, Joan," someone said during a lull in the conversation.

"Yes," said her father. "Tell him about the rary bird."

"Okay," said Joan. "My cousin in Australia sent it to us when it was only a baby. It was a funny, awkward creature with stubby wings. It only weighed two pounds. We figured it was just about full-grown, but it certainly wasn't. We gave it the run of the house. It was an alert creature and it would eat almost everything we gave it."

"Sure," interjected Mr. Harvey, "what an appetite! It would eat anything in sight: grass, bread, meat—*anything*. And it sure grew in a hurry."

"Pretty soon, we had to put it out back, in a pen," said Joan. "It wasn't vicious or anything, but as it got larger it started knocking over the furniture in the house.

"It kept on growing and, finally, we had to let it out on the range. It wandered around there for weeks, always growing. We would see it looming up on the horizon every now and then. It then got so large it could walk over any of the fences."

"Now just one minute . . ." I started to say.

Joan held up her hand. "Wait," she said, "until I've finished."

I was silent, but a stab of fear ran through me.

"Then it stepped on a neighbor's cow, and we realized that it had to be destroyed," said Joan. "It was so large we couldn't shoot it and leave it to rot. So we decided to take it up to Red Rim Canyon and dump it over the edge. We got all the neighbors together and roped it. It didn't really resist, but looked at us with its big, sad eyes. We dragged it to the rim of the canyon and started to push it over. The canyon is about a thousand feet deep at that point.

"Just as we pushed it over, it spoke. You know what it said?"

I did not reply, but braced myself.

"That's an awful long way to tip a rary," said Joan.

It was more horrible than I could have imagined. The room exploded in a red flash before me. Not knowing what I was doing, I hurled the contents of my beer mug straight into Joan's face. Then I was on my feet and running. I had to get away from this curse that pursued me. I dashed for my car and gunned the engine into life. I heard puzzled, angry voices shouting behind me. I spun the car into the road and was off, not knowing in which direction I was heading, not caring, just wanting to escape.

For how many hours I drove, I do not know. I only remember longing for a place of solitude among simple people. I found myself driving down a wooded valley in Oregon, on a narrow one-lane road. I came through the pines into the main street of a little village; neat white houses were clustered along the road. The town was peaceful; it drew me to its quiet comforts.

Down at the end of the main street, the road crossed a small river. There was no bridge, just a ferry—an old barge guided by an arrangement of cables strung across the stream.

A little cabin stood near where the ferry was beached on the river bank. I drove down to it and stopped the car. A man sat in the sunlight, fast asleep, with his chair slanted back against the cabin wall and an old straw hat tilted down over his eyes.

Then the door of the cabin opened and a girl stepped out. She was truly the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was dressed simply in a homemade gingham dress, but she walked with the poise of a princess. Her jet black hair flowed in a long sweep over her shoulders. She smiled at me.

"Good afternoon," she said. "The toll is fifteen cents."

"I'm not sure I want to cross the river," I said. "I like this town and might want to stay a day or two. Is there a hotel in town?"

"No," she said, smiling. "No hotel, but my mother always puts up anyone who wants to stay."

"That sounds wonderful," I said. There was a moment of silence. Then I said, "I hope you won't think I'm being forward, but what is a beautiful girl like you doing in a little town like this? You should be in Hollywood right now."

"Thank you," she said modestly. "Mother is always telling me I'm the town belle, but I don't really believe her. Besides, I couldn't leave here even if I wanted to."

"What's that?" I said.

"I must stay and collect the tolls," she said.

"Now just a minute," I said. "this is a free country. You're over twenty-one. You can do what you please. Is someone forcing you to work here?"

"Yes," she said sadly, "someone is."

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Show him to me. We'll settle this thing right now."

The old man sitting beside the cabin slowly tilted his chair forward and lifted his hat. When he spoke, I knew that my curse was upon me forever and that I would never escape it, though I might travel to the ends of the earth.

"You ask for whom the belle tolls," he said. "She tolls for me." THE END

WHERE IS JANICE GANTRY?

America's foremost writer of mystery and suspense takes you for a nightmare voyage on the high seas in search of a missing girl and the escaped convict who hoped to use her as a decoy for murder....

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

Sometimes the hot night wind of Florida brings bad dreams. I slept deep in a heartbreak dream of the girl who was lost and gone, of my Judy, no longer mine, no longer wife. In my dream I looked out of blackness into a lighted room where she smiled upon a faceless man the way she had always smiled at me.

I came bursting up out of the dream, tense, sweaty, wide-awake. The curtain whipped and writhed in moonlight. I did not know what I listened for until it came again, a sly scratching against the copper screening three feet from my head.

I slid the bottom drawer of the night stand open, and fumbled an oily cloth open to take the gun into my hand, feeling more assured but self-consciously dramatic, remembering the last time I had used it, months ago, to pot a palm-tree rat eating from the bird feeder. It was loaded, as guns should always be.

As I rolled off the bed toward the window, one knee against the harshness of the rattan matting, the scratching sound came again, and I heard a voice almost lost in the wind sounds, hoarse, urgent, cautious, speaking my name.

"Sam! Sam Brice!"

"Who is it?"

"It's Charlie, Sam. Charlie Haywood. Let me in. Don't turn on any lights."

I went through my small living room and out onto the screened porch and let him in. I smelled him as he entered. He stank of the swamps, of sweat and panic and flight. His voice was a half whisper, and I could sense the exhaustion in him.

He found a straight chair near the kitchen alcove, and sighed as he sat down. "You know about me, Sam?"

"I read the papers. You've been news for five days, Charlie."

"They making any good guesses about where I am?"

"The dogs tracked you south from the road camp before they lost you. They think you're heading for the Keys."

"Those goddam dogs. I circled back, Sam, after I thought I'd fooled those goddam dogs. I did some swimming. My God, I did some swimming. Got any cold milk?"

I thumbed the top off a new bottle and handed it to him, and sat near him.

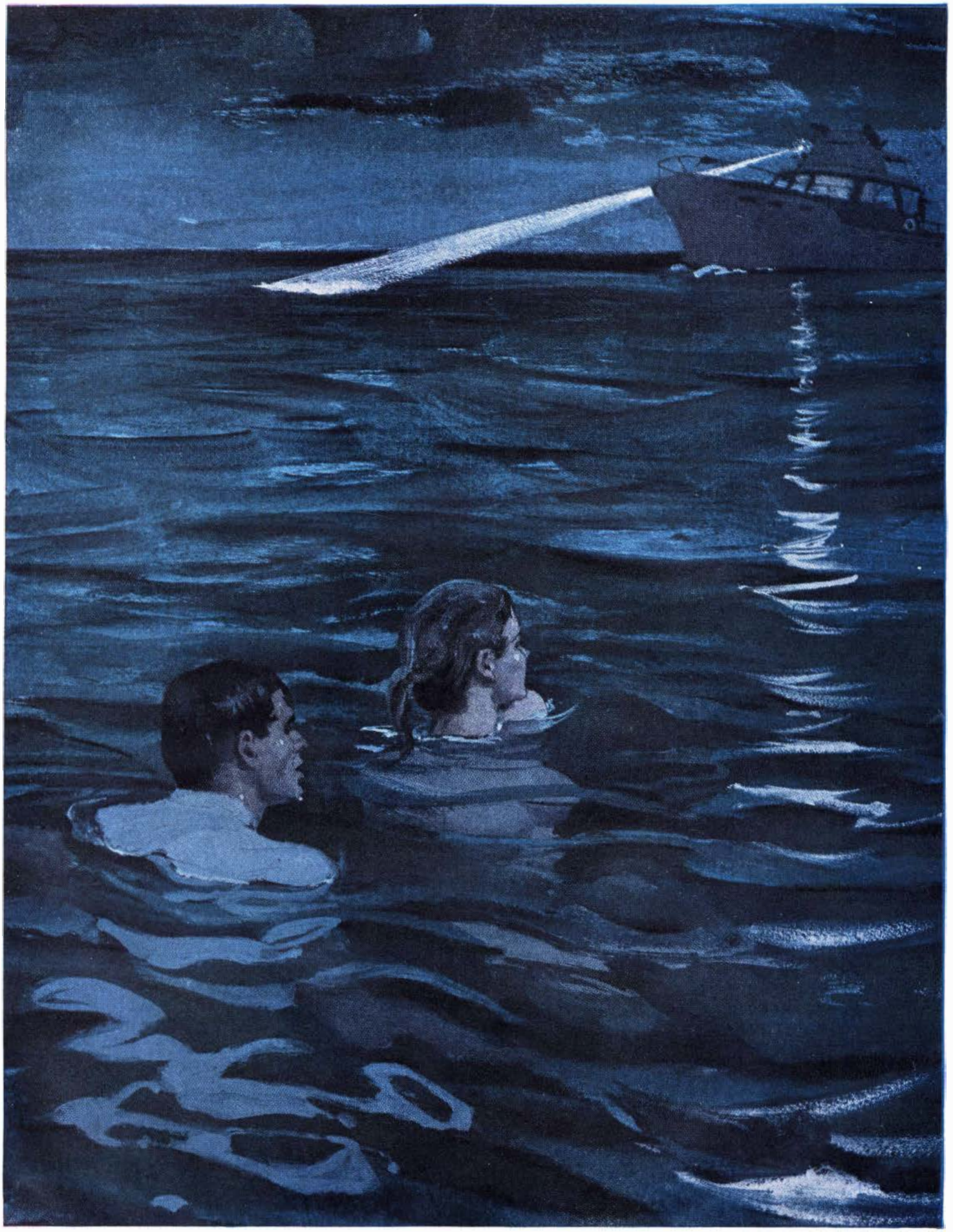
"My God, that's good! I'd forgotten just how good."

I went back into the bedroom and stowed the gun away and looked at the luminous dial of my alarm clock. Twenty minutes after three.

When I turned, he was close to me.

"I wouldn't want you to use the phone, Sam."

Anger was quick. "You made the choice, boy. You came to me. If you figured it wrong, it's too late now. If I'm going to turn you in, you can't stop me."



When the beam came too close for comfort, I said, "Dive."

"I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I'm not thinking so good, Sam."

"Nice of you," I said, "to count me in on this. It's just what I need."

"I've got to have help from somebody. I took the chance you'd still be living out here, a place I could get to, and still living alone, Sam. I knew you don't scare easy. And, working for yourself, you've got more freedom to move around. And one time you hinted about a dirty deal you got—just enough so I guess you know how it feels to . . . get set up for something you didn't do."

"For something you didn't do!"

On the basis of all the facts, Charlie Haywood would have trouble peddling his innocence. More than two years ago, he had been a car salesman at the Mel Fifer Agency here in Florence City. The business I own and operate had brought me in contact with him. He was a likeable kid, about twenty-three, a little too mild to be a good car salesman, but, because he lived with his widowed mother, who had a small income and rented rooms to tourists, he didn't have to earn much. I'd had a few beers with him and cased him as one of those low-pressure kids who, if he could find a bride with enough drive and guts, might make a tidy, happy life for himself.

It had flattered me a little to be with him, because he hadn't forgotten I was one of his childhood heroes. When he had been in grade school, I'd been Sam Brice, fullback, the big ground-gainer in the West Coast Florida Conference, with offers from every semi-pro college team in the East. He was willing to forget that out of my own arrogance and stupidity I had let the wide world whip me, and I had come home, after three seasons with the National Football League, with my tail tucked down and under.

Anyway, as the newspapers brought out, Charlie Haywood had been acting erratic for several weeks. He drove out onto Horseshoe Key late one March afternoon, broke into the luxurious beach residence of a Mr. Maurice Weber who had recently been a customer of the Mel Fifer Agency, and was apprehended while trying to pry loose a wall safe set into the rear wall of a bedroom closet. Mr. Weber had found him there, had held a gun on him, disarmed him, and called the sheriff's office.

Charlie had spent three weeks in the County Jail awaiting the next session of the Circuit Court. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years. I heard that, after a month at the state prison at Raiford, he had been transferred to one of the state road camps down in the 'Glades.

After twenty-eight months, I could still remember the gossip at the time he was sent up—how Weber had paid for a new car with cash, so maybe there was more cash at the house. Charlie had been drinking too much, and his performance had been so poor the sales manager had warned him that he'd either have to straighten out or be fired.

"I pleaded guilty, Sam. I had to. It was the only thing I could do. That was the way it seemed at the time. But one day, a month ago, it all seemed to come together in my mind, all the loose parts of it, and I knew I'd been the worst damn fool the world has ever seen, and I had to get out and come back here and prove it was all lies, everything she said to me."

"Who?"

"Charity Weber. The hell with bringing you into all that, Sam. It's my problem. I'll do it my own way."

"What do you want from me?"

"I want clothes, sleep, and a chance to get clean. Nobody will know I was here, Sam. I'm in bad shape right now, but I'll come back fast. They did one thing for me, Sam. They made me tough enough for what I've got to do. I'm not that guy you used to know, Sam."

"This puts me in a hell of a spot."

"I know that. I didn't tell you one of the reasons I came here. It's because I'd do the same thing for you."

There is no good answer to that statement.

After a long pause, I said, "Okay, Charlie. But I wish I knew more about all this."

"All you have to know is that I give you my word I'm not guilty. And the reason I pleaded guilty is because . . . I would have died for her, and she knew it and so did he, so five years seemed like a little favor, something I was anxious to do. I wasn't . . . equipped to handle a woman like that."

His words brought my lost Judy back into my mind so vividly, I knew she had been in my dreams in all the windy night.

I could smell new trouble coming, but I told myself to let him get the rest he needed, so that when he was himself again, I could talk him into letting me call Sheriff Pat Millhaus to come for him.

While he showered and used my razor, I carried the foul wad of his prison clothing and ruined shoes out behind the garage to a corner out of the wind, buried the stuff deep, and stomped the soil flat. I tossed a pair of my pajamas into the bathroom. I was making up the spare bed in my bedroom when he came out.

He sat on the bed and said, "Made it. More than a hundred miles across that crazy empty country. Sloughs and hammocks and saw grass." He lay back and pulled the sheet and the single cotton blanket up, sighed, and went to sleep.

After I watched dawn turn to morning, I wrote a note for Charlie Haywood. "I've locked the place up. I've laid out clothes that should fit you. Look around and you'll find orange juice, coffee, *etc.* There's eggs, milk, bacon, fresh-caught fish in the ice box. Help yourself. Nobody is likely to come here during the day. I'll be back sometime this afternoon."

I laid out a brown knit sport shirt that had been too small for me from the day I bought it, and some khaki pants that had shrunk so that they, too, were too small.

After I locked the cottage, I drove the four miles north into Florence City. It was Monday morning, the fifteenth day of August, and getting stickier and hotter every minute. After I got my mail out of my post-office box, I drove on out across City Bridge to the commercial area on Horseshoe Key adjacent to Orange Beach, parked my old Ford ranch wagon behind the office, and walked across to Cy's Lunch and Sundries for breakfast.

"You early as can be, Sam," he said.

"It's Monday, Cyrus. New week. New start. Energy. Git up and go." He sighed and busted my two eggs onto the grill.

I found one small story about the Haywood escape on the lower half of the third page. They were still looking for him. They expected to recapture him any minute. They thought he had stolen a car in Clewiston and that he'd abandoned it in Tampa.

When I walked across to the office after breakfast, Sis Gantry had just arrived to open it up. The big rackety air conditioner had just begun to work. Actually the cinder-block structure is the place of business of Tom Earle, realtor. It is one big room with his private office and the washrooms and storage room partitioned off in the rear. There are seven desks in the big room, with six of them used by his associates and his clerical help, and one of them rented to me. I am Automotive Appraisal Associates, which is a large name for a one-man firm. The monthly figure I pay him covers desk space, phone service, and the right to have my name in small print on the door.

Sis Gantry faked vast surprise and said, "In before nine? That crummy shack of yours must have burned down."

Her name is Janice, but she is never called anything except Sis. She is a local girl with eight brothers, four older and four younger. She is a big-boned brunette, full of life and bounce and sparkle, a truly warmhearted person. She has a wide, hearty mouth, a good figure—firm, rounded, and ample—and dark blue eyes.

Sis and I will never be at ease with each other. It started wrong with us; after a while it became obvious it should never have started at all. I met her four years ago. They had whipped me and I had come back to my own home town, knowing I should give a damn about what happened to the rest of my life, but finding it hard to care. I had been in town a month, and I was doing rough carpentry work for one of the local builders, when I met her. She was just getting over being whipped. She was twenty-five then, and I was a year older. She had made one of those impossible marriages, to a wild man—psychotic,

alcoholic, vicious. A girl with less optimism and vitality than Sis would have gotten out of it in the first year. But she stuck it out for four childless, incredible years, until he shot her in the throat and himself in the roof of the mouth. She survived only because there was a very good man on the ambulance.

We were a couple of prominent misfits in Florence City, so we joined forces and talked out our problems. She liked to have a project and she elected me. She got me to look seriously for some kind of work that would suit me. Old Bert Shilder at the Central Bank and Trust, who had known my parents all their lives until they drowned in the Gulf fifteen years ago, put me onto this accident appraisal business and got me a job with a firm over in Miami. After four months, I knew enough about the business to take the chance of starting up on my own in Florence City.

It was Sis who reviewed my frail finances, decided I should own a place rather than rent one, and found the old bay shore cottage on one acre of overgrown land four miles south of the city line. She was working for Tom Earle by then, and she knew it was a steal, and, after she had bullied me into it, she felt she had earned the right to help me fix it up. And it was Sis who wangled the desk space in Tom Earle's beach office.

And it was Sis, of course, who made a secondary project of decorating the bachelor cottage, and came one night, with kitchen curtains, and stayed too late. I feel no great compulsion to think up excuses for us—and probably neither does Sis. We would have been better off had we kept the early uncomplicated relationship. But it was proximity at work, and a genuine fondness, and our individual emotional vulnerability at that time. Maybe she wanted to help heal the wound Judy had left. I don't know.

She finally—out of some necessary female rationalization—convinced herself it was love. Marriage is what goes with love. The wife-to-be should spur her husband-to-be on to ever greater feats of wage earning. I could not say she began to nag. That would not be fair to her. She began to apply a gentle and ever-increasing pressure so that, at last, it was no longer any fun, and we drifted apart.

"No," I told her. "My house did not burn down. I'm early to work because I am industrious, efficient, trustworthy, honest, loyal, obedi—"

"Spare me," she said. "Let me get used to the shock." She went to her desk.

I knew, as on other mornings, that desire would never completely die. We had been too close. I knew she was now dating a lawyer, a widower, but in all the arrogance of male vanity, I told myself that I could start the whole meaningless thing all over again. It is one of the familiar daydreams of all males. But I knew it could never be started again from the very beginning, and that had been the best part of it, all the ways and discoveries of our beginning.

I sighed and put my mind on my unopened mail. At least I had found a job I liked. A group of automobile insurance companies employed me, on a fee basis, to appraise physical damage to vehicles so that claims could be equitably adjusted. Lawyers and adjusters handled the problems of blame. I had to keep the greedy claimant from getting a complete body job out of one dented fender, and also keep the insurance company involved from trying to weasel out of paying for all legitimate damage from the particular accident. Success depended upon my being as fair as possible.

During each tourist season I worked long, rugged hours, because our roads were full of Yankees who leaped at each other with a great clanging of tail fins and gnashing of grillwork. I could make enough in those months to see me through the reduced income and lazy hours of the rest of the year. I did not want to expand, service more companies, acquire a staff and an office of my own. I had food, clothing, shelter, tobacco, and liquor sufficient for my temperate needs. I had a small boat and time to fish from it, and a shotgun and time to hunt with it.

Sis turned around suddenly, and said, "Hey, did they wake you up last night with a mess of sirens down your way?"

"Sirens?" I asked blankly.

"I heard it on my car radio this morning. Some old man spotted Charlie Haywood down your way at about two in the morning. He reported seeing him duck back into the brush down near Cass Road. That's about a mile south of you. The radio said state and county police went down there."

"I think it would be pretty stupid for Charlie to head back here, don't you?"

"I don't really know, Sam. I guess I'm pulling for him to get away. Does that mean I've got a criminal mind?"

"Probably," I said. "I slept through the sirens."

"The wind kept waking me all night. I never sleep right when it's windy. You know Charlie, don't you?"

I shrugged. "Casually. I know most of the boys in the automobile agencies in the area. I had a few beers with Charlie Haywood. Pleasant kid, I thought."

"Not a safe breaker, or safe cracker, or whatever they call them."

"But he admitted it."

"I *know* he did, but that doesn't mean I can't find it hard to believe."

Just then Jennie Benjamin came in, a round and florid woman; she crossed to her desk, and banged her straw purse down upon it. She had parlayed a real estate license and a cheerfully abusive personality into a good living by skilfully bullying the indecisive into renting or buying property they did not particularly like.

I gave Sis my best guess as to when I would be back. I had two calls to make. I drove up to Venice and rechecked some rear-end damage to a Porsche which had been smacked at a stop sign. The company adjuster had told me the estimate seemed too high, and he had mailed me a photostat of it from Tampa. I got the foreign-car parts book out of my wagon and checked the rear bumper segments and bumper guards and the allowable labor costs of replacement. It checked out as a fair estimate. I continued on north to Sarasota, where I checked out a toughie.

I had lunch and, as I drove back down through Venice to Florence City, I debated stopping at the office, but figured it would be best to go right back home.

As I slowed to turn into my shell drive between the two big pepper trees, I wondered if the police, checking the area, had looked my place over. If they had found Charlie there, it might put me in a spot I'd have trouble talking my way out of, but it might work out for the best. If they hadn't found him, I hoped he was willing, ready, and able to leave.

I parked by the porch and as I walked across the porch to the living room door, it opened for me and Charlie Haywood backed away to let me in. He held my .38 revolver in his right hand, aimed straight down at the floor.

"Nice friendly welcome, Charlie," I said, and slammed the door.

"I didn't know who it was."

"Somebody you might have to kill, maybe?"

"I don't want to kill anybody. I just want to be left alone until I do what I have to do." He placed the gun carefully on the end table by the couch, half concealed by the big ash tray I keep there.

He took the cigarette I offered, with obvious eagerness. "I found the gun when I was hunting for cigarettes, Sam."

"I didn't think, or I would have left some."

Two years at the camp had toughened this boy. He seemed much more calm than I would have been under the circumstances.

"Anybody bother you while I was gone?"

"The phone rang once. Eight rings before they gave up. That's all."

"What are your plans, Charlie?"

"Get more sleep and then get out of your hair at dusk. Can you drive me into town? Then that will be the end of it."

"You'll be spotted inside of one minute, won't you?"

"I found a couple of things you maybe could give me. I could pay you later on, if things work out." He got up and went into the bedroom. He came out wearing an old baseball hat of mine, with the bill pulled well down. He wore big mirrored sunglasses. And the shape of his face was subtly but so completely changed, I would not have recognized him.

"You can have the hat and the glasses,

but what have you done to your face?"

"Cotton between my lips and my gums, and a couple of wads in my cheeks. Sam. It changes your voice, too. I heard about it in that camp. Is it going to work?"

"I think it will. Nobody around here has seen you in more than two years."

"I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been willing to help me, Sam. I was right at the end. I didn't have anything left." He picked the cotton out of his mouth, put it in the shirt pocket, took off the hat and glasses, and sat down to finish his coffee.

"You were identified, at two in the morning, a mile or so south of here. Cass Corners. So the cops are checking the whole area."

He stared at me and then cursed bitterly. "I was so tired, I wasn't tracking right. The wind kept me from hearing that car coming and, like a damn fool, I turned and looked at the lights for a second before I ran into the brush. It makes it a little rougher, I guess."

"Somebody told me, this morning, that she was sure you hadn't done anything criminal. She brought you up because she'd heard the radio report on your being seen in the area."

"Who?"

"Sis Gantry."

"So she got her own name back? I hoped she would."

"She petitioned the court and had it restored."

He looked beyond me, his face softening perceptibly. "I used to run around with two of the Gantry boys who were my age. Billy and Sid. That's how I got to notice Sis. I knew her, but I wasn't aware of her until I was. I guess, about fourteen and she was eighteen. And then I got the damnedest crush on her. God, how I hated those big guys who were dating her! Is she just as rugged as she used to be?"

"If a runaway tiger jumped through the window, Sis Gantry would scold it for breaking the window, scratch it behind the ear to show she wasn't really mad, then cook it a steak."

He stood up. "I'll wash this stuff and then go get a nap. You going out again?"

"I'll be back a little after six." I looked at my watch. "It'll be dark enough by 7:30 to drive you in. Where do you want to be left off?"

"I've decided to give that a little more thought, Sam. I'll know by the time you take me in."

I left him my cigarettes, relocked the cottage, and drove into town over the bridge to the office near Orange Beach. Neither Sis nor Jennie Benjamin was there. I knew the boss man wouldn't be in. Tom Earle was taking a summer vacation at a Canadian fishing lodge. Vince Avery was there, in persuasive, low-voiced conversation with a well-padded female prospect.

Alice Jessup came over to my desk as I sat down, and gave me a phone slip to return a Tampa call. She is a sallow, timid girl in her twenties.

"Can you fit in a little dictation, Alice?" I asked her.

She blushed, as she invariably does, and said. "Oh, sure, it's real dead around here, believe me. I'll get my book."

Sis and Alice kept separate accounts of any time spent on my work and billed me at the end of each month. I dictated the three reports, then returned the Tampa call and learned of two new appraisals to make, one in Osprey and one in Punta Gorda, and I would get the pertinent papers in the morning mail. I walked a half block south on Orange Road to stand in the murky chill of the Best Beach Bar and treat myself to a Vodka gimlet and argue the pennant race with fat, opinionated Gus Herka, owner, proprietor, and bartender.

When we had exhausted baseball, he said, "Hey, how about that Charlie Haywood? He was a customer, you know it? Not a steady customer. Just sometimes. Nice-looking boy, Sam. You figure like they say he's come back here, hey, maybe? Why should he do that? Three years to go, more when they catch him. Stupid, you know it?"

"Pretty stupid, Gus," I agreed.

Though I was, at the moment, the only customer, he leaned toward me in a heavily conspiratorial manner.

"A week before he got arrested, he came in here late, a little bit drunk, not too bad, lipstick all around his mouth, bought a bottle. Six bucks. Edgy, he acted. Like he would fight anybody. Not like himself at all, you know it? He went out with the bottle and drove away. I looked out. He had a woman with him. Saw her under the street lights, just the hair on her head, silver as a dime, floozy hair."

"So what does that prove, Gus?"

"You are stupid, Sam, you know it? A nice boy like that, he has a cheap woman making him edgy and drunk, and she needles him and needles him to come up with big money, so he tries something foolish. I seen it a dozen times before, you know it?"

I told him he was a great psychologist, and walked back to the office. The reports were done and on my desk, errorless. Alice Jessup was waiting for Sis to come back and lock up, but I told her I would stay and wait.

I had ten minutes alone in the office before Sis came to a screeching stop out front and trotted in.

"Hey, I rented a house," she said.

"Good deal."

"In August any kind of a deal is good." She came and sat on the corner of my desk and looked down at me. "How are you doing, Sam?" she asked. "Have you got a girl these days?"

"No girl. It's lonely, but it's peaceful."

"I know what's wrong with you, Sam. It took me a long time. But now I know what it is."

"The brand Judy left on me?"

"You enjoy bleeding over Judy, don't you? Not that, Sam. No. It's something basic in you. You've never decided what you are, Sam. You want to be all meat and muscle and reflexes. You want to deny how bright and intuitive and sensitive you are. You're a complex animal, Sam. You try not to think, and so you think too much. You couldn't just plain love, Sam. You thought us to death. You like to talk ignorant and act ignorant. It's a protective coloring. Maybe you think it's manly. I don't know. You seem to have to . . . diminish yourself."

I faked a yawn. "You overcomplicate it. I'm a simple guy, with simple needs."

"Oh sure. That guard certainly comes up fast when anybody tries to get too close to you. Anyway, what I want to tell you is I think I might get married to Cal MacAllen."

"Love him?"

"I like and respect him. Maybe that question is academic. I loved Pritch like crazy. I'm twenty-nine, Sam, and time is beginning to run out. He's forty-four, and wise and loving; he makes me feel completely girlish. I think I know what I'm getting into, Sam. The male-female thing isn't something I'd have to look up in the World Book Encyclopedia, exactly. He'll always miss his first wife a little, and I won't resent that. I get along fine with those two college kids of his. Should I do it, Sam? Should I try to make it work?"

"And you're asking me?"

She suddenly grinned, with self-mockery, and a gaudy joy. "Heck, no, Brice. I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. You're just the first to know I'm going to say yes to him in a few days, maybe even tomorrow. Pretending to ask you was just one of those silly games we women feel obligated to play."

"Then tell him, for me, he's a very lucky guy, and I'll buy you a drink on it right now."

"I've got that lease to fix up, and I couldn't tell him anyway, Sam. He's horribly jealous of you. Some fool talked us up to him."

I wished her the best of possible luck and happiness, kissed her soft cheek, and walked out to the oven heat of my station wagon, feeling unaccountably forlorn, cheated, and left out of things. She could name one after me. Sam would be a dandy name for a girl. As I drove over the bridge toward the mainland to check a claim that I could contact only after working hours, I became sourly amused at myself. I shouldn't worry about getting over Sis Gantry when I hadn't yet recovered from Judy Caldwell.

I met Judy Caldwell during my last year of college ball. I was two months

away from twenty-two, and she was a nineteen-year-old import, from a girl's college in the east, flown in for the football week end by a fraternity brother who was so serious about her and had talked so much about her that we were prepared for a letdown. But when Judy entered the room, and when she smiled and looked around before saying a word, she turned all other females in the room to wax and ashes. With that careful-casual ruff of blonde hair, the mobile mouth, those bottomless violet eyes, and her trim, taut look of tension under control, I thought her the most alive thing I had ever seen in my life. Before I ever heard her voice, I wanted to own her forever.

She was, in the most comprehensive meaning of the phrase, a status symbol. In any given year, there are not many nineteen-year-old girls of that wondrous breed. In a generation, there are pitifully few—in any age bracket.

If you acquire one of them, you can walk them into any public place in the civilized world and be marked at once as a man of rare luck and special talent.

Judy was one of that unique sisterhood and she was, of course, a status symbol. And she could not avoid or prevent those things which weigh so heavily on the other end of the scale.

And the status symbol works both ways. You must be her symbol, also. Defeat is unforgivable, because she equates defeat with weakness. She who is content to belong to kings can never scrub cottages. She goes with success, and she leaves with it also.

And once you have been showered by that special bounty, you can never fit yourself comfortably back into that world from which all magic has fled. She is in your nerves and your blood and your flesh forever.

All you can do is try to avoid comparison, because it can be a knife in your heart. I had tried, always, to keep her out of my mind when I was with Sis.

I checked the freshly battered car in town, and so it was a little after seven on that August evening when I returned to my cottage. Charlie had just finished off a fried slab of fish I caught yesterday. He said he had slept until six, when the alarm had awakened him. He did not think the phone had rung again, or that anybody had knocked at my door. He said he was ready to go as soon as it was dark.

"You certainly seem calm enough, Charlie."

"When you know what you're going to do, there's no point in worrying any more. You can start worrying again if it doesn't work."

"About the gun, I hope you're not going to ask me if you can borrow it."

"I won't need a gun. Sam, are you trying to find out what I'm going to do?"

"I don't think I want to know. I have the feeling that I know more, now, that I want to know. You were picked up when you were working on the safe out at the Weber house. You got pretty bitter about Charity Weber. I can think of all kinds of things that could have been going on, and I don't want any more clues."

He opened the pack of cigarettes I had brought, and said, "I guess you don't want to get mixed up in anything."

"You're so right."

"You got it the way you want it, I guess. That's the reason I came here. I knew you'd live quiet and keep your head down. I guessed you wouldn't turn me in, and I guessed you wouldn't try to help too much. I can tell right now how anxious you are to be rid of me, so you can start forgetting you had anything to do with it."

"I can let you have twenty bucks."

"Thanks, Sam. It'll help. Even if I find out I don't need it, it will help the morale to have it in my pocket."

We left at twenty minutes of eight. During the four-mile trip, he crouched on the floor beside me, one shoulder tucked down under the glove compartment. He asked to be let off in town, handy to some pay phone he could use with little chance of being seen and recognized. I suggested the outdoor booth at West Plaza, at the big shopping section, not far from the mainland end of City Bridge. The booth was brightly lighted, but set so deep in the parking area, so far from traffic, that it was unlikely anyone would come within a hundred feet of him.

Charlie said it sounded all right. I pulled off into the shadows of the lot. The stores were closed, their night lights shining. The big drugstore was open, with fifteen or twenty cars parked close to it. All the rest was a dark desert of empty asphalt. He moved up onto the seat, poked the cotton into place, tugged the bill of the cap down to eyebrow level. The sunglasses were in the breast pocket of the sport shirt, along with the cigarettes I had brought him.

"Thanks a lot, Sam." he said.

"Best of luck, Charlie."

He got out of the wagon and walked toward the booth. I could see nothing furtive about the way he walked. He did not look back. I saw him step into the booth, close the folding door, and open the phone book. I swung around in a big arc and headed out onto the street.

I could have gone home. That was what I wanted to do. I wanted to cook myself a meal, put the sheets and pajamas he had used in the laundry bundle, clean the place up, put Peggy Lee on the changer, and go sit on my screened porch in the dark, in the canvas womb of the safari chair, and drink some big drinks and think small, random, unimportant thoughts, and listen to Peggy, and forget the existence of Charlie Haywood. Sis was to be married. Judy was forever lost to me. Charlie would never bring me into his problems again.

I will never understand why I didn't do just that.

But there was something particularly touching about the gallantry of the new Charlie Haywood. He had been an ineffectual boy. They had ground him into a man. Maybe I wanted to help him. More probably, I just wanted to watch.

And maybe he had stung me a little with his remarks about my quiet life. It hurt my pride to have it pointed out, even though the big wheel had gone too fast for me and flung me off and I wasn't about to climb back on.

So instead of heading on home, I doubled back and came back onto the parking lot from the far side.

I parked on the far side of the cars near the drugstore. I stood up cautiously and looked out across the roofs of the cars toward the distant booth. He was still in there, and he was talking into the phone. I saw him hang up and step out of the booth. He came strolling toward the drugstore, giving a perfect imitation of a man killing time. I could guess how much the casual manner was costing him.

I was back behind the wheel. I could see him through the windows of the car next to mine, a spare, shadowy figure in the humid night.

Now what? I asked myself. Sam Brice, public eye? On any TV show they would have cast me as the heavy. Maybe at thirty I would still have been acceptable for the rugged hero part had I not spent eleven seasons in football. Four in junior high and Florence City High, as All-State fullback. Four in the semi-pro brand of college ball played in Georgia, as defensive line backer and defensive end. Three seasons—*almost* three seasons—in the National Football League as a two hundred and fifteen pound offensive tackle, a little bit light for that kind of work, but compensating with both quickness and balance.

Take those eleven years of eating cleats, spitting blood, and being bounced off the turf, and add the unavoidable social fist fights, and you have a face to loan to bill collectors. Store teeth, a crooked jaw, a potato nose, miscellaneous scars and lumps, and a tracery of long-ago clamps and stitches. The weight is still at two hundred and fifteen, but it requires work and thought to keep it there, and I often wonder why I bother. An automatic reflex in the pride department, perhaps.

The long minutes went by.

At last, a curious thing happened. A stodgy little black Renault turned in and went chugging across the great expanse of empty parking area. It gave one irritable bleat of the horn. Charlie was already on his way towards it. It had stopped thirty feet from the phone booth.

I didn't begin to actually believe it until he had gotten into the little car and it had started up again. Sis had pur-

chased it way back when we had been together. She had driven out to the cottage with it many, many times. I didn't have to ask myself why she'd let herself be sucked in. Anything with a broken wing would get her immediate attention.

Suddenly I realized it was my fault. I had told Charlie of her blind belief in his innocence. He had needed someone for some service I either couldn't handle, or he had decided I wouldn't handle. He had been sorting over the people he knew, wondering whom to ask. And I had handed him Sis.

"Damn you, Charlie Haywood," I muttered, and swung around in amateur pursuit. The streets of Florence City are very empty on any August evening. I knew Charlie would be alert for any car following them. I knew either of them would know my wagon; Sis particularly.

It helped to see them head directly for the causeway and City Bridge. Horseshoe Key is five miles long and, in all its length, it is seldom over a quarter mile wide. Orange Road is the paved road that extends the length of the Key. The one-mile commercial strip is right in the middle of the Key opposite the bridge and includes the Orange Beach section. If you turn right when you get onto the Key, you head north through the junkier part of the commercial section and then through an area of cottages and beach houses set too close together until the road ends at the North Pass Public Beach. If you turn south, you pass stores, bars, restaurants, and then a batch of pretentious motels with pretentious names, until suddenly you are in the land of the Large Money, the big homes you can't see from the road, and you can read all the neat signs that say No Stopping, No Trespassing, No Deep Breathing.

I hung back and didn't speed up until I saw the Renault turn left. When I made the turn, the road was empty. The road was straight for so far, I knew they had ducked off, and I would have had a lot of trouble learning where, had I not seen too much light coming out of Tom Earle's office.

I slowed down and, as I went by, I saw the two of them inside walking back toward Tom's private office. Evidently they had just walked in and she had clicked on the additional light a moment before I saw it. The Renault was tucked close to the side of the building, its lights out. When I went by again, I could see neither of them. I turned into the small parking area next to the Best Beach Bar, and cut the lights and motor. I should have gone home. If Sis got into any trouble, it would be Cal MacAllen's problem, not mine. I could think of no reason in the world for her to have taken Charlie right to the office. It bothered me.

I kept remembering how Tom's office has two windows at the rear of the building. So I went back there, stepping on something that broke with a sharp snapping sound, then kicking an empty can a dozen feet—about as stealthy as a drunken actor falling into the drums. An unseen cat spoke irritably to me. A mosquito did slow rolls inside my ear.

The blinds were down, the slats closed, but like most blinds, the closure was imperfect. From the first window I could see a section of the closed door and a segment of red leather couch. I could see part of the shoulder of the sport shirt I had given Charlie, and I had a close-up of the back of his ear, so close I was startled into backing away. I looked again, over his shoulder, and saw a slice of Sis's face. She was sitting at the desk, talking into Tom's phone.

The windows were sealed shut. I could see the movement of her lips, but I could hear no sound. Charlie moved out of my range of vision and reappeared beside Sis, bending to whisper into her ear as she momentarily covered the mouthpiece.

Many things dropped neatly into place. Charlie had been happy to sacrifice his freedom in some unknown favor to Charity Weber. He had changed his mind in prison. He had to get hold of Charity. She would be the one who could clear him. He couldn't risk phoning her. Sis could make the call and perhaps decoy Charity Weber into a situation where Charlie could get to her and talk to her. Once it was set up, he would have no more need for Sis's services. Suddenly I remembered how very calm Charlie had seemed after he had rested. It wasn't a healthy calm. Suppose he was using Sis to decoy the woman into a situation where he could kill her. With his hands. He hadn't wanted the gun. That would be very nice for everybody.

So it wouldn't hurt to follow the whole deal a little longer.

I wanted to be in the car, ready to go. I started back toward my car. I had to pass once again behind the big new furniture store between the Best Beach Bar and the office.

After forty feet, a flashlight beam struck me in the face from ten feet away. It had nice new batteries in it. Surprises make me irritable. And I disapprove of bright lights glaring into my eyes.

I wrenched my head around and said, "Cut it out!"

"Who you and what you doin' back here?"

Because I was born and raised in Florida, I have often been accused of "mushmouf" diction, though it seems to me I talk the same as anyone else. But this was basic swamp-talk, a back country, slough and 'gator, grits and pellagra whine, full of a mock servility, yet flavored with an arrogance born of that special toughness which must be constantly tested to make certain it is still undiluted. I should have recited my name, address, and occupation like an obedient child, and told him I had come back to check the rear door of the office building because I had wondered whether I had left it unlocked.

But he kept the light on my face, so I said, "I'm gathering mushrooms." I took a step toward him and said, "Now get out of my way."

The light went off. I had a half second to wonder if I was handling this very well, and then I had the sensation that a cherry bomb had been firmly taped to my skull over the left ear and detonated. The whole world jumped eight inches eastward. I felt the jar as I went down onto my knees, and listened to a roaring that went fading, echoing down spiral staircases in the back of my brain.

The light was on me again, and he said, in a tone of warm appreciation, "Well, you don't lay down so fast! Plenty big, anyways."

He moved and I heard a faint whisper. The second bomb cracked a crater near the crown of my head and I spread myself gently, face down, into the warm and placid Gulf, floating, while all the girls were laughing and Miss Lee sang. I felt him wrench my arms around behind me, and snap a coolness of metal on my wrists. I felt him pry my wallet out of my hip pocket.

I rested. I was very tired.

He kicked me in the ribs, with insistence rather than brutality. "On your feet, boy. Pick all yourself up an' stand tall for LeRoy."

I made the first effort and he gave me some help. When I was on my feet, I felt tall and frail and a little bit sick to my stomach. He walked behind me, and gave me little jabs in the kidneys with the night stick to steer me in the proper direction, and into the front seat of the blue sedan with the Sheriff decal on the door. I had to sit on the edge of the seat.

As he started up, I realized I was once again capable of speech. "You're making a mistake," I said humbly.

"Now don't we all, sooner or later."

I had the feeling LeRoy and I were never going to strike up much of a friendship. He headed across the bridge to the mainland, driving without haste.

"You a new deputy?" I asked him.

"Since April. You got a name?"

"Samuel Collins Brice."

I got my first good look at him in the bridge lights. The brim of his ranch hat shadowed a pinched and narrow little face. His neck was too scrawny for the collar of the khaki shirt. He was about the size of a fourteen-year-old who has been sick and underfed. He kept his chin high in order to see over the hood, and he held the wheel firmly in his little brown hands.

"I'm Depity LeRoy Luxey," he said.

"I've seen your name in the paper a lot lately. You make a lot of arrests."

"If a man is put hisself in the arrestin'

trade, and does his work good, it comes out thataway."

He drove through the open iron gate into the courtyard area behind the Florence County Courthouse. Golden light shone through an open door onto the old brick paving, and I heard some men laughing, and didn't know whether to be relieved or depressed to identify the rumbling bark of Sheriff Pat Millhaus.

We entered a corridor which had been narrowed by the addition of a waist-high counter on the right. Pat Millhaus lounged behind the counter with an inch of dead cigar in the corner of his mouth, a blue sport shirt sweat-dark at the armpits strained across the mound of hard belly. He was talking across the counter to some man I did not know.

Pat stared at me, his little dark eyes opening very round and wide, and suddenly they were squeezed into slits in the dark hard flesh of his face as he began to laugh. He laughed a lot longer than was necessary.

When he paused for breath, LeRoy Luxey asked gently, "You'd maybe be laughin' at me, Sher'f?"

There was, behind that mild question, a terrible and innocent ferocity. Pat had half-tamed a wild thing, and it had to be handled with extraordinary care. I sensed, as did Pat Millhaus, that if he had answered yes, the stringy little man would have immediately begun the blind and automatic and inescapable process of trying to kill his superior officer. The structure of his pride would have permitted no alternative.

The Sheriff sobered at once and said, "I'm laughing at this damn fool you brung in, LeRoy. I've known him . . . just about eleven years. What's the story on him, LeRoy?"

"I was checkin' the beach like you said on account of the stuff that's been a-goin' on out there, and I come on this Brice sneakin' along behind of the Gulfway Furniture. I put the light on him and ast him what's he doing, and he makes me some smart-mouth talk and comes at me, so I thumped him some and brang him on in. This here is the money wallet I took off'n him, and he's got not knife or gun, Sher'f."

"He talked smart, LeRoy, because he keeps forgetting he isn't a big hero with his name in the papers any more. What were you doing out there, Sam?"

"I had the feeling I'd left the back door at Tom Earle's office unlocked. I parked my car at Gus Herka's place and walked back to check. I was going back to my car when I was stopped by . . . your eager little friend."

"You got ideas about lawing LeRoy for assault and false arrest?"

"I think I asked for what I got."

"We'll get your name on a release form before you go, just in case. Unloose him there, LeRoy."

Pat took me down a corridor past his radio communications center to his office. He directed me to a straight chair in the middle of the room. He went behind his desk and lowered himself into a big leather chair and stared at me. Except for black hair cropped so short the brown scalp shows through, he looks like one of those old prints of the fat Indian chiefs who got annoyed with Custer.

Pat Millhaus is a good politician and a reasonably adequate law officer.

He played football for Florida Western. While I was playing for Florence City High, he was a Deputy Sheriff who, by a rearrangement of his duty schedule, was able to work with the Florence City High coaching staff on a volunteer basis. It took me a long time to figure out why he singled me out. I finally realized it was because, of all the members of the squad, I was the one who was obviously better than he had ever been. He rode me hard throughout those two seasons.

My last game of the year was a night game. We won. After I had changed, Millhaus and I went back of the gym, all alone in the bright white moonlight. I was nineteen and I weighed one-ninety. He was twenty-six and weighed two-twenty. I had more height and reach, but I had played three quarters of a hard game that same night.

We fought for over an hour. We beat each other to bloody ruin. At times I couldn't remember who I was fighting or why. We would rest, our lungs creaking, our arms like dead meat, and then go at it again. I don't know how many times I got back onto my feet off the cool, moist grass. I don't know how many times I watched him climb back onto his feet, as I waited, praying he wouldn't make it.

It was a standoff. Afterwards we required surgical attention. Neither of us was worth a damn for a couple of weeks.

Folklore says that such an experience creates undying friendship. But it neither enhanced nor reduced our hatred.

"It's a shameful thing to come so far down in the world you've got fellas like LeRoy putting knots on your All-American skull, Sam."

"He's quick with that stick."

"Too bad you can't call a press conference."

"Knock it off, Millhaus."

He shook his big head sadly. "There you were, right on top. Finest tackle in the league, they were calling you. Had what they call a shining future."

"You've been waiting a long time, so have your fun."

"But you were so important you figured you could make your own rules. So you got thrown out of pro football for life. It didn't get into the papers because that was part of the agreement. The papers talked about a bad knee you didn't have. But they had to unload you, Brice, because they couldn't take a chance on you throwing a ball game for a little cash money.

"Then you didn't have a thing left to hold the interest of that fancy little wife. Guess she decided if you were going to live small, you could live by yourself."

He smiled comfortably. "I'd love for you to get into some real trouble around here sometime, so you could see how I operate this department. You've got no kin left. No special friends. You're a loner, Sam." He leaned forward. "And there isn't one soul in the big world gives enough of a damn about you to care what I do to you."

"As a tax payer," I said, "I'd like to know why you're fussing with me instead of hunting for Charlie Haywood."

I saw a dangerous anger in his dark eyes. It went away as he leaned back in his big chair.

"Ol' Charlie's off in the brush someplace being et up by bugs. When he gets hungry enough, he'll come on out like a lamb. To save you from sitting here worrying about my business, I better let you sign the release and go on about your own business."

He filled in the blanks in a standard release. I signed it, and two of his people witnessed it. I went home.

When I arrived at the office at twenty after nine the next morning, I learned that Sis had not come to work, nor had she called. Vince, Jenny, and Alice all said it wasn't like her, but they were more interested in my visible signs of hard use than in Sis's absence. I told them I had backed into a door.

When I went across the street for coffee, Cy had already heard, in some underground way, that I had been thumped by LeRoy Luxey. He told me LeRoy was an import from Collier County, where he had thumped one haid too many. He admired my ability to walk around unaided after such a session with LeRoy.

When I realized I would have to do it sometime, I phoned the Gantry home from Cy's pay booth. Joe and Lois Gantry still live in the big frame house that used to belong to Lois's people. Joe has worked for the phone company all his life, and he is close to retirement. Of their nine kids, six of the sons are married, and of those, four are in far places. Only Sis and the youngest boy, still in high school, live at home.

I talked with Lois. Ever since it became evident I wasn't going to marry her daughter, she'd been chilly toward me. But this time she was too upset to remember to be distant. The facts were meager. Sis had taken a phone call a little before eight o'clock, and kept on her red halter top but changed from shorts to gray slacks, and had left the house in a great hurry, saying nothing about who had called her, but saying she'd be back late. Lois had assumed Si had gone to meet Cal MacAllen. She had lain awake listening for Sis to come home, and at six in the morning, wondering if they had eloped on impulse, she'd

called Cal, but he had not seen her or phoned her the previous evening. Lois was debating whether to call the police and I tried to tell her it was a good idea, without in any way adding to her alarm.

After I took care of my desk work, I drove to Bocagrande to appraise a hotel garage partially collapsed by a clumsy tourist. During the fifty-minute trip back over the familiar roads, I tried without success to feel optimistic about Sis. By the time I caught the noon news on the car radio, I should have been able to guess how the news people would handle it, especially in the August doldrums.

"Police are searching for a link between the disappearance of Janice Gantry and the belief that Charles Haywood, escaped convict, was in the Florence City area as recently as two o'clock yesterday morning. All highway units have been alerted to look for Miss Gantry's car, a 1957 black Renault sedan with Florida license 99T313. Miss Gantry was last seen wearing . . ."

I turned him off. It was inevitable they would try to link the only two news stories in our area. Neither Sis nor Charlie could guess that I knew they'd been together. Charlie would have no reason to tell Sis who gave him refuge. And they could not suspect that the Sam Brice they knew had been taking the trouble to follow them until LeRoy put a hickory halt to the venture. If I had guessed right, if indeed Sis had been phoning Charity Weber from the office, it gave me a starting place—but I didn't know what to do with it. Somehow it did not seem to be such a wonderful idea to go out to the Webers and ask if anybody had seen Sis and Charlie.

After a lunch on the run, I found a note in the office to phone Cal MacAllen. I returned the call and he asked me if I could drop by his office. I went over immediately. After his wife died six years ago, Cal had stowed his sons in a private school and taken off for a full year, abandoning his practice. No one had ever heard him talk about where he had been or what he had done during that year. He reappeared suddenly and went back to work, gray, precise, remote, and efficient.

The girl sent me right in. There was an imitation of warmth in his welcome. He stared at me across his clean desk, neutral, gray, tidy, and watchful.

"I've asked her to marry me, Brice."

"You didn't ask me here to get my blessing, Cal."

He tested the needle point on a yellow pencil with his thumb. "I'm finding it difficult to be as civil to you as I had hoped to be."

"I don't know what nonsense you've listened to, MacAllen. Sis and I like and respect each other. If you're going to marry her, you'll have to ride along with her judgments about people. She's bright that way. Whatever there was between us, it was over a long time ago. There's no shame and there's no guilt. She's level, steady, and honest. Maybe you're getting better than you deserve. I can go or stay. Take your choice."

He stared at me for long moments and then his eyes changed. He went to a bar that didn't look like a bar, swung it open, and said, "Have a drink on someone who's acting like a damn fool, Sam."

After the silent toast and the first gulp, I said, "Maybe you'll be better for her than I figured."

"As you said, Sam, she's reasonably bright about people."

His nerves were shot and he wanted to talk about her. He wanted me to come up with some plausible reason for her disappearance, such as running away to think about marrying him. I told him that wasn't her style. Inevitably he progressed to speculation about Charlie Haywood. I assured him, with a little more force than I felt, that they were friends and Charlie was incapable of hurting her.

And suddenly he showed me an excellent mind at work, cool and rational. "She can carry loyalty to a damn fool extent, Sam. Suppose it was Charlie who phoned her last night. That's why she couldn't say who called, and why she left in a hurry. She picked him up in her little car. I remember the Haywood trial, Sam. People wondered why he made no effort to defend himself. There was a nasty rumor about his protecting some woman. Can you remember who it was?"

"Mrs. Weber. Charity Weber."

"Hmmm. Maybe Janice drove him out there to see her. Let's check that right now." He told his secretary to get Sheriff Pat Millhaus on the phone. The call was placed quickly. I did some roaming while he talked, and built us new drinks.

He hung up and said, "Millhaus figured Janice might have helped Haywood voluntarily, on the basis of friendship. He thought Charlie might have come back to settle his grudge against Weber. This morning he and two deputies made a complete check of the Weber house and grounds. They all went to bed early out there last night. They heard nothing. Weber said his wife was nervous about Haywood being at large, so Millhaus assigned a deputy to patrol around the house nights until Charlie is picked up. I wish we had a better sheriff, Sam. Who is this Maurice Weber? You know anything about him? I've gotten the impression some people think he's pretty sinister, but I'm damned if I know why."

I told him all I knew. He listened, frowning and intent. Four years ago, an agent came down and paid close to a hundred thousand for that four hundred feet of Gulf to bay land, about eight hundred feet deep. He had working drawings with him, and let the contract on a house that cost a hundred and twenty-five thousand, complete with boat basin, swimming pool, landscaping, and servant quarters. The agent had the house furnished and decorated. A big, brand-new, fifty-four-foot cruiser appeared, operated by a hired captain who was also a gardener and handy man. Next, the house servants arrived, a German couple. Finally the Webers arrived, and a new and luxurious sedan appeared. The agent disappeared. Every snob in the area immediately campaigned to rope in such conspicuous consumers, but every last one was firmly brushed off. It is believed they were originally from Michigan, and that he was in the investment business. I had never seen either of them. He was reported to be in his middle fifties, powerfully built. She was reputed to be a breathtaking dish in her early thirties.

"Haywood got friendly with her somehow and then Mr. Weber caught him while he was trying to open a safe?"

"Charlie wasn't trying to open it. It was set into the back of a closet off the master bedroom. He had a big pry bar. He was tearing the wall down. He apparently intended to pry the safe loose and carry it out. As I remember the story in the papers, it weighed less than a hundred pounds empty. It was a barrel job, small but damned sturdy."

"Everyone was away from the house?"

"It was late in the afternoon on a nice day in March, two years and four months ago. The Webers had gone out on the boat with their hired captain. It was a Thursday, the house servants' day off. Presumably the servants had locked the house. But he had not broken in."

"And he knew exactly where the safe was, so he had either wormed that information out of the Weber woman, or she was in partnership with him. Why wasn't all this brought out at the trial?"

"Who by, Cal? He made no fuss when they came and got him. He would permit no attempt to raise bail for him. He pleaded guilty and they sent him away."

"How come he got caught?"

"He had bad luck. Ordinarily the servants wouldn't return until ten o'clock. The Webers had left the dock right after lunch, planning to be back at about five thirty. He admitted entering the house at a quarter to three. He could see the boat basin from the window in the dressing

Peggy seemed to shudder, and then I reached and found her.

room. He had parked the agency car he was using where it couldn't be seen from Orange Road or from their boat if they returned earlier. But at 2:30, one of the diesels conked out on the boat. Weber had his man turn back and leave it at Jimson's Marina and stay with it to get it repaired. The Webers taxied home. They arrived a little after four. Charlie was too busy to hear the cab. Weber found the front door unlocked. When he walked in, he heard somebody, in the bedroom wing, making a hell of a noise. He got a gun from his study and went in and caught Charlie hard at work. He disarmed him. Mrs. Weber called the law. And that was that. It was such a shock to Mrs. Weber that she took to her bed."

"She did indeed?" He stood up with a sudden restlessness. "But this gets us no place. Millhaus has been out there. Janice is not . . . a devious sort of person. If anybody has hurt her . . ."

He didn't look cold or colorless. I saw more jaw than I had noticed previously, and his hands looked more powerful and capable than I would have guessed had I not noticed them.

For half a moment he lost control of the shape of his mouth. "We've got to find her, Sam. And I don't know what to do."

After I left Cal MacAllen's office, I knew it was time for one of my rare visits to D. Ackley Bush. I phoned him from my desk.

"Samuel! For God's sake, my dear boy! Who am I to deny anyone willing to voluntarily expose himself to intelligent conversation? A meeting set for this evening has been canceled, so I am entirely free. I have been working again at my Yoga. Kishi is irreparably oriental, but he seems to think it a kind of madness. He mutters and slams pots about. When can I expect you?"

Ack swung the door wide for me, beaming his pleasure. He is a round, pink, bouncing little man, with a Carl Sandburg thatch of white hair. He seems full of the scrubbed delight and harmless energy of a happy child, but there is a wicked light of irony in his bulging blue eyes which gives but faint warning of a tongue which serves him as mace, bludgeon, sabre, and scalpel.

He herded me into the living room, into that low-ceilinged place of books and paintings, sculpture and ceramics. The sepulchral, emaciated Kishi—who is somewhere between thirty-eight and one hundred and three—trudged in with the frosty treasure of the chilled Martini pitcher, gave me a quick, rare smile, poured drinks ceremoniously, and took the pitcher back out to put it on ice. I knew he would keep returning with it at those measured intervals which he considered correct.

After much small talk, during which he complained of the cultural lag of the area and the futility of the committees which kept him busy, Ack stopped abruptly, stared keenly at me, and said, "You came here because you have something on your mind. You wouldn't come here voluntarily. I make you feel guilty."

"Nonsense, Ack!"

"I came down here to get my health back the year you were born, Samuel. I leased your father's bay boat and his services as a fishing guide. He endured my compulsive chatter. He was the kindest, gentlest man who ever lived. When I learned I could never leave this climate, I tried to repay his kindness by laying open the world of the mind and the imagination to his only child. You were good at games and you had the reflexes of a weasel, but I was fool enough to think I had won."

"It all changed," I said.

"You were fifteen on a Friday. They drowned on a Sunday, two days later. You went to live with that dreadful boor of an uncle. All thinking became too painful, Samuel. You entered your muscle years. Isn't it at last time to give up this undemanding image you have of yourself? I despise waste."

I stared down at my fists. "I get along fine," I mumbled.

"Do you indeed? Think about it, Samuel. Now why did you come here?"

He was astonished to learn of the disappearance of Sis Gantry, and chagrined that he had not heard about it earlier. He listened with a rare lack of interruption as I went through every pertinent detail, beginning with the moment Charlie had scratched at my window. Kishi's fourth silent visit had begun to numb my lips.

"So," he said, "the Webers live just down the road from me, and I agree that this whole mess is related in some unknown way to them, and you came here for a complete briefing on the mysterious Webers, because you feel I know everything about everybody. I will tell you all I know. It is damned little."

"But you're a neighbor."

"Which implies a human contact which has never existed, my boy. They have a fetish for privacy which reaches the stature of mania. During almost four full years of residence, they have never spent a night, to my knowledge, away from that house. The house and grounds were planned to achieve maximum privacy. They live most abnormally for moneyed people, for any sort of people."

He stood up and began to pace in the restricted area in front of the bookshelves. "Secrecy challenges me. They receive a wide range of magazines of general interest, plus junk mail and circulars. Early each month he receives a registered, special delivery letter from Chicago. About twice a month she receives a personal letter, addressed in a female hand, from Richmond, Virginia. They maintain no local bank account. The original land and building were paid for by cashier's check drawn on a Chicago bank. The servants pay all local bills in cash."

"They paid cash for the second car, Ack. That's what made people think Charlie was after cash. Maybe, but I think there was more than that to it."

"They have no local social contacts. They seldom go over into town. Itching with curiosity, I cultivated the servants. The boat captain is a sour, competent man who far prefers channel markers and shrubbery to people. I got nowhere with him. I had better luck with the Mahlers, Herman and Anna, the middle-aged house servants. They were pleased to hear my horrible German. They are both ridiculously contented. They, like the boat captain, never laid eyes on the Webers until the Webers arrived here on the Key. They reported the Webers as very nice to work for. Very quiet. No quarrels, no special demands. The Webers read magazines, watch television, go swimming, play gin rummy, and go out on the boat. The attempted robbery upset them. They live as though they were living in a resort hotel on vacation, paying cash. Very rarely, once or twice a year, one man or two men will fly down from the north and stay two or three days. They have two private unlisted phones. One is used for local calls to stores and repair people. Anna Mahler has never heard the other one ring."

"I've seen that *Sea Queen* of theirs when I've been out on my boat. I've put the glasses on her. She likes to sit out on the bow. Very choice in a swim snit. How about him? What's he like?"

Ack pursed his lips. "Heavy, swarthy, thick graying hair. Samuel, he doesn't seem to fit the image of that much money. He moves with a kind of furtive, arrogant surliness, like a trespasser, bluffing it out. We can summarize it in this fashion: except for the Haywood incident, there's been no flaw in their anonymity. It's been too cleverly planned to be accidental. There is some reason we cannot discern, some valid reason for withdrawal into their . . . upholstered prison."

"They robbed a bank."

"Don't be asinine, dear boy. The consumption is too conspicuous, and too many little men in bureaus here and there keep records of all transactions. We must assume some degree of legitimacy in how the money was acquired.

"But we must assume, until we can prove otherwise, that there is some relationship between their manner of living and the disappearance of your Miss Gantry."

"So we go in and crack their safe."

"You are either dull, or drunk, or making a bad joke. Use your brain, young man! Where did Charlie Haywood make initial contact?"

"Huh? Oh, with the gorgeous wife. Shall I try winking and leering?"

D. Ackley Bush became waspish. He flayed me expertly, salted me down, extracted the apology his pride required, and then, in a conspiratorial way, told me just how I could make contact with Charity Weber. It wasn't a bad device. He took a handsome sea shell from his collection case, three inches long, black with gaudy splotches of white, and told me it was a *livona pica*, or magpie shell, of precisely the right degree of rarity in the area to intrigue a collector without exciting the suspicion it might be a plant. I was to soak it in salt water and pack it with sand, and take it onto the beach during the early morning hours when, at this time of year, it was Charity's habit to swim alone in the Gulf. He had watched her at long range on the beach, stooping and pouncing with the unmistakable avidity of the sheller. I could ask her what it was I had found. . . .

"The old shell game," I said.

"Plus your primitive muscular charm, Samuel."

I spent the first two barren hours of Wednesday on the beach, carrying my *livona pica* calling card, finding no one to show it to, before I gave up and went to the office. My one-man business was in the middle of a summer lull.

It was a long, aimless day, hot as grease, full of dull worry and irritation. After I was in bed that night, and had set the alarm for my sneaky appointment on the early morning beach, I made the mistake of looking at the current issue of a glossy travel magazine before turning my light out. There was an article on Hawaii, with page after page of colored photographs.

I idly turned a page and my lost Judy smiled out at me. It was like forgetting you have pleurisy and taking a deep breath. But all the pain was in the heart, as vision blurred, then cleared again.

The text was the usual chatty crud about Mrs. Timothy Barriss Falter being one of the most popular young hostesses in the islands, shown here with her daughter, Gretchen, by her swimming pool, with the house designed by her daring architect-husband in the background. The fat blonde toddler hugged her leg and smiled up at her. Judy sat on the shore end of the diving board, wearing a blue sheath swim suit spangled with white stars of varying sizes, smiling joyously into the lens, water droplets shining against the honey and perfection of her shoulders and the tan of the long round thigh. . . .

I hurled the magazine against the far wall and yanked the light out. I had to go through all of it again, alone in the darkness. She had wept when she had to leave me. It broke her heart. Her cold ape of a broker father had tried to block the marriage in every way known to man, and failed. While I was drawing pro pay from the team, she was drawing a fat allowance from him. When they bounced me out, he cut her off. She swore she would endure all hardship, and she did, for five months, then left a weepy note and flew home, and the cold ape put her safely out of my reach, but permitted those tearful phone calls that let me know I had lost. And I had never seen her again, until she stared at me out of the suitable, orderly, fashionable landscape of her Hawaiian marriage.

Whipped in all known ways, I had come home to Florence City to build for myself a small hole I could crawl into, saying the hell with all of them. In the night stillness I wanted to stop remembering Judy, but I could not.

As the morning world was turning from gray to gold on Thursday, I looked south along the beach and saw a distant mannikin, limber and moving well, walk down to the water and stand knee-deep to make the final adjustment of a bright yellow swim cap, then wade and plunge and begin swimming straight out, in a sleek, slow, powerful cadence.

So I began the motions of the shell collector, moving along the brittle windrow of the high-tide line, dropping plausible items in the paper sack I was carrying, trying to move at the pace which would guarantee the planned interception. She floated out there, and I knew if she looked toward shore she could not fail to see me.

Soon I was within fifteen feet of the towel she had dropped. A bushy salmon-pink towel, cigarettes, a gold lighter, sunglasses with yellow plastic frames. I made like a sheller working a fruitful area. She started in. I did not resume forward movement until I heard the slosh as she waded out.

I watched her bare tan feet as she crossed my bows, perhaps eight feet away. Nice feet. Tan and narrow with a high arch.

"Excuse me," I said, standing up, reaching into my paper sack and fumbling for the *livona pica*, and looking at all the rest of her.

Now, there is one demon loose upon the world whose specialty is to confront the unwary with coincidence so eerie, so obviously planned by a malevolent intelligence, that time itself comes to a full stop and his victim stands transfixed by a conviction of unreality, while the demon hugs his hairy belly, kicks his hoofs into the air, rolling and gasping with silent laughter.

My demon had clad this woman in a strapless swim suit of lavender-blue, spangled with stars, a perfect copy of the one Judy wore in the color picture. The water droplets shone on golden shoulders. I knew she was Judy's height —to the half inch—her weight to the quarter pound. The figure was the same: short-waisted, long-legged, without that busty opulence sought in the entertainment business. A fool might get a first impression of boyishness, but his second glance would stun him properly.

I stood like a fool, gaping at her. It was not Judy's face or hair. Yet the textures of her, the way she stood, and even her expression, were so much like Judy that I had the grotesque conviction it was all an elaborate joke. They had used make-up. They had trapped me. Soon they would come popping out of the bushes to laugh at me.

But it was not Judy. Judy had a very faint suggestion of sharpness about her features. This girl's features were more snubbed, with a broader mouth, thicker brows, sturdier cheekbones, more roundness in her face. There was a boyishness in this girl's face, more merriness perhaps. Her eyes were a clear, pale, startling green. Her hair was an ashy silver, a color nature could hardly have accomplished, yet close enough to her own so that it did not look lifeless. It was a casual cut, fairly short. I remembered Gus's comment about floozy hair, and knew he had not seen this girl up close.

I knew the local estimate of her age was way off—or else she was a marvelously youthful item for a woman in her early thirties.

I stood there like an idiot too long. She looked alarmed and amused.

"Excuse me," I said again. I took the *livona pica* out of my brown paper bag, moved a step closer, held it out, and said, "I wondered if you might know just what this one is."

She shook her head. "It's a shell. That's as far as I can go. Flashy, isn't it?" It was a furry voice.

You could collect shells, I suppose, without knowing the names. Crows and pack rats collect shiny things without looking them up in catalogues. She dipped her face into the big towel.

"This is the first one of these I've found," I said inanely.

"That's nice," she said with total indifference, and I knew she was going to pick up her gear and walk away from me. This girl would be expert in fending off the casual pass. I searched for something to say, but everything I could think of sounded vastly dull. She picked up the bathing cap, sunglasses, and cigarettes. She turned toward the path through the sea oats.

"I can wiggle my ears," I said desperately.

She stopped and half turned to look at me over her shoulder.

"The shell gambit didn't work. And yelling fire would get me nowhere. You were going to spend some time on the beach, but along came a pest with a bag full of shells so you changed your mind. Okay, I'm a pest. But I can wiggle my ears, and twenty years ago it was my only social grace. I was a very rabbity child."

She turned all the way back toward me, smothering a smile, marched toward me, and said, "It's something I don't see every day. Go ahead."

I turned my left ear toward her and flexed the proper muscles.

"That's tricky," she said.

"Want to see the right one now?"

"When you've seen one, you've seen them all."

"I'm sorry about the way I stared at you. You look so much like somebody I once . . . used to know that I froze."

"You boggled."

"I'm sorry. I'm a legitimate resident of Florence City. I own my own business and my own bachelor cottage. Your neighbor up the road, Dr. D. Ackley Bush, can tell you I'm respectable, with voting rights and so on. You should give a pest a chance to function, or he gets frustrated. Pick your own topic of conversation. I could tell you, for example, about the albino raccoon who used to live back there where your house is, nearly twenty years ago. You know, folklore, nature talks."

She hesitated. "Do you collect shells?"

I dumped the contents of my paper bag back onto the beach. "Hardly," I said. "I'll keep this one because I like it. The shell routine was the best thing I could think of."

She smiled and moved down to the flat tidal sand and spread the big towel. "If you'd said you actually collect shells, I'd be across the road by now. You're not the type." She sat on the towel, put her sunglasses on, and frowned up at me. "But wasn't it a pretty laborious routine?"

"Walking up and saying hello is plain arrogant. You should have *some* kind of stage management." She offered me a cigarette. I sat on my heels and leaned forward to the guttering lighter flame in her cupped hands.

"That albino raccoon is much better bait. Tell me about him."

"Her. And her name was Mrs. Lot, given her by D. Ackley Bush."

"Mrs. Lot? Oh. Lot's wife, of course."

"Ack was feeding them. He still does, hut the raccoon population on the Key has gone way down since the Key has gotten so built up. Stupid people classify them as vermin and keep hollering about getting rid of them."

'I love them dearly. Thieves in black masks."

So I told her the old and touching story of Mrs. Lot, how she would bring her new litters to 'Ack's back porch at feeding time, and cuff them into proper manners, and show them off. Three weeks after she disappeared. Ack saw her in a downtown store window, stuffed, mounted, and snarling. One of the commercial fishermen had shot her through the head and brought her in. So Ack had bought her, pried her off the limb she was mounted on, and buried her at the base of his jacaranda tree.

She was touched more than she was willing to show me. She stabbed her cigarette into the sand, and said, "Can you think of any more ways to depress me?" There was a more than normal huskiness in her voice. Could this be, I wondered, a sinister female? Yet history records many sentimental murderers.

She stood up and pulled her rubber cap on. "I've got to swim away from that darn raccoon of yours."

I went into the water when she was a hundred feet out. I lazed along, knowing how bad I could look if I got into any sort of contest with her. I churn without grace, style, or speed. I can keep it up all day, but it will never win medals. She swam with that competition look.

I raised my head and saw her fifty feet further out, loafing on her back. I went on out and rolled to float beside her.

"Darn it," she said, "that white raccoon is going to haunt . . ." She gave a sudden gasp of pain and surprise. She was at home in the water, but suddenly she began to flounder and struggle.

I ducked under to take a look at her. Sometimes we get a psychotic sand shark or nurse shark in Gulf waters. It is a very rare thing. Her right leg was bent sharply at the knee, her foot curled and twisted. her calf muscles bulged and knotted.

I popped up beside her. She was gray under her tan, but I knew she wouldn't panic. She was trying to smile. "Cramp," she said. "Golly! It hurts." The pain wrenched the frail smile from her face.

I towed her in. I towed her along on her back, my left hand cupped under her chin, sidestroking with my right arm. When we reached the shallows, she got up onto her good leg, but she couldn't hop through knee-deep water. I swung her up and carried her up the incline of the beach and put her down on the big towel and said, "Roll onto the tummy."

I knelt beside her right leg. "Now try to relax the muscles."

"I never had anything hurt just like this," she said in a small voice.

The calf was bunched and ugly, and like marble to the touch. Her foot was curled like a ballet dancer's, and turned inward. I kneaded the hard ball of muscle, exerting pressure to straighten her leg out as I did so. She gasped once.

Within sixty seconds I felt the slackening of tension and I was able to straighten it a little. Soon I had the leg flat. Her muscles jumped and quivered as the knots softened. The ugliness went away and, once again, the calf was as it should be, long, rounded, supple—a slim leg made for dancing and running and joy. Her foot had begun to look a lot better. I massaged it, working at the arch with my thumbs until the muscle hardness was gone.

She gave a long sigh. "It feels so good when it goes away. Can I sit up now?"

"Now you stand up, and we walk off what's left."

She limped quite badly for the first twenty paces. I walked slowly beside her on the packed sand. As the limp diminished, she began to stride more freely.

"I've never had anything like that."

"People think if you wait an hour after eating, no cramps. They're right, about stomach cramps. But your leg can go any time. Or both of them. It's a rebellion of the nerves. Swimming alone is about as dangerous as standing under a tall tree in a thunderstorm."

"It would be silly to thank you for saving my life. I could have gotten to shore."

"I know you could. But it was easier this way. How does it feel now?"

"Just a little twinge every time my weight comes down on it, but that's going away, too."

"If you swim again today there's the off-chance it'll come back. You'll be okay tomorrow."

'Is this far enough?" she asked. I nodded and we turned and headed back toward the distant towel.

I was so very conscious of her walking beside me, I didn't want to risk looking at her for fear of saying some improbable, unpredictable thing. The memory of the weight of her in my arms was too specific. I hated Maurice Weber for his claim upon such a precious entity.

She said, "I would not care to drown, thank you."

I should have answered her in the same casual-bright vein, and I intended to, but when I opened my mouth I heard myself say, "My parents drowned in the Gulf when I was fifteen."

"How horrible!"

So I had to tell her about it, trying to keep the emotion out of my voice, and realizing it was the first time I had ever told the whole story to anyone, even Judy. It had been one of those combinations of bad luck and bad judgment, coinciding in a fatal way.

We were back at the towel before I had finished. When I did, she did not say too much or too little, or anything wrong. After a long silence, she said, smiling, "I'm glad you brought that up about wiggling your ears. I took the risk you'd be silly or . . . difficult to handle. But you've been nice, and very useful. So thank you."

She was standing then, smiling at me, and as we looked into each other's eyes, in a fractional part of a second, there was created a new relationship. It is a kind of recognition, a curious moment that goes further than words ever can. I knew that it hit her as strongly as it had hit me, this certain knowledge that some crucial part of our futures would be shared. Then I wondered if she had looked at Charlie Haywood in this same way. It steadied me.

"I'd like to see you again," I said, "if it can be set up."

"It might be arranged."

"If we've got a talent for conspiracy?"

She looked quite startled. "Are you married?"

"I was once, but not now. No. You're the married one."

"Are you out of your mind!"

"I'm confused, I guess. I missed a curve back there someplace. You aren't Mrs. Weber?"

"Good Lord! I'm Peggy Varden. Charity is my half-sister, and she's nine years older than I am, and I arrived here yesterday. I was here for two weeks last summer, but earlier in the season. I am *not* married. I've never *been* married. And if I were married, I wouldn't go skulking around with you."

"Don't be so cross. I'm sorry. I got mixed up."

She tried to glower, but with that face of hers it wasn't too effective. "Do you have any distinguishing marks, sir? Like a name?"

"I'm handling this well. Sam Brice."

"That's a kind of durable, reliable sort of name. Now let's try it all from the beginning, Sam."

"What? Oh! What time can I pick you up tonight, Peggy?"

"Do you plan to feed me? Then say a little after six." She gathered up her gear, gave me a brilliant smile. "It's like pulling teeth, getting a date out of you. After last year, the dullest vacation in history, I wasn't coming back here, but Char wrote such a lonely letter."

Then she was gone, moving away from me, along the narrow path up to the road. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly and felt like laughing out loud. When I got to Ack's house, his small car was gone. I put the *livona pica* in his mail box, used his outside shower, changed between my car and his pepper hedge, and went to the office.

At eleven o'clock I went across the street, with a newspaperman from the Florence City *Ledger*, for some coffee. Though he had come to pump me, I learned more than he did. I learned that T. C. Barley, the State's Attorney, was taking a very active interest in the case, that more police talent was being brought in, that reporters had come down from Sarasota, Tampa, and St. Pete, and up from Fort Myers and Ravenna, and that helicopters were being used in the search for the car along the sand roads of the back country.

I made one afternoon call in Osprey, and spent the rest of the time bringing my parts book up to date. By five o'clock, I was in my shower stall when Peggy Varden phoned me.

"You see, I even have a phone listed in my name," I told her.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I have a little headache and I guess I'd better cancel it for tonight." Her tone sounded very flat and formal and unfriendly.

"How about the same time tomorrow?"

"Oh, my leg feels perfectly all right now, thank you."

"I get it. Sorry to be so slow. If you *can* sneak out and still want to go, give me a polite 'no' answer."

"No, I'm sorry."

"If it has to be later than we planned, give me another no."

"Thank you, but that won't be possible either, Mr. Brice."

"If you can get up the road to meet me on the beach in front of D. Ackley Bush's house, say something else about the leg."

"No, I didn't realize a cramp could be so painful."

"I'll do a slow count by half hours starting with six, and when I get to the right one, say good-by and hang up. Six, six-thirty, seven, seven-thirty, eight, eight-thirty, nine, nine-thirty, ten . . ."

"Thank you for asking me anyway. Good-by, Sam."

As I was in no mood for conversation with Ack, I unhooked the chain across the Turner driveway and put my wagon in there, hidden in the shadows. I knew the Turners were away.

I was in position on the beach at a quarter to ten. After a booming thunderstorm at eight o'clock, the sky had cleared and the world smelled new. There was a half moon silvering the beach, and enough phosphorescence so that I could see the quick streak of a questing fish from time to time. I sat in the moon shadow of a sea grape on a half-buried palm log. I saw her when she was a hundred yards away. She came swinging along in a balanced and rhythmic way which made my heart veer sideways and then steady back on course.

When she was closer, I stood up and moved out into the moonlight. She carried her purse and shoes. She wore a dark strapless top, a full pale skirt.

She marched up to me and said, "I resent being turned into a sneak. I am not a creepy little kid. I am twenty-five years old. I'll make my own judgments on people and pick my own friends. You better take me to a fun place, Sam, and it better be a late night."

As I walked her to the car, I decided on a place to go. It meant a fairly long ride, but it would give us a chance to talk. Sometimes you get the feeling that you can never get all the way talked out with one special person.

"They didn't like the idea of your going out?"

"Not one little bit. Just like last year, except last year I didn't even get a chance. They are so damn strange. They don't want to go anywhere . . . or want anybody else to go. Because I'm a guest, Sam, I couldn't actually blow up. I had to play the whole thing slightly cool. There was pressure about my going out with somebody they didn't know. So I made the call hoping you'd realize they could hear me. You did almost too well. You have the talents of a born sneak."

"I notice you got out."

"We're both sneaks. I went into the yawning routine. Just as I figured, they moved from the living-room television to their bedroom television after I went to bed. I went right out the front door just as bold as brass."

"They lead a very quiet life," I said.

"It's a very odd life, Sam. I guess it's what they want. I couldn't live that way."

"Is there any special reason for their living like that?"

"I think it's his choice, not hers. But she goes along with it. You see, I don't really know her very well. That must sound strange."

"You said she's your half-sister."

"Not even that, actually. When her father married my mother, she was ten and I was one. I adjusted, but I guess it made her feel like a displaced person. I know she ran away a couple of times; when she was seventeen, she ran away for good. That left me, as an eight-year-old, the eldest of three, and I liked that, so I was secretly glad she was gone. When Daddy finally located her, she was married and singing in a club in Reno, and she wouldn't come home and he couldn't make her. She was lovely. She is still a very handsome woman."

"She was married to this Weber?"

"Oh, no! He's her third husband. The first got a divorce. Then she wed a man who owned a club in Vegas. After they were married a year, he was killed. I guess they thought she knew something about it, because they held her for a long time, trying to find out who had killed her husband and why, but she couldn't tell them anything. I guess he left her some money. She moved to Chicago and that must have been where she met Maurice. They were married about five years ago, I think, when she was about twenty-nine. I know nothing about him, except that he certainly has all the money he seems to need.

"She got in touch with me after they moved down here. I work in Richmond. I don't know how she got my address, but she wrote to me saying she didn't want to correspond with her father and please not to tell him where she was living. I . . . just got into the habit of corresponding with her. Last summer I came down here, as I told you. It was weird. Never again, I told myself. And here I am again just because, dammit, she sounded so crushed when I tried to beg off."

As she talked, I sorted out her history. She had been brought up in Dayton, Ohio. She was twenty-five. Five years ago, in her junior year in college, after a shattering romance brought her close to a nervous breakdown, she had dropped out and gone to stay with an aunt and uncle in Richmond, who owned and operated a small chain of dress shops. She had gone to work part time just to keep busy, but soon she was working full time and loving it. She was assistant manager of one of the stores and did a lot of the buying for the chain.

"Career girl," I said.

"Watch your language! I'm talking about myself too much. How about you, Sam? Tell me the Life of Brice."

By the time I had told her a little more than I had planned to ever tell anyone about the fiasco I'd made of marriage, we had arrived at the Colony Beach Club on Longboat Key. We sat in armchairs at a sunken bar, looked out, through glass, across a moonshiny sea, listened to gentle mood piano by one Charlie Davies, and drank vodka gimlets, and, by some unspoken agreement, gave up the personal history bit for a while.

I don't know how much she sensed it, then or for the rest of the evening, but I was living on two levels. The here and now was fine, but Sis Gantry shadowed more than half of my mind. When I laughed, I felt guilt. When I looked into the fine eyes of Peggy, I remembered bringing Sis to this same place, and what a good evening it had been. It was a special kind of disloyalty, and a special kind of guilt. I told myself I was cultivating Peggy in order to learn what had happened to Sis. But that was better than 80 per cent lie.

We talked nonsense and learned small things about each other, and closed the place. We stopped at an all-night restaurant in Sarasota for steaks, and there she steered me back onto the interrupted saga of myself.

"Your Judy sounds like a brat."

"She just couldn't live the way we'd have had to live."

"There's one other thing I don't understand, Sam." I could sense what was coming. "Couldn't you have just . . . stayed in pro ball?"

"For the money to keep the marriage happy? I was thrown out of pro ball."

She looked very startled. "Why?"

"They decided they couldn't trust me."

She frowned. "I don't understand."

I sighed. "Here it is, then. A game was coming up in Cleveland. She always went on road trips. But we had a battle about nothing at all, so she didn't go. On Saturday night I left the hotel in Cleveland and went bar hopping, sore and reckless. After things got dim, I found myself at a table with two strangers, and I was arguing that any man on a team could throw a game, if it was a close enough game. Suddenly I got slipped three one hundred dollar bills under the table. A great light dawned. I rolled them up into a little ball between my palms and dropped them into the nearest drink and asked the men if they wanted to go outside and discuss it. They didn't. So I left. We won that game. The hangover didn't affect my play. A week later, I found myself in Mr. Bert Bell's office. I identified pictures of the two guys who had propositioned me. They had followed me from the hotel, waiting until I was tight before moving in on me. They were being followed by two ex-FBI agents who watched the whole deal. It was all explained carefully to me. There were lawyers there, too. I had agreed to report any such attempt. Not only hadn't I reported it formally, I had not told any of the guys about it.

"Keeping the pro game clean is a great responsibility. I couldn't prove that I was not just hanging back waiting for a better offer. I had protected those men by not reporting them. The season was nearly over. I'd be paid for the full season. But stay away from the squad, Brice. And no contract next year. Try to fight it, and you'll only hurt the game and accomplish nothing. Bell shook my hand. He felt sorry about the whole thing. So did I, but that's the way it was. I suppose they were right. But I could never have . . . sold out to anybody."

She was quick to reach across the narrow table and place her hand on mine. "I'm sorry, Sam. I'm very sorry. I'm sorry most of all that it still hurts, doesn't it?"

"I try to tell myself it doesn't. They shouldn't smash you completely for one moment of stupidity. But what else could they do?"

"What else indeed? Can't you think of at least ten men who would have gotten off with a reprimand?"

"I don't think about that, Peggy."

"It just makes me mad, that's all."

"I tell myself that a grown man should not be concerned about a game which is concerned with moving an inflated object from one end of a pasture to the other."

"It is just as valid as the things most men do."

"It's a ball game, and the hell with it."

So we got back into the car and rolled south toward Friday morning. I parked again in Turner's drive.

"Now we walk for our health," she said. We walked north, after hiding her purse and shoes between the roots of a pine. We walked all the way to Orange Beach, and sat on a cement picnic bench. She was subdued during the walk.

She turned toward me. "Sam, I am cursed with a logical mind. It's something no woman should have. And so I have to ask you a question."

"Like what?"

"You went through that routine with the shell this morning. You came sidling up like a bison. But you thought I was Charity. So right from the beginning, when you were planning the shell routine, you thought I was Charity. She does swim there often in the early morning. And she does collect shells. So, with her, the entire shell routine might have been more effective."

"Probably."

"Were you trying to set up some kind of romance, Sam?"

"What would you think of such a project?"

"I think it would be damn dirty."

"In what way?"

"You would have heard she's . . . well, she's a dish, I guess. And, because of the way he likes to live, she's probably bored and lonely."

"I've seen her, but from quite a distance."

"So it's summer and you haven't got anything better to do, so why not try to take a hack at the vulnerable wife of the rich recluse. He's twenty years older than she is. It could have worked."

"But it turned out to be you."

"Sam, I don't want to think you capable of that sort of . . . sly attempt at adventure."

"So, because you are a bright girl and you do have a logical mind, you probably have some kind of a second guess."

"The man who tried to rob their safe is loose. Newspaper people have been trying to bother them. Anna told me about the police tramping all over the place Tuesday, the day before I arrived. A man stands guard all night. He had some wise words of warning about how I shouldn't be wandering around in the night, not with a criminal loose in the area. I thanked him and told him he was doing a splendid job, and to just keep on guarding like crazy. Anyway, a girl is missing, too. My darn logical mind has been hopping back and forth between the idea that you were making a play for Char, and the idea you wanted to just strike up a conversation and ask her some things."

"Do you love your step-sister?"

"I feel a certain loyalty to her. But we haven't got very much in common. She's odd. I don't know."

I hesitated, thinking of the ways I should edit the account, shift the emphasis, spare her some of my more lurid guesses. But with a mental shrug, I decided she would have it cold and straight.

I talked the world gray, and talked the first edge of the sun up.

Then I waited for comment. She looked at me solemnly. She shivered. "It's all so dark and creepy and strange. I don't know what to think."

"That's why I wanted to have a talk with Charity."

She held my wrist tightly. "Maybe you've sort of built the whole thing up out of nothing. I mean maybe Maurice and Charity are just . . . what they seem."

"Charlie Haywood was seeing her."

"Which must have taken some very tricky planning."

"She let him go to prison. He could have gotten the schedule from her. She couldn't know about the boat breaking down. He was doing something that she had talked him into doing. He took that risk for her."

"She seems very nervous and restless, much more so than last year."

"You're sensitive to the way people feel. What's the relationship between those two, Peggy?"

"Well . . they're very quiet and sort of polite to each other. But . . . maybe I'm imagining it, but it's like the way people would have to be if they were on an island and knew they couldn't get off. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think so."

"He's in charge. Sam. There's no question about that. She seems to wait for some clue from him before going ahead with anything, and she has a sort of anxiety about pleasi . . . no, not pleasing him . . . about not crossing him."

"Any affection at all?"

"None! Not a smidgin."

"And no clue to his background?"

"I think he's quite an ignorant man, Sam. He has very little to say. When he forgets himself, his grammar is bad. His table manners are terrible. He gobbles. Everything is gone in a minute. He has no . . . air of importance. I don't want to sound like a snob, but he's like a man who came to fix the drains and happened to move in and take over somehow."

"What's she like?"

Peggy shrugged. "I guess she's seen and done everything there is. And some of it was nasty. From forty feet away, in her swim suit, baking beside the pool, she looks like a show girl. She knows how to walk and sit and stand. She spends hours on her face and figure, nails and hair. When she talks, she has too much fake expression on her face, a lot of business with the eyebrows . . . which is the show biz syndrome, I guess. I don't know whether she strained her voice singing or whether whisky did the trick, but it's a kind of baritone whisper, if you can imagine that. When you see her face close up, even when she's using that forced animation, you suddenly realize it's the most exhausted face in the whole world. Her eyes have been dead for a thousand years."

"Much drinking?"

"He takes it easy. She starts about four o'clock and builds, so she's quietly bagged come bedtime. Never sloppy. Just very remote."

"Does she ever go out alone in that convertible?"

"What convertible? There's only one car, that four-year-old Continental. It hasn't much mileage on it, though."

"That's the way I think she met Charlie Haywood, when they went to Mel Fifer's agency and bought a convertible for cash. Charlie was a salesman there."

"I guess it was sold. There's only the one car. What would she do with a car? She never goes anywhere."

"Not any more. How about the servants?"

"Three very nice quiet people. Stan Chase is a hermit. He coddles the *Sea Queen* as if he owned her. The Mahlers tend strictly to business, and they keep the relationship sort of . . . formal, but they are kindly people."

The sun had hoisted itself high enough to bring customers to the public beach. They stared at us with open curiosity.

"Let's hike back," she said, and yawned, and we started back.

After a silent few minutes, she said, "Sam?"

"Yes, honey."

"Mmm. Term of endearment. Sam, I know what you want to ask and I can guess why you think you shouldn't ask it of me. But I'll do it anyway. I'll be the girl spy, dauntless adventuress, and report to you, sir."

"There may be nothing to find out."

"There's *something* to find out. Maybe it won't have anything at all to do with that Charlie and your Sis friend . . ."

"You snarl when you mention her."

"Simple jealousy. Be flattered."

"I'm flattered."

"You're even smug. As I was saying, it may not solve your mystery, but maybe I can solve the mystery of Maurice and Charity. The more I think about them, the more strange they seem."

"Peggy, please be very very careful. Meddling got one person a five-year jail term. Whatever he doesn't want found out, he's taking a lot of pains and money to protect it. I don't think it would be a healthy thing to have him find out you're prying. They're both hiding from something, and they don't want to be found. Play it like it's dangerous, Peggy. Will you do that?"

"Sure. And I like the protective bit. I like you, Sam. I like you much. And I am not a vacationing cupcake looking for a fast romp with no boring complications."

"You didn't have to say that to me, you know."

She laughed. "When do I sneak out and meet you again?"

"Tonight?"

"When else? Same time, same place, same girl."

We had reached the tree where we had hidden her shoes and purse. She turned to frown at me, and said, "Yesterday morning, when you stared at me in that strange way, was it because I look a lot like Judy?"

"How would you know that?"

"Nothing else could have made you react that way. Do I look too much like her?"

"What would be too much?"

"Where you wouldn't really be seeing me. You'd be seeing a ghost."

"No. I see you, not her. The face is different. The hair is different."

"Something else is different, Sam. The heart is different. I'm a steady girl. I have the constant heart. If I ever make a commitment, all the cards go face up, and facing you. So if you've been trying to be a different person all night, trying to adjust yourself to me, and you're not what you have been pretending to be, then you had best run. I mean it."

"I think this is what I am, Peggy."

"I can play ten thousand little games, but no big games. Am I scaring you?"

"I'm not scared. Peggy."

She stepped back close to the tree, lifted her arms, and said, "Let's see where we stand. Brice."

It was important. Perhaps a kiss—which is objectively a ludicrous thing, a joining of mouths—is a special form of interrogation and response. We told each other that this wasn't a trivial thing. It could be a lot of things, tender, strong, and sweet. But never trivial.

The sound of the car heading north on Orange Road broke it up. I saw Luxey go by at the wheel of a county car.

"That's the polite little man who didn't want me to wander around in the dark," she said.

"*That*'s the polite little man who collapsed me with a night stick."

"*That* little one?"

"A viper is a very small thing. So is a scorpion. So is a flu germ." I picked up her purse and shoes.

"Thank you. I'm drunk on morning air and no sleep and being kissed, Sam."

"It's a good way to be."

I walked her to the strip of Weber beach. A deeply tanned woman came down the narrow path through the sea oats. She wore a vivid yellow swim suit with a small skirt effect, and carried a matching beach bag. She was handsomely built, and I knew at once that this was the floozy hair Gus had seen in Charlie's car. It was worn long, and it was as spurious as a new dime, lifeless as the flax on a store-window dummy.

She looked startled, and said to Peggy, in an aspirated croak, "I thought you were in bed asleep!" She directed herself to Peggy, but presented me with a flattering angle, carefully posed.

"Charity, may I present Sam Brice. Sam, my sister, Charity Weber."

Charity gave me an almost imperceptible nod. "How do," she said. "Peggy, why are you dressed like that? When did you go out? Have you been out all night! Where have you been?"

"Leading a gay, mad, dancing life."

The woman stared at her. I saw that the deep tan masked the corrosion of her face. "Are you drunk, darling?" she asked Peggy.

"Just happy. Char, I was going to sneak out again tonight, but now I don't have to sneak, do I?"

Mrs. Weber was flustered. "Maurice

says we have . . . uh . . . a responsibility to you, dear, so long as you're our house guest. I don't think he'll approve of this. I don't think he'll like it at all."

"What a shame!" Peggy said. "I'll have to take the rest of my vacation in a local motel. I couldn't upset Maurice."

"You know you're welcome to stay with us, darling."

"And go out when and with whom I please. I want that understood, Char."

Charity Weber wheeled on me, focusing all weapons: the eyes, the mouth, the figure, aggressive, provocative, flirtatious, and ironic. That efficient impact could have blinded innocent Charlie Haywood, turning him to a mouse sandwich for a panther.

"I compliment your taste, Sam. This lovely little sister of mine is a rare kind of creature." She moved closer to me. "I have so few house guests. I do want to enjoy her while she's here. You won't be greedy, will you? If you keep her out all night, she'll sleep all day."

"Now you can come and call for me properly," Peggy said.

"Just stop in front, Sam," Charity said. "You don't have to come to the door. I know it's rude, but Mr. Weber doesn't like callers. People upset him. He's a very shy man. That's why we aren't . . . very social people." She patted my arm quickly. "I think you're going to be very nice about the whole thing, aren't you?"

"Intensely co-operative," I said.

She gave me a somewhat dubious look, then smiled and said, "You children say good night or good morning or whatever it is, while I swim."

She tucked her hair into a yellow cap and strutted into the immature surf.

So I stood there with one woman, who was a new source of a kind of joy I had thought I would never feel again, and watched another woman of whom I was instinctively suspicious, and felt, across the back of my heart, the black weight of worry about the third woman. Re-involvement in life was a painful process. I kissed the tip of the nose of the brand new woman and told her to be careful, and I walked down the road to my car. When I looked back, she was standing in sunlight, waiting there for the chance to wave to me.

I was on the job by three o'clock on Friday afternoon. While I had slept, the world had learned nothing new about Sis or Charlie. I took care of some appraisal reports, while the warm image of Peggy Varden seemed to hover just beyond my left shoulder. I wanted to apologize to Sis for feeling so good about Peggy. I thought of the Webers. I had exhausted Ack's information. Peggy might acquire more. I wondered what other source I could tap. Suddenly I thought of a very factual source, so I hustled over to the County Courthouse, tracked down the right deed book, and found that the last transfer of the Weber property was from a Jason Hall of Tampa to the Starr Development Company, an Illinois corporation, with the address given as a Chicago post-office box, and the appropriate documents had been signed by a Mr. E. D. Dennison, treasurer. That, I suddenly remembered, was the name of the agent who had prepared the luxurious nest for the Webers. I checked the office of the County Tax Collector just before closing time and learned that the annual property tax bill was sent to Starr Development and paid promptly by cashier's check.

On my way home, I tried to puzzle it out. Weber *could* own Starr Development, and it *might* be a tax dodge setup, but he had begun to sound like a man who would not be likely to own corporations.

I had no more than settled down on my screened porch with a cold beer than I remembered somebody who might help, a tough little sports reporter in Chicago named Lou Leeman, about the only guy who had felt I was getting a raw deal and had tried to buck the system and get me reinstated—without even knowing how I had goofed. The long-distance operator tracked him down and, after we had whipped some dead horses for fifteen costly minutes, I asked him if he could check out Starr Development and Dennison and Maurice and Charity Weber. He said he had contacts he could use, and he agreed to bill me for any expenses, but not his time, and I gave him my office and home phone numbers so he could call me collect on Monday.

At nine in the evening, when I stopped on Orange Road in front of the Weber property and gave one gentle beep on my horn in accordance with my instructions, I got LeRoy Luxey instead of my Peggy. He wanted to know what I was doing there, and I asked him which part of my head he wanted to beat.

He peered into the wagon and said, "Keep smart-mouthing me, and I'll generally beat on all sides of it, down and around, mister. I ast you . . ."

"You leave him alone!" Peggy said, whirling out of the night. "He came to pick me up."

LeRoy clicked his light out, and said, "I check ever'thing happens here in the nighttime, miss. You made me oneasy last night, miss, a-wanderin' off into the dark night and when I come on this night, I looked in a window and saw you and felt better right off."

"I want to stay mad at you for hitting Mr. Brice on the head, darn it. So you just stop talking to me in such a nice way, officer."

"Depity, ma'am. Depity LeRoy Luxey, and I hit him because I'm not of a size I can gamble long with a smart-mouth man size of this one tries to walk over me."

"I got smacked for being stupid," I said, "and I hold no grudge."

"From now on, you pickin' her up in the nighttime, blink you lights on and off twicet and I won't bother you none." he said, and melted off without a sound.

So I drove off with my girl and, with restraint, drove a whole half mile before parking in blackness and taking her into my arms and finding all our miracles reconfirmed. When breathing steadied, I asked her where she wanted to go, and with much hesitancy, with a preface which implored me not to leap to any conclusions, she said she would like to see my cottage. I laughed until she angrily accused me of braying at her, and then told her I had been plotting the same sort of little speech absolving myself of lecherous intent before asking her if she would like to see it.

So I took her home, and, in her cinnamon blouse and her pale gray skirt and her straw sandals, she prowled the place like a questing cat, auditing my habits and hobbies, professing alarm at my bachelor tidiness, expressing delight at evidences of similar interests in books and records. I had her pick what she wanted to hear as I made our drinks, and then we settled onto the dark porch in neighborly safari chairs, content with a wedge of bay to look at, and early Tatum at low volume to listen to, and a tartness of rum sours on the tongue.

"Nice," she said. "So nice. Is it time for my report, sir? Very good, sir. I flew Eastern into Tampa two days ago, Wednesday the seventeenth. Herman Mahler met me as before and drove me down, and by the time I arrived Charity was three drinks in the bag, looking exhausted. There is a wing with a guest suite, and I turned it down last time as being too grand, and it wasn't offered this time. I got the same room as before, in the main part of the house, and this time it smelled like cigars, stale cigars, and I was nauseated. The air conditioning was on, but I opened the windows wide and got out of the room as soon as I could. I found this on the floor of my closet."

She handed me a packet of paper matches. I used my lighter flame to read they were from a Burgundy Street bar in New Orleans.

"If Anna Mahler had a chance to really do that room before I appeared, there would have been no cigar stink and no matches. She's a demon cleaner, Sam. So the girl spy decided there'd been recent guests. Operating on this assumption, I nailed Anna tonight in the kitchen while she was preparing dinner. She's reticent. I opened her up with sympathy, talking about one woman caring for so big a house and doing the cooking, too. Two men arrived after dark on the twelfth, one week ago tonight, in a rented car. Maurice stayed up late to await them, and forgot to alert Anna they were coming, which annoyed her. Charity was sick all the time they were there, and had

her meals served in her room. They left after dark Tuesday night, the day before I arrived. Then I must have pushed too hard, because Anna closed up again. If last Monday night is the key night, Sam, there were two extra men in the house."

"Names or descriptions?"

"I got the impression Anna considered them trashy. There's no snob like a good servant. There's more to come, sir." She seemed to shudder. I reached and found her hand. It was too cold. She was curled in the chair, her face shadowed except where an edge of light jeweled one eye. "It's stopped being any kind of game."

"It never was that."

"At dinner, talking about health, I gave Char every chance to say she'd been in bed for four days before I arrived, but she said nothing, which was not a normal reaction. They seemed curious about you. I edited you down to harmless hulk of friendly muscle, forgive me. And then I brought up Sis Gantry."

"Now *that* was certainly a clever—"

"You hush. It would have been more obvious *not* to bring her up. We saw the news on Channel 13 out of Tampa, and there was a taped interview with Sheriff Millhaus, all about Sis and Charlie and so on, and it *is* big local news, and it *is* normal for a house guest to chatter about the big local crime news, and am I supposed to not notice that little man who patrols the grounds all night?"

"Maybe you did the right thing."

"Last summer they told me about the attempted robbery. So tonight I gabbled about my lovely theory that Sis and Charlie were in love, and he had escaped to come to see her, and they had run off together, and she hadn't gotten in touch with anybody because that would endanger him. Charity practically exploded with enthusiasm for my theory. She overdid it. Maurice just kept gobbling food. I said it was hard for people to find a safe hiding place. Char said it wasn't so hard if you planned it carefully and had enough money. Maurice stood up, threw his napkin on his plate, told her she was a sloppy drunk with a big mouth, and walked out. I've never heard him speak to her like that. She sat with her eyes closed. Then she began to talk about a lot of trivial things, with great animation, as if she didn't even know the tears were running down her face. Something is cracking, Sam. They're both under hideous pressure. You can sense it. Something is going to hell fast in that house."

It took me a while to quiet her, and then I told her about my small investigatory operation, and how I planned to check ownership on the *Sea Queen*, also. And then she was charmed by the idea of a night ride in my boat. It's a heavy, elderly, matronly bay boat, twenty feet long, roomy and open, with good stowage, with a 115-horse Chrysler Marine that will pump her along at close to twenty miles an hour. As I was readying her to go, I explained her name to Peggy. It was the *Lesser Evil*, because I'd made a choice of spending a loose thousand I had accumulated on a trip to Havana or on this solid old boat that had required a couple of hundred hours of work after I got her. We went bumbling and mumbling out toward the channel markers. It has a stand-up wheel, a folding captain's stool. She stood beside me, joyous and pleased, the night wind in her bright pale hair.

I took her out through Horseshoe Pass, two miles out onto a placid Gulf, set her dead slow and parallel to the Key, and lashed the wheel so we could go back and sit on the transom and talk in the way people talk as they are falling in love. We did not want to move too swiftly into love. This part was too valuable and memorable. And I knew we were haunted by Sis in ways that bred restraint.

So finally we came back inside, and cruised north along the unofficial channel close to Horseshoe Key. As we passed the Weber boat basin, I noted that the *Sea Queen* was not there. When I remarked on it, Peggy said it was at a marina having some work done on it.

We went up beyond City Bridge and tied up at Tad's Sea-Bar, had some draught beer to juke music pitched too loud. A clutter of unattached males in the place became highly aware of Peggy, and it was a familiar thing to me, because it had always been just the same when I was with Judy. They both had that same flavor of great value. But my attitude had changed. I was proud in a slightly different way. I was not poised and ready for too loud a comment or a drunken approach, anxious to sprinkle teeth across the sawdust. I was glad she was admired, and I felt no need to prove myself to her.

We rode back through a platinum moonlight, and then I drove my girl home, and stopped to see if a certain pine tree was still there.

I walked her the rest of the way, and as I left her and turned to walk back to the car, Luxey's light blasted into my face, then went out, leaving me with my night vision destroyed.

"Prettiest girl I ever seen," LeRoy said. "Too nice for you to mess with."

"Do you want to guard the whole world, LeRoy?"

"I'll stand firm on my piece of it, mister. I may bother you some other place, some other time, but not here no more, after tonight. Weber says if this Charlie was coming here, he would have come by now, so I checked it out with the Sher'f." He sighed. "I'm glad to get off this. It pukes me, a man smackin' on his wife."

"You mean the Webers? But they don't fight."

"Then they started in on a new habit. I heard all the fussin' two hour back, and snuck close in case somebody got by me, but it was them in the bedroom, her screaming and crying and yelling about not been able to take no more of this, and him workin' her over till she lay down moanin' and he stepped over her and went away and so did I. It's a place too pretty, mister, for women to be treated such. It's not my business, nor yours, so get off the place on account of I feel mean and itchy."

I walked my vulnerable head out of his hickory reach and drove home and found the ghost scent of her perfume still trapped in the still air of my porch.

I had a call from Tampa on Saturday morning, and spent the rest of the morning making a few calls in Venice. After lunch I unlocked the office, wrote out some longhand reports for Alice to type on Monday, and had just finished bringing my expense sheets and check book up to date when Cal MacAllen phoned me to come over if I had a minute. The four days of suspense had sallowed him and sharpened his bones and put a tremble in his fingers. He was lonely. The Gantry clan had closed ranks and were giving him no emotional sustenance. He told me about the five-thousand-dollar reward he had posted, and told me about some of the crazier clues and rumors among the dozens the police were patiently checking out. He asked me if I had any new ideas. Had he not been so obviously to the breaking point, I might have briefed him on my investigation of the Webers, but it was no time for anybody to charge into such a delicate situation, bellowing and waving their arms. I told him I'd let him know if I thought of anything.

When I left his office, I walked to the corner for some drugstore coffee. As I sat brooding at the counter, I was aware of something way down in my mind that I couldn't grasp. I could see it flash once in a while. It was the last minnow in the bait bucket, the slyest one of all.

I could make one reasonable assumption, until I could check it out, from what Peggy had told me. Charlie had escaped on the tenth. If Weber had gotten nervous as soon as he heard of the escape, and had yelled for help. I could assume that the two men who had arrived on the night of the twelfth had been sent for. The timing was right. But that wasn't what was bothering me.

Suddenly I dipped into the bucket and caught the elusive minnow! Pat Millhaus had told Cal he had checked the Weber house on Tuesday morning. I went directly to the Florence County Courthouse. It was a little past three. The air was still and heavy, with thunderheads piled high over the Gulf. By the time I was admitted to Pat Millhaus's office, the sunshine outside his window had a coppery look, and I could hear the separate rollings of thunder. Pat waved me impatiently and contemptuously to a chair, complaining about the heat, the long hours he was working, the air conditioner the county wouldn't buy him, the fools who took up his valuable time.

"Soon as one of your playmates runs off, a big hero like yon has no trouble lining up new stuff, LeRoy tells me, like that little gal guest out to the Webers'."

"What makes you so damn miserable, Pat?"

"Funny how the biggest men in this county like me fine, and everybody on the wrong side of the law thinks I'm miserable. Now I know you got no record, Brice. Not yet. But I know human nature. I know you've got the attitude that's one day going to put you right out on the county road gang, swinging a brush hook. Now don't tell me how honest you are, because it'll give me cause to laugh too hard in this heat. Jnst keep it in your head we're talking across a fence, you and me. Now what the hell did you come in here for?" He leaned his beefy arms on his desk.

"Last Tuesday morning you checked the Weber house and grounds. Who was there besides the Webers and the three servants?"

"I got the funny idea you're messing into my business, Brice. You do any investigating without a license, you can get on that road work faster'n you think."

"Sis is my friend. It's just normal curiosity on my part."

"The Webers co-operated just fine. I'm satisfied they don't figure in this thing at all. So your question doesn't mean a thing. But I'll be a damn fool and answer it. There was two house guests there, and a rental car. I didn't see them. They were out on the beach. They'd come in the night before, I was told."

He pointed a thick finger at me. "If you got any interest in this kind of work, Sam, run for sheriff."

"Maybe someday I will, if you can't find Sis pretty soon."

I expected rage, but he fooled me. He leaned back with a grin, almost amiable, and said, "Don't sweat yourself. We're getting close. Sis would run to anybody in trouble, and when Charlie phoned, she went to him, and we know she had better'n fifty dollars in her room that's now missing, and because of hunting with her brothers, she knows the back country good as any man around. A little after nine last Monday night, a woman bought about forty dollars' worth of staples from a late-open grocery north of town, bnt it's a one-man operation by an old guy so close to blind he runs it by touch and memory, so he's no help on description, but he remembers she talked local instead of tourist. So she figured on taking him back and getting him holed up in some hide-away shack near water, but after she'd taken him there, he got nervous about maybe somebody had seen them together, so he takes charge and won't let her loose, and he covers that little car with brush. Him not getting his hands on a woman in over two years would make him think of more good ideas why he should hang onto her. So when he thinks things are quiet enough, he'll take off, Sam, and whether he kills her, or just turns her loose to hike on in, is something maybe he hasn't decided on yet."

"If he had running on his mind, why did he come back here at all?"

"Had to have help, didn't he? Got it, didn't he? And it was the last direction everybody looked, until he had the bad luck to get spotted. Now get the hell out of here so I can get some work done."

The storm broke as I got to the outside door. I sprinted for the car, but I was soaked through before I made it. The rain came roaring down, too dense for driving, and I sat in the steamy wagon with the windows up. By the time I could drive away, Pat's theory had lost its persuasion and plausibility. Both Sis and Charlie were prevented by their own standards from acting in the ways he was assuming. It would make sense only to those who did not know either of them.

The rain stopped. Streets steamed in the late afternoon sunshine and the air smelled like jungles as I drove to Jimson's Marina to take a look at the *Sea Queen* at close range. It had the only ways in the area big enough to haul the *Sea Queen*. I turned off the main road a mile short of my place and drove to the bay front. Jimson's has the clutter and indifference, the air of aimless inefficiency, the varnish smells and saw whinings of all small-craft marinas. I parked and wandered around until I found her in one of the covered slips used for minor repairs and maintenance work, her stern toward the main dock.

A sun-brown, knotty little old man was working on her. He wore a baseball cap and ragged khaki shorts, and he was fitting a new section of top rail into place at the starboard corner of the transom of the flush-deck cruiser. He looked up at me and grinned hroadly with very few teeth, and said, "Well! Ha-you, Sammy?"

"Thought you'd be in a rocking chair on a front porch by now, J. B."

"Sure'd like to be, but ol' Jimson, he always sweet-talks me back on account of people don't do work like I do no more. But all I'll do is work on boats put together honest and used right, like this here Weber boat."

"What happened to it, J.B.?"

"It was being brung into a dock at low tide, with the wind and current tricky, and the stern swung under the dock, and the rail got splintered and bent all to hell, Sammy. Shame to have it happen to

a boat that gets the care this one does."

"Care if I go aboard and look at her?"

"Don't matter to me none, but if that Chase fella comes back when you're aboard, he could turn up ugly. He didn't say if he was coming back. He don't say much of anything. I enjoy having him gone for a while. He watches every damn move I make."

I went aboard. It was fifty-four feet of luxury. It had every navigation aid except radar. It was equipped with air conditioning and television and a handsome flying bridge. It took me two minutes to find the log and the papers. There are very few logical places to keep such items aboard any boat. The listed owner was Starr Development. I checked below, fast and furtive as a thief. The Webers had been using her for over four years. But they'd left no mark on her. There were clothes, toilet articles, liquor, and food neatly stowed and there was an oversize bunk in the master stateroom all made up, but it looked as though they had used it for four weeks rather than four years. Only obsessive maintenance could have kept the craft in such perfect and shining condition.

J. B. was countersinking brass screws into the new section of rail.

"Funny thing, Sammy," he said, "this much boat is for cruising. Marathon, Nassau, all over hell and gone. They use it often, but they don't go no place. Hell, the way they use it, they could get along with that little scow you got."

A battered yellow motor scooter chugged along the dock area toward us. "You got off her just in time, Sammy," J. B. muttered.

The man parked the scooter on its brace and walked over without glancing at either of us. He walked directly to the section of rail, ran the palm of his hand across the two joinings, bent to inspect it inch by inch.

He made a grunting sound which, I imagine, was supposed to express his approval. "Sure it's seasoned good?" he asked J. B.

"It's top grade."

"I'll do the finishing on it myself."

"When you come to rubbing it down between coats, you'd best use . . ."

"I know how." It wasn't said with irritation or anger. It was said to inform J.B. that no help was needed. "Set those last couple of screws and I'll just take her along now."

"It's a nice craft," I said amiably.

Quickly, he turned and gave me one glance of appraisal and dismissal. He was a solidly built man in his forties, with a face like carved dark stone, with weather wrinkles that turned his eyes to bright blue slits. He turned away, and I knew he would never answer any casual comment.

"Too damn nice," I said, "for some clown to bash her into a dock. That's what keeps the yards going, people who don't know how to handle a boat." I would have thought he wasn't hearing a word if I hadn't seen the back of his neck darkening.

"When they got enough money, they don't have to bash their own boats up," I said. "They can hire some guy to do it for them."

That swung him around, his eyes smaller than before, jaw muscles working, fists clenched. "And just what kind of a license do you hold, mister?"

"I've been handling boats since I was four years old, and I never shoved one half under a dock yet, friend."

"Let's not have any fussing going on," J. B. said nervously.

"If a man racks up a boat, he ought to be man enough to admit it."

Captain Stan Chase took a slow step toward me. "I didn't damage the boat."

"Who did? Big termites maybe?"

"I wasn't aboard."

It startled me. "I thought you ran it for the Webers."

"I do. And when I do, mister, nothing happens to it. Nothing!"

"Then it looks like you should run it all the time, friend."

"I always have. Except this one time."

I could sense that the injury to the boat was as painful to him as a wound in his own flesh. This was basically a shy man, a quiet man, perhaps a good man.

"It's just too much boat for an amateur," I said.

"He's run it a lot when I've been aboard. He knows how to handle it pretty good, too. But not at night. He shouldn't have tried it."

"Good as new," J. B. said, "once you put the finish on it." He patted the rail. "You're all set now, Captain."

"If you didn't think he could handle it," I said, "why didn't you go along?"

For several long seconds I thought he wasn't going to answer. "I wasn't even there," he said. He spat down into the shadowy green water of the bay. "They sent me up to Tampa, Monday, to meet her sister coming in on a night flight. But she wasn't on that flight. She didn't get into Tampa until Wednesday. They had their wires crossed."

There was more that I wanted to ask. But I couldn't go any further without making him suspicious. Why was he sent instead of Mahler? At what time did they ask him to leave?

He spread a length of tarp and wheeled his motor scooter aboard and laid it down gently on the tarp. J. B. and I helped with the lines. He eased the *Sea Queen* expertly out of the slip, rounded the Jimson marker, and took her out to the main channel and turned south toward her home berth.

I went home and showered and stretched out on my bed. The rain had brought the toads out and they were in good voice. Bugs, mourning doves, and mocking birds were trying to drown them

out. I felt tired, but not sleepy. When the phone rang, it was D. Ackley Bush.

He thanked me for returning his shell, and he was articulately bitter about my giving him no report. Somehow he had learned I was dating a house guest of the Webers', reputedly lovely. It appalled him to learn she had been there for two weeks the previous summer without his learning about it. He grew irritable at my evasiveness, and was not appeased by my promise to tell him the whole story in detail later on. He sighed with considerable malevolence before hanging up.

By three minutes after nine I was parked in a dark place with all the energies of Peggy Varden trapped in my arms as we affirmed our special, private, Saturday night world. She showed excellent judgment by voting for the same kind of an evening as the last one.

"No stage setting for my espionage report, Sam, because there's absolutely nothing to report. Charity has been in hiding most of the day. She fell and hurt her face last night."

So, as I drove toward my place, I told her LeRoy's explanation of the hurt face. It sickened her so. I was sorry I'd told her. So I saved all the rest of it until we were settled on my porch, with drinks and music and darkness. I reported my conversations with Cal MacAllen, Pat Millhaus, Captain Stan Chase, and J. B.

"I . . . I don't like something in your voice, Sam. I don't like it at all."

I knew that holding her hand wasn't enough, not enough for what was coming, so I tugged, and she set her drink down and came over into my lap. I held her close as I told her my assumption, keeping my tone flat and factual. I told her about the large, detachable section of the rail of the *Sea Queen*, which would open a space wide enough so that, with care, a small car could be rolled across planks from the dock onto the flush deck. But out in the Gulf, in a swell, it would be tricky to deep-six it through the same opening. Damage caused that way could look very much as if the boat had caught her rail under dock and, in swinging free, had broken the rail and supports outward. She rolled her round forehead along the angle of my jaw, and I felt her shiver. I told her that the damage to the boat had happened on that same Monday night, and I reminded her that these were shallow waters—you could drive a car off a cliff or find deep holes close to the shore.

She sat in her own chair and said in a remote voice, "I'm scared, Sam."

"Maybe I've put it all together wrong. Can I ask you some things to help me check it out?"

"Of course."

"After Sis phoned Charity, Maurice wanted to get Chase out of the way, so he sent him on the wild goose chase to Tampa to meet you, two days early. Now I wonder if the Mahlers were sent anywhere at that time, too."

"They wouldn't have to be. At eight-thirty, their day is over, and they hole up in their own apartment beyond the garage. Herman is, getting slightly deaf, and they are incurable television addicts, so they wouldn't hear anything. They keep their draperies pulled shut and their windows face north and west, so they wouldn't see anything. And I've never heard of them coming back to the house or even going outdoors once they're through for the day."

"The ground is damp this time of year. I'd like you to look for tire marks, leading back to the boat basin."

"I will but . . . I *can't* believe Charity would be mixed up in something so . . ."

"It would account for the terrible strain and tension you've mentioned."

"Yes, but it's so . . ."

"There were two handy-dandy helpers in residence. And if my guess is right, it's . . . a very efficient disposal system."

"Isn't it time to go to the police with this information, Sam?"

'Almost. We don't need much more. But here's one thing I insist on. You can't stay in a creepy, deteriorating situation like that. Go back tonight because your stuff is there. Pack inconspicuously. Check for those tire tracks. I'll drop by in the late afternoon and get you away from there."

"What will I tell Charity?"

"Anything you please. I'm taking no chances with you."

"Hmmm. Am I important to you or something?"

"Yes. I'll check you into a motel."

"Okay. I'll cater to your every foolish whim, Sam Brice, sir."

"Suddenly I feel a hell of a lot better."

"And I feel valuable and protected. And what's wrong with the motel you've got right here?"

"Well, the beds are lumpy, and the shower isn't very good, and the water tastes and smells like sulphur, and most of the dishes are chipped. You deserve to have much better."

"Do you know why I suddenly love you more, Sam? Because I said a damn-fool thing, making a bad joke because I was nervous, and you could have gotten all crawly about it, but you knew how I meant it."

"Yes. But don't try me twice."

So the rest of the evening was like the night before, but not quite as good because by then I believe we were both certain that Sis and Charlie were somewhere under that moonlit water. We tried a little too hard to be gay, but too many of the people I have known and loved have drowned. She was festive in yellow-green slacks and a coarse cotton Guatemalan blouse, and the beer at Tad's was just as cold, and the moon on the way back just as gaudy, but it wasn't working. On the way back, she suddenly seemed to move far away from me. She was still-faced and remote, all vitality and spirit gone. I had seen that happen often to Judy, and I remembered how, in that state, any attempt to reach her would drive her further away. But Peggy touched my arm and said, "I'm sorry. I'm down in a deep well. Please help me climb out of it."

I had been running dead slow. I heeled the gear lever into neutral and cut the engine. I took her by the slender waist and lifted her and sat her, facing me, on the shelf above the dashboard, her back to the windshield. I kept my hands on her waist. She was a little above me, her lips at my forehead level. She stared somberly down at me.

"Straight talk," I said. "All this . . . ugliness will be over. I met you because of it, so it is all bad but the meeting-you part. When it is over, be braced, because I know now I will make the total offer. All there is of Sam Brice. Don't be too overwhelmed. You can do so much better; it's a miracle you're still loose."

"Don't you cut yourself down!"

"Whatever you will want, I will try to get it, with a total effort."

"When you make this offer, you will know what I want. To be warm, to be fed, to be loved, to be housed. Nothing more than that."

"Where did I get this kind of luck?"

"I'm your luck, Sam Brice. I'm your life. You now have a girl. You lifted me out of the well. Now say the magic words and lift me down."

'I love you."

I slid her down into my arms. After a long time, she said, "What's that grinding sound, dearest?"

"That? Oh, that's the hull scraping on an oyster bar."

"Hmmmm. Can it damage it?"

"Oh . . . probably."

She sighed and said, "I guess you better do something about it . . . later on."

I slept late on Sunday, and woke to a blazing day, and so it was noon before I pried J. B. loose from his shack in the piney woods and drove him to Jimson's. He was willing to co-operate, after expressing what he felt to be sufficient irritation.

It took about twenty minutes to locate the scrapped fragments of the rail off the *Sea Queen*.

"How did the damage look when you saw it, J. B.?"

"I looked it over, Sammy, and I figured there was only one way it could have happened. The stern swung under a dock, and there was a swell, and as whoever was running it tried to swing the stern back out fast, the swell brought it up against the underside of the dock."

"So that the rail was broken away from the boat?"

"Hell, you can see that from this junk

here, Sammy. This here tube bronze was the upright supports, and they was bent outwards all to hell, this-a-way."

I went over the bent metal inch by inch in the bright sunlight. I found an abrasion with black enamel ground into it.

"I want to take this piece along, J. B."

"I don't guess old Jimson will ever miss the scrap value onto it. Why the hell do you want it, Sammy?"

"If it ever comes up, J. B., will you testify that this piece came off the *Sea Queen*?"

"It better not come up on account of I don't like court stuff. Is this some part of your insurance job, Sammy?"

"Sort of."

I put the twisted section of tubing in the station wagon. I was convinced spectroscopic analysis would prove the black smear was paint off a Renault. I tried to remain objective. I knew if my imagination started working, I was going to feel very, very sick.

I took J. B. back to his place, and then drove down to Maria's Bar in Bayside. It is a shabby joint patronized almost exclusively by commercial fishermen. There is no group more clannish, more violent, or more callously exploited. As it was well after one o'clock, the place was beginning to fill up with the Sunday afternoon trade. I had known some of these men all my life. And even though, as a kid, I had endured the backbreak of the gill nets, working on shares, I was still an outsider, and I knew I had to move slowly and carefully. I could not hope to start a conversation.

I nodded at the old hands I knew best, and they identified me to the others. After I made two beers last the best part of an hour, I was able to move gradually into a group, accepted in a limited way, slipping back into the lazy direction of my childhood. At last came a lull when I could risk asking, as casually as possible, if anybody had seen the *Sea Queen* going in or out of Horseshoe Pass last Monday.

After a studied silence, an old man named Luke Johnson allowed that he'd seen what he thought was her. He and his sons had been out to net moonlight mackerel, moving along slowly off the bar south of the pass.

"Dumb fool drunk they was," he said, and spat on the floor. "Barrelin' out wide open, and way to hell north of the channel so's I sucked in my belly to he'p 'em over the bar though I don't know why, and they made it and went roaring out. About a half after ten in the night, it was. I'd say it was that *Sea Queen*, yes, but we argued on it on account of my middle boy caught it against the moon and said it had a little fantail cabin the *Sea Queen* ain't got. Maybe an hour later, maybe a squidgin less, we was into mackerel a mile north of the pass, and I see her working her way back in, feeling along cautious like the liquor'd wore off." He spat again. "Run you off the road. Run you off the water. Makes a man ponder on moving up into the top of a tree."

Conversation became general again, and as soon as I could do so without being rude or conspicuous, I eased out of the group and headed my wagon toward town. I had it all pieced together, so that even Pat Millhaus would have to listen, but first I had to get my girl. I wanted all the rest of it over. I felt guilt over my impatience to have Sis avenged and mourned and laid to rest. I wanted my life to start.

I parked in the mouth of the Weber driveway, walked to the front door, and thumbed the bell and looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes after five. I pressed the bell again.

Charity Weber opened the door half way. "Well now!" she said in her whispery growl of a voice. "Howdy," she said. Her tan face was bruised. She smelled like a spilled drink.

"Hi. I want to see Peggy."

"Come on in and I'll call her," she said. Her attempts to be flirtatious seemed like an automatic reflex, semi-conscious.

She stepped back, swaying, and I went in. I sensed somebody at my left. I started to turn my head. Something made a very small sound. My head was blown off. Fragments of it soared back through my childhood, arching and fizzing. The rest of me went down a long greased slide, naked and belly-down, down into blackness . . .

. . . a kitten trapped under the house, mewling, homesick, lost. A faint sad sound reaching down into my sleep. I wanted it to go away. In its whinings, the kitten formed my name. "Oh, Sam!" it said. "Oh, darling." In the illogic of dreams I could accept that . . . almost. Certainly kittens can talk. Why be excited about it? Logic festered in small ways, and I began to come up out of the black comfort, up to sick sweat, pain, a gray world.

I was on my back, my head turned to the right. I saw a cinderblock wall inches away, in a faint gray light that was dawn or dusk. The left side of my head was ballooned by pain, so that I could imagine my ear a dozen inches out beyond where it should have been. I wanted to touch the area with tender concern. But my hands were numb and clumsy clubs, bound together. It took great effort to raise them to where I could look at them. They were puffed and darkened, pressed hard together in a parody of prayer, bound together by that plastic-covered wire used for extension cords. I raised my hands and touched the left side of my head with the back of my right hand. The hand was numb. The pain became more bright and harsh.

"Darling," the small voice said.

I turned my head slowly, experimentally. I saw her on the floor, six feet away, facing me, trussed, fetal, wearing a pinched mask of despair. One window spilled that pale light onto the cement floor. Beyond her were garden tools, a pump, pressure tanks. To the right of the tanks, between the tanks and a closed door, a man was sprawled face down in deeper shadow, his legs toward me.

"Are you all right?" I asked in an ancient voice, speaking from the bottom of a well. Her hair was the palest thing in the room. She wore some sort of dark blue sun suit. Her tender flesh rested against the roughness of the cement floor. The air smelled of damp and rust.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she said, and began to cry. "I'm such a damn coward," she whimpered.

"Can you move closer?"

"Yes . . . I didn't want to. I was afraid I'd . . . find out you were dead." She hitched herself over, writhing, using her heels and elbows. She held herself precariously balanced long enough to kiss me, then burrowed her face into my neck. I felt the trickle of her tears as they fell on my throat.

"I found the tracks," she whispered. "Some branches on the bushes were broken. He caught me, Sam."

"Maurice?"

"I'm such a coward. I was going to be full of bright lies and I was going to laugh at him and all that. But he hurt me. God, how he hurt me, Sam! I fainted, and then he hurt me again, terribly, and I couldn't talk fast enough, Sam, telling him all about us. The words just tumbled out, about everything we'd guessed. He knows everything now, Sam. I'm so ashamed of myself!"

"Peggy, don't be. Please don't be. Who is that, over there?"

"Captain Chase. He . . . he's dead, Sam. He . . . he heard me, I think. When I was screaming. I don't think Maurice knew I could scream so loudly. He came and . . . there was an argument and they shot him."

"They?"

"There're two more men here now, Sam. I think they're the same ones."

"Where are the Mahlers? Where's Charity?"

"They sent the Mahlers away, Sam. In the big car. I don't know where or why, and I haven't seen Charity since about eleven o'clock this morning. She was drunk then."

"Where is this place . . . in relation to the house?"

"Sort of between the garage and the kitchen."

"How long have we been here?"

"I've been here since . . . about three o'clock. They brought you in a couple of hours later, Sam. Those two men. They didn't put you down. They just sort of . . . dropped you. It was ugly and horrible."

"Has anybody been in here since then?"

"About a half hour ago, the smaller one of the two men came in. I heard the

other one call him Marty. He smokes cigars all the time. He was humming to himself. He went through Captain Chase's pockets, and then he came over and went through your pockets, too. I asked him if you were dead. All he did was sort of chuckle. Then he came over to me and he . . . said some nasty things to me and chuckled some more and then he went away. I was crying and calling your name, and moving closer to you little by little and you . . . woke up."

The light was going too quickly. I lifted my hands and looked at the wire on my wrists. It was knotted where I couldn't see the knot. I had her move to a position where she could get her fingers onto the wire around my wrists. I felt the soft, weak movements of her fingers.

"Sam . . . I can't. There isn't any life in my fingers."

"Is there anything we can use to cut it?" I asked her. "Tools should be over there in the corner. Can you manage to get over there, honey, and see if there's anything?"

"Help me sit up."

I pushed at her clumsily and got her up into a sitting position. She went across the small room by digging her heels against the cement and hiking herself along in a sitting position. It was ludicrous and heartbreaking. I heard a thumping in the darkness, a small metallic clanging.

She came hitching back in the same laborious way, breathless with effort. "Will this help? Can we use this, Sam?"

She held it in numb hands against the light, a small triangular file.

"If there's any way to hold it, we can use it."

We adjusted our positions so that she was able to hold it between the heels of her numbed hands and, by flexing her elbows, rub it back and forth against the multiple windings of the strands that bound my wrists. I felt a wetness and knew she had gouged numbed flesh.

She stopped, and I heard a blur of male voices beyond the closed door. The file dropped onto my chest.

"Move away from me! Lie down," I whispered.

I could see the dark shadow of the file against the paleness of my shirt. I worked at it with my bound wrists, shoving it clumsily inside the front of my shirt, between buttons. I felt the roughness and coolness of it against my skin. I tilted my body and it slid down my ribs on my left side, out of sight.

The door opened. A man some distance away said, "He can carry all that junk, Maurice."

A naked bulb clicked on over the door frame. By the time my eyes adjusted to the light, a sizable man was standing over me. He was swarthy, with graying hair, small pouched eyes, a small mustache, too much soft flesh on a heavy bone structure.

He kicked me idly, casually, without force, in the left thigh, and said, "The smart guy! The big brain."

"Mr. Weber, I presume."

"You presume! Man, you are so so right!"

"I think you'd better let us go, Weber. I think that would be the smart thing for you to do."

"I've done a lot of stupid things, Brice. So it got me in a big mess. Now I get out of it. I should have dropped Charlie-boy into the Gulf more than two years ago. But there wasn't time to get anybody to help, and she got right down on her knees and begged, so what the hell."

"What was he after? What was in your safe?"

"You're so smart and you don't even know that?"

"I know what I think it was. I think it was . . . *is* something you're holding over Charity."

"Just a couple of pieces of paper, Brice. And a couple of pictures, and a little reel of tape. All the time it's been like having the next twenty years of her life all wrapped up, because that's what they'd give her if I ever mailed them to the authorities in Nevada."

"So she's been part of the deal?"

"*You* tell *me* about the deal, friend."

I knew I was showing off, and it wasn't helping either of us. "You've been living the big dream, Weber. I don't know how you put the squeeze on, or who you put it on, but you got just what you asked for. House and boat and cash every month and servants and exactly the kind of woman you'd want to own."

"It's nice to own a woman my way, Brice. You don't have to beat on her. Not when you've got the leverage locked up in a safe. So I've been living as good as a man can live, Brice. And it's going to keep on just the same way."

"Why did Charlie plead guilty?"

He kicked me again, with more emphasis. "I got careless about keeping Charity close to home. I even let her talk me into getting a car for her. So she went after that kid and snowed him so bad he was ready to do anything for her, like cracking a safe, but I caught him. But I told him the story he would tell, and I had a gun that I planted on him, and I said that if he didn't plead guilty, I was going to kill his dream girl, and I told him just exactly how I'd do it, and how long it would take. She was there to back me up, and plead with him, too, because she damn well knew I would do it. So it took over two years of doing hard time before she wore off him enough so he started thinking again, instead of just remembering how noble he was."

"What did *he* think was in the safe?"

"God knows what she told him. I never asked. When I heard he'd escaped, I figured he'd come back here. Jail can toughen up a soft kid, so I brought in some help. It came in handy, Brice. I told them to hang around Tampa for awhile to see if things died down okay."

"But they didn't."

"They will now, Brice. They will now."

"No, there's too much you're going to have to explain, Weber."

"You're the big brain, Brice, going around figuring everything out. See if you can pick any holes in this situation. Charity is aboard the *Sea Queen*, dead drunk. After she passed out, I poured a little more into her. Today I phoned that friendly sheriff and told him . . . I mean I *asked* him if it was okay if we went on a cruise, around to the east coast. I said we'd be living on the boat for awhile, at Lauderdale, at the Bahia Mar place, and he could get hold of us there if he had any questions. I said you and Peggy were coming along for the ride."

"There are people who know that I wouldn't . . ."

"Wait until you get the whole picture, friend. Your wagon is back at your cottage, parked and locked, with a note stuck on your porch door, saying, 'Back in a week.' The Mahlers packed and took off to drive the car over to Lauderdale and find a place to stay so they'll be there to greet the sailors. The rental car is in the drive. Ben will take it to Naples.

"You and me and Marty and the women and our captain will leave on the *Sea Queen* in the hour. We'll be towing a dinghy with an outboard motor. But when we get off Naples, we'll make you two comfortable, open the sea cock, and take off in the dinghy. When we get ashore we'll float the dinghy away empty. It will be one of those mysteries of the sea, buddy. My personal stuff is in the car. By tomorrow night, we'll be three ordinary guys, flying north. It'll be a week before the excitement starts. And that's more than enough time."

I moved my lashed hands, and, looking down at them, saw the small coppery glintings where the edge of the file had cut through the plastic insulation. I moved them to a position where he would be less likely to notice these marks.

"They'll be looking for you," I said.

"*If* they decide I wasn't lost at sea, too."

"You haven't told me all of it. You haven't told me why. Or who you are. The name isn't Maurice Weber, is it?"

"The Maurice is straight. Not the Weber."

"A city hall type. It shows on you, Maurie. A crummy little political leech who spent most of his life trying to be important. Ignorant, stupid, and dangerous. You've got the manner, boy. How did you start out? Running errands for the boss of your ward?"

He kicked me in the waist, in the left side. The pain made me gasp.

"They thought I was stupid, too," he

said in a snarling voice. "They give me the big payoff for loyalty, a crummy job in the assessor's office. Sixty-fi' lousy bucks a week. They thought I was so loyal and so stupid, I was the guy to trust with the payoffs. They'd slip me an extra ten. Big deal! After I got smart, I kept on acting stupid, just like before. But I was checking out every deal, every payoff. I got me one of those little cameras and I learned how to use it. I had some places bugged and taped. For three years I worked, nailing them down, all the big names, all the fat cats. I knew the union payoffs and the construction kickbacks and all the ways the grease flowed upstream from the cops on the beat to the boys on top. I made three complete sets of everything, and I planted two of them in the safest places in the world, where if I didn't check in four times a year, the packages would be sent direct to the FBI, the only deal those boys can't fix. The special Grand Jury was in session and I gave them an anonymous tip to call me in. The D.A. was fixed, and he let the fat cats know about it, and it made them so nervous they got hold of me. So I showed them one complete package. Stupid, loyal Maurice. I laid it right on the line. A house like this, a yacht, servants, a chunk of cash twelve times a year, and some gorgeous broad who'd do anything I told her to. They set it up through a dummy corporation, the house and yacht and so forth, to keep the tax boys off me. I had to pick a new name on account of a warrant being issued when I didn't show. And it would still be going on if I hadn't made two mistakes. I shouldn't have gone so soft she got a chance to mess with Charlie-boy. And I shouldn't have let her invite her little sister. It's nothing that can't be cured overnight."

"Where did you get the two killers, Maurie?"

He shrugged. "The boys I'm squeezing, they're prominent citizens, but the way they operate, they got syndicate connections. So I got the loan of a couple of specialists. All they care about is to stay the hell out of prison, and that's where they all go if anything bad happens to me. They're big men. They can't give up the big cars and the women and the club memberships."

"Why did you have to kill the Gantry girl, too?"

"Because she came with Charlie-boy. There wasn't any choice. She phoned Char, who said she was alone in the house. They walked right into it, like a coupla pigeons. I've got to see how things are coming along."

He walked out into the night, leaving the light on.

"Horrible, horrible," Peggy whispered. She moved near me, and I was trying to get the file when Weber came back with the two men. The smaller of the two wore a cigar and the yachting cap I had last seen on Stan Chase. He had the face of a fat, sleepy weasel. The other one, the one Maurie had called Ben, was bigger than I am, with a bulging redness of freckled face, surprised blue eyes, and a carroty brush cut.

"Put her in one of the bunks," Weber ordered.

"A pleasure," the weasel said. "Open wide, sweets." She would not open her mouth until he worked hard thumbs against the corners of her jaw. When her mouth gaped, the weasel crammed a blue plastic sponge into it and tied it in place with a length of clothesline. She made gagging sounds as Ben carried her out.

The weasel and Maurie removed Chase's body, carrying him with Maurie's fingers across Chase's chest, the weasel carrying him by the ankles. I was left alone for ten minutes.

Ten minutes can be long, long, long. Bitter, black, and long. After having been thought stupid for so long, he found it gratifying to think of the monumental stupidity of the rest of the human race. (I was trying to work the file out of its hiding place so that I might try to put it to some clumsy use.)

Out of arrogance, he had made mistakes. He had thought he could kill and get away with it. Now he realized the job had been so slipshod he would have to give up this corner of paradise. But he was free and clear: he still had his hand on the money machine.

I wondered what the men he was blackmailing thought of him. He had wrapped them up neatly. And so all they could do was to give him what he wanted, and wish him a long life. His support had become a business expense, and probably a minor one compared with the gross. They could be delighted they had not been trapped by a man hungry for power and position within the organization. The land, house, and cruiser owned by Starr Development might eventually return most of the capital outlay. The cash payment each month would certainly be no more than three thousand dollars, a tiny part of the illegal gross in any large and corrupt municipality.

I could see an untidy parallel between his chosen life and mine. We had each stepped out of the arena.

With sour objectivity, I could see how it would end. It was Sunday evening, one week since Charlie had stood outside my bedroom window. It would be perhaps another week before the *Sea Queen* was reported missing. The Coast Guard would mount an air search. Maybe a few people would raise enough hell to compel thorough investigation. D. Ackley Bush, J.B., possibly Peggy's people. Then the world might be made aware of there being too many disappearances.

Lou Leeman might leap into the act, focusing attention on Starr Development. But if it had been set up with enough care, it would be impossible to check it back to the key people. Weber would es-

cape with his leverage intact, able to demand a new paradise and a new captive woman, in Arizona, California, or one of the islands of the Caribbean.

Terror makes a man helpless. My terror was more for her than for myself. Her death would be an unforgivable waste. I struggled to control emotion. I hoped to be given some small chance before it all ended, and if I were to use any small chance, I had to remain as cold as an assassin, as impersonal as a stone.

In tribute to my size, all three came back after me. They packed my mouth with a rag and tied it in place. Weber hugged my bound ankles against his side. Marty and Ben each grasped an upper arm. They dropped me on the grass while Weber turned out the light, closed the utility room door, and locked it.

It was the calmest of nights. I could hear the sound of faraway trucks on the mainland highway.

They carried me aboard and dropped me onto the teak deck near the stern. I tried to hold my neck rigid, but my head snapped back and hit hard enough to daze me for a few moments. The previous blow on the head and the taste of gasoline on the rag nauseated me. I fought it, suspecting I might strangle if I became actively sick. Nausea slowly subsided.

Ben and Weber walked toward the house. Marty sat on the rail. I heard him spit the end of a cigar into the bay water, and saw the flame on his face as he lighted it. I lay across the rear deck, my head to starboard. The waning moon was rising. I rolled my head to the left, looking toward the stern, and saw the body of Chase beside me, on its back, the face waxen in the moonlight, mouth agape, an eye half open, but dulled, without the wet glitter of life.

I heard a car start and head north up the Key, the motor's sound fading.

Weber came onto the dock. Marty spoke in the low voice of conspiracy. "All set now?"

"He'll wait in the parking lot by the big city pier they got down there. You sound clutched. You worry?"

"Damn well told, I worry! I told you last week, you do things so fancy, it just means they go wrong. You thought it was cute, dumping that car in the ocean, and we bust a gut getting it onto the boat and it didn't turn out so cute after all, pal."

I watched Weber stand and look at the man for a long moment.

"What were your orders, Marty?"

"My orders? I guess my orders were to take orders from you, Maurie, but I know more about the rough stuff than you do. Right?"

"Sure, Marty. They give you a name and description and send you someplace you've never been, and you can blow somebody in half in his own driveway and get away clean. So give me the benefit of your advice, Marty. We leave these people in the driveway, maybe?"

After another silence, Marty said, "So let's go for a boat ride."

I soon knew Weber had watched Chase so often he had learned to do it by the book. The running lights were on. The dinghy was riding the proper distance astern. The two diesels were running in sync at about a thousand r.p.m. Weber, with Marty beside him, was operating the *Sea Queen* from the flying bridge, hand operating the big spotlight to pick up the reflectors on the channel markers.

I knew, when we made the turn to starboard and went out through Horseshoe Pass, that the tide was past the high, and I was praying for Weber to run aground on one of the shifting bars, but he used care. When he put on more throttle, I knew we were through the pass.

They came down the narrow, curving ladderway from the flying bridge, and Weber went to the duplicate controls in the semi-enclosed bridge a dozen feet from me. He turned on the chart light.

Weber gave the craft a little more throttle, then came astern with a flashlight, stepping over me and over the body as though we didn't exist, to check how the dinghy was riding.

When he went back to the controls, Marty said, "We got gas enough? I don't want anything should go wrong, Maurie."

"For God's sake!"

"I get uneasy about all this water. After you open up the bottom like you said, how long will it take to sink?"

"Twenty minutes to a half-hour."

"It will really sink?"

"Like a stone."

"How far out will it sink?"

"I don't know! We'll get you into the dinghy and all set. I'll get it headed straight out on automatic pilot and give it full throttle and go over the side. You'll have my clothes in the dinghy. She may go five miles before the water shorts out the power."

"How about the people?"

"Just knock them out. Unwire Brice and the girl. Stow everybody below. If they're ever found, it'll show that they drowned."

"Except for the guy Ben shot."

"That will be one of the mysteries of the sea."

I heard a thud as the automatic pilot was engaged.

After a few moments, Weber said, "There! That'll do it."

"When do we get where we're going?"

"What did I tell Ben?"

"You said about two o'clock."

"Well?"

"Christ, Maurie, can't I even talk? How will we know when we're there?"

"From the lights of the city, stupid. Now we can go below and get a drink."

"I don't like this running along blind in the dark, Maurie, honest to God."

"So let's get a drink and take your mind off it, and let's go talk to the little sister."

They went below and lights went on in the main lounge, shining out across the deck, dwindling the moonlight. I could hear the constant roar of the water as the displacement hull thrust it aside in foam and turmoil. I was trying to reach the file. I thought I might be able to wedge it upright between the planks of the teak deck. When I rolled, I felt it slip around to the small of my back.

Suddenly, over all the sound of the engines and the rushing of the sea, I heard a thick climbing wail, a prolonged ululation from the captive throat of my girl. Without words, it expressed outrage and a dreadful panic with such clarity that my own breathing stopped and the sweat on my body was icy. They had taken the gag from her mouth, or it had been displaced in struggle. I heard a male roar of anger, and I heard Weber's heavy, phlegmy laughter, as she began to make a curious yelping sound.

I was then beyond careful thoughts, cool planning. Desperation can create madness, insane energy. I was on my right side. The wire kept the heels of my hands firmly pressed together, and the wire went so far up my wrists as to keep my elbows tucked against my sides. I shut my eyes and forced my elbows out. I could feel the muscles of arms and shoulders bulge against my skin. Vermilion dots swam through the blackness behind my eyes. I canted my head onto my shoulder in strain, lips pulled back, lungs full to bursting, throat closed. Something would give. It could be bone that would crack, or muscle fiber that would rip away, or the wire that would break. I know the pain must have been great, but I had no awareness of pain. It was autohypnosis created by an insanity of effort.

Suddenly there was a popping sound, absurdly tiny to be the product of the most concentrated strain I have ever known. I sensed a sliding and loosening at my wrists. I opened my eyes and moved my hands into the path of light from the main cabin. The wire had parted, probably where Peggy had begun to cut into the copper core with the small

file. I worked the encircling strands loose. (She screamed in torment and anger.)

With my hands free, I reached down to my ankles. I could feel the senseless fingers fumbling ineffectually at my ankles. I forced myself into a sitting position and slammed my hands against the teak deck to force some life into them. Into the numbness of swollen tissue came a pain electric and violent. It would be a long time before I regained the deftness to deal with knotted wire. I found the file and I was able to close my hand around it, in the same way as an infant holds a spoon.

(Her screamings were more breathy, weaker.)

I swung my ankles into the light and sawed clumsily at the wire. It parted after an anguished eternity, and after I had unwrapped the wire, I yanked the length of clothesline loose and pulled the sickening cloth out of my mouth. I tried to stand and went sprawling. Both feet were numbed. I pulled myself up and stood, holding onto the rail and stamping my feet, trying to bring the feeling back into them.

("Stop!" she screamed. "Oh God! Stop!")

I tested my weight on feet that felt like wooden clubs. My hands hung like sacks of putty. I wanted to move fast, hoping for surprise, knowing I had no time left.

I went stumbling, lurching down into the brightness of the big lounge. The three of them were at a low divan at my left. Weber was at the far end of the couch, kneeling, laughing, holding her shoulders down. He was facing me. Peggy's wrists were still bound. She was naked. She was thrashing, kicking with her lean, strong legs. Marty was cursing, struggling, trying to evade her kicks and pin her down. His back was to me.

As Weber saw me, his eyes went wide. He released her and sprang back.

"Hold her!" Marty yelled in fury.

I reached him in two lurching strides. I could not make a fist, so I chopped down on the nape of his neck with the underside of my right wrist. As he dropped, limp and sighing, Peggy rolled off the couch and onto her feet, her face wild and vacant, looking at me and through me without recognition.

"Run!" I yelled into her face. "Go over the side!"

I knew what Weber was going after, with speed and direction. I knew I could not stop him, could not even reach him in time. I slapped her face with my numb hand. Her eyes seemed to focus. "Over the side!" I yelled once more. She slid fleetingly by me. I followed her, blundering, off balance, too slowly, like one of those nightmares when, in panic, you run from some monstrous Thing, and you run through glue.

As I started to pull myself out onto the deck, I heard the hard flat bark of the shot and a hammer sound against the paneling near my shoulder. I stumbled onto the deck, veering to my right out of the line of fire. I saw her going out over the stern. Panic had sent her straight back to dive over the stern rail. I saw her stretched sleek and pale in the moonlight, and I knew that if she entered the water in that kind of dive, the layers of turbulence behind the cruiser would snap both her back and her neck and break her legs, provided she missed the dinghy. But just before she fell away into the darkness, I saw her curl herself up into a ball.

I went over the port rail, plunging as far as I could. I smacked the water hard and went far under, wrenched and twisted, spinning, hearing the hard underwater chunking sound of the screws. I swam underwater for as far as I could. I came up. The *Sea Queen* was twice as far away from me as I had dared hope.

I looked for Peggy. She was expert enough to handle herself in the water with bound hands. I knew she had jumped far enough to be clear of the propellers. I looked along an empty path of moonlight.

"Peggy!" I yelled her name.

"Peggy!" I listened to too much silence, then heard a faint call. I swam in that direction, stopped, and called again.

"Sam," she answered, "Sam." I saw her then and swam to her. She was sobbing bitterly.

"Sam, they were . . ."

"Snap out of it! We've got to be smart, honey. We're going to have to spend a lot of time underwater."

"I can't stay under with my hands . . ."

"So I'll have to pull you down and try to keep you down. Here they come."

The *Sea Queen*, now under manual steering, had circled back. I could see the white water at her bow. They would be up on the flying bridge. When I saw on which side it would pass, I set about increasing the distance between us. I slipped her bound hands up over my right shoulder so I could tow her and still use both arms. She kicked strongly and we moved a little faster than I had hoped. When he was so close I feared he might detect movement in the moonlit water, we rested.

I said in a low voice, "Be ready to go under. He'll use that damn searchlight."

As I had hoped, he stopped short of where we had gone over the side. It is easy to underestimate distance and momentum on the water. He reversed both engines, then lay dead in the water. I put my head under, and I could not hear the churn of the screws.

He lay a hundred yards away. The running lights suddenly went off. There was silence. The big white beam came on, and began to swing back and forth in a random pattern. When it was close, I said, "Dive." We went down. The tropic water had a stubborn buoyancy. When we had to surface, they were shining the big light on the water on the far side of the boat.

"They could have drowned easy," Marty said. It startled me the way his voice carried in the silence.

"Shut up!"

"Look, her hands are tied, right? And you think you hit him in the air on that second shot. So why shouldn't they have drowned?"

"You were such a big help."

"It was Ben wired him up, not me, pal. He come up behind me and hit me good. How far to shore?"

"Maybe five miles."

"I don't like it. I told you something would go wrong, didn't I? This deal was too damn fancy."

"Run this light. I'm going to make some big circles around here and keep on looking."

I heard the engines start. He made his first circle, going too fast for an effective search. Perhaps he was losing his temper and his patience. I could predict the path of the cruiser, but not the crazy pattern of the light. I was afraid he would blunder onto us. His second circle brought him dangerously close, and we went under when he went by. His third circle swung out around us, and while we were under, the water all around us was lighted by the searchlight.

Statement Required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1960. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Hearst Corporation, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Robert C. Atherton, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Robert E. Brown, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. 2. The owner is: The Hearst Corporation, principal office, 100 West Tenth Street, Wilmington, Delaware. All of the stock of The Hearst Corporation is held by the following Voting Trustees, namely: Richard E. Berlin, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Harold G. Kern, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston, Massachusetts; G. O. Markuson, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Charles Mayer, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California; William Randolph Hearst, Jr., 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Randolph A. Hearst, 270 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California; David W. Hearst, 270 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California; J. D. Gortatowsky, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, New York and Herbert W. Beyea, 410 Park Avenue, New York, New York under Voting Trust Agreement dated as of February 28, 1958; the beneficial owners of the stock deposited under the aforesaid Voting Trust are The Hearst Foundation, Inc., the William Randolph Hearst Foundation, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Randolph Apperson Hearst, David Whitmire Hearst, George Hearst, John Randolph Hearst, Jr., Joanne Hearst Herndon, William Randolph Hearst II and Deborah Hearst. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 869,899. Robert E. Brown (Signature of Business Manager). Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-eighth day of September, 1960. Andrew E. Macyko, Notary Public, State of New York, No. 41-2461900. Qualified in Queens County. Certificate filed in New York County. Commission expires March 30, 1961. [Seal]

When we came up, Peggy began coughing and retching. " . . . swallowed some," she said. "You stayed under so long."

She had little time to recover before he came around again, and it seemed as if he would run us down. I waited as long as I dared and, when the bow swung slightly, went down and tried to move in the opposite direction. As the turbulence rolled us, I knew how close it had been.

That was the last time he came anywhere near us. We floated and watched. He was two hundred yards, five hundred yards, and then a half mile away.

"Darling, darling," Peggy said, her voice frail.

Then I saw the running lights come on. The *Sea Queen* straightened away on course, running south, leaving us in the bland emptiness of the sea.

"We're so far out, darling," she said.

"Just a little swim on a hot night. Refreshing."

"Which way do we go?"

"We go that way until we walk up the beach, girl. It should be LaCosta Key."

"Can you undo my hands, darling?"

I tried. My fingers were like breadsticks. "Later, maybe. I'll try again later, honey."

"But I can't help us much. It will all be up to you."

I had been able to kick my shoes off shortly after jumping off the boat. My pockets were empty. The shirt and slacks were lightweight. I realized they might be useful when we reached shore.

Had I been alone, I could have managed. You swim until your arms turn to dough, and then you float for a while, and start off again, using a different stroke.

There weren't many ways I could haul her along and make any kind of time. The best way was to have her behind me, holding onto my belt, floating between my legs, adding her kicking to my lumbering crawl. I could not keep that up long. We would rest, then try a back stroke with Peggy clinging to one ankle, being towed along, helping us with her kicking. Our least effective method was when I hooked her clasped hands over my shoulder and did a side stroke.

In water less warm and less buoyant, we could not hope to make it. And soon I began to suspect we could not make it even under these conditions. Water is an alien element. It saps strength. Each time I tired more quickly.

After a long, long time, I realized she was speaking my name. I rolled onto my back, gasping, trying to will those tensions, which made it difficult to float, out of my muscles.

"You go on and get help," she said. "I can float around for days, happy as a clam, really."

When I could speak, I said, "Nonsense. I'm enjoying every minute."

"My God, aren't we bright and brittle and gay," she said, her voice breaking. "We'll make our crummy little quips right to the end, won't we?"

"Hey," I said, "Don't!"

"Well, I'm sick of gallantry, Sam. I love you with all my heart. Leave me right here. Swim to shore."

"Peggy, I'll never leave you. We'll make it together or we won't make it."

"Then we won't make it, Sam. You're groaning with every stroke."

"I'll rest for a little. Then I'll be okay."

"How far are we from shore?"

"Half way, at least."

"If it ends like this, it's such . . . a dirty cheat."

"It won't. Believe me, it won't!"

"Don't kid me, Sam. I'm a big girl."

We floated in the darkness and the silence. I added it all up, and there was only one way in the world I could make it come out right.

"I better see what I can do with that knot again, honey."

"That's the way I figured it out, too. Darling?"

"What?"

"Good luck."

I found the knot in the darkness, and the short ends of wire. My fingers had more feeling, but they were still clumsy. I was exhausted and the effort kept pushing me underwater. I pawed at the knot and gnawed at it until I had to rest.

"Are you getting anywhere?" she asked, too calmly.

"I'm pretty sure I am," I lied.

"If you can't do it, I'll make you leave me. I'll move away from you, Sam. You won't be able to find me in the dark. I won't answer you."

"Don't say that!"

I tried again until I was exhausted, but I kept my hand on her wrist while I floated and rested. On the third attempt, I went underwater, and got a dogtooth wedged in a loop of the knot, felt the edge of wire gash my gum, yanked my head like a wolf tearing meat, and felt the miraculous loosening.

Moments later the wire was on the floor of the Gulf, and she was sobbing and laughing, glorious in that moonlight.

She swam slowly around me, working the circulation back into her hands. She came to me, pressed salt lips against mine, and said, "Race you to shore, mister?"

"More quips?"

"Now it's different, darling. We can afford them."

"I have the feeling you'll win."

"Tell me when you're ready to start."

"Right now, but slow."

"Make the pace, Sam."

We swam side by side. I had thought it would be a lot easier without her, but I learned I had very little strength left. If I didn't husband it with great care, I would not make it.

She was calling to me again and she came over and caught my arm, stopping me. I felt like crying childish tears because somebody had stopped me and now I didn't know if I could get going again, ever.

"Sam," she said. "Look, darling."

I looked. I saw the darkness of the shoreline.

It started my arms moving again. And after a long time my knee touched bottom. I staggered up and fell forward, and tried to get up again and could not. I was crawling onto wet sand when she caught my arm and helped me up. I leaned my weight on her as we plodded up to where the sand was dry and warm with the lingering heat of the sun that was long gone. I dropped onto my knees and rolled over onto my back, chest heaving, heart laboring. She knelt beside me and sat back on her heels.

After a long time I looked at her. She was a shadow that blotted out the stars. The moonlight made her hair bright; it came down at an oblique angle, touching her here and there with a faint silver wash. It touched her cheek, the tip of her nose, her shoulder, half a breast, a curve of hip, a roundness of flexed thigh. The Gulf lapped the sand, tame as a puppy.

"Old hero type," my girl said softly. "Stubborn, durable, and so forth."

"It ain't often I take a moonlight swim with a naked hussy."

"I'm being sweet to you because I'm actually after your shirt." She leaned to kiss the corner of my mouth. I touched the satin of her back.

"Everything from now on," she whispered, "is all profit."

She straightened up and said, "How did you get loose?"

"When you were screaming, I was suddenly able to bust that wire. I think it broke where we notched it with the file."

She shuddered. "They took that nasty sponge out of my mouth because Marty likes screaming. He'd clubbed me over the ear with his fist and I was fighting in a sort of daze. I wasn't going to be able to fight much longer. Hey, do you know how much I love you, Sam?"

"What you feel is gratitude, woman."

There was a small multiple whining that kept increasing in its ominous volume. My girl began to twitch. "Sam, there's a hundred billion mosquitoes here! We're going to get eaten alive!"

"Lucky thing a tourist like you has a native along."

I sent her out into the water. I stripped down to my shorts, wrung out the shirt and trousers and spread them on driftwood sticks stuck into the sand. And then I joined her in the shallows. When too many of them started to swarm around our faces, we would duck under and move away from them.

After an hour of that she began to get a little sleepy and cross and wanted to know if she was expected to sleep in the

darn water. I went up and felt the shirt and trousers for the third time and found them dry enough. I hastily scooped two long holes up in the clean, dry, warm sand. I had her come running and stretch out with her head on her sand pillow, and I covered her over with a layer of sand, then propped the sport shirt on four sticks so that it substituted for mosquito netting over her head. I was thoroughly bitten before I had made the same arrangements near her for myself, breathing through the propped-up mesh of the tropical-weight slacks.

"Good night, my darling," she said in a very crisp and matter-of-fact voice. A few minutes later, when I asked her if she thought she could get to sleep, there was no answer.

When the early morning sun woke me, I sat up to find her nest empty. It was a morning full of sparkle and glints of light, a west wind.

"Hoo!" she cried from a hundred yards out. "Hallooo!"

I stood up out of the sand. I hobbled to the edge of the water. Every muscle was full of broken dishes and fish hooks. I was a hundred and nine years old. I swam slowly out to her.

"Good morning, my love," she said. "My hair is a gummy mess. I didn't bring any lipstick. I'm all red welts from bugs. I've got little gray balloons under my eyes, I think. Take a good look. And then, if you could bear to kiss a girl good morning . . ."

I did. I said. "The looks are nifty. It's the good cheer I can't stand."

"What are the plans? What do we do now, Sam?"

"We walk north up the beach to Boca-grande Pass where we hitch a ride across to a phone, which we use to cook Weber and friends. LaCosta is a long key. It can be a long walk."

"And sometime, Sam, we are coming right back to this beach, this spot, in the *Lesser Evil*. It's our beach, our place. Notch a tree or something so that we can locate it later. Sleeping bags and netting and morning coffee, Sam."

"It's a date." We swam in. When she told me it was all right to turn and look at her, I had to laugh at the way she burlesqued the poses of fashion models, dressed only in my sport shirt. It came to mid thigh, and the shoulder seams were halfway to her elbows, but it was a marvelously provocative garment. I noticed something for the first time and went to her and caught her wrist and would not let her wrench her hand away. I looked at the puffed, painful redness, the places newly scabbed on the back of her hand.

"It doesn't hurt much now, really it doesn't," she said.

"They look like burns."

"Weber and his damned cigar. I was a terrible sissy about it. I got through the first four and fainted on the fifth, and then I just . . . told them everything we'd guessed, about the little car and everything."

I touched the hurt places with my lips. My eyes stung. "You're the best there is," I said. "The best."

"And it so happens that I belong to you forever, because you brought me out of the sea."

So we walked north, barefoot on the wet sand, squinting against the blaze and glare of the sun on the beach and the water, glad of the fresh west breeze. I estimated it was five miles before we reached the pass, where we saw the phosphate dock and the buildings of Boca-grande across the way. At last one of the tarpon boats, drift-fishing the deep channel, decided to come over and see why a crazy couple had waded out onto the bar and were whooping and waving. It seemed simplest to tell them our boat sank off LaCosta. They took us over to Boca, to the nearest commercial dock. After I talked loud enough and long enough and named enough names, the dock master reluctantly produced a blank check on the Florence City Bank and Trust and cashed it for twenty-five dollars. So many people had gathered to stare at Peggy, she looked as if she would have liked to slip down between the timbers of the dock.

I got on the phone with a handful of change, and gave the rest to Peggy. When I got through to Pat Millhaus, I sent him into temporary shock by asking him if he wanted to know who had killed Sis and Charlie.

The phone began to beep at fifteen-second intervals. I told him who to look for, the places to look, and just how fast he had to move. When he began to hedge, talking about false arrest, I yelled at him that I had proof, and if he didn't budge off his fat fundamental, I'd have him slain on the front page of every newspaper in Florida.

I made my second call to D. Ackley Bush, and as soon as he began to catch on, he interrupted me to say he would arrive in his little car in fifty minutes, and hung up.

By the time I had finished phoning, Peggy had used my money to effect a total change, having purchased a shower, halter, shorts, sandals, comb, and lipstick. After I freshened up, we found a breakfast place, and after I briefed her on Ack, she was prepared to adore him. He arrived on schedule. I had to drive, because he said if he drove and listened, he would drive into a ditch. His approval of Peggy was immediate, vast, and completely audible. Ack sat on the edge of the back seat, leaning so far forward he was practically between us, clucking and gasping at the story we unrolled for him.

As I finished the story, we reached my place. I pried a screen off to get in. I located my extra car keys. I left Peggy in Ack's care. When I drove out, heading for the Courthouse, the two of them were sitting on my porch, drinking tea and beaming at each other fondly.

Memory retains only the sharpest images, the violences, the dramatics, the incongruities.

I can remember the interminable questioning. T. C. Barley, the State's Attorney handled it. Pat Millhaus was there, and Deputy LeRoy Luxey, and another deputy. Cal MacAllen was there, with the worn, stunned look of a man who has been told he has something incurable. There were officials there I couldn't identify, and a court reporter tapping each word onto stenotype tape. The Mahlers had been found in Lauderdale, and were being brought back for questioning.

After I had been through all of it. Barley kept taking me back to my initial suspicions, the very beginnings of my investigation.

"You concealed an escaped convict?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"And if you had turned him in. Miss Gantry would now be alive. I am making the assumption she is dead. of course."

"Yes. I know that. I didn't know it would happen that way, but it did. And I'm going to have to learn to live with it."

"Mr. Brice. I have yet to get a certain answer from you pertinent to this whole investigation. You kept accumulating facts and rumors of great interest to Sheriff Millhaus, yet you did not come forward to tell him. Why?"

I glanced at Pat's impassive Indian face. "I am not one of the Sheriff's favorite people, Mr. Barley. He would have taken the smallest excuse to whip my skull and stick me onto one of his road gangs. I didn't care to take that chance."

"That's a goddam lie!" Pat roared. "My personal opinions don't come in at all. I treat everybody fair and equal in my job. He could have come to me. He's trying to cover up something, the way it looks to me."

"Well, Mr. Brice?" T. C. Barley said.

In the silence, LeRoy Luxey cleared his throat in such a meaningful way that everybody looked at him. He licked his lips and swallowed, looking like a shy, leathery child. He said humbly, "Maybe I shouldn't say word one on account I whipped this fella's head by myself, but it was an honest mistake he brung down on hisself. But he did get that little girl out of bad trouble. And I say fair is fair, no matter what it costs a man. If'n this Brice had come in here with his ideas, the Sher'f woulda not listened at all. This Sher'f woulda jailed him for any small thing on account this Sher'f hates Brice and tole me so hisself and has been dreaming on ways he could get Brice locked up so he could whip his head for him nine times a day, which he said to me in his own words."

"You're through!" Pat yelled at the small man.

Barley looked quietly amused. "Luxey," he said, "turn in your badge. I have an opening on my personal staff for a man who believes that . . . fair is fair, no matter what it costs."

Luxey pointed a thumb toward Millhaus. "A job like that, Mr. Barley, what will it make me to him?"

"When you deal with him, Luxey, you will be representing me. And when you work in this county, you'll be working with him, not for him."

"I would surely like it to be just that way," LeRoy said.

Just as it looked as though the top of Pat's head was going to blow off, the phone rang. We all knew that only one call was authorized to come through. Millhaus listened for a long time, grunting infrequently, and finally said, "We'll put out the welcome sign. Thanks, Ed," and hung up.

"Got 'em!" he said. "I was dreadful scared they would split up, making it almost too tough to spot 'em, but Ed Howe and his people nailed them at the Tampa International just a while back, ten minutes before they got on an Eastern flight to New York. Their luggage has gone, but we'll have it grabbed at the other end and shot back. They're saying it's some mistake, which is to be expected. I guess they figured you and that girl drowned and they would have time to get out safe without splitting up, Sam."

He gave me a wide, warm, friendly grin that fooled nobody.

I remember very vividly the scene that evening in Pat Millhaus's office. By then Peggy had rested and had been questioned and was dressed in a glamorous summery outfit Ack had bought for her.

T. C. Barley had us sit side by side off on a couch against the left wall, where they would not see us as they were brought in. By then, battalions of news people were milling around the halls and drinking beer out on the courthouse lawn in the warm dusk after the late afternoon rains.

They brought Ben in first—Benjamin Kelly he called himself—big, impassive, freckled, brutalized, wearing the attitudes of previous imprisonments.

"Do you know those people?" Barley asked, pointing.

He turned and stared at us. I could detect no change of expression. "No sir," he said. "I don't know them."

"He shot and killed Captain Chase," Peggy said in a small, firm voice. "He carried me aboard the *Sea Queen*. Then he left in the rental car to drive it down to Naples to meet the other two."

"I don't know what the little lady is talking about," he said.

They took him out and brought Marty in. Rafael Martino, he called himself. He looked undressed without his cigar.

When directed to look toward us, he didn't handle it quite as well as had Ben Kelly. His expression did not change, but his color paled to a bloodless gray which was suddenly oiled by sweat.

"I never saw these people in my life," he said in a husky whisper.

"He and Mr. Weber burned my hand," Peggy said. "The Mahlers can identify him and the other one, too. He tried to . . . rape me aboard the boat."

"She's nuts," Marty said, but it carried no conviction. I remembered his certainty that things would go wrong, his contempt for amateur operations. Things could not have gone more wrong.

Weber was last. And he was not a pro. He walked in arrogantly.

"It's about time you people did some explaining," he said.

"Do you know those two people over there?"

He turned quickly and looked at us. "Hello, Maurice," Peggy said. It sledged him in the pit of the stomach. His mouth dropped open and his eyes looked wild. He took a half step and quickly caught his balance.

"Can't you say hello?" Peggy asked.

In the silence, you could sense the way his mind was racing around the small perimeter of the trap, looking for some gap, some tiny, logical place just big enough to wiggle through.

"Hello, Peggy," he said at last in a ghastly voice. He had to acknowledge knowing her.

Peggy turned to T. C. Barley. "It was his cute little plan to drown the three of us, just like the other two, Mr. Barley."

"It didn't work very well, Mr. Weber, or whatever your name is," Barley said.

I suspect that for a few seconds he came very close to breaking completely, turning into a droning, helpless idiot. But he slowly gathered the small strength remaining to him and said, "I get to have a lawyer, don't I?"

"Before the indictment by the Grand Jury, yes."

"I got the money for a damned good one," he said.

"You'll need a good one," Pat Millhaus said, grinning like a raccoon.

In the end, it was LeRoy Luxey who simplified the problems of the prosecution. He studied the transcripts of the statements made by Peggy and me and the Mahlers. He decided where a little persuasion might help. And he arranged, without authorization, a little soundproof time with Martino. There are those who claim that Martino has never been quite right, mentally, since being interviewed by LeRoy. For days he would scream at any sudden sound. But it cannot be denied that, in one sense, Luxey did him a favor. In return for his sudden eagerness to assist the prosecution, he was given thirty years, as opposed to the sentence of death by electrocution awarded Weber and Kelly.

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WHERE IS JANICE GANTRY? (cont.)

was able to confirm the real identity of Maurice Weber as one Maurice Bergmann, one-time city employee. Soon after this identification was publicized, the lid was blown off that city, exposing intricate corruption, smashing a powerful machine, routing important men to prison, and causing many other officials to kill themselves.

Until that event, Bergmann, awaiting execution, had been curiously optimistic, telling his guards there were important people who wouldn't let him die. But the Michigan story broke him, and so rapid was the disintegration, it was an almost mindless thing that was finally strapped into the chair.

But I acquired my worst memory long before his execution, way back when the state, in assembling its case, was most anxious to locate bodies. Martino's confession stated they had run straight out from Horseshoe Pass for twenty-five minutes before Weber-Bergmann stopped the *Sea Queen*. When they untied the lines that held the car, it got away from them and smashed the rail as it went over the side when the boat rolled. Martino said it floated in the moonlight with a little of the roof exposed for so long that they considered ramming it, but suddenly it was gone.

On an impulse I will always regret, I talked myself aboard the Coast Guard launch that went out on a day when the Gulf was flat calm, the visibility perfect. We worked in co-operation with a helicopter, idling along as it churned back and forth at about three hundred feet, searching the probable area, dropping bags of marker dye from time to time to facilitate maintaining the pattern.

At high noon, eight miles out, the helicopter hovered, dropped slowly. The pilot came on the air to us, and said, "Bingo! Shows up like a beetle in a bathtub." We went over to the spot. The fathometer showed seventy feet. We dropped a marker buoy. The helicopter tilted and swung away, heading straight for home.

I put on the mask and fins, and went on downstairs with the Coast Guard diver, a free dive without tanks. Visibility was so good, I saw the car when we were halfway down. He was taking the cable down. We caught hold of the rear bumper. As he was threading the snap end of the cable around the rear bumper, I worked my way around the left side of the car. It was an insanity to see it sitting on the smooth sand bottom, still shiny, wearing its Florida tag, all alone in the biggest parking lot in the world.

I came face to face with Sis Gantry in that green, luminous world. Charlie was a slumped shadow beyond her. She was fastened there behind the wheel by the safety belt I had kidded her about, turned and leaning toward the window, her eyes open, her black hair floating wide and wild in the endless silence of that flooded car. I kicked upward, a reflex of horror and panic, but slowed myself properly and, exhaling, emerged into the bright day that contradicted the nightmare that existed below.

The next day they towed a barge out, winched the little car up and aboard, and brought it home, water draining from it all the way.

It is balanced by a better memory. After I brought my bride back from our marriage in Dayton, we used the *Lesser Evil* for honeymoon week ends while the weather stayed hot well into October. We camped on empty beaches, snug under the stars.

On a September night of a moon almost full, Peggy was curled against me under the mosquito bar, but I could not sleep, and so, in a west wind strong enough to keep the bugs back in the mangrove brush, I walked down to the edge of the water.

I began to think of the *Sea Queen*. They had not yet given up looking for her at that time. I thought of her out there in the deeps. Maybe she had opened up enough for the currents to move through her, so that Charity and Captain Stan Chase were at that moment doing an infinitely slow dance down there where the moonlight would never reach, taking a full five minutes for each bow, each random pirouette.

It struck me with a horrid force that four of us could be down there, in that black minuet, touching, turning, spinning with a slow and rotten grace.

It was a moment of nightmare so real that I could not believe my Peggy existed. I turned to go to her and saw her coming slowly down the slope of the beach toward me, reaching a sleepy hand in woman's habit to pat her shining hair, moving toward me in slender, silvered loveliness.

"I lost you," she said in a grumpy, sleepy voice. She peered up into my face. "*That's* a strange expression."

"I started thinking about . . . where we might have been tonight, and what it's like down there. And suddenly this didn't seem real."

She put her arms strongly around me and held herself tightly against me. "Oh, darling, it's real. It's very real."

There, in that moonlight, we affirmed this new and precious reality, which contradicted all old hurts and fears.

They are still there, of course, on the weedy floor of the Gulf, Charity and the Captain of the *Sea Queen*, expensively entombed, new companions to old Spanish bones, but these days we remember them seldom, and without pain.

Life is full and joyous, and we bury the bad memories under the new, which we now accumulate with ease and pleasure. And love. THE END

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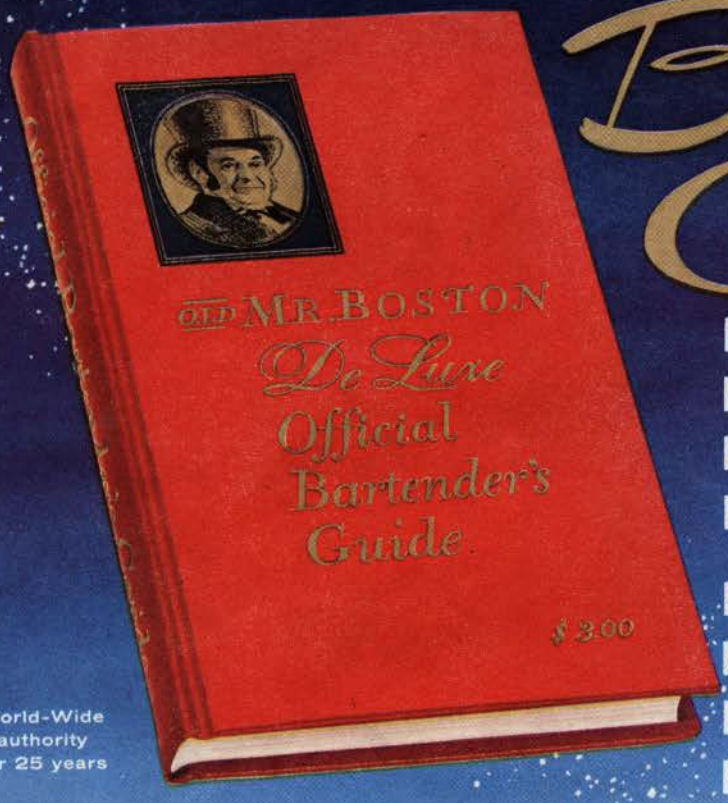

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