

COSMOPOLITAN

February, 1958 • 35¢

SPECIAL ISSUE

How to Live With Success

- Thriving on Tension
- 4,000 Top Executives' Wives Tell How to Help a Husband Get Ahead
- Skills That Pay Best
- "Extra" Money

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Jon Whitcomb Takes a
Close Look at Sophia Loren



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“We’re Looking for People Who Like to Draw”

By **JON WHITCOMB**
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT? If you do — America’s 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We’d like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here’s why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn’t get top-drawer professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-

how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then — illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings — we created a complete course of art training that people all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands win the creative fulfillment and finan-

America’s 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL	FRED LUDEKENS
JON WHITCOMB	BEN STAHL
AL PARKER	ROBERT FAWCETT
STEVAN DOHANOS	AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN	HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK	ALBERT DORNE

cial rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Three years ago, Don Smith knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Now, he’s an illustrator for a New Orleans advertising agency and has a secure, promising future.

Mother Boosts Family Income

Thanks to our training, busy New York mother Elizabeth Merriss now adds to her family’s income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children’s books.

John Busketta was a pipe fitter’s helper with a gas company when he enrolled. He still works for the same company—now as an artist in the advertising department at a much higher salary.

Bored with an “ordinary” job, Harriet Kuzniewski sent for our talent test; later decided to study with us. Soon after, she landed a job as fashion illustrator. Today, she’s assistant art director of a big New York buying office.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen, a father of three children, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, studied with us in her spare time. Recently, she had her first “one-man” show — where she sold thirty-two watercolors and five oil paintings.

Earns Seven Times As Much

Eric Ericson used to be a clerk. Thanks to our training, he is now an art director at seven times the salary he was making when he enrolled.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she began our training. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn’t you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but we’ll send it to you free. If you show promise, you’ll be eligible for training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail coupon today.

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

"The only Hell is being unable to love..."

So says Yul Brynner as Dmitri, most passionate of "The Brothers Karamazov", in a fiery scene from the filming of this mighty novel. He is speaking to Grushenka, the pliant beauty craved by his own father. She brushes a kiss across Dmitri's lips, whispering:

"That's all I have — being able to love. When you came in tonight, I thought my heart would burst. I wanted you so much. And then I saw your eyes... and the pistols... were you really going to shoot me?"



This scene has a lusty excitement. So does the entire story of the exploding emotions of the Karamazovs—father and sons—their loves, their friends, their enemies. Writer-director Richard Brooks' adaptation and the throbbing performances of a large all-star cast faithfully follow the many moods of master story-teller, Dostoyevsky.

According to producer Pandro S. Ber- man, more than half of the large Avon Production budget went to acquire the exactly right stars. Brynner is magnificent in his latest role since his Award-winning "The King and I". Maria Schell, already famed as a great international actress, wins new acclaim with her role of earthy, vital Grushenka and Claire Bloom's clinging, suddenly awakened Katya solidifies her popularity with audiences. Others eloquently present in this sprawling canvas are: Lee J. Cobb, Albert Salmi, Richard Basehart and William Shatner.

M-G-M has planned "The Brothers Karamazov" for ten years. As the result unfolded before us in Metrocolor, we were glad they waited for the perfect creative combination of technicians and cast.

No list of the cast is complete without mentioning one more person. The viewer. It is not too much to say that anyone who has ever loved, hated, prayed, sacrificed, raged, or plotted revenge... must find some part of himself or herself here. The best part, the worst part. Or both.

As all men are brothers, so are all men and women "The Brothers Karamazov". It is a distinct and distinguished achievement.

P.S. "Get more out of life... go out to a movie!"

COSMOPOLITAN

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FEBRUARY, 1958

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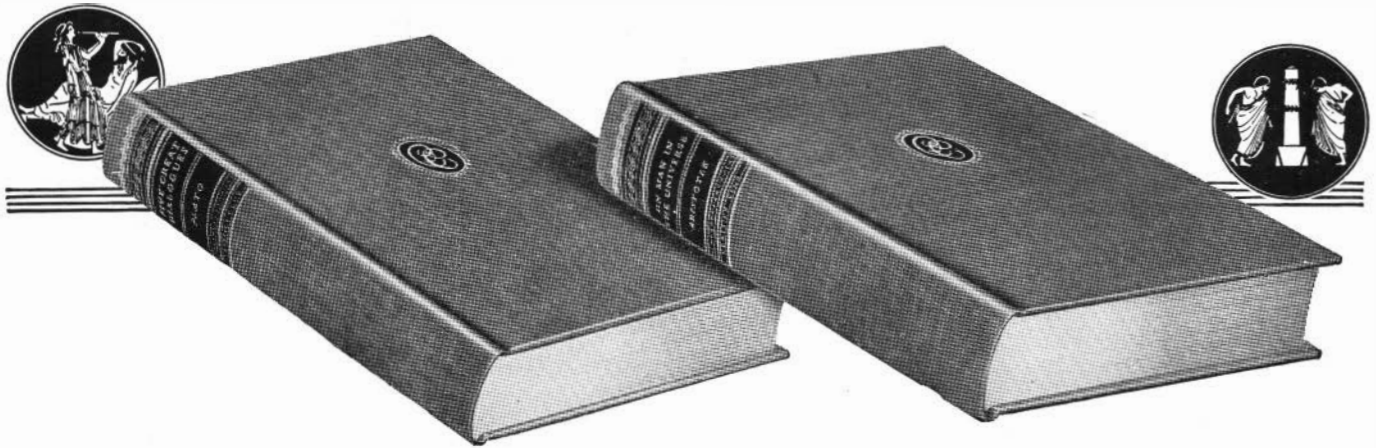
COVER—Italian-born actress Sophia Loren is known to the American public as a fantastically beautiful actress with lovely green-flecked-with-gold eyes. But has she always been this way? No, says Sophia. As little Sophia Scicolone of Naples, Italy, she was a "skinny, ugly, self-conscious" child who lived in a tunnel during the war and hungrily accepted candy bars from American G.I.'s. Now she is dazzling them with talent that earned her the title, "little Miss Sizzle." In the short time she has been here, she's become a fan of jazz, Frank Sinatra, and (of all things) the television commercial. She knows three by heart, both words and music.



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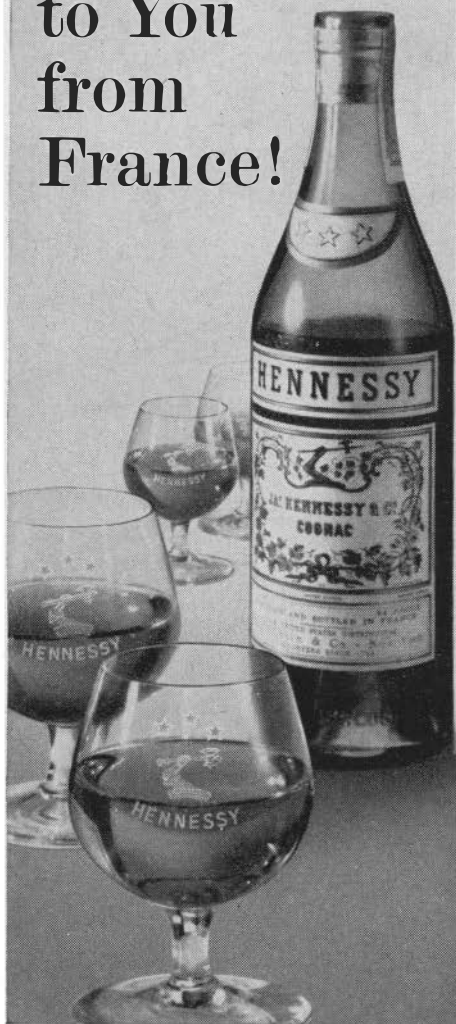
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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

TENSION BENEFITS, CORPORATE SLEUTH, WRITER ON THE LOOSE

In a fit of journalistic curiosity, we queried Zsa Zsa Gabor about what she does when she gets to feeling tense. Zsa Zsa's reply: "I start thinking about a new car or a new fur. Or particularly about a new diamond necklace."



Zsa Zsa Gabor

L.N.P. What Zsa Zsa meant, we gathered (when we had recovered), was that she concentrated on how to acquire these bagatelles. And probably got tenser.

Just testing, we sounded out a neighboring editor about the possibility of his getting a new car; he showed an immediate increase in tension.

We asked his wife to concentrate on getting a new fur or a diamond necklace, and her tension shot up like a thermometer over a lighted blowtorch.

This all figures. On page 66 you can learn the value of your tension, and how to make it pay off. Pay off? We can't guarantee you a diamond necklace after reading our article, but you may find yourself on the way to other benefits.

The Man in the Cloak

In corporations where the expenditure of millions of dollars often hinges on discovering what the other outfit is up to, spying is an ingenious and lucrative business.

In researching our article "Executive Spies," Richard Gehman traveled up to Tarrytown, New York, to visit Raymond C. Schindler, who is perhaps the most potent private eye in the corporation cloak-and-dagger game.

No Perry Mason or hand-to-mouth "eye," Schindler is a wealthy man-about-town who has been described as a "party-giver, clubman, and all-around New York character"—yet the subjects of his investigations have ranged from Prince Mike Romanoff to a stolen Gainsborough, to transatlantic shipboard card sharps, all of which, says one executive, "eminently fits him for dealing with corporations."

Gehman found Mr. Schindler a white-haired, distinguished gentleman who "likes to drop in at the Countess de Tallyrand's Tarrytown estate, with his two French poodles, for afternoon tea." After

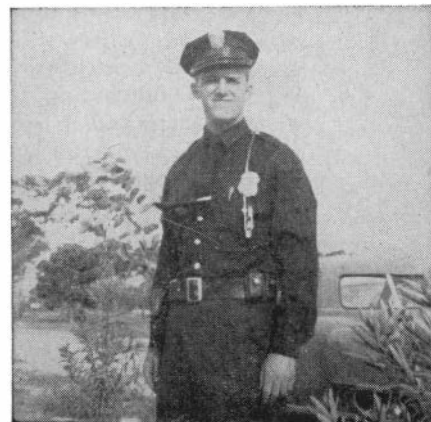
one such tea, Schindler got together with Gehman and came across with information about his work for big corporations. "Industrial investigation," Schindler calls it. But others call it "business espionage." On page 70 you'll see how it works.

Elusive Author

We should have known better than to try to get in touch with ex-paratrooper Michael Shaara, who wrote our unusual story, "The Lightning," in this issue. But we liked the story so much that we thought we'd make a stab at finding out where Shaara got the idea for it. We should have remembered that a couple of years ago, after an unsuccessful attempt to locate Shaara, we learned he'd been holed up in a Vermont cabin six feet deep in snow.

It's a fact that some writers are like Mexican jumping beans—never in the same place for more than twenty seconds. They're either out gathering story material while disguised as bartenders, working at the bottom of mine shafts while writing novels, or out in bathing trunks getting the real hang of water skiing.

This time, Shaara's trail led to St. Petersburg, Florida, where, we learned,

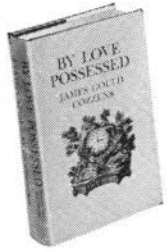


Michael Shaara

Shaara had recently quit his job as policeman after several months. A friend of a friend tells us that Shaara is somewhere in Florida now, just purely writing and "trying to fish every river in the state." He is currently working the Homosassa River, which in Indian means "smoking creek" and in any fisherman's language means fun. Trying to locate a man in a boat had us beat. Instead, we turned on our good reading lamp and went back to shivering all over again at Shaara's story. It's on page 80. —H. La B.

The books you want to read are – usually – BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB selections or alternates

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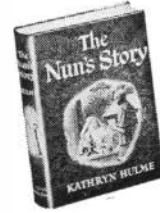
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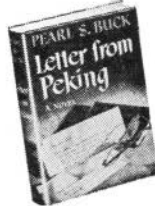
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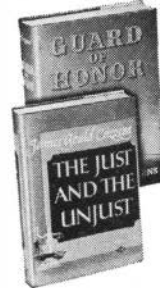
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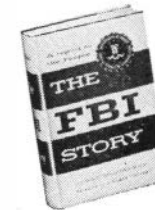
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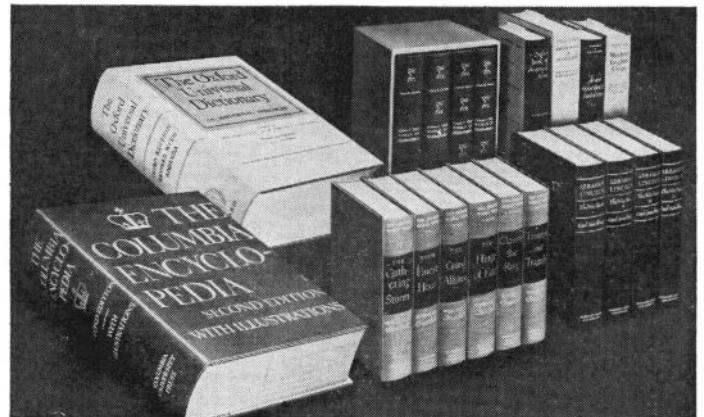
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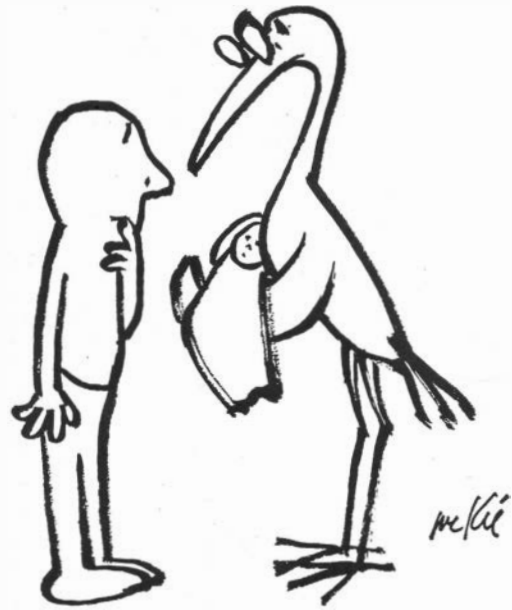
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Mistaken Fathers, Latchkey Children, Comic Valentines, and Peeping Toms

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD



Mistaken fathers. Nearly one out of every five men who "admit" in court that they fathered the child of an unmarried mother may be wrong, according to Dr. Leon N. Sussman and Attorney Sidney B. Schatkin, New York. When Dr. Sussman and Mr. Schatkin checked sixty-seven legal judgments of paternity by making blood tests on the couples involved, they found that twelve of the men (six positively, six probably) had not fathered the children whose parentage they had admitted. The investigators urge that states which recognize paternity blood tests make them compulsory in paternity suits.

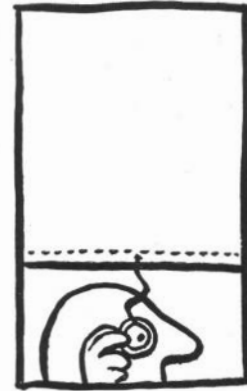
places to measure fatness accurately are the hips in women and the thighs in men, according to a study by Dr. Stanley M. Garn (Fels Research Institute, Antioch College). While all parts of the body register a gain or loss of weight, fat increases and decreases most rapidly in the mid-trunk area. Limbs show fat gains least, which explains why many a gal may retain shapely underpinnings while bulging at the waistline.

and in other ways, without having to resort to the crude, anonymous missives.

Peeping Toms. What causes a man to be a peeper? Studying a dozen of these odd individuals with court records, analyst Milton H. Gurvitz (Great Neck, New York) found these common characteristics: The inveterate peeper tends



Comic valentines. Remember those old, insulting, penny-apiece comic valentines with the luridly colored, grotesque heads, faces and bodies? Once sold and sent by the tens of millions, they've virtually disappeared from the market—and with no regrets on the part of veteran valentine vender Richard M. Goldsmith, of Fuld and Company (Boonton, New Jersey). His firm alone used to sell over seven million yearly. "But," says he, "we're glad they're gone—their purpose was to hurt people. While there's still a market for comic valentines, those we put out nowadays are much milder, less insulting, and more humorous." What caused the change? It's not that modern kids (or immature grownups) are any kinder. But (some psychologists think) there is more opportunity for them to vent their aggressions and dislikes openly



to be a neurotic, maladjusted, bitter, mousy, sexually frustrated man who has had little luck with women. Thus peeping, to his distorted mind, offers a means of achieving mastery over a woman (or "assaulting" her with his eyes), without her knowledge. Cure for such men may require not only competent analysis, but strengthening of their morale through improvements in their jobs, incomes, recreations and general relationships with other people—particularly, if they are married, with their wives and children.

Latchkey children. This is the term that social workers apply to youngsters whose parents are away all day, and who must let themselves into empty homes after school. Child guidance expert Joseph Rosner (Board of Education, New York) finds that children thus deprived of parental attention are likely to develop a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. They get into fights, play hookey, and are suspicious of adults. Truancy officers and social workers can often straighten out these children by supplying what they lack—the friendship of someone they can depend on, who will talk to them on their own level.



Religion and sex. How do a woman's religious attitudes affect her sex life and marital happiness? A survey by Dr. Paul Wallin (Stanford University) revealed that whether or not a woman is religious has little influence on her sex drive but does affect the importance she attaches to sex in marriage. Thus, religious women seem better able to adjust to sexual problems and to be content with their marriages despite them. THE END

Fat sites. Your waistline may be the spot where fat shows most, but the best

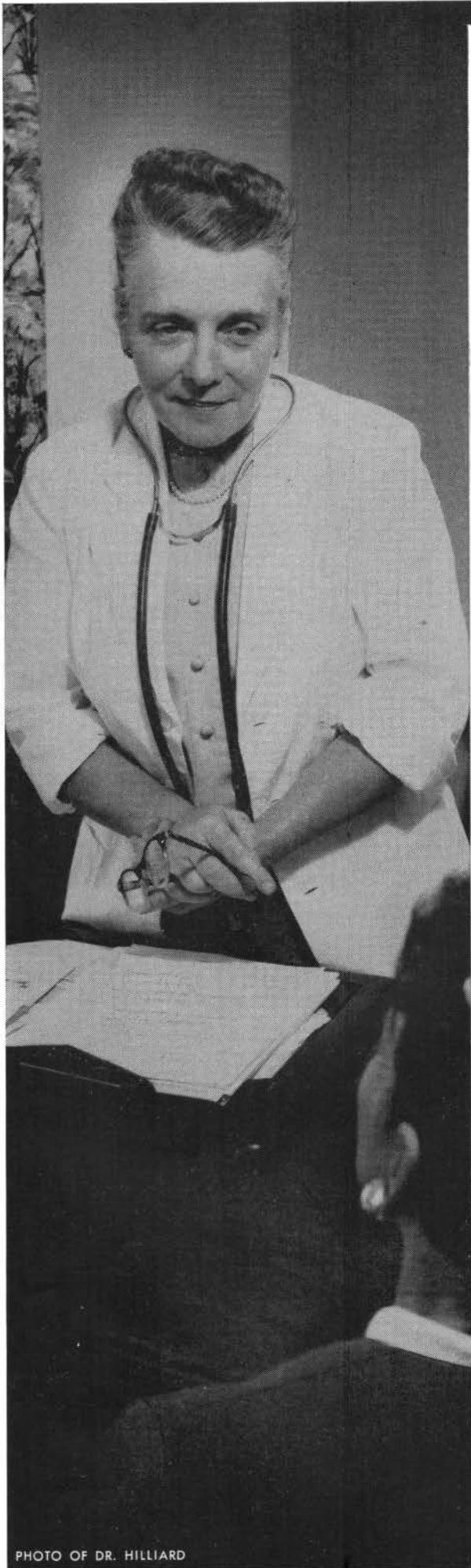


PHOTO OF DR. HILLIARD

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woman must lead a lonely and frustrating existence.

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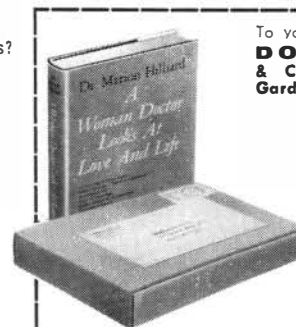
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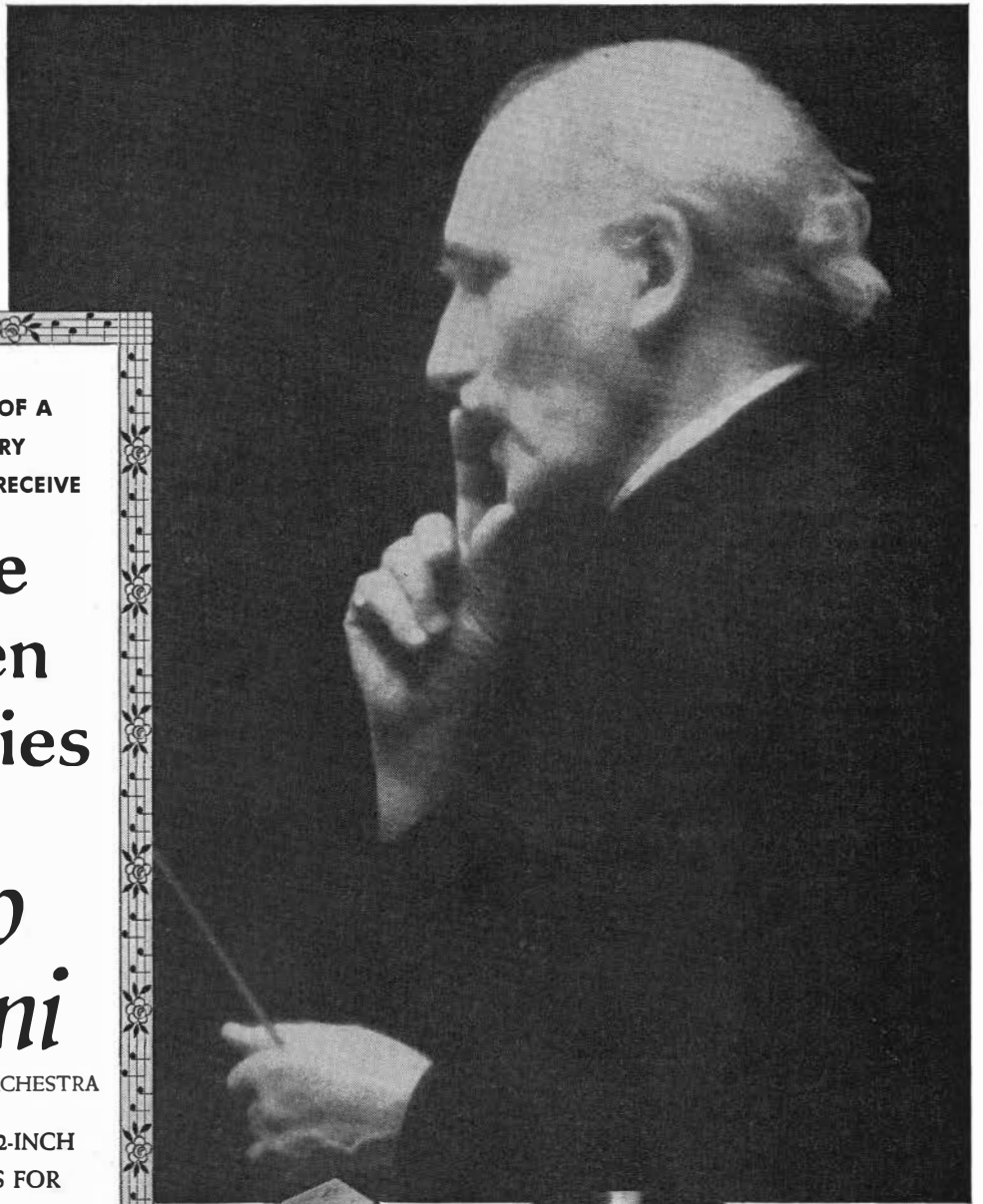
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The Most Romantic Career

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

The travel business is one of the most demanding, poorest paid anywhere, but everyone wants a piece of the act. No amount of depreciation by a desk-bound ticket-seller can convince youngsters that the travel business is anything but a free ticket to Paris, Calcutta, Miami, and Mexico. Many must learn the hard way that by no means all travel jobs are glamorous, and that it takes more than filling out an application blank to get an assignment as travel columnist, tour leader or peripatetic publicity agent.

Nevertheless, for the girl who qualifies, there is one travel career which offers reasonable chances of success: hostessing on an airliner or ship. The field is growing, and the airlines in particular are expanding their stewardess training programs in preparation for the new turbo-prop and pure jet liners expected to be in service in about a year.

Today's air stewardess, particularly on an overseas airline, must have a rare combination of talents. She usually

needs a college education, medical and first aid training; should be an expert swimmer; have a pleasing personality; be an expert on planes and their operation; have knowledge of the history and geography of the routes she flies; and, in some cases, speak two languages fluently.

And once obtained, the job is not all global glamour. Faster planes and shorter flights are eliminating some of the stop-overs which once made stewardessing a golden dream. Many airlines are also finding living quarters near the airports for crews. The girl with shiny new wings most often finds herself on the "milk runs," reporting for work at sleepy hours of the night and hopping in and out of airports like a monkey on a pogo stick. The compensating factor is that the turnover is fairly rapid. The marriage rate is high and advancement comes quickly.

Stewardessing is not the only airline glamour job for women. On a commercial airplane today food is almost as important as having the required number of wings. Topnotch cooks and dieticians

have found exciting and rewarding jobs with airlines.

Myra Waldo, Pan American's dietetic expert, who is glamorous in or out of a kitchen, has traveled all over the world gathering food facts, picking the brains of local chefs, translating foreign recipes and their odd measures into American, and writing books. Her *Around the World Cook Book* is a favorite.

Food, fashions and shopping are all part of the job for Jean Gammon, who masquerades under the name of Sally Ann Simpson, just to keep the initials of her employer, Scandinavian Airlines System, in the story whenever she holds a press party. Shopping is her principal dream job, and she wanders the world gaily distributing her SAS dollars everywhere from the GUM department store in Moscow to Georg Jensen's in Copenhagen, just so she can tell prospective women air travelers what to buy, where.

Not all of the dream jobs in travel go to glamour gals. Most of the big steamship lines prefer more mature women. A youngish beauty with magnetism may have difficulty doing her job if she has to spend most of her time brushing off pursuing males. Besides, there are couples on board every cruise ship, and a mature lady is much less likely to be the fuse for domestic fireworks.

Nevertheless, some beauties have won jobs on cruise ships and chalked up scintillating successes. One brunette charmer, Terry Murphy, toured Latin America as a singer and then went to New York to work as an executive secretary before she signed on as a social director and later publicity director for a series of West Indian cruises last winter. Now she is off on a round-the-world trip as editor of the daily newspaper aboard the Holland-America Line's SS *Statendam*.

One of the most successful glamour trippers of recent years is brown-eyed Jo Anne Stevens of Tacoma, Washington. Jo Anne gave up airline stewardessing to go to work for a travel agency. She made a trip around the world, attended the Olympic Games in Australia, promoted a group tour to Europe, and took a trip to Mexico. At last report she was still seeing the world and getting paid for it.

True, the jobs in travel aren't all glamorous: it takes thousands of people tied to desks and ticket counters to keep the ships, planes, and trains moving. But there are ways of getting aboard if you have the know-how, the personality, and the persistence. The rolling stone still gathers no moss, but, presumably, for a stone it has lots of fun. THE END

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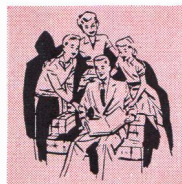


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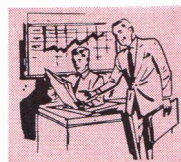


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You Can't Keep a Good Girl Down

BY PAUL AFFELDER



spent fourteen weeks in an iron lung. After a long period of recovery, she obtained one of those coveted dates at New York's Copacabana, only to suffer a relapse. Another attempt at a comeback found her co-starred with Mickey Rooney in a West Coast production of "Girl Crazy," and resulted in another relapse.

After an enforced rest, Mae was back trying again, first on a successful night club tour, then on her own local TV show in Hollywood. CBS thought so well of her that it planned to make the show a network affair. Meanwhile, she went to a recording studio to make a few disks, and on the way out she fell down a flight of stairs and broke her back.

Still Mae hadn't been licked. Again, a long, painful period of recuperation, and again, the long, hard climb up the ladder, beginning with a coast-to-coast tour for the Sister Kenny Foundation, during which she raised over \$100,000. Then, after doing some TV guest spots on the West Coast, she once more took charge of her own TV show from KTLA in Los Angeles.

Recently Norman Granz heard Mae Williams and signed her to make an album for Verve Records. This time there were no cancellations, no recording bans, no illnesses and no falls. The disk sessions went through as scheduled, and the results show that Mae has finally made the grade. In a collection drawn mainly from show and movie tunes, she reveals a fresh, appealing voice, behind which she puts a large quantity of punch and determination. Among the standout interpretations, expertly supported by an orchestra under Buddy Bregman, are "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," "Mandy," "The Glory of Love," "The Gentleman Is a Dope," "Slow Boat to China," and "Broadway Rhythm."

Sound like a subject for "This Is Your Life"? It was, last year. (*Show Time*, Verve MGV 2074, \$3.98)

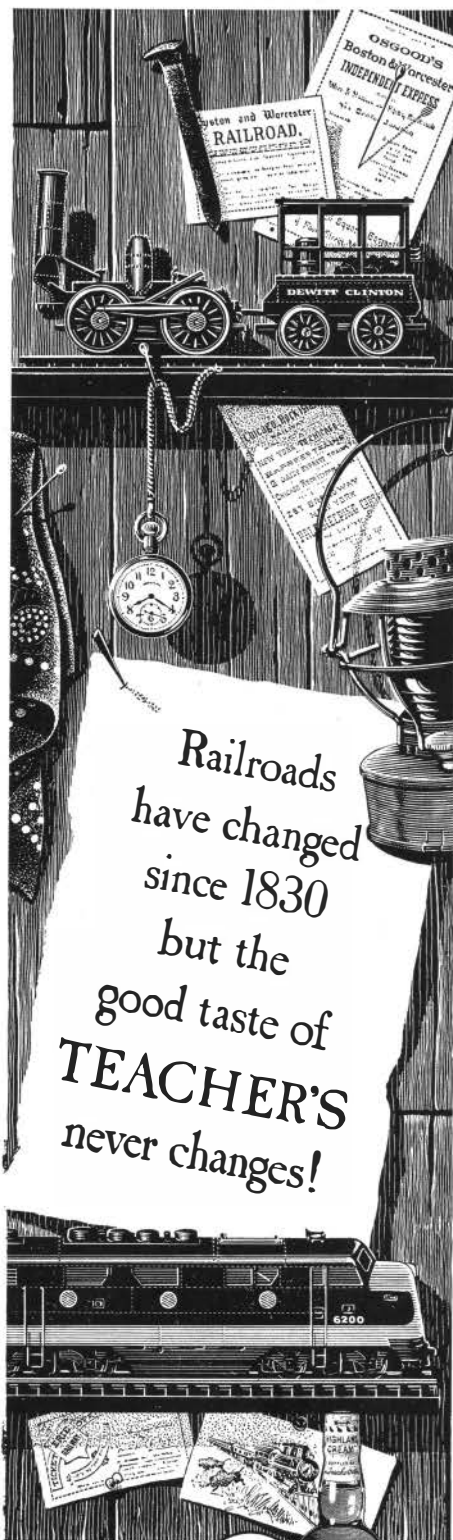
The moods of love. For those who develop heart trouble around February fourteenth, a soothing valentine is the newest disk by *Mantovani* and his Orchestra. "The World's Favorite Love Songs." It's another of those records that belong in the "mood music" category, but fortunately it lacks the innocuous

The hard way. Most people who know anything about show business will concede that the two basic requirements for reaching the top in the entertainment world are, first, a lot of talent and, second, a lot of lucky breaks. Mae Williams, an exhilarating upcoming singing star, is one performer, however, who's made her ascent the hard way—through a series of bad breaks.

Mae's career started off well enough. At the age of three she won first prize in an amateur show in her native Kansas City. Later, her family moved to California, and while still at Hollywood High School she began to sing with her brother's band. Night club dates in Reno and Hollywood followed, and then came an eight-year run at the Bandbox in Los Angeles.

Then things began to happen—the wrong things. The Bandbox's owner, Lou Costello, of Abbott and Costello, engaged Mae for his new series of radio programs, but illness forced him to cancel them. Tommy Dorsey signed her to a disk contract with his band, but before a single side was cut, the Musicians' Union slapped a ban on all recording. In the East she had a chance to pinch-hit for Fran Warren, whose sudden indisposition prevented her from appearing at Bill Miller's Riviera. But Mae was on her way by car to Florida to help launch her friend, Janis Paige, on a night club career. She couldn't be reached in time, so the substitute spot—and with it the lucky break—went to one Eddie Fisher.

Now serious illness caught up with Mae herself. Stricken with polio, she



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character that so many of its competitors possess. A bright, clean string sound in a majority of the numbers emphasizes the sunnier side of love; a few of the arrangements assume almost symphonic proportions; then, for contrast and sustained attention, there is a simple, tinkling little setting of "Parlez-Moi d'Amour." The inclusion of such songs as "My Old Dutch" and "The Story of Tina" may make the collection seem more like "Mantovani's favorite love songs," but there's no denying the universality of Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," Cadman's "At Dawning," Porter's "Night and Day," and Kern's "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." (*The World's Favorite Love Songs*. London LL 1748. \$3.98)

Sputnik on the keys. While scientists have been busy breaking the sound barrier and conquering outer space, some musicians have been at work creating some sounds of the future. After hearing one or two examples of music artificially worked out on a tape recorder, most self-respecting music lovers will pray that the future never comes. The duo-pianists **Ferrante and Teicher**, on the other hand, have combined the magic of electronics and tape recorders with two or three keyboard instruments—piano, harpsichord and celesta—plus bits of wood, rubber, paper and metal, to produce some really intriguing musical noises they call "The Sound of Tomorrow—Today." This completely uninhibited team thinks nothing of sticking objects between the piano strings, playing *inside* the instruments as well as on the keys, tapping on the lid—in fact, doing just about anything to make them sound different. Though in this, their fourth, album, they've grown even more adventurous, they've stayed within musical bounds by conducting all their experiments with familiar Latin American tunes. If you think you've heard "Brazil," "Mama Yo Quero," "Tico Tico," "Frenesi" and the "Mexican Hat Dance" arranged to death, you'll get a refreshing shock. And incidentally, this is a good disk for putting your hi-fi rig through its paces. (*Soundblast*. Westminster WP 6041. \$3.98)

A new look at jazz. Did jazz originate in New Orleans? Leonard Feather, author of *The Book of Jazz*, says No. In this interesting and occasionally revolutionary new book, he traces the origins of jazz to much older and far more complex roots all over the country. A series of chapters are devoted to the development of jazz on each of its instruments, and there is an especially provocative section entitled "The Anatomy of Improvisation." Here Mr. Feather takes a group of jazz solo improvisations, which he has reproduced in formal musical notation, and analyzes them in detail. Since the subjects under scrutiny are

fleeting improvisations which will never be duplicated exactly, the validity of **Leonard Feather's** approach is open to question. Still, attacking a solo by Dizzy Gillespie or Art Tatum with methods similar to those employed in dissecting a Beethoven concerto can be quite entertaining. The process has been greatly enhanced by the release of a record which contains ten of the fifteen improvisations discussed in the book. Each is presented not as an isolated solo but in context as part of a complete performance. Book and disk complement one another; yet each can stand alone. For those who are content just to listen, the latter offers some top-drawer solos by Gillespie, Tatum, Buddy De Franco, Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson and Bud Powell, plus a Gillespie-Roy Eldridge duet. (*The Book of Jazz*, by Leonard Feather. Horizon Press. \$3.95. *The Anatomy of Improvisation*. Verve MGV 8230. \$4.98)

Basic training. Shortly after the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra was founded, the late Arturo Toscanini declared to **Leon Barzin**, conductor of the National Orchestral Association, that without the N.O.A. he would have had no orchestra. More than three-quarters of his musicians had received their basic training under Barzin's direction. The first, and still

the foremost, organization of its kind, the N.O.A. provides experience for aspiring symphonic players. It is to them that conductors of America's symphony, ballet, radio, TV and motion picture orchestras go for a large number of their personnel. Today more than four hundred N.O.A. alumni may be found in over sixty such orchestras here and abroad, and about one-fifth of them occupy first-desk positions. In 1956 a group of alumni returned to Carnegie Hall to give a concert under Barzin's baton, to commemorate the N.O.A.'s twenty-fifth anniversary. Among the works on the program was Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, performed from the composer's original manuscript, a tenth anniversary gift to the orchestra. Shortly afterwards, this all-star aggregation reassembled to make the first authoritative recording of this familiar symphony. Hearing it exactly as Mozart wrote it, though, one notices some fascinating unfamiliarities, particularly in the second movement, whose whole texture is lightened by just a few notes. This fascinating disk, reproduced with exceptional fidelity, also contains crisp, brilliant performances of Berlioz's "Waverley" Overture and three excerpts from that composer's "Damnation of Faust." (Mozart: *Symphony No. 35 in D Major*, K. 385 ["Haffner"]. Columbia ML 5176. \$3.98) THE END

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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT



Outstanding Picture to Come

WILD IS THE WIND—When Anna Magnani is on screen, the passions run ripe and hot and full-blooded. Two years ago, in her first American movie, "The Rose Tattoo," she stunned the population and won an Academy Award with her magnificent portrayal of a lusty Gulf Coast widow obsessed with the memory of her

dead husband. But now in this Hal Wallis production, originally called "Obsession," she is on the other side of the neurosis, as a second wife brought from Italy to the wilds of Nevada by a sheep rancher (Anthony Quinn) who is completely dominated by memories of his dead mate, the new bride's sister.

The Best in Your Neighborhood

BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—A perfectly splendid film in which Alec Guinness, as the commander of a battalion of British P.O.W.'s in the jungles of Ceylon, conquers his captors before he himself is felled by pride in his achievement—the construction of a great bridge for the enemy. A beautifully made, beautifully directed (by David Lean), excitingly written and photographed picture, with Guinness contributing an Academy Award-level performance, and William Holden, Sessue Hayakawa, and Jack Hawkins exceedingly capable compeers. (Columbia)

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER—A far cry from the war depicted in "Bridge on

the River Kwai" is this lighthearted account of the action among the Navy's public relations officers and the correspondents at a rear-echelon headquarters resembling Guam. It's essentially a string of related episodes, of which some come off highly amusing, a few are prettily romantic, others strain for a hilarity they can't quite capture. Glenn Ford is the P.R.O. hero, Gia Scala the lovely island girl he falls for, and Keenan Wynn, Eva Gabor, Fred Clark, Mickey Shaughnessy and Earl Holliman assorted types he must contend with. (M-G-M)

THE ENEMY BELOW—Another superior war film, this tense account of the cat-and-mouse game between a German

U-boat and an American destroyer escort is as suspenseful a film as you are likely to see for some time. Dick Powell, as producer and director, keeps the tension mounting until it reaches an almost unbearable pitch, and Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens turn in highly capable performances as the skippers of the two vessels. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

An alien and alone, she enters a household haunted by the shadow of the dead Rosanna. Her new home is inhabited by the sheep rancher's domineering sister-in-law (Lili Valenty), who is the housekeeper; his young daughter (Dolores Hart); his brother and hired man (Joseph Calleia); and the young foreman (Anthony Franciosa) whom he has brought over from Europe and raised as though he were his own son. Everyone in the family assumes that the boy and the daughter will marry as soon as she finishes college. In this household, the newcomer soon finds that for her husband she is merely a substitute for Rosanna; to her new sister-in-law, she represents a competitor for the role of housekeeper; and for the young foreman, she is temptation. It is only a matter of time before these oddly mingled passions must erupt.

The situation contains echoes of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," of Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," and of tragedy as old as Greece. And, if Wallis has settled for something less than tragedy, he has kept his melodrama taut, vibrant and passionate. The drama's colors (though not the camera's) are red and black and purple.

There are few actors who can stand up to Magnani—to a reporter who asked him why he had turned down the chance to play opposite her in Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Descending," Marlon Brando replied, "She would wipe me off the stage." But Anthony Quinn is capable of holding his own in any acting company. And Anthony Franciosa continues to confirm the promise he indicated in "A Hatful of Rain." (Paramount)

LES GIRLS—Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, and an intriguing newcomer named Taina Elg twinkle through a succession of European capitals as the mainstays of Gene Kelly's nomadic dance act. The story is told in flashbacks from a libel suit. The suit is the result of a book one of the girls (Miss Kendall) has written

about her experiences—so we get three different versions (one per girl) of what life and love were like on the tour. La Kendall is a most amusing wench, her companions attractive and capable, and maestro Kelly as expert as ever. (M-G-M)

OLD YELLER—A big, tough old hound dog adopts a family of settlers on the Texas frontier, and it's a good thing for them he does. Among the principal perils Old Yeller fights off are a pack of wild hogs, a marauding wolf, and a gigantic grizzly bear. Exciting stuff. In support are humans Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker and two exceptionally fine child actors, Tommy Kirk and Kevin Corcoran. (Buena Vista)

OPERATION MAD BALL—Best of the "wasn't war wacky?" cycle, this very funny farce is highlighted by the movie debut of TV wit Ernie Kovacs. On the large screen, Kovacs is a winner all the way (while losing his battle with the enlisted men) as officer chiefly concerned with frustrating the efforts of the E.M. to run a dance with officer-nurses as partners. Jack Lemmon makes the most of a good thing as the Mr. Fixit of the E.M., and there is good work by Mickey Rooney, Arthur O'Connell, and Dick York. (Columbia)

PAL JOEY—A number of liberties have been taken with the plot of the John

O'Hara book for this Rodgers and Hart musical milestone, but the presence of Frank Sinatra as the small-time night club character atones for any lapses. The man is absolutely superb and the show, since it revolves almost completely around him, is a satisfying effort. Not in Frankie's class are his co-stars, Rita Hayworth as the society dame who latches onto him, and Kim Novak as a mouse in the night club chorus line. (Columbia)

PATHS OF GLORY—A vibrant dramatization of one of the most famous of World War I novels, this battlefield-and-courtroom drama has Kirk Douglas as a French Army colonel forced to lead his men in an impossible attack and then, when they are accused of cowardice and three representatives are cited for court martial, to defend them, even though it means ripping the mask off the old school Regular Army code. Grim, realistic, absorbing, the film is sparked by Douglas's performance and by those of Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, George Macready, and others in the virtually all-male cast. (United Artists)

PEYTON PLACE—Producer Jerry Wald, director Mark Robson, and script-writer John Michael Hayes have turned Grace Metalious' best-selling novel into a generally interesting movie. Focus is on the younger generation, which is as it should be, for the film lags only when Lana

Turner (as Constance MacKenzie) and Les Phillips (as school principal Michael Rossi) move into the foreground. Hope Lange as Selena Cross, newcomer Diane Varsi as Allison MacKenzie, and Russ Tamblyn as Norman Page are young actors who contribute sensitive, moving performances. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

SAYONARA—War again, Korean this time, with Marlon Brando turning in a striking, sensitive performance as a jet pilot ace in Japan on leave. It's a lavish, beautiful production by Joshua Logan of James Michener's bitter-sweet variation on the "Madame Butterfly" theme, marred only slightly by its too explicit message: "Of course East is East and West is West, but why shouldn't the twain meet?" Miiko Taka is lovely as the dancing girl Brando comes to love, and Red Buttons gives a strong, hard-edged performance as a tough G.I. married to her friend. (Warner Bros.)

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—Crime on the New York waterfront gets another going-over in this dramatization of the exploits and frustrations of hard-hitting Assistant District Attorney William Keating. Richard Egan plays Keating, Mickey Shaughnessy an honest long-shore leader, and Walter Matthau the top hoodlum. (Universal-International)

THE END

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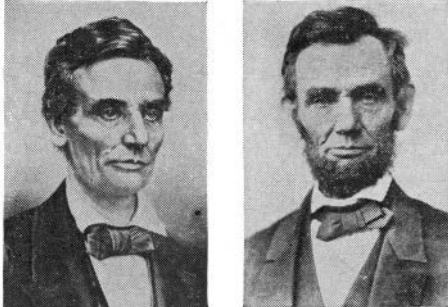
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On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN

WHITE HOUSE . . . Two of our most successful presidents differed on "the common touch." George Washington refused to shake hands for political purposes, saying it was "beneath the dignity of the presidency." Abe Lincoln once received a letter from an unknown female admirer suggesting that he grow whiskers to help cinch his re-election; he fol-

Photos by I.N.P.



lowed this advice, believing that his public had spoken. The letter-writer's name is unimportant, but you'll remember this—she was eleven years old.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA . . . If there are human beings on other planets, they will be easy to accept if they are at a lower stage of development than earthmen. If at a higher stage, they may resemble the super-brained man of five million years hence predicted by physical anthropologist Dr. Wilton Krogman. "No feet, but will stand on two disks. No conversation, as he will be sans vocal chords with a brain so successfully developed that it will be completely telepathic."

NOSE-AMERICA . . . The most valuable smeller in the world belongs to Ernest Crocker. Toiling in a soundproof room (noise dulls the sense of smell), he earns high fees for telling manufacturers why their products stink.

ITALY . . . An Italian film actor became a failure and earned security thereby. Diego Carlisi resembled Mussolini so closely that in 1947 he was forced to give up acting. Regarded by the Italian government as a "victim of Fascism," he has been awarded a life pension.

FRANCE . . . The world might never have heard of Voltaire as a writer if he hadn't been a math whiz. Taking advantage of a government miscalculation in issuing a national lottery, he formed a syndicate and bought up every ticket. His

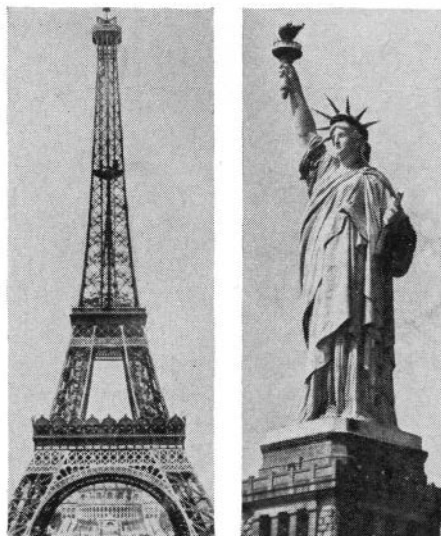
share made him independent and gave him time to write. His success was assured by the Paris censors, who always banned his books and closed his plays.

LONDON . . . The most prosperous bookstore in the world is Foyle's. It has thirty miles of shelves and nine acres of floor space spreading over eleven shabby buildings. Seven hundred employees sell five hundred million dollars' worth of reading matter annually and handle twenty thousand to thirty thousand letters daily, while keeping over a million books in motion in their lending library. If you write asking the price of a book, you get the book and a bill, both returnable.

MICHIGAN . . . A university survey finds that grippers are more likely to succeed than those who keep complaints to themselves.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND . . . Success has its penalties. The new Lord Mayor has attended so many civic banquets that his false teeth have worn out.

PARIS . . . With the fortune he amassed building horizontal structures (bridges) A. G. Eiffel financed France's best-known vertical project—the Eiffel Tower. Without him, one of our tallest monuments might never have been erected. Bartholdi, the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty, was



ready to abandon the project, as he could devise no way of making the statue sturdy enough to withstand the winds of New York Bay. Eiffel gave him the solution—a steel frame.

VENICE . . . The principal aria of "Rigoletto" was not shown to the tenor who sang in its first performance until an hour before curtain time. Composers were known to "borrow" from one another; Verdi felt that "La donna è mobile" would be a smash and didn't want to risk being accused of stealing his own music.

SWEDEN . . . Munitions-maker Nobel felt he was a failure because of the way he had made his millions; for this reason he instituted the Nobel Prize for Peace.

ALASKA . . . Hunting for gold in forty-degree-below-zero weather, Jacob Schick discovered it, but not in nuggets. He started thinking of a way to shave without water and conceived the electric razor.

TIN PAN ALLEY . . . Irving Berlin, considered our number one songsmith with nearly a thousand songs to his credit, says, "Actually, I've merely rewritten seven or eight of my best ones over and over again."

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE, LONDON (where seven million carats of diamonds are sold annually) . . . December, not June, is the month for purchasing engagement rings. In the diamond market it's known as "knocking off two occasions with one stone."

BAKER STREET . . . A successful show with no script, no cast, just stand-ins, has been running for 150 years. It's Madame Tussaud's wax museum.

BRIDGE-PORT, AMERICA . . . In the last quarter of a century that Ely Culbertson reigned as high priest of bridge he never won a major tournament or placed among the top ten players.

MAGAZINE ROW . . . Will Davenport of *New Yorker* fame described a successful editor as "one who knows what he wants but doesn't know what it is."

DOLLAR DRIVE . . . Great successes are achieved by people who look at familiar objects and ask themselves two questions: Does it have to be that way? and, Can I make it better?

U. S. BORDER . . . One of the most successful smugglers of all time concealed large gems by pasting them on the inside of his glass eye. THE END



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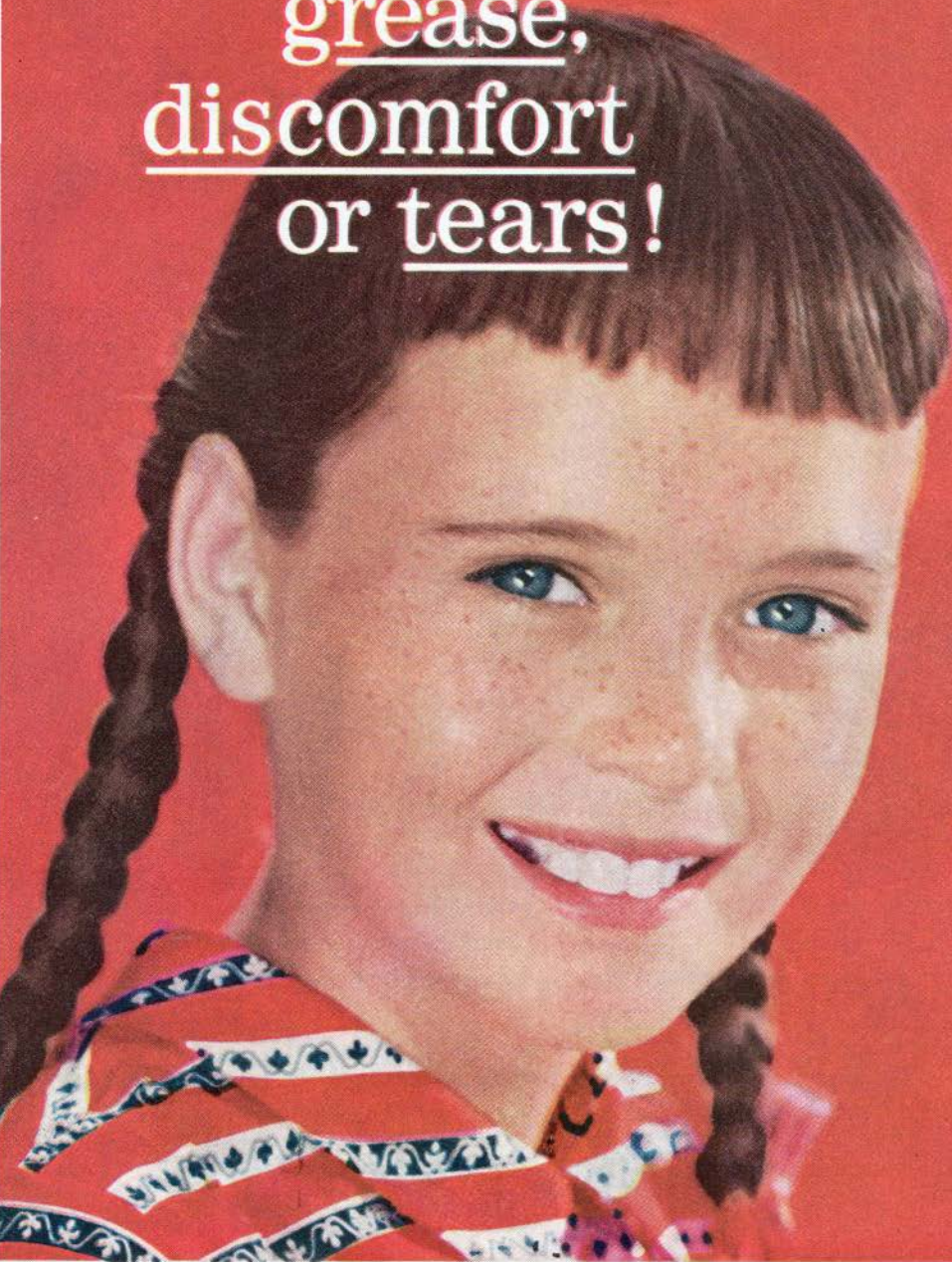
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New Help for Backaches

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Backaches, which rank among the most common of human aches and pains, come in a wide assortment of types and from a variety of sources, some of them mysterious. Now the identification of one distinct type of low back pain, plus the discovery of a means of combatting it, promises relief for at least some of the millions of backache sufferers.

The newly identified type, called the "cluneal nerve syndrome" after a set of nerves in the buttock, produces constant but rarely sharp discomfort in the low back region. The pain is often difficult to describe; "ache," "pressure," "nagging sensation," and "something pushing on the bones" are terms frequently used. Commonly, the pain radiates along the paths of the cluneal nerves over the buttock and the back of the hip.

In addition to the radiated pain, which is usually as constant as the back pain itself, in half or more of the cases there is referred pain in the groin or legs. Various postures and activities—sitting, bending, walking, lifting, riding in a car—may increase the patient's discomfort.

Often, the disorder seems to follow an injury described by patients as a "sudden catch," "jerk," "twist," or "snap."

In some cases, however, there is no history of previous trauma.

Whatever the original cause, the trouble centers in a trigger area of high sensitivity involving the cluneal nerves in the buttock. The area, less than an inch in diameter, can be found on medical examination, although the patient is rarely aware of its existence. If an injection of procaine eliminates the trigger effect and all or almost all of the back pain, the diagnosis is established.

The treatment: surgical removal of the trigger area, a simple, although time-consuming, operation.

At the Southern Pacific General Hospital in San Francisco, the cluneal nerve syndrome was first diagnosed in a series of patients—ranging from railroad switchmen and bus drivers to business executives, clerks and housewives—who had been troubled for an average period of 6.2 months. After surgery, the great majority were able to return to work within a month or less.

According to reports based on these results, 90 per cent of backache sufferers who have the cluneal nerve syndrome and who get temporary relief after a procaine injection can expect permanent 75 to 100 per cent relief following surgery.

Against shingles, injections of a patient's own blood may provide an effective, economical treatment, reports one physician. In this technique, fifteen cubic centimeters of blood, drawn from a vein, are injected into a muscle. All but one of fifty-four patients so treated experienced relief in one to seven days. In eight cases, a single injection was sufficient; thirty-four patients required two injections; the rest needed three.

Premature labor can often be prevented with the pregnancy hormone, Relasin. In otherwise normal pregnancies, University of Pittsburgh physicians have found, the hormone inhibits premature contractions of the uterus and allows gestation to continue without harmful effects on mother or child. On the other hand, if a placental disorder or maternal disease is present, the hormone's activity is not sustained and contractions start again.

Stomach ulcers can be detected by means of an x-ray technique in which the patient swallows a solution of barium and is tilted and rolled on the table during the x-ray examination. The gentle rocking causes the barium to ebb and flow over the stomach lining, filling any ulcer which is present, much as a wave ebbs and flows across a beach and leaves holes filled with water. The opaque barium filling makes the ulcer visible in the x-ray. The technique has proved helpful in pinpointing difficult-to-locate ulcers and also promises to be of value in distinguishing between benign and malignant ulcers, and in studying methods of healing ulcers.

For diarrhea caused by antibiotics, folic acid may be of value. Some patients treated with broad-spectrum antibiotics suffer gastrointestinal side-effects such as diarrhea, bloating, rectal itching, and loss of appetite. In a recent study, patients receiving treatment with an antibiotic for seven days or longer were divided into two groups. Of those receiving the antibiotic alone, almost half had marked diarrhea. In some of these patients, the diarrhea disappeared promptly when injections of folic acid were given while the antibiotic was continued. The remaining patients received a combination of antibiotics and folic acid from the beginning, and none had any gastrointestinal difficulty. THE END

Frontal neck pain in the region of the thyroid gland, in some cases radiating to the ears, may be caused by sub-acute thyroiditis. The disease, which is often unrecognized, may also produce other symptoms: sore throat, pain on swallowing and moving the head, neck swelling, hoarseness, fever, weight loss, nervousness and sweating. The symptoms may last two to four months if the disorder is not treated. In a recent study, the majority of patients treated with small doses of x-ray began to improve within a few days. ACTH and cortisone have also proved to be of value in shortening the disease.

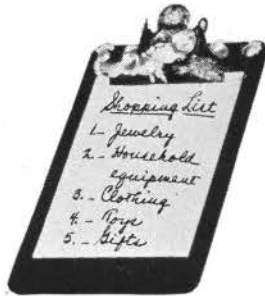
Respiratory infection may be effectively treated, in many cases, by means of a fog generator, according to a report from Hartford Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut. The fog generator provides a greater concentration of moisture than do other methods of humidification and is superior to steam humidification in that it does not produce objectionable heat. Since the generator, which cools,

saturates, and blends air with steam, distributes fog throughout a full-sized room, the patient need not be confined in a canopy. In laryngotracheobronchitis, fog therapy has prevented secretions from drying, becoming tenacious and further obstructing respiration, and has eliminated the need for tracheotomy in many cases. Polio patients with impaired cough have been helped. The fog generator has also proved to be beneficial in pneumonia and in asthmatic and other forms of bronchitis.

In chronic sinusitis which is resistant to other treatment, Signemycin is sometimes helpful. The drug preparation, a combination of the antibiotics tetracycline and oleandomycin, was used to wash out affected sinuses every eight hours for five days or more in thirty-two patients who had been treated previously with other antibiotics but had either shown no response or had experienced only temporary improvement. Results were considered excellent in nine cases, good in twelve, poor in eleven.

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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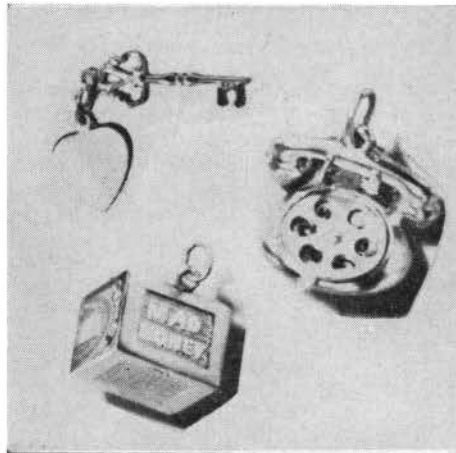
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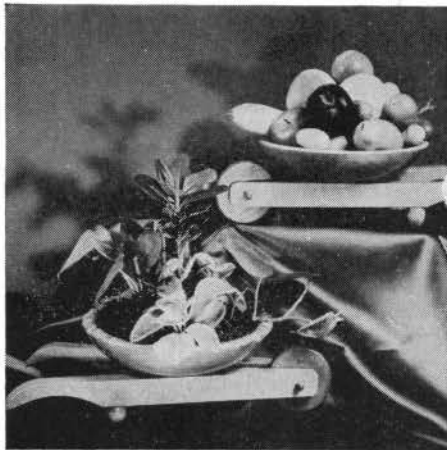
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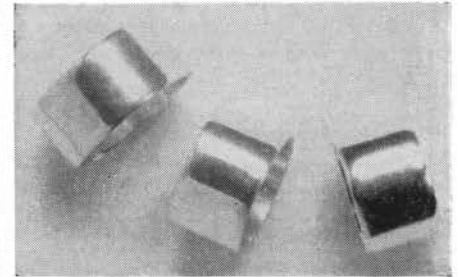
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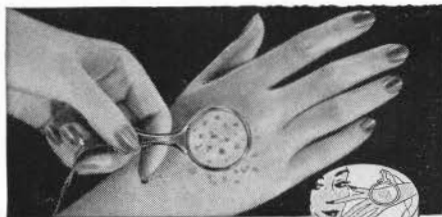
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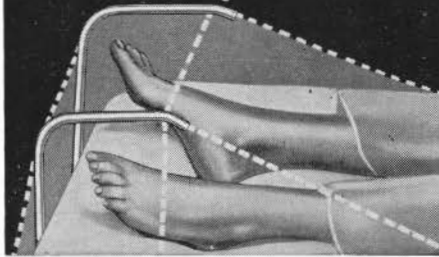
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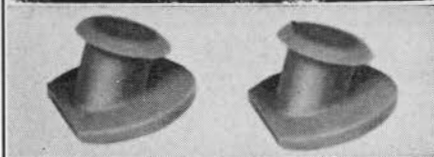
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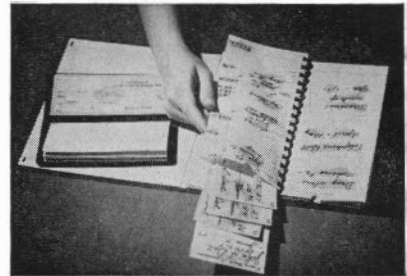
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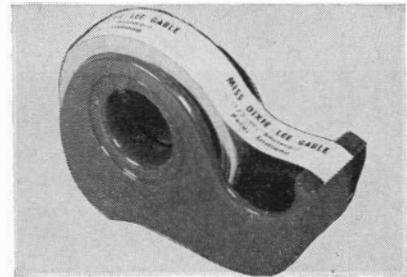
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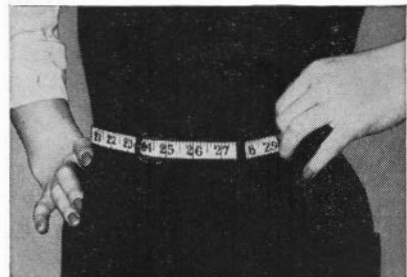
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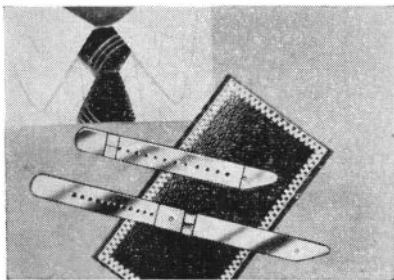
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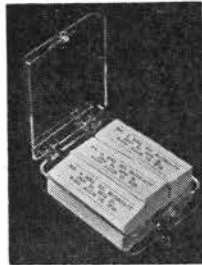
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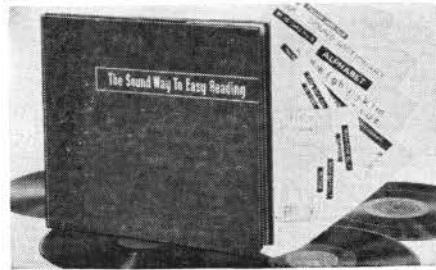
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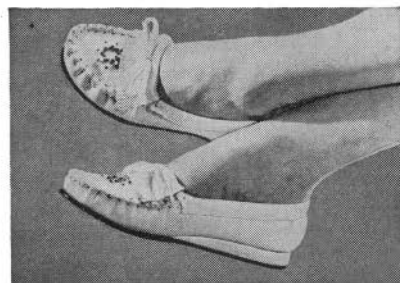
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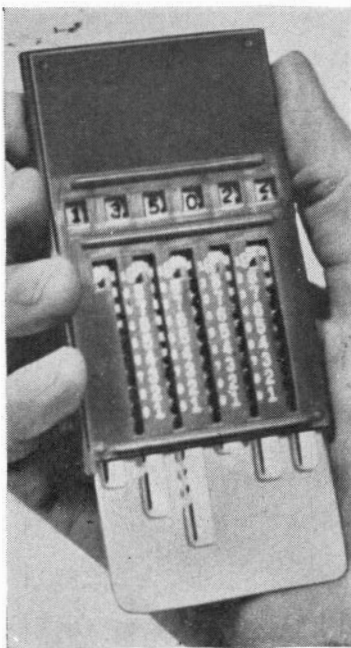
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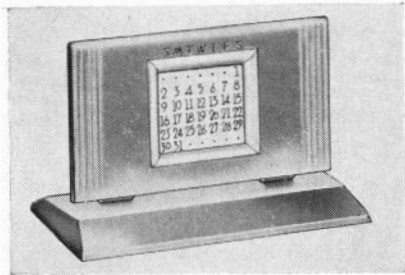
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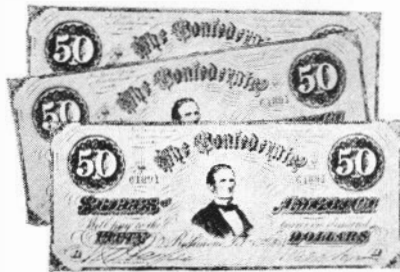
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Living with Success

With salaries soaring and executive jobs multiplying, millions of Americans are discovering for the first time the problems of being happy in spite of financial success. Never has it been more vital for every husband and wife to know how to meet tensions, make decisions, and solve conflicts. This knowledge, revealed here, can even make you love your income tax collector

BY T. F. JAMES

“Success,” declared Ben Franklin in his Almanack for 1752. “has ruined many a man.” Yet a few pages later we find the sage preaching the virtues of the penny saved and the penny earned, the power of the almighty dollar (“If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some”), and devoutly declaring the successful man the happy man. These conflicting, often contradictory feelings about success have appeared and reappeared in our national literature ever since the founding of our republic. While the Reverend Russell Conwell was telling Americans that gathering “Acres of Diamonds” was their blessed destiny, in the background were the voice and example of Thoreau at Walden fervently declaring: “If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers, . . . is more elastic, . . . more starry—that is your success.”

This conflict is good—and important. Success has been, and is, a basic part of the American dream. But we must never cease asking ourselves just exactly what this magical word really means. As we shall see on the following pages, it is vital for both a man and his wife to know precisely what it means to them. Success does not—cannot—mean the same thing

to every person; and neglecting to think clearly about its meaning for *you*, allowing yourself to drift into a passive keep-up-with-the-Joneses meaning, is an invitation to unhappiness, and even failure.

Never has this insight been more important, because never before have so many Americans had the opportunity to succeed and the problems of living with success. There are now twice as many people making between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year as in 1950. Forty-one per cent of America’s forty-three million families now have incomes over \$5,000, and others are entering this comfortable circle at the rate of more than one million a year. Other surveys report that there are now four times as many management positions as before World War II. The future is even more impressive. In the next twenty years our surging birth rate will produce twenty million new jobs, and most of them will be white collar and executive positions.

The Meaning and the Means

This special issue proposes to help you decide what success means to you and at the same time spell out the fundamentals of achieving it. You will see, for instance, the vital role a wife plays in the modern executive’s career. Her attitudes toward his company and the demands of her hus-

band’s job can mean the difference between his success and failure. She must know when to urge her man on toward his goals—and when to pluck him from the organization’s enveloping maw. It is up to her to blend job and home into a harmonious whole.

The wife who fails in this responsibility is often the one who fears that the tensions of a top job are destructive. Obituaries of middle-aged executives convince her that success is not worth it. But, as you will see, tension as such is not destructive. It can be used creatively.

At the same time, the harsher realities of the business world must be faced. Every man and woman thinking seriously about success should know that executive spies, cutthroat tactics, and ruthless competition can be part of the game of business. They do not ruin the game, any more than a few corrupt politicians ruin politics. But it is important to know that they are there.

No career is idyllic. Every choice has inescapable limitations. The professor of economics who takes a \$20,000 job with a large corporation must face the fact that he is surrendering the intellectual freedom which he enjoyed at the university. The man who aims for the executive suite must be prepared to work between sixty and eighty hours a week. The doc-



BOOMING BIRTH RATE is one reason for the success squeeze. Each child costs the average family \$500 to \$800 a year, leaving parents less money for the second car or automatic dishwasher which our rising living standards tempt

them to buy. Also, a would-be executive may have to choose between working sixty to eighty hours a week, and fulfilling duties as husband and father. Before deciding, he and his wife must agree on what living successfully means to them.

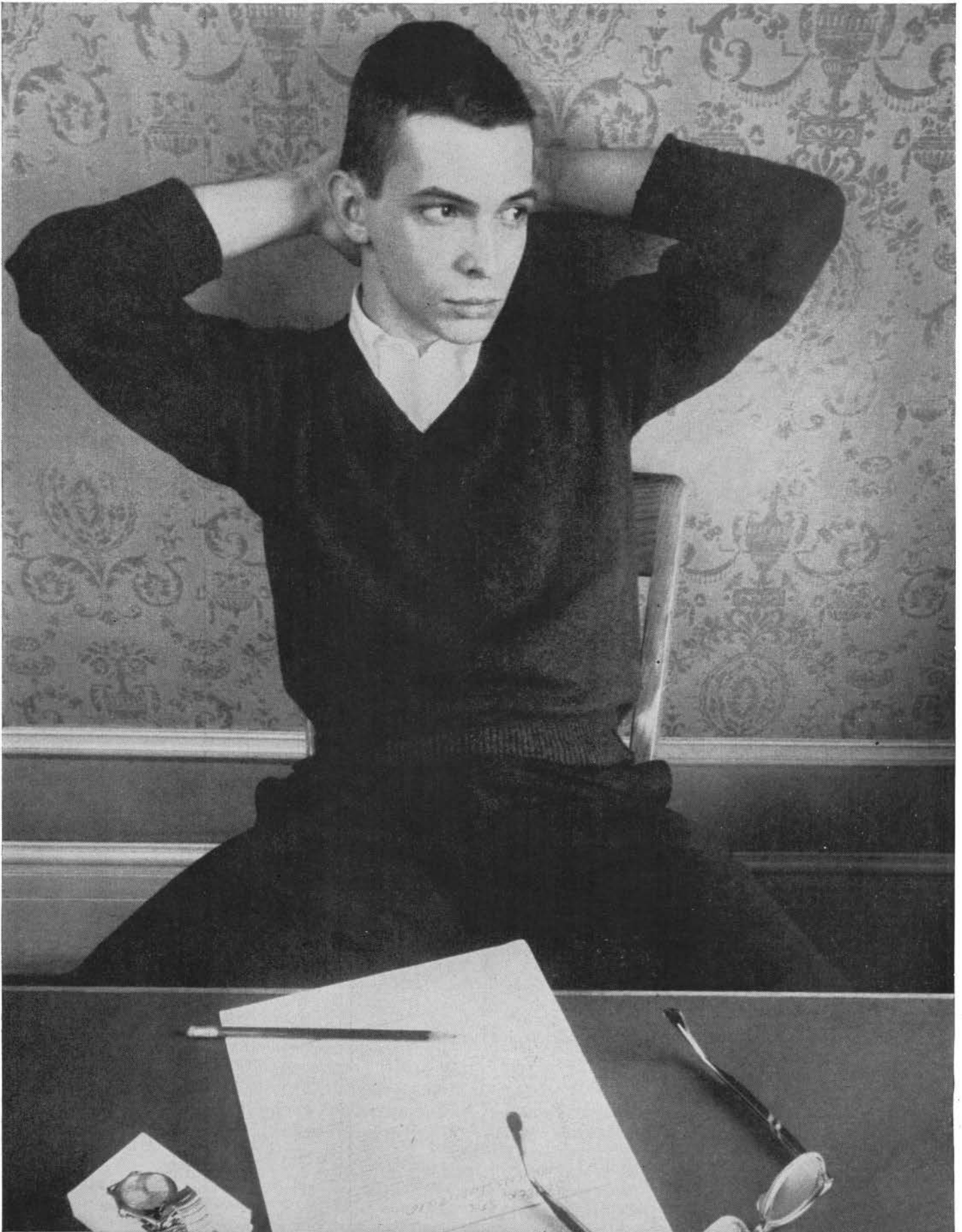
tor must face the fact that his private life is subject to continuous invasion. But every choice has its compensations. The teacher, the research scientist find rewards in their work that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The important thing is to choose the right job for you, not to drift.

Here too a wife can play a vital part. You will read about the many women who

have created second incomes which go up to \$10,000 a year and take the financial pressure off a husband who wants to pursue a modest salaried job which he finds deeply satisfying. Parents also have a crucial role to play in helping their children make intelligent career choices. In this regard, more and more Americans are learning the wisdom of obtaining skilled vocational counseling for their

children, and are using it themselves, too.

Ultimately, as Christopher Morley once said, "there is only one success: to be able to spend your life in your own way." This priceless power of choice is within reach of every American who is willing to tap his native intelligence and abilities and his will to work. It is the secret of successful living, which is, after all, the goal of living with success.



VOCATIONAL COUNSELING at Stevens Institute's Laboratory of Psychological Studies in Hoboken, New Jersey, lasts a full week, includes a battery of psychological tests which indicate aptitudes and interests, and interviews with skilled counselors. Of the Laboratory's clients, 52.5 per cent

are between fifteen and nineteen years old, 15.4 per cent are between twenty-five and twenty-nine, and 11.3 per cent are between thirty and forty. About 5.2 per cent are under fourteen. Most are exceptionally bright children, whose parents are seeking special guidance. Average fee is fifty dollars.

You in the Right Job

Lawyer, doctor, Indian chief? Every parent worries about his child's career—and sometimes about his own. Here is how vocational experts can help your children—or you—make the best possible choice

In the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles* published by the United States Employment Service there are more than 22,000 different jobs with over 40,000 job titles. Which one of them is for you? This is probably the most important and the most fundamental question a person has to answer in his entire lifetime. It is fundamental because it involves a crucial test of his insight into himself. It is important because a start in the wrong direction, especially in the modern American economy, can be disastrous.

There is a peculiar paradox at work in today's job world. It takes more and more education to get into an executive suite—a college degree is the minimum. Then Uncle Sam claims two years of military service. The result is that a man does not begin his career until he is twenty-three or twenty-four. Meanwhile, he is running against the stubborn, wholly unreasonable, but well-nigh universal refusal of modern business to look favorably on men over forty. This means that the average young man has about sixteen years in which to work out his economic destiny. It does not allow much time for false starts.

On the other hand, there are more top jobs than ever before. *The Nation's Business*, for instance, reported that there were 33 per cent more top openings in the first half of 1956 than in the last half of 1955. Though the pace slackened somewhat throughout 1957, the curve is still running upward. Companies are expanding rapidly. At the same time almost all the great corporations have been bitten by the decentralization bug and have split their operations up into semi-independent companies, each of which needs a separate executive team. Meanwhile, research is constantly adding new products and opening up new markets, giving young men excellent chances to move in, specialize, and "go up with the product."

Ralph Cordiner, President of General Electric, pointed out recently that seventy thousand of their employees work on new types of products which the company did not even make in 1939, such as television sets, jet engines, chemical products and atomic energy. Chances are good that these fields will continue to grow and that others yet unsuspected will open up in the near future.

Outlook Optimistic

One of the most positive proofs of this optimistic forecast is the continuing growth in our population. Over the next decade census experts expect our population to go up thirty-eight million, and if the trend to large families continues, the following decade will bring another leap of twenty million. To produce the food, clothing, cars, houses, and other necessities these new Americans will demand, we will have to boost our output of goods and services 100 per cent by 1975. This means we will have to add twenty-five million people to our working force; and, according to William M. Kiplinger, who has made a business of forecasting such developments for years, the largest segment of these will be professional and white collar workers.

All right. Where do we go from here? If you try to collect some advice on careers you will promptly find yourself in a bewildering and contradictory crossfire of opinions. There are wisecracks who say it is all a matter of luck, that those who attempt to plan careers are wasting their time. Others favor floundering in the job pool until you find, by elimination or accident, the work you like best. Still others place absolute faith in the conclusions of psychological tests that measure your interests, abilities, and neurotic tendencies. Some unqualifiedly recommend the big corporation, others the small. Some argue it is better for a child to choose a career early and become a

highly proficient specialist; others believe it is better to let him wait and develop a multiplicity of interests. Many advise basing a job choice on the virtues of a company training program; others call training programs a waste of time.

The best way to begin separating the sense from the nonsense in this whirlpool of confusion is to seek out experts who are in the business of giving advice on careers: the professional vocational counselors. For this article we went to two of the best: Dr. Frederick J. Gaudet, head of the Stevens Institute of Technology Laboratory of Psychological Studies, and Dr. Donald E. Super, author of one of the most authoritative books on the subject, *The Psychology of Careers*, and Professor of Psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Both of these experts promptly took us back to where career interests are developed and career foundations laid, or mislaid: the years of late childhood and adolescence, in which parents play a crucial and often unfortunate role in their child's future.

Misguided Parents

Parents seem to err in one of two ways. In the first, more traditional, group are those who remain ignorant or indifferent to the problem of helping their children choose wisely. While this group has been decreasing, thanks to the continued growth of guidance programs, another potentially more dangerous group has been increasing: those who attempt to choose their child's career for him.

Dr. Gaudet tells of one young man whose parents decided he should be a doctor. After two false starts in a pre-medical course, he sought Dr. Gaudet's help. Interviews and psychological tests revealed that he had strong leadership qualities. He went to Harvard Business School, and is now a highly successful executive in charge of a canning plant.

A vocational quack: high fees, glib advice

The ideal parental position is somewhere between the two extremes of indifference and undue influence. The parents' task is to awaken the child's interest in *the importance of making a vocational choice*. It is also their job to expand the child's horizons, so he can acquire the information he needs to choose intelligently. This is not achieved by continually reminding the child to get busy about deciding on a job. The best way is to give him an opportunity to find out about a wide range of careers. If he shows an interest in being an engineer, help him find interesting books that describe the various jobs engineers do. At the same time, a child should be urged to try himself out, to tackle a wide variety of fields from science to literature, to see where his likes and interests lie. The goal is what Dr. Super calls "a self-concept." This self-knowledge, as we shall see, is one of the essentials of success.

Youthful Job Unrealism

At the same time the child should also be gaining practical information about the economic opportunities in his community. There is substantial evidence that the average youngster today does not think realistically about his career choices. One study of 5,180 high school seniors in Nassau County, New York, revealed that more than 43 per cent were interested in entering a profession. But only 12 per cent of the adult workers in the county are in the professions. On the other hand, not nearly enough young people were interested in sales. There were almost three times as many sales openings in Nassau County as there were applicants. Another study, by Robert Shostek, Director of Research for the B'nai B'rith Vocational Service Bureau, revealed a similar lack of realism among high school students in Philadelphia and New Haven. Here 57 per cent of the young men declared they would attempt to squeeze into a professional and technical career world which occupied only 16 per cent of the total labor force. In both studies there was the same lack of interest in sales, and a sharper lack of interest in the career of business manager. Less than 2 per cent said they were interested in such a choice, whereas 12 per cent of the local labor force was prospering in such work.

While it is never wise to pressure a child into making too specific a career choice too early, young people who do

know where they are going occupationally have a clear advantage over those who are muddling along in uncertainty. Some time ago in the *Journal of Educational Research*, M. V. Marshall and E. W. Simpson reported that among a group of 270 college students whom they studied, those who were undecided about their vocational choices ranked consistently low in academic performance compared with students who had made either definite or tentative vocational choices. Even more impressive is another study, just completed by New York University, which demonstrates that those who know where they want to go can expect significantly higher salaries after ten years in the business world than can those who are uncertain of their goal.

Besides giving advice and support, parents should also see that their children receive the best professional guidance available. Most high schools do some vocational counseling these days, but the quality and depth of their services vary widely. Few are equipped to administer the wide variety of tests psychologists have devised to probe a person's vocational aptitudes and interests. Most colleges and universities can give them with the aid of their psychology departments, but not all do; and as Dr. Gaudet points out, by the time a youngster reaches college, it is often too late, especially if he has already chosen a specialized course, such as engineering or pre-med.

Finding a Career Niche

More than a few youngsters are deluded, by good marks in "soft" high school science courses, into thinking they have potentialities for a scientific or technical career. Others fail to discover a genuine aptitude for science because their high school permits them to romp through four years without taking a single course in the subject—or gives such poor courses that they are bored stiff by it. Still others who seem to be drawing a complete blank on what to do with their lives are helped immeasurably by concrete results which may, perhaps, show an aptitude which has been repressed by the child's environment. A boy inclined toward music, for instance, might hesitate to reveal his interest in a family or neighborhood where musicians are considered peculiar.

Do tests tell the whole story? Everyone has heard at least one tale of a test result refuted by experience. William H.

Whyte, Jr., gave some current top executives a battery of the kind of tests used by large corporations to select future executive talent. Over 50 per cent flunked miserably. But a professional vocational counselor does much more than administer tests and then read the results back to the subject, as if they were the pronouncements of the Almighty. Here is what takes place when a youngster goes to Stevens Laboratory of Psychological Studies. (The procedure is basically the same in every other good testing center.)

Counseling Procedure

First, he fills out a personal history form. Then he has an interview with a counselor who is also a trained psychologist. The Laboratory staff then uses the interview and history to decide on a battery of tests. These include an intelligence test, which is basic, one or two interest tests, one or two personality tests, and, finally, some special abilities tests which give the counselor an insight into the youngster's aptitude in mechanics, art, music, and other fields. Now the counselor and the youngster have a more extensive interview, during which the counselor interprets the test results and tries to help the student develop a clear picture of his aptitudes, interests, and ambitions. The student is then ushered into the Laboratory's excellent vocational library, where, with the counselor's help, he studies occupational guides. Finally he chooses a specific job, or at least a specific field of work, taking into account the realities of the job market in his community as well as his own interests and aptitudes.

"The good psychologist," says Dr. Gaudet, "never *tells* a youngster—or an adult—what career to choose. He helps him decide for himself by giving him the information he needs to make an intelligent decision and then helping him think through its implications and accept its meanings for him." Essentially, counseling merely organizes the decision-making process; it can not make a career decision—each person must do that for himself.

One of the valuable by-products of vocational counseling is the information it gives parents about a youngster's capabilities. Knowing his limitations, they avoid excessive demands, one of the most frequent causes of vocational disaster. At the same time they cannot, in good

conscience, indifferently let him drift along if he reveals genuine gifts. One boy was so slow and lackadaisical in high school that his principal told him he was feeble-minded. Dr. Gaudet's tests revealed he was an exceptionally gifted boy who was bored stiff by a curriculum which permitted him to get by with very little effort. He later graduated from Dartmouth with excellent marks.

Delay, but Prepare

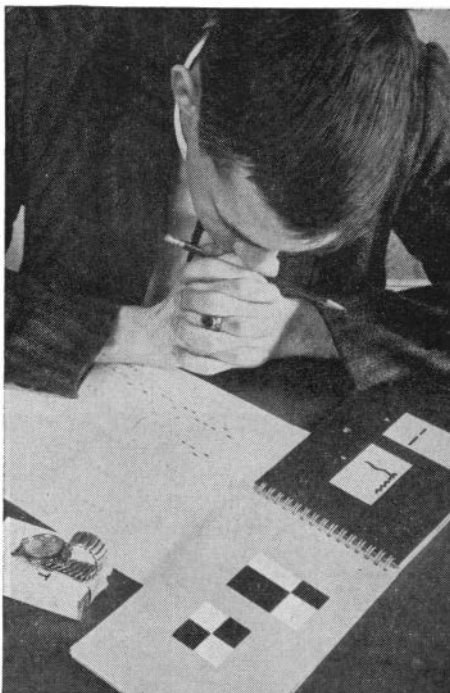
What if a gifted child shows marked aptitude in a variety of fields? This is an age of specialization. Should he focus all his energies on one of his aptitudes and abandon the others? Most vocational experts say No. Dr. Super faced such a dilemma with one high school boy who showed high aptitudes in mathematics, science, art, languages, and literature. In such cases Dr. Super encourages delaying a vocational choice until the boy "is well into college—and even then it doesn't have to be final." Meanwhile he encourages the youngster to carry a rugged high school academic schedule which encompasses as many of these interests as possible. "Simply because he has not yet decided on a career," Dr. Super says, "a youngster should not be permitted to take what would for him be a snap course such as general mathematics when he needs algebra for college."

Should every child be tested? Again most vocational counselors say No. "If a child is doing well in school, and feels capable of making his own career choice, leave him alone," advises Dr. Gaudet. But more and more parents are taking a "tests don't hurt" attitude, especially now that the high cost of a college education (\$10,000 to \$12,000) has turned Junior's career preparation into a major investment. Moreover, as we shall see, new patterns of education are forcing early career decisions on more and more college students. The cost of the testing and of the extensive interviews with which every good psychologist follows up his tests runs between \$30 and \$100, and may take as long as several weeks. Almost every large university has testing facilities in its counseling center or psychology department, and many private and semipublic agencies such as the Vocational Service Center of the Y.M.C.A. in New York, the Vocational Guidance Bureau of St. Louis, and the Vocational Counselling Service of New Haven, Connecticut, also do the job well.

What about vocational counseling for adults? Although parents from all forty-eight states bring their children to Dr. Gaudet's Laboratory at Stevens, adults still make up a large percentage of his case load. "The same basic rules apply to adults," he says. "They are tested and counseled in the same way, but in the

case of a man who wants to switch fields, or a college graduate who can't make up his mind what to do, the discussion of specific jobs and job opportunities will be more concrete." But not as concrete, he goes on to point out, as in an employment agency. A vocational counselor is not a job finder; he helps consider relevant jobs, helps you decide the work you should be doing, helps harmonize your goal with the realities of the current job market; he may even point you at a specific job—but he does not get it for you. In New York and many other states he is forbidden by law to do so unless he is licensed to do placement work.

Adults in search of vocational help are often confused and sometimes seriously misled by employment agency people who set themselves up as impromptu career counselors. But much more insidious are the quacks who have invaded the vocational field, often using the façade



GRAVES DESIGN Judgment Test explores art aptitude. Student is given ninety designs, his preferences are compared with those of professional artists.

of the competent counselor, even to administering phony tests and giving advice heavy with psychological terminology. Dr. Super tells of one man, an accountant, who came to him on the verge of a nervous breakdown. For two years he had been taking a vocational quack's advice, and attempting to succeed as a salesman. Interviews revealed he had a real dislike for that type of work, and after some counseling he returned to accounting, for which he was well suited.

There are two ways to spot a quack: first, his fees are usually outrageously

high. One outfit in New York frankly admitted to *COSMOPOLITAN* that it charged "a minimum of two hundred, and usually about seven hundred dollars" for its illegal combination of counseling and job-finding. Second, a quack will usually tell you what to do instead of helping you decide for yourself. Unfortunately, it is easier to be told than to make your own decisions, and this is one of the chief reasons for the quack's success.

If you go to a vocational adviser and suspect quackery, ask him whether he is approved by the American Personnel and Guidance Association. If he dodges, you can look him up in their directory (your public library should have it) or write the Association at 1534 O Street N. W., Washington 5, D. C.; they will be happy to give you the information. They have been conducting a national campaign against quacks for some time. In some states, such as New York, the classified phone book groups A.P.G.A.-approved agencies in a separate section.

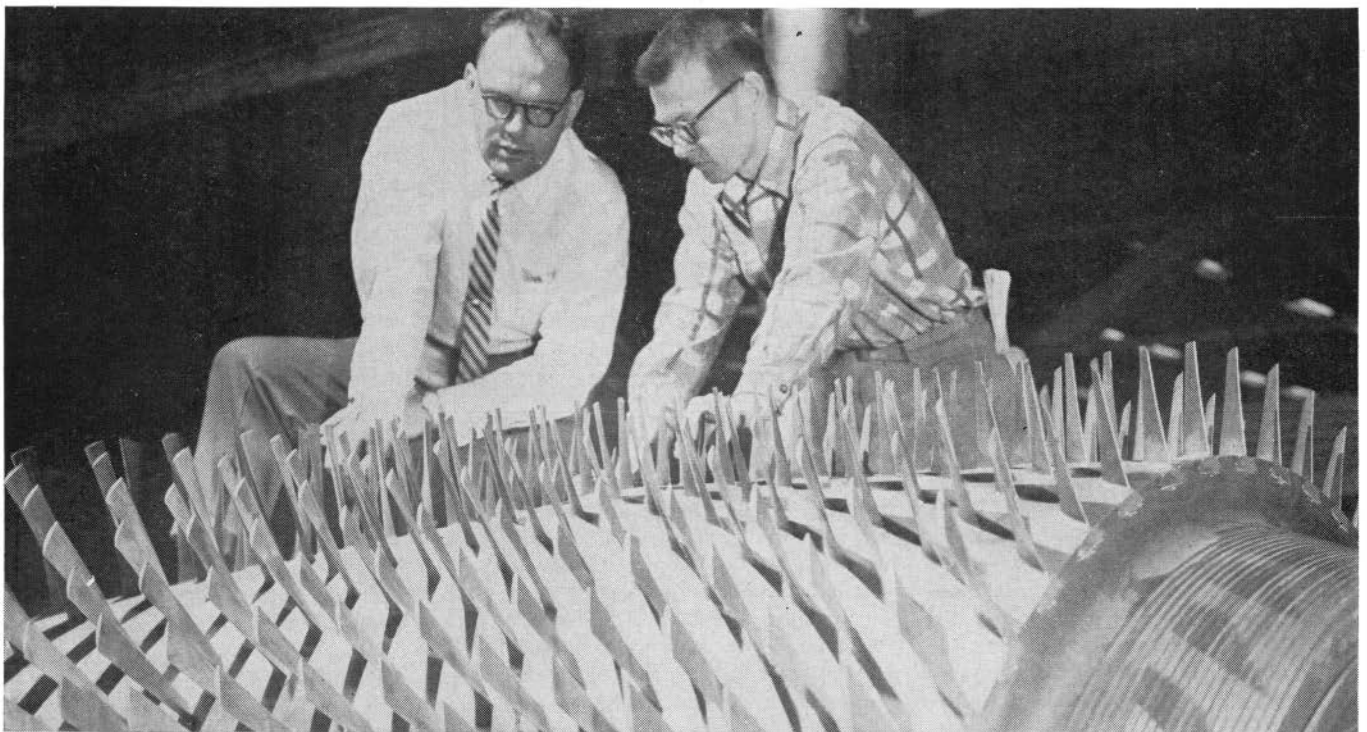
Probably the best proof of the value of counseling is the testimony of those who have bought the experience. In one study 82 per cent of a group of veterans who had been tested and counseled replied Yes when asked whether it was a worthwhile experience. Sixty-six per cent said they would recommend it to others. Finally there was a job follow-up in which 82 per cent said they were satisfied with their work, and their employers confirmed this judgment. During a nineteen-month period less than 3 per cent of the group changed companies.

Expanding Vocational Horizons

Currently, the limited concept of vocational counseling as a basic direction-finder has been expanding to include the whole course of a man's career. Dr. Super believes that eventually "the counseling relationship will be seen as comparable to a relationship with a family physician, dentist, minister, lawyer. . . . Just as a person goes to a family physician when he believes he needs medical care, and occasionally for a checkup, so he might come to a counseling center whenever confronted by a vocational choice or adjustment problem, and occasionally, perhaps, for a checkup on his vocational development." Few counselors operate on such an ambitious scale today. But the vision is a significant one. As we shall see, getting started and going up in the business world involve far more than a simple choice of direction, invaluable as this may be. Throughout his life the man who is aiming at success must retain a fundamental grasp on what testing and counseling—or his own thinking and exploration—have told him about himself, the kind of work he does best, and where he wants to go in life.

How Much Education Do You Need?

Which is better, liberal arts or a business degree? Can you tell the difference between a good company training program and a phoney? Should you skip college entirely, and let your company educate you? A man's entire career depends on how wisely he considers these questions



ENGINEERS PONDER the construction of a compression rotor in General Electric's Gas Turbine Department. Anthony Steinle, right, has a B.S. in industrial engineering and a Master's Degree in business administration. John W. Howell III began as a manufacturing trainee in 1950, now studies nights for a mechanical engineering degree.

Not long ago, a foreign businessman who had spent a year in this country studying the personnel procedures of United States firms came away saying that the most impressive part of American business was its emphasis on education. In fact, he declared that we are "education happy," and are in danger of overdoing it. Other observers are inclined to agree with him. College vocational counselors report many cases of nervous collapse among students worrying over which courses will best further their post-graduation careers. When a man graduates, he finds that the dilemma of what to learn has only begun. Almost every company has a training program which may or may not be worth his while. It is hardly surprising that young people experience an occasional twinge of anxiety before this formidable apprenticeship to success. All along the educational line there are crucial choices to be made.

Let's suppose that a young man has decided on a career. If he has determined to become a scientist, engineer, doctor, or teacher, his choice of a college curriculum is more or less simplified. But well over 50 per cent of our college youth do not have such definite plans. Most men, and even more women, go to college with the general intention of "going into business." This general direction enables them to delay the more specific choices for a year or two, but eventually a decision is demanded of the student by the academic process itself. Some vocational experts consider the eleventh year of high school as the crucial one—in that year a great many young people mistakenly abandon the chance to go to college by choosing a "general" or "business" education. But for most students the college problem boils down to a choice between a traditional liberal arts education or the vast variety of vocational subjects now being taught by American colleges and universities.

Liberal vs. Vocational

Traditionally, a liberal arts education was the stamp of an educated man. It gave him, supposedly, a breadth of interests, a "rounded" intelligence. There was only one thing wrong with the liberal arts man—he had no concrete business skills. Business leaders began to grumble at the colleges over this failing and soon, because businessmen furnish the bulk of alumni contributions, the colleges made haste to answer the criticism. Gradually there has emerged, over the last thirty years, a whole new educational pattern, almost completely oriented toward training a student for a specific job field and often a specific job. (At one Midwestern university there is a course in civil service personnel.) At the head of this

trend has been the astounding growth of business administration schools. Between 1940 and 1950 the number of business students doubled. Today they constitute the largest single undergraduate group—numbering more than the majors in liberal arts, mathematics, and the sciences put together.

Executives Are Humanists

The attempt to determine in dollars and cents terms the relative value of these choices brings us to a baffling contradiction between what business is saying at the top and doing at the bottom. As executive openings multiplied, the top men in America's corporations suddenly became aware of a shortage of gifted managers. They also discovered that the role of the business manager has changed radically in recent years. In the past an executive generally had to possess a vast amount of quantitative knowledge. He had to know about engineering, about accounting, about his industry, about the position of his company in the industry, about the marketing potentialities of the society around him—all so that he could control masses of data and information and make wise decisions on the basis of such material. Today, as Frederick E. Pamp, Jr., of the American Management Association, points out, many if not most of the quantitative aspects of the executive's job are being taken over by computers. "In one company," Mr. Pamp says, "dozens of clerks used to work laborious days with their slide rules to provide data for what were no more than calculated guesses on top of which management built a whole pyramid of deliberate decisions. A computer can now take a reading of the whole spectrum of data at any time desired, and come up with production schedules, orders for materials, and budgets to insure maximum efficiency of operation." The modern executive has suddenly found himself faced with the question. "What can you do that a computer can't?"

The answer has come from the top businessmen themselves. In a letter to the College English Association, Arthur A. Haughton, Jr., President of Steuben Glass, Inc., made this statement: "The executive does not deal with physical matter; he deals exclusively with ideas and with men; he is a skilled and practical humanist."

A few years ago two researchers, Robert M. Wald and Roy A. Doty, examined in depth the personalities of thirty-three top executives. One of their conclusions was that "the literary aptitude of the thirty-three executives examined was high compared to the scientific. These executives . . . felt that English was one of the most useful subjects they could take in college to help them toward suc-

cess." Peter Drucker, in his book *The Practice of Management*, sums it up: "The manager does not handle people; he motivates, guides, organizes people to do their own work. His tool—his only tool—to do all this is the spoken or written word. . . . It can be said with little exaggeration that of the common college courses being taught today, the ones most nearly vocational as preparation for management are the writing of poetry and short stories."

Cheek by jowl with this cry for more liberally educated men has come crushing criticism of the vocationally educated specialists. John L. McCaffrey, Chairman of the Board of International Harvester Company, says: "The world of the specialist is a narrow one and it tends to produce narrow human beings. The specialist tends to judge . . . all events by the peculiar standards of his own specialty. Except in unusual cases, it tends to put a roadblock ahead of him after he reaches a certain level." During the past five or ten years Standard Oil, Ford Motor Company, General Foods, General Electric, Bethlehem Steel, Proctor and Gamble, and du Pont have been making substantial cash contributions to liberal arts study in our universities. Many companies, Bell Telephone, for example, have instituted crash programs, in which their overspecialized executives study literature and art on company time.

Who Gets Hired?

Business leaders are putting money as well as words into this ferment for a liberally educated executive. There is little reason to doubt their sincerity. But at the other end of the line the personnel men who tour the college placement offices of the nation, recruiting for their companies, act for the most part as if they were hard of hearing. "Every year," declares William H. Whyte, Jr., in his trenchant study of modern business life, *The Organization Man*, "the order sheet that corporation recruiters bring to the campus has been increasingly loaded against the liberal arts major. Five years ago we checked placement directors of eighty colleges to make up a cumulative listing of the different majors that recruiters were asking for. Out of every hundred jobs offered, it turned out all but a handful were men with vocational degrees." "What recruiters want," one placement director told Whyte, "goes in this order: first, specialists; second, specialists with some liberal education on the side; third, any college graduate; fourth, liberal arts graduates."

Our own spot check of college placement offices does not reveal as strong a business bias against the liberal arts man at present. But in recent years our expanding economy has persuaded the big

The best preparation for management is writing poetry and short stories

corporations to hire just about everyone, without asking too many questions about training. (All they want is "live bodies," according to one man.) While placement directors admit that a downturn in the economy might re-instate the prejudice somewhat, many feel that the fat years have permitted enough liberal arts men to get into corporations and prove that they can hold their own with the vocationally trained specialists. Surveys by Northwestern University also indicate that after five years in a business the outstanding liberal arts men overtake the specialists in earning capacity. In fact, Samuel H. Beach, Director of Placement at Columbia University, declares there never was any prejudice against the liberal arts man who had a clear-cut idea of what he wanted to do. "The trouble with liberal arts men in the past has been their inability to make up their minds. That's where the idea of corporation prejudice began," he says. G. F. Odiorne, of the American Management Association, concurs in this judgment, and adds that liberal arts men are too often lacking in good work habits, because "the colleges let them loaf."

The Proper Training

The debate over which course to choose often degenerates into crystal ball juggling. A wiser solution is to go back to the fundamentals of career choice we have just discussed, and decide what you want on the basis of your interests and aptitudes, and where you want to go in business. If a man is aiming for the upper rungs of the executive ladder and chooses a business or engineering school, it is up to the man himself to broaden his knowledge of literature and the arts, and to develop the communication skills the modern executive needs. If you incline towards a liberal arts education and are also aiming high in the business world (only 29 per cent of liberal arts graduates go into business these days), you have to be prepared to do some scrambling in the early years of your business career to catch up to your specialist competitors. You would be wise also to make

sure, before you choose your company, that there is no entrenched prejudice against the liberal arts man.

Which brings us to another crucial choice in a man's career: his company. It is not an easy choice to make. In fact, the modern college senior, even when aided by the most skilled guidance, may feel more bewildered than his less advised counterpart of earlier decades, because more than 1,000 companies are actively bidding for his services. Is there any way to decide intelligently? College placement directors return an emphatic Yes. There are several important elements to look at before you leap. At the head of the list is the company's training program.

A Five-Year "Launching"

There is scarcely a major corporation in America which does not have elaborate brochures describing a course of study which guarantees to make your transition from school to company painless and profitable. In some cases it sounds remarkably like an extension of college, and may take three or even five years to complete. The brochures all sound remarkably similar; you will not find one that does not talk roundly of individual development and executive training. But remember what was said earlier about the modern time limitations on career launching. The warning doubles in force when the career is launched through a training program. Not all the programs are the same, nor are all of them as effective "launchers" as their publicity would have you believe.

Generally speaking, they can be divided into two basic types, the formal and the "specific job" training programs. Probably the best example of a formal training program is General Electric's. Each year, between 1,000 and 1,500 carefully selected college graduates are brought to the G.E. headquarters in Schenectady, New York, to begin a three-year introduction to the company. The trainees live together in boarding houses, attend classes in groups, go to company planned parties and dances, and in gen-

eral continue the educational pattern and folkways of a typical college. For the first eighteen months, they study a basically similar curriculum. Then they major in a specialty which they and their instructors agree is best for them. There are six courses which require technical, usually engineering, backgrounds; three accept business college and liberal arts men. From the beginning, the trainees, while they rotate through a variety of specific jobs, are told repeatedly that they are being groomed to become professional managers. Management, according to G.E.'s philosophy, is a science which can be learned, and the young men study personnel philosophy, labor relations, law, and other courses which inculcate the managerial viewpoint. Meanwhile, the work they do has value for the company. They produce training films, toil on market research, solve engineering problems, for instance. But the company looks upon the work strictly as training, and a man is rarely assigned to a specific full-time job until he has completed his course.

There is no doubt that the program is popular with the students who take it. In a typical three-year course only 15 out of a class of 250 dropped out before "graduation." One of the reasons is the company's generous salary policy. During the three years the trainee receives periodic wage increases which boost his pay over the six thousand dollar mark, and in one program which I studied, five years after graduation the average salary had risen into the nine- to eleven-thousand dollar range.

Learning by Doing

In contrast to this program is the training approach at General Motors, Ford, United States Rubber, Vick Chemical, and many other companies. Here the young man is handed a specific job to do. At Vick, for instance, after a brief indoctrination period he is given a car and a sales territory and sent into the hinterlands to sell the company's products to local druggists. His success depends entirely upon his wits and endurance. The

company considers his performance in this front line job a vital factor in forecasting his future. If he does well, he is recalled and rotated through several other departments as part of his executive development; but even here he does a specific job which is not part of a training budget. At United States Rubber, and at General Motors and Ford, a man is hired to do a specific job. He may be trained for this job for three months or a day, but there is little or no discussion of preparing him for the role of professional manager. How well he does his job is the first thing the company wants to find out about him. Thereafter, if he looks like management material, he may be tapped for advanced schooling. "But this rarely happens," as a U.S. Rubber man puts it, "until a man is in his middle thirties."

Whether a young man should choose a formal or a specific job training program depends, once more, on the kind of person he is. If he has had all the formal schooling he can take, and is eager to test himself, to get in contact with the real world of business, a formal program will be terribly frustrating. On the other hand, if he feels somewhat insecure about his economic potentialities, an extensive and formalized course such as G.E.'s may give him the kind of confidence he needs. It may give a liberal arts man an excellent opportunity to eliminate the gap between himself and his vocationally trained competitors. If a man has had no accounting in college, for instance, but has G.E.'s other management qualifications, the company will teach him accounting in the training program.

A Place for the Trainee

There is another, equally important, question to ask about a formal training program: Is it accepted by the company? G.E.'s program, which has been operating for years, is meshed as completely as possible with the policies of the company's upper management. But Ford Motor officials once created a program and at the end of it found to their embarrassment that they had a group of broadly trained would-be managers for which the company had no specific jobs. "The question every young man should ask a company recruiter about a formal training program," says one college placement director, is: "What's going to happen to me?" If the recruiter can't show him examples of training program graduates with similar backgrounds who have moved up through the company, it's a pretty safe bet that the program is no good. On the other hand, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, the brokerage firm, can point to four men who have graduated from their excellent training

program since 1946 and are now general managers. Almost all of I.B.M.'s executives have come out of their unusually fine sales training program, which com-

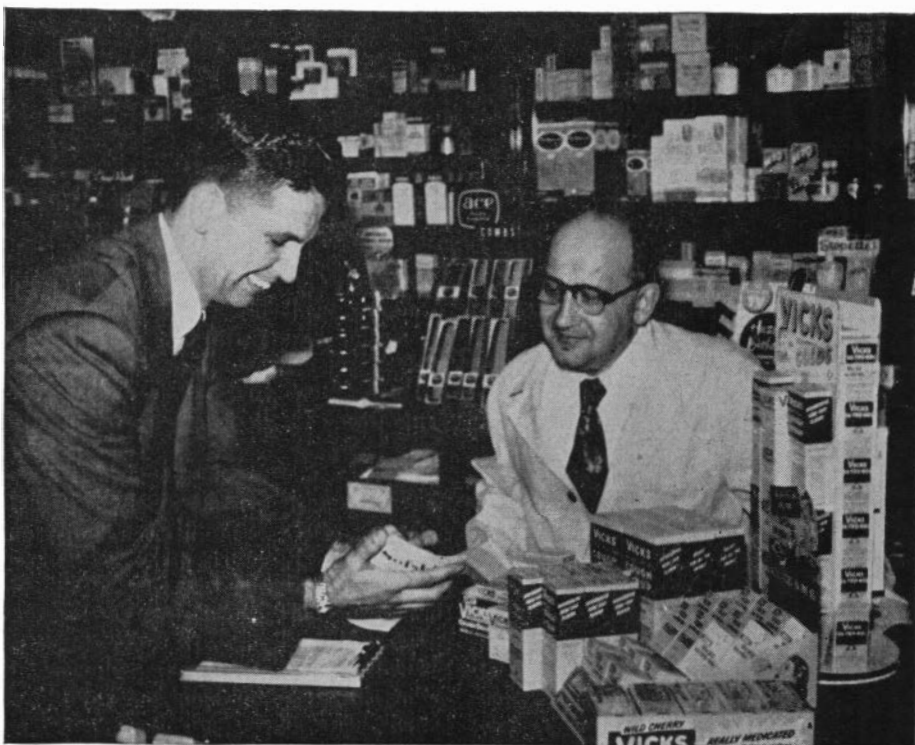
bines both formal and specific job features.

Formal training programs have been coming in for a good deal of criticism

(continued)



LIBERAL ARTS MAN C. W. Bell learned his accounting in G.E.'s Business Training Program, which he completed in 1948. He is now finance manager of Miniature Lamp Department. Prejudice against liberal arts men is declining.



SUMMER SALESMAN for Vick Chemical, Gene Hollen of Miami University, tests skill on pharmacist Harry Houck in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Vick stresses sales experience in the field, gives students a chance to train during vacation.



IBM SALES TRAINEES study operation of company's revolutionary new 305 RAMAC computer during an informal session at the company's Data Processing Center in New York. I.B.M. program combines formal study and on-the-job training, lasts twelve to thirteen months. Most top executives are graduates of sales training course.

Over six hundred companies are helping employees through college by letting two men team up on one job, alternate work and study

recently. Many executives feel they extend the unrealistic security of the classroom into the business world and give the young man a very misleading introduction to our competitive commerce. More important, to delay a man's career for three or four years may be a personal disaster if he finds out, on finally getting into a specific job, that he does not like the company or the work. Some American businessmen have taken this problem seriously and come up with a remarkable new answer which may revolutionize the present cumbersome process of ushering young men and women into the business world. The idea is summed up in a word borrowed from the medical profession: *internship*.

Business Internship

The Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company has been one of the pioneers in this field. Over the last five years they have set up undergraduate training units on over forty campuses throughout the United States. At each school, between five and ten young men who have passed a battery of psychological tests to prove their aptitude are given an opportunity to spend about four hours a week, or more if they are so inclined, learning the insurance business. The company supplies a qualified trainer who supervises the unit. After a certain amount of study, the trainees are permitted to go out and sell insurance on their campuses. For many it has been a highly rewarding learning experience. One young veteran, Jim Murphy, supplemented his G. I. Bill by earning \$2,000 a year for two years at Syracuse University, enabling him to support his wife and child while he obtained his degree and still have enough left over to put a down payment on a home the day after graduation. It is not uncommon for those who take an active interest in the program to earn \$150 to \$300 a month. If a man's aptitude and interest are high, he may continue on a full-time basis in the summer either at school or in his own home town.

The undergraduates have greeted this program with great enthusiasm. On many campuses there are waiting lists to join

the units. More potent evidence is a report from the company that job turnover among the interns when they graduate and go into insurance selling full-time is 75 per cent less than among salesmen who are recruited in the conventional manner.

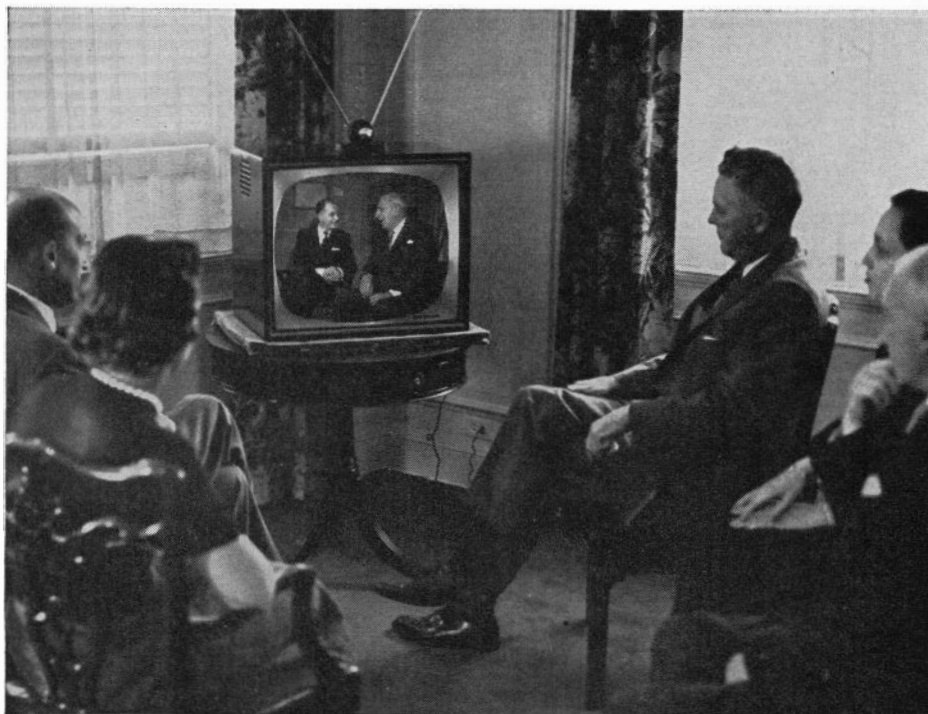
Sears, Roebuck and Company also has an excellent college internship plan. Here, too, the undergraduate determines for himself the number of hours per week he can devote to part-time employment, and Sears arranges for him to rotate through the company's various departments in a store near his school. In three years he has an opportunity to try his hand at almost every phase of the retail-

ing business. A typical junior year program, for instance, would find him spending 90 hours at sales, 150 at customer service, 105 in the auditing department, and 105 in advertising and display.

Learn and Earn

This approach gives the student a priceless opportunity to tie his academic training in with practical experience. It also gives him the means to pay his way through school if this is an economic necessity; and most important, if he decides to join Sears after graduation, his training program will be greatly shortened and, in some cases, even eliminated, and he can go directly into a first-line

(continued)



“EARN WHILE YOU LEARN,” New York self-help TV show that is seen in 1,000 city school classes, recently starred Robert J. Pollock, of Chase Manhattan Bank. Pollock began with Chase as page, while still in high school, worked and studied alternate weeks, until graduation, when he joined bank full time, and rose through ranks to become Vice-President in 1957. Bank is one of many firms cooperating in work-study program, which enables four thousand students to complete high school each year. Here, bank officials watch Pollock as he tells his story to New York City's Superintendent of Schools, Dr. William Jansen.

The new "internship" plan permits the student to learn a business while still in college, eliminates a long formal training program after he graduates

supervisor's assignment. It is not hard to see why foresighted businessmen and educators are calling internship the training program of the future.

For Non-College Men

Thus far we have been discussing programs aimed exclusively at the college graduate. But not everyone can afford college. Approximately five out of every seven Americans go to work after high school. But this does not mean that these

men and women are automatically condemned to spend the rest of their days as unskilled laborers (the market for them is declining rapidly anyway). If a person has the will to get ahead he can take advantage of one of the less known but more astounding phenomena of American capitalism: the eagerness of modern corporations to educate their people at company expense. General Electric, for instance, spends over forty million dollars annually this way. Each year at its

plants throughout the country it takes on about two thousand young men for its "engineering apprentice programs." To qualify for this, the most ambitious of many apprentice programs, a boy must be a high school graduate who has finished in the upper half of his class and who has an aptitude for mathematics and science. He goes on the payroll immediately, and at the same time he begins a four-year training program which involves classes nine hours a week, evenings and Saturday mornings, at a university near his plant, and rotating work assignments in machine shops, drafting rooms, and engineering offices. At the end of four years he graduates as an engineering technician with two years of college credit. If he wants to continue school and earn his degree as an engineer, the company will pay the tuition for another round of night classes in nearby colleges, and may even give him time off each week to study. If he wants to speed up his education by studying full-time, the company will lend him as much as \$1,000, give him a leave of absence, and sometimes a scholarship too. G. E. (and many other companies) has been known to pay for a man's education right through to his Ph.D.

A Degree from the Company

The General Motors Institute provides another remarkable example of educational opportunity inside companies. Located in Flint, Michigan, it is incorporated under the laws of the state as a degree-granting educational institution. It takes eighteen pages in the company's descriptive brochure to list the faculty and staff. Here the "cooperative engineering program" is designed to give talented high school graduates coming into the company a unique opportunity to obtain work experience while earning a baccalaureate degree. During each of four years a student spends twenty-four weeks in intensive instruction at the Institute and a minimum of twenty-four weeks in related and directed work experience at his plant. He must also write a series of



EIGHT YEARS AGO John Barkley was a sweeper in G.E.'s Evendale plant. He studied nights in company employee courses, became an engineering assistant, and last year won \$7,500 for his suggestion on simplifying jet engine testing.

industrial and technical reports coordinating the instruction at the Institute with the practical experience in the plant. Finally, during the fifth year, he is a full-time employee, and he is assigned a plant project related to his field on which he must submit an acceptable report. At the end of five years he is awarded a degree in mechanical or industrial engineering or business administration. More than a few of the present top executives both at G.E. and at General Motors have come out of these training programs. Chrysler has a similar institute.

In recent years there has been a trend toward underwriting employee education at a nearby college or from a correspondence school. R.C.A., for instance, is spending close to \$200,000 a year to help employees complete college courses. Some companies underwrite the full tuition; others pay on a percentage basis depending on the student's marks. The Johns Manville Corporation has a program called "company offers" under which it sends selected employees to school full-time—at full pay. General Dynamics sometimes brings university professors right into its plants to teach on company time.

An even more exciting plan is the five-year, two-man-team idea. Here the college student shares a full-time job with a classmate, and the two young men alternate on the job and in the classrooms. The money they make usually pays their expenses, and they also acquire invaluable job experience while getting their education. Over six hundred firms offer this program.

General information on these industry training programs is rather difficult to locate. Your local high school guidance counselor should know about the activities of firms in your area. If you are interested in a specific company, write to its public relations director, who will be happy to send you leaflets the company has prepared on its educational policies. The paperback, *You Can Win a Scholarship* (\$2.98, Barron's Educational Series, 343 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York) has a section on company-sponsored scholarships.

It's Up to You

How much education do you need? Obviously, the decision is up to you. There is a definite trend toward programs that combine training or schooling, and work, but for some people the formal sequence of school, training, then work is still best. Others might be better suited to inside-the-company training which omits college completely. No one way is the magic formula for success. Choosing the way best suited to your personality and goals is the real secret.



INTERNSHIP, Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company plan, trains college students on over 40 campuses. Students earn as much as \$300 a month.



INTERNING student gives as much time to training as he chooses. Sales star Jim Murphy (above, center, and below) sold \$400,000 worth in two years.

A Time for Decision

Should a man plan to get ahead? Experts say Yes. Knowing when to demand a raise or a promotion and when to switch jobs is as important as knowing how to do a job well. Almost as vital: the ability to weather the years between thirty-six and forty-two, when the men are separated from the boys

Cynics will tell you that there is only one difference between the man who goes to the top and the one who remains in the ranks: the top man got the breaks, the rank-and-filer didn't. Only a fool would deny the importance of luck in any career. But examination of a wide variety of careers also reveals the obvious fact that there still remain many, many opportunities for the man who is adventurous enough to seek out less well-advertised openings, or courageous enough to make an unorthodox beginning, or shrewd enough to take the kind of training that will make him stand out in the crowd.

A Pond for Every Frog

In the preceding article, we discussed opportunities and problems involved in beginning a career in more or less typical fashion with a big company. Almost all of the firms who actively recruit students on United States campuses are corporate giants. Many placement directors feel this gives the average college man a lopsided view of American business, and they urge their young men not to ignore the thousands of small companies which do not have the money to support a nation-wide corps of recruiters, impressive brochures, and elaborate training programs. Many of these smaller companies offer the ambitious and energetic young man far more opportunities to go up fast and avoid the perils of specialization, which creates so many dead-end careers in giant corporations. The small company

does not offer the security of the giant firm, but it often compensates by giving a man far more excitement and challenge. Again, the determining factor is the individual personality. Ward Howell, one of the nation's leading executive recruiters, has found that some men are definitely better suited for the small company, while others are happier with a large organization. "It's awfully important to find out which one you are early in the game," Mr. Howell says.

Mr. Howell, who has filled thousands of executive positions in the course of his career, also strongly advises a young man to find out what the company means by a particular job title. "A salesman in bulk equipment, for instance," he says, "is not very important to the company's operations, because most of the selling is done on a personal basis, between the top executives. But in companies like Revlon and I.B.M., which depend completely on their salesmen, he can go far, fast." Mr. Howell also feels a young man should use his head and find out what industries are expanding. Coal and public utilities, for instance, are static; there is little room for pioneering or imagination. The chemicals business, where research is constantly opening up new markets, may be a much better bet.

An unorthodox, but potentially very rewarding, career starting point is a job from which the average college graduate would recoil in horror: secretary. At the turn of the century most secretaries were

men. The woman office worker was a rarity. Today there are less than 100,000 male secretaries compared to a million and a half female. And with the constant increase in paper work and the mushrooming of executive openings, the demand for secretarial help has become very great. But the important point is the unique nature of the secretary's job. Working side by side with an executive, handling his correspondence, attending conferences with him, a secretary is soon on friendly terms with all the top executives in the company. And if he has the will to learn, in a few months he can know as much about the boss's job as the boss does. Soon, if he makes this apparent, the boss will delegate responsibilities to him, and with a little bit of luck and a little bit of push he may suddenly become an executive assistant. The next steps are obvious.

Shorthand to Success

The list of those who have used the secretarial approach to success is, to say the least, impressive. Four current vice-presidents of the New York Stock Exchange—Charles Klem, Edward C. Gray, Cecil MacCoy, and Frank Coyle—started as secretaries. John J. Raskob went to work in 1902 as secretary to Pierre S. du Pont. Thirteen years later he was elected director of the firm. Billy Rose began as Bernard Baruch's secretary. Fiorello LaGuardia; Grover Whalen; Edward J. Thomas, President of Goodyear

Tire and Rubber Company; Kenneth Kingsbury, former head of Standard Oil of California; and the Hollywood production genius, Irving Thalberg, all used the secretarial springboard.

Obviously the approach requires careful thought and selection. Companies who refuse to look at anyone who has not graduated from their expensive training program should be shunned. The best opportunities lie in fields where there are no special training programs in force and where no specialized scientific knowledge is needed to hold a top job. Advertising, publishing, radio and television are good bets. In these pressurized worlds the secretary who is willing to accept responsibility will get plenty of it, and the emphasis is on brains rather than seniority, so a young man can go up fast.

There are other ways of using your head. One of the shrewdest is to acquire specialized knowledge which enables you to stand out while in the lower echelons and attract the attention of superiors. One young steel company executive rose to a position just below the top-ranking finance post in his company using this approach. An accountant by trade, he noted that the men in the upper ranks who had law degrees always had the answers to policy questions that stumped executives without legal training. He put in five years at night school getting a law degree, then made an even smarter decision: he refused a bid to enter the company's legal department and stayed in the financial side of the business where there were many more managerial jobs available. It wasn't long before his reputation as a lawyer spread informally to executives above him; they began asking him for help on labor negotiations and other legal matters as well as on top-drawer policy discussions.

From Mail Clerk to President

Even more impressive is the saga of Dave Mahoney. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate from the University of Pennsylvania in 1946, he went to work in the mail room of the Ruthrauff and Ryan advertising agency at \$25 a week. But instead of waiting to be routinely siphoned upstairs after the usual six-month purgatory, Mahoney commuted to Philadelphia three nights a week to take courses at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. He also began submitting advertising ideas to the agency, and on the strength of them and his graduate work at Wharton he made an unheard-of leap from mail room to assistant account executive. Three years later, at twenty-seven, he was a vice-president. Eighteen months after that he walked out of R & R to form his own agency, a step which most of Madison Avenue considered sheer madness. Few people were aware that while he was rocketing to the vice-presidency,

Mahoney had also been operating a direct mail business on the side. He used profits from it to keep his fledgling agency afloat, and in a year had multiplied his accounts from one to seven. In March, 1956, he sold his agency, and on April first, at the age of thirty-three, he was named President of the Good Humor Company. Thanks to the profits of his agency sale, he is also the ice cream firm's principal stockholder. "The important thing," he says, "is not where you were or where you are, but where you want to get."

Handy Guide to Advancement

But can every would-be executive make a deliberate, long-range plan to "get" someplace? Some experienced people think he can and should as long as he does not allow his plan to blind him to the unexpected opportunities which may arise along the way. John L. Handy, New York management consultant and executive recruiter who has studied thousands of top-level career men, has even come up with a master plan for success. "A man's business life," Mr. Handy declares, "may be divided into age brackets." In the first, twenty-two to twenty-eight years, a man should feel himself out and deter-

mine his taste in work. Handy believes it is a blessing if the budding executive does not meet the right girl until he is twenty-eight, because he should hold himself free to move from one company or industry to another and to any area of the country where the best opportunity for experience and growth lies. In some cases, Mr. Handy feels, it is a good thing if he takes three two-year jobs within these six years so that he can gain a broad experience.

At twenty-eight he should know the kind of job for which he is best suited and in which he is happiest. From twenty-eight to thirty-two he should never take a job that does not develop him and offer a logical advancement in his career. Above all, he should never switch jobs simply to make more money.

A Realistic Ceiling

In the years from thirty-two to thirty-six he should be mature enough to outline his objectives and make a realistic appraisal of his probable "ceiling." Unfortunately, says Mr. Handy, almost every man has limitations which are not apparent at the lower levels of responsibility, because these lower levels do not test all the qualities needed for success

(continued)

Maxwell Coplan



EXECUTIVE RECRUITER Ward Howell charges companies at least \$150 a day for services as managerial talent hunter. He often has orders from as many as seventy-five firms, ready to pay one hundred men \$2,500,000 annual wages.

*Latest success wrinkle:
an executive agent who shepherds
your career for 15 per
cent of your annual salary*

United States Rubber Co.



AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS representative Paul Bohne logs 60,000 miles a year demonstrating farm chemicals for Naugatuck Chemical Division of U.S. Rubber. He began as a singer, managed a Vermont apple orchard, then, though he had three children, went back to college for science degree to get present job.

at higher levels. If a man overestimates his abilities (and this frequently happens), he may slip into the spate of two-year jobs which trips up many men at the age of thirty-six or thirty-eight and leaves them wiser but shaken at the age of forty-four or forty-six.

From thirty-eight on are the crucial years in which Mr. Handy believes the executive must consolidate his position. He should recognize that everyone is attacked by periodic restlessness, most acutely in these years. "Many of the most foolish mistakes and damaging blotches on a career," says Mr. Handy, "are caused by faulty decisions principally induced by restlessness in this period. A man may be a boy at thirty-six," Handy continues, "but he must be a man at forty-two. Mistakes in judgment, such as taking the wrong job, may not be held against him before he is thirty-six because they can be chalked up to the inexperience of youth. But if he makes the same mistake at forty-two, his superiors may well decide that a man who lacks judgment in his own affairs may not be the best possible executive to make important decisions in the company's affairs."

Five Executive Virtues

During the same period (age thirty-six to forty-two), Mr. Handy feels the would-be executive should appraise himself for the qualities which make for success. They are: (1) drive, (2) responsibility, (3) the ability to think, (4) the ability to get along with people, and (5) the ability to communicate. "At the lower levels of responsibility a man progresses through energy and intelligence. But from this period onward his progress will be the result of judgment and his ability to direct wisely and effectively the efforts of others."

In the years from thirty-six all the way to fifty a man should also begin broadening his interests outside of his work. He must be a good companion, fun to work with, pleasant in outside contacts. Too many men lose momentum during the period between forty and fifty by allowing the job to absorb them too completely. Handy feels cultural extension courses at a university may be a good idea for many.

The period from forty-five to sixty-five is what Mr. Handy calls the "years of realization." Here a man should continue to improve at his job. At the same time he should be resigned to the fact that rapid progress from his present level of responsibility may well be attended by risks out of all proportion to the prospect of gain. From the beginning of this period he should concentrate on building an estate, not only for the benefit of his descendants but, equally important, for

his own use after his retirement. Too many men do not realize until they are nearly sixty and it is too late to do anything about it that their pensions will give them little or no hedge against inflation and that when they are sixty-five they will in all probability still be vigorous and may want to buy into some business to keep themselves active and maintain their income. "I don't think there is any frustration greater than that of the able man who has had ample income but has nothing to show for it but a home, a car, and a few dollars in the bank when he reaches sixty. You might be surprised to know how many are in this condition," says Mr. Handy.

To Rise You Must Be Mobile

One thing becomes apparent in Mr. Handy's prospectus. The old idea of company loyalty is not the modern executive's talisman for success. A young man beginning his career is often most impressed by legendary stories of men like Dudley Figgis, of the American Can Company, who entered the firm by shouting up the elevator shaft for a job as a file clerk, then rose steadily through the ranks to the very top without ever leaving the company. The modern executive apparently finds job switching is a more rapid road to success. Booz, Allen & Hamilton, the management consultant firm, recently reported that there are now 29 per cent more personnel changes per hundred management jobs than there were before the war. Of the men who graduated in the late 1930's, the number who have worked for only one corporation are in a definite minority. Well over 60 per cent have changed jobs two or three times, and men who have worked for four or more corporations are likely to outnumber those who have worked for only one. Not long ago *Fortune* analyzed the careers of nine hundred top executives and reported that only a third were in the same firm they had started with. Twenty-six per cent had been with another company and 40 per cent had been with two or more. Younger executives feel, and will undoubtedly act, the same way. Of 137 members of the Harvard Business School class of 1951, only 28 per cent said they expected to stay with their present companies permanently.

However, we have seen how emphatically consultants like Mr. Handy warn against irresponsible switching, especially when a man grows older. Most dangerous is the switch which involves a radical change of job orientation. If, for instance, a man who has done staff work changes at the age of thirty-eight to a line (production, order-giving) job, he runs a hundred-to-one risk of failing.

Probably the newest wrinkle—and the widest departure from the company loy-



JOBS UNLIMITED, headed by Jerry Fields (center), specializes in communications personnel, charges 5 per cent of salary for finding jobs. Fields says that success comes to the man who "capitalizes" his first job, creates a "brand image of himself."

alty idea—is the growing practice of placing one's career under the supervision of an executive manager. This gentleman will do more than give a man advice. He will plan his career for him and guarantee to guide him step by step up the managerial ladder—for 10 or 15 per cent of his annual income until death do them part. A man has to have the most outstanding qualifications, of course, and the agent's "stable" is necessarily small. Most of these career shepherds also operate as management consultants and executive recruiters. Hence they are in constant contact with top management and are in an ideal position to find the right job for their man. Whether they can deliver a man into the president's chair remains to be seen.

Career Agency, a New Business

Many executives find the idea of allowing someone else to run their careers rather repugnant; but others point out that professional entertainers have always had managers who guided and advised them on the economic aspects of their lives and negotiated new contracts and new jobs for them. A writer's agent is frankly in the business of lining up work for him. Now

that management has become a profession, why *not* an executive agent?

Whether or not we will reach this point of ultimate career planning remains to be seen. Recently Mr. Handy, summing up forty-three years as a consultant on executive problems, declared that no matter how astute a man's plan is, he still must answer two basic questions.

The Goal in Sight

They sound extremely simple: "What are you trying to do?" and "What do you want out of life?" But Mr. Handy says he has often asked these questions of troubled executives well into their forties who were making as much as fifty thousand a year, and he has been amazed by how few men have clearly in mind just what they are trying to do and what their long-range objectives are.

Here at the very top, the wheel comes full circle and we are back with the criterion a man must use to choose his career in the first place: his knowledge of himself and his goals. Now it becomes apparent that this is the secret, not only of getting started, but of going all the way to the top—and staying there.

THE END



“Now, don’t worry about a thing, dear. I’ll phone your boss and give him a piece of my mind.”

Help Your Husband Get Ahead

The wives of four thousand highest-pay-bracket executives tell what they have done—and not done—to help their husbands scale the rocky road of corporation success

BY ELIZABETH HONOR DRAWINGS BY CHON DAY

“What’s the matter, honey?” asked the wife of a key executive, when her husband came home to dinner in a rage. “Don’t ‘honey’ me!” was his surly response. “I’m going to resign!”

The situation: the corporation’s president had put through an important change in the executive’s department while the executive was away on vacation. Hurt pride, and a “they can’t do this to me” attitude, had the executive at the exploding point. Forty thousand a year or not—he was going to tell off the boss.

“All right, forget the ‘honey,’” said his wife quietly. “Just tell me about it.”

The Balancing Power

The smarting husband told his tale of woe; the wife offered to play the role of the corporation president so her husband could tell *her* off; he agreed. But half-way through his tirade he began to laugh. “Damned if I don’t sound like a spoiled little boy,” he said. Before the evening was over, the couple had talked for many hours. The husband had formulated some ideas that would plug a half-dozen potential loopholes in the corporation’s new plan, and had worked out methods to improve it. Now a vice-president of his firm, the executive is vaguely aware that his wife “helps” him. He hasn’t ever put his finger on exactly *how*. Possibly he never will. But his wife knows.

How much can a wife really help her husband? And just how? Today’s wife is told that she is as important to her husband’s career as his own abilities, and the idea often gives her the jitters. Having been warned that many corporations insist on interviewing a wife before promoting her husband, she has taken to looking worriedly at her hair-do. She is nervous about her taste in clothes and wonders whether she should dress up to the wives of her husband’s superiors, or stay on her own level—and what is that level? And what about the color of her nail polish—is it garish? And that non-existent college background—should she fake it or just be herself? Or suppose she has a Master’s Degree—will it be a detriment? Would she be wiser to bury it? Knowing that some companies keep dossiers on employees’ wives (“Item: Got tipsy at last office party. Item: Too bizarre to fit our Midwest branch—can’t

transfer husband there”), she may become even more intimidated. At one Michigan corporation party, a new executive’s wife, primed to the ears on what not to say, what to wear, and how to address higher executives’ wives, finally froze and was unable to talk at all.

In other companies, a wife has no social contact at all with corporation personnel; yet what she does at home, she is told, is one of the biggest factors in determining her husband’s success.

“Amid all this fuss,” says one management consultant, “a wife gets the idea—the *wrong* idea—that she ought to be a combination of a fashion model, a gracious hostess and a perfect home manager. She assumes she must be a well-read, cultured, no-hair-out-of-place paragon. Otherwise, she thinks, her husband is doomed to the back office. Actually, there’s no such thing as an ‘ideal’ wife.”

How, then, do top executives’ wives really help their husbands get ahead? To find out, John A. Patton Management Engineers, Inc., one of the leading management consultants for industry, conducted a from-the-horse’s-mouth survey among 4,000 women who are the wives of America’s top executives.

The wives of men whose incomes are among the highest in the country gave their opinions frankly and thoughtfully. They had definite ideas about everything from how much a wife should know—and tell—about her husband’s job, to who should make the decisions in the home. The importance of their opinions is rapidly becoming apparent to alert executives.

Dangers of Friendship

One of the chief surprises in the results of the survey was that 60 per cent of these successful executives’ wives advised remaining aloof from the corporation. *All* agreed that they had seen careers wrecked by women who got too friendly with wives of their husbands’ associates. “She should be friendly with all, intimate with none,” they said, and advised the new corporation wife to keep corporation activities to “a bare minimum.” And many a corporation is beginning to see it the ladies’ way.

However, 55 per cent of the executives’ wives, when asked whether they felt a company official should interview a man’s wife—calling on her at her home, per-

haps—said that a casual meeting was acceptable—but *not* a formal interview. Other wives heartily disapproved of any official appraisal of the wife, however informal. Mrs. Elizabeth Harvey, wife of a General Motors executive, called the idea “abhorrent to any sensible woman.” The general rule: cooperate gracefully if it’s a “must” in your husband’s corporation, and if you disapprove, wait until you’re a top-bracket wife before you say so.

Her Attitude—His Asset

How a wife views her husband’s job may have a good deal to do with his success. Asked what they thought was the most important single consideration in choosing a job, these successful men’s wives replied, “Opportunity for advancement.” In descending order of importance the women rated other considerations: “the reputation of the company,” “salary,” and “security.” Says John A. Patton, “The significant conclusion . . . is that the men who are the most successful are the least concerned with security.” And the successful wives help them keep their perspective.

A major headache in industry is a wife’s resentment about moving when a husband’s company transfers him to another part of the country. The Patton survey reveals the importance of a wife’s unselfishness when she is asked to uproot herself and her children. It makes clear that these successful men were definitely helped by their wives, never hindered. The survey asked, “If your husband were offered a promotion by his firm, in a city far removed from your present location, would you want him to accept it?” Ninety-three per cent said, “Yes.” Some added that a wife should follow her husband “if she expects him to be successful.”

Yet when extensive traveling by the husband was involved, even top executives’ wives proved less cooperative. Asked, “If your husband were offered a promotion within the company *that involved considerable traveling*, would you want him to accept it?” 64 per cent said, “On a temporary or conditional basis.” Thirty-six per cent put their foot down altogether. Said one wife, “A complete family, together and happy, is of more value than extra financial security.” And many wives feel that a happy family life is a

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Help Your Husband Get Ahead (continued)

necessity if a husband is to succeed at the office.

Intelligent understanding of a husband's business is important, and the beautiful-but-dumb wife is a poor bet compared to these top executives' wives. Seventy-one per cent discuss their husbands' business affairs—as well as business personalities—with them, and Patton points out that the average wife of a top executive appears to have an intellectual capacity within range of her husband's.

Most Like Their Job

Anger at the amount of time their husband's business consumes and resentment at the intrusions of business and entertaining are relatively rare—in fact, most executives' wives are well satisfied with their lot. Most wives were philosophical when asked how they felt about the term "business widow." Some of the answers Patton received were: "No differently than about golf widows or any other variations"; "It's the price you pay for your husband's success"; "If you want the advantages of being an executive's wife, you have to go along with the disadvantages—and there is no other way to look at it." Possibly the most unusual answer was "I believe that some wives ask for it. A man may find his business associates much more congenial than his family."

The ladies did point out that the day of the man-on-the-job-every-minute is past. Vacations, and *plenty* of vacations, winter and summer, they explained, are vital to health. Fewer demands on the executive's time were also recommended, and a reduction of pressures that are a drain on his health.

As to whether an executive should be responsible for wining and dining company clients, all was not pure harmony between the ladies and the corporations. Said one wife, with possibly excusable bitterness, "I speak as the wife of a sales executive and they're the worst kind! It is regarded as part of a man's job to take on, after office hours, all the visiting firemen (most of whom seem to be alcoholics) and wine and dine them as long as the dopes can navigate from one bar to another. Daddy, the big executive, is away from home two or three nights a week. He is losing touch with his children. His wife, to keep her sanity, is trying to make a life of her own. She has no husband. Is this necessary?"

Romancing Clients Necessary?

Actually, some corporations are beginning to wonder whether it *is* necessary. This is even mulled over on Madison Avenue, where expense accounts bloom and one account executive is rumored to invite clients to his Westchester hunting preserve to shoot imported Belgian red

deer on weekends. Some of the most successful ad agencies do not allow their executives to entertain clients at their homes or in the evening.

Defense of Home and Hearth

When it comes to preserving the sanctity of the home, some firms even lean over backward. The Electrolux Corporation, for instance, always invites wives to attend whenever it is necessary to have a branch office meeting in the evening. When there is a division sales dinner, or the annual sales meeting, wives are invited. The company doesn't believe in a man loose on the town. It follows this policy because it feels "marital compatibility" is basic to a man's success. The company feels its men have been most successful when their wives have understood the business. "Show me a highly successful manager," says Vice-President James F. Roach, "and somewhere in the background is an understanding wife." Adds President Walter Dietz, "When we decide to engage a man in our business, we don't hire the man alone—in effect we hire his wife as well . . . his success is invariably tied up with his wife's attitude." For many wives, this is going *too* far. While a wife may be eager to understand her husband's job, she may not be willing to have a corporation pass on her "compatibility."

No wife wants to handicap her husband. But many unwittingly do just that. The wives queried by Patton felt that the wifely failing most ruinous to a husband's career is extravagance. Hard-pressed, a husband may spend unprofitable time worrying about family finances. He may be forced to look for a bigger income with another corporation—and be fired when his company gets wind of it. In one case, an executive overreached himself and tried to move up too fast, ignoring the fact that his organization was neither psychologically nor financially ready for his advancement; as a result, the company began to doubt his judgment.

Drinking too much is another form of wifely sabotage. After too many Martinis she may do anything from blurting out a criticism of the president's wife to simply becoming giddy; either way, she's a social liability. Wives who "drop in" at their husbands' offices also deserve a black mark. And a wife who insists on speaking her mind in a tactless way can do great damage to her husband's career.

Overzealous Wife a Liability

The poorest risk as a wife, according to the women queried, is the domineering woman who interferes. There's a difference between showing interest in a husband's business affairs—which is good—and meddling in matters which simply



"How come they passed over you and gave Joe the job?"

are none of a wife's business. When a wife "calls the shots" at home, the company knows it; the man is considered less able to accept responsibility and more susceptible to outside pressures. One dominating wife, chagrined because her junior executive husband wasn't moving up the ladder fast enough, wrote to the president of her husband's company and complained. The president concluded that since the young executive was married to a wife who dominated him, he didn't possess the independence of judgment to direct other men. Any chance he might have had to move up was killed. There are many similar cases in management consultants' files.

Wife's Many Responsibilities

A wife's responsibilities sometimes seem almost overpowering. The Young Presidents' Organization, in its own survey of its presidents' wives, uncovered some facts that indicate a pattern. These wives are married to men whose incomes rank in the top one-tenth of 1 per cent of the family incomes in the country, men who, to become members of the Young Presidents' Organization, had to become company presidents before they reached the age of forty. The Young Presidents' wives have almost the entire responsibility of running their homes. In six out of ten cases they do all the buying and pay all the bills. In two out of ten cases, the husband pays routine bills, such as the utilities and rent, which can be handled by his secretary. These women are extremely competent, possibly because they have to be. For though their husbands may shine as presidents, three out of four are indicted by their wives as chronic, bumbling procrastinators when it comes to performing household chores. "How he ever runs his business is a complete mystery to me," commented one wife. Wives who take over the problems of keeping their homes organized feel that when their husbands are home (a Young President averages approximately fifty-one hours a week at his office) they should have time to relax. Yet, despite their assumption of full responsibility for matters at home, the Y.P.O. survey reveals that "Young Presidents' wives are far better informed about their husbands' business affairs than housewives we have previously interviewed in any other walk of life."

Curiously, although a wife may have to make the home decisions, she has to be tactful enough not to appear *too* efficient. An over-efficient wife can take so many responsibilities away from her husband that she actually begins to wear the pants. Result: the male ego shrinks. This condition is reflected at the office in a loss of confidence; the man's stock declines. Exercising authority at home



"Lovey, is it time for me to recite my new poem?"

is a tonic to the male ego—and it doesn't matter whether the question is "Shall we go to the movies?" or "Shall we get new springs or a whole new chair?" As one knowledgeable wife of a Young President and mother of three children explains, "I have to be careful not to become too independent. My husband isn't around much, but when he is he wants to think the decisions are his. I love my husband and I want to be married to him, but boy, I've had to learn to live with him!"

The extent to which a wife influences her husband's career is staggering. Time and time again, say management consultants at George Fry & Associates, Inc., the wife's influence determines whether her husband will stay at a \$5,000 job or rise to \$15,000, \$30,000, or beyond. When a wife isn't happy with her husband's job, she often prevails on him to quit. In the insurance business, reports Dr. Neal Rorke, head of the psychology department at Fry & Associates, "If you hire one hundred men, 83 per cent of them will quit within five years. One of the contributing factors of quitting a job is the wife—even though the insurance company takes the precaution of inter-

viewing wives first." However, one wife gave this explanation of why she made her husband quit: "Sometimes he'd come home after spending the whole evening out, and I'd say, 'Well, what did you sell?' and he'd say, 'Nothing.' And I'd been alone all evening, just sitting there. And besides, people *hate* to hear your husband is in insurance—they think you're out to sell them something and they avoid you."

A Family Pact

One thing management clinics and consultants have discovered, says Rorke, is that if a wife thinks her husband's abilities lie elsewhere, the couple should discuss the matter very carefully before he accepts the job. And once their direction is determined, he further suggests, "Every five years, they should sit down and check that direction." It is important that the husband and wife have the same values and aim for the same goal. The periodic re-evaluation method is the one George Fry & Associates uses when guiding a growing company; it applies equally well to a marriage. As a company grows, its problems change, and the company must reorganize to meet them. A

(continued)

Help Your Husband Get Ahead (continued)

static organization can't grow. It may have been functioning well enough doing \$100,000 worth of business a year. But when it mushrooms to \$5 million a year, it needs definite changes. And when it builds to \$20 million a year, the management consultants step in and make further necessary changes in the company's organization and methods. In a marriage, the husband and wife must be their own management consultants.

The Outgrown Wife

In many cases, a wife may know the part she should play but be unable to deliver. Not long ago a Radio City page, just married to a young girl, started up the ladder to success in television. Eventually, his business position required that he entertain. But his wife, doubtful of her ability to measure up socially to his business associates, refused invitations. Eventually, drawn completely apart by their different lives, the couple became almost strangers. The ex-page, now a high executive, is no longer married to the same woman.

In some cases of this sort, the husband's company tries to help. One wife, married to a middle-bracket executive of

a fairly social corporation, retreated more and more into a shell as her husband rose. She refused to cooperate. The executive's president, unwilling to lose a good man whose work was suffering because of his marital difficulties, sent him to management consultant Rorke with the message, "We don't know what's wrong, but whatever it is, you take care of it. We'll pick up the tab, even if it turns out that it's his wife who is the patient."

After a long talk with the executive about his wife, Rorke took a long shot. "Ask your wife," he said, "what happened to her when she was about fourteen years old. And tell her it's time she grew up and got over it."

Happy Home. Happy Office

The long shot paid off. The executive's wife, confronted with the question, broke down. When she was in her teens, her father was accused of embezzlement. He was later exonerated—but by that time, ashamed of all the publicity, the girl had crawled into a shell. The higher her husband rose in his executive capacity, the more afraid she became that the family shame would be uncovered, and

the more she retreated. But once the emotional dam was broken, the wife was able to adjust; she became a pleasant guest and an accomplished hostess. Now, her husband is a vice-president of the corporation.

Most corporations do not try that hard. The wife of a new executive going to a small community usually has no one to fall back on but herself. She is advised to go slow, get the "feel" of the community. Though she may not always be expected to conform, she is expected to be sensitive enough to realize there are many ways to be accepted. "You don't have to ram your convictions down everybody's throat," as one wife put it. The sad case of a bright young thing just out of college best illustrates this. With her husband—call him Mr. Wells—she was ushered by her husband's superior into the Iowa home rented for the family by the new and somewhat social company. "Get that thing out of here," young Mrs. Wells ordered, pointing dramatically at the kitchen stove. "I don't want anybody to get the idea that I'm the type who cooks." The furniture went out next—Mrs. Wells preferred cushions on the floor; they were "more collegy," she announced. What went next was the Wellses. *Some* social conformity was expected in that small town, although in many a big city corporation little or none may be the rule.

"The Woman He Needs"

Just how much a wife's college education helps is also questionable. Unfortunately, wives who haven't gone to college sometimes feel inferior—just as many men do. But if a wife is intelligent, she should have little trouble in helping her husband to success. Her only danger, if her husband's company stresses social contacts, is in *feeling* inferior. But, explains Rorke, "If a wife can maintain her balance and not worry about it, she'll come through all right." College-bred wives run a similar risk in many small communities. Tempted to show off her erudition, many a wife has wielded her intellect only to make her husband's associates feel uncomfortable. "Even though you may know how to recite Homer in Greek," cautions Dr. Rorke, "don't do it."

"To help her husband get ahead," emphasizes Dr. Rorke, "a wife needn't really be anything more than the kind of woman her husband needs. For example, one wife may be good for husband A, but that same wife would be bad for husband B." Moreover, points out Dr. Rorke, one man may not *need* a "gracious" wife. All he may need is the kind of wife who, when he has an hour free, says, "Wonderful!—how I love you!"

THE END



"Don't 'Honey' me! I'm going to quit that job!"

be more than a wayfarer...

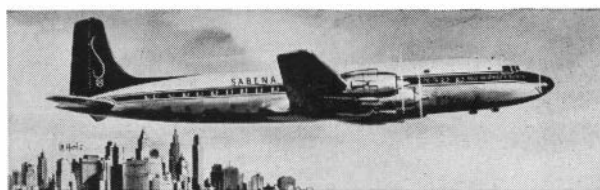
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Only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant. All entries become the property of The Hearst Corporation.

COSMOPOLITAN Magazine's decision shall be final and conclusive as to the determination of winners and on all matters concerning the contest. The contestant who submits his entry agrees to be bound by these rules.

The conducting of this contest is subject to the limitation of local laws.

Skills That Pay Best

Because of a remarkable and unmistakable transition in the American economy, our middle class has changed its white collar for a blue one

PHOTOS BY HOMER PAGE, TEXT BY JACK SCOTT

The gains made by skilled and semi-skilled workers in recent years constitute the most amazing phenomenon in the modern American economy. Prior to World War II, industrialization brought thousands of workers from farms into factories and created a multitude of complex problems. A shortage of housing crowded families together in three-room apartments and tiny houses. The wage-earner's paycheck covered rent, food, and clothing—with little or nothing left over for luxuries. In 1940 the average national salary for industrial workers was just over sixty-six cents an hour. Although labor unions were growing at a rapid pace, they were just beginning to come into their own—they had nine million members, as compared to eighteen million today. They were able to obtain very little in the way of "fringe" benefits—insurance, hospitalization, pensions—for their members. The only consolation for the industrial worker was that conditions were better in factories than on farms.

In the decade after 1940, extraordinary gains were made by the working man. Incomes rose in all occupations, but the greatest gains were made by industrial workers. Increased industrialization through the war years created an ever-growing demand for skilled workers—yet throughout the forties there was a critical shortage of skilled labor (in 1940 there were 180,000 fewer skilled workers than in 1930). The supply could not keep up with the demand even though salaries of workers in construction and manufacturing industries (employing the majority of skilled and semi-skilled workers) rose at a faster rate than those of other work-

ers. Craftsmen's salaries increased one-third during this ten-year period.

In 1930 there were six million skilled workers. Last year there were almost nine million, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics expects the figure to exceed ten million by 1966. This means that there will be numerous openings in this area for American workers. The increased need has been brought about through advances in technology, particularly in the field of automation. There is a growing demand for technicians to design, install and maintain the complex machinery used in automated operations. In addition, skilled workers are needed to install and maintain the complex appliances being used by the consumer.

The combination of two factors—the unprecedented demand for skilled workers (a million more will be needed in the next decade) and the high rate of salary increase in skilled occupations—may be an important inducement to a young person about to enter the labor force to take an apprenticeship in any one of a number of high-paying trades.

His choice of occupation should be based on three primary considerations: the "psychic income" it affords, the actual income, and long-range benefits.

"Psychic income" is a term created by psychologists and economists to describe intangible benefits which workers may choose to exchange for higher salaries—increased leisure time, opportunity to do outdoor work, a strict eight-hour day. In an age of ulcerous business competition these factors may be a big inducement to a young man to remain outside the precincts of big business.

Besides having less nerve-wracking

jobs, skilled laborers seem to have healthier family relationships than businessmen. Executives are frequently required to spend considerable amounts of time in organizations outside the home—while the skilled and semi-skilled worker, according to a report by sociologists Warner and Meeker, is much less active in formal organizations. He may belong to a lodge, union or church group, but he devotes most of his leisure time to his home and family.

The skilled worker is well paid. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the average hourly wage of bricklayers is \$3.62 an hour; pipefitters, \$3.35; plasterers, \$3.50; structural iron workers, \$3.30. This, of course, does not include overtime (time-and-a-half after forty hours and double time on Saturdays and Sundays), hospitalization, pension plans and many other benefits. The last census indicated that the incomes of skilled workers were 20 per cent higher than those of the semi-skilled and almost 60 per cent higher than those of the unskilled.

In less than two decades the American laborer (particularly the skilled worker) has been able to move from the crowded urban centers to the suburbs. He now lives in his own six- or seven-room house. He owns at least one automobile and a variety of household appliances. He has a considerable amount of money in savings accounts, government bonds and even stocks. He is well-insured and has made provisions for retirement. In less than a quarter of a century, this blue collar worker has replaced his white collar brother as the backbone of the American middle class.

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IRON WORKER Howard Haynes is an expert in skyscraper construction, having worked on five hundred buildings. For his dangerous work, he receives \$170 a week plus overtime. "On this job there's a sense

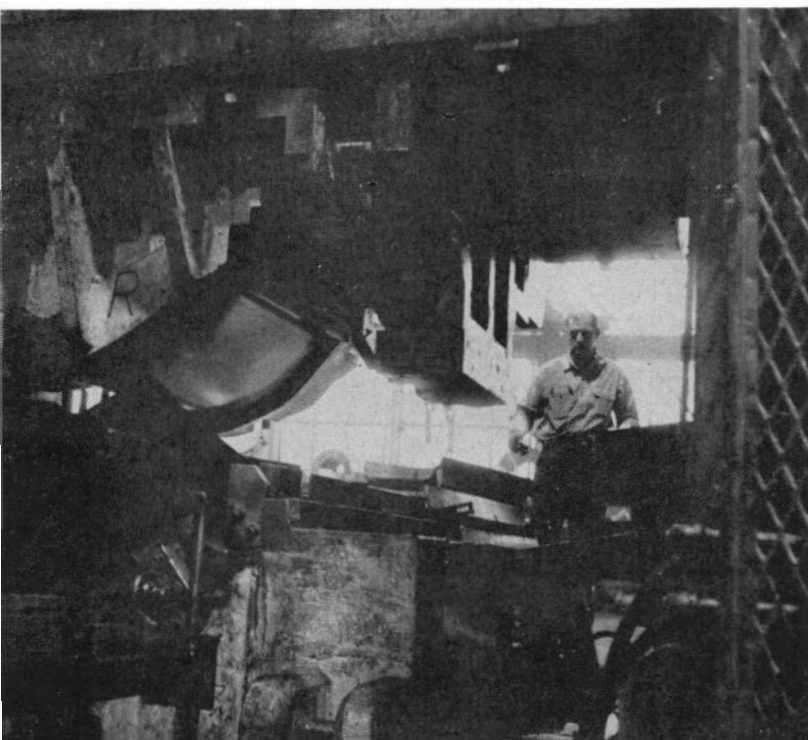
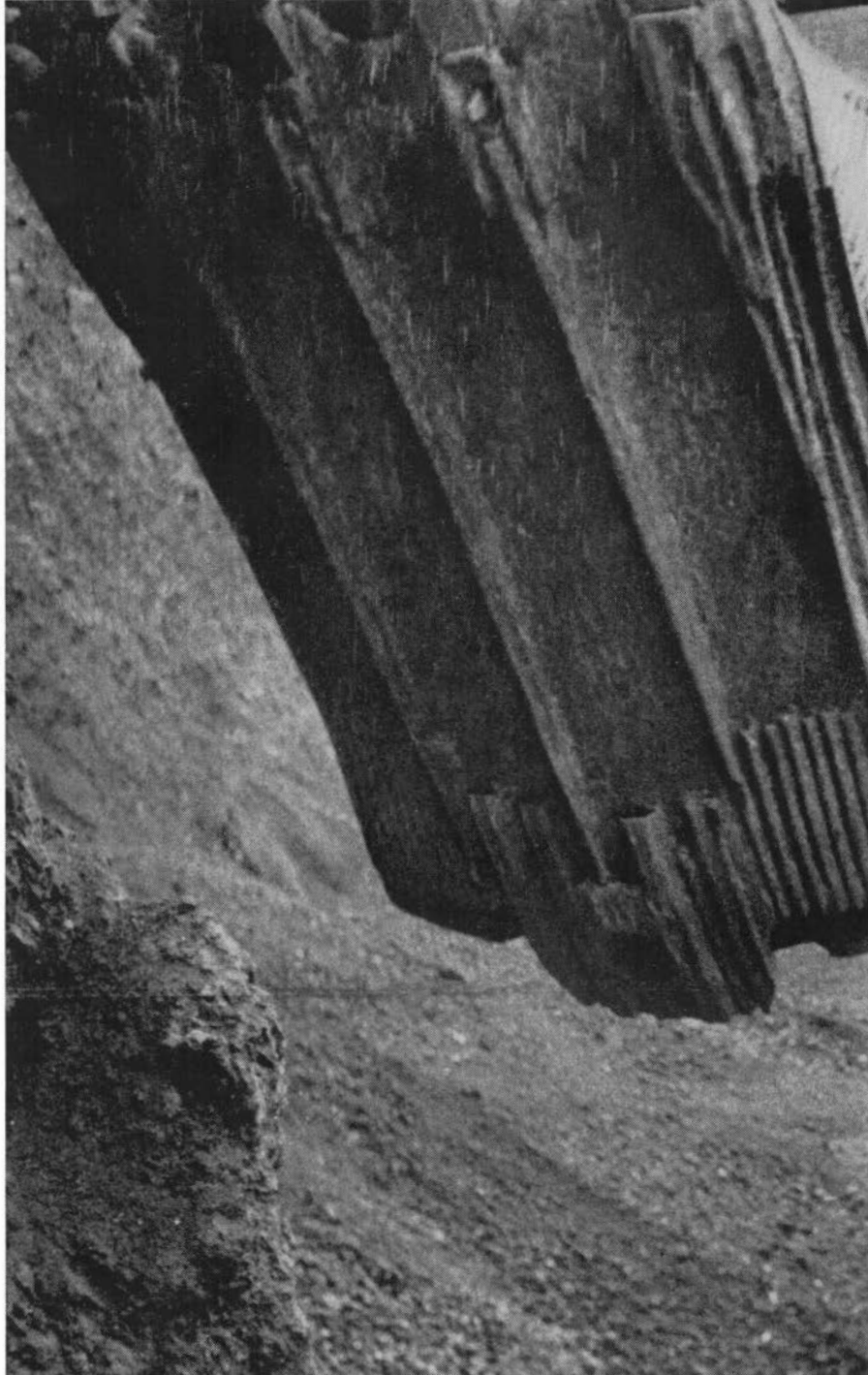
of excitement—it's like mountain climbing," he says. His wife teaches physical education at a college. He has a fourteen-year-old daughter in private school. At thirty-six, he has a good retirement plan, considers his future secure.



Skills That Pay Best (continued)



SHOVEL RUNNER George Flagel works for the Kaiser Cement Plant in Santa Clara, California. At twenty-nine, he is considered a “pro” at running a shovel. He was taught the trade by his father, who still operates a shovel for the firm. After leaving school, George worked as an oiler on his father’s rig for six years, learning the “feel” of the huge electric machine. George fills over two hundred trucks a day, loading eighteen yards of ore in each truck. For this he receives over \$3 an hour with little overtime since the plant is now in regular production. He is unmarried, lives with his parents and drives to and from work in his own car. A motorcycle enthusiast, he also owns his own British-made “bike.” He and his father spend their vacations in Utah, where they’re prospecting for uranium.



PRESS OPERATOR Stephen Drobek works at the Chrysler automobile plant in Detroit. He feeds a giant press metal for over two thousand car doors daily. He is considered an expert press operator although he has been working at his present job only three years. Stephen took the job in the factory because he felt the pay (\$2.27 an hour), benefits and opportunities for advancement represented improvements over his previous job in a brewery. He lives with his wife and two daughters, Mary Ann and Denise, in a five-room house in residential Detroit. He bought adjoining lots on both sides of his house because he felt they were a bargain and would give him room for future expansion. Presently the lots provide a play area for his two daughters, with swings and other apparatus constructed by their father. Stephen’s ambition is to be a foreman. His boss has already recommended him for this job.



BARTENDER John Gallagher took a six-week course at Bartenders' School eight years ago and has been working at Costello's Restaurant in New York City ever since. John, his wife and two boys—Tommy, four, and Johnny, two—live in a six-room house in the Bronx where he spends his spare time doing carpentry work. John has a savings account, and government bonds put away for his children's educations. "I like being a bartender," he says, "because there's no monotony attached to it. I also like people." He works six days a week, ten hours a day. Easygoing and affable, he is sincerely interested in people, likes listening to their troubles. "A good bartender is like a doctor," he says; "he never gossips or passes on personal information." He has lost only three customers since he began his behind-the-bar philosophizing. All three of them were persuaded by him to join Alcoholics Anonymous.

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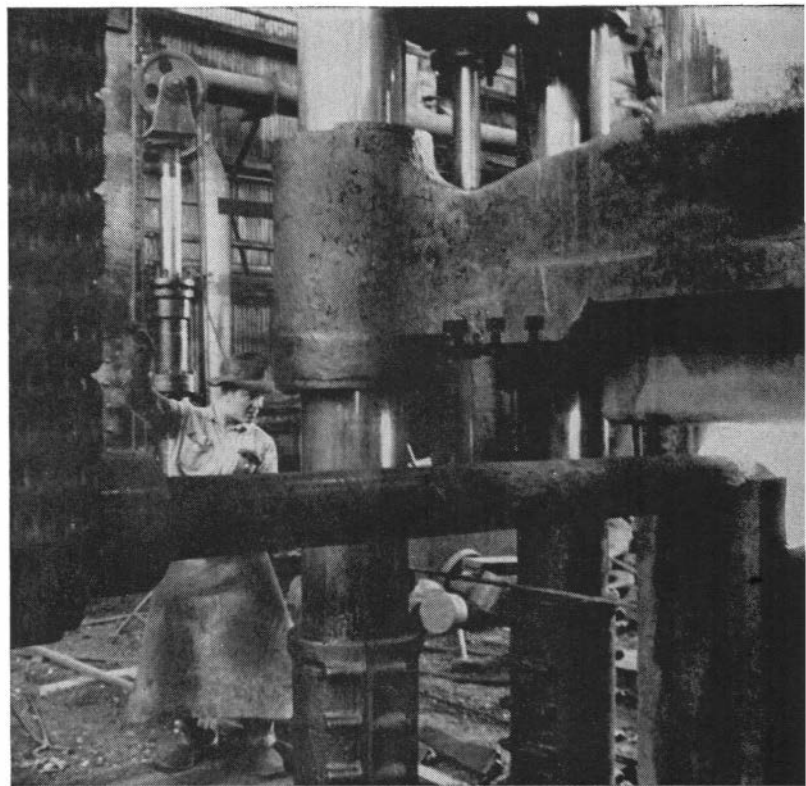
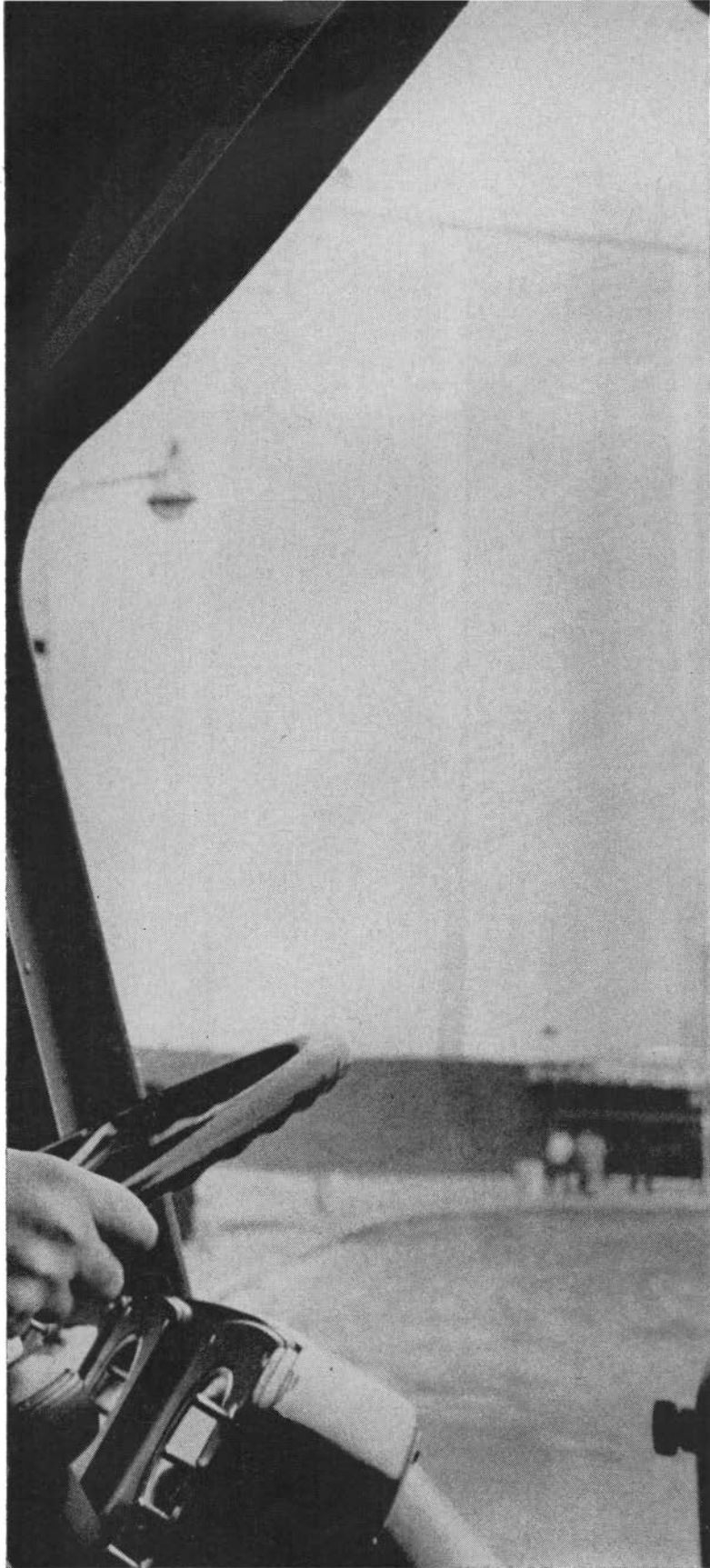




GREYHOUND BUS DRIVER

Carl Vesterdahl, thirty-five years old, has been cruising the nation's highways for ten years. He was a bomber pilot during World War II, so the manipulation of over fifty gadgets, buttons and knobs on his bus dashboard comes naturally. "A good driver," says bachelor Carl, "has to enjoy driving, never worry in traffic, have no home problems and stay off liquor." He is a star driver, has had three consecutive years without an accident. He works seventy hours a week (cannot work

more than ten hours consecutively), and earns approximately \$500 monthly. Included in his benefits are a pension plan, one day a month sick leave, a credit union savings plan for which money is deducted from his salary, and a two-month Florida vacation annually. He belongs to a fashionable beach club in St. Petersburg, spends his vacation time swimming, fishing and attending winter baseball games. In New York, Carl resides in a hotel apartment and attends most of the Broadway plays on free passes provided by Greyhound.



LEADERMAN Sumner Barnard, twenty-four, is unusually young to be a leaderman in the blacksmith trade, which often takes years of training. He started at eighteen, and his natural "feel" for the job brought him along rapidly. He now leads a team of six men who work together to forge out the massive hooks, sleeves, rudders and crankshafts needed for heavy industry. His biggest and toughest job was a crankshaft weighing over 100,000 pounds. "The satisfaction of accomplishment keeps men on this job," says

Sumner. "We begin with raw material and work it through to the finished product." Eager for advancement in his lucrative trade (he earns \$3.20 an hour—last year because of overtime he grossed over \$9,000), he studies two hours every night on a correspondence course in metallurgy while his wife Diane keeps their two children (Casey, five, and Camey, two) occupied. Sumner, his wife and the children live in a seven-room house in Oakland, California, along with their two dogs. Both he and Diane enjoy hunting and fishing.

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Skills That Pay Best *(continued)*

Woman's work: mechanic, food packer, nurse





SORTER AND PACKER in a food packing plant, June Collins married her husband Kenneth (foreman at the same plant) during World War II in London and came to the U. S. as a war bride. June works eight to nine months annually and presently is working to save enough for a visit to London with her two daughters. The trip will cost

approximately \$2,000. "We'll make it in two years," says June. She doesn't mind working outside the home. "There are so many modern appliances, housework doesn't have to be the only work a wife does." The Collinses have numerous appliances in their comfortable house in Sunnyvale, California, and save through monthly defense bonds for the girls' education.

MECHANIC Gladys Worrell works with her husband in the Lockheed Missile Systems Division in Sunnyvale, California. Her job is assembling parts for a missile telemetering system. Gladys's earnings (\$2.20 an hour) added to Charles's bring in approximately \$9,000 annually. This income has enabled them to buy a three-bedroom house in a new California development and their own automobile. Gladys says the job is interesting and offers a sense of accomplishment.

NURSE Irene Goodison, twenty-five, works in the pediatrics clinic of Permanente Hospital in Oakland, California. She and her husband Richard (the town's deputy sheriff) plan on raising a family soon in their new three-bedroom house. Meanwhile, they enjoy working in their garden and taking trips in one of their two automobiles. Irene works forty hours a week at approximately \$300 a month. "The people make my job interesting," she says. "When they are sick, the adults act like children and the children act like adults."

THE END



HOW TO INVEST

Want to multiply those extra dollars you've hidden under the mattress? Here is a fascinating assortment of investment tips for the cautious or courageous, involving little effort and lots of common sense

BY BOOTON HERNDON

Here's an interesting proposition. One of your great-aunts, a nice old lady whom you haven't seen since you were two, has just died and left you \$10,000 (after taxes). Now it just so happens that your debts are paid, your Jaguar has just been completely overhauled, you have just returned from the Riviera, and your bar is well stocked. In other words, you don't really need that \$10,000. So what are you going to do with it?

This is not an unusual situation. There are a lot of people who have money they don't know what to do with. Pick up last Sunday's *New York Times* and you'll see that people pay good money to advertise the fact that they have more of it, ready for investment. So let's say that you want to invest your \$10,000. The question is, how?

There are a lot of ways, some wild and foolish, some conservative and dull. Talking with some sharp and successful people both in my rich little home town of Charlottesville, Virginia, and in New York City, I've come up with several interesting possibilities.

Shortcut to Easy Street

All investment is a gamble, but there is a way to gamble and play safe at the same time: buy a paid-up life insurance policy. For example, if you are twenty-five years old and insurable, you can get \$30,000 worth of insurance for \$10,000. All you have to do to earn 300 per cent is stop breathing. If this sounds like an extreme measure, you can choose to wait until you reach the age of sixty-five and then cash the policy in for about \$15,000. Live or die, you can't lose.

Or, you could play the stock market. Investing in stocks—bonds are a little stuffy—combines the element of risk with a certain amount of safety. And after all, you might make a fortune. (If your grandfather had put \$5,000 in the National Life and Accident Insurance Company of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1905,

he would have \$2,067,968 to leave you, not counting the \$291,836 he'd have collected in dividends up to last year.)

But what stocks should you buy? That's the difficulty. Robert Young became one of America's most successful financiers at the expense of a potent golf game; he studied the market all weekend long. A lazier way is to invest in the mutual funds, which give you both expert supervision and diversification for your money. Another is to stick to the "growth companies"—electronics, aircraft and chemicals.

A Safe Bet

The experts say that electric power companies are the safest investments; in time of depression people sit at home nights, with the lights on. But I know a young broker who decided, back in 1946, that another commodity was even safer. He advised his clients to invest in Tampax, Incorporated.

Tampax was then selling for \$9 a share. The stock has since split, three shares for one, and was selling for \$42 a share recently. A block of shares bought for \$10,000 in 1946 would be worth \$140,000 today.

It is also possible to play both ends against the middle. A cautious acquaintance of mine decided, in the year 1950, that atomic energy was here to stay, and bought some shares in Babcock and Wilcox Company, who deal in the stuff. However, to protect himself against the possibility that atomic energy might not pan out, he bought an equal amount of stock in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which has been hauling coal for nearly a century. Well, here's what happened. The Babcock and Wilcox stock, of which he bought five hundred shares, split three shares for one, then two for one. Three thousand shares, at \$30 a share, were worth approximately \$129,000 last year.

And the Chesapeake and Ohio stock, which sold for \$27 in 1950, was selling

for \$48 a share last year, having paid handsome dividends all along. Not bad for something as passé as a coal-hauling railroad.

Your broker will advise you as to the best stocks for you to buy. So, for a price, will an investment counselor. But the best way to be sure of making profitable investments is to know, or be, a dollar-a-year man in Washington. A Wall Street speculator I know, who was in such a position, got an early tip that the government was going to buy up all the nickel it could get. He shopped around for a nickel company, chose a little-known Canadian outfit called Nickel Rim Mines, Limited, whose stock was then selling at $2\frac{5}{8}$ dollars a share. In six months the stock doubled in value and he sold out.

But this speculator would be the first to warn you against falling for all tips. Wall Street sharpies occasionally buy up stock in just any company, keep it for six months, then send a hired crew through the financial district dropping tips. There are always a few gullible people, even in Wall Street, who will rush to buy a few shares. This small spurt of buying pushes the price up a few points, whereupon the smart guys get out fast. Holding it six months, of course, enables them to pay capital gains tax instead of income tax.

So much for the stock market. If you want to invest your money in something a little less tenuous, here's another suggestion: buy real estate.

Advice from an Expert

"If I had \$10,000 I didn't need right now," a prominent realtor in my home town told me, "I'd go about a mile farther north or west than the last guy went—funny how many towns grow toward the north and west—and buy some land along the highway. I'd forget about the land until it tripled in value; then I'd sell it."

A Washington realtor suggested mak-

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ing a down payment of \$10,000 on an apartment house. "Multiply the annual income by seven," he said. "If you can get the place for that, you're in."

I have it on the authority of a kinsman of mine that you don't have to be smart to make money in real estate. Frank Herndon, one of nine children from a dirt farm down in Fluvanna, Texas, came to the big city of Charlottesville when he

I'd run an ad in the paper offering these houses for sale myself, giving my telephone number. When people called, I'd tell them to come by and pick up the keys. I wouldn't bother to go with them. Now, of course, I'd lose some of that option money, but even so, in ninety days I'd double that \$10,000, and not lose a minute from work. No question about it."

But perhaps you're looking for some-

speaker. For another \$7,000 you can buy a fine place to install this equipment—the cab of a big, over-the-road tractor, the kind you hook a trailer to. Hook a trailer to your tractor, and you are equipped to go into the moving business. You furnish the gas, oil, maintenance and insurance, and your home state license. The company does everything else. Taking it easy, driving at night, you can make one round trip between the east coast and west coast a month, grossing about \$3,000 per round trip. Some education is required: you must be able to read addresses and road maps.

A Truckman's Holiday

You must be willing, too, to take two three-week vacations a year, during the slack periods of March and December. Would you like to vacation in Florida? Driving time from Chicago is five days. Transporting ten thousand pounds of household goods from Chicago to Tampa would earn you \$558.

If you'd prefer to have a four-month vacation, all in one lump, then invest your \$10,000 in a roadside soft ice cream stand. Says a man who runs one: "If you can stand long hours, and messing around with the public, there is no finer business in the world."

This business has been around a few years now, and most of the best locations are taken. However, my informant says that he knows of a dozen sites in his area where a roadside stand could easily make \$10,000 in an eight-month year. (You close up in the winter.) And just imagine the convenience of a business which sells only one commodity, and only one or two flavors of that; doesn't let the customers inside; doesn't even think of credit; and puts out less than thirty cents for every dollar taken in.

But don't try to do it all yourself. "Go in with a good chain, like Tastee-Freez," my informant says. "They tell you what to do, and make you do it. They get very perturbed if you don't make money."

Do you like foreign cars? For \$10,000 you can be a dealer. Five years ago our local sports car man, Bob Harper, went into the business with one Austin sedan purchased wholesale. This year Harper Motors expects to sell thirty Jaguars at about \$1,600 each and 150 Volkswagens at about \$1,600 apiece.

You could hardly start a Jaguar agency on \$10,000, and Volkswagen franchises are tightly limited. So Bob recommends that you do business with the British Motor Corporation and invest your \$10,000 thus:

One MG.	\$1,900.
One Austin sedan.	\$1,500.
One Austin-Healey,	\$2,500.
One Morris Minor,	\$1,200.
Spare parts,	\$1,000.
Shop equipment to start,	\$1,000.

"It is possible to invest without doing anything at all. Let money do the work"

was twenty-eight years old. He married the owner of a beauty shop, and has been working in it ever since. In his spare time, he dabbles in real estate.

Two years ago he bought seventeen lots in a new subdivision called Rutledge for \$1,500 apiece, making a down payment of \$2,500. A contractor built two houses on the property, at a cost to Frank of \$16,000 per house, due one month after completion. The first house was sold for \$25,000 before the foundations were dug. Frank moved into the second house himself.

In the meantime the price of the lots went up to \$3,500, so he sold the remaining fifteen undeveloped properties. One evening he decided to move, made one phone call, and sold his house for \$23,500.

Amount of money put up initially: \$2,500.

Amount paid to contractor: \$32,000, less \$25,000—\$7,000.

Profit: \$43,000, and two years of rent-free living to offset interest and taxes.

Total time spent: half an hour.

End of project.

The Herndon System

How would Frank invest \$10,000? "Well, if I didn't know a thing about real estate, I'd just drive around the town, evenings and Sundays, and see where the nicest houses were. Then I'd talk to people, in whatever club I belonged to, to make sure I was right. Then I'd pick out the ten best of all the residential properties for sale, and I'd offer the owners \$1,000 for an option to buy their property within ninety days at a price we'd agree on. They'd either sell the house or get \$1,000 for nothing. Then

thing even easier than that. Well, it is possible to invest \$10,000 without doing anything at all. Let the money do the work. In other words, you can lend it.

Pass the word around that you have \$10,000 and you'll get a proposition within an hour. Money has been growing scarcer and scarcer, harder and harder to get. Lending agencies want the borrower to put up more security, or, in the case of property, more money down.

Payoff on a Signature

Just recently a salesman I know, a fellow named Sam, was approached by a man who had just one hour to buy the franchise on the best filling station in town. All he needed was \$1,000. He had exhausted every normal source. "I'll keep your car gassed and oiled and washed and greased for a year if you'll help me out," he told Sam. Sam hesitated. "Look," the man said. "tell you what. I'll make it two years. And I'll pay the note on your car, too. Okay?"

"Okay, okay, okay," Sam said quickly. And so he got \$40 worth of services every month for two years, and \$1,400—the amount due on his automobile—to boot. And he didn't put up any money at all. Just endorsed the man's note.

But some people find selling money distasteful. They'd rather buy something with the money, then sell that. Or sell a service. This leads us to the next possibility: with \$10,000, you could put yourself in business.

What kind of business? Well, what do you like to do? Do you like to sit down and listen to music? Very well; for \$300 you can buy an excellent radio receiving set with amplifier and loud-

Pictures of Jaguars, Mercedeses, etc., from the nearest distributor, three cents postage.

That leaves you \$900 with which to find a building, get a telephone, and lure a mechanic away from somebody else. This is cutting it thin, as you'll run into trouble with trade-ins, but it can be done. In a city near my home town two men started an agency two years ago with only \$5,000 between them and the Renault franchise, the only one they could get. Even at that, they're still in business.

Maybe you like guns. Another local entrepreneur, Bill Carter, started out as a gun dealer in college, six years ago, with four guns. Among them, he remembers, were an 1860 Colt, worth about \$50 then, and a double-barreled Parker, then worth about \$125. He paid \$25 for a city merchant's license, \$5 for a state license, and \$1 for a federal firearms permit. Today he averages \$8,500 a year take-home pay, working only nights and Saturdays when and if he feels like it. He has a stock of about \$25,000 worth of guns to play with.

Bill says that a man who knows and likes guns, but not too much, could get a fine start in the gun business with \$10,000.

"Here's how I'd do it. In January, the slowest month, what with hunting season ending and taxes being due, I'd go around to all the jobbers in the area, buying up a bunch of good used guns, plus what standard new guns I could get a price on. Last year, for example, I bought two dozen revolvers that a jobber had left over, for \$34.50 each. The gun wholesales for \$56, retails for \$74.50. I passed the word around that I was selling them for \$55. Two hundred people came in that Saturday. I sold all the revolvers, plus thirty-two other guns that I already had on hand."

Recipe for Happy Customers

"Don't put out money for a nice place downtown; gun buyers are happier in a cinder-block dump on the outskirts of town, with a stove they can back up to. Don't open up in the daytime, except on Saturdays; people don't buy guns in a hurry at lunch hour. They like an excuse to get out of the house at night.

"I have only one other observation to make," Bill concluded. "You'd be amazed at how many people go broke in this business."

Who knows how many other enterprises ten thousand dollars would put you in? How about a small athletic club, with handball courts, steamroom, and luncheon facilities? You'd have at least one customer—me.

What would I do with \$10,000? Well, I'll tell you. I would drive around the countryside, on the dirt roads, and locate

275 acres of apparently worthless cut-over land, which I could buy for about \$15 an acre. In ten minutes of telephoning I could arrange to have the land seeded with pine trees, the standing hardwood trees poisoned off, and a few small patches of grain planted, to attract game. With liability insurance and taxes, the cost of all this, including the land, would be \$40 an acre.

Money Grows on Trees

This totals \$11,000, but, as a certified tree farmer, I could get \$1,000 back from the government.

Taxes wouldn't amount to much. Anyway, I could always get a bunch of city fellows to pay them in return for hunting rights. After seventeen years, I'd have the culls thinned out for pulpwood. At

ten cords an acre, this would bring in \$13,750. Ten years after that we'd get more pulpwood, also some three thousand feet of saw timber per acre, for a total of \$16,500. At the end of forty years I'd hobble out to watch them cut more saw timber, at \$120 per acre, for \$33,000. Twenty years after that, my greedy children would probably strip the whole thing for \$700 an acre or \$192,500.

The hell they would! Instead, I'd call up a pulpwood company and sell two hundred of those acres right away for \$50 an acre, keeping seventy-five acres for hunting and to enable me to write "Esq." after my name. This leaves, however, just one small problem:

What would I do with *that* \$10,000?

THE END

Photos by Dennis Stock



STOCKBROKERS aid over 8,360,000 corporation shareholders. Others have invested successfully in enterprises ranging from real estate to ice cream stands.

The Second Income

A Detroit teacher has an extra night-time job. A housewife matches her husband's income in her "spare" time. Today's second jobs are even becoming some families' chief income

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

When the bank denied their request for a loan to redecorate their house, Mrs. Anna H. felt a blind rush of bitterness toward her husband. "If he earned more . . ." But then she glanced over at him. "He looked crushed, and tired," she says. "I knew what he'd do. He'd tuck the experience away, and with that disappointment and a thousand other little failures nagging him, he'd go back to work grimly determined to push ahead even harder. And I thought to myself, 'The cost of living isn't all dollars and cents.'"

That was two years ago. Today, they are a much more happy and relaxed family; their house has been redecorated, without a loan, and they have accumulated a small stack of bonds for the college education of their two young sons. Mrs. H has made all of this possible by becoming one of the millions of American wives who have surprised the statisticians by turning breadwinning into a family affair. Women are easing the strain on their husbands' tax-short, inflation-ridden paychecks by bringing home second incomes which range from a few hundred dollars to several thousand dollars a year. And they're doing it in what used to be their spare time, without slighting home or family. All over the country, these resourceful wives have been neatly wedging income-earning hours into their domestic schedules, thus eliminating the dilemma of the nine-to-five "working wife."

Some of these women work as sales representatives for national companies, operating from their homes and making their own hours; others conduct small businesses in their homes, usually in part-time partnership with their husbands; many work for companies which find it economical to use temporary help at certain periods. The Department of Labor reports that more than eleven million women are bringing home incomes by working less than full time. Their average age seems to be about thirty-five and, although few have pre-school children, the majority have full family responsibilities.

The reasons for this revolution in housewifely habits are revealed by comments of some of the women I talked to:

"With the children in school all day, I was cheating myself and my husband by not earning some money for those things we wanted but could never afford."

"My husband and I are partners. He's always willing to help around the house, so why shouldn't I help him pay the bills?"

"Every time I picked up the papers and read about another business man in his thirties or forties dropping dead, I thought of my Frank and shivered. He was making a good salary, but while we were waiting for 'that big promotion' to put us ahead of the game, I knew it would ease the strain a bit if there was some extra money around."

At first many of the wives tried going back to a full-time job in an office, but it rarely worked out. Carfare, lunch money, taxes, and extra clothes exacted a heavy toll from their take-home pay. They found themselves working with girls fifteen and twenty years younger, and, worst of all, they were away from their homes and children for the entire day.

Organization Is the Answer

But how do they do it? How can they accomplish all the tasks involved in running a house, and still spend four to six hours a day working?

The secret, I was informed, is organization. Most women, the wives I interviewed contended, think nothing of watching television for half an hour, or gabbing on the phone for an hour or two each day. Dawdling, they said, is an occupational disease among housewives.

Housework is really no problem, especially if the children are old enough to help, as in most cases they are. One saleswoman-housewife in Long Island, New York, has five children, who have formed a club to help with the household chores. Between her sales calls, their mother drops back to the house to do the wash or ironing, start dinner or make lunch for the younger children. Their earnings have enabled most working housewives to buy work-saving appliances; many own freezers and so can do most of the shopping once a month.

Many women work for home product firms that make it a practice to employ housewives as sales consultants. Relax-A-

Cizor, the company that makes the reducing aid that, by toning muscles, slims inches off in hours, without appreciable loss of weight, presently has 1,200 women consultants throughout the country and is increasing its staff more every day. Vice-president Robert Ressler is sold on women representatives. "They have a natural instinct to sell," he says. "If they believe in the product they're selling (60 per cent of their consultants were originally Relax-A-Cizor users themselves), they bring an identification and drive to their work that no man can beat. They're better sales people than they know they are." And he adds enthusiastically, "If they've got the necessary maturity, like to help others, have a fair figure and a car for full-time use, tell them where we live (711 Fifth Avenue, New York City). We want 'em."

A good rule for wives who might like to try home selling is to represent only a national company. Their advertising and good will make the selling job easier and, naturally, more profitable. There are any number of them listed in the phone book of any good-sized city. One of the largest is a cosmetics firm, Avon Products, Inc. Avon has over 85,000 associates, scattered in hamlets and cities from coast to coast. Last year, these associates' 40 per cent commissions amounted to a total of fifty-five million dollars. If you're twenty-one or over, qualify as to integrity and responsibility, and can spare four or five hours a day, they'll train you, give you a portfolio with demonstration merchandise and assign you a territory. You can make up to \$25,000 a year, depending on the amount of time and effort you put into it. Another good bet is to go to work for a real-estate or insurance broker. Many insurance brokers employ women, on the sound theory that women communicate better with wives, who, after all, are the ones the insurance is bought to protect.

But some women shy away from selling; such persons can still earn a sizable second income as Welcome Wagon hostesses. Welcome Wagon International's hostesses greet newly arrived families, bringing all sorts of presents from businessmen in the area. They also call on mothers of new babies, girls engaged to

be married, girls and boys just turned sixteen, or anyone celebrating a special occasion, such as a Golden Wedding anniversary or civic recognition. There are five thousand Welcome Wagon hostesses in two thousand cities in the United States, Hawaii, and Canada.

The newcomer receives information from the Welcome Wagon hostess about the local schools, hospitals, churches, shopping centers and other community facilities. The gifts range from a can opener to an elegant luncheon for two at a leading department store, all gifts being donated by sponsoring local firms who pay a service fee for every Welcome Wagon call made. Many hostesses use automobiles provided free by local dealers who like to have their names displayed on the good-will cars.

The Gold-Plated Halo

For each call in the home, which lasts about forty minutes, a Welcome Wagon hostess is paid from \$3.50 to \$15 or more. Many hostesses make over one hundred calls per month, earning sizable amounts, while still devoting ample time to their families and domestic duties.

But there is no place on the Welcome Wagon for the high-powered saleswoman. The typical hostess is a good-natured, pleasant person, active in civic and social organizations, who really likes being nice to people. One of the organization's precepts is that a hostess who expects to succeed must put humanitarian principles ahead of making money.

Hostesses have at various times given brides pointers on how to cook, used their automobiles as ambulances, dispensed advice to the lonely, found apartments for couples living with their in-laws, and helped newcomers with their painting and curtain hanging. They have even fought fires, and, in a few cases, taken homesick young women into their own homes. As one hostess put it, "Welcome Wagon allows you to wear a halo and get paid for it." Prospective angels should write to 685 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

But whether you win a halo or just sell a product or perform a service, you will probably have to face the problem of reconciling hubby to a change in his status as breadwinner. For sometimes a husband resists like mad—at first. A Chicago woman who became an agent for a greeting card company told me that when she first informed her husband of her plans he hit the ceiling. He soon changed his tune, however, when he observed a marked improvement in his wife's appearance and her refreshed outlook toward everything, including himself. "I have to look my best at all times, meeting people as I do," she explains. "So naturally I became more conscious of my clothes and figure. As for my outlook, well, I guess I needed a challenge. After ten years of marriage, I felt that my status had diminished.



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR was added to the Boyle family's income when Mrs. Boyle got an "extra" job in 1955. "The money goes toward all the usual 'extras,' plus a college education for the children." Husband, Jim, owns a small airplane-parts factory near their home in Port Washington, New York. With the children at school, Terry Boyle averages five hours a day at work, selling and demonstrating Relax-A-Cizor, the nationally known inch reducer. Benefits besides income: "A 'family' feeling, because the children cooperate to do the housework, a better figure (in five weeks, Terry went from size sixteen to size twelve by using her product), and new friends."

When I started working in my spare time, my husband sat up and took notice again."

Some 3,700,000 American men, however, are too busy holding down two jobs to take much notice of anything. One in every eighteen workers is a "moonlighter" who works at one job during the day and at another at night or on his days off. The wife of one second-jobber wrote to lovellorn columnist Abigail Van Buren that her husband was gone all day and three or four nights a week, leaving to her the whole responsibility of raising the family. "When he is home," she complained, "nobody dares to say a word because he is tired or grouchy."

It is not only the lower-echelon workers who become moonlighters. In Chicago recently, an office worker went to a suburban shopping center to buy a suit. The clerk who waited on him was his boss.

Teachers are old hands at moonlighting. The California Teachers Association

studied the practice among 17,000 male teachers under thirty and found that no less than 10,000 held other jobs. Unfortunately, however, teachers—and other second-job holders too—often sell themselves short on their second jobs. Usually they settle for something like checking in supermarkets or clerking in clothing stores—jobs that offer no chance for advancement. Even in the summer, teachers take jobs without futures. The principal of an elementary school in Needham, Massachusetts, works as a handyman assisting the janitor in a junior high school. A Cleveland teacher delivers meat.

The Silvery Moon

A wiser way is suggested by the extracurricular career of a New Jersey academician. Twenty years ago he began taking tickets at a beach and pool establishment on the Jersey shore. As the business grew into a multimillion dollar operation, he grew with it by showing

(continued)

The Second Income (continued)

his willingness to take on extra duties. Today, he is general operating manager, with a fat salary and a bonus every summer.

Although union leaders and industrialists have joined in condemning moonlighting, the Western Industrial Medical Association decided the situation deserved study, after several members hailed moonlighters as heirs to the spirit of the nation's founders. These members insisted that hard work never hurt anybody. A New Jersey doctor, however, disagrees. He reports the case of a man who came to him complaining of constant fatigue and weariness, and asking for medicine to pep him up. When the doctor discovered that his patient was a statistical clerk during the day and a laborer in a canning factory at night, he ushered him toward the office door. "You don't need me, son," the doctor counseled. "The only man who can do anything for you is the undertaker."

Still, a Chicago white collar worker who drives a cab in his spare time offers the other side of the story: "If you want to have a family and kids and a car and a house and TV, either your wife works or you work double."

Home-Business Hoaxes

If there is an objection to the wife's working, a family can still earn extra income by combining forces in a home business. In choosing their business, however, they should beware of the home business frauds and of the quacks who promise riches without effort from posterous schemes.

"Make Money Addressing Envelopes" is a favorite of these phonies. For your admittance fee (\$1) to this never-never world of finance, you're likely to receive some very obvious instructions on how to solicit typing business. Or you may receive a list of firms supposedly interested in farming out typing. The only hitch is that the firms listed don't know a thing about it.

Another racket promises to help you "Make Money Sewing." One hoaxster offers a sewing kit for \$2, with the implied promise that the sender will snap up every apron you sew. Forward the two dollars and you'll get one finished "model" apron, two unfinished ones, and instructions on how to turn the cheap cloth into gold. But the promise to buy your output is no longer there. "You'll do better creating your own market," they tell you.

One firm that takes intriguing full-page magazine ads offers to impart the secret of a "fascinating and peculiar business" that will "free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depression, or economic reverse." The business turns out to be what I consider a whopper: electroplating baby shoes and other non-metallic

objects. For \$15, which they promise to refund if you're not satisfied, you receive a thick instruction manual which they claim is worth a \$200 training course, plus a raft of order blanks for equipment and supplies totaling at least several hundred dollars. After you learn to operate the equipment, you still have to create a market for your services. This, however, the manufacturer advises, is no problem, since the demand for personalized mementoes is everlasting, and think of all the babies born every day!

There are, of course, many legitimate businesses that can be run profitably from home. Mail-order selling, for one, seems like a natural. What other business can you operate with a little capital, a single item, and a good supply of postage stamps? But unfortunately, it isn't as easy as it sounds.

The head of a successful mail-order firm points out, "We started our business with no capital and financed its expansion entirely on the sale of one item. But if I had to estimate the odds on repeating this, I would guess about 1 in 10,000."

Nevertheless, the story of David Marguiles testifies that it has been done. After World War II, he completed one semester of law school and then decided to become a salesman. He had purchased a second-hand car whose back seat carried a simple clothes rack of a sort he had never seen before. He looked up the manufacturer, arranged to represent him on a commission basis, and set out to sell the rack in wholesale lots. But none of the department and chain stores he visited would have anything to do with it. Almost in desperation, he invested \$200 in a magazine ad. Within two months he was deluged with over \$5,000 worth of orders. In the first year, orders for the once rejected clothes rack reached \$100,000. Today, Marguiles sells over 100 items through the mail and his gross income runs in the millions.

But then there was the young artist who heard about Manguiles' success and, emboldened by dreams of glory, went out and bought five gross of plain ashtrays. He spent a week decorating them, and then talked an uncle into putting up the money for an ad. Response: One order.

Broken Shoestrings

Thus his scheme joined the serried ranks of the some 60,000 mail-order operations that have failed since the war. Today there are about 15,000 active firms and, although thousands of these are producing comfortable incomes for their owners, competition is hot.

One thing is certain. A mail-order business demands many hours of hard work. Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Fay, Jr., of Stamford, Connecticut, for example, hit on a successful device for watering plants. Just as they were about to depart

on a vacation trip, the man who had agreed to water their plants fell ill. Ed Fay braided strips of gauze together and stuck one end in a pot of water and the other in the soil around each plant. When they returned home and found the plants still blooming, they were convinced they had stumbled on something of value. After some experimenting to find the right sort of cloth, they placed ads. To their dismay, the demand for their product was so great they soon were up until three and four in the morning filling orders. Since they didn't want to give up their burdensome gold mine, they surveyed mail-order firms that handled a diversity of products and eventually commissioned one of them to handle the item.

Most successful mail-order businesses are run by people with some retail, gift shop, or selling experience. The owner of a mail-order house in Dallas says, "I spent six months learning the ropes in a wholesale gift house in New York. This gave me the background I needed so badly as to what items were easily sold and which were just pretty."

Surveys have shown that 30 per cent of all mail-order businesses begin with less than \$500, although many people in the trade insist you need \$5,000 to \$10,000 to start. By this they mean start full time, since they also argue that a part-time business can never keep on top of a growing market. They admit, however, that the impossible has been done on occasion.

Everyone agrees that there is a definite risk involved and that a mail-order business, like any other, requires know-how. Good coverage of the field is provided by the magazine, *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising*, 224 Seventh Street, Garden City, Long Island, New York. In this business, as elsewhere, beware of sharks who promise riches. Check them with the Direct Mail Advertising Association, Inc., 3 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York.

Sell Your Services

Another way to earn a second income is to supply a service which your community doesn't have but could use. To discover what services are lacking, compare listings in the classified telephone book of a city larger than yours—the larger the better—with the listings in your locality's book. Perhaps you'll find that your community lacks a telephone answering service. Many towns don't have one at all; others have services which are not extensive enough to cover all potential clients. Or you could start a telephone canvassing service for photographers, book stores, florists, or other retailers. To start either of these phone services, you would need to call on prospective clients in person and make a convincing presentation. You could rent

your services either on a commission basis or by the hour.

Your typewriter is another handy instrument for making extra money. Ask yourself, "Who needs typing done outside the company offices?" Department stores often need advertising matter addressed or form letters personalized. Dentists and doctors often use extra help in sending out bills. A law office occasionally requires an extra copier. College professors and students have papers to be typed. After you have prepared a list of prospects, mail out neat, simple letters offering your services and quoting your rates. Follow them up with a small ad in the paper and tell all your friends.

An expansion of this last idea is the organization of a group of housewives in a home secretarial service, taking dictation over the phone. Many large companies have a secretarial pool to handle typing and dictation overloads; small ones don't and might use yours.

Home business possibilities are almost limitless. There are several good books on the subject, one of the best of which is Polly Webster's *How to Make Money at Home*. Here are just a few of the opportunities available to someone who has the get-up-and-go to take advantage of them:

A shopping column in your local newspaper. Buy space and sell it to advertisers.

A teenage employment or odd-job agency. In Chicago, Dale Waitley earns \$8,000 a year scheduling work for a crew of about seventy college and high school students, postmen, firemen, and men-between-jobs. He acts as the middleman between them and 1,400 or more housewife and homeowner customers.

Writing greeting card verse. Greeting card publishers purchase thousands of lines of verse from freelancers, and once you have proved your ability, you'll find them a steady and profitable market. Best book on the subject is *Writing and Selling Greeting Card Verse*, by June Barr.

Selling specialties. Every year companies large and small give away millions of dollars' worth of premiums, from matchbooks to rulers. The specialty salesman thinks up the idea that gives one of these gimmicks a relationship to a particular firm. There are a number of companies manufacturing specialties. One of the largest reports that its idea men earned an average of \$900 last year.

Does your town have an employment agency specializing in part-time or temporary help?

Actually, this is big business; some temporary help agencies gross as much as eight million dollars a year. Ten years

ago there were only a few such agencies. Now there are 114 in New York alone, and many have offices in two or more cities. One temporary-help service, Manpower, Inc., has 140 offices in the United States and eight in foreign countries.

Spare Time Is Money

Millions of women are eliminating their budget worries by signing up with these temporary help agencies. The agency farms them out and pays them on an hourly basis. Workers set their own schedule and avoid the problem of hunting for jobs. They are also able to alter their schedule to fit their home responsibilities. The employer benefits too, since he doesn't have to interview, test, hire or fire, and since he can let the temporary worker go when business slows.

A second income is like a windfall, since it derives from a resource you rarely appreciate until you make use of it—your spare time. A study by Alfred C. Clarke, a sociologist at Ohio State Univer-

Goldo



EARNING TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR ("I started my extra job in 1952. It took me two and one-half years to reach this income"), Mrs. Amelia Finn, forty-seven, sees her two children off to school. With Amelia's earnings from her Relax-A-Cizor job, the Finns bought their seven room English Tudor home on Long Island in 1954, and now they also own a lake-front cottage in Maine. Jack Finn, who works for the New York City high schools, is proud of his wife's job; the children are proud, too, of their mother's size ten figure, and fifteen-year-old Ellen sometimes raids her mother's smart wardrobe. The Finns' increased income has also enabled them to purchase a second car and many modern household appliances, including a food freezer.

THRIVING ON TENSION

Myths like "Tension is killing our executives," and "Our world is too fearful to take without pills" are sending us on a confused and anxious search for relaxation. Yet your tension can be your biggest asset

BY E. M. D. WATSON

"**S**immer down," the husband told his nervous wife fifteen minutes before his boss was due to arrive for dinner. "Here, take a pill." Both the wife's tension and the husband's remedy have become commonplaces of American life. "Gosh, what a day!" "Boy, am I tense!" "Anybody here got a Miltown?" are expressions heard at home, in offices, in restaurants, *everywhere* from *everybody*—housewives, businessmen, actors, even farmers. One would think we were a nation of complete nervous wrecks, unwilling or unable to cope with the problems of our daily lives.

Scare articles on tension, warnings that we'd better relax, and peace-of-mind guide books send us to doctors, golf courses, and pillboxes—and into a flap about our anxiety. One New York hostess keeps on hand shakerfuls of "Miltinis"—Martinis with tranquilizers added—for her tense guests. Among ad men there's an organization called the Golden Ulcer Club. Articles about tension among executives set businessmen to worrying about their tension—and their blood pressure promptly zooms up.

The Modern Bugaboo

This is the age when something called "relaxation" seems to be the Holy Grail. People brag about having a "tame druggist"—a druggist from whom they can get tranquilizers without a prescription. In 1956, thirty-five million prescriptions were written for "relaxing" drugs—a rate of over one prescription every second throughout the year. This figure includes only drugs sold to the public—it does *not* include those administered by doctors in mental hospitals. In 1957, estimates one authority, retail sales of tranquilizers reached \$160 million. This figure does not include the under-the-counter sales,

which may well total a few million in themselves.

All this indicates one thing: we are backing the wrong horse. Most of us have failed to realize that tension is *desirable*—that without it we would get as much pleasure out of life as a jellyfish. Without tension, man cannot operate. Dr. M. Nyswander, a Diplomat of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, says bluntly, "I cannot be too emphatic about the desirability of tension." And new investigations in industry tend to support the doctor's viewpoint.

Mobilization for Action

Every age has had its anxieties. Europe in the Middle Ages was beset by troubles—the Black Plague, the Hundred Years' War, famines. "But only in this age," says one authority, "have people gotten tense about being tense." Today, the fear that we are too tense, and the myth that "relaxation" is the key to happiness, have resulted in mistaken attempts to dodge the conflicts of normal life. In trying to avoid all problems, we run the risk of jettisoning our greatest asset—tension.

It is tension that mobilizes an individual to meet a situation—to save a drowning child, to put over a business deal, to deal with a family tragedy.

When you are faced with a problem, your body mobilizes; adrenalin is released into the bloodstream; sugar, released by the liver, becomes available to your muscles; the nervous system is alerted. Thus prepared, you think better than you ordinarily would, and your judgment, memory, and reasoning powers act at top efficiency. You are "tense"—and in the best possible position to handle your problem effectively. The value of this kind of tension is illustrated by a sophisticated cartoon in which a smart

wife advises her husband, who is on his way to ask for a raise: "Now be sure the boss takes *his* tranquilizer, but be careful not to take yours."

People who have learned the value of tension deliberately build it up. Actress Lynn Fontanne works up tension artificially before each stage performance. She paces the wings, she wrings her hands, she drinks coffee—and then she steps out onto the stage and projects her excitement to the audience. It is axiomatic that all creative people are tense. Even the "relaxed" Perry Como and the "relaxed" Bing Crosby know how to use tension.

Every day, dozens of situations arise which require you to mobilize for a major or minor crisis. But once the problem is solved, the body must let down. If you are able to relax after a crisis—even if you need a drink, a rest, a chat, an entertaining book to help you do it—you are handling tension in a normal way.

How Much Tension Is Normal?

Unfortunately, too many people are confused about the difference between normal tension and pathological tension. The pathological variety is extremely rare. A pathologically tense person is *unable* to relax. Once the tense situation has passed, he is unable to let down—he is geared for an emergency even though none exists. His blood pressure doesn't go down. His stomach is in knots. His muscles are tense and cramped. Having killed his lion, he is unable to sit down and enjoy his triumph. Instead, he keeps seeing imaginary lions when there are only rabbits around. He becomes fatigued and irritable, and his capacity for intelligent action is reduced. He has less chance of solving his problems, and he cannot work effectively. States psychiatrist Dr. M. Robinson: "A person is pathologically

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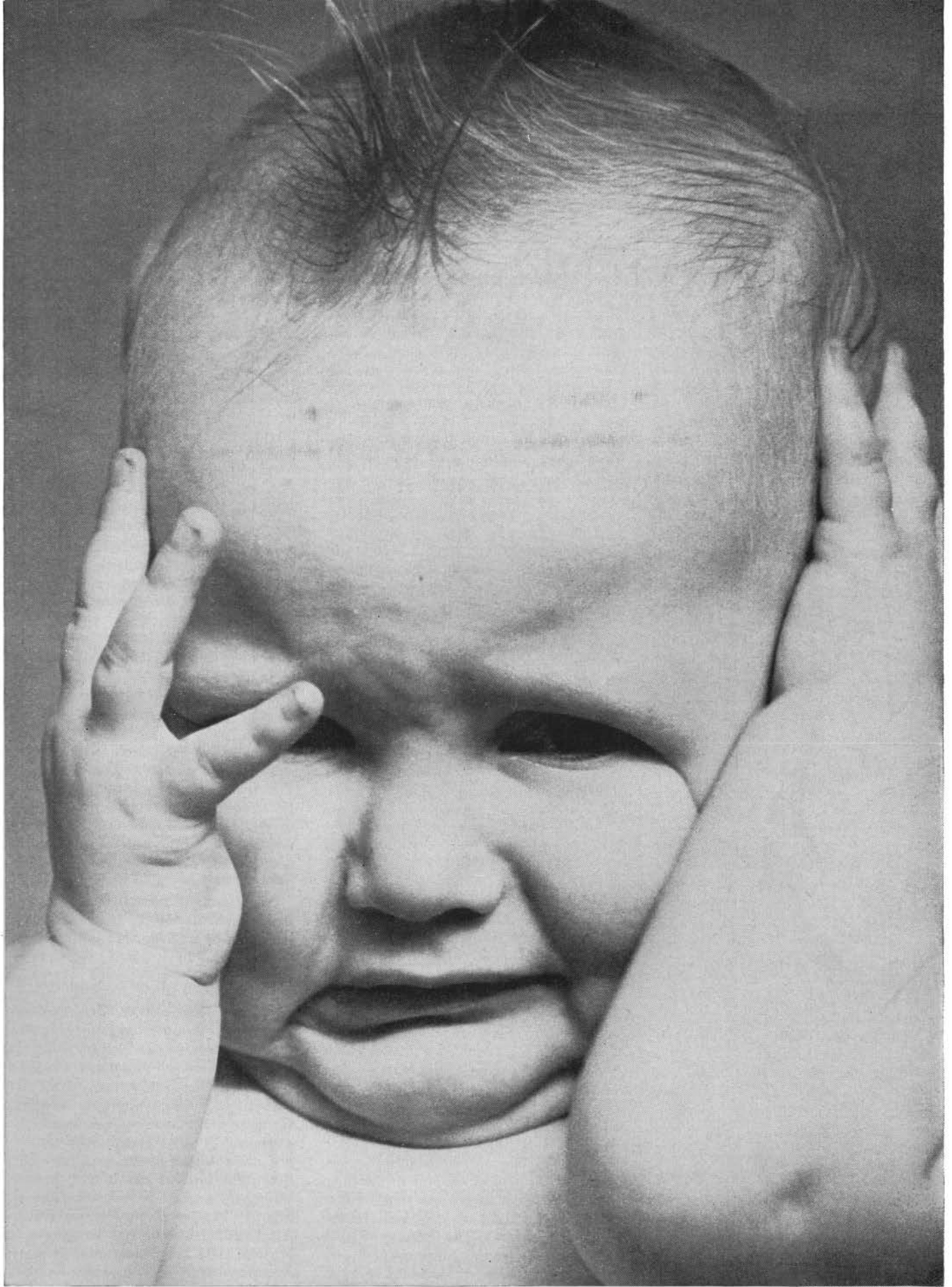


Photo by Armstrong-Roberts

TENSION KNOWS NO AGE. Here is a fellow whose decisive moments are as tense as a corporation president's, and his blood pressure is zooming. But any minute now, he'll be happy. His general rules—"Once you've made a

decision, forget it," and "Don't play with business on your mind; when you play, play"—can help keep the executive's daily stresses and strains in line too. Children are the tensest people there are—but they are also the healthiest.

"I cannot be too emphatic about the desirability of tension"

—DR. NYSWANDER

tense when he has ceased to be constructive—when he can no longer function successfully at home or in his office."

Rare as pathological tension is, many people look at their busy, hectic lives and say, "Pathological tension—that's what I've got." This is like reading a medical book and deciding you are deathly ill because you have one of the symptoms discussed. "Even the normally tense person," says the National Association for Mental Health, "has an occasional bout of anxiety and tension, which is quite normal." And under certain circumstances, even the normally tense person finds it difficult to let down after the tense situation is past. It doesn't mean he's the rare pathological case.

For example, a knowledgeable person who finds himself too keyed up to sleep after having spent an exciting evening at a party realizes that chemically his body isn't yet prepared for sleep. He doesn't worry about it. He knows it's normal. If he has drunk too much alcohol or coffee, or has allowed himself to become too fatigued, he knows he cannot expect to relax immediately, and perhaps not for many hours.

Nevertheless, since he can trace the cause of his inability to let down at once, he knows his body is reacting normally. But the person who isn't aware that his inability to relax is normal is likely to become anxious. He promptly takes a pill. According to the New York Academy of Medicine, people in the United States are taking barbiturates to the tune of 336 tons a year. Taking a pill usually increases anxiety; subconsciously the pill-taker knows he is using a prop, and he feels guilty.

Retreat from Conflict

Willingness to accept tension and use it effectively is often the key to enjoyment of life. "People used to believe in *meeting* a situation," says Dr. Robinson. But today, the fear of being unable to cope with the stresses that confront us in business, at home, and in the world at large has led us to seek cushions against the emotional upsets and problems of our daily living. Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, Professor of Hygiene and Director of University Health Services at Harvard University, has stated: "Conformity, con-

stant happiness, and absence of stress and anxiety are not reasonable goals in a democracy. Conflict is an inescapable part of modern living, and the resolution of conflicts produces real satisfaction."

Fear Breeds Fear

What Dr. Nyswander calls "anticipatory anxiety"—the fear of meeting a situation because you have a memory of having been ill-at-ease or frightened in a similar situation in the past—makes many a man and woman rush for a pill. The person who cushions himself against a tense situation in this manner never really knows whether he could have handled the situation well or not—he hasn't given himself a chance. Neither does he ever have the satisfaction that follows tension: the letdown after a crisis. He misses the excitement of accomplishment and the self-confidence that comes with having done a job without artificial aid. *Performance* tension—the tension engendered by the college exam, the crucial business meeting, the wedding day—is normal. Theatre directors know it. A football coach knows it. Children wear gloves at dancing classes not because they look well, but because they keep the youngsters' clammy hands—clammy through normal tension—from being a source of embarrassment to them. Children are the tensest people there are—and the healthiest. The man who goes to the crucial business meeting may find himself just as clammy-handed, but it's no liability: he's at his best.

Many people have criticized business firms for expecting executives to work under great pressure. Industry has been accused of killing executives with hard work, long hours, and cocktail parties. Yet there is a good deal of evidence to indicate that the executive's tensions, far from being a liability, may well be the key to his success. The John A. Patton Company, a leading management engineering firm, has conducted a study of the effects of tension on key personnel of three leading companies, using nine hundred executives as a sample group. For the purposes of the study, tension was defined as "suppressed excitement." This definition excludes abnormally induced tension resulting from an individual's inability to adjust to any

environment, and tension resulting from personality aberrations. Results of the study indicate that there is a clear, direct, and perfect correlation between tension and high morale.

One of the questions asked the executives was: "If you were offered a promotion, would you accept it?" In every instance, those who said they would decline a promotion, giving excuses such as "lack of formal education," "too much pressure," "I can't expect much at my age," "I need a lot more training," were lacking in vitality.

"In other words," reports the study, "the men who did not have a goal, who were not success motivated, who were not actively attempting to improve their lot, showed an almost complete absence of tension."

Some clear-cut conclusions that were drawn in the study: "It is our opinion . . . that tension is a positive force that can be harnessed. It is better to utilize it to the fullest, siphoning it off only in healthy relaxation and exercise, than to accept the mental state of artificial tranquillity.

"The fruits of normal tension are construction, achievement, and success, while the result of artificial tranquillity is boredom, ennui, and despair."

Tension: Key to Success

Tension in the nine hundred executives studied was found to be in direct proportion to the degree to which they met challenges in their job situations. States the report: "The men who received the highest ratings, the men who were earmarked for more and more responsibility in their organization, were the men who exhibited a *marked* degree of tension."

Current folklore has it that tension is killing the executive. Indications are that it is *not*. Figures of the National Office of Vital Statistics show that, as a group, executives have lower than average mortality rates. Insurance companies in general charge lowest premium rates to men in executive positions. And Dr. C. A. D'Alonzo, assistant medical director of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, has stated that du Pont top executives seem even less apt to suffer from heart disease and high blood pressure than other employees.

Some doctors classify many disorders—among them ulcers and high blood pressure—as “executive illnesses.” But, according to Dr. William P. Shepard, vice-president for health and welfare of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the relationship of emotional stress to such conditions as high blood pressure, ulcers, asthma, and arthritis, has not been statistically evaluated. Moreover, he indicates that such illness, when caused by stress, is more likely to be the result of *maladjustment* than of overwork.

Most doctors do agree that fear of tension breeds unnecessary and artificial tension. A study made by Life Extension Examiners of five thousand executives of all ages from thirty companies—the largest such study ever made—bears this out. Says Life Extension medical director Dr. Harry J. Johnson: “Executives are a reasonably healthy group of people with quite a good life expectancy. All this talk about the unusually high incidence of disease in their ranks is turning them into worried, fearful, and sometimes neurotic creatures. It’s ridiculous.” But like all normally tense people, executives may abuse their diet, drink too much, smoke too much—and are therefore sometimes susceptible to more tension than they can comfortably handle.

Born Leaders Are Born Tense

One industrial doctor has called attention to the fact that executives are a picked group. He states: “Most men who want to be executives and who have managed to reach the ranks of top management have learned to take the strains in stride.”

What’s more, authorities are now inclined to believe, as the Patton study discloses, that business responsibilities are not the source of the executive’s tension. It is the naturally tense person who goes into business, succeeds, and becomes an executive. He brings his tension with him. And without it, he can’t make the grade.

Under special conditions, it is possible for a normally tense man or woman to go over the border into pathological tension. A major tragedy, a death in the family, an accident to a child—any such emotional crisis can make it difficult for an individual to retain a normal, constructive outlook.

Whether or not a person will become pathologically tense as a result of such a crisis depends largely on his “breaking point.” And his breaking point is determined largely by his psychological make-up. A crisis that might bother one man may have no effect on another.

What can an individual do to combat tension? Some people can help themselves. They can review their habits and attempt to eliminate those which are sources of tension. With others, there

may be a simple solution, like taking a trip. Those who find themselves unable to shake free of abnormal tension may be in need of psychiatric help.

“There is no current trend toward pathological tension,” says Dr. Robinson. If you’re *too* tense, too often, chances are you can relieve much of the pressure simply by taking a few common-sense steps. Try getting out of bed in time for a leisurely breakfast: getting off the social merry-go-round long enough to get some sleep: doing nothing for fifteen minutes each day. Face the fact that nobody can keep up with everything, maybe not even you. Remember, however, that if you enjoy activity, a rest in bed does *not* relieve the pressure.

Watching a Hitchcock thriller, reading a murder mystery, going to a football game—these are good outlets for normal aggressiveness that builds up through the frustrations that are all in a day’s living.

A good rule for using your tension where it will count most, make you most productive, is suggested by Harold B. Schmidhauser, Director of the American Management Association’s famous “Executive Action” course that helps corporation presidents, vice-presidents, and other executives to become more successful. “Divide your feelings into three categories,” says Schmidhauser: “one, those about which you can do nothing; two, those which you can master; three, those about which you don’t want to do anything. Take it from there.”

The average person can thrive on tension. It can help him to achieve happiness, success, and even good health. The secret of health, says Dr. Hans Selye, whose contributions in the field of medicine have been compared to those of Pasteur, Ehrlich, and Freud, lies in successful adjustment to the ever-changing stresses which are, and always have been, the principal ingredient of life. And whenever you think you may be getting *too* tense about something, Dr. Selye advises: “Consciously keep yourself from getting keyed up more than is necessary for your best work performance. Try to unburden yourself of irrelevant details as soon as possible. Avoid exhausting repetition of work or thought. Diversions such as sports, dancing, reading, light drinking are great for restoring balance—if you don’t overdo them.”

A Fool’s Paradise

But the person whose goal is to be as free of tension as a jellyfish is aiming at a fool’s paradise—and it’s no paradise at all, as was pointed out earlier; it’s sheer boredom. But you won’t have to worry about that—for every tense situation you rise to meet today, another will appear tomorrow. Top it, and you’ll enjoy it.

THE END

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EXECUTIVE SPIES

In case you're not aware, ideas are at a premium these days. If you have a good one, be careful where you drop it—Mata Hari is on a weekly salary

The word "spy" ordinarily conjures up an image of a furtive, Hitchcockian type, sneaky and mysterious, bent on stealing missile secrets or finding out what the government plans to do about Greater Mesopotamia. In the average person's imagination, a spy almost never wears a gray flannel suit. The trouble is, most spies do, these days. They wear gray flannel suits, coveralls, work shirts, and laborers' jeans—just about what everybody else wears. And they are everywhere, influencing our lives to an enormous extent. Thousands of men and women—more, perhaps, than all the secret agents of all the governments of the world combined—are busily engaged every day in the illegitimate but highly profitable enterprise of spying on businesses and industries and selling what they find out to other businesses and industries.

Industry Plays "I Spy"

Ironically, our high-minded and idealistic society has made industrial espionage one of the important vertebrae, if not the very backbone, of its economy. Obsessed with their desire for success, some will stop at nothing to achieve it. "There is more industrial espionage going on in the U.S. today than in any other period in history," said *Fortune* in May 1956. Tycoons did not rush to their dictating machines to shriek out protests; they read the article solemnly, nodded, winked, and went right on doing what they were doing. And none of them—well, few of them—saw anything wrong in it. Industrial spying is as common as the forty-hour week. "In business," one executive said recently, without the slightest trace of guilt or regret in his tone, "it's not only ethical to steal secrets, it's obligatory. If you're planning to stay in business, that is."

This state of affairs is explained by one industrial spy with one word: "competition." He says, "Everybody wants to get out something better than the other guy's product, and if he can't do that, he wants to get out something just as good. If he can't think of the idea himself, he swipes it." Competition, in turn, breeds fear, insecurity, and uneasiness—and those emotions breed conformity. It may be that a good deal of spying that goes on today is nothing more than an effort to keep up with the Joneses. Because one company does it, all companies feel they must.

There are three kinds of industrial espionage in general and accepted use. The first is out-and-out secret or information stealing by professional spies. This is top-level, or bare-faced, spying. The second is a bit more subtle. It is espionage within a company, whereby people spy on each other for various reasons, usually for the purpose of acquiring pow-

er or information with a power potential. The third kind is more or less open and above board. One company decides it must get some information, and goes about getting it in whatever direct or indirect way it can manage.

The first category is the work of full-time free-lance spies, the elite of the game. These men operate with the efficiency and precision of a gang of successful bank robbers. For example:

One morning last year in Cleveland, Ohio, a huge truck rumbled up to the gate of a factory at 6:55 A.M., just before the morning shift was due to go on. While the heavy-set driver sat silent, the other man in the cab, a thin, tanned individual with sharp eyes behind thick spectacles, leaned out and shouted at the gate guard, "Where's Platform Nine? We've got a load to pick up."

Opening the gate, the armed guard pointed left. "It's the third one down."

At Platform Nine, the thin man jumped down nimbly and headed for the workers' entrance to the plant.

A foreman came out and addressed the driver. "Where you from?"

"Amalgamated," the driver said. "Supposed to take a load to the freight station."

"You're early," the foreman said. "The next shift handles that."

The driver shrugged, settled back, and lighted a cigarette.

Meanwhile, the thin man was busy. He arrived at the workers' entrance just as twenty or thirty other men were coming in. Dressed in coveralls, he was quickly assimilated into the crowd. He followed along to the board where the time cards were stacked in neat rows on either side of the clock. He scanned the board until he saw the word *Assembly*, grabbed a card, rammed it into the clock, and put it in its correct slot on the other side. Then, pausing to light a cigarette, he watched out of the corner of his eye until another man grabbed an *Assembly* card and punched it. He followed the man along the wing marked *Assembly*. He went through the door and walked the length of the room, his eyes taking in everything he saw, his memory recording it all. Then, unhurriedly, he walked back to the door. A foreman stood there as though waiting for him.

"You don't belong here," the foreman said.

"No," said the thin man. "I came up to see a pal. I'm in Packaging."

"You got to ask before you come in here," the foreman said.

The thin man gave no sign of his inner agitation. "You weren't here; how could I ask permission? I had to see the guy for a second." He winked. "Baseball pool."

The foreman grinned at him. "Okay, but from now on, ask."

"Sure thing, Cap." The thin man winked again. Then he departed, gained the factory entrance, and ran back to the truck at Platform Nine. There he found the driver in earnest conversation with the new foreman who had just come on duty.

"This guy," said the driver, "don't know about no order which was supposed to be picked up. He says it must be a mistake."

The thin man said, "You better make sure. We were told to come to Platform Nine at 7 A.M."

"Okay," the foreman said, and went back inside.

The thin man and the driver leaped into the truck and within seconds were speeding away from the plant.

Business Sleuth for Hire

Ulmont O. Cumming, regarded by many as the nation's number one professional industrial spy, had completed another mission, with the help of a driver and a rented truck. Cumming has been engaged in such escapades for the past quarter-century, during which he has come to be known as a man who always delivers what he is hired to find out. Once someone asked him if it was possible for any company to keep its know-how a secret.

"Not from me," Cumming said.

Known as "Monty" to his acquaintances—and as "that s.o.b." to the companies from which he has extracted information—Cumming calls himself a "patent investigator." This does not mean that he is patented, although he certainly is a unique breed of cat; it means that the body of his work consists of gaining entry into business and industrial organizations and learning whether or not a patent or a trademark has been pilfered

(continued)



It isn't a light that the lady is really after; it's only the gentleman's know-how.

“Why shouldn’t I swipe my competitor’s secrets?” asks a prominent industrialist. “After all, he’s stealing mine.”

or violated. He also hires himself out to get information in general. He has know-how and will travel—all over the United States, if necessary. His availability has made him a rich man. He has two luxurious apartments in New York, a home in Atlantic Beach, Long Island, and another in Florida. He also has an anonymity which he finds desirable—he will not even permit the name of his firm to be printed here. Over the years he has been extraordinarily successful in keeping his firm’s name a secret. In 1956, when for a period of two months the tabloids were full of accounts of a matrimonial mix-up in which he was an active participant, the name of his agency failed to appear in any of the juicy stories.

Decades of Delving

Sometimes, when he cannot do a job entirely by himself, Cumming will hire a private detective agency to assist him. He will not give the names of the agencies he uses, naturally. But Raymond Schindler, head of the Schindler Bureau of Investigation and the seventy-five-year-old patriarch of all private eyes, says that his firm has been engaged in industrial investigation—he refuses to call it “espionage”—for decades. One of Schindler’s earliest cases occurred in the late twenties, when Lever Brothers’ soap, Lifebuoy, was being imitated right and left by many smaller companies, all undercutting Lifebuoy’s price. By gaining the confidence of the competitors and getting them to boast that they were cashing in on Lifebuoy’s advertising campaign, Schindler’s men were able to obtain any number of cease-and-desist orders. The

red-colored Lifebuoy went instantly into the black.

The Pinkertons have been hard at industrial investigation for years, too, and so has nearly every other private agency of any repute. Techniques are now standardized. In addition to wire taps, tape, wire, and drum recorders, and “bugs” taped behind curtains or on desk-bottoms, spies now use cameras with telephoto lenses, telescopes, disguises, stool pigeons—the works. Last year two large cosmetic firms broke into headlines as the subjects of a shocking story: each had the other’s phones tapped. That is, the story was shocking to the public. To businessmen it was just an amusing routine incident.

Lon Chaney himself boasted no more disguises than Ulmont O. Cumming has used. He could get an Actors’ Equity card on the strength of his make-up ability. In his work he has posed as an engineer, accountant, teacher, business consultant, laborer, and writer. On one occasion he even posed as a policeman.

This happened in a city in the Midwest, the headquarters of a company that used sewing machines. The company had developed a spindle which a client of Cumming’s was eager to obtain. Cumming looked up a city detective he knew and secured his cooperation. In a prowler car the detective, another cop, and Cumming drove up to the gate of the plant, where they showed their badges and said they wanted to investigate some strange lights they had seen flashing on the roof. The night watchman hastily took them to the elevator. “I’ll get off at the second floor and have a look around.” Cumming said (previously he had learned that the

sewing machines were located there). He slipped into the room, grabbed the spindle and put it in his pocket. Having checked the roof, the detective came down again with the watchman. “Everything all right in there, Joe?” he called into the second floor. “Nothing in there,” Cumming said, and rejoined the party. A few hours later he was speeding back to New York and his client’s fat fee.

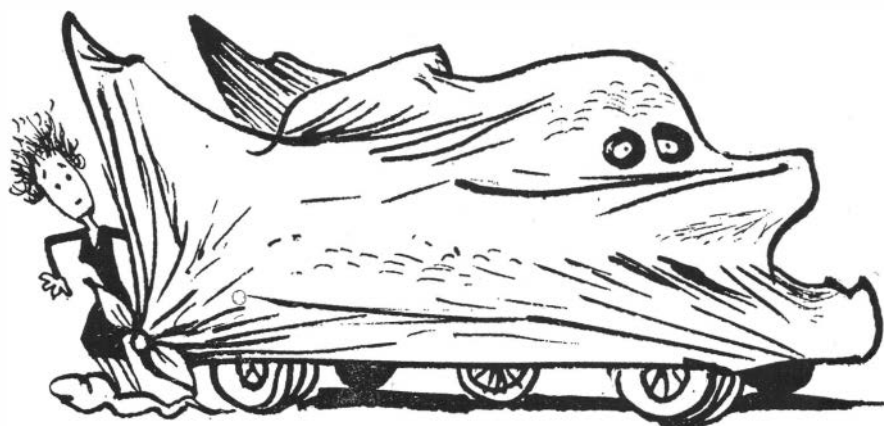
At another plant he wished to case, Cumming flashed a fireman’s badge and said he was making a routine inspection. The chief of safety gave him the grand tour, proudly explaining the fire-prevention policy he had instituted. Cumming congratulated him, meanwhile scrutinizing the machinery he had come to see.

Cumming’s most successful disguise is that of a trade magazine writer. Once he was assigned to get some information about a piece of farm equipment developed by a Michigan manufacturer. He went to the manufacturer and said he planned to write an article telling what a great benefit the gadget was to American agriculture. The pleased sucker led him all through the plant, pointing out the details of its production.

Executive Snatching

It is not necessary for a company to hire a Cumming to find out another company’s secrets. In many cases the same result can be accomplished simply by hiring away a key executive at a higher salary. This has become increasingly common. There is one instance on record where the executive vice-president, the chief engineer, the plant superintendent, and two foremen all moved *en masse* to their original company’s chief rival.

A company does not even have to go that far, which brings us to the second category of industrial spying. An executive who wishes to know something that is going on in another company’s plant can simply pretend to be interested in hiring the man in charge. He takes him to lunch, indicates his interest in giving the flattered man a much better job, and in general lubricates him. Such “interviews” often go on over long periods of time, during which the expert executive cons the interviewee into spilling nearly everything he knows. Of course, the man never gets the job, and he cannot reveal the duplicity of the other man for fear he will be fired by his company for telling its secrets.



Prehistoric monster, 1959 style: a “cobbled” automobile, its design disguised for its trip to the testing ground, looks like anything but a brand new car.

The kind of executive who would use such a maneuver probably would also maintain an extensive network of spies within his own company. Indeed, even the kind of executive who would *not* use the "interview" method would probably have a spy system.

There is scarcely a big corporation that does not have some method of keeping tabs on the loyalty and reliability of its employees. Some utilize telephone-taps, some enclose their employees in cubicles with one-way glass (so that management can see in but the serfs can't see out), and some set up elaborate spy systems in the ranks of lower-grade employees, such as secretaries, office clerks, or laborers. "It's a foolish executive who doesn't plant and cultivate a good office grapevine," says a producer in a television network.

He says it piously. One of the identifying characteristics of the very best company spy is his ability to delude himself that he is acting out of noble motives.

Mutual Suspicion, Inc.

On many occasions, intramural spying is done on a purely personal level. A frightened man will suspect that his job is in danger, or that someone is saying things behind his back, and therefore will set up a network of listening posts in order to find out what's really going on.

It is not uncommon for uneasy officials to bring in private detectives to tell them the facts about their own shops. Raymond Schindler tells of the time when a big metal manufacturing corporation,



An expert industrial spy can steal an entire plant from under its owner's nose.

bidding for a couple of important contracts, was underbid both times by its closest competitor. The president of the company summoned Schindler and said he suspected one of the vice-presidents. "I had my men shadow him," Schindler

says, "and then we put a wire tap on his telephone, connected to a recorder in the president's office. The president listened to every one of his telephone calls, and after a week he knew he had his man."

Just as Cumming's wife has been known to assist him in his espionage activities, so industrial officials recruit their wives to pump the spouses of underlings who are suspect. Often the executives' wives are not even aware that they are being used by their husbands in this manner: they go to lunch with their victims, chatter away, exchange confidences, then return home and report everything that was said. Secretaries are similarly employed by executives seeking information. "The first thing I look for in a secretary," said the official of a chemical company recently, "is the ability to keep her eyes open and her mouth shut." Many secretaries spy for their bosses without being told, and some even spy on their bosses and report everything he does or says to another secretary in a higher echelon, who in turn reports to her boss.

Raymond Schindler says that security measures—grapevines, wire taps, etc.—are necessary not only to obtain information but to prevent stealing by employees. "There isn't a single large corporation making many different products in which the pilfering is not so high it's beyond belief," he says. One drug company in the Midwest noticed its "shrinkage" of stock going up and up. Some loss by "shrinkage" is normal, but it is usually less than 1 per cent. When the drug company's shrinkage rose to 3 per cent, Schindler was called. He brought in a lie detector expert who examined every last worker. It was found that 94 per cent of the work force was stealing regularly. The president thereupon made an announcement. He said the offenders were known but would not be punished; however, during the next year the lie detector man would come around again, and all thieves would be fired summarily. The following year the "shrinkage" dropped to less than one-fourth of 1 per cent.

Initiative Dies of Fright

This kind of spying necessarily creates a certain amount of terror which, inevitably, stifles initiative. "It's got so in our shop I'm afraid to make a decision on my own," says one advertising man. "Any show of enterprise can be interpreted by the gumshoes as a traitorous act; so I just do what's required." Others report that they have become so accustomed to breathing the air of fear that they eventually forget it, as people who live in the shadow of a volcano come to ignore it.

These accustomed employees also do jobs of espionage without giving them a second thought, which brings up the third

area of business intelligence-gathering. Joe Marchbank, traffic manager for a New York canned fruit company, was asked by his boss to try to find out the freezing method being used by a Florida competitor.



Wastebaskets can reveal more valuable secrets than board of directors' meetings.

"All I had to do," Marchbank says, "was turn the problem over to the purchasing department. They went to the man who sells us cans—they knew he was selling the Florida company, too. Within a couple of days we had a complete report on the freezing operation written by the president of the Florida outfit. He'd made the mistake of giving it to the can manufacturer, who gave it to us." The can man cooperated because he was afraid that if he did not hand over the report, he would lose the business of Marchbank's company.

The Salesman Is a Spy

Suppliers' salesmen act as spies automatically, Marchbank says. They absorb everything they see and file it away for future use. "We are the biggest company in our field," Marchbank continues. "Now, say we've been buying bottles from XYZ company. We're not satisfied with them, and after a few warnings we decide to find some other bottle manufacturer. All along, their salesman has been making routine 'service calls.' He's become friendly with the line foremen and some machine operators. He's bought them coffee at breaks, he's sent them small presents at Christmas, he has become a trusted friend. Thus, when he wants to know how many cases we run per hour, what problems we're having, what new products or methods are in the offing, it's fairly easy for him to find out. When his own company gets the heaveho from our plant, the salesman, loaded with inside information about our company, will make it available to our competitors if he feels that it will help him

Wanted: One company stool pigeon. Must be ruthless, shifty, able to use wire taps, desk bugs, telescopes and long-range cameras. Steady employment almost assured

to get orders from them. It usually does.”

An equipment salesman can operate the same way. He may see only one section of a big machine, but he can make enough inquiries about the part his own equipment will play in the bigger unit to get vital information and pass it along to competitors, either on request or on a “volunteer” basis.

Ad-Agency Pirates

Salesmen at the very top of the hierarchy—advertising men in agencies—also are continually under suspicion by some companies. When E. and K. agency took on a cola drink account, an orange juice company took its business to another agency. “Frankly,” the orange juice company president later said, “we were afraid our ideas would be pirated within the agency. E. and K. understood our position and said goodbye with no pain, since the cola people were going to spend about forty times what we were spending. I suppose if we had been of comparable size, E. and K. would have put up a fight to keep us.” It probably would have been a losing fight. It is common gossip along Madison Avenue that many agencies keep spies in other agencies, paying them small sums for information on the competitors’ schemes.

The smog of secrecy has become so thick throughout industry that many companies are now protecting their most valuable information by keeping their employees in the dark. This technique probably had its origin in World War II. When the huge atomic energy plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Richland, Washington, were being set up, science fiction writers were brought in to devise fake tales about what the plants were making. These phoney explanations apparently satisfied the personnel; it was later estimated that less than 10 per cent of the workers in Oak Ridge had any inkling of what was going on.

Corporations now follow a similar procedure as a matter of course. One food company developed a machine called a seed-extractor, which did not extract seeds, but did get every possible drop of juice from a certain fruit. A line foreman, misunderstanding the real name of the machine, termed it a “speed-tractor.” His superiors thereupon adopted his corruption as the machine’s semi-official name, hoping thereby to throw spies off the scent. “A competitor might possibly know what we meant by ‘seed-extractor,’ but ‘speed-tractor’ would make no sense to him,” one executive explained.

To the outsider, such precautions seem

ludicrous. To the companies themselves, there is nothing whatever funny about security. Distillers of whiskey, especially bourbon, guard their recipes with the utmost care; they refuse to reveal the proportions of grain, yeast, and water to any of their workers except the master distiller and his assistants. Nearly all food manufacturers have carefully guarded rooms in which certain products are concocted. One chocolate candy manufacturer in a small eastern town had a room in his establishment which only he and his son could enter; all the rest of his four hundred employees were barred. Once each day the owner or his son would enter the room, get a bucketful of a mysterious ingredient, carry it out, and solemnly dump it into that day’s batch of the mixture that ultimately became the company’s brand of candy. “There was hell to pay around here when the old man got sick,” one foreman later said. “Once, when the boss and the boy *both* were sick, the old man got out of bed with a temperature of 104° and came down here just to go in that room and get the bucketful of the stuff.”

The “stuff” was nothing more than lecithin, a kind of fat-thinner-outer which can be used to “stretch” cocoa butter. The manufacturer’s competitors used only pure cocoa butter, and he did not want anyone to know that he was economizing by using lecithin.

Detroit—City of Distrust

The candy maker was eccentric, but when his behavior is compared to what has become standard operating procedure in the automobile industry, he seems stodgily normal. The late Henry Ford, who started almost everything else, also instituted elaborate precautionary measures. Old Mr. Ford trusted no one, not even his son. And, possibly because at one time he was manufacturing more automobiles than all his competitors combined, he lived in constant fear that his ideas would be stolen. Armed guards continually patrolled his factory. In order to find out who was loyal and who was not, he would tell conflicting stories to his lieutenants.

His suspicious spirit is alive today in Detroit—not just in the company he founded, but in all the huge mills that grind out so many thousands of cars every working day.



Deftly applied Martinis go to work swiftly, and so does the industry undercover man, capitalizing on false friendship to obtain important company information.

"We do make a very special effort to keep our future plans from competitors and from the public," says a spokesman for one company. "All our engineering test track areas are walled or fenced in, and special restricted-area permits are



The business executive can't make a move without feeling he's being watched.

required for employees wishing to enter. "Prototype cars are 'cobbled' so as to be unrecognizable; that is, advanced components are installed in current or old body shells, and new exterior design features are camouflaged by masking tape and by the omission of decorative chrome molding."

Mobile Masquerade

"These prototype cars are test driven through city streets and often across the country, but the clever cobbling precludes recognition. Sometimes, when a new model is driven only a short distance, it is covered with tarpaulin with peepholes front and rear for the driver."

Most of this company's security measures are directed toward reducing the number of people permitted to see the new models during development, and toward educating those involved at this time to avoid gossiping about their work.

"We accomplish the first by means of identification cards," the spokesman says. "The 'styling' area uses a visible badge system similar to that in effect in military installations. Each badge bears a photograph of the holder. A color code indicates the section he may enter. Visitors from one area to another are met at the gate and escorted to their destination; then they are escorted back.

"As a further safeguard against unauthorized entry," the spokesman continues, "all locks used within the 'styling' area are assembled within the styling building. These locks are part of a system that makes it possible—through the use of removable cores—to change every lock within an hour. All locks are com-

binated and all keys cut by members of the 'styling' security patrol.

"Disposal of restricted material is accomplished through the use of locked wastebaskets. All burning is done under security patrol supervision. A member of the security force accompanies all models to the junk yard and stands guard while they are demolished by a bulldozer."

Why All the Precautions?

This official was asked what might happen if someone was caught attempting to steal secrets.

"I'm not at liberty to say," he said, in an ominous tone that presaged nothing short of a firing squad.

He was asked whether anyone ever had been caught.

"Not to my knowledge," he said, rather uncomfortably.

"But have attempts been made to steal secrets and information?"

"I don't know."

"Then why all the security precautions?"

The spokesman's answer was an illuminating commentary on our modern industrial society—its discomfort, its uneasiness, and its obvious admission that it has not yet learned to live comfortably and happily with success. "Well, somebody *might* try to get in," he said. "And besides, everybody else does it, so we have to do it too."

One might presume that the coming of



Wives often unwittingly spy on the wives of their husbands' business associates.

automation will eliminate such carryings on. Machines, presumably, will not be so subject to security precautions; they will do their work mechanically and will not have to be watched. But let's not be too confident. In Louisville, in the bourbon industry, whiskey is put into bottles by a machine—then another machine checks to make certain the first has done its job. This may be the first instance in history in which one machine spies upon another. Present trends considered, it may not be the last.

THE END

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Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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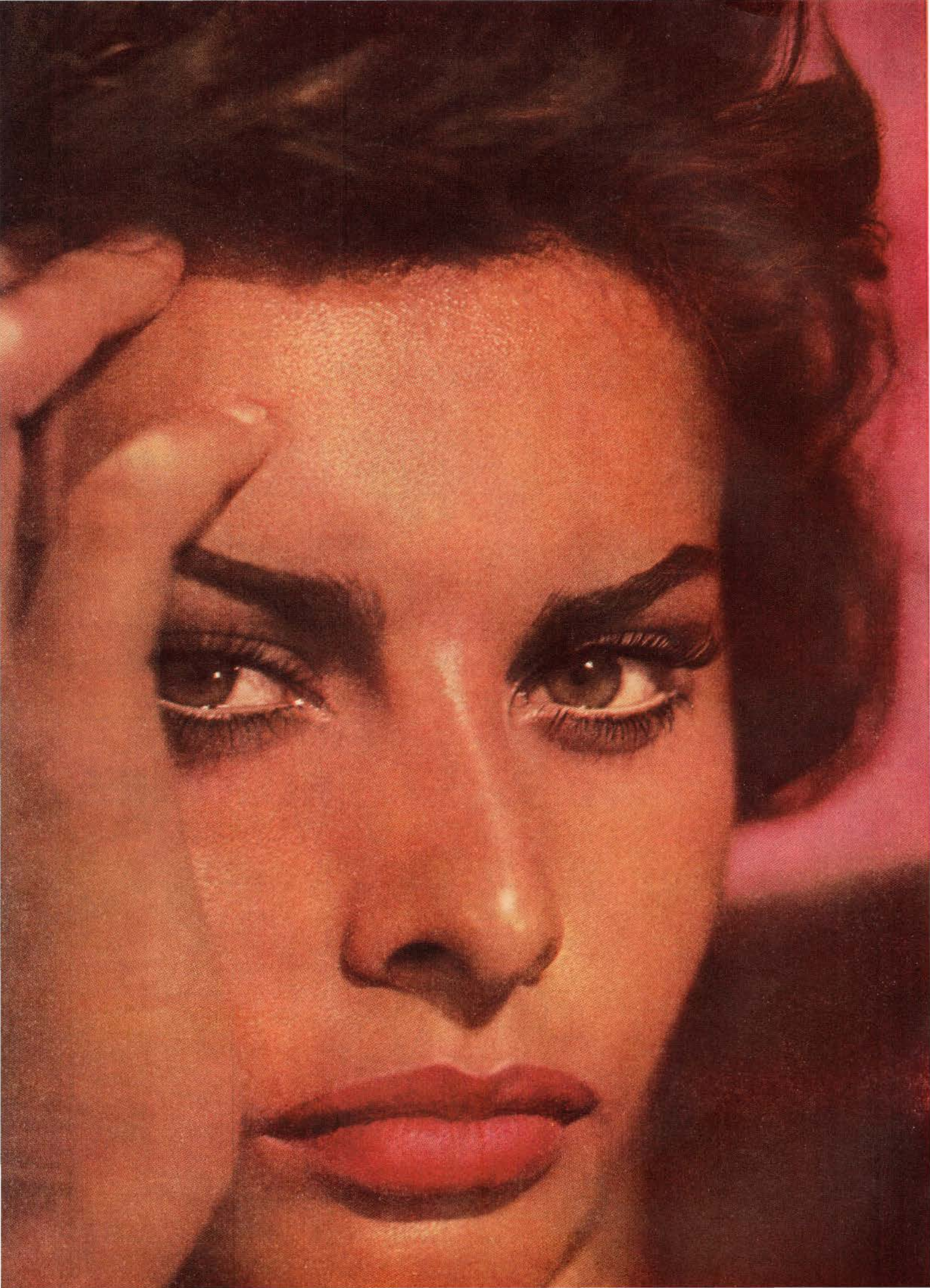
NEW YORK—Thanks to new scientific formulation, thousands of sufferers may now escape from severe Backache, Nervousness, Tension, Headache, Worry, Loss of Sleep and that old, tired, depressed feeling, which result as secondary effects from common Kidney and Bladder Irritations. In such cases, **NEW IMPROVED CYSTEX** usually gives quick, wonderful, calming relief by combating irritating germs in acid kidney eliminations and by relaxing, analgesic pain relief. Over a billion **CYSTEX** tablets used by young and old prove safety and success. Get **CYSTEX** from your drug-gist today without prescription. Money back guarantee. See how fast you improve.

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

Pages 20 to 25 of this issue!





Sophia Loren in America

The former ugly duckling from the streets of Naples charms them all, senators and vice-presidents included. It's been a long trip from a walk-on part in "Quo Vadis" to \$285,000 a picture

BY JON WHITCOMB

One of the oddest tête-à-têtes in the history of Washington, D. C., took place last August in the underground railway running between the House and the Senate. The participants were Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, aged ninety, and actress Sophia Loren of Italy, aged twenty-three. Miss Loren was in town for movie work and was on her way to an interview with Vice-President Nixon set up by Paramount Pictures' public relations staff. As she boarded the small subway car, she was introduced to Senator Green, who asked her, "Do you sing?"

Sophia said, "I am Neapolitan, and all Neapolitans sing. But I have no voice."

"Are you famous, and is everybody crazy about you?"

"Yes."

Senator Green smiled. "Then I am happy to meet you."

After her talk with the Vice-President, Miss Loren said that she was most impressed. "If this is an example," she said, "I will become a Republican. Just think," she went on, "before the photographers came, we had a conversation lasting seven and a half minutes!" The success of this interview did much to soothe Paramount's disappointment over a minor flaw in their star's capital debut: although another Italian actress, Miss Gina Lollobrigida, had recently been received by the President himself, Paramount had been unable to snaffle Ike for Sophia's audience. Their failure may have been the consequence of a rash of Hollywood debuts in the halls of Congress, not all of them dignified. Washington columnists reported that Miss Loren's interview was demure (photographers present were told "No sex on Sophia here!"), in strong contrast to Jayne Mansfield's appearance in a skin-tight sweater and a gold skirt—a visit which resulted in a choice news picture of a startled Sam Rayburn eying Miss Mansfield's outstanding features. Earlier, a number of starlets had been introduced from seats in the Senate gallery, to Senatorial applause (forbidden by Senate rules), and several male stars—among them Jimmy Durante, Gregory Peck and Jerry Lewis—had also made

well-publicized Capitol Hill appearances.

Still glowing from her interview with the Vice-President, Sophia arrived for lunch at Washington's Statler Hotel wearing a white Edith Head dress crisscrossed with black stripes. Cut rather like a bathrobe, it buttoned down the front and offered a striking contrast to her olive skin. She studied the menu with her tawny eyes, fringed with impossibly thick lashes, and ordered roast beef and white wine. While we waited for lunch to be served, she discussed in impeccable, unaccented English the charm of Mr. Nixon, the charm of American men in general, and her homesickness for Rome.

Dream in Two Languages

"I started to learn your language only eighteen months ago," she said. "It is a new system. Just the reverse of the one your G.I.'s used to learn Italian quickly. I am trying to get used to thinking in English. It's very odd, but I can dream in both languages."

Before arriving in Washington to start location scenes for "Houseboat," her new

Paramount picture co-starring Cary Grant, she spent a month vacationing in Switzerland. She had to go from Switzerland to Hollywood by plane, and she wasn't too happy about it; air travel is a mode of transportation she regards with misgiving. "I know all about those statistics," she told me. "How safe it is. But every flight is an ordeal for me." Her journey from the Coast to Washington was made by train. "I wanted to get a good look at the U.S." She was accompanied by Beebe Kline, a vivacious woman who does publicity for Paramount. Miss Kline reports that Sophia suffered from motion sickness most of the way. "Sophia is very thoughtful of the press," she said, "and has an acute awareness of her public obligations. For instance, on this trip she asked to be awakened before we arrived in Washington so she could put on make-up. She couldn't put on her eyes or mouth while the train was in motion, so she asked the porter to call her at 4:30 A.M., when the train was scheduled to make a brief stop in Cumberland, Maryland. After the train left

(continued)



HOBNOBBING WITH SOPHIA and her co-star, Cary Grant, on "Houseboat" location, Jon Whitcomb found the reputedly shy actress "poised, self-possessed."

JON WHITCOMB (continued)

Cumberland. Sophia stayed up, ready and waiting, until we pulled into Washington at 9:30."

Miss Loren's lunch arrived. She drank her wine, but the beef did not interest her and she ate none of it. She has been losing weight in this country, and not, she says, on purpose. Local cooks just don't understand spaghetti. Besides, the strain of learning English leaves her drained and sleepy all the time. She needs to sleep about twelve hours a night.

The word most often applied to Sophia is "sultry," an adjective which, along with "smoldering" and "volcanic," describes her more or less accurately. During lunch the other diners stared at her openly, unsmiling, with the fascinated, stunned look of spectators at an accident. Sophia's wind-blown hair is reddish-brown. Her greenish-gold eyes tilt up at the outer corners. She has a long nose and a full mouth, which she paints a vivid red. She has hands like a man's, with long fingers and short nails. She uses no nail polish.

Toothpick to Hourglass

"Houseboat" is her fifth American-made picture, and is the first under a new contract which will pay her \$2,000,000 for seven films. She received \$800,000 for four pictures—"Boy on a Dolphin," "The Pride and the Passion," "Legend of the Lost," and "Desire Under the

Elms." Miss Loren's present salary averages out to about \$5,000 a day, a cheerful figure compared to the amount she earned in her first venture into the movie business. When M-G-M made "Quo Vadis" in Rome. Sophia and her mother worked as extras, earning a total of \$33.60. Sophia's real surname is Scicolone.

She was skinny as a child, and says she probably deserved the word *stuzzicadenti* which was applied to her. It means "toothpick." With her sister Maria, she grew up in Naples, and she was ten years old when the Allies invaded the city. She has a small scar under her chin where a bomb fragment hit her while she was running for a bomb shelter in Pozzuoli. By the time "Quo Vadis" was filmed, Sophia had stopped looking like a toothpick and was beginning to resemble an hourglass. She did some modeling in Rome and appeared in a total of twenty-seven Italian films. When she arrived in Hollywood, newsmen were told that she was "marriage-minded," but that she hadn't met the man she wanted to marry. The only thing she was sure of was that he would have to be much older than she.

Last September seventeenth Sophia was married to movie producer Carlo Ponti in a proxy ceremony performed in Mexico. Ponti, over twice her age, is generally credited with discovering Sophia for Italian films. After their marriage, he moved out of his bachelor quarters and into Sophia's rented Beverly Hills home.

In October the couple arrived in London so that Sophia could start work in "The Key" with William Holden, and she was promptly quizzed by reporters, who wanted to know how her career would be affected by rumored difficulties involving the disapproval of the Catholic Church, the status of Ponti's former wife and children, and published demands by the Italian government for back income taxes. Sophia would only say that after the movie was finished the Pontis would go to Switzerland for two months. "I think people are more interested in my acting than in my private life," she said.

"Houseboat" on the Potomac

"Houseboat," a comedy, gives Sophia a change of pace after the dramatic rigors of "Desire Under the Elms." It is a yarn about a widower lawyer, Cary Grant, and his three children, who live in a small Washington apartment which is bursting at the seams. Miss Loren plays the daughter of an Italian symphony conductor. Rebellious at papa's discipline, she plays hooky during a Watergate Stadium concert, meets one of Grant's runaway offspring and joins the widower's household. As a maid on the Grant houseboat, Miss Loren fosters togetherness and brings harmony to father and children.

On location at Fort Washington, Maryland, about fifteen miles out of the capital, the cast was shooting an automobile trailer sequence along the Potomac. It was a warm, sunny day, and about a hundred spectators lounged on a grassy bank staring at the cameras and waiting for the stars to appear. Miss Loren rode to the scene from her hotel in a black Cadillac, accompanied by her companion, Miss Kline, her make-up girl, and her secretary, Jeanne Shaw. Miss Shaw is a small American blonde who speaks Italian, and was previously employed by Carlo Ponti as translator. While Sophia changed into her movie clothes in a parked trailer, Cary Grant arrived in another black Cadillac, driven by the chauffeur-masseur who travels with him. Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose, the writing-producing-directing team, sometimes called "the gold-dust twins" from the habit their pictures have of making money (recent Shavelson-Rose productions: "The Seven Little Foys" and "Beau James"), were already on the scene, conferring with cameramen about a large yacht cruising on the river which would be seen in the background. One man was delegated to broadcast instructions to the yacht through a power megaphone, but repeated appeals to the skipper did not seem to register. The boat floated back and forth in a leisurely fashion, and small figures at the stern could be seen waving cordially. By this time, the cameras were ready and the actors were in



IN "HOUSEBOAT" Sophia plays runaway daughter of an orchestra conductor. Widower Grant hires her to care for his unruly children, soon falls in love.

position out of sight down the road, waiting for the signal to drive past. By the time the yacht got its instructions, the sun had gone behind a cloud and everyone had to sit back and wait. I leaned against a canvas chair lettered *Cary Grant*. "Pardon me," a voice said, "would you mind moving so I can get a picture?" It was a pretty teenager in pigtails, carrying a flash Brownie. She squatted down, squinted through the finder, and fired a bulb at Mr. Grant's empty chair. A blonde with an infant in her arms and another child clinging to her knees nudged me. "Hey, mister," she said, "can you tell me how I can get to be an extra in this picture?"

The sun came out just as the yacht moved into the wrong position. More megaphoning and hand-waving from the shore. Finally, at a signal from Shavelson, a blue convertible hauling a trailer appeared from offstage right. Cary Grant was at the wheel and three child actors and Miss Loren, in a babushka, rode as passengers. The little caravan moved past the cameras, made a left turn and vanished in a cloud of dust over a small hill. The action was repeated four times, and after it was finished the actors dismounted and posed for stills.

Back at the hotel, Sophia invited me to her suite for cocktails. She had changed into a plain, intricately cut black dress, and she seemed restless. While waiting for room service she paced up and down, gazing out over the terrace at the Washington skyline, perching now and then on a sofa.

I told her that I had heard she had once been a model. "Never!" she exclaimed, eyes wide. "I was *never* a model. What I did was act in picture stories for Italian magazines. I did that for a living." It turned out that her definition of the word "model" was "clothes mannequin." Sophia recalled the time in Naples during the war when her mother had made her a dress out of a discarded winter coat. "Very convenient," she observed. "I didn't have to put on a coat when I went out." About "Boy on a Dolphin," she was firmly disapproving. But she would not explain why she disliked it. "Go see it, and you will know," she said.

Lonesome Volcano

Her measurements are 38-24-38. She drives an Alfa Romeo, having switched over from a Mercedes, which she gave away. When the waiter arrived with our drinks, Sophia, who does not like hard liquor, had a glass of white wine. I had to catch a plane back to New York, and I rose to make my farewells. Sophia, looking sultry, smoldering and volcanic, said goodbye at the door.

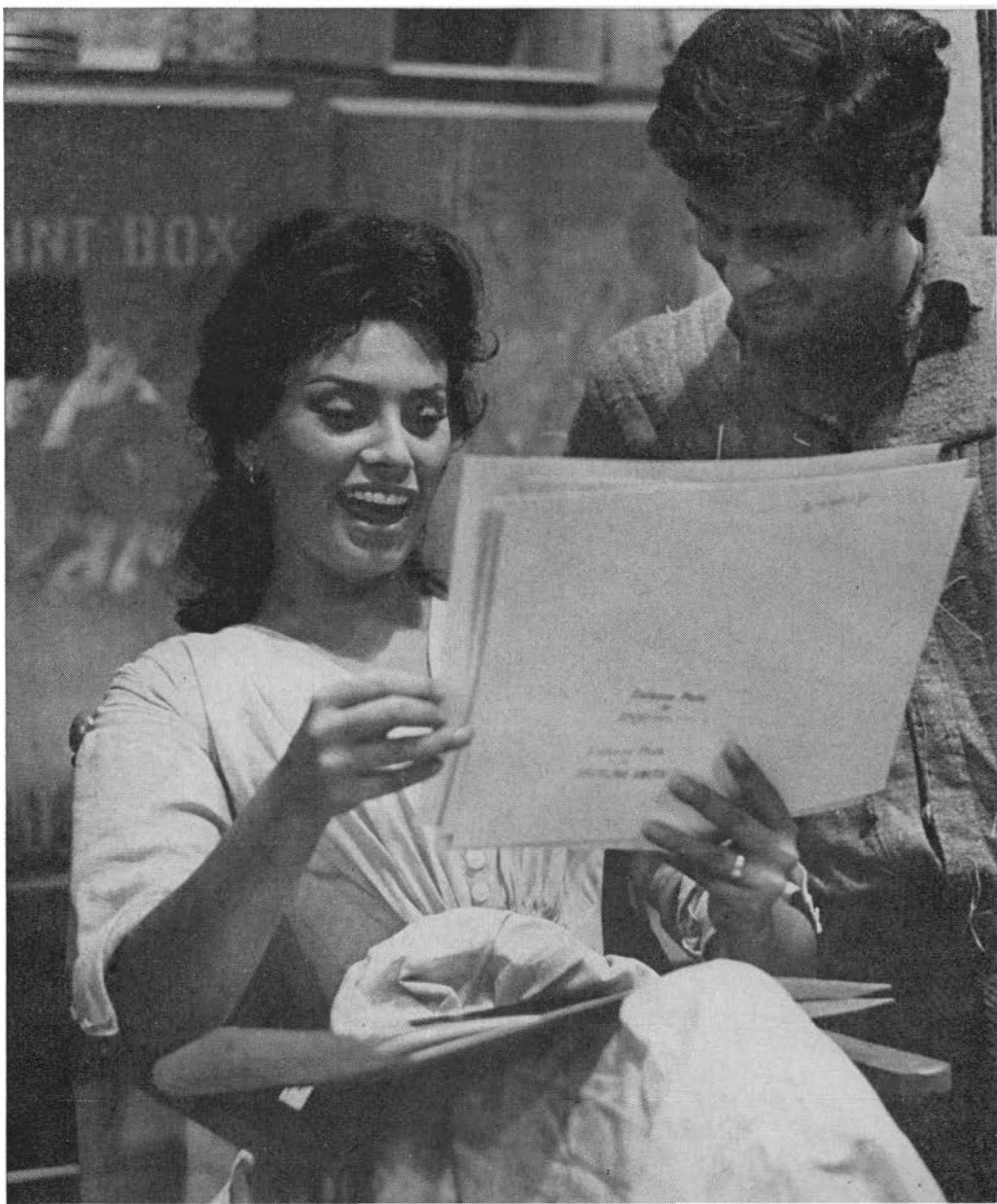
"You're going home," she said wistfully. "How wonderful. I wish to be in Rome right now."

THE END



TRAGEDIENNE Sophia stars with Burl Ives in "Desire Under the Elms." Italian billboards showing Sophia in Bikini caused traffic snarls, collisions.

WORK RECESS, here with "Elms" co-star Anthony Perkins, is brief for the hard-driving and amazingly versatile actress. Her favorite Americana is jazz.





THE LIGHTNING

He had never known fear like this. The cloud towered over the town like a black mountain about to fall. Escape was impossible. He had never prayed, but in an agonizing moment he cried out: "Please God, help me!"

BY MICHAEL SHAARA ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Dr. Coulson was one of those who saw it begin. He was on his way home late Tuesday afternoon. He was just topping the small hill to the south of town. He slowed at the crest of the hill to stare at the enormous cloud.

The cloud covered half the sky, a great, black, blossoming mass rolling down from the north. To the west the sun was setting in clear air; that half of the world was as still and open as a painted garden—it was as beautiful a sky as Coulson had ever seen. He drifted slowly over the top of the hill, impressed. There was lightning in the cloud. He could not hear any thunder yet, but he could see the black shadow flowing in over the north end of town, could see rain already falling on the lake. He drove on down the hill into the dark of the trees, beginning to pick up speed, thinking he had better get home before the storm broke. It did not occur to him that there was anything unusual about this storm. This was Florida summer, the rainy season; you could expect lightning and showers almost every afternoon. He saw the black shadow on the ground before him. He drove on into it and felt the sudden cold.

He made it home just before the rain. Up on the porch he put his bag down inside the door and then banged the door twice loudly, on purpose, feeling the air blow hot from inside against his face. and went back out onto the porch. Light-

ning gleamed in the yard, and he sat down expectantly to watch the storm. After a moment Eileen came out onto the porch and frowned at him.

"You rascal, why don't you come in?"

"Let's just sit here," Coulson grinned happily. "Look at that cloud coming!"

"Darling, you have guests inside. They've been waiting since four o'clock."

"Oh," Coulson muttered. "Who?"

"Some ecclesiastical gentlemen," she smiled. "Dr. Wayne and that new young one."

"Oh, God," Coulson sighed.

"Ssh!" Eileen warned, alarmed.

"They want us to join the church? As usual?"

"Talk lower, please. No, I think they've given up on you. They came to talk about Robby. And really, Harry, I wish you'd think about it. After all, we've lived here for three years, we'll probably be here for—"

"Don't count on it," Coulson said abruptly. "Don't count on it."

"Well," Eileen waited. Coulson stared glumly out into the yard; then his face suddenly brightened.

"By the way, where is the little bugger?"

"Playing somewhere. You know Robby, everybody's friend. I wish some of the children around here were even close to his age; all he ever can do is tag along, tag along . . ."

"Droopy Pants," Coulson grinned. "Anyhow I wish he'd be home once in a while when I come home."

"Please, honey, aren't you coming in?"

"Heck, no. I want to watch this. Not often I get the chance. Send 'em out."

"Well, all right. But Harry, please, try not to be so . . ."

"Okay," Coulson said patiently. Eileen went back inside, leaving him slumped down in his chair. He did not like talking to ministers. He thought about religion—when he thought about it—as a private affair, and talking about it embarrassed him for some reason. Yet the ministers had been coming ever since he first came to town, all of them from the town's three—all Protestant—churches. But he had never joined any church.

At the time of the storm Harry Coulson was thirty-four. His son, Robby, was not quite five, but growing up much too fast. Coulson was a short, bullet-headed man with kindly eyes and a good healthy temper. His main trouble at the time of the storm was that he was not native to this region.

He was Yankee born and bred. He had never been south in his life before coming here; like many Northerners he was startled to find that there were other differences besides the weather. He had picked the town from a list of towns without doctors. He had picked it mainly

The fury of it struck blindly before him. "I must go on," he thought, "even if I am destroyed."

THE LIGHTNING

(continued)

because both he and Eileen had liked the idea of living in Florida, and because the town had a lake and he was an avid fisherman. He had built his practice quickly and without trouble. There was a great need for him here, and for a long while he had been content with that. But he had not grown into the town. He'd made a strong effort, but to him it was like another country. Now, after three years in this place, he was not happy and had begun to doubt that he would ever be.

The inland country, the swamp and hammock country, was Old South, as truly Old South as any place in America. And Coulson was deeply stained with the realities of the new North—how deeply he had never quite realized. There were many things which irritated him and some—like the matter of segregation—which more than once had made him swear to leave. He had his choice on the car radio going home: he could listen to hillbilly music or evangelists. The vast majority of the children in the area had hookworm. He fought that and did not get anywhere. He fought mosquitoes too, which carried sleeping sickness, and the sewage people dumped into the beautiful lake. He got himself a reputation for bad temper and eccentricity. And yet in spite of that he was accepted—the town had long since gotten used to eccentric people—and even respected. When neither he nor his family entered one of the local churches it was regarded as sinful, but hardly anyone reproached him about it directly. The man obviously loved his family and treated them well, lived quietly and was a competent doctor. And there is something about a doctor which makes people hesitate to instruct him.

Coulson did not think about the town's attitude toward him. He spent a great portion of his time going around in a state of barely repressed rage at a town's attitude toward segregation, modern medicine, foreigners, and God. He knew that the ministers were just about the town's most important people; he held it against them that they seemed content to leave the town pretty much the way it was. Like most intensely practical men he thought they did too much praying and not enough doing. He was brooding about it, oblivious even to the storm, when the two ministers came out to join him on the porch.

"How do," Coulson said, rising. He was relieved to see that one of the two was the only minister in town for whom he had a genuine liking—Dr. Wayne, a tall, uncertain, bony old man with thick, inquiring lenses and a very pleasant shyness. But the other one Coulson regarded with suspicion. He was Wayne's new assistant, young George Sutton, a flabby, virtuous, self-important boy.

"Lo, Harry." Wayne said shyly. "Hope we didn't disturb you."

Did he hear me talk. I wonder? Coulson thought, and said penitently. "No, of course not, sit down," and they sat.

"Came to talk about the boy," Wayne said quickly, as if to make clear to Coulson that there would be no further talk of his joining the church.

"Oh?" Coulson said. Lightning glittered suddenly across all their faces. Coulson grinned. "Well, you picked a good day for it."

Wayne smiled, still shy. "Well, Harry, just wanted to know if you don't think it's time for the boy . . . for Sunday School. We have a fine school down there, be a good place for the little feller to get acquainted."

"No," Coulson said.

"He's getting to be a big boy, Harry," Wayne said. "Don't you think—"

"He's too young," Coulson said.

"We have them much younger."

"I know. But . . . I'd just as soon wait."

"Why?"

"You really want to know?"

"Please. If you don't mind."

"Well, it's this fire and brimstone stuff. I don't go for that. It's happened already; he gets it from the kids around here, from old Mrs. Pegram next door. The devil will burn you, burn you forever if you're bad. Burn him! And him four years old. They gave him nightmares and I had to talk him out of that and I'm still not sure he believes me. No, sir. None of that. A religion based on fear . . ." He stopped. The memory of the boy's screaming in the night disturbed him, but there was no point in taking that out on Wayne.

"Harry," Wayne said slowly, groping. "it's . . . it's a very complicated thing. You have to use simple things, symbols. There are people who need to believe in a devil . . ."

"Not a four-year-old boy," Coulson said firmly. "No, sir. But listen, I'm not going to talk theology with you. The boy stays home. I told him the devil was something people made up to scare you. To scare you into doing what *they* wanted you to do. I told him he didn't have to worry about any old devil when he was bad. All he had to worry about was *me*." Coulson grinned and shook his head. "No. Not now. Maybe sometime later."

"Well, As you say," Wayne dropped his eyes. It was finished for him but evidently not for Sutton. He leaned forward.

"Can we expect to see you one of these days? In church?"

"No. I don't believe so."

"We can always use another voice in the choir. You sound like you have the makings of a good baritone."

"Reverend, I just haven't got time."

Sutton was stung. "No time for God?" he blurted.

"Friend," Coulson said carefully. "I'm lucky if I get a Sunday to myself. On that Sunday I sleep late and rest, and then I take my wife and son out in the boat and fish until sundown. And I can learn more about God on that lake in ten minutes, watching the sunset, looking down into the water, than I could learn listening to you or anybody else for ten years."

"Don't be amazed if I agree with you," Wayne said, smiling faintly. "I feel that way myself. Most people don't, you know. In my sermons that's what I try to express, all that, and . . . of course, I can't. I can't at all." He paused, dropping his eyes, and Coulson was unexpectedly moved. "There are some men who can express it," Wayne went on slowly. "I've heard one or two. And I always thought that I . . . well . . . I don't suppose I ever will."

Sutton butted in with something about there being more to God than pretty scenery, but Coulson did not listen to him. He watched Wayne, trying to understand. Why, the man is troubled. Coulson thought with shock. They sat for a long moment without speaking while the lightning grew thicker and the first rain began to fall.

"What do you believe, Harry?" Wayne asked suddenly.

Coulson took a deep breath. "A stiff question."

"I'd appreciate an answer. You're a doctor. How can you know the human body and still ignore—"

"I don't ignore anything," Coulson said. "He made the body, yes, a marvelous thing, and He made the lakes and the lightning and also me. And He made the germs and the floods and the earthquakes too. Part friend, you see, and part enemy. And whatever He's made He lets die, sooner or later, and He will kill me too, in His own good time, and I don't think there's much you can do about it except enjoy it while you're here."

"And prayer?"

"Yes. Prayer. Well, if prayer really worked—would it be this kind of world?"

"You don't think He listens?"

"I think He put you here to make out as best you can. And not come crying to papa every time the roof leaks. He gave you life, what more do you want? How many things are there, really, that a man can't take care of by himself? And about the rest, aren't you being a bit presumptuous to ask God to keep changing His mind?"

"I see," Wayne said thoughtfully. "Thank you." He did not seem concerned over what Coulson had said, but Sutton was stricken.

The lightning boiled now. It was all

around them now; the terror had begun without their knowing it, and rain had begun to blow in over the porch. Wayne said something which was lost in thunder; Coulson caught only the end of it.

“. . . understand these people. Some need to lean a bit more than others. But every man needs help sometimes. Does it occur to you that the reason you don't pray may be that you have nothing to pray for?"

"In the war," Coulson said softly. "there were many things to pray about. But somehow I just never thought of it. I just thought of getting out. And did."

"I see," Wayne murmured. "Well. I hope you'll stay."

"What?"

"I mean, I know you don't . . . approve of this town. But I hope you'll stay. A little tolerance—"

"Tolerance?" Coulson grinned ironically. "Listen, Reverend, I'll tell you what I'll do. The day you let Negroes into your church I'll come, too."

But the old man again surprised him. "If I live long enough," he said quietly, "I'll hold you to that promise."

Coulson turned to stare out into the yard. There were many things he wanted to say, but there was no longer any time. For him the terror began right then. He saw a car pull up in front of the house, focused on it without thinking, saw the bright white star. The sheriff.

Coulson rose automatically.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said, and went to the door. He reached inside and got his bag and his raincoat, then came back out, watched the sheriff come toward him.

He came up the steps and took off his hat, stamping his feet. He said "Howdy" to Wayne and Sutton, and then looked up at Coulson. Sheriff Baggs was a hard, lean, dry little man with a crook in his back from some long-forgotten accident. His head would not move on his neck; he had to move his whole body to see, looking up, always, and never with any expression on his face; and yet there was no air of the cripple about him. He was all the law the county had. He had five sons, lean, red-burned boys from the back country who were his deputies; and he needed no others. He had been the law in this county for thirty years. Coulson had spent much time with him, but Baggs never said anything about himself and it was impossible ever to tell what he thought.

"What is it?" Coulson asked.

"Lightnin'," the crooked man said.

Coulson put on his coat. "All right." Turning to Wayne, he said, "Will you tell my wife I had to leave? Sorry, like to take it up some other time."

"May need you too, Reverend," Baggs

said. Coulson swung back to him. The sheriff waited, not saying anything.

"Well?" Coulson said patiently.

"Got eight dead. So far. Lots others been hit."

"Eight dead?" Coulson said, staggered.

"Yep," the sheriff grunted, and now there was truly an expression on his face, a vague look of confusion, even, possibly, of fear.

"Damnedest thing I ever seen. At least eight dead. Calls comin' in from all over the county. It appears"—he grinned faintly—"pears like the lightning's gone mad."

In the county that night there were seventeen deaths from lightning. It was as incredible and terrifying a thing as Coulson had ever seen: the lightning had truly gone mad. How many others were struck and lived, how many more were saved through artificial respiration, Coulson never knew. For the first few hours he went from house to house, wherever there was a call, and many of the houses were burning. After that he was forced to set up an emergency base in the old stone courthouse and have the cases brought in to him. He placed his patients on the floors, in the courtrooms, in the cold stone corridors. Baggs went out with his sons and came back with cotton mattresses from the furniture store, from nearby houses. The place had the feel of a battalion aid station in the war. But it was not like that; it was much too quiet.

The quiet bothered Coulson. He could have worked better in noise and confusion: he was that kind of man. But now the storm was gone and the stars shone without thunder. In the halls he could feel the numbness and hear almost nothing but whispers—prayers and low moans and the shuffling feet of the deputies going by with shocked faces. The numbness was in everyone, the untouched as well as the wounded. He was able to ignore it finally in the unending stream of work. He had no help except his nurse and the deputies. The phone lines were out and it was after midnight before relief doctors came up from down county.

Coulson set himself into a steady groove, a good mechanic not thinking about pain, and worked out the night, treating burns and shock himself, teaching artificial respiration. But there were things that were worse than burns. Three times during the night covered stretchers were brought in and Coulson, lifting the blankets, had difficulty believing what he saw, what the full force of a lightning bolt could do to a human being. Several more times during the night he had to make himself admit that there was no further point in forcing breath into the lungs of people who had not breathed

for several hours. By midnight he was exhausted, but he went on until help arrived. Then he went outside and sat on the stone steps, his head in his hands.

He was joined a few moments later by Baggs. The sheriff had been useless in the courthouse for the last hour, but he had waited inside by Coulson's side, unwilling to leave while Coulson stayed. In that night more than any other he had come to consider Coulson one of his own people. He sat down next to Coulson and prodded him gently with a sandwich wrapped in wax paper.

"Y'wife sent this down. Better eat it."

Coulson lifted his face, blinking.

"You have any coffee?"

"Thermos."

"Good."

Baggs poured some into the cup and handed it to him.

Coulson was numb. The coffee was boiling hot but he could just vaguely taste it. He was not hungry at all. He put his head down in his arms again, holding the sandwich unopened, trying not to think. But though the night was cool and quiet, no peace came. He had avoided thinking of the pain all night long, but he could not avoid it any longer and it began to come over him, rolling, rocking, all the huge blisters, the black flesh, the permanent wreckage that would never heal.

After a while he mastered that—the pain, even the deaths—but still the peace did not come. He felt defeat—all the fine flesh murdered in a burning moment, and nothing you could do but patch, shore up, repair against the next time. Which would surely come.

"Did a good job," Baggs said curtly.

Coulson looked up at him. He did not say anything.

"Listen," Baggs said, "how do you account for it?"

Coulson shook his head.

"You ever see anything like it?"

"No."

"Never in my life. I seen lightnin' kill people afore, happens every year, but not like this. These people warn't out in the fields or under trees. They were in their houses—Ossie Burns says it come in the window right at him, bouncing over the floor leaving burnt holes in the carpet, a big yellin' ball, and come up and touched him on the head, the forehead, and then bounced away like it changed its mind, leavin' him with a burn on his face size of a silver dollar. Sam Corden was kilt in his car, riding along . . ."

"In his car?"

"Yep. Insulated from the ground by four tires. How do you figger it?"

"Who knows?" Coulson said wearily. "Some freak, some supercharged electrical field—I don't know. Or maybe just

THE LIGHTNING (continued)

the law of averages. Most storms hit nobody. A few kill people. Sooner or later a storm kills a lot of people."

"Um." Baggs thoughtfully poured himself a cup of coffee, plainly unconvinced. Coulson looked up into the silent sky, then down the stone walk, and saw Wayne coming, a black, bony figure flapping and hurrying in the night.

"What I want to know," Baggs muttered, "is there—anything to stop it from happening again?"

"Not a thing in the world," Coulson said; "not a thing in the world." To the minister he said gruffly, "Where've you been? We could have used you."

Wayne came into the light in front of them, dusty, uncertain.

"There were fires, Harry."

"And prayer meetings?"

"May I sit down?"

The sheriff moved aside, held out a cup of coffee. Wayne waved it aside. He was obviously very tired, but there was a strong flush of excitement on his face.

"Yes. There were prayer meetings. Do you know what people are saying?"

"The wrath of God?"

"Yes. And it was. Lord above, what a terrifying thing."

Baggs grunted. "We were just talkin' on it."

"Did you reach any conclusions?"

"A storm is a storm. Hurricanes kill people too," Coulson said.

"Yes. I suppose so. But lightning. There is something . . . *special* about lightning."

Coulson went on drinking his coffee.

"Look," Wayne said. His voice was troubled and deeply confused. "I don't know exactly what I believe. But I know what my people believe. Hurricanes blow everybody equally, yes, and floods cover all the land, but lightning . . . hits only a few. And it comes *down*, you see, straight down."

"Listen," Coulson said. He did not look at Wayne. "There are several inside who took a whole flash, God knows how many volts inside that boiled them like hot dogs; go on inside and look at them. Then come back and tell me the God you love did that on purpose."

There was a dead silence. The sheriff took out a small cigar and lighted it. Wayne did not move. After a while Coulson said to Wayne, "Your lightning reminds me of something. Did you ever read a book called *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*?"

Wayne shook his head.

"You should. About a monk, as I recall, who thought that when a bridge collapsed and killed five people it could surely be called an act of God, and so got the bright idea that all those people who fell with the bridge must surely have

been killed as a part of God's plan. A controlled experiment, you see. He set out to prove, once and for all, by examining the lives of those people, that it was truly time for them to die."

"And I suppose he proved—"

"Read the book," Coulson grinned. "A brilliant book. Also a gentle book. But listen, it seems to me you have a better situation right here. A controlled experiment if ever there was one. Out of all the people in this town those few were killed. You know them all, you know all about them. Why not make a study of it? Maybe there is a reason why the lightning had to strike those particular ones."

Coulson did not really know why he had brought this up; he had meant it only half-humorously, but Wayne's face was deathly serious. Watching him, Coulson no longer felt amused.

"An idea," Wayne breathed. "A remarkable idea. I . . . I'll read the book."

"Heck." Coulson was embarrassed. "I didn't mean it seriously."

"Why not? It's a very fine idea. I begin to see already some of the people—but I've got to go. Been sitting here too long. Thank you, Harry. Thank you very much." He stood up and turned to go, but stopped. "Oh, by the way. There'll be a prayer meeting tomorrow noon. Open to all. Good night."

Coulson watched him go. He looked at the sheriff. They were both very tired, and neither could think of anything to say. And suddenly Coulson wanted to go home. He said good night to the sheriff and left.

Eileen was in bed, asleep; he got in without waking her and lay for a long while in the dark, watching the stars through the window, thinking about Wayne and the dead. It came over him once more, as it invariably did after seeing the face of death, what an enormous thing it was to be alive. Still alive, the sky still mine and my boy to see again in the morning, puffy-eyed, with his pajamas dragging, and Eileen here through the night soft and warm by my side. And yet so little time, it passes so quickly, the years crash into place like stone blocks in a pyramid . . .

He reached out, falling asleep, and held Eileen. The first day of the terror ended. The second had already begun.

In the morning there was a ground haze; by noon it was steaming hot all over the county. Coulson did not normally work on Wednesday—it was Florida summer and nobody in town worked on Wednesday—but he had to go out that afternoon to check on people injured the night before. He paused long enough to take Robby for a short bouncing ride in the outboard, noted before leaving that the storm had received a

garish write-up in the Tampa paper. THIRTY-EIGHT DIE IN NIGHT OF TERROR, he read, and in smaller letters: *Freak Electrical Storm—Weatherman Says It Could Happen Here*. He snorted. He thought they might at least have gotten their figures right.

He forgot the paper quickly in the glaring heat of the afternoon. But he did not forget the lightning. He roamed all over the county, up the back roads to the Negro shacks, through the orange plantations to huge white houses with gleaming pillars. Everywhere he saw subdued, fearful faces, and he heard much talk of sin. He changed bandages and smiled patiently and said nothing.

Late that afternoon, in a shack by the lake, he met Dr. Wayne. The parson did not show the heat. He was as bright and energetic as if it were mid-winter. He slapped Coulson on the back.

"Missed you at the meeting, Harry. Fine meeting. Best attendance in years."

"I'll bet," Coulson grumbled.

"Oh, by the way," said Wayne, "you wouldn't have that book, would you? That book about the bridge? It's not in the library."

Coulson shook his head.

"Oh well, no matter. But what an incredible idea. Had me up most of last night."

"Well, did you get anywhere?"

"Oh no, not yet. It's an incredibly complicated thing, you know, all those people. But I'm working on it. And I have to admit I haven't been this excited in years. You catch little pieces here and there, you see, just glimpses from time to time, makes the whole thing just . . . just . . ." He waved his arms helplessly, smiling. "I wish I could read that book. And—by the way, what conclusions did *he* reach. that monk feller?"

"I don't think he ever reached any. But he kept his faith. He had one idea I think might help you. He made up a little chart and graded all the people in town, ten points for piety, three for usefulness, like that. Then when there was trouble he had his information all ready."

"I see." Wayne grinned excitedly. "I really have to read that book. It must have made quite an impression on you."

"It did."

"Harry." Wayne's grin softened. "Are you staying? We need you very much. Can you imagine what it would have been like here last night without you? You mustn't . . . judge these people on segregation alone, or if their politics don't agree with yours. You have to show a little tolerance."

"Tolerance?" Coulson grinned wryly. "What did I say yesterday about Negroes in your church?"

"I know, I know. But—where else does

the tolerant man earn that name, unless he begins by accepting the intolerant?"

Coulson grunted.

"Will you be staying?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you'll do what's best, I know. And I've got to get moving. Somewhere in this county somebody must have that book."

"I may be able to help you," Coulson said. "I'm going down to Brooksville for some new supplies. If the library there is still open, I'll check."

"Would you? That would be very nice—"

"On one condition. That you let me know how your experiment turns out."

"Of course. Be delighted. See you in church."

He stalked off down the hill, the black coat flapping on the gaunt arms. Watching him go, Coulson was unaccountably moved.

I shouldn't feel this old, he thought gloomily; I'm only thirty-four. He got into the car and headed toward Brooksville.

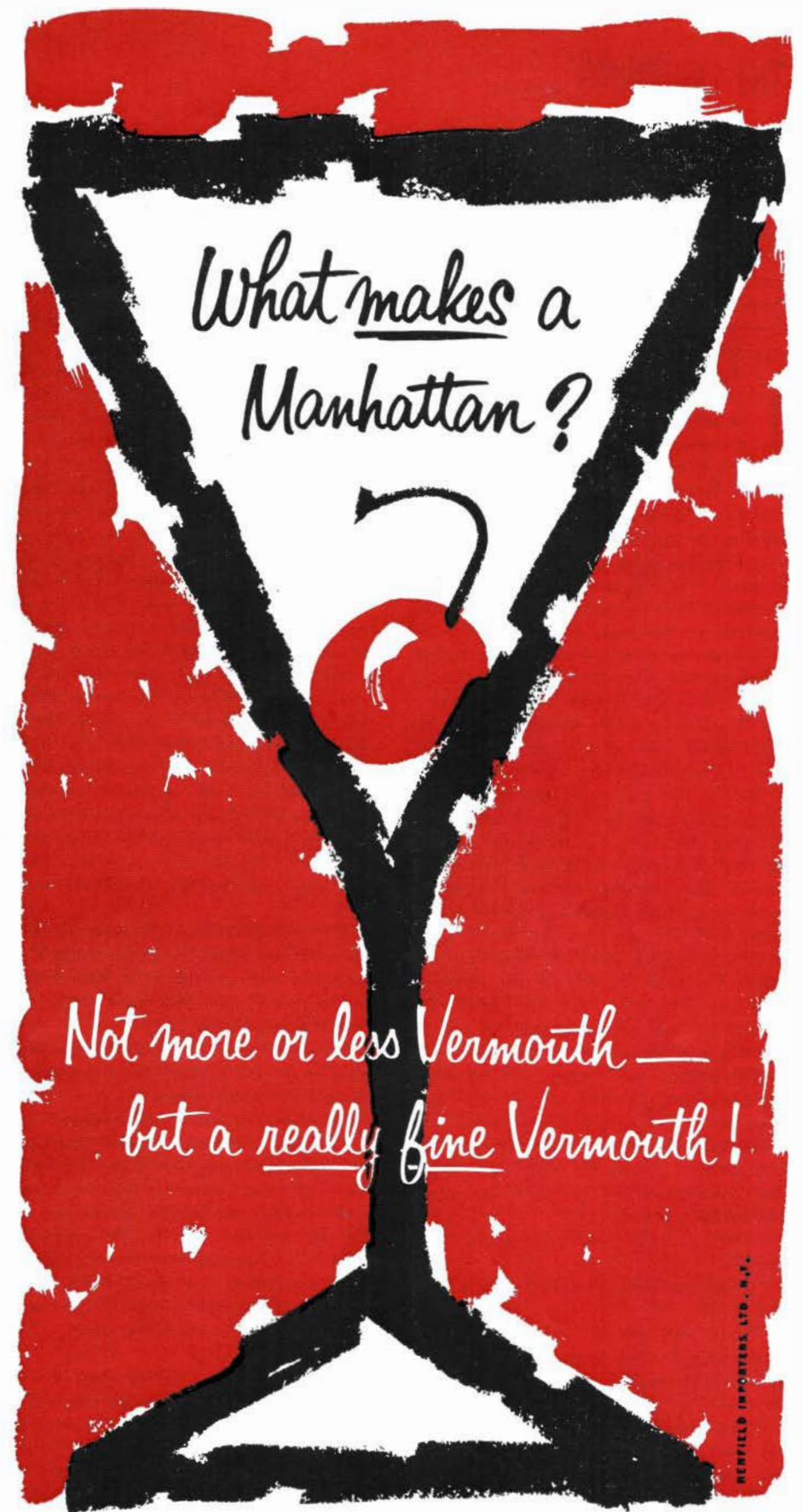
He saw it on the way back. It was at almost exactly the same time, just before sundown. He did not see all of it, only the top of the cloud far off and gleaming gold in the setting sun.

He felt a freezing in his chest. He did not believe there could be another one, but the freezing did not go away. He knew how to judge distance and he knew where the cloud was. Like the other, it was just now coming down over the town, from the north.

Just another summer thunderstorm, he said. They happen in Florida almost every day. He thought of Robby and Eileen and speeded up.

Cars began to pass him on the road, going the other way. At first he took no notice of it, but then there were more of them, passing one another recklessly, almost forcing him off the road. He sat forward on the seat, making all the speed he could, watching the town beginning to crumble, to run away, like a defeated army streaming back from the line. Ahead of him the cloud rose. The line coming at him thickened; he began to pass wrecks and cars overturned, and for the first time in his life as a doctor he did not stop. Shortly the cars filled both lanes of the road; he had to move off onto the grass to keep going, and when he was still more than a mile out of town even that was no good; he was forced off the grass and into the trees.

He left the car and began to walk. There was a terrible desire in him to run, but he kept his head cold and clear, knowing that if he started running here in the sand he would never make it home. He watched the faces of the people going



MARTINI & ROSSI
IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

THE LIGHTNING (continued)

by him, some frantic, some deathly serious, a few light-hearted, grinning, yelling. People waved at him to come with them. All the while in front of him the cloud rose.

He broke out of the trees just before entering town, into Hobie Cole's pasture. Suddenly it was all there before him, the enormous sight, the town, the sky. He stopped.

If he had never known fear in his life, he knew it now. The cloud hung over the town like a great black mountain about to fall. All along the front of it was a huge white arch, speeding sharp and clear like the leading edge of a wing, closing in on him, while behind it the cloud boiled black and lightning burned. It came over him as he watched, passing overhead flatly, silently, like a roof being lowered on the town, on the world.

The desire to run from it almost overwhelmed him. But thinking of Robby, of little Robby and Eileen ahead of him in the black, was all he needed. He put his head down now and began to run forward. The shadow passed over him.

He did not notice the strong wind begin to blow until he felt sand and leaves stinging his face. He went on running up the darkened street, past the empty stores. He stumbled against a curb, almost went down. Lightning exploded near him, half-blinding him, but he did not hear the thunder in the screaming of the wind. Up near the end of the street he saw two dim bulbs, the headlights of a car. With vast thanksgiving he ran toward it and wrenched the door open.

The sheriff was sitting motionless inside, his head down on the wheel. For a split second Coulson thought he was dead, and did not feel anything; it did not matter if only he could get home. But the man raised his head. He stared at Coulson strangely.

"Doc? Thank God. I looked all over town—"

"Take me home. Please. Take me home quick—"

"Doc," the sheriff said, and Coulson saw suddenly that there were tears in his eyes. "My sons, my boys. You got to help my boys."

"Take me home," Coulson gasped. "I'll do what I can, only for God's sake take me home."

The sheriff went on mumbling, but behind him there was a lifetime of emergencies; he started the car and began to drive. And although his sons meant more to him than his life he drove to Coulson's home. Why he did that Coulson never knew—whether it was the memory of Coulson's own boy, so small, so unpro-

tected, or the new knowledge that Coulson was his friend, or maybe even something in Coulson's face, an agony as great as his own . . . the sheriff drove him home.

And here at last the lightning came down. There was fire on both sides of the street, houses blazing in the wind. The flashing was enormous and did not stop; they could not hear each other and had to slit their eyes against the glare, against the raindrops which stormed like marbles against the glass of the window. The town is doomed, Coulson thought wildly, the whole town will burn, and reaching his home he rushed out of the car, unable to see the whole house for the glare in his eyes, not knowing whether it had been hit and was burning even now.

Inside the house he ran on broken glass. He stopped, opening his eyes wide, frantically trying to see. The noise was now so great he could not hear anything but a steady beating in his head. In that moment a bolt came down and blinded him, came right into the room, and he saw it scream wildly by and go on out the window, and stood there for a moment dumbly, believing that the lightning was alive and hunting him. He took one last grip on himself and closed his eyes, waiting, knowing he had to be able to see. When he opened his eyes he was by the bedroom door, and he saw Eileen on the floor.

He knelt beside her. He saw the bright burn on her arm; his heart stopped. He gathered her up carefully and listened to her heart. The beat was strong; she was still breathing.

Oh, thank God, he said. He was beginning to cry. He picked her up, staggering toward the front porch.

"Robby!" he screamed, "Robby!"

He went through all the rooms, his burden in his arms, screaming for Robby. The lightning came into the house again and blinded him; he fell against the wall. He did not find Robby. He groped his way to the porch, very nearly finished, still screaming for Robby. He wasn't here. He'd gone off to play. There was no way of knowing where he was.

On the porch Coulson went down to his knees. He was crying without realizing it, but he stopped and took a deep breath. He turned his face up and spoke out into the storm.

"God help me," he cried. "Oh please God help me. Don't hurt a little boy. Oh God please don't hurt my little boy."

He carried Eileen to the car. He waited a moment, dumbly, staring back into the house. He had, suddenly, no fear, no pain, no emotion at all. Then he drove off with the sheriff and treated his two

stricken sons. One died, and one lived.

The lightning did not come again, not that summer. Just why it had come at all no one could tell. There were many theories but there were none better than Coulson's first: the law of averages. For a long while there were many who thought the town was damned, but gradually that feeling died. They came back, the ones who had left, and there were many who had stayed all through it. The town became, briefly, a famous place, bringing many tourists and a great pride to the townspeople.

Coulson remained in the town. He found his son Robby later that evening, alive and well in the arms of the devil-fearing Mrs. Pegram. After that night he felt differently toward the town, though he did not know why. He did not believe any differently than he had before, but there was a new, gentle feeling in him, a soft feeling of understanding of what a complicated thing a man is. He wanted to discuss this with Dr. Wayne, but unfortunately Dr. Wayne was among those who were struck down.

Coulson attended the funeral. Standing by the headstone, he wondered for the last time, Why? Why this man, when he was on the threshold of what might have been his greatest moment? Or, Coulson thought silently, his worst. For what would he have found? Like the monk, only more mystery, only those few lovely glimpses? Or would his pieces have fitted together? And how would he have analyzed his own death? Horace Wayne, he thought, Goodness, ten points, Piety, ten points, Charity—

But you were right about many things, Coulson thought, you cheerful old man; you were right about the lightning being special, and about tolerance. And you knew a great deal about the mystery of things, and the beauty, and the gentleness. And you were right about prayer, too, when you said I didn't pray because I didn't need to.

And yet here's the odd thing, Coulson thought. I don't really believe, not even now, that the prayer helped, that Robby is alive because of it. That's the way my mind is built, and I have used it the best I could, and, God help me, I don't believe it. If it is true, I give thanks, You know how I give thanks, and yet . . . I am sometimes ashamed at having broken like that. And I feel that I won't do it again, I won't trouble God, because there are so few things, really, a man has a right to pray for.

So I won't do it again, Coulson thought. At least, not until the next bad storm.

THE END

It came to him what an enormous thing it is to be alive. He reached over and touched Eileen.



Surprise Party

When a wife is so brutal as to forget her husband's birthday, he might as well go out and get lost—preferably with another woman—preferably blonde

BY GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

At 4:52 P.M. the intercom on Don Thrum's desk spoke in the clarinet tones of Miss Furchtenbrangler. She always sounded like the opening glissando of the "Rhapsody in Blue."

"Yes?" said Don, bending forward to the instrument.

"Mr. Thrum," said the secretary. "Mr. McIlheny would like to see you for a few minutes in his office."

"Why does he always like his minutes right at closing time, so I have to stay after five?"

"I don't know. It's just his way."

"Look, Firky," said Don, "tell him I'm tied up on a claim. I really am. I'm going to stop on my way home and see an old hag who says somebody swiped her camera."

He leaned back on his posture chair to meet the reproving gaze of Al Warren, friend, neighbor, and co-resident of his glass-walled cell at Fidelity Guaranty.

"Melon-head," commented Al.

"Yeah, yeah."

Except for slightly varying tastes in loud vests, acquired by Don at the University of Wisconsin and by Al at Ohio State, the two of them looked enough alike to be relatives. Both young men were tall, both of them had lean faces, and both of them wore Ivy League suits with natural shoulders.

"You know why McIlheny wants to see you? He wants to give you Johnnie's job when Johnnie transfers to the Coast."

Not only were Don and Al friends and neighbors in Gaines Falls. They had once, during an unfortunate interlude, also been friends and neighbors in fox-holes so close together they could have yoo-

hooped to each other, if either of them had felt like yoo-hooing at the moment. The experience had convinced them that no man is a hero.

"I'm scared of it. I don't know enough," said Don.

"For seventeen thousand a year," suggested his best friend, "you can put little sponges in your mouth to keep your teeth from chattering."

"Who has teeth?" asked Don, and looked at his desk calendar. At the top of the page, in small type, it bore the word *October*. Under that, in large print, was the numeral 12. Earlier in the day, smiling dreamily at the 12, he had drawn an ornate frame around it. The frame was decorated with a multitude of handsome ink flowers—roses, or maybe geraniums, depending on how much a person knew about flowers. "Anyhow," he said. "I can't see McIlheny. Betty'll be expecting me. Maybe she needs help."

"What Betty needs is a new provider," said Al. "Look, I wouldn't do this for everybody. I'll trade you Lynn, the baby, and my outboard motor for Betty." Lynn, Al's wife, was a bit of amber loveliness who, only three years previously, had been chosen Miss Connecticut Homogenized Leaf Tobacco.

"Tomorrow," agreed Don. "Not today. Today is the twelfth."

"What's so special about the twelfth?"

"Me," said Don cryptically.

They rode home together in Al's car; it was a pleasant quarter-hour drive. Fidelity Guaranty, huge as it was, still kept its home office in Gaines Falls where its founder had founded it. For this, twelve hundred local employees blessed it night

and morning. They lived among brooks and hills and cornfields. And now in October the maples wore cloaks of gold.

"Woodlawn Avenue," said Al. "Here you are, Charlie."

Don got out. "Thanks, Al," he said.

"So long, boy. Remember the Alamo."

"Remember the Maine. Be seeing you later?"

"Well, I don't know," demurred Al. "Lynn said something about a movie." He drove off toward his house a block away on Mount Airy Avenue.

It was then Don suffered his first doubt. It touched the nape of his neck with a dribble of ice water, making him shiver ever so slightly. He shrugged it away and strode into the pleasant, if small, Colonial cottage with the blue shutters.

"Girl of My Dreams," he called. "Stairway to Paradise, where are you?"

"Where am I always?" came a muffled voice from the kitchen.

First, in the kitchen, Don looked at Betty's dress. It was an ordinary one, the blue polka-dot thing with the square neck thing. But that meant nothing—Betty would change after dinner, of course. Next he studied the dinner, or, rather, its discarded husks on the drainboard, dank cartons and curled wisps of plastic tissue that had recently sheltered frozen pork chops, frozen kernels of corn, frozen spinach, frozen blueberry pie. The dinner told him nothing, either. But not even his mother, he reminded himself, had always given him his favorite dishes on his birthday. Not *always*. There was no reason for Betty to do it when she had the evening on her mind.

"I see business is still good with the Eskimos," he said lightly.

"Don't you complain about frozen foods, bud," Betty counseled him. "Just you be grateful."

Brooding, Don tramped to his closet and put on a warm polo shirt, khakis and loafers. He whistled a bit of "Tiger Rag" in the Doc Evans orchestration. "I'm coming unglued like a two buck fiddle," he

They were just making plans when Mr. McIlheny blew his horn.



Surprise Party (continued)

reassured himself. "She hasn't forgotten. She can't have. Could I forget?"

But as, working together, they carried the meal to the dining area and ate it, Betty showed none of the excitement with which she always faced a party.

"I ought to rake the leaves off the lawn," said Don, probing delicately. "Even if it gets dark before I finish."

"Don't burn them," said Betty. "The city is sending around trucks this year to pick them up. Just pile them."

Don pursed his lips thoughtfully. "I guess I might not have time, anyhow."

"You can turn on the porch light if it gets too dark."

"I mean," said Don, "if I'm going to have to change—"

"That shirt is clean," said his wife, arranging plates and cups in the dishwasher. She arranged them. Don observed, unhurriedly.

"Talk to anybody today?" he asked innocently.

"On the phone? Lynn?"

"I traded you for her at five o'clock. Al's moving in here. I'm moving over there."

"Al has lovely teeth," said Betty. "He sews his own buttons, too."

"They, ah, coming over?"

"I doubt if Lynn ever sets foot here again," said Betty, "after the names you called her playing Scrabble."

"There is ab-so-lute-ly no such word as *zumu*. I'm not going to let her cheat just because she's gorgeous."

The clock said seven.

"I think I'll shave," announced Don.

Betty gave his face a cool wifely survey. "You look all right," she said, "for you."

"My shaver didn't work right this morning. I'll try it. If it's busted I'll have time to walk down to Parsons' Pharmacy and buy a safety razor for tomorrow."

In the bedroom, furtively, he opened all of his own drawers, then all of Betty's. No paper hats were hidden under the clothing, no snappers, no rolls of colored paper ribbon. He wandered back into the living room touching things.

"It's burnt out, all right," he said. "I'll go down to the drugstore."

"You're driving me mad," said Betty. "I'm trying to read. Go play the pinball machine. Buy some cigarettes."

Hope leaped in Don in a white plume, like Old Faithful. "How many?" he asked eagerly. "A carton?"

"I was speaking figuratively. Go for a walk. Eisenhower's doctor says everybody should walk more."

The clock said seven-thirty.

"Okay. I *will* go," said Don, jaw out-thrust. "I may," he added threateningly, managing an evil squint. "stop at the tavern for a drink or two."

"You don't go to the tavern once a year. Go on," suggested Betty heartily. "Maybe you'll meet some character like that man with the police dog that could say 'hamburger.'"

"Of course if you'd rather have me stay—"

"Go, go," said Betty, somewhat shrilly. "Take a jacket, it's chilly. Go, go, go."

Peeking through the curtains, Betty made sure he did not go to the garage for the rake, that he was really on his way to the shopping center. She dashed for the phone.

"Lynn?"

"Creeps," said Lynn, "I thought you'd never call."

"I just this minute got him out of the house," said Betty rapidly. "He's on his way to the Villa. He'll stay an hour. Call Mrs. McIlheny for me. Tell her to bring them here at eight on the dot."

"Eight?"

"Thanks, pet. I was sure he wouldn't notice I'd cleaned the house, the big jerk, but I have to dress and get everything ready. You and Al come whenever you like."

"My sitter's due at eight. See you, Betts."

"Bye."

She raced to the kitchen and laid out plates, cups, silver, paper napkins. Wildly she spooned coffee into the percolator. From the utility room she retrieved the frosted white cake, the whistles, the snappers and streamers, hidden in the washer-drier. The small pink candles were in the ice-cube compartment of the refrigerator, behind the trays.

She hurriedly put on make-up and slipped into the new dress with the full, pleated skirt. She raced back into the living room, remembering as she passed the door to switch on the porch lamp.

Dry leaves crackling under his soles on the sidewalk, Don strode along through the October dusk and its fragrance. My marriage, he said to himself, is a dead leaf crushed under the heel of Time on the sidewalk of Life.

The McIlhenys lived on Knoll Drive, where the houses cost fifty thousand and up.

"Very well, Lynn dear," said Mrs. McIlheny into the phone. She had had red hair as a girl. It was much redder now. "We'll be there on the tick of eight. Oh, this is so exciting. You say it's the first surprise party Betty has ever given him? How darling!"

She rejoined the twenty-two people enthusiastically drinking her husband's bourbon in the knotty-pine study, where a log fire spat at a Siamese cat named "Ah So" and the Siamese regarded the fire with suspicion.

"What's the schedule?" asked Mr.

McIlheny, who had also had red hair when he had had hair.

"We're to be there at eight, everybody," caroled Mrs. McIlheny above the well-bred din. "Oh, it's such a lovely crisp night. Let's leave the cars here and walk. It's only a few blocks."

"Gracious. Nearly eight now! We'd better get started right away if we're going to walk," said Mr. McIlheny.

The Villa had fake beams, stained a dark brown, set into tan stucco. Through its leaded-glass windows crept a dim radiance of blue and orange bulbs.

"Evening, Mr. Thrum, we don't often see you," remarked the bartender, a plump, dignified, lugubrious expert whose bald head, like his bald face, was sprinkled with pale freckles.

"I'd like a double Scotch with a little tap water. No ice," said Don, and cautioned himself not to do the conventional thing, not to make like a cartoon husband, not to spill his troubles to the man in white.

"How are things?" inquired the bartender, whose name, Don recalled, was Fred.

"Perfect, but they'll get better," said Don. "You might start another double for me while I'm toying with this one."

Two sailors came in, perched, and ordered vodka, pronouncing it correctly. Probably Russian spies, said Don to himself. One of the two, a gunner's mate, was the biggest side of beef he had ever seen outside a butcher shop. Reminding himself again that he must under no circumstances unveil his broken heart to Fred, he occupied himself with guessing the sailor's weight. He decided it was 240, give or take five pounds.

"How's your pretty Mrs.?" asked Fred.

It was an unfortunate question. It was a question that had leverage.

"Nine o'clock," said Betty. "Why isn't he back? What in the world can be keeping him?"

"He'll be here any moment," Mrs. McIlheny comforted her. "Oh, I do think this is so cute. I just love surprise parties."

The McIlhenys, mused Betty, must not be allowed to get the notion that Fidelity Guaranty employed a young claims adjuster who was a lush. "But Don never goes to the tavern," added Betty. "And when he does he never stays. I'm beginning to worry."

She turned to her guests, to make sure they were comfortable. They appeared to be perfectly comfortable. Merry volunteer waiters were keeping the glasses filled, their own in particular. The birthday boy's party, she observed resentfully, was booming without the birthday boy.

"If he's not here in another fifteen minutes," she said privately to Al, "start

looking for him. will you? You know how he wanders."

"At my age." Fred the bartender was saying, "you want to forget birthdays."

"But you don't come from a big family, I'll bet," said Don, his chin propped on his hands. He must, he felt, make it clear that he was not a sentimentalist. "My brother Ralph was born February 3rd, Danny was born April 14th, Ruth was born June 7th, Larry was born August 10th, I was born October 12th, and Nan, my kid sister, was born December 1st. Six of us, two months apart. On the calendar, I mean. We had birthdays all year long, and my mother made every one of them a real bang. Ice cream, cake, little pink baskets full of nuts and mints, the works. You can have Christmas. I'll take a birthday. It means home and family, and everybody loving everybody and happy because they've had another year together. . . . How could she forget? Cards have been coming all week long from my brothers and sisters. Mother and Dad wired."

"Well now," said Fred the bartender, "we have to take folks as they are."

"I'll have another double."

"Don't take offense," said Fred, "but I'm not going to serve you. You've had enough for a man even on his birthday."

Clearly, Don saw, the universe was out to mistreat him. The universe deserved a punch on the nose. At the door he swung back and confronted the giant sailor.

"I," he said, "do not care for your face."

"I don't blame you," said the sailor. "I hate it."

"A stranger insults you," said Don, pronouncing his words with care. "and you sit there. I shudder to think that our great nation is defended by lolly-ligged—I beg your pardon—lily-livered gunners with no red blood under their service stripes."

"It scares the heck out of me, I can tell you that," said the big sailor amiably. "What branch were you in?"

"Gyrene. Semper Fi. Perhaps," suggested Don hopefully. "you would care to make a slurring remark about the Corps?"

"The Marines are fine people," said the sailor. "Let us buy you a drink."

"In this Prohibition bar?" demanded Don scornfully. "Never!"

He thought somebody had turned on the air-conditioning until he perceived that he was out on the sidewalk. Couples sauntered past—happy husbands, with their devoted wives who remembered birthdays and baked coconut cakes with white whiskers. At the corner stood a patrolman in uniform.

"Say, you look familiar to me." Don

addressed him. "Beaten many little girls with rubber hoses today for riding their bikes on the sidewalk?"

"Evening, Mr. Thrum," said the officer genially. "I ought to look familiar. I'm on traffic duty outside Fidelity's parking lot from four to six."

"Fidelity, thy name is Woman," said Don, and paused. "Oh-o. The old hag with the stolen camera. I gave my word. A Thrum keeps his word. I will now consult the Thrum Patented Photographic Memory. . . . Letitia Plunkett. 1117 Knoll Drive. Hey, that's practically next door to Mr. McIlheny."

"That's right," agreed the officer. "But if it's a business call, don't you think this is a bit late for it?"

"Never too late," said Don. "G'night."

"Hello, is this the Villa?" said Betty into the phone. "This is Mrs. Thrum, Mrs. Donald Thrum. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I'm giving a little party for my husband, and our guests are all here. . . . He isn't? How long ago? Did he say where he was going? . . . Maybe he is. Of course he is. Thank you so much."

She ran at top speed to the living room.

"He's on his way," she cried. "Hide, everybody! The lights, the lights—Al, turn out the lights, turn off the porch lamp. Quick, everybody, quick!"

There was a handsome antique coach lamp that looked genuine on a post beside the curving flagstone path. Don pressed the doorbell. Chimes sounded. The upper half of a Dutch door swung inward.

"I'm an adjuster from Fidelity Guaranty. I'm looking for Mrs. Letitia Plunkett."

"I'm Letitia Plunkett."

Before he adjusted anything else. Don adjusted his idea of Mrs. Plunkett. She was not a fierce, turnip-shaped dowager. She was twenty-five and cornsilk blonde, with a profile that deserved to be on a coin. Her profile below the neck was, if anything, more impressive still, and highly visible, since Mrs. Plunkett wore baby-blue pajamas of the thinnest silk.

"I hope you and Mr. Plunkett will forgive me for coming this late, but we like to settle claims as promptly as we can." He handed her his business card.

"There is no Mr. Plunkett. Do come in."

The room was as exquisite and expensive as its owner. If Letitia Plunkett had been trying to get away with a fake claim, said Don to himself, it would have been for stolen jewelry in five figures, not a camera. Obviously her claim was honest. Nevertheless he asked the standard question: "Do you want us to replace the camera, or do you want the money?"

"The camera, of course," said Mrs.

Plunkett. "And from now on I'll never leave it in a parked convertible."

"It was a new camera?"

"No, about a year old. I should lose something for depreciation, and for my stupidity."

That settled it. "Drop into the Arrow Camera Shop tomorrow afternoon. We get a discount, so that takes care of the depreciation. They'll have a new camera for you."

Mrs. Plunkett scrutinized him closely. "Would you care for a little drink, drink—what I'm trying to say is, will you have a cup of coffee with me? I always have a cup before I go to bed."

"Black and strong?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," said Don. "Yes, if I show it that much, I guess I'd better have one. Thank you very much."

Al got behind the wheel of the ranch wagon. Mr. McIlheny took the seat beside him.

"The Villa is right on the way to Parsons' Pharmacy," said Mr. McIlheny. "Stop at the Villa first. Maybe he had them say he wasn't there."

"But as long as I've known Don, sir, I've only seen him drunk once," said Al. "We got bagged together the day we were discharged from the Corps."

"You don't need to defend your pal to me. I like him as much as you do," replied the elder man. "Still, people are unpredictable. I can think of a dozen possibilities. Maybe he's playing shuffleboard and doesn't want to quit."

But Don was nowhere in the Villa. "He called me a Prohibitionist," said Fred, hurt, "and left."

"You drive on to the drugstore," Mr. McIlheny directed Al, "but drop me off at my house first. I'll pick up my car. We may need it."

"Coffee is wonderful," said Don, setting down his cup. "I didn't mean to interrupt you. Letitia. You came here because you don't like big cities, you say. You don't look like any country gal I ever saw."

"That's just my problem," replied Letitia. "Every luxury spot from Miami to Malibu is full of cameo blondes. That's what my husband wanted; somebody to wear Bikinis and diamond bracelets. When I told him all I wanted was a bicycle and a garden and four kids he was so shocked he divorced me."

"So you go to bed at nine o'clock."

"I go to bed at nine o'clock, and read, because I don't know anybody in Gaines Falls. Also, I played thirty-six holes of golf today. If only I knew some girl my own age to play with, have lunch with—"

"My wife is always howling for a golf partner. She could play with you."

"But doesn't she have children?"



Surprise Party (continued)

"They're our next project. Take off those pajamas. I mean, put on a dress. We're going over to my house right now. You're going to meet Betty and make a date with her."

"But I can't, sweetie. It's after ten. You're very kind, but—"

"I'm cagey as a zoo," said Don. "If you and Betts like each other you'll be around a lot, and then I can look at you. You're a lot better than a calendar."

Letitia laughed. "Crazy man," she said. "All right, I'll change."

In his study, with Ah So on his shoulder, Mr. McIlheny dialed the number of the police station.

"Cap? Almeryn McIlheny. I'm afraid one of my boys may be on the blotter. Name, Donald Thrum. T-h-r-u-m. Five foot eleven, spare build, dark hair and brown eyes. Have you had any collisions or injured pedestrians during the past couple of hours? No? Thank God for that. How about arrests? No one of his description. . . . If you get anything, I'll be at Thrum's house. Ask for me. Thanks."

Ah So left his shoulder with resentment. Mr. McIlheny let himself out of the house by a rear door, started his car in the triple garage and backed out the driveway. As he inched his large car cautiously into the street, turning, his headlights swept a bright pink sports car at the curb a few doors away. Two persons were getting into it, the gorgeous new neighbor and a young man. The young man was about five eleven, spare, with dark hair and brown eyes. Mr. McIlheny pulled alongside.

"Don, that you?"

"Oh, hello there, Mr. McIlheny," responded Don cheerily. "Mrs. Plunkett, may I present my boss, Mr. McIlheny? Mr. McIlheny, Mrs. Plunkett is the reason I couldn't come to your office this afternoon. She had a camera swiped. We're replacing it."

"I remember; Miss Furchtenbrangler told me you were discussing a claim."

"Mrs. Plunkett is a golfer," continued Don. "I'm taking her over to meet Betty."

"Splendid, splendid."

Letitia, murmuring that it had been a pleasure, busied herself with her starter. While the starter ground away, Don stood at Mr. McIlheny's elbow. He was, he felt, a mariner who had sailed triumphantly through a severe storm. Nothing was beyond his capability.

"Mr. McIlheny," he said, "Johnnie is transferring to the Coast. I want that job. Do you think I can handle it?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"I know I can, sir. I went out to Kass-Ko with Johnnie, that time they lost their roof. I've watched him work. He told me I have the touch."

"He told me, too," said Mr. McIlheny. "And I agree. Okay, Donald, you start—what's today?"

"The twelfth. My birthday."

"Congratulations. You start the fifteenth."

"**H**ey!" exulted Don. "Thank you. Hey—why don't you follow us to my house? Let's have a drink to my new job. I don't feel like a drink, but I can have coffee. We'll make it a birthday party."

Mr. McIlheny smiled—rather oddly. Don thought, although he could not see too well in the darkness. "I'll do that," he answered. "Lead on."

"Did I hear you tell your boss it was your birthday?" asked Letitia.

"It is," replied Don. "And I got looped because Betts forgot it. Poor kid, with all she has to do! I've been acting like a spoiled teenager all evening. I'm ashamed of myself. Look, stop at Parsons' Pharmacy, will you? I want to buy Betts the biggest box of chocolates they've got, even if it has been on the shelf since Tunney licked Dempsey."

"I think that's sweet."

"Anyhow I have to buy a razor."

They parked in front of the drugstore, Mr. McIlheny sliding to a stop behind them.

"You go ahead to the house, sir," Don said to Mr. McIlheny. "I have to buy a razor."

"Fine," said Mr. McIlheny. "That'll work out just fine." He drove away.

Don strode whistling into the pharmacy.

"Where have *you* been?" roared Al, turning from the pinball machine.

"What do you mean, where have I been?"

In the nick of time Al recalled that Don did not know about the party. "Betty sent me looking for you," he said. "Your fuses are blown."

Mr. Parsons was waxing the plastic tile floor with an electric machine that whinnied. "Careful," he warned. "Careful where you step. Don't slip."

"Why didn't you put one in for her?"

"You think I want to get electrocuted? . . . Are you in that sports job out there?"

"Just a little something I picked up for my birthday," replied Don. "Mr. Parsons, I want a five-pound box of chocolates and a safety razor."

"Right away," said Mr. Parsons. "Careful where you step, now. Careful—"

"Great—day—in—the—morning!" exclaimed Al, peering. "Where—did—you—get—that—woman?"

"I made her out of a rib," said Don, with more truth than he knew. "I'm taking her home to meet Betty."

"Not tonight," said Al emphatically. "Not tonight, you're not taking her to meet Betty."

"Try and stop me, old buddy-ro."

"Don't think I won't, old buddy-ro!"

Al seized, or attempted to seize, Don's shoulders, the better to expostulate with him. As he did so, Mr. Parsons thrust a large box of candy and a small box of razors between them. Don grabbed for the boxes. He slipped. Al slipped. Mr. Parsons slipped. The pile of writhing, threshing limbs on the floor looked like a modern ballet on television. When it disentangled itself, with divine assistance, Al had a split lip and mussed hair. Mr. Parsons had a painful sacroiliac, and Don had half a collar and a brilliant, streaming nosebleed.

"Keep your hands to yourself," he snarled at his best friend. "You *know* how my nose bleeds." He tugged the bottom of his polo shirt up and mopped his face with it.

"Nothing matters now," groaned Al. "Nothing, nothing, nothing. Come on, let's all go home to Betty."

At the Thrum residence the lights were out. In the darkness tittering guests crouched behind the sofa, underneath the table, and behind the draperies. The bell rang. Betty flung wide the door, simultaneously switching on the lights and also breaking a shoulder-strap. Out crashed the chorus:

"Happy birthday to you.

Happy birth-day to you-oo—"

On the porch stood two repulsive, be-draggled thugs who looked as if they had been fighting. Between them posed a blonde woman, of the lighter type, whose beauty caught the breath away. The blonde woman, with a shriek of alarm, flung her arms tightly around one of the men—the one who was smeared with gore, the one who was spilling chocolates, the one who appeared to be losing his trousers, the one with the silly grin.

But a Marine, even an ex-Marine, is never at a loss.

"Four score and seven years ago," declaimed Don. "our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation dedicated to the proposition . . ."

"Happy birth-day, dear-r Don-ald.

Happy birth-day to-hoo-hoo you-oo."

"To the proposition," concluded Don. "that a wife is a man's best friend."

THE END

"Try and stop me!" Don shouted, and then they all went down.



John Hayes

NANCY and SARALEE

He'd never seen his beautiful neighbor, but he could feel her presence. It was like falling in love with a ghost

BY ISABEL LANGIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HAYS

Mrs. Wollaston went with David to show him the caretaker's cottage. During the interview he'd had some difficulty in connecting her unfinished sentences, and he'd been distracted by her habit of wandering around the great room, picking up a snuffbox, straightening the lovely gold-framed girl over the fireplace. But he couldn't blame her (alert and witty for seventy-plus); his own inattention was at fault. Listening was an effort these days.

"You do understand about the ell room," she said again as they drove down from the main house. "The rest is yours—what there is of it, it's small—but the ell room is occupied. Nancy is a novelist, extremely talented for such a young person." She tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder. "Isn't she beautiful, Brett?"

"She certainly was the last time I saw her, Mrs. Wollaston." The chauffeur looked rather sullen, and his gentle tone surprised David a little.

Mrs. Wollaston turned back to David, and now her look was sharp, measuring. "But she likes to be alone."

David's smile was thin. "However beautiful she may be, I give you my word, she will be left alone."

"Good. I knew you must be that sort of man, or Mr. Rolfe wouldn't have recommended you. You're a widower, you said. Recent?"

David drew a long breath. "Three months. Since February."

Her dangling earrings, her Queen Victoria jowls, the flapping brim of her straw hat all nodded in the unintentioned sympathy of soothing music.

"It will be lonely for you here. But it's something you learn to live with, and

I don't suppose the 'where' of it matters."

"I expect not." He hoped she wasn't going to run the gamut of platitudes. He understood that there were only the dusty generalizations, but their very impersonality made them all the harder to bear. He had searched the suddenly strange faces—Martha's, Paul's, the Rolfes'—with a feeling of incredulity that these people, his sister and his friends, now spoke to him from behind a wall, mocking him with lines from a printed condolence card . . .

But Mrs. Wollaston was saying, "As a matter of fact, the only reason I rent the cottage is so there will be someone nearby just in case—she gets nervous in storms. Chances are, you won't even see her. The ell door opens into the wood, and unless you happened to be out there—but there's no reason for you to *be* there, really."

Once, this hint that he keep his loneliness to himself, instead of strumming a mandolin beneath the window of the beautiful novelist, would have irritated him to rudeness. Now, however, his temper remained securely in check, not because of any effort on his part, but because nothing seemed worth getting annoyed at any more.

"I'll mind my own business," he said.

The cottage was at the edge of the estate where the driveway joined the dirt road to the village, the main part opening onto a miniature garden with a picket fence. A square brick chimney rose from a steep thatched roof, and tiny leaded windows peered curiously out of the plaster walls. Appended to the back of the cottage, like a postscript, was an ell, not yet mellowed out of its sharper symmetry and brighter colors, and this faced

a grove of ancient oaks that stretched away toward the main house. Half-drowned in bushes of honeysuckle and lilac, the cottage was as natural to the setting as a cave to a mountainside. The scene might have been transplanted to this matter-of-fact Connecticut valley from another century and another land, and it was just this atmosphere of unreality that appealed to David.

It was, as Mrs. Wollaston had said, small, but the fireplace filled with lilacs, the huge oak beams, the rose tile floors enchanted him. There was even a built-in bed, corniced and curtained, with its own tiny window. The windows on the north side would be fine; the easel could go there, and he would get to work again right away. Then, in one of his frequent collapses of interest, he wondered whether he would even set it up.

"You can be as solitary as you like." Mrs. Wollaston said. "Brett brings all her meals, so if you need anything, you can hail him down. Dear me, how *do* people get along without a Brett?" Then she said, "Solitude. You're sure that's the answer?"

"No," he said, with a smile that came hard, "I'm not sure of much right now. But I only plan to stay here through the summer."

She nodded. "Can you cook?"

The homely irrelevance of the question warmed his smile. "Oh, after a fashion."

When the black sedan had vanished beyond the screen of dust, he thought briefly about this woman, moving about the great house, picking up and putting down, going from empty room to empty room. At times her glance was sharply

"You're a widower," Mrs. Wollaston said. "You'll learn to live with it."

searching. What lost person, what vanished day did *she* seek?

He had passed the stage of going from room to room. Echoes no longer made him start and tremble. He was not really aware of missing Saralee, because conscious missing is a sporadic visitation, bursting on you suddenly, taking you unawares. His sense of loss was less agonizing and, perhaps, more deadly. It was as rhythmic as breathing, and no less constant.

The extent of his painting during the first week was to set up the easel, adjusting it scrupulously, studying the light as if he meant to get down to business at once. But that was all. Actually there was no pressing hurry; he would be ready for his showing in the fall, and there were no financial problems, even if he didn't work for years.

"I'm too high-principled to marry you just because you're rich and famous and handsome." Saralee had laughed. "but it seems to be the only way I can get that lovely picture of the three-headed dog drowning in a sea of potato chips. So I accept."

His sister Martha had called Saralee the most alive person she had ever known. Of course, she was not a particularly profound woman, not a wit or a beauty. Saralee's distinction might have been that she was satisfied and satisfactory. Life in all its aspects pleased and interested her (how do you make potato puffs, letters of vigorous suggestion to the *Times*, what made James Joyce tick, was the doorman's daughter really going to marry that lunk in the drugstore, we must stop the car and pick up that broken glass, I never had so much fun in my life). Friend of brush and cookingware salesmen, confused by politics and public buildings, she had no moods, no quirks, no complications. She lived in a state of happy suspense over what might happen next, and sometimes he wondered whether he wasn't married to one of those sweet, perfect child-ladies from the pages of a Louisa May Alcott book. But for nine years he had been delighted with this paradox of a person unfailingly good (without in the least intending to be), who was also completely fun and eternally human.

On a wet February day, he was in his studio, pattering and cursing the light, wishing she would come. It was her day for volunteer work at St. Luke's, and even as he thought about it, she was on her way to him. The down-pour shifted from rain to snow, the slick pavement mirrored the neon signs that were just coming on, the driver didn't see her in time. The story is in every newspaper on every such day.

They called him, and he got there just

in time to pretend that he knew what it was that looked at him with her eyes and spoke to him with her voice. She said, "I'm glad you wore your raincoat." (A strange goodbye, but her life had been made up of little practical thoughtful things.) Then, somehow, she had smiled and squeezed his hand and died.

Now it was May. He supposed he had adjusted as well as could be expected, though he had no real idea what *was* expected. As the wooden phrases could not express sympathy, neither could the face of grief even hint at what grief was like.

On an evening during his second week at the cottage, he heard the first stirrings from the ell room. He was reading and glanced up at the slight rustle, like paper being crumpled. Chapter five, he supposed, being ripped in angry disgust from the typewriter. Although he had not heard a typewriter, this did not surprise him. Years of apartment dwelling had taught him that a whisper sometimes carries farther than a scream.

Later that evening there was a muffled creak of floorboards, followed by the gentle rasp of a window being opened or closed. Around midnight, as he was reaching to turn out the lamp, he heard what might have been a yawn, a cough, or a soft exclamation.

"Same to you and good night." he murmured to the pink wall, and then felt silly. But he had been almost glad to hear the sounds and be reminded of an existence other than his own.

He had no trouble occupying his days. There was the weekly trip to the village for haircut and groceries, there were the cartons of carefully chosen books. Occasionally there was a letter for him in the mailbox perched on the fence. One came from Martha, in which she proceeded to talk about Saralee in the spirit of she-is-not-dead-but-just-away. He did not finish reading it.

He walked a good deal (avoiding *her* door, since she apparently had threshold rights). Once or twice his rambles took him past the solitary twisted oak and up the path near the main house. One day he saw his car, which he had left in the stable, parked outside, and saw to his surprise that Brett was hosing it down. For some reason he had come to expect no more than civility from Brett. He was a handsome man, but his face had the burned-out look of one who has seen everything and found the whole business tiresome. When he smiled, it was as if he were listening to a secret joke that no one else could possibly find amusing.

"She's a remarkable woman, isn't she?" David said, picking up a piece of flannel to give the chauffeur a hand. Mrs. Wollaston was dashing around the gar-

den, her toadstool hat having a rough ride.

Brett nodded, and a look of something like affection warmed his face. The change was startling, like watching a statue come to life. "And then some. Flies off to Europe every year, is on all the committees within a fifty-mile radius, and mixes an eggnog that would flatten a regiment. Her one flaw is that she cheats at cribbage."

David smiled, surprised that the man seemed to have a sense of humor. "I haven't seen my neighbor. I've been quite conscientious about it."

"Oh, I wouldn't put myself out." Brett said. "I doubt if you'll see her. I'm going to the village this afternoon. Want me to bring you anything?"

By the time he had been in the cottage three weeks, his life had assumed a pattern. Mornings he walked, not along the path now, but deeper in the wood, fancying himself a bit Thoreauian in his Spartan life, his growing preference for his own society. At first, he had been reasonably communicative, exchanging a few words with the village grocer, pausing to chat through the hollyhocks with Mrs. Wollaston, but gradually he found himself retreating from even these casual encounters. After the first letter from Martha, he ignored the flag on the mailbox. At first he had welcomed the company of the radio, but now he seldom turned it on. He grew increasingly grateful for the silent ways of the woman in the ell.

Afternoons he pattered—mended the screens, worked in the garden. A swam in the marshy pool he had found near the rim of the wood. Evenings were given to reading. He thought about painting, but his interest lessened, and after a while he no longer took his sketch pad when he went out.

Some of the sounds from the ell room baffled him. Every evening, just after dark, a noise came to him that he could not identify. One evening he sat immobile for half an hour, staring into the fireplace, ears straining, until at last he recognized the rhythmic tick-tick. It sounded like the click of knitting needles. That settled, he returned to his book.

One June afternoon he was weeding the garden when the black car came down the dirt road and drew up by the mailbox.

"I've come bearing blueberries." Mrs. Wollaston called from the back seat. "Are you settled in? Comfortable?"

"Couldn't be more so," he said, taking the basket. "This is thoughtful of you. Please come in."

"I wouldn't dream of it," she assured him. "Men never dust." They talked for a few minutes while Brett strolled along

the road, frowned at a miniscule scratch on the fender and gazed at the house. Finally Mrs. Wollaston said, "My real errand is to ask you to dinner tonight. Just a few people, one musty and three fun. Isn't it time you started going through the motions?"

"You're very kind," he said. "Would you understand if I said no?"

"Yes, I'd understand," she said, readily. "But it won't stop me from trying again. How are you and Nancy getting along?"

"We're on the best of terms. But she's so extraordinarily quiet that I can hardly believe she's there. Are you sure she's not just a vapor?"

She laughed heartily. "If you could see the way she eats, you wouldn't ask."

That night the woman next door came through the wall—not as a threat to his privacy, an occasional disembodied reminder of a presence, but as a human being. He was reading when the faint click of the needles penetrated his concentration. He stared at the wall. Every night, the same sound, as regular, mechanical, and lifeless as a clock.

Now he began to juggle incompatibilities. Mrs. Wollaston had called her young, beautiful. Brett, too, had said she was beautiful. Why did a beautiful young woman remain in that small room, night after lovely summer night, knitting?

Was there perhaps something tragic in this? Could it be that she was a prisoner, blanketed and pillowed in a chair? Or that she must find her way about by touch and memory? Perhaps she woke in the night and wondered who she was, how she had come to this gentle madness. His fancy took flight until there evolved a picture of a youthful Madame LaFarge, knitting, smiling a sweetly insane smile, the strip of knitting growing until it encircled the house . . .

Suddenly he wanted to see her, but checked the impulse. Whatever she was, she was no more a freak than he, to be spied upon and conjectured about. His curiosity only strengthened his resolve to leave her alone. When his imagination calmed down, he smiled. Possibly she was a perfectly normal, healthy young lady who wondered what *he* did with his long evenings.

Sleep was long in coming that night, and his thoughts returned to the woman on the other side of the wall. He found himself hoping that someone came in, quietly, to sit with her, that perhaps on cool evenings there was a fire in the fireplace and a teakettle boiling. He realized that his concern was a little absurd, but the picture soothed him.

Sometimes in the early morning, when the trees beyond the window were still wrapped in darkness, he awakened and

lay there, listening to the drip of the dew on the lilac leaves. There was something peaceful in the small night sounds, something conducive to hope and thought, and he soon formed the habit of waking at that hour. Sometimes when he drowsed back to sleep, there fluttered through his dreams a wraithlike child, drifting in some unspeakably lonely place, transient and haunting as the wind, and he did not know whether it was of Nancy or Saralee that he dreamed.

His plan had been to return to the city at the end of the summer, but he began to consider remaining into the fall. He was growing attached to the place. As the days passed, his aversion to the thought of leaving, of re-involving himself in what would now be a routine devoid of all importance, grew stronger.

He also found himself increasingly conscious of Nancy. Had she no friends, no callers? Sometimes he thought he heard a door open, but he couldn't be sure. Once he went to the mailbox, not because he wanted a letter, but to see if the raised flag might mean something for her. The letters were for him. Was there no one to write to her? Or did she creep down the path in the night, glancing apprehensively toward his windows?

He did not answer his mail. He was finding, with the satisfaction that now passed for pleasure, that he was becoming self-sufficient. The city, the images of his friends, had gradually dimmed. He had not realized why his walks now took him away from the main house, why his trips to the village had become more rare. He was, at last, mastering the fine art of living with himself.

And he was beginning to feel less alone. It seemed to him that Saralee was closer to him now, not in a supernatural way (he neither believed nor disbelieved in such things, on the grounds that most of his hard-and-fast convictions had eventually proved a waste of time), but as if memory were at last showing him some kindness.

In July the bird songs grew quiet, honeysuckle bushes scented the garden, and David often went out at dusk to see the evening primroses open. He wondered how the oaks would look in the fall, and he thought he would stay until October anyway. The showing would have to be delayed, since he had nothing to show.

Brett dropped by every so often. Neither man was the sort to seek companionship, but something, David felt, had islanded Brett, too, and it gave them a kinship. David was not actively curious about the chauffeur (Saralee would have had his life story in ten minutes), but the man was amusing, good company, and surprisingly well-read. Sometimes their

doorstep conversations took flight into poetry or philosophy. One day the complete incongruity did move David to ask a question.

"How did you happen to choose this for a career?"

Brett smiled. "It wasn't actually a choice. I came here to work the summer before my last year in college, just for kicks. And, like the man who came to dinner, here I am."

"It doesn't explain why you stayed," David said. "You can tell me it's none of my business if you like."

"In other words, chauffeurs are supposed to read Ellery Queen, not the *Upanishads*? Oh, I suppose Mrs. Wollaston needs me around for a cribbage partner. And I'm fond of her."

This bit of forthrightness surprised David. It was not a quality he had come to associate with Brett. The chauffeur went on. "And, as you might guess, there was a girl involved. Say, you've got some fat and thriving weeds there. Shall we put our muscles to the test?"

The next morning David emerged from his half-dreams at the usual time. A branch crashed, a nighthawk churred by; through the tiny window he could see the sky graying above the treetops. At this hour he was more conscious of Saralee, but not as a memory, part of the past. As he lay there, it suddenly seemed to him almost as if, through his affection for this enchanted place, he were being permitted to re-invest his love so that it might survive and grow again.

That night he realized that he probably would not leave the cottage at all.

The idea did not particularly surprise him. The next morning he stood looking out the window and before his eyes the oak leaves turned to gold-flecked crimson; snow began to fall, lying softly along the branches. Finally he went into the kitchen and put on the coffee pot. While he waited for it to perc, his eye fell on the radio. He unplugged it, wiped the dust off, and put it in the cupboard.

The house and wood seemed different to him now. He looked on them with a sense of possession, of permanence. He began to make a list of things he would need sent from the city, things he must do to make the house livable for the winter. He had not so much made the decision as bowed to it.

He went up to the house to see Mrs. Wollaston and arrange details about providing heat. He found her, as usual, bustling about in the garden, cutting roses.

"These are just ready to bloom," she said, when he had finished talking. "We've been lucky this summer. I've managed to send Brett down with something almost every day. She's so fond of roses.

I'm glad you're staying." Now the eyes were examining. "You're sure it's the thing for you to do?"

"I imagine people will misunderstand." David said. "It may seem—well, that I lack the courage to go back. But it's just that there's nothing to go back to."

She nodded. "It takes honesty to accept the fact that there's nothing else—and courage to live with it."

He did not know exactly what she was trying to say, but he had grown accustomed to not quite following her train of thought.

A few nights later when he heard the window in the ell being raised, he wondered where Nancy would go in the winter, and his mind recreated the comfortable picture of light and company for her. Why did her solitude distress him when his own did not?

But Nancy was a gay name, a laughing name. A new thought crossed his mind. In these weeks, he had heard her voice—yawning, coughing, humming once, an airy little tune. But no sound had ever reached him of the earliest natural manifestation of the human voice. He had never heard her weep or laugh.

To be sure, she was alone, and either emotion loses vitality if not shared. Nonetheless, the omission struck him as forcefully as had his earlier melancholy speculations that she might be crippled in some physical or mental way. But never to laugh or cry! It disturbed him unreasonably. He stood in the window, hands clenched, staring at the wall, willing her to laugh—not to cough, or hum, but to *laugh*. No sound came, and he thought, She is only half alive—*if she is alive at all*.

He hurried from the cottage and up the path to the house. As he neared the front entrance, he heard voices laughing, and he saw that the chandelier blazed. He went around to the side hall door, and Brett let him in.

When he heard Mrs. Wollaston coming down the hall, his urgent mission was forgotten, and he felt merely idiotic. He didn't know what to say. What *was* there to say? He stood rooted, awkward. When he saw the concern on her face, he spoke in a tumble.

"I didn't mean to bother you. I didn't realize you had guests."

She came toward him. "What is it?" "Nothing, I was just walking and saw the lights—but I didn't realize you had guests—"

"Please come in and meet them," she said. When he fumbled among thin, muddled excuses, she nodded. "Then stay a moment anyway. It's such a night for a

walk I'm sorry I'm stuck here. How is everything at the cottage? Nancy's all right?"

"Oh yes, quite," he said, trying to manage something casually sensible. "Busy with her book, I suppose. Now I really must—"

Fresh laughter erupted from the drawing room. Mrs. Wollaston asked, "Her book?"

"Isn't she working on a book?"

"Why should she be working on a book?" she asked, eyes anxious, voice baffled. "She's a concert singer."

He had heard Brett let himself out the side door, and as soon as he had stammered a good night to Mrs. Wollaston, he crossed the courtyard, heading for the chauffeur's quarters over the stable. Brett's voice came to him from the shadows near the garden.

"Since you can't tell her, maybe you can talk to me," he said, holding out a pack of cigarettes. "I figured you'd want to, sooner or later."

For some moments they walked down the path in silence. Finally David felt collected enough to ask, "Who is she?"

"Nancy? She's the girl over the fireplace—Mrs. Wollaston's daughter. She was very beautiful, wasn't she?"

The clouds sailed past the moon in rippling tatters. A leaf caught a pearl of light, a tiny pool became a hand mirror. David said, "Was." It was not even a question.

"She was drowned in the little marsh pond more than twenty years ago. Isn't that what you wanted to know?"

Here the shadows were black, and webs of branches clawed the sky. The leaves were only rustling, not murmuring in sly whispers. David said, "Yes, I guess that was about what I expected. But what have I heard? I haven't imagined the sounds."

Brett shrugged. "Squirrels—the wind playing tricks—occasionally, me. I come with the meals and flowers every day."

"But the knitting needles," David said, half to himself. "And her meals? What do you do with them? What about the other servants?"

"I dispose of the meals. Then I take the trays back up, and we decide whether her appetite was up to par or the chops weren't broiled quite long enough. The cook understands, and the maids stay as long as they can take it. As for the knitting needles, I don't know. I can't tell you what you've heard, and I'm certainly not trying to explain any of this. It could be woodpeckers, it could be knitting needles." After a moment, he said, "You've never seen anything?"

The chauffeur was watching him carefully. David said, "I take it you think there might be something to see? That it's more than just an—aberration of Mrs. Wollaston's?"

"I told you, I don't know," Brett said, almost sharply. "Anyway, it's not a real aberration—Mrs. Wollaston is as sane as you are—it's a game we play, a nice little dishonesty that each of us owes the other. We're sharing the blame."

"Blame?"

"Nancy wanted to marry me, and her mother objected. That was why it happened."

"I see," David said. "No, I don't really. You should hate each other."

"Possibly. But we've had a long time to change."

The complexities were untangling; the full impact of the situation was getting through to David. He said, almost in a whisper, "It's just not possible. 'A game.' A game, and you've given your whole life to it. I can't believe it."

"Can't you?" Brett asked. "Somehow, I expected you to understand—since you're playing the same game."

David looked at him bewildered. They had reached the clearing by the twisted oak, and moonlight shimmered on the grass. "You're playing the same game." Could he deny it?

Suddenly what he had thought of as fighting looked like retreat; the peace he had sought had not been peace but half-death. It took courage to live when there was nothing to live for, Mrs. Wollaston had said, and she had managed to go on living, blithely and usefully, with a kind of strength that he did not understand.

"But you?" he asked. "Why do you stay?"

"I've told you, it takes two to play the game. Besides, there's always the slim possibility."

"What possibility?"

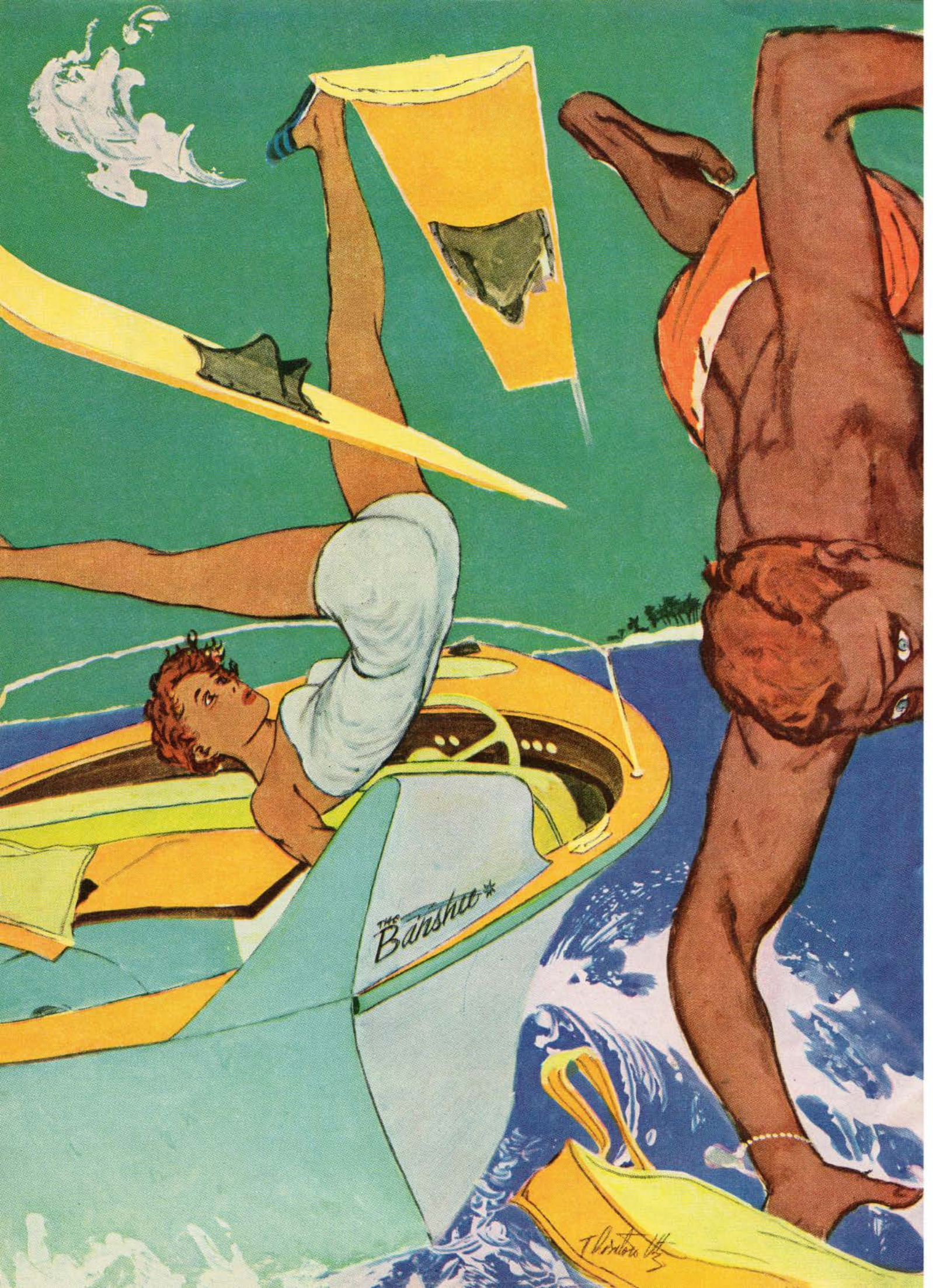
Brett leaned against the gate, gazing toward the cottage, his half-smile unchanged. Now the moon slid up from the carpet of clouds, the shadows shifted, the honeysuckle bushes swayed. David, following Brett's look, could almost believe he saw something near the ell, a shimmering, dancing tatter of cloud or a scrap of light. But there were only the shadows, sailing across the roof, climbing the chimney, dropping like a blanket over the bushes. The ell was dark and quiet.

"What possibility?" David repeated, almost certain of the answer and awaiting it with a mixture of dread and respect that touched on envy.

"That I might see her again," the man said, quietly. THE END

He pictured her, a lovely, elfin thing, dreaming away her days—as he did.





THE Banshee*

Winters '43

COLLEGE MAN

We figured him for a phoney, this guy who was cutting in on my girl. We didn't plan anything too rough—just rough enough so he'd chicken out on her

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

As soon as I'd raced through breakfast that Saturday morning, I headed for the boat yard. My mother caught me as I was going out the kitchen door, saying, "Jud, if you and Dake are going to spend the day water skiing, please don't do any . . . crazy things."

"I won't," I said. "Don't worry."

Eighteen years old and you'd think I was a little kid. She's still a little gun shy on account of the way I broke my leg two years ago: Dake was driving the boat, and we were in the Gulf, paralleling the shoreline of Razor Key, and I tried to swing in and jump a low jetty. But the waves broke wrong and I didn't clear the last inch of it.

I drove the heap down the key to Wally Wilton's marina, where Dake and I keep the *Banshee* and work on her. Wally doesn't charge us any rent in return for our helping him out when he's jammed up. It's covered storage, and plenty of tools to work with.

Dake and I bought the *Banshee* three years ago for sixty dollars. She was in twenty feet of water just inside Narrow Pass, with a hole in the hull as big as your head where she had hit a floating palm bole. Sixteen feet of low, flat, high-speed hull. It took thirty inner tubes to float her, and I don't know how many hundred hours until she was clean and sweet. She had a ninety horse Gray in her, and we got that running right and had us a lot of boat. Last summer we sold the Gray and bought a '54 Cadillac motor out of a rear-end collision that was a total loss, and sweated out the marine conversion

ourselves. As a marine engine it's a little cranky, but when it is delivering, we've got the most boat in Coral City. And the prettiest. We've glassed the hull and put on some real insolent tail fins. Jean Anne, Dake's sister, painted "Banshee" on one fin, with a bolt of lightning going through the blue letters. Carrying one, without skis, she'll do a legitimate fifty-two or three. She'll tow a skier at forty-five, and when you spill at that speed it's like falling onto concrete.

Dake was in her when I arrived. I looked down into the *Banshee* and said, "How is she?"

Dake grinned and turned the key. The stack made a gutsy underwater rumble. He cut her off and climbed up onto the dock and we sat there side by side and smoked a cigarette and admired her. The two sets of skis were aboard, the nylon towlines coiled.

"Suppose he doesn't show?" I asked Dake.

He snapped the butt into the water. "If he doesn't show, then Jean Anne will know he's chicken, won't she?"

"I suppose so." I said, but I wasn't as confident as he was.

It had always been the three of us. Dake and me and Jean Anne. Dake and I are eighteen and she's seventeen. She could go professional in the water ski business if she wanted to, and if Mr. and Mrs. Morgan would hear of it. But they're stuffy about that kind of thing. They wouldn't even let her enter the beauty contest. She would have beat the crow that won.

I'd been looking forward to our having

a wonderful summer, like always, but this Foster Harmon had to show up. He and his folks moved down from Clearwater. He's nineteen, a college man. He's finished one year at Gainesville. That's where Dake and I are going, but not until fall.

You get to thinking that a girl is *your* girl. So maybe you take it all a little too much for granted. And in comes another party. Name of Foster Harmon. And Jean Anne flips. And gets a gooey look in her eyes that could turn your stomach. So all of a sudden she doesn't have any time for all the old routines, and it's like something bit a hole out of the middle of summer.

This Foster Harmon is not as big as Dake, or as big as me. Five ten, maybe, blondish with mild blue eyes. A quiet type with a quiet way of talking, and always dressed a little too well. Neither Dake nor I could see what there was about him that would send Jean Anne. And we had him figured for a phoney. There was something too smooth about him. So Dake and I had to figure a way to pry Jean Anne loose. Some way to open her eyes. Because Dake figured she was my girl, too.

So the preceding Thursday, on the porch of the Morgan house, when this fellow came in his little red Volkswagen to pick Jean Anne up, we rigged it on him.

"How about you and Jean Anne doing some water skiing with us Saturday?" Dake said in an easy way. "Have you ever done any before, Harmon?"

Dake went over the side; Jean Anne was dumped, unconscious, into the cockpit. The *Banshee* roared on at fifty miles an hour.

"Some. Not too much. I'm no expert."
 "Maybe Foster doesn't enjoy it," Jean Anne said quickly.

"He ought to have a chance to see how good you are, Sis," Dake said. "even if he doesn't want to get on the skis behind the *Banshee*. A lot of people wouldn't want to try it behind the *Banshee*."

Foster was getting the message. He knew Dake had him cornered, and Jean Anne knew too. It was a lazy conversation, and you couldn't hear most of the things that were being said.

"What time?" Foster Harmon asked.
 "Oh, make it about nine. Jean Anne knows where," Dake said. We watched them get into the car and drive away.
 "Boy might get shook up," Dake said.
 "Might, at that."

But now it was quarter after nine. And we were beginning to wonder. "If he does show," I said, "nothing too rough."

"Just enough to make him chicken out," Dake agreed. What we wanted from him was one gesture. You make the sign of cutting your own throat. That means cut the speed down. If you're not used to water skis, and you're not in condition, it's all very fine at first. And then your

legs start to go. It turns into a very special agony. You don't know how long you can last. But, behind a boat like the *Banshee*, you certainly don't want to hang on until you spill. So you either make the gesture to reduce speed, or you let go of the tow bar and coast until you lose speed and topple gently. It's chicken either way.

"Here they come," Dake said, and we got up.

Foster Harmon parked beside my heap. They were in swim togs and carried beach towels. I thought Harmon's grin was a little tight and nervous. He would know from Jean Anne the sort of things we'd be likely to pull. I took a good look at Harmon when he jumped down into the *Banshee*. I hadn't seen him stripped down before. He was lean and the little muscles bunched and writhed under the hide of his back. His waist was narrow and his legs were long and springy, with good calves. There wasn't any of the softness on him I had hoped for. Jean Anne acted very subdued.

We cast off and went out Wally's channel to the marker in the Intracoastal Waterway. Jean Anne said, "Tow me out, Dake. I want to loosen up."

"Won't have much oomph with three aboard."

"That's okay," she said, and went over the side. I put a set of skis over. When she got her feet in, I tossed her the towbar. Dake eased away until the line straightened and then goosed the *Banshee*. Jean Anne came up like a feather and we headed south toward Narrow Pass. It was wonderful to watch her. Like a dance. Honey skin and white suit and the tangled auburn curls. She swung left and right in perfect form, skittering across the wake, dancing on the oyster bars, skidding toward the pilings, slanting the water up into temporary rainbows.

I glanced at Foster Harmon. He was looking at her like a kid watching candy. "She's wonderful!" he shouted.

We went through the pass and the Gulf was flat calm. We headed south toward Coquina Point, knowing most of the gang would be there. The shoreline there is all rocks, so you don't have to worry about swimmers. There is an old sagging structure that goes out into the Gulf about two hundred yards, a timber and rock groin built a long time ago to prevent erosion. We built a platform on the end. It makes a good take-off point and you can tie up the boats along the side.

There were six boats and about fifteen of the crowd there. The Turner twins, Danny Riggs, Sue Lehman . . . just about everybody. Some skin-divers were close inshore, working the holes in the rocks.

Jean Anne dropped the bar at exactly the right moment, went sailing in on a long curve, losing speed until she came almost to a dead stop, just close enough so she could turn and sit neatly on the takeoff platform. When you do it wrong, and either die six feet away, or come piling in so hard you bang yourself up, you get the big jeer from all.

As Jean Anne came in for her landing, Dake made a sharp hard turn and headed in. I pulled the line in. Dake reversed, we nudged, and tied up. Some of the kids knew Foster Harmon. We introduced him to the others. I guess everybody knew the score, and they could pretty well guess what we had in mind.

I took Dake out first and set him up for the thing he likes to do best. I went out so I could build up top speed on a good long run back in, and then made a long, gentle, sweeping curve by the take-off platform. Dake had swung far to the left and at just the right moment he swung back, edging the skis, digging hard, building up his speed to the maximum. We haven't been able to measure it, but if it is done right, the skier on his big swing, behind a boat going forty-five, can build it up to sixty-five. Dake flashed by, squatting low to cut the wind resistance. He passed the boat. If

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I'd continued straight away it would have picked up slack in the rope and dumped him, so I had to cut to port, keeping my eye on the line. I'd heard the girls squeal as he slammed by, not a yard away from the platform.

We had it all arranged to let Mr. Foster Harmon stew for a while. Dake took me out, kept it throttled down to build up the wake, and I did six jump spins in a row across the wake until I landed wrong and got dumped. Then Dake took Mickey Reiss out. Reiss is a solid pack of muscle. Mickey is the only one in the group husky enough to ski barefoot. He kicked off one ski, braced his bare foot against the water until he had enough pressure on it to kick off the other ski. He threw water so thick and high you could hardly see him, but he stayed up, the cords and muscles of his back bulging in an incredible way.

The kids coaxed Jean Anne till she gave an exhibition. Though she was a little rusty, she made it a honey, coming by the last time in a reverse swan. That's where you are going backward on one ski, bent from the waist, arms out as though doing a swan dive, the towbar hooked behind the heel of your other foot. She made it look easy, and smiled as she went by.

Finally Dake nodded at me. I said to Foster Harmon, "Ready for a try at it?"

"Sure," he said, in a casual way, but there were little knots of muscle at the corners of his jaw. Dake took him out. Harmon got the skis on and sat at take-off, and when the line came tight he made the traditional pumping motion with his fist. Dake took off hard. Harmon wobbled for a moment and caught his balance. I sat beside Jean Anne. Nobody was doing any talking. Dake headed out and out and out, full throttle, as though heading for Mexico.

"Very, very amusing. I'm sure," Jean Anne said in a tight little voice.

"Maybe Foster would like a nice long ride."

"You two are revolting."

"Thanks, chick. Look at him. He's horsing around."

Foster Harmon was, indeed, swinging from side to side as he gained confidence in his balance. And then he became so tiny we couldn't see what he was doing. There was an offshore breeze. Out where Dake was heading there would be a punishing chop.

Some of the other boats went into action. Next to the *Banshee*, the fastest is Sonny Edison's, a stubby plastic hull with one of the big Mercs mounted on the transom. Sonny took Danny Riggs out and tried to shake him off. You can do anything but deliberately put slack in the line. Danny wouldn't shake. With a tow,

Sonny can do a shade over thirty, and that's good enough for a lot of fun. And the water isn't concrete when you fall into it. I couldn't see the *Banshee* any more. About twenty minutes later I was watching Sue Lehman ride on the shoulders of one of the Turner twins when Jean Anne's fingers bit into my bare shoulder and she said, "There they are, and I think he's still up."

A few minutes later I could see for certain that he was still on the skis. It surprised me. Dake brought him in at such an angle that he couldn't let loose the first time. Foster Harmon was bent forward to ease the strain on his arms and shoulders. His face had a gray, twisted look. He had the most obvious case of spaghetti legs I have ever seen. Dake made a proper swing and Harmon let go. It looked as though he would make a decent landing. You could tell from his face that he desperately wanted to land well. But thirty feet out his legs just folded on him and he went down. He bobbed up, rested on the skis for a moment, and then came slowly in, pushing them in front of him. Nobody razed him. He was shaking all over when he climbed up. I helped him. I don't know why. He stretched out, rolled onto his back and closed his eyes, breathing hard. I could see the muscles in his thighs and calves jump and quiver. Jean Anne sat close to him and they began to talk in low tones. I wandered away. I knew that in a little while he'd feel all right, but when he tried to get out of bed the next morning, he would have a big surprise.

A half hour passed before I had a chance for a private word with Dake. "Looks like he made it." He looked sore. "I don't know how. I thought he was gone ten minutes before I brought him in."

"Jean Anne is pretty sore at both of us."

"That college boy is gutsy, Jud. Face it."

And I had to face it, but I didn't like it. We'd have to think of some new way to show Jean Anne that he was a slick phoney.

In the meantime, I could at least get in some more ski time. It must have been a little after noon when Mickey Reiss and I talked Dake into taking us both out to play crisscross. Dake hates to pull two. It slows the boat and puts the bow too high. So somebody has to be on the bow, and that makes it even slower. Jean Anne agreed to go out on the bow of the *Banshee*. She stretched out in the sun. Dake towed us in big circles. Mickey and I had a fine old time. You swing in opposite directions, and when you come back you take turns jumping the other guy's line. The one who jumps has to pull in line

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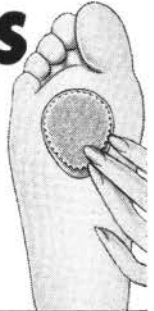
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We've got the most boat in Coral City. Lots of people are scared to put on her skis. That's just what I had in mind

to shorten up, or you'll bang into each other.

From the shape of the last circle, I knew Dake had had enough and was bringing us in, so we quit horsing around and got ready to peel off. I was looking at the *Banshee*, admiring her. I guess Jean Anne knew we were coming in, so she was getting up, ready to step back over the windscreen, down into the cockpit. Dake was standing at the wheel, looking back at us. And all of a sudden, directly in front of the speeding *Banshee*, I saw a damn fool skin-diver pop to the surface. I yelled, but I knew Dake couldn't hear me. Maybe my expression, or some sixth sense, warned him. He snapped his head around. I didn't see how he could miss the stoop in the mask.

It happened in a crazy kind of slow motion. Dake has good reflexes. He gave a hard yank on the wheel, taking no time to brace himself. The *Banshee* seemed to jump sideways. It skinned past the fool in the water. Dake lost his grip on the wheel, waved his arms wildly and went over the side. Jean Anne fell headlong over the windscreen, down into the cockpit. I saw that, just as the lines went slack; then they came taut and dumped both of us. I had the crazy idea of hanging onto the tow bar and trying to work my way up the line to the boat, but the weight of my body in the water tore my hands free.

We were about ninety yards from the take-off platform. I don't think I ever swam faster in my life, but it was an endless distance. I must have been ten yards from it when there was a warning yell. Sonny Edison's big Merc brayed with power, and Foster Harmon was yanked by me on skis. I had one glimpse of his face and it was set like marble.

All I could think of was what a hell of a poor time it was to go skiing.

I was first out of the water, then Dake, then Mickey. As soon as I looked back, I saw the picture, and it was so bad I felt physically sick. There was no sign of Jean Anne. She was on the floorboards, probably knocked out, maybe badly hurt. The *Banshee* was at full throttle. You could hear her clear, high whine. I cursed Dake and myself for not putting an automatic throttle on her.

I knew the steering was tight. It was possible to predict her course after watching her for a few seconds. She was making a big circle to port, maybe a half mile or a little better in diameter. and when she came back she was going head-on into the jumbled rock of the shoreline at fifty miles an hour. You could see the twin towbars leap clear of the surface, dancing in her wake.

And there went Foster Harmon on the skis, behind Sonny Edison's boat, with Sonny at the wheel. They could do thirty. The *Banshee* was doing fifty. They were inside the circle, coming around on an interception course.

Dake, beside me, said harshly, "The damn fool can't do it. He can't. He doesn't know how to do it."

But to me, when the light dawned, it did not look so ridiculous. I had thought Harmon hadn't realized what had happened. But suddenly I knew he had seen it, and during the time it had taken me to swim ninety yards, he had figured out the only possible way of doing it, had slammed into the skis and gotten the plan across to Sonny before the others, most of them better skiers, could break out of the trance. There was no chance of jumping from Sonny's boat into the *Banshee*. The only way it could be done was to kill the speed differential by swinging wide and hard on the skis, and hope to God you'd get somewhere near fifty miles an hour at the right time and place.

One girl was sobbing and another was making little screaming sounds. Both the Turner twins were cursing in choked voices, saying all the dirty words they knew. I knew Harmon couldn't do it. I knew we'd lift Jean Anne's broken body out of the rocks, out of the splintered wreckage of the *Banshee*.

The *Banshee* had reached her farthest point and was on the way back in. Sonny made his turn way inside her and then, well ahead of her, began to swing wider. He was crouched low to cut wind resistance, and he was doing a masterful job of gauging relative speeds and the proper interception course.

He locked onto a parallel course, a towline length away from the *Banshee*, and a hundred yards ahead of her. The *Banshee* was coming on like a rocket,

narrowing the distance between them. Harmon swung wide to port and hung out there, edging his skis, looking back at the *Banshee*. Then he ducked low and came swinging back hard. He was too late. The *Banshee* would be by. He would have been too late had not Sonny cut perfectly to port at the precise moment to send Harmon scoting like a stone on the end of a string. For a moment he was even with the bow of the *Banshee*, and then as he dropped back, he let go of the tow bar, and plunged over the gunnel into the *Banshee*. One ski went high in the air, turned lazily and plunged into the wake forty feet behind the *Banshee*. We saw Harmon clamber very slowly to the wheel. The whine died. The *Banshee* slowed abruptly, coasted, and lay dead.

Everybody was jumping up and down, yelling and beating on each other. I looked at Dake. He wore a wide, frozen grin, and the tears were running down his cheeks.

Sonny eased over to the *Banshee*, grabbed the bow line and towed her to us. Jean Anne sat up, looking very dazed. Right in the middle of her forehead was a lump as big as half a plum, and it was turning to a plum color.

Foster Harmon was a mess. His cheek was laid open. He had a broken wrist and collarbone, a badly sprained ankle and torn ligaments in his foot. He was in a lot of pain, but he was able to look up at Dake and me and give a funny kind of a grin and say, "Jean Anne warned me you guys were going to make it rough, but I didn't know it was going to be this rough, fellows."

Well, it isn't the sort of summer I thought it would be. We ski, but not so much. When we do, Foster Harmon does most of the piloting, because his arm is still in a cast. But mostly we go on picnics on the sand bar out beyond Turtle Pass. We load the *Banshee* up full. Dake usually brings Sue Lehman and I bring Nancy Riggs. And Jean Anne is, of course, with Foster. No complaints. The way I figure, he's almost good enough for her. And in a funny sort of way, he earned her. Lately he's been giving me and Dake the scoop on the fraternity he belongs to at Gainesville.

It sounds all right.

THE END



Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

Asleep in the Deep

She was the kind of woman men dream of and never find—delicate, fiery, pantherlike. She'd aroused violent passion in every man on the ship—and in someone the passion to kill

BY DONALD M. DOUGLASS ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

It was February twenty-eighth when the radiogram came in. It was from the motor ship *Kamchatka*, 13° 60' latitude, 69° longitude, which would make her about nine hours out of Curaçao. The radiogram was addressed to "Executive Officer, Police, Port Magdalena" and it read, "Oriental-Occident dock twenty-one hours approximate one passenger murdered another missing presumed suicide investigation your hands. Gustaf Borglum, Master."

You couldn't call such a message routine, but it was not exactly earth-shaking either and it certainly seemed impersonal. I showed the chit to Saba Fugaros and he shrugged his shoulders. "It's your show," he said. "You'd think, with only twelve passengers, they could be more definite. Approximate one could mean none or two. I'd guess it's a man and a woman. Passengers get amorous in these latitudes and odd things happen." I looked at him over my reading glasses and he laughed and added. "Oh, I don't mean just passengers on boats. Gross-papa—all of us. It's not the heat. It's the lack of humidity."

It was necessary to show some mild disapproval of Sebastian Fugaros' flippancies because, although he is a thoroughly sound police officer, his attitude toward the other sex resembles that of a tomcat and he is shameless about it.

Being older, the father of ten children and therefore notorious as a family man, I gave him a look of the utmost severity and left him without a word.

I had an early dinner, bathed, put on my best whites, and pinned on my four ribbons. They are practically meaningless, but they tend to impress strangers.

At nine o'clock, the Oriental-Occident dock was brightly lit and there were two groups of well-oiled welcomers waiting noisily. It occurred to me to wonder if one group could be waiting for either of the casualties. Unless they were next of kin they would have no way of knowing of the tragedy on board.

The *Kamchatka* was on time. We could see her in the outer harbor advancing carefully, her black hull glistening, her white superstructure, yellow stack and booms well defined by her deck lights. I had not seen this vessel before, but the ships of her line call every two weeks or thereabouts on an irregular but steady schedule and I knew them to be freighters of around ten thousand tons, running, with varied stops, between Vancouver and Copenhagen and carrying, in addition to their cargo, twelve passengers.

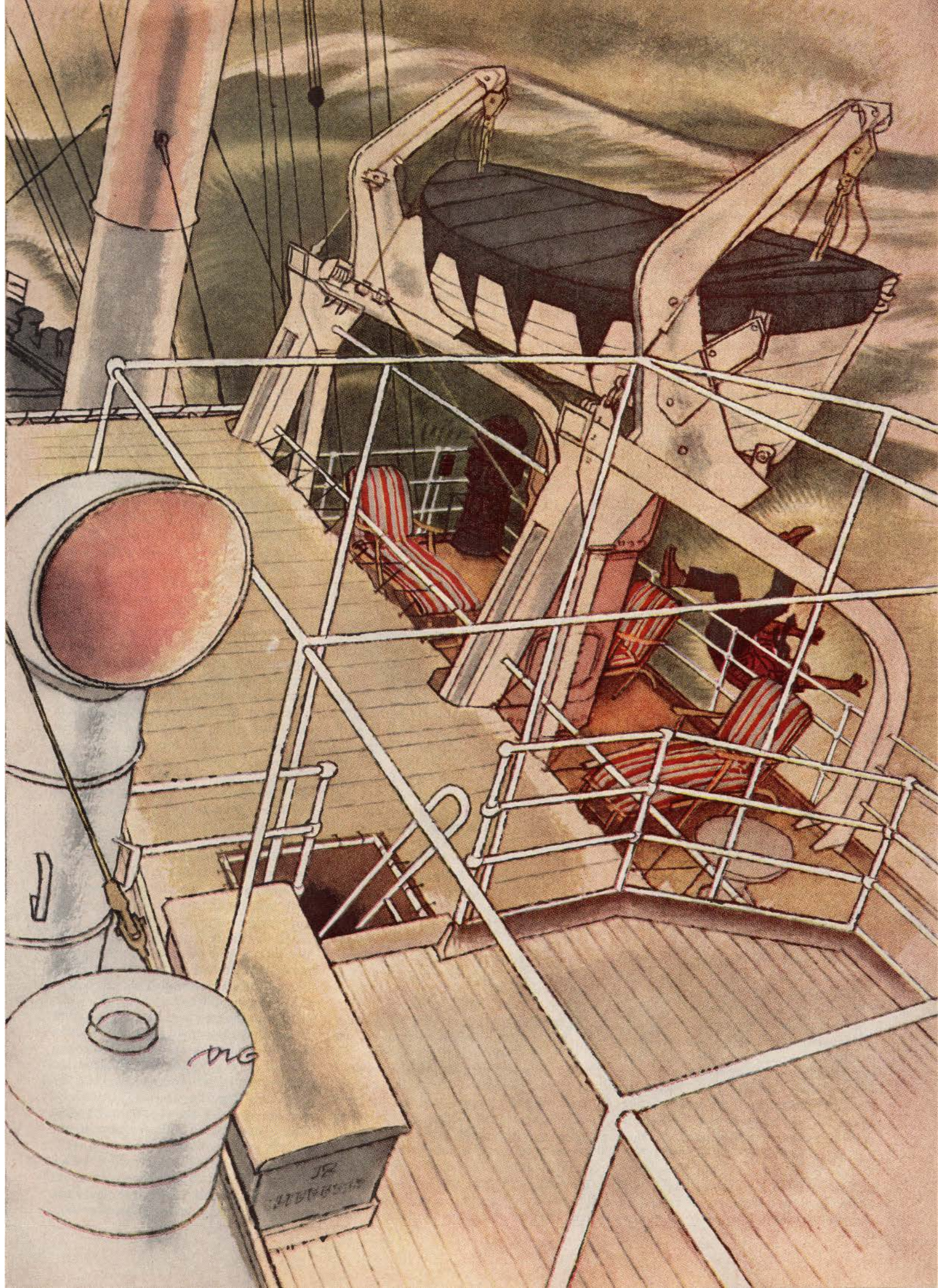
She came in under her own power. As she docked, she seemed strangely silent. There were no passengers on deck and this fact and her silence threw a pall over the dock-side celebrants.

The ship's ladder had been rigged at sea and, as soon as the hawsers had been made fast, it was lowered with a clanking of chain. That broke the spell, and the inebriate welcomers made a rush for the stair. But two tall young officers came down it swiftly and announced that no visitors were allowed on board. I stepped up and identified myself. One officer directed me to follow him, and we climbed up two decks.

We stepped off the stair onto a spotless, well-scrubbed promenade deck. As we did so, I had one of those extrasensory sensations not based on experience or reason but which we do well not to ignore. I felt a strange kinship with this vessel. I felt, for no reason whatever, that there was a job to be done here. As I entered the ship proper, the open door on the right showed a group of passengers gathered in the lounge. My guide opened another door and we climbed two more decks by way of a narrow interior stair. This gave directly onto the bridge and, just aft, to the captain's quarters.

The young officer saluted, announced me very correctly in a strong Danish accent, and retired. The captain was alone. He rose courteously and we shook hands. Captain Borglum was a portly but solidly built man of perhaps fifty-six to sixty.

No one but the boy had seen him go. Who could say if he had been dead or alive?



Asleep in the Deep (continued)

with a leathery face composed entirely of wrinkles. They were a jolly set of wrinkles and it was soon apparent that he had, generally, found life both pleasant and amusing. He was drinking aquavit but offered me my choice from a well-stocked bar. I chose rum and soda and, while he was mixing, looked around. It was a large room, both lavish and austere. The furniture was of that deceptively simple Scandinavian type that speaks of great skill and many hours of labor. The only thing on the desk was a silver-framed photograph of a cheerful-looking, spherically shaped woman and two teenaged children who had inherited their parents' rotundity.

Our drinks beside us and cigars lit, the captain began his exposition as though he had all the time in the world.

"Major Manchenil," he said, pronouncing it wrong, "if it had been my decision, you would have been caused no trouble whadaver. The *Kamchatka* would have slipped into this port, discharged one passenger, taken three aboard and, within six hours at most, been on her way again. What do you weigh, sir, if you don't mind the question?"

"Not at all," I said. "Two hundred and eighty. I've been reducing."

He thought that very funny. "Well," he said. "Instead of this simple way of doing things, we find ourselves with problems. The problems are due to the fact that I carry, as one passenger, Mr. Erik Horgerson. Now you understand, Major, when we are at sea I am absolute. If I order Mr. Horgerson to yump overboard, he has to yump. So. So I could have made my own decision and followed it. But Mr. Horgerson is a vice-president of the company, of Oriental-Occident. Oh, they have plenty vice-presidents, more than they have captains. But just the same! Now we hang around so long as *you* say so, lose our turn at Dublin, Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg—oh, we gat real late. But nobody dare scold Captain Gustaf Borglum! They can scold the vice-president. He's a lawyer."

"I don't yet know what sort of violence occurred, Captain."

He laughed, that jolting laugh of his. "You will, Major. You are now in charge. That is the law. You are to investigate what needs no investigation—a simple murder and a simple suicide." He pulled open a drawer. "Here is my passenger list. In Cabin D, we had Mr. Pieter Nyborg. He was going all the way to Copenhagen but he changed his mind and decided he wanted to gat off here. Also wanting to gat off here was Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, in Cabin F. Could have something to do with Mr. Nyborg's change of plans. Now nobody gats off here. Mr. Nyborg and Mrs. Phelps because they

have already left us and Mr. Phelps because he wants his wife buried at sea. Oh, it has some comic aspects, this business. Mr. Phelps is a very serious man. He seriously wanted me to say the prayers and dump her overboard today. And I would have been glad to oblige. But Mr. Horgerson wouldn't lat me. It wasn't legal. So now Mr. Phelps has to spend elaven days going to Europe" . . . the captain found this very amusing indeed . . . "yust so he can vatch me dump her overboard after you gat through with us."

In view of the captain's digressions I might never have known the subject of my investigation if there had not been, at this moment, a knock on the door. At the captain's answering roar, a young-old man carrying a briefcase came in.

"I was told," he said, "that a police officer was on board."

"Major Bolivar Manchenil. Mr. Erik Horgerson."

"How do you do, Major," Horgerson said. "We have complied with Maritime Law and officially are in your hands. But both the captain and I can assure you that your investigation can be most cursory. I have prepared the necessary papers and all we really need is your signature. Every hour's delay costs us money, so we are, naturally, anxious to be on our way."

"Would you mind telling me what happened?" I asked.

"You don't know?"

"I was yust beginning to tal him," the captain said.

"I see," said Horgerson. "Well, it is very simple. We had on board a professional writer, Mr. Jackson Phelps, and his wife Peggy."

"A very gay and beautiful woman," interjected the captain.

"Yes, both adjectives would apply," Horgerson agreed as though he wished it otherwise. "She was carrying on a flagrant affair with another passenger, a Danish citizen named Pieter Nyborg, of whom we know nothing."

"The Phelpses are U. S. citizens?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And you speak of this flagrant affair as though it were a known, positive fact. Known to you?"

"Not to me, no sir. But they were seen on numerous occasions, going into and coming from the hospital bay, which is on the officer's deck, not normally open to the passengers. They had been seen by the first officer, the second officer, and the chief engineer. They could have no reason for doing so except for immoral purposes, and the stewardess now admits having given young Nyborg the key, for a fee of course. This morning the stewardess went into the Phelps's cabin to clean it. Mrs.

Phelps was in the habit of sleeping through breakfast but not as late as this, and she found her murdered there. Then, after investigation, a crew member reported that earlier in the morning he had seen what he thought was a man fall overboard."

"Wait a minute," I said. "He did not sound the alarm at the time?"

Horgerson seemed sheepish about it. "The boy is only fifteen and not very intelligent."

The captain laughed. "He is not intaligant, but he is intaligant enough to have learned, on his first trip out, to keep his mouth shut. My third officer drives those apprentices hard and he teaches them that freight is our business, not passengers. Besides, he says he yust wasn't sure."

"You gentlemen mystify me. Murder and suicide, you said. When a woman is unfaithful to her husband and is murdered, it is at the husband that we take the closest look. From what you have told me, could not Phelps have killed his wife and thrown Nyborg overboard?"

The captain laughed again. "You haven't mat Phelps."

Horgerson explained. "No, he could not have. Mrs. Phelps was, as the captain said, a very gay lady. She was very popular with all the passengers and she liked to drink champagne and stay up late at night, later than the rest of us knew. The various rendezvous in the hospital were, apparently, usually after she had said goodnight. Each morning she had a standing order, a bottle of Carlsberg beer at eight. She then would go back to sleep. It was the same as usual this morning. Sven brought her the beer and she drank it while Nils was ringing the breakfast gong."

"These are the waiters?"

"We call them stewards. Mr. Phelps was dressed and shaved and preceded Sven to the dining salon. He was seen to go directly from breakfast to the writing desk in the lounge, a place which he had appropriated for his own. There were others continually in the lounge who testify that he did not leave his work until eleven-thirty when the stewardess found his wife dead. She notified the chief steward and he notified the captain."

"Yas," the captain said. "I thought Yacob had gone off his nut. But she was dad, all right. Like you said, Major, when the wife is a gay lady and you find her with a hole in her head, you look for the husband. There he was at this desk. So I ordered him to come with me. I yerked him in fact. I don't like murder on my ship."

"What were his reactions?" I asked.

The captain laughed. That man would laugh at anything. "First, he threw up, bad, floor, chair; than he began crying;

than he kept saying she must be buried at once at sea. Then I found what had made the hole in her head and knew he had not done it after all."

"How was she killed?"

"Ha!" he said. "That is why there is no mystery, no problem, that is why she should have been buried at once." He looked disapprovingly at Horgerson. "Do you know what is a fid?"

"A sailor's fid? A marlinespike?"

"Yes, a fid. Not a marlinespike. Nyborg's fid. It was off him a kind of trademark. In conversation he would take it out of his pocket and twirl it by its lanyard. It had a carved bone handle with a heavy knife folded in one end and a long stainless steel fid on the other. The lanyard was a braid made of blond, well-varnished hair. Vary, vary cute, that fid was. As Mrs. Phelps slapt he had thrust this fid into the spinal cord at the base of her skull. The stewardess had stupidly pulled it out. I sent for Nyborg. When it was made sure he was not on board, I questioned the crew. In a half-hour we knew the whole story. Simple, a lovers' quarrel, the end of a romantic affair, murder and suicide."

"How much do the other passengers know?"

"Oh, the facts have leaked, of course, but I instructed my people to say nothing about the hospital. It sounds funny to the layman although it is not the first time it's been used for that purpose."

Horgerson was impatient. "I suppose you will have to view the body before you sign these papers."

"Yes, Mr. Horgerson, there are a number of things I must do. I may as well do that first. Is it still in her stateroom?"

"No," said the captain, cheerfully. "She is in with the other parishables, just next to a side of beef. Come along."

Horgerson stiffened in distaste. "I will leave these papers on the captain's desk. There is a pencil check on each where you are to sign. At, of course, your convenience." As he left the room, the captain stood up and grinned at me.

"Even when he is as old as I am, that fallow will not like a yoke." He opened a drawer and drew out the knife with its bloody fid. "Here is what the fallas call the murder weapon."

He was handling it so carelessly that I was a little acid. "We usually try to test such things for fingerprints." But I could not dull his joviality.

"Fingerprints! You'll never get Pieter Nyborg's fingerprints. He's been feeding the fishes all day, and they start with the fingers, just after they take out the eyes." The good captain was not only a joker, he was a bit of a ghoul.

We descended the narrow inner stairway to a deck either below or just above the water line. The captain unlocked

a padlock and we entered the refrigerated area. There were bins of eggs and what seemed like an enormous amount of meat. Decently separated from these hanging slabs was a mahogany coffin.

"We keep two of them on hand," the captain explained, "just in case." He took off the lid of the coffin and stood it against the wall.

The dead woman looked very small in the great box, small, fragile and very beautiful. The expression on her face was extraordinary. Whoever had dressed her for burial had not closed the eyes, or perhaps they had opened after being closed. At any rate, her face seemed to express exquisite emotion, but it seemed a look of ecstasy rather than what it must have been, exquisite pain.

"You'll want to examine the wound, I suppose."

"No," I said. "She has been made ready. There is no reason to disturb her further." I covered the coffin again. "I suppose her husband dressed her."

"Oh, no! Not him," the captain answered. "It wouldn't be in his line. I told you. He would let you shoot him before he would touch or even see her again. No, it was the stewardess again. She does the woman's work for the whole ship, a

very efficient person. If you really want to know the, what you say, intimacies of this affair and want to wrap it up in your own mind before you sign Horgerson's papers up top, talk to the stewardess. Come, I take you."

We climbed to the passengers' deck. I walked the length of the corridor and turned to the left. The captain knocked sharply on the door over which was the word "Stewardess." There was a reply in Danish. "There is a Major of Police here to question you," the captain said. Again a short Danish answer.

"She says she is not raddy."

"I can wait," I said.

This news was relayed in Danish through the door.

"We can wait in the dining room," he said.

"There is no need to keep you," I said. "I want to question her alone."

"Oh, ho!" he said. "So. You can find your way back to my quarters?"

"I think so, thank you, sir."

Directly opposite us was the open door to the galley, where two white-coated stewards were working.

"Sven," the captain ordered, "a rum and soda for Major Manchenil," and he

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Asleep in the Deep (continued)

turned and walked out on deck. Before the order could be executed or I could start for the dining salon, the stewardess's door was flung open.

"Coom in, police," she said.

Her room was very small, but besides a berth and a dressing table she had a desk and was standing behind it.

"I haff only von chair," she said, shortly. "Take it. I vill stand."

"Please," I said. "I would be very uncomfortable. Sit on the bed. This is just routine."

I judged the stewardess to be in her early forties, a woman who had once been very handsome but who now was not. Her blonde hair was every which way and her nose and eyes were pink from weeping.

"This is a very sad affair," I said. "But the captain seems to think you are best informed to tell me about it." I got out my notebook.

"So," she said.

"My name is Major Bolivar Manchenil. What is yours?"

"Mimi Sorensen."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss."

"Age, please?"

"Dirty-nine."

"You found Mrs. Phelps this morning."

"Yes, I vound her."

"With Nyborg's fid sunk in the back of her brain."

"Yes."

"And you pulled it out? Why?"

"Vy not? It didn't belong dere."

"You immediately reported to the chief steward."

"Yes."

"Did you return to the Phelps's stateroom?"

"No. I vait."

"You waited for what?"

"For captain stop shouting, hoosband stop crying. Then I go in, clean up the mess."

"You dressed her in the white dress. And put her in the coffin?"

"I drassed her. Who else? Sven and Nils carried her below."

"You are sure she was alive when Mr. Phelps went in to breakfast?"

"No."

"Didn't Sven take in her morning beer?"

"He says."

"Don't you believe him?"

"Sure. Vy not?"

"Now this business of the hospital key."

"Vot about?"

"The captain says you knew all about this love affair between Mrs. Phelps and Nyborg."

"I know all about effery tink but vy should I tal you? Dey are both dad."

"You should tell me," I said sternly, "because it is everyone's duty to help the

police, especially in the investigation of a murder."

She sat there mulishly.

"You gave this Nyborg the hospital key?" I asked.

"No."

"The captain says you did."

"He says."

"But you say you did not?"

"Yes. He paid me nozzink. He yust took it."

"Where did you keep the key, Mimi?"

"On hook." She gestured toward a row of keys. "Vas dere."

"I don't understand," I said. "You say it was there. They are all here now."

"Off course you don' onderstand," she said, bitterly. "How would you? Dot iss first officer's key. Pieter Nyborg took my key wid him—into de sea."

"How do you know that? Did you see him go overboard?"

This was a mercurial woman. The face had been, in turn, ravished, lovely, stupid and bitterly sad. Now it broke into a smile. "You're a funny fella," she said. "I neffer talked to such a policeman. Major, is it? You must be more smart to ask me that. If a passenger falls over board would de stewardess not call to stop de ship?"

"All right," I said. "Let's get back to the key. You knew it was gone?"

"Yes."

"You knew it was Nyborg who had taken it?"

"Yes. He told me."

"Ah. When was that?"

"She came on board at Long Beach. Naxt night."

"So you knew why he wanted the key."

"Yes. He told me."

"It is not," I said, "that I don't believe you. It is that I find it hard to understand. A passenger comes to you and asks for the key to the hospital—"

"No. He yust took it."

"All right. But he tells you he wants it so he can seduce another passenger's wife. The captain says the hospital bay has been used for a similar purpose before. Is this usual?"

"No, but de captain iss right."

"When you found Mrs. Phelps, did you know when you pulled it out that it was Nyborg's fid?"

"Yes. He used to swing it."

"So, in view of their relationship, you deduced, on the spot, that Nyborg had murdered her?"

"Deduced? Vot is dot?"

"You knew that it was he and not the husband."

"Ah. Dot hoosband!"

"But you did not know at the time that Nyborg had committed suicide."

"Maybe he didn't commit suicide. All day know iss he vas no longer on board."

That is all I could get out of her. I

pumped her for half an hour and she would not implicate the husband or anyone else. But it was plain to me that Mimi Sorensen knew more than she would tell me and that, in her mind at least, simple murder and suicide was not, in certainty, the answer.

It was after midnight and I knew that Horgerson and the captain would be waiting for me, expecting me to sign their papers. The corridor lights were dimmed, but, directly abeam on the port side, there was light from an open door.

I stood before it and, sensing my presence, a young officer rose from his writing desk and saluted. "Chief Steward Holp," he said. "By captain's orders, at your service, sir."

"Good evening to you," I said, liking his looks. "Could you tell me where I can find Mr. Phelps?"

"Certainly," he said. "All of the passengers have been directed to their staterooms. Mr. Phelps has been shifted to Cabin D. I will show you the way."

"No need, thank you. I know where it is, just forward of the stewardess."

"Correct, sir."

A light showed in the crack of the door of Stateroom D. I knocked.

"Who is there?"

"Major Manchenil, Caribe Islands Police."

"My god!" he exclaimed and opened the door. Seeing me, six foot four, twice his weight, with my tanned face, he recoiled in a pantomime of horror such as one only sees in viewing old-time movies. I suppose that his writer's imagination had been working overtime but had conjured up nothing as horrible as this implacable reality. I walked right in and closed the door.

"Why do you come here, alone, in the dark of night?" Jackson Phelps looked like the popular idea of how a poet should appear, with great cowl-like eyes and brown, well-kept but long hair. His whole body trembled as though diseased.

"You knew that the ship was to be held for police investigation."

"But why do you come to me? You must have been told what happened."

"Not by the husband of the murdered lady. Sit down, please, Mr. Phelps. And tell me about it as though I had heard nothing. Did you know, for instance, that your wife was meeting this Nyborg?"

The necessity of using words was calming. "Meeting? There is a more precise word for it. No. I did not know with whom my wife was—meeting. But I can tell you that, if Nyborg had not been aboard, it would have been someone else. She was born to be unfaithful."

"But you stood for it?"

"Stood for it?" he said. "Her death will be my ruin. My publisher is, was, her principal lover. He thought he was

the only one. My writing, sir, is unintelligible to the buying public, appreciated only by the *cognoscenti*. Will Freddy Hart buy what I am writing now, kidding himself that it is prestige work, without Peggy's—ministrations?"

"So you are grief-stricken but not for the usual reasons?"

"I am not grief-stricken, not in the least, if you want the truth. I am glad to be shut of the little slut. And I shall not starve. Or, if I do, the loss will be to the world."

I could understand why the captain had laughed at the idea of Phelps flinging his betrayer overboard. "Very well," I said. "Your wife was alive this morning when you left the stateroom?"

"Yes."

"Did she show any signs of apprehension? Anything unusual?"

"Apprehension? Not in the least. She was very languid. She had been well serviced the night before she died."

"Then why would Nyborg want to kill her?"

"I know not and care less."

It was distasteful, conversing with this slug, but tastefulness is a luxury policemen cannot afford. I had to continue. The simple story of murder and suicide was more than simple. The captain had referred to the suspect as young Nyborg. Does a young man, after intimacy with a beautiful woman, sleep on it and then decide she isn't worthy to live, or feel such remorse at his incontinence that he sneaks into her bedchamber and murders her silently in her sleep between eight and eleven in the morning? It certainly appeared that he had done so, but there was a great looming "Why?"

"How old are you, Mr. Phelps, and how old was your wife?"

"I am thirty-six; she was thirty-one."

"How long have you been married?"

"Twelve years."

"Any children?"

"None, thank God."

"Forgive me for asking, but why did you marry her in the first place?"

"She was pretty and I was young and foolish."

"Again forgive me, how soon did you discover her unfaithfulness?"

"Almost immediately."

"And yet you remained married for twelve years. It seems strange."

"Not at all. The wedded state suited her promiscuity and her growing beauty was an asset in my career."

"Now, why did you ship on this freighter?"

"I have done it before. There is no better place to write, once you have established the fact that you wish to be left alone. Also, my dear police chief—he gave me a condescending smile—"travel is broadening."

I would have liked to broaden his nose by judicious use of my left fist but I asked, "Had you or Mrs. Phelps had any connection whatever with any of the other passengers or members of the crew before you boarded the *Kamchatka*?"

"Absolutely none. I booked, myself, at the last minute, on a cancellation."

"Very well, Mr. Phelps," I said, and got to my feet. "Thank you for your patience. One last question. Why were you so desperately anxious to have your wife immediately buried at sea?"

"That is suspicious, eh?"

"Very. You can readily imagine that a murdered wife's widower is always suspect."

"I suppose so. Well, it was not because she was my wife. Death and its manifestations are a horror to me. It pains me deeply that that rotting flesh should still be somewhere in the hold."

It pained me deeply that that rotten soul should have to be accepted as one of God's creations, but there was the obvious fact that he was being permitted to live. He was not capable of throwing a kitten into the sea or of driving his wife's lover's fid into his wife. I even perjured myself by wishing him goodnight.

In the captain's quarters, the two men waiting showed their inner feelings by their physical posture. Captain Borglum was reclining in a handsome easy chair, his feet on a hassock, a drink within easy reach of his hand. Erik Horgerson was standing. The captain spoke.

"Halp yourself, Major. Everything is there."

I took him up on it. The previous interview had created the need for the taste of good clean spirits.

"Mr. Horgerson," the captain continued, "has a real bad case of ants in pants. Are you prepared to sign his papers?"

"Of course he is, Captain." Horgerson spoke nervously.

"I can't do it, Mr. Horgerson. I'm sorry."

"You are not satisfied?"

"Not at all. From what I have learned, I can find no motive."

The captain took his feet off the hassock. This was not what he had expected. "Motif? Certainly we have all liffed long enough to know that, in loff affairs, motif, reason, trying to make sense, all rules are, what you say, abrogated."

"You propose to keep us here overnight?" Mr. Horgerson was almost shrill. "We carry ten thousand tons of freight, some of it perishable."

"I said I was sorry, gentlemen. Your business is freight. But my business is justice, and this story of murder and suicide is not, to my mind, open and shut. I can find no reason why Nyborg should kill his sweetheart. So perhaps he didn't. In which case, somebody else did."

This was a bombshell indeed. The captain even stood up. "What do you intend to do?"

"I will have to question all the passengers and all the crew."

Mr. Horgerson was not just kicking himself for his legalism, he was livid. I was putting his vice-presidency in dire jeopardy. But I had an idea.

I excused myself to make three phone calls and then returned.

"Captain," I said, "you would like to sail in an hour or so?"

"I can, within an hour, and I sure would like to."

"Well, you may if I sail with you. I have cleared it with the governor and my wife is packing my bags. But there are two conditions."

"Name them." They were as relieved as a condemned criminal is to receive a twenty-four-hour stay. They would have signed anything.

"On the high seas, Captain," I said. "you have told me that you are absolute. I want a signed paper from you that, in the matter of this investigation, I outrank you. I must have complete freedom of interrogation. If I find a criminal, he will be turned over to the legal authorities at the first port of call. But on the high seas, I don't want to be told to jump overboard."

"I'll sign that, my frand," the captain said. He took out a sheet of paper. "How's this? 'In the matter of the murder of Mrs. Peggy Phalps—'"

"And in the investigation thereof," I added.

"—and in the invastigation thereof, I yield my rights as master to—how do you spall your name?" And when I had told him, "—Major Bolivar Manchenil, Caribe Islands Police, for the duration of this voyage.' Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

He signed it and handed it over. The name read Baron Gustaf Borglum von Hockburg, and I looked at him over my glasses. But he was not clowning now.

"I parade my birth," he said, "only in

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Asleep in the Deep (continued)

affairs of honor. At the proper time, I expect that paper to be destroyed. Nobody should outrank a ship's master."

"My birth does me no honor," I answered, "but my word is good and this document will be destroyed."

"Good!" said the captain, beaming. He poured three hookers of aquavit. "Skool!" he roared. "To the success of the mighty island detective!" There was derision in it, but it was man-to-man derision. And Horgerson proved himself a man who could forget a grudge.

"The passage, both ways, will be gratis, of course."

That was the second condition I had been after and I was not sorry he had let me out of asking for it. I realized fully that, in asking the governor for half pay on a stand-by leave, in telling Millie to pack my things with no questions asked, in blackmailing these two officers of a Danish shipping line into giving me free passage on a trip to Europe, I was more than sticking my neck out. Perhaps I was being thoroughly childish. The captain was right, of course, about love affairs. They have no reason, therefore no rules. If I wasted a month on this trip to find that an obscure Dane had had a temporary aberration in his sordid affair with a promiscuous brunette, I was fit for the boneyard of retirement. All I had to go on was a hunch.

I was therefore gratified at something that happened as we cast off at four A. M.

Millie had come with my luggage, had been kissed and patted lovingly on the bottom, and had departed. I had learned that the two welcoming parties had, indeed, been for the two who could never greet anyone again, and that they had departed considerably subdued. I had been assigned, at my request and from lack of other choice, to the hospital bay where the calamitous assignations had occurred. And I was standing outside it, in a little promontory of deck between two lifeboats, while the shore and deck crew loosed, with the same ominous silence, the lines that tied us to the shore, when I was joined by the ubiquitous stewardess. This time she was as kittenish as, I suppose, a Brünnhilde can be.

"You are sailing with us, eh, policeman?"

"Yes. I am not sure that Nyborg killed the woman. I mean to be sure."

"Ah," she laughed softly. "That vot I say. Major mus' be smart. You're right, falla. De murderer iss still on board."

As silently and suddenly as she had come, she was gone.

I slept late. I figured that the passengers would dribble in to breakfast and I

wanted to give the captain the chance of bringing me on stage.

On deck, the scene was one of pure serenity. The sky was cloudless, green blue, and the sea waveless, as flat as a disk of polished turquoise, with no land or sail to break the circle of horizon. I walked down to the chief steward's quarters.

"You have not had your breakfast, Major. What would be your pleasure?"

"Oh, a glass of fruit juice and a cup of coffee would be fine."

"No more?"

"No, thanks. It is true that my digestive organs are pleading for sustenance but that is standard procedure. If I answered on call I would become so enormous I couldn't live with myself."

"I fear, Major, you may have difficulty on this boat. We set a very good table."

"So I have heard."

"I have never known a passenger to lose weight. Sometimes the gains are quite spectacular."

"I will watch it." Somehow I liked this young fellow on sight. He obviously enjoyed the *Kamchatka's* food and his face was round and ruddy. But he was trim and smart in his white shorts, open-necked shirt and blue single-striped shoulder boards. I didn't know quite how to take him and said so.

"You called yourself Chief Steward, Mr. Holp, and yet you are an officer. I am so ignorant of ships, perhaps you can explain."

He laughed. "You are not the first to wonder what our status is. Some of us never find out ourselves. I know chiefs on this and other lines who are thoroughly bitter men because of it. For, you see, we can term ourselves 'Purser,' which calls for the stripe and which, on larger boats, carries officer status. But we can never rise. There is no place higher for a purser to go."

"You are a man of education. Your English—"

"My English is excellent. And I can multiply and divide. That is about all. But I started at fourteen as helper to the pastry cook. I think I have come far."

"You have indeed."

"No, no. I know my place. I am like the butler in a large English household. True. I have more respect for the passengers who offer me no money. They appear to have more respect for me. But if they do, I am not so boorish as to refuse it and I am human enough to hope the tip is large."

It was easy to see why I had taken a liking to Jacob Holp. We had a great

deal in common. "Well," I said, "taking you at your word and remembering the saying that no man is a hero to his valet, let's have a little background music. When we first had this report, knowing nothing of the cast, my assistant, a rather earthy character, hazarded the guess that it would be a man and a woman. He was right. And he said that it would be a crime of passion. It appears to be so."

"Without question," Holp said.

"You think without question? Do you agree with him that these low latitudes bring out the carnal in mankind?"

He laughed. "Yes, I think I do. The low latitudes, the freedom from home ties, the idleness. Of course most of our passengers are middle-aged and more. Sometimes we have a passage when we are all as moral as an old country church. But I have known times when the bed springs were hopping so you couldn't hear the chop of the Diesel. With Scotch at two-fifty, Americans or Danes, even the old ones, can lose their inhibitions."

"What was this Nyborg like?"

"Thirty, I'd guess. Wait, I've got it." He found a card in his file. "December 7, 1925. Thirty-two."

I asked him for the card. It gave a Copenhagen address and listed his occupation as "tourist."

"Nobody's occupation is tourist," I said.

"It is if that is all they do."

"Well, will you ring for one of your boys? We can at least try." I wrote out a message to the Copenhagen police asking for any information concerning Pieter Nyborg, 18 Krystalgade. "You are Nils?" I asked the boy.

"Yes, sir. At your service."

"Please take this to the radio operator."

"Okay. I mean, yes, sir." He saluted and retired.

"Now tell me about this Nyborg."

"A professional beauty. Oh, that's not fair. The fellow couldn't help it. But he must have cooperated with nature. Handsome as a Greek god, a build like an Olympian athlete, pearly teeth, a merry, artificial laugh."

"And he had the belle of the ship in the palm of his hand."

"Why not? He was God's gift to women."

"So why, why in heaven's name should he have ended such an idyll?"

"How should I know? How can we possibly know what happened between them that night?"

"But Mr. Holp, nothing unusual happened that night. It was their last night on board. Has it been established that

The bottle of champagne was empty. "What is it," I asked, "that you are celebrating alone?"

Asleep in the Deep (continued)

they were in the hospital bay that night?"

"I don't—yes, it was. That night we had a double birthday, the captain's and Mrs. Phelps'. The chief engineer said he saw them go in that particular night."

"So after she has her fun with Nyborg, she quietly returns to her own cabin where her husband is asleep. No quarrel is heard, no tears. In the morning she is undisturbed, inapprehensive. That same night they were debarking together, presumably to continue a mutually delightful affair. Can you imagine him waking up in late morning, going crazy and berserk? Was he the type?"

"By George, you are right, Major. It is incredible. For all his outward, phoney charm, he was as cold as a fish. By George, you've convinced me. That fid was planted to throw it off on him. If he had tired of her he would have simply laughed it off. I believe they both were murdered!"

"I'm inclined to agree. Now, you know these people. Who could have done it?"

Holp got up abruptly, walked over to the window and stared out at the empty sea. Finally he turned.

"The captain was up early, Major. He had us on the carpet and he was not in a joking mood. He instructed us to tell you the truth, holding nothing back. Those are my orders. If Nyborg did not kill Peggy, who could it be? I know what it takes, because although I am too soft for violence like that, I felt it, just as deep as any man on board."

"What was it that you felt so deeply?"

"Jealousy. Whoever he is, I don't blame him."

"Jealousy of Nyborg?"

"Of Nyborg and of fate."

"Who else felt this jealousy?"

"The first officer—and the captain."

"The first I have not met. Of the captain, I find it hard to believe."

"Whoever told you that these voyages through southern seas arouse the satyric quality in man was right. They do. It is one of the reasons why chief stewards stay on at their meager wages, and call themselves pursers. It is one of the reasons why third officers try desperately to be second officers, third officers being ruled out of the game. And why seconds try to be firsts, seconds being eligible but handicapped."

"The game, I gather, is the seduction of young ladies?"

"Young if possible. But there is no place like a freighter for a ripe specimen to ripen further."

"I see. You are not particular."

"Oh, I suppose it does sound sordid and disgusting. But it is over so soon. It cannot be serious. No harm is done. And it is a game. The captain and first officer never pull rank on me."

I was curious, most curious. He seemed a fresh-faced youth again. "Very educational," I remarked. "But it was not the same with the delectable Peggy?"

"Oh, it would have been. She was what you dream about and never find, as soft and delicate as a camellia but full of wit and fire. Like a black panther, only white, with coal black hair, with great, dark, sleepy eyes and every move pure grace. She would have been the one to remember all your days, forever." I could feel the loneliness of the man.

"And you had designs on her?"

He laughed bitterly. "You didn't know her. She had bitch written all over her. The most gorgeous bitch that ever smiled an invitation. I saw her first, and before I was through showing them the gadgets in their stateroom, I knew, not hoped, I knew that I could have her, and not after working half the voyage on it, either."

"What about the first officer, Mr. Lind?"

"He's a decent fellow. They were assigned to his table and you could see it happen. He doesn't understand much English, but you didn't need to know the language to understand her. She could do more with her eyelashes than other girls with a strip tease. There wouldn't have been any trouble with the First. We'd have taken turns. And then the captain would have turned on that fatherly, comic charm of his. It works better than you think. He would have moved in. And she could have handled all three of us."

"I see. But Pieter Nyborg moved in instead."

"He didn't move in. He took over. I think she fell for the bastard."

"I believe I begin to see the picture. You rule out the husband completely?"

He looked at me queerly. "Don't you?"

"No," I said. "I don't. I don't rule out anybody yet—even Jacob Holp."

His eyes crinkled up. "Good show, Major. In the grand tradition. Carry on."

In the corridor outside, someone was beating a musical gong. This was a new one, a new sort of murder, with a bizarre weapon and motives more bizarre, mad jealousy among three lecherous but normal Danish officers over a quick shot at a little passing nymphomaniac.

The captain knocked twice and opened the door. "Good morning," he boomed. "Very sansible, Major, to have a good night's sleep and den. what you say, remain closeted with the steward. Hah! When you pump him did you gat any water out of the closet? Never mind. Nobody is obliged to laugh at my yokes. Come, now I can introduce you to the whole passanger list, kill all de birds with one stone. You go ahead. Yacob."

There were three round tables set and occupied in the dining salon, four pas-

sengers seated at each. At two of them an officer stood at attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the captain announced, "I present you to Major Bolivar Manchenil" (still pronounced wrong), "head of the Caribe Islands Police. He has authority, complete, to investigate the recent tragedies." I bowed in what I hoped was an appropriate manner and he continued. "My chief engineer, Yoakim Jylland." I shook hands with Mr. Jylland, a short, dour, bald man with four stripes on his shoulders. "Mrs. Halliday. Mrs. Bound." The two plump ladies bowed. "Mr. Horgerson and Mr. Phalps you have mat." We acknowledged that it was so.

"Den here is my first officer, Hoerder Lind." He, a tall, dark-haired, surprisingly young-looking man, saluted smartly before shaking hands. "Mrs. Shellback."

"Alistair-Shellback," the hawk-nosed old woman corrected him.

"I bag your pardon, Madame," he said. "Mr. and Mrs. Shultz." The two repulsive-looking creatures jerked their heads. "And Miss Shower." She was a pretty little thing in her late teens. She smiled brightly and bobbed at me.

"And here at our table," the captain concluded, "Miss Enid Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Yensen, and Mr. Dryad. *Guten appetite.*"

Flanking the captain were the Jensens, who looked like American newlyweds, which I found they were in fact. On my left was Mr. Dryad, a man of about forty, tall, with extraordinary, graceful, long hands and a gentle look about him. On my right was Miss Enid Monck.

"Ah," I said. "Of course. What a delightful surprise. I have enjoyed your pictures many times."

She couldn't conceal her pleasure. "I hate so to be recognized," she said. "Mr. Dryad did, too, and for a moment I was flattered. Then the wretch told me he had seen me at the Museum of Modern Art in a revival of antiquities."

Mr. Dryad blushed. "You know you wormed it out of me, dear."

"I don't know what the Museum of Modern Art is," I said. "And, in the Islands, we don't have revivals." It was the best I could do. I did recognize her now, but never would have done so without hearing the name. She had been a British star in silent films.

"Thank you so much, Major. I will forgive you."

The captain was beaming. "The Major, here, is very sharp. He thinks Nyborg didn't kill Paggy."

They all reacted, properly, with shock. "Ah, Major." Enid Monck's low voice was lower and more dramatic. "If that is true, a murderer is still sailing with us."

"I have no evidence, Miss Monck. And

I have not said that I thought Nyborg was innocent of the crime. I am just not sure he was guilty."

But the shock was still on them. We devoted our attention to food washed down with a shot of aquavit and a bottle of Carlsberg beer. As we rose from the table, the captain announced that coffee would be served in the lounge and that the funeral would be held on the lower cargo deck at 1:45. "For those who wish to attend," he said.

While the passengers enjoyed their coffee and schnapps, I slipped the microphone of a tape recorder into an air-conditioner. I did it with the help and obvious disapproval of Jacob Holp. I wanted to know what Adolph and Gerta Shultz said to one another in private.

Before 1:40 I found my way down to the cargo deck. On the starboard side, amidships, I found the chief engineer, the first officer, the two junior officers who had met me when I came aboard, and six seamen. On the narrow deck lay the huge coffin.

Down the companionway, Holp led the band of passengers, Phelps last. They were all there except the two ladies who had not known the late Mrs. Phelps.

Phelps pushed or was pushed through the group to its forefront. He was pale as a ghost and on seeing the casket, closed his eyes. The first officer took a small Bible out of his pocket, cleared his throat and, in a rather high voice, began to read. In Danish. And where the devil was the Captain?

The service was not long but, being unintelligible, seemed so. Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Bound, Mrs. Jensen, Sven and Nils standing in the back, were all weeping quietly.

There was a pause and a gesture. The six crewmen stepped forward, lifted the casket, turned it and balanced it on the ship's rail. The first officer said a few more well-chosen Danish words and they pushed it over the side. They were trying to be gentle but it must have been heavily weighted for it suddenly got away from them. It plunged overboard, struck the steel plate of the hull with a sharp crack, then bounced off and splashed into the sea upside down. For a brief moment it floated. Then it sank with a certain dignity, trailed by a chain of bubbles.

This macabre performance had not been witnessed by Jackson Phelps, but the man had ears and he reacted as might have been expected. He leaned over the side and, in the wake of his dear departed, he distributed, not flowers, but his luncheon. Hastily, the rest of the passengers left him.

I repaired to Jacob Holp's little office. We didn't have to speak to realize we both needed a drink. Then I asked him

what was on my mind. "What about the absentees, Mr. Holp?"

"The captain?"

"The captain and the stewardess."

"Oh, wasn't Mimi there? I didn't notice. She probably had work to do. But the captain? Damned if I know."

"With the victim and most of the passengers American or English, to read it off in Danish was discourteous at least, almost insulting."

"I know," Holp said. "And I know the First was burned to a crisp having to do it. I told you the captain is a complicated man."

"Well," I said. "Let's get at those personal effects."

He got up and unlocked one of his cupboards. "There's damned little personality in what we found."

He was strangely right. Strangely, because when one travels (and Pieter Nyborg had been a long way from home), he takes with him what he needs, or thinks he needs, in living. Going through such effects, the investigator expects to find some insight into what sort of life that traveler lived. But here there were no papers, no checkbook, no books. The luggage and clothing were all well made in a sturdy, unluxurious, European fashion, the toilet articles probably bought in the States. The only clues, if you could call them that, were two hand guns, both automatic, both well oiled, loaded and with plenty of appropriate ammunition. The Luger had had good use, not, of course, necessarily by its late owner, and the tiny Colt .25 had been fired, although it was virtually a new weapon. I replaced the stuff in the luggage and reflected that I really had no clues at all. Two guns might mean that Nyborg was used to or expected trouble. But timid men, or foolish ones, sometimes carry firearms for no good reason.

Holp unfolded and handed me a square of paper. It bore the ship's letterhead and was scrawled upon with pencil. "That, Major, is probably a clue. It certainly is in the tradition of Poe and Sherlock Holmes. I found it in the fold of his blue cummerbund and maybe it has meaning. Personally, I think they're just doodles." They looked to me more like hieroglyphics than doodles but they certainly were indecipherable.

There was a knock. I put the paper in my pocket, and Jacob got up to answer the summons. "Oh, come in. Mrs. Halliday. Sit down and join us in a drink. The major and I felt the need of fortification after the funeral."

She hesitated. "That was the matter I wished to speak of. But it wouldn't be nice of me to drink with two gentlemen, while my sister—"

"I will ask her to join us."

One did not have to be told that the

Mrs. Halliday and Bound were sisters. They were typical of the genus American widow, plump, well cared for, still pretty. But Mrs. Bound had no sooner appeared under Holt's escort before it was plain which was the dominant sister. She gave us a curt nod, sat down firmly, and took a good swig at her drink.

"I sent my sister, Mr. Holp, because I was afraid I might say things that it would not be wise to say."

"Well, now that we are settled, what can I do for you, Mrs. Halliday?"

"We want to change our table," Mrs. Halliday said timidly.

"Oh, ladies!" Holp raised his hands and wrinkled up his face. "Please, don't ask me that. Whatever the reason, it is always bad policy. Any change in table invariably means hard feelings."

Mrs. Bound fixed him with a stern, forbidding eye. "Hard feelings, you say? I suppose you mean a breach of etiquette. I think, young man, I know as much about etiquette as you do. This has nothing to do with hard feelings or etiquette. I will starve before I will again break bread with that nauseating monster."

"Helen!" said Mrs. Halliday.

"I had no idea you felt so strongly," Holp said.

"I feel everything strongly. You haven't eaten three meals a day ever since leaving Long Beach with that sniveling, conceited—caterpillar, who vomits on his dead wife's remains."

"Helen!" said Mrs. Halliday.

Jacob said, "I shall have to consult with the captain."

"You consult and you settle it with the captain. And now," turning to me, "you! I heard, after lunch, that you were not sure that Pieter killed Peggy. You are smarter, Major, than this shipload of pompous Danes. Of course he didn't kill her."

"Then, who did?"

"The monster, of course. In that, at least, he is normal. Wouldn't you kill your wife if you found her *flagrante delicto* with her paramour?"

"You really believe, Mrs. Bound, that Phelps discovered his wife and her lover in his stateroom and slew them both, forthwith?"

"Certainly," she answered.

"And how did Phelps dispose of the body?" I asked.

"He carried it into the bathtub, and cut it up into small pieces. Haven't you noticed what terrific drains they have on this ship? The tubs empty in no time. The bones and clothes, of course, he threw overboard out of the window. He washed up, stuck the spike back in Peggy's neck and—there you are."

Mrs. Halliday rose with as much dignity as she could muster. "My own sister! What a horrible imagination. All of

Asleep in the Deep (continued)

this time I was in the lounge and could see Mr. Phelps writing at the desk. I was reading." She turned and walked out.

Mrs. Bound finished her drink. "I'm warning you, Steward, I won't eat with that monster again." She bowed and followed her sister.

Jacob Holp looked at me ruefully. "Well, experience is what you get in my job. Those poor old dames."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'd like to talk to the lad who 'yust' wasn't sure he saw a man fall overboard."

Holp used the ship's telephone and then led me down the aft companionway to the cargo deck.

"Third Officer Stock," he announced.

Stock saluted, shook hands and gestured toward the butt end of a jutting timber about two foot square. "Please to sit up," he said and then retired into Danish.

"The Third," Holp said, smiling, "is perfectly intelligible in English but he is afraid of it. It is the only thing in the world he is afraid of."

Stock smiled sheepishly. In contrast to the jolly, wrinkled captain, the gloomy chief, the cold First and the polite Second, this officer was not in uniform. He was in well-worn khaki with the top buttons missing from the faded shirt. A middleweight, he was all muscle, brown as a walnut, conventionally tattooed and his blond hair was clipped so short that he looked bald, as well as tough and cheerful. He continued in Danish and Holp translated.

"The boy, Karl, will be here shortly. He was filthy and has been sent to clean himself."

"Do you, Mr. Stock, have any personal

knowledge of this affair? The murder and the disappearance of Nyborg?"

He understood me but would not commit himself in English, so that, throughout, Holp had to speak for him. "He knows nothing. His work is confined entirely to the handling of cargo and cargo equipment."

"Ask him if he trusts the boy's story."

"Absolutely. The captain thinks the boy is stupid but he is not. The captain thinks all boys are stupid. The boy was only obeying orders."

The lad now came hurrying over the timbers from the crew's quarters, aft. He looked as though he had scrubbed himself with pumice stone.

"Do you understand English, Karl?" I asked.

"A yittle," he said. He was a nice-looking boy with wide-open, clear blue eyes, plainly permanently frightened by Stock and now additionally terrified of me.

"Don't be scared, Karl," I said. "There is nothing to be afraid of. Officer Stock has just told me that you are a good, trustworthy boy who will tell me the truth. Now, yesterday morning you saw some large object go overboard from the upper deck?"

"Yes."

"What time was this?"

"In morning."

"It vas vrom nine to tan," Stock said. "I know dot."

"Where were you?"

"About here." We were on the starboard side, just at the aft point of the upper passenger deck.

"And what were you doing?"

"Vas svabbing deck."

"Did you know it was a body, a man?"

"No, not yet."

"What do you mean, not yet?"

"I see somesing. I hear et plask."

"That means a splash," Holp interjected.

"I go look," the boy went on. "I see nossink. Sen," he gestured far back, "I see yittle head. He vas swimming."

"And you did nothing?" It seemed incredible.

Stock broke into violent speech, replete with gestures.

"The Third," said Holp, "takes full responsibility. Of course the boy should have sounded the alarm, but he was acting under very strict orders. It seems that before we reached Panama this boy was out alone on deck watching the stars. He saw a man walking on the passenger deck, staggering, and then he saw the man fall down. So he ran up the ladder, found that the man was helplessly drunk and helped him to his cabin. It was the young American, Jensen. The Third heard about it and chewed him out unmercifully. He told all the apprentices that the passengers were absolutely off-limits. He admits that he overstated his case in trying to make his point. But he could not foresee this incident and the boy should not be blamed in the least."

No, he should not. I climbed the steep steps rather heavily. No one could be blamed. With those three words, "He was swimming," the boy had knocked my theory of a double murder right off the wall. And there was no trying to put it together again. I could only conclude that Nyborg had been a suicide. A suicide can take the plunge determinedly enough but, no matter how avid he is to die, if he can swim, he will, as long and as strongly as he is able.

I climbed up to the boat deck and walked forward to the bridge. The second officer was on watch, alone, except for a silent seaman at the wheel, his eyes fixed on the binnacle. I inquired about First Officer Lind and was directed to his door. At my knock I heard "Kom ind" and did so. Lind was stretched out on his bed. I closed the door and made myself comfortable in the cabin's only upholstered chair.

"Tell me," I said. "In the absence of a doctor, who acts as one in an emergency?"

"I do," he said.

"I thought so," I said. "And you have studied anatomy, which I have not."

"*Nej, ikke ret meget.*"

"But enough to tell me: could Mrs. Phelps have stabbed herself? Is it physically possible?"

He thought it over carefully. "No."

"Are you sure? The fid is very sharp."

"It iss yet a fid. A needle it iss not. But yat, it could be done if you know,



He was a huge, leather-faced man. "I don't like murder on my ships."

exact, vere to put. But she vas so small, so veak, she could not. Ach! I could not myself."

"You mean, Mr. Lind, you could not do it to yourself. Did you, by any chance, do it to her?"

Again he was silent, not moving. Finally, "De leetle Holp, eh?"

"Jacob Holp has been very forthright with me. He accuses no one and includes himself. But he says most of the able-bodied officers on board were murderously jealous of Nyborg."

"Lat heem spik for he. I vas not."

"He also thinks, with me, that Nyborg was not the sort of man to go crazy, kill his sweetheart, and then himself."

Lind laughed mirthlessly. "You big detective an' leetle Holp. Vich off you iss *Gudfader*? Vich is *Gudfader*'s son?"

His point was well taken. The ground was unsteadily being washed from under me. Extrasensory ideas and implausible hunches are nebulous tools to work with. I left him staring indifferently at the ceiling of his cabin.

After dinner, I was cornered by Mrs. Alistair-Shellback. The couples, Jensen and Shultz, and the pariah, Phelps, had retired to their rooms. The two widows, with Dryad and Horger-son, made a table of bridge. Miss Flower and the first officer were strolling the deck, the captain and Enid Monck were on the central sofa in intimate conversation. The chief engineer sat opposite them, drinking and thinking alone.

"I say," Mrs. Alistair-Shellback said. "I'd like to talk to you if you don't mind." She had a face like a mannish horse or a horselike man, she must have been nearing eighty, and she was definitely high. "D'you know," she spoke in a piercing whisper, "this is going to be the bloodiest trip I ever took in my life. In the best sense of the word, I mean. And I thought it was going to be a crashing bore. I have to admit I was mistaken. The Shultz pair are fascinating. I did not know that such thoroughly unattractive people could exist. His table manners! And her diamonds! There's nothing fake about them, you know, enormous and of absolutely the first water. And those Danish officers! There goes that beautiful first officer, arm in arm with my little April. It takes them six minutes for the course. That's walking slowly. They could make it in four. If it takes them eight I know they have been kissing, which will be good for April. But if it goes over ten I shall be forced to go out and break it up."

"She is very pretty. With your unconventional ideas, I am surprised you would want to break it up."

"Oh, I am her guardian. She is certainly old enough to find out what life is about. But not quite old enough for the

ultimate. I love to have her surrounded by a pack of attractive wolves. But Hattie Shellback (the Alistair is, of course, an affectation) will shepherd her lamb off the ship intact. By the bye, I know what is wrong with Mr. Dryad, but what is wrong with the second officer? He hasn't looked at her."

"I understand he is in love with his wife."

"What a pity." She laughed raucously. "Was it Madame de Staël who said, 'To understand everything is to forgive everything'? Ah, well, I think I understand why these Danes are different from the Danes of my experience. They are without their women. It is the Danish women who smother their natural ebullience. Here, there are none of them. One can't count the extrao'din'ry stewardess with her rubber gloves. And so they express themselves as lone men do, like tomcats."

I was reminded that I had not seen Mimi Sorensen since her cryptic appearance the night before.

"Why do you call the stewardess extraordinary?"

"Because she is. I have never seen such energy. She works like a Clydesdale with a burr under her tail."

"And she wears rubber gloves?"

"I suppose the poor thing has to. With her duties, she would wear her fingers to the bone."

"But you mentioned it rather in connection with her extraordinary qualities."

The captain stood beside our little table. "Come, Captain, join us," she said. "I really believe the Major is in the process of detecting."

"I wouldn't want to stop him," the captain said. "But if you will excuse us, I want to talk to him."

In his luxurious cabin, the captain poured me out a stiff rum and soda. I took it, although I realized that I had been eating and drinking intemperately that day. He settled his bulk comfortably in his easy chair, his feet on the leopard skin ottoman. "Skool," and he raised his glass. "To get to the point, immediate," he said. "At dinner, Major, I yoked. But now—you have been below with the crew, you have something found out and you are onhappy. I guess you made a mistake, eh?"

"It looks that way. The boy says he saw Nyborg swimming."

"So he was not murdered."

"Not unless he was flung overboard. And that would take a bigger man than Phelps."

"Yah, it would take so big a man as you to throw that fella overboard." He looked at me quizzically. "You will than drop the invastigation?"

"No. I won't. The chief steward says that all the officers were crazily jealous, including himself."

"I belief it. That Yacob is a ragular rabbit."

"He said all the officers."

"Oh, ho! Me too. so? Wal, I didn't do it, Major. cross my heart."

"I didn't think you had. But I don't think Nyborg did either. You knew him. Captain. I've been on board only a day. But you get to know people quickly. This wasn't a lovers' quarrel. It happened in the cold light of morning. For no possible reason on Nyborg's part. The woman was in love with him. They were going ashore together. Anything can happen in hot blood. People have killed their dearest love, in passion. But this wasn't wild passion. It was deliberate, running the tremendous risk of being seen, for some dark reason. And Holp says that Nyborg was a cold fish."

The captain was thoughtful. "He vas a cold fish. As cold, essential, as I aver saw. Yacob is right. I think she vas in luff with him. Maybe that is vy ve were so zealous. He knew her, yust like we did, for vat she vas. So vy should he kill her?"

I wanted to drive my point home. "Finally," I said. "I am not dropping my investigation because the stewardess says the murderer is still on board."

He leaped to his feet in the first violent movement I had seen him make. "She said that? *Gudfader bevarer!* That woman is never wrong." He paced up and down in deep distress. "All de officers, you said."

"Mr. Lind is a possibility. He is cold but not like a fish—like dry ice."

"Hah! You size us up plenty wal, Major. Dry ice is a good description. I haff been, sometimes, a little avraid off him myself."

"Then why did you order him to read the funeral service? Why did you not read it yourself?"

"I knew you would ask me that some time." He lighted another cigar. "Vy I didn't bury Paggy Phalps is complicate. But I tal you the truth which you won't belief. I was in luff with that voman. Dere is all kind off luff, Major, but this vas luff, not yust lust. My bowels yearned for that voman. I knew that, if I buried her, I would cry like a baby."

"So you passed the buck to Mr. Lind, whose bowels might also be yearning."

He laughed, his good nature returning. "Yah, I passed the buck. Yearning or not yearning, you said it. He iss dry ice. I knew he would not cry." He drained his drink and said, "I hear they botched it."

"They did that."

"And the husband puked on her as she vant down. Is good I vasn't dere. I would have pitched him over after her."

I left him so, not joking, and went back to my bed in the hospital bay.

There were no chairs in the bleak

Asleep in the Deep (continued)

room, only four beds, and I sat down on one of them. It was late and I was weary. Soul-searching is a tiring process. I was conscious of a low hum. I had forgotten my tape recorder. The tape had long since been exhausted, but the machine was still dutifully spinning. I turned it over for playback. What did the gross Adolph say to his fat Gerta?

Not much, it turned out. It was some time before I heard their door open and close. They communicated with each other in monosyllables and grunts.

Finally, "What time did you say?"

"Three o'clock, and it's ten past now."

"And you want me out?"

"I want you out."

The door was shut. Ten minutes went by; again the door was opened and shut.

"You are late." That was Shultz.

"I made sure the coast was clear."

Shultz's voice came through clearly, but the other was evidently faced away and spoke in a low voice. I couldn't tell whether it was masculine or feminine.

"Why did you send for me here?" it said. "The agreement was—"

"I know what the agreement was. And it still stands. But it looks like you don't catch on."

"On to what?"

"On to this detective, you fool."

"What about him? He's thick. He's already barking up the wrong tree."

"I said you were a fool. Is the United States government going to pay the expenses of a high police officer to Europe and back, because a little tart gets herself bumped off?"

"You mean—?"

"Yes, I mean. Don't kid yourself. He's after us. You lay low and straighten up and fly right."

There was a pause. "If that's the case, you are the fool. How do you know this cabin isn't wired?"

There was a bustling about and, suddenly, the small live sound went dead on the tape.

So Shultz and his accomplice were engaged in some nefarious shenanigans. And they thought it more important to the U. S. government than murder. That would be smuggling or espionage. And espionage was a subject of which I was as ignorant as a babe in arms. On the off chance that he was still up, I descended to Jacob Holp's cabin.

He was up, all right, in company with Miss April Shower and two empty bottles of champagne.

"I beg your pardon." I said.

"Oh, don't, please," the young lady said. "I was just going."

She kissed Holp lightly on the forehead and then, surprisingly, me on the chin. "Thanks awfully, Jakey. Good night."

"Sorry to break it up, Jacob."

"Think nothing of it." His speech was a little thick. "It was all gone anyway. Wha's on your mind?"

"Mr. Shultz."

"Oh, I know you got somethin' on 'em. Microphone."

"All I have are suspicions. You know how detectives are."

"Sure. Never met one before. Socially that is. You want a drink?"

"No. I want Shultz's card."

He fumbled through his file. "Got his passport, too. Never picked it up."

Mr. Shultz was listed as forty-nine years old, his occupation import-export, his address as West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City. But he and his wife had boarded at Panama. His passport was interesting, almost four years old and about to expire. He, or they, had been almost continually on the go. There were repeated visas for numerous countries in Europe, South America, the Middle East and Asia.

"Thanks, Jacob. I won't keep you up any longer."

The rest of the ship was dark and sleeping and I decided it was a good idea. But sleep wouldn't come. I got up and fished out the crumpled square of paper that Holp had found in Nyborg's effects. It was hastily written but, though it must have meaning, it was completely ineducible for me.

Frustrated, I finally went to sleep and instantly, it seemed, was awakened. Someone was shaking my shoulder violently.

"I'm sorry, sir," the fellow said. "I knocked as hard as I could and didn't rouse you. There is a radiogram, very urgent, the captain's orders."

"Oh, you are the sparks?"

"Yes, sir. I have translated it."

I was fully awake when he handed me the paper. It was addressed to the *Kamchatka's* master. "Pieter Nyborg trusted government agent. Now on narcotics detail. Reply immediate reason for inquiry." It was signed, J.D.B. *Udenrigs Ministeriet*.

I got up. "Yes, I guess it is urgent. Have you got a piece of paper?"

"Yes, sir. Here is a pad."

"What does this *Udenrigs Ministeriet* mean?"

"Office of Foreign Affairs."

"J.D.B." I wrote. "*Udenrigs Ministeriet*. Nyborg lost overboard February twenty-eight. Cause and reason unknown." Then, "Will you translate that and send it right away?"

"Of course, sir."

The news was certainly food for thought, so much so that it gorged me and I fell into a deep sleep. Nils' musical gongs made a pleasant awakening. I rose and showered eagerly, my body refreshed with energy, my mind full of ideas.

"Narcotics" was an exciting word,

Smuggling them, destroying others, it fitted my conception of Shultz like a shrunken glove. Espionage would have been a problem deeper than my six foot four, entirely over my head. But smuggling, to an island constable, is what he cut his first teeth on. Who was his accomplice? I would find out; the candidates were strictly limited. Best of all, it hooked what had seemed hopelessly unhooked quite tidily. Shultz, the smuggler; Nyborg, his nemesis; and Peggy Phelps, the victim. Everything I had heard about her, her feverish gaiety, her skipping breakfast, the beautiful, was fragility that I had seen in death, pointed to dope. Why would Nyborg change his plans and disembark at Port Magdalena? A cold man, a trusted government agent, he would not have chucked his job to chase an easily raised skirt. He must have discovered what he was after and been about to reveal the culprits. I had said that it would take a bigger man than Phelps to throw him overboard alive. It would not have been difficult for two. And maybe Peggy died because she knew too much.

I tackled my breakfast with zest and got up from the table, feeling the tug of my tightened belt.

I made my way up to the boat deck and the bridge. The first officer was on duty and he gave me a curt "good morning."

"Mr. Lind, you have a set of the ship's keys?"

"Yah. Acept for you."

I laughed. "I haven't got mine either. I think Miss Sorensen likes her row to be orderly and complete." He grunted and I went on. "I'd like the key to Cabin A. And I'd like a fire drill held as early as you find convenient."

He didn't hesitate. "I can de alarm now ring. My orders is do vat you say."

"But that would frighten passengers and crew? They would think it a real emergency?"

"Yah."

"Then do what is usual. Warn them that a drill will be held in an hour. But could you make it a long drill?"

"Giff you planty time, yah? Sure. Ve test de hose. Coom. I find key."

Fifteen minutes later, on the passenger deck. I was accosted by Jacob Holp. "Fire drill, Major, at eleven o'clock. Life preservers and a blanket. You are at my station, number two."

"Thanks, Jacob," I said. "But don't worry if I'm not there."

"Oh," he said. "So that's it. You want us all out of your way. Well, this order will do it."

"How much time will it give me?"

"An hour and a half at least. Lunch cannot be served until one. All hoses means all hands, the cooks included."

"Better and better. And you were right

about your food. Every meal I find I've stuffed myself."

"The Oriental-Occident strives to please. I have a few more warnings to make. Good luck."

When the bell began to clang its insistent cry of danger. I showed myself in a life preserver to keep, so to speak, in the swim. I hoped that the passengers at each station would assume that I was at the other. But as soon as the corridors were cleared, I let myself into Cabin A and locked the door.

The cabin, with its Formica walls and varnished mahogany furnishings, was as neat and pristine as though it had just come from the shipyard. But its occupants were sloppy. My microphone, with its broken wire, had been left in the air-conditioner. The closets were unlocked, some of the drawers half open. I took my time and went over the place inch by inch. And I would swear it, there was no contraband, not a possible hiding place for even a modicum of illegal drugs.

Outside the window I could hear the sounds of the unprecedented testing, shouts and orders, the swish of the smaller hoses, the roar of the big ones. Forty-five minutes had elapsed, and I went aft to the stewardess's room and filched the keys of Cabins C and G from their hooks.

Enid Monck's room was overpoweringly scented but, again, there was no effort at concealment and I gave it a cursory going over.

Perry Dryad's room was like the man, as orderly as though it faced daily inspection. It held a minimum of well-cut clothing, a generous selection of paints and artist's tools, a numbered stack of fashion drawings.

In each cabin, I tried to leave everything precisely as I found it. I returned the keys to their places. My morning's work had been utterly wasted.

After lunch the captain came over to me in the lounge where I was drinking my coffee alone. "Can I see you, Major?"

"Of course," and I followed him up to his cabin.

"Rum and soda?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Hah!" he said. "Nothing! I would like to haff you in a game of poker some time."

"I never play," I said.

"That's good, good for you. I never saw a face I could read so easy."

"So what do you read?"

"Nothing!" he said, enjoying himself hugely. "You rad the government wireless and yumped to conclusion. You searched Shultz's cabin with what you call it? A fine-tooth comb, yah? Planty of time, more than an hour, and you find nothing."

"That's right."

"Sure, it's right. Is written plain as

white ink on that big, round, tanned face." Then he softened. "Wal, to tal you the truth. I'm sorry too. I don't like that fella. Nobody does. Are you—licked?"

"For the moment, I certainly am. I don't know where to turn, unless it's toward the Melancholy Dane."

He was at a loss, and then broke into a roar of laughter. "Ah, that's good! You mean the chief. I'll call him that."

"Don't quote me. I want to make friends with him."

"That's hard to do. But I won't tal him you sad so. He wouldn't understand the raference anyhow."

"He seems to have a good deal of leisure. Is he never on duty at night?"

"He iss naver on duty, period. Four stripes, as much as me, an' no vork."

"That doesn't sound reasonable."

"Oh, is reasonable. Yoakim iss a bastard but he knows that motor. A vord to one man, a vord to another, his vork iss finished for the day. But lat her miss a stroke, he'd be down dere like a wood-chuck down his hole. Me. I vas taught on coal." He grinned again. "But the Melancholy Dane, that's good. I call him that. And I giff you a tip. If you vant to make frands with Yylland, buy him drinks. Avery night he drinks all he can hold but he hates to pay for dem. Buy him planty drinks, he'll tal you all he knows. But I'll tal you, it von't be much."

We were still in southern waters, but the feel of the tropics was gone. The sky was heavily overcast, reflecting its gray gloominess in the racing waters beneath us.

April Shower, in a bright blue coat, was leaning gracefully against the rail. I would have walked by but she called to me and I joined her. She was watching the cargo crew who, with the aid of steel cables on a huge boom, were making one of those adjustments that seem to be a perpetual operation on such ships.

"Auntie says you must be a remarkable man, Major. Perhaps you can help me."

We must have made a remarkable pair. In deference to the weather, I had changed into my dark blues which, I have been told, enhance the ugliness of my face. She, a third my size, was all brightness, with bright blonde hair, eyes the color of her coat, English pink in her cheeks, American red on her lips. We might have made an illustration for Beauty and the Beast.

"I will if I can, Miss Shower."

"What do you do when you are madly in love and the man won't look at you?"

"The second officer?" I asked.

"Of course not. He's married and, besides, he's stuffy. I mean him!"

"Him" was obviously the muscular third officer, who was immersed in his own element, the man of action confi-

dently in charge, with a host of minions to heed his slightest word.

"How do you know he isn't married?"

"He isn't. So will you be a dear and introduce him to me? Nobody else will."

"For what purpose, Miss Shower? He professes very little English."

"Oh, I don't care. I just remembered: Antwerp and Dublin are the only two ports before Liverpool. I'll bet he knows some ducky places in Antwerp and Dublin."

"I'll bet he does, too. And I'll bet your aunt would cut off your arm before she'd let you go ashore with him."

"That's as may be. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. The question now is whether you will or you won't introduce him."

His men working, he was leaning negligently against a taut hemp line.

"Mr. Stock," I called.

"Yah, Major." He started up the companionway two steps at a time. "Vas sie wohlen, min Herre?"

"This young lady would like to make your acquaintance."

He stopped on the top step as though he had been shot. "Vy iss dot?" he asked.

"Why does a lady ever want to meet a gentleman?" Miss Shower said. It was so corny I would have blushed, but Stock caught on. He had evidently run into this type on various waterfronts.

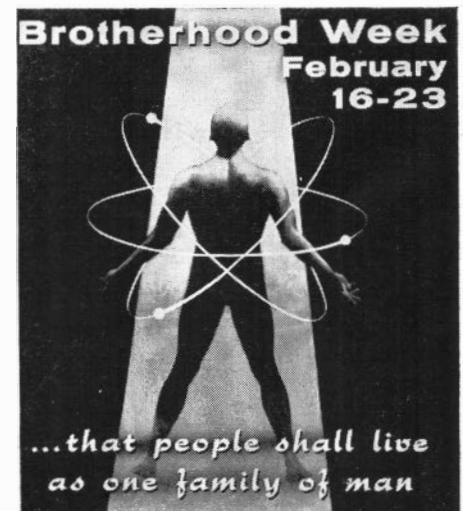
"Vell, dot iss sehr gut."

"Miss April Shower, may I present Officer Stock."

Stock stepped forward, saluted and, very properly, kissed her outstretched hand. "Gnediger Fraulein," he said respectfully.

The lady launched into what seemed to be fluent German, of which I know practically nothing, and Stock replied in kind. Love, as has been said, will find a way. But as I walked forward, it started to rain.

I wondered, as I had so often before, why the Good Lord had maneuvered me



Asleep in the Deep (continued)

into this business. Here I was, with no inherent capacity, messing about with other people's lives. This girl "madly in love" with a hard-boiled character who might be as ruthless as he was tough—and I had introduced them. This murder and or suicide—why couldn't I have left the two of them damned, as Jacob had said, with their adultery? But, once the wheel is spun, there's no withdrawing from the game. As I passed the stewardess's open door, I heard my name called.

I hesitated. "Vould you some tea vant?" she asked.

She was in her starched white uniform, sitting upright on her bed, looking more presentable than I had yet seen her.

"Why, yes, I would," I answered.

"On de chair sit. Lime and sugar?"

"Please. One lump."

I wanted no part in this *tête-à-tête* and she knew it. I could see amusement in her eyes.

"Mabby you somesing found out, eh?"

"Nothing. The only thing that keeps me going is your having said that the murderer is still on board."

"Naffer trus' a voman, Major, efen de stewardass don' trus!"

She needn't worry about that. "I'm surprised to see you drinking tea. From what I've heard, you work all the time."

"I vork. All day to now I vork. At night de laundry. But vat you find in Cabin C and G in fire drill?"

"How do you know I looked?"

For the first time I heard her pleasant laugh. "Maybe I ham a yittle detactiff meinsalf. I shook a yittle face powder on my keys."

"I see," I said, and decided to go on the offensive. "What mystifies me most is why you are Miss Sorensen."

She didn't understand. "Mystifies, vot iss?"

"I don't understand why you are not married."

Suddenly she was unfriendly, if not hostile. "Mabby I tal you some time. Not now." It was plain dismissal.

That stewardess was a contradictory and frustrating person. She was a drudge and seemed unaware, or at least indifferent, of the fact. She knew something, she had said she knew everything, about the murder. But there was nothing furtive about her concealing the knowledge. Her silence was not due to any fear of consequences, and I couldn't believe her capable of intrigue with the odious Shultz.

It was too cold to change for dinner. I lingered at the galley door while Sven mixed me a rum and soda and then went out on the deck to see if the harsh beat of the rain on my face and the gentle warmth of the liquor inside would combine to lift my sagging spirits. As I

passed a shuttered window, amidships, I heard an altercation. It was largely one-sided, surprising and, I thought, a great pity. The lively little Mrs. Jensen, who seemed invariably good-natured, was roundly giving her husband what for. Looking back, I perceived the reason why. The drinking hour had barely begun, but Jan Jensen was staggering. He lurched over to the rail, and the thought crossed my mind that he was going to be sick on the wrong side, the windward side of the boat. But instead, he buried his head in his arms and the rain pelted down on the back of his neck. That, at least, was none of my business.

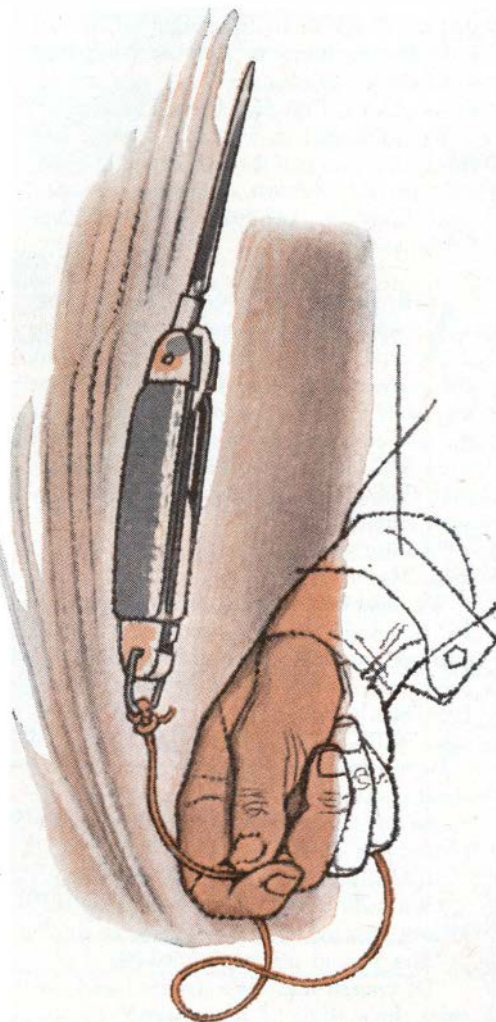
Around on the lee, port deck, the weather was not so inclement. The air smelt salt but fresh. Holp was there, and I joined him, leaning on the rail and sipping my drink.

"Jacob, how long has Miss Sorensen been stewardess?"

"On this boat? Ever since we were commissioned. This is only our eighth crossing. We all signed on at the same time."

"And before that?"

"Before that, she was with the captain



The fid was his trademark. He often twirled it while he talked.

on the *Kattegat*. The only ones he asked to transfer were the chief, the Third, a couple of bosuns and her."

"I'm curious. The first time I interviewed her she said she knew everything about this murder. Today, when I taxed her with it, she said never to trust a woman."

He laughed. "Well, I heard that advice at my grandfather's knee. And how she would know anything more about the passengers than I do is beyond me. But maybe she does. All I know for a fact is that she is the most efficient stewardess this line ever had and that's from twenty-odd years' experience below stairs. And the most moral. You know how it is—one woman and a big crew. But not this one. Absolutely, no dice."

The weather had dampened some spirits. There was little chatter that evening at the first officer's table and almost complete silence from the chief's. Neither of the Jensens had much appetite and, although he tucked away a tidy meal, Dryad looked more gaunt and cadaverous than ever. But the captain, if he noticed, was undismayed. He told a long, extraordinarily gruesome tale about the Red Hand Line which was interesting and, he thought, hilariously funny.

Amid the sounds of appreciation from the captain's audience, I moved over to the corner where the chief was sitting alone, his back to the general scene. He was nursing an almost empty glass of aquavit and, for once, seemed to welcome a companion.

"Dat falla," he said, bitterly, "on de stage he ought to go."

"I suppose you have heard the story before."

"Avary woyage for tan years. De same words, exact!"

"Mr. Jylland," I said. "I haven't had a chance to know you. Will you share a bottle of cognac with me?"

He looked at me with suspicious eyes, but I had rung and Sven stood at my elbow. "Five Star Hennessy, please. I would ask you up to my room," I said, apologetically, "but you know where I'm quartered."

"Ve go to mine cabin," he said, decisively. "Coom."

We climbed the narrow inner stair, moved port side past the first officer's door, to Jylland's suite.

"Very nice," I remarked. It was nice, but bare and unlined in.

"Yah," he said, negligently. "De coompany mit cabins gats more yanerous. But not mit pay."

His voice was low and indistinct. Could it be the one I had heard so briefly on my tape recorder?

"Are you married, Mr. Jylland?"

"Yah, I haff a vife, ole like me. V y you

ask me? Vat you care 'bout my wife?"

Sven was at the door and brought in his tray, the uncorked bottle, cooled soda and a silver bucket of ice. I signed the chit, he mixed two drinks and departed.

The chief took a draught, smacked his lips and said, "Dat's damn goot stuff. Vot you want to ask me?"

"Have you really sailed with the captain for ten years?"

"More, I guass."

"And he wanted you as chief when he took on this new ship."

"Yah. Vy not?"

"Yet you aren't very intimate friends."

"Ve are tired off de odder. Mus' I laugh at his yokes? I am a piece of machinery. I am tired off de ole goat, tired off de sea." He roused himself and gulped down his brandy. "Vot does he know off de sea? Vot I haff vorgotten. Does he know vat vill tomorrow happen? Not him! Dot vind you hear, dot's just a visper. And vot it visper?" He tapped his ear. "A gale she coomin', and not a yittle gale neither." He poured again and turned impatiently toward me. "Vy don' you ask vot you coom to ask, vot I don' know, dis murder?"

I made a calculated reply. "I've about given that up. Someone said I was barking up the wrong tree."

My calculation didn't pay off. He made no response, taking my words at face value. And he was drinking my brandy as though it had wings and might escape him.

"The others he brought with him from the *Kattegat* were the third officer and the stewardess?"

"Yah. Stock's goot man," he chuckled, indistinctly, reminiscently. "And de stewardass, I guass he wanted to rattle, de ole goat." He drained his glass with an effort. "But," he said with satisfaction, "she naffer vould lat him." And he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Mr. Jylland was shortly proved quite right about one thing. I was awakened by what could never be called a whisper. The luminous hands on my watch said that it was five-thirty and I listened. At home we would have called it a hurricane. At sea it is called a gale. The good ship *Kamchatka* was pitching violently. I lay awake till dawn, a little frightened if the truth must be revealed.

As I lay there, I thought of dope and its enormous profits in furthering human degradation, of untrustworthy stewardesses and other females, of unsolved murder and quixotic policemen. But even the noise had not prepared me for the blast of wind that, when I emerged, almost swept me, with my too solid flesh, entirely off my feet. I grasped the rail with both hands and edged myself down to the passenger deck.

Inside, however, all seemed safe and

normal. The guard rails on the tables had been raised and the chairs bolted to the floor but Sven and Nils, their coats as starchly white as ever, were moving about, arranging the place settings, accommodating themselves to the violent movement with habitual calm. I wished them "good morning" and sat down at my accustomed place with what I hoped was nonchalance. But it was unnerving to see the top of the aftermast alternately from the point of view of worm and bird. I ordered oatmeal instead of my usual three eggs. I was not feeling ill in the least; I was just plain scared.

"Come along, dear." Mrs. Alistair-Shellback spoke sharply. "If I can negotiate a forty-five degree angle, you can. Ah, the formidable major. Good morning, Major."

"Good morning, Madame. Good morning, Miss Shower."

"We'll sit at your table if you don't mind," the old battle-ax said. "Misery loves company."

The two ladies plumped themselves down awkwardly. "Good grief!" said April Shower.

"If I know anything," her aunt said, with the inflection that meant there was little she did not know, "we will have precious little company today."

As if to disprove her words, Mr. and Mrs. Shultz edged their way into the salon and seated themselves. They looked even more repulsive than usual. Their complexions were greenish gray but greed still drove them.

"I'm not sick, Auntie, truly I'm not." April was determinedly brave. "But I'm not in the least hungry."

"Nonsense," she was told. "It is a physiological fact, got it straight from a most eminent scientist, that the digestive organs are in no way affected by external motion such as this. It is entirely mental. One should be sensible. Eat your grapefruit, that's the girl."

"You have experienced such storms at sea before, Mrs. Alistair-Shellback?"

"Why, bless your heart, Major. I've been through four typhoons. Compared to a typhoon, these waves are like the ones a child stirs up in his bathtub."

Jacob Holp came in, balancing. "May I join you?"

"Good morning," April smiled at him. "Of course."

"You are the brave ones," he said. "No one else is stirring. And I can recommend Dramamine."

"It confirms what I said, April. It is not for the digestion, it is for the nerves, is it not?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Good. I'll take three. What's the forecast, Steward?"

"Confidentially, not good. We were expected to catch only the fringe of this

gale. But it is building up and the worst is dead ahead."

"Will it delay us?"

"A good deal, I'm afraid."

"An airliner could fly around or above such a storm?"

"I suppose it could."

"Well, nevertheless, I wouldn't trust myself to the bloody contraptions."

"I am surprised," I said, "that you would be afraid of anything."

"Yes," April said. "Mrs. Bound says she has logged over a hundred thousand miles, four times around the world."

"What has Mrs. Bound got to do with it? And as for being afraid, my dear Major, you need not be surprised. I am not afraid of anything. At my age, a person who is, is a blithering idiot."

It was true. Whether it was the conversation, the oatmeal, coffee and Dramamine, or whether I was just becoming used to it, I was no longer disturbed by the shuddering plunges of our vessel. I accompanied the ladies up and down and forward to the lounge.

"Some of the lumber has been carried away," I said.

"So it has," returned Mrs. Alistair-Shellback. "Hah! Perhaps, my dear, your gallant third officer is less efficient than you think him."

So the old woman knew about that. I think her niece was as surprised as I was. But she made no reply.

I remained, watching the drama before me, long after they had returned to their respective books. It was my first experience of a storm at sea and I found it fascinatingly thrilling. Only the light, roped lumber had been torn overboard. The huge ponderosa logs lay chained securely. It was, I reflected, what man had been doing since he became man. Perhaps it was why he became man. No other animal is so foolhardy as to fight the elements of nature.

The thought of a cold bottle of Carlsberg beer intruded basely into my philosophical introspection and I went aft to fetch one. When I returned, the lounge and decks were empty, so that the ship herself seemed animate, a creature plunging forward into whatever lay ahead with reckless abandon. It was ghostlike and I welcomed the sound of the ship's gong.

As Sven brought the soup, spilling not a drop, I asked him about the officers. "All very busy," he said. I was joined by Mrs. Jensen. She looked pale and terrified, which was entirely understandable, but she had obviously also been crying. "I hope you are not frightened, Mrs. Jensen." I was trying to be helpful but she answered sharply. "Why should I be?"

"Well, I was at first. It's a new experience."

"I have seen storms before." It was a curt dismissal; thereafter I kept silent.

Asleep in the Deep (continued)

Again, even the hardest passengers, after being fed, crept fearfully away to their lairs and some escape from reality. I tried to read and could not. Thinking brought me up against the same old blank dead end. I could not accept the murder and suicide theory and yet, except for Shultz, the connection of any of these people with crime seemed fantastically remote. And my suspicion of him was as nebulous as the mists of spray outside the window.

Aside from the stewards, I had not seen a member of the crew all day. Yet they were there, on board, working the ship. When there is action afoot, I like to be in on it.

I climbed the narrow, inner stair to the bridge and found the door locked. I hammered upon it, shouted, and presently it was opened by the second officer. "I'm terribly sorry, sir. Passengers are forbidden the bridge."

I am afraid I sputtered. "I'm not a passenger. I am in the captain's confidence."

"In certain matters, yes, sir, I know. But you are forbidden the bridge. In navigating the ship, the captain is in sole charge."

"Of course. But if we are in danger, I'd like to help."

"Thank you, sir, but we are in no danger."

He shut the door in my face and locked it. And I had thought him such a courteous young man.

It is standard practice, in fiction, to portray the detective as a cold-eyed, implacable character, leavened with idiosyncrasies. My phobia is loneliness; all my life has been spent with family and friends, and I found myself almost longing for the musical sound that meant tea. But when it finally sounded, no one appeared.

"Sven," I asked, "is the stewardess having tea in her room?"

He looked at me queerly. "Val, yas."

I took my own tray, knocked on her door, and got the usual "Kom ind," but if I had thought myself injured to Miss Sorensen's vagaries, I was wrong.

"Oh," she laughed. "You are a fary fony mans. But iss nice you return de complement." Her words were derisive but the laugh was gay. "Your face, it tals so plain. De great man iss shock like de boy, Nils. Yacob says I am hundignified but he iss not shock."

"I am not shocked either, and you look very pretty this afternoon."

This last was true, for she had primed again and curried her hair. But the nearly empty bottle of champagne had surprised me.

"Dan coom and join me. Stop to worry, Major. Here iss sacond bottle in cooler. Iss not first class but iss better dan tea."

"What is it you are celebrating alone?"

"De vather, *min herre*, dis vonderful vather. It vill vorse gat before it iss better."

"I don't understand."

"Vy should you? Who onerstans anyt'ing? Yust drink to de storm and de sea."

"Skoal!" I said, rather doubtfully.

"Skoal to de dirty sea!" she said. "De sea I luff an' de sea I hate de same equal."

"How is that possible?"

"How iss anyt'ing else possible? I ham born from de sea. It iss all I aver knew to luff or hate. My fadder, his fadder, all vas fishermans. I svim so soon as could valk. I marry de sea for de sea vas part of him."

"You told me you had never married."

"No, policemans, dot I naffer said. You asked me Miss or Mrs. I ham Miss. He naffer married me in church. De sea, she luffed him yust like me, and so she kapt him." She drained her glass. "An' vy I tal you dis? De storm, de luffly wiscious storm, I gat a yittle drunk an' tal de t'ings I should forgat for twanty year."

And then I found that she could read my mind as easily as my face for, shamefully perhaps, I was hoping that the wine would tell me what she had concealed till now.

"An' you," she said, abruptly, "still vunder 'bout de yittle Phalps, eh?"

"Yes, I do. It's my job, you know."

"Vy? De dad you cannot bring back."

"I am not interested in Mrs. Phelps as a person or Nyborg as Nyborg. My duty is to find the truth and help the cause of justice."

"Fine vords."

"I mean them. Will you never tell me what you know?"

"You know, is fony. I tought I naffer tal. Vot good? But from two days now I t'ink, dot police falla he vants yustice. Some time before ve dock I tal him. Yustice is goot." She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Now I t'ink mabby I tal sooner dan I t'ought. Mabby ve naffer dock."

"What do you mean?"

"You don't hear dot?"

"I hear the storm."

"Hah! Dot's luffly sound. You do not hear de pumps?"

There was a steady throbbing, regularly timed, as the sounds of the gale were not. "All day dey pump. Iss not a yittle leak."

"You think we may be shipping more water than the pumps can take?"

"If ve shipping less vater, de pumps vould stop, *hein*?"

She poured the last of the second bottle into our two glasses. "Giff me a cigarette, please, Major."

I reached in my pocket and, as I pulled

the package out, a piece of paper came with it and fluttered to the floor. It was my clue, my sadly crumpled, indecipherable, only clue.

I lighted both our cigarettes, picked up the paper and handed it to her. "You wouldn't know what that is, would you?"

She glanced at it carelessly. "Vy sure, I know vot it iss. But you don't t'ink I can read, I hope."

"You know what it is?" I was incredulous.

"Vy sure. It iss stenogafy."

Shorthand! Danish shorthand. But I had asked all the officers and they had not recognized it as such and I told her so. She shrugged her shoulders, disclaiming any confidence in male mentality. "Dey only know de boats. Knute mabby could read."

"Who is Knute?"

"De virelass mans."

"Christobal!" I said, and left her abruptly.

I clambered up the stair and beat on the door to the bridge. The second officer answered again.

"Major Manchenil? Do you wish to go to your quarters?"

"No. I must see the sparks immediately. It is urgent for my mission."

"I told you my orders. I will follow them. Your mission can wait."

I knew finality when I heard it. Today I seemed consigned to outer darkness.

After dinner I found myself alone in the lounge with the outspoken Mrs. Bound.

"This aquavit," she said, "has authority, but tonight I don't like the taste. Would you be kind enough to pour me a jigger of cognac?"

"Certainly." I filled both our glasses.

"Do you realize the significance of the absence of the officers?"

"Yes. I can guess. In fact I believe that we have sprung a leak and the pumps are in operation. But they have means of repairing such damage and are undoubtedly doing so. I offered my services as an able-bodied extra hand, but they were refused. I have it straight from the second officer that we are in no danger."

"What else would they tell us?" she said, contemptuously. "If they are doing so well at it, after working all day, why have we developed a list?"

The floors had been so consistently tipped from the horizontal that I certainly had not noticed it but now, still seated, I could see that, as we plunged fore and aft, the sea was visible through the port windows as it should not have been. A wave of momentary fear swept through me.

"Perhaps the cargo has shifted." I said.

"And could anything be more dangerous than that?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Bound. But

let's have another drink and hope for the best."

"Then, I suppose, the brave, self-sufficient major will calmly resign himself to a cold and watery grave?"

I grinned at her. She was a spirited soul. "If we do have to give up the ship, Mrs. Bound, we still have the lifeboats. They are adequate even if we can only lower on one side. I counted them."

"You would," she said, and patted my shoulder as she unsteadily left me.

The brandy was a help and I had some more of it. I wondered where the phrase "Dutch courage" had come from. It certainly was an international panacea. I climbed the stair to the door where I had been refused and noticed, for the first time, that my hammering had been uncalled for. There was a buzzer and I dutifully rang it. The second officer was still on duty and he looked sleepy and haggard from the length of his watch.

"Bed?" he asked and, when I nodded, he escorted me the length of the starboard corridor to the door of the hospital bay and saw me safely in.

I sat on my bed and pondered. Of course they were stenographic hen-tracks. That paper had been important to Nyborg. I had to know what it said.

I opened the door to the uninhabitable afterdeck. There was no light. The fixed masthead beacon was dead or blown away. But although the wind was terrifying, I determined I would try to make it. Flat on my belly, I felt my way along the slippery teak with little difficulty until I rounded the after-curve of the stack. But then it struck me, the full force of the furious mid-Atlantic gale. We had changed course for the obvious purpose of keeping the push of the wind against our listing port quarter. Solid water was sweeping even this highest boat deck but was being blown away as swiftly as it came aboard. A lighter weight than mine would have gone with it to be crushed against the after-deckhouse or swept away entirely. But the radio room was directly opposite my hospital bay, so that I had not far to go. I inched along, reached the comparative lee of this cabin, and rattled the knob of the door.

Knute, the sparks whose surname I did not know, opened the door. "Gudfader bevarer!" he said. "It's the crazy policeman."

I scrambled to my feet. "Can you read stenography?"

"Yes."

I fished in my pocket and pulled out my crumpled paper. "Would you mind translating this?"

"Knut sat down at the desk. But there was something coming through on his head phone and he wrote rapidly, then suddenly stopped, his pencil poised. He waited, listening intently, for minutes.

Then, curiously, he crossed himself. He pushed one earpiece forward again and looked at me wearily. "You asked me something. What was it?"

"**C**an you translate this paper?" He had to take a minute to bring the thing into focus.

"Into English?" he asked.

"Please."

He pulled a pad toward him and wrote.

"Theory confirmed coke Panama wife access usual transfer wife not access double luggage golf cosmetics."

He handed it up to me without a word.

"Coke," I asked. "Would that be—?"

"Cocaine? Yes, I would think so."

"You write 'golf.' You mean the game?"

"That iss what it says."

"And would 'access' mean accessory?"

"That iss your job, iss it not?"

I couldn't fathom his hostility. It was of a piece with the strict orders keeping me off the bridge. I had no idea what I had done. But I was not kept ignorant very long.

The captain opened the door and walked in. He was unshaven, red-eyed, and he looked at me as though I were a poisonous reptile.

"Has this man been interfering with your duties?" he asked harshly.

"No, sir. And it is all over, sir."

"So? Read it to me. Read it in English so this savage vill understand."

Sparks spoke in a flat voice. "Twelveten, when we left off." Then he read: "Repeat, repeat, can you hear me. Over. Can hear you. Repeat. Help impossible. Over thirty degree list. Would capsize your course. Repeat. Help impossible, not possible, over. God damn you. This is extremity. Drifting toward you. Your lights are brighter. Have you no guts? Urgent request lower boats. No more than ten minutes. No more than eight minutes. Bow settling. Abandoning ship. Lower one boat. Some might make it. Lower boat. Course due north. All hands overboard. No use. Going down. Forget insults. Excuse insults. Skoal."

"You didn't tal him we had no boats?"

"He would not listen. He was sending."

The captain turned to me. "I von't ask you v y you are here. But you vill now go to your room and you vill be locked in. Twenty-eight Norwegian sailors haff died vile you play cops and robbers."

Back in my locked room, I realized that he was right. I had solved my murder problem. There were only two pairs of husbands and wives on board. Shultz and his accessory wife had brought the stuff on at Panama, transferred it to the carefully designed luggage of a young couple, planted because of their innocuous status as honeymooners of Danish descent. Margarethe Jensen had pure innocence written in her face and her

sudden fear had not been of the storm. In the natural order of things, they would have breezed through customs. And I could imagine how Shultz or his agent would have put the proposition to Jan Jensen—no hazard, no responsibility, and a trip to the old country with his bride. But the young man hadn't bargained for murder. Nor had I bargained for how little these things mattered in the face of a pitiless sea.

How would my efforts to bring men and women to justice look to the captain? I had thought him a gross and vulgar man; yet it had been he who had been forced by the Almighty to make the awful decision—damned if he turned aside to heed the pitiful call for help, and now damned because he had not done so.

The wind died that night, sated with destruction, contented with the count of its victims. But the sea still pounded, roiled and still enraged by the spent fury of its master. I was shaved and dressed and waiting when my door was unlocked from the corridor side. Jacob Holp knocked and entered.

"Good morning," he said. "The captain wants you in the lounge."

The passengers were all there, a sorry gathering without exception.

"I apologize, Major Manchenil, for my rudeness last night. It vas inexcusable."

"I understand, sir. You were under great strain."

"Thank you," he said, shortly, and turned to the others.

"I haff summoned all off you as early as possible to tal you ve no longer are in danger. The break in our plates has been repaired and most of the vater is out-pumped. Our list which frightens you is not because off cargo shift. It iss the cotton. The bales vas all stowed on de port side and dey haff de vater soaked up like a tremandous vick. Some ve haff



Asleep in the Deep (continued)

moved so that alrady our list iss batter. So soon as ve can, ve rearrange complete. Iss true our port lifeboats is stofe in or carried away but so soon we gat on efen keel ve haff planty boats on starboard. In meantime, look out on port beam. Dot iss British liner, Saxon line, de *Rowena*. She is by us standing until ve are shipshape. Any qvastions?"

No one said a word.

"Dan brakfast vill be serfed."

How well he had succeeded in calming his charges was shown when I looked in at the dining salon. Except for the officers, who could be presumed to be still "busy," all three tables were filled. I let myself down on the sloping port deck and looked over the side. The crest of each wave was breaking over the rail of the cargo deck but as the trough went by most of the water ran out of the scuppers. Not more than a mile away, the *Rowena* moved slowly abreast of us, as brave and as beautiful as her namesake. Holp joined me silently.

"Is she there in answer to an S.O.S.?" I asked.

"Not ours. Theirs. Of course we would have sent one if it had not been for them."

"But she was too late?"

"Much too late." He was silent and thoughtful. "They ought to put the old man to bed. The chief knows him, and he says he's cracking up inside." He hesitated, and then came out with it. "We might not have capsized, you know."

"I guess it's one of those things you never know."

"That's right."

I cased the deck carefully, but there was one move I couldn't figure. So I went to my friend, the stewardess, for help. "Miss Sorensen, how can I get the women out of their cabins and together in the lounge?"

She didn't ask me why. "All off dem?"

"Well, most of them. In a natural way."

She knotted her brow. "I could ask. I don't know vadder dey coom. But I could ask for wolunteers for roll bandage. Ven like las' night an' day, de crew use up a bunch of dem."

"It sounds good. Will you do it?"

"Sure, I vill do it. Who you vant I ask?"

"The British ladies, the widows—"

"Dey vill coom."

"Mrs. Jensen, Miss Monck."

"Miss Monck iss real sick. An' Mrs. Shultz iss too mean."

"Skip those two if you can get the rest."

"I try dot."

Listening to the chatter, I could tell immediately that the ruse was successful. The ladies welcomed the diversion. And when I was sure they were settled, I opened Jensen's door.

He was naturally surprised, but, when I closed and locked it, he got up angrily. "What goes on?"

"Sit down, Jensen," I said. "I could break you in two and I'm armed in the bargain."

A heavy leather golf bag hung on a hook on the wall. The canvas hood over the top of the clubs was padlocked. "Unlock that, will you?" I ordered.

"What for?"

"Just do it."

He reached in a drawer and I had him covered but he was only getting the key.

I pulled out what I think they call a brassie or a spoon. I'm not a devotee of the game but it felt all right. I took out my knife and had only loosened two screws of the plate when white powder began sifting down on the floor. That did it, and I tossed the thing onto an unmade bed.

He didn't need to be broken in two. He was.

"They said it was foolproof."

"Sure. They always do."

He looked down at his trembling hands. "All right. I'll take it. I have to. But can't you tell her it was just smuggling? Does Margo have to know it was dope?" He burst into shameful tears.

"Margo," I said, cruelly, "has to know it was murder. Which one of you stuck the fid in Peggy Phelps?"

At that, the so-and-so crossed me up completely. He fainted.

Looking down at him, a young, pale, dissipated ghost, I was sure that he had not done that murder. Such an act took cold resolution, a quality this weakling did not have. He moaned, but I brought him back to reality with a dash of cold water. He got up unsteadily and loosened his tie.

"But why did you ask me about Peggy Phelps?"

"You can tell me."

"Tell you what? I had nothing to do with her. I don't understand."

"All right. Then tell me about when and how you and Shultz threw Nyborg overboard."

"Listen, Major, I don't know what you're talking about. Shultz said you were on our trail. You had a dictaphone in his room. So you've caught us. But Mrs. Phelps and Nyborg were practically strangers. I had nothing against them."

"I didn't catch up with you, Jensen. Nyborg did. Last Friday night during the birthday party. He made a note of where I should look for the dope. Whether you and Shultz knew he had found it I can't say for sure. But it's indicative, damningly indicative, that the next morning he died."

"I swear—"

"Let's leave out the swearing. You con-

tend you didn't know that he was a government narcotics agent?"

"I had no idea of it, or Shultz either."

"All right. It is so noted. I'll get to Shultz later. Let's have your story for what it's worth. How did you get into this deal? Start at the beginning."

The story was standard. He had been a clerk in a grain and feed store in a farm town not far from Chicago. He and his girl had been high school sweethearts but her Danish father took a dim view of his prospects and forbade him the house.

He had made inquiry about the cost of a Danish honeymoon at a Chicago travel agency and there had been spotted by what could only be described as a city slicker. The man had said they need do nothing but act as what they were, a pair of hick town newlyweds, and had given him money and airline tickets to the West Coast. It had been enough to convince Margarethe and they had eloped.

From then on, they had been passed along by the ring, caught inextricably in the web that culminated in Shultz. All through, the *leitmotiv* repeated itself: "I wasn't doing anything wrong."

"You don't find anything wrong with the drug traffic?"

"I didn't know it was drugs."

"Come off it, Jensen. What did you think?"

"Well, I knew it was smuggling. I thought probably it was diamonds, some kind of jewels. Everybody tries to get by customs with a little something. I always heard that."

"Over two thousand payment to the stooge for just one haul and you never thought of dope?"

"Oh, I thought of it but I didn't know. It could have been diamonds. But then Shultz came on at Panama. They didn't try to cover up. She came in and told Margo to get out and he brought in the stuff and packed it."

"How much is there?"

"Sixty pounds, he said. There's eighteen in the golf bag alone. the bottom, the lining, in the handles of the irons, and the balls come apart."

"And your wife knows now."

"She knows nothing. I've denied everything. But we're busted wide open. She knows there's something in those linings. She can tell by the weight, and she despises me. If she finds out it's cocaine, I'm washed up forever."

I had kept on writing. It was in the form of a confession, all of the salient points in his story. "Will you sign that?"

He read it hastily. There was nothing in it he had not freely told me. I gave him my pen and he signed it.

"But you still won't admit that you knew, at least, that Shultz, or Shultz and his wife, murdered these two people?"

"No. And I don't believe they did. If

he had even suspected Nyborg, he would have warned me about him. He only warned me about you."

I was in a dilemma as to what to do with the man. There must be some place that served as a brig, but that would prematurely tip my hand. It was too early to bother the exhausted officers about so relatively trivial an offense as attempted smuggling, and I still had no firm case against Shultz for the murders. But I couldn't allow Jensen the run of the ship as though nothing had happened.

"You are under arrest and will stay in this room," I said. "I should think you would have to tell your wife something of the truth and throw yourself on her mercy. But she can put out the story that you are indisposed and must have your meals in bed. And no communication with Shultz. If you do, I can charge you with accessory to murder."

"He won't come here. We agreed not to speak to each other."

"For your own sake, keep clear of him." I replaced the screws in the plate of the club and brushed the little drift of white powder under the bed. Just then, the door of the cabin was rattled.

"That's Margo," he said, hoarsely, and turned deathly pale again.

I opened the door and she came in. "It's just as well you have returned, Mrs. Jensen. Sit down."

"I'll stand," she said. She knew what was coming.

"It seems that your husband tried to pay for your trip by joining in a smuggling operation. That, of course, is illegal and he will be turned over to the police in Copenhagen. But he says he is very sorry for his mistake and has given valuable evidence against the principal criminals. I believe the sentence can be from one to ten years. But in this case, a first offense, the courts may be lenient. I am sorry to have to give you this news. And I think I will take your golf bag."

Jan Jensen was about twenty-one, and even to my, I hope cynical, mind, his story held up. I felt I must make sure that, when Shultz discovered who had peached on him, he had no opportunity for revenge. That Shultz had not warned him against Nyborg was understandable and in character. When Shultz was faced with exposure he evidently took direct measures and, in the execution of such measures, Jensen would have made a miserably ineffective accomplice.

I went out onto the pitching deck and walked forward to the bridge. The helmsman and the second and fourth were there. They greeted me with that warm, almost conspiratorial cordiality that men reserve for those who have shared and come through danger. And yet there was present among all these officers a solemn, wholly unjustified underlayer of guilt

that they had not succored men like themselves in their extremity. They were wrong; every man-jack among them had done his duty. But the feeling was there.

The cargo deck was alive with activity. Both hatch covers had been laid to the port side and two of the seven booms were in operation. One of them was being maneuvered by a team from the raised central island surrounding the tall mast. On either side of me, on the boat deck, the electric hoists had been uncovered. This apparatus operated the two short booms used for inboard work. Only the port station was occupied and I was fascinated by the boom operator's skill. He played on the motors with a series of buttons, up, down and sideways with the boom; reach, pull and slack with the cables that guided the steel hook.

The third officer, standing just beyond the open hatch, was also doing a remarkable job, not obviously so technically difficult but probably more so in practice. It was a superb piece of delicate coordination. Without glancing at either operator, he was directing them both with movements of his two hands. With his left, he would send the hook on the short boom down into the bowels of the hold. A bale of cotton would be hooked on and rise swiftly into the clear. There his right hand and the boom operator behind him would go into action. His hook would engage the manila bridle holding the bale. The first hook would disengage and the bale be swung and settled among its fellows already stacked against the starboard rail. Before the deck crew could release this hook, the first one would be down again, probing for the next burlapped bale of sodden fibre. It would have been a lesson in technique if we had been anchored in calm harbor. On this pitching deck it was more in the nature of a miracle.

Below me, on the passenger deck, Miss April Shower was watching her hero with eyes more admiring even than mine. But she glimpsed me, beckoned, and I joined her.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Never did." I agreed. "Your boy friend certainly knows his stuff."

She looked at me mischievously. "Auntie is a great admirer of yours but she wouldn't approve."

"Of what?"

"The term 'boy friend' is in questionable taste. Anyway, he hasn't promised to take me ashore yet."

"At Antwerp?"

"No, haven't you heard? We're putting into Brest."

"Really? That's fine."

"Oh, why do you care?"

"It's nearer. I'm homesick. Miss Shower. Much as I would like to see the rest of

Europe, I want to get back to my islands, my warm sea, my wife and ten children."

"Then you have concluded that the man who committed suicide did kill Mrs. Phelps?"

"Let us just say that I think, by the time we reach Brest, I will have completed my mission."

From the port side, Mrs. Alistair-Shellback hailed her niece. "Come, dear, and look. The *Rouena* is leaving us behind."

Obediently, my companion left me and I had turned to follow when I heard a shout. I saw my reflection in the bowed window of the dining salon and, directly behind me, the image of a great steel hook, moving swiftly. I dived forward to escape it but was not sentient when I hit the deck.

My next sensation was the smell of rubbing alcohol. It smelled fresh and good and I opened my eyes. I was in my own bed and Jacob Holp was sitting beside me.

Before I had a chance to speak, he said, "Shut up."

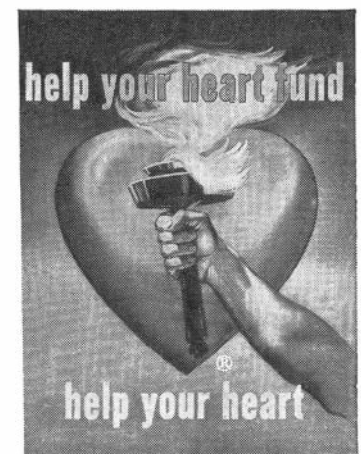
I didn't argue with him. The bed felt as good as the rubbing alcohol smelled. I seemed to have been on a long and tiring journey full of dangers to body and soul. Somehow I seemed to have safely reached port and someone was caring for me. So, letting it happen, I ceased caring myself, and went back to sleep.

When I awoke again it was dark and I cared a great deal about something. My stomach was in dire distress. It was miserably empty and was telling me so in no uncertain terms. A pale blue night light was burning and Jacob Holp was asleep in his chair. Suddenly I remembered the swinging, murderous hook. I must have been unconscious all afternoon and evening. No wonder I was hungry. I had missed two meals.

I must have stirred because Holp sat up with a jerk.

"You're still here," I said, wondering.

"You remember that I was here before?"



Asleep in the Deep (continued)

"Of course. This afternoon you said to shut up."

"Then you are lucid! That was yesterday." With which unclear remark, he, with what appeared to me an utter lack of lucidity, bolted for the door and left me. I shut my eyes again in resignation. I didn't feel like getting up.

Holp reappeared with the first officer, who was clad in shorts and an open dressing gown.

"He is perfectly lucid," Holp said and then the two of them launched into a furious discussion in Danish. When it ended—

"Major Manchenil?"

"Yes, Jacob."

"Can you see me?"

"Certainly."

"Do you know what happened to you?"

"Yes. One of your loading hooks got away from you. I saw it coming my way through a reflection in the window and tried to duck. I guess I didn't quite make it."

Mr. Lind felt my pulse, my forehead and then the back of my skull.

"Fary onusual," he said.

Jacob Holp laughed. "The First," he said, "is the best doctor on board. But even the best can mistakes make. He said in the beginning that you would surely die and then, up until this moment, has firmly maintained that you would be permanently blind and crazy in the head."

Lind grinned sheepishly. "I ham fary glad, Major, dot I vas wrong. Since yesterday, you vas not onconscious, yust sleeping?"

"I guess so."

"Dot is *sere gud*. How you feel?"

"As if I had a bump on my head but it's not bad."

"De book say you are dad."

"Well, I'm almost dead from hunger."

Holp looked at his watch. "It's six o'clock. I'll get you whatever you want. What would you like?"

"Three poached eggs, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree."

The First felt his professional diagnosis belatedly confirmed and he looked very grave and serious.

Jacob explained. "The major, Hoerder, is almost as bad as the captain."

"Oh, a yoke, eh?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "Anything you can dish up would be wonderful."

As they went out together I heard the first officer say, "A partridge, vot is dot?"

With food inside me, I was feeling better by the minute. I sat up and swung my legs over the side. Well, I felt better but not exactly good. Gingerly, I explored my skull, the aft side of it to keep things nautical. There was a deep depression in it but the soreness felt like surface soreness.

Some time after breakfast, the boy, Nils, knocked on my door. "Efferyvon iss happy, sir, that you are—re. . .cup. . .er-erating so vell. But pleass, vould you visitors not like?"

"Thank you, Nils. I would like visitors. Could you get me a bowl and the bathroom mirror? I'll have to shave."

He helped me do that and get into the wool dressing gown that I had sworn to Millie I would never have occasion to use. Then I was host to a delegation of five ladies.

Miss Monck had recovered enough to be among them and it was she who made the presentation. "We were all," she said in her low, theatrical voice, "shocked and terrified at what happened. Aside from dear April, here, we ladies of uncertain age do not go voyaging in search of adventure. I, for one, have had my fill of it. But we all feel that you have been, throughout, a shield and buckler for us all against our common danger. We regret that our shield has been battered but give thanks to the Almighty that you have been spared to live and fight another day. With our highest compliments—" And she presented me with a large bouquet of flowers.

Miss Monck's speech had been as clear as mud and the bouquet was certainly heterogeneous, but I was touched. "You are very kind indeed. You must have stripped your spring hats."

"Indeed we did," stated Mrs. Alistair-Shellback, taking the flowers and stuffing them into a hideous glass vase. "And we expect to get them back, young man. It's in the nature of a gesture."

"I do appreciate it, deeply," I replied.

"We were told we musn't stay," Mrs. Halliday said. "But we do hope you will be up and around again in a very few days."

"I'll be up and around this afternoon." I said boastfully. They filed out and Miss Shower, for the second time that voyage, had the temerity to kiss me.

Seven brought my luncheon and his good wishes. I had forgotten how good Swedish meat balls, which on the *Kamchatka* were called Danish meat balls, could be. And I tore into them. Then the idleness became dull and I had about decided to ask someone for a book when the captain came in.

"Skoal!" he said.

"Skoal to you, sir. Does that mean you are bringing me liquid nourishment?"

"No, not yat I think." He looked at me reflectively. "It vas a combination of three. The hook iss rounded on the bottom. That iss von. You were varned so that you vas going away from it ven it struck. That iss two. And you mus' haff an onbelievable hard head." He shook his own disapprovingly. "Oddervise, I haff anodder murder on my boat."

"You mean this was not an accident?"

"Ach! You think ve are that clumsy? You feel good enough to talk?"

"Surely. But you mean that this was attempted murder?"

"Of course. How dey think dey gat away with it on my boat, I don' know. But dey almos' did." He sat down on the straight chair beside me. "You vant a cigar?"

"Thanks."

He lit up for both of us. "I vant for you to onderstand, Manchenil. Yasterday, van I tal you I apologize, I didn't mean it. So far as I care, you could go to hal. I naffer vas on a boat that sank but I haff seen man drown. I haff in vater been swimming and think sure I vill myself drown before I reach the shore. Vot's vorse, I naffer hear a call for halp bevore and could not answer. My First, my Second, my Chief, dey all tal me to go. Easy for dem, easy for any seaman vorth his salt. But besides dem and me, I got forty lifes on board. I cannot drown dem all to safe my pride."

"I understood, Captain."

"No, you don't. I naffer took you vary serious, Major. You had your t'eories but nothing proofed. So ven you catch a smuggler vat de hal do I care? I naffer smuggled dope but odder t'ings, huh! You could a stateroom fill. But murder is anodder qvaston. I don' like murder on my boat! You did your yob, Manchenil, and damn near lost your life. But you vas right. Nyborg vas murdered and we've got de two of dem locked away."

"Two?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Shultz. Who else?"

"Just how was it done?"

"My man all had dere orders, de whole crew—right de boat. Not so qvick ass possible, qvicker. Stock vas vorking, he says you vatched him."

"Yes, I did."

"Than Lind, de First, goes back to see can he hurry up somebody. Dey both saw the starboard boom start svinging but day both thought it vas the odder's orders. Vas natural. You naffer pay attantion vitch man is vorking, you vatch de hook. But ven dot hook vas svung and vent for you. Lind yelled. He saw you fall forward and de hook go through de vindow and dan he look too late. De falla ran, who it vas he could not tal."

"Then how do you know it was Shultz?"

The captain laughed and sounded something like his old jolly self. "It vasn't Shultz. Jon Forsted, who de odder boom vas vorking, saw who it vas and saw him run but naffer saw de falla before, just a fat fella with a big hat." He laughed again, the harder; he would always love his "yoke." "It vas de boy, Nils, who vas de big detective. Ven he should haff been daviling eggs, he vas out de vindow look-

ing. Dot boy iss always looking for vat he can see. He saw Shultz unloosen de starboard hook vere it vas tied to its stanchion and, ven de excitement vas ofer, he told de chief steward. Ve took Forsted in to try to idantify Shultz but it vas Mrs. Shultz he recognized. She had efen forgot to t'row away de hat."

"Hah!" I said, with a deep glow of inner satisfaction. "And have they confessed to the other murders?"

"Confass? Dose two Dutchman! Dey wouldn't confass they vas out off dere cabin. The first vorked over dem. I told him to and ven he vorks on somebody he does a yob. But vere dere iss no sance, dere iss no feeling. We don't need a confassion from dem. Ve got Yansen's confassion out of your pocket. Lind vorked on him a little bit too. Danmark don't waste time on murder cases. Dose two Dutchmans vill hang and it vill be damn good lason for dem. Now I leaf you. Our doctor is not a spacialist, exact, but he says more rast is vat you need."

I rested physically, but the stubborn, cantankerous mind would not. In the smooth, sweet-smelling ointment of my self-satisfaction there was a fly. As though its wings were wet and stuck, it would not fly away and yet it struggled. Its principal components were two. First, I had indicted the Shultz pair in my mind on the weak and flimsy premise of their looks and I kept thinking of Spencer's saying that reasoning on a false premise, "being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse." The second thing that bothered me was the same as when I had boggled over Nyborg himself, the question of motive. The fact that they had almost succeeded in killing me was proof enough that they had murdered Nyborg. We both were a source of ever present danger to them. Nyborg's cryptic note had indicated that they were far from being first offenders. A professional smuggler of long standing can, if caught red-handed, be sentenced in sequence by half a dozen countries and spend the rest of his life in jail. But why would they have killed Peggy Phelps? Because he had told her about his job, boasted of his success in catching them? Perhaps. But he was a cold man, cold as a fish they had said, and a professional. Why would he have talked business when sweethearts love to talk of other things? And how would they have known it if he had? It was more reasonable to suppose that they had taken Nyborg's knife and used the fid on her to make it look like simple murder and suicide. But they had not murdered him on board and thrown him over. He had been alive, seen swimming. How could they have taken his knife and manhandled him with no signs of a struggle? And the murder in the Phelps' cabin had been a far more hazardous un-

dertaking than the attempt on me. The incidents of this morning, yesterday morning rather, had taken place at a time when the ship was at sixes and sevens, when all manner of crew members were dashing about where, in the orderly course of events, they never would be. If Nils had not been insatiably curious, the woman in her husband's clothes might never have been identified. On the other hand, a foray into or out of Cabin F, if seen by anyone, would have instantly given the show away.

I cannot help these thoughts. Self-doubt is a built-in portion of my nature.

It was fitting and pleasant that the stewardess brought me tea and joined me in enjoying it.

"I will bat dot nobody tol' you how long it vas me who vas vatching you ven you looked like dad."

"I didn't know you had at all. Thank you, Mimi."

"It vas not de captain's orders," she said, defiantly. "De orders vas you vatched mus' be. But Yacob was tired and de poys iss always sleepy. So I vatch. Psh! I know all de time you not be crazy."

"I have a very hard head, it seems."

"Let me feel it, yah?" Her hand was

gentle and very soft, thanks, no doubt, to the rubber gloves. "Gudfader!" she exclaimed. "Such a soldat, you would make. De bullets bounce right off, yah?"

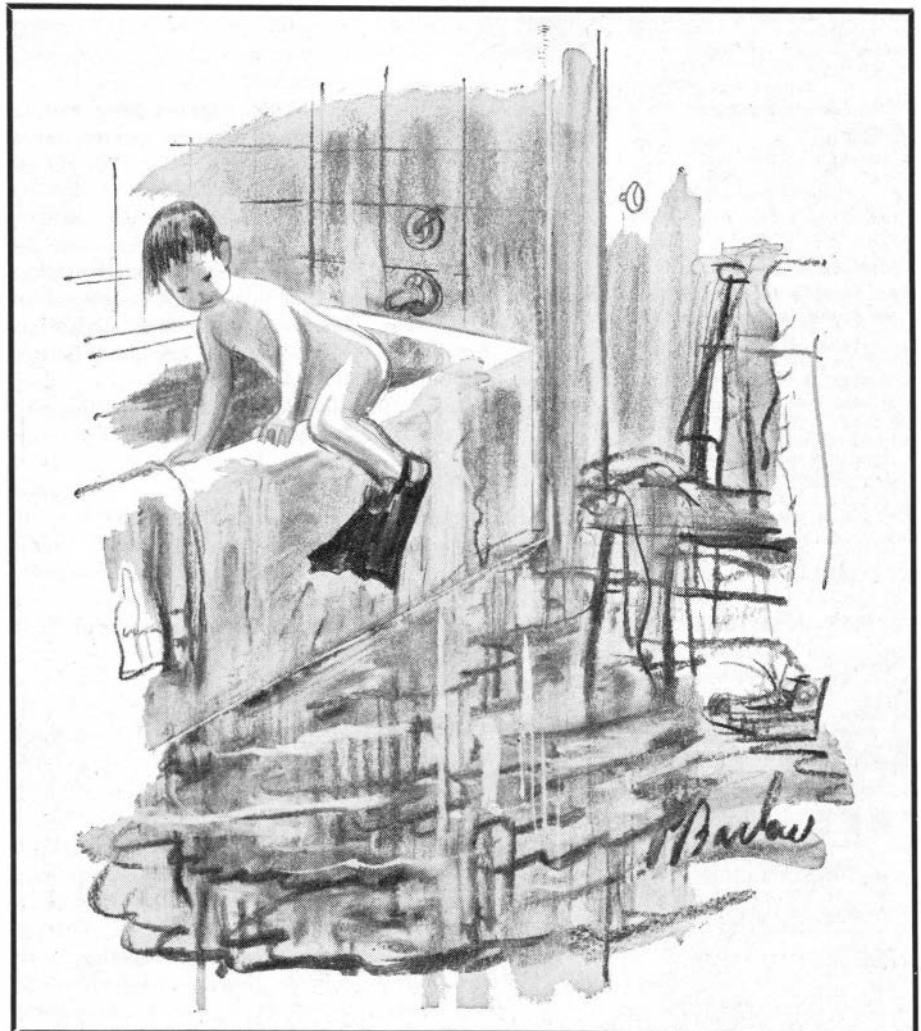
"Mimi, when are you going to tell me what you know? You said you would, remember?"

"Oh, sure, I remember. Dey caught Shultz. You still vant to hear vat I say? Vy?"

"It's just what I told you in the beginning. I'm not satisfied, entirely, in my own mind."

She laughed and looked at me in a curious way, benignly, with affection. It was almost motherly. "Ho-kay. Dere is a yittle vork to do and you haff odder visitors. Dan I coom back an' tal you."

Mr. Horgerson and Mr. Dryad shook my hand in turn. Horgerson especially was pleased with me and with himself. It was easy to forget that he had brushed me off as a nincompoop, and easy to remember that he had offered me my passage. For the tragedies we had encountered, he had no responsibility; but in the apprehension of a murderous and probably badly wanted smuggler, certainly some credit would go to the highest ranking civilian on board. Dryad, on the other hand, was grateful. Like





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Asleep in the Deep (continued)

the ladies, he seemed to feel that I had somehow saved them all from some nebulous but nevertheless horrendous fate.

The Jensens came in next. Mr. Jensen was thoroughly subdued and not a little discolored around the eyes. And Mrs. Jensen was in a sad and pitiful state.

"He didn't tell Shultz anything. I swear it on my soul's salvation. He couldn't have. I was with him, in our cabin, every minute from the time you left till that horrible first officer dragged him away."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Jensen, your husband has done nothing wrong since his original mistake. All Shultz had to know was that I was alone with him. He guessed, first, that I had discovered the truth and, second, that I had not had time enough to tell anyone else. That's why they moved so fast. And if the first officer's beating has served to make you defend instead of upbraiding your husband, I daresay he will think it worth the temporary pain."

"You're right," the young fellow said, and burst into tears again. I left him go together with her wifely comforting. If you like one and dislike the other, I guess that kind of cancels everything out. My deposition on their account would be on the generous side.

Dinner came and Mimi Sorensen did not. Yet, somehow, I was sure of her and I owed her champagne. I ordered two bottles of Jacobs' best and a quarter pound of Beluga caviar. This time I would surprise her.

But when she appeared, the shoe was on the other foot. She breezed in, that is the only word for it, not in uniform but dressed to kill. She was rouged and in an elaborate gown that might have been stylish at some other time, in some other place.

"How do I look, Major?" she asked.

"Wonderful!" I said. The lie was necessary.

"An' de big major," she exclaimed, spotting the silver bucket, "recognized de big occasion. Roosian caviar! I naffer in my life haff Roosian caviar axcept I steal it."

"You are in a gay mood tonight," I said, pouring.

"Vy not? I sad I tal you."

"Skoal!"

"Tal me. You t'ink Mrs. Jansen forgiff her hoosband?"

"I believe so. I hope so."

"Yah. He iss yust a veak poy."

"Who will pay for his weakness?"

"Oh, sure. Ve pay. But fill my glass again. You haff planty."

We talked about islands, her northern ones, so closely bunched together, seeming so cold to tourists who visit their shores but warm in the hearts of their countrymen. And we talked of mine, some

faintly visible, some fifty miles from each other, too hot for certain northerners but warm and sunny and lovely to me. And we drank and toasted each other until, perhaps because of my wound, I felt lightheaded.

Suddenly, "You vant to know vot happened to Pieter? I pooshed him."

"You what?"

"Oh, you vill not onderstand. I don't axpect you to. I did not luff him—my hoosband iss de only man I affer luff. But van he coom aboard, Vancouver, he looked yust like my hoosband, big and blond an' luffy hair an' always laughing, yust like he would haff looked if live to dirty-two. An' Pieter saw me, in de room next door. Dot night he knocked. An' I lat him in." She shrugged. "Oh, sure. I know he only play with me but I t'ink I luff him. I t'ink vor von woyage I haff my hoosband back."

"So dan she coom aboard. Fife nights I had an' dan he take her to dis hospital. I did not blame him. She vas young an' I vas old. He says he luff me yust so much ass aver. How much iss dot? Vall, he say so soon she gat off he coom back to me. You would not onderstand. I t'ink I luff him."

"I understand."

She looked at me as though with infinite pity. "An' dan. He sitting on de rail, de starboard rail, an' take out dis an' tvirl it." Somehow she had procured the fatal fid. I sat there like a dummy. "He tol' me dan, he gat off too, with her—an' laugh and tvirl his knife. 'Giff me dot knife,' I sad. 'Vot vor?' he sad. 'So I vill kill you with,' I sad. An' so he laugh an' say. 'Go ahad, I t'ink you luff me too much.' He onfasten de knife from hiss balt. And I did luff him more, ass much ass my hoosband efen. So ven he giff me de knife. I poosh him oferboard."

She got up and looked, in spite of the garish finery, majestic. "Only von t'ing, I t'ink, iss not right yustice. De vater here iss cold. I will die qvickly. I guass it vas not so vith Pieter."

"Wait!" I cried, as she turned to go. "I will forget what you have told me."

She smiled at me. "You will forgat? You vill also forgat dot I vent in and killed her in her sleep, de von I hated? Mabby iss true, you could forgat. But how can Mimi Sorensen?"

A better man than I would have pursued her, or rung a bell or shouted. A wiser man would have stayed on his island and never have set foot on the *Kamchatka*. But that ship was a well-manned vessel, alert, efficient. While I still sat dumbly, the siren raised men's hackles. Men quickly stopped the sound of the diesel. Men lowered boats, pushed off and rowed them. The great ship circled slowly, twice, but the water, indeed, was cold. THE END

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THE LAST WORD

TEDIUM MEDIUM

Newport, Rhode Island: I loved your special December TV section but I just can't agree with you on Polly Bergen. She's nice enough, but mediocre. Goodness knows we need somebody different on television.
—MRS. E. A. BOOTH

TRAGEDY

Brookneal, Virginia: Charlie Sidwell, the William and Mary star football player on your September cover, died in an auto-



mobile accident on November 29. Please do an article pointing out the tragedy of accidents which rob us of such brain power and talent as Charlie Sidwell's.

—MRS. EMILEE SHORTER

EBBETS ERROR

Brooklyn, New York: I have always enjoyed your magazine and very rarely find an error in it. However, in the December

1957 issue, on page 41, is the sentence, "The Cincinnati Reds-Dodger game (above) in April of 1940 at Ebbets Field helped push TV sports." I've been a Dodger fan for a long time, and if that's not the Polo Grounds, I've been watching the wrong channel. —MIRIAM GELLERT

Our apologies to Dodger fans everywhere.
The Editors

RELIGION ROUND TABLE

Miami, Florida: The question "How many Americans really believe in God?" is left unanswered by T. F. James in your December issue. The truth is that belief in God has utterly failed to make man kind, ethical, and peaceful and that failure is written with blood and tears in the pages of history. —M. NOVELLA

Pacific Palisades, California: I do not believe you have really understood the work Dr. Liebman and Dr. Peale are doing. To be truly religious, a person must understand that God is not a man sitting on a throne upon a cloud somewhere off in space judging us, but is a Power that is right within each one of us for always. —MRS. E. E. COUNTREMAN

FICTION FAN

Anchorage, Alaska: If the author of *Mrs. Horne's Number One Enemy* (November 1957) is not an old lady herself, she certainly is a most understanding person.



It is truly refreshing to read a story like that. Children, neighbors, relatives, and friends usually mean well when they try to tell the old people how to manage their lives but they forget that a capable older person usually knows what is best for him. Thanks to Ruth Sears for writing this fine story, and to COSMOPOLITAN for publishing it.

—LOMA K. UNDERWOOD

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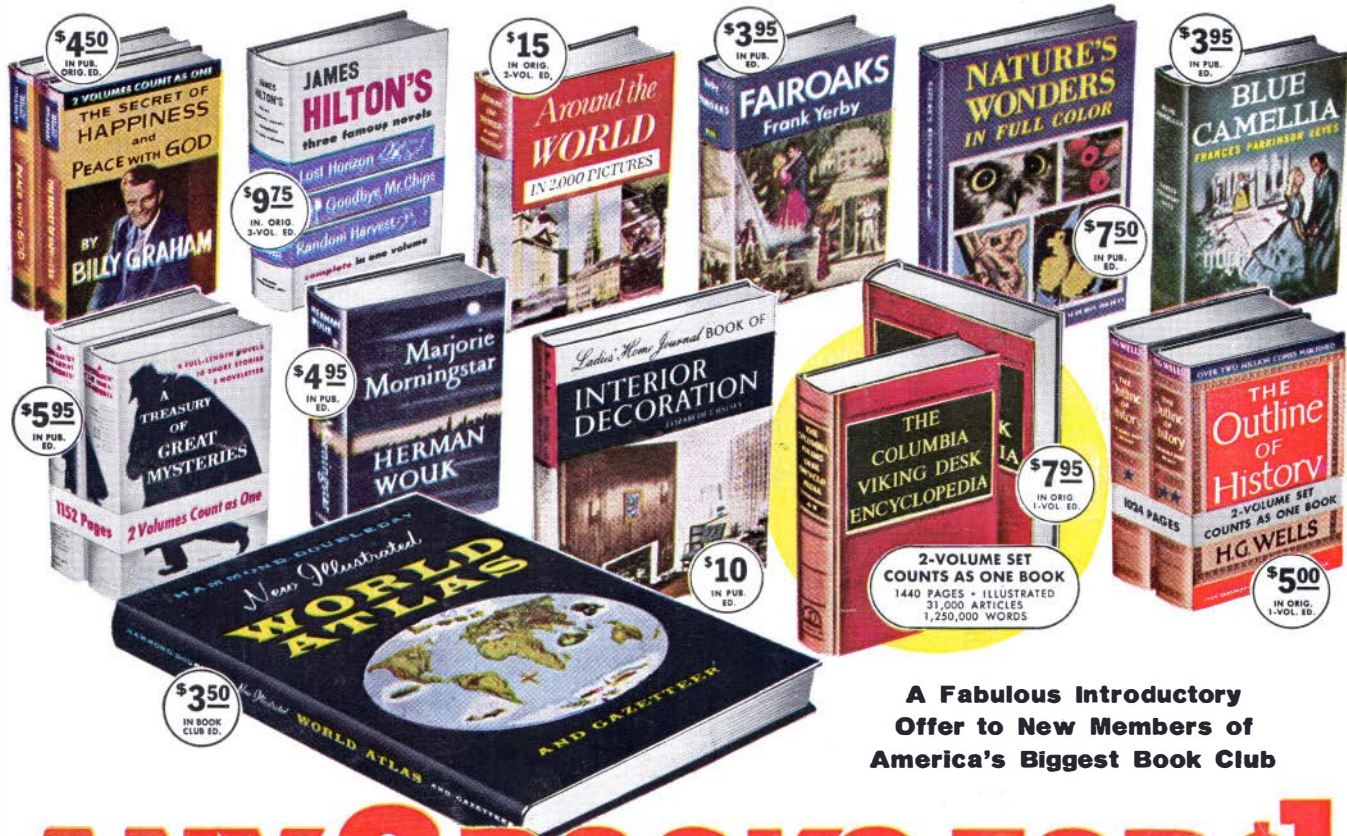
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