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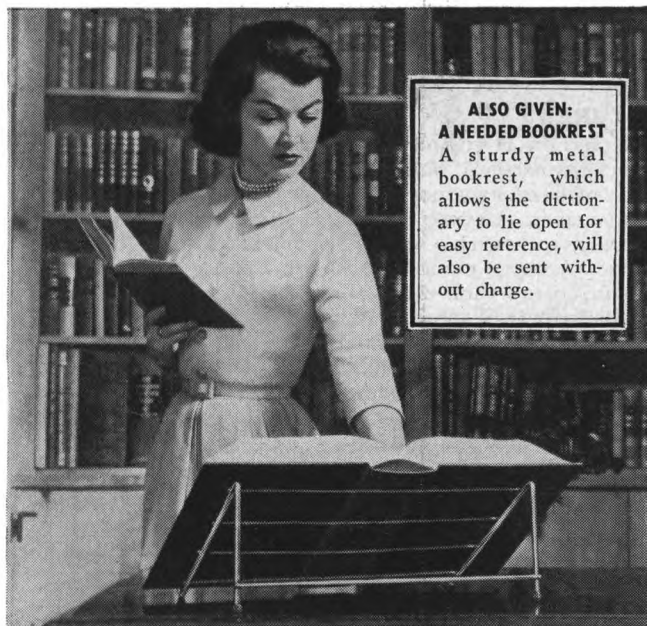
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JANUARY, 1957

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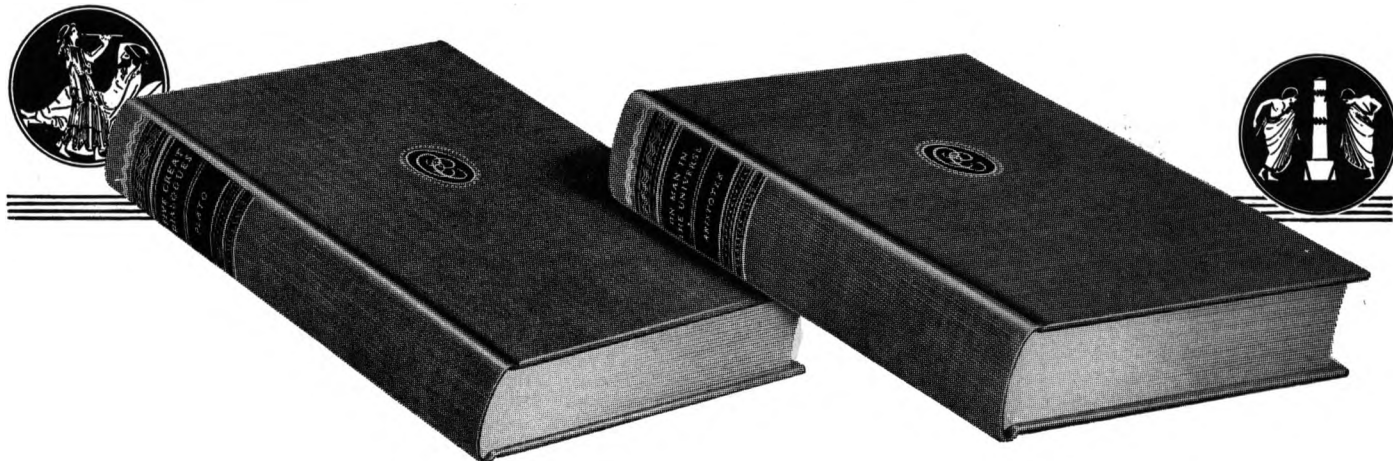
COVER—Cosmopolite *Gaby Rodgers*—born in Germany, reared in Holland, schooled in Switzerland—is a girl who has broken into Broadway through the new siddoor to success—television. Like Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, and many others, Gaby toiled happily before the cathode cameras for five years, enjoying that rarity for show business newcomers—a steady salary—while waiting to be noticed. Small parts in two legitimate plays helped, and now in "Hidden River," opening this month, Gaby plays her big-time Broadway role. Photo by Ozzie Sweet. Gaby's jacket and dickey by Tomas.



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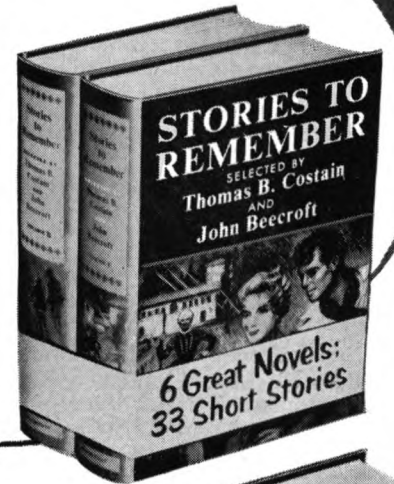
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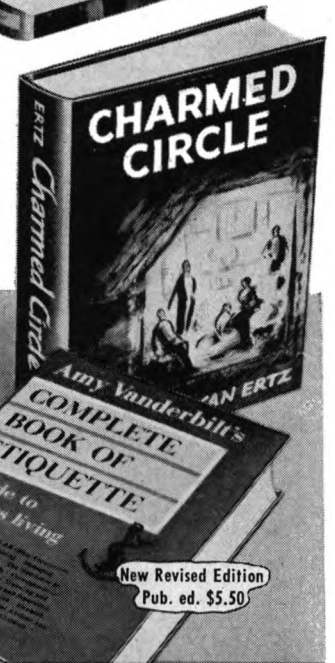
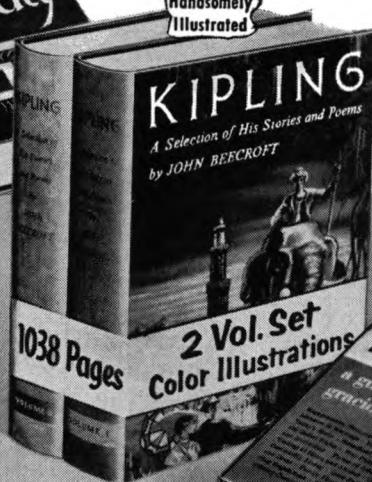
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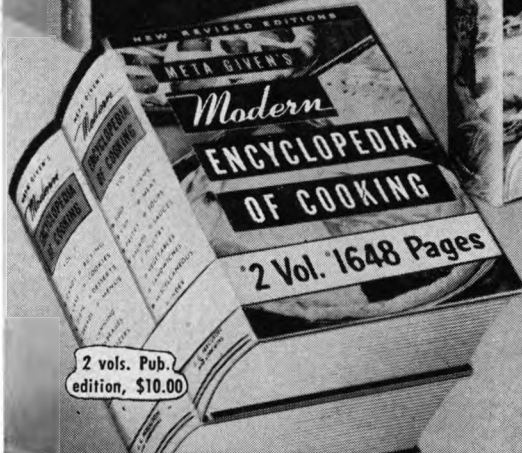
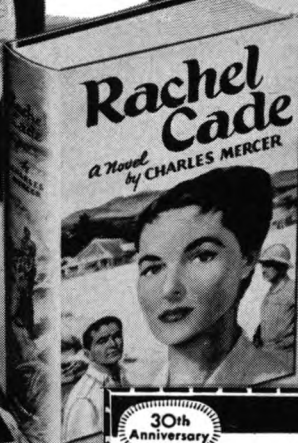
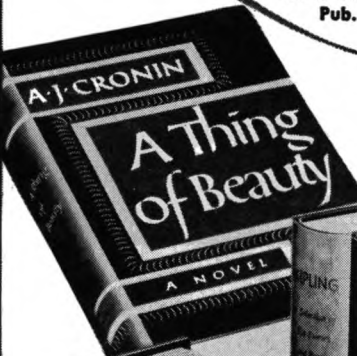
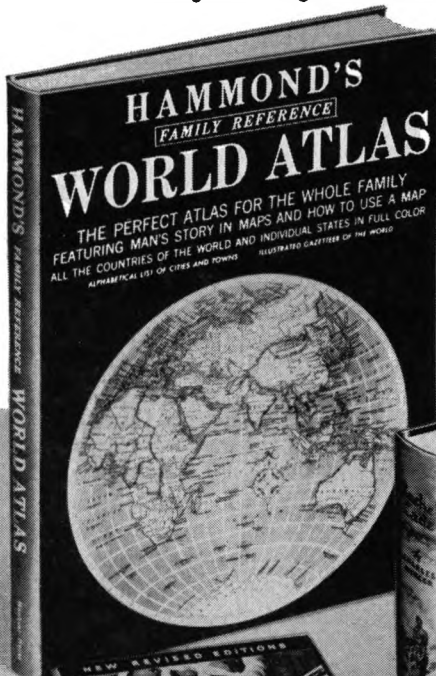
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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

Our star-dazzled eyes focus on the men behind the cameras

Edward G. Robinson, the subject of the stunning photograph on page 58, needs publicity like an ice-cream cone needs mustard. But Robinson was outstandingly cooperative with our



Aerial artist George Joseph

photographer George Joseph, who took a large part of the 2,500 pictures of Broadway and show people from which we selected the best for our special Broadway issue. We think the Robinson picture is special, too.

Joseph, who roved Broadway day and night for us for three weeks, got the pictures we wanted by almost alienating his wife ("I wondered if I still had a husband") and by going without food during the day ("Celebrities were always offering me food in places like Lindy's, but I never got a chance to eat it"). On the credit side, Joseph, who claims a nervous stomach, found that Broadway in big doses was so electrifying that he didn't have a chance even to remember he had a jumpy stomach, and consequently felt fine.

Aesthetic Distance

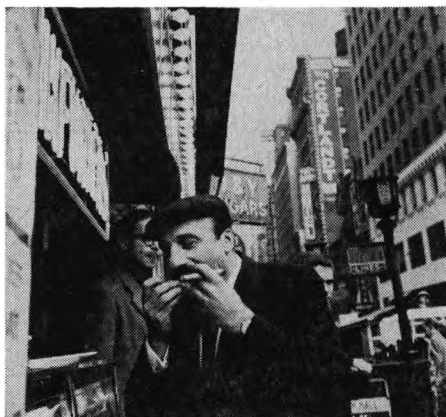
While our researchers poked into every corner of Broadway, discovering busy "promote-a-deal" characters, and sorting the rodeo performers from the phony Broadway cowboys, Joseph busied himself wrapping towels around men's waists in the Luxor baths so they would be presentable for COSMOPOLITAN readers, making limp jokes back at Jackie Gleason while photographing him, and being hoisted twelve stories above Times Square on a scaffold to take pictures. An ex-aerial photographer for the Army, Joseph

didn't mind the height. But what *did* bother him was the grisly release he had to sign before going aloft; in it he accepted the blame for everything that might happen to him, including the injuries to anyone he might hit if he fell.

While newspaper photographers fumed outside, Joseph broke through the police cordon for his page 64 picture of the Windsors ("This is the Duke and Duchess in the lobby of the Palace—not the Buckingham one"). His method for breaking any police cordon: "Walk with a firm, purposeful step. Never skirt a crowd; dive into the middle of it. Carry a small camera. Keep muttering authoritatively."

Blowing Requires Protein

Rock 'n' Roll kids, inhabitants of the crazy land of jazz, and the record-store crowds had photographer Ed Feingersh unleashed on them. On our list of things we have to see to believe is that a man with a beard can eat a hot dog and smoke a cigar at the same time. But the shot of Mitch Miller (below) is visible proof. During the rest of the time Miller spent with Feingersh, he ate almost nothing but carrots, which he picked up at corner vegetable stands. On a strict, doctor-regulated diet, Mitch is supposed to eat only high-protein foods, but claimed the hot dog was okay. "It's protein, and I threw away the bun."



Mitch Miller: a musician with taste

The denizens of Broadway, the touts, the tourists, the theatres, and the new world of TV—name anything and it's here. Open at random and start reading.

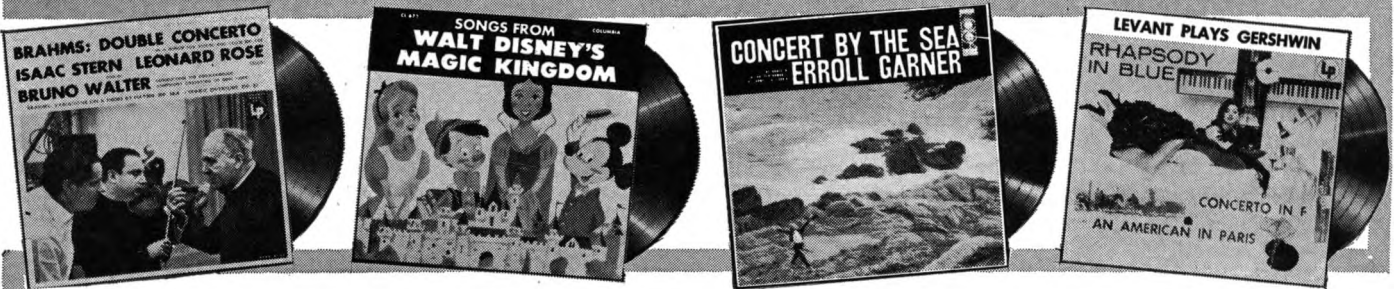
—H. La B.

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CHECK THE 3 RECORDS YOU WANT:

- Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; The Sleeping Beauty Ballet Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Day Dreams Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *Sometimes I'm Happy, You Go To My Head*, etc.
- King of Swing: Vol. 1 Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio Quartet, *Bidin' High, Moon Glow*—3 more.
- My Fair Lady Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this hit show.
- Brahms: Double Concerto; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Tragic Overture Stern, violin; Rose, cello; N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter, cond.
- Songs from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom 12 happy songs from famous Disney films.
- Concert by the Sea Erroll Garner — recorded in an actual performance at Carmel, Calif.—playing 11 numbers — *Red Top, Where or When*, etc.
- Levant Plays Gershwin 3 works—*Rhapsody in Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris*.
- The Voice Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous — *Lover, Fools Rush In*, etc.
- Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.
- Music of Jerome Kern Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
- Jazz: Red Hot & Cool Dave Brubeck Quartet in *Love Walked In, The Duke*—5 more.

Broadway's Brassie Lassie

THE BEST IN RECORDS BY PAUL AFFELDER

Madam of the marquees. Ethel Merman is one singer who can cut through a wall more easily than an acetylene torch. Her belting, brassy voice, coupled with a pure, clear delivery, has served to put across dozens of hits. Nearly three dozen of these are contained in a two-disk Merman musical autobiography in which she talks and sings her way through her career. Included are numbers from "Girl Crazy," "George White Scandals of 1931," "Take a Chance," "Anything Goes," "Red Hot and Blue," "Stars in Your Eyes," "Du Barry Was a Lady," "Panama Hattie," "Something for the Boys," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Call Me Madam," "There's No Business Like Show Business" and the "Copacabana Show of 1950." Some of the half-forgotten songs are there, as well as the big hits, and in most cases Ethel sings not only the first chorus but the verse and second chorus as well. She's at her best when the original recordings are used; those that she has redone with the accom-

paniment of the Buddy Cole Quartet are fine, too, but in several instances her lusty voice could have had heavier support. Altogether, this is a bang-up album by a great entertainer. (*Ethel Merman: A Musical Autobiography*. Decca Set DX 153. 2-12". \$7.98)

Showbiz immortals. Epic has dug back into the old Columbia Records vaults for a gloriously nostalgic disk that brings back to life a number of great performances from the past. Records show their real value when one can hear today songs and routines made twenty years ago by Walter Huston, Al Jolson, Bill Robinson, and Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Huston's "September Song," Jolson's "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody," Robinson's "Doin' the New Low Down," the Clayton-Jackson-Durante "I Know Darn Well I Can Do Without Broadway," Cliff Edwards' "It's Only a Paper Moon," Eddie Cantor's "Little Curly Hair in a High Chair" and

Fred Astaire's "Slap That Bass" are the unforgettable numbers that will never wear out. Songs by Gene Raymond, Dick Powell and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and an overly long and corny comedy routine by George Burns and Gracie Allen could have been omitted. (*Great Moments in Show Business*. Epic LN 3234. \$3.98)

Sweet and Loewe. A fresh approach to the music of a show as good as "My Fair Lady" is almost as welcome as another chance to see the show itself. Nothing will ever duplicate the original-cast recording of this Alan Jay Lerner-Fredrick Loewe masterpiece, but Percy Faith's all-orchestral fling with the Loewe score has plenty of zing, and in several cases allows you to hear the music that was partially obscured by the lyrics. It also includes—which the other disk does not—the "Embassy Waltz." For listening, dancing or singing along, this is an infectious roundup of "Lady" tunes, skillfully arranged into a whistle-provoking suite that's a tribute to the composer. (*Percy Faith Plays Music from "My Fair Lady"*. Columbia CL 895. \$3.98)

BEST BETS FOR YOUR BASIC LIBRARY (16)

(Approximate cost: \$71)

- Bach: Violin Concerti No. 1 in A Minor and No. 2 in E Major—Heifetz (RCA Victor), Stern and Oistrakh (Columbia)
- Beethoven: Quartets No. 3 in D Major and No. 4 in C Minor, Op. 18—Budapest String Quartet (Columbia)
- Debussy: Nocturnes—Monteux or Stokowski (RCA Victor), Inghelbrecht (Angel)
- Gould: Interplay for Piano and Orchestra; Spirituals—van Otterloo (Epic)
- Nielsen: Symphony No. 3 ("Sinfonia Espansiva")—Frandsen (Epic), Tuxen (London)
- Pezel: Tower and Festive Music of the Seventeenth Century—Schuller (EMS)
- Rimsky-Korsakoff: Le Coq d'Or Suite; Tsar Sultan Suite—Dobrowen (Angel)
- Schubert: Impromptus, Op. 90 and Op. 142—Badura-Skoda (Westminster)
- R. Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (complete)—Kleiber (London, 4-12"), Kempe (Urania, 4-12")
- Tschaikowsky: The Sleeping Beauty Ballet (complete)—Irving (RCA Victor, 2-12")
- Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 2 ("London")—Boult (London)
- Wolf: Lieder—Hotter (Angel) THE END

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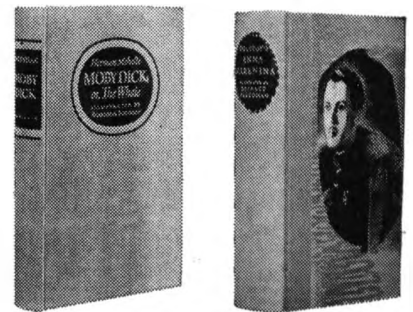
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The Cosmopolitan Shopper
Pages 20, 21, 22 of this issue!

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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

**Drugless Combat
Against Infection**

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

One of the first patients to undergo the new drugless treatment for recurring colds was a boy of seven who since infancy had had far more than his share of colds, plus repeated attacks of sore throat, bronchitis, and tonsillitis. Although his tonsils and adenoids had been removed when he was three and one-half, at five he was a veteran of three hospitalizations for severe respiratory infections and asthma. By the time he reached seven, he'd had his tonsils removed again.

Then a different approach was tried. The boy was given injections of bacteria recovered from his own nose and throat and prepared especially for his use only. Improvement began after the second injection and increased as the treatment was continued at intervals for some months.

That was in 1946. Ever since, without further shots, the boy has been free of asthma and of respiratory troubles. He rarely gets a cold and when he does, it's slight and fleeting.

This new treatment may solve, for

many children and adults, too, a major health problem which is more than one of ever-recurring infections. Evidence is mounting that such infections, disruptive enough in themselves, may lead to bacterial allergy and, at times, may even promote bronchial asthma.

Antibiotics have not been a solution. After their prolonged and repeated use, allergic symptoms and greatly lowered resistance to infections have often persisted. The new technique, on the other hand, aims at building up the body's own resistance to the particular organisms that plague it.

The injection is known by the technically descriptive (if jawbreaking) name, "autogenous acellular bacterial antigen complex." Unlike a vaccine (a suspension of killed and washed organisms), it contains a complex of substances extracted from the bacteria.

Evidently, in small amounts these substances enable the body to produce its own specific agents to combat the bacteria and to build up resistance to any allergic effects of bacterial products.

Heart disease patients may find help in a new drug, acetyldigitoxin, a crystalline purified digitalis derivative used for heart weakness and improper heart rhythm. Given by mouth, it produced satisfactory results, working faster than many digitalis preparations previously available. Because it is rapidly excreted, any nausea or other side-effect usually disappears within twenty-four or, at the most, seventy-two hours. It may be particularly useful when severe heart failure calls for large doses of drugs.

When abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, and other problems are associated with spasm and excessive nerve activity, a potent antispasmodic drug, Centrine, may be helpful. All of a group of sixty patients with acute spasmodic gastrointestinal disturbances experienced relief within twenty or thirty minutes after an injection and continued to benefit thereafter on tablets of the drug. The medication helped control nausea and pain in peptic ulcer, and nausea and vomiting of pregnancy, and it was effective in the treatment of urinary urgency and frequency in acute cystitis because of its ability to relieve spasm of the bladder muscle.

A dislocated hip in an infant can sometimes be treated without hospitalization, anesthesia, or cast by use of a special splint that places the child's legs in a frog-like position. The splint, which is worn for several months, permits hip motion so the infant can kick, sit, crawl, walk, or run. Later, only night splinting is used until x-rays show proper development of the ball and socket joint.

The fungus skin infection, pityriasis versicolor, which usually produces an outbreak on the upper trunk and shoulders, is aided by an ointment containing selenium sulfide. In twenty-eight of thirty-two patients the infection was controlled and the skin cleared; a year passed without recurrence. The ointment is clean and non-irritating.

A new anti-epileptic, Peganone, may benefit some epilepsy cases inadequately controlled by other medication. Tested on 134 patients for eight to eighteen months, it helped in most cases to supplement other medication but was used alone in twenty cases. Most effective in *grand mal* epilepsy, it has also provided good control in psychomotor attacks, and has been helpful to some extent in other

seizures. The drug appears to be notably free of unpleasant side-effects.

In shingles, an injection of procaine (Novocain) is reported to be effective both in relieving immediate pain and in avoiding any painful after-effect. Ninety per cent of a group of patients benefited, the pain usually disappearing or diminishing within fifteen minutes and blisters drying up within forty-eight hours. A single injection was sufficient in most cases. In no successfully treated case did any neuralgia develop afterward.

Overdue babies. Are there any significant differences between babies born on time and those who arrive late? No, according to a study recently completed at a Chicago hospital. In a series of 2,877 deliveries, 247 infants were born beyond term. To allow for possible errors in determining date of conception, only infants born after a calculated 294 days of uterine life were considered overdue. (The normal period is 280 days.) In 132, gestational age exceeded 299 days. Yet these overdue children were found not to differ significantly from others as to average weight and body length, nor was there any significant difference in death rates at birth or soon afterward. The study indicates that, at birth, postmature babies may weigh somewhat less than the maximum attained in the uterus, losing the extra weight because of the limited capacity of the placenta to sustain it.

Lameness which is caused by blood vessel disease in the legs may be relieved by a new treatment—grafting fresh birth tissue into the fat overlying a thigh muscle. The lameness (intermittent claudication) is the direct result of severe pain that comes on after taking a few steps, while the pain itself stems from blocked or extremely poor blood circulation. The value of the tissue (the amnion, which surrounds the baby in the womb and is recovered shortly after birth) was discovered accidentally when it was used for healing leg ulcers in blood vessel disease and patients reported improvement in their lameness. Thus far, according to a British medical report, more than fifty of a group of sixty patients have benefited. One—a fifty-seven-year-old man previously able to walk only ten to fifteen yards—now walks three and a half miles and has maintained his improvement thus far for twenty-seven months. Another patient is now a city mailman. The graft treatment is believed to increase circulation by stimulating the formation of new blood vessels.

High blood pressure may be lowered in some cases by antihistamine treatment. After noting lowered blood pressure in some allergic patients who were receiving antihistamine treatment

for their allergies, one doctor tried an antihistamine (Chlor-Trimeton Maleate Repeatabs) in sixteen patients with persistent high blood pressure. In eleven, there was a satisfactory fall of pressure to normal or safe levels, usually after several months of treatment. No adverse effects of continuous antihistamine treatment have been observed.

Tense children who fatigue easily and suffer from behavioral and emotional disturbances may have allergies and may be helped by allergic treatment. Such youngsters often alternate between restlessness, having to keep "always on the go," emotional instability, and other such signs of tension on the one hand, and signs of fatigue and listlessness on the other. In some cases, typical allergic reactions, especially gastrointestinal disorders and nasal blocking, also occur. Allergic tension-fatigue is most commonly caused by foods, especially milk, chocolate, eggs, and corn. When the culprit food is eliminated from the diet, the emotional and behavioral disturbances of the child improve rapidly.

Splitting fingernails are an increasingly common problem among women, with the cause unknown and no medical cure available. The old-fashioned buffer,

once used by women for polishing, may have helped keep nails healthy, according to a *British Medical Journal* report. Although it could take months, such daily mechanical stimulation may eventually restore the nails to their normal state by promoting formation of keratin, the principal chemical constituent of nails.

Excessive perspiration, due to overactivity of the sweat glands and accompanied by a fetid odor caused by bacteria and yeasts which decompose the sweat, may be stopped by a 10 per cent solution of Formalin. The effect, reports one doctor, is immediate and reasonably long-lasting when the solution is painted on the soles of the feet and the areas between the toes. However, Formalin can be very irritating to some persons and should not be used in tender areas such as under the arms.

Chronic duodenal ulcer is treated now with a combination of antacids and Pamine, a drug which cuts down the flow of gastric acid. In a group of 55 patients, 63.7 per cent were completely freed of ulcer symptoms and 30.8 per cent had only occasional symptoms. The drug necessitated only minimal to moderate amounts of antacids, and in no case were antacids required during the night. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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Steve Allen's Almanac



Steve cheerfully obliges several young autograph hounds of the tamer variety.

The other night, leaving my theatre with a friend, I found myself surrounded by a horde of autograph-seekers. I signed a dozen or so scraps of paper and then ducked into a passing cab.

"Say," my friend said, "doesn't that drive you nuts, that autograph business?"

"No," I said. "I rather enjoy it, unless I'm in a hurry."

There are some entertainers. I understand, who regard any request for a sample of their handwriting as an unbearable imposition, but I am not one of them. Heck, when I was a kid I used to ask for autographs myself. What do I mean "kid"? Just a few weeks ago I performed in Washington before the President and other dignitaries and one of my prized mementos of the visit is a personally autographed picture of Dwight Eisenhower.

There are, of course, some autograph hounds I could do without. In case you're collecting signatures and would like to make sure you don't impose on your favorite singer or comedian I'll attach here a little list I've recently compiled. It includes the seven types that give autograph fans a bad name.

1. **Leaky-pen Louie.** This guy always hands you a 1927-model fountain pen with the accent on the fountain. When you finish using his pen, you're streaked with blue up to the elbow. Sometimes, just for a switch, he has a ball-point job that stains your shirt-sleeve for good.

2. **Flashbulb Phil.** This boy wants to take pictures, too. That's all right except he has a way of sneaking up on you and exploding his flash bulb about one

inch from your face. Usually frightens you so much you drop Louie's pen.

3. **Paperless Pete.** This fella is really fantastic. He walks up to you with his hands in his pockets and says, "Gimme your autograph." When you reach for the pen and paper you presume he will produce he acts surprised, then a little offended. "I ain't got a pen," he says. "Don't you carry one?" Usually he borrows a pen and some paper from somebody else in the crowd.

4. **Jeannie the jabber.** This girl is actually dangerous. She travels in packs and she and her friends specialize in shoving sharp pens and pencils into your face as they fight for position. I lose more glasses that way.

5. **Bashful Ben.** This one is usually an adult. He acts as if asking for an autograph were really the height of stupidity. "I wouldn't do this sort of thing for myself," he says, looking at the sidewalk, "but my little nephew—"

6. **Drygoods Dora.** This girl is not content with just a signature, she also asks for a tie or a handkerchief, and acts a little hurt if you don't start to throw your haberdashery around.

7. **Bill the boss.** This fella acts as if you're his private secretary, the way he starts dictating. "Say, would you mind signing this one 'to Susabelle Klorbfelder on her seventeenth birthday with all good wishes from her old friend Steve?'"

Now, then. Anyone for autographs?

The memorandum which follows was written one afternoon (May 19, 1952, to be exact) after a grueling conference with members of the program department of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The situation: the Amos and Andy show was about to go on summer vacation. C.B.S. wanted me to fill the spot till autumn. I was willing.

C.B.S. said, "What will we call the show?"

I said, "The Steve Allen Show." They said, "No, let's get a real name, ya know?"

I said, "Like what?"

They said, "You know, like 'Strike It Rich,' or 'You Bet Your Life.'"

"Those are good names," I admitted, "but they seem to suggest formats or games. I have no particular format nor do I play any games. I just plan to do about thirty minutes of this and that."

"But we're not creating anything that way," they said.

"Godfrey does all right," I pointed out.

"Godfrey's different," they said.

"We're not trying to be difficult," one man said. "But you know how sponsors are. They want a peg."

"Peg?" I said.

"You know . . . something to hang your hat on. A place to start."

"A gimmick," chimed in another man.

"Yes," said a third. "A springboard."

"That's right," said another. "The boys need something definite. A hook . . ."

"A peg," I suggested.

"That's it," they said. "Now you've got the idea."

"Wait a minute," said one, snapping his fingers. "Of course I'm just talking off the top of my head, but how about 'The Fun House'?"

"Why not call it 'The Top of My Head'?" I asked.

They smiled thinly.

"I'm just throwing this on the table for what it's worth," said one, "but how about 'Time to Smile'?"

"Well," I said to the others, "what's it worth?"

The head man stood up.

"Maybe," he said, "we ought to kick this thing around by ourselves and get together again in a day or two." Turning to me, he said, "Why don't you kick it around and see what you can come up with?"

"All right," I said. I kicked it around all afternoon. Then I sent them this list:

1. The Jack Benny Show.
2. Strike It Poor.
3. Arthur Godfrey and a Friend of His. (On Arthur's programs he is frequently replaced by substitutes. On this one he would not have to bother to show up at all.)
4. Words and Music.
5. Music and Words.
6. Words and Words.
7. Music and Music.
8. Finn and Haddie. (I am willing to change my name and get a partner.)
9. Burns and Allen. (Only, of course, if George is willing.)
10. Allen and Burns. (If George is careless.)
11. What Else Is On?
12. What's My Lion? (A panel show I intend to do with Clyde Beatty.)
13. The Format Hour. (With Joe Gimmick and his orchestra. Would also feature Sally Framework and George Peg, who recently appeared at the Hook Room and have also been seen in the show "Something to Hang Your Hat On," which was adopted from the novel "The Boys Need Something Definite.")
14. Springboard. (This would open with me doing a half gainer right through a pane of glass. Coming right into their home, get the idea?)

THE END



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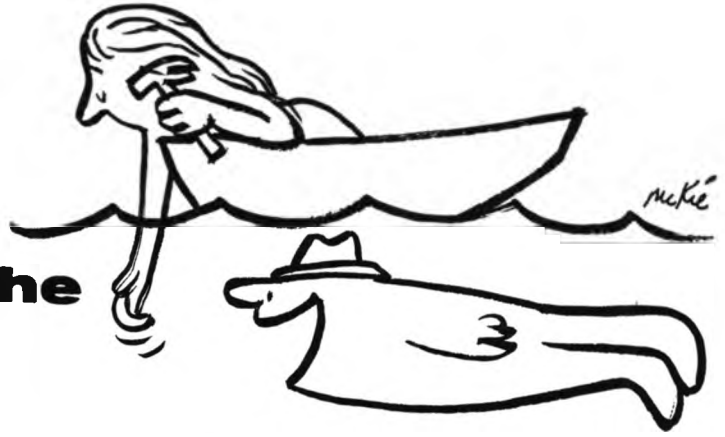
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Catching Fish and Men, Dubious Methuselahs, and the Stork's a Night Owl



LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Catching fish and men. Husband-hunting women should be glad to hear that men aren't like fish. A fish which has been hooked once is reputedly much harder to catch the second time. But according to statistician Edward A. Lew (Metropolitan Life Insurance Company), a gal's chance of landing a thirty-odd-year-old husband is twice as great if he's a widower and three to four times as great if he's been divorced, than if he had never married. Among men in their forties it's three times as easy to land a widower, and five times as easy to land a divorced man. The chances of a middle-aged woman's getting a husband are greater if she's a widow than if she's single. The fishing is best for the divorcee: her chances of remarrying are three to four times greater than those of the widow or the single girl.

Dubious Methuselahs. Despite anything you've read about a "167-year-old man from Peru" or a "148-year-old Russian farmer," you're still entitled to say you're from Missouri. Longevity experts point out that the modern Methuselahs are always—and *only*—reported from remote and backward regions where no authentic records are available, and that

that "there is no clinical test today by which a pathologist can establish the age of an elderly person. When a man gets to be very old, he can easily confuse his birth date, and others may be deluded, too, by records of an individual with the same name who was born long before." What of the extreme old ages given in the Bible for the original Methuselah (969), Adam (930), and Cainan (910)? Scholars suspect that the early Biblical "years" referred to periods far shorter than our modern years. For later Biblical personages the recorded life spans were not extraordinary, and "three score and ten" was considered man's allotted years.

"Going berserk." We always thought this referred to a Viking who'd gone violently wacky from overwetting his whistle with wassail. But no. Psychiatrist Howard D. Fabing (Cincinnati), after digging among the runes, says that what may have caused ancient Norsemen to go berserk was not drinking but—of all things—eating mushrooms of a poisonous variety which were served at orgies. According to Icelandic sagas, these caused a Viking to quake, turn blue, howl like a wolf, and attack with ecstatic fury anything in his path. Substantiating these ancient tales is the recent discovery that a chemical in the aforesaid mushrooms (*Amanita muscaria*) may produce symptoms of schizophrenia, today's most prevalent mental disease. When Dr. Fabing and Dr. J. Robert Hawkins gave injections of this chemical to convict volunteers, the effects were strikingly similar to those attributed to berserk Vikings.

Projects' neighbors. How do people in a neighborhood feel about a low-rent public housing project going up near them? Researchers Kenneth E. Clark and Robert L. Jones (University of Minnesota) checked before-and-after reactions in one community. Most of the "against-ers" became more favorably disposed toward the project once it had been built. Two-thirds of those who feared it would lower property values or make the neighborhood less pleasant admitted later that they had been wrong.

Many also concluded that the project had made the neighborhood more attractive.

The stork's a night owl. The busiest baby delivery period is between 3 A.M. and 10 A.M., the slowest from 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. The busiest hour of all is from 5 to 6 A.M., when there are almost 50 per cent more births than at the ebb, 7 P.M. Dr. Peter D. King (Warren, Pennsylvania) learned this from the records of



normal births in five large hospitals. Why the stork prefers early morning hours isn't clear. Maybe his purpose is to get the babies' parents accustomed to staying up nights.

Voters and religion. A comparison of party preferences of college students with those of their fathers shows a big shift among Catholics, but little among Protestants and Jews, according to psychologist Maurice L. Farber (University of Connecticut). On Eastern campuses, Catholic students who told how they voted were almost equally divided between Democrats and Republicans, whereas their fathers were or are almost 80 per cent Democratic. No such shift occurred in the other major religious groups, although they differed markedly in political affiliations. Protestant sons—like fathers—were 85 per cent Republican, 15 per cent Democratic. Jewish students—like their fathers—were 85 per cent Democratic, 15 per cent Republican.

THE END



there exists no authenticated case of a human being who lived beyond the age of 115. Professor Henry S. Simms of Columbia University's Medical School, who supports these statements, says also

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Broadway Show Trains

Pack your opera glasses and hop the next through train to Times Square

Theatre Trains and Planes



Proscenium-oriented newspapers and trains bring star-gazers to the White Way.

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Out-of-towners visiting New York usually see more of Broadway, have better seats at the best shows, and pack more exciting activity into three or four days than the average New Yorker can manage in a year.

Show trains and show planes have burgeoned into big business for travel agents, tour operators, newspapers and transportation lines. Thousands of visitors pour into New York annually on package arrangements which include transportation, hotel rooms, theatre tickets, sightseeing, and some meals.

If you live in Moline or Buffalo your chances of snagging a pair of good orchestra seats for such a hard-to-get top musical as "My Fair Lady" are appreciably better than they are if you live on Park Avenue. Many a frustrated suburbanite with "connections" has been chagrined to learn that tickets as good as those he has struggled to obtain can be had at his local railroad station as part of a show-train package.

No matter where you live, you can probably arrange to take a Broadway package tour which will include some of the best shows. Newspapers in fifty-two cities have arranged such tours through Theatre Trains and Planes of New York. This organization, which began as a theatrical promotion rather than a travel project, gets tickets for the best shows,

arranges hotel accommodations, transportation, sightseeing, flowers for lady tourists and an after-theatre supper party where the visitors meet stars of the shows they have seen, and sees to it that the home-town newspaper which sponsored the tour is delivered to each tour passenger's hotel room every morning. The best way to find out about such a tour is to contact your local newspaper or a newspaper in the large city nearest you. Local travel agencies also usually know how such tours may be arranged for groups or individuals.

A New York travel agency, Paul Tausig and Son, Inc., which has specialized for years in arranging travel for the theatrical profession, now offers regular "hit show weekend" packages of three or four days, in cooperation with the Hotel Biltmore and a number of transportation companies, including American Airlines, United Air Lines, Capital Airlines, Northwest Orient Airlines, the New York Central Railroad, and Pan American World Airways. Persons living in areas served by any of these companies or their connecting carriers may purchase the hit show packages.

For example, the three-day hit show package calls for arrival in New York on a Friday afternoon. The price is \$49 per person on the basis of two persons sharing a room with twin beds and private bath at the Biltmore. Included is the cost of the room for two nights, an orchestra seat at an evening performance of an outstanding drama or comedy, an orchestra seat at a matinee performance of a top Broadway musical show, a roast beef dinner, dancing and a floor show at either the Latin Quarter or the Bowman Room at the Biltmore, the choice of a United Nations tour, a yacht cruise around Manhattan, or a visit to the observation tower in Rockefeller Center, and radio or TV tickets if requested. The cost of transportation is extra, of course; the traveler picks the type he wants.

Three leading Broadway shows are listed as regular parts of the package each month, with one usually restricted to four-day package plan purchasers. For January, February and March, 1957, the package plan lists "Most Happy Fella," "Inherit the Wind," "My Fair Lady," "Damn Yankees," "Diary of Anne Frank" and "Auntie Mame."

Other Broadway show specials include the single-evening packages offered by the New Haven Railroad for Connecticut residents and tours ranging from four to

seven days and including five to eight Broadway productions, hotels and sightseeing, sponsored by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the New York Central, the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Travel Service, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Indianapolis Times*, the *Cleveland Press*, Middletown, Ohio, *News-Journal* and others.

Trans-Canada Air Lines and Canadian Theatre Tours combine forces for a series of "Holiday on Broadway" tours for Canadians from Montreal to Winnipeg. Officials of the two companies expect to bring more than 1,500 Canadians to Broadway on such tours in 1957.

One international air carrier, Swissair, is capitalizing on the desire of most persons to stop in New York for a theatre whirl before or after the trip to Europe. Their "Manhattan Showcase" packages range from one day and one night in New York at \$29.50 per person, to six days and five nights at \$114.50 per person, including hotel accommodations, three luncheons, three dinners, a choice of three sightseeing trips, orchestra seats for one musical matinee, one musical evening performance, two evening performances of dramas or comedies and a choice of three special features such as cocktails at the Rainbow Room, a nightcap at The Embers, or dancing at Le Cupidon.

Two rules apply to all the Broadway show packages: show tickets are provided only for persons purchasing the tour, and all tickets must be sold outside New York City.

What a visitor sees in New York, a city of sights, sounds, smells and surprises, depends upon him.

One neon-splashed night on Broadway is almost a must, if only because of the "spectaculars"—huge, animated, electric signs with everything from cartoon stories to flowing news bulletins, a giant face puffing endless cigarettes and blowing fat smoke rings across the avenue, a four-engined airliner with propellers whirring constantly—and the melange of aromas from the orange juice, coffee, hot dog and hamburger stands.

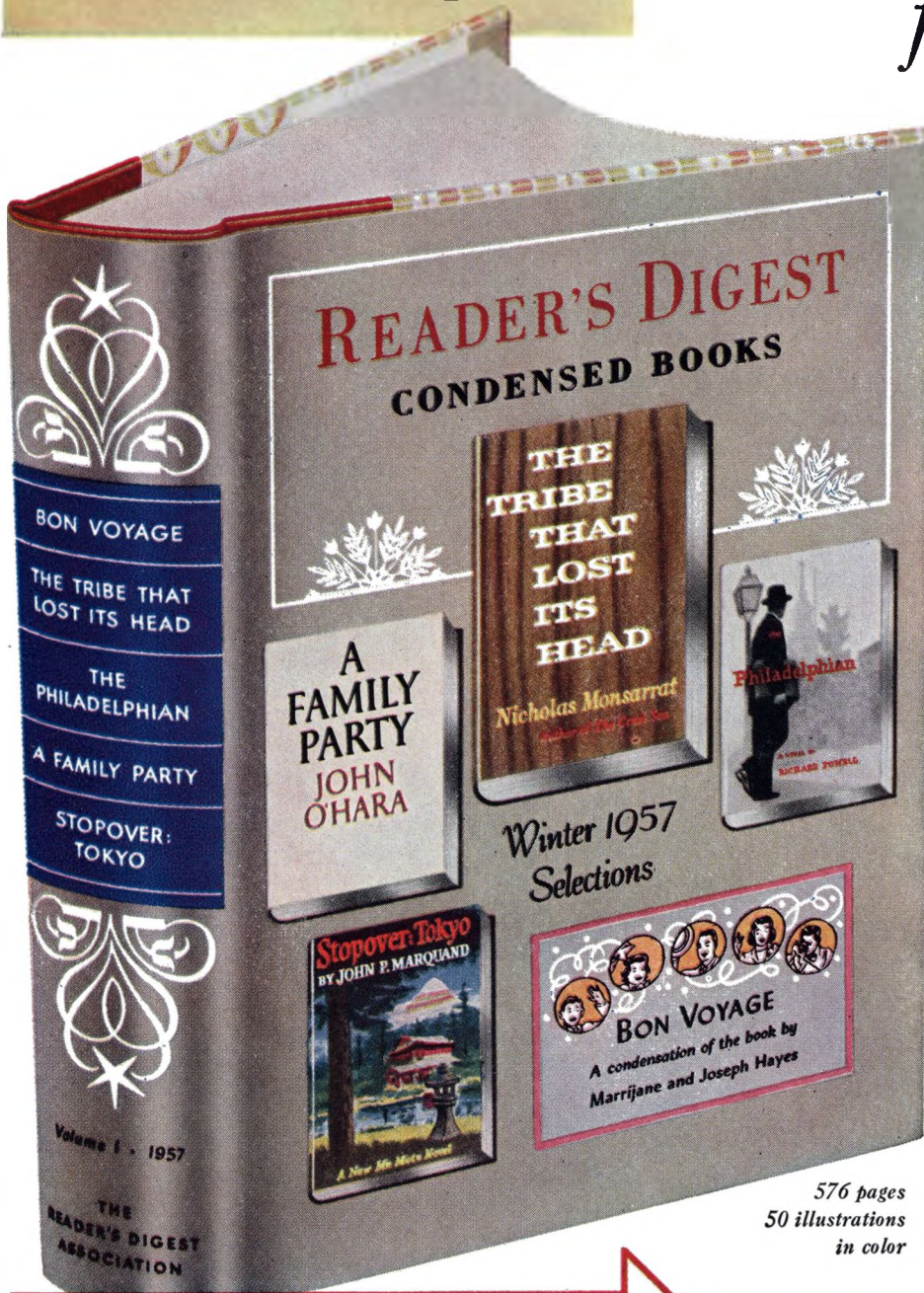
A large map located in the Times Square subway station identifies one hundred points of interest in the city and gives directions for reaching them.

Free maps, folders, and detailed information on a visit to New York may be obtained by writing to the New York Convention and Visitors' Bureau, Pershing Square, 90 East Forty-second Street, New York 17, New York. THE END

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CONTENTS—BOOK

POSTMASTER: THIS PARCEL MAY BE OPENED
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BY JON WHITCOMB

Tobago is a sleepy, palm-upholstered island lying near the north coast of South America. Last July, natives of Tobago could peer through the palms at a curious sight five miles offshore: a big barge covered with movie cameras and a film crew, flanked on both sides by sea-going tugs, with a launch lashed to the barge by a metal pipe framework. Through powerful binoculars it would even have been possible to see what the cameras were pointing at: a famous redhead in a man's white shirt and a flowered skirt. After thirty months of idleness, Miss Rita Hayworth was working again, playing a shady lady for the film "Fire Down Below."

During a lull in the shooting I sat in the launch's cabin with Hal Boyle, Associated Press columnist, and watched Rita tie her flaming topknot in a black wool babushka. The clothes, she said, had been designed by Balmain in Paris, although in the picture she plays a tattered-looking fugitive from the law, a stateless heroine whose crime is being without passport. Her entire wardrobe, she said, fitted into one suitcase. (The leading men, playing beachcomber types, were even less trouble to dress. Fifty cents had been spent to outfit both Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon.)

Returning to a movie career, she explained, represented no problem to her even after a long layoff. Of course, everybody has jitters starting a new picture,

and she was no exception. I asked her what she planned to do next. "Pal Joey," she replied. "I'm looking forward to working with Frank Sinatra—he's Joey—and Columbia star Kim Novak. You know, I don't live anywhere special these days. My daughters [Yasmin, seven, and Rebecca, twelve] are going to school in Paris. I'll see them when we go back to London next week and make the interior shots for this film." A hatch opened overhead and the director, Robert Parrish, handed down sandwiches. Rita was discussing her working day. "Up at 4:30," she sighed. "And we shoot for twelve hours straight. For five weeks I've come back to the hotel only to sleep."

"She Have Personality"

She was amused by some verses made up for her by the calypso musicians of nearby Trinidad, an island to the southwest where some earlier scenes had been shot. The verses were composed by the artists known locally as "Lord Superior" and "Mighty Spitfire." One read, "Rita Hayw't's hair is red as you can see, That woman have personality, And she have such charming eyes, They have the whole world hypnotize." For Mitchum, the eulogy went, "Robert Mitchum with the ladies you sure is nifty, So be generous. Man, and hand over fifty." Mitchum is reported to have handed over 10 per cent of the request, or five B. W. I. (British West Indian currency), roughly three

American dollars. At Port-of-Spain's Stork Club, the third star was greeted with, "Jack Lemmon is a star with a horn of plenty. The least he can do is hand me a twenty." Lemmon retorted, "Thanks a lot but as loud as you holler, the most you'll get is a single dollar."

"Fire Down Below" is an adventure thriller adapted for the screen by Irwin Shaw from the Max Catto novel. Except for the director and the three principal actors, the cast and the production crew are entirely British. Columbia Pictures financed it with frozen sterling, and the film will be released under the banner of Warwick Productions, whose executive producers are the Americans Irving Allen and A. R. ("Cubby") Broccoli.

Miss Hayworth's new role is right in the Sadie Thompson groove, one of her most sympathetic successes. Rita is 5'6", but looks taller. I value hands as an index to personality and character, and Rita's hands are extraordinary. They are strong, with long fingers and beautiful oval nails worn without polish. As you might expect of a young lady who grew up in a family of Spanish dancers, she moves with a dancer's grace. Her self-control impresses strangers. The manager of her hotel remarked: "She certainly is quiet. When she returns from location she simply disappears."

Behind me a strong British accent remarked, "Aren't you glad these strange people are leaving?" Another answered, "They're really not so bad you know." A woman's voice: "Lord, I nearly died when she took those sunglasses off. The mileage really shows in her face."

No New Headlines

According to the *World Almanac*, Miss Hayworth was thirty-eight on October 17th of last year, but with streamlined cheekbones and perfect nose, she will undoubtedly look just as handsome in 1976.

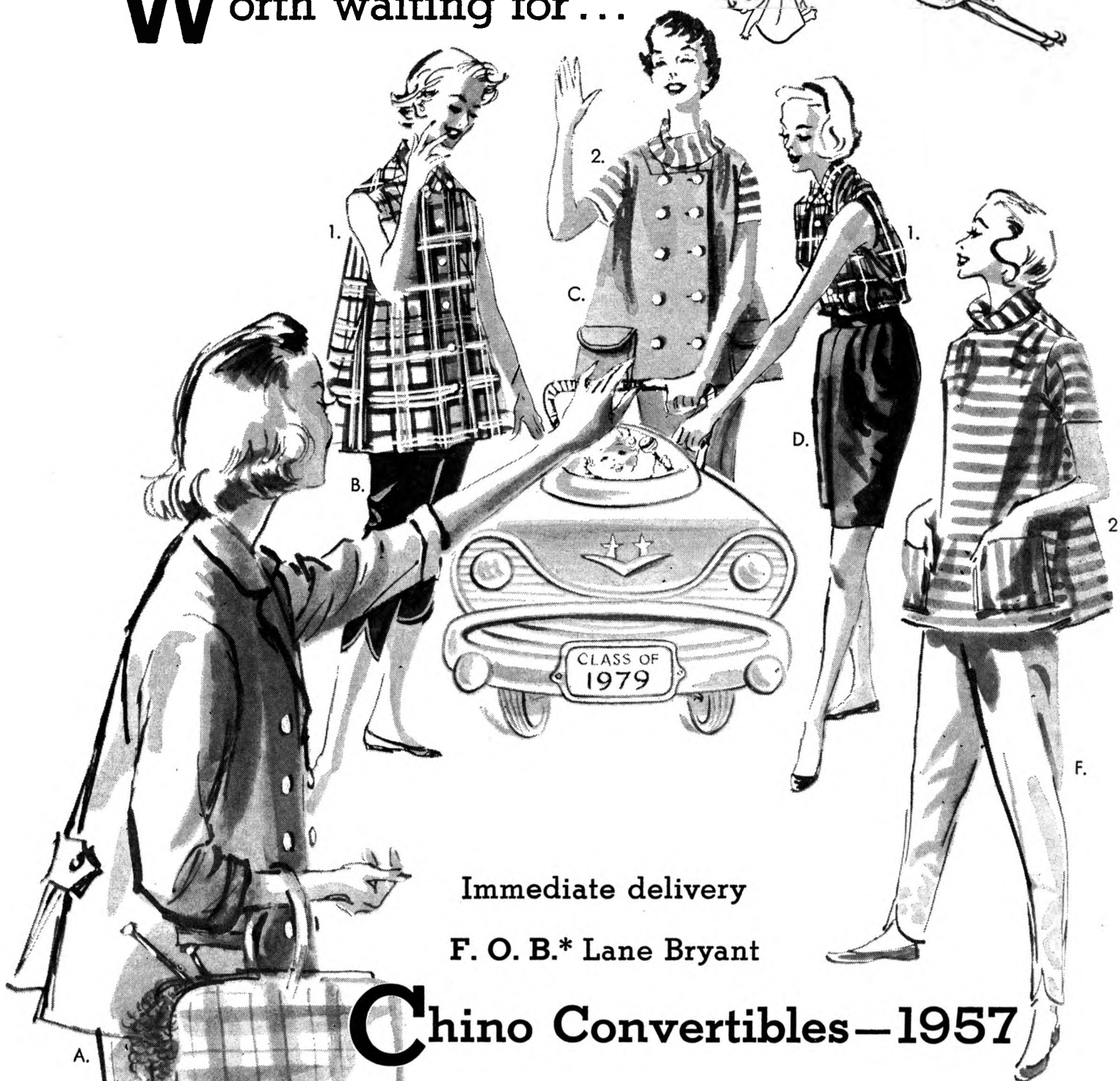
Rita Hayworth's private life has been front page material from her earliest film days. I asked Tom Woods, the Columbia Pictures press official, whether any questions were taboo for Rita. "If you ask her about her husbands," he replied, "she'll just look blank and freeze up. She's working again, that's the big story. We like her. She's a real good kid." Milton Feldman, an assistant director, said, "Rita is one of the most delightful girls I know, shy, sincere and unaffected."

Since this was exactly my impression when I met her. I forgot to ask her about Aly Khan, Dick Haymes, Orson Welles, or Ed Judson. I can't reveal a single sensational new tidbit worth a headline. All I can say is, here's a good kid. And she's working. THE END



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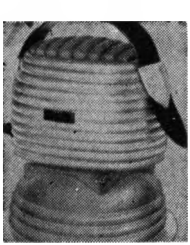
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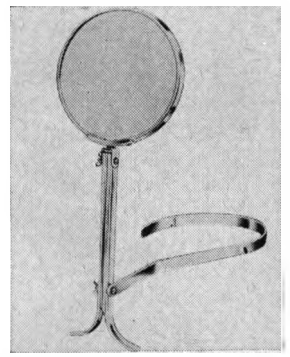
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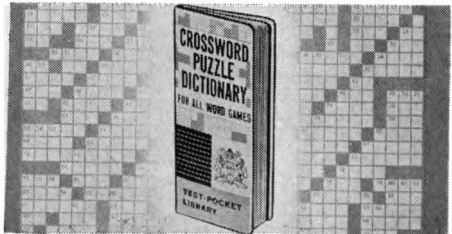
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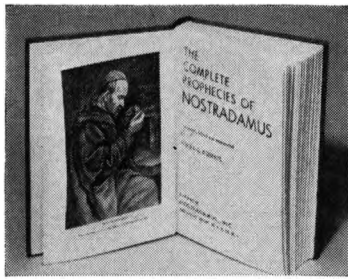
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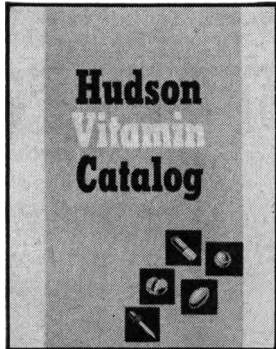
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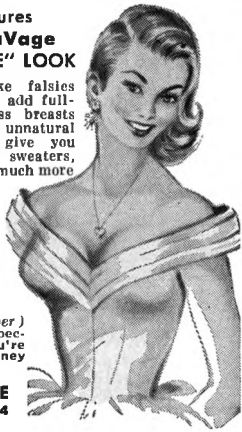
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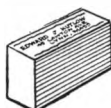
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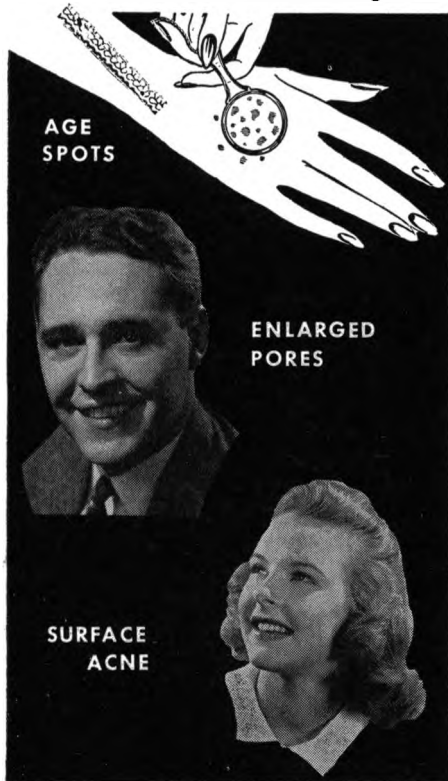
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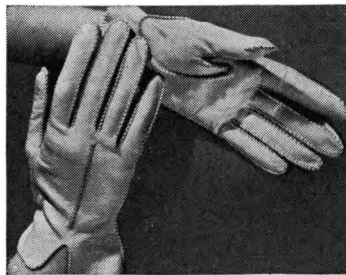
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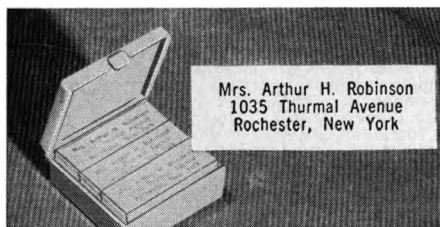
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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

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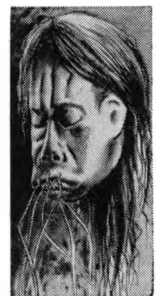
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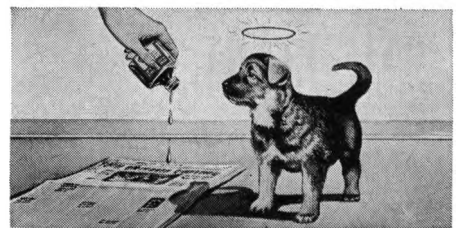
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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

—The trouble with most cinematic colossi is that, in their concentration on sheer size and spectacle, they frequently lose sight of the fact that a movie should be primarily an entertainment rather than a monument. Only rarely can you have it both ways, as Mike Todd most emphatically has it here. His first venture as an independent producer is one of the most sheerly entertaining films in years, what *Variety* would—and, as a matter of fact, did—call “a smasher” from start to finish.”

Todd's triumph is based on the wonderful old novel by Jules Verne, the granddaddy of all science fiction, which tells of the fantastic race around the world in the 1880's by an English gentleman, Phileas Fogg, and his valet, Passepartout, to win a bet with fellow-members of his London club. Laying on the dollars and letting the cents fall where they may, Todd deployed battal-



ions of actors, directors and cameramen to India, Hong Kong, Bangkok, London, Spain, Paris and a host of way stations all over the globe, and the results, in the magnificent Todd-AO wide-screen process, add up to a marvelous cinematic trip around the world. But, unlike “Cinerama” and its successors, this is no mere travelogue; the scenery is just a backdrop for the frequently

hilarious, always diverting action.

The film has an outrageous sense of fun, in the Mack Sennett tradition. Fogg and his cohorts almost completely dismantle a steamer carrying them across the Atlantic to find fuel for the boilers; when the Indians attack as they cross the Wild West, the cavalry, led by Colonel Tim McCoy, rides up to save the day in classic style. Throughout, the splendidly comic hand of scenarist S. J. Perelman makes itself felt.

As Phileas Fogg, David Niven has his best screen role; he seems made for the part. And the choice of Cantinflas to play the valet was an inspired one. The late Robert Newton is splendid as a befuddled detective and Shirley MacLaine makes an attractive Indian maharane. Todd has corralled a battalion of stars to play bit parts: Noel Coward, Sir John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, Fernandel, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra and a host of others. (United Artists)

The Best in Your Neighborhood

BUS STOP—Marilyn Monroe's return from the Stanislavsky steppes of the Actors Studio reveals her an expert comedienne as well as the lusciously lovely doll of old in this rambunctious, warm comedy about a pathetically untalented little honky-tonk chanteuse and the ebullient young cowboy (excellently played by newcomer Don Murray) who tries to rope and brand her into marriage. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

FRIENDLY PERSUASION—Not since James Dean has any Hollywood newcomer had such a hot sendoff as young Anthony Perkins, seen here as Gary Cooper's son in this charming tale of a Quaker family whose quiet way of life is somewhat disrupted by love, horses and the Civil War. (Allied Artists)

GIANT—This Texas-sized picture shows life during the Lone Star State's coming of Oil Age, with Rock Hudson as head of the great Benedict ranching family, Elizabeth Taylor as his independent-minded, Eastern-reared wife, and the late James Dean as a cowhand turned oil millionaire. (Warner Bros.)

LUST FOR LIFE—Possibly the best movie about art ever turned out in this country, this essentially accurate portrait of Vincent Van Gogh has Kirk Douglas

starred and looking the very picture of that tormented genius. Anthony Quinn as his friend Gauguin does his usual expert job, and the color cameras surpass themselves in reproducing the great Dutch artist's canvases. (M-G-M)

MOBY DICK—Producer-director John Huston has made a masterful translation to the screen of Herman Melville's great novel of the monomaniacal Captain Ahab and his tragic pursuit of the Great White Whale. You will probably have some uneasy moments adjusting to Gregory Peck as Ahab, but beyond that it's a fine piece of work. (Warner Bros.)

THE RACK—In this courtroom drama of an Army officer on trial for collaborating with the Commies after a Korean War “brain-washing,” just about nobody up there—or down here—likes Paul Newman, except his counsel Edmond O'Brien. (M-G-M)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC—Judy Holliday is a sheer delight as a ten-share stockholder who upends the nefarious machinations of some big business tycoons in this sparkling version of George Kaufman and Howard Teichman's Broadway comedy. Paul Douglas, Arthur O'Connell and Fred Clark are among the disgruntled victims. (Columbia)

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—Filmed in Japan, this film version of the prize-winning comedy about the Okinawan rogue who befuddles the best-laid plans of the Pentagon to erect a model school where the locals want a teahouse is a delightful spoof. Marlon Brando plays Sakini, with Glenn Ford, Eddie Albert, Paul Ford and Machiko Kyo as his partners and/or opponents in crime. (M-G-M)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil B. DeMille's multimillion-dollar spectacular is a super-epic retelling of the story of Moses from his foundling days in the bulrushes to the sublime moment when he receives the Holy Tablets on Mount Sinai, and beyond. Charlton Heston is Moses, with Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, Anne Baxter, Yvonne De Carlo, Debra Paget supporting. (Paramount)

WAR AND PEACE—Director King Vidor has put on film some of the greatest war scenes ever in this three-and-a-half-hour outline of Tolstoy's great novel of Russia before, during, and after the Napoleonic invasion. Audrey Hepburn is brilliant as the heroine Natasha, and Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, Barry Jones and Anita Ekberg are among the other Russians on hand. (Paramount)

THE END

The Dawn Never Shows Up

BY MEL HEIMER

It never stops. You can go to any place else in the world, to the great boulevards like the Champs-Élysées or the Ginza or Unter den Linden, and sooner or later during the twenty-four hours the tumult and shouting dies, for all practical purposes, for a minute or an hour. They are sensible streets; they know enough to run down occasionally and come to a momentary dead halt.

Not Broadway. It's a screwy *rue*—a dirty, jazzy, raucous, violent, corny lane that will deposit you in Yonkers among the vaudeville jokes, if you take your eyes away to light a cigarette—and it's open for business every second of every hour of every century.

God help you if you fall in love with it. Then, the monkey is on your back for good.

It's the kind of street where a man named Swifty Morgan, who says he sells neckties, might bum a match from a man named Fulton Sheen, who is a bishop. Men sit in a restaurant named Lindy's on wet days and bet that one raindrop will beat another down the window pane. Rex Harrison hoists a glass of synthetic orange juice at the same corner stand as a truckdriver from Brooklyn named Max. *Moujiks* from the wastelands west of Hoboken shuffle along Broadway at night, ten minutes to the block, and suede-shod sharpies just back from an afternoon at the racetrack push the visiting firemen to one side, muttering, "Come on, Jack,

get with it; nobody's got all day." Jimmy Durante looks down at it from his hotel window and remembers when it had a little class, and a girl from Flint eyes it confidently at dusk of a windy evening and imagines her name up in lights at the Winter Garden.

Its charm is undeniable, but it is macabre.

A well-meaning group called the Broadway Association makes a game, chamber-of-commerce try at sprucing it up and packaging it for the outlanders as, say, a bigger and brighter Michigan Avenue. Sometimes it'd be closer to the truth to call it an uptown Bowery. Its petticoat shows, ragged and dirty, and its silent yet howling electric lights often overwhelm more than delight. "How beautiful it would be," G. K. Chesterton said, "for someone who could not read."

Only, don't sell it short. Its pants might be out at the seat, but it outlived your old man and it'll outlive you.

Sandwiched in and around its seediness you will find some of the best restaurants to be found, and in its theatres you will discover some of the best acting to be found and most of the great play-writing of our day. A headwaiter in Sardi's named Jimmy is more of a gentleman than any six members of the Southeast Virginia Hunt Club, and if you sit around in Tony Canzoneri's saloon with the girls and chorus boys of any current musical comedy, you'll hear subtle, brittle humor that would make Noel Coward seem like Fanny Farmer.

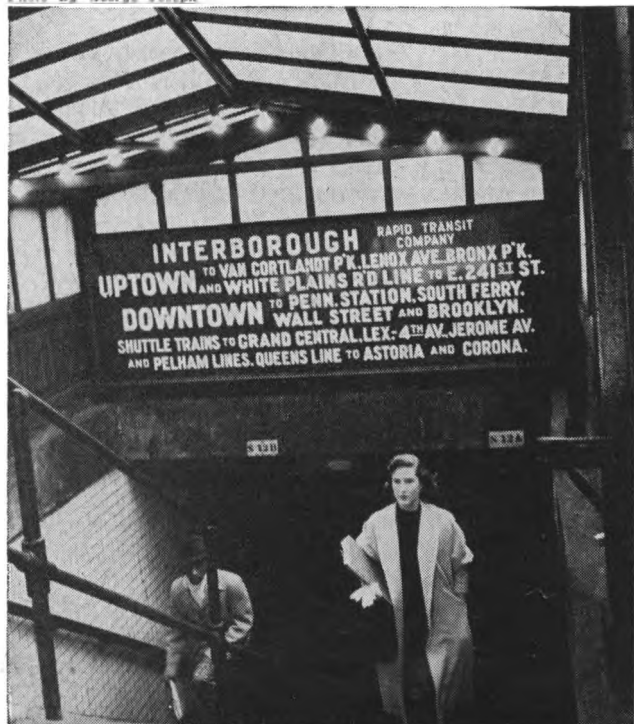
Knock it all you want; it's still fairyland to the visiting fireman, still the rococo fun house where a Babbitt can try to pick up a dance hall hostess and soothe his conscience by telling himself it's all unreal, all fake, and the dream will end soon. The *moujik* may chafe at the kited check in the boob-trap nightclubs and he may snort at the gaudy foolishness of the big drag, but he dislikes leaving it. When he wakes up tomorrow he'll be selling insurance again in Buffalo. Broadway makes him the gift of, for the moment, forgetfulness.

Down the long and silent street, wrote Oscar Wilde, the dawn, with silver-sandalled feet, crept like a frightened girl. On Broadway? Don't be a square, Pierre. On Broadway, it's always the bright, loud, raffish middle of the night, where you can get a shave at midnight or see a movie at 3 a.m.

It makes me sick. It makes me tired. I love it.

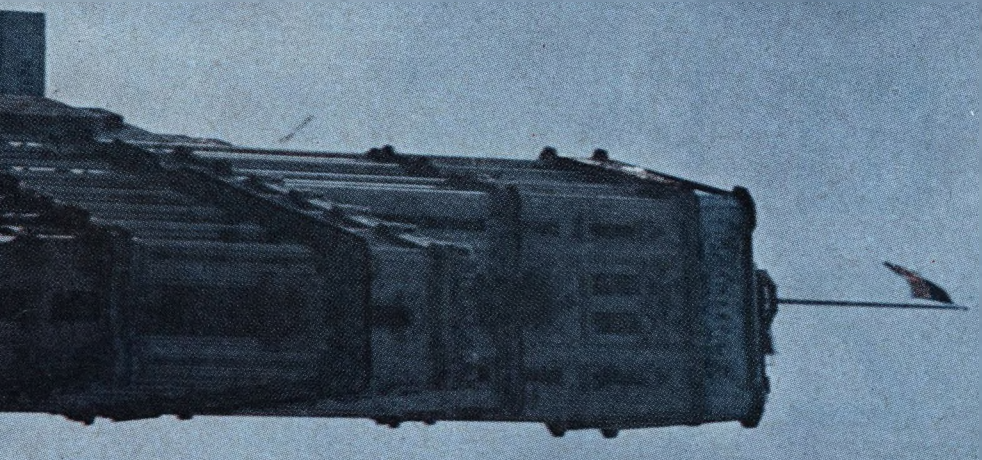
BENEATH TIMES SQUARE several of New York's subway routes converge, pouring forth their passengers to join the crowd at the city's busiest street-level intersection—Forty-second Street at the crossing of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Its namesake (right): the New York Times Tower.

Photo By George Joseph



Color Photo By Ozzie Sweet

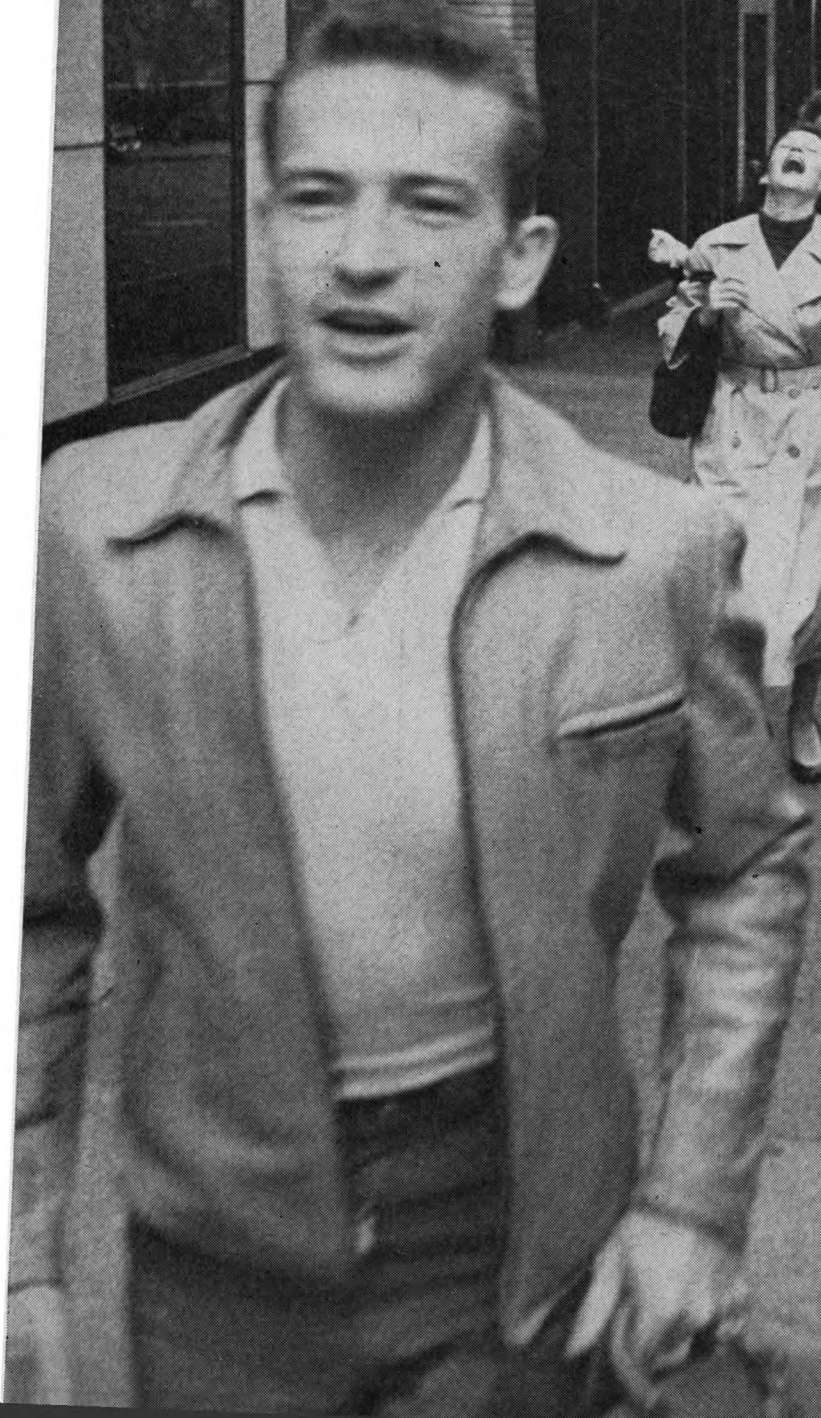




NBC-TV

CENTURY THEATRE

CAESAR'S HOUR STARRING SID CAESAR
SAT. 9-10 P.M. NBC 4



New Mantle of TV

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

The mob of 3,500 excited children from the Rochester, New York, area was deployed on Broadway like Army troops. First on their amusement list: to see TV shows. With a dozen old movie houses and legitimate theatres refurbished and turned into TV studios, the children had plenty to choose from. Such fare as Perry Como was at the Ziegfeld; at CBS's Studio 50 (once the Hammerstein Opera House) Ed Sullivan provided jugglers and glamorous celebrities; at still another studio Garry Moore was cutting up in funny hats.

Even newer and stranger elements than the herds of children (who crowd in from as far west as Ohio, as far south as Virginia) are being added to Broadway by TV's booming business. The bleary-eyed morning look of Broadway is giving way to the astringent-clean look of Madison Avenue's man in the gray flannel suit, who appears—sometimes in groups of six—as early as 7 A.M. to keep tabs on a "good morning" show at a TV studio. The man in the G.F.S. is then likely to lunch among the show folk at Sardi's, often is on Broadway until midnight.

With advertisers spending three billion dollars in television alone in 1956, the gray flannel boys attend shows their clients sponsor—"The Big Payoff," for example—as often as daily, occasionally accompanied by out-of-town tycoon sponsors. For Broadway, the modest gray flannel smells richly of money, means hundreds of jobs that make life more solvent for stage-hands, actors, truckers, make-up men, and a dozen more, some legitimate, some not. TV Broadway bonanzas for these folk come from salaries for Broadway TV shows like Steve Allen's, that costs \$63,000 a week to produce, Caesar's Hour, that costs \$114,000 a week, Como's show with a weekly tab of \$108,000, and Jackie Gleason's show at \$102,500 a week.

The Monster Transformed

Less physically visible, but responsible for another big Broadway change, are the TV network people. Once feared by Broadway as a monster that would destroy it, TV is now looked upon with pleased surprise as the benign giant that is turning Broadway tinsel to solid gold.

Busily putting their money where it will pay off handsomely, the networks are open-handedly backing legitimate Broadway shows, ending up owning the TV rights to Broadway smash hits (both incidentally making a pile on the show), and drawing crowds to Broadway. Some hits backed by NBC money: "Call Me Madam," "Me and Juliet," and "The Great Sebastians." CBS's biggest smash: "My Fair Lady."

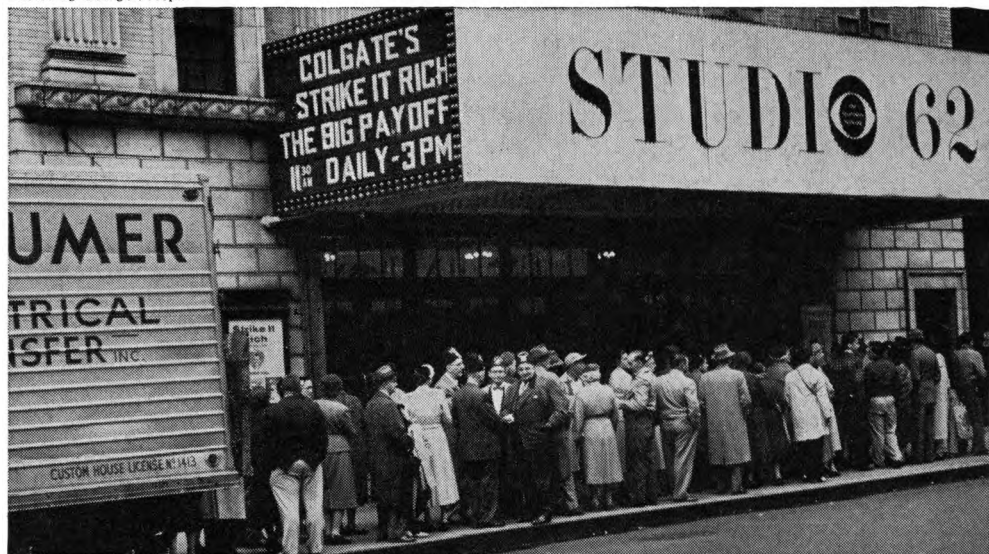
Lesson of "Richard III"

The canny showing of the movie "Richard III" on TV first, once and for all squelched the fear that if people "saw it on TV" they wouldn't pay to see it again at a theatre. The resultant boost in movie attendance gave NBC back its half-million dollar investment in "Richard" and made the network richer than ever.

With nation-wide interest in TV celebrities bringing bigger-than-ever crowds to Broadway, the White Way isn't grumbling at all over the latest rumor—that its Roxy theatre is slated to become the next big TV studio. THE END

TOTEBAGS IN HAND ("hatboxes are corny") television dancers race to make a 2:30 P.M. Saturday rehearsal at the Century Theatre, once a big musical revue theatre. Sid Caesar's show has emanated from here for the last three years. The Century has also housed the Como show, now at the Ziegfeld and drawing 1,000 requests a day for tickets. An hour before show time (right), crowds mill in front of CBS Studio 62, once the Biltmore Theatre. TV theatres in Broadway area draw bigger crowds and longer lines than most movie houses. Black market selling in TV tickets is small, although at Studio 50, where Ed Sullivan's show is televised, black market tickets brought a reported \$25 apiece when Elvis Presley appeared.

Photos by George Joseph

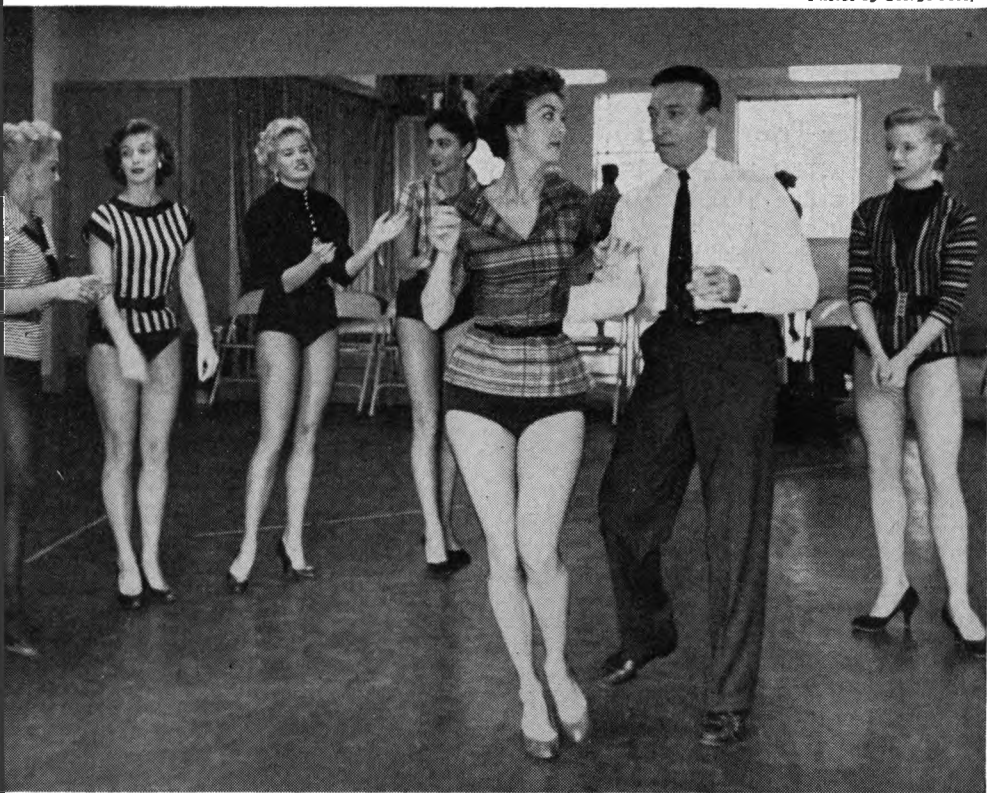




JUNE TAYLOR, cigarette in hand, gives her thirty-two dancers on the Gleason show a final Saturday run-through. "I pick dancers who can do anything, and then make them do a little bit more." Each girl has a certain function, like a member of a football team; one cannot replace another. A stickler for appearance, June will put one girl on a strict diet, another on special exercises to pare down too-heavy legs or an oversized

derriere. June, born in Chicago, began dancing at fourteen, in 1948 brought six dancers to Ed Sullivan's show ("I figured there was no money in TV but took a chance"), moved on to other programs. Now a choreographer best known for dance routines which show kaleidoscopic patterns when seen from above, June last April opened the June Taylor School of the Dance on Broadway. "It's a far cry from playing those hotels."

Photos by George Joseph



Dancing Feet

SID CAESAR'S girl dancers hail from such varied spots as Illinois, Massachusetts, Florida, and Texas, even number among them a Mormon from Salt Lake City. Typical of the new young choreographers is Ted Cappy, who directed dance shows in the Army, has choreographed Broadway shows, TV commercials, and, most recently, Barbara Bel Geddes' dance in Broadway's "The Sleeping Prince." "TV," he claims, "is the most strenuous work of all."

The freshest breath to blow across Broadway today is the new young TV dancer. By the thousands, she mingles with the crowds on her way to the rehearsal halls and the TV studios. Wherever she's from—and that's everywhere in the United States—she has certain basic qualities, *musts* for TV. Says one choreographer, "She must be able to learn a new routine every week, and, if necessary, master it in twenty minutes. She must be pretty and intelligent, and have almost as much training as a surgeon—must know ballet, interpretive dancing, jazz, modern, and tap, before she even says 'Hello' to us."

Unlike Broadway night-club dancers and sometime hoofers, the TV girl works a steady fifty-two weeks a year. Her average salary is about \$140.50 a week for a 35-hour week, as on Jackie Gleason's show. She is well-dressed, scorns the bohemian dirndl, pony-tail get-up as well as the heavy mascara. She often carries her knitting to work, reads anything from Dylan Thomas to Earle Stanley Gardner. Part of her salary goes for more dancing lessons. She gets eight hours sleep—or doesn't last. She has energy to spare, and Broadway has never seen her like before.



POPULAR LUNCH SPOT for television people is the bustling Childs on Forty-sixth Street, where the babble of shop talk always fills the air. Busiest time is between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when the trading of news does a brisk business: "They're looking for dancers . . . it's a new show . . . they're holding tryouts tomorrow . . . did you see last night's revue? . . . *Variety* says . . . Nick Kenny says . . ." Business in cokes is brisk, too, but most popular drink is the chocolate malted, valued for its ability to sustain energy and thus substitute for food during lean periods.



AN EX-LOFT on Forty-sixth Street, empty for five years, now teems with show people rehearsing mostly for TV variety shows. Here dancers standing at the *barre* watch demonstration by instructor. The sound effects are a tinkling piano, but at other hours passersby may hear anything from an operatic

tenor rehearsing an aria from "Carmen" to a male quartet belting out the latest Rock 'n' Roll hit. Constance Bennett may rehearse a night-club act here, or Michael Kidd and Rod Alexander come here to work on a new Broadway show, but the regular "by the year" customers are the TV performers.

The Network Stars



Photos by George Joseph



TRADING INSULTS with old friend Toots Shor at Shor's bistro (top right) helps relieve Jackie Gleason's nervous tension. Quipped Shor, "Do I have to stand so close to this guy to be photographed?" Rehearsing Gleason's show (center), Art Carney goes through scene to get correct lighting, camera angles, other technical details. One of six brothers, Carney is shy, never seeks publicity; still, he realizes his job is not just acting; a large part of it is being publicized, as one ad man says, "like a piece of cheese or a brand of whiskey."

VISITORS from Buffalo, husband and wife, find themselves corralled for interview with Steve Allen at Hudson Theatre. Pressures on Allen vary from staying up late at night finishing his day's work to internecine warfare with other TV performers on other networks. Hard-working Steve is appreciative of others' talents and eager to exhibit what he appreciates. He has his own conception of how a show should be run and what should be on it. This attitude often runs him into stone walls which he sometimes manages to crumble.



In the old days," says one Broadway ex-vaudeville star, "your agent booked your act and you went on. Then you went home with the money. No one even knew where you lived."

But today, in a business that offers its stars considerably less privacy than a guppy enjoys, the TV star has become accustomed to the public's knowing such intimate details about his life as who his psychoanalyst is, what his income amounts to (after taxes), how many dollops of cottage cheese he eats for lunch, and why that latest marriage didn't work out.

In the complicated world of TV, once a

performer steps over the line into stardom, his act simply isn't enough. To stay in the spotlight requires a strenuous twenty-four hours a day, much of it shuttling back and forth along Broadway and adjacent streets. Besides pitting his own show against his rivals' in the battle for Trendex rating, the TV actor "guests" on other stars' programs, fighting his way to work at the Broadway TV studios through fans who know his face better than their own brother's. One star swears his press agent tried to get him to submit to hypnosis so that the last bit of personal information could be squeezed out of him and into an avid fan magazine.

Today's TV star cannot afford to refuse an invitation or lose his temper. Yet the daily necessity of working with teams of writers, coping with lighting problems, choreography, and special techniques, and keeping track of his current enemy subjects him to ever-increasing tensions. A TV actor is no longer an individual; he is a gigantic, million-dollar corporation. He is, of course, expected to keep his equilibrium under crack-up pressures, while at the same time keeping the public as aware of him as though he were sitting on its chest. And somewhere in the midst of all this, he's supposed to put on a terrific show. He usually does, too.



AT NOLA REHEARSING STUDIOS, Phil Silvers talks out a problem with Nat Hiken, director-producer of Phil's CBS-TV Tuesday show. A perfectionist, Hiken gives Silvers and the cast few breathers during the lengthy rehearsals, five times a week. Silvers' only relaxation comes during a coffee break, when he is inclined to sit down at the piano and gradually become lost in a moody world of his own. Occasionally the tension is broken by Phil's exquisite delivery of a line, as for example his remark to the comfortably sloppy Doberman (played by Maurice Gosfield): "Let's go to a hotel and freshen up. You do freshen up, don't you?" The line broke up the entire cast, even perfectionist Hiken.

"FAT" JACK LEONARD, the comedian's comedian, has the strain of making guest appearances on TV, never is sure when he'll be on. Then there's the added problem of finding the success formula for a projected television show of his own. Another worry: "Will people still like me if I'm not fat?" Once 330 pounds, Leonard was ordered by his doctor to lose weight, last year got rid of 125 pounds. Ex-shoeshine boy Cy Martin (right) whose clothing shop is next door to Lindy's, measures Leonard for a new wardrobe. Martin makes custom clothes for Berle, Sammy Davis Jr., Gleason, others. On a hurry call from Sinatra, appearing in Atlantic City, one of Martin's tailors once rushed by train, sewing as he went.



PAUL WINCHELL and his wife make the rounds of Broadway movie openings and previews, to keep in the public eye. Winchell's TV problem—how not to go stale—is the biggest bugaboo in the television business. Winchell found that talking through a dummy named Jerry Mahoney wasn't enough to maintain a long-term audience, has so far solved his problem with his new "Circus Time" show. Television ringmaster Winchell, assisted by Mahoney, varies his acts from rollerskaters to elephant Burma, who presented corsage to First Lady.

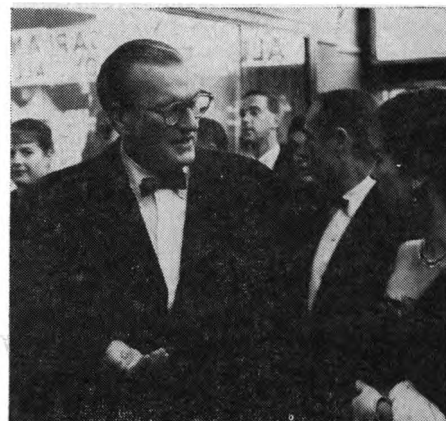


"WHAT'S MY LINE?" audience streams in for ten-minute warm-up. With a top giveaway of \$50, show has ranked high for seven years. Women on show are told to "look nice," men, to "wear a blue suit and dark tie."



ARLENE FRANCIS, Bennett Cerf, John Daly take stage for what other stars call "the easiest job on TV." Though "What's My Line?" requires no rehearsals and has relaxed atmosphere of a game, some of its stars have other, more taxing, jobs—Arlene Francis has her "Home" TV show; Dorothy Kilgallen has radio show (with husband, Dick Kollmar); John Daly is vice-president and news commentator for American Broadcasting Company.

Network Stars (continued)



DAVE GARROWAY and his wife may turn out for a Broadway preview, but he still must get up at 4:30 every morning, begin his three-hour show at 7 A.M. On Sunday his "Wide Wide World" show effectively eliminates any remaining leisure.



HAL MARCH worked just as hard when he was a legitimate actor but he went unnoticed until he emceed TV's "\$64,000 Question." With wife Candy Toxton, he gets Broadway's red carpet treatment now, takes his success with no noticeable strain.

GARRY MOORE (opposite) splits his time between Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street office, lunches on peanut butter sandwiches, remains famously un-neurotic. Buddy Hackett, new to TV, gets nervous; Max Liebman (second from right) calms him.

THE END



Neon Lights in Their Eyes

The boy sitting in the Broadway cafeteria was sandy-haired and well-dressed, and had just been lucky enough to speak six lines on a TV show. His pay for the job: \$191.

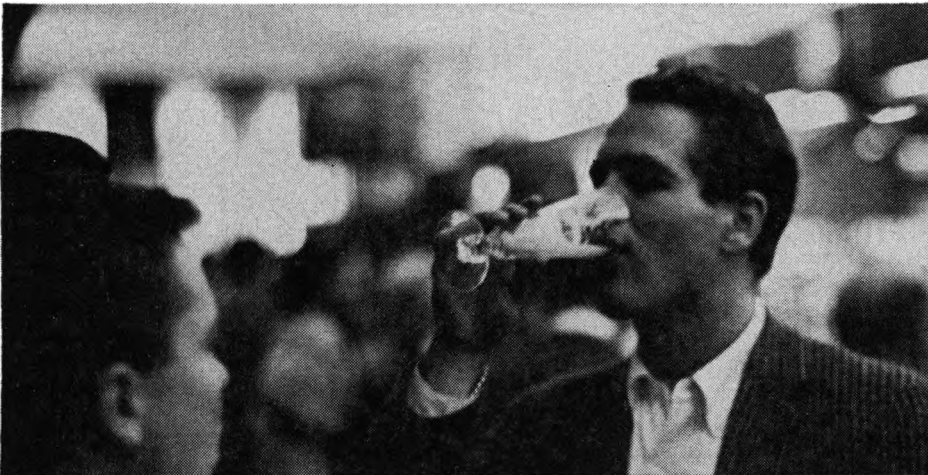
But like all the young would-be dramatic actors and actresses who have dis-

covered TV, the money counted less than the fact that TV was a showcase for his talents. For the thousands of young people who flock to Broadway, the hard-to-crack legitimate Broadway show is no longer the only door to "being seen," the single gateway to starring in a Hollywood movie

or becoming a Broadway star. "A summer TV job on one of the local or network shows," says one producer, "often leads to a movie or Broadway theatre job. Then the kid is in."

Fresh from dramatic schools and college drama courses, many of the new crop are well-grounded in acting. Some of them have acquired agents. Almost all of them continue to study acting. TV salary rates keep them going, and rehearsal restrictions give them free time. The youngster who speaks one line in a commercial for a fifteen-minute TV show is paid \$56 and must be paid more if he rehearses more than three hours a week. Most youngsters stick to low-priced eating spots, conserve their money, and wait for the break. For some, it's on the way. For others, like Paul Newman, it has already come.

Photos By George Joseph



PAUL NEWMAN stops at Downey's, an actors' hangout, near midnight, for a beer. A graduate of the Yale School of Drama, Newman came to New York and got his first acting job on a CBS-TV show. Six months afterward, he appeared in the Broadway hit, "Picnic." Other young actors cite him as the best example of the new route: TV to Broadway to movies. Newman still studies two nights a week at the Actors Studio when in New York.



AT 2 P.M. hopeful drama students who have just finished a class with Lee Strasberg settle down for an inexpensive lunch in Childs, one of a restaurant chain. Some of them have already been seen on television, and a few now have small parts in Broadway shows. None so far has been tapped for the big time, but the break may come, because the producers of television and Broadway legitimate stage shows keep an eye on their work.

"IT'S A GOOD LIFE. I have a steady, comfortable income." The television-to-stage route worked for actress Gaby Rodgers (opposite), the daughter of a New York art dealer, niece of a Harvard professor. Gaby appeared in all-girl plays at Mt. Holyoke college, then played summer stock, three years later won the Virginia Barter Theatre acting award. After a nervous audition in 1951, Gaby got her professional acting start on TV "Playhouse." Plucked off television by Broadway, Gaby is now rehearsing in her third legitimate play. Gaby's summing up: "My apprentice period is over. This is it." Gaby's career now is directed by the Music Corporation of America, and occasionally she appears on television shows. On her "comfortable" income, she has apartment off Park Avenue, complete with balcony, French windows, and fireplaces. Of the girls who bitterly lambaste show business because they haven't hit, Gaby says, "They're maladjusted. They are the girls who wake up one morning and say, 'I'd like to be an actress.' You just can't do that. Acting's a profession. I studied for years." Not Hollywood struck, Gaby Rodgers has found on Broadway the career she wants, simply hopes to be a good, serious actress, complete with husband (no prospects as yet), children, and a good riding horse. Coat by George Kaplan. **THE END**





The Astor

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Hotel Astor, Times Square, New York City," is an address that to millions of Americans symbolizes the raucous, glamorous, incandescent spirit of Broadway. Yet the Astor is more a personality than a place. It is a little like an old lady in a turn-of-the-century costume sitting primly on the sidelines at a Rock 'n' Roll dance bash. The old lady has been queening it over Times Square (formerly Longacre Square) for fifty-two years. Every public celebration of any importance in New York during the past half century has been held at her feet; servicemen from three wars have used her bar and lobby as headquarters for trysting, drinking, and carousing. She has staged some of the biggest banquets and parties ever held in the city. Through all this the old girl has somehow managed to maintain her shape and her character, and of late she has been taking hormone shots from her new proprietors, the Sheraton chain.

The *grande dame* has built up a rather fanatical band of admirers. There are some people who rent whole suites at the Astor not to sleep but to watch the goings-on in Times Square—even on ordinary days when Times Square is doing nothing but being its restless, ever-changing self. And there are others who rent rooms and suites because they prefer the Astor to all other hotels. The quiet of the country for which city dwellers yearn apparently holds little appeal for many people who do not live in the midst of urban clangor. Approximately 1,000 guests per night lay their heads down in the Astor, lulled by the honking of traffic, the shrill of cops' whistles, the incessant pounding of the soft-drink waterfall across the street, the bewildering flash and smoke of the spectacular signs, and—occasionally—the inebriate goatcalls of conventioning Pans who blunder up and down the corridors at all hours of the night.

Jimmy Durante is a regular guest who

ON THE JOB for sixteen years, manager Ludwig Furch copes with the wild antics of comedian guests, the dietary problems of visiting Indian potentates, the demands of ambassadors, kings, and queens. Though he tries to keep Astor from being noisy, a would-be guest once begged for a room there because "other hotels are too quiet."

evidently prefers the Astor to more restful precincts. He has been staying at the Astor for years, and so has his retinue—for, like most comics, The Nose would be lost without his sycophants. His are distinguished by the fact that each amuses him and the rest of the cronies by doing imitations of Jimmy Durante. Sometimes they do the imitations simultaneously, in unison. This unnerves boys new to the bell; they can never decide who will sign checks—a minor problem, since Durante picks up all the tabs anyhow. His suite, when he is checked in, combines the more uproarious aspects of a circus and a TV rehearsal. The traffic in handout-seekers is brisk, and it is not uncommon for Durante to be bitten in the Astor by men he's never seen before in his life.

Another lively guest—or, strictly speaking, former guest—was Jackie Gleason, who filled various rooms with his charm, his talent, and enough food and drink to satisfy his Falstaffian appetites when he was still a night-club comic and part-time movie gangster. Gleason's private parties, which frequently became public parties, began the instant he put his name on the register. He was lavish with his tips (the bellboys remember)

and casual with his bills (the management remembers). Soon after he became famous, Gleason settled all accounts and moved uptown to another Sheraton hotel, the Park Central (now Park Sheraton). Sometimes he gets nostalgic for the Astor, he confesses. "I had some of the best times in my life there," he said recently. "I think."

A Home for Showmen

W. C. Fields also enjoyed the Astor. He especially enjoyed playing handball with his agent against the walls of his room. The management did not object to that, but guests in adjoining rooms did. When they complained and the clerks in turn complained to Fields, he would pick up a cane or coathanger and bang all the harder.

Over the years, the favorite guest of all the bellboys was a man known only as "Mr. Murphy." None of the twenty boys, not even Louis Radding, who has been in livery more than two decades, knows Murphy's first name—all they know is that Murphy used to pay fifty cents four or five times a day to have himself paged while he sat happily listening.

Murphy, the boys believe, was in show
(continued)

Color Photos by Ozzie Street



The Astor (continued)

business in one capacity or another (or was trying to be). For years, the majority of the Astor's guests were show people; it was the nearest thing to a theatrical hotel that New York could boast. Sam H. Harris, George Skouras, Irving Berlin, D. W. Griffith, Louis Cohen, Jed Harris, the Shubert brothers, George M. Cohan, and many others used to make the Hunting Room their noontime headquarters. "The Shuberts and others did more movie and stage business in the Hunting Room," says Ludwig Furch, the present general manager, "than they did in their own offices." Currently the columnist Frank Farrell perpetuates the theatrical tradition with a noonday radio show devoted principally to interviews with entertainers.

For various reasons, members of the military also gravitate toward the Astor. Its central location, naturally, is one magnetic factor; servicemen like to go where the action is, and Times Square has never been especially noted for its tranquility. But the principal reason for the Astor's hospitality to the armed forces is intertwined with the hotel's history.

An Immigrant's Dream

The Astor was the dream and eventually the creation of a German immigrant named William C. Muschenheim, who arrived in New York in the early 1870's and ultimately became steward of the mess at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. From there he went to the New York Athletic Club, and presently was operating his own restaurant, The Arena, a famous spot on Thirty-first Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. He never lost touch with the friends he made at the Academy. The Arena became a popular rendezvous for visiting soldiers, and when Muschenheim built the Astor, they followed him uptown. General Pershing stayed the night at the Astor before departing to lead our forces in France during World War I.

Muschenheim's original plan was to make the hotel primarily a spot for dinner parties, banquets, and conventions. He and his brother Frederick, an engineer of great ability, made an elaborate model of the building they had in mind. Its grand ballroom was to be the largest ever seen in this country, capable of accommodating well over 5,000 guests.

The idea for the hotel took hold of Muschenheim early in this century. Considering the period, he was remarkably foresighted. Some of the Astor's mechanical innovations are still innovations. One—Fred Muschenheim's elaborate system of conveyors for serving dinners—is often studied by designers of hotels and restaurants.

Another of Fred's inventions was an electrical system designed to assist the

housekeeper. When a maid goes into a room to tidy up, a light flashes on a central board, and the housekeeper thus can tell in a few seconds where all her maids are at all times. The Astor is proud of that device, but it is prouder of Fred's system of notifying guests of messages. Whenever a letter or scrap of paper is placed in a guest's box at the front desk, a light goes on in his room and stays on. "The telephone company is just now getting around to developing a similar set-up for hotels," says Ludwig Furch, proudly.

The Muschenheims showed their model to the trustees of the William Waldorf Astor Estate, a large property-owner in that section of New York. The Estate agreed to finance the \$8,000,000 building, and construction was begun. The Astor was opened in 1904. It was (and is) a ten-story red brick building stretching from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth Street, and it was an immediate hit with New York's café society of the era.

William Muschenheim died in 1918. Brother Fred then took over as director. During the early and middle nineteen-twenties, the hotel flourished as the Times Square area began to develop. Before long, the theatrical section had crept uptown from the thirties. But then, within a relatively short time, the place fell upon evil days. The depression hit hard. For one thing, there was competition everywhere; before the 1929 crash, new hotels had begun popping up all over New York. They attracted the tourist trade; only the more conservative visitors remained faithful to the old dowager of Times Square. After the crash the situation became worse.

Fred Muschenheim went deeper and deeper into debt as he tried to hold short of bankruptcy. He managed to keep the mechanical side running at peak efficiency, but his heart was not a hotelman's. It soon became apparent that something would have to be done. The Astor estate finally had to step in and assume management.

The Astor Finds a General

One of its first moves was the appointment of Robert K. Christenberry as president and general manager. Christenberry was a Tennessean who in 1929 had broken into the business in Cleveland. He next moved to Pittsburgh, where he set the tottering Hotel Roosevelt on its feet. Before long several New York hotels were calling for his services. Christenberry chose the Astor partly because he had always admired the old plant and partly because it was a challenge. He planned his campaign like a general, and immediately lined up other Times Square businessmen, theatre owners, and storekeepers to act as lieutenants.

"The first thing we must do," he said,

"is tone up Times Square." This was a project that appealed to the Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph A. McCaffrey, of the Church of the Holy Cross on Forty-second Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The Monsignor had long been campaigning against the honky-tonk element, and he joined the clean-up enthusiastically. "We couldn't have done anything without the Monsignor," Christenberry has said. Others in the Broadway Association, of which Christenberry was president for fourteen years, say that nothing could have been done without Christenberry. "He was 'Mr. Broadway,'" one says. "You would have thought he was managing the whole section, not just the Astor."

Her Face Is Lifted

Christenberry brought his own adjutant when he arrived. She was—and is—the chief housekeeper, a handsome, plump, blonde lady of middle age, Mrs. Margaret Connelly, a Scotswoman who was widowed soon after she arrived in this country. After her husband died she plunged into hotel work. She was first in Detroit and Chicago, then went to Pittsburgh to Christenberry's Roosevelt Hotel. He was so impressed with her that he moved her to New York, where she took one look around the Astor, threw up her hands, and got to work with brisk Scottish dispatch. All the plumbing was antiquated; the toilets were operated by pull-chains, and over two hundred rooms had no bathrooms at all. While Christenberry began wrenching old bathtubs away from the walls and tearing out pipes, Mrs. Connelly gave each room a thorough scouring before the decorators moved in.

Mrs. Connelly and Christenberry instituted a familial atmosphere. She often greeted regular guests at the door when they arrived for return visits to the Astor, and she sometimes acted as babysitter for hotel guests who were called out suddenly. She always presents honeymooning couples with souvenir keys to their rooms. Moreover, she has always had a way of keeping maids and porters with her; many of her staff of eighty-five have been with her for the full twenty-one years of her tenure.

Not the least of Mrs. Connelly's problems is keeping the lobby neat and presentable. Even though the loiterers have been nudged out by the removal of all but four chairs, the lobby traffic is terrific. Someone has estimated that nearly two million people pass through Times Square each day. Naturally, this causes some problems for the chief housekeeper, James A. Walsh, for twenty-nine years a first-grade New York detective. Walsh has five men assigned to cover the approximately ten acres of floor space. It is

quite a job—not so much because of the guests, who are mostly law-abiding, but because of the pickpockets, the “sleepers,” and an occasional drug addict who sneaks into the public lavatories and gives himself a fix. Sleepers—men who creep in to sleep in the four chairs, in corners, or in unoccupied rooms—are more troublesome. “They’re very sneaky,” Walsh says. The dicks have few cases of breaking and entering to contend with, they say, despite the fact that the Astor’s doors open on one of the busiest intersections in the world. But Walsh and his men are continually badgered by souvenir hunters. Soon after the Sheraton chain took over, the president, Ernest Henderson, ordained a suite for the use of President Eisenhower (who had enjoyed the hospitality of the house many times, ever since his cadet days). Henderson felt that the Presidential suite in a Sheraton hotel ought to have some genuine pieces made by the great Thomas Sheraton toward the close of the eighteenth century. Scouring antique shops for fine furniture, Henderson managed finally to locate a chair that had belonged to General Washington and another that had belonged to Robert E. Lee. All told, he spent \$35,000 on the suite, capping his expenditures by putting in a few books—*Natural Golf*, *Picture Analysis of Golf Strokes*, and *Swinging into Golf*, among others. The President was delighted with the furnishings, the books, and the handsome Presidential plaque that was affixed to the door outside. He did not have long to be delighted with the plaque, however. To the despair of Chief Walsh and his confederates, someone stole it off the door before it had been in place forty-eight hours.

Return to “Class”

But all this is ahead of the Astor story. The Christenberry regime lasted twenty years almost to the day. During that time he not only pulled the hotel out of the red, but he returned it to the position it once had held as one of New York’s better hotels. Thanks mainly to Christenberry’s efforts, the Astor today handles around one thousand functions during the “banquet” season, which begins in September and stretches to May. He renovated the Astor Roof and installed a big-name band policy; the Roof became the place for young New Yorkers to go dancing (one captain of waiters can remember seeing John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his wife waiting in line to get into the roof garden). It was there that Frank Sinatra first came to fame with Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra. By the time Christenberry left, the Astor was earning a profit of around a million dollars a year.

Christenberry departed in 1955, to become president of the Ambassador International Corporation. He still speaks of



SHAPED LIKE A RACE TRACK, the Astor Hotel bar is the longest bar in New York City. It is the most popular with servicemen, but draws its biggest crowds after Wednesday matinees, when the ladies settle at the tables for a post-theatre drink. The decor is same as when bar was built, the year the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed.

the Astor with affection. “I had the best staff of any hotel in New York,” he says.

Many of that staff are still on hand. Among them are Ludwig Furch, Isaac Van Dyke (the restaurant manager), and Richard Bosch (the wine steward). Furch, an amiable German, joined the staff in 1926; he worked in various jobs all over the hotel, and became manager in 1940. Van Dyke, a Hollander, arrived in January, 1917; during World War II, he continually played host to members of the Free Dutch forces who were stationed temporarily in New York, and for his efforts in behalf of the Dutch resistance he was later knighted by Queen Wilhelmina. Now his associates sometimes call him, jokingly, “Sir Isaac.”

Richard Bosch’s headquarters are in the deep caverns and vaults that comprise the Astor’s wine cellars, located just beneath the spacious basement kitchens. Bosch has been there twenty-seven years. During the twenties, he says, the Astor’s cellars were second to none in New York.

Not a Drop to Sell

He is full of bibulous stories of long wassails in the Astor’s dining rooms, and when he speaks of the wines he once poured, his eyes become mournful. But he is quick to point out that the Astor did not have one violation marked against it during Prohibition. The cellars were locked up tight. When a guest was in especially bad shape and a drink became a matter of life and death, Fred Muschenheim would take the man into his private office and pour him a stiff glass, but he was adamant about refusing to sell liquor

the way so many other hotels were doing. Because of Muschenheim’s strictness, the Astor was granted the first liquor license in New York City after Repeal.

“Always an Astor”

When these old-timers reminisce, an understandable nostalgia takes possession of their voices. The Astor has changed somewhat since the Sheraton chain took it over in March of 1954. For one thing, the Roof Garden has been converted into headquarters and classrooms of the American Management Association. The old staff men were sorry to see it go, but they agree that Sheraton’s move was essentially sound. The Roof had been losing up to \$90,000 a year. New York’s air had become so polluted that one could not sit there without being covered with a layer of grimy dust, and besides, the gardens could not be air-conditioned. The passing of the Roof is the only really major change that has taken place, except for other moves toward modernization—air-conditioning, redecoration of suites, painting, etc. “We feel a little sad because we’ve been here so long and we’re used to the old ways,” Van Dyke said one day not long ago as he, Furch, and some friends were lunching with Frank Farrell during the latter’s program. “That’s true,” Furch agreed. “But none of the changes has changed the character of the place.”

“Oh,” said Van Dyke, shaking his head, “you can’t change the Astor. It’s too much a part of things. It’s a landmark. As long as there’s a Broadway, there’ll always be The Astor.” THE END



The Talent Agency Business

BY JOE McCARTHY

The lore of Broadway is filled with jokes about the agent, the embattled go-between who represents performers in deals with producers, and all of them have to do with the alleged hardness and smallness of his heart. "I broke my toe," one gag goes. "I kicked my agent in the heart." Another one, which dates back to the time of Maude Adams and Lillian Russell, concerns the agent who died from an enlarged heart; toward the end it blew up to the size of a pea. There is also the story of the vaudevillian who showed his agent a sensational new dog act which reached a tremendous climax with a dachshund standing up on its hind legs and reciting

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The agent was not impressed. "Can't you do something about that dog's German accent?" he asked.

Because of the traditional resentment against agents, the sudden death of a popular and well-liked actor brought merriment to the theatrical profession some years ago. The actor was going places, but he happened to be short of cash and he needed \$14,000 to buy a piece of real estate that he had his eye on. He was approached by the Music Corporation of America, popularly known as M.C.A., a giant octopus with tentacles wrapped around most of the creative talent in the theatre, movies and television

which is to the agency business what Hellmann's is to mayonnaise. (One time, in order to get a certain movie star as a client, M.C.A. put on its payroll the man who had been the best man at the movie star's wedding.) The organization offered to advance the actor the \$14,000 if he signed up with them. "But I already have an agent, and his contract has another year to go," the actor said. Then M.C.A. said it would turn over its usual 10 per cent commissions to the previous agent until the contract elapsed. The actor took the \$14,000. A few months later, before M.C.A. made a nickel on him, he passed away. Everybody was sorry to see him go, but the outfoxing of M.C.A. by the

A DAY WITH EDDIE JAFFE, BROADWAY PRESS AGENT

"I get \$100 to \$500 a week from each of my show-business clients." Press agent Eddie Jaffe, best-known publicity man on Broadway today, has publicized Rocky Graziano, Father's Day, Dagmar, Frankie Laine and U. S. Steel. "A publicity man's job is to tell the world exactly who a client thinks he is. A talent agency's job is to get the client employment," says Jaffe. He started his career at thirteen in a Cleveland orphanage, where he put out a scandal sheet containing items like: "What social worker is holding hands with whom?" "I was not a well-adjusted child," says Jaffe. "There

may be some doubt about me today." In his third-floor apartment on Forty-Eighth Street, in the building where Damon Runyon once lived, Jaffe awakens at 4 P.M. to start a day that continues until dawn. Associate George Platt rouses Jaffe. The telephone on the bed rings over a hundred times a day, but Jaffe's answering service takes care of it. Jaffe makes few appointments, depends on running into people in restaurants. His admirers attribute his success to his casual low-sell. Jaffe attributes it to his finding people who are on the verge of success, but not yet known.

Photos By George Joseph



SEVEN O'CLOCK in the evening finds Jaffe breakfasting at Lindy's. A child of nature, Jaffe has no regular eating hours, eats when he's hungry. Charlie Lazarus (left) an old-time Broadway friend now on a Montreal newspaper, joins Jaffe.



PIANIST CY COLEMAN (center) and Cy's press agent, Saul Richman, chat with Jaffe. One of best-liked men on Broadway, Jaffe gives newspaper publicity to promising souls whether or not they're his clients, knows every likely talent on Broadway.



EDDIE CONSIDERS everyone his friend. Here he stops in at Downey's for a beer with actor Harry Guardino and actor's agent Jimmy Geallis. Now forty-three, he has never married; he explains, "I can't find a woman who would like my friends."

Among the talent agency's headaches—a star's alimony, indigestion, future, and tax returns

grim reaper caused great glee in the dressing rooms and theatrical hotel lobbies around Times Square.

Leland Hayward, one of the most successful show business agents of modern times, might have had M.C.A.'s experience in mind when he was negotiating to bring the movie producing team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder into his stable of clients. Hayward sent a doctor to check up on the physical health of Brackett and Wilder. The next day Brackett and Wilder hired a psychiatrist to look over Hayward.

Modern Agents Have Hearts

But when you pull away the myths and the legends and get down to the facts, the cold-blooded avarice that is so wildly attributed to all agents is 90 per cent fiction. A successful agent today could not hold onto his highly paid and highly temperamental actors and actresses unless he was a patient and generous fellow, ready to leave his wife and children at any hour of the night to console his star about an alimony problem, to dig up tickets for "My Fair Lady" for his star's brother-in-law from Indianapolis, or to lend a star money for income taxes. Katharine Hepburn once asked her agent to ship several large trees to a friend of hers on Long Island who had been ordered to chop wood for his health.

On the other hand, there have been

fly-by-night agents operating out of Broadway telephone booths who paid off their performers with pawn tickets. A ticket and ten dollars would supposedly put a jewel with a value of several hundreds into the entertainer's possession. Actually, the deluded tap dancer would fork over his ten dollars and claim a fake stone probably worth about three dollars. Then the agent would get a cut from the pawnbroker.

These same agents, providing a group of variety artists with one night's employment in a floor show at a dismal chop suey joint, would announce free transportation to and from the job. The actors would be herded into a rickety second-hand automobile in Times Square, the agent explaining that their destination was "near the city." The cabaret to which the car was headed would turn out to be in Providence, Rhode Island. The agent would collect round-trip railway fares for each of the performers from the employer, and would pocket the money himself paying a rental fee of eight dollars for the car.

Hard Times on the Road

Performers were in no position to complain about such practices because this was during the depths of the Depression, when the only singers and dancers working regularly in third-rate night clubs were small-time actresses who

agreed to mix socially with male patrons.

"My agent booked my dog act into a firetrap in Astoria, and they closed us out after the first night because the dog wouldn't mix," one trouper protested at the time.

The Three Octopuses

But most of the agency business today, like the automobile industry, is centered in three vast firms—M.C.A., William Morris Agency, and General Artists Corporation—that gross millions of dollars in commissions and employ large staffs of legal advisers, accountants, and tax experts. The organization of M.C.A. is almost as complicated as that of General Motors. Not only does M.C.A. guide the business decisions of such clients as Jackie Gleason, Guy Lombardo, Fred Astaire, and Judy Garland, to name just a few; it also provides orchestrations and produces its own television shows. It can supply a television sponsor or a night club operator with a band, a big-name comedian or singer, specialty acts, chorus girls, choreographers, directors, comedy or drama writers. It carries on so much business with the Waldorf Astoria, for example, that an M.C.A. man in evening dress is stationed at a table in the Empire Room every night from six o'clock until closing time. Negotiations with M.C.A. can run into so many ramifications that many of its big clients, such as Jackie

BROADWAY PRESS AGENT (continued)



A HYPOCHONDRIAC Jaffe gets his exercise instructions from a physiotherapist, Amos Gunsberg. Eddie is always worrying about getting too little exercise, fretting about weak muscles. Right now he is trying to strengthen the small of his back.



A RARE SIGHT is Jaffe chatting with a client, here Joe E. Lewis. At right: fellow publicity man, Elliot Horne. Jaffe almost never watches his clients work, keeps no client scrapbooks. Instead of trying to find new clients, he lets them come to him.



GRITTING HIS TEETH bravely, Eddie takes the full blast of a Scotch hose at the Luxor Baths, then gets a rubdown and massage. Even at the baths, Eddie seldom arrives with less than two friends who solemnly go through the routine with him.

Gleason, employ personal agents of their own to look out for their interests in dealings with their M.C.A. agents.

A Corner on Talent

The Music Corporation of America was started in Chicago in 1924 by Jules Stein as a booking office for dance bands. It moved later into the East, taking over the management of such popular orchestras as those of Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, Vincent Lopez, Abe Lyman, and Benny Goodman. Finding itself dealing with hotels, night clubs and movie theatres that also hired entertainers, M.C.A. began to represent singers and dancers as well as musicians. Then it moved into Hollywood and Broadway, buying up the contracts of promising talent from smaller agents.

At that time, in the 1930's, show business, especially in Hollywood, was beginning to feel its first real pressure from agents with power and influence like the late Myron Selznick and Leland Hayward. Until then the agent was merely a performer's representative who kept in touch with the producers to find out what work was available. Selznick and Hayward acquired bargaining power for the services of many actors, actresses, directors, and writers and played both ends against the middle. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would not double the salary of one of Selznick's actresses, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could not have another Selznick actress and a certain Selznick director whom it desperately needed for a future picture. Sam Goldwyn once announced publicly that he had fought with his screenwriter, Ben Hecht, and that he would never hire Hecht again. A short time later, Hayward not only arranged for Hecht to work for Goldwyn with a raise in pay but made Goldwyn put a clause in the contract stipulating that Hecht would not be required to speak to Goldwyn during his term of employment.

Hayward once appeared at the RKO studio, waving a movie script and shouting, "What is this awful thing you're trying to give to Ginger Rogers?"

"You don't like the story, Mr. Hayward?" a producer said.

"It's terrible!" Hayward said.

"But you were the one who sold us the story," the producer said. "You convinced us it would be just the thing for Ginger Rogers. And you also sold us the two writers who did that screen play from it."

Hayward became an agent by chance one evening in the Prohibition Era when he was visiting the Trocadero night club in New York. He heard the proprietor moaning about the lack of business. "If I could get a team like Fred and Adele Astaire to dance here, I'd pay them four thousand a week," he said. The Astaires were then playing in a Broadway show, "Lady Be Good." Hayward knew Fred socially. He arranged for the dancers to appear for twelve weeks at the Trocadero after their nightly stint at the theatre. Hayward had no bank account, so every week when he collected his \$400 commission he brought the check to Frank Joyce, brother of Alice Joyce, the silent-movie star, and manager of the Coolidge Hotel. Frank cashed the checks for him. Finally he said to Hayward, "You're getting this \$400 every week just for telling the Astaires that there was a job for them at the Trocadero?"

Hayward admitted that such was the case. Joyce quit the hotel business and went into the agency racket himself, becoming Myron Selznick's partner in Hollywood.

A Piece of Presley

M.C.A. became the big power that it is today by buying out Hayward in 1945, when he decided to become a theatrical and movie producer. William Morris, its main competitor, under the direction

of gentle, soft-speaking Abe Lastfogel, is also in a position to offer a movie or television company every type of talent needed for a show. The Morris office has a list of clients, headed by Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley, which includes such actresses as Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday and Julie Harris, such comics as Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante, Danny Kaye and Martha Raye, and such directors as Elia Kazan and Garson Kanin. But its operations are not as complex as those of M.C.A. It doesn't have a tie-in with insurance brokers and automobile agencies, and instead of producing shows itself, the Morris agency supplies a producer and contents itself with a 10 per cent commission from his earnings.

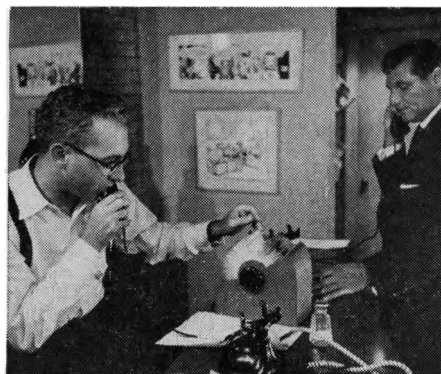
Profits from Platters

General Artists, the third of the three big agencies, concentrates on singers, especially recording artists—Perry Como, Patti Page, Johnny Ray, and Julius La Rosa. It was Tom Rockwell, head of General Artists, who persuaded Como to try radio in New York in 1943 instead of opening a barbershop in his home town, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Como had been a vocalist with the touring Ted Weems band but he was tired of traveling. He made up his mind to quit singing and to return to his previous trade of hair cutting so that he could live in one place. Rockwell persuaded him to put aside his scissors, guaranteeing him a hundred-dollar-a-week job on a Columbia Broadcasting System sustaining program that would require no road trips. Somebody asked Rockwell at the time what he saw in Como. Rockwell said, "Crosby."

On the level below the three big talent agencies are the respected individual operators such as Irving P. Lazar in Hollywood and William McCaffery and Ted Ashley in New York, who all prefer to



DROPPING IN at the Cort Bar on Forty-Eighth Street, Jaffe's across-the-street bar, he helps chef Carole McAuliffe around the kitchen by washing dishes, "just to relax." Other relaxations are running down to Havana and calling friends long distance.



JAFFE BREAKS DOWN and makes a phone call at his apartment. At right is Don Battles, nightclub manager. Thirty per cent of incoming calls are requests for "My Fair Lady" tickets; 30 per cent more are requests for someone else's number.



NOT BUSINESS, this is just a drop-in chat with Vincent Lopez at the Hotel Taft. Says Jaffe, "I collect people like stamps." Jaffe, proud of knowing everybody, as he once dreamed in his teens, says, "I've created the world as I imagined it."

"The big thing," says the agent, "is to protect your client, even against himself"

would accept a lower line on the advertisement but they did settle for the three names and the title of the show displayed in the shape of an X, like this:

Jimmy Durante Ethel Merman
Bob Hope Red Hot and Blue

Thus nobody got a top billing, so everybody was happy.

The Growth of "Tree"

Good agents are always working up ideas for the actors, producers and writers they represent ("South Pacific" was an idea of Leland Hayward's), and often the actual writing of a Broadway show comes long after the rest of the production has been planned. The genesis of "The King and I" is a rather typical example of how a successful musical gets its start. A producer named Robert Fryer wanted to put on a show in partnership with George Abbott, and he decided to see whether the William Morris Agency had any literary properties that could be adapted into a musical comedy. Helen Strauss of the Morris agency looked at a list of writer clients and her eye stopped at the name of Margaret Landon, author of *Anna and the King of Siam*. Miss Strauss was about to suggest the Landon story as an idea for a musical show when Fryer asked about a

property of another William Morris client, Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Miss Strauss arranged for Miss Smith to collaborate with George Abbott on a musical version of her novel, which later appeared on Broadway with Shirley Booth in a leading role.

But the thought of a musical with the characters of *Anna and the King of Siam* lingered in Miss Strauss's mind. After thinking about it for a few days, she decided that it might make a good vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence and mentioned the idea to Bennett Cerf, the book publisher.

"Who's going to do the show?" Cerf said. "Rodgers and Hammerstein? Why don't you ask them about it?"

Miss Strauss hesitated. After all, it was only a vague idea.

"I'm having dinner with both Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein tomorrow night," Cerf said. "I'll be glad to speak to them about it and let you know what they say."

Anna and the King

The next thing Miss Strauss knew she was involved on Margaret Landon's behalf in negotiations with Gertrude Lawrence and Rodgers and Hammerstein that lasted for five months. Then an agreement was made and the show was produced. After it became a big hit on Broadway, Irene Dunne went to see it.

Miss Dunne had played Anna in an earlier nonmusical movie version of the story which had Rex Harrison as the king. She asked Rodgers and Hammerstein why they had not considered her for her old role.

An Agent in the Wings

"We had to give the part to Gertrude Lawrence," Hammerstein said. "This whole thing was her idea."

One of the most colorful agents in Broadway history was the late Lou Clayton, who managed the affairs of Jimmy Durante, both in the days when he was teamed with Jimmy and Eddie Jackson in the night club and musical comedy combination of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante and in later years when Durante became a solo act. Clayton once brought Durante to the home of John Hay Whitney, the millionaire, to entertain at one of Whitney's parties. When the performance was over, Whitney asked Clayton for the bill. Clayton said that the fee would be \$1,500. Whitney handed him two one-thousand-dollar bills.

"I haven't got the five hundred dollars change just now, Jock," Clayton said. "I'll give it to you the next time I see you."

"Keep it, Lou," Whitney said. "Buy yourself a hat."

Durante was listening, open-mouthed with astonishment. Then he pulled him-



DRUG STORE EATING is all right with Eddie. Here he looks for table in Hanson's on Seventh Avenue. Eddie eats lightly, but film-distributor Kenneth MacSarin (center) is famous on Broadway for having consumed forty-two omelets at one sitting.



ON BROADWAY for twenty-eight years, Jaffe is acquainted with old-timers like leather-lunged B. S. Pully, who played the part of "Big Julie" in "Guys and Dolls," and comedian Steve Murray (left). Jaffe came to Broadway when he was fifteen years old.



EDDIE LENDS AN EAR to young actors' and actresses' troubles, but is also explicit about his own and claims an inferiority complex. One year he sent out Christmas cards to friends signed, "Greetings—from the ugliest man in the world."



AT THE FRIAR'S CLUB, where Jaffe sometimes runs into clients, Milton Berle and Gene Bayliss (left) entertain their fellow members who are actors, artists, and writers. Jaffe particularly admires the writers, devours books, sometimes broods because he hasn't written the great American novel. Of Broadway, Jaffe has written, "Excitement is the lifeblood of Broadway. Hope is its drug. Money is appreciated, but its possession doesn't make you socially superior. After all, the kid in blue jeans on the motorcycle may be another Marlon Brando who next year will make half a million. The fellow selling punch boards is writing lyrics on the side; next year he may have six songs on the Hit Parade. The boy who used to run a crap game down the block is now the boy genius of Wall Street, spending most of his time at the S.E.C. explaining how come his stocks go up and down like a Radio City elevator."

Talent Agency Business (continued)

self together and tapped Whitney on the shoulder.

"Mister Whitney," he said. "I ain't in the habit of going bareheaded either!"

One of Clayton's first official acts after he retired from active performing with Clayton, Jackson and Durante to serve as Jimmy's full-time agent was to sign Durante to a movie contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Irving Thalberg was the production head at the Metro studio at the time. Shortly after Clayton delivered Durante into Thalberg's hands in Hollywood, he received a telephone call from Waxey Gordon, the notorious New York gangster. Gordon explained that he and some other mobsters were going to produce a Broadway show and they wanted Durante in it. Clayton said he would ask Irving Thalberg for the necessary permission.

"You have to ask Thalberg?" Gordon said. "You mean in Hollywood this guy

named Thalberg is a bigger man than Durante?"

"Much bigger," Clayton said.

"In that case, to hell with Durante," Gordon said. "We'll put Thalberg in our show."

A few years later, Clayton accepted a tempting offer to book Durante for a vaudeville tour in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. There was only one problem. Durante refused to travel on the Atlantic Ocean. In order to get him to Europe, it would be necessary to shanghai him aboard a ship.

How Durante Went Abroad

Clayton said nothing about the proposed tour of the British Isles, but secretly booked passage for himself and Jimmy on the *Normandie*. On the day of the sailing, he arranged to have Durante's luggage packed and sent to the ship without his knowledge. Then he explained to

Durante that Ray Goetz, the Broadway producer, was departing on the *Normandie* and wanted Jimmy to entertain at a *bon voyage* party in his stateroom. Jimmy said he would be happy to give Goetz a rousing send-off.

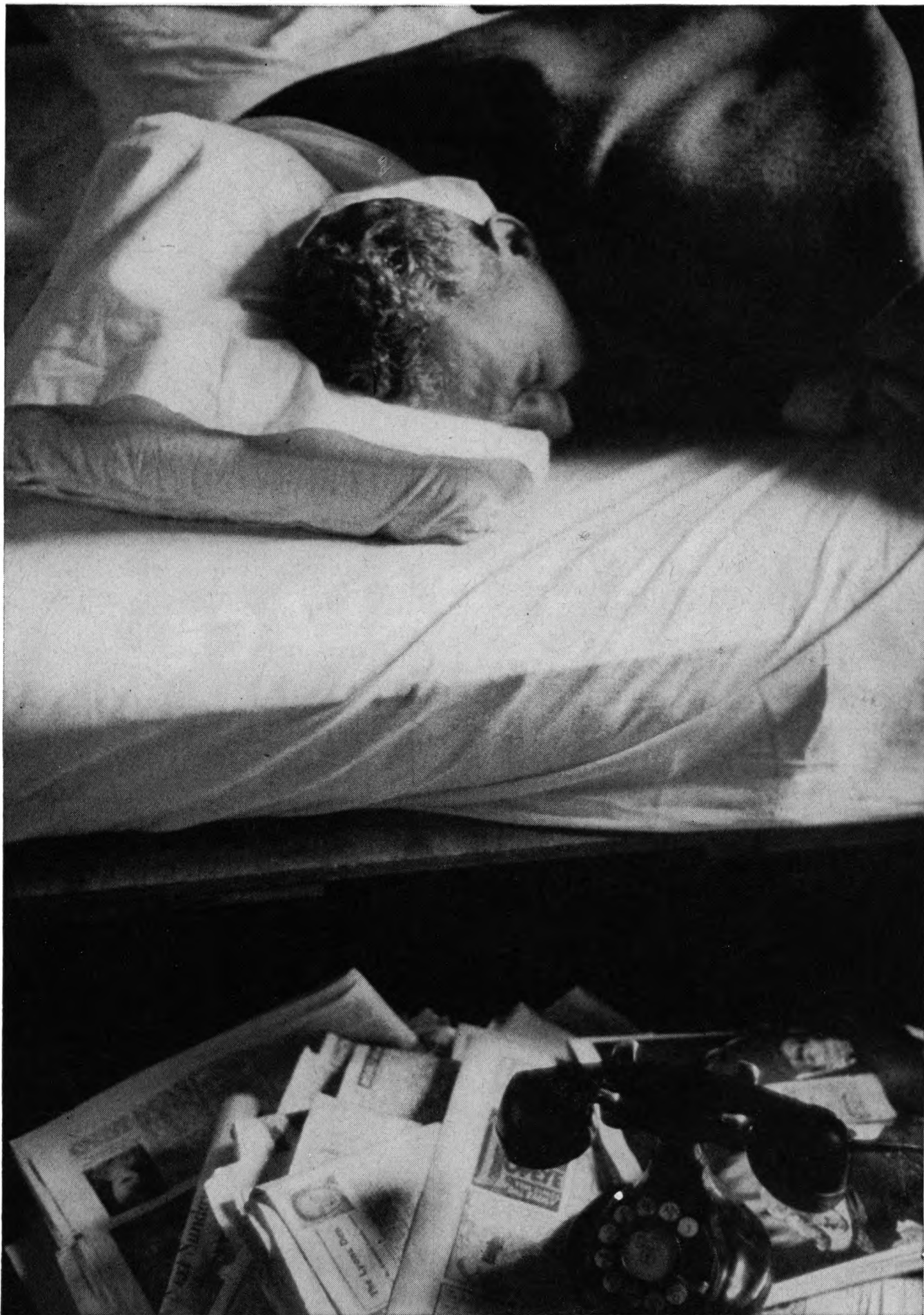
"I figured Jimmy would be making so much noise on the piano I had put in the stateroom that he'd never hear the steward yelling, 'All ashore that's going ashore,'" Clayton said later. "And that's the way it turned out—but I forgot one small detail."

In the middle of a song, Durante looked up and saw the skyline of Manhattan passing by the open porthole of the stateroom. He turned on Clayton in horror.

"Lou!" he shouted. "The ship's moving!"

Clayton was unperturbed.

"Don't worry, Jimmy," he said. "We'll get off at 125th Street." THE END



EDDIE'S "DAY" IS OVER by 6 A.M. and he goes to bed, not to arise until late in the afternoon. Clutter of newspapers on the floor so offended the designer who decorated the Jaffe apartment in modernistic style that he no longer speaks to Eddie. Though Jaffe feels that newspaper column publicity for clients is not as important as most think, he reads all newspaper columns daily.

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In Person!
JUDY GARLAND
plus ALL-STAR VARIETY SHOW



INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS
BUTTONI
SAUCES AND SPAGHETTI
erved here



IN PERSON
JUDY GARLAND
& ALL STAR SHOW
ALL SEATS RESERVED
RKO PALACE

RKO PALACE

IN PERSON
JUDY GARLAND
& ALL STAR SHOW

IN PERSON
JUDY GARLAND
& ALL STAR SHOW



Two-a-Day at the Palace

BY RICHARD HARRITY

I played the State, the Capitol,
But people said, "Don't stop,
Until you've played the Palace,
You haven't reached the top."
For years I heard it preached to me,
And drummed into my head,
"Until you play the Palace,
You might as well be dead."

When Judy Garland first played the Palace in 1951 and sang these lyrics by Roger Edens, she was singing straight from her heart about her own earliest ambition as an entertainer. After a lifetime in show business and her name up in lights all over the world, Miss Garland felt she had finally reached the top as a headliner at the Palace, that Valhalla of vaudeville which she and her family used to dream about when they played honky-tonk theatres with a small-time act called "The Three Gumm Sisters." In singing her Palace song, Judy also paid tribute to a Times Square landmark that's become a Broadway legend.

In her second appearance at the Palace last fall Judy Garland again added new luster to the old theatre's tradition of great performances. And when she finished her act, the audience stood up and cheered, shouting, "Judy, we love you."

The last time a Palace audience stood up for a performer was during World War I, when George M. Cohan appeared for the only time on its stage as the chairman of a meeting of actors and explained the need for acts to entertain our troops in overseas camps and hospitals. When the Yankee Doodle Dandy finished his appeal the entire audience rose and began singing his greatest song, "Over There."

The Palace Theatre was built in 1913 by Martin Beck, who, together with B. F.

Keith and E. F. Albee, formed the triumvirate which once ruled big-time vaudeville, controlling more than 1,500 theatres and commanding the services of at least 30,000 performers.

For several weeks after it opened on March 24, 1913, the Palace Theatre was a financial failure. Shrewd showmen like the fabulous Willie Hammerstein felt that the Palace was too far uptown to attract the crowds. But Albee, a former circus man, soon proved him wrong when he induced Sarah Bernhardt to play the Palace in a condensed version of "Camille."

The great French star, then at the height of her fame, demanded \$7,000 a week, which had to be paid in gold, in installments of \$500 after each of two daily shows. She ruled that no animal acts or blackface comedians could appear on the same bill with her; she did, however, approve a tramp juggler called W. C. Fields.

Bernhardt was a huge success and established the Palace as the top vaudeville theatre in town. The only unfortunate result of her perfect performance was the inability of other acts to follow her. After she had played her moving death scene, audiences felt that they had had enough and started to leave.

After several acts had cancelled their engagements rather than follow Bernhardt, a young performer, Eddie Dowling, now the well-known Broadway producer, director and actor, solved the problem. Dowling, who billed himself as "The International Comedian," waited until he thought Bernhardt was getting tired of taking bows; then he stuck his head out from the wings and shouted, "I'm next."

This got a laugh, people remained in their seats, and Dowling's act clicked. When he left the stage, however, the manager bawled him out for taking such a

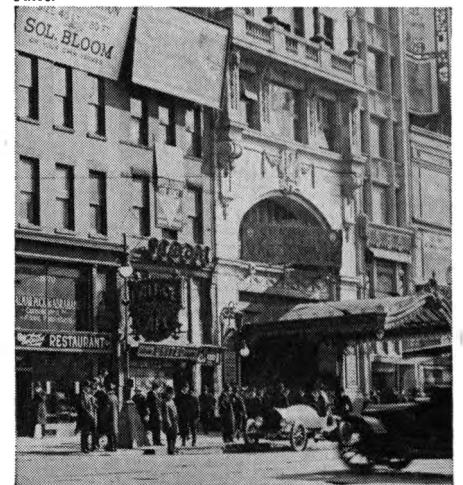
liberty with the great star. Bernhardt, who overheard this, not only came to Dowling's rescue but suggested that he hide under Camille's bed at the next show and announce himself from there.

"You continue, my boy," said the Divine Sarah with a wink at Dowling, "where Armand leaves off."

By 1916 the Palace was the mecca of vaudeville. Talent agents bombarded the bookers with the names of acts willing to make any sacrifice to play there.

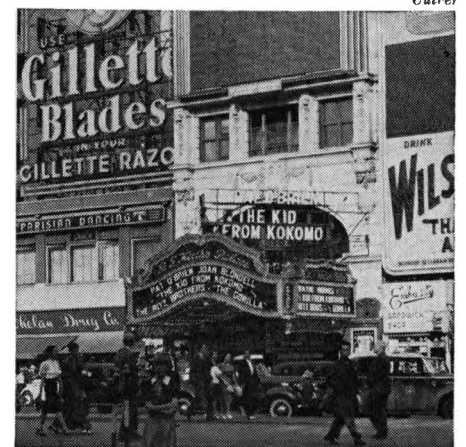
The strip of sidewalk in front of the
(continued)

Culver



THE PALACE, 1917: Four years after it had become the mecca of show business.

Culver



THE PALACE, 1939: Long after the motion picture had supplanted vaudeville.

BROADWAY MOUNTED POLICEMAN, surveying the crowd before the greatest variety house America has ever seen, may be one of the few Broadway figures who has never aspired to play it. Since the Palace first opened in 1913 (with a young comedian named Ed Wynn heading the bill), it has been the Tiffany's of show business. In its heyday it offered vaudeville in its truest sense: jugglers, singers, tumblers, trained animals, comics, and, at times, people whose sole claim to fame was some crime they had committed. There were heavy dramas (condensed), and works written for vaudeville by noted authors. Manager E. F. Albee used to boast, "I am vaudeville." But he wasn't. The Palace was.

Photo by George Joseph

The Palace (continued)



Marie Dressler



Blossom Seeley



The Great Houdini



Fred Allen



Sophie Tucker

theatre, known as the Palace Beach, was the daily gathering place of vaudevillians, who always showed up there dressed fit to kill even though they didn't have a dime in their pockets for cakes and coffee. A good front was the badge of success, and many a vaudevillian preferred to face eviction for not paying the rent rather than hock the diamond ring which he flashed on the Palace Beach. No unemployed vaudevillian ever admitted he couldn't get a booking. He was either "just laying off" or "at liberty." So they paraded up and down, hoping in their hearts they'd be seen or heard by a Keith booker and penciled in for a date at the Palace. At one time it became so crowded that the police presented the vaudevillians with summonses for loitering there and obstructing traffic.

The autocratic ruler of this giddy and glamorous world was E. F. Albee. Albee had his own private entrance to the Palace on Forty-seventh Street and his own personal elevator which no one else dared use without the great man's permission.

Washed Up on the Beach

One rainy day Albee drove up in his limousine to the private Forty-seventh Street entrance. He got out and rang the bell for several minutes and, not receiving an answer, angrily started around to the front entrance on Broadway. The witty monologist James Thornton was standing nearby with a small-time acrobat who had never played the Palace. As Albee passed, Thornton pointed at his companion and said, "Now you know how he feels. He's been trying to get in there for five years."

As a member of an act called "The Four Harritys" that never played the Palace but always kept on trying. I, too, know how that small-time acrobat felt. As a boy I recall standing in front of the Palace one day when Albee appeared. My father, who had tried every showmanship trick he could think of to make the Palace, including a new act he had recently perfected in which he billed himself as "The world's greatest novelty dancer, who dances upside down, standing up, sitting down, lying down, on his head, and every other way but inside-out," watched Albee walk by. Then turning to me he said, "I wonder what would happen if I went up to him and said, 'Mr. Albee, I've never played the Palace, but if you'll book me in there next week I'll give that Monday matinee audience a bang that'll murder them. I'll walk out on the stage, pull out a pistol and blow out my brains, Mr. Albee.' I'll bet the old buzzard would say, 'You'll have to try it out at the Jefferson Theatre first.'"

The long list of stars who did play the Palace reads like a theatrical Who's Who. Why, there was Nora Bayes, the Judy Garland of her day, who once insisted on the billing "assisted and adored

by Jack Norworth"; Ethel Barrymore; Fanny Brice, whose name was one of the first four to go up in lights at the Palace; Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes; Frank Fay; Eddie Cantor, the first performer to get more money there than Sarah Bernhardt, \$7,500 a week; Grace Moore and Rosa Ponselle, who scored at the Palace before becoming prima donnas at the Metropolitan Opera; George Jessel; Edgar Bergen; Joe Cook, "The One Man Vaudeville Show," assisted by the first stooge of them all, the droll Dave Chasen, now a successful Hollywood restaurateur; Paul Whiteman; Bob Hope, who was so disappointed at the way his act was going that he wanted to quit until Harry Hershfield talked him out of it; James Barton, who played a hilarious drunk pleading self-defense for hitting a dog because "he lifted up his leg to kick me"; Peter Lind Hayes, who once literally knocked them out of their seats: a friend of his mother's fell out of a box onto the stage; his mother, Grace Hayes, who still refers to her son's Palace premiere at sixteen as "the day Peter was born"; Kate Smith, who held the Palace long-run record of ten straight weeks until it was broken by Judy Garland's nineteen weeks; Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Weber and Fields; Irving Berlin; and Judy Garland, who could have held her own with any of them.

Since several stars often appeared on the same bill at the Palace there were backstage feuds, fights about billing, and squabbles over dressing rooms which the Keith management lumped under the general heading of "Headliner Headaches."

Bert Fitzgibbons, a monologist, was incensed one time when he discovered that Long Tack Sam, a Chinese magician, was not only getting equal billing with him, but was on ahead of his act. At the opening Monday matinee, as Long Tack Sam was taking his bows at the end of his act, Fitzgibbons stalked on stage holding a bunch of dirty shirts and, handing them to the Chinese performer, said, "I want these back by Saturday night and go easy on the starch."

The Booker as Diplomat

A dispute between Laurette Taylor and Marie Cahill over which was to get the No. 1 star dressing room threatened to stop the Palace show before it began. Then Eddie V. Darling, the chief booker of the Palace in its heyday, settled the matter amicably by hastily putting tarpaulins down in the two dressing rooms on the stage level and placing paint buckets and stepladders here and there. When the two stars arrived, he assigned them quarters upstairs while "renovations" were being made in the No. 1 and 2 dressing rooms.

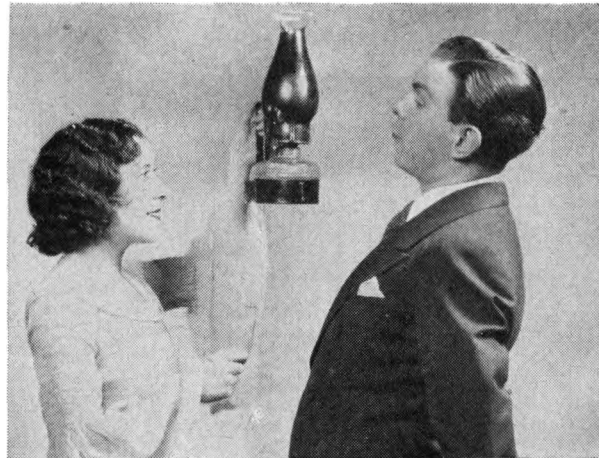
Nora Bayes walked out of the Palace vowing never again to return because
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Eddie Cantor



Milton Berle



Gracie Allen and George Burns



Sarah Bernhardt



Irene and Vernon Castle

The Palace (continued)



Jack Benny



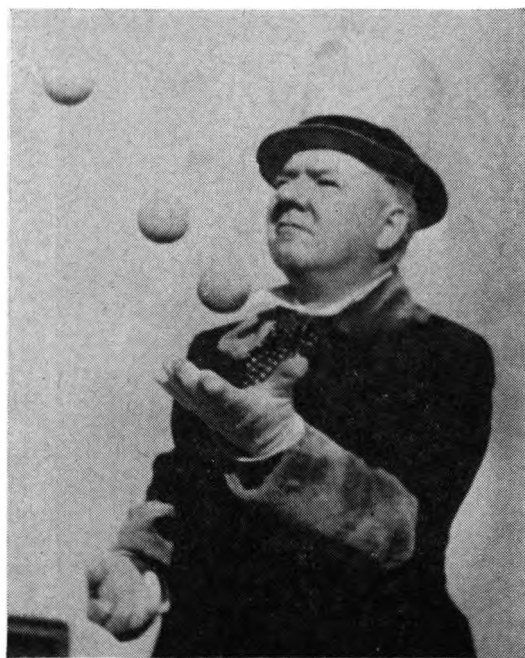
Jimmy Durante



The Marx Brothers: Chico, Zeppo, Groucho, Harpo



Joe Jackson



W. C. Fields

Sophie Tucker was put on ahead of her for one benefit performance for the National Vaudeville Artists.

Years later Miss Bayes phoned Eddie Darling and asked him to come to her apartment, as she wanted to ask him a favor. When the Palace booker arrived he was shocked to see the once beautiful Nora Bayes looking so worn and wasted. The favor she wanted was that Darling should put her pictures up in the lobby of the Palace and announce that she would play there the following week. Darling, forgetting the past, agreed. Miss Bayes went to the Palace lobby the following day and stood for a long time looking at her old pictures. Two days later she died of cancer.

A Cause for Alarm

Sophie Tucker headlined one of the closing two-a-day bills. It was during this engagement that big-time vaudeville almost went out in a "blaze" of glory.

Here's the way Joe Smith (of Smith and Dale, one of the funniest comedy acts ever to step on the stage), who started fracturing funny bones at Tony Pastor's in 1898, whose act was one of those most frequently seen at the Palace, and who is still going strong, tells the story:

"Sophie Tucker, Bill Robinson, and we were on the same bill. One day Charley Dale, Bob Pitkin, who worked in our act, and I were rehearsing a new sketch called 'The False Alarm Fire Company.' In it Charley and I played two firemen who were reluctant to go to any fire, especially if it interrupted a pinochle game. At one point Pitkin was to rush in and shout frantically, 'My house is on fire.' The card game would continue leisurely while Charley and I nonchalantly interrogated the hysterical man.

"We had been rehearsing this business for half an hour," continued Smith, "when Bill Robinson barged into our dressing room and cried, 'The house is on fire.'

"I was in no mood for practical jokes and said, 'Pitkin knows his lines and doesn't need any cueing. Please beat it.'

"We'd all better beat it. *This* house is on fire,' yelled Bill and fled.

"The False Alarm Fire Company hurriedly made its exit down the fire escape. The Palace was on fire."

John O'Connor, one of the first staff writers on *Variety*, recalls the headline which attributed the fire to Sophie Tucker. It ran:

RED HOT MAMMA SINGES PALACE

Louis Sobol, the veteran Broadway columnist who has had a soft spot in his heart for vaudeville since his early days as a newspaperman in Waterbury, Connecticut, when he never missed a bill at Poli's Theatre there, had the sad distinction of headlining the last straight vaudeville show at the Palace on July 9, 1932.

Big-time vaudeville had been killed by

talking pictures, which were cheaper, and radio, which cost nothing.

Then in 1949 Sol A. Schwartz, president of RKO Theatres, refusing to believe that vaudeville was dead, inaugurated a variety policy which has been carried on there successfully ever since. In reviewing one of the highlights of that policy, Judy Garland's show last fall, the *New York Times* drama critic, Brooks Atkinson, posed a paradox:

"Since vaudeville is officially dead, it is astonishing to find five excellent acts flourishing as though nothing grim had ever happened. Perhaps Judy found them somewhere over the rainbow. They are good and she is tops."

Judy Garland, her husband, producer Sid Luft, and Dan Friendly, who booked acts in the Palace before vaudeville's demise in 1932 and has been filling bills since its reincarnation in 1949, searched practically every place except over the rainbow to find the right acts for their recent show. Performers came from the Middle East, Spain, Hungary, Arabia, and Brooklyn.

"We have played 2,000 acts at the Palace since 1949," explained Friendly, "and it becomes harder and harder to find new acts. There are no longer any recognized training grounds for talent like small-time vaudeville, burlesque and amateur nights."

Where are those great performers of yesteryear? Well, many of them are now movie, stage, or television stars. Others appear from time to time on top TV programs such as Ed Sullivan's Sunday night show on CBS which has presented so many headliners of two-a-day vaudeville over the years it's been called "The Palace Theatre of Television."

"I almost played the Palace myself once, but the deal fell through," says Sullivan. "I was supposed to headline the bill with another Broadway columnist—Walter Winchell."

Mr. Winchell, the Boswell of Broadway, who specialized in the old soft shoe before he started playing the typewriter, appeared at the Palace a couple of times. The first time he was a headliner, along with Harry Richman and Lillian Roth. Last fall he played the Palace again by jumping up on the stage during several performances of the Judy Garland show and singing the "After You're Gone" obligato with Judy.

An Encore for Vaudeville

Judy Garland proved that vaudeville could still be great entertainment. And she also seemed to be speaking for every one in show business when she belted out George M. Cohan's old hymn to their favorite highway:

"Give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square."

THE END

Photos by Culver



Eva Tanguay



The Duncan Sisters:
Rosette and Vivian



Fritzi Scheff



Gilda Gray



Nora Bayes



George Joseph

Friedman-Abeles



"MY FAIR LADY," the musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion," starring Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, may well be the most successful show in Broadway history. The 1,539-seat Mark Hellinger Theatre has been sold out for every performance since the March 15 opening; tickets have been scalped for as much as \$150. Each day fanatics (right) queue up before dawn to battle for the thirty \$3.45 standing-room tickets sold at 10 A.M. "Lady" grosses \$68,700 a week, clears \$15,000. The original cast LP album sold 650,000 copies in six months, and the movie rights are expected to bring \$2,000,000. Several of the Cecil Beaton gowns awarded Neiman-Marcus citations can be seen above, fraternizing with Air Force uniforms in the alley next to the Alvin Theatre where the long-run hit comedy "No Time for Sergeants" is holding forth. A "My Fair Lady" company will take to the road this spring, and a London production is scheduled for May, 1958.

The Theatre - Broadway's Fabulous Invalid

BY T. F. JAMES

No other medium of American entertainment can equal the appeal of the strange, often incomprehensible industry known as the Broadway Theatre. Beside it the movies are a callow adolescent and television a brainless toddler. It is the living representative of a tradition which includes Sophocles and Shakespeare, and it looks back, with rich nostalgia, on names that are still synonymous with entertainment throughout America: George M. Cohan, Florenz Ziegfeld, the Barrymores. But its ultimate fascination lies in its ability to turn paupers into millionaires—and vice versa—overnight.

Yet Broadway as a business makes no sense whatsoever. Only one play in five is a hit. The certainties of market and product which underlie other business operations are nonexistent in the marquee world. The playwright who won the Pulitzer Prize last year may turn up this year with a turkey that critics roast to a turn. The producer with five straight hits, acclaimed for his astute taste, may choose for his sixth try a horror that his senile

grandmother would have turned down without finishing the first act. The actress who won raves her last time out may fall flat on her artistic face. Each time this happens, garments are rent, suicides are seriously contemplated, and tens of thousands of dollars go down the drain. And a week later you will find the producer, the director, the actors and their backers ready to take the same insane gamble all over again.

The reason is simple. While nothing fails like a flop, nothing succeeds like a Broadway hit. The few who had the prescience—or luck—to put their money into "Oklahoma!" got it back, fifty to one. A more modest but durable hit such as "Fanny" has already doubled its investment. The net profit on "The Pajama Game" reached \$1,303,817. "The Desk Set," which had a tepid thirty-seven week run on Broadway, cleared \$75,000 and returned a 100 per cent profit on its investment. "Life with Father," the granddaddy of them all, with 3,224 performances, earned \$9,500,000.

No one knows what makes a hit. "Life

with Father" was turned down by a dozen stars, who recoiled from its barely discernible plot, lack of sex, and dated subject matter. The co-author, Howard Lindsay, became its leading man by default. The Theatre Guild was reduced to begging for pennies to get up the \$15,000 in outside cash it needed to produce a musical called "Away We Go." Reluctant investors moaned that there were no stars in the show, the Guild had little experience in musical comedy, Richard Rodgers was working for the first time without Lorenz Hart, and Oscar Hammerstein II had not had a hit in ten years. All this hard cold common sense became so much vapor when the show was retitled "Oklahoma!" in Boston and on March 31, 1943, it struck Broadway like an H-Bomb.

One factor which unquestionably bulks large in a play's success or failure is the judgment pronounced on it by the drama critics of the seven Manhattan dailies. Each year their reviews serve as obituaries for dozens of plays. Wounded playwrights and producers have threatened critics with everything from assassination
(continued)

George Joseph



The Theatre (continued)

to eternal damnation. Maxwell Anderson called them vile names, and the Shuberts, who own many of Broadway's theatres and used to produce plays, went to court to ban Alexander Woollcott from their playhouses for denigrating their offerings when he served as drama critic for *The New York Times*.

Every so often, as if to prove the critics are not all-powerful, a play survives their most wicked adjectives. In fact, the champion of the twenties, "Abie's Irish Rose" (2,327 performances) and the monetary titan of the thirties, "Tobacco Road" (3,182 performances) both survived violent critical disapproval and depressing ticket sales in the early weeks. Channing Pollock defied the gentlemen of the press when they were unenthusiastic about "The Fool." He attacked them in advertisements, and made 1,064 speeches at luncheons, dinners and club meetings defending his drama, and incidentally turning it into an enormous hit. A few years later,

"Hellzapoppin," a zany dramatic circus starring Olsen and Johnson, outlived unanimous nose-holding when Walter Winchell took it under his columnar wing. More recently, Mr. Winchell tried to duplicate this feat with a wobbling musical called "Ankles Aweigh." "Ankles" hung on for a while, but in spite of Herculean efforts on the Winchell end, it lost several fortunes and quietly collapsed.

A better bulwark against unkind reviews is advance sales. Sometimes they are large enough to guarantee a show a neat profit, even if not another ticket is sold after the opening night. Frequently they keep a show alive long enough for word-of-mouth praise to offset the critical brickbats, and it may suddenly start selling like an authentic smash. It takes a Broadway favorite to manufacture this kind of flop insurance, a name like Shirley Booth or Ezio Pinza. The trademark of Rodgers and Hammerstein enabled their latest, "Pipe Dream," to sail serene-

ly down a flood of already purchased tickets, in spite of lukewarm reviews. The announcement that Ethel Merman had accepted the lead in "Happy Hunting" started a mad scramble for tickets before authors Lindsay and Crouse had even finished the script.

Sometimes a show can be saved by a shrewd switch in publicity. "Damn Yankees" opened to satisfying reviews, but its baseball theme, traditionally poison on Broadway, seemed to exert its fatal spell once again. Ticket sales lagged. Then the management, which up to opening night had been displaying Gwen Verdon draped in a baseball uniform, splashed pictures of her all over New York in a costume which vividly revealed her talent for playing Lola. Satan's assistant. Within a month, tickets for the show were obtainable by witchcraft only.

Broadway is having one of the most profitable periods in its long history, but it remains an industry beset with alarm-

Photos by George Joseph



FREDRIC MARCH AND FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, his wife, leave the Helen Hayes Theatre after rehearsal for Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play, "Long Day's Journey into Night." The playwright had requested that the drama not be produced until twenty-five years after his death, but publication of the text and a successful production in Sweden created a clamor for a Broadway showing, and O'Neill's widow granted her permission. March and his wife starred in many Broadway plays ("The Skin of Our Teeth," "Years Ago," "The Autumn Garden," among others) before going to Hollywood where he won two Academy Awards for his work in "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." In "Journey," his first play in five years, he plays James Tyrone, the matinee idol whose miserliness has blighted the health and happiness of his family. Miss Eldridge plays his resigned wife, a narcotics addict.

JULIE WILSON, like most stars on Broadway, is an out-of-towner (Omaha, Nebraska), hence a frequent visitor to this Times Square newsstand. In show business since 1941, she emerged as a supper club favorite, then played Bianca in the road company of "Kiss Me Kate," and after a year of touring accepted an offer to play the same role in London company. She stayed for three years in London, where she went on to star

ing ills. The costs of putting on a play have risen astronomically, and for a musical they are out of sight. In 1934, Herman Shumlin produced Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour" for \$8,000. Even a large cast play like "You Can't Take It with You" (1936) reached the New York stage with a total expenditure of only \$16,000, which included a \$5,000 loss for the play's two week out-of-town break-in. "Auntie Mame," the current hit comedy starring Rosalind Russell, cost \$180,000. The average musical used to cost in the neighborhood of \$75,000; today it is considered miraculous to bring a musical in for less than \$250,000. "Shangri-La," one of last year's more lavish flops, cost \$428,000.

Operating expenses are on the same inflated level. One recent play grossed a healthy \$21,250.49 the first week and earned a profit of \$1.22. Musicals are even more difficult to keep in the black. Lavish productions like "Kismet" played for a full year without a cent of profit on the

original investment. Even "South Pacific" took thirty weeks to start making money.

Prices for tickets inevitably reflect the trend. This year's musicals are charging \$8.05 per weekend orchestra seat, with straight plays charging \$6.90. Twenty years ago \$4.40 was the prevailing top price for musicals and \$3.30 for straight plays. In 1900, a mere \$2 bought the best seats in any house in town. Many theatremen feel there is a real danger that Broadway will price itself out of existence. One explanation for the startling success of the off-Broadway theatres is their more rational admission prices.

The average Broadway paycheck is not huge. Minimum wages for a chorus girl are \$90.90, for an actor \$85.85. An "extra," with no lines, gets \$40. During the first four weeks of rehearsal, chorus and actors receive a standard \$55.55. Even this is regarded as nirvana by the hordes of stage-struck girls who descend on New York each year, determined to see their names in lights. The odds against a girl

who comes from her hometown with nothing but a passion for the stage to recommend her are a thousand-to-one. Some have spent five years making the dreary rounds of auditions and agents' offices without encouragement, supporting themselves in the interim as stenographers, waitresses, hat check girls.

Notice of a singers' audition for a Broadway musical may attract as many as a thousand girls. In a matter of minutes, the musical director and his staff "type out" 600 of them. Another 300 are dismissed after their rendition of eight bars from a popular song. Then the number dwindles to fifty, twenty-five, fifteen, and finally the "bitter end," when the usual chorus of six is cast.

A featured player on Broadway usually earns about \$500 a week, and a star's salary goes up into four figures. But the producer, though he has more headaches, is also the man who makes out best on Broadway these days. Feuer and Martin, currently the most successful producing

(continued)



as Nellie Forbush in "South Pacific." Six months later she made her Broadway debut in "Kismet," and on January 23, 1956, she replaced Pat Marshall in "The Pajama Game." She also recently starred in the highly praised TV spectacular, "The Bachelor." In soon-to-be-released movie about military school life, "End as a Man," Miss Wilson has her first nonmusical role. Her toy French poodle, Black Bottom, is inside that large bag.

SAMMY DAVIS JR. turned musical, "Mr. Wonderful," into personal triumph. The show was called "a noisy endorsement of mediocrity" and an "impersonation of musical comedy" by the critics, but the star's great drawing power and powerful support from several columnists have kept it on Broadway for nearly a year. A pupil of the late Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Davis can impersonate dozens of name singers, is renowned as a tap dancer. Above, he buys a ticket at Mackey's (next door to Sardi's Restaurant), probably the best-known ticket agency in the world. Founded in 1927, it has 141 branch offices throughout the nation and is the particular favorite of stage and screen stars. (Whether a ticket's price is low or high, the broker's fee is set by law at one dollar a ticket, plus 10 per cent government tax.) Mackey's owner, Louis Schonceit, has, on the side, also backed and produced a number of Broadway plays.



TONY RANDALL is typical of the new generation of Broadway actors who shuttle between stage, television, and movies. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he began his stage career in 1941, appearing in several hits ("Candida," starring the late Jane Cowl; "The Corn Is Green" with Ethel Barrymore, and more recently "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!"). But he first won national attention as the ebullient Harvey Weskit on the "Mr. Peepers" TV show. He has also subbed for Steve Allen on his "Tonight" show, appeared in TV spectaculars, and played a serious role in the hit play, "Inherit the Wind." Essentially an outdoor type, he has an apartment overlooking Central Park and spends much of his free time relaxing there. He is now making the movie version of "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!"

Photos by George Joseph



EDWARD G. ROBINSON returned to Broadway after twenty-five years in Hollywood to star in "Middle of the Night," TV dramatist Paddy Chayefsky's first stage play. Few movie fans are aware that Robinson appeared in over forty plays before going to Hollywood and was considered one of the finest actors on Broadway. Among his outstanding plays were "The Man with Red Hair," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "Peer Gynt." In Hollywood his spectacular success in "Little Caesar" type-cast him as a hard-bitten mobster for over a decade. Rumanian-born, he came to this country when he was ten, attended New York public schools and Columbia University. As owner of outstanding art collection, he fought fellow actor and art expert Vincent Price to a draw on "The \$64,000 Challenge." Here he tours Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Theatre (continued)

team on Broadway with five straight hits, made more than two million dollars on "Guys and Dolls" and nearly a million on "Can Can." In the early years of the century most producers owned their theatres, and risked their own capital on a play. Their modern counterpart usually invests little and frequently none of his own cash, but the usual contract gives him a 50-50 split of the profits with his backers. This enviable arrangement explains why many of Broadway's leading directors and actors, such as Maurice Evans, Jose Ferrer, Eddie Dowling and Joshua Logan, have jumped into production.

Successful playwrights do not exactly starve, either. Mary Coyle Chase, the Denver newspaper woman who wrote "Harvey," a whimsical drama about an invisible rabbit, earned a cool million, before taxes, for her labors. The author's share is usually 5, 6, or 7½ per cent of the profits, which means he or she averages about \$2,000 a week from a show that is a steady sellout.

Such vast amounts of cash notwithstanding, a survey of what goes into getting a show on Broadway is enough to make all but the bravest pale. First there is the writer's toil on his script. Mary Coyle Chase took two years and eighteen versions to write "Harvey." Few authors, working alone, take less than a year, although some of the more gifted professionals can move like lightning, when necessity requires. "Life with Father" was written in seventeen days, after several months of "talking out" the dramatic idea. Owen Davis wrote a very successful dramatic version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, "The Great Gatsby," in twelve days, and the same Davis, one of the most prolific playwrights in the history of the theatre, wrote another, called "Her Marriage Vow" in three days and it played four years.

Once the script is completed, it makes the rounds of the producers, who read it with varying degrees of enthusiasm or revulsion, depending on its dramatic quality and the amount of money it will cost to produce. At least once a week every producer dreams of finding a play with a total cast of two characters, and a single set which can be constructed by his infant grandchild from Playskool blocks. This sort of drama can be financed on lunch money, and failure will not necessarily mean financial disaster. Sometimes such plays actually come along. John van Druten's "The Voice of the Turtle" starred Margaret Sullivan, Elliott Nugent, Audrey Christie and a double bed, and it ran for years. More recently, Hume Cronyn, his wife, Jessica Tandy, and another double bed were the entire cast of "The Fourposter," which had a moderately successful run.

Once the script is accepted, money

must be raised, and a theatre obtained. At the moment, raising money on Broadway is not terribly difficult. "Any office boy with a half-way decent script can be a producer these days," one pundit cracked recently. Angels, as theatre investors are called, come from all trades and professions. There is a "peanut syndicate" of theatrical secretaries and box office employees who have banded together and regularly invest several hundred dollars in shows of their choice. Other angels are lawyers, doctors, restaurant owners, many of whom are associated indirectly with show business. Others simply get a kick out of the theatre, and being an angel adds more bounce to it. A few, like Howard Cullman, are professionals who have earned a fortune by making investment a fine art, if not a science. In return for their cash, investors have the right to opening night tickets, and sometimes they are invited to parties with the cast. But many producers regard them as necessary evils and are not so chummy; some will not even let their angels see a copy of the script.

Money may be no problem, but getting a theatre for your prospective play is currently a feat which would challenge

Merlin. Prosperity has given Broadway an acute case of indigestion. Nobody has built a new legitimate theatre since 1927, at which time there were over 70 houses operating. (On one night, Dec. 23, 1927, eleven plays opened.) Then movies bought up all the theatres with frontage on Broadway or Forty-second Street, and now TV has gobbled up a good many more on the side streets. At last count there were only thirty-three houses with stage facilities. Many shows go into road tryouts with only the hope of a theatre ahead of them. Some theatre owners refuse to commit their real estate until they have seen the show out of town. Often a show has to stay on the road several extra weeks waiting for a theatre to open up. Unless there is a big name in the cast, the producer can lose his shirt in the process; pre-Broadway audiences do not, as a rule, flock to see unknowns. Other worthwhile shows have opened in New York, run several weeks at a mild profit, and then have been ruthlessly exterminated by the theatre owner, to bring in another supposedly more successful production.

If a play survives these vicissitudes and procures a theatre, its troubles have only begun. On the road tryout it is

(continued)



MIKE TODD, here walking through Shubert Alley with his son, is last of flamboyant Broadway producers. Son of a Polish rabbi, he was president of construction company at seventeen, an expert at soundproofing movie stages at twenty. He stormed Broadway in 1939 with "The Hot Mikado," starring Bill Robinson, a soap suds waterfall forty feet high, and a volcano that erupted. At one time he had four hits running simultaneously; a year later he was bankrupt with liabilities of \$1,105,616.78. Cinerama and his modestly baptized Todd-AO process rescued him. His latest: "Around the World in 80 Days."



BALLET AND CHORUS are becoming one in Broadway musicals. Here choreographer Jerome Robbins directs dance sequence for "Bells Are Ringing." New Yorker Robbins was in on the beginning of Ballet Theatre, created the now-famous dance satire on Mack Sennett comedies for "High Button Shoes" and the equally praised "Small House of Uncle Thomas" in "The King and I." On television he staged both performances of "Peter Pan." One of his original ballets, "Fancy Free," was made into a successful Broadway musical, "On the Town." Though he has now branched out to co-direct "The Pajama Game" with George Abbott, Robbins remains a dance enthusiast. On a recent trip he staged his ballet, "Fanfare," for the Royal Danish Ballet; it was received with great acclaim.

Photos by George Joseph



STAR AND AUTHORESS MEET.

Judy Holliday, considered one of Broadway's finest comedienne, taxis to rehearsal of "Bells Are Ringing," in which she plays an operator in a telephone answering service who becomes involved in the lives of her clients. In front of the taxi is Betty Comden, the musical's co-author (with Adolph Green). The two authors and the star, all native New Yorkers, began their careers together in the late thirties with a night club act called "The Revuers." Comden and Green went on to write hit musicals for New York and Hollywood ("Two on the Aisle," "The Band Wagon," "Wonderful Town"), and Miss Holliday to a comic triumph as lightheaded Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday." (She replaced ailing Jean Arthur in the part just three days before the show opened.) The same role won her an Academy Award in Hollywood; since then she has scored in "Phffft" and in "The Solid Gold Cadillac."

The Theatre (continued)

studied with fanatical intensity by the producer and director. Invariably actual performance reveals terrifying deficiencies. The first act is too slow, the second act too dull, the third too hokey. While the drama revolves slowly on the tryout circuit from Washington to Boston, with stops between at cities such as Wilmington and Philadelphia, the playwright and perhaps a "play doctor" or two (there are writers who have made play revision their trade) frantically rewrite the opus in hotel rooms along the route. No one knows how many plays have been rescued by this treatment, nor has there been an accurate count kept of the number destroyed. Soon the cast may be rehearsing one play and performing another, which the playwright has trouble recognizing as his own.

Recently, producers have brought out-of-town rewriting to a pitch of frenzy and persistence by simply refusing to bring the play into New York until every last detail satisfies them. "Silk Stockings" was rewritten countless times before Abe Burrows whipped it into shape. According to the legend, while Burrows toiled in his hotel room, producers Feuer and Martin stamped on the floor above him, to inspire speed.

A hit, of course, makes all this travail worth while; in fact a hit can make the agonies of several flops worth while. And this explains why people continue to write plays. In recent years death has taken many of Broadway's greatest names:—Eugene O'Neill, Robert E. Sherwood, Philip Barry, George Kelly. But new playwrights have made the post-war years rewarding for theatre-goers.

Probably the most notable, certainly the most prolific, is Mississippi-born Tennessee Williams, who worked as a waiter, usher, night elevator operator, and feather picker on a pigeon ranch before writing his first hit, the poetic "Glass Menagerie." Since then, hardly a year has gone by without an offering from his facile typewriter on the boards. Mainly preoccupied with sexual agonies in the decaying South, he can also write happily about love among simple folk ("The Rose Tattoo") and in the symbolic "Camino Real" he demonstrated an ability to baffle audiences completely.

Arthur Miller is more interested in social commentary than Williams, but he is also a dramatist of stunning power. His "Death of a Salesman" traced the tragic collapse of an aging huckster with a realism so searing that many found they were unable to sit through the last act. Right behind him is William Inge, with three successive hits, "Come Back, Little Sheba," "Picnic," and "Bus Stop." Others, such as Robert Anderson ("Tea and Sympathy") and John Patrick ("Teahouse of the August Moon") are pressing the leaders hard.

Then there is Joshua Logan, who defies classification as either playwright, director, or producer, and is sometimes all three at once. He has helped bring Broadway some of its finest productions—"On Borrowed Time," "Mister Roberts," "South Pacific," to name just a few.

Another significant development is the growth of the Broadway musical. Traditionally a show with music was not serious entertainment. The characters and plot were merely acceptable excuses for songs and comedy, which seldom had much to do with the story. Then Gershwin, in "Porgy and Bess," showed what could be done by taking both the music and the story seriously, and a few years later "Oklahoma!" did the same thing. Today, led by Rodgers and Hammerstein and the formidable Frank Loesser, the musical is rapidly drawing close to opera in quality and style.

Equally valuable to the future of the theatre is the ferment of play-going and playmaking off Broadway. A critic estimated not long ago that there were no less than three hundred groups of actors and actresses intermittently putting on plays in various nooks and crannies around Manhattan. Some, such as the Phoenix Theatre and the *intime* Circle in the Square, produce original dramas, are regularly reviewed by Broadway's first string critics, and have become sound commercial enterprises. Others live on hope and a benign interpretation of the fire laws. But off-Broadway activity anywhere is important because it operates without prohibitive overhead, hence is more willing to experiment and to give young actors, actresses and playwrights, a chance to be heard.

Thirty years ago, when the movies be-

gan to talk, many people declared the theatre was doomed. For a third of Broadway's admission prices, Hollywood could duplicate and often surpass every scenic and dramatic effect of which the stage was capable. Meanwhile, a desperate Hollywood descended on New York, ready to pay anything for vocal actors and literate playwrights; some of Broadway's finest talents, notably John Barrymore, were swept westward on a flood of gold, never to return.

The "fabulous invalid," as *Variety*, the show business newspaper, calls the stage, has not only survived; it has thrived in ways no one would have thought possible in 1927. Over 9,600,000 people paid to see forty-six Broadway productions in 1954-55, and the profits were 7.2 million. Last year, with fifty-four productions, the profits were even higher. More important, the theatre remains the creative heart of the entertainment world, with Hollywood and television paying fabulous sums for the rights to its plays and musicals.

But the most potent proof of the theatre's vitality is the reception Broadway receives outside New York. Road companies gross as much as or more than their New York originals. The Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society subscription service has built up a paid subscription of over 100,000 in eighteen cities for their touring productions. Thousands are flocking to New York this year from all over America (see page 16) for a package week of Broadway playgoing.

In spite of 19,000 movie theatres and 45,000,000 television sets, Broadway is emerging as a truly national theatre. Why? Because it offers the one thing Hollywood and TV cannot give—the intangible, irresistible glow of a tradition which is alive and proud. THE END



ACTORS' CHAPEL is part of St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church, off Broadway at Forty-ninth Street. When the original church was built in 1902, the neighborhood was residential—there were no theatres above Forty-second Street. In 1921, as theatres moved uptown and show business took over the area, the Actors' Chapel was opened, and the church began a special late Mass at noon for show people. Since 1935, there has been a 4 A.M. Mass for night-club workers, and now there is one at 12:10 A.M. for TV performers who frequently must rehearse on Sunday morning. Often seven hundred persons attend this midnight service. In the week between Passion Sunday and Palm Sunday the church also gives a mission for show people, with a daily Mass and sermon at 12:15 P.M. Most of the Sunday ushers are professional actors. The organist is noted musician Paul Creston.



OPENING SCENE. Press photographers, flanked by house management on left and policeman and fireman on right, line up before Palace Theatre at 7 P.M. on September 26 to await arrival of celebrities for opening night of Judy Garland's variety show. Cameramen represent wire services, New York dailies and

national magazines. Because Judy Garland is one of the most beloved figures in show business, and five years before had played the Palace with great success, the elite of show business and café society turned out for evening. The show was also acclaimed by the critics, and netted between \$56,000 and \$57,000 each week.

Special Broadway Issue

Opening Night

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

First-night audiences are infamous for what one press agent has termed their "boorish, bronchial behavior." For comparable demeanor, he says, they would be denied entry to a Bowery saloon. Alexander Woollcott, the late caustic sage and scourge of Broadway, once said of them: "Where can you find a gathering as dreary, as ruthless, as moronic as you do at a Broadway first night?"

Yet Woollcott himself was a prime offender when it came to attention-getting antics. Not to be outdone by Heywood Broun, who appeared at an opening in his usual unkempt attire ludicrously sporting a top hat, Woollcott showed up at the next first night wearing a pair of over-size, unbuckled galoshes in which he tramped blithely up and down the aisles.

John Chapman, drama critic for the *New York Daily News*, has categorized first-nighter types he especially loathes. Among them are The Incendiary, characterized as a "semi-conscious neo-spastic" who reaches for his cigar at the drop of a curtain; The Darlings, who lean their bulk over seats, with utter disregard for the occupants, to coo to each other in extended hellos; and The Snidmongers, who have all the inside dirt about backstage goings-on.

A show faces no audience like that on the first night. It is composed of an unchanging core of inveterate theatregoers who attend over thirty plays a year and

possess a built-in resistance to the illusion essential for successful drama.

Also, according to *The New York Times* drama critic Brooks Atkinson, "Almost any first night audience includes a death watch of ill-wishers." Producers who rejected the show, actors who turned down or failed to get parts, potential backers who let it get by them, all are hoping for a flop.

There are, however, compensations. Since first nighters are mostly persons in some way professionally associated with or at least emotionally attached to the theatre, their enthusiasm is unreserved when they see a hit. As drama critic Ward Morehouse says, "Even those first nighters who come to jeer forget their pettinesses when they see something they really like." But again, when a play is no good, he testifies that "the triumphant, almost demoniacal, smugness of those who had been rooting against it knows no bounds."

Of the 550 seats in the orchestra of the average New York legitimate theatre, 130 go to the press, which includes the drama critics of the seven Manhattan dailies, drama editors and reporters, alternates and gossip columnists, each of whom receives two complimentary tickets. The sixty or so press tickets remaining go to weekly news magazines, other dailies and weeklies in the metropolitan area, the three wire services, radio and television

stations and networks. Except for the sixty tickets claimed by the theatre management, the rest are allotted to the fortunate persons on the producer's first-night list.

Producers take great care in planning the ground floor seating arrangements for opening nights, especially in assigning the seats adjoining those of critics. Above all, producers assiduously avoid placing noted deadpans next to critics. One producer declared he always places Joshua Logan next to an important reviewer because, as he says, "Josh is a great one-man applauding audience for other people's shows."

After all the planning and scrounging is done, the first night audience will invariably include theatrical producers from various phases of show business,

JUDY. EXUBERANT over the warm reception she received from her first night audience (several times people called, "I love you, Judy," while she was performing), leaves the Palace at 1 A.M. She waves to crowds of well-wishers still swirling about theatre. Police were forced to divert traffic around block most of the evening. The grateful management of the Palace recently announced that the star dressing room in the theatre, used through the years by many of the greatest names in show business, had been renamed "The Judy Garland Room."

actors and actresses, Hollywood bigwigs, café society personalities, talent scouts, backers, friends and relatives of the stars and others involved in the production, agents of the players and author, and a smattering of what might be called the Old Guard, distinguished persons of known love and loyalty to the theatre who are on every producer's list. Some of these veterans always occupy the same seat in a particular theatre on an opening night.

The list varies for movie and opera openings, but not markedly. First night at the opera during the past decade has become less and less a "society evening" and more an outing for saloon revelers. For a while, it seemed to be developing into a one night stand for an impromptu three ring circus, the audience abounding in exhibitionists who thought nothing of standing on their heads, plopping their feet up on a table, or nonchalantly sipping champagne from their slippers in Sherry's bar. If this year's opening was any indication, however, the side show is becoming passé. During the performance, Sherry's was virtually deserted and nary a shank was shown.

Nearly all first nighters, except the members of the press, pay for their own tickets at prices only a few dollars above the regular box-office admission of seven

or eight dollars. Tickets are rarely available to the general public, but those that do go on the open market by one devious means or another vary in price from little above the box-office price to the astronomical, depending on the demand created by the show's advance buildup. Uninvited persons seeking such tickets never mention the price; the cry is always "Get me tickets and forget the cost." So scarce are tickets to expected hits that Rosalind Russell, the star of the smash "Auntie Mame," asked a prominent ticket broker to try to get her tickets to the opening of her own show!

Tickets for opening night at the opera this season, said to be in greater demand than those for "My Fair Lady," were announced at \$35 each, with scalpers asking and getting more than \$200.

But no one has yet surpassed the open-night boldness of Phineas T. Barnum in handling the first appearance of Jenny Lind in America in 1850. After building public excitement to near frenzy with fantastic stories about her, he placed the tickets to her first concert on public auction. The first was bought by a fashionable hatter for the then staggering sum of \$225. On the night of the performance, sixty policemen and the chief of police himself were on hand trying to control the huge mob that descended on the the-

atre in which she was to sing. Almost a match for Phineas's brashness was that of producer George White. In 1926, when a Spanish star opened on Broadway with a \$27.50 first night top, White offered the first ten rows of his new *Scandals* at \$55 a seat, boasting that his show was worth at least twice as much. And that was in the brightest era of the legitimate stage, when there were more shows on Broadway than there had ever been before or have been since.

For the persons connected with a show, opening night, according to Broadway press agent Dick Maney, is a torture "embracing the more refined features of the water drip, the bastinado and running the gauntlet. Muted terror is the order of the evening backstage," he says, and many stars, regardless of how many opening nights they have endured in the past, require medication to soothe their nerves.

Everyone is too acutely aware that it is *this* performance that matters. A blast from the morning papers and it's all over. Eli Wallach, currently starring with Charles Laughton in the new version of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," attests that it's like fighting a heavyweight. And you can't win by a decision. "These days only knockouts count," he says.

Few producers can bear to witness

(continued)

Photos by George Joseph



Opening Night (continued)



WALTER WINCHELL (right) works hard at Broadway openings, usually arriving with press photographers, often serving on welcome committee for arriving celebrities. His good word in print also means much to a show's future. Here he greets friends Jack Benny and Mary Livingston.



PRESS PREVIEWS of forthcoming movies are a special kind of Broadway opening night. Usually scheduled about a month in advance of the picture's release, the attendance is by invitation only. Often the entire theatre will be reserved for the evening, the marquee covered (as above, for preview of "The Ten Commandments"). The reaction of this specialized audience means difference between a flop and a hit.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, who arrived an hour late for the performance, are interviewed by Jinx Falkenburg (above). The royal couple are distinguished first nighters whenever their far-flung travels take them to New York. Below, Miss America 1955, Lee Ann Meriwether, and escort Joe DiMaggio, baseball's number one celebrity, enter the theatre.



their own productions on first nights, preferring to await the sentence either far away from or just outside the theatre. Howard Lindsay, playwriting and producing partner of Russel Crouse, adamantly refuses to attend. He holes up at home anxiously awaiting telephone reports from Crouse, who braves the trial in the rear of the theatre. Other producers try to ease their anxieties by making nervous wrecks of everyone else, and often themselves, supervising and fretting over last minute details. The renowned Flo Ziegfeld had a way all his own. He sat in the back row of the theatre and, with a Western Union messenger standing by, fired off lengthy telegrams to the performers onstage.

Yet despite all the tortures, the inflamed ulcers and the risks, these very same people who suffer their thousand agonies while denouncing the death-dealing, smug, unbearable audiences—each and every one of them will gladly go through it all again at the slightest rustle of a script. It must be that they can't help it, playing this fantastic, most satisfying game in the world. **THE END**

FIVE MINUTES before curtain time, in typical fashion, first nighters still crowd lobby. Visible in human sea is Hal March of TV's "The \$64,000 Question," New York Senator-elect Jacob Javits (to the left) and to the right, comedian Henny Youngman.





The Land of Jazz

BY MARTIN SCOTT

Unlike Basin Street, Beale Street, Thirty-ninth and Calumet, Peachtree Street, or any of the other thoroughfares celebrated and remembered as avenues of jazz, Broadway was never especially noted for its pure, or musicianly, music until recently.

Seemingly all at once, the street has become almost overburdened with jazz and dance music of all kinds. Actually, the process has been going on for a long time, since shortly after World War II, when the jazz joints on Fifty-second Street, the famous Swing Lane of the

nineteen-thirties, were gradually converted to strip-tease tourist traps. Jazz had to have somewhere to go; gradually it drifted toward the Broadway area.

Broadway was a good choice, for the section teems with people in a gay mood, the best kind of jazz audiences; but it took a long time for the music to gain a foothold. For reasons they can best explain themselves, musicians of the more dedicated kind have never especially liked playing for tourists. "They talk all the time and they rattle their glasses," George Wettling, the drummer, has said.

"They make us nervous." Therefore, the old-timers went elsewhere: out on tour with Norman Granz and other jazz caravans, or down to Greenwich Village to play in the bands at Nick's or Eddie Condon's. Some of them even went into radio and television.

Only the old Hickory House, the first saloon to put a band in the middle of a circular bar, kept its lights on, serving steaks and jazz simultaneously. And the Hickory House wasn't even on Broadway. To the musicians, nothing was on Broadway; Broadway was nowhere. One huge,

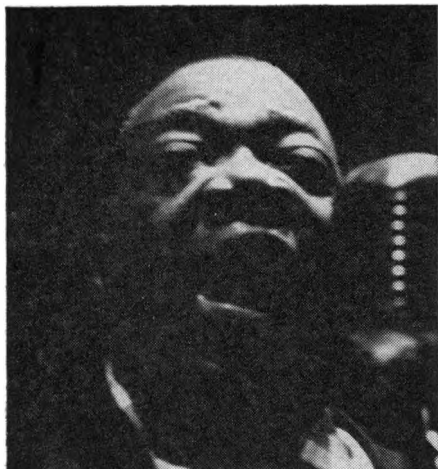
(continued)

"MAY ONE SIT DOWN at the Metropole?" someone once asked Wild Bill Davison, the cornetist and wit. "One may," Davison replied, "if one is a customer—or a drummer." He was referring to this raffish Broadway corridor's house policy of lining its musicians up behind the bar, where they stand and blow on a counter—to the immense delight of the packed house, which usually consists of servicemen and tourists. The Metropole's music begins at around 3 P.M. and goes on unrelentingly for twelve hours. At left, Henry (Red) Allen, an old hand, signals for a second round of choruses. Right, celebrants hold forth at Childs Paramount, formerly a restaurant, now one of the foremost jazz traps. Mrs. Rose Maltz, seated, is the strict cashier; her son, Bob, second from right, the impresario. Also present, Fitz Weston, Jimmy MacPartland, J. C. Higginbotham, Ernie Caeceres.



Photos by Ed Feingersh—Piz

Jazz (continued)



warehouselike club, devoted to a jazz policy, had five different managements in a year. It was as though the public sensed and resented the musicians' hostility, and accordingly shunned the place.

But, little by little, jazz began finding a home on Broadway. A spot here opened and prospered, then a spot there. And when "cool" jazz, or Re-bop, or Be-bop, or just plain Bop, now called "progressive" or "modern," began working its way down from Harlem, the big clubs, empty for so long, now seemed to have been merely waiting for the new sounds.

The cool music demands strict attention from its audience. It is more intellectual, less primitive, than the old two-beat style. Its devotees are scholarly, often bearded; their enthusiasm is a model of restraint. They go to places like Birdland and Basin Street, where they do not have to drink but can sit in a bull pen (after paying an admission charge) and soak in the music all night.

With the advent of modern jazz a reaction inevitably set in. Fans who liked jazz, but did not understand the kind of thing Dizzy and Yardbird were play-

ing, sought the old-style music that had come into its own in New Orleans. A fellow named Bob Maltz, who had been running a series of weekend jam sessions in an old ballroom on the Lower East Side, talked the management of Childs Paramount into putting in an old-fashioned jazz band. The place was an immediate success. It was the first spot in the East to import the mighty Turk Murphy, the king of San Francisco jazz—which is nothing more than a modern imitation of New Orleans jazz.

Other spots followed. **The Metropole**





(Bud Freeman, the tenor saxophonist, called it "The Met") opened with a virtually all-day-long policy of traditional jazz. It is nearly always full, and passers-by stand around on the street outside, just listening. "We do a tremendous sidewalk trade," one bartender said.

Then, too, the dance halls—the old ones like Roseland and Arcadia, and newer ones like Mamborama and The Palladium—have always had their share of visitors from the outer precincts. The Roseland gets the best and biggest bands—but curiously enough, not everybody in

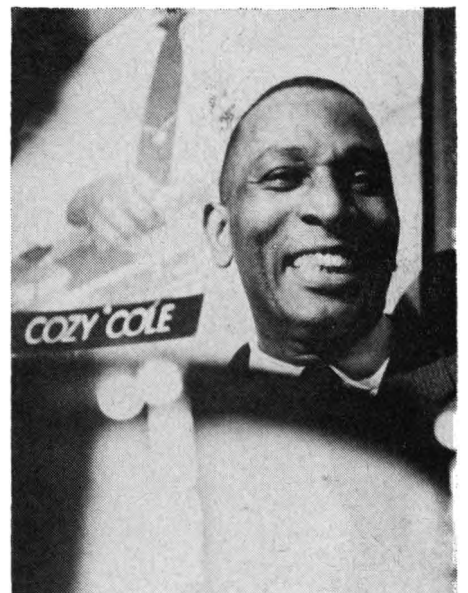


Roseland goes there to dance. Some people go simply to watch television, sitting with their backs to the dance floor.

At this writing, jazz is all over Broadway—in clubs like Basin Street and Birdland, at the Metropole and Childs, at Lou Terrasi's Hickory Log occasionally, and at such just-off-the-stem spots as the Hickory House, Jimmy Ryan's (last hold-out of the famous Swing Lane row), and The Composer. It ranges from the kind of organized, arranged music played by Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, through the heavily Latinized rhythms of Xavier



Cugat and Perez Prado, on through the "moldy fig" free-for-alls of Red Allen and his boys, on up (or down) to the coolest of the cool, as exemplified by the Monday night sessions at Birdland, when—as one musician has said—even some of the boys on the stand aren't quite sure what kind of music they're playing. It has brought back the Benny Goodman band, briefly, and revived the popularity of Count Basie, who after twenty years is at last coming into his own. And Broadway can take much of the credit; Broadway has become the land of jazz.





Special Broadway Issue

Tin Pan Alley

Tin Pan Alley is a stretch of Broadway, plus side streets, that lies roughly between the Brill Building, at 1619, and the building known only as 1650 Broadway. Most of the songs that become hits in this country are born here—publishers receive nearly 200,000 manuscripts a year from aspiring writers. Most of them make it a practice not to open any that come in the mail; they fear lawsuits. The saying is, "If you've got a hit, you've got a lawsuit on your hands." Yet publishers say most hits these days come from unknown, first-time-out composers, who haunt the Alley trying to get publishers to listen to their songs.

REV. ALVIN KERSHAW, above left, jazz expert on "The \$64,000 Question," chats backstage at the Latin Quarter with the Mills Brothers, who for twenty years have been among the foremost "consumers" of Tin Pan Alley tunes. The Brothers' most recent record hit was "Opus One," which was an instrumental till some enterprising Tin Pan Alley lyricist added words. Below, far left, veteran composer Harry Woods (he wrote "When The Moon Comes Over The Mountains," but never met Kate Smith) trades shop talk in the board room of the American Society of Composers, Artists and Performers with Barbara Carroll, pianist, and Jack Robbins, veteran music publisher and an ASCAP board member.



MUSIC PUBLISHER REDD EVANS demonstrates one of his new tunes for Rosaria Meireles, Portuguese singer and ju-jitsu expert, in his office in the Brill Building. Like all publishers, Redd is constantly seeking new material. His most recent song, "A House with Love in It," was headed for the best-seller lists in music stores as we went to press.



AT LOCAL 802, American Federation of Musicians, headquarters, talent worth thousands of dollars congregates daily, waiting for calls for jobs—"gigs" in the language of the players. Need a mambo band, or a Viennese quartet, or a New Orleans group? Just whistle here and your gig is booked.

The Record Crowd

Let's get this straight from the beginning," said a record company executive the other day. "The record business is not a state of mind. It is a state of frenzy."

The business is so frenzied that, although much of it centers around Broadway's office buildings, and record-company characters may be seen daily in such delicatessens as Murphy's, The Stage, and Lindy's and in such bars as the old Charlie's, The Turf, and The Pad-dock, the bulk of the actual recording is

done elsewhere—on Seventh Avenue, for example, in the Columbia Building, or in a reconverted church in the east Thirties.

The business begins with the artist—or no, it doesn't. It begins with what is known as an A. & R. man—that is to say, an Artists and Repertoire director. Well, it doesn't quite begin with him; it begins with a song, which gets us to music publishers, which gets us nowhere. Anyhow, the A. & R. man picks a song and then picks an artist to record it and

then hires a band and an arranger and a studio and some engineers and takes Miltown and loses some hair and what comes out is sold at Sam Goody's for \$3.98, not counting the discount.

It is not quite that simple. The recording industry is now big business. Elvis Presley alone sold over \$13,000,000 worth of records last year. With the ever-increasing public interest in high-fidelity equipment, the business may gross a quarter of a billion next year.

At last official count, there were over

THE HIRSUTE GENTLEMAN at the right, indulging in his regular habit of munching a carrot at Murphy's Delicatessen, has probably done more to make the national night hideous than any other living human being. Mitch Miller is the Director of Artists and Repertoire at Columbia, and is regarded as the smartest recording man in the business today. He has discovered

Rosemary Clooney, Frankie Laine, Jimmy Boyd, Johnnie Ray, and so on ad hysterium. A sometime oboist who is considered one of the best in that unique trade, Miller still sits in and blows with the symphonic cats occasionally. But primarily he's looking for the successor to Elvis Presley. "If there is one to be found," says a friend, "Mitch Miller will find him—the Lord help us all."



two hundred record companies regularly doing business in this country and abroad. Of that number, many of the biggest are concentrated in the Broadway area—RCA-Victor, Columbia, Capitol, M.G.M., ABC-Paramount, to mention only the giants. But the little fellows are there, too, some of them with offices that consist of desk-space in some other person's office, all of them hoping to find, somehow, the combination of song and artist that will make them rich.

No one has yet found a foolproof formula for success in the recording business. Just when the companies are convinced that big bands are dead and that individual vocalists are on the rise, along will come a big band with a single record that sells a million copies. That is not to say that million-copy sales are commonplace. Few artists ever achieve a million copies for all their records. But Perry Como has had nine.

All record companies employ various devices to urge their sales ever onward and upward—and various personnel, too. There are men who make their living simply by going around and talking to disk jockeys, attempting to persuade them to play certain new releases. And talent scouts wander up and down Broadway continually, darting in and out of the song publishers' offices like restless bees, ever on the search for the new novelty song, the trick voice.

Sometimes They Strike Gold

The publishers, too, lay daily siege to the recording companies' offices. The trick is to get a song recorded by a small outfit, get enough disk jockeys to play it, and hope it will "emerge"—that is, that the public will begin to request it from the jockeys and begin playing it on jukeboxes. Then the hope is that one of the big companies will record the song and the publisher, artist and composer will clean up.

It has happened that way. Presley was an obscure hillbilly until he began miraculously to "emerge"—then RCA-Victor paid a reported \$40,000 for his contract, and the panic was on. Frankie Laine was struggling along on a small label until Mitch Miller at Columbia decided he could make him into a star. Patti Page was enduring a static career until some engineer decided to pair her live voice with a taped voice. The result was "Tennessee Waltz" and assured popularity.

So, it does happen. It doesn't happen often, but the Broadway people in the recording business have seen it happen often enough to keep them constantly busy on Broadway, rushing about here and there, ever on the search for the record that ultimately will mean the sure spin to success.

THE END

Photos By Ed Feingersh—Piz



SAM GOODY'S RECORD SHOP may sell more records than any other similar shop in the world. About 200,000 single records, L.P.'s and 78 r.p.m.'s, pass over Goody's counters each month. The clerks are brusque and harried. Sam himself is a man who wears a constant air of preoccupation, but who, in a split-second, can tell the master-number and possibly even the number of grooves on an Edison made before phonographs could boast even fidelity, let alone hi-fi. Goody's shop prides itself on carrying everything the companies list in their catalogues, including collectors' items. Above, three disk collectors gather in Goody's for a round of conversation: left to right, they are artist John Groth and drummers Zutty Singleton and George Wettling.

On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN



I.N.P.

MANHATTAN . . . New York has six Broadways: Broadway, East Broadway, West Broadway, Old Broadway, Broadway Alley, and Broadway Terrace. There are also two "42nd-and-Broadway"'s. The other is in Astoria, Long Island.

WORLD WIDE . . . In most countries the theatre is subsidized by the government, while in the United States the Broadway theatre section is the area from which the government extracts its highest taxes.

SOUTH AMERICA . . . Authors and composers take no chances. When their plays are being presented, a representative of each stands inside the box office taking his client's royalty cut as the money comes inside the window.

MOSCOW . . . D. Kraminov reported his views of Broadway in *Pravda*. "It is a long, crooked, and noisy street where houses of prostitution alternate with stores forcing cheap merchandise on reluctant customers." (Nice honest reporting, no?)

MAYFAIR . . . Before the opening of his play "John Bull's Other Island," George Bernard Shaw pleaded with the public not to applaud until the final curtain, saying, "My plays, as rehearsed, are just the right length. Leave them that way and you will get home a half hour earlier."

SALZBURG . . . The annual Rheinhardt production of "Everyman" is played in front of the cathedral. The very instant Everyman turns from good to bad,

the tower of the cathedral casts a natural shadow that divides the scene—good on one side, bad in the shadow—in perfect staging.

AUSTRIA . . . In each of the twenty-nine countries where "Porgy and Bess" appeared, the finest native orchestra was engaged to play the Gershwin music. In Austria the famous Vienna State Opera Orchestra was chosen, but after twenty-four hours of rehearsal producer Robert Breen complained, "It still sounded like Strauss."

PEIPING . . . The latest in vending inside the theatre comes from the world's oldest playhouse. You can order delivered to your seat steaming hot towels with which to refresh your face during the performance.

NEW YORK . . . Hotels have a characteristic following. The Taft has more visitors from Canada than all other New York hotels put together. At the Piccadilly it's West Point cadets; at the Paramount, athletes and visiting sports teams; at the Commodore, baseball; at the Biltmore, the college crowd; at the Abbey,

I.N.P.



ministers and religious groups; at the Algonquin, theatre people. New York hotels serve 33,000,000 meals a year.

RUE DE LA PAV . . . Since the police closed the houses that were not homes, the pro girls have descended on the theatres. Many French chorus girls pay for their jobs, writing it off as advertising.

HAVANA . . . The Shanghai Theatre features the lowest in burlesque and the lowest in films. Ladies who wish to see but not be seen wear masks rented at the box office.

I.N.P.



SHUBERT'S ALLEY . . . A survey made by Actors Equity showed that the average actor works ten weeks a year and makes \$825. For the 25 per cent who make over \$2,500 annually, there are just as many who make only \$325. A survey made of Actors Equity points up this puzzle: Before you can secure a job in a play, you must be a member of the union, but before you can become a member of it, you must be able to prove you have a job in a play.

FRANCE . . . Madeleine Guimard of the Paris Opera looked twenty years old when she was fifty. This was her great secret: A portrait painted when she was twenty hung beside her dressing-room mirror. An expert in make-up, she reproduced the painting on her face before each performance.

LONDON . . . British actors have bad luck if a visitor sits on their "skip," (basket of costumes), if their make-up boxes are tidy, or if real flowers are used on stage. If a program goes to press while the cast is incomplete, the unassigned role is given to "Walter Plinge," in memory of a Drury Lane pub owner. Bit parts are "two lines and a spit"; pre-London tours are "trying it on the dog."

POLAND . . . Constance Hope has publicized many of the Metropolitan Opera's greats. Jan Kiepura once marched into her office complaining that another client, Lauritz Melchior, received more publicity. When Constance explained that the press felt the Polish tenor was conceited, Jan muttered unbelievably. "Conceited? Me? The Great Kiepura?"

BRAZIL . . . Actors are still considered of low social status. An accredited ambassador refused to bring his wife backstage to meet a touring troupe, considering it beneath her dignity, but not beneath his. In China, actors were in the same stratum as prostitutes and bath-house scrubbers. Their children were denied higher occupations "unto the third generation"; yet the best-known personality in China today is Mei Lang Fang—an actor.

I.N.P.



UNITED RATIONS . . . By going no farther than one block on either side of Broadway, you can eat your way around the globe. Just name your national dish.

INDIA . . . Twenty-two miles from the Taj Mahal is the village of Molarbund, the only town in the world dedicated to teaching snake charming. Classes include tutoring in: snake music and instruments; sleeping with snakes safely; administering anti-snake medicine; catching a cobra and extracting fangs. A graduate course covers training a snake to rear ferociously, dart its hooded head, and hiss savagely without scaring away the audience.



KINGDOM OF BROADWAY . . . Diamond Jim Brady was considered the King of Broadway when he offered the beautiful Queen of show business, Lillian Russell, \$1,000,000 to marry him. Her answer was, "Marriage would spoil our friendship, darling."

VIENNA . . . The largest skating rink in the world is the Eislaufverein. It can accommodate eight hockey teams playing at the same time. Electrically heated chairs keep the musicians warm on ice.

MEXICO . . . If actors aren't paid nightly between the second and third acts the show won't finish.

CHINA . . . The theatre stage is usually bare. Props are limited to simple chairs and tables. Make-up is achieved realistically. To get bloodshot eyes, actors insert small seeds to inflame the entire eyeball. There is no curtain except for a multi-colored backdrop owned by the star. When a performer stands on a chair, it becomes a tower or a castle. A cloth hung in front of two chairs makes it a bed. Actors die in bed sitting up. A whip in the hand means the holder is on horseback. Bits of straw hung from the performer's ears signify he is a ghost. (The Chinese believe we have removed the fun out of theatre and practically ruined our imagination because of the detailed props of our stage.) Plays begin in the early evening and run past midnight. Stars never appear until an hour before the end, when the audience is full of anticipation. Theatre-goers enjoy weeping. If a play ends happily, they feel gyped, the way a typical American movie fan feels when a picture ends unhappily. As our opera is divided into comedy and drama, theirs is divided into military and civil.

FRANCE . . . A former president of the Republic once sighed to Henri Bernstein, a pillar of the French theatre, "Ah, the theatre—what a life," to which the producer replied, "Ah, life—what a theatre." THE END

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EVERY 24 HOURS over 1,500,000 people pass through Times Square. Almost half the sightseers are New Yorkers, some of whom make the trip to Broadway at least once a week "just to see what's going on." Fast dwindling are the riotous crowds that jammed the Square on New Year's Eve and Election Night, and more tourist families are appearing. But merchants, remembering

the festivities of V-E Day and V-J Day when it took 1,500 police to handle the crowds, still barricade their windows on New Year's Eve. The famous "Tin Pan Alley," not an alley but the Brill Building (center), houses most of the famous song writers, musicians, band leaders, and song pluggers. The Capitol Theatre (at right) is one of the main drag's veteran cinema cathedrals.

Special Broadway Issue

Out-of-Towners

BY THORNTON WELLS

The street's a fake—I mean Broadway," goes the old song written by Sidney Skolsky and sung by Jimmy Durante in the saloons of yesterday. "It's a fake, it's a phony, but it's my street—the heart of the world."

The words are as true now as then. "Sure it's a fake," the Broadwayite will agree amiably, "but as long as the peasants still swallow it, what's the difference?"

Well, that crack about the out-of-towner still swallowing all the phoniness—*does he, now?*

People who go in for that sort of thing have surveyed the motley crew of sidewalk-shufflers on Broadway and discovered that half of them are from New York and half from the outlands. But only a third of the New Yorkers are from Manhattan and among *them* only a handful are Broadway regulars who work in,

live on, or steadily haunt old Coffee-Pot Canyon. That means for every three or four dozen visiting firemen—from Staten Island or South Dakota—you might find one insider. The street belongs as always to the peasants, the transients, the passers through.

Are they fooled? It's doubtful. Too much has been written about Broadway's chicanery and razzle-dazzle; too many movies have given at least a distorted

Photos By George Joseph

glimpse into the behind-the-scenes sleight-of-hand. The peasant still comes by the thousands to Broadway—but a good bet is that he takes it with a grain of salt.

He can pause by the entrance to the seedy, upstairs dance hall with its “50—Beautiful Girls—50” sign and listen to the doorman whisper of the dolls’ charms—but if he goes up the steps, he’s doing it because he figures that dancing with a beat-up, blowzy, bleached blonde is preferable to loneliness. Anita Ekberg he’s not expecting.

Maybe years back he struggled to get into Lindy’s for dinner in the hopes of seeing a celebrity; now the chances are he’s after a slab of the strawberry cheesecake. The prospect of sitting next to Milton Berle at a crowded table in the bustling Stage Delicatessen may bring in some customers, but many more have heard of the virtues of Max Asnas’ chicken in the pot. The *moujik* no longer awes easily.

Whatever he comes to the big drag for, however, and whatever he thinks of its whoopla—the important thing is that he still comes. If you can’t split him from the native New Yorker by sight, bear in mind that researchers claim that the native walks close to the shop windows and the outlander close to the curb. With one hand on his billfold, no doubt. He may like Broadway but he doesn’t trust it.

What he does most, our *moujik*, is gawk.

The big drag has no resemblance to any street back in his home town, so he meanders up through Times Square and gives equal time to animated signs,

mounted policemen, cafes, and cut-rate book stores. The free shows are endless and once in a while there’ll be an unscheduled one like a couple of sailors starting a fight. You will find the visiting fireman, too, queueing up in front of TV showhouses, something unfathomable to the Broadwayite. The Broadwayite wouldn’t dream, either, of stopping to watch a counterman flip pancakes or pizza pies in a window. There’s no percentage. The dawdling peasant loves it.

If he’s filthy rich, our out-of-towner will have no difficulty getting rid of his money. But he’ll get value received for his buck, more or less. New York’s most durable and biggest night club, the Latin Quarter, is at Forty-eighth Street, and if you’re not an ochlophobe or xenophobe, it offers you a square shake in food, drink and views of giant-sized chorines. The peasant can drop in and jockey a stool at the Metropole, just up from Duffy Square, and hear good jazz. There are dozens of saloons, high and low class, but a good deal of the time the show in the street is just as entertaining.

And the visiting fireman, unconsciously, helps stage it. “What characters!” he exclaims, eyeing the passing parade—and someone from Goose Creek, Texas, looks at him and murmurs the same phrase.

Some of the out-of-towners, sporting smiles and name badges, are convention-eers, in the big town for the thirteenth annual meeting of the sewing-machine and refrigerator salesmen of America. They drift over to the main stem to see a little fun and games—but Broadway eyes them a little coldly. Headwaiters no longer

greet convention delegates with open arms. Something has wised up the sucker. The Ohio delegate to the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise is a stingy tipper these days; separating him from his money is no longer the swift and easy job of the Twenties. The Broadway *maitre d’* doesn’t rush to find a good table for the Ohio delegates. His eye, his eagle eye, is rather on the cloak-and-suit with the fat expense account.

Respectable, Helen Hokinson-type ladies from Iowa find their way into the Childs at Forty-sixth Street for a daring Martini and a sobering salad plate before the theatre. Other, sadder outlanders, trapped in town for more than a day, can be found haunting the out-of-town newspaper stand at Forty-third Street, looking for word from Lawrence, Massachusetts and reality. Still others stand and watch the moving electric sign girdling the Times Building—old stuff now to the Broadwayite but fascinating still to the *moujik*.

In the late night or the early morning, Broadway is flushed clean of its outlanders as a pot is emptied of leftover vegetables. But now and then one of the vegetables sticks to the pot and refuses to be scraped away. This is how the big drag gets its citizens, of course. Walk up to that character on the corner—that’s the one, the guy with the white wrap-around polo coat and the forty-dollar shoes, the pale face and the cigarette dangling thoughtfully over the new issue of *Variety*. Five will get you ten that he’s from Goose Creek . . . a long, long, long time ago.

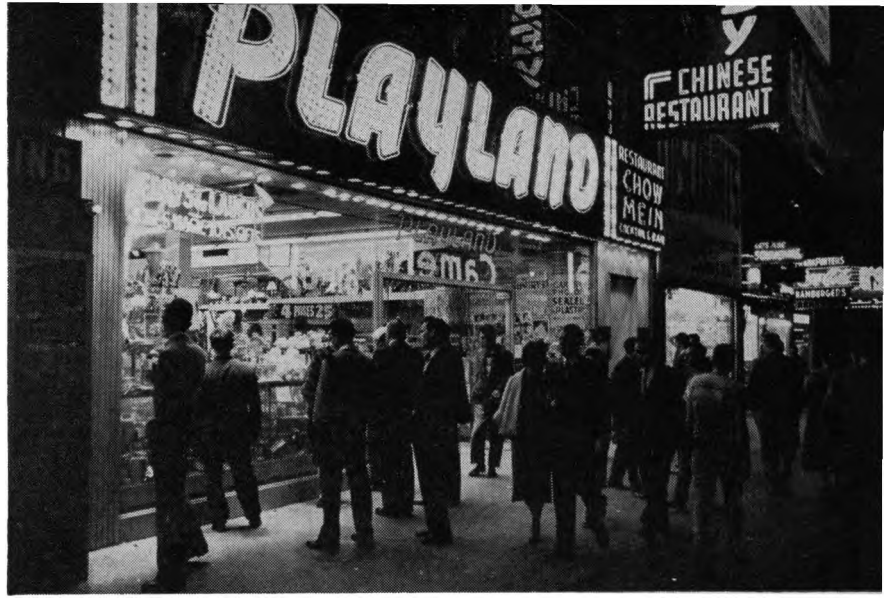
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, driving across the heart of Broadway at noontime on Forty-sixth Street, gets a hand from the lunch-time crowd. Nine presidents have slept under the roofs of the Times Square hotels, and more successful and prominent people have passed through the Square than through any other spot in the world. Broadway, the street, is actually the longest in the world; it extends from the Battery in lower Manhattan

to Albany, New York. But the Broadway mecca for tourists is the ten blocks from Forty-second Street to Fifty-second Street. Within these few blocks, a tourist can get a suntan at midnight in a twenty-four-hour barber shop, go ice-skating in the summertime, swimming in the winter. He can also be solicited for money for a fake charity, buy a hat with his name on it, drop in at one of ten first-run movie houses, see a basketball game or learn jujitsu.

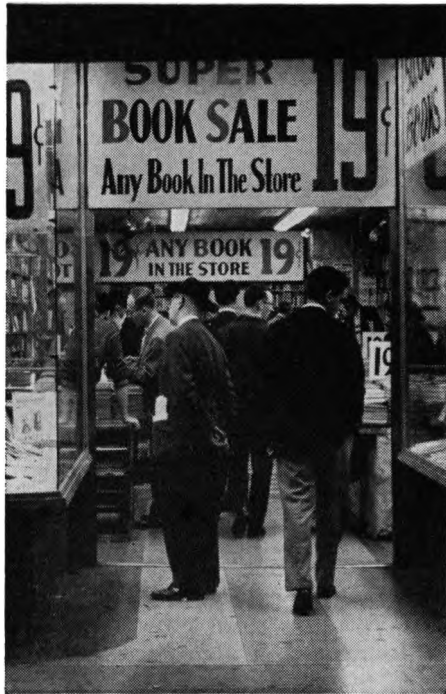




Out-of-Towners (continued)



PENNY ARCADES and "playland" halls like this one are sprinkled through the main-stem area. Inside, the visitor can find everything from "pokerino" games to hand-painted turtles. But the Broadway Association, dedicated to getting rid of the garish "come on" atmosphere, has put a halt to further playlands of this sort.

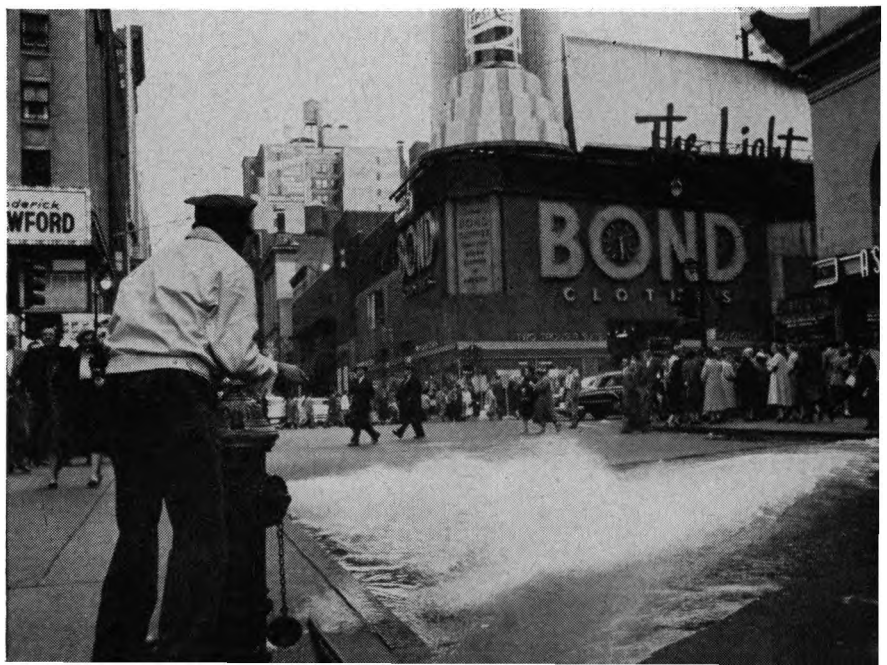


CUT-RATE BOOKS draw in the crowd. Fruit-juice stands, dusty phonograph record shops and gaudy souvenir stores are open for business side-by-side with fine hotels where West Point proms are held and with night-clubs jammed with celebrities.



THE AUTOMAT IS OLD STUFF even to the infrequent Broadway visitor, but to little Judy Ellis (above) of Alexandria, Virginia, putting three nickels in a slot for a piece of pie is still an exciting adventure. Below, a worker wets down midtown debris. Surprisingly, main stem is one of New York's cleanest streets.

CROWD-GETTERS. By far the greatest tourist attraction in the country is the Music Hall Rockettes (left). There are forty-six Rockettes, but only thirty-nine of them appear on the stage (world's largest) at once, to do famous precision dancing. Wardrobe mistress Florence Anderson (above left), with the Rockettes for twenty-four years, puts the finishing touches on a Rockette's squirrel costume. Originally the "Missouri Rockets" of St. Louis, the group came to New York, became the Roxy "Roxyettes," moved to the Music Hall where they're seen by eight million people a year.

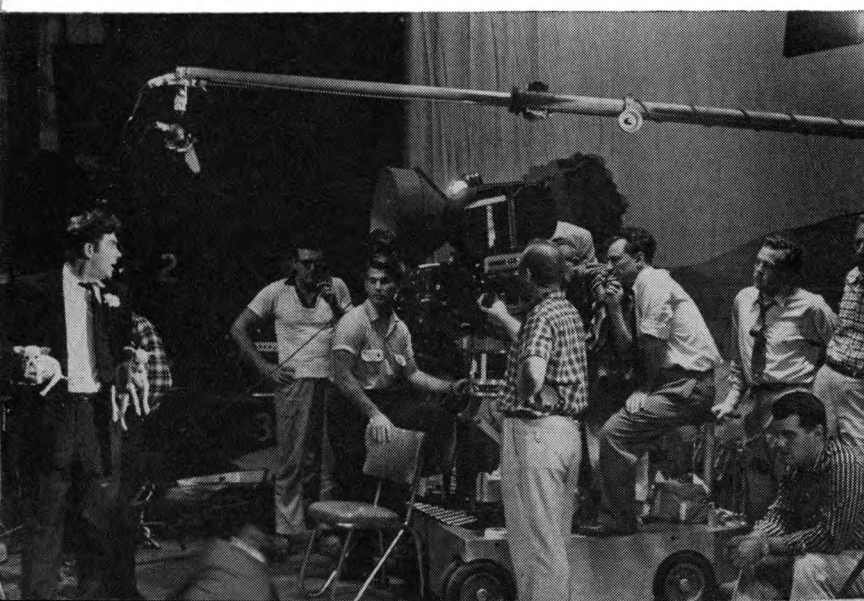




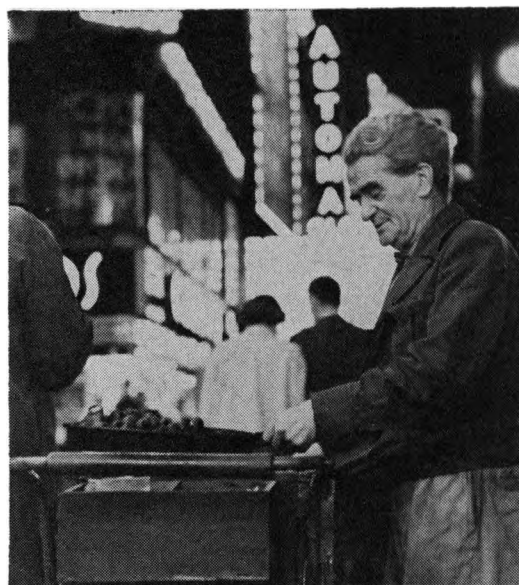
OUTLANDERS SEEK OUT free TV shows. Programs like "Beat the Clock," that offer grotesque stunts like this one (that's a Marine sergeant lying on floor while his wife tries—unsuccessfully—to pour pancake batter into a moving cup without splattering her husband) are the television fare most popular with visiting firemen.



RODEO COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS lunching across from Madison Square Garden and strolling about the Broadway vicinity in their high-heeled boots add excitement to the scene. But all year round, New York "cowboys" complete with chaps, high-heeled boots with spurs, and names like "Tex," mosey along Times Square.



Out-of-Towners (continued)



AMBULATING UP BROADWAY, tourist doesn't need to step into a store to buy hot chestnuts, a shoeshine, or even orchids for his girl. He can also pick up souvenirs, hot dogs, soft drinks, or hot or sweet Italian sausages at open street stands. Most nibblers are tourists who wander slowly around, drinking in the sights, getting the feel of Broadway, and wondering what to do next.

ALMOST ANY DAY, a movie company shoots a New York location shot either on the streets or in a Broadway studio. These men laboring in the Adelphi Theatre on Forty-fourth Street are working on "A Face in the Crowd," directed by Elia Kazan from a Budd Schulberg story. The man with the peanut-sized dogs under his arms is Andy Griffith, an overnight star in "No Time for Sergeants."

IN A RESTAURANT WINDOW not far from Broadway, a pizza-pie chef draws a gaping crowd. The high tossing isn't all for show; spinning the dough in the air helps thin out center section. The restaurant is in heart of Forty-second Street, where thirteen second-run movie houses grind out their double and triple bills. They stay open till four A.M. close four hours a day, for cleaning.

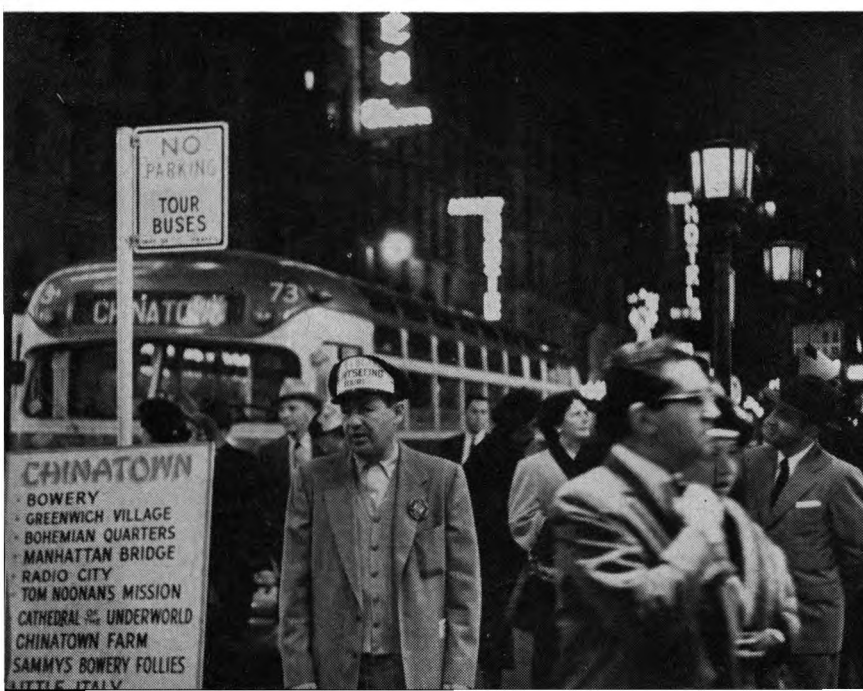




Out-of-Towners (continued)

THE BIG DRAG is a seemingly endless canyon of "spectaculars" (any advertisement larger than a hotdog sign is called a "spectacular" on Broadway). The new "Baby Doll" sign is biggest yet, covers half-acre space, cost a reported \$65,000. It has the distinction of being the largest painted sign in the world, with a reclining figure of a girl that measures all of 150 feet. It has been estimated that Broadway's signs contain more than fifty miles of neon tubing, and sometimes the infernal glow can be seen twenty or thirty miles away in the quiet Connecticut suburbs. The Artkraft Strauss Sign Company and Alabama-born Douglas Leigh create most of the Broadway signs. Of his success, Leigh says, "I just take cold-blooded advantage of people's love for toys."

PERCHED HIGH over Times Square, 63-year-old Bob Everhart, color photo in hand, works on the monstrous "Baby Doll." Everhart is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago, has been painting signs for forty-four years now, and is the only master practitioner of sign-painting in New York. On "Baby Doll," as other Broadway signs, he designed the sign to scale, mixed all the colors himself, then, with four assistants, went up on the scaffolding and painted it. Millions of tourists have watched Everhart at work, and one out of three Broadway visitors takes photographs of the giant signs. One of the most popular was the famed Bond store waterfall, atop the clothing company's building. It used 50,000 gallons of recirculated water a minute; in the winter the water was kept flowing by enough anti-freeze to winterize 3,000 automobiles.



SIGHTSEEING GUIDES extol the wonders of Chinatown and Little Italy from strategic spots on Broadway. To dispel the cheap carnival atmosphere, guides are no longer allowed to raise their voices, must be licensed by the City. They recognize out-of-towners by "a certain lost look." Or if it's a family group, they're usually tourists. "I can spot honeymooners two blocks away," one guide claims, but admits he sometimes makes a mistake and gets a wisecrack like "Who, me take a tour? Why, I've lived in Manhattan for thirty years!" Sightseeing guides have usually taken all the tours, can direct tourists to such varied outings as a cruise around Manhattan, a visit to West Point, or a night club tour that includes dinner and dancing.



Feingersh—Pix

IT'S A WIDE GAP between the half-dozen rickety-rackety taxi-dance halls on Broadway, where you buy a string of tickets, and Roseland, the big drag's *palais des danses*. There've been some changes made since the ballroom opened its doors in 1937, there are no more hostesses at Roseland, and its taxi-dancing was ended in 1932. Open every evening since 1919, Roseland is now the spot for twosomes who are on the prowl for a good band to which to cavort. The ballroom features bands like Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's, draws an estimated 20,000 customers a week, charges \$1.25 to \$1.70 for admission. This month Roseland moves into a new two-million-dollar building which stands a block away from its old quarters, will expand its dance floor from an area of 3,000 square feet to 7,000 square feet. Its new name is "Roseland Dance City."

A PIGEON CAN ALWAYS be sure of a square meal in Duffy Square, in the center of Broadway, hard by the famous statue of Father Duffy, the beloved World War I chaplain. The Broadwayite is generally too busy to stop and "watch some nut feeding some lousy pigeons, already," but chorus girls and various highly improbable bird-lovers can usually be seen distributing crumbs to pigeons, totally unaware that, under the New York City littering regulations, it's illegal to feed pigeons. Though Broadway is well-policed by uniformed officers and plainclothesmen, pigeon feeders seldom even get a reprimand. Police concentrate on keeping traffic flowing, watching for pickpockets, other unsavory characters who gravitate to the main drag.



Out-of-Towners (continued)

Color Photos By Ozzie Sweet

ANN MILLER ponders a window display of I. Miller shoes in the 40's. Celebrities come three for a quarter along the main stem. To the visiting fireman, a Grade-A celebrity is still a fairly memorable sight. But the blasé Broadwayite is more apt to comment indifferently, "There's that Miller dame. I hear Twentieth picked up her option for another year." Autograph fiends on Broadway are usually business men rather than idolators; either the star's press agent has hired them, or they want the celebrity's signature because it brings a good price on the open market—i.e., Elvis Presley's autograph reportedly brings \$5, Guy Lombardo's, \$3.75. Without a doubt, the Latin Quarter (right) is the most successful Broadway

restaurant-café, and, in the big drag's *patois*, the most popular "tourist trap." It is run by soft-spoken, London born Lou Walters (top right), who opened his first "Quarter" in Boston in 1937, and now looks on with satisfaction as 7,000 patrons a week climb the marble stairs to his second-floor Broadway club. Years back the same building housed the Cotton Club, the Gay White Way, and the Palais Royal. Walters reportedly spends more than \$100,000 on each new show, but the mixture is the same—an hour and a half of fast-paced entertainment, and showgirls of the long-stemmed American beauty variety. Popular with visiting out-of-town buyers, the Latin Quarter is said to do an annual business of \$3,000,000.

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Mirror in the Sky

In Japan a mirror has a mystic quality—it is believed to reflect the inner state of a man's soul. Even the soul of a hard-bitten United States General

BY MARGERY FINN BROWN ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

The watch lay forgotten in his pocket. He wasn't thinking of his son who had gone off to war, as if war were a picnic, a fancy dress ball. He wasn't thinking of the little Japanese girl waiting for him now in the park. The intricacies of the Anderson court-martial case absorbed his full attention until the door of his office opened at four o'clock, and a cough warned him that Lt. Bascomb, his aide, was bearing sad tidings.

"General, the President of the Kyoto Chamber of Commerce is here."

"Officially?"

"No, sir, the usual New Year's presento call." Lt. Bascomb lowered his voice. "He wants to give you a fourteen volume set of Chikamatsu."

"Chikawhoosis?" It sounded like a Civil War battle.

"A famous playwright, sir. They call him the Japanese Shakespeare."

General John McBride indicated his disinterest with a superb snort. "Give the gentleman a copy of my letter."

"We've run out of copies, sir. Nine presento calls since lunch. The Mayor wanted to give you a suit of Samurai armor. Then we had a Buddhist abbot, two Diet members . . ."

"Have a hundred copies of my letter made immediately." The General's voice rasped with authority. "I presume you can recite the letter to our visitor."

"Oh yes, sir." Lt. Bascomb skewered his eyes to the opposite wall as if the exact words were mimeographed thereon: "*The General regrets that because of the pressure of work he is unable to receive you personally. He appreciates your expression of good will. However, as Commanding General, first corps Kyoto, his policy is not to accept gifts of any nature.*"

"All right, Lieutenant."

But it wasn't all right, thought the General sourly as his aide left the room. Lies, even those demanded by social

amenities, made him uncomfortable. A presento to an Occupation official never constituted an "expression of good will"; Mr. Chamber-of-Commerce, like others before him, wanted preferential treatment in return. Not today of course, nor tomorrow, but next month perhaps—when the bids for the new housing area were due.

This same "presento system," the General realized, was not unknown among businessmen in America. But in Japan it amounted to a national disease, a national booby trap that snared many naive, anxious-to-be-liked Westerners. He'd not be one of them! The Army hadn't sent him to Kyoto to be taken in when some guy he didn't know from a bar of soap knocked his head on the floor in a passion of admiration. His job was to command a corps with efficiency and a keen sense of justice, unclouded by sentiment.

It was this sense of justice that prompted him to dip his pen into the inkwell and sign his name to the Anderson court-martial report: Pfc. Johnnie Lou Anderson of Opelika, Alabama, guilty of assault on Tanabe Kurumasu, proprietor of the Chrysanthemum Ball Room, sentenced to three years' confinement.

"General McBride, your car's waiting outside." Lt. Bascomb's baby-pink face creased with pleasure, because the afternoon had passed without Groucho McB. blowing his stack!

"Release the driver. I'll walk tonight."

The General plunged his cap over his small neat head. His shoulder twinged with neuritis as he put his arms into his new overcoat. Damn shoddy workmanship. Despite the fact that the coat had been pin-fitted by the best military tailor in England, the left sleeve was a good quarter inch shorter than the right sleeve.

"Would you care to sit with us tonight at the New Year's party, sir?"

"That's kind of you, Lieutenant." Through his mind swayed a vision of alcoholic *bonhomie*, of Napoleon-inspired hats and braying tin horns. "I'll have to pass this one up. I've got a number of . . . har . . . pressing things to do."

Another social lie. Embarrassment made him turn abruptly and march down the steps to the entrance of Headquarters, where two M.P.'s stood at attention.

"Evening," he said, noticing how the cold had given their chins a blue cheese look. An Army truck roared past, its hood filmed with frost. The trolleys were jammed, the streets crowded. Where was everyone going? Shopping? Not likely, for the stores were closed for New Year's; in every doorway hung a straw rope stuck with pine boughs and something that looked like bamboo.

Buttoning his overcoat, he began to walk east through the crowded streets of Kyoto. His walk was brisk but unhurried, an infantryman's gait: one hundred and twelve steps a minute, one mile every fifteen minutes.

He didn't look fifty-eight, he decided, as he passed the darkened windows of a *pachinko* parlor. The only symptom of old age he could detect in himself—with the exception of his neuritis—was a heightened awareness of the passing of time. If one minute was unaccounted for, he had the feeling that the structure of his life, rickety as a tenement, would come crashing down around his ears. This morning he had been six minutes late arriving at Headquarters. He knew the reason without reviewing everything that had happened in his room from the time the alarm clock went off . . .

At five minutes after six, as usual, he took a shower and followed it with fifteen minutes of calisthenics. Afterwards, dressed in long-legged underwear of which he was secretly ashamed.

"Here," he said harshly as he gave her the watch. "I've kept it too long."

Mirror in the Sky (continued)

he stood before the highboy mirror, brushing his wiry gray hair. Groucho was an apt nickname, he thought, appraising the peevish expression in his eyes, the thick black eyebrows lying in uncombed splendor on his high domed forehead. It wouldn't hurt to look pleasant, to smile. Lord no, he decided as his square-cut teeth shot into view; he looked like a melancholy horse.

His attention wavered from his own reflection to the pictures on either side of the highboy. The faded snapshot of a girl in a porch swing evoked no shadow of pain. Alcina, his wife, had been dead so long he had forgotten the quality of her voice. "Is it a boy?" she had asked, and when he had said yes, she had wound her birdlike arms around his neck and died. But when he turned away from the faded snapshot to stare at a glossy print of a young man in Marine battle dress, anger began to spatter through his head, savage as machine gun fire. The young man was John, his son, grinning as if war were a fancy dress ball. You didn't have to go, you fool, he thought. Your feet were bad and you were too young for the draft. Had to be a damned hero, didn't you, lying about your age! No wonder they got you at Chosin!

Something tight clamped around his chest and he was forced to sit on the edge of his bed, staring at the veins in his bare ankles. His breath made ugly cuts through the still room: the neat stacks of books, Clausewitz, Kipling, McBride's *Infantry Tactics*; the rows of handmade shoes shining like brown mirrors; his fresh uniform, the acme of perfection with its overseas stripes and rows of ribbons. It was only a piece of inanimate cloth and brass, this uniform of his. But without it, what was he?

A ridiculous question. To grieve over a dead son was not abnormal, but to waste minutes questioning one's identity, one's importance as a human being was so absurd that he dismissed the question and finished dressing in record time. It was eight minutes from the time he slipped his legs into his trousers till he walked over to the highboy and picked up an old-fashioned pocket watch.

The watch was of gold. A chain, soft as silk, covered the inscription on the heavy lid: "John McBride, from his father." The watch had originally been a present from his own father, General Matthew McBride; he'd carried it in his own pocket until his son John had reached sixteen. It had made a fine birthday present. A few months later the watch had come back from the Pacific in a box labeled "Effects of the Deceased." There was a nick in the crystal now, and the hands had stopped at 6:45.

He had never wound the watch again and had never even asked himself why.

He slipped it into his trousers pocket and went down to the cavernous dining room of the Sayako. Mrs. Morass, thank God, was absent this morning; he could eat his breakfast of prune juice and cold cereal without listening to a lecture on the symbolism of some damned thing or other.

Fifteen minutes later, after a brisk walk through town, he was at Headquarters, absorbed in the contents of a permanently pregnant in-basket. Shuffling papers all day increased his bent toward misanthropy. Like all born infantrymen, he detested staff duty. He yearned to be out in the field with the troops, instead of formulating corps policies and reviewing court-martial cases, while an endless parade of Japanese waited to see him, presento-in-hand.

New Year's brought a crescendo of calls. He didn't know—or care—why. He felt not a prickle of curiosity about these bowlegged women shuffling along the street beside him today, not a gram of interest in these bullet-headed men with gimpy teeth and eyeglasses, resembling the bitterest wartime caricatures of themselves.

The Japanese, he had decided his first day in Kyoto, were a race of small, fertile people who flapped around the streets in bedroom slippers and kimonos, giving one the impression they were either just getting in or out of bed. Since that first day, he had felt no need to enlarge on his original judgment. There was, of course, that small Japanese girl he saw frequently in the park, but since he had never spoken to her, his status was that of a disinterested spectator.

As he turned up a winding alley, his one thought was to grip the visor of his cap against the biting wind. The Sayako, his billet, was almost in sight. Beyond its ugly stone archway he could see the panel of stained glass windows that gave a ludicrously church-like glow to the bar within. Usually he avoided the bar; his entrance was a signal for all present to lower their voices and straighten their ties. Tonight they could *all* clam up; tonight he was going into the bar and have an Armagnac, maybe two. His shoulder ached like fire.

Hell's fire! Bearing down on him, mouth ajar, came the tweedy, flyaway figure of Mrs. Morass. She was some officer's mother-in-law (he couldn't remember the poor devil's name), one of those women who run to gristle and garrulousness in old age. The day before yesterday as he had walked under the archway, she had pounced on him with a girlish "Yoo-hoo, General McBride. I've been waiting for yoo-hoo!"

Trapped, speared.

"Aren't they meaningful, General—I mean the Japanese," she had said, poking him with a small metal object that at

first glance appeared to be a hand grenade. "See this darling Japanese mirror I've just bought." Another dig. "All metal as you can see, and chockful of significance."

She had waited for him to explode with surprise, but the best he had been able to muster was a feeble, "That so?"

"Yes, you see the Japanese never use a mirror to see what their faces look like. They believe a mirror reflects the inner state of the soul, the way you really are inside . . ."

Old blatherskite, she wasn't going to catch him today. Ducking his head, he turned down a path that shot off like a vein from the alley. The shops and huts were shabbier here, the smell of soy sauce and dirt more penetrating. He had discovered the path and the small park to which it led one day in August when he hadn't felt like going back to his room. . . .

It had been drizzling—an August rain—and he'd had to circle around a queue of women waiting to enter a fish shop. A little Japanese girl was at the end of the line, holding a purple umbrella in one hand and a string bag in the other. On her back was a baby boy, as plump as she was scrawny, as red-cheeked as she was fallow. He was probably her brother, he thought, for the girl herself wasn't more than six or seven.

She made no attempt to evoke his interest as he passed by. She looked at him, that was all, with two black wooden eyes, accepting her lot as an animal accepts a beating, a meal, warmth, or rain from the skies. She wasn't afraid, because she had little to hope for in life and little to lose. He remembered the same look in the eyes of a triple amputee at Walter Reed, a sergeant who had been trapped in a burning tank in Africa.

The little girl looked at him. It was as simple as that, and yet as he walked past the fish market, he knew he'd see her again. At first he had difficulty recognizing her in the packs of children that overflowed into the park each day. Like all the girls, she had long ragged bangs, and a small nose coated with dirt. As the cold came on, she wore layers of patched, cotton-wadded kimonos. Her feet were bare in wooden clogs that made a peculiar grating sound as she shuffled along the cobblestones, talking to the baby, humming, swaying her body back and forth to quiet him. Once he saw her buying the baby a small mudlike cookie from a vendor on a bicycle; another time he saw her playing make-believe party with him on a large flat rock.

But never was she so engrossed with him that she forgot her real business. She was a professional scavenger. Like a hawk, she would swoop down on an orange skin in the gutter, a

cigarette butt, a tin can, and tuck it into the string bag she carried on her arm. Satisfied for the moment, she would trudge on, her eyes raking the ground for another bit of loot. . . .

Yes, he thought as he gripped his hat against the December wind, the string bag, the baby, and those black wooden eyes were her trademark. He didn't know why he always noticed her, except that she had become as familiar as the cement benches in the park and the fountain where water dripped listlessly.

The park itself was pleasant enough in summertime, with giant pines under which children played and shabbily dressed lovers sat ill at ease. But today it was bleak. The pines froze in icy attitudes. The children stuck their heads inside their kimonos like turtles, too cold to scream *Haro* as an Army truck lifted its leg and hurtled around the corner.

But why wasn't the little girl out today? Was she sick? He hadn't seen her since a week ago. She had been walking by his bench, seeing yet not noticing him, when a Japanese man of about forty had lurched through the park calling a name in a drunken hysterical voice. The girl had run behind his bench. Without thinking, he had planted his feet wide apart so that she would be hidden behind the skirt of his overcoat. He had heard her breathing. After the man had left she had vanished into the brush, clawing her way on all fours like an animal. Her father? No concern of General McBride's. . . .

Then he saw her. She was sitting on a broad stone step. She had washed her face today, and her bangs stuck to her forehead in jagged, damp points. The baby was strapped to her back, but the string bag she usually carried on her arm was lying on the rock beside her. From it, she was taking her haul for the day.

She laid three pieces of charcoal on the rock, nudging them into a line.

Next she drew out a silver wrapper from a stick of gum, which she folded in tiny squares until it became a bird. She dangled the bird in the air, and the baby clutched it in his fat fist, grinning.

And now the prize of the day. Slowly, almost reverently, she took out a small mirror, the kind ladies carry in their purses. She breathed on the mirror, wiping it vigorously with her kimono sleeve. As she held the mirror high, admiring its sheen, she looked up and saw him. She flushed and hid the mirror in the fold of her kimono.

"I'm not going to steal your mirror," he wanted to say. "I'm glad you found something for yourself." But even had he known the Japanese words, the habit of years would have been too strong to overcome, so he walked past the little girl, back to the Sayako, his billet.

It was almost dark now. His ankles ached with the cold and the watch in his pocket seemed to emanate another kind of coldness.

Memories came back to him, snatches of conversation floating through his mind. He could hear a baby crying. The nurse said it was temper, sniffed down her nose when he picked John out of his crib, a wet bundle of laundry; he talked him to sleep. "Your belly aches?" he had said softly. "Sure it aches, but knock it off, will you? Knock it off." . . . He could smell the incomparable odor of sizzling trout, the summer he and John had gone to the Gaspé. . . . He could see John on the stage, hips so skinny his pants would hardly stay up, winning an oratory contest. . . . He heard John practicing the bass drum after school and he could see him sitting up in bed, fast asleep, imaginary sticks in his hands, hissing, "Tazizz . . . Tazizz . . . Tazizza."

The sound seemed to echo down the path past the rows of darkened huts, past the fish shop where a yellow cat snoozed in the window. Think of the future, he ordered himself, but all he could summon to mind was an Armagnac, a meal, a new Army-Navy *Journal*. He'd get to bed early.

Then he heard a peculiar grating sound. He turned around. The little girl had followed him from the park. She was looking up at him with a nice-to-see-you-again expression, as if they were friends meeting after a long separation.

What should he do? Wish her a Happy New Year? Then what? He didn't know her name. The only Japanese girl's name he'd ever heard was Madame Butterfly. Damn it, don't just stand there, he thought. Say something.

"Here's . . . har . . . where I have to turn in." His voice was too loud; he'd frighten her again.

But she didn't look scared. She was pleased with herself. Pride outlined every curve of her grubby hand as she took the mirror from the fold of her kimono. and began to polish it with her sleeve.

"Yes, I saw you playing in the park. Every girl needs a mirror. Can't start too young keeping yourself shipshape."

With a little bow, she handed the mirror to him. "*Omedeto gozaimasu presento*," she said, her voice squeaking with embarrassment.

"Happy New Year present." Of course he couldn't take the mirror. He'd say he was grateful, touched to the bottom of his heart, and when he had finished making her understand, she'd walk away, shoulders slumped again, that expectant look wiped clean from her eyes.

"Thank you." He gripped the mirror. "It's a fine mirror."

She nodded her head, bangs quivering.

"Just about the finest mirror I ever saw. I'll keep it here in my shirt pocket. When I want to see if my hair's parted straight, I can hold it up . . . like this."

His voice congealed in the frosty twilight. He could see his eye in the mirror. The eye seemed to grow till it became a giant lens, and through it he could see a long narrow tunnel, black, with dirt walls that were damp to the touch. Stones were underfoot and here and there a deep muddy pit. A small moving thing, like a lizard, sat in the mud, flicking its tail. And the black, unforgiving coldness made him shut his eye, and when he opened it again, he was standing by the gateway of a hotel in Kyoto, Japan, looking down at a little Japanese girl.

She was turning away from him as if their encounter had come to an end. He couldn't let her go empty-handed. Candy? He never picked up his ration at the PX. He never carried Japanese money in his pockets. You cheap jerk, he thought. Your gift must be like hers, something you treasure.

His hand fumbled a little, but his voice was the one he used at command inspections. "This used to be my son's watch. I've kept it too long. There's a nick in the crystal but it keeps perfect time. All I have to do is wind this little stem."

His old fear of time spilled through his veins. What if the watch wouldn't start again? What if the mainspring was damaged beyond repair?

"When I wind this stem," he said with a tremendous act of faith, "you'll hear a tick." Tick. The second hand began to move as if it had been waiting all these years for his touch. Tick. tick. Every second narrowed the circle of unaccepted grief.

"It's not a girl's watch," he said, hoping she could understand him. "But you can wear it around your neck. I can tie the chain together in front. Now you'll always have the right time."

Surprise leaped from her eyes. A child's limitless capacity for delight cracked the rigid mask of her self-control, and he thought for a moment she might cry. She touched the watch as a mother touches the face of a sleeping child. With an infinitely pathetic gesture, she drew herself tall, and when she bowed, her small, wadded figure crumpled at the waist.

"Happy New Year . . . har . . . Madame Butterfly."

He walked into the driveway where the lights from the Sayako gleamed like diamonds. He turned once to wave goodbye. She was standing at the gate, her hand lifted in a gesture of farewell, and it seemed to him that as she stood there in the twilight the shadows began to thin, and he could see the glint of gold on her breath.

THE END

Flash from an Old Flame

In an instant Maxine had reawakened his old, fierce hunger... His home, his wife, everything he had worked for seemed to pale in this bright, new, bewildering light

BY EDWIN A. PEEPLES ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD L. D'ANDREA

I know I shouldn't steal you away from your wife and the crowd this way, George," Maxine said when they were in the bar. "But after all these years I just had to talk to you. Do you think Elizabeth will mind?"

Except for the bartender, the bar was empty. Since the wedding party was enjoying plenty of free liquor, no one was tempted to come in here.

George smiled. "I don't think she'll mind." He ordered drinks. "She's having fun because all of the men are noticing her. She gets too little of that. It's good for her. If I hung around, I'd spoil it."

Maxine took out a cigarette. When he held a light for her, she took his hand in both of hers. Her hands had the feel of cool satin. As she leaned to light her cigarette, she looked up at him from under lashes that were long and bronze.

She was different, now. Her hair had been a darker red, and she had worn it in a pageboy. Now it was more golden and cut short. Her manner was more assured. Everything about her was firmer, quicker, more precise. The loose and girlish bridesmaid dress she wore could not conceal the rich maturity of her body.

Because she excited him, George felt uneasy and embarrassed.

"It's been so terribly long, George, hasn't it?" she said. "How long has it been since..." She left it hanging.

"Ten years. Ten years since the night you told me you were going to marry Roger Sherwood."

"Why didn't you come to the wedding?"

"How much punishment do you think a man can take?"

"I'm sorry. Did you marry Elizabeth soon afterward? Was it on the rebound?"

"It may have been rebound. I didn't think so then."

She sighed. "And you went and buried yourself on a farm."

He leaned forward, putting his elbows on the table. He was a giant of a man, well over six feet, solid and heavy. He dwarfed the table as if it were a toy. "You don't understand any of it, do you Maxine? You don't understand how things work at all, do you? When I came here from Atlanta, I fell into the same sort of crowd I grew up with there. Your crowd. This wedding crowd." He gestured broadly, as if they were all here in the bar. "And I found you. It was as if I'd gone away from home only to find I'd come home. You were home."

"I didn't realize that."

"I know you didn't. But that's how it was. So, when you married Roger, it was over. Home was gone. Or maybe it hadn't been home after all." He leaned back, slouching in his chair. "I wandered around feeling sorry for myself, looking for something to be a part of. And I met Elizabeth."

"She wasn't your crowd. She wasn't your sort. She was shy and frightened, but a great fire of yearning burned in her. She wanted to make things, build

things. She taught me to believe that building things was a lot more important than parties and dressing up.

"Possibly you will glimpse our car. It's an eight-year-old limousine. A disgrace in your world. We have to keep a horse blanket pinned over the front seat because the springs are through the upholstery. When we drove in, the parking boys hurried it out of sight as fast as possible. It embarrassed them. But it doesn't embarrass us. Other things are more important. We're trying to build a way of life. It's hard work, and it's expensive. But we think it will be worth it."

"I'm sure it will. For your sake, I hope it will." She bit her lip and seemed sad. Suddenly she was a little girl who had tried to be friendly and had been rebuffed.

He took her hand. He didn't like to hurt people. "I'm sorry, Maxine. I shouldn't have gone on that way. You did what you had to do, and so did I. I shouldn't have come to this wedding. I knew I would see you. But I thought, if I did, I'd see that none of it mattered any more and the regrets would be gone."

"Aren't they?"

"Unfortunately not. You're lovelier now than you were then. I begin to wonder what I would have been, if we had married. I shouldn't wonder that. It's too late."

"I wish we had married," she said.



George knew he had never felt this with Elizabeth. "I want you," she whispered.

Flash from an Old Flame (continued)

"You told me I'd say that one day, didn't you?"

He nodded. "I hear you've married again."

She shook her head. "I was engaged. But he was after money, too."

"Did you think I was after money?"

"I guess I never wondered. You came when I was in love for the first time. You were glamorous. For a while you made me wonder whether first love was right love."

"What disillusioned you, Maxine?"

"The letters you showed me from the girl in Miami. The first time a girl loves she wants to believe her man never loved anyone else."

"Do you think you're the first girl Roger loved?"

"I did then. He was smart enough not to be honest."

They began to reminisce, then, about the time when she was in boarding school in New York, and he would come over on weekends and meet her under the clock at the Biltmore, and they would sit with the college boys and the finishing school girls in the days when everybody knew everybody else, whether they'd met or not; where everything was terribly urgent and the air was full of competing perfumes and a string ensemble played, as one played now for the wedding, "It Was Just One of Those Things."

"It was lovely, wasn't it, George?"

"Yes," he said. "It was lovely."

"Why do you and I have to lose each other? Can't we lunch together occasionally?"

"Would you like to?"

"Please."

He promised to call her, and they went to look for Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was surrounded by men. She had a boyishness that drew men, a sort of coltish appeal they found irresistible.

When she saw George, she left the crowd, as if to say, *I've only been toying with you boys. Look at my husband. There's a man!*

"Hi!" she said to Maxine. "Have you been luring my husband?"

"I told him what a mistake he made not to marry me."

"I thought you didn't give him a chance."

"I guess I didn't give him the first chance."

Elizabeth held out her hand to Maxine. "I'm glad you two got together. A man has his memories, and a woman has her children."

"I forgot to ask George. How many children do you have?"

"Two." George told her. "Both boys. We don't have anything but boys. A girl would make Elizabeth jealous."

Driving home in the grubby car with the horse blanket over the front seat,

George was silent. The old car *did* embarrass him.

"How do people endure a superficial life like that?" Elizabeth asked presently. "Nothing but parties."

"Didn't you have fun?"

She shrugged. "It was all right."

"You had all the men. Don't you like being admired?"

"It depends on the men who do it. Those men would admire anyone new or unusual. I hit them like a blast of fresh air. But they could get as tired of fresh air as they do of perfume." She turned toward him. She didn't touch him or come near him. She could seldom express her affection with a tenderness more intimate than words. "I'd rather be admired by you than by that whole gang. Do you still admire me?"

"Yes," he said. "I admire you tremendously."

"More than Maxine?"

"Of course. Maxine hasn't done anything. You've built a house."

"We've built it."

"You've done most of it. All I've been able to do is the heavy work. You've done the plastering and painting, the real planning."

Timidly she laid her hand on his arm. "That's my substitute for bringing you money. With Maxine you could have had those things done."

"We could have had them done, but it would have been slower."

"I didn't want it slower. Not the first part. I needed it fast. For self-confidence. So did you, George. You're not as self-confident as you pretend. You used to giggle. That's a mark of uneasiness. Don't you think so?"

"Well . . ." He wasn't so sure it meant he was uneasy.

But when Elizabeth had had a few drinks she didn't wait for answers to her questions. "Giggling is silly in a man of your size," she said, "and I'm glad I cured you of it. And of being boisterous. You're so much more dignified, now, and it's better. Everybody says so."

"I suppose so." He turned up the lane that climbed the steep hill to his house. The house stood in a grove of trees and looked down the hill toward a pond that was on the property.

Admiring it, Elizabeth said, "We're building something everybody will envy, when we get it finished."

"Will we ever get it finished?" He helped her out of the car and followed her across the lawn to the house.

As he waited to take the sitter home, he stood staring through the fading light at this property that was his. Usually he thought of the land as beautiful and important. This afternoon, he felt it as an oppressive weight.

It flourished, rank and unruly. It had to be dealt with constantly. It grew to briars and saplings that had to be mowed. Trees fell and had to be sawed and moved. Vines clawed buildings apart. Roots split foundations.

Over the weekend he dug a drainage ditch so the water from the washing machine and the gutters on the west side of the house would flow into the front field instead of flooding the perennial bed. It was the sinewy sort of work that occupied most of his weekends. Usually he enjoyed it. This weekend he didn't. He resented it.

He welcomed Monday and the chance to escape to the commuter train and the office, to face the familiar clutter of his desk, the morning mail, the ringing phone, the stream of salesmen and Jarrold Fortner, the chief purchasing agent of National Oil, who was his boss.

George called Jarrold "the boss" but he thought of him more as a partner.

Jarrold, a dark, slender man, very intense and energetic, was four years older than George, but looked younger. He rejoiced in urgent procurements that justified working late, keeping the whole staff and rousing salesmen and sales managers by phone in distant cities.

In these uproars Jarrold frequently created more confusion than he settled. And George's function was to act as a governor, to schedule the results, placate suppliers whom Jarrold mortally offended and, in general, reduce the wild operations to common sense.

He and Jarrold were a good team. Each supplied what the other lacked. And they enjoyed relaxing with each other at lunches with two Martinis.

At lunch the Monday after the wedding, Jarrold reminded George that the annual Oil Supplier's Convention would be the end of the following week, the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth, in Atlantic City. "I've made reservations for us at the Marlborough," Jarrold said.

George had forgotten it; normally he found conventions exhausting trials and went only to please Jarrold. Now, to his surprise, he found he was anticipating the trip with pleasure.

When George got back from lunch, he found a message to call a Mrs. Roger Sherwood. He dialed the number before he remembered that Mrs. Roger Sherwood was Maxine.

Her voice was too warm, too friendly. It made him uneasy. She would be in town on Wednesday, she said, and would like to lunch with him, if he wasn't busy.

His first impulse was to say he was busy. But why should he? What was the harm? He agreed to meet her at the Barclay.

Maxine was already in the lobby when George arrived on Wednesday. She had

her back to him and was talking to a stringy but expensively dressed blonde who seemed vaguely familiar. The blonde glanced at George twice in a blank way. Then she seemed to recognize him. In dismay she said something to Maxine and turned and hurried away.

Maxine turned, saw George and hurried to him, bringing warmth and enthusiasm and a painfully familiar perfume. She looked at him the way she had ten years ago, but now her look was more eager and interested. In his excitement at being near Maxine again, George forgot the blonde.

When they had found a table and ordered cocktails, Maxine said, "I had to see you again, George. I had to! You're so changed, so different. I know I shouldn't have called you, but you'd never have called me."

"Do you think I've changed for better or for worse?"

"I don't know. You've developed a really frightening dignity. I'm sure it must do you all sorts of good in business. I understand you're doing wonderfully well. But I don't know. There are so few spontaneously exciting people—you used to play the guitar and sing and tell wonderful stories, and now you don't—it seems a shame to put out the light."

"Do you suppose it's out permanently?"

"I hope not." She laid her hand on his. He closed his fingers over hers.

Long ago he had held this hand in a big house in Haverford. In a garden at that house he had drawn her close to him and tasted, for the first time, the mouth that spoke to him now.

She smiled at him. "You haven't heard a word I've said, have you?" she asked.

He grinned. "No. But I've been thinking of you."

"Am I much changed?"

She was. Faint parentheses enclosed her mouth. The line of her jaw was more pronounced. The feathercut that had replaced her pageboy was a bit too crisp a halo in a bit too burnished a gold. The touch of green eyeshadow was new.

She must have had a rotten time with Sherwood. George felt sorry for her. "You've changed," he said. "You're much lovelier."

The waiter, asking for their order, broke the spell. When the waiter went away, George told Maxine about his work. She listened without much interest. "It sounds terribly dull," she said. "Don't you ever have anything to break the monotony?"

"We have conventions. We're having one next week in Atlantic City. The sixteenth through the eighteenth. My boss and I'll be at the Marlborough."

"Oh?" She considered it. "Well, that's something, but not much. What you need,

George, is a more exciting business to bring back your sparkle. You need work that will amuse you. Why don't you go into television? Television needs good executives."

"For a really good job, I'd have to go to New York."

"You wouldn't have to live there. You could take a *pied à terre*. Since you commute, you're only at home weekends now. I'm going to speak to some people I know."

As he went back to the office, he was excited about the convention rather than about a career in television. He and Jarrold would spend a comfortable, lazy hour going down on the train. They would smoke a cigar and talk and read the papers. And for three days they would enjoy the luxury of being sought and waited on and spirited about to elaborate meals.

By the time George and Jarrold finished the trip down the next week and arrived at the hotel, George was quite excited. He saw few people they knew in the lobby, but the room clerk handed Jarrold a wad of notes and invitations.

They had adjoining rooms with a bath in between. The bellboy let Jarrold into his room first and then let George into his. George could have followed Jarrold and reached his own room through the bath. But this would have destroyed the essence of individuality. He would have lost some caste thereby.

So it wasn't until each had entered his own door and tipped the boy separately that George went into Jarrold's room and found him putting a bottle of whiskey on the bureau.

"I ordered set-ups," Jarrold said.

The bellboy who brought the ice and soda handed George a slip. "Desk forgot to give you this message, sir," he said.

Maxine had called. She was at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

"One of the feather merchants?" Jarrold asked.

"No." George went to the bureau. "Fix you a drink?" Jarrold nodded. "No. It's an old flame. Girl I wanted to marry once."

Jarrold took his drink. "Fire out?" he asked.

"I don't know." George mixed a drink for himself and held his glass toward Jarrold's. "Cheers!" he said. "First one today . . . with this hand." They drank thoughtfully. "I suppose," George said, "it would be fun to do the town with her one night, when there's nothing too pressing going on."

"Why not?" Jarrold asked. "Nothing at a convention's that pressing."

"I wouldn't want to leave you stranded for an evening."

Jarrold freshened George's drink. "Don't worry about me, boy." He clapped

George's back. "I'll have plenty of fun. Go and give your gal friend a jingle."

As he placed the call, he decided he would make it a short evening and come back for nightcaps with Jarrold.

Then Maxine's voice came, warm and liquid and a little hesitant. She had come down to see her Uncle Howard, and she couldn't resist calling him. She supposed he was all tied up, but if he wasn't . . .

"No," he said. "I'm glad you called. Why don't we have dinner tonight?"

"Love to," she said in a whisper, a husky whisper.

"Will you be here long?"

"No. I'm going back tomorrow."

"Where shall we meet?"

"Why don't you come here to the Derbyshire Lounge at seven?"

He agreed and went back to tell Jarrold the arrangement. "She's going back to Philly tomorrow," he added.

Jarrold rattled the ice in his glass and stared at it thoughtfully. "She a little rich girl, or a little poor girl?"

"Little rich girl," George said.

As George entered the Derbyshire Lounge, he was as excited as he had been on his first date. He took an obscure table for two, a banquette in the back corner, ordered a Scotch and soda and examined the room.

As George was finishing his second Scotch, Maxine came in and swept towards him, holding out her hands. He took her hands and drew her to the banquette beside him.

"What fun!" she said.

He ordered a drink for her. For some time they exchanged fragments of sentences that didn't say anything in order to avoid the embarrassment of looking at each other without speaking.

As they began to be coherent, a woman's voice interrupted. "George Justiss! What are you doing here?"

It was Charlotte Soames. Elizabeth worked with her in the P. T. A.

"I'm here on a convention." He got up. "Maxine, this is Mrs. Soames. She's a neighbor of ours. Charlotte, this is Maxine Taylor."

Maxine held out her hand. "It's Maxine Sherwood," she said. "How do you do. George and I knew each other a long time ago, before either of us was married. Like most men, he only remembers the maiden names of his old loves. Won't you join us?"

Charlotte didn't take Maxine's hand. "I'm sorry," she said, "but my husband is meeting me. Glad to see you, George. I hope your," she glanced at Maxine, "convention is a success."

"Maybe we could get together for cocktails," George suggested.

"That would be nice. We're here until Friday. Why don't you call us?" She nodded at Maxine and walked away.

Flash from an Old Flame (continued)

"I'm afraid," Maxine said, "we've started some gossip in the rural set. Do you mind?"

"I don't think Charlotte is the sort to make anything of it. And even if she did, Elizabeth's too sensible to take it seriously."

But he saw from the way Charlotte glanced at them that he and Maxine must be the topic at the Soames table. It began to work on him. He got up. "Let's get out of here. I feel like the prize exhibit in a side show."

They went to the boardwalk and strolled south. "What amazing conclusions people jump to!" she said. "I'll bet your friend, Charlotte, doesn't believe there's any convention at all. She probably thinks you brought me here for an affair." She giggled. "And got caught."

Suddenly George understood why Elizabeth disliked giggling. He turned to tell Maxine that Charlotte's believing that wasn't funny. But, when he looked at her, his throat grew tight, and he said, "I wish it were so."

"Oh, George! I was a fool!"

They walked on in silence.

"George," Maxine asked presently, "do you remember the night we had all those Martinis with those strange people in Greenwich Village and didn't care whether we dined or didn't and finally went and had antipasto?"

"Do you want to do without dinner tonight?"

"No. I'm not drunk enough. Look." She stopped. "Most of the old crowd doesn't come here any more. But those who do come go to Richard's. Let's eat there."

Richard's bleak, blue neon sign was the only light in a cozy alley. Maxine led George through its leather-padded foyer and into a gloom in which the only visible lights were the sparkles of fluorescent green swizzle sticks glowing in highballs.

The only person George knew at the table Maxine insisted on joining was the stringy blonde with whom he'd seen Maxine at the Barclay. She was a Mrs. Elbridge Huntley Green, Phoebe Green. Her blonde hair didn't hang together; she had the figure of a child, but her face was pretty in a gaunt, hunted way.

As soon as George heard her name was Phoebe, he remembered meeting her at the Biltmore in the days when he went there with Maxine. Her date had been an earnest, cadaverous boy who had acne, no money and no place to take Phoebe.

George had bought them drinks and lent the boy—his name was Ormund—the key to his hotel room. When George had returned late that night, he had thought Phoebe and Ormund hadn't been there after all. But he had found an earring, some blonde bobby pins, and, in an

ashtray behind a curtain, cigarettes with lipstick.

He smiled at Phoebe. "It's been a long time since I last saw you."

As she started to smile, she glanced over his shoulder. Her face froze. "I don't think we've met," she said.

Her husband came and sat beside her. He was balding, heavy-set, and dull. The hand he offered was limp and pasty.

Phoebe's look begged George to say nothing.

He didn't understand it, but he wasn't too interested. He shrugged and said something about the weather.

After dinner he and Maxine tried to dance on the cramped floor. For a few moments the touch of her pressed his anger away. Shyly she put her cheek against his. Then the floor filled with people who did more jostling than dancing.

"You aren't having any fun, are you, George?" Maxine asked.

"No."

"I'm sorry. And you did such a nice thing for Phoebe, too. I'd forgotten you knew her. She's not happy. Elbridge's terribly jealous. He's always spying on her, and she's terrified because she still sees Ormund occasionally. She never got over Ormund." She took his arm and led him from the floor. "But we don't care about Phoebe, do we? Let's go on the beach and listen to the waves."

The beach was dark and exciting, but walking soon grew tiresome. "I'd like to sit and listen," Maxine said. "Could we get cushions?"

They went back to the boardwalk and found the rental places closed. They walked south for a long time and were ready to give up when George found an Army surplus store and bought an Army blanket. They took it back to the beach.

For a while they sat silently, their hands just touching. Then, gently, George slipped his arm around Maxine's waist. With a little cry she came to him and kissed him with a warm, soft eagerness.

"I've loved you all this time, without knowing it," he said.

"I know." She kissed him desperately. "I know."

"Can we do anything about it? Anything real?"

"I'm willing, George."

"No," he said. "Not that way. It's got to be on the level. You're too fine for anything sordid."

"Thank you, George." But her voice shook because she wept.

"Oh, Maxine," he held her close. "What use would I be to you? I live a dull and stuffy life. Not just the farm; the way I make a living is stuffy. And I have to make a living. I'm that sort. But you could have anyone. You don't want me."

"Yes," she said huskily. "I do. I want you. And you don't need to make a stuffy

living. You can do interesting things. You just need someone to encourage you." She pulled him close. "I can encourage you to do big things." Her face came quite close so her breath was warm on his mouth. "But let's not talk. Let's not think of anything but us. Let's just listen to the sea and . . ." her lips touched his again.

They dwelt, then, in a long, exquisite agony, holding each other and whispering again all the things they had said a long time ago. And the lights went out slowly. And the sea came and went. And gulls cried in the darkness.

The glimmer of dawn found them silent and chilled on the rumpled Army blanket that sand had sifted over. Maxine slept with her head and shoulders in his lap. As the dawn brightened and separated the sea and sky, George gazed at Maxine's face.

Her eyes were closed. Her make-up was smeared a little. She looked older. The dark area of skin beneath her eyes was larger. She wasn't any longer the girl he remembered. She was somebody else.

Her skirt, clinging to her, showed the beautiful way she was made. And he could feel how soft she was, yet how firm. She was so completely a woman.

Elizabeth had never given him this sensation. She had no feminine softness. She was muscular and angular. She was mannish and seemed proud that she was. She despised everything feminine.

Could a man be blamed, if, after so many years, he hungered for a woman and, though not seeking one, wanted one who came to him?

George kissed Maxine. She sighed and slid her arms around him. Her legs shifted beneath her skirt. She opened her eyes and smiled. "Good morning, darling," she said. She snuggled against him, glancing up with one eye.

He got up and drew her to him, and they clung together, swaying.

Gradually the heat of the sun and the humid dampness dissolved the illusion of timelessness, and he released her. He brushed the sand from his clothes, adjusted his tie, picked up the blanket and folded it over his arm.

Without touching—far apart, in fact—they walked along the firm sand at the edge of the water between the ridge of small clams the sea had washed in and the lacy fans of froth that reached and withdrew.

"It's funny," George said. "Women worship God, and men worship women. To try to love a woman who discourages worship is to be Godless."

"Has it been this way with you, George?"

"Yes. Until last night, when I found I could worship you, I didn't understand

why I've felt empty. But how would it have been, if we'd married?"

She considered it. "Did you worship Elizabeth?"

"I wanted to. But soon after we were married she made it plain she didn't want that. What she wanted was security."

"And you gave it to her."

"That's right. It seemed a noble enough project at first. Now I see it's a career of piling up perishable possessions, participating in the modern philosophy of planned obsolescence. The only trouble is that people become obsolete just as fast as goods."

They came to a pier and paused at the steps up to the boardwalk. George drew Maxine to him, roughly pressing the whole length of her against him. "I feel," he said, "that when we walk up those steps I'll lose you, and I don't want to lose you."

With a small cry she clung to him. "What can we do?"

"Did you ever find out anything about television?"

She shook her head. "I didn't think you were really interested."

"I wasn't. But now I want to start over, if you do."

"You know I do."

"I'll have to change jobs. I'm very close to my boss. But he's the sort who'd never understand about us."

"All right." She became businesslike. "There's a key network man named Nestleton at the hotel. Uncle Howard knows him. I'll arrange for us to have cocktails. I'll call you about it at lunchtime."

Until he left her at her hotel, he had confidence, but afterward, in the musty hall leading to his room, abustle with chambermaids and linen carts, he couldn't believe it would work.

Jarrold was just getting up. He came into George's room, saw that he was dressed and the bed hadn't been slept in, and shook his head. "You'll be a wreck. You get any sleep at all?"

"No." He yawned. "We sat on the beach and watched the dawn."

"I suppose a great romance is now started."

"I don't know about that. I do know watching the sunrise was the first natural, relaxing and exciting thing I've done in years."

Jarrold shrugged. "Must be great to be young." He went to the bathroom. "And silly!" He slammed the door.

George seethed as he waited for the bath. He phrased several furious resignations. When Jarrold finally yielded the bath, he and George passed each other without speaking.

Irritation waked George and put him in the proper mood to resist any nonsense Jarrold might start at breakfast.

But at breakfast Jarrold only discussed the people he had seen and winning twenty dollars in a poker game that had lasted until 3 A.M.

After breakfast he and Jarrold went to Convention Hall and plunged into the thick of the high pressure area. They listened to sales managers. They accepted invitations. They heard technical talks and watched motion pictures in an atmosphere reeking of lubricants, new crackle finish, enamel coated paper, new varnish and stale coffee.

They submitted to the sort of fawning masculine attention that always gave George an unclean feeling. It seemed to George that this was the same sort of attention these men would direct toward a girl they were trying to seduce. Even so, he laughed at their jokes, which were uniformly disgusting.

In revulsion, George ignored the convention and thought of Maxine. When men asked him questions that he didn't hear, he stalled by saying, "I didn't catch that," or, "I don't believe I understand the import of your question."

The desk at the Marlborough had a message for George to call Maxine.

In the quiet room Maxine's husky whisper was as intimate as if she sat beside him on the bed. His hand sweated as he listened to her explain the cocktail arrangements with Nestleton. They would all meet in the Peacock Inn at five.

"I miss you," he murmured. "I can't seem to think of anything else."

"Oh?"

"Haven't you felt the same way?"

"I haven't had time to know, George. Phoebe's been here all morning, and she's all to pieces. I'll explain it later. I've got to run."

The phone died in his hand. Why was she so cold?

As five o'clock neared, he dreaded breaking the news to Jarrold. Jarrold was angry, and he'd seen Jarrold do impetuous things in anger. Jarrold would be perfectly capable of firing him on the spot.

The moral aspects would bother Jarrold only in the abstract. He would look on it as a messy and probably unnecessary disturbance. Since he was emotionally married to the company rather than to his wife, a separation would never occur to him because it wouldn't be necessary.

But how would he react?

As George and Jarrold walked from a valve demonstration toward an enclosure where insulating materials would be described, George told Jarrold he was meeting Maxine again.

Jarrold stopped. "So she didn't leave town?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose, even if I ordered you not to, you'd go anyhow."

George swallowed uneasily. "I'm afraid so."

"All right." He faced George. "But he in by midnight. We're going to have to have a talk. Can we agree on that?"

"Yes, sir."

As he joined Maxine and the others in the Peacock Inn Lounge, George tried to catch Maxine's eye and read some tenderness there, but she was being brittle and charming. Her look told him nothing.

Her Uncle Howard was a squat, heavy man with the face of a frog, bright blue eyes and the conspiratorial expression of a sly, smutty little boy.

Nestleton, a man racked by tension, wallowed in a mire of personal taboos. He didn't smoke because he feared cancer. He didn't drink because of ulcers. He sipped quinine water and munched aluminum hydroxide tablets to line his stomach against dinner.

He was interested only in Maxine. His eyes, licking over her, said that, were he not a physical wreck, he would deal with her properly. He gave George a cool nod and resumed telling Maxine about a new show he planned. She was just the girl for it. Why didn't she come to New York and try out?

"Mr. Justiss," Uncle Howard said with mild impatience, "is the one who's interested in television."

"Not acting or production," Maxine said hastily, laying her hand in Nestleton's. "Administration. Television must be short of good administrative people. Every other business is these days."

"Right now our staff is pretty well . . ." Nestleton intoned.

"Oh," Maxine said, "there's nothing urgent about it."

"I'm not really seeking a change." George said. "But Maxine felt television was a promising field for an energetic man."

"It is!" Nestleton said. "Most promising new field in business!" He sipped his quinine. "Just what is your experience, Mr. Justiss?"

When George told him, Nestleton was impressed. "Is that so?" he said. "That's a pretty big outfit. You should have a good future there."

"I suppose I do. But Maxine thought television might be better."

"You get to New York often, Mr. Justiss?"

"I could always make a trip for a specific appointment."

He waved it away. "No need to do that. But next time you're in town, look me up. Here's my card."

It was a brushoff. George looked to see whether Maxine understood it was. She did and was annoyed. She felt he'd muffed it.

After Nestleton left, George invited Maxine and Uncle Howard to dinner.



It was dawn. She had slept in his arms all night. He kissed her and she smiled.

Flash from an Old Flame (continued)

Uncle Howard declined. Maxine laid her hand on George's arm. "I can't make it tonight, George," she said. "I've got to help Phoebe. Ormund's in town tonight, and she wants to see him."

"Aren't you going to get into a mess?"

"What else has she got to do?" Uncle Howard leered. "She and her crowd take love where they find it and nerve pills in between."

Without a word, George got up and started out. Maxine hurried after him, trying to explain why a girl had to keep in touch with her crowd and help anybody who needed help. Phoebe would pretend to be spending the night with Maxine, but she would be with Ormund. Ormund was bringing a friend so Maxine wouldn't be alone. She didn't care about the friend, but she couldn't let him dangle.

At the exit to the boardwalk George turned on her: "What about me? You're letting me dangle!"

"But you have your convention, don't you?"

"I arranged to be with you tonight."

"Why? I could have told you what the problem was."

"I don't know why it's your problem!"

In the crowd that passed through the arcade of shops and potted palmettoes where they stood, George saw the Soames. He smiled at Charlotte.

But at that moment Maxine said loudly, "You don't understand my problem? You don't understand what I have to do?"

Charlotte recognized Maxine, saw that they were quarreling and passed on haughtily. Soames raised his eyebrows coolly and turned away.

Whirling on Maxine, George shouted, "No! I don't understand. If Phoebe feels the way you say, why doesn't she divorce her husband?"

"Because she has no money, if you must know! Neither has Ormund."

"When I was young, if it was love, you didn't need money."

"Well, none of us is young any more. We're accustomed to expensive living. Elbridge is rich, so Phoebe must keep him!"

"The whole philosophy is as hard as possible, isn't it?"

"It's no different from your worry about what that Soames woman will think about us."

"Sure it's different! I don't intend to play fast and loose with Elizabeth. If our marriage is over, I'll tell her. I won't hide something so she can hear the news from someone else."

"You have a very odd code of honor, George."

"At least I have a code!"

Her face went white. He waited for her to say something pretty final. But she

didn't. "I must run," she said tensely. "Why don't I give you a call later?"

He nodded, turned abruptly and left her.

He hoped to reach the hotel before Jarrold left for dinner. But, when he found Jarrold had gone and left no message, he dined alone, went to his room and went to bed.

He felt old and ill and soiled. As he watched the patterns of light on the ceiling, he yearned for his office and his comfortable desk.

When the stirring in the next room waked him, he couldn't identify the place of utter darkness and damp in which the window was a vague, gray square. He listened for the threep of crickets, the glady songs of night birds, the gossip of geese, the bleating of lambs, the thrum of a car on the distant road.

Instead, he heard the surf.

Oh! It must be midnight. Jarrold must have come in. He put on his robe and went into the next room.

Jarrold was surprised to see him. "Well," he said, "I didn't think you'd be here." He waved to the bottle on the bureau. "Have a drink."

George fixed a drink and sipped it. "Good poker game?" he asked.

"Fair. I broke about even." Jarrold made a drink and sat down. "I don't get it," he said presently. "You seem to've gone off the deep end about this girl. I've seen it happen to lots of men, but I never thought it could happen to you. You've always been so levelheaded. I've always been the one who barged off on a tangent. You've been the one who kept the ducks in a row. Now . . ."

George nodded. "We've been a good team," he said.

"Been? Do we have to stop being a good team?"

"I don't know, Jarrold. I'm afraid this offends things you believe in. Hasn't it destroyed your confidence in me?"

He considered it. "I don't think so. Not permanently. I've been sore. Sure. This afternoon I was mad enough to fire you."

"I know. I thought you might do it."

He smiled in a boyish, charming way. "It didn't seem to be the right place. You don't fire people in public." He grew serious again. "Tonight I got to thinking. Our business is a lot of pressure of one sort. Your farm is more pressure of another sort. For ten years nothing interrupts it. Then, suddenly, something does." He rubbed his chin so the stubble on it rasped. "I guess I could have gotten into the same situation myself. Sometimes I've felt like it. I just never looked for the chance."

"I didn't look for this chance."

"I know you didn't, George."

They finished their drinks and made two more. "The thing you've got to face," Jarrold said, "is that you've got to make a decision. At first I was shocked. If I knew Elizabeth better, I might have stayed shocked. I might have felt something personal and taken her side. But I see now that the person who's more important to me is you."

"I don't follow you."

"When I promoted you over guys with more tenure, I did it on instinct. I didn't have a good reason. But my instinct was right. We're a good team and a young one, and we can go up together. But, to go up, we've got to be settled. We can't have our private life in an uproar." He got up and paced the room.

"Right now it's very important to be settled. I'm about to move up. I can't tell you any more about it. But, if I can still count on you, if I move, you move. If not"—he faced George, his eyes hard—"if not, you don't move up. And you know business, George. It has only two directions. Up or out."

George licked his lips. "You telling me to forget Maxine?"

"No!" Jarrold tossed off his drink. "I'm no prude! I'm no damned busybody!" His voice softened. "She may be the girl you need. She seems to have money. She seems to be social. As you move up, those are good things to have in a wife. She may be the right one. All I'm saying is: get it settled." He stared into his empty glass.

George got up. "Have you set a deadline, Jarrold?"

"No, George. Don't rush it. Take your time. Forget the convention. Live with this gal. Sleep with her, if it takes that. You'll never have a better chance than this to know her. If she turns out to be what you want, make your deal with Elizabeth. If she isn't—" he shrugged. "Be fair. Forget her."

George nodded, went back to bed and tried to sleep. He couldn't sleep. He saw visions of promotions, of living with Maxine, of leaving Elizabeth. He saw Ronny and Doug, with puzzled expressions, visiting a man who was called their father but who was now a stranger; visiting a woman they didn't know, whom they resented, maybe even hated.

In the lobby the next morning after breakfast, Jarrold said, "Well, I guess you . . ."

Quickly George said, "I'll see you later."

Jarrold held out his hand. George gripped it tightly. He liked this guy. He really liked this guy.

At ten-thirty he called Maxine, his stomach going soft with expectation as her phone rang. She didn't answer. He had her paged. She wasn't there. The

Flash from an Old Flame (continued)

Greens were not registered there either.

He decided to try all the hotels for the Greens. Before he started, he told the operator to break in with any incoming calls.

The Greens were at Craig Hall. Green, himself, answered. George explained who he was and asked whether Maxine Sherwood was there.

"No!" Green shouted. "She isn't! I wish you'd tell me where she is! My wife's supposed to be with her, but . . . but," his voice broke. The bluster went out of it. "I've been trying to get Maxine's room since ten last night, but there isn't any answer."

These women were fools! "I see," George said. "Well, if Maxine calls me, I'll let you know."

"I hope you will. She and Phoebe were dining together and spending the evening, but where are they? I've been worried sick. I don't . . . I don't know what to do. I don't know what to think."

"They probably saw a show and had a few drinks and got in late," he laughed lightly, "the way girls do."

"But I called them all night!"

George felt sorry for Green. He might be pasty and unattractive, but in his way he loved his wife.

"Where are you?" Green asked.

As George told him, the operator cut in with a call from the lobby. Maxine's voice said, "Oh, George! I'm glad you're there. Can we come up? Phoebe's with me."

"Sure. Come on up."

When Maxine burst into the room, she was still rather drunk. Phoebe followed shyly. Her birdlike face was sallow.

"We've had a terrible time!" Maxine said, sinking onto the bed.

"I should never have done it," Phoebe said. She edged gently onto a straight chair, as if she were injured and feared pain.

"Oh, fiddle," Maxine said. "It was a lark!" She turned to George. "But the boys simply wouldn't go! We just got rid of them. We had to see the dawn. It *couldn't* have been more tedious!" She took out a cigarette. As George lit it, she asked, "Why aren't you at the convention?"

"I told Jarrold how things were, and he thought I might like to spend the rest of my time here with you."

Her mouth dropped open. "Why he must be a perfect love!"

"He's pretty swell." He came to kiss Maxine.

She turned away. "Not now, George. I'm too tired. I really am."

"**S**orry." They were Elizabeth's words spoken by a different voice. "Why don't you call your husband?" he asked Phoebe. "He's frantic."

"How do you know?" Maxine asked.

She wasn't pleased at all with this.

"I called him," he told her. "I was trying to get you. I got tired of waiting for you to call."

"I didn't promise to call you." She smirked at him.

Before he could answer her, Phoebe asked what Elbridge had said.

"He tried to get you at Maxine's all last night."

The phone rang. Phoebe jumped up. "Is he coming here?"

"It's possible," George said, taking up the phone.

Green was in the lobby. He couldn't understand the cutoff. Had George heard from Maxine? Could he come up?



"Are you going to leave me?" asked Elizabeth, his wife. "I wouldn't blame you."

George put his hand over the phone. "He wants to come up."

Phoebe began to cry. "If he comes up, he'll believe all sorts of things!"

George was sorry for both Phoebe and Green. He took his hand from the phone. "Maxine's here," he told Green. "She and Phoebe stayed up to watch the sunrise. After breakfast, Phoebe went shopping."

"Oh?" Green sounded skeptical. "Can I come up and hear that from Maxine?"

"I'd prefer you didn't, old man."

"Oh. I see." His voice was disapproving. "Well, thanks for your help, Mr. Justiss."

George hung up and turned to Phoebe. "If you hurry, you can probably beat him back to the hotel. I expect he'll go by the boardwalk. Go down to the street entrance and take a cab. But keep your eyes open! If you barge into him in the lobby, he'll come raging up here ready to shoot me."

Looking even more hunted and shocked, Phoebe slunk out.

"Oh, George!" Maxine drew him down beside her. "You handled that just like old times." She kissed him hungrily, forgetting she was tired.

Not until two-thirty did they think of eating. After lunch they went to a dark bar where Maxine's dress was more appropriate. They didn't talk much. They drank and touched knees under the table and hands across the table, watching each other the whole time, laughing often and suddenly for no reason at all. "That Nestleton thing was an awful fake," George said.

She nodded. "I'm sorry. Those things don't work that way, do they? I'm glad we don't need Nestleton."

After dinner they took the Army blanket back to the beach. They found the sea again and each other again: the nearness and the perfume and the excitement that came in waves, surging higher and stronger, urgently and urgently and urgently, in the same rhythm as the sea, to a final great tide that raced, as the sea does against rocks and crags, tumbling, falling angrily in a mad fury, unable to reach higher or farther, yet reaching, finally, higher and farther beyond all belief; then falling back, falling away, softening, ebbing and receding.

Spent with each other and gentle with each other and close to each other; full of wonder and exquisite ache, they sat, hands scarcely touching, and George asked, "Will you marry me, Maxine?"

For a long time she didn't answer. Then she said, "Oh, George, you don't know what you're facing. Even without children, it's terrible. We'd have to be awfully sure we're right."

"Aren't you sure?"

"I'm sure of myself. I want you so much. But I'm not sure of you. If you were wrong, you could hate me terribly. You're too honest, darling, to do something this serious so suddenly."

He started to speak.

"No. Let me finish. You don't really know me. I'm impulsive and illogical and easily bored. When I'm bored, I shoot out the lights. You're tidy and deliberate. Things like Phoebe make you uncomfortable. But I can't resist things like Phoebe.

"Hush," she added, touching his mouth with her hand. "Tonight I belong to you. Tomorrow I'm going back to Philadelphia. No. Don't argue. We can't keep torturing each other. After you've thought it over and discussed it with Elizabeth, if you can call me and say it's yes . . ." She pressed close again, her mouth clinging to his, her eyes closed. After a long time she whispered, "That's my answer."

She called him the next morning, but she wouldn't see him. After the call,

he sagged on the bed and wrung his hands. The room was dreary.

That evening George got quite drunk, drunk enough to be struck with a brilliant thought. "Men get drunk 'cause they're 'emotionally frustrated," he told everybody. "Wouldn't have to drink, 'f they had guts to seduce a women. Too shy, though. Drink not so good for 'um physically as rape, though, but socially more 'ceptable."

But everybody was too drunk to care.

The next morning George felt his insides had been scalded with boiling water. Mentally he was stunned. He rode back with Jarrold in a daze and hardly remembered changing trains and leaving Jarrold at Thirteenth Street.

As he rode home from Paoli in the cab, he felt light, sad, and anxious. His chest felt congested and ached so he couldn't get his breath.

Elizabeth and the boys were squatting on the front terrace and weeding the perennial bed. Elizabeth wore a white shirt and jeans. Her hair was wind blown. She looked boyish and bright.

Ronny and Doug hurried to him screaming, "Daddy! Daddy!" And he had to go see the snake Ronny had killed and the flowers Doug had picked and the wall Elizabeth had started.

He had trouble catching her eye. She wouldn't look at him. But after he had changed to slacks, she served him lunch on the terrace and sent the boys away so they could talk.

The man had fixed the furnace, she reported. Doug had gotten poison ivy, but not badly. Ronny had broken a new shovel trying to move a rock. She had a quotation for post and rail for the lane. The car needed new tires. The garage man said the present ones were dangerous.

"Gee," he said. "The expense is endless, isn't it?"

"I try to keep it down by doing things myself."

He took her hand and held it lightly. "You do wonders, Elizabeth. It all just seems too much for us."

"But what else is there? I love it. I can wait. I can make do."

"Is our whole life going to be make-do at a ruinous expense?"

She looked down the hill toward the pond. In the air between two swallows played tag with a piece of sheep's wool, moving so rapidly the wool bounced in the air as a ball might.

Ignoring his question, Elizabeth said, "I had coffee with Charlotte Soames this morning. She was in Atlantic City. Did you see her?"

"Yes. Maxine was down, and I took her to dinner. We saw Charlotte at cocktails. I'm afraid Charlotte jumped to conclusions."

"Charlotte is rather parochial. How is Maxine?"

"Fine."

Elizabeth got up. She had to dress and take the boys to a party. Could she get him anything? No. He thought he'd nap.

But he couldn't sleep, so he got up and roamed the house, seeing, as if they were new, the things Elizabeth had done. He remembered when she'd sanded and patched and painted the living room. Some of the patches still bore her fingerprints. The draperies she'd made were careful and professional. The windows flourished with her potted plants.

True, she'd finished very few things she'd begun. Draperies lacked hems. Curtains lacked valences. Doors lacked locks.

The place was the work of a brilliant child who, when she worked, created miracles, but who tired of a job, as if of a toy, when a brighter bauble of enterprise lured her away.

Against the slick, impersonal completeness of Maxine and hotel luxury, the farm seemed rudimentary. It had the air of a great painting that was never ready to show, that went on and on and might never be finished at all. But such of it as there was had magnificence.

As he stared at the tapestry of trees behind the house, the old car came back up the lane. Elizabeth got out and came to him. "I decided to come home and wait for it to be over," she said.

He saw her dressed up so seldom, he forgot how lovely she was; how honest and clean her beauty was, how confident, except for her eyes, her expression was. Her eyes were always a little anxious.

"I'm so glad you're back, George," she said. "When you go away, it seems a light has gone out." She waited. Then she asked abruptly, "Are you much in love with Maxine?"

As he began what he had to do, his voice shook. "I don't know," he said.

"If you are, it's all right." Her voice became artificially loud. "I wouldn't blame you. I'm not a good wife. I don't know what I am. A good player at things, I guess. So I don't blame you. You're not happy. This farm's been everything to me, but I've left you out of it, haven't I?"

"I wouldn't say that."

"Yes. I've left you out. What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. I haven't decided."

She turned and walked toward the house, saying, "Whatever you decide is all right. But . . . would you fix it so I can see my boys?"

He couldn't answer. He couldn't go to her. He wandered through the hot afternoon to the back fields. When she went for the boys, he was so far off the sound of the car came as a soft whisper that faded quickly.

He wanted to hurry in and call Maxine. He clenched and unclenched his hands. Sweat poured down his face and back. He would sell the place and give most of the money to Elizabeth.

He would see these trees no more nor these rocks! Nor these hedgerows glistening black with raspberries. Nor would he breathe the honeysuckle's perfume, nor hear the songs of the crickets and birds.

Elizabeth's childlike face would be gone from the pillow each morning. No longer would her voice say at unexpected moments: "Love you!" nor her face be transformed with wonder that it could be so.

He would lose the elfin spirit that lurked cleanly in the woods, that could not stand the crush of throngs.

He went back to the house and called Maxine.

"So soon?" she asked him, her voice soft and compelling.

"Yes, Maxine. I've decided the answer's no."

"Oh." There was silence. Then: "She must have put on quite a show."

"She didn't put on any show. She said she'd do what I wanted."

"I don't"—her voice caught—"don't believe it."

He understood why she couldn't believe it. "It's true," he said. "I know how you feel. It's doing the same to me."

"Well"—she tried to say it glibly—"some bets you win. Some you don't."

He tried to say some words to soften the cruelty, but the line went dead.

As he replaced the phone, the car came back. The boys came bounding in with colored baskets, paper hats and sacks of candy. They had each gotten a turtle, and they wanted to rush down and put the turtles in the pond.

Standing far apart, George and Elizabeth watched the boys flash through the deep grass of the hill that was bronze and green in the sunset. When they were small specks, he turned and held his arms to Elizabeth.

Shyly she came and buried her face against his chest and wept. He raised her damp face and kissed her a long time.

"I'm so glad," she said. "I felt as if I had died."

"I couldn't tear it all down," he said. "There's too much of both of us here." She snuggled against him. "By the way. I think we can get a new car. Jarrold says I'm being promoted."

Before she could answer, the boys came screaming up the hill. "They swam right away. Do you think we'll ever see them again?"

George nodded. "Yes," he said. "You see everything again and again and again. It takes that many times to understand it."

THE END



She was only a girl, tense and frightened, with a tiny baby in her arms.

A CROWDED VOID

Above the airport dozens of planes circled, stacked in the fog, waiting . . . For the pilot of one of them it was a moment of private hell. Should he be selfish enough to risk the lives of his fifty passengers?

BY HANK SEARLES ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

He stood on the glistening ramp, chunky and capable, and peered up at his number three engine. He was not ordinarily introspective, but with a flash of insight he knew that his mind was operating on three levels. Superficially, in the garish light from the terminal building, he was checking the harness connections on each of his engines, as before possibly two or three thousand flights in the past. On a deeper level lurked the more or less familiar problem of whether or not to cancel the flight on account of the weather; this would be solved shortly by the application of a few meteorological facts and consideration for the comfort and convenience of fifty-odd passengers. But on the deepest level a gnawing fear for Jeanie had grown, in the last hour, to an almost superstitious, clairvoyant certainty that all was not going well; that this time she might die, as she almost had before.

"Captain Sam?"

He deliberately relaxed his face before he swung to face his new co-pilot.

"Yes, Mel?"

"We're cleared, if you want to go."

Sam Bradley read eagerness on Mel's fog-dampened face. He tried to remember whether the tall co-pilot was married.

"Your wife waiting up in L.A., Mel?"

"I'm not married. There's a dance tonight at my old fraternity."

For a moment it seemed inconceivable that anyone could worry about a fraternity party when Jeanie might be suffering; he had to remind himself that Mel Davis had probably never heard of her, and certainly couldn't know that it was nearly time for her . . .

"Sure. I'd like to get back tonight myself. What's the Los Angeles weather?"

"Smog. One thousand feet, half a mile visibility."

Sam felt a twinge of disappointment.

"They'll be stacked down there."

Mel nodded. "Up to six thousand feet now, the dispatcher says. Twenty minute delay over the L.A. range."

"By the time we get there, they'll stack us at ten thousand and we'll orbit half the night. What do they predict?"

"It may clear. There's a terminal forecast coming in any minute, and they'll know better then."

Sam started aft along the fuselage. "We'll ask them on the radio." As he approached the passenger ladder a determinedly cheerful female voice blared forth on the terminal P.A.: "Trans-Western

Airlines announces immediate loading of flight number eighty-nine for Los Angeles at gate number eight. Trans-Western Airlines announces . . ."

"At least somebody expects us to take off," muttered Sam, annoyed at the premature announcement. It would be poor public relations if they had to send the passengers back. He glanced across the ramp, watching them as they fumbled for their gate passes. He had been an airline captain for twelve years, but he had never outgrown a naive and humble astonishment that utter strangers, in any kind of weather, would place their lives in his hands with the unquestioning confidence of children. It was an almost sacred trust, and it was one of the compensations for a life that kept him so much away from Jeanie.

As always, it was easy to spot the one whose first flight this was. This time it was a young woman, tense and frightened, a baby peering from blankets in her arms.

"Are we . . . going in this fog?"

He grinned at her.

"There's no problem about the weather, ma'm. But we may not go because of the delay over Los Angeles. It's more comfortable to wait here than in the air, sometimes. We'll see."

"I'd rather wait here, if we have to," she said hopefully.

"It's like getting in line for a movie," he explained. "They let you land in the order you arrive, so you have to queue up sooner or later. The trick is to catch the line when it's shortest. We'll wait here if it looks too long."

She nodded. Impulsively he held out his hands to take the baby up the slippery steps. Without the slightest hesitation, she handed it to him. It was incredibly light, and even through the blanket, incredibly wet. He turned to Mel.

"Go up and get the tower on the radio. I'll get this lady settled with the stewardess."

He followed the woman up the stairs and along the aisle, deliberately forcing his mind away from Jeanie, enjoying the warmth that the smiles of the passengers brought him. Sally Truxton, his stewardess, swiftly seated the mother and patted a pillow for the baby.

"You practicing, Skipper?" She whisked the child from his hands and gave it to the woman. "The Captain's expecting one of these any day now. Aren't you, Sam?"

"Yes," he said, touching the tiny cheek with a stubby finger. The skin was unbelievably soft, and he felt a fresh tug of longing for a child of his own. He had no idea whether the baby was a boy or a girl, and felt that he should know, so he equivocated, "Some little character you have here."

The woman looked up gratefully. "Nita's her name. She's meeting her

Daddy in Los Angeles. Your wife's expecting a baby?"

He nodded.

Interest chased some of the fear from the woman's face. "Really? Where? When?"

"In Los Angeles. It's supposed to be a week, but last time she was early." As he said it he knew with stark certainty that this time she would be early too.

"Then it isn't her first child?" the woman asked.

"No, he died."

And Jeanie almost died too, he told himself bitterly, and what in the name of all that's holy am I doing four hundred miles away from her tonight?

He looked down at his hands. His fingers were tight on the back of the empty seat. He forced a smile and touched the velvet cheek again.

"Have a nice ride, beautiful, if we go."

He nodded to the woman and passed up the aisle.

Sam slid into his seat in the cockpit. Mel was speaking into his mike.

"Roger, San Francisco Tower," Mel said. "Thank you. Out." He turned to Sam. "It isn't getting any better, Skipper. L.A. reports nine hundred foot ceiling, still half a mile."

"What about traffic?"

"About the same. They're stacked up to seven thousand. Twenty-five-minute delay."

"Twenty-five minutes?"

"Approach control wants to know if you're going to cancel your clearance."

"Well, there isn't much sense in flying down there and churning around in that stuff for half an hour, is there? Rough on the passengers, when they could be waiting here in the terminal."

"You're the boss," Mel said philosophically. "You think the traffic will let up later?"

"I'll usually hit a peak and then drop. We might get by without orbiting if we wait." With all his heart, he wanted to get into the air. Even the thought of holding endlessly over the Los Angeles range, tiring as it would be, seemed more attractive than waiting here in San Francisco, if only because physically he would be closer to Jeanie.

Steady, he told himself. As far as I know she's still at home, and there's nothing I could do anyway, and she's got the best obstetrician in Southern California. How about the comfort of the passengers? Bouncing them endlessly in the weather over Los Angeles for half an hour would be a poor way to treat them—especially the woman with the little baby. Besides, if I cancel I can place a call from the terminal.

He was reaching for his microphone when he felt a soft touch on his arm. It was Sally Truxton.

"Sam, the dispatcher sent this out."

He turned and his heart heaved. It was a telegram. Forcing steadiness into his fingers, he opened it. He held it to the light from the instrument panel.

JEANIE TAKEN TO HOSPITAL 7:30 THIS EVENING. SOME COMPLICATIONS. SUGGEST YOU RETURN TO LA SOONEST. DOC.

Doc was his friend. Doc had been his outfit's flight surgeon in China. Doc wasn't handling the case, but Doc would be the last in the world to alarm him needlessly.

Sally was peering at him in the ruddy glow from the panel, a tiny line of concern across her brow.

"What is it, Sam? Is it Jeanie?"

He nodded miserably. "She's gone to the hospital. They want me back." He fought the cold dread rising in his stomach, his fingers drumming on the control column. He turned to Mel.

"I think we'll go, Mel." He reached for the check-off list. "Let's crank 'em up."

Sam Bradley had been flying the San Francisco-Los Angeles run for almost four years. He knew the frequency of every range station, the call letters, the distance between them. He could hear an unidentified voice on the air and subconsciously, if the operator had been employed long enough, he would know whether it was Paso Robles Radio, or Santa Barbara, or Camarillo. He knew the normal time from Lebec to Newhall and Burbank, and he could make a fair guess at the wind velocity when his estimate did not jibe with the actual time over the station. But he still flew the route with the radio facility chart open on the deck between him and the co-pilot; there were overconfident airline captains who had actually become lost on runs they'd flown for ten years.

"I got it, Mel," he said, taking control.

Mel sat back, stretching his arms and flexing his fingers. "Rough."

Sam nodded. Static crackled in his earphones. He glanced at the clock on the instrument panel, then double-checked by tuning in Los Angeles and Camarillo Radios.

"We're over Malibu intersection, Mel. Call Los Angeles Approach Control."

"Yes, sir."

Almost with surprise he heard himself say, "Ask them if they have any personal messages."

"Personal messages? On the air?"

Trying to sound as if it were a normal procedure, and confusedly ashamed because he was making Mel actually breach the rules instead of doing it himself, he said, brusquely, "Yes, personal messages."

Mel glanced at him, apparently surprised. "Okay, Sam." He picked up his mike and Sam could hear his assistant's

voice, faintly troubled, in the headset.

"Los Angeles Approach Control, this is Trans-Western 462."

Sam heard a familiar voice. It was Riordan, one of the few C.A.A. controllers he knew by sight. They must be having a rough night of it, thought Sam; Riordan's nasal voice was tired.

"Go ahead, Trans-Western 462."

"This is 462, over Malibu Intersection at 2255, eight thousand feet. Do you have a clearance for me?"

This is Los Angeles Approach Control. You are cleared to the Downey Radio Beacon. Maintain eight thousand. Hold east of Downey Radio for further instructions. Out."

Mel flicked his eyes at Sam, then lifted his mike reluctantly. "This is 462. You . . . you have any personal messages for this flight?"

There was a moment of silence; then Sam heard Riordan's voice again, a little incredulous. "This is Los Angeles Approach Control. Say again?"

Sam shook his head at Mel and picked up his own mike. *At least I'll do my own boondoggling*, he decided.

"This is Trans-Western 462. Do you have any personal messages for this flight?"

Riordan's voice bounced back angrily, "Negative, negative." There was a pause. "No personal messages will be transmitted by this station. Routine radio traffic excessive tonight. Request you keep transmissions to a minimum. Out!"

Mel shot him a sympathetic glance. "Your wife'll be all right, Skipper. And we'll be on the deck pretty soon, anyway."

On a night like this, in the jammed Los Angeles control zone, there could well be at least a dozen planes, with a total of four or five hundred people aboard, tunneling through the black murk, each clinging precariously to its assigned level. The black air over Los Angeles was no place for a man to worry about his wife, no spot for an airline captain with wandering thoughts. He aroused himself and checked the Downey radio beacon. He started to lift the microphone to make his routine report, then had to wait for two other flights to get their clearances. It was crowded, all right. He grabbed a moment of silence and spoke:

"Los Angeles Approach Control, this is Trans-Western 462, over Downey at 2308, eight thousand feet. Do you have my approach clearance?"

Grimly he awaited the answer, his hands clammy on the yoke. No delay, he urged the crackling airwaves. No delay, no delay.

Riordan's voice shattered his hopes: "Trans-Western 462, this is Los Angeles Approach Control. Hold East of Downey radio beacon. Maintain eight thousand

feet. Expect clearance at 2340. Out."

Sam listened incredulously.

"Expect approach clearance at 2340!" he said. "That's over half an hour. I've never had to orbit that long!"

Impulsively he picked up the mike.

"This is 462. Say again expected approach clearance time?"

This time the words snapped across the airplanes like angry wasps.

"462, this is Los Angeles Approach Control. I say again: You may expect an approach clearance at 2340." There was a pause. "There are five commercial

flights and a section of Air Force jets stacked below you now. Out!"

Slowly Sam hung up the microphones. Mel looked at him sympathetically.

"Skipper?"

"Yeah?"

"If . . . if you want to declare an emergency . . . something mechanical . . . I'll back you up."

"An emergency?"

"It's been done," Mel said hesitantly. "Oil pressure dropping, cylinder-head temperature rising . . . fumes in the cockpit . . . Something like that. Guys have



She looked up wildly from the telegram. "That's why you took us up," she sobbed. "We'll all be killed!"

A CROWDED VOID (continued)

pulled phoney deals to force their way down before. For less reason than you've got."

"Look, mister," Sam began angrily, and then saw in the eyes of the younger man what an effort the suggestion had been. He finished quietly, "No, Mel. Thanks anyway, but we'll have to play it straight. It's only half an hour."

Mel's face softened in relief. "I kind of figured that's what you'd say."

It was a six-minute race-track pattern he must fly: two minutes out from the beacon, a one-minute turn, two minutes back, another turn. And always the glance to the altimeter and the crushing certainty that only a thousand feet below him and a thousand feet above him were other planes, bouncing through the void. He wiped his hands, first one and then the other, on his trousers. He felt a light tap on his shoulder.

"Sam?"

He flicked a glance backwards at Sally Truxton, braced between him and Mel.

"Yeah?" he asked harshly. A well-trained stewardess was supposed to stay out of the cockpit in instrument weather, and Sally he had fathered from her first days with the line.

"We're pretty late. When will we land?"

He swung around. "Why? You got a date too?"

He caught the shock in her eyes before they narrowed angrily. Hold on, he told himself. No use taking it out on the troops. Her lip dropped petulantly.

"No! I don't have a date. But you'll have an hysterical passenger back there if we don't get down pretty soon."

She has no right to bother me now, he told himself. "Passengers, my sweet, are your affair."

She whirled and started to leave. He put his hand on her arm.

"I'm sorry, Sally. Who is it?" She faced him and he could see tears in her eyes.

"It's Mrs. Gordon, Sam. The woman with the little baby. She tried to keep hold of herself, but she's terrified. She knows we're late, and the rough air doesn't help, and now the baby senses it, and it's simply howling." Her voice caught. "And I just can't handle them!"

Sam tapped his fingers on the yoke. "Mel," he said, jerking his head aft. "Go back and see what you can do with her."

Mel began to unbuckle his safety belt but Sally shook her head.

"Sam, could you go?"

"Me?"

"If she saw you back there, she'd know we were all right. And she wants to speak to you anyway."

Sam looked at her incredulously.

"Look, sister, we're on instruments. There are planes down there so thick you could

spit out the hatch and hit one. It's rougher than a Chinese road. And you want me to—"

"Please, Sam?"

He shot a glance at Mel. They had flown together only once before, but he was obviously competent. Sam slid from his seat.

"Okay, Mel. You got it. But hold your altitude!"

He followed Sally down the heaving aisle, too preoccupied to notice the passengers' curious glances. He braced himself on the armrest of the empty seat next to the woman. The child was crying in an alarmingly choked, desperate way; the mother was tense, peering out the window. Sam laid a hand on her shoulder and she jerked, staring up at him. He smiled.

"Hey, what's this?" He stroked the baby's cheek and spoke to the child. "A big girl like you, crying."

The mother seemed to relax a little. "It's my fault, Captain. She knows I'm scared. Why are we late?"

"It's normal. Remember? I told you we might have to wait."

"But it's so rough."

Nodding, Sam said, "It is a little rough, but nothing to worry about. I make this trip three or four times a week. Sometimes it's much rougher than this. But usually it's all right. I'll bet your next trip will be smooth."

The woman swallowed. "All I want is to get down from this one. How long will it be?"

Sam hesitated. "Not very long. A half hour, maybe."

A stab of fear darted into the woman's eyes. "You're worried too! We're lost. Or it's the weather! You're worried! I can tell!"

Women, thought Sam, they're tuned in on frequencies men don't even suspect. Steady, he warned himself. Make it right, or you'll really be in trouble.

"Mrs. Gordon, we're not lost, and the weather isn't that bad. If I'm worried, it has nothing to do with this airplane, believe me."

"But you are. I know it," she sobbed stubbornly.

Sam felt in his pocket. "All right." He handed her the telegram. "It's my wife. She's been taken to the hospital. If I'm worried, that's the reason."

She looked up wildly, the telegram shaking in her hand, and with bleak certainty Sam knew that he had done the wrong thing.

"See?" she cried. "See? We wouldn't have come if you hadn't got this. You weren't going to come. You were going to delay the flight. Now we'll all be killed," she sobbed. "Nita and I will be killed."

Sam stood up, holding his temper,

"Mrs. Gordon, I repeat, this is a normal flight. We're in no danger at all. Please try to relax. It won't be long."

Sally arrived with a cup of water and a sedative. She handed them swiftly to Mrs. Gordon and drew Sam into the aisle.

"Sam," she murmured. "Mel called back. He wants you in the cockpit. Something's gone wrong down below."

The slow, confident walk up the aisle had been a test of will power, but the moment that the flight deck door closed behind him he dove for the cockpit.

"What's up, Mel?" he asked, feeling his heart pounding.

Mel turned, peering at him a little curiously.

"Nothing to get shook over, Skipper. Approach Control lost contact with that section of Air Force jets in the stack. So now the delay's indefinite."

Sam slid into his seat hopelessly. "Indefinite," he murmured. "Oh, no! The jets—what's their altitude?"

"Seven thousand. Approach Control's trying to clear the stack under them, so if they decide to go down blind they won't hit anybody."

"Approach Control will never clear us through them," said Sam.

Mel stared at him.

"Clear us *through* them? I hope to tell you they won't. And if they do, I'll get out and walk."

Sam slipped on his headset. Al Riordan's voice carried an edge of anxiety.

"Attention all aircraft holding in the Los Angeles Control Zone . . . I say again, we have lost contact with a flight of three F-86 jets holding at seven thousand on the Downey Radio beacon. All aircraft above seven thousand maintain present altitude until further advised. Attention all aircraft . . ."

Sam jerked down his microphone. "Los Angeles Approach Control, this is Trans-Western 462. I request a definite approach time. Over."

Riordan's voice crackled back angrily: "Trans-Western 462, delay is indefinite. I am trying to regain contact with a flight of jets." There was a pause. "If there are any more unnecessary transmissions I'm making an official report to your company and the CAA."

Sam said, "Roger," and hung up the mike. He stared grimly out of the window, feeling the pressure build up within him, the screaming need for action—any kind of action, right or wrong. He heard Riordan's voice again on his headset and stiffened. The call was for them.

"Trans-Western 462, this is Los Angeles Approach Control. Over."

Sam's heart leaped; the jets must have been contacted on another channel. "Go ahead, Approach Control. Do you have my let-down clearance?"

"Negative, No clearance. Maintain

present altitude. I have a message for you. I have an urgent personal message for you."

Sam felt cold, grinding fear grip his bowels. "Message?" he repeated hoarsely, gripping the mike. "Okay, go ahead with your message."

"Captain Sam Bradley, you are to call the Beverly Hospital immediately upon landing. I say again, you are to call the Beverly Hospital as soon as you land. Do you read me?"

"This is Captain Bradley. I read you." He took a deep breath. "Is that all?"

"Affirmative. They wouldn't let out further information. This station can take no further messages. Out."

A dread, hopeless certainty that Jeanie was dying, might die alone, clutched at Sam's chest. His heart pounded. He heard his own voice:

"Los Angeles Approach Control, this is Trans-Western 462. I request immediate clearance to let down. I request immediate clearance to let down."

There was a long, shocked silence. Sam felt Mel's hand on his shoulder, shaking it.

"Skipper! For God's sake."

His earphones crackled. "Do you have a mechanical failure?"

Sam took a deep breath. "No mechanical failure."

Sam Riordan's voice, agitated and impatient.

"Request not granted. I say again, request *not* granted. Acknowledge!"

Sam was suddenly and coldly vacant of emotion. His head seemed foggy; he was entirely without feeling. He slapped his hands onto the yoke, jerked his head toward Mel.

"I got it. Tell 'em I'm letting down."

"Skipper, they got a flight of jets down there!"

Sam placed his hand on the throttle and began easing off the power. He held Mel's eyes.

"I'm in command of this aircraft, and I said tell 'em!"

Reluctantly, Mel picked up the microphone.

"Approach Control, Approach Control. This is Trans-Western 462. We're—well, we're commencing descent from eight thousand. Out."

"Four-six-two! Four-six-two! Maintain altitude! There is traffic at seven thousand! Do you read me? Do you read me?"

Sam watched the hand on the altimeter begin its crawling descent, wondering why he felt so empty of fear, or pain, or life. Faintly he could hear Los Angeles Approach Control:

"Air Force Jet 315 . . . any Air Force jet at seven thousand. There may be traffic descending on you! Clear the pattern and proceed to Malibu Intersection!"

Clear the pattern and proceed to Malibu Intersection!"

Sam's hands, sensitive to the slightest pressure on the yoke, felt the tentative, infinitesimal touch of Mel's fingers on the controls. He whirled on him.

"Take your hand off that yoke. Keep your eyes open!"

"Keep my eyes open," Mel repeated incredulously, turning blankly to the suffocating darkness outside. "I can't even see our wingtips!"

"Okay, okay. Don't worry about it."

"Don't worry about it? Dropping into a flight of jets with a DC-6? In this kind of stuff? They'll run us down in seconds! Sam, for the last time—look, you're at seventy-two hundred! Two hundred feet and you'll be *in* them."

The radio spoke again, desperately. "Trans-Western 462. What is your altitude? Are you descending? What is your altitude?"

Mel looked at him helplessly, reaching for the mike.

"Let it go," Sam said woodenly. "Close my cowl flaps."

He caught a faint whiff of perfume and knew vaguely that Sally was beside him again. He heard Mel say, "Look, Sally, we're letting down. Go on back with the passengers, will you?"

Through the haze that seemed to envelop him, Sam heard her voice, a little hurt. "Of course. When he's not busy tell him Mrs. Gordon's asleep. And so is the baby."

So is the baby. So is the baby. So is the baby. Her words reverberated in his ears for seconds after he heard the flight deck door close behind her. And with the words came an image of the cheerful, chatting passengers behind him, and of the sleeping mother and of the tiny face in repose. He felt something almost physically snap within him, and stared at the altimeter in horror. Then his hand shot out for the throttles.

"Mel!" he found himself shouting. "Give me power. Climbing power. We're going back up!"

Sam made the landing on the glistening runway as close as he dared on the heels of the last jet. By the end of the roll-out he was shaking so badly that he let Mel taxi to the ramp. All of his being, all of his feeling, was concentrated on the phone call he must make. Sitting still while Mel taxied carefully up the interminable taxiway was an inhuman, tearing torture. He was about to take off his headset and leave for the rear when he heard a call:

"Trans-Western 462, this is Approach Control."

This was a strange voice, not Riordan's. "Go ahead," grated Sam, half out of his seat.

"Captain Sam Bradley, the approach

controller is waiting for you at the passenger ramp. He has a message for you. Over."

Sam glanced toward the terminal. There stood Al Riordan, slight and thin and somehow ominous in the yellow glare of the ramp floods.

Then he was striding down the aisle, dimly conscious of smiles from the unknown passengers. He was off the plane as the door opened, blindly stumbling down the stairs, swiftly crossing toward the waiting man at the gate. A dozen paces from Riordan he stopped, somehow afraid to hear the words. Riordan stepped forward.

"I'm Al Riordan, Captain."

Sam nodded.

"I have a message from the hospital."

"Yes," Sam said. "I know."

"Sorry I blew my top at you. Thought you said you were letting down. Everybody's jittery tonight. If I'd known what was on your mind—"

"Okay," Sam grated. "What about the message?"

"Yeah. They just phoned. You've got a little boy. Seven pounds."

Sam grabbed the thin arm, a flicker of hope lighting in him.

"What about my wife?"

Riordan looked at him sharply, a little amused.

"Take it easy, Captain. Take it easy! She's all right."

Sam gazed at him incredulously.

"She's all right? Jeanie's all right?"

"That's what the man said on the phone. Wish I could have broadcast it."

Sam felt sudden release and his legs turned watery. He grabbed the post at the fence and for a moment the ramp and the aircraft swam before his eyes. Then, as the greatest happiness he had ever known surged into his veins, he noticed the woman with the child, just starting through the gate. She caught his eye and stopped, and suddenly he had to tell her, to tell her first of all.

"It's a boy! A seven pound boy!"

"Wonderful," she breathed. "I'm so glad. Is your wife—"

"Fine," he said. "Fine."

"You were terrified about her, weren't you?" she asked.

He nodded. "I guess so."

"And I had to be so silly. I'm sorry, really I am."

"No. You were all right."

"I wasn't," she said, searching the crowd on the landing. "I wasn't—oh, there's Jim! I wasn't. But I'm glad we came."

Sam looked down at the bundle in her arms. The tiny eyes were screwed tight against the sudden light.

"Glad you came?" He touched the chubby, satin cheek. "I'm glad you came too."

THE END

MAN WITH AN ORDERLY MIND

He had never overlooked an inconsequential office detail or forgiven another man's mistake, but he found out too late that his own error was the most fatal one of all

BY JOHN KEASLER ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

Quentin Willder was a detail man; that was how he had risen in the firm. Now he was supervising the office outing. It was to be carefree. And if a thing was worth doing it was worth doing right; that was what Quentin Willder always said.

"Come now!" said Quentin Willder, clapping his hands together briskly. "Have the pickles been purchased, or have they not, Smithers?"

Mr. Willder folded his hands, and looked across his desk. Smithers peered closely at the shopping list in his hand and hung his head. The pickles had not been purchased.

Mr. Willder said, "Well, then, Smithers—*purchase* the pickles. That is the solution, is it not? If the pickles have not been purchased and it is a known factor the need for pickles exists, then is not the logical next step to purchase the pickles?"

"Yessir, Mr. Willder," said Bertram A. Smithers, a thin, tall man in a double-breasted blue suit, a man with pale blue eyes which showed sorrow at his breach of trust.

Mr. Willder watched him depart.

The pickles, Willder thought, were not the issue. It was the principle. A man at the helm of a business enterprise must never fail to stress the importance of details, he mused. They make all the difference.

Smithers must be retired, he thought suddenly. He has been slipping for some time. I will retire him as soon as he repays his office loan. His lips tightened at the idea of an employee borrowing money at the place he worked.

Willder had never approved of Acme's

"Employee Loan Fund," but after the Fund Directors—ridiculous term—had approved old Smithers' application for \$250 he had seen no graceful way out, so he had signed the check.

The fund had been a reality long before Willder had become president of Acme Investment. But he had never approved of it, not in the slightest.

Smithers is even late with his first payment, he thought with annoyance. I suppose I'll have to jog him on it, but I shall wait until after the office party.

Willder arose from his swivel chair, a well-tailored, plump man with a military bearing. He placed his Homburg squarely on his graying, thick hair. He locked his desk. He strode from his office, past the wall motto which said TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES AND THE DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

It was almost four o'clock on Wednesday, time to go to the barbershop.

There was a satisfying hum of activity in the outer office. I run a tight ship, Willder thought with satisfaction. A tight ship is a happy ship.

"All ready for the beach party tomorrow, Miss Spinner?" Willder boomed at his bespectacled, angular secretary. "Guess you'll bring the boy friend, eh?"

Miss Spinner flushed. She knew he knew she had no boy friend. She sat watching him with the eyes of an angry rabbit, as he passed.

He walked to Johansen's desk. Johansen was the new man. Actually, he had been with the firm four years but Acme Investment people considered him the new man. Willder chose his people carefully, and there was very little turnover at Acme.

"How's the wife, Johansen?" Willder asked.

"No better, sir," Johansen said. "We've had three doctors now and—"

"Johansen," Willder broke in, with a mirthless smile. "Have the chickens been using your desk for a roost?"

Johansen, striving for comprehension, looked blankly at his littered desk, grasped the point and said, "The work on the Bartlett deal has been piling up—"

Willder interrupted softly, "Work piles up on us all sometimes, Johansen. No alibi is needed or called for. Policy of the firm has always been that a disorderly desk is a sign of a disorderly mind. But we all make mistakes."

Johansen shuffled the papers into a neat stack, quickly.

"Good show!" said Willder. "Johansen, I'm sure you're going to make us a top-notch man. You're a fast learner."

Willder met Smithers coming down the hall. Smithers was perspiring, but his eyes were happy in his thin face.

"I got the pickles, Mr. Willder!" he said. "Everything's all set now!"

"We all make mistakes," said Willder, without stopping. Retirement is the only humane thing for Smithers, he thought. After he repays the loan. Why, he thought kindly, with the Acme Pension Plan and Social Security a frugal man should be able to exist quite well in his last years.

He felt expansive. It's not good for a man that old to push himself, he thought, as he walked down the street toward the barbershop. He'll ruin his health.

"Shine 'em up, George!" Willder said expansively to the elderly bootblack in the barbershop. "Mix a little elbow grease in with that polish and let me hear that rag snap! Ha, ha."

The bootblack, whose name was Forest Grayson Terhune, had not replied to Mr. Willder for several years.

"Never could understand," Mr. Willder laughed, "why, with all these wonderful miracle tonics, there's so blooming many bald-headed barbers!"

A wonderful day, he thought, a truly fine day. I feel great, and tomorrow is the office picnic. Everything is in order. I suppose, he thought indulgently, some of the Acme family *do* occasionally think me a bit of a stickler for details, but they respect me for it.

The barber stropped his razor speculatively.

Quentin Willder's plump, massaged, shaven countenance glowed pinkly and his soul beamed as he strode from the barbershop. It was approaching five o'clock. Time for a brandy at the club.

He had a brandy at the club. Dinner-time came and he had dinner. He patted his stomach. He had one Benedictine and brandy. He went to a concert to close a deal. He went home.

He lived alone but he was not lonely. He was a widower. A housekeeper came in. She was very neat, and he liked that. A place for everything, and everything in its place. The place for his leather-bound notebook was in his coat pocket. He took it out and made a notation.

It said, "Smithers behind on loan."

He went to bed and opened the non-fiction best-seller. The title of this one was *Happiness Is a State of Mind*.

That's a provocative thought, he told himself. I think I'll work it into my next talk. He thought about the office picnic. He didn't mind it much. A good executive should occasionally show his human side. That was his feeling.

At nine o'clock Saturday morning the Acme family met at the office and, save for a few executives who drove their own automobiles, climbed into the chartered bus and disembarked at Paradise Beach at 10:18. Mr. Willder was waiting for them in his swimming trunks.

"Great day!" he shouted, as the Acme family piled out. "Water's fine! Sun's shining! Waves perfect! Great day!"

"Certainly is," said Toland of Accounting, catching himself in time to refrain from thanking Mr. Willder for the great day.

Mr. Willder shouted, "Okay, guys and gals! Here's the pitch. Swimming till noon, softball till twelfth. Then more swimming and all sorts of fun, okay?"

Nobody said anything.

"Hey, everybody!" Mr. Willder shouted. "You're going to have a great chef today. I, me myself personally, am going to grill the hamburgers!"

Several members of the Acme family registered glee at this pronouncement.

R. J. Worthington, who was being considered for a vice-presidency, shouted in uncontrollable hilarity at the news.

"This I've got to see!" he bellowed. "By golly, if you cook 'em, I'll be chief K. P. and bottle washer!"

"Mr. Willder is going to cook the hamburgers himself!" Tanely of Personnel marveled loudly to the universe.

"Mr. Willder?" shouted Mr. Willder, with mock severity. "Just call me Quent!"

And Mr. Willder dashed toward the waiting ocean. Tanely spotted Miss Dougherty of Accounting, a brunette of great promise in the firm, and went to play beach ball. Worthington slipped back to his automobile on the dune road for a quick drink of brandy. Smithers readied the equipment. The party was underway.

Willder hit the water full speed, emerged like a walrus, shook himself like a chubby terrier. The sun beat down on him but he feared no sunburn. His first exposure, early in the season, had been for ten minutes, the next for fifteen, and so on. There was a right way and a wrong way to acquire a tan.

At precisely noon he cooked the hamburgers and merriment reigned.

After lunch he organized the softball teams. He was captain of one team and Mr. Worthington was the captain of the other team. Mr. Willder's team won by the narrow margin of 22 to 20. Swimming was allowed again at 2:45 P.M. Mr. Willder did not go in immediately. He sat on a bench by the grill, ignoring Smithers, who was puttering.

R. J. Worthington walked up, very casually, and sat down in the sand, near the bench. On the make, Willder thought. What for?

"Whew!" said Worthington, "Tight game."

"Indeed it was," said Mr. Willder.

"I think I might be able to scout up a little brandy in a paper cup," Worthington said, coyly, tentatively.

Willder merely glanced at him, expressionlessly. "Bad example," he said. "Thanks anyhow."

Worthington looked like a man caught in a poker bluff. Willder let him stay on the hook for a full minute of silence. Then, to take him off, Willder looked around for a conversation piece and noticed Smithers ambling off toward the bus, parked out of sight on the hard road past the trees.

Practically doddering, tsk, tsk," said Willder. Worthington would pass it around the office. It would be good groundwork for the retirement edict.

"Huh?" said Worthington. "Oh, Smithers. Yes, poor old fellow. Been a good man, however. In his time."

"A very good man," said Willder. "In his time."

Worthington scratched idly at the sand and said, "There's a young bookkeeper over at Johnson and Mason who's supposed to be a comer. We should be able to get him to move to Acme if the occasion arises. A Roy Wilson."



Quentin Willder, Revered President of Acme Investment
"Faithful in little, faithful in much."

"Good to have in mind," said Willder, rising. Worthington smiled, stood up.

"Wilson," said Willder idly. "Didn't he put in his application to us about seventeen months ago? Relative of yours? Your wife's cousin, I believe?"

Worthington flushed. Then he said heartily, "That's the boy—a cracker-jack!"

"You going swimming?" Willder asked.

"Uh, well, as a matter of fact, yes. Sure am, chief!" And Worthington raced toward the ocean, his knees coming high. Willder smiled a little smile. It never hurt, he thought, to let them know you knew what was going on.

He cut back across the beach where his automobile was parked by itself in a clump of trees and, as he uncorked the brandy bottle, smiled at Worthington's amateurishness.

The water felt good to Mr. Willder, as he lay on his back in the inner tube, looking up at the sky. He rocked pleasantly. The brandy was still a warm glow in his ample stomach.

He glanced back over his shoulder at the beach not far away and paddled his feet a little against what seemed to be a mild outgoing drift. Ah, me, he thought—it's good to let down like this. I'll enjoy it another ten or fifteen minutes, then call time, he decided.

He lay there, relaxing and thinking. Smithers, he mused. Have to do something about him. Position of trust and all that, slipping badly. . . . Smithers and Johansen walked into his office wearing bathing trunks. Miss Dougherty was in his lap.

"We won't tell for a beachball full of hamburgers," said Miss Spinner.

R. J. Worthington handed him the wand. He held it high and said, "Now I've got you in my power!" They were terrified, all of them. But George the bootblack ran into the office and turned the garden hose full into his face.

"Stop that!" Willder shouted, flailing at the water as he woke up. The summer thunderstorm had dropped on him like something solid. The stark terror of waking up in terribly unfamiliar circumstances gripped him. He had never known rain could come down so hard.

Awake now, his mind whirred. There was a terrible fear, but of what? Why, he thought, I can't see. He couldn't see through the rain for any distance at all. He could only see millions of tiny splashing holocausts around him as the driving raindrops violated the ocean.

He did not know how long he had dozed and he did not know where land was. For the first time in his conscious memory he needed another human. Not for any specific reason or use, but the

mere presence of another human. He listened for the laughter but all he could hear was the rain, chattering insanely.

Ah, now, ah, now, he thought, now I can think again. Why, this isn't serious. The rain will let up. I'll simply paddle in. Already the rain was abating. He made his hands loose their involuntary grip on the inner tube. He had been holding it so tightly his fingers ached.

The rain died abruptly, as intense things do.

He could see.

He saw he was farther from shore than he had feared even in the initial terror. He was being borne seaward, whether by the wind, or tide, or both, he did not know, but inexorably. His terrible need for the presence, sight, of another human, a need which had momentarily diminished as sight returned, came back strong.

There was nobody on the beach. Wide sand and a wall of trees, but no human. The gulls were back, and that was all.

He had flopped over on his stomach, eyeing the land. He could not swim that far and, as he thrashed furiously on his tube, he knew he was making no progress against his invisible carrier. He was losing ground.

He quit thrashing long enough to weigh the situation, through the fear.

Everybody had gone. It was inconceivable that they could go without him.

Yet, true. Gone.

He could imagine them all running toward the bus—how long ago? It was still daylight, late, but full daylight, although the sun was gone.

He resumed his thrashing until he was exhausted; then he gave up again. It's all right, he thought, for he was a man who could weigh a situation. They will notice I am missing and come back.

But who would notice? Nobody on the bus. Somebody would notice his car. No, it was parked in the secluded grove, away from the others.

A peculiar grating noise distracted him, kept breaking in on his thoughts and, angrily, he sought to isolate it and did. It was his own panting.

But *somebody* would miss him! Who? Who?

Familiarity breeds contempt; a certain aloofness is the sign of the good executive. Who would wonder where he was on a Saturday night? Or on a Sunday morning? Or dare to question his absence on a Monday?

It came to him that nobody would miss him, nobody at all.

He screamed at the beach, which was a little more distant now. The wind blew the scream back in his face. He cursed. He cursed them all for leaving him here.

Then the gelatin fear in Mr. Willder's mind vanished.

For out on the beach, which looked immediately closer at the presence of another human on it, walked Bertram Smithers.

The panting man on the tube squawked raucously in pure relief, knowing Smithers could not hear him for the wind, but knowing, also, Smithers could not fail to see him. Willder waved furiously, his squawking bouncing against the seaward wind.

"Smithers!" he squawked. "Here! Right here!"

Why didn't Smithers wave back? He was staring straight at him. He could see Smithers, even make out what it was Smithers was picking up—the portable cold drink box. *Bless* his absent-mindedness, Willder thought in wonderful benevolence. Now he will wave back.

But Smithers merely stood there, staring out at him.

Wave to me, you doddering old fool! Mr. Willder commanded. Right now. *They will have to come and get me, but I won't lose face*, he was thinking; *I'll be completely calm, which should impress them.*

But Smithers merely stood there, and suddenly a hot arrow of thought struck Mr. Willder, and he knew why Smithers did not wave. He knew all at once, and wept.

I didn't give him his damn check! He hates me. And he's just going to let me go.

The check. The \$250 check the old man had needed for something or other. He could see it, signed, in its yellow office envelope—and in the inside coat pocket of the Palm Beach suit in his closet; the spring suit he had quit wearing on the day the season had changed to Dacron.

He was croaking now, and thrashing, and, somehow, thinking; and what he was thinking was: *They all hate me, all of them, and I was blind not to see it before!*

And what he was croaking, hoarsely, as he thrashed, and looked toward the unmoving old man on the beach, was, *I forgot, that's all. Believe me, I just forgot!*

The waves lapped in the coming dark, oblivious of their drifting, noisy burden.

I'm glad I remembered the icebox. Bert Smithers thought, coming down on the beach. Mr. Willder is death on details like that. He doesn't miss a trick.

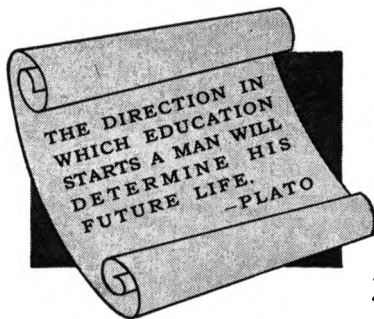
Smithers picked up the icebox and stood there a second before going back to the waiting bus on the road. I do wish my check would come on through, he thought, looking out to sea.

It sure will be nice, he thought. They say there's really nothing to the operation, and that in no time I'll be able to see as well as I ever did.

Then, carrying the icebox, he walked back through the trees. THE END



Smithers stood staring seaward. "Glad I remembered," he thought anxiously, "before Mr. Willder noticed."



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BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY ANDY VIRGIL

An old woman was raking leaves in the yard of number 28 Maple Street. It was a big, elderly, frame house painted an ugly, reddish brown. There was a shallow porch around two sides, an ornate cupola, stained glass windows on either side of the front door, and a waist-high iron fence.

The old woman wore a blue and white print dress and a man's green cardigan much too big for her. When I turned in at the walk she stopped raking and watched me. She had hard little eyes and a mean little mouth.

"I'm looking for a Miss Landy," I said.

"Around at the side, but she won't talk to any newspaper or magazine people. And don't you cut across my lawn. You go on out to the sidewalk and back in that other gate. She's packing and let me tell you there won't be anybody in this neighborhood or in this whole village of Dalton that won't be glad to see the last of anybody around here with the name Landy. I wanted to get her out of my house before, but I was told so long as she paid her rent she could stay. I don't hold with a law says a decent woman has to put up with having the sister of a murderer living in her house."

The shrill whine of the voice followed me until I was around the corner of the house and out of sight. A small conservatory bulged from the flank of the house, an architectural afterthought with narrow windows and an ugly roof line. There were two stone steps, then a screen door. I walked to the steps, and I knew I was frightened. I was walking back nearly three years into my own past, into the sharp awareness of shame and regret.

I stood and looked through the screen. Morning light through all the windows made the room bright. Vicky was there.

There were open cartons on the floor. She was emptying bookshelves. She wore gray slacks and a man's white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Her long hair was tied back. Her waist looked very narrow, her arms thin. She moved with a stubborn weariness as she knelt and put the books neatly in the open carton. There was a dust smudge on her cheek. Her face was the same—lean, controlled, ascetic and lovely, with a look of reserve contradicted by the sensuous flowering of her mouth. But now her clean facial bones were sharper against an ivory pallor.

She must have sensed my presence or seen my tall shadow out of the corner of her eye. She looked up quickly, half flinching as she did so, in the manner of a small animal beaten too often. That reflex pinched my heart. She recognized me then and came very slowly to her feet, the remembered eyes very wide and even lovelier than memory could tell. She put her hand to her throat and seemed to totter. I pushed the door open quickly and went in and caught her, my hands on her shoulders, the bones under the flesh narrow and fine under my hands.

She let herself come forward, lean against me. She said my name, "Hugh" so softly that it was less an audible sound than a touch of warm exhalation against my throat.

"What have they done to you, Vicky?" I asked her gently. "What in the world have they done to you?"

I held her there in a long timeless moment, sensing that soon she would regain control and turn coldly away from me. I could as well have asked what I had done to her. And what I had done to her, nearly three years before, was not pretty.

I had been twenty-seven then and an

engineer on a nine-mile stretch of road between Dalton and the city of Warrentown. While digging fill we uncovered some Indian relics. The super elected me to go to the people at Sheridan College in Dalton and see what their Department of Archeology wanted to do about it, if anything. I remember how superior I felt to the kids on the campus of the college when I parked the pickup by the Administration Building. Sheridan College, a small men's college with a high academic rating, was on a hill just outside Dalton.

I felt superior. I walked tall in my field boots and I was deep brown from the sun of far corners of the world. I was Hugh MacReedy, with all the quickness and with the bright copper hair of my wiry Irish father who was killed on a bridge job when I was twelve, and with the height and heft of the male relatives of my tiny Polish mother who had died little more than three years after him. I was Hugh MacReedy, construction bum, big dog in a world of puppies, face lightly marked by brawls won and by the Pacific Conference brand of semi-pro college football. Women were but the prey in the almost monotonously successful hunt.

Inside that administration office on that day I found a desk, a tall, slender girl, and a pair of gray eyes which, when they were raised to mine, stopped the world for a breathless moment.

Not at all a pretty story, and a very predictable one. She was twenty-three, six years older than her extraordinarily brilliant brother, Alister Landy, who had entered Sheridan that year on a full scholarship. They were the only two children of a University of Pennsylvania professor and his wife who, two years earlier, had both died of botulism in

THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

Italy during a sabbatical year. on a visit to the small Italian village where her mother's grandmother had been born. Alister lived in a dormitory, and she had a room in a professor's home on the hill near the college.

Her kid brother was arrogant, contemptuous and annoying.

Vicky was sensitive and vulnerable. I plotted against her with considerable cunning. She was of age. It was her responsibility to keep her guard up. But she didn't. And it was not long after the inevitable conquest that she saw what I was. I was only there for a month after she saw me clearly. I tried, but she would not speak to me again or acknowledge my existence in any other way.

That job ended and Telboht Brothers sent me to Spain as assistant superintendent on a big contract for two airfields. I tried, in my mind, to close out the episode of Vicky Landy. I tried to put my hat at the right tilt and organize the next woman hunt. I was Hugh MacReedy, and she was just another pretty scalp to hang in the trophy room. But the months went by, and she stayed in my mind, and finally, as alone as I had ever been in my life, I had to face my own guilt and remorse and shame. She had been the one, and I had been too much

of a punk to see it. I'd stomped her heart with my field boots and gone on my way. She was the one to whom I could have given the same quality of devotion wiry Red MacReedy had given to his Janina. And I had lost her for good.

The work lost its good flavor. I worked hard, and sourly and bitterly. When I drank I drank hard and alone. The job was a long one. I let the leave pile up. I didn't know what I would do with any time off if I took it. When she came clearly into my mind, and that was often during the thirty-three months in Spain, I despised myself.

When I flew back to the home offices of Telboht Brothers in Chicago, Sitterson, the project superintendent, gave me some man-to-man talk. I knew that Mooney, my boss on the Spanish deal, had talked to him. I listened without much interest to his quack about how the firm had had high hopes for me. But apparently I had gone stale. So, in my own best interests, and in the interest of Telboht Brothers, he was refusing to reassign me immediately, and was insisting that I take sixty days off. Forget the work. Loaf and relax. Go fishing.

So I had sixty days of vacation and about nine thousand dollars in the savings bank, and not the faintest idea of what I would do, or even any idea

whether or not I would report back for work when the sixty days was up. I bought a two-year-old Chrysler station wagon and some fishing equipment, and looked at road maps.

Then I saw a small news item in a Chicago paper, dated October 12: APPEAL DENIED IN LANDY CASE. It said that Alister Landy, the Sheridan College student convicted of the rape-murder of Jane Ann Paulson, sixteen-year-old Dalton High School student, who had received a stay of execution pending the outcome of the appeal, now had a new date set for his execution. He would go to the electric chair in State Prison at Mercer on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of October. Twelve days.

After my initial shock, I had a curious feeling of anticipation. This would give me a chance to see Vicky, to talk to her, to offer my help to her. Then I saw how despicable that was, to use her tragedy for my own ends.

I went to one of the newspapers and explained to a pleasant woman that I had been out of the country and that I hadn't heard of the Landy case until that day, and that I knew the boy and his sister. I must have made the right impression on her, because instead of referring me to the bound copies she disappeared and came back with three fat file folders of complete clips on the Landy case. She cautioned me not to change the chronological arrangement, and left me alone in a small room with a big table.

It was a crime that had captured the interest of the nation, and there had been intensive coverage of the case and the trial. It took a long time to go through all the clippings. When I walked back out into the sunlight of the busy street I felt emotionally drained.

Alister Landy had been going with an eighteen-year-old high school student named Nancy Paulson. She and her sixteen-year-old sister, Jane Ann, were the only two daughters of Richard Paulson, the owner and operator of a grocery and meat market in Dalton. Alister had the use of his sister's car, a six-year-old Ford. Alister was in his senior year in Sheridan. He and his sister, an employee of the college, lived in an apartment down in the village. Jane Ann Paulson had disappeared on a Friday evening the previous April while walking up College Street toward the campus, on her way to visit a girl friend, daughter of a professor. She was last seen walking up the hill at dusk. On the following Wednesday the twelve-year-old son of a farmer found her body in a clump of aspen near the bank of Three Sisters Creek, five miles beyond the college near an area where the college boys often parked with their girls. She had been beaten about the face, raped, and stabbed to death



The doctor bent over the girl. "Somebody did a thorough job," he said. "Who was she?"

with a knife estimated to have a three- to four-inch blade.

While other people were rounding up known sex deviates in a three-county area, a Lieutenant Frank Leader of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the State Police quietly impounded, one by one, the 112 automobiles accessible to college students, and had lab tests made. Blood had been scrubbed off the upholstery of Landy's Ford, but they were able to isolate enough to be able to match it to the blood type of the dead girl. When they vacuumed the car, they found two human hairs the lab said might have come from the Paulson girl. In the cellar of the old house where Landy and his sister rented an apartment, Leader found the rag and cleaning fluid used on the car seat. And, buried in a flower bed in the yard, he found the knife that had been used, as well as the dead girl's plastic pocketbook. The knife was traced to a local hardware store. The knife had been in an open display and it was proven that Landy had been in the store a few days before the murder. A mold of tire tracks taken at the lover's lane near where the body was found proved to match one of the tires of the Ford.

Alister Landy had no alibi for Friday night, the sixth of April. His sister had gone to Warrentown on a dinner date. Landy had taken the car from the repair garage at five. It had been parked in the rear of the house at five-fifteen, and was gone by five-thirty. Landy had had a quarrel with Nancy Paulson the previous evening and they had canceled their date for the night of the murder. He did not confess. He said he had gone for a ride by himself and had returned by nine. The defense proved he often went for rides alone. His sister testified he was asleep when she returned from her date at eleven-thirty.

Landy had taken the stand. He had told of finding the blood and cleaning it off. He had disclaimed any further knowledge of the crime. His attorney, John Tennant, of Warrentown, had fought hard, but Landy had made a bad impression on the stand under cross examination. Landy had been judged sane. He had been convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to death.

I got to Warrentown at midnight on the thirteenth. The next morning I drove over to Dalton, parked on the square, found that 28 Maple was two blocks off the village square and walked there.

Vicky stirred, then, in my arms and pushed herself away from me. She was cool again, and apart from me.

"I just heard about it, Vicky, the day before yesterday. I was in Spain. I didn't know anything about it. If I'd known, I'd have come sooner."

"Why?" It was a small word.

I made a helpless gesture. "I want to help you."

"Nobody can help," she said. She turned away, took cigarettes from her shirt pocket, lighted one.

"I could try to help."

"I don't want your help."

"You weren't like this when I first came in. Not hard and remote the way you are now."

She flushed, lifting her chin slightly. "Don't get stupid ideas from that. I seem to be a little vulnerable these days."

"Believe me, I wanted to come back. I've wanted to come back for three years. But I didn't know how to do it. Now maybe I can help a little."

"I'm going up to be near him." I saw her tears come close and saw her suppress them firmly. "Now you can go. You've made your little gesture to your . . . conscience, if you have one."

I blew up. I had no rational plan, no careful argumentation. I don't know what I said. A lot of it must have been incoherent. I kicked the carton of books out of the way and I paced back and forth, waving my arms, talking too loudly, glaring at her. She had backed to a couch and sat down, looking small, pale and startled. I guess my theme was largely concerned with the implied right of a man to make a mistake, her obligation to try to believe a man could change, and the right any human creature had to expect some kind of understanding. I did no imploring. I raved at her. And I know I covered how it felt to be ashamed, deathly ashamed of yourself. I demanded to know what right she had to assume I was the same calloused punk with a line. When I paused for breath the third or fourth time, her face was all screwed up. I stared at her as she began to laugh. Within five seconds she was in helpless hysteria. I went to her and held her. Her rigid body was vibrating like an overloaded generator. She went from hysteria into tears of hopelessness. She left me. I heard a door bang. I waited there for her. It was fifteen minutes before she returned, white and quiet and exhausted.

She sat beside me and held my hand in both of hers and looked down at it. "I hope you had three years of hell, Hugh," she said in a small voice.

"I did."

"I'm so dirty awful tired of being in love with you."

"Still?"

She wouldn't let me see her face. She nodded her head. It was all right then, and yet it wasn't all right. She had wanted me back, and yet I had come back too late. I told her I loved her. Those were the words I had misused three years before, used as a weapon instead of a vow. I kissed lips that were salt with new tears. I should have been

the happiest man that lived. But it had all happened too late.

I could see how late it was when I looked into her eyes, as she said, "No matter what I feel now, my darling, and no matter what you feel, I won't inflict on any man the creature I am going to be after they have . . . killed him. I mean that with all my heart. Nothing can change my mind."

I knew she meant it, but I protested.

"No, Hugh. In my own way I'll be as dead as Alister." Her fingers tightened on my wrist with a savage strength, and her eyes were direct and hot. "He didn't do it! He didn't do it!"

"But—"

"Oh, I know how it all sounds. It's just there's nothing to prove he didn't do it. It's a trap, and he's caught, and there are only ten days more. Ten days!"

"Vicky, you—"

"You came in here saying you want to help me. I think you really do. And if you want to help me, you'll help him. You'll prove he didn't do it." Her voice broke. "I despise hope," she said. "It comes so easily. And there's nothing you can do, really."

I stayed that night at the MacClelland Inn. I had stayed there before, when I had first come to the town of Dalton on the road job. It was a large, white, frame building constructed in the early eighteenth hundreds and had once been a private home. It faced the village green and was partially screened by plantings. The colonial furniture in the lounge and in the large, comfortable rooms was authentic. The food was superb. When I had stayed there I had become friendly with Charlie Staubs, the owner, and his wife, Mary. Charlie was the graduate of a good school of hotel management, a smart, hardworking guy with sense enough to conceal the wry and somewhat cynical side of his nature from those paying guests who wouldn't appreciate it. Mary, his dark-haired, comfortable wife, came out into the hallway when I rang the bell on the small registration desk.

She did a double take and then said, "Hugh MacReedy! Are we taxpayers going to get another superhighway?"

I told her I was on vacation. She had a room she could let me have. We chatted. She told me I looked as if I might turn into a solid, reliable citizen after all. Then, abruptly, she asked me if I had seen Vicky. I had taken her to the Inn for dinner many times. I said I had, and told her Vicky was in bad shape. It was an awkward subject. I told her I would unpack first and then I wanted to talk to Charlie if I could. She said he was in the office working on the books, but she would shoo him down into the cellar to the Brig in about ten minutes.

When I got down to the Brig, I ordered

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a bottle of beer at the bar. When I had been in town before, the basement tavern had been the favorite hangout for the kids from Sheridan College. There was a crude, iron door from an early American cell and walls hung with antique manacles, whips, goads and other implements of lusty Puritan torture. Six college kids sat at one of the big trestle tables, and over in one corner was a boy and his girl. It was very, very quiet for a Friday night.

When Charlie appeared, grinning, we shook hands and took our beers over to a corner table. When I commented on how empty the tavern was, he said, "It's beginning to come back slowly. The Landy murder made it rough around here, Hugh. It was damn near open warfare between the town and the gown. My stupid fellow merchants were boycotting the college hangouts, but business is beginning to drift back to the Brig. This town isn't going to get over this mess right away." He shook his head sadly. Charlie is a balding man getting a little thick around the middle, and with the bland, wise eyes of the professional host.

"Everybody is certain Alister Landy did it, Charlie?"

He gave me a shrewd look. "Mary says you've seen Vicky. She doesn't think he did. And she's all alone with that idea. You ought to get her out of this town. People go out of their way to give her a hard time. There's even dirty talk about the two of them sharing the apartment. A kid and his sister! How rotten can people get? Why didn't you show up sooner?"

I explained. He asked me how Spain was. He told me I looked hard as a stone. I edged the conversation back to Vicky and Alister.

"They fired her up on the hill as soon as Alister was arrested," he said. "There's a lot of scared little people up there on the hill. With Alister arrested, a lot of the heat was off them. So they helped jump the kid. You know, profound opinions about how brilliant youngsters are often emotionally unstable."

Finally I came out with it, saying, "I've promised Vicky to look around and see if I can find anything that'll help clear her brother."

Charlie gave me a look of pure consternation. "Good Lord, why don't you try something easy—maybe like gnawing down all the elms in the square with your sharp little teeth."

"That bad?"

"Here is an understatement if there ever was one. That was an unpopular crime. Jane Ann was a pretty kid. The town felt as though a monster were loose. Everybody was very nervous. When they caught Landy, everybody breathed a big sigh. We can try to get back the good

feeling this town used to have. *Anybody* who tries to get that kid off the hook is going to be the proverbial skunk at the garden party, Hugh. My advice is drop it."

"I can't drop it."

He looked at me for long moments. "Then walk very, very softly. Don't make any defense statements. And remember that you can't help the kid. He did it. God help him. Have you got any starting point?"

"I'm going over to Warrentown with Vicky in the morning and talk to John Tennant, Alister's lawyer."

"Good man. He did all he could."

After I got to bed I thought of what a hopeless task it was.

I picked Vicky up at eight o'clock the next morning. The old woman glowered at us from a front window of the house. Vicky looked better and said she had slept the whole night through for the first time in months.

John Tennant was in the back yard of his home in an exclusive section of Warrentown, working with his two kids, giving the inside of an empty swimming pool a coat of protective paint against the coming winter. I liked him on sight. He was a Lincolnesque man, brown and shambling, with deepset eyes and an unruly thatch of dark gray hair. After we were introduced, he put a dirty terry-cloth robe on over his swimming trunks and paint splatters, gave orders to the kids to keep working, and led us over to a redwood table in the sun.

After we sat down he made casual conversation, but I knew he was weighing me, sensing my relationship to Vicky. Vicky asked him to tell me his opinion of Alister's guilt or innocence.

When he looked at me then I finally was able to see him as a capable defense attorney. His eyes were somber, sincere, his voice suddenly deeper and more resonant. "I am what you might call oversensitized to murder, Mr. MacReedy. Twenty-two years ago the plaintiff in a large civil suit which had been successfully defended by my father entered my father's office and fired six 32-caliber slugs into his head and chest. I feel that murder is the one unforgivable crime. It has been my eccentricity to refuse to defend any person I felt to be guilty of it. Once I was deceived and learned it too late in the trial to withdraw. I am positive that the other twenty-eight I have defended against a charge of murder have been innocent. I number Alister Landy in that group."

I stared at him. "You believe that?"

"He did not kill Jane Ann Paulson."

"Won't anybody listen to you?"

"I have exhausted all legal procedures. Alister nearly runs off the scale on I.Q. tests. The state claimed premeditation, basing it on the alleged theft of

the knife. Had it been premeditated, a boy of that intelligence could not have made so many errors in the commission of the crime."

"But he did make a terrible mistake," Vicky said.

Tennant nodded. "Removing the blood from the car seat. He was rattled then. He should have reported it. He was frightened. I made my mistake, too, letting him take the stand. He did well until Milligan made him angry. Then he became noisy, abusive, and arrogant. He offended the jurors and insulted the court."

"He's certainly easy to dislike," I said.

"Why do you say a thing like that!" Vicky demanded.

"Please, Vicky," John Tennant said. "Mr. MacReedy is making a point, a point I tried to bring out at the trial. Someone is guilty. All the evidence pointed to Alister. So if he isn't guilty, and we three know he isn't, somebody framed him and planted the evidence. Somebody hated him. But none of us has been able to come up with any specific enemy. And the private investigator we hired could find no one."

"Did that girl he went with, Nancy Paulson, have any other boy friends?"

"Only one," Vicky said, "back when she was sixteen. He was accidentally drowned at the lake where the Paulsons go in the summer. Robby Howard, his name was. She didn't go with anyone else until she started to go with Alister."

"I can't imagine him dating a girl," I said.

"He's changed a lot since you saw him. I think she was good for him. She's pretty, sensitive and bright."

"How has she reacted?" I asked.

"There were just the two girls," Vicky said. "Naturally the parents were crushed. They've preached hate to Nancy. I met her once on the street. She looked away. She wouldn't have the courage to fight her own world."

Tennant said. "The investigator did find out that the murdered girl had a very different sort of reputation from her sister's. I couldn't use it. I wouldn't get any sympathy for my client by maligning the dead."

"A bad reputation?" I asked.

"Bad only in the sense that there is probably not one high school in the country without a few girls like that. In appearance she was much more . . . earthy than her sister. A young, delinquent girl of poor moral standards. She was too young to frequent bars. College boys knew they could pick her up at Dockerty's Drugstore in the village. She ran around with the . . . I believe you'd call it the hot rod set in the high school. She was frequently beaten by her father. There was a scandal that was

hushed up over a year ago. It seems she spent several days and nights at one of the fraternity houses up on the hill during Easter vacation with some boys who didn't go home for the vacation. Her delinquency was common knowledge."

"Now," Vicky said, "that's all forgotten. She's remembered as a sweet child."

I spoke my thoughts aloud. "Any pregnancy would have come out after the body was examined. Any possibility of blackmail?"

"We couldn't uncover anything like that."

"Mr. Tennant, I promised Vicky I'd try to help. After talking to you, I want to more than ever. Where should I start? Should I talk to Alister?"

"You were going up tomorrow, weren't you, Vicky?" Tennant asked. "I could arrange it so Mr. MacReedy could see him, too, before or after you see him. But don't expect anything. He has . . . withdrawn from the situation. He's far away. Vicky, my dear, please don't let seeing him upset you too much. There are other places you can start, too. Nancy Paulson, perhaps, if she'll talk to you, which I doubt. But listen to me, both of you. Don't start dreaming. No more hopeless situation could be imagined. And you, Mr. MacReedy, be very careful as you conduct your investigation. Dalton has two policemen. Chief Perry Score is a stupid, ignorant man. Quillan, his only assistant, is an ignorant sadist. They are symptomatic of everything that can be wrong with small town police officers. They could rough you up and get away with it."

"What if we *do* find something?" I asked him.

"Frankly, I don't expect you to. But if you dig up any evidence that can so be construed as to constitute a reasonable doubt, phone me at once. I'm sorry to be so pessimistic, but you people should know what you're up against."

On the way back Vicky was silent, obviously depressed. Halfway back she said, "I want to finish the packing and get out of that old house and away from that dreadful old Mrs. Hemsold."

We went back and finished the packing. I loaded the things in the wagon. I asked her about her car. She said she had sold it and hadn't gotten around to buying another. Actually, aside from her suitcases, there was very little. When we were nearly through, she brought me a picture, a glossy four-by-five print. "Nancy," she said. I sat on my heels and looked at it. Head and shoulders of a blonde girl smiling into the camera, squinting against the sun. A good face, not quite formed into maturity—with a look of directness and honesty.

"Quite a girl," I said.

"To be interested in Alister? Why not?"

He is handsome. I think she could sense the sweetness he kept so carefully buried. And the curious helplessness. I think she wanted to be strong enough for both of them. But that picture makes her look more outgoing than she is. There is a kind of timidity about her, a wariness, Hugh. She seems to feel she must walk lightly and never make too much fuss."

"Know the parents?"

"Hardly at all. It seemed like a close family, except for the heartache Jane Ann was giving them. I think Mr. Paulson is—was—very stern with the girls."

I put the picture in my jacket pocket.

She took the keys around to Mrs. Hemsold, who marched militantly back with her and insisted that she wait until the apartment had been checked for damages. The old woman was obviously itching for a fight, but Vicky treated her with an admirable calmness I could not have managed. Only when we drove away did Vicky sigh and say, "What a shame dear Mrs. Hemsold couldn't have heard what I was thinking."

"I've been thinking of something else. I'm not going to take you to Mercer. I've been in that prison town. It's too depressing. I want you closer."

"But I don't want to stay in Dalton."

"And I don't think you should. I have a place in mind."

She accepted the decision without argument. I drove north to an area where, at the conjunction of a superhighway and a main state road, a tourist area had been starting three years before. It had expanded hugely. There were glossy motels, restaurants, shops, service areas. I picked the motel that looked the newest and most elegant.

"This place? This isn't . . ."

"Hush. You're Virginia Lewis. That matches the initials on the luggage. You're staying a week or so. You're not certain."

I got her settled in. Her room was at the end of a wing far back from the highway. The stuff from the apartment fitted in a closet she would not have to use. The room was large, clean, handsome and impersonal. The rear door opened out onto a back garden. The bath with its pebbled glass shower stall looked as efficient as I.B.M. equipment. I hoped she wasn't aware of all the reasons why I had selected this sort of place, why I had insisted on false registration. When the time of execution was close, the ghouls would gather again. Victoria Landy waits in hopeless tears as the hour draws closer. Sister of executed murderer hysterically proclaims his innocence after he goes to his death. I wanted her to be in just such a coldly impersonal place when they killed him. I wanted her where they wouldn't find her. I wanted her in this room, which had no

rough edges, no places where memories could cling.

After she was settled I went to a package store and a gift shop and came back with all the impedimenta for Martinis. We drank in the back garden, sitting on white lawn chairs, until it became too cool. Then I took her to a nearby restaurant for steaks.

Over coffee she smiled at me and said, "One thing is missing. They should have a brain surgeon here and a nice refrigerated bank of clean unused brains. Then they could take this old soiled one out and put in a new one and make the stitches neat, and then I could truly be your Miss Virginia Lewis, a gay person with a long warm life ahead of her."

"I might not want her. She sounds giggly."

She touched my hand. "You've been so good. Now I'm spoiling this."

"You're not."

"Yes, I am. You'd better take me back, Hugh, and let me lock myself in and do all my weeping in private."

I took her back and told her what time I would pick her up in the morning for the ninety-mile trip up to Mercer. I kissed her lightly. There was but a pale shadow of a response.

On Sunday afternoon as we drove away from Mercer, from State Prison, after seeing Alister separately, I knew that John Tennant had been right. She sat huddled beside me. She had stopped crying. Her face was pale and empty. Though we had seen him separately, up there on the top floor of the windowless building, seen him standing in the white glare of fluorescence, fingers hooked into the wire walls, there had been no need to compare notes. He had looked at me once, with only a quick-fading flicker of recognition in the gray eyes so much like Vicky's. I had forgotten his eyes were so like hers. He would not speak to me. The guard said, "Lot of 'em get like that. You can't reach 'em. He wouldn't even say hello to his sister a little while ago."

I glanced at her from time to time as I drove south.

"Immature," she said suddenly.

"What?"

"I was immature and stupid. I was turning it into a cheap movie plot. In comes MacReedy, the hero. Discovers vital clue. Doors open and the smiling boy walks out into the sunlight and the birds are singing. Then we embrace, you and I, and walk off into the music of a thousand violins. But it isn't that way. It's all too late now. They've killed him already."

"He could come back. But it would take time."

She spoke with great patience. "Don't you see? Neither of us has any real hope

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of doing anything. We just try to cheer each other up. There are only so many hours and minutes and seconds left. Then they'll kill him, and now I think that may be best. That's the only thing left to do with him now."

"Vicky!"

"And when they do, it's the end of him, and it's the end of anything we could have had. I won't wish on you what I will become."

Later I stopped at a roadside place, but she wouldn't eat. I took her back to the motel. She didn't want me to stay with her. Her eyes were almost as empty as his had been. I drove back to the Inn. There had to be some starting place. I sat in my room and looked at the second hand of my watch. Each revolution took a bite out of what was left of his life. And out of mine and out of Vicky's. The gray sky, the low clouds outside the window were almost too appropriate for what this day had been.

The Paulson house was number 88 Oak Street. The houses were smaller than the ones on Maple, frame houses, well maintained, and with a comfortable look. Number 88 was a brown house with yellow trim, two stories, and unpleasantly square lines. There were two red maples geometrically placed, a tailored box hedge. It had a look of immunity against the sort of disaster it had suffered. There should still be two daughters in the house to sprawl in front of the TV set, to quarrel over clothes and spend inane giggling hours on the phone.

After I drove slowly by the house, I parked in the middle of the village, found Paulson's Market and took my time over the selection of a small purchase until I heard a customer call Paulson by name. He was a tall man with a long face and high color in his cheeks. His no-color hair was combed so as to lie across baldness. His shoulders were narrow, hands large and red. Considering the gauntness of his cheeks, he was quite thick through the waist. He wore his white apron with dignity, and his hands were deft. His eyes and mouth were too small, his nose large and fleshy. He looked to be a coldly methodical man, and when he talked to customers his affability seemed forced and insincere.

I had looked at the house and the father in order to have a better understanding of Nancy. I had parked a block from the high school. I watched them pass by on their way home. I refreshed my memory with the picture, standing beside the wagon, leaning against it. She came along with two other girls. They gave me sidelong glances as they came abreast, and her two companions changed their way of walking as young girls will when a stranger stares.

I spoke her first name when she was

nearly by me. She took two more steps, then stopped and turned, frowning; then her expression became bland as she realized she did not know me. "What do you want?" Her voice was slightly nasal and pitched too high.

"What do you want?" The three of them stood there, united in a careful aloofness. Other kids walked by.

I held out the picture. "This yours?"

"Where'd you get that?" Indignation, tempered by the slight coyness of a girl discussing her own picture. I told her I wanted to talk to her alone for a moment. She told her friends, "Wait up for me." They moved reluctantly down the block, talking, looking back. Nancy moved toward me and stopped a cautious five feet away.

"That was his," she said. "There were only two and I've got the other."

"This is Alister's copy."

"I can't . . . give out any interviews." The phrase seemed to satisfy her.

"I'm not with any publication, Nancy. I'm just a friend of his sister's."

She stepped back slightly. "I can't talk to anybody."

"You'd better not, Nancy. You might find out he didn't do it. That would be very disturbing to you."

She stared wide-eyed at me. "Everybody knows he did it."

"Four people *know* he didn't. Alister, Vicky, Mr. Tennant, and I."

"That's a crazy thing to say."

I took a chance. "Is it? For a long time you knew he didn't do it. Then you changed your mind. Why?"

"I was being silly. My father explained—"

"This is a small town. You want to be a popular girl. You don't want to be different. You want to believe what everybody else believes. Loyalty is too expensive."

She looked close to tears.

"Run along, honey. Go rejoin your Elvis Presley fan club. This is grown-up stuff."

I flipped the picture at her. It sailed through the air, struck her shoulder, fell to the sidewalk. She snatched it up. I counted her steps as she walked away. Twelve brisk steps, and I thought I had lost my gamble. Then she stopped and looked back. I snapped my cigarette away and opened the door of the wagon. She came slowly back.

"What kind of help?" she asked.

"I want to meet with you and ask you questions and have you answer them frankly and honestly."

"But why?"

"So I can find out who killed your sister." She opened her mouth but I spoke slowly and harshly. "So that one week from today, Nancy, they won't take that bright kid and shave him for the electrodes and strap him

down and put a hood over his head and throw a big switch and burn the life out of him."

She closed her eyes and swayed, her face chalky. I caught her arm. She came back quickly, moistened her lips, swallowed hard. "I . . . I'll talk to you."

She met me at one of the benches in the town square twenty minutes later. She had selected the place. She had to go home first, and she refused to go anywhere in my car, which I could understand. I was there first, and saw her when she was a hundred yards away. She had changed to jeans and a red cotton flannel shirt. Her blonde hair was tied into a high pony tail. Her walk as she came toward me seemed very compressed and self-conscious. It was not a natural sort of walk for a girl so pretty, so nicely built. The hint of impending maturity in the picture was gone from her face. Maybe the murder had made growing up too expensive. It was easier to slide backwards into the formlessness of adolescence. She sat on the far edge of the bench, face averted.

"I wasn't going to come," she said. "I don't know who you are. Maybe you're going to write a story about this. I don't think I should talk to you. My father had to get the police to get the reporters away from our house. You say you're a friend of theirs, but anybody could say that."

I took a card out of my wallet and handed it to her. It had picture, thumbprint, and physical description, with text in both Spanish and English saying I was employed on the airfield project. She handed it back, saying, "What does it mean? It says in Spain."

"I'm on vacation."

"You're awful tan, Mr. MacReedy."

"You're smart to be suspicious. I was on the job near here three years ago. That's when I met Vicky and Alister. I didn't know she was in trouble until last week. Then I came on the run."

I saw a sudden look of comprehension. "Oh! You're *that* one!" She blushed. "There were some things Alister said, about how you made Vicky unhappy."

"I've been sorry ever since. Now I'm trying to help."

She had me placed and she seemed more at ease. "I don't see how you can help or how anybody can change it now. I can talk to you, I guess, and answer questions."

"Okay, let's assume he's innocent. That's the attitude a court is supposed to have. Try to forget this town considers him a sort of monster. Can we start?" She nodded nervously, looking down at her hands. She was still wary. "Were you in love with Alister?"

"I . . . I thought so but Father—"

"He told you you were too young to

know what real love is?" She nodded. "But you still wonder if he's right?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

"Please stop fencing. What did you think of Alister?"

"He's . . . strange. Not like other boys. He didn't . . . doesn't have any kind of line or anything. He doesn't get fresh. He's shy, I guess. I met him in our back yard. He had wandered over, watching a bird, following it. He's smart. He can talk about things I can't understand even. And he never scared me at all."

"Scared you?"

"I mean he wasn't fresh or anything or wanting to see how far he could get like the other boys do. He . . . needed somebody, I guess."

"Can you imagine him murdering Jane Ann?"

"My father says—"

"You can't tell a book by its cover or some such platitude, I imagine. We're talking about what Nancy Paulson thinks. Could he have done this terrible thing?"

"Well, Jane Ann was always teasing him. Making him blush. You know."

"Would he kill her because she teased him?"

"It could lead him on like."

"Did Alister ever kiss you?"

Her blush was Victorian. "A lot of times, but that was all."

"Did he act as if he was going out of his head?"

"But Jane Ann was different. She was . . . You're not going to get me to talk dirty about her."

"I have no such intention."

"Jane Ann was so nice when she was little. We had such fun. Then my father caught her with a boy. Up at Morgan's Lake. The Mackins own half the camp. They live just down the street from us, on the corner of Oak and Venture. Jane Ann and the boy were in the loft over the boat house. The boy was Danny somebody. My father thrashed him and there was trouble about that. And he beat Jane Ann and made her stay inside the camp for a month. She . . . changed then. That was five summers ago. She was only twelve. She was boy-crazy from then on. My father couldn't do anything with her. She'd even go out the window at night and she wouldn't care at all if she got a whipping. Then one time we thought she'd run away but she was up on the hill in a fraternity house the whole time. Mr. Perry Score talked to my father about putting her in one of those schools, but my father said it would be a disgrace. It made me so ashamed all the time."

The words were full of emotional pressure. She stopped very suddenly.

"You went with a boy up at the lake, didn't you?"

She gave me a puzzled glance. "Robby

Howard. Yes. He was . . . shy like Alister. He was a wonderful swimmer, but he drowned and it took all day before they found him. They think maybe it was a cramp. Robby and I . . . we had some crazy ideas. We talked about them a lot. About running away. He was seventeen and he knew all about television, how to fix sets. We were going to go to Georgia where you can get married if you're sixteen and he'd get a job in a repair shop. My father didn't want me to see him so much any more, and that's why we made those crazy plans."

"Were you going to marry Alister?"

"Yes. It was going to happen after he graduated. He was going to get a research fellowship from the University of Illinois. He said I should go into the University there."

"Did your family know about that?"

"Maybe they guessed. I don't know. I think my father would have said no right off. I don't know if I would have done it anyway."

"Did the idea of marriage scare you?"

"I don't like that kind of talk. I don't like dirty talk."

Her attitude irritated me. She seemed almost irrational whenever the conversation came within a hundred miles of sex. It was not a normal response and I guessed that it had probably been conditioned by Jane Ann's short and gaudy career. At any rate it was an emotional block that would eventually give some young husband a very trying time.

"Anyway," she said, "what has this got to do with whether Alister did it?"

"All right, Nancy. How about this quarrel you had with him?"

"We fought lots of times, usually when he'd sneer at Dalton and the people in it, and I'd say I loved this town. Then he'd call me dull and stupid and I wouldn't take it. So we broke the Friday date, and I didn't mind too much because my father didn't like me dating him so often, almost every night. I don't think they really had anything against him. And he was always real nice to them, but it was always like he was acting a part, being what he thought they wanted any boy friend of mine to be."

"Would she have gotten into a car with a stranger?"

"I don't know. If he was young. If it was a nice car. I guess so!"

"Do you know of any older man in the village who . . . who seemed to have a special interest in Jane Ann?"

"No."

"What happened to her things afterward? Did she keep a diary or have any letters around?"

"The police went through her things when we thought she'd run away, but I knew she hadn't run away. I knew that because she didn't take her things from

her locker at school. You see, my father never gave her any allowance. I buy my clothes and personal things out of my allowance. He wouldn't let my mother buy her anything expensive or pretty. So I guess Jane Ann made the boys buy her pretty things, and give her money so she could buy things. She didn't dare wear them home. There were pretty skirts and sweaters and things and she kept them in her locker and changed at school in the morning, and before she came home."

"Do you know which boys bought her things or gave her money?"

"No, but it must have been boys from Sheridan. They have more money. She had jewelry and perfume and lipstick in her locker too. Afterward the school opened the locker and sent everything home. My father nearly went wild when he saw it. I was with her when she closed her locker that Friday when she disappeared, so I know she didn't empty it like she would have if she had been running away. She talked about running away sometime with a girl friend. My father gave everything away the very next day. My mother asked if I could have some of the sweaters but he said I couldn't. I was glad because I couldn't have worn them, really."

"What did she do if she wanted to dress up for a date?"

"Then she'd change at the house of Ginny Garson, her best friend. She kept other things there. Party dresses. She and Ginny were about the same size, and I've seen Ginny wearing some of her things, so I guess Ginny kept them."

"She didn't go to Ginny's on that Friday night?"

"No. For once she didn't have a date and she was going up the hill to see Ann Sibley. Ann is—was—Jane Ann's nicest friend. She's the daughter of a professor at Sheridan."

"Did you tell the police she hadn't run away?"

"They didn't pay much attention to me. But I guess they would have known all right if, when they searched her room, they'd found the money she—" She stopped abruptly, gave me a look of consternation, and clapped her hand over her mouth in a childish gesture of having given away a secret. I had to beg, plead and browbeat her before I got the story. During the trial, Mr. Paulson decided to turn Jane Ann's room into an office where he could work on the store books at home. He decided to put Jane Ann's bureau in the attic. He took the drawers out to make it easier to carry. On the back of one of the drawers, where you would have to take the drawer out to get at it, was a red manilla envelope carefully thumbtacked, with eight hundred and twenty dollars in it. It had given him one of his heart attacks. He'd made

Nancy promise never to mention the money to anyone. She didn't know what he had done with it, how he had used it. Nancy had no idea where the money had come from. Maybe boys had given it to her. Dusk was gathering and she was getting jittery, and she kept glancing across the square toward the Paulson Market. We arranged that should I want to talk to her again, I was to park near the school where she could see my car, and that would be a signal to meet me again at the same place at the same time. She was upset about telling me about the money. She said if he found out, she'd be whipped. One time he had whipped Jane Ann too hard and it had hurt her back and she'd had to wear a corset thing for six weeks. Dr. Farbon had been their family doctor, but he and her father had a fight about it, so now their family doctor was the new man, Dr. Higel.

She hurried off into the dusk, shoulders hunched as though expecting a blow. Five minutes later I was on the phone talking to John Tennant about the money. He cursed Paulson for concealing that information, complimented me for digging it up—and then told me it wouldn't help us. Paulson would deny it, and probably force Nancy to say she had lied to me. I told him my next step would be the Garson girl. He said it would be a big help to know where that much money could have come from. I drove to the motel. Vicky was still terribly depressed, but when I told her what had happened, I saw the rebirth of hope in her eyes. That hope could be a cruel thing, I knew. It might have been kinder to keep the news to myself. But it lifted her out of blackness. I left her very early and headed back to Dalton.

The Garson house was shabby and close to the sidewalk, between a woodworking mill and a bar and grill, and directly across the street from a large farm implement dealer shop where showroom tractors gleamed in the night lights. I parked on the apron of the farm implement place and crossed the road when there was a gap in the Warrentown-Dalton traffic. There were three men on the narrow porch, two on the couch, one lounging on the railing, visible only when passing headlights swept across them. When I put a foot on the bottom step, one of them demanded, "Whata you want?" in the voice of a man who has been visited by too many bill collectors.

"Is this where Ginny Garson lives? I'd like to talk to her."

"She's my kid. She's out someplace. What's it about? She in trouble at the school again?"

"No. It's about the Landy case."

"So you're too late, buster. They came and got her story a long time ago. Took

pictures too." A woman had come to the door and was standing just inside the screen, a bulbous silhouette against the dim light inside the house. "I forget the magazine."

"True Emotion," the woman said in a flat, dulled voice. "And they're calling it 'He Killed My Best Girl Friend.'"

Mr. Garson said wheedlingly, "Of course, maybe they didn't get *all* the story. She signed a paper and I signed too and we got fifty bucks."

"And you gave her ten and me ten," the woman said, "and you lost thirty down to Havermeyer's the same night and me with five ones littler than her to feed and put clothes on and—"

"Shut up. How much you give out for a release paper, mister?"

It didn't seem worth while to try to explain to them that they had jumped to a wrong conclusion. "I don't know. This is speculation. I'd have to talk to her."

"Where'd she go, Cora?"

One of the other men spoke for the first time. "I seen the Quarto kid pick her up about seven in that chopped Ford of his. That bunch hangs around the Big Time Burger Drive-in about five mile east on this here road. It's a yellow Ford. You can ask any of the kids out there."

"But before you do any story at all," Garson said blusteringly, "we got to come to an understanding on the money."

I agreed and turned to leave. Suddenly the third man spoke. "Say, I know this guy. When he turned there and got his face in the light. I know this guy. His name is MacReedy. I worked on a road job three years ago and he was engineer. Jerry, this guy isn't a writer. I remember he brang the Landy babe out and showed her the job one time. He was running around with her."

"What's your angle, mister?" Jerry Garson asked in a dangerous voice. "What do you want with my little girl?"

The men stirred on the porch. Their voices had all been slurred with drink. I said, "You dreamed up the writer angle. I didn't. Your daughter may know something that will help the Landy boy."

"No daughter of mine is going to help no sex fiend killer!" I turned on my heel, disgusted, and walked across the road.

The Big Time Burger was a white floodlighted building set in the middle of an acre of asphalt. Trade was good, the uniformed carhops busy. There was an intercom system beside each painted parking space, a combination mike and speaker on a hook. When you pushed a button in the middle of the speaker you stopped the constant Rock 'n' Roll and placed your order. I drove all the way around the building. I saw a dozen cars of noisy kids. Their closely parked cars formed an island. The spaces around

their group were all empty. There was a yellow Ford there. They sat in and on and around the cars. One young barefoot girl was doing a clumsily suggestive dance on the roof of a sedan in time to the music. I parked around the rear corner of the building and walked back. I approached the yellow Ford. The top was down and there seemed to be at least ten kids in it. "Ginny Garson here?" I asked over the tumult.

"The man wants Garson."

"Hey, lookit the suntan. He's for me, girls."

"Hey, Rook, where'd your beast go?"

"Over with Smith."

"Mr. Suntan, you see the showboat? That gray Cord over there with what Smith says is nine hand-rubbed coats of lacquer."

"Tell Mr. S. T. to knock on the roof of it, real polite."

"Come on in here, old cutie Mr. Suntan. We got us lots of room."

I realized they were all half drunk, and playful in the way that half-grown lions can be playful. Rub their fur the wrong way and they might cheerfully cut you a little, while their girls scream because it is all so exciting. They were the ones who sheared off power poles at a hundred and ten, the ones who died in flaming skirts. Jane Ann had fitted into this group. Nancy never could.

There was a couple in the back seat of the Cord. When I asked for Ginny Garson there was a stirring, a grunt of annoyance. "What's it about?" a male voice asked in a surly way.

"I want to talk to Ginny."

"So do I. Flap off, friend."

"Ginny," I said, "it's a couple of questions. In private. About some clothes. You know what I mean. My car's around in back. It won't take long."

I heard the boy's sulky protest as the girl got out of the car. She was small and chunky, wearing a yellow sweater, tailored gray flannel slacks, a wide plastic belt with a chrome buckle. Her hair was dark and untidy and cut short. She looked up at me, challenging, rebellious. Her features were reasonably good, except for a nose so uptilted it gave her something of the look of a pig.

"What's with clothes?" she demanded. The boy climbed out.

He was my size, maybe a shade bigger. He wore khakis and a sweater cut off at the shoulders. He held the naked muscular arms out from his sides slightly, muscles taut. He had a grotesque Mohican haircut and pale, narrow, Slavic eyes.

"Nobody wants the clothes back, Ginny. I just want to talk to you."

"This one is real crazy," Smith said.

"He's got a kick for clothes."

I talked directly to Ginny. "They

found money too, later. Did you know how much she'd saved to run away on?"

Smith started to object again, but she hushed him. I showed her a twenty dollar bill and said, "For five minutes of talk."

She agreed to come with me. Smith spat six inches from my foot. "Take your time, Ginny," he said. "Take forever." He headed toward the other cars. We walked to my car. She got in without hesitation.

"Buy me a brew," she said. I ordered two beers over the mike. "So what about the clothes. Nobody can say they aren't mine. Jane Ann bought them, but they fit me perfect. She'd want I should have them. Think I was going to turn them over to that damp sister of hers?"

Presently the beer came and I paid. She tilted the bottle up. "I think the clothes are yours. Too bad you didn't have a key to her locker."

"Say, whatever happened to all that stuff anyway?"

"Her father gave them away."

"I could never dig that. If my old man ever thumped me like Jane Ann got thumped, he wouldn't dare sleep without locking the door. Look, have you got anything to talk about, mister?"

"Yes. Whether you think Landy did it."

"Now I get the pitch. Some say he was too chicken. Others say he raced that big brain until he burnt it out. Maybe he got sick of helping Nance make fudge and weed the flowers. I guess he did it." She put the empty beer bottle on the floor and opened the door. At that moment a sedan turned into the lot, moving fast, red dome light blinking. I heard car doors chunking, motors making raw sounds of power, tires yelping as her gang took off. She pulled the door shut and ducked down onto the floor. "Put that tray out on the dingus and let's get out of here. Take it slow. That's the Dalton cops. Maybe Quillan."

A spotlight was fingering at the cars as we left. A mile down the road she got up on the seat, threw her empty into the ditch. "We got no assembly point set up, mister. Suppose you drive into the village and park by the square. Pretty soon somebody will come along."

"Where did Jane Ann get the clothes, Ginny?"

"You could turn into a bore real easy. I don't know where she got them. You said something about money."

"I'll tell you the rest if you stop lying to me. Where did she get them? I know her people didn't buy them."

"She bought them in Warrentown. I'd go with her. We'd take the bus or get a ride. You see these slacks I got on? Forty-five bucks these were, honest. At first I felt funny sorta wearing her stuff. But she'd want it that way, I figure. She paid cash. And now don't go asking me

where the cash came from, because honest to God I don't know. That's no lie. I tried and tried to find out. We told each other everything else—and I mean everything. But she wouldn't tell me that, even when I'd get sore. She spent a lot, too. Those sweaters were cashmere and angora mostly. Now how about that money?"

By the time I told her about it, we were in the village. She showed me where she wanted to park. She said, "She was talking about us going to Miami together and getting jobs. I bet she was saving up for that."

"Do you have any guess as to where she could have got the money?"

"I thought about it a lot. If she had an angle, I wanted in. I knew she wasn't taking it from the store. She couldn't even snitch a Coke from that old goat. It had to figure this way. She had some guy on the hook. She must have had the proof. Maybe he was some big church wheel, or a teacher or something, and he went for her. Jane Ann was real shrewd. She wouldn't go for a big score. She'd just keep the money coming in. And that figures why she wouldn't tell me. The Garson family lives like pigs, mister. My two brothers in the Navy were smart to get out. If she told me, sooner or later I would maybe have tried to cut in on her racket, even if she was my best girl friend. And I'd get too greedy and spoil it. Anyway, when I get drunk I tell everything I know. Jane Ann could hold it better than me."

"How would she get the money?"

"It wasn't mailed. I know that. And it wasn't a regular amount, because sometimes she was as broke as anybody."

"What did Jane Ann think of Landy?"

"She thought he was good for Nance. One thing, even though they were different, Jane Ann wouldn't let anybody needle Nance. She'd needle her herself, but that was different. Jane Ann wouldn't even let me talk Nancy down. She'd freeze up on me and say that if Nancy acted funny, she had a good reason. It was as if Jane Ann was the oldest."

I asked more questions but I couldn't learn anything. I gave her the twenty. She put it in her red purse. A moment later she reached quickly across me and gave three fast taps on the horn ring. The Cord eased in beside me, twin pipes burbling. Smith got out and came over to her side.

"What went on?" she demanded.

"Quillan. He blocked off Quarto. They thought it was a fast shake. Quart stuck his knife in his sock. Quillan was wise like always and rough, but there was no shake. Now come on. Let's go. Everything's breaking up. Maybe you rather stay with this suntan drag job."

"Maybe."

He rested his hand on the sill and

snapped his cigarette butt across her, full into my face. The sparks stung. "What the hell was that for?" I demanded.

"For nothing. You take it or you get out of the wagon. It's up to you, chief."

"If I get out you're going to be a sick kid."

"Take it easy, Smith. He's a nice guy. Honest."

He spat on the hood of the wagon. "He's a swell guy," he said. I got out. We met on the grass in front of the two cars. He circled low, grinning, hands unclenched. He feinted and kicked. I took it on the thigh and missed my grab at his ankle. The girl was out of the car. I could hear her breathing loudly. The distant streetlight made faint highlights on the rubbery muscles of his arms. I reached far enough to slap his nose with my fingertips. It stung him. He feinted a kick, hit me hard under the heart and stabbed at my eyes with the rigid fingers of his left hand. I caught his wrist and it ended right there. I levered him around, held both wrists behind him, and ran him like a wheelbarrow into a tree. When he dropped, I picked him up by crotch and neck and threw him into a heavy growth of shrubbery. The girl came up beside me.

"Did . . . did you hurt him bad?"

"He's not hurt. He's in there listening. Tell him to go slow and easy with strangers from now on."

As I was getting in the car I heard her cooing to him, "Okay, little rabbit. It's safe. You can come out now. The big bad man is leaving, little bunny rabbit."

I was slightly ashamed of myself by the time I got to the Inn. I'd shown off for the girl. But maybe I'd saved some unknown stranger a bad time.

When I went in, Charlie Staubs was leaning against the wall in the front hallway talking to a big man who sat on the chair by the small reception desk. Charlie said, "Evening, Hugh. Barney Quillan, Hugh MacReedy. Barney's been waiting for you, Hugh." Charlie had a worried look. Quillan came up off the chair. He came up as lightly and easily as a puff of smoke, without the shift and

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THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

strain and effort so huge a man should have required.

"You got some trouble, MacReedy," he said. His voice had the husky whispering sound of the ex-pug.

"Have I?"

"You got to come along. There's a complaint from Garson. There's other things. You come along."

I turned to Charlie. "Let John Tennant in Warrentown know about this arrest."

I walked ahead of him. He pushed me off balance so I stumbled down the steps. "Drunk too," he said. I turned around, fists clenched. He shifted his weight slightly. Charlie was behind him in the doorway. He shook his head violently. I went meekly out the walk and got into the town prowl car. He drove around the square and half a block off the square to a dark building I remembered as the town hall. He drove around to the back and parked near a back door with a light over it, near two lighted windows.

When I was one step through the office door he pushed me again, more violently. I took two lunging steps and caught my balance by bracing my hands against a desk behind which sat a man who was old and fat and pink and looked smug and self-important.

"This here is MacReedy and he's drunk," Quillan said.

They questioned me. I sat facing Chief Perry Score. Quillan lounged against the wall. Their questions were clumsy. Their manners had been borrowed from B movies. There were un-subtle hints about Quillan working me over. When they didn't like the answers Quillan would step up behind me and bang my head with the hard heel of his hand. It made a painful jar each time, and after the fourth time I began to get a headache.

Score wrote down what he was going to charge me with. I had failed to renew my driver's license when I had returned from Spain. Driving while drunk. Tampering with the morals of a minor. Then they worked around to the Landy affair. Their sources were good. They knew I had helped Vicky move out of the Hemsold house. They knew I had talked to Nancy in the park. They knew Vicky and I had visited Alister Landy in the death house. Score wrote down another charge. I was acting as a private investigator without a license to do so. When I got mad enough to say I thought Landy innocent, Quillan thumped my head again. I wanted to come up out of that chair and see what I could do with him, but that would have meant more trouble. Finally Score got to the point.

"Very serious," he said. "Very serious. We could put you away a long time, mister. But we'll give you a break. You get out of town and stay out, and I'm willing

to forget all this. I'm willing to think your motives were all right, but you've just been acting like a damn fool."

"This is a great little town," I said. "This clown Quillan keeps thumping my head. Some jerk kid named Smith jumps me."

They were curious about that. I described the boy. They identified him as the only son of Hardesty Smith, president of the Dalton Bank. They came back to their point. Leave town. I said I had to stay to prove Landy innocent. Quillan told me how he had Landy alone for two hours and got a complete confession, but it wasn't used at the trial on account of they thought it would be repudiated. Quillan banged my head again and I said, "You better charge me then, and get it over with."

"Wait a minute!" Quillan said, cocking his head. "Listen!"

He left the room. We heard him open the outside door. He gave a grunt of astonishment. He came back in with a girl in his arms. He put her gently on the couch. I recognized the clothing and knew it was Ginny Garson. I could hardly have told from her face.

"Look at her knees," Quillan said. "Crawled here. Better get the doc, Perry." Score picked up the phone. I stood beside Quillan and looked down at the girl. Her face looked as though it had been hammered with stones. One eye swollen shut, the other one nearly so. Tilted nose smashed flat. Sick indentation of one cheek where the bone was gone. Mouth a sagging ruin. Pink sliver of jaw bone through the flesh. Front teeth broken off short. Yellow sweater pulpy with blood.

"It's Ginny Garson," I said. "That's the way she was dressed."

With his call completed, the Chief came over, bent over her. "Who did this to you?" he said loudly. "Who was it?" It was impossible to tell if she was conscious. Then one hand moved. The Chief must have realized as soon as I did that she could not possibly speak. He quickly brought her a pad and pencil, held it where she could see it, and supported her hand. She scrawled a name. "Smith."

"He did it? The Smith boy did it?" She managed to nod.

Score straightened up and gave orders to Quillan. "I want that kid. I don't care who his daddy is. Get a description of him and that car to the state troopers. Move, damn it!" Quillan made his call. He took off. I heard tires yelp as he swung out onto the pavement. We watched the girl. There didn't seem to be anything we could do. Score put a blanket over her. He moistened a towel and tried to clean off her face. Her breathing seemed shallower and faster. She no longer seemed to be conscious.

My head ached violently. I heard the car drive in. The girl took a deeper breath. She let it out and stopped breathing.

"Do something!" Score bleated at me. She breathed once more and that ended it. The doctor hurried in. He was very young. The bold and heavy artillery mustache did not serve its intended purpose. It made him look like a high school boy on Halloween. He went to the girl, felt for her pulse. He snapped his bag open, deftly filled a large hypo, injected the needle directly over her heart. He snatched a stethoscope, listened carefully. He stood up slowly, dropped the stethoscope into his bag and turned toward Chief Score.

"Who was she?"

"One of the Garson kids. Hardesty Smith did it, Doc."

He looked down at her. "Did a thorough job. My guess is autopsy'll show a massive cerebral hemorrhage, maybe a fracture. Look at the pattern of this abrasion, Chief. He put the boots to her. Mail-order Air Force boots, no doubt." He flipped the blanket up over her face. "How'd she get here?"

"Crawled."

"Gutty kid."

Chief Score sat down dismally behind his desk. "My God, this is terrible. These kids. I can't understand them. I'll have to phone her folks."

The young doctor glanced at me. He turned to Score and spoke. His voice was soft, bitter, contemptuous. "I've sewn up some nasty knife wounds, Chief. Some of them get stabbed on the high school grounds. I've tried to put them back together after their cars have ripped them apart. There aren't many bad apples in the barrel, Chief. A couple of dozen of them. But they're infecting the other kids, the decent kids, with the same poison. It's so easy for you to blame it on the parents, Chief. Too easy. Why don't you put the lid on, Chief? Why haven't you? Afraid to make enemies? Why don't you investigate vandalism and make arrests? Why don't you haul them in for drunken driving and lift their licenses? Too much trouble? Either you're pig lazy, Chief, or you don't give a damn."

"You can't talk to me like this, Doc!"

"I'm talking. You and Quillan are sorry excuses for police officers, and sorry excuses for human beings. The whole town is sick of this mess. They were sick before tonight." He glanced at the girl. "Now you've got this in your lap, Chief. You better start sweating." He walked to the door. "Have Hillman pick it up. I'll get hold of Hooker. He can come over from Warrentown and do the autopsy at Hillman's place." He banged the door as he went out.

Score stared at the top of his desk. He raised his head slowly and saw me and

remembered me. "You saw her write it."

"Yes."

"Get out of here. Don't leave town."

He was reaching for the phone as I left. I had to walk by the place where I had humiliated Smith. I remembered the jeering way she had called him a rabbit. It had probably happened right there. He had come out and kicked her to death.

Charlie was still up when I got back. The night air had dulled the sharpness of my headache, but I borrowed aspirin from him. It was two in the morning. We sat in the big kitchen and drank wickedly heavy bourbon highballs. He said he hadn't been able to contact Tennant. He said he was worried. I told him my adventures, and his face mirrored some of the shock and horror I had felt. I told him the doctor's speech.

"Don Higel. New. A good man for this town, Hugh. Lord, how this is going to knock the town on its ear."

When we had talked that out, we talked about the Landy case. I shook Charlie's strong conviction Alister had done it. I made him try to guess whom Jane Ann could have been blackmailing. I had definitely decided blackmail was the only possible answer. Charlie agreed it would have to be a man who was married and had a standing in the community. And Jane Ann would have had to have some proof to use against him, or some other hold over him. Finally he said, "Say, how about a teacher? How about Professor Sibley. Jane Ann was headed up there. Dr. Wayne Sibley."

I took the idea to bed with me.

I came down to breakfast at five minutes of ten the next morning. Charlie brought a cup of coffee and told me the news. He had heard it over a Warren-town station. The Smith kid had outrun the state police, but he couldn't outrun their radios. He tried to swing into the ditch around a road block, lost control, was thrown clear and badly hurt. He was still unconscious. Blood samples from his boots matched the blood type of the Garson girl. It was believed he would live.

I phoned Tennant after breakfast and brought him up to date. He seemed pleased, intrigued, and unworried about Score and Quillan giving me further trouble. I drove out to see Vicky. She was sunbathing in a sheltered corner of the rear yard. I told her everything that had happened. She became very angry when I told her of Quillan's interrogation technique. She said that Quillan had gotten a confession from Alister by hitting him over the head with a coke bottle wrapped in a towel, not hard, but several hundred times. Tennant had hoped they'd try to use the confession

because it contained errors of fact. She had known Ginny Garson, had seen her with Jane Ann. Alister had often given Ginny and Jane Ann rides. Tennant had said at the trial the hair found in the car could be accounted for that way. She could not think of anyone Jane Ann could have been blackmailing. I mentioned Dr. Wayne Sibley. She became upset, saying that he had been very nice to her when she had worked at the school.

As I drove back to Dalton I realized we had avoided one subject—the very few days that were left.

Professor Wayne Sibley was a stocky man with kinky gray hair, an outdoor complexion, tweedy clothes, a warm and friendly manner, and a trained resonant voice. He preferred to be called Mr. Sibley. I met him when his class ended at five of noon and he listened to me explain who I was and what I was interested in, and then suggested I walk to his home with him.

He said he had had Alister in one of his classes, and he knew Vicky well. Alister, he said, was highly intelligent, with a personality flawed by intellectual arrogance. When we passed students I noticed they greeted him with what seemed to be genuine liking. He said Alister's thinking was overly intuitive, not sufficiently disciplined. Then there was certainly overprotection by Miss Landy. Sibley felt Alister had probably committed the crime.

Their house was small, quite new, pleasant. Mrs. Sibley was a tall, charming woman, with an air of gravity and composure. He explained I was a friend of Miss Landy who was trying to help Alister. We went out onto the rear terrace to talk. Mrs. Sibley brought us beer on a tray.

After a rather awkward silence, Sibley grinned at me and said, "Mr. MacReedy, I assume that in the course of your investigations you have learned some rather unsavory items concerning Jane Ann. And you have come here really to find out why we should permit her to be a rather frequent guest in our home."

His accuracy made me uncomfortable.

"This family has always collected what Ruth here calls lame ducks. The emotionally halt and the emotionally blind."

"But this time there was a little more risk," Mrs. Sibley said. "Our daughter Ann is quite mature for her age. She is honest and frank with us. Otherwise I wouldn't have taken the risk of allowing her a close friendship with Jane Ann. Ann recognized the odd situation before we did. Jane Ann had what you could call a controlled schizophrenia. Maybe this is the house she wished she had and we the parents. Ann has told us that when Jane Ann was here, she was a different person entirely, not at all the way

she was in school. There was no contact between Ann and Jane Ann's other friends. Theirs was a healthy, happy friendship."

"The child seemed to gain something from coming here," Mr. Sibley said. "Call it a certain acceptance. We did not feel she could corrupt Ann to her pattern, and did not think she wanted to. So it seemed a gamble worth taking. Had we known the end of it, maybe we wouldn't have thought so. It was a shock to Ann."

I felt ashamed of my suspicions. These were warm and giving people. They had dignity, honesty, and an unmistakable aura of love between them.

"Did you happen to know that Jane Ann always seemed to have money?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Sibley said. "She bought Ann an expensive wrist watch and we could not let Ann accept it. I understand she kept it herself for a time and then gave it to Ginny Garson."

"Do you think Ann would know where that money was coming from?"

"If my nasty hunch is correct," Mr. Sibley said, "I hope she doesn't know."

"I have reason to believe that it all came from one source, one man. I'm trying to find out who it could be."

Sibley grinned again. "And now, having decided I was not the source, you are still looking."

My face grew hot. Mrs. Sibley laughed aloud.

"Do you see any harm in asking Ann, dear?" he asked.

"I don't believe she'll know. She's in her room. They dismissed the high school today. I believe they used a teachers' meeting as an excuse. I'll call her now."

Ann was not a pretty girl. She was blonde and quite pale and did not have quite enough chin. But she was poised and direct.

Jane Ann never told me where she got the money, Daddy. I asked her once but she said it was a secret. One Saturday she got some when I was with her, though. We went to the movies and after, when we went to the drugstore, we only had fourteen cents between us. She told me to wait. She was gone, oh, maybe five minutes and she came back and showed me the ten dollar bill she had, and made a face."

"Which way did she turn when she left the drugstore?" I asked. "Did you notice?"

"She went out the door and turned right, I'm positive. She was gone just about five minutes."

"Did she have a bike?"

"No. We were walking."

"Did she get money like that any other time you can remember?"

"No sir. That was the only time. The other times she had money with her."

I thanked Ann and then thanked the

THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

Sibleys, declining their invitation to stay to lunch. Mr. Sibley told me at the door he thought I was on a hopeless mission.

I drove to the heart of the village, parked and went to the drugstore. It was on the west side of the square, four doors from the corner where College Street came into the square. There were stores on either side of College Street, and others on the south side of the square. I timed myself and found you could walk to fifteen places of business within two minutes. I felt almost certain Jane Ann had gone to one of those stores. It would be the simplest possible way to get money. Perhaps some simple code had been established. The proprietor would take it out of the cash register and give it to her. How he would hate to see her come strolling in with young, bland face and greedy, mocking eyes! How carefully he would have planned it all, waiting and waiting for exactly the right opportunity to get her out of his life.

He would have had to know her movements—and also the movements of the Landy boy! I stood still in the sunlight, conviction tugging at the edge of my mind. The proprietor of one of these stores had to be in a position to know Jane Ann's habits, Alister's habits—even to know of the quarrel between Nancy and Alister. He would have even had to have the intimate knowledge that Nancy and Alister often parked at Three Sisters Creek. There could be only one man with such intimate knowledge. A man very close to the family. I had heard his name. I had read the store name in the news accounts of the crime. I stood in front of his store. I read the name. Mackin Hardware. The Mackins and the Paulsons shared a camp. The knife had come from there. The Mackins lived at the corner of Oak and Venture, four doors from the Paulsons, and quite close to the Hemsold house.

I entered the store. It was reasonably modern, light, airy, and could have been very attractive. Gift items were near the front. There was a glass-walled office in the rear. The store was dusty, the floor unswept, stock poorly arranged on racks and shelves. It had the slovenly look of inevitable failure.

When I glanced at the woman who came from the rear of the store I thought she was very old. She moved with the fragility of age. When she came close I was shocked to see that she was relatively young. Her arms and throat were painfully thin. Her waist had the ugly thickness of incurable disease. Her face was so shrunken the pattern of the skull showed clearly. She had dull eyes, and skin the color of green wax. Her voice came from a remote, weary distance.

"I'd like some . . . wood screws. Brass if you have them. About one inch."

She got a box. I gave her a dollar. She opened the register, but did not reach for my change. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut and she held a forearm clamped across her stomach.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Just a twinge once in a while. I only work when Billy can't make it. Billy Mackin, my husband. Part-time help is hard to get. I don't mind so much. It's either be here or sitting to home. He's over to Warrentown today, to the bank, asking about a loan."

"Maybe you ought to close up and go home, Mrs. Mackin."

"This is a pretty good day. I've felt pretty good the whole summer through, but I certainly dread the winter coming. Once the winter starts it seems as if spring will never come. Dr. Higel has been giving me injections ever since my operation and he says I'll feel chipper come spring. He's a real good doctor, but sometimes I just wonder . . ."

I was glad to get out, get away from the smell of dust and the thin smell of mortal illness. Quillan stopped me with a heavy hand on my shoulder just as I was opening my car door.

"What do you want?"

His attempt at a disarming smile was not persuasive. "Nothing special, MacReedy. No hard feelings, hey?"

"What do you mean?"

"I got to do like the Chief wants. He keeps pushing me. That's the way it is. Sorry I had to bump you a little."

"What's the matter, Quillan? What's got you scared?"

"I heard talk about some kind of committee. Maybe they'll ask you questions. You just tell them everything was okay. Perry didn't send me. This is just man-to-man. Couple of bumps can't hurt a rugged guy like you."

"Thanks. If I'm given the slightest chance to get you thrown out of your job, Quillan, I'll do it. Satisfied?"

I thought for a moment he would swing right then and there. He gave me a long ugly look. "You're real smart," he said. "You got a big brain. Maybe I can find you in a nice dark place, old buddy, some place you won't walk away from."

He went up the street, the metal taps on his heels clacking loudly.

Doctor Don Higel was able to see me at quarter of four after a ten-minute wait. When I introduced myself he said he remembered me from Score's office. I said I hadn't come to him for treatment. He raised one quizzical eyebrow at that and settled back behind his mustache. I told him what I was trying to do.

"Where do I fit?" he asked.

"I liked the sound of what you said last night. But what I have on my mind hasn't anything to do with that. I want to ask you about one of your patients."

"You know I can't talk about a patient, MacReedy."

"I know you shouldn't. I have no official standing. I can only tell you that I know how to keep my mouth shut. The patient I'm curious about looks to be, in a layman's opinion, near death."

"I've got several who could qualify."

"Mrs. Billy Mackin." He regarded me somberly for long moments and then made up his mind. He told me the case history, speaking as tersely and factually as a written report. Mrs. Mackin had come to him early the previous March. She was twenty-two pounds under her normal weight at that time. She had been feeling out of sorts for many months. She had seen no other physician. She had been dosing herself with patent medicine. He made a tentative diagnosis of cancer, and she was operated on in Warrentown by a surgeon named Seivers on the eighteenth of March. His diagnosis was proved correct. Kidneys, liver, spleen, and stomach were seriously affected, inoperable. Angela Mackin was returned to her home. She was receiving drugs to alleviate the pain. She came from hardy farm stock, but with a history of cancer. It was astonishing to him she had lasted this long, and even more awesome that she could work at the store from time to time. She could not last another month. In view of her history and her run-down condition, the delay in seeking treatment was an example of criminal stupidity.

He saved his careful question until last. "You say you're digging into the Landy thing. Isn't Angela Mackin pretty far afield?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"Maybe you could call them both murder. Different in degree."

There was a lessening of tension and suspicion between us. It was a curious feeling of trust. It happens like that sometimes. It is the first step in friendship, the kind that lasts.

"Does talking about a dead patient violate ethics?"

"Which one?"

"I understand there was a quarrel between Dr. Farbon and Mr. Paulson about Jane Ann's back injury."

"You do get around. I checked it out with Farbon, of course. He wished me luck. He was fed to the teeth. Paulson hit the girl with a piece of stove wood. She tried to duck and he hit too high. Gave her a bruised coccyx and tore some small muscles."

"What is Paulson anyway? A psychopath?"

"That's a handy word for the layman. He's a self-righteous hypocrite with rationalized sadistic tendencies. There's no spirit left in his wife; the elder daughter won't spit without

written permission. But he couldn't break the younger one. I treat him for a heart condition."

We shook hands as I left. His look was direct. "I don't know which way you're heading, MacReedy, but good luck."

While I had a late lunch in a diner, I read the Warrentown paper. The news about Hardesty Smith, Jr., had apparently come in before press time and they had put it on page one. The boy had regained consciousness and confessed to beating up the girl and kicking her. He said he'd had a lot of beer, and he hadn't meant to hurt her badly. Other customers in the diner were talking about it. Everybody seemed to think it was a terrible thing. Poor Mr. Smith. Poor Garson family. I'd seen her. I knew it was a terrible thing.

I went back to the Inn. Charlie Staubs was in the kitchen checking some standing rib roasts that had just arrived. We carried cups of coffee over to a small table in the corner of the big kitchen.

"How is it going, Sherlock?" he asked.

"I don't know where it's going, but it seems to be moving. Now I need some background. Would anybody think it unusual for the Paulson girls to drop into Mackin's Hardware frequently?"

He gave me an owlish look. "Funny question. No. Not unusual. The two families are very close. I'd say Mackin is the only close friend Dick has. Dick is kind of a cold guy. There's considerable difference in their ages, but that doesn't seem to have hurt any."

"What kind of a guy is Billy Mackin?"

"Tops. He's a good joe. He hasn't got an enemy in town. Dick took him under his wing when he first came to town. It's a damned shame about his wife. They haven't got any kids. Angela is . . ."

"I know about that. Funny he didn't get her to a doctor sooner."

He shrugged. "It's one of those things, I guess."

"I understand he's trying to get a bank loan. Could be he's in financial trouble."

Charlie stared at me and then shook his head sadly. "Hugh, you're barking up the wrong tree. Billy Mackin isn't your candidate. Jane Ann couldn't have been blackmailing him. Billy is a fine man. Sure he's got troubles. Angela's sickness has been expensive. Then the new shopping center hurt him. It's hurt a lot of the small stores around the square. Dick would be hurt, too, but he owns a good slice of the new shopping center. Billy owns that building his store is in, and he leases the other half of it."

"Where did he get the money to buy it?"

"Angela got some money after her folks died and the farm was sold. I think Dick loaned him some and the rest came from the bank. He may be in rough shape

right now, but he'll pull out of it. He's a worker and he's got a lot of friends in this town."

"I'd like to talk to him."

"It would be a pretty good bet, Hugh, that Billy knows your name, knows why you're in town and all the rest of it. That man is a one-man press service."

It was four-thirty when I re-entered Mackin Hardware on the off-chance that Mrs. Mackin had gone home when Billy had come back from Warrentown. It was a good guess. I stood in the front looking at an automatic toaster. I turned when he came down the aisle between the counters toward me. He wasn't a tall man. He looked wiry and fit and his shoulders were good. He was very dark, with a craggy, pleasant, black Irish cast of feature, blue jowl shadows, black hair growing thickly on forearms, wrists, hands and down to the first knuckles on his fingers. He wore a blue dress shirt open at the collar, dark trousers sharply creased, narrow black shoes glossy with polish. The sleeves of the blue shirt were rolled halfway to his elbows. He moved with a trim confidence, almost with a feline daintiness. His smile was broad, crinkled, warm and wholly engaging.

"Something you'd like, sir?" he asked.

"I'm just looking around."

"Something for a gift, maybe?" His voice was as personal as his smile.

"As a matter of fact, I don't want to buy anything. I've been thinking of going into business. The retail business. I don't know anything about it. I know I like this town though."

"You couldn't find a better place to live."

I was sort of wondering about the hardware business." I saw his eyes change slightly, as though he made a sudden mental computation.

"Billy Mackin," he said, sticking his hand out.

"Bob Martin," I said, pulling a name out of the air. His grip was firm. We smiled at each other.

"This could be one of those good coincidences," he said. "I've been thinking of putting this place on the market."

"Pardon me, but you don't seem to be doing a land-office business, Mr. Mackin."

He gave me a very persuasive sales talk. He spoke of his wife's serious illness, about not being able to give the business the attention it deserved, about how when the people got tired of bonus stamps and loss leaders at the shopping center, they'd come back where they could get personal service. He told me about owning the building, about the ten-year lease on the other half of it, about the great care with which he had selected his inventory. There was a catch in his voice and the hint of an honest tear

when he told me his wife did not have long to live. He told me that if he decided to sell, this was the best possible time for anyone to buy. Right now it might be possible to let it go, land, building, stock, lease, goodwill and all for ninety thousand. Twenty thousand in cash would swing it. The credit rating of the business was good. Twice he had to break off to wait on customers. An old man wanted an axe handle. A young girl wanted a coffee pot. He was both courtly and insinuating with the girl, so much so that her giggle was nervous.

"Now you don't know me from a hole in the wall," he said. "I could be giving you a line. You can go ask Dick Paulson about me. Paulson's Market, just down the street. He's one of the most respected businessmen in this town. Director at the bank. Deacon. I love that man like a brother. He took me into his own home thirteen years ago when I hit this town as a punk kid with holes in my shoes. Rented me a room and gave me a job. His wife, Bessie, has been like a mother to my wife. We own a camp together at Morgan's Lake."

"Is that the same Paulson family that . . ."

He nodded sadly. "A great tragedy. I couldn't feel worse if it was my own daughter. She was a sweet child. They electrocuted Landy on Monday." He shook his head. "We'll never understand what goes through the mind of a fiend like that. But don't you get the idea this town has that kind of thing happen often. That affair last spring and the Garson tragedy will probably take care of our quota for the next forty years."

"If you should decide to sell . . . uh . . . Billy, will you leave Dalton?"

"Never! My roots are here. This . . . illness has been exhausting. I'll give up responsibilities for a while. Maybe I'll go back and work for Dick as a clerk, and then get into something else later. Maybe the building supply business. I haven't really thought about it." For a moment his face was in repose, and perhaps he forgot me. The grin lines were deeply etched. His mouth was heavy and sensuous. When he wasn't smiling, his dark eyes were as empty as oiled anthracite.

"This town," he said suddenly, "is the only home I've ever known. I won't leave. If we should get together, Bob, the signing of the papers wouldn't end the relationship. I'd do all in my power to get you started right. You married?"

"No."

"There are some very handsome girls in Dalton. From the look of you, you'll have a wide choice."

I felt unaccountably glad to leave the store, to get away from the wiry, powerful, plausible man, away from the strong

THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

impact of that smile. Yet I knew that without my suspicions of him, I would have liked him. But suspicion made the smile look contrived. Suspicion had given me a fleeting glimpse of something dark and wary behind the brisk manner. There was a virility about him, yet not that of a Quillan, or even a Smith. His was a slyer and more insinuating brand—the virility of cat or serpent.

Jane Ann had been the daughter of his friend. Had something happened on a summer day at that camp? Or in the store after the key was turned in the lock? There would have been many opportunities for him. I had my own conviction, and yet I had nothing.

After I was in bed that night I tried to think of some way he could be trapped. There could be no help from his friends. He would wear that grin at the community picnic. Lizardlike, he would blend with the environment. What man was he? Storekeeper? Lodge brother? Grieving husband of wife murdered by conscious neglect? Or a thing that held a knife and pursued a screaming girl into the patch of moonlit aspens and felled her there? Youthful gallant with elderly ladies. Reliable baby sitter in emergencies. With so many faces there could be no substance—only shadows in a shifting blackness.

He was close to the Paulsons. He would have known of the quarrel, known Alister's habits. And Angela Mackin had been in a Warrentown Hospital at the time of the killing. On an April evening he could have roamed through the backyards of that section where they all lived, seen Jane Ann set out, surmised where she was headed. And on that night he could have seen Alister start out alone, and decided that at last the timing was perfect.

Wednesday morning was gray with the threat of rain. As I dressed I knew that my night thoughts had been empty. I could not think of where to look for proof. While I was at breakfast, Mary Staubs came in and told me that a Sergeant Arma was waiting in the lounge.

The credentials he showed me identified him as Sergeant Lawrence T. Arma of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the State Police. He was a dark, serious young man, pallid but husky, icily polite, dressed in an unpleasantly reddish-brown suit, a chocolate-colored knit tie. We sat in a corner, and he held an open stenographic pad on his lap as he explained he worked with Lieutenant Frank Leader in a special section that covered homicide investigation in small communities unequipped to do so. Chief Score had referred him to me.

I agreed to answer his questions and sign any statement he prepared from his notes. I gave him the complete vital

statistics he requested. Then he started asking specific questions about Virginia Garson. He asked about four questions before I realized he had entirely the wrong impression. And it made me sore.

"Stop taking notes a minute, Arma! Didn't Score give you the background? I don't date jail bait. That night was the first time I ever saw the kid. I looked her up to ask her about Jane Ann Paulson. She was the Paulson girl's best friend. I'm interested in the Landy case. It so happens I don't think Landy did it."

He was quite startled. His attitude of icy disapproval disappeared. Evidently he had strong opinions about thirty-year-olds' dating high school quail. Without taking notes he asked me to explain my interest in the Landy case. I did so. I told him about the money, the clothes, the shopping trips, and Ginny's shrewd guess about where the money came from. When I began to mention facts he opened his notebook at a new place and took notes. I left out my suspicions of Mackin. When I was through I asked him why he took notes.

"Mr. MacReedy, I can't afford to have any opinions about the Landy case. It's closed. You found some things we had no excuse for missing. I'm justifying taking this down by telling myself it might have some very remote bearing on this Garson death."

"Are you satisfied with the Landy conviction?"

"Lieutenant Leader is satisfied. He's my superior officer."

"Can you answer one question for me?"

"Maybe. On an off-the-record basis."

I explained the question that had troubled me. It concerned the circumstantial evidence. The tire track could have been made on Thursday night when Alister and Nancy had parked near the creek. The hair could be explained. If he had been framed, the blood, knife and purse had been planted. But what if they had never been found? That would have endangered the actual murderer. How could the murderer have known Leader would check all cars? Why was there no signpost pointing at Landy? That would have increased reasonable doubt that Landy was framed. It was data Tennant could have used at the trial.

Arma became agitated. He looked as guilty as though he had been the murderer. He said he couldn't tell me anything, but I knew there was something to tell. I told him he had a moral and ethical obligation over and above his responsibility to his superior.

At last he told me. And told me that he would deny he had told me if I tried to use it. He said he was only telling me because it had bothered him ever since.

Leader had been checking the cars, doing it so quietly no one except the police

knew he was doing it. An incident happened on Friday afternoon, two days after the discovery of the body. Arma and Leader left the town hall to get into their car parked in front. There were a lot of people milling around during those days of investigation. Arma found the three-by-five file card on the front seat with newsprint letters cut out and pasted on it to form the word "Landy," nothing more. He handed it to Leader. Leader put it in his pocket and said it was probably crank work. The lab got to the Landy car later that day. And Leader's clever approach, that of inspecting every student car, was given credit for the solution of the crime. He said he knew that Leader had, in effect, suppressed evidence, and it had made him look better. He had wanted to find Landy his own way, and even without the card he would have, but the person who flipped the card through the sedan window onto the seat could not have known that. Arma said he doubted it was crank work. He believed someone with knowledge of the crime wanted to give a tip with a minimum of risk. The chance of tracing it was just about zero. Somebody had gone to a lot of thought and trouble. The care used had seemed suspicious to Arma. He said it had a smell of guilty knowledge. Later he had tried to mention it to Leader, but Leader had brushed him off, calling it an unimportant coincidence. At any rate, after Leader had talked to Alister Landy, he was certain Landy had done it. I could tell Tennant the story, but Arma would deny it.

Then he talked about the Ginny Garson affair. He said it couldn't be called first-degree murder. Smith was old enough for such a charge, but there had been no premeditation, and the defense could prove he had drunk beer for three hours. He guessed it would end up, at the worst, as a second-degree plea and probably ten years on the inside for Smith. By the time he could be released, he would be bad news.

I thanked him for telling me about the evidence that had been concealed. He cautioned me to take it easy in my investigation of the Landy case. He said he'd have the transcripts of my testimony brought to me for signature.

Exactly one hour and ten minutes after Arma left, I was in Warrentown in John Tennant's old-fashioned office facing him across his desk. I told him about the tip Leader had suppressed. He put a mike on the desk, turned on a recorder, gave the date and the time and my name and told me to start again from the beginning. He listened with complete concentration. When I had finished he asked questions, mostly about Arma's attitude.

He stood up, fists in his hip pockets. "So Larry Arma is testing his wings.

He's pretty careful. This isn't conscience, Hugh. He thinks he's big enough to take a chop at Leader, and he's probably right. I'll bet he was looking for a good place to drop that information. He'll make a statement all right, but with great reluctance. The knife will go in so easily that Frank will hardly feel it."

"Is it going to be of any use?"

He shrugged. "I'm going to try to get the most use out of it. I'll hold it until Sunday night, late. Then I'll toss it in the governor's lap. If my timing is right, and if I make my accusation strong enough, he may get nervous enough to grant another stay. Then we work on Arma. When I get a statement, I demand a re-trial. But then where are we?"

I spoke carefully. "I am convinced that Jane Ann Paulson was killed by a man named William Mackin. He is a neighbor and close friend of the family. He runs a hardware store. I believe Jane Ann was blackmailing him. Alister was the sacrificial goat. Mackin flipped the note into the car. And I can't think of any conceivable way to prove it."

He questioned me. His questions were searching. My every answer revealed how little I had to go on. I tried to apologize for the flimsiness of my case against Billy Mackin.

"I respect hunches, Hugh. The subconscious mind is always at work. It sorts and files and rejects. Then a conclusion floats up into the conscious mind. You're sure, but you don't know why. That doesn't make the leg work done by the subconscious any less valid. I'd make a guess that you heard some things that pointed at Mackin. You forgot them, or paid no attention. They went on file." Suddenly he hit the heel of his hand against his forehead and gave me a shamefaced smile. "Great memory I have! The knife came from his store. Milligan called him as prosecution witness to prove Landy had been in the store the day before the crime. Milligan had blowups on the store interior to show that the open display of identical knives could be seen neither from the street nor from the store office. I remember Mackin. He was a very plausible witness, solid citizen, good clear mind. I didn't waste my time trying to rattle him. I proved that the Hemsold house was in bad shape, that Alister and Vicky took care of minor maintenance, and went to the hardware store often. He went that day to buy paint for the bathroom door."

"If you remember him, what do you think? Is he capable of murder?"

Don't be naïve. If a murderer looked like a murderer, we could fire half the cops in the country. Don't try anything juvenile, like twisting his arm. You won't intimidate him. We have a thin ray of hope. No normal man can

force himself to commit a rape murder. The use of the knife indicates a deep aberration. In almost every such case, there is a past history of minor offenses—peeping, exposure, and so on. It is an obsessive thing, and there should be evidence of it in his past life. I'll put some people on him right away. If we can find one little indication that Mackin has committed abnormal acts in the past, I'll join your one man parade, beating a drum."

"Should I tell Vicky about this?"

He shrugged. "About Mackin, sure. Leave out the Leader thing. It's too likely to fall through if the governor feels bold. You just keep blundering and stumbling around, Hugh. You have a great talent for digging in the wrong place at the wrong time and coming up with gold."

Vicky was having lunch in the familiar restaurant. I ate hurriedly. The other tables were too close for talk. She said she felt restless so we took a ride in the wagon. As I drove I told her all the news.

"Billy Mackin!" she said softly.

"You know him?"

"Just from going in the store. I guess he's an attractive man, but he always made me feel uncomfortable. He's got a way of looking at you, and making little jokes that are slightly naughty. There are a lot of men like that. But . . ."

"You have reservations?"

"It's just so darn complicated. He could have known the movements of Nancy, Jane Ann, Alister and me. He could have rubbed bloody clothing or a bloody glove on the car seat. He could have buried the knife and purse in the flower bed. He could have had a motive for killing Jane Ann—but why in the world go to such dangerous lengths to pin it on my brother? It makes it all so terribly intricate. If that's the way it was, there must be something we don't understand about him."

It seemed best that I should go back to Dalton and try to find out more.

By driving too fast, I got to the high school just as the kids were getting out. I saw Nancy go by and knew she saw me. Then I waited at the same bench as before. The afternoon was getting colder. There was a thin smell of winter in the air. The wind had taken so many fall leaves in the past few days that the park was beginning to have a bare look.

She came, wearing slacks and a short coat, when I was close to giving up hope.

She sat as far away as she could, head turned from me. "I wasn't going to come. Somebody saw me talking to you and told my father. I told him you were one of the new teachers. I feel sick when I lie to him. I just came back to tell you I don't want to talk to you any more so there's no use in your parking near the

school any more." She stood up to go.

"As long as you're here now, how about just a couple of questions, Nancy. It can't hurt anything. Didn't you say Ginny Garson was your sister's best friend?"

"I did not. Ann Sibley was Jane Ann's best friend." Her expression was prim, her voice light and childish. She had slipped away from me.

"Don't you feel sorry about Ginny?"

"I hardly knew her." I could understand Alister's frequent impatience with her—with the immature mind in action.

"Your family and the Mackins are very close, aren't they?"

She turned and looked at me. She sat down again. Her snippy manner was utterly gone, leaving no trace. "Billy Mackin lived in our house when we were little. He's my father's best friend." The last had a sing-song intonation. She looked at me and she wore the perfect, guileless mask of the liar. In my work I have run into many liars. I know the wide-eyed, solemn look, the bland directness all too well to miss it. It confused me. This could not be a lie. Paulson and Mackin were close friends.

I took her away from the subject of Billy Mackin and she became huffy and impatient again. I led her back to him several times and each time the reaction was exactly the same. Sing-song cadence with even a suggestion of lisp. Wide, wide, terribly honest eyes. Oh, yes, she liked Uncle Billy, only now he liked to be called just "Billy." He had been awfully good to them. Dear Billy.

The family point of view required an adoration of Mackin. Yet she despised him and had buried that hatred so far down that the only reflection of it was that liar-look.

"I've got to go now," she said.

Wait one minute, Nancy. Don't look away. Look right at me while I ask you this. Why do you hate Billy Mackin? Why are you so frightened of him? Tell me! Quick! Why do you hate him?" I had made my voice harsh.

Her face twisted and she made an odd sound, like a moan.

"Why?" I demanded. "What did he do?"

I was prepared for many different reactions, but not the one that happened. Face and body went rigid. Eyes focused far beyond me for a moment, then turned upward into her head so that I could see only a thin line of the iris. Her jaw was locked, muscles bulging, half-raised hands tight as wire, fingers curled back, cords in her neck standing out, breathing fast and shallow.

It frightened me. It seemed like some sort of a fit. She did not respond to her name. When I touched her shoulder it was as unyielding as the cement bench

THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

we sat on. I turned at that moment and saw her father bearing down on me. He was thirty feet away, open topcoat over white apron, carefully combed hair blown free of his baldness, face like milk, mouth so bloodlessly tight it was like a scar half healed. Mackin kept pace with him, ten feet behind him, dapper in a gray topcoat and a gray felt hat with a small green feather fluttering in the band.

"Nancy!" Paulson roared when he was twenty feet away. I jumped up. When I looked at her I saw her come out of it quickly. Paulson took her arm roughly, yanked her off the bench, shoved her away so strongly she nearly fell. She had a dazed and frightened look. "Get on home! Go on!" She walked slowly away, not looking back. The bench was behind me. Paulson and Mackin were directly in front of me. "What do you want with my daughter?" Paulson yelled into my face. He was shaking, his voice trembling with anger. Mackin looked alertly interested, like a knowing spectator at a game.

"Like I told you, Dick, he's a meddler. I described him to Perry. He's the boy friend of the Landy woman and his name's MacReedy."

"I was asking your daughter some questions," I said.

"He was with the Garson girl just before the Smith boy killed her. He's trying to get the Landy boy off." Paulson's stare was truly terrible. Mackin continued, "He's stirring up trouble. He came around to the store and lied to me. But I thought there was something funny about it. Maybe he's crazy enough or crooked enough to try to pin it all on me, Dick."

Paulson was beyond speech. I looked at Mackin. "It could fit."

He laughed, and it was a warm tolerant laugh. "Me? I worked in the store that night. In the office. A dozen people know that. Guess again. Maybe Perry Score was the one."

Paulson managed to speak. "Stay away from my daughter! Stay away from her! You'll stay away from her or—"

"Take it easy, Dick, please." Mackin said putting his hand on his arm. But Paulson raised the other fist as though to strike me. He lifted it high, the way a man would wield a bludgeon. I moved quickly to the side and saw his expression change, saw whiteness change to gray pallor. He slumped, fist coming down, mouth opening. Mackin caught him and eased him down onto the bench. Paulson sat with arms resting on his knees, chin on his chest. Mackin moved far to one side and beckoned to me.

"I don't know what the game is, MacReedy, but have the human decency not to bring him in on it. He's had enough,

more than any man should have to bear. Why don't you give him a break and get out of town?"

"That would suit you, wouldn't it?"

"I don't figure in this. I'm thinking of him. Your screwball ideas mean nothing to me, my friend." He stood there, wearing a pleading smile. A nice, selfless guy, plausible, likable.

I kept my voice low. "I know you killed her, and I know why."

There was no change of posture or expression. But a half-seen something shifted behind his eyes. I left him.

When I looked back he was sitting beside Paulson, one hand on the older man's shoulder, talking earnestly to him.

If I had had any last doubts, they were gone. I went to the Inn, shaved, showered, changed and hunted up Charlie to see if he could supply a few more of the missing pieces, the background pieces.

"I'd say that Dick Paulson is darn well off. He keeps his mouth shut about his own affairs, but I certainly know he doesn't have to do his own meat cutting. He had a scrap yard during the war. Got in and got out with perfect timing. I know he's got at least a half-dozen good farms. And a piece of the new shopping center. He's doing well, all told."

"And his pal, Billy Mackin, is the clown prince."

"I don't know as I like the way you sneer at Billy. He's—"

"I know. A good joe. Everybody loves Billy. What's Mrs. Paulson like?"

"Bessie is a good woman I guess. She used to be good-looking and spirited. Now she's about eighteen shades of gray—hair, dress, face, hands, and conversation. She does some church work. I guess it wouldn't be too easy being married to Paulson. Take his clerks. He leans hard on them. They turn into mice or quit. He couldn't break Jane Ann, and he's never tried to break Billy. Those are the only two."

"His heart is bad?"

"From what I hear. A bad condition, but not the kind that kills you. Of course, I guess that's hard to tell."

"Would Billy have anything to gain by getting Paulson so worked up he dropped dead?"

"There you go again. Billy hasn't got much background. But he's bright. Darn it, I've played poker with him, gotten drunk with him, served on committees with him. He knows how to tell a good story. He'd give you his last dollar."

I couldn't get by that blind spot and make Charlie see that Billy had carefully built up a reputation beyond reproach. I had some drinks alone and a dinner.

The one thing most intriguing was Nancy's peculiar attack, her blind rigidity. I could not even be certain her father had seen it, she had come out of

it so quickly when he called her name. I suspected that if Nancy had often suffered such attacks, somebody would have mentioned it to me. Vicky, Ginny, John Tennant. Dr. Don Higel. I knew only that I had driven her into that state, using Mackin as the hammer. And quite suddenly I remembered something. It jolted me. Tennant would have said I brought it up from the subconscious memory. Ginny Garson had told me that Jane Ann defended her sister from criticism, saying Nancy had good cause for her prissiness. There *could* be a good cause, a very good cause—and it would relate not only to Nancy's seizure, but also to what Tennant had said about a rape-killer's previous history.

I needed the services of a gossip, and there was only one I could think of.

Mrs. Hemsold turned on the porch lights, opened the front door and peered at me and said, "You! Go away!" And slammed the door. I put my thumb on the bell and kept it there, taking it off when the door opened again. "If you aren't off my porch in ten seconds . . ."

"I was told you could help me, Mrs. Hemsold."

"Help you? Help you?"

"I could go to Mrs. Paulson, but I don't want to upset her. I was told you're a good neighbor of hers. Mrs. Hemsold."

"I have nothing to say to any man who carries on with that . . ."

I took my gamble and said, "I just want to get the true story of Nancy Paulson's trouble."

"Trouble? Trouble? What . . . oh, *that* trouble! Land, that was seven years ago, seven years and nearly three months ago that was."

"I'd be most humbly grateful if you'd let me come in and tell me all about it." I watched her loneliness and her desire to gossip fight with her low opinion of me. It seemed to be a tie. "It might be your Christian duty, Mrs. Hemsold. It might save an innocent boy from the chair."

"Poppycok! The Landy boy did it. It couldn't have been the same person both times. I'll tell you about it."

We went into the old-fashioned living room. I was told to sit on a horsehair divan. She sat in a needlepoint rocker, poised herself, and let fly. She had a cluttered old mind, jumbled with unsorted facts and opinions. It was maddening the way she jumped back and forth in both time and space, adding irrelevancies to the story, bringing in people who had nothing to do with it. My face felt stiff from maintaining a look of respectful attention. Questions were no good. They merely drove her further afield.

At long last, I had the story. Seven

years ago, on a Labor Day weekend, the Mackins and the Paulsons had gone up to Morgan's Lake. Nancy was eleven. The camp was nearly completed then. The two men were working on the camp. The lake country was crowded with tourists that weekend. Nancy was a quiet child who liked to wander in the woods and find flowers, bird feathers and pretty leaves for her collection. Nancy wandered off and didn't come home for lunch. A real search wasn't organized until late in the afternoon. She was found at dusk, wandering in torn clothes, over a mile from the camp. Her throat was so badly bruised she couldn't talk. She had been struck in the face. She was so dazed she didn't recognize her own people. Fright had apparently made her lose all contact with reality. The Paulsons hushed it up. She was put in a rest home near Warren-town and it was said she was visiting Mrs. Paulson's sister. The police never found who had done it. She had not been raped. It was assumed something had frightened the attacker away. When she came back she was quite nervous and timid, and had never completely gotten over it.

I was such an appreciative audience that she kept on and on. I had stopped listening until suddenly I realized what she was saying. She was telling me she wouldn't be at all surprised if, a reasonable time after poor Angela Mackin died, Billy Mackin married Nancy. Bessie Paulson had sat right where I was sitting and hinted that her husband thought it would be a good idea, good for both Billy and Nancy. And there wasn't too much difference in the ages. Nancy could use the love and tenderness of a mature man, and Nancy would help him forget. Nobody would be at all surprised if it worked out just that way, and a fine thing it would be. She seemed to remember then that she disapproved of me. She told me she hoped she'd proved that any idea I had that the same man had attacked both daughters was pure nonsense. Nancy had been choked by one of those campers from the public camp site. She showed me haughtily to the door and banged it behind me when I left and put the porch lights out before I was all the way down the steps.

Through the cold night I walked from her house back to the Inn. Vicky's objection had been answered. Alister had stood in the way of Billy's plotted future. Two birds with a single knife. I felt I understood Jane Ann more. Nancy had suddenly begun to receive all the love and attention in the household. Jane Ann's waywardness had been both rebellion and self-destruction and punishment of her parents. And I guessed that Billy Mackin had been badly shocked when he learned he hadn't choked the child to death, and had spent

many bad weeks before he became convinced she would never recover her memory of the incident.

I walked around the Inn to the parking lot. The rear lights of the Inn illuminated it faintly. With a sound of footsteps on gravel, the big shadow moved in front of me, bringing a drifting taint of whiskey.

"Hello, old buddy," he said in his husky whispering voice. "Nice going. You got me fired, old buddy."

"I didn't have anything to do with it, Quillan."

"Okay. Then this is just for kicks." I jumped back from the blow that would have crushed my face. Within a few moments I knew my first guess had been right. He knew what it was about. He moved right. And he could hit. The ones I blocked numbed my arms. I hit him twice, short hard rights to the jaw that hurt my hand.

"Don't fall down, old buddy," he said. "If you do, I'm going to stomp you loose from your backbone."

He kept trying to maneuver me against one of the cars. I managed to stay where it was open. I landed two long lefts, high on his face. When next the light struck his face I saw a smear of darkness and I knew I had cut him. Just when I began to gain a little confidence, he hit me on the temple. It knocked me off my feet. I rolled fast and hard, came up, and bounded back away from his charge. From then on I was careful. I could see his arms were getting heavy. It went on and on. I knew I was marking him. There was a moist sound when I connected solidly. His rushes became more careless, and I knew it was the carelessness of desperation. He was sobbing for breath and he had begun to move heavily. I knew the moment I had him. His knees sagged and he caught himself and blundered toward me. I moved so the light was better. I measured him and hit him three times. It had become a bloody, brutal and distasteful business. He could no longer raise his arms, but he wouldn't go down. I bound my swollen knuckles tightly with my handkerchief. I hit as hard as I dared. He swayed, half-turned, and went down as slowly and solidly as a tree. I wavered to my car, opened the door, sat sideways on the front seat. My breathing made a whistling sound. My knuckles ached. Where he had hit me there was a clotted numbness. When I walked over to him I felt faint. His pulse was slow and steady. I went in to clean myself up. I met Charlie. He gawked at me and said, with a nervous laugh, "Did you get the license number?"

I was in no mood to respond to the light touch. "There's a mess out back of your place, Charlie. Its name is Quillan. You better see to having it taken away."

I plodded up the stairs. I cleaned myself up. When I went back down to the car there were seven or eight people around Quillan. One of them was mopping off his face. Nobody tried to stop me when I got in my car and drove out.

I made my report to Vicky under strange circumstances. She stood outside her bathroom, the door ajar so she could hear me. I lay back in a peach-colored bathtub full of water as hot as I could stand it, liberally laced with Epsom salts to take out the soreness and forestall the expected stiffness of my muscles. My voice had a strange metallic sound amplified by the tub. She interrupted with quick questions. It was a wonderful thing to hear how her voice changed as she learned more and more, how the heaviness and hopelessness went out of it, how the sparkle and gaiety that I remembered from long ago came into it. It was a touching thing that made my eyes sting, and I hoped our luck would hold just long enough. When I felt I had had enough, and had toweled myself, dressed, and come out, her eyes were dancing like Christmas morning. Her face was so luminous it was as though lighted candles were behind it. She held me with strength, returned my kiss with fierce need. When she walked across the room it was like a dance, and I knew then that if it all came out right for her, she would be all the woman I would ever need, and all the woman I had ever imagined.

It was obvious that we should next attempt to find some way to tap the buried memories in Nancy Paulson's mind. I thought of what little I had read of truth serum. I needed a professional opinion. I told her of my liking for Dr. Don Higel, and I couldn't see why she should not come along with me.

Don Higel lived alone in the small house behind the office he had added. He did not seem disturbed to find us waiting when he came back at twenty after two in the morning. He seemed to take to Vicky. We went to the kitchen and he told her where to find the coffee.

MARCH OF DIMES



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THE END OF HER LIFE (continued)

"What did you use on our friend Quillan?" I showed him my puffed hands. "I think you could run for mayor and win, Hugh. I didn't count the stitches. Maybe twenty. And some chipped teeth and a cracked nose and an astonishingly humble and apologetic manner."

"I'd hate to take that kind of a beating. Will there be trouble?"

"None. He said he jumped you. He has no official standing. But you didn't come here for that. You both look hopped up. What is it?"

I told him, Vicky served the coffee before I had finished. His mustache seemed to bristle. He looked as intent as a bird dog. When I was through, he spoke with exasperation, impatience and indignation. After he had treated Quillan he had been called to the Paulson home to treat Mr. Paulson for another attack of auricular fibrillation that was giving him a pulse rate of over two hundred. Higel had knocked it down with drugs. When he was about to leave, after Paulson was asleep, Mrs. Paulson had timidly asked him to look at Nancy. He had examined her. He had been shocked to find her in a semicatatonic state, which he thought could have been either hysteria induced by a severe emotional shock, or the first symptom of the sort of dementia praecox which so often strikes almost without warning at that age. He had questioned Mrs. Paulson carefully, and he was highly incensed that she had not seen fit to tell him of the incident of the attack and of the effect it had had on Nancy at the time it had occurred. He had told Mrs. Paulson that he wanted a Dr. Rikert in Warrentown to take a look at the girl. I asked him if Rikert would try to bring out the buried memory.

"Only if he thinks it is indicated. I'm going to phone him right now."

He came back to the kitchen ten minutes later. He looked tired. "Rikert wasn't happy about a 3 A.M. consultation, but he thinks time is important in this thing, as I do. He wants to see her at eight o'clock this morning at Hillbrook Sanitarium in Warrentown. I'll take her over there with her mother. I told Rikert there might be legal matters involved. He said he doesn't mind an audience. He'll probably use hypnotherapy. You two can be there, and anybody else you suggest, within reason."

"John Tennant and Sergeant Arma," I said. Vicky nodded.

At nine-thirty John Tennant, Larry Arma, Vicky and I were still in the tiny waiting room adjoining the room where Dr. Rikert was working on Nancy Paulson. I had brought John Tennant up to date, speaking in the hushed tones you use in hospitals.

It was quarter to ten when Don Higel opened the door and told us we could

come in. Chairs had been placed for the four of us. A nurse sat beside a heavy woman whose face was tear-marked. Nancy Paulson sat in a comfortable arm chair, her back to the windows. The blinds closed out the morning sunlight. Her eyes were open and unfocused, lips parted, breathing slow and deep, the lower part of her face curiously relaxed. It gave me a pricking feeling on the backs of my hands to look at her.

Dr. Rikert was a stocky, powerful man with cropped gray hair, great, furry, black eyebrows and jowls that gave his face a square look. His manner and expression gave the strong impression of an alert and vital intelligence. He nodded briskly, and seemed to appreciate having an audience. He spoke suddenly in a shockingly loud and resonant voice.

"The subject cannot hear me. She will hear nothing until I speak her name. My difficulty was in awakening her from a semicomatose state induced by hysteria before I could put her into the hypnotic state. This is a very deep trance. It is somnambulistic. We have verified that with standard tests. She is responding very well to age regression techniques. In this state she is so suggestible that I must be careful that she doesn't tell me what she thinks I want to hear. I am advised that her trauma had its origin in an incident that took place when she was eleven, one she refuses to remember consciously. I also understand you people have an interest in that episode. I have brought her back very close to the time of the trauma, and now I will proceed. Yes, you may take notes."

He turned to the girl. He spoke her name sharply. "Nancy! Nancy! Now you can hear me and you will answer my questions. How old are you, Nancy? Tell me how old you are."

"Twelve," she said in a lispingly childish voice, slurred and barely audible. "Twelve years old."

He took her back to eleven. He was repetitious and insistent. Her expression showed she was very troubled. She writhed under his insistence, ignoring his questions. He demanded she tell him of her walk in the woods. He backed her slowly into a corner. Her mother was crying again.

"Daddy?" she said suddenly, speaking more loudly, quite clearly. "Is that . . . hello, Uncle Billy. I thought you were Daddy. See the feather I found. Look at how blue it is. See? From a blue bird . . . Give it back! You let me have it! You spoiled it. See? You're bad. What are you doing? Don't you do that! I don't like that! You stop it! I'm going to tell! No, I don't want a doll. I'm going to tell my Daddy what you did. Uncle Billy! Stop it! You're hurting me! Don't! Oh, don't!" She writhed in the chair and

her head rolled from side to side. And then in a horrid, gasping, half-screaming voice she shouted, "Mommeee! Mom—" The sound was choked off with a brutal abruptness and she slumped sideways in the chair, hands moving spasmodically and held in a curious way, as though she clasped the wrists of hands that held her throat.

Rikert took over immediately, quieting her, putting her in a deeper sleep, telling her she was not afraid. At last her face relaxed. I believe all of us exhaled at the same time. John Tennant sat with his eyes closed, lips moving. Arma looked as though he had been hit in the pit of the stomach. Rikert told her she would hear nothing until she heard him speak her name again.

He turned to us. "I believe you have what you need now. I'm going to give her a strong post-hypnotic suggestion to remember exactly what happened. It should give her a violent reaction, and we'll probably have to use heavy sedation while she adjusts to it. Dr. Higel, I'd like you and Mrs. Paulson to stay."

Vicky and I walked out into the parking lot with John Tennant and Larry Arma. Tennant was very thoughtful. "I think I know how we're going to go about this," he said softly.

"I think I can guess," Arma said. "Save me a ringside seat."

At eleven-thirty on a cold bright Wednesday morning, the morning of the second day of Alister Landy's new stay of execution, we were assembled in a small private dining room of the MacClelland Inn: Vicky, Dr. Don Higel, John Tennant, Larry Arma, Chief Perry Score, and I. The three windows looked out over the side lawn. Score sat at the head of the table, one empty chair at his right, the second empty chair at the foot of the table. Perry Score was subdued, apologetic, cooperative. He had been spoken to severely not only by Tennant and Arma but by a newly formed citizens committee. Nancy Paulson and her mother were shut in the adjoining room. After Mr. Paulson had been informed of Mackin's act seven years ago, Higel had had to keep him under constant medication and sedation.

"This meeting has no legal standing," John Tennant said, "but we must remember we have an eighteen-year-old girl involved. We have strong suspicions, but no proof. I've planned this carefully. I want no interruptions." He looked at Score, who bobbed his head eagerly. "Mackin is now ten minutes late. It will be easier if he runs. But I don't think he'll make it easy."

Billy Mackin arrived thirty seconds later. He paused inside the door, hat in hand, smile intact. "Sorry to be late, people. Quite a group you have here. Very

mysterious." He hung his topcoat and hat on the tree and started to move toward the chair beside Score.

"The other empty chair, please," Tennant said.

"Of course. Anything you say. Care to tell me what it's about?"

Tennant spoke with deliberate emphasis. "I believe you can guess."

Mackin shrugged. "With her here, I'd guess the Landy case. Why am I here?" He looked at Arma. "Why are you taking down what I say? If this is official, let's not keep it a secret."

"This is informal. It has no official cachet. You are free to leave at any time. Then you will be given an official hearing. If you stay, notes will be taken."

Mackin smiled boyishly. "So I'll stay. Take your notes. But just don't use that tone of voice, Tennant. Not with me."

"We have certain facts. Explain them to our satisfaction and it will save the risk of a false arrest. Will you cooperate?"

"Sure. Unless you ask me something I know nothing about."

Tennant picked up the small brown notebook from the table in front of him and let the silence grow as he slowly turned the pages. "We have sworn statements from two individuals testifying that Jane Ann Paulson received money from you, received cash in odd amounts over a period of time. We have her father's statement she received no allowance, and we have a listing of expensive cash purchases she made."

Mackin chuckled. "That all? Jane Ann was a wild kid, but she was a good kid. I felt Dick was too hard on her. I'm like an uncle to those two girls. Girls like pretties. And fun. I helped her out."

"In February of this year you defaulted on a small note and it was renewed. Several weeks after Jane Ann's death over eight hundred dollars was found in her room. Weren't you curiously generous?"

Mackin pursed his lips, eyes wide. "Eight hundred bucks! She never got that much from me. I'd slip her a five, maybe a ten when I felt flush. Could be she had some rich college kids on the hook. Maybe she stole it."

He was quick and plausible. He had covered himself by making a minor admission. He even looked as though he was enjoying it.

Tennant slowly turned pages. The room was so silent the whisper of the paper was clearly audible. "You claimed you were working in your store on the night of the crime. The lights were on late in your back office. Yet you were seen leaving the rear of the store early in the evening, before dark."

Mackin glared at all of us. "This is all pretty damned ridiculous. And it's damned insulting to me. You aren't going

to make me play cat's-paw for Landy."

Tennant studied him. "Then leave."

Mackin started to stand up, slowly settled back again. He said patiently, "I probably left the store and probably went back. Some of my records are at the house. So I go and I get them and come back. It happens often. Sometimes I even go get some coffee. What difference does that make?"

"Some of your records are kept on three-by-five file cards?"

Mackin looked at Tennant with blankness. "Huh? Sure. The charge account file and some of the inventory records."

"Unruled cards?"

"What the hell is this? Yes. Unruled."

"Will you open your store to lab personnel so all the brands of glue and paste you stock and the file cards you use can be analyzed?"

Mackin shook his head, completely bewildered. "If they haven't got anything better to do than that . . . good Lord."

After ten seconds of silence Tennant looked from the notebook page to Mackin. "In all fairness to you, Mackin, I want you to be *very* careful of your answer to this next question. Before you came to Dalton, were you ever in trouble with the law?"

It was a devilishly clever question, presented at the exact moment when Mackin was slightly off balance. He could not be certain Tennant had no information. After three taut seconds Mackin must have realized he had delayed too long. I saw the first gleam of wetness on his upper lip.

He told of the incident haltingly, attempting to be casual, attempting to underplay it. There had been some trouble with a farm woman when he was on the road working for handouts. When they were caught, the woman tore her own clothes and he ran. He was picked up in the next town and booked, but as they didn't want the notoriety of a trial, they took him to the state line and beat him up and let him go. Under pressure from Tennant he admitted short sentences for vagrancy. His denial of any other incident was too bland. And suddenly he was much warier. He stiffened when Nancy was brought in, jaw clamped, eyes narrow. Then he leaned back, his face carefully expressionless.

Nancy, gently directed by Don Higel, told the convincing story of what had happened when she was eleven. She did not look toward Mackin. Her voice was small.

"You are certain it was Mr. Mackin." She turned her head slowly and looked directly at Billy, her eyes quite dead.

"Yes." At a nod from Tennant, Vicky led her back to her mother, and returned to the table. No one said anything. We all watched Mackin.

He looked at us. The smile was not the same. It was rigid and horrid. "I . . . I got a little out of control. I mean I used to. I've outgrown it. I fought it. I'm okay now. I've been okay for years. Anyway I . . . I didn't do anything. I heard somebody in the woods. I didn't do a thing to her."

"Do you know what you've done to yourself, Billy?" Tennant asked.

"What do you mean?"

"It's all over now. All your fancy plans. You won't be able to stay here."

Mackin jerked erect, eyes shocked. "You're crazy. I've got good friends here!"

Chief Score spoke, despite Tennant's warnings to keep his mouth shut. "By tomorrow, Billy, there'll be nobody in town who'd even spit on you."

The collapse of the man had begun, the collapse of the ersatz personality, the manufactured charm. His eyes looked wild as he yelled, "That's not fair!"

I guess Tennant had been waiting for that moment of great agitation. In a sharp contemptuous voice he said, "And why were you so stupid you picked Jane Ann up under a street light?"

"It was dark where . . ." He looked at the wall beyond Perry Score. He dwindled down into the seat, becoming a smaller man. He put his elbow on the table and used his hand to hide his eyes from us.

"All right," he said in a voice as ancient and timeless as evil. "All right. I had it fixed, the way it would come out. She was going to go off with the first one. He came swimming. I sat on the dock. Nobody was around. I pushed him under with my feet. He kept coming back, trying to grab my ankles. Then he didn't come up and I could see him under the water, and then he was gone. Jane Ann was in the top of the boat house, watching. Then Nancy was going to go away with Landy. I waited and waited. All right." You could have easily thought he had fallen asleep. He began to speak again in his colorless voice.

I took Vicky out of there and away from that voice. I wanted to take her in my arms. Noon was bright in the square. Young women pushed carriages. Groceries were piled in beside their babies. We sat on a bench, sat so close we were almost touching, but not quite. I watched the profile of her face and saw the slow tears course. The set of her mouth was good. I knew that in a little while she would turn toward me and she would smile and from then on it would be all right for us. It would take time but it would be all right. I was willing to wait for her to turn to me.

One tear paused on the softness of her cheek and became, for a moment, a tiny prism that reflected the elm leaves tinted by October.

THE END

The Last Word

BIOLOGY OF LOVE

Washington, D.C.: I have just read the November issue of COSMOPOLITAN and I was particularly impressed by the article "Biology of Love," by Dr. Frank S. Caprio. It is a frank discussion of a subject which has been too long taboo. The discussion is in a language that everyone can understand and yet to which no prudish person can object. Such a frank and easily understandable discussion of this subject has long been overdue.

—LOUIS SCHWARTZ, M.D.

Norfolk, Virginia: I honestly and truly enjoyed your article on "The Biology of Love." I have never read a more precise and down-to-earth article on sex.

—MRS. PENNIE TOWNER

DOUBLE COMPLIMENT

Amherst, Massachusetts: May I compliment you on your November issue featuring love and marriage. While I missed a presentation on the spiritual side of marriage, which is fundamental and all important, I thought those you gave were good. Before coming back east I served for a time as chairman of an Episcopal diocesan commission of marriage, so naturally your presentation appealed to me. I also commend your using more fiction. This has been sadly lacking in many magazines. I think good stories make any magazine more interesting and entertaining, especially if they present a message.

—COL. JAMES C. CROSSON
Chaplain, USAF Retired

DIVORCEE VS. WIDOW

Address unknown: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the picture story "Divorcee's Plight" [November]. It was interesting to know the problems of other women. I thought the pictures of the mother and child were so expressive of love and dependence.

—LULIAN JOHANNIGMANN

Mayfield Heights, Ohio: Your issue on love and marriage was a good one, in my opinion. I enjoyed it from cover to cover. But why six pages on the plight of the divorcee (whose life, by the way, is of her own choosing) and not one line on the widow and her problems?

—MRS. CATHERINE MC DERMOTT

MOTHERHOOD COURSE

Cleveland, Ohio: I enjoyed every bit of your "Love and Marriage" issue. The thing that interested me most was the picture and text story on "Education for Motherhood." Would you tell me where I could find such a course in my vicinity?

—MRS. CLARA FRENCH

Your local hospital, or your personal physician should be able to tell you. If there is no course in your vicinity, you might try to interest your hospital in starting one.

—The Editors

EMOTIONAL BACKFIRE

St. Paul, Minnesota: I loved your provocative article on "The Emotional Climate of the Home." What a pity women don't read

such an article and apply it to themselves. Instead, most of them use it to criticize the emotional climate of the home next door.

—SAM PARKER

MIXED MARRIAGES

Portland, Oregon: Your article on "Mixed Marriages" [November] was very enlightening, particularly the statistics on their growth. On the whole I thought you presented the problem objectively, but I don't quite agree with your optimistic ending. I have seen too many mixed marriages fail disastrously.

—MRS. HELEN GROSS

Chicago, Illinois: I am a Protestant and my wife is a Catholic, and I can testify that religion has come to mean more and not less to us and our children.

—PETER TAYLOR

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Looking Into February

SPECIAL ISSUE: HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

OVER A YEAR IN PREPARATION, this single issue of COSMOPOLITAN will give you the complete story of health in the Twentieth Century. There will be provocative, exciting articles on how ten famous people stay fit, the clinic versus the family doctor, how to live with your nerves, sexual potency, safe diets, teen-

age troubles and many others, all with special emphasis on the immense progress we have made toward total health—not merely the absence of sickness, but a positive, rich participation in life's joys and pleasures.



PLUS "OPERATOR," Charles Williams' exciting suspense novel, and five short stories.

PLUS AN EXCITING FASHION EXTRA—Audrey Hepburn wears the stunning gowns from her forthcoming movie "Funny Face"

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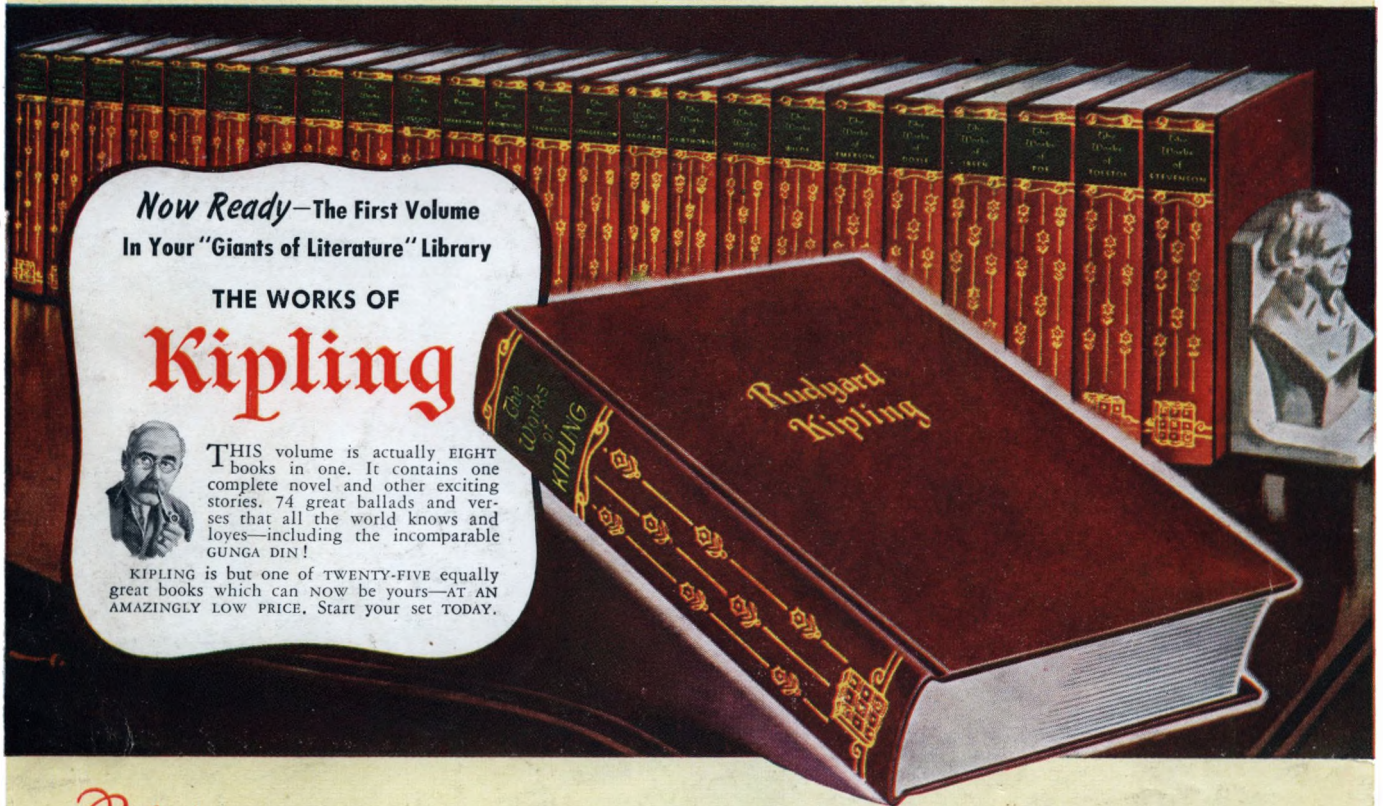
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